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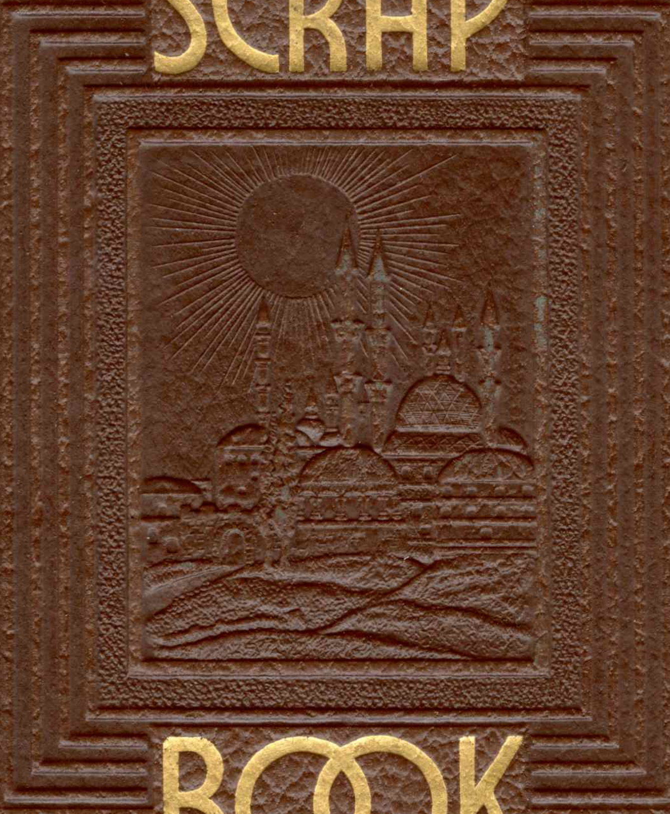

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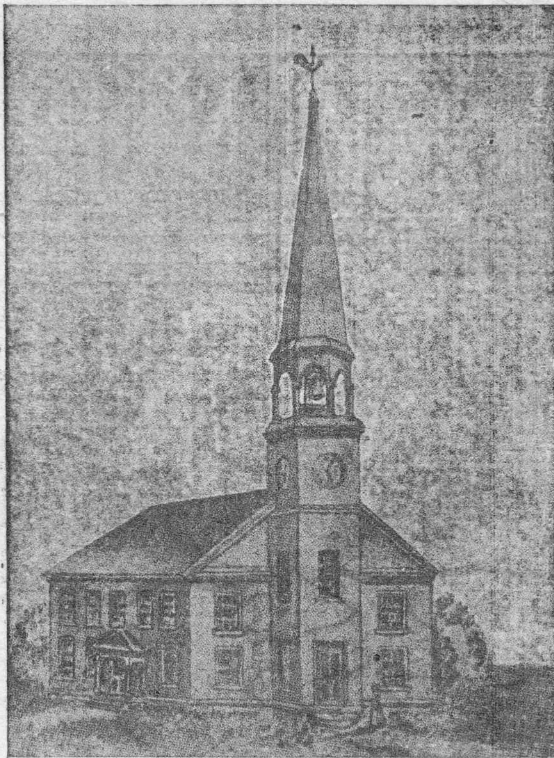

THE "JONATHAN EDWARDS" CHURCH
1737-1812

"THE OLD CHURCH"
1812-1876

History Of First Church Given By Miss Caverno As Part Of Celebration

Significant Events in First 175 Years of the Church's 275 Years of Activity Are Described by Professor Emeritus of Smith, Long Active in Affairs of the First Church

The historical address in connection with the 275th anniversary of First Church of Christ in Northampton (Congregational) was delivered this afternoon at 3.30, in the church auditorium, by Miss Julia Harwood Caverno, a professor emeritus of Smith college, and long active in the affairs of First church. Her address was preceded by organ music from 3 to 3.30, and followed by the historical tea in First church chapel at 4.30. Miss Caverno's history, in full, is as follows:

When in 1934 our neighbor church at Hadley celebrated concurrently the 275th anniversary of the town and of the church, we of the old church in Northampton began to wonder if we came of a less godly stock than they. If our town was founded in 1654, why did it take seven years to organize a church? For our church record begins with the simultaneous organization of the church in 1661 and the ordination and installation of its first minister, Rev. Eleazar Mather. We are very proud of that old, tall, calf bound ledger with the record of the council, consisting of delegates—or rather, messengers, as they were called—from the churches in Dorchester, Roxbury, Springfield and Hadleigh, and the ordination at the hands of Rev. John Russell and Rev. John Eliot, Sr., the apostle to the Indians, and followed by the creed and confession, all done in an exquisite angular printed hand, page after page, looking like the manuscript of a mediaeval monk.

But a little study of the history of various early settlements relieves the founders of our own from the imputation of religious slackness. The movement of these small colonies was like the swarming of bees—the hive grew crowded, there was plenty of land farther on, and a swarm went off and started in elsewhere. Sometimes they were lucky enough to carry off the queen bee with them. The Hadley settlers began equipped with Pastor Russell, whom they had carried off from Connecticut with them.

But minister or no, you may be sure they did not leave their religion behind. They were no roving adventurers, they took their wives and children along to make homes. Our founders, coming from the vicinity of Hartford and re-enforced later by a contingent from Dorchester, decided in town meeting in 1657 — three years after the founding of the town—to look out for a minister. One of the principles on which the Puritan movement was based (for our settlers were Puritan, not Pilgrims from Plymouth) was a sturdy belief in the religious responsibility of the laity. Every man was a priest in his own household and family prayers at least once in the day was an almost universal custom. But the "meeting house" which they built very early served equally well for secular business on week days and for church services on the Lord's day. To read Scripture, to offer prayer, and even to prophesy (the technical term for preaching) was a legitimate function for laymen. But the supply of laymen gifted for such functions is usually limited and the apparent unanimity with which John Strong was elected ruling elder when such an office was instituted shows probably when that talent had been discovered. The office of ruling elder was a Presbyterian one, later dropped in Congregationalism. Few churches, however, exist without a layman who really is a ruling elder, whether elected or not. Certainly Elder John Strong left an impress, not only on his own, but on succeeding generations and is perhaps the only one of the early settlers whom every one of us could name.

It must be confessed, however, that his arrival at about the time of Mr. Mather's was timely. For the laymen of the earlier party had developed theological differences to the point where the general court had advised them, in the absence of a minister, to confine their services to singing of hymns, prayer and reading from some good book or sermons.

One curious fact is, however, worth noting. When a small town is left without a minister now, even the ungodly say, "Who is going to marry us and bury us?" But here we must face a strange manifestation of the logic of our Puritan ancestors. Of the seven sacraments of the Roman church, they had retained but two, baptism and the Lord's supper. This may be because they alone are directly inculcated in the New Testament. Or it may be, more probably, because the practice of prayers for the dead had come under ban from the abuses in the sale of indulgences in pre-Reformation times, and that the complete control by the Church of England of marriage rites had been so unjust to dissenters, that for some years the early Puritan churches relegated the control of marriage and of burial entirely to the secular power. In their theory they did not need a minister for weddings and funerals. Later they came to crave one and the two services were restored to religion.

The search of the town of Northampton for a minister, begun in 1657, was successful in 1658. One wants to know how they went to work, but of that there is neither record nor tradition. It is, however, fairly easy to conjecture what must have happened. Northampton may not have known whom it wanted, but it probably knew pretty clearly what it wanted. And when someone consulted an influential friend in Boston he said, in effect, "We want a godly minister—one who is at the same time a gentleman and a scholar." And the answer might naturally be, "What you want is one of the Mathers."

In 1635, when the Massachusetts Bay Colony was only five years old, there had landed in Boston an English Puritan minister of about forty, who had already won distinction as a preacher for genuine piety, for the courage of his convictions and for deep and wide scholarship. His hope for reform in the Church of England had become fainter since Charles I had succeeded to the throne and Laud had become Archbishop of Canterbury. He had ample courage

—but would not courage be more fruitful in the hardships of New England than amid the persecutions of Stuart England? A letter from Thomas Hooker, the great divine of Connecticut, to whom he had appealed for advice, is a luminous exposition of the motives which weighed with men of his stamp. It is revealing of Thomas Hooker that he offered these considerations as a basis of decision, of Richard Mather that on this basis he decided to come. "If I may speak my thoughts fully and freely, though there are many places where men may receive and expect more earthly commodities, yet I do believe there is no place this day upon the face of the earth, where a gracious heart and a judicious head may receive more spiritual good to itself and do more temporal and spiritual good to others." Bearing a "gracious heart and a judicious head," Richard Mather, with his wife and four young sons, set sail for New England. Providence seemed to have opened a way for his services here, for shortly before a swarm had left Dorchester to settle in Connecticut, carrying with them their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Warham. There was need to rally the broken fragments in Dorchester and form a new church and this task Richard Mather accomplished. But it is well to remember the Reverend Mr. Warham also. For in due course of time his daughter Esther became the wife of Eleazar Mather and, after his death, of Solomon Stoddard. For seventy years she was the minister's wife in the First parish, able, capable, devout, and honored. And she lived after Mr. Stoddard's death, through seven years of fruitful ministry on the part of her grandson, Jonathan Edwards. But while we have anticipated three-quarters of a century, Northampton is waiting for its church and its minister. In good English Puritan fashion, they wanted one in whose scholarship and standing they could take pride. None of the pioneers of Northampton were university bred men—all of them belonged apparently to what is called "the substantial yeomanry." But they were Englishmen of a period in which, following the revival of learning, great strides had been made in the conduct of education and of opening it up to the middle classes. Like all the Reformers, they laid great stress on the guidance of Scripture and had the King James version, new and fresh, as "the only perfect rule of faith and practice." But they made no fetish of that translation; they wanted to go farther. They wanted among them such men as had made that version, scholars who could go back of the English text and verify or explain its meaning, from the original Greek or Hebrew. For a thousand years Europe had been without any such scholarship and was still thirsty for it. They wanted in New England a minister to whom they could look up—one who owned and used books. The minister was also the only professional man in the community. For some seventy years he was the only guide of the community in law and medicine.

