

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS—HISTORY OF HEBRON
WRITTEN FOR THE ROCKVILLE LEADER
BY SUSAN PENDLETON –1932
COPIED ON TO ACID FREE PAPER 2024

ORIGINAL CLIPPINGS GIVEN TO THE UNIVERSITY OF
CONNECTICUT LIBRARY BY HORACE SELLERS 1971

PUBLISHED INFORMATION SHOULD REFERENCE THIS SOURCE

Acid free Paper

remains, color... back to the be... its history... its story is the story of the nation. It is part of the onward march of civilization. There is indeed, enough of... and adventure in the first few years of Hebron's beginnings to last her through if she were never to have more.

Hebron as a town may be said to have taken its initial start in the year when Attawanhood, or Joshua, sachem of the Western Nehantics, and the third son of Uncas, great sachem of the Mohegans, made a will, February 1675-6, giving to twenty-one Saybrook men and women a large tract of land, with a map drawn by himself, showing its location on both sides Unguashot River. He left part of this land to his children and wished them to be taught and trained after the manner of the white men. Attawanhood lived near Eight Mile Island, in Lyme. He was converted to Christianity and baptized Joshua, and lived in peace with the white men.

Joshua's will, which is given entire in the History of Tolland County.

Pioneer Rock



It is said that the first white man to visit Hebron slept for a night in the shelter of this rock. The document, pages 13-16, is an interesting document, but too long to be quoted in full. By its terms he gives to his two sons, in addition to other tracts,

up at... about a half... the last... and in case either die, then to my two squaws or the survivors of them. Further, my will is that my children be brought up for the first four years henceforward, with Trusty and their mother to teach them English, and that they should live at or near Saybrooke." He provides for his daughter, and gives further direction as to the schooling of the three, adding "Also it is my desire that they come not among the Connecticut Indians."

Speaking of Trusty, his slave, he says "Also I desire Trusty may not go to the Narragansetts, I have chosen him to have the oversight of my children, as aforesaid. Also I desire to be buried at Saybrooke, in a coffin, in an English manner."

The will is signed and sealed at Patapoque, Feb. 27, 1675-6. Joshua signs his will after the Indian custom, by making his mark, a picture perhaps representing a turtle. Albert C. Bates of the Hartford Historical Society believes, however, that it is supposed to represent "some small animal."

Picture Mark

Joshua's father, Uncas, who is one of the witnesses of the will, also signs by his characteristic picture mark. Mr. Bates, above mentioned, states that he has always been told that Uncas' mark is supposed to represent a turtle swimming. It is roughly heart shaped, with an arm or winglike appendage at each side, and a crude head at the top.

Trusty, the slave, makes his mark, using the letter T. Joshua's brother Owaneco, though his name does not appear as a witness on the will, signed other papers of the time by dashing off a picture of a turkey. One of the papers at the town clerk's office in Hebron shows this signature, like a hen.

Joshua died the year following the making of the will, his father Uncas surviving him, and dying in 1682 or 1683. Owaneco, another son of Uncas, succeeded his father as sachem. It is said that in his latter years he was wont to wander about the settlements, a mere vagabond, with his blanket, his gun, his squaw, and a pack on his back. He died in 1715, aged about 70 or 75 years. The sachemship, such as it then was, descended to his son Caesar, upon his death to Owaneco's brother, Ben Uncas, and down to the latter's son and grandson, both of whom bore the name Ben Uncas. With the last Ben Uncas, who died in 1769, the sachemship of the Mohegans came to an end forever.

In his will Joshua says: "I give and bequeath all that tract of land lying on both sides of Unguoshot River abutting westward to the mountains in sight of Hartford and Hartford bounds north to Major Talcott's farm. Northeast to Wattochoquisk upon the east side bounded eight miles in breadth from the mountains eastwards and to carry that breadth throughout the length being eighteen miles and according to a map drawn and subscribed with my own hand bearing date with these presents To Capt. Rob. Chapman, Lieut. Willm Pratt and Mr. Thos. Buckingham, to each and every of them five thousand acors. To Willm Parker Senr, Willm Lord, Senr, Robert Lay, Senr, Abraham Post, Saml Jones, Tho (John in original) Clark, Tho Dunk, Ric. Fly And John Fenner To each and Every of them four thousand acors. To Francis Bushnell Senr, Edward Shipman Senr, and Mr. John Westall to every and each of them three thousand acors. To John Pratt, John Chapman, John Parker, Willm Lord Junr, Saml Cogswell, Lydia Beaumont, John Tully, Richard Raymond, Senr, Abraham Chalker, Willm Bushnell, Senr, and to Joseph Ingham Senr, to each and Every of them two thousand acors. To John Bushnell and Tho Norton to each of them five hundred acors. And it is my will what quantities of land shall be found more or over and above the several quantities given and bequeathed as aforesaid shall be divided proportionably according to each man's Legacy." Other large tracts of land are disposed of in this will, but the above acreage includes all the Hebron grant.

State Library

The parts of the will here quoted are taken from the copy in the state library. It differs in some slight respects from that given in the Tolland County History.

The Unguoshot River is the stream now known as Blackledge River or brook, flowing through what is now Marlborough, the land having been taken from Hebron in 1803 to form part of the above mentioned town. According to "Trumbull's Indian Names," page 75, the word Unguoshot "denotes land at the bend or crotch of the brook where Blackledge bends eastward to its union with Fawn River." As in many other cases the name was derived from some adjoining landmark. According to the same authority the Indian name "Wattochoquisk" signified "a boggy meadow." This tract was in the southern part of the old town of Coventry.

The town of Hebron, according to authorities, was never more than seven miles by ten, although the Indian

estimates made the grant eight by eighteen miles. As it turned out, instead of there being any land left over to be "divided proportionably" among the legatees, there lacked considerably of being enough to carry out the terms of the will.

It was not until 1701 that this land was finally laid out into home lots, meadow lots and hundred acre lots, and taken up by the legatees or their descendants, or sold to settlers in the new country.

A controversy arose through the part given to the children of Joshua, Josiah Dewey and William Clarke of Lebanon, claiming that they had bought out the children's part, made an agreement with the commissioners, as recorded in the Hebron books (Books A, pages 8-9) of which the following is a copy:

"Whereas Joshua late Sachem of sd Indian tribe will give some children belonging to Say-Brooke and Lyme and to his children a certain tract of land as will appear by sd Joshua's will and map. And ye sd bound viz. And ye dividing between ye legatees of Say-Brooke and Lyme and ye lands belonging to sd Joshua's children not before now set out. Know ye that we John Clarke, Nathl Pratt and Thos Buckingham a committee for ye legatees of sd Joshua belonging to Say-Brooke and Lyme and we Josiah Dewey and William Clarke of Lebanon having consented some part of ye sd children's land. Being met together upon the 20th of Nov or 1701. In order to a better and full settlement of ye line between Say-Brooke land and sd Dewey and Clarke's lands, have agreed to begin at a pond called North Pond, Weh pond, both an Island in it. To run a north line from ye Eastermost part of sd Island to a whight oak tree standing by Hartford old pond, and so to ye extent wch tree ya marked on ye east side with these letters J. D. W. C. L. and on ye West side with these letters S. B. B. and on ye South with three chopps. And this to be ye dividing line between ye above sd Say-Brooke gentlemen's land and Josiah Dewey & William Clarke's land. In witness whereunto we have sett to our hands and seals this 20th day of Nov 1701. Signed and sealed in presence of us Saml B. Whesling, Josiah Dewey Junr, Josiah Dewey Senr, William Clarke, John Clarke, Tho Buckingham."

Conflicting Claims

However "loving and full" this settlement may have been thought at the time, it did not prevent the cropping up of trouble about conflicting claims, and for many years it was necessary to set quit claim.

deeds from Clarke and Dewey before the land titles were good. As if this were not enough, Major John Mason's heirs claimed 2,600 acres in the northeast of the Hebron tract, 4000 in the southern part, and 700 in what is now the parish of Marlborough, which had been deeded to Major Mason by Uncas. Altogether there was so much litigation that the growth of the plantation was seriously hampered.

Of interest, though again too long for a full quotation, is the Colonial patent issued to the persons named in Joshua's will through "The Governor and Company assembled in General Court according to the commission and by vertue of power granted to them by our late Sovereign Charles the Second of blessed memory in his letters patent bearing date the three & twentieth day of April in the fourteenth year of his sayd majties (Majesty's) reign." This patent covered "all ye woods, uplands, arrable lands, meadows, pastures, ponds, waters, rivers, fishings, huntings, foulings, mines, minerals, quarries, precious stones upon or within sd tracts of lands with all other profits, comodities thereunto belonging," and described the title as "according to the tenure of his Majties manor of East Greenwich in the County of Kent in the Kingdom of England in free and common socage & not in capitte nor by knight service thay yielding and paying therefor to or Sovereign Lord the King his heirs & successors only ye fifth part of all ye oare of gold and silver which from time to time and at all times hereafter shall be there gotten had or obtained in lieu of all rents, services, duties & demands whatsoever, according to charters." Dated June 8, 1687.

There are traditions of an ancient Indian trail from Middletown through Middle Haddam and Westchester, crossing Hebron at the old Colchester road near the foundations of the old Brick School House, and continuing on through Lebanon and beyond. A quarter of a mile more or less, to the southward of the school house site, is a huge red paint hill, which was doubtless visited by passing Indians who wished to replenish their supplies of paint for use when on the war path. There is also a tradition that the first white man ever to set foot in Hebron slept a night under the shelter of the great granite shaft left by glacial deposit on the top of Raymond Hill, known as "Pioneer's Rock."

Five Mile Tract

A rock, not easily found, bearing the deeply graven letter L, may be discovered by the curious to-day

deep in the shade of a wooded hillside in the Amston section of the town. It is about opposite to the place formerly owned by the late Miss Elizabeth Gott. This rock marks the south west corner of the Lebanon five mile tract.

October 12, 1765, John Prentiss and John Plumbo, county surveyors, being therewith empowered by the general court, surveyed the eastern and southern sides of the "Lebanon Five Mile" and established the boundaries thereof by marked rocks and trees. The rocks remain, the one in Goshen plainly marked L. V. M. C. (Lebanon Five Mile Corner) and the one in Hebron three quarters of a mile from the southwest corner of the North Pond with the letter L still legible upon it.

One October day in 1924 a party of Hebron people, escorted by the late E. Clarence Bissell of Hartford, set out on a pilgrimage with the determination of locating that rock in Hebron, marking the southwest corner of the said five mile tract. Mr. Bissell, a former Hebron man, much interested in Hebron lore, especially that concerning his native town, was the only one of the party who had ever seen the famous rock, and that years previously. He led the party through a byway some rods south of the old Elizabeth Gott's place, then owned by Mrs. Gerline Foster on the opposite side of the road from the house, then up the rough hillside and back northerly, following a stone wall running north for some distance. After a good deal of easting and westing and a tracing of scops the rock was finally located, somewhat west of the said deep in the shade of a sizable tree and underbrush. It gave the pilgrims a pleasant thrill to see the great letter L, carved so many years ago, on the dark surface of the deeply embedded boulder. The number over of Lebanon's claim a mile or two into Hebron at this point is another instance of the conflicting claims of those days, later adjusted.

Some of the members of the party led by Mr. Bissell were: Hart E. Buell of Goshen, Edmund H. Horton of Hebron senior, his brother-in-law, Arthur V. Lind of Hartford, Miss C. E. Kellogg and the writers of this history. A few weeks later the same party, with a few exceptions, located the opposite or southeast corner rock in Goshen.

(To be continued)

II
April 26, 1932

Second Installment

The Coming of the White Men.

Historians seem to agree that when our ancestors first came to this part of the new world they found it covered with a practically unbroken forest, free from underbrush or thickets except on the river banks or in swamps. Such occasional paths as threaded the woods were narrow and winding, used by Indians or wild animals alike, travelling in single file.

Benjamin Trumbull, the historian, says "When the English became first acquainted with that tract comprised within the settled part of Connecticut, it was a vast wilderness. There were no pleasant fields nor gardens, no public roads nor cleared plots. Except in places where the timber had been destroyed and its growth prevented by frequent fires the groves were thick and lofty."

Burnt Hill, located in the northeastern part of Hebron, is said to have derived its name from the Indian custom of burning it over yearly for a cleared place for the planting of corn. Except for this tradition there is almost a complete lack of evidence to indicate that Indians inhabited this locality otherwise than as they wandered about hunting and fishing. Indian arrow heads, bits of broken stone dishes and other stone implements have been picked up or ploughed up in the fields from time to time in various parts of the town, testifying mutely that the red men once roamed here.

It was in June, 1704 when the first white men actually came to settle here, according to the Rev. Benjamin Thumbull, above mentioned, author of the first complete history of Connecticut, and a native of Hebron, born in 1735. These pioneers were William Shipman of Saybrook and Timothy Phelps of Windsor, who started out in company from Windsor, it is said, making the trip on foot to the promised land. The distance from Windsor to Hebron in a direct line is about twenty miles. It is nearer 25 or 30 by road, or about a day's march for the sturdy yeomen, who doubtless took an early start and reached their destination before night fall. It will be noted that nearly thirty years had elapsed between the date of the making of Attawanhood's will and the first attempt to settle the tract later to be known as Hebron. This may seem a little singular, but it was no small task to set out to conquer the uncharted wilderness, and it is also probable that the conflicting claims

arising from the more or less vague terms of the will had discouraged previous attempts to settle here. Attawanhood (or Joshua) for instance, seems to have given a good part of the same land both to his children and to the Saybrook legatees. An item in his will gives to his two sons or his daughter, in case of the death of the sons, "All that tract of land between Nippamug path and the lands given to the people of Saybrook." But as he gave the Saybrook people a great deal more land than he actually possessed it is not difficult to picture their bewilderment when trying to determine where their boundaries ought to lie.

Clarke and Dewey, seizing the opportunity for a little sharp practice, as has been said, bought up the Indian children's rights and levied a toll on those settlers who essayed to come and occupy what was supposed by them to be their own land.

It seems likely that scouts had been sent ahead previously to locate and survey the land, so that the two pioneers probably had some idea of the destination sought by them. Lebanon and Colchester were already settled, the former in 1700, and the latter in 1702, and there were doubtless well defined trails over which, for at least a good part of the way, the two men made their march.

The late Governor John S. Peters, a native of Hebron, born in 1772, left some interesting historical notes written in 1843. He says of these two first settlers, "They built log houses on ground now occupied by Ira Bissell and Joel Wilcox, in autumn of 1705." Perhaps the discrepancy in dates, as given by Trumbull and Peters, may be accounted for by the "old style and new style" systems of dates. It seems likely whatever the date that the first settlers built their log houses that first fall after staking out their claims. The site of one of those log houses was dug up a few years ago on the Amston road a mile south of Hebron village, disclosing the old foundations, by Hilding brothers, who now own and occupy the Ira Bissell place when laying the foundations for a garage. An ink bottle of ancient design was found by one of the men while making the excavation. The bottle was intact, and is preserved by the Hilding family. It may have dated back to early days of the town.

Coming of the First Women

An anecdote from the personal memoirs of the late Governor S. Peters, above quoted, tells of the coming of the first white women and is given verbatim below.

"While the men were making preparations for their families in

the winter of 1708 they brought their provisions with them and remained for weeks at their new homes. Their wives, being anxious for the welfare of their husbands and unwilling to be left too long alone, four or five started one shining morning for the promised land, twenty long miles through the wilderness, regulating their course by marked trees and crossing the streams on logs felled for the purpose.

Night overtook them in the lower part of Gilead. They wandered from the line and brought up on the hill south of Nathan Smith's house, as later located. Fearing that the wolves would regale themselves upon their delicious bodies, they concluded to roost upon the top of the high rock on the summit of the hill. Here they proclaimed their lamentations to the winds. This novel serenade attracted the attention of their husbands, who wandered towards the sound until they fortunately found their wives on the rock which they had chosen for their night's repose.

The gratification of the interview can be better imagined than described."

It is pleasant to think of these brave, eager women starting out on their twenty mile walk on that sunny morning of the long ago. They had waited for weeks at Windsor, impatient at the long delay, and with no way of communicating with their husbands, even as much as to find out whether they were dead or alive.

Refreshed by a good night's sleep wearing stout, homespun clothing and strong shoes, and no doubt carrying as much of a load of food and provision as they could comfortably manage, they set out through the green woods, in the early morning, with high hopes. It was easier at first to make sure of the way. Marks on the trees every now and then, logs bridging the rushing streams, showing that other feet had gone before, a padded trail to be followed trustfully. By noon they were hungry, and sat to rest, while they ate and drank, laughing and singing, a little weary but undaunted.

They were quieter as the day wore on. Their blistered feet ached, and they were scratched and bruised. They stopped singing. The shadows gave the trees a strange look, as if flickering shapes were ready to dart at them. The marks on the trees were no longer to be distinguished readily. It is no wonder the wayfarers strayed from the trail, casting about until they brought up in the lower part of Gilead. As dusk deepened they heard hoarse, omin-

ous sounds. At this stage panic fell upon them, and they wandered wildly here and there in the desperate attempt to find their bearings.

No doubt well trained in the lore of the woods, the women managed to reestablish their way in the right general direction. But an encounter with wolves was something they had not reckoned upon. Great boulders like the one upon which they finally stumbled are not to be found on every hand, and they halted at the discovery as a heaven sent refuge. Gasping, sobbing, but with thanksgiving in their hearts, they succeeded in scrambling up the side of the rock and cast themselves down on its broad, flat top. At this stage they gave way to "lamentations" as the playful historian, Peters would have us believe. It is hardly to be wondered at. It seems, however, much more likely that having caught their breaths and rested a little, they made the wilderness with loud, sustained shouts, calculated to attract their husband's attention if they were within hearing distance.

The distance across the valley from the rock to the place where the houses were located is not so far but that such shouts might have been heard on a still evening. The charming little story is not so hard to believe, and it has been repeated many, many times in Hebron lore. After having walked considerable farther than twenty miles in their wanderings from the line these weary, poor women must have been almost exhausted, but doubtless their delight at joining their husbands made them forget their weariness, and so can readily be believed that they were able to continue the walk or so more to the pleasant house in the promised land.

Two of these women were Timothy Phelps' wife and William Shippen's wife. Perhaps a third was Nathaniel Phelps' wife. It is thought that an unmarried sister or two may have accompanied them on their famous walk. Timothy's wife was Martha Crow, born in Windsor in 1676, and therefore about thirty-six years of age. Her husband was 43, and they had at that time children as follows: Martha, 16, Timothy, 13, Noah, 12, Cornelius, 8, and Charles, 4. It is supposed that the oldest daughter, Martha, may have stayed at home to look out for the younger members of the family. The Crow family had had a painful experience some years before, the father of Martha, Timothy's wife, having disappeared "for parts unknown", as tersely noted on Windsor records. His wife, going to search for him, was never heard from again, so the

May 31, 1932

...legs,
...proy... the my
...dis...ance of the
parents w...ave...plained, though
...desc... have made all possible
research. Perhaps this poignant
memory may have had a good deal to
do with Martha (Crow) Phelps' determination to seek her husband in the wilderness, and it is not improbable that she was the leading spirit in the undertaking.

Nathaniel Phelps' wife was Hannah Bissell, a daughter of Samuel. From the women of this party have descended many Hebron people, in fact it is probably not too much to say that about all the old Hebron families can trace back to them in one way or another.

The rock of the story, commonly known as "Prophet's Rock", has not changed a whit since the days of the coming of the women, and many parties of young people or other interested in historical lore visit it yearly. The hill where it stands is now known as Burroughs Hill. The rock is on a pasture on land owned by Edwin T. Smith, a grandson of the Nathan Smith of the legend, as told by Peters. Like the rock shown in the previous chapter it is a relic of the glacial period and by some mighty convulsion was split in two distinct parts, ages ago. It stands about twelve or fifteen feet high and entirely above ground on the hill, about 600 feet above the sea level. It is not difficult to climb to the top and its rough surface would hold twelve or fifteen men. Niches and crevices sufficiently provided by nature make a sort of primitive stair up which the fearless may venture. From its location on the heights its top commands so broad a view, one is tempted to wonder whether the Indians may not have utilized it for various purposes, perhaps from prehistoric times. To wonder whether the crude climbing way up it may not have been at least partially made by hand by red men long since swept away and forgotten.

...the first white women to
...This is the story, and no
...man, woman or child would
...no doubt.

The photograph of Prophet's Rock here shown, upon the top of which the first white women who came to Hebron sought refuge from wolves, was taken only a few days ago to illustrate the story as told in the previous chapter. The term is possibly a corruption of "Prospect Rock," by which name it was known many years ago, according to Miss Adelle White, whose ancestors have lived in that vicinity ever since the early days of the town. There is, however, a remote legend to the effect that an aged Indian uttered a prophecy from the top of the rock, referring to the future of Hebron. That the rock was known as "Prophet's rock" at least over fifty years ago is evident from the use of the term in a pamphlet published in 1878, written by the Rev. Josiah A. Mack, a Gilead pastor, telling something of the history of town and church.

While securing the picture it was noticed for the first time that the outline of the rock, if viewed from a certain angle presents an amazingly characteristic resemblance to George Washington, in silhouette, as if lying in state, carved out of everlasting stone with face turned upward to the sky.

To go on with the story the name of Hebron was given to the new settlement and it was established and recorded a township at the May session of the General Court, 1707 in response to the request of a committee appointed for the purpose by the proprietors at a meeting held February 13, 1696-7. Just why this name was selected is unknown. The Hebron settlers were undoubtedly sober, God-fearing people, but it does not appear that there were clergymen among their numbers at first, and although forty towns had already been named in Connecticut, only one had received a Bible name, Lebanon, from a Palestine mountain. Hebron was the first town in the state to take its name from a city of the Bible. It has been suggested that the word Hebron signifying a league or confederacy in the Hebrew it had a special meaning for the settlers, coming as they did from various parts of the colony to band themselves together into a new community.

The town was incorporated by an act of the General Assembly May 26, 1708, in response to a petition presented by the settlers "To the Honourable General Assembly now sitting in Hartford, May 13, 1708", and its quaint and characteristic wording makes it worthy of a verbatim quotation.

"Whereas the General Assembly in May last granted liberty for a

township. At a place then called Hebron and whereas there are nine families already settled there and divers more desiring to come as soon as they can, we being far from any meeting house and being desirous to set up ye worship of God amongst us do pray this honed Generall Assembly now sitting to grant to us the inhabitants of Hebron all ye privileges of a town that thereby we may be enabled to take such methods as most suitable and agreeable to our present circumstances to raise money for the support of the gospel and defraying other necessary charges amongst us as well as for choosing town officers amongst us and dividing our lands and all other things proper for us as a town without which we find that we shall not be able to continue here and we shall submit to such regulations as this Honed Assembly shall think fitt. Jacob Root in the name of the Rest."

The first town meeting recorded is September 20, 1708, but the record is badly mutilated by age. Timothy Phelps was chosen as the first clerk, and recorded births, marriages and deaths, and land records in the first books of the town, now kept in the town's fire proof vault. He was the son of Lieut. Timothy Phelps of Windsor, and it was his wife, Martha Crow Phelps who was the heroine of the Prophets' Rock story. She was the daughter of Christopher Crow and his wife Mary Burr Crow, the couple whose mysterious disappearance from their home in Windsor has already been noted.

The first paper-covered book labeled "Lands and Grants", and dated November 10, 1702, has a chart showing how the land was divided into numbered lots from 1 to 86. These lots were sold to the settlers by the proprietors and new lots laid out from time to time.

At the town meeting Dec. 21, 1709 the town officers were: Nathaniel Phelps, town clerk; Edward Sawyer constable; Stephen Post, Timothy Phelps, Samuel Palmer, Townsmen; Morris Tillotson, surveyor of highways; Samuel Curtice, lister representing seven of the nine families. The other two families were those of William Shipman and Jacob Root.

Religious services or meetings, as they were called, were held at the house of Caleb Jones, (on the road leading east from where Loren Lord's house now is) in 1709. Later they were held with his widow, and at Ebenezer Wilcock's (Gilead) also in Dr. Horsford's new barn, and at other houses.

In 1710 Joseph Dewey was granted use of the "streame betwixt Col-

chester and us for the use of a town mill so long as he shall maintaine a sufficient mill for the town's use."

March 1, 1710, "It was voted that there should be no timber, wood, hay or stone transported out of our town under the penalty of ten shillings per load unless the Selectmen shall give liberty and further William Shipman, Nathaniel Dunham, Joseph Dewey, Samuel Waters and Daniel Birge were chosen a committee to have an inspection over the intruders who do intrude upon us in carrying away or transporting any hay, stone or timber and to seiz all such intruders as the fore mentioned hay stone or timber and the town toe promise to defray such charg as shall arise by their proceedings by law."

April 24, 1712, Nathaniel Dunham, Nathaniel Phelps, Timothy Phelps were appointed a committee to treat with the General assembly in Hartford in regard to the claims of Major Mason for their rights in the town. A quotation from the petition presented by them to the General Court throws light upon their situation. "In speaking of the proprietors and the settlement of the town it reads: "It is now above seven years since they began it, but they are so far from making any distribution or giving any suitable accomodation to encourage the settlement of a good plantation as they were engaged to do that no land can be had but at excessive rates, and they keep by far the greater part in their hands so that there is but a few scattered families in the whole plantation, who are altogether unable to live in any Christian or scarce so much as civil society. And now at last our titles are so far questioned by themselves as that of late they have solicited us to join them to buy off Capt. John Mason's native right, the want whereof is indeed one great reason why the plantation is not well settled. (State Library, "Towns and Lands. 3, 16."

These claims were adjusted by quit claim deeds from the heirs in 1712-1718.

Dec. 26, 1712, Nathaniel Phelps was chosen "for to ceep a house of public entertainment for strangers."

In spite of all the discouragements caused by conflicting claims, disagreements with the proprietors, etc., the town grew and waxed stronger. Names of settlers coming to Gilead were Youngs, Dunham, Trumbull, Hutchinson, Welles, Post, Rollo, Bushnell, Thompson, Peters, Gilbert, and others. Marlborough, once a part of Hebron, was settled by Buells, Lords, Horsfords Cham-

...and many others. To that
of the new settlement which
afterwards became Andover came
the Bingham, Sweetland, New-
comb, Blackman, etc. To Hebron
proper came settlers named Phelps,
Sawyer, Tillotson, Barber, Mann,
Horsford, etc. To Jones Street came
the families of Jones, Kneelands,
Beach, Pepon, Kellogg.
J. A. Gott came to the Colchester
and families bearing the names
of Large, Waters, Skinner, Bulkeley.
No arrivals were coming constant-
ly.

It was a stirring time. Trees were
being felled, log houses and other
more ambitious going up, land was
being broken up for planting, roads
were being laid out and improved.
The hum of saw mills was heard,
and there was industry on every
hand.

As the town grew and prospered
friendly Indians strolled through
as was their custom, going from one
Indian settlement to another, per-
haps spending the night at the
homes of acquaintances among the
whites, sleeping in kitchen or out-
house. Perhaps Owaneco and his
squaw came through, begging for
good things to eat and carry along
with them. If Owaneco's broken
language was not readily understood
he had a piece of doggerel written
for him by one Bushnell, a Connecti-
cut settler, which he handed out to
be read.

"Owaneco, king, his Queen doth bring
To beg a little food.
As they go along his friends among
To try how kind, how good.

Some pork, some beef for their relief
And if you can't spare bread,
She'll thank you for pudding as they
go a gooding,

And carry it on her head.

This last allusion refers to the
Indian custom of carrying burdens
by a metomp or bag hanging down
the back, supported by a strap over
the forehead.

Frequent town meetings were held
and efforts were made to secure a
minister. In 1714 a committee was
appointed to select the place for
standing of the meeting house,
Joseph Marsh of Lebanon, Simeon
Newcomb and John Woodward.
They selected the lot at the head of
the street or "supposed street",
where after many stormy meetings
it was finally erected. The Rev. John
Bliss of Norwich was called to be
the minister, and settled in 1715.
His house lot was on Church Hill,
now known as Godfrey Hill, where
a plot of 100 acres was laid out for
him. His salary was 70 pounds a
year.

May 19, 1716, in town meeting it
was voted "to raise seven pounds
on the present list to answer our
obligations about Mr. Bliss's chim-
neys, five pounds for Mr. Bliss and
two for Mr. Knight, the masoa which
wrought on the chimneys."

The meeting house was forty feet
by thirty-four, and ninety feet
"between joyns." Benoni Trumbull,
Ebenezer Willcox and Hézekiáh
Gaylord were chosen a committee to
oversee the building of the meeting-
house, hiring workmen, etc., "as in
their wisdom they see fit."

That great difficulty was found in
getting the work done is evident by
the frequent town meetings with
much opposition to the site selected
as not central enough to accommo-
date the outlying district of Andover
Marlborough, Gilead, Jones Street,
and no doubt there was trouble
about securing funds for the work.
In 1724 in town meeting it was voted
that "the work done on the meeting
house by Mr. Case was not satisfac-
tory, and that if Dr. Horsford go to
law with Mr. Case the town will pay
the charges." But a little later the
new building was dignified by allot-
ting the pews according to the wealth
and position of the families, the
men on one side and the women on
the other.

A few items from the records give
quite a picture of the building and
seating. The pews were in all prob-
ability built in squares, with seats
facing each other and accomodating
whole families, the kind of families
that were the rule in those days. A
door at the side with a button shut
the worshippers in and doubtless
shut out "the world, the flesh and
the devil."

June 17, 1720, it was voted "that
Daniel Horsford, William Root and
John Porter with one more, should
have to ymselves the fifth pew.
Samuel Curtis shall have the hind
seat on ye wimmens side, and Ed-
ward Sawyer the hind seat on ye
men's side for ymselves and their
families.

William Sumner for self and
family shall have ye vacant place in
ye meetinghouse under the wim-
min's stairs to set in and to have
ye said place on condition he make
there on his own cost a convenient
pew and maintaine ye one half of
the glass on ye window next adacent
and when he or his shall desert said pew
he shall loos his particular right to
ye same."

At a later date, 1729-30, under the
heading Memorials, the following
petition is recorded:

John Merrell, Benjamin Smith,
James Gillon, Amos Stiles, S^ras
Owen, Ichabod Phelps, Zerrubabell

7

...and Jonathan
...Humbell petition of the
above subscribers is as followeth,
that the town would be pleased to
grant us the liberty to build a pew
in either the South East or South-
West corner of the Meeting house
over the gallery stairs, and it is
to be understood that the above sd
pew should noways hinder ye pas-
sage up and down the gallery stairs
nor into any of the seats and to be
built upon the charge of the petition-
ers and in so doing you will oblige
your humbell servants."

A vote in the affirmative is record-
ed, to which a note is added:
"Daniel Horsford doth protest
against the above petition and vote.
Dec. 10, 1722."

The above note and protest may
be found on page 103 of the records.
If one wonders why the good Dr.
Horsford gets choleric over this
seemingly innocent request to build
and occupy a pew in the house of

God, perhaps a clue to his opposition
may be found in a similar "humbell
petition" on page 105, dated Mar. 2,
1729-30, and reading:

"Humbell Memorial of us the sub-
scribers humbly shueth that ye seats
in ye back parts of our galleries are
very much shattered and brocken
so that it is very uncomfortable sit-
ting there on ye Saboth Days, there
fore our humbel petition to the town
is that they would give us ye two
back seats in ye front gallery on ye
wimmen's side for to build a pue in,
for our more comfortable setting one
ye Saboth with this provisall that
we tack a suitable number to fill it
and when any one of us shall have
a mind to leave it and set sunwhere
else that then they set some other
person in their room so that there
be no vacancy there and ye house
crouded more elsewhere and in so
doing you will very much oblige your
humbell petitioners.

Elizabeth Curtice, Siball Post,
Dority Post, Phebe Post, Amie
Post, Elizabeth Rollo, Sary Trum-
bull."

"The above petition granted pro-
vided the pue be built by Dec. next."

A little searching of records re-
veals the fact that all of the
petitioners were young unmarried
people. Now with a bunch of Zerru-
babels, Azariahs, Silases, Jonathans,
etc., on one side of the "gallery
stairs," and another of Sarys,
Doritys, Siballs, and more, "to fill
ye pue" on "ye wimmins side" of
the same "gallery" it is little wonder
that Dr. Horsford was perturbed as
to the consequences on "ye Saboth
Day." The chances are that there
was some casting of sheep's eyes.
To say the least. Perhaps even the
tything man's services were called

into play more frequently than ought
to have been the case. These young
people are all dead now, with queer
angel's heads adorning their granite
grave stones. Let us hope they had
a little fun while they were alive,
even in "ye meetinghouse."

Among other entertaining items
on the town books the following
may be cited:

"June 23, 1724. Whereas damage
hath been done by greate drovs of
Cattell being brought from other
towns and warted and Cept here
the bigger part of the summer.....
fined 7 shillings per head by yard-
ing or giving them salt or ye like,
but if included on their list no fine
can be demanded."

"Voted that those who had a mind
to dig a well by ye meeting house
should have liberty to do so."

"Horse hous of stabells North of
meetinghouse."

"Stephen Post, Samuel Caulkins,
William Rollo, Mr. Joseph Sweet-
land, Mr. Benjamin Skinner should
be a committee to take care of the
school for the town of Hebron for
the year ensuing."

"Mar. 17, 1724. A bounty on black-
birds of 2 cents a head Mar. Apr. or
May and 1 cent for rest of year. 4
pence a head for each gray squirrel,
1 penny per head for wood peckers."

... Cobley and Jonathan
 ... Humbell petition of the
 above subscribers is as followeth,
 that the town would be pleased to
 grant us the liberty to build a pew
 in either the South East or South-
 West corner of the Meeting house
 over the gallery stairs, and it is
 to be understood that the above sd
 pew should noways hinder ye pas-
 sage up and down the gallery stairs
 nor into any of the seats and to be
 built upon the charge of the petition-
 ers, and in so doing you will oblige
 your humbell servants."

A vote in the affirmative is record-
 ed, to which a note is added:
 "Daniel Horsford doth protest
 against the above petition and vote.
 Dec. 10, 1728."

The above vote and protest may
 be found on page 103 of the records.
 If one wonders why the good Dr.
 Horsford gets choleric over this
 seemingly innocent request to build
 and occupy a pew in the house of

God, perhaps a clue to his opposition
 may be found in a similar "humbell
 petition" on page 105, dated Mar. 2,
 1729-30, and reading:

"Humbell Memorial of us the sub-
 scribers humbly shueth that ye seats
 in ye back parts of our galleries are
 very much shattered and brocken
 so that it is very uncomfortable sit-
 ting there on ye Saboth Days, there
 fore our humbel petition to the town
 is that they would give us ye two
 back seats in ye front gallery on ye
 wimmen's side for to build a pue in,
 for our more comfortable setting one
 ye Saboth with this provisall that
 we lack a suitable number to fill it
 and when any one of us shall have
 a mind to leave it and set sunwhere
 else that then they set some other
 person in their room so that there
 be no vacancy there and ye house
 crouded more elsewhere and in so
 doing you will very much oblige your
 humbell petitioners.

Elizabeth Curtice, Siball Post,
 Dority Post, Phebe Post, Anne
 Post, Elizabeth Rollo, Sary Trum-
 bull."

"The above petition granted pro-
 vided the pue be built by Dec. next."

A little searching of records re-
 veals the fact that all of the
 petitioners were young unmarried
 people. Now with a bunch of Zerru-
 labels, Azariahs, Silases, Jonathans,
 etc., on one side of the "gallery
 stairs," and another of Sarys,
 Doritys, Siballs, and more, "to fill
 ye pue" on "ye wimmins side" of
 the same "gallery" it is little wonder
 that Dr. Horsford was perturbed as
 to the consequences on "ye Saboth
 Day." The chances are that there
 was some casting of sheep's eyes,
 to say the least. Perhaps even the
 tything man's services were called

into play more frequently than ought
 to have been the case. These young
 people are all dead now, with queer
 angel's heads adorning their granite
 grave stones. Let us hope they had
 a little fun while they were alive,
 even in "ye meetinghouse."

Among other entertaining items
 on the town books the following
 may be cited:

"June 23, 1724, Whereas lamago
 hath been done by greate drovs of
 Cattell being brought from other
 towns and warded and kept here
 the bigger part of the summer.....
 fined 5 shillings per head by yard-
 ing or giving them salt or ye like,
 but if included on their list no fine
 can be demanded."

"Voted that those who had a mind
 to dig a well by ye meeting house
 should have liberty to do so."

"Horse hous or stabells North of
 meetinghouse."

"Stephen Post, Samuel Caulkins,
 William Rollo, Mr. Joseph Sweet-
 land, Mr. Benjamin Skinner should
 be a committee to take care of the
 school for the town of Hebron for
 the year ensuing."

"Mar. 17, 1724. A bounty on black-
 birds of 2 cents a head Mar. Apr. or
 May and 1 cent for rest of year. 4
 pence a head for each gray squirrel.
 1 penny per head for wood peckers."

~~III~~

June 24, 1932.

In the year 1717 the town authorities decided in town meeting to lay out the village green, pride of the New England town. Carrying out the votes taken at the meeting a highway was laid out from the meeting house as far south as the Samuel Palmer lot, near the old Colchester road. The Andover road was also laid out past the cemetery.

The green began at the southeast corner of the Andover road and ran south twenty rods into what is now land owned by the Pendleton sisters. To a black oak marked H. W., thence westerly 70 rods to a great rock between two lesser rocks in the mowing lot lately owned by H. Asa Bissell, thence north 24 rods to a rock near the present Marlborough road, thence 70 rods east to the first bound.

This survey was copied from the original record (which had become mutilated) by a former town clerk, the Hon. Sylvester Gilbert, about 1800, and transcribed by a later town clerk, Lucius J. Hendee.

The "great rock between two lesser rocks is a permanent memorial of the ancient village green. The record may be found in the second book of Town Meetings, page 45.

The meeting house, then in process of erection, stood near the center of the green, by which it was surrounded on all sides. The spot on which it stood is the old meeting house green, now the property of the local American Legion, is now marked by the boulder erected in memory of the soldiers of the World War, and the plot is known as the soldiers' park. Over it in pleasant weather flies the flag of stars and stripes. Few but old Hebron residents or those of former Hebron extraction now realize that on this spot stood Hebron's first meeting house.

If one pictures the green as being tidily kept, mowed, raked and freed from refuse as at present, such a one is probably quite wrong. Although nothing definite is on record as to this, votes taken in town meetings in the early part of the next century throw some light. There is no doubt that various kinds of live stock, cattle, sheep, horses, and swine were allowed to run loose on the common from the first with no thought of permission from the town authorities. It was not until 1805 that a vote was taken permitting swine to run at large "provided they be at the time well ringed." Again dipping into the future, 1821, it was voted "that neat cattle be allowed to run at large upon the common," and in 1824 that swine be permitted to run at large "on being well and sufficient rung."

By the year 1832, however, dissatisfaction with this free and easy ar-

rangement came sufficiently to a head to cause a vote to be passed restraining "horses, asses, mules and sheep from running at large upon the commons." In 1832 a vote was passed restraining horses, mules, neat cattle and sheep from going at large in the highways, except that a person having one cow might allow her to go at large in the highway. Twelve years later this last clause was rescinded, and in 1845, in connection with a vote of restraint of horses, asses, mules, neat cattle and sheep from running at large, a vote was passed that any person allowing any of the above animals or swine to run at large on the Sabbath day should be fined \$1.00. This vote was to be published in the Hartford Times and Hartford Courant for four weeks.

Thus it will be seen that back in the early days of the town such an article as a lawn mower or even a scythe would have been wholly superfluous in keeping down the grass and weeds on the spacious green.

An important reason for the large layout of the green was that here were held the military trainings so necessary in the time of our forefathers.

The forefathers called their green "the plain of Mamre," doubtless from the Bible quotation, Genesis 14, verse 18, "Then Abraham removed his tent and came and dwelt in the Plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron and built there an altar unto the Lord."

If one wonders how the owners of the various "horses, asses, cows, sheep, mules, etc." could tell their property apart and could find them when they wanted them, it may be answered that they probably did have a great deal of difficulty at times, in spite of the fact that the creatures all seem to have been branded. Many are the entries in the old town books in the early 1700's telling of estrays, often described as "In a suffering condition." A few quotations are given here:

"We whose names are underwritten here in ye beginning of November or thereabout being desirous to prise a baay mare Coming 3 or 4 years old branded with the letter W on the left shoulder and one the left thigh which Mare sd Neland hath taken to a Stray which Mare we prized to be worth three pounds and ten shillings.

Joseph Swetland
Jacob Sherein.

Hebron, November 17, 1729. We whose names are underwrit being called to prize a stray mare in the Custody of Timothy Phelps Juner sd Mare is about two and advantage old her Color is that we call Sorel her foot are white. She has white in

her face and is branded thus "U" on
ye left shoulder and is prized at
three pounds and ten shillings.

October ye 29th day, 1731. We the
subscribers being desired by Mr.
William Buell of Hebron to a prise a
certaine heffer tacken up a stray by
him our Judgment is that ye heffer
is worth three pounds eight shillings.
The sd heffer is a readis Coller mark-
ed with two sitti in the top of ye
right eare.

Benjamin Neland
Noah Owen."

Such strays were huddled togeth-
er in pounds provided for the pur-
pose, and if their owners could not
be identified, were probably sold by
the town.

The Rev. John Bliss.

The Rev. John Bliss, as has already
been stated, was the first minister
of the Congregational or Puritan
Church to be settled in Hebron as
pastor. He was the son of Samuel
Bliss and Anne Elderkin Bliss of
Norwich, born Oct. 23, 1690. He grad-
uated, 1710, from Yale College, then
located in Saybrook. He seems to
have been a peaceable and well in-
tentioned minister, but he found lit-
tle peace in the stormy battle ground
of his parish at Hebron. From the be-
ginning there had been a fiery dis-
cussion as to the location of the
meeting house, the members of the
parish being divided into "northern
and southern" factions, each ardent
ly supporting a corresponding site for
their house of worship.

For a few years, all seemed to go
fairly well, and the minister's salary,
at first placed at fifty pounds a year
was raised, at his ordination, Nov.
19, 1717, to 70 pounds and fire wood
furnished.

Work on the house of worship pro-
gressed rather slowly, and it was not
until 1723 that it was voted to fur-
nish it by plastering up as high as
the lower girths and putting in glass
windows, and to send to Boston for
glass and lead. There was quite a
raise in Mr. Bliss' salary in 1727,
twenty pounds being added to it, and
in 1729 it was raised to 100 pounds,
over the solemn protest of Daniel
Birge.

About this time the smoldering dif-
ferences between the northern and
southern parties began to break out
into real flames. Perhaps the trouble
was not entirely the outgrowth of the
wranglings over the location of the
meeting house though that disagree-
ment undoubtedly had much to do
with it. Whatever the cause, the rec-
ords show that at a town meeting,
April 24, 1733, (Church and town
were one, it must be remembered)
about fifty people, "dissatisfied and
partly uneasy" under the ministra-
tions of the Rev. Mr. Bliss, appeared
and asked permission to be set off

into a separate society, to be forever
released from the support of Mr.
Bliss, provided they should secure a
minister of their own. This request
was voted down, but it was an ill-
omen, foreshadowing stormy days to
come.

It should be stated that the pastor
had already been tried before a con-
sultation of the clergy of Hartford
County, held at Hebron, in 1731,
charged with habitual intemperance
and other faults. The council freed
him from these charges, and he con-
tinued his pastoral labors with his
divided and warring flock until about
1733 or 4, when he was dismissed by
the same council.

While Mr. Bliss had his enemies
he also had his stout friends, and
these, the northerners, so called
from the section of the town in
which they lived, rallied around him.
Meetings were held at the minister's
house, his adherents claiming that
the action of the council was illegal
and that Mr. Bliss was the only or-
dained minister in the town. Upon
this he was promptly accused of hold-
ing schismatic services and pastor
and five of his most prominent sup-
porters were bailed before the Coun-
ty Court at Hartford, June 17, 1735,
accused of "warrying on divine wor-
ship contrary to the statutes of this
colony." This was a serious charge,
as the holding of schismatic worship
was a grievous offense under the
statute law.

Again Mr. Bliss was freed from the
charge brought against him, but he
and his followers were required to
assume the costs of the trial,
amounting to about five pounds
apiece. One half of the costs was af-
terwards paid by action of the
general court, when the aggrieved ap-
peared before it asking redress.

It was war to the tooth between
the two parties. Perhaps the trouble
in the little town has never yet, af-
ter more than two hundred years,
been entirely settled. At length Mr.
Bliss and his followers, doubtless
having their cause before the Lord, de-
clared themselves for the Church of
England, organizing a parish in 1734
or 5, and building their church,
where they wanted it, on the top of
the Plain of Abraham, or Church
Hill, now known as Godfrey Hill.

Mr. Bliss had ten children by his
first wife, Anna, whose maiden name
is unknown, and two by his second
wife, whom he married in 1732, and
who was the widow of the Hon. Dav-
id Barber of Hebron. She later, on
the death of her husband, married
Captain Beron Trumbull.

Mr. Bliss himself gave the land for
the church site, but the building was
not fully completed until 1756. He of-
ficiated as lay reader for about seven
years. It was necessary for candi-
dates for the Episcopal clergy to go

July 12, 1932.

to England for ordination, since there were no resident Bishops here. Mr. Bliss had certainly "fought the good fight," and it seems too bad that just as he was on the eve of his departure for the mother-country for his ordination he died, Feb. 1, 1741, of small pox.

His remains lie buried in the quaint old "Church of England Burying Ground," as it is officially known, on Godfrey Hill, close by where his church used to stand. His grave stone, the customary gray granite slab displaying a wonderful cherub's head in full relief, bears the following epitaph:

"Here lies the Body Buried of the Revd Mr John Bliss, ye Pleasant and Vertuous Consort of ye worthy Mrs. Anna Bliss and Mrs. Hannah Bliss, first dissenting minister of Hebron but by Regular Convictu Embraced ye Ch of Engl & lived 6 years in her communion. ob Feby ye 1st. Ann Dom 1741. Erat in luce."

**Chapter Five
Dr. Obadiah Horsford.**

Among the interesting and outstanding characters in the early days of Hebron is that of Dr. Obadiah Horsford, first physician of the settlement. Dr. Horsford came from Winchester and was a physician of the old school. His land extended seventy rods north of the Green and up the Andover road beyond the cemetery. His house stood opposite the house now owned and occupied by Mrs. May E. Mitchell, on the Andover road a little north of the village. The old cellar hole, and lilac bushes mark the site of the house which was standing a comparatively few years ago, a picturesque story and a half structure, shingled on the outside walls, and gray with age. In the yard was an old well with sweep's bucket. At the time it was dug down it was probably the oldest house in the town. It seems a great pity that this ancient landmark was not preserved as an example of the earliest houses of the settlement following the log house period. This could have been done at a slight expense if a little care and foresight had been exercised.

In Dr. Horsford's barn were held the Sunday meetings during the time when the meeting house was in process of erection. He was closely associated with the Congregational or Puritan faith during his long and useful life of service in Hebron.

A deed of eight or ten acres of land to Dr. Obadiah Horsford, March 12, 1726, from Nathaniel and Joseph Dewey, locates the first cemetery in the town. This tract is described as being near Horsford's house, bounded Northerly and Northwesterly on ye highway; Easterly by Nathaniel Mann and south on sd Horsford's land but yet and notwithstanding, there is hereby reserved out of ye sd tract of land four acres of land for a Burying place to ye use of sd Town of Hebron, and not to be incumbered by ye sd Horsford nor any wise improved to other ye mowing or pasturing horses, cattle, swine, and sheep, and ye sd Horsford is hereby bound to maintain convenient bars or gates for ye town's use when he shall fence ye sd Burying place be ye quantity of acres more or less."

In 1723 Dr. Horsford sold seven and a half acres of this land to Nathaniel Mann, reserving, as formerly, three acres for the town for the burying place, with the privilege of pasturing, etc.

The old cemetery was under the control of the Mann family for many

generations, and was used as the town cemetery until other cemeteries were opened up in different parts of the town, when this one gradually fell into disuse. In 1840 Andrew Mann, a descendant of Nathaniel, quit-claimed the rights of pasturage to the First School Society, and this right it still holds. Few, if any, of the school authorities of the present day know anything about this curious bequest, and it is needless to say, these "privileges of the grave yard" would not be used by them if they did.

In 1865 "The Hebron Cemetery Association" was formed, and land adjoining and partly surrounding the old cemetery was bought. Lots were sold, new walls laid, iron gates set up, and rings set in stones in the walls to tie horses to. However, few families are buried there now. Descendants of the original share holders in the new part of the old yard now hold the title. They are J. Ward Porter, Edwin T. Smith, and Ella J. Little, descendants of Deacon Jasper Porter, Seth Smith, and James H. Jagger, each of whom subscribed for ten shares. Other subscribers for one share were Noble E. Lord, Royal Porter, and David Strong. The old part remains the property of the town of Hebron.

William Shipman is said to have been the first person to be buried in this grave yard. He died September 19, 1725, from injuries received when he fell from the roof of his house, on which he was at work.

Dr. Horsford's grave stone, which may be seen in the old cemetery today, is a beautifully carved and very interesting one. The stone is staunch and strongly set, but the inscription is broken and illegible in places, and worn almost smooth by weathering. It is quoted below:

"Died Feb. 27, 1741, aged 63 years. These in memory of that Worthy and much serviceable and well beloved Capt Mr. Obadiah Horsford Capt of the first Military Company in Hebron grate practitioner of physick who after Sarving God in his generation and ye publick faithfully many years of this life and a patient looking for the blissful dawn of that illustrious day wherein our Victorious and Tryumphaut Joshua will lead the Armies of Israel unto the land of Canaan and command the sun of Glory to stand still in the noon of Beauty and that permanent happiness...."

At the base of the stone a carving can be made out as follows: "Made by Benjamin Collins, Lebanon Crank."

This inscription, incomplete as it is and the few entries on the old town books which refer to Dr. Horsford are all that remains to tell the story of the life of Hebron's first medical practitioner. His wife was Marcy—, and their children were John, Daniel, Joseph, Aaron, Mindwell, and Obadiah. The last named was afterwards a distinguished Colonel in the Revolutionary War. Descendants of the Horsford are doubtless living in many parts of the United States, but the name is no longer heard in Hebron.

Wolves

Bad wolves were a real cause of anxiety and danger to the town is shown by an entry on the town books as follows:

"Feb. ye 22-1730-1 (Page 111, First book of town meetings) 'Twas voted that the town of Hebron for the in Colagement of Killing of woolves grant that if any man belonging to se town of Hebron shall kill any wolve within sd town bounds he shall have a reward for his so doing ten pounds to be paid out of ye town treasury and five pounds for every wolve whelp sd money to be raised upon Every Man according to their lists and that if they kill any wolve as above sd in ye bounds of any town next adjoining on ours they shall have as above sd and if ye towns of Lebanon, Colchester, Glasburghy, Polton or Coventry do advance for ye killing woolves as above sd and grant that any of Hebron men killing within any of their towns shall have out of their treasury as above sd, that then any belonging to ye towns above sd shall have out of our treasury as above claimed."

For some reason this vote was rescinded the following year. Possibly the treasury was in danger of depletion. The reward offered seems to have been rather surprisingly large, when compared with the minister's salary.

If any readers should entertain the idea that the town fathers of Hebron were unusually poor spellers, let them look over the books of other towns or cities at the same period, and it will be seen that Hebron scribes were not the only ones capable of spelling one word in a half a dozen different ways. Moreover, to this hardy band of settlers it was of vastly more importance to be able to kill a "grone wolve" or to build a "hous" than to be able to spell the words according to dictionary rules.

Dissensions And Divisions.

A list of men who took the freemen's oath in 1730 is recorded on the town books, giving 160 names.

showing the continued growth of the town, which contributed to its problems.

Notwithstanding the crisis which sent the Rev. John Bliss and his adherents into the arms of the Mother Church of England, and split the Congregational society in two, the established Congregationalists continued to have their troubles.

It was probably about the time of these disagreements and splits in the parish that an amusing incident occurred, which is related in John W. Barber's "Connecticut Historical Collections." The quotation is given verbatim.

"The Rev. Mr. Buckley of Colchester, Conn., was famous in his day as a casuist and sage counsellor. A church (said to be the Hebron one) in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions, which they were unable to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Buckley for his services; with a request that he would send it to them in writing, the matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice, with much deliberation, committed to writing. It so happened that Mr. Buckley had a farm in the extreme part of the town, upon which he entrusted a tenant; in superscribing the two letters, the one for the church as directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the church. The church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The moderator read as follows: you will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull.

This mystical advice puzzled the church at first, but an interpreter among the more discerning ones was soon found, who said, 'Brethren, this is the very advice we most need; the directions to repair the fence is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep out strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a particular manner set a watchful guard over the Devil, the old black bull, who has done us so much hurt of late'. All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Buckley's advice and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all the animosities subsided and harmony was restored to the long afflicted church. What the subject of the letter to the tenant was and what good effect it had upon him the story does not tell."

W. Locking (July 29, 1952).

Town Of Hebron

Dr. Benjamin Pomeroy.

"There were giants in those days." This quotation, taken from the Old Testament, has been used many times in history sketches of Hebron, to apply to the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D., second pastor of the Hebron Congregationalists.

Mr. Pomeroy was born in Suffield, November 19, 1704, the son of Joseph, and the descendant of Eltweed, first Pomeroy settler in this country, who came to Windsor in 1636. He graduated from Yale, 1733, with highest honors. He not only stood first in his class, but to him and his classmate, Eleazer Wheelock, (afterwards Dr. Wheelock) to whom he had become greatly attached, was awarded the first Berkeley prize for superior merit in literature. Mr. Pomeroy at his ordination, December 16, 1735 was installed pastor "of the town of Hebron," thus ignoring the very existence of the little band of churchmen under the Rev. John Bliss.

He married, October 24, 1734, Abigail Wheelock, sister of his close friend, Eleazer Wheelock. She was seventeen years old at the time, rather young, as we should think of it nowadays, to assume the position of dignity and responsibility called for in a minister's wife.

Dr. Wheelock was founder of the famed Indian school at Lebanon Crank, (now Columbia) from which sprung Dartmouth College. Dr. Pomeroy was one of the original trustees of this college, and continued as such until his death. The Wheelock residence is still standing, now owned and occupied by H. Welton Porter. The schoolhouse in which the Indian school was started is also standing, and is in use as a public school, on Columbia Green. It has been remodeled, but timbers and framework are that of the old building. The term, Lebanon Crank, arose from the fancied resemblance of that part of Lebanon, (afterwards taken in to form part of Columbia) to a handle or crank.

In town meeting, October, 1735, it was voted "to give the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy 140 pounds a year, if he continues with us in the ministry, to be paid in grain as the market now is." They were more generous later on. One year his salary was 175 bushels of Indian corn, 8 bushels of wheat, 1400 pounds pork, 2091 pounds of beef, and also 12 pounds for firewood. The continued dissensions and divisions in the church have already been recounted, culminating in the breaking up of the established Congregationalists into four distinct parishes, of Hebron, Gilead, Andover and Marlborough.

Another question which caused heated argument was that of the building of a new meeting house. The old one was in a ruinous condition, and it was quite obvious that something must be done.

Matters were brought to a crisis when, October 8, 1747, the old meeting house went up in flames. The fire was caused by an incendiary, said to be a half witted young man of the neighborhood who was hired for the purpose. The young man was Moses Hutchinson, of the old Hebron family of that name. He was afterward prosecuted and committed to jail for the crime, the real offender or offenders who had instigated the deed, doubtless escaping punishment.

Moses Hutchinson's deed in burning down the meeting house caused great scandal and uproar, and excitement seethed as the news slowly penetrated to the various parts of the town to those worshippers who lived remote from the center. It proved, however, in some ways, not to be so unfortunate an occurrence, since the question was definitely settled regarding the building of a new house of worship.

During the year on the burning occurred, ten society meetings were held to consider about the building of a new meeting house. It was finally decided to build one 60 feet by 48 feet, and 25 foot posts, on the spot where the old one stood. The new house was built in 1748 and it contained some of the timbers that were already hewed for an addition to the old building, and which were saved from the fire. Some of these same timbers were also used in the building of the third meeting house, destroyed by fire in 1822, remembered by Hebron people of the older generation.

The first house of worship stood thirty-one years, the second eighty-one years. The third, which was dedicated Jan. 1, 1829, "to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," stood for fifty-three years, until 1882, when the present one was built.

During the year following the ordination of Mr. Pomeroy as pastor of the Hebron Congregationalists, he received into the church thirty persons, and in 1737 thirty-five others.

Benjamin Trumbull, the historian, says of him, "Mr. afterwards Dr. Pomeroy, was a man of real genius, grave, solemn, and weighty in his discourses; they were generally well composed, and delivered with a great degree of animation, zeal and affection. He appeared to have a deep concern for the salvation of his hearers, and often in his addresses to them, and his expostulations and pleadings with them to be reconciled to God, to forsake the foolish and live, would melt into tears and weep over them."

...and he might
...among the best preach-
... He could set the ter-
... of the Lord in awful array be-
... fore sinners, and show them in an
... alarming manner, the slippery places
... on which they stood. With equal ad-
... vantage he could represent the won-
... ders of Christ's love, his glory, the
... sufficiency of his righteousness, and
... the blessedness of all who would be
... reconciled unto God through Him."

In 1746 the Rev. George Whitefield,
the famous evangelist, in speaking of
Doctor Pomeroy, says, "Hebron is the
stronghold of Satan, for its people
blatantly oppose the work of the
Lord, being more fond of earth than
heaven." (Peters' History of Connecti-
cut, reprint, 1877, page 146). It is
said that Pomeroy was an intimate
friend and correspondent of the
evangelist. Whitefield was doing a
wonderful work both here and in
England, holding meetings every-
where, in season and out, with trem-
endous results in the way of converts
and it is not surprising that the
young Hebron preacher caught the
inspiration and set about following
his example in a smaller way.

Dr. Pomeroy's zeal in the cause of
religion, however, strange as it may
seem, brought him into considerable
trouble with the authorities, and
caused him a good deal of personal
privation and discomfort.

The Rev. Samuel Peters, in his
"General History of Connecticut,"
says of him. (reprint, page 146). "This
town is honoured by the residence of
the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, an ex-
cellent scholar, an exemplary gentle-
man, and a most thundering preach-
er of the New-Light order. His great
abilities procured him the favour and
honour of being the instructor of
Abimbleck, the present king of Mo-
hegin. He is of a very persevering,
sovereign disposition, but just, polite,
generous, charitable, and without dis-
simulation. Avis alba."

The term "new light" seems to be
applied to those of the clergy who,
during the "great awakening" of the
time of Jonathan Edwards and White-
field, threw themselves heartily into
the revivalistic school of preaching.
Their opponents were known as the
"old lights," believing in a more so-
ber and conservative appeal for the
saving of souls.

In 1742 the General Assembly pass-
ed an act making it a punishable of-
fense for a minister to "preach, teach
or publicly exhort, in any town or so-
ciety within this colony, without the
desire and license of the settled mi-
nister and the major part of the
church of such town and society, etc."
Thus it came about that Dr. Pomeroy,
along with the Rev. James Daven-
port, was arrested for having com-
mitted great disorders. Davenport

had committed great disorders at
Stratford, and Pomeroy had done
with him, preaching and exhorting
in the approved new-light style. The
General Assembly decided to trans-
port Davenport to Southold, Long
Island, where he strictly belonged,
and Pomeroy's case was dismissed
for lack of sufficient evidence. Pom-
eroy was treated rudely, and a sup-
posed attempt was made to push him
down the stairs of the court house,
but he saved himself by a leap.

This was only the beginning of his
troubles, however. Trumbull tells the
story of his later arrest. (page 132,
Vol. 2, Trumbull reprint).

"Some time after, a lecture was
appointed in Colchester, for Mr. Pom-
eroy to preach. Himself and Mr. Lit-
tle, the pastor, had always lived in
harmony; their parishes joined each
other; Mr. Pomeroy went from home
supposing that he was about to af-
ford him brotherly assistance and to
oblige his people. But entirely con-
trary to his expectations Mr. Little,
either from his own private feelings,
or from the influence of some of his
principal hearers, forbade his going
into the meeting-house. There was a
great collection of people, from Col-
chester and the neighboring towns,
who were earnest to hear the word.
Mr. Pomeroy, considering that many
souls might be quickened, strength-
ened, and comforted, and that some
souls might possibly be saved from
death by his preaching, therefore
judged it his indispensable duty to
preach. Accordingly he retired a lit-
tle from the meeting-house to the
shade of a grove, and preached to a
very numerous auditory. A certificate
was lodged against him, and for
seven years he was deprived of his
salary."

Mr. Trumbull goes on to say that
"it was now a very critical and mo-
mentous period with the churches,
for while the spirit of God wrought
powerfully, Satan raged maliciously,
and, playing with his old subtleties,
by transforming himself into an an-
gel of light, deceived many."

Later on the Secretary of the col-
ony was required to "arrest the body
of Mr. Benjamin Pomeroy, clerk, of
Hebron, wherever he might be found,
and bring him before the assembly
to answer for such matters and
things as are objected and complain-
ed of against him, on his majesty's
behalf." This was for another offense
that of having criticised "the late
laws of this colony, made concerning
ecclesiastical affairs." He had declar-
ed openly that "the law which was
made to stop ministers from going
about to preach in other towns was
made without reason and was con-
trary to the word of God." He had
also been known to say that "the

18

...and that if there be a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus, He must lose his estate; that if there be a faithful man in civil authority he must lose his honour and usefulness; and that there was no colony so bad as Connecticut for persecuting laws."

It took the Assembly of May, 1744, only a short time to find Mr. Pomeroy guilty, order him to pay the cost of prosecution, (some 32 pounds and over) and to place him in a bond of fifty pounds until the next session, when he was to appear before the assembly to take up his bond, on condition of his peaceable behavior till that time.

Trumbull says: "While Mr. Pomeroy was deprived of his lawful salary and thus harassed and put to expense he had this consolation—that his people were generally pious, peaceable and friendly; and expressed their good will towards him, in voluntarily supporting him; and while large separations were going off from other ministers and churches, not a family or individual was separating from him. He was popular, and wherever he preached, people would flock to hear him."

In speaking of his persecutions Mr. Pomeroy afterwards said triumphant to a friend "Sir, those years were the most fruitful of my life, for I went up and down the country, and wherever I found two men and a haystack, there I found a pulpit and a congregation."

The first 7 years of his ministry he admitted to his church 239 by profession, and 25 by letter. The following year 110 were admitted. One of his sermons was from the text "Those whose souls are immersed in sin will join their kindred and be partakers of their plagues in everlasting woe."

Strong words, these, but he was a genuine "Hell fire" preacher, and no doubt would stand aghast at the softness and laxity of the preaching of the present day.

He had a full baker's dozen of children, and it was hard sledding for the family during the time when he was deprived of his salary, and was paying court expenses. In those days the minister's house was as a hotel, and often travelers called there to be entertained. On one occasion several strangers came unexpectedly. All that Mrs. Pomeroy had in the house from which to prepare a meal was bread, sugar, and cider. She crumbed the bread into the cider, sweetened it with the sugar, and invited the strangers to sit down at the table. Then she said to them, "If you love

God you will be thankful for whatever if you don't then surely it is as good as you deserve."

Descendants have preserved traditions, as handed down from accounts given by Dr. Pomeroy's daughter, describing how the house used to be thronged with people under the most distressing conviction of sin, the earnest preacher often spending most of his nights with these enquirers. (To be continued.)

History of Hebron

By Susan B. Pendleton, Assisted by Mrs. Anne C. Gilbert—Dr. Benjamin Pomeroy, Continued.

There seems to be some question whether Pomeroy's friend and correspondent, Whitefield, ever visited Hebron and preached to its sinful inhabitants. Mr. Edward Day, in his interesting history of the First Church of Christ, Colchester, states that the nearest point to that town where the evangelist is known to have preached was Middletown. Colchester is a good deal nearer Hebron than Middletown, which makes it appear as if there is no record of Whitefield's having preached here. However, ex-Governor John S. Peters in his personal memoirs and his topical sketch of the town states that the famous remark of Whitefield's, "You Hebronians are more fond of the flesh than of the spirit and of earth than heaven," was made in the course of a sermon delivered by the great preacher in Hebron.

About ten or twelve miles from Hebron, half way to Hartford on the New London turnpike in Glastonbury, a placard on a great white oak tree states that under its shade Whitefield preached to a great crowd some time in May following, to be between three and four hundred years old. If Whitefield did not actually preach in Hebron then that oak tree is no doubt the nearest to the town of any point where he did preach.

Besides being a preacher Dr. Pomeroy was also a farmer. His home (The house is no longer standing) was on the place recently owned by F. A. Rathbun, and sometimes known as the Nelson Loomis of Humphrey Fuller place. One of the lots which belonged to the farm is even now known as "the Pomeroy Meadow." From this farm it was the minister's privilege, as well as duty, to wrest such living as he could for his large and hungry family.

After he had spent the week plowing the rocks and stones on his land he took for his text Amos 6-12, "Can horses run upon the rock? Can one plow there with oxen?" showing a sort of grim humor all his own. On one of the lots belonging to this place, as seen from the road, there are so many rocks and stones that it looks as if a glacier back in the ice age had given itself a vigorous shake just at that point.

In addition to preaching and farming Dr. Pomeroy also found time and opportunity to be a soldier, and in this capacity he won for himself no mean name. When his first born son, Benjamin, Jr., enlisted as physician in the French and Indian War, Dr. Pomeroy himself enlisted as chaplain. After his return home to Hebron, he wrote to a younger son, Ralph, who was at the the Rev. Samuel Finley's, Nottingham, Penn., telling of the death of Benjamin. The letter is dated, Hebron, November 15, 1760, and a copy of it is in the possession of Miss Caroline E. Kellogg of Hebron, a descendant of the Pomeroy family.

The letter reads, in part:

My dear Son,
I've been favored with two letters from you since you left home, one dated March 18, 1760, which I received some in May following. The other January 5th, which came some days later & have wrote as many if not more with as particular accounts of our circumstances as I conveniently could & thought I had good prospects of safe conveyance & am much affected to hear by your last to your Honrd mother that you have received none. May we see the Hand of Providence in ye disappointment. I have not time now col'd I recollect ye contents of those letters to write them in full and must therefore refer you for a Satisfactory Account of many changes in our Family, before and since to that much desired day when I may see you again at Home & converse Viva Voce. Now be sure I may no longer preface the Sorrowful news, ye main Subject of this letter. But as a righteous & wise Providence too deep for human Sight to penetrate is calling me & your Honrd mother to mourn the loss of a Dear, a first born son. So you, my dear child, may no longer refrain from your tears, for ye heavy loss of your Elder, your Dear Brother Benjamin. He expired at Schenectady, Wed., Oct. 29, & was there the day following decently interred. 'Twas there he was station'd as you know the last campaign, & there a Twelve month agoe he was Sick nigh unto Death. I was so happy then as to be with Him when

at ye Worst ten days or more thro' infinite Mazy He was so far recovered as to ride Home with me. But his frequent Relapses, Faints, Inquietudes & Discomposures in the ensuing Winter are too many here to relate. In March he was appointed Chief Surgeon of a Regt & his Health being in a measure restored He accepted that Post & to prepare for ye Camp where 'twas expected as it since happened, the Small Pox wd be frequent, He took that Infection by inoculation some time in May at Lebanon under Doct Lord of Norwich, got well thro' & tho' very weak yet tho't Himself relieved of some old Disorders. But as I thot I w'd be am now confirmed in the opinion, was not fit to undertake the Fatigues of the Campagne into which he was now hurried. I had the happiness to be with Him the most of the way thro' our long and tedious March to Montreal by way of Oswego. He was all the while in a tottering uncertain state, yet performed His Business well, which was very considerable. Doctor Turner, his Mate, being left at Schenectady, & Doct Dwight, Chief Surgeon of Colo. Whiting's Regt, dying at Oswego.

Two days before we came to Montreal I was violently seized with the usual camp Disorders, yet held out to march to the city, where I Lay Sometime nigh unto Death. Immediately after the Capitulation our Regt with the other Provincials were ordered back to Oswego up the same terrible rapid stream we had just passed down with so much Difficulty, Hazard & Loss. I was full of concern for them all & especially for your poor Brother who was then but just able to walk & quite despairing of myself to attend the Regt any further & advised by my Colonels Fitch & Putnam to tarry at Schenectady untill I might recover my Health & go home by the way of Crown Point, I had a mind your Brother Sho'd tarry with me; & he was advised to by others. But he replied He tho't He couldn't do it with Honor and Justice to the Regt there was nobody to take care of the Medicines or Sick & he would go with them as long as he Co'ld. He hoped to recover his health in some measure even on the March. After about Ten Days confinement I marched homeward not without difficulty; yet arrived Oct. 8 found the family well but heard nothing of your Brother untill we had the sorrowful acct of his Sickness & soon after the heavy news of His Death & Burial; which came in three letters from your brother Eleazer who was there at Albany the 1st & last of which let

... here to close for you. You will be informed by lat that he was in a low state of Health Himself & probably hindered by that from going to His Brother before he dyed, yet attended his funeral, but is as I Learn from someone who has seen him in a poorer state of Health than his letters describe. I have this day sent him a Horse to ride Home. He was nigh unto Death last winter at Albany when he took the Small Pox by inoculation by reason of taking cold, yet thro' Infinite Mercy restored has been in Health & much Business since. . . . We are not alone in our mourning, there has been & still is a great mortality in the army among the Provincial Troops. About 14 from this town are dead, among whom is Leut Beriah Wright; whose well beloved wife died Suddenly at Her Father's House three months before Him. O may such loud Alarms be heard and noticed by us all."

The father closes his letter by offering to send his son a horse by a friend, if it would be an agreeable present, also "cloathing" suitable to his mourning condition, and signs himself "Your most affectionate Father."

No comment is necessary on the story, so simply told, of the young Hebron physician, Benjamin Pomeroy, Jr., only twenty-four years old and as truly a martyr to duty and patriotism as can be found on any of the ages of history.

Time passed on and in no uncertain way the approach of the Revolutionary War made itself felt. One Sunday afternoon while Dr. Pomeroy was preaching to a large congregation in his church on the green a horse back messenger rode madly up, bringing the news of the battle of Lexington, which as may be recalled, occurred April 17, 1775, on a Wednesday. Thus it will be seen that it took four days for the news of this important event to trickle through to Hebron, a distance of about a hundred miles, more or less. The messenger was received by Colonel Horsford, and the exciting news was given out by Dr. Pomeroy to his congregation. As it was a warm, sunny day the meeting house was crowded with worshippers. What a Sunday meeting that was! Men dozing in their pews, women listening to the sermon with thoughts occasionally straying to household affairs, small boys restless, when out of a clear sky the electrifying tidings were flashed. No more church for that day! Orders were given for the militia to turn out. Every one left for home, the women riding on pillions behind their husbands, many of them in tears, to make ready to prepare for Hebron's part in the War.

Dr. Pomeroy was getting along in years. He knew from dread experience the terrors of war, but he had never yet been found wanting in fighting for the right. So in January, 1777, he enlisted as chaplain of the Third Regiment, Connecticut Line. One anecdote of this time about Dr. Pomeroy has survived the years as a bit of family tradition.

One calm, beautiful morning, while the army was stationed at White Plains, some distance away, he was peacefully riding home after spending the night at the bedside of a sick soldier. Suddenly he heard a voice shouting "Stop that old White Wig!" Then another and another, "Stop that old White Wig!" And he found himself surrounded by British soldiers who tried to intercept him. Among his other accomplishments Dr. Pomeroy knew how to ride a horse, and hastily deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, he lay down on his horse's back like any cow boy, and dug in his spurs. And then they fired on him! The horse knew his master and what was expected of him, and away he flew like the wind. With Dr. Pomeroy clinging to his back he tore madly along while the bullets rained harmlessly around them till they reached the American lines in safety. For a man of nearly seventy-four that might be called a strenuous bit of exercise.

The house was nearly empty when Dr. Pomeroy came home from the war. Of the children, Benjamin, Ralph, Eleazer, Josiah, Abigail, Josiah, Samuel, Hezekiah, Hannah, John, Eliza, Lydia and Augustus Wheelock, five had already died, four in infancy (including the first Josiah.)

Eleazer had gone to foreign parts, Josiah, Eliza and Ralph were in the army, and Hannah and Abby were married.

Abby, poor silly creature, at the age of fifteen had fallen in love with John Gillette, who was just home from Yale, one of her neighbors. Her father was away and there was no other minister in the town just then, so when a traveling preacher happened along, Abby, who was washing dishes, fearing lest this golden opportunity escape her, hastily dropped her dish washing, dried her hands, stood up with her John and they were married then and there. She died in 1835, aged 91, having been the prop and mainstay of her family.

Two of Dr. Pomeroy's sons, Ralph and the second Josiah, were graduates of Yale.

Of Dr. Pomeroy's last years but little is known. His death occurred December 21, 1784, when he was 81

years of age. One of the newspaper notices of that day says, in part: "He was a Calvinist in principle, but not a bigot. His sentiments were liberal, his preaching evangelical, his addresses solemn and affecting."

Another press notice says "He was called off from his public labors by a severe asthma more than a year before his death and was wholly deprived of sight. His mental powers were undiminished. He took affectionate leave of his family, and sitting in his chair quietly dropt into the arms of death."

The name of Pomeroy has entirely died out in Hebron, although there is at least one descendant of his living here now. Many descendants are scattered about the country, whose name is doubtless legion. Dorothy Arnold, the mystery of whose disappearance from her New York home some decades ago has never been solved, was a descendant of Dr. Pomeroy.

In the interesting old-grave yard on the Andover road, about half a mile from Hebron village his grave may be seen today. It is marked by a large brown stone slab supported by four short stone posts, a handsome "table stone," so called. The epitaph, partly obliterated by time, may yet be made out.

"Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D., minister of the First Church in Hebron and a trustee of Dartmouth College. Nat. Suffield, Oh. Dec. 21. 1784, aged 81. For fifty years a zealous preacher of the gospel and eminently successful about 1743 A Patron of Learning, a firm and active Patriot, and a friend to the distressed."

At the top of the slab, now so worn as to be almost undecipherable, is the following poetical quotation:

"Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way till full of years
He dropt like ripened fruit into his grave."

March 24, 1931.

Chapter 9.

Moss About Indian Trail.

Allusion has already been made to an ancient Indian trail which ran through Hebron in the old Colonial days. Its origin lost in the dim past. This trail is said to have led from the western part of the colony of Connecticut to the Narragansett country, crossing the Connecticut River near Middletown-Upper Houses, now Cromwell. It then continued easterly, running south of Meshomistick Mountain, and north of Lake Pocotopang in old Chatham, now East Hampton, through the southern part of Marlborough, then crossing the town of Hebron about a mile and a half south of the green, at a point where stood "The Old Brick School House," so called.

This old school house stood at the fork of the roads now known as the Amston and old Colchester roads. It was torn down or gradually fell down many years ago, after having stood, a picturesque ruin since about 1875, when its use as a schoolhouse was abandoned.

The trail then crossed a field anciently known as "O Porto Bello" now corrupted to "Porter Bell." Here tradition says a house was located as a place of refuge for the early settlers in case of Indian attacks, the inhabitants repairing their nights for safety. This locality was later connected with a mysterious alien, Don John Anthony Lenares, supposed to have been a political refugee from Spain in the latter part of the 1700's, who lived near by and who perhaps gave to the field its odd name. Spanish students say that the name "O Porto Bello" might mean "Beautiful gate" or "Beautiful Port." The field in question commands a fine view and is a very attractive spot. It is now owned by Charles Schmidt of Amston, and to this day it is called "The Porter Bell lot."

Of the "Don," that man of mystery, little can be ascertained. Records show that he married "Lydea Owen," of Hebron, April, 1755. The year following he bought a house and land here. No children are recorded. His age and the date of his death are unknown, but the records show that "Widow Lydea Lenares" married William Allen, November 8, 1798.

Hunting Ground.

The trail then continued eastward, skirting the hunting ground of the Mohegans, and running north of the North Pond, dear to the hearts of Indians as a fishing place then bearing an Indian name now lost to memory. To the tourist and sportsman

22

this noble sheet of water (now known as "Amston Lake", which seems something of a travesty). From thence the trail goes on through Lebanon to its eastern destination.

The late F. Clarence Bissell of Hartford, formerly of Hebron, and in his boyhood a pupil at the old brick school above mentioned, has taken great pains to establish this trail, and the statements here made are largely quoted from a paper prepared by him on the subject. The late Martin L. Roberts, an East Hampton historian, was authority for the location of this trail across his town. He said that old inhabitants told him that traces of it were in existence within their memory. These crossed the hills in a practically straight line from west to east and were shown by a foot path beaten deep into the ground by repeated crossing by the Indians in single file as their custom was.

Tradition says that this trail was used by the white men before settlements were made in these parts. This tradition is borne out by the location of "Pioneer's Rock", a little east of the old school house site, connected in local lore with the visit of the first white man, who is said to have spent a night under its overhanging shelter. A picture of this rock was shown in the first of these Hebron papers. Another evidence pointing towards the use of this trail before settlements commenced is that the first highway laid out in the town led from this vicinity to the village at Hebron Green, and the first taverner appointed by the town, Samuel Palmer, was located at this point.

An old tavern, probably a later building, built somewhere back in the 18th century, is still standing on the same site, an immense, picturesque structure, its framework staunch as ever, but beginning to look a little dilapidated. It is now owned by Louis Ellenberg, one of Hebron's Hebrew citizens. A front piazza and a few modern gewgaws have been added to the exterior, but the inside remains about the same as when built.

From Samuel Palmer it passed down through several hands, finally coming into the possession of Captain Hezekiah Bissell, who became a gun keeper. The place continued in the possession of the Bissell family until forty years ago or more.

French and Indian War.

Side lights on Hebron history, obtained through old letters, local traditions, etc., indicate that the town was well represented in the French and Indian war. Thus far all search

of Hebron soldiers in this war has been unwarlike, however. The Hon. Benjamin Pomroy's letter, quoted in the previous chapter, shows that he was a captain in this war, and his son Benjamin, Jr., chief surgeon of a regiment. He also refers in his letter to the fact that fourteen Hebron soldiers of the Provincial Troops had just died, (1760) among them being Lieut. Beriah Wright at a time of great mortality in the army.

It is stated in the Hebron Bi-Centennial book (page 49) that in 1758 the larger part of a company in Colonel White's regiment was composed of Hebron men under the command of Captain Edmund Wells, and James Stiles (who died in the service as First Lieutenant).

One of the liveliest of the old Hebron traditions has to do with the local celebration of the fall of Louisburg in 1758, which, as every student of history knows, was one of the great events of the French and Indian War.

In the fire proof vault of the town clerk's office at Hebron Green an old, ancient looking set of manuscripts may be unearthed today. Some of these hand-made booklets are covered, sporadically with pieces of a heavy and interesting heavy gray wall paper, probably dating back to the time when wall papers first made their appearance here. Among these booklets is one which contains the story of the celebration referred to. The handwriting appears to be that of the late Governor John S. Peters, but as a copy from older records, from what source obtained it is not stated. At the end are the words "Fins, 1776."

If the governor's uncle, the Rev. Samuel Peters, was his authority, as seems probable, there might be occasion to doubt the truth of the romantic story, that reverend gentleman being more noted for fanciful or extravagant tales of history than for sober fact. There is no doubt, however, that there is much more of truth than fiction in the historical records left us by Samuel Peters. Moreover, Governor Peters who was born in 1777, was of an age to have known intimately and talked with those who took part in the famous celebration, and the fact that the account is sponsored by him ought to be sufficient to stamp it as true.

Pump Town.

The story of this event, which gave to Hebron for many years the name of Pump Town, can best be told by quoting the words of the scribe who wrote it so many years ago. It follows verbatim:

Great Britain and France, the then North American Colonies, made noble efforts (made by an army of regulars) to close a war waged with savage ferocity by the combined forces of the French and Indians, in taking Louisburg a strong fortress and key to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence which was gloriously accomplished by the troops, under the command of General Amherst. The glad tidings were wafted on eagle wings to every hamlet in the suffering country, gratitude warmed every heart and joy lightened up every countenance, war's greeting cheered every bosom and enormous pumpkin pies smoked on every board. It was necessary that some demonstration of loyalty should be made by the inhabitants of Hebron to show more clearly the love of the King and country that entwined around their hearts, caps were thrown high and a full chorus from stentorian lungs grandly echoed from the surrounding hills. But alas, this did not reach the poles. The Sanhedrim assembled; after much deliberation the decree went forth that a cannon should be fired. No life destroying instrument of that description had ever broken the alliance of this part of the new world. Yankee ingenuity was placed on the rack, a new article was invented and would have been patented forthwith, had fashion led the way. A tremendous oaken log was broken from the forest and without delay transformed into a cannon of the calibre of a hundred and twenty pounds. To make all sure and establish the character of this new species of artillery a son of Vulcan placed thereon massive hoops of iron. A three fold cord is not easily broken. In accordance with this truth a cord of wood hoops were driven over all so that the internal machine looked like a mummy dressed for the tomb. The work was accomplished, the powder horns brought together and emptied of their contents. The gun was literally crammed and removed to the summit of the highest hill, that the thunder thereof might be heard to the ends of the earth. The torch was lighted, the assembled multitude stood afar off in breathless anxiety, the awful moment was approaching, the torch was applied to the train, the minion of mischief crept slowly toward the chamber of sleeping dust like the serpent to the ear of our Mother Eve. Lightly the brilliant sparks from grain to grain runs the quick fire along the kindling train.

As the painted ear drum burst the sudden crash flares the red flame and death pursues the flash.

George III.

In an instant hope and fear together with the object of adoration were wadded to terra incognita in a fiery chariot. However, the fame thereof went to the uttermost parts of the earth and was written in the Chronicles of George III who in the plenitude of his goodness, provided a substitute made of pure brass that his faithful subjects may ever after sing praise to his victorious arms. This mark of his Majesty's favor was lost in passing the Atlantic Ocean.

As fashion governs the tenants of this planet in 1775 the patriotic tune had turned. The inhabitants again assembled and raised a high pole, surmounted with the cap of liberty, which possessed the talismanic property of turning the hearts of all the people from King to Congress and they swore that liberty should have an abiding place in their dwellings forever.

A traveler noticing their fiery zeal, wrote the following lines and nailed them on the body of the liberty pole in Godfrey Hill near Esq. Phelps: "I am thy God cut from the stamp. You sing my praise and fire your pump."

The fall of Louisburg occurred July 27, 1758, but the news did not reach the colonies here until about the first of September, and it was probably at some time in that month that the pump firing episode took place. The story is told as given here in Barber's Historical Collection, published 1854. It is also given in The Tolland County History, Cole, 1888, and in the Hebron Bi-Centennial Book, 1903.

A post office dating stamp, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the pump firing, was made by the late Lucius J. Hendee, post master of Hebron at the time, and was used in stamping letters that went out from the Hebron office. It was not a postage stamp, but merely a device stamped on the envelop. The design was of a rude pump with spout and handle. On the base were the words, "Hebron, Con." The date 1758 ran lengthwise on the pump.

As to what became of the cannon sent by King George there are many speculations, the prevailing idea being that it was lost at sea. It has also been suggested that it might have fallen into the hands of the French. A vague report exists that the cannon was seen in New Orleans at the

time of or just after the Civil War, by the late Captain Sylvester G. Gilbert of Hebron. As New Orleans was a French stronghold before the Louisiana purchase, there is an exciting possibility that the "cannon of pure brass" if captured by the French might have been deposited there. According to the late F. C. Bissell, however, little credence should be given to the report.

April 28, 1933.

Since the publishing of the previous chapter the writers of these sketches on Hebron history have received from the Connecticut Historical collections (through the courtesy of Mr. George S. Goddard of the State Library, and chairman Charles R. Hale of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War) a list of Hebron soldiers who fought in the French and Indian War. There is an astonishing number of names, over 160, a list too long and perhaps hardly of sufficient interest to quote in full. Among officers there were: Captain Ichabod Phelps, Captain Edmund Wells, Captain Joseph Sawyer, Captain Samuel Gilbert, Captain Joseph Barker, with many Lieutenants, sergeants and other minor officers. Captain Phelps was at the head of a company numbering 82, officers and privates, in 1759, and of one numbering 88 in 1760. The same names appear from year to year as belonging to the various companies, but are counted but once as given here in the total.

A few words of explanation may also be added to the cannon or "pump" story. Some who hear this story for the first time are mystified as to why the improvised cannon, used by Hebronites to celebrate the Louisburg victory in 1758, should be called a pump. Certainly the pump of the present day does not look very much like a cannon. Back in colonial times, however, the ordinary pump was fashioned from a log of wood, hollowed out with a great auger, and fitted with a great spout and a handle for pumping. To the merry crowd that watched the "son of Vulcan" fitting his hoops of iron over Hebron's home made cannon, to be exploded in honor of King George's victory, the thing looked like the caricature of a pump, and pump it was called as often as cannon. It little mattered which, and this idea was carried out in the Lucius J. Hendee Post Office dating stamp, used a hundred years later.

A fragment of an old rhyme setting forth some kind of a village prank of a good many years ago runs as follows:

Jump

"To Godfrey Hill they went on the pump."

To where the Federals fired the Obly these two lines of the dog-geral can be recalled, but they serve to show the persistence of the "pump" expression.

Porto Bello

Again referring to the "Porto Bello" field, mentioned in the previous chapter, it is interesting to note that there is an entry on the town books referring to this lot as "the tract of land known as the Porto Bello field," April 26, 1787, in a deed of sale at that time. Here the spelling is not "Oporto," as in the tradition handed down and quoted by the late F. C. Bissell. However the records throw no light on the origin of the name as applied to this field. It seems probable that the giving of this name to the lot was in some way connected with the taking of Porto Bello on the Caribbean coast of the Isthmus of Panama by the English under Admiral Vernon in 1739 aided by the provincial troops. Porto Bello had been since 1697 the port of Panama and hence of Peru, a fleet arriving yearly from Spain to return laden with treasure wrested from the wretched Incas. Its capture created a great stir in the world at the time. Mount Vernon, Washington's home, was named in honor of Admiral Vernon.

Possibly there were Hebron men among the troops sacking the ancient Porto Bello, and it may be that the famous victory was celebrated on the Hebron field in as unique a manner as was the taking of Louisburg. It may be that Don John Anthony Lenares, the Spanish refugee, came from there, deserting the Spanish and finding his way to Hebron with the provincials, and that from some fancy he named the field. But we shall never know. "Porter Bell" the field remains.

Old Porto Bello in Panama, once the flourishing piratical center, is now a small and unimportant village.

The Old Elm Tree

Before proceeding further in the story of Hebron the planting of the tree affectionately known as "the old elm" should be told. A statement, dated 1891, made by Mrs. Eliza P. Sharpe, now deceased, says: "My great grandfather, David Barber, set out the old elm tree. My grandmother, Mrs. Sylvester Gilbert, (then

Patience Barber) held it up for her father to plant. She was born in 1767, and was six years of age, making the tree 131 years old. When mother came to Hebron to live what is now the rear of Wallace Jones' store stood by the elm tree."

This tree occupied the middle of an oval in the center of the green, where three roads branched. It grew to be an immense towering tree. Legend and history have clung about it, and it is shown, then young and vigorous, in a painting of the green by Reuben Rowley, in 1830. In 1804 it was decided that the old tree, which had shown decay for many years, might be unsafe, and it was removed, then 141 years old, and a young elm planted in its place, with appropriate ceremonies.

As the old tree was carefully lowered to the ground in the presence of a watching crowd, a solemn dirge was sounded on the bell of the Congregational church close by. It was a very affecting moment and it seemed as if in the passing of the tree, the town itself had received an almost mortal wound. The young tree did not live, and at the present time a telephone pole of the S. N. E. T. Company occupies the place where the noble old tree stood.

The Peters Family in Hebron

Among the many interesting families of Hebron perhaps the Peters family stands out as the most unique. John Peters was the first of the family to settle in Hebron, coming from Andover, Massachusetts, as a young man, with his wife, Mary Marks, whom he married in North Brookfield, Mass., April 3, 1717. When John was only ten months old his father, William Peters, of Andover, Mass., was scalped by the Indians. John's grandfather, Andrew Peters, or Peeters, as sometimes spelled was a farmer and distiller of liquors at Andover, the first of the family to settle in America. Andrew Peters seems to have been a man of good education, well provided for, capable, original and intelligent. The Peters genealogy states that it is impossible to trace the ancestry of Andrew Peters to its origin in the old world, though it is probably that he was of English descent, as shown by his use of the language, spelling, etc., in his will. He possessed or acquired a social position which entitled him to the title of "Mr." a word of meaning in those days. He suffered much from Indian depredations, having been burned out on two occasions. The following quotation from files of court papers may be of interest:

History of Hebron. Chapter XI.

By Susan B. Pendleton, assisted by Anne C. Gilbert

The "printer's devil," or some equally mischievous power with which editors and their correspondents have to reckon, must have been responsible for a woeful mix-up in the couplet quoted from some old Hebron doggerel of many years ago, in the last chapter of Hebron history, referring to the "pump firing" incident. The lines should have read:

"To Godfrey Hill they went on the jump

To where the Federals fired the pump."

The cannon or pump episode is mentioned in some casual way in other Hebron papers, showing the hold the story kept in the minds of the local people of olden days, and one would say without a doubt establishing the truth of the story.

The Rev. Samuel Peters

The Rev. Samuel Peters was probably the most original, stirring and temperamental member of the Peters family of Hebron. Certainly he is the one of whom the world has heard the most, in one way or another, and in whose memory antiquarians delight.

He was born in Hebron, 1735, the tenth child and sixth son of John Peters. It was his oldest brother, Col. John Peters, who was the author of the rhymed autobiography quoted in the last chapter. It is doubtful if the Rev. Samuel ever saw that rhyme. If he had done so one would suppose that he would certainly have made every effort to suppress it. It will be recalled that Col. John referred to his birth as "low and something mean." In this view of the social position of the Peters family he differed entirely from his youngest brother, who seemed to regard his family as sacrosanct, and who wrote reams in the attempt to establish their descent from the English gentry. What his reaction would have been to the last two lines of the Colonel's rhymed family history can hardly be imagined. They ran this way:

"And never will complain no more
Of living here so very poor."

Horrors! A Peters low, mean, poor! And here into the bargain is a double negative. It must be admitted that the Colonel has been referred to in old local documents as a "wealthy farmer," and his poverty was doubtless comparative rather than actual. It would be enough to

make any one feel that the poet was a teen children to bring up all the cats. Also a rhymster, who is wholly a slave to truth, and "mean" makes such a good rhyme for "seventeen". "More" and "poor" are not quite so good a combination, but he had to end it somehow.

As for the Rev. Samuel, from youth up he seemed to have something about him resembling the "delusions of grandeur" of which psychologists tell us. By the terms of his father's will, 1754, he was left 1,000 pounds. With the funds thus provided he went to Yale College graduating in 1757 receiving an A. B. and A. M. from Yale and from King's College, now Columbia. It is stated that in 1776 he received an L. L. D. from Trinity College, Nova Scotia, and he claimed for himself an L. L. D. from Certona, Tuscony.

As he was to become a clergyman or "priest," as he always termed it, he was obliged to sail to England for ordination, there being no bishops in the colonies at that time to perform the rites necessary in the case of Church of England postulants. This he did, and he was ordained deacon by Dr. Shelton, and priest, it is said, by the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. He returned to the colonies in 1760 then 25 years of age, and became "the first official rector of Hebron and Hartford," which offices he held until 1774, when he was nearing forty.

It was high time that St. Peter's had a rector. From its founding in 1734 or 5, by the Rev. John Bliss, up to the time when the Rev. Samuel was ordained, it had struggled along with lay readers. It will be recalled that Mr. Bliss, who organized the church, had died of small pox, 1741, just as he was about to leave for England for ordination, after which the parish continued in the care of missionaries of the S. P. G. previous to 1758, three candidates had set sail for England to receive Holy Orders: Barzillai Dean, Yale, 1737, died at sea while returning in 1745; Jonathan Colton, Yale 1745, died of small pox within a week of his return in 1752; James Usher, Harvard, 1749, was taken prisoner by the French, and died in captivity. As we shall see, Peters also nearly lost his life by small pox. No official records of the church exist previous to the year 1787.

Upon the rectorship of Peter's the church seemed to take a prominent place among those of the Church of England in the Colony, and the convention of Church of England clergy was held here, June 5, 1765. It is said that from Dr. Peters' mission in Hartford sprang Christ Church, now Christ Church Cathedral.

...settler, had eleven children, a small family for those times. Seven of these were sons, the eldest being John, Jr. afterwards known as Colonel John, and the two youngest Samuel and Bemis, of whom there will be more to say later on. Colonel John seems to have immortalized himself in the following rhyme which he left to his descendants. They were found in the Governor Peters mansion some years ago.

Dudley Bradstreet

John Abbot

John Ansel

Samuel Frie

John Chandler, selectmen of Andover, (Mass.) Andover ye 21 Dec. 1692."

...settler, had eleven children, a small family for those times. Seven of these were sons, the eldest being John, Jr. afterwards known as Colonel John, and the two youngest Samuel and Bemis, of whom there will be more to say later on. Colonel John seems to have immortalized himself in the following rhyme which he left to his descendants. They were found in the Governor Peters mansion some years ago.

"In seventeen hundred and seventeen

My birth was low and something mean,

Yet Nature did so favor me
My wife was born in twenty-three.
And Nature did us so incline,
We married were in thirty-nine.

And from that time became as one.
The fortieth year we had a son.
Then Nature prompt us so to do
A daughter born in forty two.
A pretty sight it seemed to be.

Another came in forty three.
Then we had three, and all alive;
Another came in forty-five.
She was complete, our joy was great,
Another came in forty-eight.

Our joys increased, we did not fear;
Another came the fiftieth year.
We then concluded to have no more;
Another came in fifty-four:

This made our joys and sorrows mixt;—

Another came in fifty-six.
My wife was then supplied with eleven—

And brought forth two in fifty-seven.
And Nature did us so incline,
She brought a son in fifty-nine.
Feeling as we had first begun,
Another came in sixty-one.

She then declared she'd have no more,—

Another came in sixty-four.
He was a son, our joy was great;
A daughter came in sixty-eight.
She is complete, so ends the above.
To Count them all they make sixteen,
An' all of them by Nature came.
I query now, who is to blame?
If we've been sinning all this time,
From '17 to '79,

It's high time now to have done,
And to leave off as we begun.
My wife grows old, yet is alive,
She's sixty-one, I'm sixty-five.
'Tis forty years since we did wed,
Our friends and neighbors too are dead.

By Nature now we do decline,
He likely dead in half that time;
And when our days are fairly run,
Must give account of what we've done.

When we are dead and lost our eyes
How shall we see, I can't devise.
You ask the priest if he can see?
You'll find him blind as well as we;
Although his eyes are in his head,
He'll lose his sight when he is dead;
And never will complain no more
Of living here so very poor.

Hebron, 1822, Colonel John Peters,
Colonel John's wife was Lydia,
daughter of Joseph Phelps. Her
death occurred March 15, 1784, an
obituary, which appeared in The Boston Magazine, March, 1784, may also
have sprung from the ingenious
brain of her bereaved husband.

"An obituary for March, 1784. Died
on the 15th of February at Hebron,
Conn., Mrs. Lydia Peters, wife of
Col. John Peters, and second daughter
of Joseph Phelps, Esq. She was
married at the age of 15, and lived
with her consort three time fifteen
years; And had fifteen living children,
thirteen now alive, and the
youngest fifteen years old; she had
three times fifteen grandchildren.
She was sick fifteen months and
died on the 15th day of the month
aged four times fifteen years."

to the name of the first official rector or possibly his father. It is impossible to say. Back in 1746, in the town records, the name of John Peters, Samuel's father, was on the tax list of the Church of England. The full list, 1760, includes the names of 48 men: Aaron Willcox, Adam Waters, Abial Bliss, Daniel Jones, David Wilcox,

Jr., Eliphalet Cass, Ebenezer Horton, Edmond Wells, Christr Chrouch, Hezekiah Hutchinson, Mr. John Tompson, Mr. John Peters, John Bliss, John Chamberlain, Jr., Mr. John Warner, Mr. Joseph Youngs, Joseph Man, John Meriels, Jonathan Brown, Joshua Tilletson, Isaac Owen, Lawrence Powers, Nathan Rowlee, Nathaniel Brown, David Wilcox, Richard Curtice, Robert Cox, Roger Dewey, Sils Bliss, Silas Owen, Doct. Samee Shipman, Samuel Pannock, Samuel Ingham, Samuel Walters, Seth Siltton, Moses Hutchinson, Moses Hutchinson, Jr., Thomas Brown, Thomas Polley, Thomas Wells, Thomas Wells, Jr., Thomas Rowley, Thos. Carrier, Worthy Waters, with a list of their ratable property.

An item under the same date, Town Meeting Book, I, page 160, releases the Church of England members from further payment of the minister's rate to "Mr. Benjamin Pumry," Congregational pastor, for whose support up to this time, they had been assessed, together with all other property owners even while supporting their own clergyman. From the list it is seen that John Peters is fourth in value of property. In 1746 he deeded to the Rev. Ebenezer Punderson of Groton, missionary, and to Samuel Pannock and Thomas Brown of Hebron, and to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 30 acres for a glebe land, lying about three quarters of a mile northerly from the church. Thus it is seen that the Peters family had been both prominent and generous in the church, from early days.

When, in the years during and following the Revolution, trying days had fallen on the church, it seemed advisable to dispose of the glebe lands, and as by the terms of the deed it was impossible to sell them, they were rented by the parish to Joseph Wayne Case, for 9,999 years, April 6, 1795, for consideration of 90 pounds, lawful money, and the annual rent of one grain of pure silver of gold equivalent (if demanded) upon the festival of St. John the Baptist, in each year. This transaction really amounted to a sale, and, it is needless to say, no demands for payment of rental have ever been made.

the Post residence. It was a portion of the old house where dwelt the Rev. Samuel with his wife and family, surrounded by his slaves, some twenty in number, so the story runs, and their families.

A description of the man by his nephew, Ex-Governor John S. Peters, may be quoted here.

"Dr. Peters had an unusually commanding personal appearance. He was full six feet high, remarkably erect, of a large and muscular body, but of fat. His eyes were blue, and his face strongly marked by the small pox, a disease of which he nearly died in London in 1768. In private intercourse he was animated even loquacious, and the great amount of anecdote which he had at command rendered him a most entertaining companion. He had an uncommonly active mind, and had acquired a large store of varied information. He had an iron will as well as an iron frame; and whatever he undertook he pursued with a spirit of indomitable perseverance. His ruling passion perhaps was ambition, but tho he made some noise in the world, he probably never reached any high point of distinction to which he aspired. As a preacher he held a highly respectable rank. His sermons were written with care and delivered in a manly and impressive manner. He loved Kings, admired the British Government, and revered the Hierarchy. He aped the style of an English nobleman, built his house in a forest, kept his coach and looked with some degree of scorn upon republicans (i. e., inhabitants of a republic) hence the fierce opposition he had to encounter from the Whigs of 1774. In his domestic and private relations he was everything that could be desired. He was very arbitrary, deeply impressed of a sense of his own importance, and determined to receive full measure of consideration from others. He greatly admired and bow-possessed sound common sense and real affection for, and interest in, his relatives, giving them the best of hard, worldly advice, and helping them out of his own pocket when he could not have had great store for himself. His inflexible and indomitable spirit enabled him to endure many and various ills, afflictions and losses with unflinching stoicism."

The Rev. Samuel's first wife was Mary Owen, whom he married Feb. 13, 1760, and by whom he had three children, one daughter, Hannah Delvena, born at Hebron, Jan. 2, 1762, being the only one who lived beyond childhood. After the death of his first wife, Oct. 25, 1765, he married June 24, 1769, Abigail Gilbert, a daughter of Samuel Gilbert, Esq.

...from the Hart-
ford Courant, July 24, 1789, tells the
story in an interesting and touch-
ing manner, and in vein charac-
teristic of the period.

We hear from Hebron that on
Sunday the 24th June last the Revd.
Mr. Samuel Peters was married to
the delicate and amiable Miss
Abigail Gilbert, daughter of Samuel
Gilbert, Esq., of that place. . . . And
that on the 14th instant, July, about
11 o'clock at night, this pleasant
bride departed this life (by an illness
termed by the Physicians an Improp-
er Chorea Sonata Vitæ) after 5 days
illness, to the inexpressible Grief of
her consort, parents, bretheren and
acquaintances; and on Sunday the
16th instant her remains were in-
terred in St. Peters church in Hebron.
Upon which occasion there appeared
a very great concourse of people, in
whose countenances appeared the
greatest disappointment, Consterna-
tion, and Lamentation ever seen in
Hebron. The Rev. Mr. John Tyler of
Norwich performed the duties of the
day and the funeral obsequies; being
twelve days between the Nuptials
and the silent Grave.

Her curtains that were made of
Gold & Silver to adorn her Lodgings
are furled up, being changed for a
Naphkin and a Winding Sheet, spun
by the Spider and the Worm. . . . The
marriage and festal days were
begun and carried on with proper
joy and solemnity, but their end is
death without dancing or merry
mood.

Men dying once they
die no more.

The Groom has time to think
And Death explore."

Peters married again, Hannah
Birdseye of Stratford, born 1750 and
dying 1784. They had one son, Wil-
liam Birdseye born at Hebron, 1774
dying at Mobile, Alabama, 1822
of yellow fever. It will be seen that
all the wives of the Rev. Samuel died
young, the last wife, who lived long-
er than any of the others, dying at
34. But mortality among women was
very frightful in those times, and
probably the average man, before
the end of his life, had married two
or three times.

The graves of these three wives
may be seen today in the old
"Church of England" graveyard, on
Godfrey Hill, nearby the site of the
old church building. Grasses wave
over them, and the stones of primi-
tive granite lean towards each oth-
er. The epitaphs are worn and soft-
ened, but are still legible. That of
the second wife, the "delicate and
amiable bride," runs quaintly as fol-
lows:

...daughter of Samuel Gilbert, Esq.,
by Mrs. Abigail Gilbert his wife born
June 21st 1752, and married June
26th 1769 and died July 14th 1789 a
Wedding changed to Lamentation Ye
Greatest Grief in all Creation a
Mourning Groom in Desperation."

By the year 1744 the grumbings
and mutterings that presaged the
Revolutionary War had begun to
make themselves heard in earnest.
They dreadfully shook the peace
and simple happiness of the oc-
cupants of the glebe lands, the Rev.
Samuel, his third wife and two
children, Hannah and little William.
For this autocratic rector, admirer
of kings and of the British Govern-
ment, had no idea whatever of falling
in with those who favored rebellion
(as he considered it) against the
rule of England. And he preached
and lectured to his flock on the sub-
ject in no uncertain terms. He also
mixed in at town meetings, (though,
to be sure, church and state were
one, and he was in his proper sphere)
thundering against a proposal to aid
the distressed Boston people, said to
be suffering from the punishment
meted out to them by Great Britain
on account of the destroying of the
teas in Boston harbor. Said he, "The
Boston ought to be paid for by the
author of that horrible crime; for
which, indeed, the King and Par-
liament have ordered Admiral
Graves to blockade the harbour of
Boston, until the teas wickedly des-
troyed are paid for; when the block-
ade will cease, or I will give my last
shilling to help the poor of Boston."

Hartford followed the example of
Hebron in deciding against a collec-
tion, and, says the Rev. Samuel,
"The dolings of Hartford and Heb-
ron were soon spread, and put a
stop to all other town meetings in
Connecticut, to the disappointment
and mortification of Governor Trum-
bull, who laid the blame on the in-
fluence of Dr. Peters, the episcopal
clergyman of those two towns."

(To be continued.)