When, therefore, Harvard college was founded Richard Mather prepared four of his six sons for entrance and all of the four graduated with honor—being able in final examination, among other things, to translate passages from the Old and New Testaments in Hebrew and Greek into the Latin tongue, and to explain them logically. They had lived at home in an atmosphere of books—the catalogue of their father's large library is still extant. And they seem all to have inherited "a gracious heart and judicious head." The two older sons went back to England and both remained there for careers of distinction in pulpit and university. But just about the time, in 1657, when Northampton began to look for a minister, Increase, the youngest son, sailed for England—and sailed for home on June 29th, 1661—too late, as you will see, to be present at his brother's installation over the church in Northampton. The church had been cautious—the young minister had served a three year probation from 1658 to 1661. When tenure was to be for life it was well to summer and winter the candidate. He had preached to their satisfaction, married to their satisfaction, it was now time to organize the church, ordain and install the young man. As was usual, he was to be given a certain amount annually — oftener paid in produce than cash, and land, some of it for life, some of it in fee simple. The settlers built him a house—and his home lot was at the corner of Main and Pleasant streets. His back garden occupied Shop Row about up to Merritt Clark's and the house faced on Pleasant street. The bond had been particularly close always between Increase and Eleazar Mather, the two American born sons of their father. And Increase came home in season to do team work with his brother in a controversy—or one might better call it a problem—which had become one of intense interest in the New England churches—one which is usually called for brevity, "The Half Way Covenant." It had brought about the calling of a council of churches in 1657—whose decision had satisfied no one—and finally by the request of the Great and General court (I trust you all know your legislative body by that title) a Synod was in favor of the Half Way Covenant by a vote of 60 to 10. The most learned historian of Congregationalism comments, "The want of unanimity in the decision was emphasized by the quality of the opposition rather than its quantity." And of the opposition were the Mathers. It might not be necessary to comment at all on the Half Way Covenant—which for a century was a vital part of the history of this church—if it were not a name still on every tongue. I have known only two men in this church in the last fifty years who probably ever knew what it really was. The rest of us have a glib formula, which is practically this, "In order to vote in town meeting it was necessary to be a member of the First church, so Solomon Stoddard invented a plan for admitting practically any reputable citizen to the communion and thereby giving him the franchise. But Jonathan Edwards didn't agree with this and thereby became unpopular."

A very wise old philosopher had the theory that in order to get the truth into a man's mind, it was necessary to remove first the error which clogged the space. Let us demolish first that glib formula, on which we have relied so long.

1. Forty years passed away after the Half Way Covenant was named and defined before Solomon Stoddard introduced a modification of it and justified it by a theory which has associated his name with it—and brought his practice well beyond half way.

2. Before the Half Way Covenant had been passed by the Synod in 1662, came an order from the King in council annulling any demand of church membership for freeholders. And though the colonies sometimes gave grudging adherence to royal orders—or flat disobedience—the Great and General court of Massachusetts promptly repealed the old law demanding church membership for the franchise.

3. The movement for the Half Way Covenant started in Connecticut, which had never required church membership for the franchise.

4. None of the writers in the controversy at the time ever mention any relation to the franchise.

What then, was the Half Way Covenant? And why was it demanded? No one had thought of needing it till the third generation was born. The older generation had been born in England, baptized and confirmed in the English church. Even in the reaction against a process, often no doubt careless and perfunctory, whereby they had been routed into church-membership, they never doubted the validity of their baptism. But they had an idea of a church, existing in purity, in which each member somewhere and through some experience had actually felt—perhaps through a scorching sense of sin, perhaps through a sudden sense of peace—a personal contact with God. Persecution and exile had been the proper background for such experiences. Their own children were baptized in infancy and were expected to

repeat those experiences and thus be recognized as truly regenerate. Yet many of them grew up, married, were godly and upright people, even perfectly sound in doctrine. But in them the divine fire never seemed to have kindled. Without that vivifying experience they could not come into church membership, and without the parents' church membership the children could not be baptized. Yet, as an early historian says: "The grandfathers found with grief these children excluded from baptism, though it was to have their offspring under the shepherdly government of our Lord Jesus that they had brought their lambs into this wilderness." Had they set their standard of church membership too high — should they weaken it to the point where any baptized person not scandalous in life might be admitted to full communion without evidence of regeneration? The Baptists had avoided this difficulty by dropping infant baptism—a logical solution. But the bravest logician often weakens at logical results when the question concerns a baby — and especially when the logician is a grandfather. The Synod of 1662 solved—or shelved—the issue by instituting a sort of "associate membership", which admitted parents to the privilege of having their children baptized but not to the privilege of the communion table. It was literally a Half Way Covenant.

Though it had been voted by a large majority in the Synod, each church was free to follow the course it chose. As long as Eleazar Mather lived—which was not long — he held to the old basis. His brother, Increase, who lived to be 84, was in his later life as ardent an advocate of the Half Way Covenant as he had been opponent. Solomon Stoddard's theory and practice will be set forth later. But bear in mind that the Synod of 1662 went half way for people who craved, not a vote in town meeting, but Christian baptism for their children. In the Synod of 1662 and the discussions following, Eleazar Mather seemed to have borne an equal part with his brilliant younger brother, in the record of whose long career is chiefly found involved the little we know of our first pastor. He died at the age of thirty-two, after eleven years of service in Northampton. But if—as I think it would be fairly easy to establish—it was he who patiently wrote those beautiful pages of our first record, he had the soul and fingers of an artist—a fact which has been unknown in an age when even his art was one lost since the great days of the monasteries.

Within a few months after Mr. Mather's death some friend of the town intercepted in Boston on his return from a position as chaplain in Barbados. Solomon Stoddard. He was then about 27 years old, a graduate and fellow of Harvard, had been for seven years its first librarian and was intending—as a large proportion of Harvard graduates of that period did, to make his career in England. But in some way Northampton appealed to him—perhaps there was no loss of dignity in considering a position which had been held by one of the Mathers. The date of his call is not quite certain, but he probably came in 1670, and he certainly married Esther Mather, the widow of his predecessor, within that year—and was installed in 1672. If Eleazar Mather was a gentleman and a scholar, Solomon Stoddard was a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of affairs. Tall, handsome, courtly, he reigned over not only the church, but the town, conducted either in person or by letter its affairs with the Great and General court, had a good head for land values and a proper sense of what was due himself, and filled to the utmost the conception of a prince of the church. The Half Way Covenant seemed to him inadequate, as it probably was, and he developed his own theory of church membership, whereby not only the right to have their children baptized but the right to partake of the communion was widely extended —the theory being in effect that the very partaking of the communion produced a sanctifying effect. That he added in his well nigh 60 years 630 persons to the membership can be called a fair harvest, but doesn't indicate a padding of the rolls, or a necessary lowering of quality. In other than theological troubles—in the tragic times of Indian wars, he was a tower of strength. And though to the world outside the fame of the First church of Northampton lies in its being the church of Jonathan Edwards, though a tablet outside and a memorial within bear witness to our appreciation of that honor—at the bottom of the heart of all "old Northampton," this church is the church of Solomon Stoddard.

It would be idle in a sketch like this to attempt any study of Jonathan Edwards or of his relation to this church. Called in youth, a singularly lovable young man, to be associate pastor with his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard, he succeeded him two years later, and became, after a due novitiate, the motive power of a great spiritual and moral awakening almost unparalleled in the history of Christianity. Never in any other period has the First church lived in so blinding a glory as in the Great Awakening. And out of how fresh and pleasant a dawn that sun arose can perhaps be seen from a fragment of Mr. Edwards' own narrative.

"It has been observable that there has been scarce any part of divine worship wherein good men amongst us have had grace so drawn forth and their hearts so lifted up in the ways of God as in singing His praises; our congregation excelled all that I ever knew in the external part of the duty before, the men generally carrying regularly and well three parts of the music and the women a part by themselves; but now they were evidently wont to sing with unusual heart and voice, which made the duty pleasant indeed."

And at the end of 23 years of service, Jonathan Edwards was summarily dismissed by the church, supported by a mutual council.

One point in the tragedy of the situation, however, is rarely noted by modern writers, who naturally have not grasped the conception of the normal life tenure of the pastorate. It was a relation like marriage and the break carried the humiliation of a forced divorce.

One hundred and fifty years to a day after his dismissal we did honor to his memory in a service widely known and widely attended from the world outside. The bronze relief on the wall of the church marks one of the great days of our history, and the addresses of the day are printed in a volume.

The church which stoned a prophet came in the end to the conclusion of his cousin, Major Hawley, who led the stoning. For in later years, though still convinced that the separation was necessary, Major Hawley repented with fasting and prayer, the manner in which it was done.

Though Mr. Edwards remained in Northampton a full year after his dismissal, he was rarely invited to preach and then only when no other supply could be found. Finally a vote of the town forbade his occupying the pulpit. And for three years the "largest and wealthiest church outside of Boston" went without a pastor. Some of us know by experience the demoralization—a sort of dry rot—that settles in on a church between ministers. But with that added to the feuds, the jangled nerves and the general let-down after strain one cannot wonder that eligible ministers were wary of Northampton. Some special Providence brought them, however, in 1754, John Hooker, not as salient or brilliant a personality as either of his predecessors, but evidently inheriting from his great grandfather, Thomas Hooker, "the gracious heart and the judicious head" sorely needed at this point. If we have few traditions of him, it is perhaps because his pastorate corresponded with those restful gaps in the book of Kings, where it is said, "And the land had rest forty years." Curiously enough, for a man of peace, he came to the fore at the outbreak of the Revolution. He had a gift in dealing with young people and, although by nature no propagandist or fiery partisan, the duty fell on him of addressing the troops as they left home for service. And from him, what the old hymn calls "a cheerful courage" seemed to flow out to the frightened, undisciplined recruits and send them on their way with

steadiness. But he was not to see the end of the struggle, for he died suddenly of small pox in 1777 — after twenty-three years of service.

The town, so the record says, was generous to Mrs. Hooker, giving her the use of one-fourth of the land sequestered for the minister and the manse till it was needed for his successor. The latter arrangement worked out very nicely, for, though the next minister, Solomon Williams, came within a year, he was very glad to board with Mrs. Hooker, soon married her daughter, Mary, and kept on living in the manse for the rest of his days. It is worth noting here that another daughter, Sarah, married Caleb Strong — Governor Strong — whose public career is one of the brightest in Northampton's crown and who was no less notable in his service to the church.

Solomon Williams was a Yale graduate, continuing the break from Harvard, which had begun with Jonathan Edwards and continued through John Hooker. He had also been a tutor at Yale for five years. He carried on the tradition of a scholarly minister, was no less an autocrat than Solomon Stoddard had been — though perhaps less a prince. It was not necessary in his day for the minister to be either a lawyer or a physician—the first physician in Northampton dates from 1730. But he was eminently fitted for a role in which the clergy of New England were long famous — that of finding out young people who could profit by education and either teaching them himself or seeing that they got teaching. Nothing can be prettier than the story which Mrs. Lesley tells of Parson Williams' interest in her father, Judge Lyman, a delicate child, whom the minister offered to teach in private and quietly fitted for Yale at the age of eleven. His theology became archaic, his speech old fashioned, but he never lost the love of his people. Yet the rise of the general level of education, which the clergy had done so much to foster, left them without the old easy pre-eminence in the community. Through his time the church books were kept by the minister, because at the outset the minister was the only clerkly person. Two years are wanting at one point later, because of one young minister of whom it is accusingly written, "He kept no minutes." Thereafter the laity took up the task. He had seen the fabric rise of the fourth meeting house—the old white church—one of the crowning glories of Isaac Damon's architecture, known even now whenever New England churches are studied.

One of Carlyle's unforgettable phrases is this: "Our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour. But no hammer in the horologe of time peals through the universe when there is a change from era to era." Yet, looked at from the perspective of the years that followed, we may well say that the passing of Solomon Williams did mark the end of an era. With him closed the mighty dynasty of ministers chosen for life—five of them covering a span of 175 years. With him ended the last trace of the imperial position of the First church. Bit by bit in the latter half of the 18th century Northampton's far flung territory had been carved into separate towns with separate churches. In the early 19th century a tide was setting in of what we may choose to call denominationalism, but which may in its essence have been a resurgence of interest in religion. The old man had seen Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics come in, had bidden good-bye sadly and perhaps not with the best of grace when the first daughter church, the Unitarian, set up her own home, and in the last year of his life bade good-bye to another and made the installation prayer for the Reverend John Todd, the first pastor of the Edwards church.

The old order changeth. The First church had set out on the sober but pleasant path which she was to tread for another hundred years.

It is a curious fact that the historic eye is far-sighted and can see objects or even appraise motives more easily at a distance. I have known the First church since 1883—fifty years of this last century are within my own memory. I must also have known several people who could remember Solomon Williams as clearly as I can remember Mr. Lathe. But personalities and events in the foreground are too vivid, in the middle distance are too faded to focus clearly. It has seemed, therefore, wise to the historical committee and to the historian to collect and file while it is still possible, along with the official records, such unrecorded events and personal memories as we may, and leave our second period—the last hundred years, to be interpreted by the historian of 1961, at the 300th anniversary of the First church.

Autobiography	A. A. Milne	B M
In the Steps of St. Francis	Ernest Raymond	B F
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Neighborhood; My Story of Greenwich House	M. K. Simkhovitch	B S
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The Last Tragedian; Booth Tells His Own Story	Otis Skinner	B B
All in the Day's Work	I. M. Tarbell	B T
Benjamin Franklin	Carl Van Doren	B F
Fighting Years; Memoirs of a Liberal Editor	O. G. Villard	B V
My Memoir	Mrs. E. B. Wilson	B W
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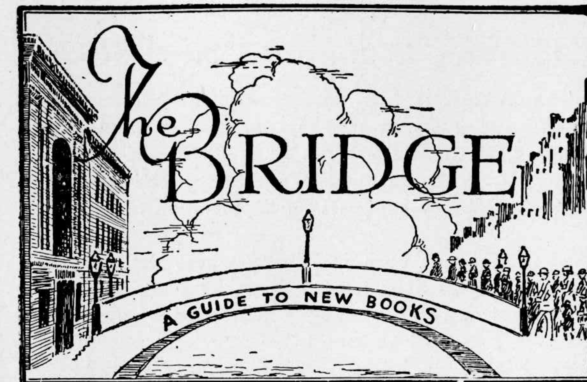

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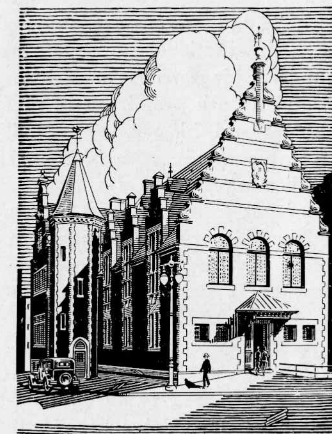
Vol. XIII JANUARY, 1940 No. 1



A Tribute to
Harriet Langdon Pruyn Rice
Who Made Possible
The John V. L. Pruyn Library

Albany Public Library

Harriet Langdon Pruyn Rice

The Albany Public Library lost its most devoted friend, and a Board member of liberality and understanding, when Mrs. Harriet Langdon Pruyn Rice died on July 3, 1939. In this first number of **The Bridge** for 1940 the Library expresses its appreciation of her years of service.

Mrs. Rice was born in Albany where she graduated from St. Agnes School. She spent long periods abroad during her early years, notably in London where in 1886 she was presented at Court. Throughout her life she showed a deep interest in the Dutch traditions of Albany and in Holland, from which her father's family migrated in 1660. In recognition of this interest Queen Wilhelmina presented her in 1924, at the time of Albany's Tercentenary Celebration, with the Order of Orange-Nassau. Her home in Albany was always a center for the entertainment of distinguished visitors from abroad.

It was fortunate for the City's public libraries and their users that Mrs. Rice selected them as the principal beneficiaries of her service to her native Albany, and shared her world outlook with them. Her gifts to the John V. L. Pruyn Library collection and the books bought from the Fund which she founded in 1927 are predominately international in scope. Among them are several hundred biographies of British and other European men and women prominent in nineteenth and twentieth century world history. The building itself, an example of Dutch architecture of the 17th century, is a reflection of her interest.

At the time of her death she had been a trustee of the Albany Public Library for fifteen years, but for many years before that she had been a friend of public libraries in Albany. It was in 1900 that she interested her mother, Mrs. Anna Parker Pruyn, her sister, Mrs. Hybertie Pruyn Hamlin and her brother, John V. L. Pruyn, jr., in joining with her to found and house a public library as a memorial to her father, John V. L. Pruyn, chancellor of the University of the State of New York from 1862 to 1877. Mrs. Rice herself donated the land which was the site of her father's birth.

Her gifts of books have been extensive. For a number of years they took the form of a "St. Nicholas Eve" gift in recognition of Dutch custom. Later the John V. L. Pruyn Book Fund already referred to was established. Characteristically she gave the Fund her father's name rather than her own. A concern for the Library's well-being dominated all her relations with it and found expression in a conscious effort to avoid taking advantage of her position as its most liberal donor. She imposed her own limits—very modest ones—to her personal use of the books she gave to avoid interference with their general availability.

The best evidence of what the City has gained as a result of the life-time interest of one citizen in one of its institutions lies in a history of the John V. L. Pruyn Library and a description of its collections and activities.

THE JOHN V. L. PRUYN LIBRARY

When the John V. L. Pruyn Library was opened in 1901 as a free public library, the free library idea in Albany was new. The Albany Free Library had been established in 1893, and the Young Men's Association had made its Library free to the public in 1899. When in 1922 the libraries of the Young Men's Association and the Albany Free Library united, the John V. L. Pruyn Library became a branch of the new system and was presented to the City in 1923, together with the rest of the Association property as part of the contract by which the Board of Trustees of the Young Men's Association, reorganized, became the governing body of the Albany Public Library. The City built an addition in 1927.

Both building and annex were designed by Marcus T. Reynolds, the well-known Albany architect. Its architecture is appropriate to Chancellor Pruyn's Dutch ancestry and is reminiscent of the homes of early Albany. A touch of old Holland is found in the small stained glass panels used as inserts in the windows. Many of them relate to Albany history. For example, among them are the flag of the Dutch West India Company under which Albany was settled in 1624-1664, the Albany city seals of 1686 and 1752, and emblems of the five Iroquois Indian nations who were the City's early neighbors. Other inserts are printer's marks, appropriate to this library of literary taste and culture.

BOOK COLLECTIONS AND ACTIVITIES

Professor Lewis Boss said at the opening in 1901, in behalf of the Library Committee of which he was chairman: "There will be provided for the reading room a choice selection of the best periodical publications. At the same time we expect to have on our shelves 3,000 well-selected books, especially full in the departments of history and biography." These subjects, together with belles-lettres, have been emphasized in the selections made for purchase during the past 38 years. It was then and is still a book browser's library. An atmosphere of invitation and leisure characterize it even at the present time when its book collections have grown from 3,000 to 24,000 volumes, and its borrowers include large numbers of hurried shoppers and business men and women.

Since 1901 libraries have developed a practical side. The John V. L. Pruyn Library now has a business collection of nearly 1,800 books and over 50 magazines on subjects of such concern to Albany commercial establishments as management, advertising and business English. The large number of young business people who use it find conditions quite different from those recalled at the 1901 dedication by Mayor Blessing who told of his difficulties as a young man trying to get together a working library on an apprentice's wage of $2.10 a week.

In 1901 children were not considered when a library was planned. By October 1906, however, the John V. L. Pruyn Library had a children's librarian who saw at once the inadequacy of the space provided and began to advocate the building of an addition for a children's room. Finally in 1927, this addition was made by the City. Here the work with children which has now come to be a normal part of a public library's activity is carried on, and from here library service is rendered to the public and parochial schools of the neighborhood.

Planning reading for adults is the innovation in library service which the last decade has introduced, just as the 1890's brought the children's librarian and the 1900's the library for the business man. Such a readers' advisory service is now conducted at the John V. L. Pruyn Library under the supervision of the Readers' Adviser for the main library. Business men and women take advantage of it for its aid to advertising, salesmanship and business management, but many readers are enrolled in cultural courses as a means of supplementing their education.

In the year just ended 130,348 books were borrowed from the John V. L. Pruyn Library. The number of borrowers registered is 7,027; but many persons registered elsewhere in the system often find it convenient to get their books here in the midst of the shopping and theatre center.