THE REV. SAMUEL PETERS.

continued

It is not surprising, nurtured as was the Rev. Samuel Peters in the Church of England, and having received his education and part of his religious training in the Mother country, that he should have been imbued with an intense loyalty to her government. Moreover, his temperament was such that an aristocratic form of government had for him an irresistible appeal. Not all church of England colonists were Tories, however, by any means. George Washington himself was an Episcopalian, as were the great majority of signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Peters' stand on the Boston tea episode, his sermons to his flock forbidding them to "take up arms on behalf of high treason" when other colonial clergy were urging their members to fight for the glorious cause of liberty, his friendship to the British in Boston, roused feeling to a fever heat, and the "patriots" decided that they could no longer tolerate such a foe in their midst. Accordingly a committee, consisting of Timothy Larrabee, Hezekiah Huntington, Vine Elderkin, Ebenezer Gray, and John Ripley, of Windham, together with Captain Seth Wright, Captain Asel Clark, and a Mr. Hill, of other towns, was appointed by the Sons of Liberty in their respective towns to visit and deal with this obdurate Tory. The Tolland County History (Cole, 1888) gives the story of what happens thus:

"On Tuesday, September 6th, 1774, they proceeded to his house, accompanied by hundreds of patriots from many of the surrounding towns. They found the house barricaded, but they sent in a deputation of their principal men to make known to Mr. Peters their determination to obtain retraction and satisfaction for his late conduct. Mr. Peters attempted to argue with them, but they would not dispute with him, assuring him that it was not for his religious sentiments that they wanted satisfaction, as some of those in their midst belonged to the same denomination. Assuming his priestly robes, Peters now came out to the people with all his official dignity, and with his usual address proceeded to plead his case for a discharge of a gun with the house started the hearers.

Oct. 6, 1933.

the process of... pistols, clubs, etc. had decided having... except a few old... delayed, equivocated and... but the angry crowd... struggling divine and... his clothes and Episcopal gown... him in a cart, hauling him by his own oxen to the Meeting House Green, where they compelled him to sign a declaration and humble confession, framed by the committee to the intent that he repented his past misdeeds and would give them no further cause for complaint. The crowd then gave three cheers and departed."

Different Version

In an appendix to a reprint of Peters' History of Connecticut (brought out by a descendant, Samuel Jarvis McCormick, (1877) a different version is given, based upon a sketch found among the papers of Dr. Peters. The claim is made that Governor Trumbull spread the report that Dr. Peters was a dangerous enemy to America, by his correspondence with Lord North and the Bishops of England, and ought to be driven out of his native country for the safety of it. That it was Governor Trumbull who began and effected this by his Windham mobs and mobs of tea destroyers of Boston. This statement Governor Trumbull spread by his letters to the ministers in Windham, and added that it could be proved by copies of letters in the Doctor's house, if sought for suddenly. This letter was read at the meeting on Sunday, the 14th of August, 1774, which caused a large number of the hearers to unite in the afternoon and ride to Hebron, and after midnight to surround the house of Dr. Peters, awakening him and his family in great surprise. Dr. Peters opened the window and enquired what was the occasion of such a multitude assembling. The answer was "To search your house. Open your doors."

Dr. Peters said, "I know you not, but will open my doors very soon."

To cut a long story short, Dr. Peters dressed, opened his doors and admitted ten men who demanded to search his house for the suspected incriminating correspondence. They searched to their hearts' content, read all his correspondence with the Bishops and other people of England and Europe, found nothing against the liberty and rights of America, and so reported to the multitude. Finding they had been misinformed the mob dispersed and returned to their homes. This, however, was not enough for Governor

11
50

... sent another man, Richard, armed with a sword and staves, to visit Dr. Peters, and require his signature to certain articles which he (the Governor) had written, and his son David, one of the commanders of the mob, presented it to Peters, who read and returned it, saying, "Sir, I cannot sign it without violating my conscience, the laws of my God, and my oath to my King."

David Trumbull replied, "My father told me you might sign it with safety and it would save you and your House."

Dr. Peters replied he would not sign it to save his life and all the world from destruction.

David Trumbull said, "Then you must take the consequences."

His mob then fired balls into the house, and with stones, bricks, and clubs, broke the doors, windows and furniture, wounding his mother, the nurse of his infant son, and his two brothers, and seizing him, tore off his hat, wig, gown and cassock, stripping off his shirt, made him naked (except his breeches, stockings and shoes) struck him with their staves, and spat in his face, and then placed him upon a horse and carried him more than a mile to their liberty pole, where they threatened to tar and feather him and hang him up by the hands, unless he would sign the eighteen articles. It would take too much space to quote the whole story as told by McCormick, but in his version the good clergyman did not sign the eighteen articles. Dr. Pomeroy of the Puritan or Established Congregational fold, was then sent for "to pray for this stubborn old Tory, before we send him to his own place," but he refused "to give any countenance in murdering the best man in Hebron". The mob was then despatched to bring Dr. Pomeroy to the liberty pole to be dealt with on his own demerits, but he discreetly kept out of the way. "By this time the mob had drunk sufficiently, and the two commanders, David Trumbull and Major Wright stood near Dr. Peters. The Hebron people had now assembled and were prepared to take Peters out of the hands of the mob. Three bold troopers then rode up to the commander and said, "We have come to kill you or deliver Peters. Resign him or die!" Placing their pistols at the commanders' breast. "Take him away and be silent," the commanders finally said, and this was done.

Major Wright mounted his horse, and cried to his mob, "Silence! We have done enough to this old tory priest for one day, and in four days we will return and subdue his obstinate temper and finish this day's

51

The mob dispersed, and in the evening they saw the wife of John Peters (Should be Mans) Esq. sister to Dr. Peters, at whom they discharged three musket balls, which missed her. The mob hurraed and cried out, "We are dam'd sorry."

The troopers carried Dr. Peters into the house of David Barber, Esq. where they put on his clothes, and conducted him to his half ruined house."

Dr. Peters, according to this story, next day interviewed Governor Trumbull, demanding protection, and between them they hashed it over about the eighteen articles, which Peters regarded as treasonable.

"There is no treason", shouted the Governor, "in saying that George the Third, King of England, is a Roman Catholic, a tyrant, and an idiot, and has forfeited the crown, and that no true friend of America ought to obey him or any of his laws."

Scandalized at the Governor's words, Dr. Peters and the two friends who were with him during the interview, the Hon. William Hillhouse, and Captain David Tarbox left the house. This and other attempts to gain protection resulted in failure.

Still another version is given by J. H. Trumbull, author of "True Blue Laws of Connecticut and New Haven and the False Blue Laws Invented by the Rev. Samuel Peters," published, Hartford, 1876. Of course this account is much like the others, but the author claims that the visits of the mobs have been grossly exaggerated by Peters and his followers.

As Trumbull tells the story, in one of a set of articles published in the Hartford Courant, 1877, it was Colonel John Peters, Samuel's older brother, (author of the rhymed autobiography quoted in a foregoing chapter) who first started stirring up the hornet's nest by "telling on" his younger brother, who was also his rector. Perhaps he had got tired of hearing him preach. "The town committee of Bolton," states Trumbull, was informed by Captain (Col) John Peters, a brother of the Rev. Samuel, that the latter had several times written letters to England and then had others prepared to be sent by the way of New York, which were "big with reflections on this colony." By advice of the principal citizens, the committee, accompanied by 300 persons from neighboring towns, without arms of any kind, waited on Mr. Peters at his house on the 15th of August, 1774, civilly to enquire into the matter contained in said reports. Peters denied all correspondence against the interest

of the colonies touching the controversy between them and Great Britain, and solemnly declared that he would never be guilty of such an act, subscribing to a declaration to that effect which was published in The Connecticut Gazette, Sept. 2 1774. The committee, satisfied with this, then left, "without injuring his person, or interest, and with his thanks for their kind treatment."

Relief of Boston

But trouble continued to brew. Among the papers of which Peters admitted the authorship was a set of resolves purporting to have been adopted by the inhabitants of Hebron refusing to make contributions for the relief of Boston. These resolves (Trumbull states) were, in effect, made by Peters himself and two or three churchmen and not at a town meeting. They were published in the same copy of The Gazette in which appeared his declaration, wrung from him by the mob, to do nothing against the interests of the colony. This, and "his continued endeavors to instill and propagate sentiments subversive of the constitutional civil rights of the colony," again aroused indignation, and he received a second visit from the patriots, September 6th, when "about three hundred persons from Windham and neighboring towns, without arms, as four unimpeachable witnesses testify, met near his house, and selected a committee to converse with him. Peters stubbornly refused to sign a paper drawn up by the committee, and finally the people, made suspicious by the discharge of a gun inside the house, weary, hungry and impatient, made a dash at the house, entering through a window, from which, in their haste, they broke some squares of glass, seized Peters, brought him out, set him on a horse, (no mention here of cart or oxen) and thus conveyed him to their Meeting-House-Green, where, after some talking on the premises, Peters agreed to and did sign the paper, and read it to the people himself. They with one voice accepted it, gave three cheers and departed. His gown and shirt were somewhat torn, and it was said by some that a table was turned over and a punch bowl and glass broken, which, say the committee, was all the damage that we ever heard of."

The Soldiers' park at Hebron Green was the old meeting house green where the first meeting house then stood, and where Peters was put through the third degree by the mob.

Peters wrote from Boston, Oct. 16 1774, to the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty of New York. The letter was intercepted and made public in The Courant and The New London Gazette. In it he asserted:

"The Sons of Liberty have almost killed one of my church, tarred and feathered two, abused others, and on the 6th day destroyed my windows and rent my clothes, even my gown, &c. crying out 'Down with the church, the rags of Popery, &c.'"

In the original edition of his history, published in London, 1781 he tells a still more pitiful story, stating that "Mr. Peters, with his gown and cloaths torn off was treated in the most insulting manner, his mother, daughter and two brothers and servants were wounded; one of his brothers so badly that he died soon after."

"Higher than this", Trumbull comments, "inventive genius could not soar. In his finished sketch (as given by McCormick) he allows the daughter and one servant to escape uninjured, but makes the most of his one broken window and of his personal sufferings."

It might seem easy to dismiss with a shrug Peters' story of his persecutions. Highly colored as his accounts may seem (and he was not the man to make an understatement) the fact remains that he was harried from this country for no greater offense than intense loyalty to his king, to whom he had sworn allegiance when taking upon himself the sacred vows of his calling. Tories did not have an easy time here during Revolutionary days, as the most casual sidelights of Connecticut history will reveal.

Joshua Chandler of New Haven, "a fair minded, intelligent citizen, constrained by principle to remain loyal to king and government," was driven with his family from America, and his property, valued at 30,000 pounds, was confiscated by the state.

In the journal of "A Teamster Boy in the Revolution," published in the Connecticut Quarterly Magazine, one item reads; "April 5, Heard of a Tory and seven of us went and took him in his own house."

And there was Col. Eleazer Fitch of Windham, one of the finest, most upright of citizens, a descendent of those Connecticut Fathers, Fitch and Mason, a distinguished veteran of the French War, and filling the office of County Sheriff with the highest credit. He did not consider the grievance against the king of sufficient importance to justify rebellion. He said so publicly, and de-

declared that he should have his brother (an aggressive Tory and State's Attorney for Massachusetts) to see him as often as he wished. Referring to the Sons of Liberty, he declared (or is so quoted) that they were "a pack of damned scoundrels and rascals and ought to be discarded and reproached by all mankind; etc." His loyalty and Tory sympathies brought upon him a boycott which ruined him and his family, and he died an ignominious exile in Canada.

His Escape

Whether Peters' life was in actual danger or not, he was badly frightened, and deemed it necessary to make his escape to England. He sought protection in New Haven, where he had a skirmish with "Dr. Benedict Arnold and Col. Wooster," coming off handsomely in the encounter by threat of musket and ball, from the house of his friend, Rev. Dr. Hubbard, where he had barricaded himself. (This is, of course, his own story.) Coming again to his home in Hebron, on a Sunday, he preached his last sermon to his flock in his little church on Godfrey Hill, from the text, "O that my head was water, would weep day and night for thee and my eyes fountains of tears."

The report that another visit from the Windham mobs was to take place that evening caused Dr. Peters to make a hasty flight.

A statement made by Mrs. Eliza P. Sharpe, Hebron, 1894, says: "David Barber, my great grandfather secreted Priest Peters in his house. My grandfather, Sylvester Gilbert, (brother to Peters' second wife) furnished the horse, provisions and money, and started him at midnight on the road to Boston. He reached Windham town at sunrise, finally reached Boston, and embarked for England. The rest of his history you know. The Rev. Dr. Pomeroy, David Barber, and my grandfather, Sylvester Gilbert, were law and order men, did not believe in tar and feathers."

The Rev. Samuel was commonly spoken of here in Hebron as "Priest Peters" and nearly up to the present time the old people, in speaking of him used that term. There is a delightful picture of him in the Peters genealogy, (published 1903, compiled by a descendent of Col. John) Here he is shown in powdered wig and gown, with a handsome, benevolent countenance. He was in his 39th year when he escaped from these shores, leaving behind him mother, wife, two children, property, and the little church whose duties

he had faithfully performed for fourteen years.

As he tells the story he made his escape in the ship Fox, under the protection of General Cage and Admiral Graves, having been hidden fourteen days in a cave on the sea-shore, with a 200 pound reward for his capture hanging over his head.

To be continued.

THE HISTORY OF THE PETERS' SLAVES

Dec. 26, 1933.

At the time of the Rev. Samuel Peters' flight to England he claimed to own about twenty slaves, and thereby hangs a tale which has been told many times, and which has now become one of the legends of Hebron. Unlike some legends, however, it is every word true.

The Rev. Samuel's third wife, Mary Birdseye Peters, had died, June 20, 1774, a few months before his departure, and their little son was left with his grandparents to be cared for. Hannah, the Rev. Samuel's only daughter, joined her father in England two years after his departure, sailing, according to her father's statement, on the 'Somerset' Man-of-war, on which she was sent by General Gage and Admiral Graves "to save her from future evils and comfort her father in his retreat from the tyranny of the mobs in his native country." She had been at a boarding school in Boston, and there had witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill, it is said.

That the welfare of the slaves was on his mind is shown by a letter written by Dr. Peters to a brother and sister in Hebron under date of July 20, 1783, in which he says:

"After a separation of nine long years and a cessation of hostilities which ought never to have commenced between England and America I venture to write to you the first time to let you know that I live to pray for you and bless you."

And he expresses his solicitude for the slaves. "Where are Caesar, Lois, Theodorus, Pompey and his wife?" And in a letter of February 14, 1785, he says, "Where and how lives honest Pomp? It seems to me that Caesar might be better tenants than Mr. Brown, who used my house and lands, not as my tenant, but as tenants of the state of Connecticut, who had seized it out of my hands, and then demanded thirty pounds of me because the taxes were more than he expected. As to Caesar, Lois, and the negroes, their case will be perfect freedom by your law pretty soon, and if they are hereafter permitted by your state to be my property again, Caesar and Lois shall be free by my law." And a little later the same year he writes, "I hope Caesar and Pomp and their families are well."

In fact, he always expresses the kindest interest in them. But it seems that, smarting under the claims which were made against his attorneys for debts which he declar-

ed he never owed, he did not seem to have his slaves sold. In his sworn statement of 1783, made in Hebron, made to the General Assembly in 1788, when the slaves made petition for freedom, Dr. Sutton says that he had "heard Mr. John Mann (Peters' attorney) say that he believed that he must turn out one of the said negroes to settle an execution in favor of Colonel Effortis." And Peters himself says in his letter of March 22, 1788, "As to the negroes I have told him my mind was not to have them slaves - provided my creditors did not multiply with the wants of your neighbors so as to set aside my intentions."

So it appears that he gave a qualified order, at least, to his attorneys, John and Nathaniel Mann, to sell the above slaves. This they did, to one David Fryor of South Carolina, who came up the Thames River in a sailing vessel to a point a few miles below Norwich, and getting a team, accompanied by seven or eight men, drove across the country the twenty-five miles or so to Hebron where the slaves lived on one of the farms owned by Peters. This was in September, 1787, and, whether it was planned or not, the day was that of general training, so dear to the heart of every man and boy of those days, so that, with the exception of one or two of the older ones, there was hardly a man in the neighborhood to resist the abduction of the slaves, all being at East Haddam, and not returning until late in the evening.

The slaves consisted of one family, Caesar, and Lois, his wife, and their eight children, James, Doris, Sally, Ira, Susannah, Zeba, Lois and Caesar, a baby in arms. Preparations were made as speedily as possible for the return trip, though we may well imagine the slaves themselves could hardly have been expected to take an interest in expediting it, and the women of the neighborhood did everything they could, cutting the harnesses and placing all possible obstacles in the way of a start. In the words of an eye witness, describing the procedure of the slave dealer and his men, "They laid violent hands on said family, bound some of them in irons, and threw them into a wuggon and drove off with great precipitation, whilst their cries and shrieks (those of the slaves) were shocking to human nature; as your deponent was an eye witness to that scene it left such an impression on his mind as is not worn out to this day."

Another witness says: "The agents of Mr. Peters were then present and one of them, namely, the

...man held a drawn sword in his hand and by his words and gestures indicated to me that he would use it upon such as made any attempt to relieve the sufferers; he used strong imprecations to that purpose."

And still another witness says, "Michael Mann was then present and held a drawn sword in his hand as I attempted to go into the house from whence the negroes were taken he shook the sword over my head and charged me with great anger in his countenance not to go in upon my peril."

This last witness was Patience Sutton, a near neighbor, and may have been one of those who helped out the harnesses and hinder the progress of the abductors. It was well nigh evening before the little company started off for Norwich, with the women and children in the wagon, and the men and boys tied together behind. The slaves did everything they could to hinder progress, one of the older boys managing to escape before many miles had been gone over, and after dark the father, as he walked behind the wagon, managed slyly to pick up a stone now and then from the roadside and put it in the wagon to add to the weight and thus delay.

In the meantime the men of the town arrived home from training, and were told what had happened in their absence. A council of war was speedily held, and a plan decided upon to recapture the slaves for they had no idea of allowing them to be kidnapped in this way. In order that this might be done under color of the law they hit upon this method to accomplish their purpose.

Elijah Graves, a tailor, and near neighbor of the slaves, had been making clothes for Caesar, and these clothes Caesar had taken in the absence of Mr. Graves, so Graves went before Elihu Marvin, Justice of the Peace, and swore out a warrant of arrest against Caesar, his wife, and the eight children, "all negro persons," complaining that "they did in said Hebron on the night after the 24th day of September inst, feloniously steal and carry off the following articles, one blue broadcloth coat with white buttons worth six shillings, one pr. of corduroy breeches partly worn, worth three shillings, one corduroy vest, partly finished worth two shillings and six pence, one pr. flowered knee buckles worth three shillings."

This was placed in the hands of the local constable for service, and with a posse of six of the foremost

citizens of the town he started on horseback, after midnight, in pursuit. They pressed their horses to the top of their speed over the twenty-five miles of stony and hilly road, their plumes flying in the wind, and the sparks flying from their horses' heels and lighting the darkness of the night, as one of the pursuing party was fond of relating in after years, and passed through Norwich in the early morning just as the people were getting up. The party of slaves and their abductors were overtaken a few miles below there, the old father of the family with the salt tears frozen on his cheeks after his all night tramp behind the wagon.

When the constable read the warrant to Caesar, Prior, the kidnapper, said, "What, you been stealing, Caesar?" "Dat's none of your business," was the reply. It is to be presumed that the occasion of capture was a joyful one for both capturers and captured.

In connection with this night ride, the bill of the local inn keeper which was afterwards taxed in the costs in the case, is interesting.

"Mr. Roger Fuller, acct. of expenses in Graves action against Caesar Peters, etc.

- 1 bowl toddy, 10d.
- 1 gill brandy, 6d.
- 8 1/2 pints cherry rum, 11s, 4d.
- 3 pints cherry rum, 4s.
- 7 horse baits, 1s, 9d.
- 1 qt. rum, 1s., 4d.
- Total, 10s, 9d.

Under the item of refreshments at Norwich, Sept. 27, 1787, are also taxed as costs,

- 7 breakfasts, 7s.
- 8 negroes' breakfasts, 5s.
- 7 horse baits, 2s, 4d.
- Bitters, 1s, 10d.

which, with the item of "refreshments on road, 4s." leads us to conclude that the comfort of the inner man was abundantly looked out for. The constable charges, "To Norwich to take said thieves, self and six attendants, 4 pounds, 10 shillings," and the total cost of capture and trial were 7 pounds, 2 shillings and 11 pence.

In justice court, Sept. 27, 1787, before Esquire Marvin. "The bodies of the within named negroes except James," who had escaped, from Prior before the pursuers came up, were brought before "his worship" by John Gilbert, jr., constable, and they were all found guilty, and sentenced to pay damages, 2 pounds; fines, 6 pounds; and costs, 7 pounds, 2 shillings, 11 pence, "or to be whipped 5 stripes on the naked body each."

November 10, 1787, application was made to the same court "for the above said delinquents to be assigned unto Elijah Graves of said Hebron in service for and during the full term of two years from this time, he taking said negro woman under the incumbrance of her youngest child, and clothing the whole of them so as they may be comfortable in all seasons of the year during said term of time and dolivering so at the end of the same.

It would appear that Peters did not really approve of the selling of the slaves after all, for he writes to his agents, November 13, 1787, "I hope you will not have sold Caesar before this time. . . I wish Caesar might not be sold, but he must obey you if he intends to secure my friendship."

The General Assembly, at its session of January, 1789, upon the petition of the slaves emancipated Caesar and Lois and their eight children, and another slave named Pomp Mendo, and Peters writes from London in June of that year, "As to Caesar and Lois, I ever meant to set them free, and also their children before or when I did. They are welcome to it now, as it has more than fulfilled the law of my mother and my solemn promise to her. If they behave amiss I shall be sorry you have not power to turn them off my lands on which they can claim no right, since the Assembly has freed them on their own petition. As to Caesar bringing forward a suit vs. you for selling him, it seems a visionary scheme, but all things but justice seem to succeed in your country, especially when against me. . . If Caesar, since his emancipation cuts timber, sue him and let him pay for his folly in slavery again."

On file at the Hebron town clerk's office may be seen today among the records of the justice court Elijah Graves' complaint against the slaves, enumerating the articles stolen.

"To Elihu Marvin, Esq., a Justice of the Peace within and for the County of Tolland, comes Elijah Graves of Hebron in ye county of Tolland and complaineth in his own name, as well as in the name of the Governor and Company of the state, and gives said justice to understand that Caesar, commonly known by the name of Caesar Peters, and Lois, his wife, and James and Doris and Sallie and Iri and Susannah and Zeba and Lois and Caesar, children to said Caesar and Lois his wife, all negro persons belonging to said Hebron are guilty of theft in that they Did in said Hebron on the night after

the 24th day of September instant feloniously steal and carry off from your complainant's dwelling house in said Hebron the following articles, viz., one blue broadcloth coat with white wettle buttons worth six shillings lawfull money, one pair of coduroy breeches partly worn worth three shillings lawfull money, one coduroy vest part finished worth two shillings and six pence lawfull money, one pair flowered silver buckles worth 3 shillings lawfull money, all the property of your complainant and is to your complainant's damage the sum of 18 shillings lawfull money and against the laws of this state therefore your complainant prayeth that they, the above said persons, may be apprehended and dealt with according to law.

Dated, Hebron, 27th day of Sept. 1787.

Elijah Graves."

Deposition of Elijah Graves
(in freeing of slaves)

Hebron, Dec. 26, 1788

"The deposition of Elijah Graves of lawfull age is as follows who says he has lived more than fifteen years a near neighbor to Cezar and Lois his wife during which time he has observed but few if any of the common vices of mankind in them, but that they have ever maintained an honest and Sober Character also been Diligent and Laborious in their Calling and a Degree of Frugality beyond what is common for people of their colour. Just at the eve of the American War the Rev'd Samuel Peters who then considered Caesar as his property left them and the rest of his Estate and took Refuge among the British, whose land was soon after taken by the States Ally and rented out for Publick Use. Caesar and Lois with three children was Turned out to procure a Living for themselves without much help from their master's property. However, by good economy and close application to business Did procure a very comfortable Living some years, and in the meantime had 2 or 3 children. About 4 years Since Mr. Peters' estate being Relinquished by the Publick, Cezar moved himself and Family again into one of Mr. Peters' houses where he enjoyed himself but for a short season, Mr. Peters sending over from London a power of Attorney appointing John Man and his son his agents who not long after made Cezar acquainted that it was their intention to sell him and his family into foreign parts which threw them into great Consternation and Concern, which in fact not long after they really Did & one David

Pryor an inhabitant of South Carolina who came with a waggon and an armed force of seven or eight men toward the close of the day in the month of September a little more than a year since and laid violent hands on said family, bound some of them in irons and threw them into a waggon and Drove off with great precipitation whilst their cries and Shrieks were shocking to Human Nature, as your deponent was an Eye Witness to this scene it left such an Impression on his mind as is not worn out to this Day. The minds of the people in General appeared to be much agitated and filled with Indignation at such Cruelties a number of Persons moved with compassion under the covour of Lawful authority Pursued and overTook them 20 miles from this Place and within one mile of a vessel Bound for the said Carolina which was to receive them on Board, as I afterwards heard to carry them thence, and took them and Brought them Back to the Place from whence they was taken yet still the said agents of Mr. Peters manifest a Determination to Sell and Dispense the above said Family which Renders their condition very Miserable and unhappy and further your deponent saith not.

Elijah Graves.

Jan. 5. 1789.

Sworn to before Benjamin Buell, Justice Peace.

The deposition of Joseph Wain Case of lawfull age is as follow viz. That Cezar came into this neighborhood when about eight or nine years of age and I have Lived by him and known him well for 30 years and do fully join in Testimony with the foregoing Deposition, as Touching his Morals and every other circumstance therein contained and Especially that of the family being taken by Men armed with Clubs & Staves. and thrown into a waggon (being an Eye Witness to the whole transaction) It exhibited such a scepe of Cruelty as was unparalleled to anything I had ever seen and Furthermore Testify that the young man held a drawn sword in his hand and by his words and gestures fully indicated to me that he would make use of it upon such as made the Least attempt to relieve the Sufferers as he used strong Imprecations to that purpose. Deponent further says that he has often conversed with Mrs. Mary Peters the former owner of said negroes that she had a note against her Son Samuel Peters of a hundred and ten pounds, for said negroes and that she should never (ask) to receive anything thereon, as she intended that the negroes should be free and

agreed with her son at the time of their sale to the same purpose as she always said to the last of her Life which expired in July 1784 which note still remains unpaid.

Sworn to, Joseph Case."

Another deposition says:

Hebron, Dec. 5. 1789.

Know all whom it may concern that we the Subscribers, Selectmen for the town of Hebron, well acquainted with Cezar, servant to the Rev. Samuel Peters and cannot say anything respecting his Morrels but that they are good and that he has the Character of being a Sober, Honest, Industrious Fellow.

- Elijah Kellogg.
- Sylvester Gilbert.
- John H. Buell,
- Joel Jones,

(Selectmen)"

In telling this story the writers have quoted largely and in great part verbatim from the excellent account written by the late F. Clarence Bissell, on file at the state library. Material has also been gleaned from the Peters genealogy.

As regards the story of the theft of clothing by Caesar and his wife (and the eight children) it should be borne in mind that this was a trumped up charge to give authority to the constables and enable them to rescue the slaves. Caesar may have taken clothes that belonged to him or which were being made for him and for which he expected to pay. As to the "coduroy breeches, blue broadcloth coat with white mottle buttons, and flowered silver buckles," one wonders at Caesar's grandeur, and suspects tailor Elijah Graves and his fellow conspiritors of roguishly padding the list.

Caesar and his wife and their descendants lived on in Hebron, and nearly up to the present time there have been descendants of these slaves living here. The last Hebron Negro bearing the name of Peters was Harry Peters, who died in 1893, having lived for many years with Captain Sylvester Gilbert, as his hired man and helper. Another descendant was Arthur Barber, who died about ten years ago. Other descendants live in nearby towns and sometimes visit the place.

There is a corner in the old burying ground on the Andover road, about a mile from Hebron village, with graves marked by rough, unlettered stones. Here lie Old Caesar and Lois his wife, and some of their children. Perhaps few of the younger generation know of these graves, although an occasional pilgrimage is made to them and the story recalled in its humorous and touching detail.

Chapters from Hebron History

XIV

MORE ABOUT THE REV. SAMUEL PETERS

By Susan B. Pendleton Assisted By Mrs. Anne C. Gilbert.

Not a great deal is known of the life of the Rev. Samuel Peters in England, after being driven from this country in 1774 on the eve of the Revolution on account of his firm stand as a Loyalist or "Tory." A report of the Women's Canadian Historical Society states that in 1775, his resources having become exhausted, he received a gratuity of 20 Guineas from the S. P. G., in recognition of his staunch loyalty and missionary zeal. While rector of the Hebron church he had done missionary work in Taunton, Sharon, Norwich, Middletown, Simsbury, Glastonbury, Wallingford, Millington, Hartford, Coventry, Mansfield, Haddam and Killingsworth. He also made a seven weeks missionary trip over and beyond the Green Mountains, to Fort Miller, 50 miles south of Albany.

That same year the society prevailed upon the willing Archbishop of Canterbury to bring the refugee's petition regarding his losses to the attention of Lord North. This help and influence, however, did not arrive in time to prevent him from imprisonment for a time in the "Fleet" for debt. His son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, rescued him from this unpleasant situation, and he finally received a pension from the British Government, probably sufficient for him to live upon.

As he was only forty years old when he left this country, and presumably at the height of his physical and intellectual abilities, it might have been supposed that he would devote his life to church work in England, but if so, nothing appears to be known of it here.

His big accomplishment while in the old world was the writing and publishing of a book, "The General History of Connecticut." This book made Connecticut people, especially those of the Puritan element, fairly gnash their teeth with rage. Nobody likes to be ridiculed, and this "history," which has been called the most unreliable ever written, poked fun in unforgivable ways at the writer's former compatriots. It was at first published anonymously, signed by "A Gentleman of the Province." But the ear marks of authorship were all too plain, and the story is that the first copy was publicly burnt, and its republishing in the state forbidden by the court. Thus says a descendant of Peters, Samuel J. McCormick, in the preface

to a new edition brought out in 1877. He states also, that a copy of the original sold at an auction of old books in 1877 "for the fabulous price of \$115." A second edition, published in New Haven in 1839, is now nearly as hard to get hold of as the first. No copies of the original edition remain in Hebron at present time, although years ago relatives or friends of the Peters family did own copies. Even the reprint of 1877 now commands something of a price. I believe that the state library has one or more copies of the first edition, and the Hebron library has an 1877 reprint. This reprint is said to be considerably modified, and a good deal of extraneous matter is added by McCormick in the way of notes, appendix, etc.

The book may be regarded as a satire or burlesque, though written in so seemingly candid a vein, and should be read between the lines in order to get the proper slant. In this book Peters coins the phrase, "The Blue Laws," in ridiculing the Puritans for what he considered their sanctimonious rules of conduct. He quotes some of these laws, or purports to, giving them from memory, as he claims they were never suffered to be written. A few are quoted below from some forty or more of his examples.

"No one shall walk or run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day."

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day."

"No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints' days, make minced pieces, dance, play cards or play on an instrument except the drum, trumpet or Jews-harp."

"Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of 5 pounds."

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

It has been passionately denied that any such laws were ever in force in the colonies, and over and over again it has been declared that Peters' stuff was nothing but a pack of lies. Indeed, it is impossible to read these "blue laws" as he gives them, without being conscious of the sly and bitter humor of Peters as he rolls them off his tongue.

To be honest however, it must be admitted that there were some curious laws in those days, as shown by court records. Here is an extract from Norwich records, quoted in Barber's Historical Collection.

May 1, 1854

July 26th, 1720. Samuel Sabin ap-
peared before R. Bushnell, Justice,
and complaineth against himself that
on last Sabbath day at night he and
his wife went on to Wawekus
to visit their relations, and were
at home, did no harm, and he fears
it may be a transgression of ye law,
and if it be he is very sorry for it
and don't allow himself in unreason-
able night walking."

Another item from Norwich rec-
ords: "Asa Fuller, apprentice to
Ezra Huntington Ede Trap, son to
Thomas Trap, Lemuel Wentworth,
son to James Wentworth, Hannah
Forsay and Elizabeth Winship, a
minor daughter to widow Winship,
all of Norwich, did on the Lord's
Day evening meet and converse to-
gether, and walk in ye street in com-
pany, upon no religious occasion, all
of which is contrary to the statute
of this Colony in such case made and
provided, June 11, 1770, fine 3' shill-
ings, 1 shilling costs."

There is also an entry of "20 shill-
ings for playing cards," and 5 s. for
laughing in meeting. Smoking was
also frowned upon, and in Wethers-
field in the very early days no one
was allowed to smoke within two
miles of the meeting house on the
Lord's Day. "Back sliders who were
caught smoking around the corner
of the meeting house or on the street
were fined and set in the stocks and
cages."

Wethersfield records also show
that, October 27, 1777, Lemas Stone
of Litchfield was fined by Justice
Treadwell 20 shillings and costs of
2 pounds and 2 shillings, for "trav-
ailing on the Lord's Day."

April 10, 1778, Chauncey Deming
and Jonathan Cowles were fined 20
shillings and costs on the charge
that they "on or about the 2nd day
of November, 1777, did play one or
more games of cards against the
peace and laws of the state." Also
Elizabeth Curtis and Sarah Hawley
were fined each one pound, 16 shill-
ings of lawful money, for "whisper-
ing and laughing and joggling each
other in meeting."

It would seem strange to young
people of the present day, that the
observation of Christmas was frown-
ed upon in New England up to com-
paratively modern times, yet such is
the case. It was the Roman Catho-
lics and the Church of England peo-
ple who observed Christmas as a
festival. The Puritans objected to the
celebration and on May 11, 1659, the
General Court of the Colony of Mass-
achusetts passed the following law.

"Whatsoever shall be found observ-
ing any such days as Christmas or

the like, either for forbearing of
labor, feasting, or any such way as
a festival, shall be fined five shill-
ings."

Twenty years later this law was
repealed, but it was a long time be-
fore prejudice against the observance
of such days as Christmas, Easter,
etc., died down in the Puritan or
Congregational churches.

Christmas was from the first ob-
served in St. Peter's church, accord-
ing to Church of England usage. For
many years its unique Christmas Eve
celebration attracted people from
miles around, who packed the church
to its doors, up to about 50 years
ago, when the observance of Christ-
mas became more general in the other
denominations. The first Christ-
mas tree in the Hebron Congrega-
tional church was in the 1830's.

Mrs. Charles Phelps of Andover, a
former Hebron woman, well over 80,
whose parents were staunch Episco-
pallians, or Church of England peo-
ple recalls being taken out of school
in Hebron on Christmas day as a
child, to observe the day in what
her parents considered a proper way
envied by her little classmates who
were of a different religious per-
suasion, or perhaps a little looked
down upon for having so odd a reli-
gion.

But to return to Peters and his
book. In its pages he is scathing
towards the Puritans, and bitter, as
would be expected, to the Revolution-
ists, or rebels, as he calls them. He
accuses the Puritans of dealing cruel-
ly and craftily with the Indians. He
sneers at colonial customs. He tells
many a curious and incredible tale
with a straight face, including that
of the Windham frogs. He begins
the story in this fashion:

"Strangers are very much terrified
at the hideous noise made on sum-
mer evenings by the vast number of
frogs in the brooks and ponds. There
are about thirty different voices
among them, some of which resemble
the bellowing of a bull. The owls and
whipporwills complete the rough con-
cert which may be heard several
miles". He goes on to tell how the
frogs, their pond dried up, were
obliged to hop through the town of
Windham to the Winnomantic River,
the bull frogs the leaders, and the
pipers following without number,
filling the road forty yards wide,
four miles in length, the passage
through the town covering a period
of several hours. Their clamoring so
frightened the Windhamites that
they fled naked and shrieking from
their beds, fearing that the French
and Indians were upon them. But

the story is too well known to need repeating.

"New Haven," he says, "is celebrated for having given the name of 'pumpkin heads' to all New Englanders. It originated from the blue laws which enjoined every male to have his hair cut round by a cap. When caps were not to be had they substituted the hard shell of a pumpkin, which being put on the head every Saturday, the hair is cut by the shell all around the head."

He speaks a good word for the women, saying "The women of Connecticut are strictly virtuous, and to be compared to the prude rather than the European polite lady. They are not permitted to read plays; cannot converse about whist, quadrille, or operas, but will freely talk upon the subject of history, geography and mathematics. They are great casuists, and polemical divines, and I have known not a few of them so well skilled as to put to the bluish learned gentlemen."

In describing some of the towns of Connecticut he says of Hebron:

"Hebron is the centre of the province and it is remarkable that there are thirty-six towns larger and thirty-six less. It is situated between two ponds about two miles in length and one in breadth and is intersected by two small rivers, one of which falls into the Connecticut, the other into the Thames. A large meeting stands on the square where four roads meet. The town resembles Finchley. The township is eight miles square; five parishes, one is episcopal. The number of houses is 400; of inhabitants 3,200. It pays one part out of the seventy-three of the governmental taxes, and is a bed of farmers on their own estates. Frequent suits about the Indian titles have rendered them famous for their knowledge in law and self preservation."

One item mentioned (page 152, McCormick reprint) refers to Hebron history, giving a story which provokes the interest, running as follows:

In 1740 a Mrs. Cursette, (Cursell) an English lady, who was obliged to spend a few days in Hebron, when on her way from New York to Boston, became interested in the Episcopal church, then only partially finished, and the church people suffering from persecutions. She encouraged them to keep on with their good work, and promised them a present when she returned to Boston. Dying soon after, her will included a leg-

acy of 800 pounds old tenor (then equal to about 100 pounds sterling) to the Church of England in Hebron, and John Hancock and Nathaniel Gloyer were named as her executors. It was necessary to record the will in Windham County, where was located the property from which the legacy was to be derived. The property was 170 acres of land, lying in Canterbury. As Peters tells the story the will was recorded, but its existence kept secret until 25 years later, when one of those interested in the plot confessed on his death bed. It was then declared that the will had lapsed and the money could not legally be demanded. However, the church did finally recover 80 pounds, and Peters, in 1766, wrote to the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, telling of Mrs. Cursell's gift and the help it gave in the completion of the church (the old one on Godfrey Hill, no longer in existence.) The will is on record, with names of executors as given by Peters, but just how much of the story is true, as to the church being defrauded, it would be difficult to ferret out at this late day.

About the time of Peters' flight to England or soon after, 20,000 or more Loyalists of the colonies also fled, finding homes in Canada, the West Indies, England, etc. They styled themselves "The United Empire Loyalists." Bemslee Peters, a brother of the Rev. Samuel, and father of Governor John S. Peters, left Hebron in 1777 with many other Loyalists, and joined his brother in London, expecting that the war would soon close, when he would return to his family. He obtained a captain's commission on half pay in England, which supported him in London until 1784, when he drew a large tract of land for himself and family, and removed to Little York in Upper Canada, dying in 1799, aged 56, on the eve, his son says, of returning for his family. It is interesting to learn that a town of Hebron, located in Canada near Nova Scotia was settled by Loyalists, and named for our Hebron, doubtless many of the settlers coming from here.

A nephew of Samuel and Bemslee, John Peters, also joined the Loyalists, fleeing to England. He was a son of the Colonel John Peters who had the sixteen children, himself strong for the Revolution. The young man finally found a haven in Canada and was made Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of a regiment raised by

41

himself and called "The Queen's Loyal Warriors." He leaves an interesting autobiography, quoted in the Peters genealogy, compiled by a descendant.

The Rev. Samuel's daughter Hannah married William Jarvis, afterwards his Majesty's Secretary of Upper Canada. They left descendants. William Birdseye Peters, only son of the Rev. Samuel, was brought up by his grandparents in Hebron or Stratford until he was 14 years of age, when he joined his father in England. He was educated at Oxford and studied law in London. He acted as deputy for Mr. Jarvis in Canada, held a commission in the army, and became a member of the bar of Upper Canada, finally returning to America and dying of yellow fever in Mobile or New Orleans. In New Orleans he left many descendants, of whom there were several bearing the name of Peters as late as 1903.

Thus was the Peters family of Hebron broken and scattered by the Revolution. There is not now any one of the name living here.

To the end of his life the Rev. Samuel seemed to entertain for Hebron a sincere affection. He was perhaps homesick for his old home during his enforced absence. He finally quarreled with William Pitt in 1803, and was deprived of his pension. He returned to America two years later, and spent several years in Washington, petitioning without success for confirmation of a grant of land near St. Anthony's Falls, on the Mississippi, and in October, 1817, than in failing health, and 82 years of age, he visited that part of the country, remaining over a year, and passing the winter at Prairie du Chien. The next year he returned to New York and lived in that city and Jersey City until his death, in 1826, aged nearly 98. It is said that he suffered from various physical ills during a great part of his life. He styled himself the Bishop of Vermont, to which office he is said to have been elected, though not consecrated, on account of the troublous times. He always spelled Vermont "Verdmont", claiming that the other spelling would make the name mean "a mountain of maggots". After his death his body was brought to Hebron and buried in the old Cemetery of the Church of England by the side of his three wives. In 1840 his body was removed to the new cemetery in the village, where a monument was erected to his memory by his grandson, Samuel J. McCormick. It is said that Dr.

Peters in his old age once revisited Hebron and the new church on the green, and that he was offered a home with his nephew Governor John S. Peters, but that he refused sadly, saying that it would never be the same again.

Besides his History of Connecticut he was also the author of a life of Hugh Peters, whom he claimed as a collateral ancestor. This is regarded as unreliable, but is of interest to the antiquarian.

At the age of 88 he wrote a manuscript history of Hebron, in every line of which can be gleaned his affection for the little village where he was born and spent his early life. But of this more in another chapter.

CHAPTERS FROM HEBRON HISTORY

Lieut. Col. John Peters, of The Queen's Loyal Rangers

By Susan B. Pendleton and Anne C. Gilbert

The autobiographical sketch of the life of Lieut. Col. John Peters, while too long to quote in full, is too interesting to pass by without some mention. This sketch was made in a letter to a friend in London, some years after the close of the Revolution, and was in later years published in a Canadian newspaper. The original manuscript, at the last account, was in the possession of S. P. Bell of New York.

Sept. 7, 1794,

John Peters was a nephew of the Rev. Samuel Peters, who apparently exercised great influence over him. He was the son of Col. Peters of Hebron. He and his father were altogether at odds politically. The father, a militia colonel was heart and soul for the Revolution, and worked for it in every way, even against the interests of his own family. His brothers, Samuel, Jonathan and Bemslee, and his own son, the subject of this sketch, were pronounced loyalists. The letter follows:

"Sir, I do not mean to take any pride from family, as you will conceive, nor to boast of my exploits, but to relate my story in simplicity. I was born in Hebron, in Connecticut in the year 1740. My father was a wealthy farmer, and colonel of the militia. He descended from William Peters, a brother of Hugh Peters, Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, and of an ancient family in Cornwall, old England, and by his mother from Major Gen. Thomas Harrison, the regicide.

My mother was a descendant of John Phelps, a considerable man in Cromwell's party. I had a liberal education at Yale College, and received the degree of B. A., in 1759. In 1761 I married Ann, daughter of Robert Barnet, a merchant of Windsor. She was born in 1740, and is now the mother of eight sons and one daughter. . . . In 1770 I removed to Mooretown, on the west side of the Connecticut, where I had a large parcel of land, and I built an house and barn, saw mill and grist mill, and carried on husbandry. Being now in the province of New York, I was appointed by Governor Tryon to be Colonel of the Militia, Justice of the Peace, Judge of Probate, Registrar of the County, Clerk of the Court, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Here I was in easy circumstances, and independent as my mind ever wished. In 1774 the spirit of

discord and rebellion so far prevailed as to occasion me much trouble. A congress was forming through the colonies. The Counties of Cumberland and Gloucester (since called Vermont) desired me to attend the congress to meet in Philadelphia, 1774, which appointment I accepted of, and passing through Hebron on my way to Philadelphia, I was mobbed with my uncles, the Rev. Samuel Peters, Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Bemslee Peters, by Governor Tryon's Liberty Boys, because we were accused of loyalty. I was liberated after suffering much ill language from the mob. The Rev. Samuel suffered more than I did. He and I agreed in opinion that the teachers, bankrupts, dissenting teachers, and smugglers meant to have a serious rebellion, and a civil and religious separation from the Mother Country. My uncle advised me to meet the congress, to find out what their aim was. I did so, and being certainly convinced that nothing short of independence would satisfy them, I refused to take the oath of secrecy in congress, and wrote to my uncle, who had been forced to fly to England, telling him what to expect, and I returned to my family at Vermont, but on my way home I was seized by three mobs, ill treated, and dismissed, at Wethersfield, Hartford, and Springfield. In April, 1775, I arrived at Mooretown, when another mob seized me and threatened to execute me as an enemy to congress."

He goes on to tell of other visits from mobs, as the revolutionary spirit grew in strength. Following "the Boston massacre" he became still more a target for persecution. Speaking of the mobs oppressing him at that time he says:

"They took all papers found in my house, insulted me, and requested me to sign deeds of some lands I had bought, confined me to the limits of the town, and threatened me with death if I transgressed their orders. The mob again and again visited me, and ate and drank, and finally plundered me of most of my movable effects. Added to this my father, Col. Peters of Hebron, wrote against me, and urged on the mob, assigning for reason, 'that his uncle Peters, the clergyman, who had taught him bad principles, was driven out of the country, and that he would soon become a friend to America if severity was used.'

"By January, 1776, vexation had hurt my health, and the madness of the people daily growing worse, I thought of a mode to make my escape to Canada, and I applied to the rebel Col. Beadle, who had been my old and ready friend, and was going against Canada. He consented to take me along with him as a companion, and obtained the consent of the committee.

"While on this trip, under the protection of the colonial troops, Peters did not hesitate to give information to further British interest and on one occasion his tip-off resulted in a British ambuscade in which 150 "rebels" were killed. It was no wonder that he was considered "an enemy to America." He was not required to bear arms on this journey, according to an agreement made by his friend, Col. Beadle. Suspicion of being an informer fell upon him, but as proof was lacking he escaped conviction. The letter continues:

"At Montreal I met Dr. Franklin and other commissioners from congress, also Gen. Wooster and Col. Arnold, and we dined together, when Arnold said, 'Nothing but independence would settle these matters, and he wished to God it was now done.'

After having saved the city of Montreal from destruction by giving information of a plot of Arnold's to burn and plunder it, Peters finally escaped to the British lines. He says:

"May 6, 1777, I met my wife and children at St. John's, and carried orders by Sir Guy Carleton to raise a regiment of which I was to be the Lieut.-Col. Commandant. June 4 I was ordered by Burgoyne to join his army with what men I had raised, and he gave my regiment the name of The Queen's Loyal Rangers. August 16, 1777, I commanded the Loyalists at Bennington, and lost half the 291 men of my regiment. In this battle I observed a man fire at me. He loaded again as he came up, and discharged at me, crying out, 'Peters, you damned Tory, I have got you.' He rushed on me with his bayonet which entered just below my left breast, but was turned by the bone. By this time I was loaded and I saw that it was a rebel, Captain Jeremiah Post, by name, an old playmate and school fellow, and a cousin of my wife. Though his bayonet was in my body I felt regret to destroy him."

A few years after the close of the Revolution Col. Peters went to England where he remained until his death, in 1786. He leaves many descendants in this country, Canada and England. It is stated. It is a fact

that Captain Jeremiah Post was killed in the battle of Bennington, but until this letter was published it was not known at whose hands he met his death.

Not less interesting than the above is a letter written at about the same period by Hannah, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Peters, to her cousin, Clarinda Peters Welles, of Hebron, daughter of Bemslee Peters, who had also fled to England, on account of loyalist principles, leaving his wife and children in this country. The letter follows:

"London, August 20, 1784.

Dear Cousin: Your favor by my cousin Man (Mann) was delivered in even June. It gave me great pleasure to hear from you after so long a silence: you ask what the reason is that your papa cannot return. Are you, Dear, insensible of the many difficulties that attend his return! First, that he has rendered himself obnoxious to the state by being what they call a tory, and secondly, that he has been within the King's lines, and perhaps fighting them, I mean the Americans; thirdly, that congress have never repealed the act against the tories, namely, that it should be death to anyone that has been aiding or assisting against them, to return to his native country. These examples, I think, my Dear, are sufficient reasons to deter your papa from returning to America, and I think, my Dear, under such circumstances, you would not wish to see him a corpse, which I cannot suppose. And if it was not death for him to return, and he could do it, what has he to return for? His property is confiscated, his stock is all gone, and everything else. What better would he be by his returning. He has no money to buy a farm or fresh stock, and he is growing in years, and would not be able to set about to clear a wild piece of land for the benefit of his family. These considerations put together will, in all probability, prevent your papa from seeing you in Connecticut, whatever he may do in any other place. Yet he must have as great a regard for his family as ever, and be as willing to do anything for them that lay in his power, but he has nothing in his power—therefore cannot assist them. I wish you joy as a married woman, and in having increased your little family, but how came you to call him Andrew? I should have thought that you would have named him after your husband, as his father. My duty to your mama. My love to your sister and compliments to your husband and thank him for his letter.

I am, Dear Cousin, your sincere friend,

H. Peters."

Mrs. Clarinda Welles.

Clarinda Peters Welles was the wife of Thomas Welles of Hebron. The baby Andrew mentioned in the letter was afterwards known as "General Andrew Welles," evidently a militia title. His name may be seen today on his memorial window at St. Peter's Church.

Another letter follows, more illuminating than many pages of history, written by the Rev. Samuel Peters' mother, Mary Marks Peters, to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bemslee Peters, then in Orford, N. H.

"Hebron, 5th of June, 1775.

Dear daughter Annis Peters, My love to you and your dear children, hoping you are well, but left in desert lonely condition. We hear my dear Bem (Bemslee) is fled for his life and gone to Canada, but can't he leave it? If you can send me a line wth safety let me know, but not without. Are you mind to come to Hebron, if you be send me a few lines by Nat Phelps, the man that brings this letter, for my soul is in distress for you all. Dear Bemslee, my son, I long to see him, but can't. O that I had fled for my son Bem. O my son Bemslee, my son, my son, pray God to keep you from doing wrong. Keep your tongue from speaking anything that is not right if you never may see this leter. I sent some letters by Gaines Gilbert to leave at John Man's this day fortnight since he went home. What would you stay where you be for? You (have) no land to tempt you there. What if you stay, likely you will be killed, and so you may if you come. Wee hear the people intend to kill all that don't fight and we think men better not than to fight against him.

Ger't Thomas Welles will come and Estle Horton will come if you will let them know your mind to come here. If Bemslee is gone he must not come nearer to New England yet, till times alter. Mr. Peters sent Col John Peters a letter, rit March 14, 1775. He can't do for him what he intended, for 'tis gone to other men o. man. So I hear Mr. Peters is not coming home yet till times alter. The spirit is not altered. Spite is ye' alive. I want to write more but my head is much shattered. My mind is troubled, and so leave you in the hand of God. Farewell, my dear children.

Mary Peters."

Mrs. Bemslee Peters did finally come back to Hebron, where she brought up her children, the Clar-

inda of the second letter quoted; Mary and John, who became a governor of the state. Mrs. Charlotte (Mann) Phelps of Andover owns the original of the letter last quoted. Bemslee Peters never returned to Hebron, dying in upper Canada, 1799. The return of the Tories to their former homes in this country was made difficult or impossible by severe and highly penal enactments, adopted by the various state legislatures.

Hebron History
 Edited by Anne C. Gilbert.
THE REV. SAMUEL PETERS'
XVI
HISTORY OF HEBRON.

45

The writers of the present chapters on Hebron history, having been actively engaged for years in collecting material for the same, were electrified not many months ago to learn that there is on file in the State Library a history of the town, written back in 1822, by that romantic, emotional historian, the Rev. Samuel Peters, the account of whose life and ancestry has already taken up a good deal of space in these pages. Probably not more than three or four Hebron people know that such a manuscript exists. The copy owned by the State Library is type written. Those in charge did not know where the original manuscript is, nor could the librarians state the source from which the Library received its copy. It seemed, from some indications, to have been secured through a manuscript bureau, quite a number of years ago.

Dec 18, 1934.

Samuel Peters, to put the matter delicately, has never been accused of too strict a regard for prosaic fact in his historical accounts, and if we prepare to hear a few whoppers in his delightful history of Hebron, probably we shall not be disappointed.

The history, which is dated March 21, 1822, was written when its author was in his 88th year, and is dedicated to his nephew, Governor John S. Peters. It seems a pity that it can not be quoted entire, but as it covers 21 pages of type written matter, including more or less of preaching and argumentation, it would be rather out of the question.

The history begins with the following preface:

"It being the usual custom in England to write a chorographical history of every considerable Town and village in the Kingdom, which benefit the towns, villages and the public: for the same reason I presume to follow the British example, seeing no reason why the same practice should not prevail in New England and in the United States."