Recent Additions to the Pruyn Fund Collection

BIOGRAPHY

Title	Author	
Semi-Centennial; Some of the Life and Part of the Opinions of Leonard Bacon	Leonard Bacon	B B
An American Artist's Story	George Biddle	B B
Free Artist; the Story of Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein	C. S. D. Bowen	B R
Thoreau	H. S. Canby	B T
The Young Melbourne, and the Story of His Marriage with Caroline Lamb	Lord David Cecil	B M
A Goodly Fellowship	M. E. Chase	B C
Lillian Wald, Neighbor and Crusader	R. L. Duffus	B W
The World Was My Garden; Travels of a Plant Explorer	D. G. Fairchild	B F
My Days of Strength; an American Woman Doctor's Forty Years in China	Mrs. A. W. Fearn	B F
Samuel Jones Tilden	A. C. Flick	B T
Adonais, a Life of John Keats	Dorothy Hewlett	B K
My Wife and I; the Story of Louise and Sidney Homer	Sidney Homer	B H
Elihu Root	Philip Jessup	B R
Flowing Stream; the Story of Fifty-Six Years in American Newspaper Life	Mrs. F. F. Kelly	B K
Adventures in Giving	W. H. Matthews	B M

Gambrel-Roofed House Of Deacon Hunt Recalled On Church's 275th Anniversary

View of Main Street in the Old Days Shows the Old Edwards Church, Store Now Occupied by Merritt Clark's, and Winthrop Hillyer's, Now the Food Shoppe

In connection with the 275th anniversary of First church, a structure of historical interest was the old gambrel-roofed house of Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, the hatter, on Main street. On the corner of this lot stood the old Edwards church, erected in 1833, a low brick building, with a small steeple, the whole presenting an inferior appearance. Its vestry was in the southerly part of the basement, the entrance being on the west side, near the southerly end.

In its day the gambrel-roofed house of Deacon Hunt was one of the principal residences in town. The accompanying view was from the Warner House across the street, located where the Draper hotel now is. The old residence was erected in 1770, and was successively occupied by Deacon Ebenezer Hunt, Dr. Ebenezer Hunt and Dr. David Hunt, and stood one hundred years, until it was destroyed by fire in 1870. The same fire also destroyed the Edwards church.

At the time of its destruction the house was owned by the Benjamin North estate ,and was used for stores and workshops. John Hannum, the watchmaker, had a shop in the second story, on the west side, and it was in that shop that Samuel Wells, the clerk of courts, was fatally shot while handling a pistol in October, 1864. The stores below had been occupied by William F. Arnold, Arnold & Searle, Arnold & Tillotson, Walter W. Pease and R. J. Fair, dry goods.

The building next to the Hunt house, comprising a part of what was in the old days known as "Merchants' Row" or "Shop Row," was occupied by Charles Smith & Co. (the "Co." being Marvin M. French, who served an apprenticeship with Mr. Smith). They were "merchant tailors" and sold readymade clothing and all kinds of "gents'" furnishing goods. The same business was later carried on there by Merritt Clark & Co., and has continued as the Merritt Clark store for some 94 years.

In the store next to Merritt Clark's was Winthrop Hillyer's, later Kingsley's drug store, and now the Food Shoppe. Thus, according to H. S. Gere's "Reminiscences of Old Northampton," from which the above facts were taken, "was the original store on 'Shop Row,' established by Dr. Ebenezer Hunt in 1768. Mr. Hillyer kept drugs and groceries, the same as his predecessors had done. He was clerk for Dr. Hunt and after Dr. Hunt's retirement he took the business and amassed a handsome fortune during his long business career. The drug store enjoyed the singular distinction of having been devoted to only one business for about 165 years.

The old hitching posts seen in the picture have long since given way to parking spaces for automobiles, and trees on that part of Main street are a thing of the past.

The accompanying cut was taken from a large framed picture loaned to the Gazette by Mrs. William L. Waite of Chapel street.

A similar picture is included in the historical exhibit being held at First church as a part of the 275th anniversary of the church.

First Church Opens Its Celebration With Many Gifts and Memorials

Church Now Entirely Free of Debt, People Giving $2000 as Anniversary Present—190 Attend Birthday Party at Hotel, With Greetings from the City, Smith College and Other Churches Here and in County —Former Pastors Among Those Present —Deacon Wright Gives Reminiscences

First Church of Christ (Congregational) in Northampton which opened its 275th anniversary with a banquet at Hotel Northampton last evening, received, in addition to many congratulations and best wishes a number of substantial gifts and memorials which were announced by the pastor, Rev. Ray Gibbons, who served as toastmaster during the after-dinner speaking. A number of these announcements came as birthday surprises.

Mr. Gibbons called upon Chas. W. Walker of the church board of assessors and chairman of the finance committee for the celebration, who announced that the effort to raise $2,000 as a celebration gift by the people of the church was successful, the entire amount being raised. He said the effort had met with a fine response on the part of members and friends of the church.

Out of the $2,000 the church will be able to pay for an $800 note, Mr. Gibbons stated, and he added that "for the first time in several years the church is entirely free of debt."

Memorials and gifts are as follows:

Memorial

In memory of Jo[illegible] Dwight Kellogg and Carolin[illegible]ens Kellogg, silver flower vases, by their children.

In memory of Mrs. Theresa Bates Dudley and Mrs. E. Theresa Dudley Krause, candlebras, by Mrs. Sara B. Hobbie and Mrs. Frances K. Abbott.

In memory of Mrs. Emma H. Parsons, church hymnals, by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver B. Bradley.

In memory of Mrs. Lizzie Mari Lyman, choir lighting, by her daughter, Ethel Louise Lyman.

In memory of Sydenham Parsons, a new organ, to be given by his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, of New York.

A bequest of $10,000 from Mrs. Minnie Davidson Parsons, part of which is to be used as a memorial.

Gifts

The sum of $2,000 from the people of the church as an anniversary gift.

A model of the first meeting house, by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Tonner. This was exhibited at the banquet last evening, and will be a part of the historical exhibit.

A gavel made from wood of the old Whitney house, given by Dr. Elmer H. Copeland.

Last evening's birthday party by the church people and their guests was attended by 190 people. Dinner was followed by an interesting program of speaking, during which many greetings were brought by pastors and laymen from other churches in the city, county and western part of the state, and by church people from outside the state.

The significance of the occasion was the keynote, but the evening was enlivened by wit and humor by the toastmaster and various speakers, concluding with colorful reminiscences by Deacon Charles M. Wright.

The evening opened with the invocation by Rev. James Henry Larson of this city, followed by vocal solos by Miss Marion L. Vanderburgh, soprano soloist of the church choir.

Brings Greetings of City

Howard E. Chase, president of the Northampton common council, representing Mayor Charles L. Dunn, who could not be present, brought the greetings of His Honor and the city government. He said that the city appreciates the education and development of character of young people by the church. A community without a church, he felt, would be a community without law and order.

President Neilson Speaks

What he called some "prenatal history" of Smith college was given by Dr. William Allan Neilson, president, when he said there was doubt in the beginning whether the college was to be located in Hatfield or Northampton, and one thing that tipped the scales in favor — if it were in favor, he added jocularly — was the presence here of so many churches, dispensing with any risk that the students might be at a loss for a spiritual home. This was the leading church, he added, and members of the faculty and students were received. He congratulated the church and brought greetings of the college and its gratitude.

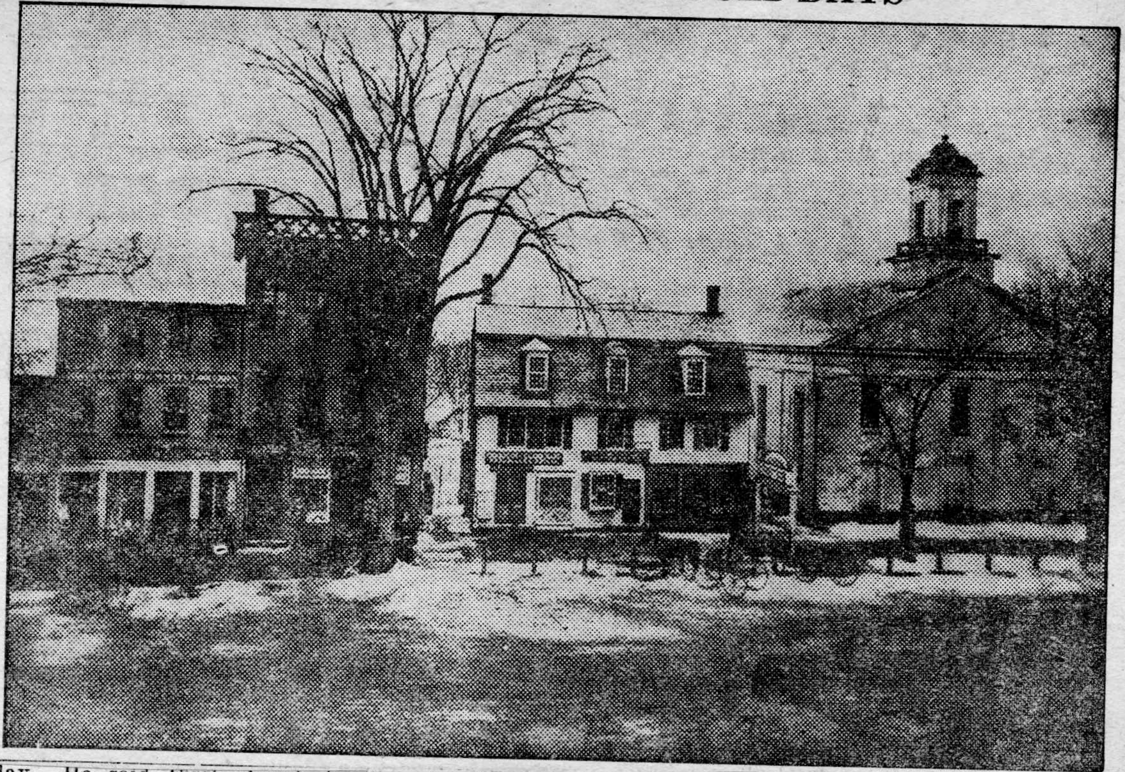
From the Baptist Church

A letter was read from the First Baptist church in addition to the greetings brought in person by the pastor, Rev. Eaton B. Freeman, who asked "God's blessing and many more years" for First church. He felt that nowhere is there a finer fellowship of churches than in Northampton today.

From the Unitarian Church

Rev. Georges S. Cooke, speaking of the close relationship of his church, the Unitarian, and First church, and of his preaching at First church, said that was before he was denounced as "un-Christian." He was referring to the recent outbreak of a visitor in his church on Memorial Sun-

VIEW OF MAIN ST. IN THE OLD DAYS



day. He said First church has grown in every respect, but is as young as any church in the city. He brought best wishes from himself and his congregation to the church, and for a long and prosperous ministry for its pastor. A letter was received from Rev. Edward H. Cotton of Florence Unitarian church.

A letter of congratulations and best wishes was received from B'Nai Israel Congregation (Jewish Synagogue) and signed by David M. Lipshires, its president.

Rev. A. J. Penner Speaks

Miss Clara P. Bodman of Edwards church was called upon, but she disdained to speak while the pastor was there to bring the greetings of the church. Rev. Albert J. Penner spoke on behalf of the 193 years old daughter of the 275 years old mother. First church, he said, has maintained its spirit and its work in the community, retaining its vigor and keeping abreast of the times. The fellowship between the churches, he said, has never been more sincere and hearty than it is today.

From the Florence Congregational Church

Rev. Basil D. Hall, pastor of Florence Congregational church, said his church will be 75 years old in October, a "childish age" compared with First church. Florence church, he said, might have failed but for the assistance it received from First church at the time of the pastorate of Dr. Zachary Eddy. First church, he said, gave Florence church its first silver service. He brought hearty congratulations and the wish that the church may grow "from strength to strength and from glory to glory." A letter from Florence church was also read by the toastmaster, wishing long years of future usefulness.

Easthampton Represented

Charles H. Johnson of Easthampton, speaking on behalf of the Easthampton Congregational church, a merger of the old First and Payson Congregational churches of that town, said that Easthampton was once a part of Northampton, the town now being 151 years old. First church of this city gave Easthampton 46 members with whom to start. Easthampton church was organized because of the distance worshippers had to go, with five miles to Northampton and five to Southampton. In those days it was deemed a necessity to go to church, and Mr. Johnson said he was sorry it was not deemed so today by many. Jonathan Edwards, he said, preached many times in Easthampton.

Others Speak

Others who spoke briefly last evening, bringing greetings and best wishes, included Miss Montague, representing Westhampton church, 157 years old; Rev. Gifford Towle, pastor of Southampton Congregational church; Rev. Theodore Cole, pastor of First Congregational church of Westfield; Mrs. Elton Sherk of the Breckville Congregational church of Breckville, O., a daughter of First church here; Miss Martha Stiles of Waltham, daughter of the first pastor of the Hampshire Colony Congregational church of Princeton, Ill., which held its centennial five years ago, with three of four episodes of a pageant laid in Northampton; Rev. Robert G. Armstrong, formerly of Northampton and now superintendent of the Congregational conference in New Hampshire; Rev. Ralph M. Timberlake, president of the Massachusetts Congregational Conference and Missionary society; Rev. Richard H. Clapp, pastor of the United church of New Haven, a former pastor of First church here; Rev. Charles E. Burton, secretary of the General Council of Congregational churches, and a brother of the late Marion LeRoy Burton, second president of Smith college; Miss Sarah D. Kellogg, a member of the church since 1877; Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee and Prof. Ernst H. Mensel, deacon, who gave toasts, and Deacon Chas. M. Wright, who concluded the evening with reminiscences.

Among those introduced last evening were: Mrs. Thomas Bruce Bitler, widow of Rev. Mr. Bitler, pastor 1930-34; Miss Helen Rose, daughter of the late Henry T. Rose, pastor from 1892 to 1911, and who is writing a biography of her father; Alphonso Witherell, Civil war veteran of 93 years, the oldest member of the church, and the gathering rose in his honor; Rev. Wendell Prime Keeler, pastor from 1912 to 1918, was unable to be present because of tonsillitis, a telegram from Mrs. Keeler said, expressing his disappointment. Mrs. Clapp was present with her husband, Rev. Richard H. Clapp of New Haven, pastor here from 1919 to 1925. Rev. Mr. Clapp spoke of the "fine Puritan heritage" of the church, and looking toward the "greater fruition tomorrow."

Rev. Lee and Prof Mensel, in their toasts, spoke in high appreciation of several of the former pastors, Mr. Lee mentioning in particular, Jonathan Edwards, Rev. Wendell Prime Keeler, Rev. Thomas Bruce Bitler and L. Clark Seelye, the latter the first president of Smith college, and Rev. Ray Gibbons, the present pastor. Prof. Mensel spoke of Rev. Richard H. Clapp and Rev. John Whittier Darr, the latter now in California.

Deacon Wright's Reminiscences

Deacon Charles M. Wright, in his reminiscences of the early days of the church, spoke seriously and humorously of the mode of living in those days. For 169 years First church was the only church in town, the Unitarians breaking off in 1825, whereupon their meeting house was struck by lightning. The spirit of the founders of First church is still carrying on on "Meeting House Hill," he said. The early members were sturdy, self-reliant, courageous people. He told of the days when even the minister had a cow and a pig and of the town's experience with "witchcraft;" the supposed "witches" being accused of being "in league with the devil."

Rev. Ralph Timberlake paid a high tribute to what he called "the spirit, ability and personality of your pastor here." He said that if he were a bishop, or had the powers a bishop is supposed to have, he would see to it that a church had a pastor like Mr. Gibbons, and a pastor's wife like Mrs. Gibbons. He said there were 46 Congregational churches in Massachusetts when First church was organized in 1661. There are now 170,000 Congregational members in the state, with some 620 churches.

Pastor's Parents Here

Among those attending the banquet last evening, and who were introduced to the gathering, were Rev. Mr. Gibbons' parents, Atty. and Mrs. Allison M. Gibbons of Cleveland, O., and Mrs. Gibbons' mother, Mrs. E. T. Lies of New York city, all of whom are visiting here for some time, Atty. and Mrs. Gibbons to stay through for the General Council meetings at Mount Holyoke and the resumption of the church's anniversary program on Sunday, June 21.

A letter was read from Rev. W. H. Upton of the Congregational church in Davenport, Ia., with its tradition that Jonathan Edwards made his influence felt there. Rev. Mr. Upton said he hoped to be here for the celebration on June 21.

Several formerly of First church, but now out of the city, rose when asked to stand, and names of various people who sent letters from distant points, were read, including one from Rev. John Whittier Darr of California, a former pastor.

The banquet last night began at about 7 o'clock and concluded shortly after 11, closing with the singing of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

The church's anniversary program for Sunday will include the service of reconsecration at 10.45 a. m., and the historical pageant at 8 p. m., in the church auditorium.

HISTORICAL EXHIBIT AT THE FIRST CHURCH

Some of Interesting Articles Date Back to Forming of the Parish in 1661

The historical exhibit of the 275th anniversary observance of First church opened in the chapel this morning, with many interesting and valuable articles, some of which date back to the forming of the parish in 1661.

Some of the articles belong to the church, others have been loaned from the collection of the Northampton Historical society, and many have been loaned by individuals. Many old time church records are on display, including the first records of the church made in 1661.

Among the articles loaned for the exhibit pictures of Rev. Jonathan Edwards and his wife, Sarah Pierpoint Edwards, loaned by E. P. Edwards of Stonington, Conn., a register of deaths in Northampton from the first settlement of the town in 1653 to August, 1824, printed in Northampton in 1824 by T. Watson Shepherd, loaned by Mrs. Stephen L. Butler; a picture of Isaac Damon, architect and builder of the fourth meeting house erected in 1812, and his drafting instruments, loaned by Miss Jane D. Smith; a Bible dated 1611, loaned by Frederick Race; a key to the old First church, loaned by Dr. Elmer H. Copeland; a book on the Life and Character of Jonathan Edwards, printed for Andrew Wright in 1804 by S. and E. Butler and sold at their bookstore, loaned by Miss Mary Persis Crafts.

Rev. Roger Eddy Treat has loaned a cross, a cup and a compote made of wood from the pulpit of the old church. Features of the exhibit are two cases containing articles loaned by Mrs. B. B. Hinckley and the Williston family.

The articles loaned by Mrs. Hinckley are in the most part those associated with Rev. Solomon Stoddard, second minister of the church, whose homestead was the house now known as The Manse on Prospect street. In the Williston exhibit is a piece of cloth of a dressing gown which was worn by Rev. Solomon Stoddard, sent by airplane to be shown here by Miss Agnes Williston, who now resides in Carmel, Cal.

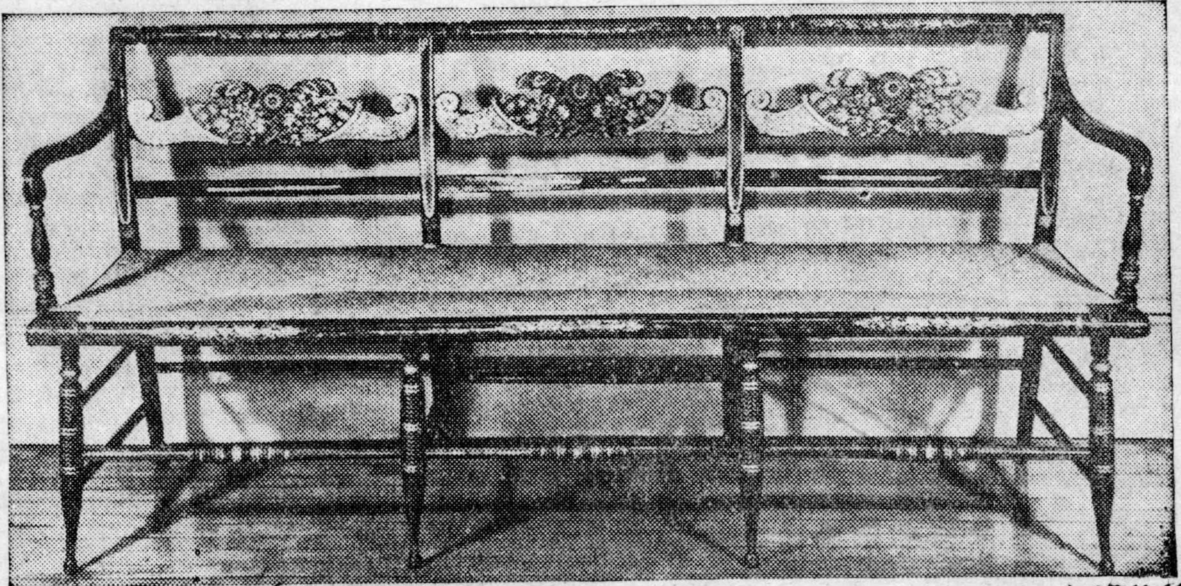
On the platform are two chairs which were removed from the fourth meeting house when it burned and two chairs made by Rev. Henry T. Rose, a former pastor of the church, from wood of the Edwards elm which stood on King street and fell Aug. 8, 1913. One of the interesting spots in the exhibit are photographs of the ministers who have served the church, and others who have been actively identified with it.