An introduction follows, in which the author says:

"I begin with the chorography of Hebrone, because there I drew my first breath, and there my parents, three wives, two babes, many relatives and friends lie entombed; and I have a desire like that of Jacob in Egypt after he had blessed his twelve sons who said unto them, 'I am to be gathered unto my people.'

Bury me with my father in the cave that is in the field Mach-Pelah, which is before Mamre in the land of Canaane."

Eight Miles

He describes the town as "situated eight miles east of the great river Connecticut in the County of Tolland. Its soil is a dark loam. It has hills and valleys but no mountains . . . The Post road from New Haven to Providence and Boston passes through it, and another from New London to Hartford, Northampton and Dartmouth College. The streets are lined with farmers' houses and barns, not elegant, and their lots are laid out and fenced with stone walls, making a beautiful show when covered with Grass, Wheat, Barley, Rye, Oats, Apple trees, Pears, Peaches, and Plumbs, Horses, Oxen, Cows, Calves, and Swine, as they are nine months in the year.

The people live in ease, harmony and plenty, having no want of bread, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Cheese, Butter, Fowls, Fishes, Cider, Perry Beer, Mithigins, alderkin and currant wine. They need only Salt for themselves and cattle to live richly and independent of Foreigners, and would do so, did not Fashion prevail over Interest, Health, and Reason . . . They export much produce yearly and many horses, fat cattle, sheep, and swine to the West Indies, and drive many to New York and Boston. . . ."

Here follows a colorful and possibly mythical account of the wresting of the Hebron lands from the Indians. As we have seen, Joshua Attawanhood willed the Hebron property to a group of Saybrook men, who later settled the town. But there were conflicting clauses in the will, which did give rise to disputes and lawsuits later on, and this may be what the historian has in mind, though it seems to be a story all his own.

All Heathens

"This town was the property of Joshua, the King of Mohegan (now New London, who gave it to Oneko, his only son by his sister and wife) But Joshua had another son by one of his squaws who was named Abimileck. They were all heathen and knew nothing of the Bible or Christianity. The General Assembly wanted the territory of Mohegan, and Oneko would not sell, therefore it was judged by the Assembly that Oneko was an incestuous child and could not inherit his father's dignity and territory, accordingly they deposed Oneko and crowned Abimileck (a natural son of Joshua) King

of the Mohicans, who sold the territory of the General Assembly, who divided it into townships and counties. A number of Puritans purchased the township of Hebrone. Some of them had fled from prelatial persecution in England to enjoy National Liberty in a wild and savage country. These Puritans were composed of good farmers, very zealous, intelligent and pious. Therefore, being in a fellowship, they took the name for their town from the Greek word, meaning a fellowship (i. e., Hebrone) where Isaac, Abraham and Jacob lie entombed in Asia, the three patriarchs of the Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, that they might be like God's peculiar people and join in building an House of Prayer for all people. . . . The first three settlers in Hebron were Stephen Post, Samuel Shipman, and Jacob Root, justly called the three patriarchs of Hebrone. Mr Post lived till 100 years of age, was the first deacon, and his sons and grandsons have been his successors in office to the present day. He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile. Mr. Shipman was Sober and Pious, and died 60 years of age, and left one son, a famous physiciene. Mr. Root was a good man and died at the age of 70 years, and left many sons, the eldest named William, whose grandson, Erastus Root, is now a shining character, a good orator, a General, a member of Congress and of the General Assembly of New York."

Speaking of the next ten settlers, as he recalls the names, William Sweetland, Nathaniel Phelps, Josiah Owens, Nathaniel Palmer, Edward Savage, Daniel Tillotson, Joseph Skinner, Joseph Horsford, Eleazer Strong, Joseph Young, and the many others who soon followed, he says: "They lived in log houses till 1712, when they got saw mills and built an House of Prayer, a school house, and settled a minister named John Bliss, whose Piety, Science, and Excellent Example continued a blessing to the inhabitants till 1737 when he asked a dismission and the Association gave it."

Of the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, who succeeded Mr. Bliss as pastor of the Puritans or Congregationalists, he says: "He was a good scholar, a good orator, and a celebrated preacher of the gospel, a moral and very pious gentleman." He continues:

"About this time Harmony much declined which had lived in the town from 1705 concerning the new House of Prayer, and formed two parties, the North and South parties."

Much Zeal

In 1740 Mr. Whitefield appeared with much zeal and by his elocution, and pointed doctrines divided into two parties more than they were before. The whole state was affected by the success of Mr Whitefield. Mr. Pomeroy supported and others opposed him, so formed two religious parties, called Old Lights, and New Lights. Religious parties soon kindled a religious war. The Old Lights had the civil power on their side, and not by reason. The Assembly assumed royal power and established orthodoxy, then seized the heterodox minister, and listed some, silenced some, and banished some to Long Island, but tried in vain to cure the divisions of Hebrone by dividing it into four parishes and dismissing all heterodox magistrates. . . . Most of the North Party with Mr. Bliss, declared for the Episcopal Church of England and created a church and named it St. Peter's under the care of Mr. Seabury of New London. They fixed it on a piece of land named Meachpolah, south end of a plane in the center of the town called Mamre."

The quaint historian recounts the unfortunate loss by shipwreck or small pox, of four candidates, sent to England for ordination by St. Peter's Church, and of himself he says: "But in 1760 Samuel Peters, A. M. became pastor of St. Peter's Church in Hebrone, and left it in 1774 to avoid the Windham mobs raised in favor of the destruction of teas in Boston."

Of the Rev Samuel Lockwood, A. M., settled over the northeast parish of Hebron (now Andover) he says: "A very staunch Calvinist, a scientific scholar, and highly esteemed by his parishioners. He died 60 miles from home fifty years after his ordination. His parishioners brought his corpse home and buried it under his pulpit. He was one of the trustees of Yale College and had the degree of D. D."

Of the early settlers he says: "Those Puritan cultivators of land were not ignorant of the Bible nor of history nor of the arts and sciences. . . . They established schools whilst in their log houses and Mr. Curtee and Mr. Rowley were able masters to teach their sons and daughters writing, reading, and cyphering, as well as showing them the beauty of Morality and the benefits of religion, and the Minister of Parishes, like St. Paul, went from house to house and instructed the parents, children, and servants in their respective duties one to the

When the first settlers
lived in pure religion and kept them-
selves undefiled equal to the primi-
tive Christians, and none excelled
them in charity and good will, and
morality and chastity lived with
them to the highest degree in hu-
man society; but attended with in-
tolerable rigidity towards females,
whose conduct must not be subject
to suspicions of error."

Pathetic Story

Here follows a pathetic story, of
which no recollection or even tra-
dition seem to remain at the pres-
ent time.

"Forty years had passed before
two beautiful young ladies were
found guilty of an error. The con-
sequence was terrible. The parents
would not pardon them, but turned
them into the street, and no one
dared to receive them into his
house, and they must have perished
had not the Rev. Dr. Pomeroy had
courage and Christian love and Be-
nevolence to human nature in dis-
tress, taking them into his house
and provided for them. The bigotry
and superstition of the day was so
great and plenty that the parents,
with zeal not according to knowl-
edge, entered a complaint against
Dr. Pomeroy for his kindness to the
two excommunicated females, and
got a proper reply, viz: 'If you for-
give not the sins of your neighbor
God will not forgive your sins
against Him. Go home and read
your Bible and imitate the Samari-
tan who provided for the wounded
stranger in the street when the Jew-
ish priest and Levite refused him
relief.' Thus the humane and pious
Dr. Pomeroy lived more than half a
century a shining light, and enlight-
ened those pious and bigoted peo-
ple, who wept sore at his departure,
because they should see his face no
more."

Falling Blind

In another place Peters speaks of
Dr. Pomeroy as falling blind some
years before his death, yet doing the
duties of his parish every Sunday
till he died, 88 years old.

He continues: "Since the New
Lights and independence have pre-
valled we find a new sect has ar-
rived and built an house of prayer
for all people, an Intendent of the
Greek order, called the Methodists,
under the system of the Venerable
and learned John Wesley to preach
the gospel in all the world without
any Royal or papal limitation. The
society is very respectable and have
for their minister the Honorable
Daniel Burroughs, Esq., and a valu-
able member of Congress. This
gentleman is said to be a descend-
ant of the Rev. George Burroughs,

A. M., minister of Saleme in Massa-
chusetts, eminent for his talents,
learning, and piety, but rendered im-
mortal by his Patience, Faith, and
Sufferings in 1692 by the Witch-
Plague of New England.

Hebron now has six congregations,
six churches, six ministers of the
gospel, and many schools and about
400 houses and formerly 4,500 souls,
but the emigrations to the Western
territory have deprived it of many
young men and women. The first
settlers have gone off the stage of
life. The second class are buried
with the first, and many of the third
class have joined their predeces-
sors in the grave. The remainder
with the fourth generation and the
fifth enjoy the labours of their An-
cestors, and attend to their exam-
ples and Doctrines. They glory in
their descent from Puritans char-
med with the love of God and his
Holy laws in a wilderness of sav-
age men and beasts more than with
the Pomp and Pride of Britain
where Persecution was Religion and
shame its glory.

Hebrone has distinguished itself
by encouraging Literature and no
town in the state has educated so
many sons in Universities as Heb-
ron, who have done honour to them-
selves and the Public and not one of
them has produced shame to the
city. To the honor of hu-
man Nature and Society it re-
membered that not once has
ever happened in Hebron since its
settlement in 1705 and no complaint
of impurity against the old and
young.

Houses of Prayer

The houses of Prayer are six and
decent buildings of wood. The lar-
gest is in Hebron where the first
House of Prayer was erected but
burnt by a foolish man who was
hired for the purpose, as the fool
said, but his saying was not believed
and therefore he was whipped fif-
teen stripes at the Whipping post.

The houses in Hebrone are built
with wood excepting two, one of
brick by the Honourable John Sam-
uel Peters, and the other brick house
was built by . . . both in an elegant
style, and other houses are conven-
ient and handsome, many coloured
white and plastered within, and two
stories high.

In the southeast part of Hebron
parish stands an obelisk, said to
be above 200 feet tall. Its bottom
covers half an acre, composed
chiefly of stones and rocks with
many small caverns proper for
sheltes to harbour in, running up-
wards like one of the small pyra-
mids in Egypt almost to a point

therefore the people call it the sugar loaf rock. Round about it is a barren plane of some acres of no use and apparently has been burnt by some subterranean fire or cast up by some volcano. No present person attempts to climb up to the top of it.

Here the aged historian seems to be going back to childhood impressions. The boulder or granite shaft, apparently the one he refers to, alluded to in a previous chapter as "Pioneer's Rock," is not much over twenty feet high. It is a glacial deposit and is surrounded by smaller stones and rocks, the usual glacial drift.

Other extracts from this unique history will have to be continued in another chapter.

HEBRON HISTORY, Concluded
By Susan B. Pendleton, assisted by Anna C. Gilbert

Perhaps this chapter should begin with an apology to the Rev. Samuel Peters, the writers having, in the previous chapter, cast considerable doubt on his story of the unjust dealings of the colonists in wresting lands from the Indians. DeForest, in his History of the Indians of Connecticut, gives facts sufficiently like those stated by Peters, which show that the General Assembly of Connecticut did conspire against the rightful heir to the Mohegan sachemship, favoring an illegitimate pretender who could be more easily handled by the colonists. But Peters gets this story badly garbled as to names, places, time, and other details. And it could not have had any connection with the Hebron lands, which had already been settled before the above piece of double dealing took place. But it serves to show that there is a vein of truth running through his fantastic stories.

March 12, 1825

In his Hebron history Peters tells of the town militia as having been kept up since 1705. "The first band included every male above 16 years old, an Nathaniel Phelps was chosen the first captain and the Governor gave him his commission. As the inhabitants multiplied, so the bands increased. 60 privates became a standard for a band of a military company, but commonly each band contained more than 100 men from the age of 16 to 45. There are in all the Parishes of Hebron five bands of fine young men who make an excellent regiment and have their field officers appointed by the General Assembly and commissioned by the Governor.

Many Officers.

"The Revolutionary War gave Hebron heroes, many officers of every rank, from an Ensign to a General, who glory and take pride in their bravery, and they sit among the elders, whilst the people praise them."

One can but notice the softened tone in which the aged historian refers to the heroes of the Revolution, and can only conjecture that some subtle change has taken place in his mental attitude since the days when he fled this country, so ardent a Britisher. Or perhaps he is trying to curry favor with his old friends and former neighbors of Hebron.

He lists 19 Hebron men, educated in the Universities, who were "ministers of the gospel." They are "Rev. Aaron Hall, Rev. Aaron Kellogg, Rev. Cyrus Mann, Rev. Absalom Peters, Rev. Samuel Andrew Peters, Rev. Benjamin Phelps, Rev. David Porter, D. D., Rev. John Sawyer, Rev. Jacob Sherwin, Rev. Clement Sumner, Rev.

Aaron Hutchinson, A. M., Rev. Ebenezer Kneeland, Rev. Joel Mann, Rev. Oliver Noble, A. M., Rev. Davenport Phelps, Rev. Israel Haughton, Rev. William Sumner, Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D. D."

"Graduates of Hebron's sons who served in the Civil, Legal and Physical line as follows: Peter Sweetland, A. M., Teacher of languages, Col. Alexander Phelps, A. M., Judge and Barrister, Ralph Pomeroy, A. M., John Gillett, A. M., Josiah Cass, A. M., Col. Samuel Gilbert, A. M., Judge of County, Col. John Peters, A. M., Neziah Bliss, A. M. et M. D., Justice of Peace, David Sutton, A. M. et M. D., Josiah Pomeroy, A. M. et Captain, Hon. Daniel Buck, L. L. D. et Congress, Hon. Edmund Welles, A. M. et Justice of Peace, Aaron Buel A. M. et Major, Hon. Sylvester Gilbert, A. M., Judge et Congress, William Brient Hall, A. M. General, Nathaniel Mann, A. M. et M. D., Samuel Palmer Moray, A. M., Hon. Absalom Peters, A. M., Judge & General, Elijah Leonard Lathrop, A. M. et Barrister, William Birdsey Peters, A. M., Barrister, Hon. Erastus Root, A. M., General et Congress, Hon. John Thompson Peters, A. M., Judge Court, Benjamin Trumbull A. M., Barrister, John Hugh Peters, A. M., Thomas Sawyer, A. M., Benjamin Sawyer, A. M., Moulton Morey, A. M., Benjamin Sumner, Barrister.

"There are others I do not recollect, but these 52 students in Universities from a town of farmers proves the industry of the planters and their love of the Arts and Sciences. The present inhabitants are progressing in the same method of their fathers, and it is hoped they will continue the same practice till time is at an end."

Mechanical Sciences

In speaking of the progress of the mechanical sciences and of agriculture in the town, he says:

"The mechanics of various sorts are not wanting to any Parish, and the farmers are increasing in the knowledge of Agriculture; the first, second, and third generation were content with cultivating the hills and meadows and the present generation have found the swamps and mucky meadows when drained form the best land and yield the most profit. Capt. William Buel, Col. Peters, Capt. Ichabod Phelps, Capt. Adam Waters and Deacon Joel—have showed the inhabitants worthy of general attention by draining the meadows, ploughing their land much deeper than was done in times past, and Capt. David Turbox by draining a pond at the south-east corner of Hebron several feet lower than it was formerly has

drained much land and water for a
grist mill during summer and winter
and formed a reservoir for water
for fish to come in from the pond in
great plenty, out of which they cannot
escape when the gate is shut
near the pond; and by opening another
gate near the mill the water
leaves the fish naked and exposed to
the captors. . . .

"Timber and fire wood is becoming
scarce and dear; the farmers are
wise enough to plant acorns, walnuts
and chestnuts, maple, ash and beech
nuts; etc. for the supply of the in-
habitants in future."

Here follows a story telling of the
educational glories of Hebron which
seems rather breath taking, and of
which there seems to be no local
tradition. How much truth there is
in the account can only be conjectured.

"About the year 1744 there was an
academy established in Hebron for
educating young men in Hebrew,
Greek and Latin and fitting them for
the Universities which was kept up
many years; the grand master was
Peter Sweetland A. M., whose greatest
excellency consisted in the perfect
knowledge of the Oriental Languages.
He had two ushers and many
students. Amongst them was Abimilech,
son and heir of the King of the
Mohegians who was an accurate scholar,
a sober and pious Christian and
became King of Mohegan and reigned
many years over his tribe, who
became Christian, built a meeting
house, good—houses fenced and cultivated
their lands and settled the
Rev. Samuel Occum minister of Mohegan,
a native of Long Island and
son of a King of that tribe, who was
a sober, pious and eloquent preacher
of the Gospel; the King and minister
of Mohegan were pupils of Mr.
Sweetland in the Academy of Hebron
under the inspection of the Rev.
Benjamin Pomeroy, D. D."

Royal Line.

Some discrepancies might be pointed
out here. Abimilech was never
made king, though of the royal line,
and Occum (whose first name was
Zampson, not Samuel) was born at
Mohegan, not Long Island. His record
as a preacher is well known. De-
Forest states that Occum lived for
one year (about 1747) at the home
of the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy in
Hebron, having been with the Rev.
Mr. Wheelock, Lebanon Crank, now
Columbia, the three years previous.
DeForest states that during the four
years when Occum was with Mr.
Wheelock and Mr. Pomeroy he learned
to speak and write English with
facility; studied both Latin and

Greek, and even paid some attention
to the acquisition of Hebrew. So per-
haps there was a language school
at Hebron, with Abimilech and Samp-
son Occum studying Greek, Latin and
Hebrew with the other boys who
were preparing for college.

Peters goes on to say a good many
things expressing his interest in and
sympathy for the Indians. He says:
"The writer of these remarks has
lived many years amongst the In-
dians and knows their disposition and
habits, and testifies in their favor,
that they are the most liberal, hu-
mane, honest, chaste, moral people

he ever met with in Europe and Amer-
ica and would trust his life and
property in their power with full
confidence of mercy, justice and
safety as if in the power of any
Christian, Mohammedan or Jewish
nation, and he sorrows much for
their hard situation and want of
knowledge of agriculture and the
mechanics prevalent amongst Chris-
tians and other civilized nations."

In speaking of the Revolutionary
war he says: "The Revolutionary war
of 1776 gave many military officers
to the sons of Hebron, viz. Jacob
Vard, Col., Obadiah Horsford, Col.,
Orlando Mack, Col., Amos Phelps,
Col. Joel Jones, Col. Elijah Buell,
Col. Stalworthy Waters Maj., Tim-
othy Buell, Maj., Aaron Buell, Maj.,
Abijah Rowley, Maj., Josiah Pomeroy,
Capt., Daniel Buck, Capt., Ab-
salam Peters, Gen., . . . Mack, Gen.,
William B. Hall Gen., Eleazar Root,
Gen. Their survivors he says ex-
ult in their heroic virtues and yearly
celebrate their love of country and
the wisdom of George Washington."

Valuable Swamps

"In different parts of the town are
many valuable swamps which have
been drained and yield large crops
of low and meadow grass, herds
grass, red clover grass, and other
grass, also hemp, flax and cabbage,
but one cranberry meadow cannot
easily be drained yet it is useful to
the inhabitants by supplying them
with excellent cranberries.

"The parish of Gilead is a high hill
on which Mr. Willocks built his
house and resid-s. Where is a fine
landscape to see most of the town-
ship. It is used for the plough, the
scythe and grazing of cattle. Many
small bridges of wood and stone of
considerable expense over brooks or
rivers. Six saw mills and seven grist
mills. The best is owned by Capt.
D. Tarbox which runs summer and
winter and never wants water like
the others in dry season. Near He-
bron meeting house is a waterfall

51

very noisy in the time of floods by
flooding down some hundred feet,
which is worthy of the engraver's
pencil. Here stands the grist mill of
Daniel Cogswell. This natural cur-
iosity and the sugar loaf rock are ob-
jects much noticed by the inhabit-
ants and travellers. In the center of
the village stands a large church
without steeple and bell on the same
spot where the first house of pray-
er for all people stood till it was
burnt by a foolish man. Surrounded
by 20 or 30 handsome dwelling
houses occupied by merchants, doc-
tors, Post Master Abner Hender,
Esq., Hotel and Tavern keepers,
which make a decent appearance.

Here every Parish meet in Town
Meetings to choose selectmen and
other town officers and two mem-
bers for Representatives in the Gen-
eral Assembly, 12 senators, Vice-Gov-
ernor and Governor, also a Secretary
and a Treasurer for the State which
is done by ballots delivered in a box
held by the high constable before the
Moderator, the Magistrates, and Min-
isters of the Gospel, who wrap up
and seal the ballots and then direct it
to the Secretary of State, and then
convey it before the Senators and
Representatives of the General As-
sembly who count the ballots and the
high Sheriff proclaims who are elec-
ted. All this business in one day be-
sides having prayers and a sermon.

60 Years Ago.

"One remarkable event took place
in Hebron about 60 years ago, which
is worthy of the public eye, viz, two
brothers named Noah and Charles,
both merchants of good fame and
property. Noah had four sons whom
the father settled on good farms and
by his deeds made them rich. After
years had passed the father was af-
flicted by a cancer, and my misfor-
tune at sea and commerce on land
became a bankrupt and his creditors
took his property which left him de-
stitute. His age, cancer, and poverty
compelled him to ask his four sons
for assistance and they refused. He
then applied to the sons who
supplied him with doctors and the
necessaries until the cancer put an
end to his life, and then buried him.
After all they asked the four sons
to reimburse the expense they had
been at by supporting their sick and
aged father, which they refused, say-
ing, 'The law compels parents to
support their children and doth not
compel children to support their par-
ents,' and the town bore the expense.
Charles had one son and one daugh-
ter, and became a bankrupt like
Noah, his brother, and was so reduc-
ed that he could not support his
wife, his son, daughter, and himself.

He had a Relation who took care of
his son and placed him with a wife,
physician at a distance, where he
became famous in his profession and
the selectmen provided for the fath-
er, wife and daughter. The son be-
came rich, and knowing the situation
of his parents and sister, came to the
selectmen and desired them to let
him know what expense his parents
and sister had been to them, and be-
ing told, he paid it with interest, then
visited his parents and bought a farm
and house and stocked it and fur-
nished the house and put a man ser-
vant to take care of all; then gave
a deed to his parents and sister of
the whole in fee simple, also sent
them money and presents every quar-
ter and often visited them until God
removed them to Heaven. The se-
lectmen reported the noble conduct
of the son of Charles to the people
in the Town Meeting, and the town
voted their public thanks to the son.
Which spread throughout the Col-
ony. The son was elevated to some
of the highest offices in the Govern-
ment and respected by all people,
whilst the four sons of Noah had
their parental gratitude and glory
turned into shame, which caused
them to sell their farms and quit
the town and colony. I omit their
names that their children's children
may not be scandalized, their teeth
set on edge for the base ingratitude
of their parents to their affectionate
and generous father when sick and
aged.

Many Settlers.

"Many settlers in Hebron are des-
cendants of respectable families in
England who were driven into New
England in the 17th century to avoid
prelatical persecution for the sake
of nonconformity to the ceremonies
of the Church of England invented
by Henry the eighth, who called him-
self the reformer of the Church of
Rome, whose character is given by
Dr. Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury, in
the following words, viz: 'He never
spared a man in his wrath nor a wo-
man in his lust.'

"Some settlers in Hebron were born
in England, viz: Stephen Post, Tim-
othy Waters Samuel Pennoek Joseph
Wells, William Slade, Daniel Ing-
ham, Laurence Powers. Others were
descendants of those who were per-
secuted and driven out of England,
viz: Daniel Jones and his brother
Ezekiel, descendants of Col. John
Jones also married a sister of Oliver
Cromwell, a member of Parliament,
one of the Judges of Charles I, was
executed by the Lord Protector to be
the Right Honorable Lord Jones and
sent to death by Charles II, 1680, for
being one of the Judges of Charles I.

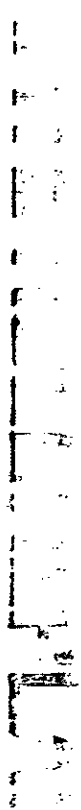
XVII *last page*

L. Josiah Owen from John Owen, Chancellor of Oxford. Richard Baxter from the famous and learned Richard Baxter, Daniel Burgess from the eloquent Dr. Daniel Burgess, Zerah Ralleggh, Joseph Phelps from John Phelps, Esq., secretary of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of all England."

Then follows a lengthy and rather tedious account of the Peters family, which the readers will be spared. He closes with some mention of English history, of which the last paragraph follows:

"Had Charles I professed prudence and wisdom he had never plunged his kingdom into the miseries of civil war nor harkened to his selfish chaplains to refuse terms which would have prevented his unhappy catastrophe; therefore the Parliament adopted Harry Martyr's speech in 1648. 'That it was better the King and his children were destroyed than many.' By these hints Congress being wise and prudent will give safety to the United States and never fall like Charles I and Phaeton."

All through the story here given the cooling of Peters' former enthusiasm for everything British seems to be unmistakably shown. If he had seen with the same eye at 39 as at 88 who can say but that his life story might have been entirely different and that he might not have remained in Hebron to the end of the days, rector of St. Peters'.



THE ROCKVILLE LEADER, TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1913

CHAPTERS FROM HEBRON HISTORY

CHAPTER 18.
By SUSAN B. PENDLETON,
ASSISTED BY ANNE C. HILBERT

The Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D. D.

If Hebron has the somewhat doubtful honor of being the birthplace of the author of what has been called the most untrustworthy history of Connecticut (of course we refer to the Rev. Samuel Peters) she can also glory in being the birthplace of the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D. D., who wrote the most authentic early history of the state. His history was in fact, the only complete one written back in Colonial times, and it is said that on it are based all subsequent histories that state that have ever been brought out.

Benjamin Trumbull was born in Gilead, December 19, 1735. Gilead as everyone knows, or ought to know, constitutes the northern section of the town of Hebron, and a very charming spot it is. Trumbull's birthplace is no longer in existence, but the site of the house where he was born is near the present home of Gilead R. Perry, at the south end of Gilead street, on the corner where the road runs west. The old home is said to have stood a little south of the Perry house, about where the vegetable garden now is.

Benjamin Trumbull's parents were Benjamin and Mary Trumbull. He was the grandson of Benoni, whose father was Joseph of Suffield, the son of John, whose name is recorded at Roxbury, Mass., in 1639, and at Rowley, Mass., 1640, having emigrated from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England in 1639. Gilead Church records show that Benjamin was baptized in the old church, on the same site as the present Congregational Church (or meeting house, as our ancestors would have called it). The name of Trumbull has now passed entirely out of existence in the town, and but little can be learned of the historian's early life.

He was a first cousin, once removed, of Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Lebanon. Colonel John Trumbull, the artist, and his brothers, Jonathan and Joseph, were his first cousins, also Dr. John Trumbull, the lawyer, poet, author of *McFingal*. The fullest account of his life which exists appears to be contained in Sheldon B. Thorne's *North Haven Annals*. *Benjamin's Annals of the American Republic* also devotes three pages to his life. Both these books are in the State Library. From these sources we get the following account of his life. He was born in Gilead, Conn., on the 19th of December, 1735. He was the son of Benjamin and Mary Trumbull. His father was a farmer and his mother a spinster. He was educated in the common schools of his native town and at the Hebron Academy. He was ordained as a Congregational minister in 1760. He was a member of the Synod of New England. He was a member of the General Assembly of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Continental Congress. He was a member of the Executive Council of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Education of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Commissioners of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Supervisors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Justices of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Judges of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Officers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Clergy of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Elders of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Deacons of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Ministers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Pastors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Teachers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Scholars of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Students of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Graduates of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Alumni of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Commissioners of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Supervisors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Justices of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Judges of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Officers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Clergy of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Elders of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Deacons of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Ministers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Pastors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Teachers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Scholars of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Students of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Graduates of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Alumni of the State of Connecticut.

The chimney was five feet square where it emerged from the roof. Its base, hidden deep in the earth, probably covered 100 square feet. The house was painted red at first, and in 1829 it was one of the only two houses in North Haven boasting window blinds. This parsonage was still standing and practically unaltered in 1892, and probably stands today.

The handsome new parsonage did not have to wait long for a mistress, for on December 4, 1760, Benjamin Trumbull and Martha Phelps, daughter of Ichabod Phelps of Hebron (Gilead), were married. Mrs. Trumbull is described as a "mature woman," at the time of her coming to the North Haven parsonage as a bride. Indeed she was three years older than her husband, according to the records, marrying at the age of twenty-eight, undoubtedly considered a fearful age for a bride in those times. This is the way the North Haven Annals put it: "Proud Martha Phelps Trumbull, in her mature womanhood came from Hebron bringing such dainty fabrics of loom and needle as the North Haven maidens never saw before."

A little surprising that Hebron should no surpass the New Haveners, but let us hope true. A word or two about Martha Trumbull's ancestry, would perhaps be of interest. Her father, Captain Ichabod Phelps in 1759 and 60 was at the head of a company of Hebron men who fought in the French and Indian War. From this and previous service came his military title. He came to Gilead from Windsor, where he was born April 3, 1708. He was the tenth child of Joseph Phelps of Windsor and his wife, Sarah Hosford, both born September 27, 1666. They were married November 1E, 1686. She was the daughter of John and Phillura Hosford of Windsor. Joseph was the son of Timothy and Mary Griswold Phelps. Timothy was the seventh son of William Phelps, who was baptized at Tewksbury Church, England, August 19, 1599, who came in the Mary and John, March 20, 1630, to Massachusetts.

In a historical sketch of Gilead the late Mrs. Charles D. Way says of Captain Ichabod Phelps: "Sometime previous to the sailing off of Gilead from Hebron—it is thought that it might have been about 1730—a same to this"

bury, Ethan, Allen's Iron mias, amid the Taconics, New Haven's Collegiate School and special appearances, French and Indian Wars, Newton's Church controversies, disputed boundaries, and wealth of town and neighborhood gossip, etc. etc. furnished an embarrassment of riches demanding special effort. Of our chronicler it has been said, in the language of the poet.

'With his eyes agog,
And his ears set wide,
And his marvelous ink-horn
By his side,'

he was ever on hand where the minutest details might be obtained."

Many tales and anecdotes of the worthy divine are current. He is described as being a short, stout, ruddy faced man, of strong passions, immense energies and commanding mien. (One account, at least, calls him tall. Perhaps he seemed short on account of his stoutness.) He had the manners of a gentleman of the old school, and never failed to return the salutes of the school boys who doffed to him. In the Revolution he was distinguished by his ardent patriotism. Being a Trumbull it would have been surprising if this had not been true. He not only preached resistance to tyrants, but set an example of it by coming down from his pulpit on a certain Sunday, soon after an urgent call for more troops had been made, raising the leaf of the communion table, and inviting his parishioners to enlist for the defense of their country. Forty-six responded, and the parson marched away at their head, penetrating as far as Ticonderoga. Later he served as chaplain in Colonel Douglas' regiment. Eye witnesses said that his patriotism would not allow him to remain in clerical garb among the non-combatants at White Plains, but that he shouldered his musket, loaded an dflred with coolness and the utmost precision. At a critical time in the battle of White Plains, when the continentals were obliged to retreat, a somewhat ludicrous story is told of Trumbull. While he, with the rest of the troops, was fleeing before the British, he came to a stream just as Colonel Talmage's horse was descending the bank into the water. Trumbull leaped upon the crupper behind the Colonel, the better to get across the stream, when the horse, surprised by this sudden addition to his load, slipped out from under them both, and left them taking a cold bath.

His Return
After his return to New Haven, January 5, 1777, the martial spirit again asserted itself, and he was chosen captain of a company of 60 volunteers from his town. At the time of the battle of Red Bank, Sept. 26, 1777, Trumbull was present. He was wounded in the right arm, and was taken to the hospital at Lancaster, Pa. He was discharged from the army on October 1, 1777, and returned to New Haven. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and was a member of the Executive Council of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Education of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Directors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Managers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Commissioners of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Supervisors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Justices of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Judges of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Officers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Clergy of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Elders of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Deacons of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Ministers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Pastors of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Teachers of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Scholars of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Students of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Graduates of the State of Connecticut. He was a member of the Board of Alumni of the State of Connecticut.

...and was licensed to preach in 1760, probably by the General Association, which met that year in North Branford. In the summer of 1760 he preached his maiden sermon in the North Haven church. North Haven was at that time a part of New Haven, not being off as a separate town until 1786. He was then twenty-five years old. There must have been something engaging in his manner and attractive in his preaching, for shortly after this record is entered on the church books, "Voted by the Society, even by every one present, that they were desirous to have Mr. Trumbull preach with us till the meeting of the Association, and then with their advice as a Probationer in order for settlement."

And again, October 31st, the same year, "Voted that we were willing to give Mr. Trumble 220 Pounds Lawful money settlement, and also that we would clear and fence 10 acres of the Society Lot and set-aside to Mr. Trumble during his work of the Ministry among us, and also that Mr. Trumble should have Liberty to get what Timber he could of all sorts for building of his house (if he should want to build among us) out of the Society Lot." A little later, thinking this inducement not enough, so much were they prepossessed in favor of the youthful preacher, they further voted "To give Mr. Trumble 75 pounds Lawful money, and 25 cords of wood during his Ministry among us."

At last a fixed standard of salary was agreed upon, 225 ounces of silver, valued at six shillings and eight pence per ounce, or its equivalent in the common currency of the Colony, November 14, 1760. Mr. Trumbull formally accepted this call.

His ordination sermon as preached by Dr. Eleazer Wheelock of Columbia (Lebanon Crank) Dr. Wheelock urged the people to provide for their minister, which, he said, he should not do if he believed him to be a "sensual, sleepy, lazy, dumb dog that cannot bark."

Built of Oak

The Trumbull parsonage was built soon after 1760. The exact date seems to be unknown. Its dimensions were 28 by 35 feet. It was built of oak, its massive timbers hard as iron. The covering was of rent oak clapboards, beaded and jointed to a line. The quaint mouldings and devices surmounting windows and doors attest that unusual ornamentation was bestowed on it. It came to be called "The Quality House" of the village. The enormous chimney was built with six separate flues, with as many fireplaces

... (He had a large meeting house.) So when the church was finally built upon the spot where the present one now stands, he stood in his door and threw a stone at the church, and being a man, it is supposed to hit it. He built a fine house, one of the old-time big timbered homes of New England, like the ones scattered all over, built by strong men and brave women, who hewed the frames from the primeval woods and laid their broad hearthstones with prayer. I think he must have been a man of means to build such a house at that time. The windows, with their small, antique panes, were leaded in the corner cupboard with its half moon shelves made of soft butternut wood with the old china and pewter and silver was a vision of hospitality, and the pride of the old-time housekeeper."

On the spot of ground referred to by Mrs. Way, where the old Phelps mansion stood, now stands Gilead Hall, used as a grange and community hall, built on the old foundation in 1905.

Several children were born to Benjamin and Martha Trumbull in the North Haven parsonage, two sons, and five daughters, David, Martha, Mary, Hannah, Benjamin, Sarah, and Elizabeth. The name was written "Trumble" until about 1766, after which it came to be spelled as at the present time.

Long Pastorate

Dr. Trumbull's career as a clergyman is remarkable even for the times of long pastorates in which he lived. He remained pastor of the North Haven church for 60 years, uninterrupted except for the six months of his services as chaplain of the Fifth Battalion of Wadsworths Brigade. He was accounted an able preacher, but his real life work was after all his history of the colonial period of Connecticut. It is stated that he began the collection for this work in his youth, and published the concluding volume but two years before his death. His methods of collecting his material were primitive and original. He gathered them on horseback. In his preface he states that in preparing his work he had visited nearly every town in the state, and we have it on good authority that his short, stout figure, tall beaver hat, black waistcoat, and small clothes were familiar objects to the people of Connecticut for half a century. He had a genius for details and a passion for recording them, and it must be admitted that the early history of Connecticut furnished him with an endless variety. "the pictured rocks at Groton, struggles of Poquots and Narragansetts, Old Newgate Prison at Sims-

... was a frequent visitor at his summer home in Gilead, so we learn from a historical account of the Gilead Congregational Church by the late Rev. Josiah Mack, pastor back in the 1880's.

"Mr Trumbull," says Mr. Mack, would not compromise principle. In his frequent visits in Gilead he found a home with his brother, Deacon Asaph Trumbull. They were of opposite politics, and warmly discussing current events in the evening, the doctor's feelings would sometimes rise so high that he would not stay at his brother's overnight, but would go out to some of the neighbors to sleep."

An incident showing his plain speaking in the pulpit is told. One Sunday noon, resting in his study from the morning labors, he saw one of the village boys stealing his water melons, but said nothing to the offender. That afternoon he preached a sermon on theft, referring to its increase in that community. He turned to the pulpit who sat in the gallery, and pointing his finger at him exclaimed: "No longer ago than this noon I saw you, John Jones stealing my watermelons." So it seems that even in the old days boys were boys.

In 1796 Yale College raised him to the rank of Doctor of Divinity. He continued to preach at North Haven up to nine days before his death, February 2, 1826, caused by pneumonia. He was then 85 years of age. The text of his sermon, preached January 23, was "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

Age 93

He was survived by his wife, who lived to the age of 93, dying at North Haven, June 21, 1825. There are perhaps in various parts of the United States a mighty host of descendants of this worthy couple. Their son Benjamin was settled as a lawyer at Colchester, later removing to Michigan, where he died, 1850. Dr. Trumbull's most distinguished lineal descendant is said to have been his grandson, the Hon. Lyman Trumbull, U. S. Senator from Illinois and afterwards distinguished as a lawyer and jurist.

Dr. Trumbull was also the author of a General History of the United States, as well as of quite a number of religious books or pamphlets. His history of Connecticut has been reprinted within the past few years, and fortunate is he who has it in his library. It is in two large volumes, and while somewhat tinged with theological ideas is exceedingly readable and valuable as a work of references.

THE ROCKVILLE LEADER, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1938

CHAPTERS FROM HEBRON HISTORY

CHAPTER 18.
By SUSAN B. PENDLETON,
ASSISTED BY ANNE C. BILBERT

The Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D. D.

If Hebron has the somewhat doubtful honor of being the birthplace of the author of what has been called the most untrustworthy history of Connecticut (of course we refer to the Rev. Samuel Peters) she can also glory in being the birthplace of the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D. D., who wrote the most authentic early history of the state. His history was in fact, the only complete one written back in Colonial times, and it is said that on it are based all subsequent histories that state that have ever been brought out.

Benjamin Trumbull was born in Gilead, December 19, 1735. Gilead as everyone knows, or ought to know, constitutes the northern section of the town of Hebron, and a very charming spot it is. Trumbull's birthplace is no longer in existence, but the site of the house where he was born is near the present home of Gilead R. Perry, at the south end of Gilead street, on the corner where the road runs west. The old home is said to have stood a little south of the Perry house, about where the vegetable garden now is.

Benjamin Trumbull's parents were Benjamin and Mary Trumbull. He was the grandson of Benoni, whose father was Joseph of Suffield, the son of John, whose name is recorded at Roxbury, Mass., in 1639, and at Rowley, Mass., 1640, having emigrated from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in 1639. Gilead Church records show that Benjamin was baptized in the old church, on the same site as the present Congregational Church (or meeting-house), as our ancestors would have called it. The name of Trumbull has now passed entirely out of existence in the town, and but little can be learned of the historian's early life.

He was a first cousin, once removed, of Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Lebanon. Colonel John Trumbull, the artist, and his brothers, Jonathan and Joseph, were his first cousins, also Dr. John Trumbull, the lawyer, poet, author of *McFingal*. The fullest account of his life which exists, appears to be contained in Sheldon B. Thorne's "North Haven Annals." Sprague's *Annals of the American Republic* also devotes three pages to his life. Both these books are in the State Library. From these sources, and from the Tolland County History, most of the facts which follow have been taken, many times quoted.

The chimney was five feet square where it emerged from the roof. Its base, hidden deep in the earth, probably covered 100 square feet. The house was painted red at first, and in 1829 it was one of the only two houses in North Haven boasting window blinds. This parsonage was still standing and practically unaltered in 1892, and probably stands today.

The handsome new parsonage did not have to wait long for a mistress, for on December 4, 1760, Benjamin Trumbull and Martha Phelps, daughter of Ichabod Phelps of Hebron (Gilead), were married. Mrs. Trumbull is described as a "mature woman" at the time of her coming to the North Haven parsonage as a bride. Indeed she was three years older than her husband, according to the records, marrying at the age of twenty-eight, undoubtedly considered a fearful age for a bride in those times. This is the way the North Haven Annals put it: "Proud Martha Phelps Trumbull, in her mature womanhood came from Hebron bringing such dainty fabrics of loom and needle as the North Haven maid has never seen before."

A little surprising that Hebron should no surpass the New Haveners, but let us hope true. A word or two about Martha Trumbull's ancestry, would perhaps be of interest. Her father, Captain Ichabod Phelps in 1759 and so was at the head of a company of Hebron men who fought in the French and Indian War. From this and previous service came his military title. He came to Gilead from Windsor, where he was born April 3, 1708. He was the tenth child of Joseph Phelps of Windsor and his wife, Sarah Hoxford, both born September 27, 1666. They were married November 11, 1686. She was the daughter of John and Phillura Hoxford of Windsor. Joseph was the son of Timothy and Mary Griswold Phelps. Timothy was the seventh son of William Phelps, who was baptized at Tewksbury Church, England, August 19, 1599, who came in the Mary and John, March 20, 1630, to Massachusetts.

In a historical sketch of Gilead, the late Mrs. Charles D. Way says of Captain Ichabod Phelps, "Sometime previous to the settling off of Gilead from Hebron—it is thought that it might have been about 1730—came to this

bury, Ethan Allen's Iron mine, and the Taconic, New Haven's Collegiate School and special appearances, French and Indian Wars, Newton's Church controversies, disputed boundaries, and wealth of town and neighborhood gossip, etc., etc. furnished an embarrassment of riches demanding special effort. Of our chronicler it has been said, in the language of the poet

'With his eyes agog,
And his ears set wide,
And his marvelous ink-horn
By his side.'

he was ever on hand where the minutest details might be obtained."

Many tales and anecdotes of the worthy divine are current. He is described as being a short, stout, ruddy faced man, of strong passions, immense energies and commanding mien. (One account, at least, calls him tall. Perhaps he seemed short on account of his stoutness.) He had the manners of a gentleman of the old school, and never failed to return the salutes of the school boys who doffed to him. In the Revolution he was distinguished by his ardent patriotism. Being a Trumbull it would have been surprising if this had not been true. He not only preached resistance to tyrants, but set an example of it by coming down from his pulpit on a certain Sunday, soon after an urgent call for more troops had been made, raising the leaf of the communion table, and inviting his parishioners to enlist for the defense of their country. Forty-six responded, and the parson marched away at their head, penetrating as far as Ticonderoga. Later he served as chaplain in Colonel Douglas' regiment. Eye witnesses said that his patriotism would not allow him to remain in clerical garb among the non-combatants at White Plains, but that he shouldered his musket, loaded an fired with coolness and the utmost precision at a critical time in the battle of White Plains, when the continentals were obliged to retreat, a somewhat ludicrous story is told of Trumbull. While he, with the rest of the troops, was fleeing before the British, he came to a stream just as Colonel Talmage's horse was descending the bank into the water. Trumbull leaped upon the crupper behind the Colonel, the better to get across the stream, when the horse, surprised by this sudden addition to his load, slipped out from under them both, and left them taking a cold bath.

His Return

After his return to New Haven, January 5, 1777, the martial spirit again asserted itself, and he was chosen captain of a company of 60 volunteers from that town. At the time of Tryon's threatened invasion of New Haven, July, 1779, Trumbull was himself here.

...the story of the town of Hebron, which was founded in 1775, is a story of the struggle between the Indians and the white people. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. It is a story of the early days of the town, when the Indians were still in the land, and the white people were just beginning to settle there. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. It is a story of the early days of the town, when the Indians were still in the land, and the white people were just beginning to settle there.

Hebron as a town may be said to have taken its initial start in the year when Attawanhood, (whose Indian name was Joshua), sachem of the Western Nehantic, and third son of Uncas, great sachem of the Mohegans, made a will February 1675-6, giving to twenty-nine Saybrook men and women a large tract of land, with a map drawn by himself, showing its location on both sides of the Unguashet River. This river, which runs along the eastern part of Marlborough near the Hebron line, is now commonly known as the Blackledge river, and a sign placed by the state gives that name. It seems a pity that the old Indian name was not used instead. I believe this word is pronounced as if spelled Ungushet, with accent on the second syllable. It is a wide and beautiful stream.

Christian Convert

Attawanhood left part of this land to his children, and wished them to be taught and trained after the manner of the white people. The home of this old sachem was in what is now Lyme, near the Eight Mile Island. He became a convert to Christianity and was given the name of Joshua at baptism. His will, which may be found entire in the State Library, is an interesting document, but too long to be quoted here in full. By its terms he gives to his two sons, in addition to other tracts, "forty acres of land already broke up at Podunk, and also a plot of land about half a mile square lying in the last addition to Hartford bounds, and in case either die, then to my two squaws or the survivor of them. Further, my will is that my children be brought up for the first four years, henceforward, with Trusty and their mother to teach them English, and that they should live at or near Saybrooke." He provides for his daughter, and gives further direction as to the schooling of the three, adding "Also it is my desire that they come not among the Connecticut Indians."

Trusty was his slave, also an Indian. He says of him "Also I desire Trusty may not go to the Narragansetts. I have chosen him to have the oversight of my children, as aforesaid. Also I desire to be buried at Saybrooke, in a coffin, in an English manner."

...the story of the town of Hebron, which was founded in 1775, is a story of the struggle between the Indians and the white people. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. It is a story of the early days of the town, when the Indians were still in the land, and the white people were just beginning to settle there. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and instructive. It is a story of the early days of the town, when the Indians were still in the land, and the white people were just beginning to settle there.

Attawanhood died the year after making his will. His father, Uncas, survived him and died in 1682 or 3. Owaneco, another son of Uncas, then became sachem.

Joshua a Wanderer

It is said of him that in his latter years he was in the habit of wandering about the settlements, a mere vagabond, with his blanket, his gun, his squaw, and his pack upon his back. He died in 1715, at the age of 70 or thereabout. The sachemship by that time had become not much more than a name, but it descended to Owaneco's son, Caesar, by right of inheritance. On his death it went to Owaneco's brother, Ben Uncas, and down to the latter's son and grandson, both of whom bore the name of Ben Uncas. The last Ben Uncas died in 1769 and with him ended the sachemship.

The Will of Joshua

Joshua says in his will: "I give and bequeath all that tract of land lying on both sides of Unguashet River abutting westward to the mountains in sight of Hartford and Hartford bounds north to Major Talcott's farm. Northeast to Watachoquisk upon the east side, bounded eight miles in breadth from the mountains, eastwards, and to carry that breadth throughout the length being eighteen miles and according to a map drawn and subscribed with my own hand bearing date, with these presents, to Capt. Rob Chapman, Lieut. Will'm Pratt and Mr. Thos. Buckingham, to each and every one of them five thousand acres; To Willm Parker Senr, Willm Lord Senr, Robert Lay Senr, Abraham Post, Saml Jones, Tho (John in original) Clark, Tho Dunk, Ric Fly and John Fenner To each and every of them four thousand acres. To Francis Bushnell Senr, Edward

...and Mr. John West...
 ...each of them three...
 ...To John Pratt, John...
 ...John Parker, William Lord...
 ...Junr, Saml Coggswell, Lydia Bea-
 ...mont, John Tully, Richard Raymond...
 ...Abraham Chalker, William...
 ...Dushnell Senr, and to Joseph In-
 ...gham Senr, to each and Every of...
 ...them two thousand acors. To John...
 ...Dushnell and Tho Norton to each of...
 ...them five hundred acors. And it is...
 ...my will what quantities of land shall...
 ...be found more or over and above the...
 ...several quantities given and be-
 ...queathed as aforesaid shall be di-
 ...vided proportionably according to...
 ...each man's legacy."

Whites Wrote the Will

Other large tracts of land are dis-
 posed of in this will, but the above
 acreage includes all the Hebron
 grant. One can but wonder what in-
 fluence or pressure was brought to
 bear upon Joshua to induce him to
 sign away such large and valuable
 tracts of land, and just why he hap-
 pened to select these particular lega-
 tees to benefit by his will. Many fair
 words and pretty presents doubtless
 figured in the transaction. Of course
 the whites wrote every word of the
 will to which he signed his picture
 mark.

The land through the Unguoshot
 River flows was formerly a part of
 Hebron, having been taken from
 that town in 1803 to make part of
 Marlborough. The word Unguoshot,
 according to Trumbull, the Indian
 authority, "denotes land at the bend
 or crotch of the brook where Black-
 ledge bends eastward to its union
 with Fawn River." According to the
 same authority the Indian name
 'Wattachoquisk' signified "a boggy
 meadow." This tract, referred to in
 the will, was in part of the old town
 of Coventry.

Though Joshua seemed to think
 that he was giving away so much
 land that there would be enough left
 over to go around the second time
 "proportionably," as a matter of
 fact there was not enough to give
 each legatee the amount mentioned
 in the will.

Home Lots Laid Out

It was not until 1701, twenty-six
 years or so after the making of the
 will that this land was finally laid
 out into home lots, meadow lots, and
 hundred acre lots, and taken up by
 the legatees or their descendants, or
 sold to others who wished to try
 their fortune in the new country.

Trouble now arose over the land
 reserved for Joshua's children. Two
 claimants, Josiah Dewey and Wil-
 liam Clarke of Lebanon came to the
 front at this stage, and claimed that
 they had bought out the children's
 rights. As Joshua's will was woefully
 inexact, there being insufficient land
 to fulfill the terms of the will in any
 case, and the children's land and
 settlers land in many cases overlap-
 ping, the Dewey-Clarke claim mixed

...and caused
 ...of great confusion.

An agreement was finally arrived
 at between the Dewey-Clarke fac-
 tion and a committee appointed to
 represent the interests of the Hebron
 lands, as recorded in the Hebron
 books (Lands A, pages 8-9).

Committee Report

"Whereas Joshua, late Sachem
 dec'd did in his last will give some
 gentlemen belonging to Say-Brooke
 and Lyme and to his children a cer-
 tain tract of land as will appear by
 sd Joshua's will and mapp. And ye'm
 bound, viz, And ye dividing between
 ye legatees of Say-Brooke and Lyme
 and ye lands belonging to sd
 Joshua's children not before now
 settled. Know ye that we, John
 Clark, Nathl Pratt and Thos Buck-
 ingham as a committee for ye legs-
 tees of sd Joshua belonging to Say-
 Brooke and Lyme and we Josiah
 Dewey and William Clarke of Leba-
 non having bought some part of ye
 sd children's land. Being meet to-
 gether upon the 19th of November
 1701. In oedr to a loveing and full
 settlement of ye line between Say-
 Brooke land and sd Dewey's and
 Clarke's lands, have agreed yt to be-
 gin at a Pond called North Pond.
 Wch Pond hath an island in it. To
 run a line from ye Eastermost part
 of sd island to a whight oak tree
 standing by Hartford old road, and
 so to ye extent wch tree is marked
 on ye east side with these letters J.
 D. W. C. L. and ye West with these
 letters S. B. B., and on ye South
 with three chopps. And this to be
 ye dividing line between ye above
 Say-Brooke gentlemens' lands and
 Josiah Dewey and William Clarke's
 lands. In witness whereunto we have
 sett to our hands and seals this 20th
 day of Nov 1701. Signed and sealed
 in the presence of us Samll B.
 Wheeling, Josiah Dewey Junr.,
 Josiah Dewey Seanr., William
 Clarke, John Clarke, Tho Bucking-
 hame."

Settlement Fails

This noble effort towards a "love-
 ing and full settlement" failed
 lamentably in its purpose of prevent-
 ing trouble over conflicting land
 claims, and for many years Dewey
 and Clarke continued to pop up and
 demand payments from irate set-
 tlers whose land titles were not con-
 sidered valid until they had secured
 quit claim deed from this enterpris-
 ing pair.

Another conflicting claim was
 that of the heirs of Major John
 Mason. They claimed 2,600 acres in
 the northeast of the Hebron tract,
 4,000 in the southern part, and 700
 in what is now Marlborough, which
 had been deeded to Major Mason by
 Uncas. All these claims, and the liti-
 gation which arose out of them,
 seriously hampered the growth of
 the Hebron plantation.

Colonial Patent

The Colonial Patent is of interest.
 This was issued to the persons nam-

The Governor and Company assembled in General Court according to the commission and by virtue of power granted to them by our late sovereigne Charles the Second of blessed memory in his latters pattent bearing date the three and twentyeth day of April in the twentyeth year of his sd maties (Majesty's) reigne." The patent covered "all ye woods, uplands, arrable lands, meadows, pastures, ponds, waters, rivers, fishings, huntings, foulings, mines, minerals, quarries, precious stones, upon or within sd tracts of lands with all other profits, comodities thereunto belonging." The title was described as "according to the tenure of his Maties manor of East Greenwich in the County of Kent in the Kingdom of England in free and common socage & not in capitte nor by knight service they yielding and paying therfor to our Sovereaigne Lord the King his heirs & successors only ye fifth part of all ye oare of gold and silver which from time to time and at all times hereafter shall be there gotten had or obtained in lieu of all rents, services, duties, & demands whatsoever, according to charter." Dated June 8, 1687.

The Indian Trails

There are traditions of an ancient Indian trail from Middletown through Middle Haddam and Westchester, crossing Hebron at the old Colchester road near the site of the old Brick School house, recalled by some of the older people. The trail continued on through Lebanon and beyond. A quarter of a mile or so to the southward of the school house site is a huge red paint hill which was doubtless visited by passing Indians who wished to replenish their supplies of paint for use when on the war path. There is also a tradition that the first white man who ever set foot in Hebron, slept at night under the shelter of the great granite shaft left by glacial deposit on the top of Raymond Hill, known as 'pioneer's Rock.'

Other Landmarks

Another land mark, not easily found, is a rock bearing the deeply graven letter "L". This rock is deep in the shade of a wooded hillside in the Amston section of the town. It is about opposite to the place formerly owned by Miss Elizabeth Gott, now owned by Mrs. Gerdine Freese. The "L" stands for Lebanon, and the rock, some 230 years ago marked the southwest corner of the Lebanon five mile tract. October 12, 1705, two county surveyors, John Prentis and John Plumb, being thereunto empowered by the general court, surveyed the eastern and southern sides of the "Lebanon Five Mile," and established the boundaries thereof by marked rocks and trees. The rocks remain, but gone are the various "whight oake trees." One rock is in Goshen, and is plainly marked L. V. M. C. (Lebanon five mile corner) and the one in Hebron three

quarters of a mile from Northampton with the letter L still legible upon it. n-vrceonRdye . . weljyfin-castaolhan

Search For Rock

One October day in 1924 a party of Hebron people, led by the late Mr. F. Clarence Bissell of Hartford, started out on a pilgrimage to find the rock in Hebron (Amston) marking the southwest corner of the said Lebanon five mile tract. Mr. Bissell was the only one of the company who had ever seen the rock, and that many years previously. He led the party through a barway some rods south of the old Elizabeth Gott place above mentioned, on the opposite side of the road from the house, then up the rough hillside and back northerly, following a stone wall running north for some distance. The rock was finally located a little west of the wall, and well hidden by trees and underbrush.

It gave the pilgrims a pleasant thrill to see the great letter L, carved so many years ago by those young surveyors on the dark surface of the deeply embedded boulder. The running over of Lebanon's claim into Hebron at this point is another instance of the conflicting claims of those days, later adjusted.

Some of those who went on the pilgrimage were: Hart E. Buell of Gilead, Edmund H. Horton of Hebron center, his brother-in-law, Arthur V. Linde of Hartford, Miss C. E. Kellogg, the writer of this article and her sisters. A few weeks later the same party, with a few exceptions, located the opposite or southeast corner rock in Goshen.

...error, perhaps by a misprint, occurred in the previous chapter of Hebron history, in the quotation of the record of the Rev. Samuel Peters' second marriage. The record refers to the bride as "Mrs." Abigail Gilbert, though she was only seventeen years old at the time and had never before been married. As printed in the Herald story the word came out "Miss" instead of "Mrs." and thus the point was lost as an example of quaint wording.

This custom (occasionally met with in old records) of referring to a single woman as "Mrs." is sometimes confusing to genealogists. The term seems to be used upon occasion in reference to a woman's social standing, or possibly if she is somewhat along in years, say twenty-eight or thirty and unmarried. A small point, but rather interesting.

But to go on with the story of Samuel Peters. We left him in our last chapter a broken hearted man, having laid his third wife in her grave, and with an infant son to be brought up somehow or other without a mother's care. And he was fighting with all his might against the rising tide of the approaching Revolutionary War. It may be that in his distracted condition he welcomed a good fight, if for nothing more than to take his mind a little off from his personal griefs and cares.

A loyalist

It is not surprising, nurtured as he was in the Church of England, and having received his ordination and part of his religious training in the Mother Country, that he should have been imbued with an intense loyalty to her government. His temperament, too, was as we have seen, such that an aristocratic form of government had for him an irresistible appeal. Moreover, he had sworn allegiance to the King when taking upon himself the sacred vows of his calling.

Not all church of England colonists were Tories, however, by any means. The great Washington himself was an Episcopalian, as were the great majority of signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Peter's stand on the Boston tea episode, his sermons to his flock forbidding them to "take up arms on behalf of high treason" when other Colonial clergy were urging their people to fight for the glorious cause of Liberty, his friendship to the British in Boston, rousing feeling to a fever heat, and the patriots decided that they could no longer tolerate such a foe in their midst. Accordingly a committee, consisting of Timothy Larrabee, Hezekiah Huntington, Vine Elderkin, Ebenezer Gray and John Ripley of Windham, (what fine, resounding old names!) together with Captain Seth Wright, Captain Asel Clark and others, from towns, was appointed by the Sons of Liberty in their respective towns to visit and deal with this obdurate Tory.

This is not the first time that in a History of Tolland County, published in 1888, by Cole.

Parsonage An Arsenal

"On Tuesday, September 6, 1774, they proceeded to his house, accompanied by hundreds of patriots from many of the surrounding towns. They found the house barricaded, but they sent in a deputation of their principal men to make known to Mr. Peters their determination to obtain retraction and satisfaction for his late conduct. Mr. Peters attempted to argue with them, but they would not dispute with him, assuring him that it was not for his religious sentiments that they wanted satisfaction, as some of those in their midst belonged to the same denomination. Assuming his priestly robes, Peters now came out to the people with all his official dignity, and with his usual address proceeded to plead his cause. In a discharge of a gun within the house startled the hearers. The indignant patriots now tore down the barricades and rushed into the house. They began a search of the premises and found loaded guns, pistols, clubs, etc., though Peters had denied having arms in his house except a few old and unloaded guns. He delayed, equivocated and quibbled, but the angry crowd seized the struggling divine and tearing off his clothes and Episcopal gown, put him in a cart; hauling him by his own oxen to the Meeting-house Green, where they compelled him to sign a declaration and humble confession, framed by the committee, to the intent that he repented his past and would give them no further cause for complaint. The crowd then gave three cheers and departed."

Samuel Jarvis McCormick, a descendant of Peters, gives a somewhat different version in an appendix to a reprint of Peters' History of Connecticut, which he brought out in 1877. This account is based upon a sketch found among Dr. Peters' papers, McCormick says. The claim is made that Governor Trumbull "spread the report that Dr. Peters was a dangerous enemy to America, by his correspondence with Lord North and the Bishops of England, and ought to be driven out of his native country for the safety of it." That it was Governor Trumbull who began and effected this by his Windham mobs, and mobs of tea destroyers of Boston. "This statement Governor Trumbull spread by his letters to the ministers in Windham, and added that it could be proved by copies of letters in the Doctor's house, if sought for suddenly. This letter was read at the meeting on Sunday, the 14th of August, 1774, which caused a large number of the hearers to unite in the afternoon and ride to Hebron, and after midnight to surround the house of Dr. Peters, awakening him and his family in great surprise. Dr. Peters opened the window and enquired what was the occasion of such a multitude assembling. The answer was 'To search your house. Open your doors.'

"I know you do not will open any doors very soon." To cut a long story short, Dr. Peters dressed, opened his doors and admitted ten men who demanded to search his house for the suspected incriminating correspondence. They searched to their hearts' content, read all his correspondence with the Bishops and other people of England and France, found nothing against the liberty and rights of America, and so reported to the multitude. Finding they had been misinformed the mob dispersed and returned to their homes. But this, apparently was not enough for Governor Trumbull.

"He therefore (so runs the narrative) sent another mob from Windham armed with guns, swords and staves, to visit Peters, and require his signature to eighteen articles which he (the Governor) had written, and his son David, one of the commanders of the mob, presented it to Peters, who read and returned it, saying, 'Sir, I cannot sign it without violating my conscience, the laws of God, and my oath to my King.'

David Trumbull replied, 'My father told me you might sign it with safety and it would save you and your house.'

Dr. Peters replied he would not sign it to save his life and all the world from destruction.

David Trumbull said, "Then you must take the consequences."

Maltreating the Minister

His mob then fired balls into the house, and with stones, bricks and clubs, broke the doors, windows and furniture, wounding his mother, the nurse of his infant son, and his two brothers, and seizing him, tore off his hat, wig, gown and cassock, stripping off his shirt, made him naked (except his breeches, stockings and shoes) struck him with their staves, and spat in his face, and then placed him upon a horse and carried him more than a mile to their liberty pole, where they threatened to tar and feather him and hang him up by the hands, unless he would sign the eighteen articles."

It would take too much space to quote the whole story as told by McCormick, but in his version the good clergyman did not sign the eighteen articles. Dr. Pomeroy of the Puritan or established Congregational fold, was then sent for "to pray for this stubborn old Tory, before we send him to his own place," but he refused "to give any countenance in murdering the best man in Hebron."

The mob was then despatched to bring Dr. Pomeroy to the liberty pole to be dealt with on his own demerits, but he discreetly kept out of the way. "By this time," the story goes on, "the mob had drunk sufficiently and the two commanders, David Trumbull and Major Wright stood near Dr. Peters. The Hebron people had now assembled and were prepared to take Peters out of the hands of the mob. Three

bold troopers then rode up to the commander and said, "We have come to kill you or deliver Peter. Resign him or die!" placing their pistols at the commander's breast. "Take him away and be silent," the commanders finally said, and this was done.

The Mob Departs

Major Wright mounted his horse and cried to the mob, "Silence! We have done enough to this old Tory priest for one day, and in four days we will return and subdue his obstinate temper and finish the day's work. Make ready and follow me to Lebanon."

The mob obeyed, and on their way they saw the wife of John Manee (this should be Mann) Esq., at whom they discharged three musket balls, which missed her. The mob huzzaed and cried out "We are dam'd sorry."

The troopers carried Dr. Peters into the house of David Barber, Esq., where they put on his clothes and conducted him to his half ruined house.

Dr. Peters, according to this story, next day interviewed Governor Trumbull, demanding protection, and between them they hashed it over about the eighteen articles, which Peters regarded as treasonable.

"There is no treason," shouted the Governor, "in saying that George the Third, King of England, is a Roman Catholic, a tyrant, and an idiot, and has forfeited the crown, and that no true friend of America ought to obey him or any of his laws."

At this point Dr. Peters and the two friends who were with him were so scandalized that they got up and left the house. The two friends were the Hon. William Hillhouse and Captain David Tarbox. This and other attempts to secure protection resulted in failure.

These two versions of what happened are about as near alike as could be expected, coming from such different sources. Still another version is given by J. H. Trumbull, author of "True Blue Laws of Connecticut and New Haven, and the False Blue Laws invented by the Rev. Samuel Peters," published, Hartford, 1876, the author claiming that the visits of the mobs have been grossly exaggerated by Peters and his friends.

As Trumbull tells the story in one of a set of articles published in the Hartford Courant, 1877, it was Colonel John Peters, Samuel's older brother, (author of the rhymed autobiography quoted in a foregoing chapter) who first started stirring up the hornet's nest by "telling on" his younger brother, who was also his rector.

The Brother's Story

"The town committee of Bolton," States Trumbull, "was informed by Captain (Col.) John Peters, a brother of the Rev. Samuel, that the latter had several times written letters to England and then had others prepared to be sent by the way of New York which were 'big

with resolutions on this colony. By advice of the principal citizens, the committee, accompanied by 800 persons from neighboring towns, without arms of any kind, waited on Mr. Peters at his house on the 15th of August, 1774, civilly to enquire into the matter contained in said reports. Peters denied all correspondent against the interest of the colonies, touching the controversy between them and Great Britain, and solemnly declared that he would never be guilty of such an act, subscribing to a declaration to that effect which was published in the Connecticut Gazette, Sept. 2nd, 1774. The committee, satisfied with this, then left, without injuring his person or interest, and with his thanks for their kind treatment."

But trouble continued to brew. Among the papers of which Peters admitted authorship was a set of resolves purporting to have been adopted by the inhabitants of Hebron refusing to make contributions for the relief of Boston. Trumbull states that these resolves were, in effect, made by Peters himself and two or three churchmen, and not at a town meeting. They were published in the same copy of the Gazette in which appeared his declaration, wrung from him by the mob, to do nothing against the interests of the colony. This, and "his continued endeavors to instill and propagate sentiments subversive of the constitutional civil rights of the colony" again roused indignation, and he received a second visit from the patriots, September 6, when "about three hundred persons from Windham and neighboring towns, without arms, as four unimpeachable witnesses testify, met near his house, and selected a committee to converse with him. Peters stubbornly refused to sign a paper drawn up by the committee, and finally the people, made suspicious by the discharge of a gun inside the house, made a dash at the house, entering through a window, from which, in their haste, they broke some squares of glass, seized Peters, brought him out, set him on a horse, (no mention here of cart or oxen) and thus conveyed him to their meeting-house Green, where after some talking on the premises. Peters agreed to and did sign the paper, and read it to the people himself. They with one voice accepted it, gave three cheers and departed. His gown and shirt were somewhat torn, and it was said by some that a table was turned over and a punch bowl and glass broken, which, say the committee, "was all the damage we ever heard of."

The Soldiers' Park at Hebron Green was the old "Meeting-house Green" alluded to, where the first meeting-house then stood, and where Peters was put through the third degree by the mob.

Peters wrote from Boston, Oct. 14, 1774, to the Rev. Dr. Aitchmuty of New York. The letter was intercepted and made public in The Courant and The New London Gazette. In it he asserted:

Dr. Peters' Complaint

"The Sons of Liberty have almost killed one of my church, tarred and feathered two, abused others, and on the 6th day destroyed my windows and rent my clothes, &c, crying out 'Down with the church, the rags of Popery, &c'."

In the original edition of anonymous history, published in London, 1781, he tells a still more pitiful story, stating that "Mr. Peters, with his gown and clothes torn off was treated in the most insulting manner, his mother, daughter, and two brothers and servants were wounded: one of his brothers so badly that he died soon after."

"Higher than this," comments Trumbull, "inventive genius" could not scar. In his finished sketch (as given by McCormick) he allows the daughter and one servant to escape uninjured, but makes the most of his one broken window and of his personal sufferings."

It might seem easy to dismiss with a shrug Peters' story of his persecutions. Highly colored as his accounts may seem (and he was not the man to make an understatement) the fact remains that he was harried from this country for no greater offense than intense loyalty to his king, whose subject he was and to whom he had sworn allegiance. Tories did not have an easy time here a few years before and during Revolutionary days as the most casual study of the side lights of Connecticut history will reveal.

Joshua Chandler of New Haven, "a fair-minded, intelligent citizen, constrained by principle to remain loyal to king and government" was driven with his family from America, and his property, valued at 30,000 pounds, was confiscated by the state.

In The Journal of a "Teamster Boy in the Revolution", published in The Connecticut Quarterly Magazine, one item reads: April 5, Heard of a Tory and seven of us went and took him in his own house."

And there was Col. Eleazer Fitch of Windham, one of the finest, most upright of citizens, a descendant of those Connecticut Fathers, Fitch and Mason, a distinguished veteran of the French War, and filling the office of County Sheriff with the highest credit. He did not consider the grievance against the king of sufficient importance to justify rebellion. He said so publicly and declared that he should have his brother (an aggressive Tory and State's Attorney for Massachusetts) to see him as often as he wished. Referring to the Sons of Liberty, he declared (or is so quoted) that they were "a pack of damned scoundrels and rascals and ought to be discarded and reproached by all mankind, etc." His loyalty and Tory sympathies brought upon him a boycott which ruined him and his family, and he died an ignominious exile in Canada. These are only a few instances, picked up at random.

Well, war is cruel, and many injustices doubtless did occur for which we probably ought not to

64

...the ... was much ...
... through which
... country was passing.

Escaped to England

Whether Peters' life was in actual danger or not, he was badly frightened, and deemed it necessary to make his escape to England. He sought protection in New Haven, where he had a skirmish with "Dr" Benedict Arnold (enrolled at that time among the "patriots") and Col. Wooster, coming off handsomely in the encounter by threat of musket and ball, from the house of his friend, Rev. Dr. Hubbard, where he had barricaded himself. (this is his own story).

Coming again to his home in Hebron on a Sunday he preached his last sermon in his little church on Godfrey Hill, from the text, "O that my head was water and my eyes fountains of tears. I would weep day and night for the transgressions of my people." The discourse is said to have drawn tears from every eye.

The report that another visit from the mobs was to take place that evening caused Dr. Peters to make a hasty flight.

A statement made by Mrs. Eliza P. Sharpe, Hebron, 1894, says. "David Barber, my great grandfather, secreted Priest Peters in his house. My grandfather, Sylvester Gilbert, (brother to Peters' second wife) furnished the horse, provisions and money, and started him at midnight on the road to Boston. He reached Windham town at sunrise, finally reached Boston and embarked for England. The rest of his history you know. The Rev. Dr. Pomeroy, David Barber, and my grandfather, Sylvester Gilbert, were law and order men, did not believe in tar and feathers."

"Priest Peters"

The Rev. Samuel was commonly spoken of here in Hebron as "Priest Peters" and nearly up to the present time the older people, in speaking of him used that term. There is a delightful picture of him in the Peters genealogy, published 1903, compiled by a descendant of Col. John. Here he is shown in powdered wig and gown, with a handsome, benevolent countenance. He was in his 40th year when he escaped from this country, leaving behind him his mother and his two children, his property including his slaves, and the church whose duties he had faithfully performed for fourteen years.

As he tells the story he made his escape in the ship Fox, under the protection of General Gage and Admiral Graves, having been hidden fourteen days in a cave on the seashore, with a 200 pound reward hanging over his head.

(To be continued)

THE WHITE MEN COME LIKEWISE THE WOMEN.

The Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, native of Hebron (Gilead), and author of the first and only history of Connecticut from Colonial times, says that it was June, 1704, when the white men first came to Hebron to make settlements. These pioneers were William Shipman of Saybrook and Timothy Phelps of Windsor. They started out together from Windsor, making the trip together on foot to the promised land.

The distance from Windsor to Hebron in a direct line is about twenty miles. By road or trail it was nearer twenty-five or thirty miles, which would be about a day's march for such sturdy yeomen, who very likely started out early in the morning and reached their destination before night.

It seems likely that scouts had been sent ahead previously to locate and survey the land, and the two pioneers probably had some fairly definite idea of their destination and what to expect at the end of their long march.

Settlement of Hebron

It will be noted that nearly thirty years had gone by since the making of Attawanhood's will before any attempt was made to settle in the new lands. This may be accounted for by the difficulties and dangers which are always to be met with in setting out to conquer the unbroken wilderness, and it is also probable that the vague terms of Attawanhood's will, and the many conflicting claims arising as a consequence, had discouraged previous attempts to settle here. For instance, a good part of the same land had been given to Attawanhood's children and to the Saybrook legatees. As the old sachem gave the latter a good deal more land than he actually possessed, it is easy to picture their bewilderment when trying to determine where their boundaries ought to lie. To his sons he gave "All that tract of land between Nippamug path and the lands given to the people of Saybrook." Yes, but where did their begin and the others end?

The sharp practice put into operation by Dewey and Clarke (alluded to in the previous chapter) when they bought up the children's land and proceeded to levy a toll on those settlers who came and essayed to occupy what they supposed was their own land was enough to dishearten the most confident.

Trumbull's description of Connecticut in early colonial times is vivid and interesting. He says: "When the English first became acquainted with that tract comprised within the settled part of Connecticut, it was a vast wilderness. There were no pleasant fields nor gardens, no public roads nor cleared plats. Except in places where the timber had been destroyed and its growth prevented by frequent fires the groves were thick and lofty". He goes on to say that when our

When they came to this part of the new world they found it covered with a practically unbroken forest, free from underbrush or thickets except on the river banks or in the swamps. Such occasional paths as threaded the woods were narrow and winding, used by Indians or wild animals alike, traveling in single file.

Hunting Grounds

An old tradition of Hebron is that Burnt Hill, located in the northeastern part of the town, derived its name from the Indian custom of burning it over annually to make a cleared place for the planting of corn. Except for an occasional tradition of the kind there is little or no evidence that Indians ever lived here before the coming of the white people, except as they wandered about hunting or fishing. It is of course true that arrow heads, pieces of broken stone dishes or other stone implements have been picked up, ploughed up in the fields from time to time in various parts of the town, testifying that the red men used these lands as part of their hunting territory if not as homes.

The above gives something of a picture of what Hebron must have been at the time that the two stout hearted settlers made their first trip here. Lebanon and Colchester, sister towns, had already been settled, the former in 1700 and the latter in 1702, and there were undoubtedly well defined trails for a good part of the way, over which the settlers made their march.

Further light is thrown on the beginnings of Hebron by the narrative of Governor John S. Peters, a native of Hebron, born in 1772. In his historical notes written in 1843. He says that the two first settlers built log houses on ground "now occupied by Ira Bissell and Joel Wilcox, in autumn of 1705." Trumbull has this date 1704, but possibly the discrepancy may be accounted for by the "old style and new style" system of dates. It seems likely, whatever the date, that the settlers built their log houses that first fall after staking out their claims. Hilding brothers now live on the Ira Bissell place, and when, a few years ago, they made some excavations for the purpose of making a foundation for a garage, they came upon the old site of one of the log houses. An ancient looking ink bottle was found by one of the men while digging. The bottle was whole and is preserved by the Hilding family. While this may have been part of refuse or junk thrown into the cellar hole or foundation after the old log house had gone down it probably dated well back to the early days of the town. And it may easily have been owned by the first settlers.

First White Women

Governor Peters in his memoirs tells the story of the coming of the first white women in these words:

"While the men were making preparations for their families in the summer of 1706, they brought

their provisions with them, and remained for weeks at their new homes. Their wives, being anxious for the welfare of their husbands and unwilling to be left too long alone, four or five started one shining morning for the promised land, twenty long miles through the wilderness, regulating their course by marked trees and crossing the streams on logs felled for the purpose.

Night overtook them in the lower part of Glead. They wandered from the line and brought up on the hill south of Nathan Smith's house (as later located). Fearing that the wolves would regale themselves on their delicious bodies they concluded to roost upon the top of the high rock on the summit of the hill. Here they proclaimed their lamentations to the winds. This novel serenade attracted the attention of their husbands, who wandered towards the sound until they fortunately found their wives on the rock which they had chosen for their night's repose.

The gratification of the interview can be better imagined than described."

As Governor Peters was a great hand for setting down memoirs or historical notes, and as he could easily have talked with the children or grandchildren of these early settlers, there would seem to be no doubt of the truth of the delightful little tale.

Hardy, Brave Women

One can imagine these brave, eager women, impatient at the long delay which had left them at Windsor, separated from their husbands, and with no means of finding out whether they were so much as dead or alive. It is no wonder that, wearied of waiting and eating out their hearts with anxiety, they finally decided to take the matter into their own hands and find out for themselves where their husbands were and how they were faring.

Two of these women were Timothy Phelps' wife and William Shipman's wife. It is thought that a third may have been Nathaniel Phelps' wife, and it has also been suggested that an unmarried sister or two may have accompanied them. Timothy Phelps' wife was Martha Crow, who was born in Windsor in 1670, and was therefore 36 years old. Her husband was 43, and at the time they had five children, Martha, 16, Timothy, 13, Noah, 12, Cornelius, 8, and Charles, 4. It is supposed that the oldest daughter, Martha, may have stayed at home to look out for the younger children.

Perhaps one reason why Martha, Timothy's wife, was bent on making the trip to the new settlement to find her husband was on account of a poignant memory of a painful experience which had happened in her family years before. Her father, Christopher Crow, as tersely noted on Windsor records, had "disappeared for parts unknown." His wife, Mary Burr Crow, Martha's mother, going in search of him was never

...and their children were left fatherless and motherless. Although it is said, well provided for, the mystery of the disappearance of the parents has never been solved, though descendants have made all possible research. Probably it was Martha who was the leading spirit in the Hebron walking trip.

Strange Disappearance

They undoubtedly started out early in the morning on a pleasant summer day, wearing homespun garments and stout shoes. No doubt, too, they carried along with them as much provision in the shape of food as they could manage, samples of their own cooking maybe, with which to regale their husbands who had been so long deprived of such good things. Supposedly the trip went well at first, the trail not difficult to follow, logs over the streams easy to cross, the woods green and pleasant with the sun shining through here and there, marks on the trees to set them right when they were at all doubtful.

One can picture them resting by the side of some brook, along about noon, eating their carefully carried lunch, and drinking from the stream. By that time their feet were getting tired and they were a little stiff and lame. They went on a little slower, and by and by it began to grow darker in the thick woods, harder to make sure of their way. And at last dusk came creeping on. The shadows gave the trees a weird look. They could no longer distinguish the marks on the trees. It is no wonder that the wayfarers strayed from the trail, casting about in a panic until they brought up in the lower part of Gilead. Only there was not any Gilead then, nothing but wilderness of trees.

As the darkness deepened they heard hoarse, ominous sounds, and they wandered wildly here and there in the attempt to find their bearings. No doubt well trained in woods lore the women managed to reestablish their way in the right general direction. Finally they stumbled by chance upon a great boulder in the vicinity of Burrows Hill, near Edwin T. Smith's place. Mr. Smith is a descendant of the Nathan Smith mentioned by Peters in his account. But of course nobody lived there then.

They hailed the great rock as a heaven sent refuge, and managed somehow or other to scramble up its rugged sides and cast themselves down on its broad, flat top. If at this stage they gave way to "lamentations" as the facetious historian, Peters, would have us believe, it is hardly to be wondered at, but I believe that after they had taken a minute or two to catch their breaths and send up a prayer to Heaven, they made the welkin ring with a loud hallooing, in the hope that maybe, just possibly, the men would hear them and come to their rescue.

Rescued

The distance across the valley from the rock to the place where the log houses were located is not so far that such a call might not have been heard on a still summer

evening. And what a meeting that must have been when the men came hurrying pell mell, to find the women on top of the rock!

After having walked considerably further than twenty miles, in their wanderings, these hardy pioneer women must have been almost exhausted, but it can easily be imagined that in their delight at finding their "men folks" they forgot their weariness and were able to continue the mile or so more to the pleasant little log houses in their promised land.

Nathaniel Phelps' wife was Hannah Bissell, a daughter of Samuel. From the women of this party many Hebron people have descended, indeed, it is probably not too much to say that about all the old Hebron families can trace back to them in one way or another.

The rock of the story may be seen today just as it was when the women scrambled atop of it, and many parties of young people or others interested in historical lore continue to visit it. It is on a pasture owned by Edwin T. Smith. It is a relic of the glacial period, and by some mighty convulsion was split into two distinct parts ages ago. It stands about twelve or fifteen feet high on the hill, which itself is about 600 feet above sea level. It is not particularly easy to climb, but a stout hearted person can do it. Its broad summit would hold twelve or fifteen adults. Up the sides of the great boulder there are niches and crevices, perhaps entirely the work of nature, which make a sort of primitive stair up which the venturesome may scramble. From its location on the heights its top commands so broad a view that one is tempted to wonder whether the Indians may not have utilized it for reconnoitering purposes, perhaps from historic times. We wonder, too, whether the crude climbing way up its sides may not have been at least partially made by hand by savages long since forgotten.

Indian Prophecy

The name "Prophet's Rock" has for long been attached to this boulder. An old legend is to the effect that an aged Indian uttered a prophecy from its top, referring to the future of Hebron. What a pity that no one at the present time has the remotest idea what the prophecy was. One authority for the name "Prophet's Rock," and the story of the old Indian is a pamphlet published in 1878, by the Rev. Josiah A. Mack, a Gilead pastor, who refers to it as ancient Hebron lore.

Miss Adelle White, however, whose ancestors have lived in the vicinity of Burrows Hill ever since the early days of the town, claims that the term "Prophet's Rock" is a corruption of "Prospect Rock."

While taking a photograph of the rock recently it was noticed that from one position its outline presents an amazingly characteristic resemblance to George Washington, in silhouette, with face turned up to the sky, as if lying in state, carved out of everlasting stone. While this

from death, as the children were left fatherless and motherless, although, it is said, well provided for. The mystery of the disappearance of the parents has never been solved, though descendants have made all possible research. Probably it was Martha who was the leading spirit in the Hebron walking trip.

Strange Disappearance

They undoubtedly started out early in the morning on a pleasant summer day, wearing homespun garments and stout shoes. No doubt, too, they carried along with them as much provision in the shape of food as they could manage, samples of their own cooking maybe, with which to regale their husbands who had been so long deprived of such good things. Supposedly the trip went well at first, the trail not difficult to follow, logs over the streams easy to cross, the woods green and pleasant with the sun shining through here and there, marks on the trees to set them right when they were at all doubtful.

One can picture them resting by the side of some brook, along about noon, eating their carefully carried lunch, and drinking from the stream. By that time their feet were getting tired and they were a little stiff and lame. They went on a little slower, and by and by it began to grow darker in the thick woods, harder to make sure of their way. And at last dusk came creeping on. The shadows gave the trees a weird look. They could no longer distinguish the marks on the trees. It is no wonder that the wayfarers strayed from the trail, casting about in a panic until they brought up in the lower part of Gilead. Only there was not any Gilead then, nothing but wilderness of trees.

As the darkness deepened they heard hoarse, ominous sounds, and they wandered wildly here and there in the attempt to find their bearings. No doubt well trained in woods lore the women managed to reestablish their way in the right general direction. Finally they stumbled by chance upon a great boulder in the vicinity of Burrows Hill, near Edwin T. Smith's place. Mr. Smith is a descendant of the Nathan Smith mentioned by Peters in his account. But of course nobody lived there then.

They hailed the great rock as a heaven sent refuge, and managed somehow or other to scramble up its rugged sides and cast themselves down on its broad, flat top. If at this stage they gave way to "lamentations" as the facetious historian, Peters, would have us believe, it is hardly to be wondered at, but I believe that after they had taken a minute or two to catch their breaths and send up a prayer to Heaven, they made the welkin ring with a loud hallooing, in the hope that maybe, just possibly, the men would hear them and come to their rescue.

Rescued

The distance across the valley from the rock to the place where the log houses were located is not so far that such a call might not have been heard on a still summer

evening. And what a meeting that must have been when the men came hurrying pell mell, to find the women on top of the rock!

After having walked considerably further than twenty miles, in their wanderings, these hardy pioneer women must have been almost exhausted, but it can easily be imagined that in their delight at finding their "men folks" they forgot their weariness and were able to continue the mile or so more to the pleasant little log houses in their promised land.

Nathaniel Phelps' wife was Hannah Bissell, a daughter of Samuel. From the women of this party many Hebron people have descended, indeed, it is probably not too much to say that about all the old Hebron families can trace back to them in one way or another.

The rock of the story may be seen today just as it was when the women scrambled atop of it, and many parties of young people or others interested in historical lore continue to visit it. It is on a pasture owned by Edwin T. Smith. It is a relic of the glacial period, and by some mighty convulsion was split into two distinct parts ages ago. It stands about twelve or fifteen feet high on the hill, which itself is about 600 feet above sea level. It is not particularly easy to climb, but a stout hearted person can do it. Its broad summit would hold twelve or fifteen adults. Up the sides of the great boulder there are niches and crevices, perhaps entirely the work of nature, which make a sort of primitive stair up which the venturesome may scramble. From its location on the heights its top commands so broad a view that one is tempted to wonder whether the Indians may not have utilized it for reconnoitering purposes, perhaps from historic times. We wonder, too, whether the crude climbing way up its sides may not have been at least partially made by hand by savages long since forgotten.

Indian Prophecy

The name "Prophet's Rock" has for long been attached to this boulder. An old legend is to the effect that an aged Indian uttered a prophecy from its top, referring to the future of Hebron. What a pity that no one at the present time has the remotest idea what the prophecy was. One authority for the name "Prophet's Rock," and the story of the old Indian is a pamphlet published in 1878, by the Rev. Josiah A. Mack, a Gilead pastor, who refers to it as ancient Hebron lore.

Miss Adelle White, however, whose ancestors have lived in the vicinity of Burrows Hill ever since the early days of the town, claims that the term "Prophet's Rock" is a corruption of "Prospect Rock."

While taking a photograph of the rock recently it was noticed that from one position its outline presents an amazingly characteristic resemblance to George Washington, in silhouette, with face turned up to the sky, as if lying in state, carved out of everlasting stone. While this

...could hardly be noticeable by casual observer, it is unmistakable when one knows just where to look. More about the trials and struggles of the settlers in their new homes will be told in another chapter.

The name of Hebron was given to the new settlement, and it was established and recorded a township by the General Court, at its session held in May, 1707, in response to the request of a committee appointed for the purpose by the proprietors, at a meeting held February 19, 1606-7. Just why the name was chosen for the town can only be conjectured. No doubt the early settlers were a pious, sober, Bible-reading people, but it does not appear that there were clergymen among their numbers at first.

Of forty towns already named in Connecticut only one had at that time received a Bible name, that of Lebanon, from the Palestine mountain. Hebron was the first town in the present limits of the state to take the name of a Bible city. Hebrew students say that the word Hebron signifies a league or confederacy, and it may have had a special meaning for the settlers, coming as they did from various parts of the colony to band themselves together into a new community.

Twenty-Four Hebrons

Perhaps the fact that the Hebron of the Bible was one of the six "cities of refuge" may have had some bearing on the selection of the name.

There are no less than twenty-four Hebrons scattered about in various parts of the United States, and one Hebron in Nova Scotia may be regarded as a daughter town of our Hebron, settled as it was by Tory refugees from this and adjacent communities and named from this town.

It was not until May 26, 1708, that the town was incorporated, by an act of the General Assembly, in response to a petition by the settlers "To the Honour'd Generall Assembly now sitting in Hartford, May 13, 1708," and its quaint and characteristic wording makes it worthy of a verbatim quotation.

"Whereas the Generall Assembly in May last granted liberty for a township at a place then called Hebron and whereas there are nine families already settled there and desiring to come as soon as they can, we being far from any meeting-house and being desirous to set up ye worship of God amongst us

do pray this Honour'd Generall Assembly now sitting, to grant us the inhabitants of Hebron all ye privileges of a town that thereby we may be enabled to take such methods as most suitable and agreeable to our present circumstances to raise money for the support of the gospel and defraying other necessary charges amongst us as well for choosing town officers amongst us and dividing our lands and all other things proper for us as a town without which we find that we shall not be able to continue here, and we shall submit to such regulations as this honour'd Assembly shall think fit. Jacob Root in the name of the rest."

First Town Meeting

The record of the first town meeting may still be seen on the old "town meeting book," but it is badly mutilated by age. This meeting was called September 20, 1708. Timothy Phelps was chosen the first clerk of the town, it being his duty to record births, marriages, deaths, and land records. These old books are now kept in the town's fire proof vaults. These books, in common with others throughout the state, have been taken in hand by experts acting under state authority, restored as far as possible, and the pages covered with a protective, transparent silk tissue. They must have used various kinds of ink in those old days. Some of the records are almost as clear as if written yesterday, while others are so faded as to be hardly discernable. The free and independent spelling in some places makes them almost as hard to read as if in a foreign language.

Town Clerk Phelps

First town clerk Timothy Phelps was the son of Lieut. Timothy Phelps of Windsor. It was his wife, Martha Crow Phelps, who was the heroine of the Prophet's Rock story, the daughter of the Windsor couple whose mysterious disappearance has already been noted.

The first paper covered book labeled "Lands and Grants" has a chart showing how the land was divided into numbered lots from 1 to 86, dated November 10, 1702. These lots were sold to the settlers by the proprietors and new lots were laid out from time to time.

Another town meeting was held December 21, 1709. The officers chosen at this meeting were: Nathaniel Phelps, town clerk; Edward Sawyer, constable; Stephen Post, Timothy Phelps, Samuel Palmer, Townsmen: Morris Tillotson, surveyor of highways; Samuel Curtice, lister: These men represented seven of the nine families then living in the town, the two other families being those of William Shipman and Jacob Root.

Going "To Meeting"

They called their religious services "meetings" in those days, for the Puritans loathed the word

...and never talked of going to church, as we do now. Their meetings in Hebron were first held at the house of Caleb Jones in 1709 (on the road leading east from where Loren Lord's house now is). After his death they were held for a time at the home of his widow and at Ebenezer Wilcox's, (Gilead), also at Dr. Horsford's new barn and at other houses.

The town books show that in 1710 Joseph Dewey was granted use of the "Streame betwixt Colchester and us for the use of a corn mill so long as he shall maintain a sufficient mill for the town's use."

In March, 1710, "Twas voted that their should be no timber, wood, hay, or stone transported out of our town under the penalty of ten shillings per load unless the Selectmen shall give Liberty and further William Shipman, Nathaniel Dunham, Joseph Dewey, Samuel Waters, and Daniel Birge were chosen a committee to have an inspection over the intruders who do intrude upon us in caring away or transporting any hay, stone, or timber, and to seiz all such intruders as the fore mentioned hay, stone or timber thieves and the town too promise to defray such charg as shall arise by their proceedings by law."

Conflicting Claims

Trouble now arose with regard to the claims of Major John Mason to lands in the town seded him by the Indians, and conflicting with the settlers' claims and April 24, 1712, Nathaniel Dunham, Nathaniel Phelps, and Timothy Phelps were appointed a committee to represent the rights of the town, in a conference upon the matter at the General Assembly, Hartford. They presented a petition to the General Court which throws some light on the situation in the Hebron plantation. The petition follows:

"It is now above seven years since they (the proprietors) began it, but they are so far from making any distribution or giving any suitable accommodation to encourage the settlement of a good plantation as they were engaged to do, that no land can be had but at excessive rates and they keep by far the greater part in their hands so that there is but a few scattered families in the whole plantation, who are altogether unable to live in any Christian or scarce so much as civil society. And now at last our titles are so far questioned by themselves as that of late they have solicited us to join them to buy off. Capt. John Mason's native right, the want whereof is indeed one great reason why the plantation is not well settled." (State Library, "Towns and Lands, 3, 18.")

These claims were patched up somehow and adjusted by quit-claim deeds from the heirs in 1718-1718.

About this time, Dec. 26, 1712, Nathaniel Phelps was chosen inn

keeper, or as the records have it "For to ceep a house of public entertainment for strangers," which makes it appear as if there was something doing here.

Early Settlers of Hebron

Indeed the town was growing and waxing stronger, in spite of all such discouragements as were caused by conflicting claims, disagreements with proprietors, etc. Settlers coming to Gilead bore the names of Youngs, Dunham, Trumbull, Hutchinson, Peters, Gilbert, and others. Marlborough, which was once a part of Hebron, attracted the Buells, Lords, Horsfords, Chamberlains, and many others. The Binghams, Sweetlands, Newcombs, Blackmans, etc., settled that part of Andover once belonging to Hebron. Those coming to Hebron proper including the Phelpses, Sawyers, Tillotsons, Barbers, Manns, Horsfords, etc. The Jones Street section of the town was settled by families bearing the names of Jones, Kneeland, Wright, Beach, Pepoon, Kellogg, etc. To the old Colchester road and vicinity came John Gott, the Birges, Waters, Skinners, Bulkeleys. New Arrivals were coming from day to day.

And what a stirring time it must have been, with trees being felled, log houses or more pretentious dwellings going up in every section, land being broken up for planting, roads laid out and worked, saw mills humming on every brook, and industry on every hand.

Indian Tourists

Friendly Indians strolled through the town as was their custom, when on their way from one Indian settlement to another, spending the night occasionally at the homes of some of their white acquaintances, sleeping in the great kitchens with their feet towards the fireplace, or in warmer weather perhaps in some barn or shed. We have it on the authority of Benjamin Trumbull, historian, that Owaneco, one of the latter Mohegan sachems, was in the habit of wandering about his former precincts with his squaw, begging for food to eat or carry along. Undoubtedly this royal couple were seen on Hebron's streets. If the sachem's broken English could not well be understood, he had with him a printed bit of doggerel composed by one Bushnell, a Connecticut settler, which he handed out to be read.

"Oneco, King, his Queen doth bring
To beg a little food,
As they go along; his friends
among,
To try how kind, how good,
Some pork, some beef, for their relief,
And if you can't spare bread
She'll thank you for pudding as they
go a gooding,
And carry it on her head."

First Meeting House

The lines here refer to the Indian custom of carrying loads by a metomp or bag hanging down the back, supported by a strap over the forehead. The lack of a suitable place for religious worship was keenly felt, and frequent town meetings were held, looking towards the building of a meeting-house and the securing of a settled minister, it being considered no longer fitting for a town of the growing importance and prosperity of Hebron to hold its meetings in the settlers' houses or barns, and to be without a regular pastor. Finally, in 1714, a committee, the members of which were Joseph Marsh of Lebanon, Simeon Newcomb, and John Woodward, was appointed to select the place on which the new house of worship was to stand. They selected the lot at the head of the street, or "supposed street", as the proper site, and here, after many stormy arguments and altercations the meeting-house was finally erected. Perhaps if that committee could have peeped into the future they would have hesitated about picking out just that spot, for later on a great deal of trouble grew out of the choice of location for this first meeting-house of Hebron.

On the other hand (our ancestors were pretty "sot"), perhaps they would have just clamped their teeth together and gone on regardless.

The First Minister

The Rev. John Bliss of Norwich was called to be the first minister, and was settled or at least began preaching here in 1715. Maybe he too would have hesitated about accepting his call to the Hebron pastorate if he could have read the future in some magic mirror, for his career here was to be somewhat checkered, as a latter chapter will reveal.

His house lot was on Godfrey Hill, then, or somewhat later, known as Church Hill. Here he had a plot of 100 acres laid out as his home farm. His salary was 70 pounds a year. As a country minister was supposed to be something of a farmer as well as a preacher, and as money undoubtedly went farther in those times, the salary probably sufficed. Just how much it would have amounted to in present day cash, whether the pound of that time was the equivalent of the English pound, or whether the salary was "old tennor, middle tennor or new tennor," I have not been able to determine.

Colonial records, General Assembly show this entry:

"Oct. session A. D., 1716, 3d of King George. Upon application of Nathan Dunham in behalf of the town of Hebron, for a law to gotten a church and ordain an orthodox minister. It is hereby granted them."

An entry in the town meeting book, under date of May 19, 1716

shows that it was voted "to raise seven pounds on the present list to answer our obligations, about Mr. Bliss's chimneys, five pounds for Mr. Bliss and two for Mr. Knight, the mason which wrought on the chimneys."

The meeting-house was to be forty feet by thirty-four in dimensions, and nineteen feet "between joyns," and Benoni Trumbull, Ezezezer Willcox and Hezekiah Gaylord were chosen a committee to oversee its building, hire workmen, etc., was in their wisdom they see fit."

War of Factions

It would be safe to say that about half of those who watched the primitive new meeting-house going up saw it with thankful and glowing hearts, and with feelings of triumph. But a cloud considerably bigger than a man's hand was already making its appearance, and later on was to divide the town into two hostile camps, known as the Northerners and Southerners, all because some of the people wanted the meeting-house to be situated farther north, nearer Mr. Bliss' home, and others preferred the location further to the south, where it was.

It was "a tempest in a teapot", no doubt, but from its effect upon the history and development of the town it might almost be comparable to the Civil War which nearly rent the nation asunder in later years.

Hebron's First Minister "Fought the Good Fight"

**Rev. John Bliss Weathered
Bitter Storm of Divided
Church Factions in 1733;
Unfrocked, He Continued
to Preach Until His Death;
Enmity Between Hebron
Faction Still Smoulders.**

By SUSAN B. PENDLETON

The Rev. John Bliss, first minister of the Puritans or Congregationalists, to be settled in the town, was the son of Samuel and Anne (Elderkin) Bliss. He was born in Norwich, Oct. 23, 1690. He was a graduate of Yale College, (then in Saybrook) class of 1710. This class, it is said, numbered only two.

It may be that if he had settled in Columbia, or Bolton, Lebanon or Bozrah he would have had a more peaceful time than that which resulted when he undertook to take charge of the brethren on the Plain of Mamre.

Parish Controversy.

When he came here in 1717 he found a parish divided into two factions, all about the location of the meeting-house, and called, as we have already said, "Northerners and Southerners," the former wishing their meeting-house to stand on or near what is now called Godfrey Hill, and the Southerners wanting it down on the Green. Back and forth went the votes taken as to where that "meeting" should stand. The Northerners appear to have scored a partial point when, in July, 1718, it was voted that the meeting-house should be built "between the Northwest corner of Dr. Hosford's new field and the Southermost corner of the Minister's meadow." This is about half a mile north of Hebron village on the road to Gilead, near the old Humphrey Fuller place, now owned by John Palmer.

This aroused the Southerners, who promptly brought about a repeal of this vote, August, 1718, and passed another vote, that it should be set "south of Dr. Hosford's new field in the supposed highway." This

was at the Green (where it was finally placed) on the present Soldiers' Park.

But the Northerners were not so easily to be downed. Up rose Thomas Brown with eight other men, voicing a vigorous protest. Finally, in order to settle the difficulty the General Assembly took a hand and appointed the committee mentioned in the preceding chapter. Joseph Marsh of Lebanon, Simeon Newcomb and John Woodward, the last presumably of Hebron, to fix upon a site. They selected the Green, and the Northerners were quashed. But not, let it be said, for all time.

Perhaps there have been no bitter quarrels known than the church fights by which practically every town and village of New England has been shaken at one time or another.

Minister Favored North.

The minister sided with the Northerners, for he naturally would prefer having the meeting-house near his place, where he would not have to go down and up that steep, laborious hill every time he exhorted his flock of a Sabbath day. Oh that horrid hill! If it had not been for that, perhaps there would have been no fight at all. The Southerners must have hated the idea of possibly having to go up it every time they went to meeting, and the Northerners too, who had to go home, on foot or with their jaded beasts, must have found it an equally bitter pill.

Perhaps there was a good deal to be said for the more northerly site as being the more central for the parishioners from the four quarters of the town. It was nearer the middle line from north to south, as well as from east to west, and was accommodated by roads from all directions. The town, be it remembered, was about ten miles in length and five or six in width, and with only one house of worship for all.

Skating Pond.

The trouble was tided over somehow for the time being, and Mr. Bliss was ordained November 19, 1717. His salary, which at first had been placed at 50 pounds a year, was raised at his ordination to 70 pounds and firewood furnished. He also had provided for him a 100 acre lot and house. This farm was at the top of Godfrey Hill, as now known, and took in the Flavel Gillette farm, which Paul Potocek now

owns, and possibly the former Oliver Welles place, now owned by Abraham Wisner. A lot below the

...will also provided for public use, and was known as "the minister's meadow." This has long been owned by descendants of the late Horace F. Porter. It is overflowed part of the year, holding an excellent skating pond greatly enjoyed by the young people. For the first two years of Mr. Bliss' stay here meetings were held in private houses or in Dr. Hosford's barn, until the meeting-house could be completed. Work on it went on slowly, and it was not until 1720 that the ceremony of "dignifying the meeting-house" was carried out. This meant the apportioning of seats to members, the first choice being given to Mr. Bliss and his family. The rest of the congregation were then seated "according to age, rateable estate, and what each person paid towards the ministry and building the minister's house." All the members between 16 and 21 years of age also had seats assigned to their age and the dignity of parents and masters.

Church Completed.

Even at that time the building was not wholly completed, and Mr. Bliss had been at the helm eight years before it was voted, 1723, "to finish it by plastering up as high as the lower girths and putting in the glass windows and sending to Boston for lead and glass."

In 1727 Mr. Bliss' salary was raised twenty pounds more, and two years later, over the solemn protest of Daniel Birge, it was raised to 100 pounds.

Undoubtedly Daniel Birge's protest voiced the sentiments of more than one, for it was about this time that the smouldering differences between the two factions began to burst out into real flames. And in 1731 the poor minister was haled before a gathering of clergy, called in the old time phrase a "consecration" and tried for "habitual intemperance and other faults." From these accusations he was freed, but this did not by any means end the trouble.

Whether the minister did really take a drop too much now and then or whether that was just a way the Southerners took to try to get rid of him does not appear. Dissatisfaction continued, as shown by a vote taken at a town meeting two years later, April 24, 1733, when about fifty people "dissatisfied and partly uneasy" under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Bliss, appeared and asked permission to be set off into a separate society, to be forever released from the support of Mr. Bliss, provided they should secure a minister of their own. This request was voted down at the time, and Mr. Bliss continued his ministrations with his divided and warring people until the same council which had tried him for the intemperance charge got together again 1733 or '34, and dismissed him from his church.

The Minister's Friends.

It is presumable that Mr. Bliss' enemies were those of the Southern party entirely. But if he had enemies he had also very firm and loyal friends, all Northerners, without a doubt. These friends rallied around him and attended meetings held at his house, since he was not allowed in the meeting-house any longer. They claimed that the action of the religious council was illegal, since Mr. Bliss was the only ordained minister in the town.

Ordered to Court.

The opposing faction countered by accusing Mr. Bliss of holding schismatic worship, and he and five of his more prominent adherents were haled before the County Court at Hartford, June 17, 1735, accused of "carrying on divine worship contrary to the statutes of this colony." The holding of schismatic worship was a grievous offense under the statute law and the charge was a serious one. However, he was again freed from the charge brought against him, but he and his followers were required to pay the costs of the trial, amounting to about five pounds apiece. This was displeasing to them, as may be imagined, and they sought redress of the General Court, which later on remitted half the charges.

Schism Exists Today.

Thus war between the two factions wage on. It is perhaps true that even yet, after more than 200 years, traces of this old enmity between the two sections of the town, may be discerned occasionally. The difficulty was at last met by Mr. Bliss and his adherents declaring for the Church of England, organizing a parish in 1734 or 1735, and building their church, where they wanted it, on the top of Godfrey Hill, or the Plain of Abraham as it was then called. Theirs was a church, and not a meeting-house, be it understood, for Episcopalians were proud of the word church rather than the reverse, and did not fight shy of using it, as did the Puritans.

Mr. Bliss himself gave the land for the church site, but the building was not completed until 1766. He officiated as lay reader for about seven years. It was necessary for candidates to go to England for ordination as clergymen of the church of England, since there were at that time no resident bishops here. This was no slight matter, as an ocean trip was fraught with danger in those days. Perhaps the expense was not so great as at the present time, but it must have been an important item to a man who had lost his 100 pounds a year salary, and was receiving presumably a good deal less. But he had a stout heart and prepared to make the venture.

No one could say he had not "fought the good fight," and perhaps even some of the Southerners pitied him and his family when just as he was about to set sail for England he was stricken with ...

Grave of Rev. John Bliss

His grave may be seen in the interesting old "Church of England Burying Ground," as it is officially known, on Godfrey Hill, close by where his church used to stand. His grave stone is a wonderful thing with a cherub's head in full relief, bearing the following epitaph:

"Here lies the body buried of the Revd. Mr. John Bliss, ye pleasant and Vertuous Consort of ye worthy Mrs. Anna Bliss and Mrs. Hannah Bliss, first dissenting minister of Hebron, but by Regular conviction Embraced ye Ch of England & lived 6 years in her communion. Ob Feb ye 1st, Ann Dom 1741. Erat in Luce."

Mr. Bliss' first wife was named Anna. Her last name is unknown. They had ten children. After her death he married, 1732, the widow of the Hon. David Barber of Hebron by whom he had two children. She afterwards, on Mr. Bliss' death, married for her third husband Captain Benoni Trumbull.

The children of the first wife

- were: Elizabeth, b. Dec. 14, 1711, m. Capt. Solomon Phelps of Marlborough, Conn. John, b. Dec. 22, 1713. Constant, b. 1715, Anna, b. March 1, 1717, d. Dec. 17, 1741. Mary, b. Oct. 4, 1718, m. Aaron Wright of Lyme, N. H. She may have been married twice, as Lebanon, Conn., records have it that she married as his second wife Daniel Bascomb, of that place. Liddle, b. John, 23, 1721, m. Aug. 24, 1741, Azariah Brown of Hebron. Name obliterated, supposed to be Daniel, b—, 20, 1723. Sylvanus, b. Jan. 26, 1728. Ablet, b April 26, 1730, d. Aug. 26, 1755. A child, b. Nov. 20, d. Dec. 2, 1731

The two children born of the second wife were Ellis, b. Sept. 25, 1735, d. July 14, 1814. Neziah, b. March 21, 1737, d. Aug. 31, 1787.