Drawings of the second and third meeting houses and many photographs of the fourth church edifice are on display.

Early American Stenciling Explained in Smith Gallery Exhibit; Patterns and Designs for Home Use Can Be Copied From Wall Panels

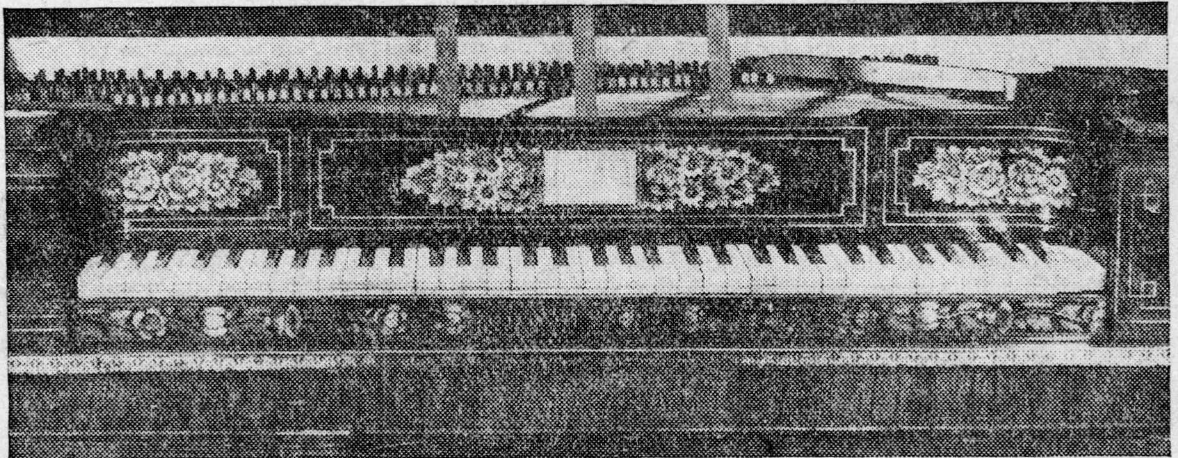
APRIL 16th, 1939

HITCHCOCK TYPE SETTEE IS ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES



Early 19th century piece is from noted collection of Katharine McDowell Rice. WORTHINGTON MASS.

DETAIL OF STENCIL DECORATION ABOVE KEYBOARD



Rosewood piano is part of permanent collection of George Walter Vincent Smith gallery and is included in the exhibit.

By FLORENCE THOMPSON HOWE

IF YOU WANT to restore the gold stencil pattern of plump fruits and precise flowers which originally decorated those Hitchcock chairs from Aunt Libby's—or find a suitable design for the big black serving tray you picked up in Maine last summer—go to the George Walter Vincent Smith Art gallery and learn how the old stenciling was done.

An interesting exhibit of early American stencils and stenciled furniture from the collection of Janet Waring—together with numerous choice examples from various private sources, opened Easter Sunday at the Art gallery and will remain on view during the remainder of the month of April. The exhibition, which is staged in the downstairs gallery, includes examples of stenciled wall panels reproduced from the stencil-decorated walls of old houses in different parts of New England; furniture, both of the sophisticated and provincial types; clocks, a rosewood piano with stencil decoration, tinware, boxes, bellows, Venetian-blind cornices and a collection of the stencil cut-outs, brushes, tools and metalic powders from the kits of New England craftsmen who practiced the art in the early 1800's.

The excellent catalog with illustrations and copious notes, which has been prepared by the museum staff, affords a handbook on early American stenciling worthy of a permanent place in the files of the collector and student. A further courtesy to the public is noted in the table of reference material collected by the Museum Director Cordelia Sargent Pond, and conveniently placed in the gallery where the collection is on view.

Interest Led Far Afield

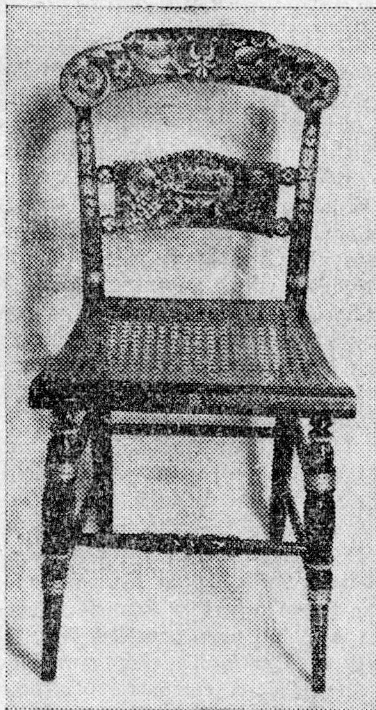
Janet Waring, whose book "Early American Stencils On Walls and Furniture" places her as an authority on the subject, has made a collection which is the basis of the present show in Springfield. Of her, the museum bulletin says: "Fortunately, some years ago, before it was too late, Janet Waring became interested in this art. Her admiration of the skill of these early New England craftsmen finally developed into a major interest which led far afield."

"She discovered the whereabouts of a few of the remaining craftsmen, octogenarians for the most part, and learned of them their craft. She collected not only fine examples of stenciled furniture but the original stencils cut and used by such men as George Lord and William Eaton, as well as wall stencils by Moses Eaton, among others. Her collection now numbers well over 1000 of these delicately cut, fragile patterns which were used with rare good taste and a skill which made stenciling an art."

"The story of her discovery of stenciled walls in New England houses is incorporated in her book."

The exhibition includes photographs of a few of the stenciled walls mentioned together with four panels reproducing motifs of some of them—panels made by Miss Waring, using the original stencils. The present showing has been made possible through Miss Waring's generosity in lending to the museum a portion of her extensive collection of stencils, decorated furniture, fragments of original decorated plaster, tools from Moses Eaton's kit, William Eaton's book of patterns and other objects connected with the craft of stencil. Added to Miss Waring's loan are important examples of the more sophisticated stenciled furniture, Venetian blind cornices and decorated tole ware from the homes of collectors in New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts. A complete list of objects and lenders appears in the catalog of the exhibition.

HITCHCOCK CHAIR



(All Photos from George Walter Vincent Smith Gallery)

Stenciling was part of American folk art as shown by this beautifully preserved example from the collection of Esther Stevens Brazer.

Although it must be admitted that much of the stenciling used by the popular chair-makers in the first half of the 19th century (the beginning of mass production processes in furniture making in our country) was necessarily fairly mechanical and resultingly crude—the better types of the early stenciling was a meticulous process requiring skill, taste and a fine sense of form and composition. The beautifully decorated Venetian blind cornices, tole ware and some of the more sophisticated furniture in the present exhibition are better understood when one sees the hundreds of tiny cut-outs, exquisitely wrought, which have been arbitrarily combined to create the finished designs as they appear, with added brush work, lining and rubbing, on the surfaces of the old tole and wood. The handling of the bronze and gold powders, the preparation of the stencils and the intricate manipulation of the repeats necessitated not only skill but a good deal of talent to get the professional "lacquered" effects which appear in some of the finer examples.

To Be Seen in Exhibit

Notable among the more ambitious types of stencil-decorated furniture is the rosewood piano which is a part of the George Walter Vincent Smith gallery's permanent collection. It is an ornately carved piece made by Thomas Gibson in New York city, probably in the first quarter of the 19th century. The accompanying illustration shows a detail of the stencil decoration above the keyboard, with stencil-banding below. Similar examples are owned by the Metropolitan Museum and Curtis institute. The Venetian blind cornice illustrates how the small units of houses, boats, hills and trees were combined to get the landscapes and river scenes so frequently found on pieces of furniture and tin or "tole" ware, as it was called. A beautifully preserved example of a stenciled Hitchcock chair is from the collection of Esther Stevens Brazer, who like Miss Waring, has made a study of this peculiarly American 19th century folk art.

The Windsor chair, light yellow with stenciled decoration on the top rail, (from collection of Mrs Arthur Oldham) is one of a set of six. In quaint old-fashioned writing on the bottom of one chair is the name of the original owner together with the date of purchase, 1822. "Polly Snell Noyes, their proud possessor" the catalog tells us, was "an ancestor of the present owner." Another piece from the collection of Katharine McDowell Rice (one of the finest examples in the show) is a settee of the Hitchcock type. "This settee undoubtedly belongs to the same period as the chair in the collection of the Marblehead Historical society, but there are indications that it was the work of a different craftsman," states the catalog note. Certainly the stenciled decoration on this settee place it almost in the same category with the sophisticated Sheraton "fancy" chairs which might be used in a much more formal room than is usually visualized when one speaks of stenciled furniture.

The work on the clocks, trays,

boxes, bellows and the delightful little "pap" warmer—a device with porringer above and whale oil lamp below, both set into a decorated frame and designed to warm the baby's milk—is such as to indicate that it was done by a practiced hand of no mean ability. But no one item in the collection is more ingratiating than the "train" tray, lent by Mrs Aurthur J. Oldham. This piece is of unusual interest because it illustrates the building of the subject design with tiny stencils of individual motifs. The miniature people in the train are cut-outs so small as to suggest the skill of the Orientals in handling artistic materials. The design commemorates the first run of Stephenson's engine on the Liverpool and Manchester railway in 1830.

TRAIN TRAY OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

Design commemorated first run of Stephenson's engine in 1830 and is lent by Mrs Arthur J. Oldham.

The French cabinet with ormolu mounts and the Japanese gold lacquers shown in the gallery with the stenciling are designed to suggest sources from which the notion of gold decoration in this country stemmed. How far removed were our provincial interpretations from the originals, are evidenced in the "mass production" chairs, stencil decorated by the hundreds and distributed by peddler wagons during the middle and later 1800s.

From Springfield Collection

For those who wish to learn more about the commercial aspects of the stencil process, there is the history of the Hitchcock chair as recorded in Antiques magazine, August, 1923, as well as the story of the findings made in the old Dyke mill at Montague, Mass., also in April, 1922 issue. The stencils by Jarred Johnson, found in Sheffield, Mass., and those found in Lee, shed a good deal of light on how the old craftsmen actually worked. In this latter group the design at top of frame is marked "Mr Reuben Goodrich, Springfield 1842," suggesting that the collection may once have been owned by a Springfield craftsman. Reuben Goodrich is listed as a "painter" in the Springfield directories of 1845 and '46 as living in Market street, Chicopee Falls, and Cabot street, Cabotville.