Constant, third child of the Rev. Mr. Bliss, who was stationed as one of Capt. Holson's soldiers on the frontier in the Old French War, was shot and scalped in a battle with the Indians, Aug. 22, 1746, near Deerfield, Mass., as he, with nine or ten others, was marching from Deerfield to Colerain. It is supposed he had no family. He was 31 years of age.

Descendants of Mr. Bliss come from time to time to visit his grave. Among these recently was Dr. David Russell Lyman, head of the Wallingford Tuberculosis Sanitarium. There must be a host of descendants in various parts of this country, the great majority of whom probably know nothing of the interesting history of their ancestor or the location of his last resting place.

Laying The Village Green

In 1717 the heads of the town held a town meeting and decided to lay out their public Green, without which no New England village would be complete. According to the plan decided upon at the meeting a highway was laid out running from the meeting-house site as far south as the Samuel Palmer lot, near the old Colchester road. This place, for many years owned by Alfred Bissell is now the property of Louis Ellenberg. The Andover road was also laid out, running then, as now, past the cemetery.

One corner of the Green was at the southeast corner of the Andover road. From here it ran south 20 rods into land now owned by the Pendleton sisters, where a black oak marked its southeast corner. The oak was marked HW, but neither mark nor oak remain at the present time. From this point the layout ran westerly 70 rods into land later owned by H. Asa Bissell, where "a great rock between two lesser rocks" marked the southwest corner. From this point it ran north 24 rods to a rock near the junction of the present Marlborough-Gilead roads, close by the old Crane place now owned by Leslie F. Ward, running east again 70 rods to the first mentioned bound, making a rectangle which if not quite perfect, was nearly enough so far all practical purposes. Just why they had one side 20 rods, and the other 24, is a question. The record is contained in the second book of Town Meetings, page 45.

A former town clerk, the Hon. Sylvester Gilbert, made a copy of this survey about 1800 from the original record which had become mutilated. This was transcribed by a later town clerk, Lucius J. Hendee, and may be seen today on the town books.

"The Greater Rock"

The interested or curious person may find today the "greater rock between two lesser rocks" in the old pasture lot now owned by Benjamin Kassman, marking the southwest corner of the ancient village green. It will be seen that the present green has shrunk woefully from the original layout.

One is perhaps apt to imagine that our forefathers were thinking principally of the looks of things when they laid out their Greens with such painstaking care. I hope and believe that they did have some idea at least of dignity and beauty in mind, but one important reason for the spaciousness of the layout undoubtedly was that here were held the military trainings so necessary in the olden times.

The Plain of Mamre

This Green the forefathers called "the plain of Mamre," from the Bible passage taken from Genesis, 14, verse 8:

"Then Abraham removed his tent and came and dwelt in the Plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord."

...the matter of this ...
 ...meeting-house, then in
 process of erection. It was sur-
 rounded on all sides by the Green,
 and the site was called the "Meet-
 ing-House Green," and so alluded to
 in the town books. This first primi-
 tive house of worship is no longer
 in existence, "and thereby hangs a
 tale." The spot on which it stood
 is now the property of the Ameri-
 can Legion. It is marked by a
 boulder erected in honor of the sol-
 diers of the World War. The plot
 is known as the Soldiers' Park, and
 in pleasant weather the stars and
 stripes fly over it, if some veteran,
 usually self-appointed for the task,
 does not forget his job of hauling
 up the flag. For many years Harry
 Tomchin, who was very seriously
 injured in the war, and who spends
 his summers here, has taken it upon
 himself to do this work when here.
 Few of those who see the flag
 flying realize that the boulder
 marks the site of Hebron's first
 house of worship.

Green a Pasture

The Green was not the tidy, well
 kept place that it now is, however,
 as shown by votes taken in the
 town meetings of those early days.
 Live stock of various kinds, cattle,
 sheep, horses and swine seem to
 have run loose all over the common
 from the first with no thought of
 objection. Finally, in 1808, a vote
 was taken permitting swine to run
 at large "provided they be at the
 time well ringed." And again, in
 1821 it was voted "that neat cattle
 be allowed to run at large upon the
 common", and in 1824 that swine
 be permitted to run at large "on
 being well and sufficient rung."
 Somebody had evidently been com-
 plaining, and no wonder. One can
 imagine the grunting, wallowing
 creatures, rooting up the turf all
 around and threatening the dignity
 and cleanliness of the Puritan wom-
 en, dressed up in their Sabbath best
 on their way to meeting. It was
 easier for the men, one supposes, to
 let their creatures run loose rather
 than to build styes or sheds for
 them, or even to keep fences to re-
 strain them, but they were finally
 pestered into passing a vote, in
 1822, restraining "horses, asses,
 mules, neat cattle and sheep from
 running at large upon the com-
 mons." And in 1832 a vote was
 passed restraining horses, mules,
 neat cattle and sheep from going at
 large in the highways, except that a
 person having one cow might allow
 her to go at large. Twelve years
 later this last clause was rescinded,
 and finally, in 1845, in connection
 with a vote, restraining horses,
 asses, mules, neat cattle and sheep
 from running at large, a vote was
 passed that any person allowing any
 of the above mentioned animals or
 swine to run at large on the Sab-
 bath day should be fined one dollar.
 This vote was published in The
 Hartford Times and The Hartford
 Courant for four weeks. This ought
 to have held them down, and prob-
 ably did.

Horses and Cows Stray

It may seem surprising how the
 owners of the bewildering number
 of "horses, asses, sheep, cattle and
 swine, etc." could tell their prop-
 erty apart and find them when they
 wanted them, and they probably did
 have a good deal of difficulty at
 times, in spite of the brands with
 which the creatures were marked.
 Entries in the town books of the

early 1700's tell of estrays, often
 described as "in a suffering condi-
 tion." A few quotations advertis-
 ing these estrays are given, taken
 from the records:

"Hebron, November 17, 1720. We
 whose names are underwrit being
 called to prize a stray mare in the
 custody of Timothy Phelps Juner
 sd mare is about two and advantage
 old her Coler is that we call Sorel
 her feat are white. She has white
 in her face an is branded thus U on
 ye left shoulder and is prized at
 three pounds and ten shillings."

"October ye 28th day, 1729. We
 the inscribers being desired by Mr.
 Willm Buell to a prise a certaine
 heffer tacken up a stray by him our
 judgment is they ye Heffer is worth
 three pounds eight shillings. The
 sd Heffer is a readis Coler marked
 with two slits in the top of ye right
 care.

(Signed) Benjamin Neeland
 Noah Owen."

Pounds

At this early date some private-
 ly owned barnyards were used as
 pounds where such estrays were
 cared for temporarily until they
 could be restored to their owners.
 If the owners could not be identified
 the creatures were probably sold by
 the town. Later on public pounds
 were built and used. From the first
 pound keepers were regularly ap-
 pointed at the town meetings.

The remains of one such ancient
 pound may still be seen in Hebron
 near the old grist mill owned by the
 Porter family, on the Hebron-Mari-
 borough road, about a quarter of a
 mile west of the village. This pound,
 with its high stone walls, dates
 from about 1821. It is in a fairly
 good state of preservation, but the
 gate is gone and the wall has col-
 lapsed on one side.

7

70

**Dr. Obadiah Horsford, Hebron's
First Physician**

Dr. Obadiah Horsford, Hebron's first physician, who came here from Windsor, as did so many of the early settlers of the town, was one of its outstanding and influential characters. The name was spelled either Hosford or Horsford, as it appears on the town books, but as time went on the latter spelling was favored.

For the first few decades of the town's history at least, the doctor and the minister, Mr. Bliss, appear to have been the only professional men living in Hebron.

Doctor's Home

Dr. Horsford was born in 1678. Though not one of the very first settlers here, he must have come to the town in its very early days, as his name appears on the records in 1714 in connection with road laying, meeting-house site, etc. His land extended 70 rods north of the green and up the Andover road beyond the old cemetery. His house was standing and occupied within the memory of many of our older residents. It was a picturesque story and a half house, its walls shingled on the outside, gray with age. Its small rooms, low ceilings, its large chimney and tiny window panes gave it a look of antiquity. It stood about opposite the present home of Mrs. Mary E. Mitchell on the Andover road. In its yard was a well with well-sweep and hanging bucket. It was a picture for an artist. Only the cellar hole and clumps of lilacs remain now to mark the spot where Hebron's first doctor lived.

The house became something of a problem after its use as a dwelling house was given up and it began to pass more and more into decay, stragglers sometimes making a resort of it and the possibility of its becoming a fire menace feared. The owners therefore had it torn down about twenty-five or thirty years ago. This seems a great pity, for with a little care and foresight and at a comparatively slight expense, it might have been preserved as an example of the town's very earliest colonial houses. It was probably built somewhere about 1710. Miss Clarissa L. Pendleton, a sister of the writer, made a water color sketch of the house shortly before it was torn down. This is probably the only picture of it in existence.

It is said that Dr. Horsford was a physician "of the old school." This must have been the case or it may even be regarded as an exaggeration, since the colonies boasted no kind of medical school, either old or new, at the time. The General Court is said to have granted licenses to those who appeared to be qualified to practice medicine and surgery, but licenses were not required by law, and the majority of those who wished to qualify as physicians simply began "riding" with some medical man of their acquaintance, gathering what experience they could by observing his treatment of patients

and no doubt listening to his nominales as they jogged along on the homeward way together. When such a student considered himself capable of "riding alone" he struck out for himself and set up his own practice. Undoubtedly many of the doctors thus "educated" acquired real skill and practical ability. None, or practically none, had any claim to the title M. D., up to 1792, when the first medical society was organized in Tolland County.

Begins Practice

Dr. Horsford petitioned the General Court, 1712, to practice medicine. He had testimonials from Dr. Gershom Bulkeley, dated May 7, 1712, and one from Dr. Samuel Mather, dated Windsor, May 12, 1712, who certified "that he had heard of his practice some years past, and by the good acceptance he hath had among his people, and by what he hath gained by reading and experience in that science" he approved of his being allowed a physician.

Dr. Horsford was closely associated with the Puritan or Congregationalist faith during his long and useful life of service in Hebron, and it was in his barn, as we have seen, that religious services were held during the time that the meeting-house was in process of building.

First Cemetery

A deed of eight or ten acres of land to Dr. Horsford, March 12, 1720, locates the first graveyard or cemetery in the town. The deed was from Nathaniel and Joseph Dewey, and the land is described as being near the Horsford house, "bounded Northerly and Northwest on ye highway; easterly by Nathaniel Man, and south on sd Horsford's land, but yet and notwithstanding, there is hereby reserved out of yet sd trace of land four acres of land for a Burying place to ye use of sd town of Hebron, and not to be incumbered by sd Horsford nor anywise improved to other yn mowing or pasturing horses, cattle small, and sheep, and ye sd Horsford is hereby bound to maintain convenient bars or gates for ye town's use when he shall fence ye sd Burying place be ye quantity of acres more or less."

It is said that the first grave opened in Hebron was for an infant child of Dr. Horsford's, perhaps in this same cemetery, although other authorities say that the first person to be buried in it was William Shipman, who died September 19, 1725, from injuries received when he fell from the roof of his house, on which he was at work. No stone remains to mark the spot.

In 1723 Dr. Horsford sold seven and a half acres of his land purchase to Nathaniel Mann, reserving, as formerly, three acres for the town for its burying place, with the privilege of pasturing, etc. The old cemetery was under the control of the Mann family for many generations, and was used as the town cemetery until other cemeteries were opened up in various parts of the town, when this one gradually fell into disuse.

...descend-
 ...quit-claimed the
 ...of pasturage to the First
 ...Society, and this right still
 ...holds. What advantage, if any, was
 ...ever taken in connection with this
 ...curious bequest no one now knows.
 ...Did the school masters tether their
 ...faithful beasts there and let them
 ...graze while they applied the birchen
 ...rod and instructed their flocks in
 ...the rule of three? Did the big boys
 ...come a-horse back and leave their
 ...nags there while they sweated over
 ...readin', writin', and 'rithmetic? It is
 ...needless to say that at the present
 ...time teachers and supervisors who
 ...come in their smart automobiles,
 ...and students brought in up-to-date
 ...school buses would scorn these old-
 ...time "privileges of the graveyard"
 ...if the vote were brought to their
 ...attention.

Cemetery Association

In 1865 "The Hebron Cemetery Association" was formed, and land adjoining and partly surrounding the old cemetery was bought. Lots were sold, new walls laid, iron gates set up, and rings set in stones in the walls for the tethering of horses. However, few families are buried there now, though the place has a charm all its own, with its many ancient grave stones and its claims to natural beauty.

Descendants of the original share holders in the new part of the old yard now hold the title. They are J. Ward Porter, Edwin T. Smith, and Ella J. Little, descendants of Deacon Jasper Porter, Seth Smith and James H. Jagger, each of whom subscribed for ten shares. Other subscribers for one share were Noble E. Lord, Royal Porter, and David Strong. The old part of the grave yard remains the property of the town of Hebron.

Dr. Horsford's grave stone, which may be seen in the old cemetery today, is a beautifully carved and very interesting one. The stone is staunch and strongly set, but the inscription is broken and illegible in places, and worn almost smooth by weathering. The inscription follows:

"Died Feb 27, 1741, aged 63 years. These in memory of that worthy and much serviceable and well beloved Capt Mr. Obadiah Horsford Capt of the first military Company in Hebron grate pratnour of physick who after serving God in his generation and ye publick faithfully many years of this life and a patient looking for the blissful dawn of that illusterous day wherein our victorious and triumphant Joshua will lead the Armies of Israel unto the land of Canaan and command the sun of Glory to stand still in the noon of Beauty and that permanent happiness . . . on an evening did with that other disciple lean himself upon the breast of his beloved and by the will of God fell asleep in the cradle.
 A. D. 1741 The 27th of February."

At the base of the stone . . . ing can be made out as follows:

"Made by Benjamin Collins, Lebanon Crank."

This inscription, incomplete as it is, the few entries on the town books, and the little that has been culled as to his medical qualifications are all that remain to tell the story of Hebron's first medical practitioner.

Dr. Horsford's Family

His wife was Marcy —, and their children were John, Daniel, Joseph, Aaron, Mindwell, Obadiah. The last named was afterwards a distinguished Colonel in the Revolutionary War. The name of Horsford is no longer heard in Hebron, though there are probably descendants living in many parts of the United States. Some of them still come occasionally to look up the old home site and the grave of their ancestor.

"Woolves"

That wolves were a real cause of anxiety and danger to the town is shown by an entry on the town books as follows:

"Feb. ye 22, 1730-1 (Page 111, first book of town meetings) 'Twas voted that the town of Hebron for the InCoriagement of Killing of woolves grant that if any man belonging to sd town of Hebron shall kill any grone woolfe within sd town bounds he shall have a reward for his so doing ten pounds to be paid out of ye town treasury and five pounds for every woolfs whelp sd money to be raised upon Every Man according to their lists and that if they kill any woolf as above sd in ye bounds of any town next adjoining on ours they shall have as above sd and if ye town of Lebanon, Colchester, Glassingbery, Bolton or Coventry do advance for ye killing woolves as above sd and grant that any of Hebron men killing within any of their townes Shall have out of their treasury as above sd, that then any belonging to ye sd townes above sd shall have out of our treasury as above granted."

For some reason this vote was rescinded the following year. Perhaps it was too great a strain on the treasury. The reward seems to have been surprisingly large when compared with the minister's salary.

If any reader should entertain the idea that the town fathers of Hebron were unusually poor spellers, let them look over the books of other towns or cities at the same period, and it will be seen that Hebron scribes were not the only ones capable of spelling one word in half a dozen different ways. Moreover, this hard band of settlers it was of vastly more importance to be able to kill a "grone woolfe" or to build a "hous" than to be able to spell the words according to the dictionary.

The town of Hebron continued to grow steadily, if slowly, in its population, and by the year 1730 the list of men who took the freeman's oath, as recorded on the town books, gives 160 names. The town had then been settled only a little more than twenty years. The increase in population apparently had the effect of adding to the problems incidental to its development.

It was probably during the stormy time in the ranks of the established Congregationalists or Puritans which led to the dismissal of the Rev. John Bliss, sending him and his adherents into the arms of the Mother Church of England (as told in a previous chapter) that an amusing incident occurred which is related in John W. Barber's "Connecticut Historical Collection," (published 1836) and quoted verbatim below.

The Two Letters

"The Rev. Mr. Bulkeley of Colchester, Conn., was famous in his day as a casuist and sage counsellor. A church in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions, which they were unable to adjust among themselves. (It is a matter of common knowledge that this was the Hebron church, though Barber does not make the statement). They deputed one of their number to the venerable Bulkeley for his services, with a request that he would send it to them in writing.

The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice, with much deliberation, committed to writing.

It so happened that Mr. Bulkeley had a farm in the extreme part of the town, upon which he entrusted a tenant. In superscribing the two letters the one for the church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the church.

The church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The moderator read as follows:

'You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull.'

This mystical advice puzzled the church at first, but an interpreter among the more discerning ones was soon found who said, 'Brethren, this is the very advice we most need; the directions to repair the fence is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep out strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a particular

manner set a watchful guard over the Devil, the old black bull, who has done us so much hurt of late.'

All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Bulkeley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all the animosities subsided and harmony was restored to the long afflicted church. What the subject of the letter was to the tenant, and what good effect it had upon him the story does not tell.

It can easily be seen how quickly the strife-wearied forefathers who attended that solemn meeting must have jumped to the conclusion that it was John Bliss himself, their minister, who typified the "old black bull," in other words the Devil, and his followers the "strange cattle," to be ejected from the fold at any cost.

The Poem

In the columns of the New York Tribune appeared, some fifteen or twenty years ago a poem telling the story of Parson Bulkeley's advice to the Hebron church, and the clipping, yellowed with age, was lent to me by a friend in Colchester.

The name of the author of the poem could not be ascertained, initials only being signed. Very likely it was written by a Bulkeley descendant, the last initial being B.

The poem follows, as quoted from the Tribune:

ORACLE

(G. S. B. in New York Tribune)

"Bulkeley of Colchester stretched yawned and sighed,

Folded the foolscap sheets,

To each applied

His wafers, then he rose and

crossed the room,

And looked out on his apple trees

in bloom.

"The church in Hebron, like these

orchard trees

May yet bear precious fruit if

Heaven please,"

He mused, "I pray her promise

be not lost

Through fatal tempest or

untimely frost.

Sometimes my head is sick, my

whole heart faints

O'er this unceasing strife among

the saints.

It must be meant that in

Another sphere

Peacemakers shall be blest—

Not now or here."

And then John Bulkeley, having

nibbed anew

His pen, with flourish snarled

and curlicue

Directed his two letters,

In due course

The Hebron church folk were

convened in force

To hear the awaited words of

counsel read.

"My brethren all," the moderator

said,

"Our Reverend adviser writes,

'Repair

Your fences now, and take
 especial care
 Of the old black bull. These
 words of his appear
 Of myatic purport, very far
 from clear.
 I therefore call on any
 who may choose.
 To give a full expression
 of their views."
 At that a member said: "My
 friends, indeed,
 This seems to me the advice that
 most we need.
 Repair your fences means we
 should take heed
 Whom we admit and in
 our number hold—
 Strange cattle have brought discord
 to the fold.
 The old black bull most plainly
 signifies
 The Devil, and so we, my friends,
 if wise,
 Against that ancient enemy
 shall set
 A double guard, that he may
 never get
 Rampant again among us."
 Then a hum
 Of approbation hailed this Daniel
 come
 To judgment. It was voted that
 they try
 The Bulkeley plan;
 and ere a month went by
 The Hebron church, to have
 restored,
 Blessed sage John Bulkeley's name
 and praised the Lord....
 But on a distant farm
 In Colchester town
 John Bulkeley's tenant,
 with a puzzled frown
 Conned o'er a lengthy missive—
 and in vain:
 Grumbling, 'Why should he write
 in this here strain?
 There's something loose
 in Dom'nle Bulkeley's brain."

How pleasant it would be to take
 this delightful little story at its face
 value, and to believe that the dif-
 ficulties of the Hebron church were
 so easily settled. However, as the
 Rev. John Bulkeley died in 1731,
 and as the bickerings and disagree-
 ments, as shown by the records,
 continued until a much later date, it
 is probable that there was merely
 a temporary lull in "the unceasing
 strife among the saints."

Someone has said that "almost
 everybody" in Colchester is descend-
 ed from John Bulkeley, the foreign
 residents of course excepted. It is
 also true that there are some of his
 descendants now living in Hebron.
 The name Bulkeley has died out
 even in Colchester. John Bulkeley
 is buried in the old fashioned grave
 yard in the rear of the Colchester

drug store, and a visit to his grave
 is well worth while, even if one is
 not a descendant.

A table stone supported by four
 pillars marks his resting place. This
 stone was repaired and put into
 splendid shape within the past few
 years by descendants. It bears the
 Bulkeley coat of arms.

The name Bulkeley was spelled in
 various ways, after the custom of
 our forefathers in the matter of
 spelling. Buckley, Bulkley, etc., but
 in this chapter the spelling used is
 the same as that on the Bulkeley
 tombstone in Colchester, as well as
 on family papers.

9

74

**The Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy
At the Helm in Hebron**

The "Old Black Bull", in the person of the Rev. John Bliss, and his followers, those "strange cattle, those Northerners"—who were determined to have Hebron's house of worship up on Godfrey Hill instead of at the Green, were ousted from the ranks of the established Congregationalists or Puritans, and landed in the arms of the Church of England. Perhaps there came a kind of breathing spell when it was felt that a definite corner had been turned.

The first thing done was to call another minister, and lucky indeed were the "Southerners" to secure the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, a man of real worth and talents, who from that time on devoted himself to the services of his people at Hebron to the end of his long and useful life.

It was too bad that they had to begin arguing again quite so soon, if indeed they ever stopped at all. (Argue is a mild word to use, but let it stand.) The fact is that the same causes that led to Mr. Bliss's dismissal as minister still persisted. Should they or should they not build a new meeting house, and if so just where should it stand? Ought the large and now unwieldy parish to be divided into smaller ones, separate ecclesiastical societies, each with a minister of its town? These were questions still unanswered.

Violent feeling was aroused by discussion of these questions, and town meeting after town meeting was called, and votes were taken at one meeting and reconsidered and rescinded at the next. The town books are full of the accounts of such doings. Perhaps it is unnecessary to remind the reader that all town meetings of that time were held in the meeting-house, as town and church affairs were conducted as one.

Town Meetings

One sample of the action taken at one of these town meetings is of interest and shows a rather original way of counting votes:

"Hebron, July ye 26, 1738, at a town meeting Major Rodger Wolcott moderator. You that are of opinion that it is for the peace and best good of this town to be divided into two ecclesiastical societies go out of the west Dore and stand in a body until you are counted and you that are of the opinion that it is for the peace and best good of this town to remain in one Ecc. Society go out at ye East Dore and stand in a body till you are counted. The number that went out ye East Dore were 77 in number, the number that went out the West Dore was 48."

This item also serves to give us a picture of the first meeting-house, with its east and west doors. That there was also a south door is shown by other entries on the town books, *this door being utilized in the same fashion as the ones above in counting the numberless votes taken on problems to be decided. The south door was used as the main door, and faced the green.*

This rough idea of the building corresponds to the description given by Professor Williston Walker in his History of Congregational Churches in the United States, in which he says:

"The meeting-house of Colonial days was prevaillingly a square or slightly oblong structure, entered by a door on the side and at each end, and having within a pulpit well raised up on the side wall opposite the main door, from which, nearly to the pulpit a broad aisle ran."

Of course it was only the men who could vote at these town meetings. By footing up the number of those who stood in the various doors to register their votes, it will be seen that there were 125 of them at that particular meeting. Think of any kind of a religious service in Hebron today with 125 men attending. But it must be remembered that the parish was much larger then than now, taking in, besides the whole of Gilead, parts of Marlborough and Andover.

This sort of thing went on for 12 years or more until finally, May 1747, the General Court made Andover into a separate society, taking in the northeastern part of Hebron, and portions of Lebanon and Coventry. At the same time Marlborough was set off as a separate society. This took a big slice off from Hebron's western area, together with portions of Colchester and Glastonbury.

Parish Split Up

In the fall of that same year it was voted that the northwest corner of the town should be set off as a separate ecclesiastical society. Application had been made to the General Court in 1746 for the incorporation of this society, and it was popularly known as the "Fawn Hill" society. Perhaps this name had its origin from Fawn Brook, which flows through Gilead and empties into Blackledge or Unguoshot River in Marlborough. Legend says that in the early days of the settlement one of the planters found a dead fawn by the side of the brook in Gilead, and from this incident the brook received its name, which it retains to the present day.

At the time this application was made it was requested that the new society be named Rehoboth. The lower house voted favorably on this name, but for some reason the Senate chose to change the name to Gilead.

There are eight Gileads in the United States, all of which seem to be very tiny places. It is the kind of name which ought to be given to small and charming villages, and in this instance it seems well bestowed, and one is not inclined to quarrel with the Senate which rejected Rehoboth, though that name too, has a nice ring.

One Argument Ends

After this splitting up of the large parish of Hebron into smaller ones, *the various religious bodies of Andover, Marlborough and Gilead maintained each its own minister and house of worship, and thus one great source of contention came to an end. Those faithful Congre-*

the distance was several miles from Hebron Green no longer had to brave the hardships of winter weather, the mud of spring and the heat of summer to get to the meeting-house on the "Plain of Mamre" at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, there to stay not only to hear the preacher expound his text for an hour or two in the morning, but to remain for a long drawn out afternoon meeting as well. It must have been much easier for the people to have their places of worship nearer at hand, although the expense would naturally have been considerably greater than formerly. But the town was increasing in population from year to year, and the handling of the people by one minister in one parish was becoming increasingly difficult.

In connection with the difficulty of deciding on the question of dividing the town into separate religious societies, a map was made by one Isaac Pinney in 1744, which shows the location of the houses and the roads connecting them. There were 189 houses shown on the map, with the names of the settlers occupying them. As those were the days of large families a fair estimate would be ten to a family, thus showing a population of nearly 2,000, rather too large for one minister to serve, or even two, for the Rev. John Bliss, with his faithful band of worshippers ought not to be overlooked.

Although Andover and Marlborough became separate towns as well as separate religious societies, Gilead remained and still is a village within the town of Hebron, subject to its laws and under its jurisdiction.

Dr. Benjamin Pomeroy

"There were giants in those days." This quotation, taken from the Old Testament, has been used many times in history sketches to apply to the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D.D., second pastor of the Hebron Congregationalists.

Mr. Pomeroy was born in Suffield, November 19, 1704, the son of Joseph, and the descendant of Eltweed, first Pomeroy settler in this country, who came to Windsor in 1636.

Benjamin Pomeroy graduated from Yale, 1733, with highest honors. He not only stood first in his class, but to him and to his classmate, Eleazer Wheelock (afterwards Dr. Wheelock) to whom he had become deeply attached, was awarded the first Berkeley prize for superior merit in literature.

Mr. Pomeroy, at his ordination, December 16, 1735, was installed "pastor of the town of Hebron," thus ignoring the very existence of John Bliss and his little band of churchmen.

The Minister Weds

It was quite natural that when the new minister was ready to pick out a helpmeet he should select the sister of his bosom friend, Dr. Wheelock. Abigail Wheelock was only seventeen when, October 24, 1734, she became the wife of Benjamin Pomeroy. *Rather young, we should think it nowadays to assume*

the dignity and responsibility called for in a minister's wife.

Dr. Wheelock was settled in the neighboring town of Columbia, or rather, there was not any Columbia at that time, but what is now Columbia Green was then a part of the so-called Lebanon Crank, which took its name from the fancied resemblance to a handle or crank. Here Wheelock founded the famous Indian school, from which sprang Dartmouth College. Dr. Pomeroy was one of the original trustees of this college, and continued as such until his death.

The Wheelock residence, in the great kitchen of which the Indian school is said to have taken its original start, is still standing, and is now owned and occupied by H. Welton Porter, formerly of Hebron. The school house, where the Indian school was housed after getting its start, also stands, and is in use as a public school on Columbia Green. It has been remodeled, but timbers and framework are that of the old building.

The Ministers Salary

In town meeting, October, 1735, it was voted "to give the Rev. Mr. Pumry 140 pounds a year, if he continues with us in the ministry, to be paid in grain as the market now is." They were more generous later on. One year his salary was 175 bushels of Indian corn, 8 bushels of wheat, 1400 pounds pork, 2091 pounds of beef, and also 12 pounds for firewood."

Well, "Mr. Pumry" was settled in the town of Hebron, with his wife and growing family. The town was divided up into smaller parishes, and that vexatious question was put to rest. But heated argument arose about the building of a new meeting-house. The old structure was in a ruinous condition and it was quite obvious that something must be done, either to patch up the old one or to tear it down and build a new one.

Matters were brought to a crisis when, October 8, 1747, the old meeting-house went up in flames. The fire was caused by an incendiary, said to be a half-witted young man of the neighborhood who was hired for the purpose. The young man was Moses Hutchinson, of the old Hebron family of that name. He was afterwards prosecuted and committed to jail for the crime, the real offender or offenders who had instigated the deed probably escaping punishment. But perhaps the fellow was not so half-witted after all. That may have been a bid for sympathy and leniency.

The burning of the meeting-house caused a great scandal and uproar, and excitement fairly seethed as the news slowly penetrated to the various parts of the town to those worshippers who lived remote from the center.

It proved, however, in some ways, not to be so unfortunate an occurrence, since at least it settled the question of whether there should be a new meeting-house.

The Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy
 During the year when the burning occurred, ten society meetings were held to consider about the building of the new house of worship. It was finally decided to build one 60 by 48 feet, and 25 foot posts, on the spot where the old one stood, on the Soldiers' Park, as the site is now called. The new meeting-house was built in 1748, and it contained some of the timbers that were already hewed for an addition to the old building, and which were saved from the fire. Some of these same timbers were also used in the building of the third meeting-house, destroyed by fire in 1882, remembered by Hebron people of the older generation.

The first house of worship stood 31 years, the second 81 years. The third, which was dedicated January 1, 1829, "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost", stood for 53 years, until 1882, when the present one was built.

During the year following the ordination of Mr. Pomeroy as pastor of the Hebron Congregationalists he received into the church, 30 persons, and in 1737, 35 others.

More about his life and work in Hebron will be told in another chapter.

The Rev. Benjamin Trumbull
 Of this worthy divine, second pastor of the Hebron Congregationalists, the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, the well known historian, says:

"Mr., afterwards Dr. Pomeroy, was a man of real genius, grave, solemn and weighty in his discourses; they were generally well composed and delivered with a great degree of animation, zeal and affection. He appeared to have a deep concern for the salvation of his hearers, and often in his addresses to them, and his expostulations and pleadings with them to be reconciled to God, to forsake the foolish way and live, would melt into tears and weep over them. His language was good, and he might be reckoned among the best preachers of his day. He could set the terrors of the Lord in awful array before sinners, and show them in an alarming manner, the slippery places on which they stood. With equal advantage he could represent the wonders of Christ's love, his glory, the sufficiency of his righteousness, and the blessedness of all who would be reconciled unto God through Him."

These two clergymen, Pomeroy and Trumbull, must have been personal acquaintances and old friends, though there was a difference of about thirty years in their ages. Mr. Trumbull, whose history of Connecticut is so justly famed, was born in Glead, and he probably knew every man, woman and child in the whole town. A chapter will be devoted to his interesting life a little later.

Friend of Whitefield

Another celebrated preacher, the Rev. George Whitefield, famous English evangelist who visited this country in colonial days at the time of "the great awakening", was said to be an intimate friend and correspondent of Dr. Pomeroy. Whether Whitefield ever actually visited Hebron is perhaps a question, although the Rev. Samuel Peters, another ministerial friend of Dr. Pomeroy's, himself a historian of sorts, strongly implies that he did, when he quotes Whitefield as saying:

"Hebron is the stronghold of Satan; for its people mightily oppose the work of the Lord, being more fond of earth than heaven." (Peters' General History of Connecticut, reprint, 1877, page 140.)

Peters goes on to say, in the same connection: "This town is honoured by the residence of the Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, an excellent scholar, an exemplary gentleman, and a most thundering preacher of the New-Light order. His great abilities procured him the favour and honour of being the instructor of Abimieck, the present king of Mohegin. He is of a very persevering, sovereign disposition, but just, polite, generous, charitable, and without dissimulation. Avis alba."

Whether Whitefield ever preached in Hebron or not, he certainly had a great influence on young Pomeroy. The great evangelist was doing a wonderful work both in England and in this country, holding meetings everywhere, in season and out.

...results in the number
...made, and it is not
...that the young Hebron
...caught the inspiration and
...about following his example in
...a smaller way.

Zeal for Religion

It seems incomprehensible, with our present idea of religious freedom, freedom of speech, etc., that Dr. Pomeroy should have got himself into difficulties on account of his zeal for religion and his determination to spread the gospel even outside the bounds of his own parish, giving rise to trouble with the authorities and causing him a good deal of personal privation and annoyance.

In explanation it may be said that there was much hostility at the time in religious circles between the "new lights" and the "old lights". The "old lights", who were in the saddle and had hold of the reins of government, were greatly opposed to the revivalistic methods used by Whitefield and others of the then modern school of preaching.

The frenzied emotional appeal, the shouting, screaming, the working up of hearers into a religious ecstasy, causing hysteria, swoons, "jerks", and the like, all these devices, said to be the stock in trade of the "new lights", were considered undignified and unchristian by their opponents, the "old lights", who believed in a more sober and conservative appeal for the saving of souls. Perhaps, too, the old lights were a little jealous of the younger and more ardent clergy, who were having such spectacular success with the masses.

Dr. Pomeroy Arrested

In 1742 the General Assembly passed an act making it a punishable offense for a minister to "preach, teach or publicly exhort, in any town or society within this colony, without the desire and license of the settled minister and the major part of the church of said town and society," etc. Thus it came about that Dr. Pomeroy was arrested, along with the Rev. James Davenport, for having committed great disorders. Davenport had convened great assemblies at Stratford, and Pomeroy had worked with him, preaching and exhorting in the approved new light style. The General Assembly decided to transport Davenport to Southold, Long Island, where he strictly belonged, and Pomeroy's case was dismissed for lack of sufficient evidence. Pomeroy was treated rudely, and a supposed attempt was made to push him down the stairs of the court house, but he saved himself by a leap.

This was only the beginning of his troubles, however. Trumbull tells the story of his later arrest. (Page 182-3, Vol. 2, Trumbull reprint.)

"Some time after, a lecture was appointed in Colchester, for Mr. Pomeroy to preach. Himself and Mr. Little, the pastor, had always lived in harmony; their parishes joined each other. Mr. Pomeroy went from home supposing that he was about to afford him brotherly

assistance, and to change his views. But, entirely contrary to his expectations, Mr. Little, either from his own private feelings or from the influence of some of his principal hearers, forbade his going into the meeting house. There was a great collection of people from Colchester and the neighboring towns who were earnest to hear the word. Mr. Pomeroy, considering that many saints might be quickened, strengthened and comforted, and that some souls might possibly be saved from death by his preaching, therefore judged it his indispensable duty to preach. Accordingly he retired a little distance from the meeting-house to the shade of a grove, and preached to a very numerous auditory. A certificate was lodged against him, and for seven years he was deprived of his salary."

Satan Raged!

Mr. Trumbull proceeds: "It was now a very critical and momentous period with the churches, for while the spirit of God wrought powerfully, Satan raged maliciously, and playing with his old subtleties, by transforming himself into an angel of light, deceived many."

Later on the secretary of the colony was required to "arrest the body of Mr. Benjamin Pomeroy, clerk, of Hebron, wherever he might be found, and bring him before the assembly to answer for such matters and things as are complained of against him, on his Majesty's behalf."

This was for another offense, that of having criticised "the late laws of this colony, made concerning ecclesiastical affairs." He had declared openly that "the law which was made to stop ministers from going about to preach in other towns was made without reason and was contrary to the word of God."

He had also been known to say that "the great men had fallen in with those that were on the devil's side, and enemies to the kingdom of Christ; that they had raised such persecution in the land that if there be a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus he must lose his estate; that if there be a faithful man in civil authority he must lose his honour and usefulness; and that there was no colony so bad as Connecticut for persecuting laws."

Convicted and Fined

When news of this audacious speech reached the Assembly of May, 1744, it was in short order that they found Mr. Pomeroy guilty, ordered him to pay the cost of prosecution, around 32 pounds, and placed him in a bond of 50 pounds until the next session, when he was to appear before the Assembly to take up his bond, on condition of his peaceable behavior till that time.

Trumbull says: "While Mr. Pomeroy was deprived of his lawful salary and thus harassed and put to expense he had this consolation—that

his people were generally pious, peaceable and friendly, and expressed their good will towards him in voluntarily supporting him; and while large separations were going off from other ministers

...individuals separating from him. He was popular, and wherever he preached people would flock to hear him."

In later years Mr. Pomeroy said to a friend, in speaking of his persecutions: "Sir, those years were the most fruitful of my life, for I went up and down the country, and wherever I found two men and a haystack, there I found a pulpit and a congregation."

That his work was rich in results is shown by his record during the first seven years of his ministry in Hebron, 239 souls being admitted to the church by profession and 25 by letter, and the following year 110 were admitted.

This was the sort of text from which he preached:

"Those whose souls are immersed in sin will join their kindred and be partakers of their plagues in everlasting woe."

Probably he did not always select a text so full of hell fire and brimstone, but he was a literal believer in eternal punishment for sinners, and believed it to be his solemn duty to warn his hearers to prepare themselves against the terrors of the day of doom. He would no doubt stand aghast at what he would consider the softness and laxity of present day preaching.

Large Family

The Pomeroy's had thirteen children in all, eight of whom lived to grow up. It certainly must have taken a great deal of ingenuity to find the wherewithal to feed, clothe and educate such a flock, especially for a man whose salary had been taken away from him. But the Pomeroy's did it by hook or by crook, and even sent two of the boys to college.

All this time they were supposed to be hospitable, too, and feed and entertain any traveler who might come along. In fact, the minister's house was regarded as a sort of hotel.

One story has come down from the past, which I suppose every Hebron person has heard, of several strangers coming unexpectedly to the parsonage. With such a family to feed it is not surprising that there was little left to set before the visitors, but Mrs. Pomeroy was equal to the occasion, though all she had left in the house from which to prepare a meal was bread, sugar and cider.

She crumbed the bread into the cider, sweetened it with the sugar, and invited the strangers to sit down at the table, saying: "If you love the Lord you will be thankful for this, and if you don't it is better than you deserve."

Descendants have preserved traditions, as handed down from accounts given by Dr. Pomeroy's daughter, describing how the house often used to be thronged with people suffering from the most distressing conviction of sin. Groaning and tormented such enquirers would often stay until the small hours of the night, with the faithful minister laboring with them to show them the way and bring them peace. This all seems rather wonderful, and one

wonders if there are any more such earnest souls at the present time. Perhaps we need a little more "new light" just for a change.

More about Dr. Pomeroy must be reserved for another chapter.

Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy

Referring again to the question as to whether the famous evangelist, Whitefield, who so greatly influenced Dr. Pomeroy, ever preached within the limits of Hebron, a quotation from a historical sketch of Colchester by Mr. Edward Day is of interest. Mr. Day states that the nearest point to that town where Whitefield is known to have preached was Middletown. As Colchester is nearer Hebron than Middletown, this makes it appear that there is no record of his ever having preached here. However, ex-Governor John S. Peters, in his personal memoirs and historical sketch of the town of Hebron makes the statement that the famous remark of Whitefield's, "You Hebronians are more fond of the flesh than of the spirit, and of earth than heaven," was made in the course of a sermon delivered by the great preacher in Hebron.

By the way, how many readers have ever noticed the great white oak tree in the outskirts of Glastonbury, standing close by the roadside on the way from Hebron and Marlborough to Hartford? This tree, said to be between three and four hundred years old, bears a placard stating that under its shade Whitefield preached to a great multitude. As this spot could not have been very far from the Hebron line at the time, large parts of Marlborough then being included in Hebron territory, this may have been the very place and time when the scathing remark about Hebron morals was made. Certainly there must have been many Hebron people there among that throng of listeners.

The house where Dr. Pomeroy lived is no longer standing. It stood on the site of the place now owned by John Palmer, and formerly known as the Nelson Loomis or Humphrey Fuller place. One of the lots belonging to the farm is even now known as "the Pomeroy meadow." For besides being a minister Dr. Pomeroy was also a farmer, eking out from his rough stony land such subsistence as he could to piece out his precarious and meager salary and keep in good condition his large, growing, hungry family.

...of the hills belonging to this place, as seen from the road a little north of Hebron village, there are so many rocks and stones that it looks as if a glacier back in the ice age had given itself a vigorous shake just at that point. And no doubt that is just what did happen, though it may have been a slump instead of a shake. It is not surprising that the text for one of the minister's sermons was taken from Amos 6-12, "Shall horses run upon the rock? Can one plow there with oxen?"

In addition to preaching and farming Dr. Pomeroy also found time to be a soldier, and in this capacity he won for himself no mean name. When his first-born son, Benjamin, Jr., enlisted as physician in the French and Indian war, Dr. Pomeroy himself enlisted as chaplain. After his return home to Hebron he wrote to a younger son, Ralph, who was at the Rev. Samuel Finley's, Nottingham, Penn., telling of the death of Benjamin. The letter is dated Hebron, November 15, 1760, and a copy of it is owned by Miss Caroline E. Kellogg, a descendant of Dr. Pomeroy. The letter reads in part:

"My dear Son:
I've been favored with two letters from you since you left home, one dated March 18, 1760, which I received some time in May following. The other January 5th, which came some days later and have wrote as many if not more with as particular accounts of our circumstances as I conveniently could and thought I had good prospects of safe conveyance and am much affected to hear by your last to your Hon'd mother that you have received none. May we see the hand of Providence in ye disappointment. I have not time now co'ld I recollect ye contents of those letters to write them in full and must therefore refer you for a satisfactory account of many changes in our family, before and since, to that much desired day when I may see you again at home and converse Viva Voce. Now be sure I may no longer preface the sorrowful news, ye main subject of this letter. But as a righteous and wise Providence too deep for human sight to penetrate is calling me and your Hon'd mother to mourn the loss of a dear, a first-born son. So you, my dear child, may no longer refrain from your tears, for ye heavy loss of your elder, your dear brother Benjamin. He expired at Schenectady, Wed., Oct. 29, and was there the day following decently interred. 'Twas there he was stationed as you know the last campaign and there a twelve month agoe he was sick nigh unto death. I was so happy then as to be with him when at ye worst ten days or more and thro' infinite mercy he was so far recovered as to ride home with me. But his frequent relapses, faints, inquietudes and discomposures in the ensuing winter are too many here to relate. In March he was appointed Chief Sur-

...being in a measure restored...
cepted that post and to prepare for ye camp where 'twas expected... has since happened, the small pox wd be frequent. He took that infection by inoculation some time in May at Lebanon under Doct. Lord of Norwich, got well thro' and tho' very weak yet tho't himself relieved of some old disorders. But as I then feared and am now confirmed in the opinion, was not fit to undertake the fatigues of the campagne into which he was now hurried. I had the happiness to be with him the most of the way thro' our long and tedious march to Montreal by way of Oswego. He was all the while in a tottering, uncertain state, yet performed his business well, which was very considerable. Doctor Turner, his mate, being left at Schenectady and Doct. Wright, Chief Surgeon of Colo. Whiting's Reg., dying at Oswego.

Further Adventures

"Two days before we came to Montreal I was violently seized with the usual cramp disorders, yet held out to march to the city, where I lay sometime nigh unto death. Immediately after the capitulation our Regt. with other Provincials were ordered back to Oswego up the same terrible rapid stream we had just passed down with so much difficulty, hazard, and loss. I was full of concern for them all and especially for your poor brother who was then but just able to walk and quite despairing of myself to attend the Regt. any further and advised by my Colonels Fitch and Putnam to tarry at Schenectady untill I might recover my health and go home by the way of Crown Point. I had a mind your Brother sho'd tarry with me; and he was advised to by others. But he replied he tho't he couldn't do it with Honour and Justice to the Regt there was nobody to take care of the medicines and sick and he would go with them as long as he co'ld. He hoped to recover his health in some measure even on the march. After about ten days confinement I marched homeward not without difficulty; yet arrived Oct. 8 found the family well but heard nothing of your Brother untill we had the sorrowful account of his sickness and soon after the heavy news of his death and burial; which came in three letters from your brother Eleazer who was there at Albany the 1st and last of which letters I here enclose for you. You will be informed by 1st that he was in a low state of health himself and probably hindered by that from going to his Brother before he dyed, yet attended his funeral, but is, as I learn from someone who has seen him in a poorer state of health than his letters describe. I have this day sent him a horse to ride home. He was nigh unto death last Winter at Albany when he took the Small Pox by inoculation by reason of taking cold, yet thro' infinite Mercy restored and has been in health and much business since....

Army Mortality

"We are not alone in our mourning, there has been and still is a great Mortality in the Army among the Provincial Troops. About 14 from this town are dead, among whom is Lieut. Beriah Wright; whose well beloved wife died suddenly at her father's house three months before him. O may such loud alarms be heard and noticed by us all."

The father closes his letter by offering to send to his son a horse by a friend, also "cloathing" suitable for his mourning conditions, and signs himself "Your Most Affectionate Father."

No comment is necessary on the story, so simply told, of the young Hebron physician, Benjamin Pomeroy, Jr., only twenty-four years old, and as truly a martyr to duty and patriotism as can be found on any page of history.

Of particular interest to Hebron people is an extract from the diary of a Hebron lad, one David Porter, fourteen years of age, who gives the account of the way in which news of the first battle of the Revolution was brought to the town. This account was first published in the Hartford Evening Post, of Dec. 9, 1889. Where the diary now is and exactly who David Porter was I have not been able to discover. I should be very grateful of anyone who could shed any light on the subject. The extract may be read from a clipping in a scrap book at the town clerk's office. The book was presented by Mrs. William J. Carroll of Hartford, daughter of the late F. C. Bissell. It is full of fascinating material on the town history, collected by Mr. Bissell through the greater part of his lifetime.

The part of the extract particularly applicable here is given below:

Hebron Lad's Adventure

"I lived in Hebron at the time of the opening of the American Revolution, being then in my 14th year. The battle of Lexington was fought (Wednesday) the 19th of April, 1775. We were in the church on the Sabbath, a warm and pleasant day a large congregation was present. In the afternoon a gentleman rode up with great speed to the steps. Colonel Hosford received him. The man told the Colonel that there had been a battle and some were killed. He came into the house and addressing the minister, told him the story. Dr Pomeroy told it to the congregation. This threw the women into tears. The message came 'with orders for every able bodied man.'

"Dr. Pomeroy stated this in church. I walked home and saw the women weeping behind their husbands. They rode on pillions. They went home and stripped off Sunday clothes. The women made bread and cakes. The men ran bullets. The next morning the men started. My brother, six years older than myself, was with them, also my cousin. They went to Roxbury and Dorchester and stayed there two months lacking two days. They were not in the battle of Bunker Hill...."

What a Sunday meeting that must have been. Men dozing in their pews, if any could doze under Dr. Pomeroy's thunderous preaching women's thoughts perhaps turning to household affairs, small boys restless, when out of a clear sky the electrifying tidings were flashed and men girded themselves for war. Presumably they were not altogether unprepared for something of the kind to happen, for the Colonies had for some time been getting themselves together in a united front to challenge what they considered the tyrannies of the mother country. Otherwise it would be impossible to understand the entire change of sympathy shown by Dr. Pomeroy. He who had been a loyal and determined supporter of the interests of Great Britain and whose son had died under her flag, now threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the Revolution.

Enlists As Chaplain

He was getting along in years and knew from dread experience the terrors of war, but in January, 1777, at the age of 73, he enlisted as chaplain of the Third Regiment, Connecticut Line. One anecdote of this time about Dr. Pomeroy has survived the years as a bit of family tradition.

One calm, beautiful morning, while the army was stationed at White Plains, some distance away, he was peacefully riding home after spending the night at the bedside of a sick soldier. Suddenly he heard a voice shouting "Stop that old White Wig!" Then another and another. "Stop that old White Wig!" And he found himself surrounded by British soldiers who tried to intercept him. Among his other accomplishments Dr. Pomeroy knew how to ride a horse, and hastily deciding that discretion was the better part of valor he lay down on his horse's back like any cowboy and dug in his spurs. At this the enemy opened fire on him, but the horse knew his master and realized what was expected of him, and away he flew like the wind. With his master clinging to his back he tore madly along while the bullets rained harmlessly around them till they reached the American lines in safety. Rather a strenuous bit of exercise for a man of nearly 74.

The house was nearly empty when Dr. Pomeroy came home from the war. Of the children, Benjamin, Eleazer, Josiah, Abigail, Josiah, Samuel, Hezekiah, Hannah, John, Elihu, Lydia and Augustus Wheelock, five had already died, four in infancy (including the first Josiah); Eleazer had gone to foreign parts, Josiah, Elihu and Ralph were in the army, and Hannah and Abby were married.

Abigail Marries

Abby, who must have been romantic, at the age of fifteen had fallen in love with John Gillette, one of her neighbors, who was just home from Yale. The young couple ardently wished to be married, but Abby's father was away and there-

...with them. A traveling preacher happened to come along and stopped at the house (for a bit of something to eat, most likely). Abby was washing dishes, but fearing to let the golden opportunity escape she hastily dried her hands and she and her John, conveniently on hand, stood up and were married then and there. Abby died in 1835, aged 81, having been the prop and mainstay of her family.

For these stories I am indebted to Miss Caroline E. Kellogg, a descendant of Dr. Pomeroy.

Two of Dr. Pomeroy's sons, Ralph and the second Josiah, were graduates of Yale.

Dr. Pomeroy died December 21, 1784, he being 81 years of age. One of the newspaper notices of that day says: "He was a Calvinist in principle, but not a bigot. His sentiments were liberal, his preaching evangelical, his addresses solemn and affecting."

Another press notice says: "He was called off from his public labors by a severe asthma more than a year before his death and was wholly deprived of sight. His mental powers were undiminished. He took affectionate leave of his family and sitting in his chair quietly dropped into the arms of death."

The name of Pomeroy has entirely died out in Hebron, although one descendant of his, above referred to, lives here now, and there may be others. Many descendants are doubtless scattered about the country. Dorothy Arnold, the mystery of whose disappearance from her New York home was never solved, was a descendant of Dr. Pomeroy.

In the interesting old grave yard on the Andover road, about three-quarters of a mile north of Hebron village, Dr. Pomeroy's grave may be seen today. It is marked by a handsome brown stone table slab supported by four pillars. The epitaph, partly obliterated by time and weather, may yet be made out.

"Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, D.D., minister of the First Church in Hebron and a trustee of Dartmouth College. Nat. Suffield. Ob. Dec. 21, 1784, aged 81. For fifty years a zealous preacher of the gospel and eminently successful about 1743. A Patron of Learning, a firm and active Patriot, and a friend to the distressed."

At the root of the slab, now worn and almost undecipherable is the following poetical description:

"Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way till full of years
He dropped like ripened fruit into his grave."

THE REV. BENJAMIN TRUMBULL, PREACHER AND HISTORIAN

Hebron had been settled about 27 years when, in 1735, two boys were born, each of whom in his own way was destined to make the name of the town remembered. The life story of these boys developed along much the same lines, both being educated at Yale, both becoming clergymen, and both acquiring fame as historians. Here the resemblance stops short, for they were about as different in other respects as two human beings could possibly be.

Perhaps everyone familiar with colonial history has heard of the Rev. Samuel Peters' History of Connecticut, in which he ridicules the Puritans for their "blue laws," as he styles them, and tells a great many other whoppers, interspersed with some keen and trenchant thrusts which probably hit too near the truth for comfort. He was one of the two boys born in Hebron. But it is not the story of his life, dramatic and eventful as it was, to which this chapter is devoted.

The other boy, who afterwards became the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D.D., was born in the section of Hebron known as Gilead, December 19, 1735. He was the son of Benjamin and Mary Trumbull, and the grandson of Benoni, whose father was Joseph of Suffield, the son of John, whose name is recorded at Roxbury, Mass., in 1639, and at Rowley, Mass., 1640, having emigrated from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in 1639.

Since there may be people in the state who do not know just where Gilead is, let it be explained that it is in the northern part of Hebron, about three miles from Hebron village, and some eighteen or twenty miles distant from Hartford. A very charming spot it is, sitting high on its hill, and looking off into the blue valleys in the distance, its dignified and commodious houses, some of them going on two or three hundred years old, fronting the street, and its long lines of trees standing as they have stood, one would almost think forever.

Gilead's Ministers

The house where Benjamin Trumbull was born is (alas) no longer in existence, and no one now living can remember it. Its site was near the present home of Clifford R. Perry, at the south end of Gilead street, on the corner where the road runs west. The old home is said to have stood a little south of the Perry house, about where the vegetable garden now is.

Gilead church records show that Benjamin was baptized in the old church which stood on the same site as the present Congregational church now stands, (or meeting-house, as our ancestors would have called it.) Little, however, can be learned of his early life. He had many illustrious relatives. Governor Jonathan Trumbull of

Lebanon was his great uncle, and Colonel John Trumbull, the artist, and his brothers, Jonathan and Joseph, were his cousins, also Dr. John Trumbull, the lawyer poet, author of *McFingal*.

The fullest account of his life which the writer of this article succeeded in securing, is contained in Sheldon B. Thorpe's "North Haven Annals." "Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit" also devotes three pages to his life. Both these books are, of course, in the State Library. From these sources and from Cole's History of Tolland County most of the facts which follow are taken.

Trumbull was graduated from Yale College in 1750, at the age of 24. On leaving college he was employed as a teacher in Wheelock's Indian Charity school, at Columbia (then a part of Lebanon, and known as Lebanon Crank.)

He studied theology under Dr. Wheelock, and was licensed to preach in 1760, presumably by the General Consociation which met that year in North Branford. He was 25 years old when he preached his maiden sermon in the North Haven church. North Haven was at that time a part of New Haven, not having been set off as a separate town until 1786.

Not every young minister is as lucky as was Benjamin Trumbull, for the North Haven parishioners, having seen him with their eyes and having listened to his first sermon, accepted him like a shot, as shown by this entry on the church books:

Rev. Trumbull Called

"Voted by the Society, even by every one present, that they were Desirous to have Mr. Trumbull preach with us till the meeting of the Association, and then with their advice as a Probationer in order for settlement."

And again, October 31, the same year: "Voted that we were willing to give Mr. Trumbull 220 pounds Lawful money settlement, and also that we would clear and fence 10 acres of the Society Lot and sequester to Mr. Trumble during his work of the Ministry among us, and also that Mr. Trumble should have Liberty to get what Timber he could of all sorts for building of his house (if he should want to build among us) out of the Society Lot."

A little later they offered still further inducements, so much were they prepossessed in favor of the youthful preacher, voting "To give Mr. Trumble 75 pounds Lawful money and 25 cords of wood during his Ministry among us."

In November, 1760, Mr. Trumbull formally accepted the call, and his salary was agreed upon, at 225 ounces of silver, valued at six shillings and eight-pence per ounce, or its equivalent in the common currency of the colony.

Dr. Eleazer Wheelock of Columbia, who preached the ordination sermon, urged the people to provide for their minister, which, he said, he should not do if he believed him to be a "sensual, sleepy, lazy, dumb dog that cannot bark."

Up went the parsonage in short order, the young minister apparently availing himself of the offer of timber for building. The exact date

is not known, but it was soon after 1760. The dimensions of the new house were 28 by 35 feet. It was built of oak, with massive timbers hard as iron. The covering was of rent oak clapboards, beaded and jointed to a line. The quaint moldings and devices surmounting windows and doors attest that unusual ornamentation was bestowed upon it. It came to be known as "The Quality House" of the village. The enormous chimney was built with six separate flues, with as many fireplaces. The chimney was five feet square where it emerged from the roof. Its base, hidden deep in the earth, probably covered 100 square feet. The house was painted red at first, and in 1829 it was one of the only two houses in North Haven boasting window blinds. This parsonage was still standing and practically unaltered in 1892, and probably stands today.

Rev. Trumbull Marries.

This grand new parsonage did not have to wait long for a mistress, for on December 4, 1760, the minister took for his bride Martha Phelps, daughter of Ichabod Phelps of Gilead, very likely one of his childhood playmates. Perhaps, indeed, Martha may have been inclined to lead him around and boss him somewhat in those early days, for, fearful admission, she was three years older than her husband. He was 25 and she 28 when they were married. In those days, when brides of 15 or 16 were the rule rather than the exception, this must have seemed almost ludicrously old for a woman to be getting married, and she is alluded to in the marriage records as "Mrs. Martha Phelps," probably out of respect for her years, as she had never been married before. The title "Mrs." did not then always refer to a married woman, but was frequently used as a title of respect for single women.

The North Haven Annals speaks of the minister's bride in this wise:

"Proud Martha Phelps Trumbull, in her mature womanhood came from Hebron bringing such dainty fabrics of loom and needle as North Haven maidens never saw before."

One wonders how a girl of the present day, marrying at 28, would react to being labeled "mature," and having a sort of legend made of it to pass down to posterity!

It does seem a little surprising that the product of that Hebron loom under Martha Phelps' skillful fingers, should have so surpassed those of the New Haven maidens in expertness and daintiness. But we must remember she had been a long time working on her "hope chest," and had had time to accumulate a goodly store. Probably she began at twelve—but perish the thought!

A word or two about Martha Phelps' ancestry may be mentioned here. Her father, Captain Ichabod

Hebron man who fought in the French and Indian war. His military title was derived from this and previous service. He came to Gilead from Windsor, where he was born April 3, 1708. He was the tenth child of Joseph Phelps of Windsor and his wife, Sarah Hosford, both born September 27, 1686. They were married November 18, 1686. She was the daughter of John and Philura Hosford of Windsor. Joseph Phelps was the son of Timothy and Mary (Griswold) Phelps. Timothy was the seventh son of William Phelps, who was baptized at Tewsbury Church, England, Aug. 19, 1599, coming in the "Mary and John" March 20, 1630, to Massachusetts. (Apologies for putting in so much genealogy, but so many people are interested in the stuff.)

Ichabod Phelps.

The late Mrs. Charles D. Way of Gilead, in an interesting historical sketch, has something of a story to tell about Captain Phelps, Martha's father.

"Sometime previous to the setting off of Gilead from Hebron—it is thought that it might have been 1730—there came to this place one Ichabod Phelps, and pitched his tent upon this spot of ground. It was then an unbroken wilderness. When derided by his friends for building a house in the woods he replied that some day he would stand in the front door of his house and throw a stone and hit the Gilead church. So when the church was finally built upon the spot where the present one now stands, he stood in his door and threw a stone at the church, and being a man it is supposed he hit it.

He built a fine house, one of the old-time, big timbered homes of New England, like the ones scattered all over, built by strong men and brave women, who hewed the frames from the primeval woods and laid their broad hearthstones with prayer. I think he must have been a man of means to build such a house at that time. The windows, with their small, antique panes, were leaded in. The corner cupboard, with its half moon shelves made of soft butternut wood, with the old china and pewter and silver, was a vision of hospitality, and the pride of the old-time housekeeper."

On the site where the old Phelps mansion stood, Gilead Hall now stands, used as a Grange and Community Hall, built on the old foundations in 1905.

To Benjamin and Martha Trumbull were born, in the North Haven parsonage, two sons and five daughters, David, Martha, Mary, Hannah, Benjamin, Sarah and Elizabeth. The family name was spelled "Trumble" until about 1766, after which it came to be spelled as at the present time.

Though the North Haven parishioners were so speedy about securing young Trumbull for their pulpit they did not soon tire of him. In fact they kept him as their pastor for 60 years, a service uninterrupted

at least, when he acted as chaplain and did other service in the Revolutionary war.

Able Historian.

He was said to be an able preacher, and one can well believe this, when he held the same pulpit for 60

years. But it was as a historian that his name is best remembered. His real life work was his history of the colonial period in Connecticut. His history is in fact the only authentic one which tells the story of that time, and upon it all subsequent histories of the state are necessarily based.

He began collecting information for his work when a young man, and published the concluding volume only two years before his death, with an interval of twenty-one years between the publishing of the two books.

In the preface to his first book he states that in preparing his work he visited nearly every town in the state. He made his trips on horseback, and it is said that his short, stout figure, tall beaver hat, black waistcoat, and small clothes were familiar objects to the people of the Connecticut countryside for half a century. He had the necessary flair for that sort of investigation, with a genius for details and a passion for recording them. "Only", he tells us, "by employing all the leisure hours which he could possibly redeem, by early rising and an indefatigable attention to business" did he find the time for this work, which the late Dr. Samuel Hart refers to as "a monument to his diligence and a mine of information for all subsequent students."

Old Accounts

The early history of Connecticut certainly furnished him with an endless variety of detail and anecdote. He gives us a description of the great expanse of unbroken forest interspersed with Indian trails, tells of the struggles of Pequots and Narragansetts, describes Old Newgate prison at Simsbury, Yale College as it was in its very beginning, the pictured rocks at Groton, Ethan Allen's iron mine, gives accounts of the French and Indian War, various church controversies, disputed boundaries, and such a wealth of town and neighborhood gossip that it constituted almost an embarrassment of riches. He tells about Hebron's minister, Mr. Pomeroy, and his trials, speaks of his native Gilead in considerable affectionate detail, in short, as some one has said of him, in the language of the poet:

"With his eyes agog
And his ears set wide,
And his marvellous ink-horn
By his side."

He was always on hand where he could get hold of fascinating material for his book.

Dr. Trumbull also wrote a General History of the United States, as well as many other books or pamphlets of a religious nature. His

History of Connecticut has been re-
peated within the past few years
in two large volumes, and it is a
fortunate person who has these
books in his library. Though some-
what tinged with theological ideas,
the work is exceedingly readable,
and is especially valuable as a work
of reference.

Thus Hebron has the credit of
being the birthplace of the author
of the most authentic history of the
state in colonial times, as well as
the perhaps doubtful honor of hav-
ing as a native son the author of its
most inauthentic one. Of course we
refer to Peters' book here.

Dr. Trumbull is described as be-
ing a short, portly, ruddy faced
man, of strong passions, immense
energies, and commanding mien. He
had the manners of a gentleman of
the old school, and never failed to
return the salutes of schoolboys who
doffed to him.

Veteran of Ticonderoga

As might be expected from a
member of the Trumbull family he
took an active part in the Revolu-
tionary War. From the pulpit he
thundered forth resistance to
tyrants, even coming down from the
pulpit one Sunday soon after an
urgent call had been made for more
troops, raising the leaf of the com-
munion table and calling upon his
parishioners to enlist for the de-
fense of their country. Forty-six
responded, and the parson marched
away at their head, penetrating as
far as Ticonderoga.

Later he served as chaplain in
Col. Douglas' Regiment. His patriot-
ism, it is said, would not allow him
to remain in clerical garb along the
non-combatants at White Plains, on
which occasion he shouldered his
musket, loaded and fired with the
utmost coolness and precision.

At one stage in the battle of
White Plains, when the Continentals
were obliged to retreat, as Trumbull
(with the rest of the troops) was
fleeing before the British, he reach-
ed the banks of a stream just as
Col. Talmadge's horse was going
down the banks into the water. Tak-
ing a flying leap Trumbull landed
upon the crupper behind the Colon-
el, the better to get across the
stream, when the horse, surprised
by this sudden addition to his load,
slipped out from under them both
and left them taking a cold bath.

After his return to New Haven,
Jan. 5, 1777, he was made captain
of a company of volunteers from
that town, and at the time of
Tryon's threatened invasion of New
Haven, July, 1779, Trumbull was
one of the less than 200 volunteers
who did such good work under the
Hon. James Hillhouse, throwing
himself heart and soul into the de-
fense. They fired upon the invaders
from behind fences, trees, etc., and
so checked them that the town was
saved from destruction by fire.

Dr. Trumbull was a frequent visi-
tor at his old home in Gilead, as we
learn from a historical account of
the Gilead church by the late Rev.
Josiah Mack, a pastor there back in
the 1830's. Mr. Mack says:

"Mr. Trumbull would not sacri-
fice principle. In his frequent visits

at Gilead he found a home with his
brother, Deacon Asaph Trumbull.
They were of opposite politics, and
warmly discussing current events
in the evening, the Dr's feelings
would sometimes rise so high that
he would not stay at his brother's
house overnight, but would go out
to some of the neighbors to sleep."

Honored by Yale

He received the degree of Doctor
of Divinity from Yale, 1796. He
continued to preach at North Haven
up to nine days before his death,
Feb. 2, 1820, from pneumonia, at
the age of 85. The text of his last
sermon, preached January 23, was
"There remaineth therefore a rest
for the people of God."

He was survived by his wife, who
died at 98, at North Haven, June 21,
1825. There are perhaps in various
parts of this country a mighty host
of descendants of this worthy cou-
ple. Their son Benjamin was for a
time a practicing lawyer in Cotches-
ter, later removing to Michigan,
where he died, 1850. Dr. Trumbull's
most distinguished descendant was
probably his grandson, the Hon.
Lyman Trumbull, U. S. Senator
from Illinois, afterwards distin-
guished as lawyer and jurist.

The name of Trumbull has now
entirely disappeared from Hebron
and Gilead, except as one comes
across it on ancient records or on
the worn old granite stones in the
picturesque old graveyards of
Gilead.

Benjamin Trumbull and his wife
lie buried in "The Old Cemetery" at
North Haven, only a few rods from
the scene of his labors. A hand-
some marble monument marks their
resting place, with the following in-
scription:

"Here rest the remains of the
Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D.D., who
was born at Hebron, Conn., A. D.,
1735, and died Feb. 2, A. D., 1820,
aged 85.

He was graduated from Yale Col-
lege, A. D., 1759, and ordained pas-
tor of the Congregational church in
North Haven, Conn., A.D., 1760, in
which relation he continued until his
death, a period of almost 60 years.
He composed during his ministry
nearly four thousand sermons, and
published essays on the inspiration
of the Scriptures—a History of Con-
necticut—a History of the United
States, and other works for which
he was honored by his Alma Mater
and esteemed by his countrymen as
an able Divine and an accurate His-
torian.

Firm, humble and devout he sus-
tained with Dignity all his relations
and died a firm and joyful Believer
in his God and Savior, anticipating
with expressions of praise the com-
ing of the Lord."

The inscription to Mrs. Trumbull
reads:

Mrs. Martha Trumbull, wife of
Benjamin Trumbull, D.D., born at
Hebron, Oct. 4, 1732. Died June 21,
1825, aged 92.

*Through life she discharged with
great conscientiousness the relative
duties; exhibited the dignity and the
purity of the Christian character;
bore with patience the infirmities of
age; and died with a firm reliance
on the merits of the Redeemer."*

It is difficult to tell the story of Samuel Peters' life without going into some detail in the history of the church of which he was the first rector, though not the founder. It is presumable, though not certain, that the church received its name as a sort of compliment to its rector. Perhaps he even pulled strings to bring about that result. He was not at all a bashful man. But there seems to be no proof of this, nor even any local tradition to that effect.

It will be recalled that the Rev. John Bliss, who acted as lay reader for the church from its founding, 1734, until his death (1741) was all ready to start on the perilous overseas trip to England for ordination when he died of smallpox. For some time after the church continued in the care of missionaries of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Before the year 1758 three or four other candidates had set sail for the Mother Country to receive holy orders preparatory to assuming the rectorship of the little church here.

Ship Lost at Sea

Of these, one Barzillai Dean, Yale, 1737, made the voyage over safely and was ordained, but the ship was lost at sea on the return in 1752.

Next Jonathan Colton, Yale 1745, died of smallpox within a week of his return in 1752. James Usher, Harvard, 1749, sailed for England in 1757, but the ship was captured by the French and he died in captivity. A Mr. Fairweather of Boston also went to England soon after, and was said to have been ordained, but he too died at the West Indies on the return trip.

In the face of all these calamities it seems little wonder that the church people here were regarded by their fellow townsmen of the Puritan order as being singled out by Providence for punishment for their presumption in endeavoring to establish "the growth of prelacy" in this new land.

It seems surprising indeed that the stout-hearted little band did not become completely discouraged and give up their efforts.

The story of these poor boys who died in the attempt to prepare themselves for service in the church here seems an almost forgotten chapter in Hebron history. Since beginning this series of local history I have received a letter from Mathias Spies of Manchester, for which I am greatly indebted, calling my attention to a broadside "Elegy", preserved in a mutilated condition at the Connecticut Historical Society rooms at Hartford, and supposed to be the only copy in existence. The elegy, which was written by Joseph Coalman, throws some light on the life and death of one of the unfortunate young men, the Rev. Jonathan Colton. A short account of his life is also given in the Yale Biographies and Annals. Both are so interesting that I make no apologies for quoting entire.

Sketch of Jonathan Colton, from Yale Annals.

"Jonathan Colton, youngest of nine children of Capt. George Colton of that part of Springfield, Mass., which is now Longmeadow, and grandson of Isaac and Mary (Cooper) Colton, was born March 11, 1726. His mother was Mercy, third daughter of Capt. Luke and Sarah Hitchcock of Springfield.

After graduating he enjoyed one of the Berkeley scholarships at the college, meantime probably studying theology, and then seems to have entered on a business career. A subsequent bitter attack upon him by the Church of England missionary at New London describes him at this period of his life as "a covetous man, a farmer, an apothecary, a merchant, and a usurer."

Came to Hebron

In 1748 he undertook while still a layman the duty of reading the church services to the Episcopalians at Hebron, Conn., whence he went to England in October, 1751, with the hope of returning to the same post as an ordained clergyman. He received deacon's and priest's orders in March, 1752, and was commissioned by the S.P.C. as their missionary for Hebron and vicinity. He embarked upon the return voyage in safety but (as stated by his classmate Chandler in his 'Appeal Defended') died from smallpox on the passage on May 7, in his 27th year, and was buried in the ocean. An elegy by Joseph Coalman was printed as a broadside soon after his death, and a copy is owned by Dr. C. J. Hoadly, the state librarian of Connecticut. (This is the copy now owned by the Connecticut Historical Society, presented last February by Robert C. Beers of Hartford).

The first two stanzas of the elegy are missing. The remaining 18 stanzas follow, four stanzas being incomplete. The introduction is also incomplete, but reads about as follows, a few words being supplied:

"Elegy on the Death of the Rev. Jonathan Colton, April the 7th, 1752, (as he was returning from England, where he received Holy Orders to preach the Gospel to a Parish of Hebron, Connecticut, in the 27th year of his age.

That all things born
Should Mortal be.

But iron fate prepares a Solid Way
Much stronger than the billows of
the Sea.
To wait it home, instead of Zephyr's
Breath.
The angry frowns of Providence
In Death.

And now the fatal Messenger Ap-
pears
And brings the ghastly Message to
our Ears:
Dear Colton's Dead and Buried in
the Sea:
His lovely Face no more shall smile
on thee!

O is he dead? Alas! and must we
part?
The killing echo wounds my ach-
ing Heart;

... casting eyes on val themselves
in tears;
My Hope's degenerated into Fears.

The flowing Tears still aggravate
my Grief.

They give my Sorrows vent but no
Relief.

Come, Phillomena, from the bloomy
tree,

Translate your cheerful Notes and
mourn with me.

... guarding angels waiting
round his bed

... attend his body to the
Dead.

... with his Spirit justly soar,
... ely land it on the Heav-
ly Shore.

And mus' his dear Remains become
a Prey

Unto the gaeedy Monsters of the
Sea?

O Neptune, guard his slumbering
flesh from Harm

While hungry Fishes round his Body
swarm!

Forbid the bolstrous Winds and
Waves to roar

Where Colton sleeps beneath the
watry Tower.

And thou Leviathan, observe the
Day,

The Mournful Day! and cease thy
wanton Play.

Thou tragic Muse, assist the Fun-
eral Song

In doleful Numbers, and Ideas
Strong;

That with my weeping pen I may
relate

His Birth, his moral Life and mortal
Fate!

... was of no mean Degree
... a godly Familie.

... his early Piety
... to the University.

... educated in his Prime;
... from any Hainous Crime.

... words so Savoury
... Scholars loved his Com-
pany.

And in a little Time he did Surpass
In learning; many of the foreward
Class;

For which he often had a Com-
mendation

Yet was he void of Pride and Oa-
tentation.

His Soul was furnished with Saga-
city,

A judgment Sound, a pregnant
Memory.

Grace ruled his Heart. Wit centered
in his Brain;

While Love and Virtue ran through
every Vein.

He was averse to Envy and Dis-
cord,

Just in his Dealings, Faithful to his
Word;

No Spight, nor Malice dwelt be-
neath his Breast;

Nor Slander on his gracious tongue
could rest.

His wrinkled Face
vengeful Eye

Confused his Visage with Deforma-
ity;

His smiling Face like to the rising
Sun,

With cheerful looks on every Mortal
Shone.

But Death, alas! has' cropt' the
youthful Bloom;

His Beauty's blended in a wat'ry
Tomb—

Nameless he died, no son is left be-
hind,

Wherein I might his Father's feat-
ures find.

The sable Curtains of the fatal
Night

Hang round his mortal Bed; forbids
his Flight.

I shall by Death repair to him; but
he

Shall never in his life return to me.

O what a Blessing has New Eng-
land lost.

He for your sakes the raging Ocean
crossed;

Exposed his life to Pestilence and
Death;

And in the Christian Faith resigned
his Breath.

Will God, in His own Time, be
pleased to send

An equal Blessing to our sinful
Land;

And may the different Churches all
accord,

In one unerring way to serve the
Lord."

"The Conclusion" follows. "Being
a brief address to the Bereaved.

Hear ye the Rod, and Who hath
appointed it.

Behold! and own the Sovereign
Hand of God.

Ye that have felt his sore chastising
Rod,

Join to adore the Awful Majesty
Of Heaven and yield to Him Sub-
missively,

Since 'twas His Will, let Mortals ac-
quiesce.

Eternal Wisdom orders all Things
Best.

Prepare for your own final Dissolu-
tion.

Health can't secure the strongest
Constitution.

Can all our Groans or Tears, or
Sorrows Save

Our dearest Kindred from the
Silent Grave?

Less can we do to bring them back
again;

Much less than Nothing! All our
Skill is vain.

And is the loss which you sustain so
Great?

None but the Churches can be Ade-
quate;

May God be pleased to Sanctify the
Same,

Dry up your Tears and Bless His
Holy Name.

Joseph Coalman."

... whether this worthy young divinity student may have been at one time or another in his career "a farmer, an apothecary, a merchant," etc., according to the vehement accusations of the S.P.C. missionary!

It takes old stories like this to bring to the realization of the present generation the awful prevalence of smallpox in the old times. Also the dangers of sea voyages, then so fraught with peril that special prayers were offered up for such occasions, Hymns too, still in our hymnals, "For those in peril on the sea!"

Notwithstanding the somewhat hopeless tone of the elegy Heaven did send another candidate eager to cross the ocean and prepare himself to take the helm at St. Peter's. This, as we have seen, was Samuel Peters, the youngest son of John and Mary Peters of Hebron, and brother of Colonel John, who wrote the rhymed autobiography quoted in the previous chapter.

Rev. Samuel Peters

Samuel Peter, from all accounts, seems to have had about him from youth up something partaking of the exalted ego of which psychologists tell us. Just possibly he was a little spoiled in his childhood. (Did they have spoiled children then?) he being the youngest, and apparently having the most money spent on his education and upbringing. He was probably the most original, ambitious and temperamental member of the Peters family in Hebron. Certainly he is the one of whom the world has heard the most in one way or another, who has caused more rage and more laughter, and in whose memory antiquarians most delight. It is hardly likely that he ever saw his brother's rhymes. If he had done so he would undoubtedly have taken vigorous measures to suppress them. His view of the social position of the Peters family differed radically from that of Colonel John, who referred to his own birth as "low and something mean." It will be recalled. What! A Peters low? mean? Perish the thought! Samuel had quite a different idea of their status and wrote indefatigably to try to establish their descent from the English gentry, but according to the Peters genealogy with indifferent success.

Graduate of Yale

He was born in 1735, being the 10th child and 6th son of his parents. By the terms of his father's will, 1754, Samuel, then 19 years of age, was left 1,000 pounds. With the funds thus provided he went to Yale College, graduating in 1757, receiving an A. B. and an A. M. from Yale and from King's College, now Columbia University, where for a time he acted as a tutor. It is stated that in 1776 he received an L.L.D. from Trinity College, Nova Scotia, and he later claimed for himself an L.L.D. from Certona, Tuscany.

As with other candidates it was necessary for him to sail to Eng-

land... furnished... from Samuel Johnson, first president of King's College, to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London.

Before leaving this country he had received a commission from the Hebron church to become its rector. All sorts of grand things happened to him in England, where he landed in the latter part of 1758. He was admitted to deacon's orders March 11, 1759, in the Palace at Fulham by the Lord Bishop of Chester, and on the 25th of August, 1759, he was advanced to priest's orders by Thomas Sherlock, Lord Bishop of London, who out of compliment ordered him to preach his first sermon in the Church of St. Sepulchre, London, where (according to his own story) his great-uncle, the Rev. Hugh Peters, was preacher for many years during the Cromwell Protectorate.

It was not particularly strange that he too, while in London, contracted that city's deadly scourge, smallpox, from which he barely escaped with his life. He had left America, a smooth skinned youth of 23, returning in 1760 with a face strongly scarred from the ravages of the disease. But this was of small consequence. He was here alive and ready at the age of 25 to assume his position as "the first official rector of Hebron and Hartford," which office he held until he was nearing 40. From his mission in Hartford sprang the present Christ Church Cathedral.

The story of his life will be continued in another chapter.

THE NEW CHURCH

When the newly dedged divine, Rev. Samuel Peters, was actually in charge of the little church here at the top of Godfrey Hill, (not the new and handsome one down on the Green now 110 years old, but the first plain simple structure) what a flood of rejoicing must have gone up from his flock. And how the heads of their religious opponents, which had been solemnly shaking for some years at the calamities in the shape of shipwreck, captivity and death, which Providence had seen fit to shower upon the Hebron Episcopalians, must have stopped with something resembling a jerk at the sight of that same Providence (or could it be the Devil?) visiting the "attempt at prelacy" with favor, or at least letting fall upon St. Peter's the same sun which fell on the Puritan or Established Congregational order.

The church seemed at once to take a prominent place among those of the Church of England in the Colony, and the convention of Church of England clergy was held here June 5, 1765.

Church Records.

It is unfortunate that records owned by the church are very incomplete, those preserved not beginning until 1787, though the church was established in 1734. Some information may be gained by the town records, however, and in this way we learn that John Peters, Samuel's father, was on the tax list of the Church of England in Hebron in 1745. The full list, 1750, includes the names of 48 men, Aaron Willcox, Abner Waters, Azariah Brown, Adam Waters, Abial Bliss, Daniel Jones, David Wilcox, Jr., Eliphalet Cass, Ebenezer Horton, Edmond Wells, Christer Crouch, Hezekiah Hutchinson, Mr. John Thompson, Mr. John Peters, John Bliss, John Chamberlain, Jr., Mr. John Warner, Mr. Joseph Youngs, Joseph Man, John Meriels, Jonathan Brown, Joshua Tillotson, Isaac Owen, Lawrence Powers, Nathan Wilcox, Richthaniel Brown, David Wilcox, Richard Curtice, Robert Cox, Roger Dewey, Sils Bliss, Silas Owen, Doct. Sam'l Shipman, Samuel Pennock, Samuel Ingham, Samuel Watters, Seth Sutton, Moses Hutchinson, Jr., Thomas Brown, Thomas Polley, Thomas Wells, Thomas Wells, Jr., Thomas Carrier, Worthy Watters. with a list of their ratable property.

An item under the same date, Town Meeting book 1, page 160, releases the Church of England members from further payment of the minister's rate to "Mr. Benjamin Pumry" Congregational pastor, for whose support up to this time they had been assessed, together with all other property owners of the town.

From the list it is seen that John Peters was fourth in value of property. In 1746 he deeded to the Rev. Ebenezer Punderson of Groton, missionary, and to Samuel Pennock

and Thomas Brown of Hebron, and to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 30 acres for a glebe land, lying about three quarters of a mile northerly from the church, "in consideration of ye love and affection which I have and bare toward ye people of ye Church of England in Hebron, ye County of Hartford, Colony of Connecticut, and for securing and settling ye Service and Worship of God amongst us, according to ye usage of our most excellent Church, within ye sd Hebron at all times forever hereafter, and also for and inconsideration of ye sum of thirty pounds of ye currency of ye sd Colony and of ye old tenor, to me in hand actually paid by the Rev. Mr. Punderson of Groater, Rector of ye Church of England and Samuel Pennock and Thomas Brown," etc.

Thus it is seen that the Peters family had been both prominent and generous in the church from the early days. When in the days during and following the Revolutionary War trying times had again fallen upon the church, and it seemed advisable to dispose of the glebe lands lest they might be confiscated by the state, and as by the terms of the deed it was impossible to sell them, a device was hit upon to get around the provisions, and they were sold by the Parish to Joseph V. Case, for 9,999 years, April 5, 1795, for consideration of 90 pounds, lawful money, and the annual rent of one grain of pure silver or gold equivalent (if demanded) upon the Festival of St. John the Baptist, in each year.

This transaction amounted to a sale, and it is hardly necessary to say that the church has never made any demand for payment of rentals.

Pastor Owned Slaves.

The land is now part of the farm of Frank R. Post, and the rear of the Post house, it is said, is a portion of the old house where the Rev. Samuel lived, with his wife and family, surrounded by his slaves, some twenty in number, so the story runs, and their families. Certainly the old part of the Post residence looks antique enough to have been in use at that time, with its tiny windows, irregularly placed, and its tinier panes, its odd little corners, and its flagged porch. I have been told by old people that the front part of the house which was torn down many years ago, had beautiful wood carving which was thrown upon the wood pile and used as fuel. The present front portion which replaced the former one must be nearly a hundred years old.

A description of the Rev. Samuel by his nephew, Ex-Governor John S. Peters, is of interest:

"Dr. Peters had an unusually commanding personal appearance. He was full six feet high, remarkably erect, of a large and muscular body but not fat. His eyes were blue, and his face strongly marked by the small pox, a disease of which he nearly died in London in 1758. In

... he was animated, even loquacious, and the great amount of anecdote which he had at command rendered him a most entertaining companion. He had an uncommonly active mind, and had acquired a large store of varied information. He had an iron will as well as an iron frame, and whatever he undertook he pursued with a spirit of indomitable perseverance. His ruling passion perhaps was ambition, but though he made some noise in the world he probably never reached any high point of distinction to which he aspired. As a preacher he held a highly respectable rank. His sermons were written with care and delivered in a manly, impressive manner. He loved Kings, admired the British government, and revered the Hierarchy. He aped the style of an English nobleman, built his house in a forest, kept his coach, and looked with some degree of scorn upon Republicans (i. e. citizens of a republic) hence the fierce opposition he had to encounter from the Whigs of 1774. In his domestic and private relations he was ever that which could be desired. He was very arbitrary, deeply impressed of a sense of his own importance, and determined to receive full measure of consideration from others. He greatly admired and bowed to those of high estate; but he possessed sound common sense and real affection for and interest in his relatives, giving them the best of hard, worldly advice, and helping them out of his own pocket when he could not have had great store for himself. His inflexible and indomitable spirit enabled him to endure many and various ills, afflictions and losses with unflinching stolicism."

Rev. Peters' Family

The Rev. Samuel's first wife was Hannah Owen, whom he married Feb. 13, 1760, and by whom he had three children, one daughter, Hannah Delvena, born at Hebron, Jan 2, 1762, being the only one of the three who lived beyond childhood. The first child, also a Hannah, born Dec. 19, 1760, died Jan. 2, 1762. The birth of the third child, Elizabeth, does not appear on the records, or is perhaps tucked away in some obscure corner where it is difficult to find. The child's death is recorded as on August 27, 1765, presumably an infant, and the death of the mother followed October 25 of the same year. Hannah Owen was the daughter of Silas and Elizabeth (Hunt) Owen of Hebron. She was born Dec. 29, 1739, and was therefore 21 years old at the time of her marriage, and only 26 when she died.

Samuel married the second time, June 24, 1769, "Miss Abigail Gilbert", as the record quaintly puts it, a daughter of Samuel Gilbert, Esq., whose death occurred less than three weeks after her marriage, at the age of 17. The story of

this marriage is told in an article in the Hebron Courant of July 24, 1769, in an interesting and touching manner and in a vein characteristic of the period.

"We hear from Hebron that on Sunday the 24th June last the Rev. Mr. Samuel Peters was married to the delicate and amiable Miss Abigail Gilbert, daughter of Samuel Gilbert, of that place... And that on the 14th instant, July, about 11 o'clock at night, this pleasant bride departed this life (by an illness termed by the Physicians an improper Chorea Santa Viti) after three days illness, to the inexpressible Grief of her Consort, Parents, Bretheren and Acquaintances. And on Sunday the 16th Instant her remains were interred in St. Peter's Church in Hebron. Upon which occasion there appeared a very great concourse of people, in whose countenances appeared the greatest Disappointment, Consternation, and Lamentation ever seen in Hebron. The Revd. Mr. John Tyler of Norwich performed the duties of the day and the funeral obsequies, being twelve days between the Nuptials and the silent Grave.

"Her curtains that were made of Gold & Silver to adorn her Lodgings are furled up, being changed for a Napkin and a Winding Sheet, spun by the Spider and the Worm.... The Marriage and Festal days were begun and carried on with proper Joy and Solemnity, but their end is Death, without Dancing or Merry Mood.

Men dying once they die no more.
The Groom has time to think
And Death explore."

Pastor Takes Third Wife

The groom did think—and married again, his third wife being Mary Birdseye of Stratford, born 1750. I have not been able to find the date of this marriage, but the first and only child resulting from the union was William Birdseye, born June 5, 1774. And alas! the death of the mother followed June 16 of the same year, at the age of 24. Thus perished in the bloom of youth the three wives of the Rev. Samuel, not one of them having reached the age of 30, all of whom might very possibly have been saved by modern methods of treatment. Certainly that proud, dictatorial, sensitive, afflicted man had need of all the stolicism at his command.

The little boy, William Birdseye, lived to grow up, dying of yellow fever in Mobile, Ala., in 1822.

The graves of the three wives may be seen today in the old Church of England Graveyard on Godfrey Hill, close by the site of the old church building. Grasses wave over them, and the stones, of primitive granite, lean towards each other as if the wives might be exchanging quiet confidences. The epitaphs are worn and moss-grown but may still be deciphered. That of the second

wife, the "delicate and amiable
bride," runs as follows:

"Here is interred ye corpse of
Mrs. Abigail Peters, a second con-
sort of ye. Revd. Mr. Samuel
Peters, a daughter of Samuel
Gilbert, Esq., by Mrs. Abigail
Gilbert his wife born Jany 31st.
1752 and married June 25th, 1769
and died July 14, 1769 a Wed-
ding changed to Lamentation Ye
Greatest Grief in all Creation a
Mourning Groom in Desperation."

Fate having dealt him three
such terrific blows it seems as if a
period of peace and quiet might
have followed, in some sort of a
compensation. But no! More up-
heavals were to follow. By the year
1774 (when the third wife died) the
grumblings and mutterings presag-
ing the Revolutionary War had be-
gun in earnest. And as for this
autocratic rector, admirer of Kings
and the British Government, and
contemptuous of "republicans", he
had no idea of falling into line with
the "rebels," as he considered them,
and he preached and lectured to his
flock on the subject in no uncertain
terms.

He also put in his oar at town
meetings, thundering against a
proposal to aid the distressed Bos-
ton people, said to be suffering from
the punishment meted out to them
by Great Britain on account of the
destroying of the tea in Boston har-
bor.

Said he, "The teas destroyed in
the harbour of Boston ought to be
paid for by the author of that hor-
rible crime; for which, indeed, the
King and Parliament have ordered
Admiral Graves to blockade the
harbour of Boston until the teas,
wickedly destroyed are paid for;
when the blockade will cease, or I
will give my last shilling to help
the poor of Boston."

"Hartford followed the example
of Hebron in deciding against a col-
lection, and," says the Rev. Samuel,
"The doings of Hartford and Hebron
were soon spread, and put a stop
to all other town meetings in Con-
necticut, to the disappointment and
mortification of Governor Trumbull,
who laid the blame on the influence
of Dr. Peters, the Episcopal clergy-
man of those two towns."

The above is of course Dr. Peters'
own story (quoted from his anony-
mous History of Connecticut). Just
how closely the actual doings in
Hartford and Hebron corresponded
to his account might require some
study.

Interesting History Written On Tolland County's First Governor By Hebron Woman

Miss Susan B. Pendleton Goes Back 100 Years In Relating Story Of John S. Peters Of Hebron Who Served Term of Governor From 1831-1833 - - - Wilbur L. Cross Only Other Native Son Of Tolland County To Serve As Chief Executive Of This State - - - Was Born In Mansfield

Somewhat more than a hundred years ago, in 1831, to be exact, the town of Hebron in the County of Tolland, had the honor of sending one of her native sons as governor of the state, in the person of John S. Peters, who served in that capacity from 1831 to 1833.

Never before had a town in Tolland County furnished a governor for Connecticut, and for a long time it looked at if this honor would not happen a second time. Indeed, a hundred years rolled by before Wilbur L. Cross, born in Mansfield, also in Tolland County, was elected governor, becoming the second from the county to hold this high office.

These two tiny towns, Hebron and Mansfield, having done this signal service for the state, will Rockville or Stafford Springs perhaps take their turn at governor producing in another century? Let us hope they will not have to wait quite so long.

John S. Peters was born in 1772, the only son of Bemslee Peters who was the youngest son of John Peters of Hebron. Bemslee was a brother of the Rev. Samuel Peters, noted Tory, and was influenced by him to such an extent that he too cast in his lot with the Loyalists, and decamped to England, following in his brother's footsteps.

At the time of his flight he expected that the "unpleasantness" between the colonies and the Mother Country would soon be ended, with Great Britain triumphant, after which he planned to return to his family here.

He left behind him in Hebron his wife, Elizabeth Peters, and their six small children, Clarinda, Anna, Destiny, John S., Mary and Bemslee. When he left this country he was a young man in the early twenties. He never returned to his family, nor did they join him, though his son stated that shortly before his death he was planning to come to Hebron for them.

How Anna Peters, the governor's mother, managed to bring up her children, bring them up and educate them, as well as take care of herself, can now be known. Friends and neighbors doubt helped her, and it may be that she received funds from her husband in London. That the family felt the pinch of poverty is certainly evident from personal reminiscences written by Governor Peters in his later years.

He tells the story of his life in a carefully preserved bit of autobiography in his own handwriting, which may be seen today in an old-fashioned volume on file at the town clerk's office, from which we quote in part.

The Governor's Life Story

"Some notices of the incidents of the life of John S. Peters, by Himself:

I was born on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1772. Bemslee Peters and Anna Shipman, my parents, were born in Hebron. Their parents were the first settlers of Hebron, Conn. In 1774 they removed to Mooretown, Vermont, where they remained one year; by reason of the oppression of Great Britain upon her then colonies a war was in embryo, and the Canadian Indians were expected to make a murderous descent upon the inhabitants of the new settlements in Vermont. (This way of spelling was always used by the Governor and his uncle, the Rev. Samuel) and the failure of the Rev. Samuel Peters to procure a title to the town of Mooretown in said Vermont induced said Bemslee to return with his family to Hebron in 1775.

In February, 1777, my father left Hebron with many other Loyalists for New York. From thence he sailed for England and joined his brother in London (who had left his country in 1774) expecting that the war would soon be over, when he would return to his family.

He obtained a captain's commission on half pay, which supported him in London until 1791, when he drew a large tract of land for himself and family, and removed to Little York in Upper Canada where he died in 1793 at the age of 56. My mother died in Hebron in 1819, aged 79.

I remained with my mother until I was seven years old, then I went into the family of Joel Horton to tend children and do boy's work until I was fourteen years old. I then worked on farms for wages in the summer and attended school

In the winter until I was eighteen years old. I then commenced instructing a district school, which I continued for two winters.

At twenty I came

...at a month then
 ...school in Hebron.
 ...numbers I read
 ...surgery with Dr. Ab-
 ...of Glastonbury. In No-
 ...1808, I went to Philadelphia
 ...the anatomical lectur-
 ...Doctors Shipen and Wistar.
 ...lectures of Dr. Ben-
 ...ish.

I returned to Hebron in March,
 1809. In May I traveled up Connecti-
 cut River to near Canada line, and
 examined the locations to find a
 place to settle. I found none to suit
 me. I passed through Vermont to
 Saratoga County, N. Y., visited
 friends and returned to Hebron.

I had thus spent twenty-four years
 of my life and all my money. I sat
 down tired and discouraged.
 In a few days my neighbors called
 upon me for medical advice, and in
 a short time I had as much profes-
 sional business as I could do.

I continued to practice forty years.
 In the meantime I was called upon
 to render my part of service in the
 social and political societies, Select
 man, Town Clerk, Representative to
 the General Assembly, State Senator,
 Lieutenant Governor, and Governor
 of the State.

At the age of 59 I retired from
 public employment and left the prac-
 tice of Physic as soon as I could
 leave my old friends in the care of
 others.

I now spent a part of my time on
 my farm and traveling. In 1835
 I left home in company with Rev.
 William Jarvis and his wife on a
 tour of pleasure and for the purpose
 of improving his health. Our first
 stop was at Saybrook, second at
 New York, where we visited his
 brother and viewed the Lions of the
 day. From thence to Philadelphia
 where I reviewed the scenes of my
 pupillage. From thence to Washing-
 ton City. Here I was introduced to
 the President by our mutual friend,
 Henry L. Ellsworth, Esq.

General Jackson is one of the most
 polite men I ever saw in his calm
 hours. When angry he is a tyger.
 We were privileged with a long visit
 in which my friend showed up the
 General by introducing a favorite
 measure in which the Senate oppos-
 ed him. The pipe was taken from his
 lips, his cane rattled upon the floor
 and he roared out "I can do nothing
 for this cursed Senate".

Ellsworth would introduce a new
 subject, the President grew calm
 and interesting. When we left the
 President Mr. Ellsworth said, "I have
 taken some pains to show you the
 whole of the President".

From thence to Pittsburgh,—from
 thence to Cleveland, Ohio, from
 thence to Erie, from thence to Nia-
 gara Falls, from thence to Little

York in Canada, where we found
 Hannah Jarvis, the widow of Samuel
 Jarvis, and only daughter of Rev.
 Samuel Peters, L. L. D., with her
 children, William and Samuel and
 three daughters.

We returned to Buffalo, to Albany,
 to Hartford, and home, after a trip
 of twelve weeks.

I then overlooked the improvement
 of my farms, building large walls
 and making the land productive.

I had built a house of brick, in
 1806, and an office in 1816 on land
 in the center of the town, which I
 bought of Sylvester Gilbert, Esq., in
 1805. Likewise of said Gilbert in
 1841, eleven acres on the west side
 of the Colchester roads. I bought in
 1808 of Judah Porter twenty-three
 acres north of the Porter lot, which
 brought together the whole of the
 old Barber lot, so called.

Likewise I bought the right of
 the heirs of the old home lot after
 the decree of the Court, in the case
 of the heirs of Beinslee Peters vs.
 Samuel Peters, L.L.D., containing
 112 acres. In 1826 I bought the Hor-
 ton farm of the administratrix of
 Joel Post, deceased, afterwards the
 church lot and then the Shipman
 Horton lot, and the Thompson lot
 of the heirs of Jonathan Peters,
 the farm now lying in a compact
 body containing about 240 acres, I
 afterwards bought the Crouch lot
 containing 100 acres and thirteen
 acres of woodland on the Basset
 farm.

In 1854 I sold the Horton lot for
 \$4,000 to Strickland and Ellis, and
 have invested the money collected
 in bank stock in Hartford and in
 the City of New York.

And now at the age of 83 I enjoy
 good health and have a competency
 of prosperity. I have done with
 the labors of life. I am reading
 the course and conduct of nations,
 the changes in the friendship and
 policy that united, old sworn ene-
 mies leagued . . . Nearly the whole
 of Western Europe leagued against
 gigantic Russia, who is contending
 for universal empire against all
 Western Europe—and the waning
 power of the Turks, all of which
 have a common interest in clipping
 the wings of the proud, haughty, as-
 pirng autocrat of Russia, who is
 fighting for universal empire."

There is a good deal more of this
 philosophising, the ramblings of an
 old man in the twilight of his life,
 which it would hardly be worth
 while to quote entire.

The Governor also gives an ac-
 count of his family history, as hand-
 ed down from father to son, as fol-
 lows:

"Lord Peters of England had
 three sons who were in active life
 in the reign of Charles I. King of

England, Thomas, Hugh and William, all publicly educated men, and all dissenters from the established religion in the Mother Country. They came to America to enjoy freedom and to worship God as conscience dictated. Thomas settled in Saybrook, Conn., Hugh in Salem, Mass., ministers, and William in Mendon, Mass., a merchant. Thomas had no children, but an heir that will remain till the end of time is Yale College, which was commenced in Saybrook by him, afterwards removed to New Haven, and his library was the nucleus of the present large one owned by that institution.

John Peters, a descendant of William, removed from Mendon, Mass., to Hebron in the year 1718, where he raised a numerous family. In 1774 the political tyme had turned and most of the family took sides with the King which ruined and scattered them, never again to be united, and most of them died in foreign lands.

We believe that all of the name in New England descended from William, (and most of them are very clever fellows. My father, Bemslee Peters, the youngest son of John, Sr., died in Canada, on his way back to his family. Samuel died in New York and was buried in Hebron.)

The birthplace of Governor Peters is remebered by the older generation of Hebron people, a long, low house, a story or a story and a half high, painted red. It was on the Bolton road, about a mile and a half north of Hebron village. For some time it was owned by Charles D. Way of Gilead, and was used as a tool house. It fell into ruins many years ago and no vestige of it now remains.

The school house where the governor taught in his youth was also on the Bolton road. Some of the older people say that this school house was made over into a dwelling house, the one formerly occupied by Dennis Keefe near the old N. E. Lord place, on the cross road to Andover. This too is now in ruins.

Governor Peters never married, an old sister keeping house for him for many years. His brick residence or "mansion" as it is sometimes called, which was built by him in 1806 near the center, is still standing and in excellent repair. It is much admired for the beauty of its architectural lines, both exterior and interior. It is owned by Edmund H. Horton, a great grand nephew of the governor, who occupies it with his family. The governor's practice was lucrative and it is said that a day's income from his professional duties paid for a day's work on his house when it was being built.

His income was augmented by the tuition of students who came to him to learn the practice of medicine. It is said that he usually had half a dozen or more of such students under his tutelage.

He raised medicinal herbs in his garden at the south of the house, and even to the present time blood root which has straggled under the fence to the church lot just beyond may be seen in the spring, if the grounds are not mowed down too closely. An energetic sexton with a lawn mower can eliminate many a pretty and interesting growth.

A quaint stained glass window, a memorial in the governor's honor, may be seen in St. Peter's Episcopal Church today. This bears the State seal and the Governor's coat of arms. The church owes probably more than it can ever reckon up to this fine old gentleman, for he endowed it liberally and was ever generous in its support. The present church edifice was built in 1826, taking the place of the first plain structure on Godfrey Hill, now torn down. Sadly enough, the governor's pew was partly demolished some years ago when some unfortunate remodeling was done in the interior, but the rear railing remains and some way of marking it is being considered.

Governor Peters was one of the group of benevolent and far-sighted men of the state who petitioned for the establishment of Trinity College, and for 35 years he was a trustee of this college, until his death in 1858. He gave money for the college library and every year about \$100 is spent for books for the library from the income of that fund. The amount which he gave was \$2,000, a large bequest at the time. In 1908, at the time of the Hebron Bi-Centennial celebration, Dr. Flavel S. Luther, then president of Trinity, said that nearly 4,000 of the volumes in the college library had been purchased with the income of the Peters fund, and the original sum given by him is still left intact.

A story is told of the governor by Mrs. Annie Welles, a niece, now deceased. At the time he was serving his state the stage coach and mail wagon were the only public conveyances. He was in Hartford and coming home to Hebron by stage. A colored woman asked for a passage. "I cannot take you. I have got to take the governor," said the driver. "Let me see the governor," said the woman. "Get right in, Liddie, get in!" said the governor as soon as he saw her. She knew very well that she had only to see him. Her husband was Henry (or Harry) Peters, a descendant of one

...of the ... whose ...
... to call his ...
... cousins.

A stately monument marks the
governor's resting place in St. Pe-
ter's Cometary, Hebron, said to
have cost between \$3,000 and \$4,000,
a large sum for the times. The
monument is of Italian marble, with
a shaft 22 feet high, with a bust of
the governor in a niche facing
south. This was badly crumbled
and by an act of the legislature in
1931 the monument was repaired
and the bust sent to Italy where a
reproduction was made. Across the
ocean the original bust and its fac-
simile traveled again the new one
to be replaced in the niche. The
original bust is now in the Hebron
Library. At the top of the Peter's
monument stands the figure of Lib-
erty, or perhaps it is Justice, with
uplifted finger. The name of Pe-
ters is now extinct in Hebron.

Note. The writers of the Hebron
stories wish to correct a few errors
in past chapters. In some inexplic-
able way the first names of the first
and third wives of the Rev. Samuel
Peters became shifted as they ap-
peared in print. The first wife's
name was Hannah Owen, the third
wife's was Mary Birdseye. The date
of the death of the third wife was
also incorrectly given, through a
misreading of Roman numerals on
her grave stone. She died in 1774
(not 1784) shortly following the
birth of her son, William Birdseye.
It was under these unhappy condi-
tions that her husband, the noted
Tory, was forced to flee this coun-
try to seek a refuge in England in
the fall of that same year. Again,
Samuel Peters was not the young-
est son of his parents. He had two
brothers, Jonnathan and Besmlee,
younger than himself. There may
have been other minor errors, but
these are the only ones noticed.

95

July Celebration in Hebron 139 Years Ago, As Re- counted In The Pages Of The Connecticut Gazette,

July 11, 1798.

By Susan B. Pendleton

Hebron as a town was 90 years old, and the young Republic of the United States was only nine years old (if dated from the time of the adoption of the constitution) when this celebration, the account of which is so fortunately preserved, took place. Washington had served his two terms as president and John Adams was serving his term, with Thomas Jefferson as vice-president. Even with this good start, political feeling, at least in Hebron, appears to have been somewhat unsettled, and the celebration had the apparent effect of rocking the village from stem to stern. The account starts off innocently enough.

(From the Connecticut Gazette,
July 11, 1798.)

"The Fourth of July has been celebrated at Hebron with that ardent zeal and glow of patriotism which will ever do honor to Americans. Mirth and hilarity were the order of the day, and after partaking of the elegant repast the following toasts were drunk, accompanied by the discharge of cannon.

First—"The Day." May its remembrance be as sacred as its purchase was expensive.

Second—"The United States of America." May the bond of their union remain indissoluble till the great chain of nature is broken.

Third—"The Constitution." May that fabric of wisdom and patriotism remain forever inviolate.

Fourth—"The President." May his wisdom and patriotism guide our steps and a prompt acquiescence strengthen his hands.

Fifth—"The State of Connecticut." May she remain uninfluenced by party and unawed by fear.

Sixth—"The Governor." May his patriotism and the virtues inherited from his father shine conspicuously in his administration.

Seventh—"George Washington." The Glory of his country.

Eighth—"Our Envoys to France." May they safely return to the bosom of their country, receive the plaudits due to their wisdom and candor, and ten thousand copies of their excellent dispatches be printed on the hearts of united America.

Ninth—"Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute." (Three cheers).

Tenth—"The heroes who fell in the cause of freedom." May gratitude

drop tears over the pages of their achievements, and glory ever be paid to their memory.

Eleventh—"The Wisdom and Strength of America." An ample recompense against domestic intrigue and foreign invasion.

Twelfth—"The American People." May they prize the virtuous and be proud for their virtue.

Thirteenth—"Agriculture and Commerce." The grand pillars of the nation.