But Miss Waring's greatest contribution to the knowledge of the craft of stencil is made with her findings on William Eaton, whose stencils and equipment are included in the present show. Of him the catalog says: "William Eaton was born in Salem, Mass., in 1819. He excelled in his day as a designer and cutter of stencils, as expert chair-painter, and stenciler. He was one of three brothers, all of whom were good craftsmen. He worked in Boston and Bedford, Mass., and throughout New England, going to many shops where he, according to the records of his day-book, painted hundreds of chairs. He was forced to retire as a chair-painter when the demand stopped for stenciling and painted furniture, and walnut took its place.

"He removed to a farm in New Boston, New Hampshire, where he died in 1904, at the age of 85 years. A large collection of his stencils containing every type of design and size, both cut and uncut, was sold by his daughter, Harriet, who had been his assistant and apprentice in Boston, when orders were pressing. These stencils were brought from New Hampshire and sold to Stainforth in Boston and came to the present owner (Miss Waring) about 20 years ago from George Dickinson, painter, Somerville, Mass. The collection makes an interesting contribution to the history of craftsmen in America."

Itinerant Craftsmen

The Eaton material would indicate that the men who stenciled and painted furniture were itinerant artists, traveling about the countryside with their kits, much as did the coach and carriage painters, the so called "portrait" artists and the silhouet cutters were wont to do. These men, some more, some less talented, earned a living by going to the demand, stopping as long in village or town as there were commissions to be had. The centers of manufacture, where the skilled craftsmen could be regularly employed, came later.

Although velvet painting and stenciling on velvet, "theorem painting," it was called, was quite extensively practiced, examples are wanting in the present show, except for photograph and design. The writer recalls an example of theorem painting owned by the late Evanore Beebe of Wilbraham, which she said she learned to do when a child in the Ludlow school, where the "painting on velvet" was taught little girls, much as the stitching of a sampler had been taught their mothers.

Another fabric not available for the present show, is of handwoven, that is, "homespun" linen made in Newfane, Vt., by Louisa Allen for her younger sister, Maria Allen—probably about 1830—and developed as a bed counterpane with valence for the tester of the four poster, both counterpane and valence decorated in color with what appears to be stencil. The designs are almost identical with some of the wall designs shown in Miss Waring's collection. It is not inconceivable that such a practice might have resulted from association with wall or furniture stencils, particularly if the homemaker on a remote Green mountain farm were in the habit of using the old handblocked fabrics handed down from parents and grandparents.

Not the least important phase of this excellent exhibition of a once flourishing American art, is the demonstration-lecture by Esther Stevens Brazer—"The technic of stencilized furniture" which will be presented to the public without charge at 8.20 p. m., on the evening of Wednesday, the 19th. The exhibition closes April 30th.

APRIL 19th 1939

Will Talk Tonight About Stencilled Furniture

1939

Esther Stevens Brazer of Flushing, N. Y., will lecture tonight at 8.20 in the George Walter Vincent Smith Art Gallery on the "Technique of stencilled furniture." Mrs. Brazer is a lender to the current exhibit of stencils.

The lecture is open to the public.

The "Yellow Day" of 1881

Incidents of the Phenomenon That Startled New England Just 40 Years Ago.

Yesterday was the 40th anniversary of the famous "Yellow Day" that the older residents of New England still remember vividly. A writer in yesterday's Boston Herald describes the phenomenon and the consternation that it caused, as follows:

Forty years ago today, on Sept. 6, 1881, everybody in New England looked in wonder and many gazed in alarm, upon a dense yellow mist that completely hid the sky, upon trees whose foliage and lawns whose grass were a far deeper green than usual, and upon human faces that invariably wore a sickly saffron look.

For years that yellow day was a topic of speculation and thousands of tales still are told of the curious happenings consequent upon a freak of nature whose cause is yet a matter of dispute. Boston had been soaked with a two days' deluge of rain, then came a single day of normal summer weather; after that three or four days so cold that overcoats were worn with comfort. Then Mother Earth seemed to be seized with a severe attack of yellow jaundice, which, fortunately, did not endure more than 24 hours, but which was followed with a paroxysm of fever so intense that on Sept. 7 the official thermometer in the Signal Service office in the Equitable building showed a temperature of 100½ degrees in the shade, while at Dedham and down on the Cape reports of 102 degrees came into the newspaper offices.

On that bilious day tens of thousands of persons abandoned the ordinary pursuits of life. The blanket of yellow fog gave a curious color to everything the eye looked upon. Matches burned with the brilliant glare of an electric flash. Gas lights gleamed white. The blue uniforms of the soldiers of the Second Brigade of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia at Framingham showed green. Not a glimpse of blue sky was seen throughout the day, but as the afternoon wore to evening the yellow sky was tinged with green. At no time was there enough wind to rustle the leaves, the heat became oppressive before the sun set, and men on the streets and in their homes found it hard to breathe.

The deeper fog extended over the coast from Block Island to Portland and the area of greatest density would seem to have been along the North Shore and about Cape Ann rather than in the immediate neighborhood of Boston. Nowhere was the sky watched more intently than at Nantasket, for that was to be illumination night and elaborate preparations had been made and considerable sums expended for a brilliant spectacle. Through the afternoon a sallow sea rolled below the murky yellow sky, sailing craft were becalmed, sailors said the phenomena were the meteorological prelude to a typhoon. However, the moon—a harvest moon and nearly at the full—proved more successful than the sun in penetrating the heavy mist and glowered in an angry red through a dark and hazy atmosphere upon the thousands of lanterns that outlined the shore of the peninsula and the huge bonfires that flamed upon the headlands.

At Worcester a party of Second Adventists put on their ascension robes and assembled in a shoolhouse to await the event they believed the day betokened. Evidently the Lord was about to return and the end of the world was at hand. Many in North Adams found in the strangs aspect of nature clear evidence also that Judgment Day had come and prepared themselves for the "call" and warned their neighbors to "be ready." On many lips the old rhymes—now known not to have been prophecy at all, but merely a fake—called "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," were quoted about iron floating on water as easily as a wooden boat, and so through the long list of modern mechanical triumphs—predictions sufficiently remarkable had they really been predictions when first made—and ending with the alarming lines, now apparently to be fulfilled:

> "The world to an end shall come
> In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Word came from Hanover, N. H., that overhead the sky was a light olive and around the horizon a light green, while many persons there suffered from dizziness. Portsmouth sent word that the sky was a lurid yellow and later a weird green. Fitchburg reported an old gold sky. Of course, the darkness caused birds and domestic animals to act as if an eclipse had occurred, bats and owls came out of their hiding places and fowls went to roost, and several country towns noticed that frogs croaked and crickets chirped as in early twilight.

In hundreds of places the public schools were dismissedin Fitchburg and Lowell, Fall River and Providence, Portsmouth and Salem, and scores of smaller towns up and down the coast. Providence started to burn gas at noon, and at 3, when the gas failed, had to turn to candles. At West Barnstable labor ceased altogether. Railroad men went to their afternoon shifts with lanterns burning as at night. The women in the mills at North Adams and the surrounding villages fled in terror to their homes. Business and professional men in the cities had to use artificial light through most of the day.

Of course, demands for an explanation of the strange conditions bombarded scientists everywhere and especially the official observers of the weather. The signal service officer in Boston said that a very light fog was floating in the upper atmosphere, of such density that the sun's rays filtered through it and that sulphuric matter existing in considerable quantities in the composition of the mist explained the saffron tinge of all mundane things. He attributed the sulphuric element to the absorption of smoke in far larger quantity than usual owing to the complete absence of wind. Prof. Emerson, the astronomer and natural philosopher of the Dartmouth faculty was reported to have said that atmospheric absorption of other colors than yellow and green, together with the presence of much green and yellow in the atmosphere from fir and pine tree pollen and smoke from Canadian forest fires, accounted for the phenomena. Street corner scientists talked about an earth overheated by the long drouth, the quick evaporation of the heavy rain of a few days before, and the thick layer of fog high in the sky "charged with an overwhelming electric wave from the far North." It is now known that smoke from great forest fires in the states of the Northwest and in Canada was carried south and southeast to almost incredible distances in that year.

And then a Baltimore editor declared that the dark day was due to the radiation of a prodigious amount of psychological heat produced by the great number of summer conventions Boston was entertaining and the brilliancy of the orations delivered by the speakers therein!

Let it be noticed that Sept. 6, 1881, was the day also when President Garfield was removed by railway train from the White House to Elberon, N. J., there to continue his unavailing battle for life until his death 13 days later.

"Nov. 1835, a great railroad meeting held in Greenfield by its citizens, speeches made by George Grinnell, James C. Alvord, Richard Newcomb and others."

"Nov. 21, 1835. Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg delivered an address upon the advantage of building a railroad from Boston through Fitchburg to Greenfield."

It was coming—nearer and more near—the inevitable railroad. We cannot, if we would, go back to the stage coach days. But I wish that just for once I could take the old road from the north end of Deerfield street, drive over the meadows, close under the east bank of Pine Hill, wait for the ferry boat at the Deerfield river, and climb the long, grassy hillside under its tall walnut trees, into Greenfield. But the tracks and railroad buildings, with their smoke and grime and noise, which now cover that ground, will not vanish—we should not ask it if they could, though we could well spare some of the smoke and soot!

To return to the travellers. The sun has risen, hours have passed and the landscape is a marvel of glittering beauty. Every twig and weed and grass blade has its coating of hoar-frost, sparkling in the sunshine. The youngest passenger sleeps quietly in her mother's arms, while the mother forgets the fatigue and discomforts of the long ride in the beauty of the scene around her, while she recalls with a grateful heart the happy days of Thanksgiving week just spent in her old home. All is going well; only six miles now to Worcester! Suddenly there is a lurch. The poor, old over-laden coach settles down on one side, its spring having entirely given out. The well-trained horses stop, without further accident while the startled passengers clamber down and out into the cold, and seek refuge in the nearest farm house. The mother sits quietly in her corner, thankful that the baby sleeps, and only at the very last lifts up her voice in screaming protest at the delay. A rail from a fence nearby repairs the damage for the time being and after a tedious hour the passengers with some misgivings lest there be further trouble crowd into their places again. They reach Worcester safely, after the last train has started for Boston, but find a hot supper and a warm shelter for the nght. Taking the earliest train the next morning they reach home a little while before noon, the trip of ninety-five miles having taken somewhat more than thirty hours.