Fourteenth—"Our infant Navy." May its youthful vigor hurl tenfold vengeance on all pirates and picaroons that dare to violate our neutral rights.

Fifteenth—"The Militia of The United States." Our pride in peace and sure defense in war.

Sixteenth—"The memory of the Patriots who on this day boldly declared for Independence."

It is worthy to remark that a certain misanthropist and a few notorious disorganizers from selfish motives or from their well known passion for opposition, refused to join the conviviality of their fellow citizens, but stood aloof, chagrined at the joyful scene.

(The cannon made use of on this occasion was a brass field piece and not a PUMP, that having been split at the reduction of Cape Breton)."

In response to the sly digs in the above paragraph The Gazette prints the following outburst under date of August 1, 1798.

"Mr. Green:—

Should the following find a place in your useful paper it may prevent the public from placing any further reliance on a broken staff, and will oblige many of your readers in this part of the country, but none more than your humble servant.

A Friend to Order.
Hebron, July 13, 1798.

Had your Hebron correspondents contented themselves with proclaiming their ardent zeal and glow of patriotism on the 4th instant, they might have split their trumpet also without my notice, but as they thought it worthy of remark that a certain misanthropist and a few notorious disorganizers refused to join the conviviality of their fellow citizens' it may perhaps be useful to know what manner of men were actors in this joyful scene.

For three weeks past this village has been infested with a young man, born and educated in an eminent office in this town, now a member of the legislature of New York, styling himself a 'Democrat-Republican,' which he defines as 'one who occasionally d--s the president and his

and illustrates his
 position by daily practice. This
 patriot, taking to himself
 other spirits not more wicked
 than himself, persuaded a few gentle-
 men respectable for their attachment
 to the government to dine at the
 house of one of his compatriots
 whose heart is so deeply impressed
 with republican gratitude that he
 lately declared that he could not in
 conscience resist the French should
 they invade the country. This as-
 sembly, consisting of 23 persons of
 all sorts and sizes, about four o'clock
 assembled by beat of drum from their
 rendezvous to the table under the
 shadow of the meeting-house. After
 dinner, and five or six glasses had
 awakened their 'hilarity' instead of
 'three' there was almost a continu-
 ous 'choer' at the repetition of every
 toast. They rose en masse, threw
 their hats into the air, and played
 their lungs so effectually that they
 were heard at a distance of three
 miles.

At sunset, having obtained a small
 reinforcement they returned to the
 place from whence they came and
 surrounded the vicinity with frequent
 vociferous 'cheers' until the light of
 the morning enabled them to find
 their respective dwellings without
 the aid of a lantern. It ought, how-
 ever, to be remarked 'the few' who
 respected the laws of society and
 decency, took French leave of their
 president and fellows while it was
 yet dark, and that a member of the
 Directory who thought 'it scandalous
 to introduce ladies among gentlemen
 who could not dance' retired at an
 early hour; but during the scrape be-
 came literally a 'sans culotte.' Such
 are the patriots who stigmatize their
 peaceful neighbors as 'misanthro-
 pists and disorganizers,' like the in-
 cendary who cries 'Fire' and the
 felon 'Stop thief!' to escape detec-
 tion. Sooner should I think of keep-
 ing Christmas with a club of Alge-
 rians or Good Friday with Tom Paine
 and his admirers, than of profaning
 the birthday of the American empire
 with such political miscreants.
 Though I have lived many years in
 Hebron I have not yet acquired
 enough of the chameleon to cry con-
 sent to that which grieves my heart.

And frame my face to all occa-
 sions—

Change shapes with Proteus for
 advantages.

And seem a saint when most I
 play the d—l.

Can we do this and yet not go
 to C—g—sa?"

.....
 This was too much to be allowed to
 pass in silence, and the long suffer-

ing GAZETTE prints the following
 report, Aug. 8, 1798.

"Mr. Green:—

Nothing but a sincere wish that
 the public might be furnished with
 candid and correct information of
 the transactions which took place at
 Hebron, in celebrating the birthday
 of our independence, on the fourth
 of July last, would have led the
 writer of this to have exposed the
 false and ungentlemanly man-
 ners of the "Friend to Liberty" pub-
 lished in your Gazette on the 1st instant.

Considering the extreme agitation
 of the public mind a number of the
 gentlemen of this town viewed it
 not only laudable but a duty incum-
 bent on every good citizen to give
 every possible testimonial of his at-
 tachment to our constitution and
 government, and his fixed determi-
 nation to defend our independence and
 liberties by cheerfully obeying and
 constantly supporting the constitu-
 tional administration.

The Fourth of July was thought a
 proper occasion on which to manifes-
 t these sentiments by unitedly and
 openly declaring our cheerful ac-
 quiescence and unshaken confidence
 in our national government and the
 administration of our wise and vir-
 tuous president.

Some previous conversation hav-
 ing been had on the subject, on Mon-
 day evening preceding the Fourth of
 July, a number of gentlemen were
 requested to prepare toasts suitable
 to the occasion and make the most
 convenient arrangements that might
 be made on so short a notice. In-
 formation was given on the day fol-
 lowing to as many of the neighboring
 gentlemen as time and opportunity
 would permit.

At near six o'clock on Wednesday
 afternoon between thirty and forty
 of the citizens being collected, walk-
 ed in procession, accompanied by two
 respectable clergymen who perform-
 ed the religious ceremonies of the
 table, which was spread on the green
 where being soon joined by an addi-
 tional number, with innocent mirth
 they partook of the repast provided.
 After which the toasts already pub-
 lished in the Connecticut Gazette
 were drank. Three of the toasts
 were followed by three and the six-
 teenth by six cheers.

Several volunteers were drank
 which were also sent for publication,
 and the company returned to Mr. Ful-
 ler's where the evening was spent
 by most of those who had participat-
 ed in the joys of the day in the com-
 pany of a very respectable and bril-
 liant circle of married and unmar-
 ried ladies, whose presence added
 dignity and pleasure to the scene.

Not a shout was uttered at the table during the sitting, nor a cheer, excepting what was called for by the president. More order and decorum, seldom, if ever, reigned on a similar occasion.

Nothing transpired which could wound the modesty of any person, less delicate than the 'misanthropist' who, with his usual candor, has undertaken to warn the public against placing any further reliance on a broken staff. To enable the public justly to appreciate the merits of their monitor and to induce it to reward him for his eminent services are the reasons for making the following remarks.

His sagacity is not noticeable in discovering that he was the person meant to be designated by the epithet 'misanthropist.' His historical correctness appears in the biographical account of the 'young man' who, he says, was born and educated in an eminent office in this town.

Such almost supernatural virtues in this descendant of Hugh Peters are hardly to be accounted for unless it is supposed that he took up the fallen mantle of his departing uncle when he fled from the American shores and thereby became endowed with at least a double portion of his candor and veracity. (See Peters' History of Connecticut and description of Bellows' Falls).

To assert, as the 'Friend to Order' has, that the New York legislator was the mover of the meeting, that there were twenty-three persons only, and those of all sorts and sizes, that they seated themselves at the table at four o'clock and did not rise until sunset, or that after five or six glasses there was, instead of three, almost continued cheering, is an absolute falsehood, as will clearly appear by comparing the different statements.

In one place he says that 'a number of gentlemen respectable for their attachment to the government were of the party,' in another he declares that he could not think of profaning the birthday of the American empire by communion with such political miscreants.

With great deference to the gentlemen's literary acquirements it is to be observed that the preposition 'sans' signifies without, or destitute of, and not torn, so that a man so criminal as to tear his small clothes is not literally a 'sans culotte.' But 'Misanthropist' has undoubtedly lost something of the French language since he returned from his Canadian pilgrimage. The 'Young Legislator,' so often alluded to, differs indeed in political sentiments from most of

those with whom he united to commemorate the day. He professes, however, to be a friend to American independence, and did apparently heartily acquiesce in the sentiments of the toasts drunk, and by those of the company is undoubtedly willing to be judged. They might not be agreeable to the 'Misanthropist' as he has since declared 'he did not consider Thomas Jefferson an improper toast for such an occasion, as he held an important office, and he knew of no evidence before the public that he was democratical.' It is to be regretted that the 'Friend to Order' was so diffident as to suppress his real name, but there is hardly a doubt that J. T. Peters, Esq., is the author, and as such he is considered by the writer of this, whose name is lodged with the printer, to be given to the public or any individual who is interested to know it.

Hebron, August 3, 1798.

The 'Young Man', who styled himself a 'Democratic Republican,' one of whose friends so stoutly defended him in the letter quoted above, next takes up the cudgels in his own behalf, and of course his communication brings forth another retort from John Thompson Peters, (the 'Misanthropist,') who was at the time a prominent Hebron lawyer and afterwards a judge of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut. He too comes out in the open and calls his opponent by name, as 'Citizen Root.' (The Honorable Erastus Root, another Hebron lawyer and afterwards a member of Congress from New York). Both these young politicians were well known figures in their day. At the time of the much aired Fourth of July celebration John T. Peters was 34 years of age, and the Hon. Erastus Root was only 24. The conclusion of the story of the celebration, which caused such a tempest in a teapot, will have to be left for another chapter, in which, the two young lawyers gnash their teeth and hurl invectives at each other still more rabidly.

into self defense by Attorney John Thompson Peters' letter in the Connecticut Gazette, "Citizen" Democratic-Republican sends to the no doubt distracted editor the following letter, published Aug 15, 1798:

Mr. Green:—I this day saw a publication in your last paper of 'Friend to Order' residing, according to his own assertion, in this town, who seems to have been sorely wounded by the late publication of the celebration of the Fourth of July in this place. Tho it must be very unpleasant to you, sir, to admit into your paper personal invectives or local animadversions, yet considering the notoriety of the author of that production and the very pointed allusions and palpable falsehoods contained in the same, your candor and impartiality I think cannot deny the following a place in your paper.

A Young Man.

Hebron, August 1, 1798.
To * * * * * Esquire.

Sir:—Were it not for your respectability as a classical scholar and as a man of science, your late ranting production, your prostituting of the first principles of propriety in the English language by your styling yourself 'a friend to order,' your gross and wilful violation of the truth might have passed by unheeded, unnoticed. Your vile attempt to assassinate my character would, like its fastidious author have sunk beneath my contempt. Feeling alive, as you appear to do, at every slur cast on your spotless character and enkindled into the keenest resentment at the epithet 'Misanthropist,' the sharpest dart that could be hurled in your immaculate bosom, it is not miraculous that you should assume a menacing aspect and be filled with vindictive ire; but that your whole 'book' should contain but one solitary sentence, but one precious confession, that is not filled with the most flagrant and notorious falsehoods, is a subject of wonder and amazement, and adds another trait to your mysterious character.

You in the first place say that 'for three weeks past this village has been infested with a young man, born and educated in an eminent office in this town.' All this for aught I know may be true: that I am a 'young man' and that I have been 'educated in an eminent office in this town' is strictly true, but whether I was born in that 'office' I know not. You proceed and say—'Now a member of the Legislature of New York, styling himself a Democratic Republican,' which he describes as one who occasionally visits the President and his administration.

is this true, inon vile apostate? You very well know that when I was requested to give a definition of 'Democratic-Republican' before I had time to reply, a young gentleman of this town jocosely observed, 'It is one who can occasionally damn administration.' Have you already forgotten the pleasure, the ecstasy, you felt on this occasion? Own this perfidious wretch, and blush at your violation of truth and common decency. Or are you possessed of those iron nerves, those fibers of steel, and that brazen front that can preclude even a blush?

Your elaborate performance, sir, is a masterly frontispiece to your political history. Your consistency in calling 'a few gentlemen respectable for their attachment to the government,' and in almost the next sentence pointing them out as an inebriated junte of bacchanals, disturbing the midnight slumbers of their 'peaceful neighbors,' by 'vociferous cheers,' and immediately dubbing them 'political miscreants,' appears to me a complete portrait of your political journey. Your creed while a student at Sharon and Litchfield is, I presume, still fresh in your memory. Your sneers, your scoffs, your affected contempt for the constitution and laws of this state and of the United States, and your veneration for the constitution and laws of good Mother Britain and her provincial governments must be too deeply engraven on your mind to be entirely forgotten. You must still remember that your fond hopes of meeting your dear uncle 'of pious memory,' the would-be Bishop of Canada, in that province well fitted and prepared for a learned councillor under the crown, induced you to undertake a twelve months' pilgrimage thither. This pilgrimage ought to have had the same effect on your mind as a pilgrimage to Mecca usually has on a devout Mussulman. But the melancholy reverse seems to have been the case. You, at the expiration of your twelve months returned chagrined, disappointed and forsaken by your dear uncle, and forlorn, not only 'literally a sans culotte,' but 'Sans coat, sans horse, sans hair, sans cash, sans everything'

Yes, you returned a 'furious democrat,' storming and railing like a disobedient child at good Mother Britain, her government, millions of creatures, and all her adherents; at our administration and every advocate for 'energy and tone of government.' 'Liberty and Equality' swelled every accent, 'Abolition and Emancipation' rounded every period.

And now sir, you seem to have relinquished this latter creed; to

have exploded these leveling principles and doctrines. What can be the cause of this last sudden change? Is it from a cautious unwillingness to stem the popular tide? Because it is easier to float along the current? Is it for the sake of grasping at that phantom popularity, from a wish of perching yourself on one of the foremost seats in fame's high temple? Or shall we ascribe your late political conversion to purer motives? Perhaps you became thoroughly convinced of the unsoundness of the principles of your new-fangled democracy by the powerful table arguments of Mr. Tracy, at the time you had the boasted honor of dining with him at Philadelphia. But to return to your famous 'primer.'

I cannot forbear hastening to give you credit for the only entire sentence in your 'book' which savors of truth. I mean your concluding sentence—your beautiful quotation from an eminent poet. I believe with you, sir, that you 'have not yet acquired enough of the chameleon to cry consent to that which grieves your heart,' but that you must and will continue to show your spite, envy and malevolence to your fellow citizens who you think stand in your way to opulence and promotion. I also believe with you that you cannot 'frame your face to all occasions.' That same austere phiz, that hedgehog motto of 'Nolo me tangere,' will ever remain written on your brow, which, however anxious may be your wishes, you will never be able to obliterate.

I have given you credit, sir, for all the truths you have told. Should this paper provoke your spleen to 'make another book' you may rest assured I shall never make a reply. I have done with you; permit me therefore to bid you a final, a solemn, a pleasing adieu.

A Young man.

The foregoing peppery letter of course stirs up "Friend to Order" again, and he replies in like manner in the Connecticut Gazette of September 19, 1798, in the letter quoted below.

"Mr. Green:—Please to publish the following with the certificates accompanying it, intended as a reply to the 'candid and well written answers' to my former publication. They should have been published sooner had not sickness prevented. Your impartiality will doubtless do justice to a much abused.

Friend to Order."

"I have known (says the divine of Zurich) delists whose piety I venerate and whose honesty I wish for; but I have never seen the man who

could tempt me to think him honest in anything who publicly acted the Christian while secretly an infidel." Nothing so engages our esteem as sincerity nor so effectually obtains our abhorrence as duplicity and an apparent compliance with the opinions of all. These truths are as applicable to politics as religion. The venerable 'wronghead' and a celebrated orator whose perseverance in error have tumbled them from the top to the bottom of the political ladder are never mentioned without a tribute of respect to their honesty and plain dealing, while the name of 'chameleon' excites among all parties a sneer of contempt. The history of this singular animal is curious and may be useful, as he is endeavoring again to become an object of public attention.

At the commencement of the Revolution, though of the age of legal discretion, he was not in significant to be known or noticed. From his numerous connections engaged in the cause of freedom I presume he followed the multitude, but when Congress in 1776 with dignity and firmness spurned the insidious offers of the British commissioners to pardon our crimes and redress our grievances, the nerves of 'chameleon' failed, and he lamented that Congress, actuated more by ambition than patriotism, would not accept of reasonable terms of reconciliation; thus he waited till the treaty of peace gave him relief; when assumed the mask, which kept his countenance steady till the constitution appeared. In his opinion 'fraught with destruction.'

In hopes of crawling into the convention to oppose that 'fatal instrument', he hinted his fears to the dealers in votes, who, doubting his fidelity, elected more trusty hands to fix an eternal stigma on the town. Finding the majority against him he veered about, but within his little circle constantly echoed the language of opposition.

"The funding system was calculated to entail on us the miseries of the British national debt." The propositions of Madison were given by divine inspiration. "The British treaty, Oh horrible" was the work of Satan, though ratified by the president; 'the house had a right to reject it.' He never would be a 'mechanical voter.' But when our guardian angel echoed the usurpation of democracy, caution forsook him, and he cried out that the refusal of the papers was a most glaring act of tyranny; that George Washington was a tyrant, a greater tyrant than George the Third. Per-

calving himself again in error he changed his hue and run the gauntlet between the parties, suspected by all, trusted by none, till he crept into the little nomination when supposing his kingdom come he dropped the mask and assumed not only the language but the countenance of the Geneva oracle. Having voted in vain for his brothers in iniquity, the second week in April he was awakened; the third week in May he was confounded; on the publication of the 'Sedition Bill' he was converted, clapped on the cockade to retrieve his character' and declared he had never been a democrat. This is the patriot weighed in the balance and found wanting, who, by presiding on the Fourth of July, drinks several toasts, calling 'disorganizers' raising a dust and keeping it up all night thought to persuade the public that he had never been astray. What a loss to the American people this weathercock was flogged so late in the season that he could not endure the blasts of boreas. The N. W. wind comes from Hartford and that this charming autumnal chicken had not been hatched in the mild and more genial regions of the South, where he might have chanted the praises of his favorite Gallatin without interruption, and not have perished by the cold neglect of rustic freemen who barbarously refused to let their hands for his salvation.

Thus much for the dictator of the answers to the 'Friend of the Order', who in the sequel will be found to have told the truth (though not the whole) and nothing but the truth, rare qualities in modern publications! Why the supposed author is so furiously attacked it is difficult to conceive. His poverty and place cannot be envied, as his abilities and ambitions never raised him above the office of a church warden. Were he aspiring as represented, a neighboring wreck would not be in his way. Happily he was absent when his 'hook' appeared, or he would have been sacrificed 'à la mode de Paris'; one donated him to the and feathers, another to lose his tongue and be boiled in soup. 'Right', exclaimed a Lilliputian here, tottering under the weight of his eagle and commission, 'and give me the first Hek at him!'

In reply to the answers, I agree it is not criminal in a gentleman to fear his small clothes, but it appears to me not only criminal but brutal to appear in that predicament and to call upon the aged to see the effects of independence. I also agree that your 'legislator' did as heartily acquiesce in the sentiments contain-

ed in the toasts as a majority of the company; but the president himself, as lately acknowledged that he believed him to be not only an enemy of the administration but of the constitution.'

As to the Young Man, I have only to remark that his real name is Erastus Root, whose abilities are exceeded by his depravity alone. Had he ever been in Europe I should have presumed that he had been initiated into the mysteries of the Illuminated, for he denounces every civil and sacred institution. At a Saturday night revel, previous to the Fourth of July, he had the audacity to compare the most venal, corrupted, and abandoned of men to the Supreme Being and to give as a toast 'The Executive Directory, that many headed monster, like F—r, S—n, and H—y G—st. I shudder at the relation! Who is the 'vile apostate.' Charity forbids me to believe that Citizen Root imbibed his religious and political principles together, for his preceptor has been nominated deacon. But what shall we think of the magistrate who instructed who instead of punishing associates with such a blasphemer! Yet such is a candidate for a seat in Congress and a place in the nomination for assistants. I trouble not the ancestors of Chamelion! Peace to their departed shades, tho' it is to be regretted that their vices did not descend with their virtues; neither will I repeat his foibles and peccadillos nor those of his connections, for the world itself would not contain the books that might be written. I beg pardon, Mr Printer, for the trouble I have given you in unmasking a doubtful character and vindicating myself against his aspersions, and will do so no more, though Chamelion and his disciples publish the history of my family from Simon, son of Jonas, founder thereof, to an unworthy descendant of Hugh Peters. Hebron September 7, 1798"

To clinch the arguments in the letter the author appends several affidavits assiduously collected by him from citizens of Hebron, showing that the glorious "Fourth" on the occasion in question was celebrated in such a manner as to be disturbing to the townspeople, and against the peace and dignity of the town.

"Being at the house of J. W. Case, two miles from the meeting house on afternoon of the 4th ult. we heard frequent buzzes immediately following the reports of the field piece, which seemed to proceed from the company assembled at the meet-

ing house and from their loudness we think they must be heard much farther.

Elzah Graves,
Joseph V. Case".

"Towards the close of the celebration of the Fourth of July last, in front of my house, the cheers of the company were frequent and loud. They often rose and threw some of their hats, others their coats, into the air; many hats ascended as high as the meeting house; and during the night following and until nearly sunrise the next morning I frequently heard similar cheers, loud laughing and singing, which seemed to proceed from the company at Mr. Fuller's.

John Mann."

"I concur in the first sentence of Mr. Mann's certificate, and add that I counted said company as they marched from Mr. Fuller's to the table, and found them twenty-three in number, inclusive of the drummer and fifer. The next morning, a little before sunrise, I saw several of the company apparently retiring from Mr. Fuller's.

Josiah Pomeroy."

("This dispute being of local interest, the publications are considered as belonging to the genus of advertisements, and as such are to be paid for. The Editor therefore contemplates a speedy close to the business.

Editor Connecticut Gazette."

(Concluded).

Of the above worthy and respectable letter writers Josiah Pomeroy was a son of the Congregational minister, Elijah Graves a tailor in good standing John Mann a pillar of Episcopacy.

What a pity that some of them did not throw a little more light on the tearing of the "small clothes" those elegant nether garments worn by the elite on state occasions. Evidently some kind of a brawl took place, and it is hardly to be supposed that the whole company of revelers were not well "liquored up".

John Thompson Peters, who posed as "Friend to Order," was the son of Jonathan and Abigail Peters. He was born October 11, 1764 in Hebron, and died August 28, 1834, in Hartford. He married Elizabeth Caulkins, of Norwich, and had five children. He was a graduate of Yale, 1789, studied law under Governor Smith, Sharon, was admitted to the bar, and practiced law in Hebron until 1813, when he was appointed by President Madison collector of

Internal Revenue, first district, when he moved to Hartford. In 1816 he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, which office he held to the time of his death. He was also for a time Brigadier General of the 3rd Brigade, State Militia.

As for "The Young Man", Erasmus Root, a mere fledgling at the time of the celebration in Hebron, he too became a bright and shining light.

He was born in Hebron, March 16, 1773, the son of William and Zeruliah Root, was educated at Dartmouth College, and studied law with the Hon. Sylvester Gilbert at his Hebron law school. Shortly after completing his law education Root published an arithmetic, the first to be based on the decimal currency. This text book was much used in the schools of New England, and copies turn up every now and then from old garrets.

Root settled in Delaware County, New York State where he had a large legal practice. He married Elizabeth Stockton, daughter of C. W. Stockton of Walton, N. Y. He took an active part in politics and was popular with the masses. He was a member of the General Assembly of New York in 1793, and for more than 20 years in following terms. In 1800 he was made presidential elector and helped elect Jefferson as president. In 1803 he was chosen a representative to Congress, and was re-elected to the same post in 1809, 1812, 1815, and 1831, serving 16 years. He was speaker of the Assembly three times, 1827, 1828, and 1830, was a prominent member of the convention of 1821 when the (New York) state constitution was drawn up. He drew up the address to the people, signed by the president of the convention, and publicly subjecting it to the people. He was made Lieutenant Governor of New York in 1822, and afterwards president to the Court of Appeals and Errors. In 1830 he was nominated governor of New York by the Workingmen's Party, but declined. The town of Root, New York, was named for him, 1823.

It is a little surprising to learn that after having all these honors heaped upon him by the Democratic-Republicans, in his later years he turned Whig and worked hard for the establishment of the United

102
... Branch, which he had previously
described.

He was known as General Root,
from a militia title granted him in
New York State. He died at the
age of 74, December 24, 1846, in
New York, when on his way to
Washington.

In conclusion, he was the 'General
Root' concerned in the famous Lor-
enzo Dow story, so often told. Lor-
enzo had been preaching to the
Onondaga and Reservation Indians in
N. Y. and a vast assemblage of
neighborhood people, on the bless-
ings of heaven. At the hotel after-
wards Mr. Root and a Mr. Bush or
Branch (accounts as to this name
differ) thought to have a little fun
with Lorenzo, and prodded him on
the subject of Heaven. 'Is it not',
said they, 'a fine level place in some
selectable spot?' (or words to that
effect.)

"Yea," answered Lorenzo, with
perfect ease, "without a foot or a
push in it."



"After the trial run it wasn't unusual for the people of Both Orford, N. H., and Fairlee, Vt., which are located exactly opposite each other on the river, to watch Aunt Sally perform."

By EILEEN BUGBEE DEE

Fourteen years before Robert Fulton and his steamboat, Clermont, made history-headlines by steaming up the Hudson River, Captain Samuel Morey's boat, the Aunt Sally, was successfully nosing her way against the current of the Connecticut River by the force of her own steam, and at the incredible speed of four miles an hour. Today these names, Morey and Aunt Sally, are practically unknown, while Fulton and Clermont ride the waves of fame.

Samuel Morey was born in Hebron, Conn., on Oct. 23, 1762. Four years later he and the other members of the family were moved by ox sled from Hebron to Orford, N. H.

Here in Orford, located on the Connecticut River, one of the greatest geniuses of our country lived and worked on his inventions. When only 18 years old he was making experiments in heat, light and steam, and his experiments were among the first, in this field, to be made in this country.

Probably, at that time, no other man was granted so many patents as Samuel Morey. He had patents signed by the Presidents from Washington to Jackson.

He was a skilled engineer, as well as a mechanical genius, and at the time the Connecticut River was opened to navigation he had charge of a series of locks from Windsor, Conn., to Olcott Falls, Vt.

HIS STEAMBOAT

Irrigation was another one of his interests and, at one time, he attempted to reclaim the land covered by the waters of the present day Lake Morey, which is located in Fairlee, Vt., and which was known at that time as Fairlee Pond. It is about a mile inland from the Connecticut River. Morey started digging a canal to empty the pond but abandoned it because of the protests made by the other

During the latter part of his life Captain Morey said that, as early as he could recall, he turned his attention to the improvement of the steam engine, and to the purpose of propelling boats, as early

wood, which Morey fed to the fire; and a paddle wheel at her bow. But with her paraphernalia she successfully made her way against the current of the river and by so doing, proved that Samuel Morey had mastered the idea of moving boats by applying steam to paddle wheels—and this in the year of 1793, 14 years before the Clermont was launched!

Morey called his boat Aunt Sally after a local "character." He launched her on a Sabbath because, on this day, he hoped that his neighbors would be at church, or otherwise occupied, and he would thus avoid being watched and ridiculed.

After the trial run it wasn't unusual for the people of both Orford, N. H., and Fairlee, Vt., which are located exactly opposite each other on the river, to stand on their respective banks and watch Aunt Sally perform.

SHOWED MODEL TO FULTON

Apparently Morey wasn't annoyed by individuals asking for rides, for we are told that the public expressed no eagerness in getting into a boat that belched sparks along with smoke and steam. But his brother, Major Israel Morey, who helped him in the making of the machinery and who stood loyally by him during the years of controversy that followed, may have accompanied him on some of these early trips.

Having made several successful trips in the Aunt Sally, Captain Morey took a model of the boat to New York and there he met Robert Fulton and Fulton's financial backer, Chancellor Livingston. He explained and exhibited his model to them and they were tremendously interested in it. They made several suggestions and among them was the suggestion that he remove the paddle wheel, which propelled the boat, from the bow to the stern.

When leaving for his home in Orford, to make these alterations, Morey, Fulton and Livingston parted as the best of friends. It was while Morey was working on these alterations, at a great expense of both time and study, that Livingston visited him in Orford. It is said that this visit was made for the purpose of checking up on the progress being made, and also to learn of its prospect of success.

FELT HE HAD BEEN ROBBED

With the alterations completed Morey left for New York, where he expected to receive a reward, but in his excitement he forgot to take the model with him. When he returned to Orford he found that Fulton and Livingston had



desired or welcomed his association, now that they were familiar with the secret of his invention.

Morey, a disappointed and disillusioned man, returned home declaring that Fulton and Livingston had robbed him of his invention and the fame that should have been his.

He made appeals for justice but, unfortunately, he lacked both money and influential friends to back up his claims and, as a result, he became known as an envious competitor.

He had patents but they were said to be patents concerning the steam engine and not the steam boat. And regardless of what he may have had in his mind, his patents did not justify the title of the inventor of the steamboat. Be that as it may, it is claimed "that as a matter of fact, and not as a matter of patent, Captain Morey was the inventor of the steamboat."

One of his patents, granted on Jan. 29, 1793, was for "Turning the Spit" which was locally called a "steam spit." This patent was signed by Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of the State.

THE AUNT SALLY

Another patent, granted on March 25, 1795, was for "Application of Steam," and reads "new and useful improvement in the mode of applying the force of steam." This patent was signed by George Washington. Morey had two or three patents for the application of steam before Robert Fulton had taken one.

When the heart-broken man returned to Orford,

from his New York visit, he took the Aunt Sally to Fairlee Pond. There he loaded her with stones and pushing her away from the shore he sank her.

Her approximate position is known but, in spite of the many attempts that have been made to locate her, she remains secure in her mud covering.

Captain Morey married Hannah Avery and they had one child, Almira. When Almira married Judge Wilcox the captain built a house for them as their wedding present. It was built next door to the homestead and a covered bridge connected the two houses. This was built so that Almira could come home, during inclement weather, without being exposed or getting her feet wet. These beautifully preserved homes are still to be seen in Orford, but the bridge has long since disappeared.

Some time before he died Morey moved across the river into Fairlee, Vt., where he lived his remaining years near the shore of the pond where he had buried Aunt Sally. The two villages, Orford and Fairlee, are now connected by an inter-State bridge, the Samuel Morey Memorial Bridge, which was dedicated in 1928.

To the day he died, on April 17, 1843, Captain Morey felt keenly his great disappointment and in a letter written in 1818, he says,

"I have often made passages in steam boats and do not see in their construction any new principle, and it seems to me peculiarly hard that the originator of these improvements by which Messrs. Livingston and Fulton were enabled, principally to succeed, should have had his rights overlooked."

Captain Joseph Backus, Hebron's Civil War Hero

By Susan B. Pendleton

Perhaps few Hebron people realize that the death of Captain Joseph Backus, a Hebron young man who died bravely fighting in the Civil War, was commemorated in a poem by the celebrated poetess of former days, Mrs. Lydia Sigourney of Hartford.

In telling this story we are taking quite a jump ahead in the series of Hebron history stories, but as the anniversary of the young man's death falls close to this time, and as we have just passed the Memorial Day celebration, it seems an appropriate time.

Captain Backus was the son of Ezra L. and Susan C. Backus of Hebron. He enlisted at 19 as a private Oct. 2, 1861, later becoming commander of Co. K., 1st Conn. Cavalry. He said to a friend that he, unlike many others, had no parents, wife or children dependent on him for support, and by going he save such a one to his family. When asked afterwards if he did not regret enlisting he replied that he would never regret it if he lost all his limbs in the service. He reenlisted at this time to serve three years longer.

He was with General Fremont in the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley as Orderly Sergeant of Co. C., and was twice wounded.

As 2nd Lieutenant he was assistant Provost Marshal of Baltimore for nearly a year, up to about 1864, filling a position of great responsibility.

On the 17th of January, 1864, he was made Captain of Co. K. He went with Sheridan on his celebrated raid into Richmond and in the battle near that city two bullets passed through his clothes. He wrote home that it was very exciting and just suited him.

After this he was with Grant's army, raiding upon railroads and protecting flank and rear, leading the way for the army and fighting the enemy everywhere. He started from the Rapidan with 90 men in his company, and after 36 days of almost continued fighting he fell on the 10th, leaving but 15 survivors left.

In a letter to an intimate friend, Lieutenant H. J. O. Walker of the same regiment, he said:

On the 12th of May I was near enough to the rebel capital to hear the bells ring and the town clock strike at noon. At the battle of Ashland, June 1, we, the First Conn. Cavalry, were the first to enter the city.

A very responsible position, and nobly did he fulfill his trust. On the afternoon of the 10th of June, the regiment on picket about one mile in his front was surprised by the enemy, and panic-stricken came dashing down on his reserve, which was formed across the road, trampling down his men while he endeavored to stop their flight. He succeeded in mounting his men, and endeavored to check the progress of the enemy. But they were so mixed up with our men, and the panic-stricken spirit of the other regiment had so communicated itself to his command that it was impossible. He stood his ground, however, until the enemy were all around him, when turning to retire, the fatal bullet struck him in the breast, coming out at his back, and he fell from his horse dead. Such was the heroic end of this patriotic soldier. The enemy had possession of the body about ten minutes, when our boys charged back and recovered it; but during that time he had been stripped of everything but his vest and jacket. From the latter they had cut the buttons and they had taken the ring from his finger."

Captain Backus has been described by older people who remembered him years ago (They are dead now, most of them) as a young man of great personal beauty and attraction, and of superior mental ability. His body lies in quiet St. Peter's Cemetery, marked by a brownstone shaft, with the following inscription:

"Captain Joseph Backus
Co. K.
First Conn. Cavalry
Born May 26, 1842.
Killed in a

Gallant Charge Before Richmond."

The monument is marked with crossed sabers and shield. He is buried by the side of his mother, who died when he was only two years old. His step-mother, who brought him up, was the same as a mother to him. Every year at Memorial Day he is remembered with flowers and his grave is marked with the United States flag. Only sometimes by mistake that flag and the flowers are placed on the young mother's grave instead of mistake. She died at the age of 37. Perhaps it is just as well. A half-sister, the wife of Arthur Jacobs, was for many years a resident of Hartford, and he leaves other Hartford relatives. A comrade wrote lines on his life.

Stains red the yellow road.

He fell, enacting a true part—
Green be his graveyard sod!
We give the country his brave heart,
And trust his soul to God.
January, 1865. G. A. T.

Mrs. Sigourney's poem is quoted below:
"A Brother's Lament."

On The Death of Captain Joseph Backus of the First Connecticut Cavalry. Aged 22 years.

Brother—how the cherished memories,
Born within our cradle, rise,
And with boyhood's pleasures mingling,
Spread their halo o'er our eyes;
All a father's kind attention,
All a mother's tender care,
Glow again thil present objects
Fade before the things that were.

Brother, other voices praise'd thee,
Other hearts thy worth have learned,
Where the storm of warfare gathered,
Where th' midnight watchers burned;
Voices of thy brave companions,
Hoarser grown mid battle strife,
Where the cannon's deafening clangour
Thins the ranks of slaughtered life.

Brother,—it is hard to lay thee
In thy manhood's prime, so low,
All the rootless hopes around thee
Nevermore on earth to grow;
Rest—with thine unsullied honor,
Folded o'er the burial sod,
While thy ransomed soul rejoiceth
Ever in the smile of God."

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 1864.

My horse was shot from under me, but mounting another from the rebel lines I was again ready for the fight. I just escaped capture as a rebel officer ordered me to halt and surrender. I turned and fired at him. I saw him reel in his saddle so I must have hit him. It is a wonder I didn't get hit, but fortunately I did not receive that compliment or get the honor of the slightest wound. But my turn may come. I do not wish you to worry about me. If it is my lot to fall in battle so let it be. I shall never be taken prisoner. I shall sell my life as dearly as possible.

"Since the 4th of May we have fought nearly every day for 36 days without any cessation. I have been constantly in the saddle, often keeping my horse saddled for four days and nights. It is very warm and we have suffered very much, but ought not to complain, for we have punished the rebels severely. I learn that our wagons are at Brigade Headquarters. I hope so, for I am dirty and ragged, and a change of clothing would be acceptable.

Our men, notwithstanding our half-starved condition and the 36 days of continual marching and fighting, are in the best of spirits and confident of success. They seem to place all confidence in our noble Lieut-General."

The announcement of Captain Backus' death came in the following words to his parents here, from Lieut. Walker:

"He was killed in a skirmish while gallantly rallying his men and leading them to the charge."

His body was embalmed and sent home to Hebron, and on Sunday, the 19th of June, funeral services were held in the Congregational Church, with sermon by the pastor, the Rev. H. B. Woodworth.

In a later letter Lieut. Walker gave a more detailed description of his death and of his standing in the army, as quoted below:

"A nobler, truer, more generous friend could not be found. He was beloved and respected by every one in the regiment for his gentlemanly bearing and manliness, and for his superior soldierly qualities. The men of his company loved him and placed the utmost confidence in him, and he gave promise of soon attaining a much higher position in the regiment. Brave to a fault, always ready and willing to perform any duty assigned to him, no matter how tedious or dangerous, he was constantly eliciting praise from all, and had made a reputation that any might be proud to win. The regiment has lost one of its noblest, bravest spirits, and we feel that his place cannot be filled.

"The captain, at the time of his death, commanded the reserve picket post on our left, and on the Richmond road, ten miles from that

Joseph Backus, and quoted here with.

"A fair, frank boy we thought him when

Out rang the rallying gun;
He heard the country's call for men
And felt that he was one.

Calm, 'mid his comrades of the line,
The ancient spirit spoke,
The murmur of the Southern pine
Made green Old Charter Oak.

The footway, dallying and triste,
His hot heart could not bide,
He lashed a sabre to his wrist,
A carbine to his side.

Loud pealed the cheers as they rode by,

But 'mid the colors there,
No star was like his laughing eye,
No folds were like his hair.

Receding dim beyond our sight,
We mark him vanish slow,
As see old Jesse's sons to fight
Their younger brother go.

Back from the camp his tones of wit

Came floating on the wind,
As if his ringing sword had writ
The good things in his mind.

Fame came and kissed him while he slept,

And his brave heart sustained;
He laid his life down for a step,
As each new rank he gained.

One man the standards upward ran,

And with each martial man
He glided out with Sheridan
Beyond the Rapidan.

Past stream and dale, past wood and farm

The Blue Ridge frowned upon --
Their bugles pealed the shrill alarm,
Their sabres clove the sun.

In triumph and honor they passed,

And wrote their protocol
With grape and shell upon the walls
Of Richmond's Capitol.

And he, the tenderest, fondly chose --

Memorial of the raid, --
To treasure in his heart a rose,
That grew amid the dead.

A simple thing to all but us
Who guard the gift afar,
And feel that pure and artless thus
His boy's heart beat in war.

But he, our flower, untimely taken,
Crushed out amid the gloom;
We never, in this life, shall again
See blooming in our home.

A shot -- a shock -- and on the world
Rings out his funeral ode!
Down to the ground his straight
shape haled.

Rinso Powder Soap

Red Circle

2 Pkgs. 23c

Toasted Wheat Flakes Force

2 Pkgs. 9c

For Summer Drinks Koolaid

2 Bots. 27c

Root Beer Extract Baker's



2 to 3 lb. Average

WHAT BECAME OF THE THE HEBRON PEOPLE?

By SUSAN B. PENDLETON
Assisted By ANNE C. GILBERT

What became of the many Hebron people and their families sometimes seems a mystery. Some of the old names, to be sure, are still heard in our midst. Porter, Lord, Wilcox, Chamberlain, Jones, Gillett, Hutchinson, Wright, Allyn, White, Kellogg, Strong, Kinney, Thompson, but for the most part they are scattered to the four corners of the earth and their places, if filled at all, at least of late years are being taken by those we are accustomed to think of as aliens.

It has often been said that if they had all stayed here, descendants and all, Hebron would be the biggest head of a city instead of a village, smaller than in colonial times.

We sometimes hear it said that the old families have "died out," and this may be true to some extent, but more likely they left the town to settle elsewhere.

Almost by accident the writers of this series of Hebron stories learned what became of one group of Hebron families.

In 1771 a rather notable exodus from the town took place, when twenty-eight heads of families shook the dust of the town off their feet and migrated in a body to Thetford, Vermont. Twenty-eight is not so many, but with wives and children included that company must have totaled 150 at least. Probably more, as the families of those days averaged large. Presumably these Hebron farmers had become restless on account of the lack of farm opportunities here. Great grants of land in unsettled parts of the country were being made by the crown to favorites here and there. It is supposed that the Hebron group bought out land left in this way, on which to settle.

The leader of this small army of Hebron people must have been John Chamberlain. An old rhyme, still quoted in Thetford, says of him:

"Old Quail John was the first to come on,

Poor as a calf in the spring;
But now he's as rich as Governor Fitch,

And lives like a Lord or a King."

Why he was called "Quail" John nobody seems to know. As to how he got his riches it may be conjectured that going first he drove a shrewd bargain for land sold out at top prices.

There were Chamberlains, Samners, Strongs, Howards, Gillets, Swetlands, Horsfords, Osbornes, Clossons, Greens, Grants, Smiths, Baxters, Colbours, Wises, in that group of adventurers. Thetford is now a town of about 1249 inhabitants, situated on or near the Connecticut River. It is only a few miles south of Fairlee and Orford, where lived Samuel Morey, subject of a previous Hebron sketch.

Other hands of men went on to seek much the same way at other citizens received grants of land in other states in recognition of ser-

He fought as a captain in the Revolutionary War, and so distinguished himself in Sullivan's campaign against the Iroquois in 1779 as to earn the special hatred of the Indians. After the war he settled with his growing family near the forks of the Delaware in New York, and here his vindictive enemies sought him out.

From this point we quote the tale as Garrett Van Hoesen Forbes, a grandson of Isaac Sawyer, tells it in Zion's Herald, Boston, June 18, 1845, of which journal he was at that time the editor. The somewhat flowery language of 100 years ago will be noted.

"The sun had sunk in the west over the sweet waters of the Delaware and the stars lighted up their scintillating fires in heaven while the unsuspecting family slept. But the dark eye of savage revenge slept not. It had sought out this retreat. The unconscious sleepers were surrounded by near 30 bloodthirsty warriors of the forest, and just as the morning light began to spring in the east the weapons of death were forced through the glass in the windows, and the family were awakened to the horrors of that morning by the blaze and sharp reports of the Indian rifles.

"Full well does the writer's mother remember that terrible daybreak. She was but a child sleeping in a small bed at the feet of her parents, yet the smoke that beat down upon her couch, the noise of the guns, and the still more fearful death cry of the savages made an impression on her mind never to be eradicated.

"The God who holds in His hands the shafts of battle mercifully turned aside the swift messengers of death and not one of the family was injured, although the mother of those tender children had her nightcap, which she had hung in the night on the bedpost at her head, perforated with four balls. The father, accustomed to the blaze of battle, with his two eldest sons, snatched their arms and compelled the besiegers to take a more respectful distance. But the disparity of numbers and the unavoidable catastrophe of having his dwelling made a funeral pile over his head, determined him to capitulate with his ferocious foes and surrender their hands on condition that they would not harm any of his family or carry them off into captivity. The frightful savages entered the dwelling on these terms, satisfied their hunger, loaded the farm horses with many

other states in recognition of services in the Colonial or Revolutionary Wars.

George III Of England Grants Land To Hebron Men

July 23, 1761, George III, King of England, granted a patent of 61,000 acres of land to Isaac Sawyer, John R. Bleecker, Abraham and Jacob Lansing, Edmund Welles, Joseph Welles, (uncle to Edmund) Thomas Welles, his father, Samuel Gilbert, Daniel Ingham, Eliphalet House, Thomas Gilbert, and 50 others. This tract extended from Rensselaerwick, at Albany, to Lake George. The patent was granted and accepted before the Revolution, and the same company afterwards had it confirmed by the Legislature of the State of New York. That part of this patent now known as the towns of Cambridge, White Creek and Johnstown is still inhabited by a large number of the Welles family, the immediate descendants of the above patentees. The information regarding this patent or grant is taken from the Welles Genealogy, published by Albert Welles, 1876. (page 162).

Most of those given in the above list of patentees, perhaps all of them, were Hebron men. Some of them must have sold out their rights in the grant. Others left their Hebron homes to make new homes in what was then unsettled territory. The story of Isaac Sawyer, who heads the list of patentees, is happily preserved for us. It is so spirited and so characteristic of the times that we quote it in full.

Story of Isaac Sawyer

The Hebron records show that Isaac Sawyer was born July 14, 1720. He was the seventh child of Edward and Elizabeth (Mack) Sawyer. His wife was Susannah Gillett, by whom he had seven children recorded in Hebron. He attended Yale College, but left and married before completing his course. He moved from Hebron about 1760 or 1761. His first wife dying, he later married a woman from Dublin, Ireland. It is said that he married three times, and had 23 children. Other accounts say 19.

these terms, squashed their heads, loaded the farm horses with many of the valuables, strove to comfort the distracted mother by telling her not to cry, that she was their brother, but her husband should be roasted over a slow fire and cut into inch pieces. The savages departed soon after the sun arose, carrying their prisoner, with another white man whom they had captured. They fired every building on the premises as they went away, and left a desolate, weeping family under the canopy of the heavens as a shelter. Never, never did they expect to look again on that bold warrior form, that affectionate, winning countenance. He had gone away with demons who would delight in his last torments and exhaust his life with slow tortures.

"Major McFarland, a brother of the bereaved wife, took her and her distressed family to his hospitable home in a part of the western country called New Connecticut, and they wore the sable badges of mourning for him who they supposed no longer a dweller upon earth.

"But to return to the captive. Each night before the bloodthirsty victors retired to rest they would bind him to a stake, kindle a fire near him, form a circle and dance his death song, taking care to extinguish the flames before they became insupportable, as it was their intention to carry him to a noted Indian town in the wilds of Canada, beyond Detroit, and burn him in the view of thousands.

"Fearing that the country might be aroused and an armed force sent in pursuit, four of the bravest and most brawny warriors were selected to take the two prisoners into custody and travel to their destination rapidly by a shorter route. The method of securing their prisoners at night was to lay them on their backs, arrange a number of small poles across them, and then two warriors would lie down on the ends of the poles, thus securing one prisoner between each two. The prisoners had been permitted to kneel down once every day over the leaves of an old almanac, pretending it was a prayer book. In which posture a desperate resolution was formed to free in the night whenever it might come that the four savages should fall into a sound sleep together, and save their own lives at the expense of their captives.

"Night after night the wakeful sav- eye was open upon them—until was supposed from circumstances that they had lain down for the night they were to enjoy this world. Captain Sawyer lay in calm and collected, and looked tranquilly upon the pure stars above.

He was a man of religion and before stayed his mind on God

LECT
als
s
ur
TA
Y
eni
I

in the
But the
ley, felt
ed death
hate was
ance of
the year
Captain's
his death
usual ap-
thirteen
desperate
any, near
rise at
life, an
weapon a
starred.
Kind He-
g's recep-
chance
looked a
fierce in
he went
Sawyer r
But it
incumbent
that he
ed an ax-
the huge
right. The
his ac-
of and bei-
a his-
or Brandt-
of the in-
of an enor-
And
hair resen-
prob-
a horse. a
of re-
"A hollow
prayer
ed from
they to
dian on the
His
felt the
wells sec-
ing weapon
gras-
"Captain
moved
plished his
New
in a moment
of it
will someth-
honest
men.
ning.
away his ax-
stant he pe-
his

...members and the un-
 foldable catastrophe of having his
 falling made a funeral pile over
 had, determined him to capitulate
 to his ferocious foes and surren-
 der their hands on con-
 ditions that would not harm any
 family or carry them
 into captivity. The frightful
 man entered the dwelling on
 the terms, satisfied their hunger,
 added the farm horses with many
 the valuables, strove to comfort
 the distracted mother by telling her
 not to cry, that she was their broth-
 er but her husband should be roast-
 ed over a slow fire and cut into inch
 slices. The savages departed soon
 for the sun arose, carrying their
 prisoner, with another white man
 whom they had captured. They fire-
 balled every building on the premises
 they went away, and left a deso-
 late, weeping family under the can-
 yon of the heavens as a shelter.
 Never, never did they expect to look
 again on that bold warrior form,
 so affectionate, winning counten-
 ance. He had gone away with de-
 vils who would delight in his last
 moments and exhaust his life with
 tortures.

3

Major McFarland, a brother of
 the bereaved wife, took her and her
 distressed family to his hospitable
 home in a part of the western coun-
 ty called New Connecticut, and they
 wore the sable badges of mourning
 for him who they supposed no longer
 dwelt upon earth.

But to turn to the captive,
 who after the first day
 retired to rest they would
 lead him to a stake, kindle a fire
 over him, form a circle and sing
 a death song, taking care to ex-
 tinguish the flames before they be-
 came insufferable, as it was their in-
 stinct to carry him to a noted In-
 dian town in the wilds of Canada, be-
 yond Detroit, and burn him in the
 presence of thousands.

Fearing that the country might
 be aroused and an armed force sent
 in pursuit, four of the bravest and
 most brawny warriors were selected
 to take the two prisoners into cus-
 tody and travel to their destination
 as quickly by a shorter route. The
 method of securing their prisoners
 at night was to lay them on their
 backs, arrange a number of small
 logs across them, and then two
 warriors would lie down on the ends
 of the poles, thus securing one pris-
 er between each two. The pris-
 oners had been permitted to kneel
 once every day over the leaves
 of an old almanac, pretending it was
 a prayer book, in which posture a
 separate resolution was formed to
 die in the night whenever it might
 come that the four savages should
 sleep together, and
 live at the expense

of their lives. Night after night the wakeful sav-
 age was open upon them—until
 they supposed from circumstan-
 ces that they had lain down for the
 night, they were to enjoy
 their lives. Captain Sawyer lay
 down and collected, and looked

in the hours of battle or danger.
 But the other captive, named Cool-
 ley, felt all the horrors of anticipat-
 ed death. His eyes had the appear-
 ance of balls of fire, and it was the
 Captain's greatest fear that his un-
 usual appearance would betray their
 desperate intention, which was to
 rise at the same moment, seize some
 weapon and slay each man's keepers.
 Kind Heaven succeeded this last
 chance of life or death. The four
 fierce Indians snored in concert.
 Sawyer rose like a giant from the
 incumbent weight of his guard, seiz-
 ed an axe, and severed the head of
 the huge Indian that lay on his
 right. This warrior was of the name
 of and belonged to the family Brant
 or Brandt, so famous in the history
 of the Indian wars. His head was
 of an enormous size and his coarse
 hair resembled the shaggy mane of
 a horse.

"A hollow hissing noise proceed-
 ed from the cleft skull, and the In-
 dian on the left in the same instant
 felt the weight of the same descend-
 ing weapon.

"Captain Sawyer had now accom-
 plished his share in the design, and
 in a moment of trepidation which
 will sometimes come over the brav-

est, turned into a man of stone by fear,
 and both the Indians on either side
 of him were gaining their feet. He
 seized a gun, presented it—it missed
 fire—he threw it down, caught a hatch-
 et, killed another Indian, while
 the fourth began to retreat. He
 hurled the hatchet after him and
 struck him on the shoulder. The
 savage fled howling with the anguish
 of the wound. Bidding the man of
 stone to rise, the captain commenced
 his flight, but before noon the next
 day they found a line of fires kind-
 led around them and the Michigan
 prairies were roaring with the con-
 flagration.

"Happily breaking through the
 ring of fire they escaped the fury
 of the savage pursuit. They lurked
 in the brakes by day and traveled,
 guided by the stars, at night, and af-
 ter ever suffering and danger, they
 struck upon the first vestiges of civ-
 ilized life in the state of Ohio.
 Ninety days after that dreadful
 morning at the forks of Delaware a
 courier arrived at the house of Ma-
 jor McFarland with intelligence that
 the dead warrior—the lost
 was found.

"The legislative records of the
 state of New York contain the

ever, the fountain of Indian ha-
 not yet dried up. About the
 1786, as the captain lay on his
 bed at his mansion about ten
 miles east of the city of Albany
 the last moments of his life.
 An Indian, apparently almost star-
 ved, came to his house, and having
 eaten food, approached and looked
 at the dying man. He
 was away seemingly satisfied. He
 was afterwards ascertained that
 he had, previously to his visit, as-
 serted a retired path for two weeks,
 expecting his victim to pass on his
 customary business.

"Such is the brief sketch of a
 story called to mind by the death
 of an affectionate mother.
 This sketch is the first and will
 probably be the last public tribute of
 respect which the editor of this paper
 shall ever have occasion to pay to
 the memory of his grandfather.
 He dust reposes by the side of his
 second best beloved wife under a
 grassy elevation in an open field
 in Rensselaer County, New
 York. There sleeps the father of
 children—a brave man and an
 honest man, who carried the
 the politeness, the morals, the