In concluding her paper Mrs. Thacher added:

"Here the story ends, and I should properly end with it, but a thousand memories come crowding upon me and I will take the two or three minutes left me to touch upon several of them. The long, cold trip had no ill effect upon the baby girl and before she could talk plainly she would beg her mother to take her 'up-a-Deerfield,' almost as soon as she had returned to brick walls from there, and the annual May visit was the great event of the year. There were long spring days among the dandelions and blue violets, or if it rained, happy hours in the old garret where spinning wheels and old chairs were watched over by the wig block of great-great-grandfather Dr. Thomas Williams, its rude features modelled after those engaging faces to be seen on the stones in the burying ground on the Albany road.

A little later there was the ball in the tavern, noted for its spring floor. This was to celebrate the Cheapside victory, as it was called. The question of the boundary between Deerfield and Greenfield had been coming up again and again for at least a hundred years; now it had been successfully opposed and defeated for the last time, shortly before the shot fired at Fort Sumter. She was bidden to watch carefully the remarkable steps of Miss Clarissa Dickinson in Money Musk and Hull's Victory, and indeed, they were worth watching. Later, in the summer of that same year, old and young, matrons and maids, would gather in the south dooryard of the Willard house to make flannel shirts and scrape lint for the soldiers under Mrs. Lincoln's direction. Word would often come that a regiment of Vermont soldiers was on its way down the river and that would send the young people in search of food and flowers, and then hurrying breathlessly up the academy lane to welcome and cheer them in their brief pause at the station.

And oh! The excitement and enthusiasm, when after the long months of anxiety and suspense, the brave old 52d Regiment, with its broken ranks, was on its way home to be mustered out and was known to have reached Springfield.

Most beautiful of all these crowding memories is that of the old home under the maple trees, opposite the Williams homestead, which had passed into other hands. Most generous in its hospitality, it was always a center of the very best and most beneficent influences for the whole neighborhood and its host and hostess will always be held in honored and affectionate remembrance—their children and grandchildren rise up and call them blessed."

THE YOUTH'S COMP

NUMBER 25.

HARLEY Del.   RUSSELL-R

PERRY MASON & CO., PUBLISHERS.   BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1874.

For the Companion.

OVERWHELMED.

Down through one of the greenest valleys in Massachusetts has flowed for years unnumbered a winding, murmuring little stream. It is blue as the sky, and its slender breadth is bordered on one side by rich, arable intervale, and on the other by a steep hillside, almost a wall of green, covered and shaded from May to October with long, shadow-catching grass, and graceful elms and willows. Here and there the slope rises on both sides, and the river glides through as if trying to hide itself from view.

The green shores of this delightful stream have attracted to themselves many a pleasant home, and by the silver waterfalls one little gem of a village after another has sprung up, each one clustering around busy mills, where the river has been caught and set to work.

It is a spirited little river, and has done its best. But work has grown fast on its hands, and its taskmasters have been forced to help it. To accomplish this, a dam was built at Goshen, a few miles above the factories, throwing the water back into a natural basin, and forming an immense reservoir.

But still the mills and the villages increased their demands, until eight or nine years ago, some of the gentlemen owning the mill property determined to build still another reservoir within only three or four miles of the upper factories; and they met in one of their offices to examine proposals and plans for the construction of the dam.

In one of these proposals an offer was made to do the work for ninety or one hundred thousand dollars.

"Preposterous!" they said, and threw it aside. Another contractor made a lower proposal.

"Absurd! Do they think we have nothing to do with our money but throw it into the river?"

Some of the gentlemen began to get out of humor, as they had already differed with others of their number, who thought a higher price should be allowed. At last, however, contractors were found whose figures were more acceptable to the economical gentlemen, who were frightened by the large amounts previously named. They would build the dam for thirty-five thousand dollars, although really they said the work ought to be more expensive.

So the little river was turned aside just above Williamsburg, and the dam was begun—a wall of solid stone masonry, with an earth breastwork of corresponding strength. A few wise people who looked on shook their heads; but their objections were thought trivial by the rich men who were to pay for the work. And the poor men who were to live below the dam, right in the very sweep of the fearful flood that must come forth if the wall should ever give way, said,

"Well, if *they* are satisfied, it don't look as if *we* need have any thing to say. Don't the mills from which they have made their fortunes stand right in the track? And wouldn't their fine houses, and their wives and children take just the same chance as ours?"

OVERWHELMED.

So the mason work went on, and the dam was finished at last. It now remained for the county commissioners to examine it. They shook their heads, and said it would not do. So the masons were set to work again. The commissioners again declared the dam unsafe and unsatisfactory. Once more the contractor set his men to work, and this time let the water on before summoning the commissioners.

When they came for the third time, they saw an immense sheet of water covering an hundred acres of ground, forty feet deep, and containing a hundred million gallons, lying peaceful as a summer lake behind the dam, and flowing out through its escape in the quietest and most faithful manner.

They were sorry they had not seen the foundations again, but on the surface every thing looked fair and safe as possible; so, with some hesitation, they accepted the dam.

Thus the water power of Williamsburg, Haydensville, Skinnerville, Leeds and Florence, in the good old State of Massachusetts, was increased, and more tasteful white houses sprung up in these villages every year, and more busy people found work in the mills.

Among the first to organize mechanical business in the valley was a Mr. Hayden, who has since been Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, a man of great mechanical talent, and one who was determined to use it in one way or another; though how, the future must decide. One day his brother-in-law came to him and said,—

"I am going to try an experiment and see if I can make my fortune. My wife said to me the other day she was tired of covering my buttons when they wore out, and she should think some better way might be invented of making them. I am going to see if I can make a durable button. The great trouble is to get the moulds."

"I will make them for you," said Mr. Hayden; and he went to work to plan and construct the necessary machinery.

With no brains but his own, he soon succeeded. The machinery was ready, the button moulds were made, and that was the beginning of the Williston button factories at Easthampton, the largest in the country.

Mr. Hayden now determined upon making more machinery to use for his own benefit. A brass foundry was the result; and from that day more and more money came flowing into his hands. The town of Haydensville, the gem of the valley, grew up arouud him, full of busy, happy people, who looked to him for every thing; and on the opening day of his new factory, he entertained the gentlemen who came to the celebration in his own elegant house, that was filled with objects of taste and art.

Just above, at Skinnerville, stood Mr. Skinner's sewing-silk factory and his beautiful home. These sprang up in much the same way as Gov. Hayden's enterprises; for when Mr. Skinner came to this country from England he was a poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket, glad to get such employment as he could.

Still farther up the river, but in sight from Skinnerville, stood Williamsburg, an older and larger town, busy also with its mills, while below all these villages, looking down the river from Haydensville, peeped the white houses of Leeds, with bridges enough for a small Venice, one of iron, one with stone arches, another of wood, but all so picturesque that you could but admire them, even while delighted with the beautiful waterfalls that everywhere tempted the eye.

And so the villages prospered. Now and then some person more thoughtful than his neighbor would turn an anxious look towards the reservoir and ask,—

"If it should give way! What would be the result?"

"What would be the result?" said Mr. Hayden, one day, as the question was put to him. "The destruction of *every thing!*" And he wished the question had not been asked him, for he had never felt quite satisfied or safe about the dam. It was not built as he wished it, and he never thought of it without an uncomfortable feeling that made him want to put the thought away.

But the fatal day came at last. George Cheney, the gate-keeper, whose duty it was to keep watch of the reservoir, had been out and made his usual inspection of the dam before breakfast, and had gone to his house again without alarm or apprehension. Up and down the river pretty young mill-girls were hurrying to be ready for their work. Two hundred men were just going into the brass-foundry, leaving their wives and children at their homes.

Just as Mr. Cheney, the gate-keeper, quietly finished his breakfast, a strange sound, rumbling and muttering, came to his ear, and his father's voice was heard at the same instant,—

"Good heavens, George, look at the reservoir!"

He sprang to his feet. One swift, terrified glance showed him an appalling sight. Forty feet of the stone-work had pushed away from the base of the dam. The water was pouring through in a mad tide! What did it mean? Death and destruction in another five minutes if the breach should widen under the terrible pressure bearing upon it! The gate! the gate! He would open that at the risk of his life, in the desperate hope that the vent so given might delay the impending destruction in the valley below.

He opened the gate. He got back safely, but it was of no use. The wall was swelling and cracking in a way that thrust all hope aside. There was nothing now but to leap in advance of the cruel flood, and cry to the people to escape. He sprang to his horse, and in fifteen minutes had passed the three miles between the reservoir and Williamsburg, and with a blanched face and white lips was shouting out the terrible words,—

"The dam is gone! The flood is coming!"

"Impossible!" said the gentleman who had general charge of the reservoir. "Only last night we looked at it together, and all was right."

"I tell you it is true! There are not ten minutes between the people and death."

"Run to the bell, then! The bell! Give them warning!"

A man by the name of Collins Graves rode past at that moment, and heard the dreadful words. "If the flood is coming," he said, "Haydensville must know it;" and away he dashed, lashing his horse to a foam and shouting with every breath, as he passed the houses on the road,—

"The flood is coming! Fly to the hills for your lives!"

From Haydensville another messenger took up the cry, and with almost lightning speed flew over the road to Leeds; but the vengeful waters were close behind his horse's feet.

In one huge mass, spreading somewhat where the opening valley allowed it, but through narrower spaces towering like a black, seething wall twenty feet in height, the torrent sped. It gathered in its relentless arms, or buried beneath its boiling depths, every thing it encountered on its way. The houses where the workmen had said good-by to their families in the morning were tossed like bubbles for one instant on the surface, and the next were dashed to pieces; and the wives and children that were to have said "welcome" at night, where were they?

Where? That was the only question the terrified people who had escaped to the high bank could ask.

Where were the mills? Where were the stores, the houses, the green fields, above all, the men, women and children, so busy and happy an hour ago.

They did not have to wait long for an answer. For a short hour the flood sped on, carrying timbers, roofs, tall trees, [illegible]ctories, little children who had stretched out [illegible]heir hands in vain to mothers close beside the[illegible] and [illegible]n who were as helpless as the women [illegible].

The flood spent itself a[illegible] and glided away to the C[illegible]t. The people [illegible] alive walked out on the dry land, staring forth upon acres of crushed and almost powdered driftwood, great dreary spaces where factories and houses had stood, broad meadows covered with gravel and mud, and most horrible of all, here and there, half buried in the ruin, or lying ghastly and grim against a tree or upon a bank, the crushed and battered forms of young girls, tiny children, men and women, whom the warning voices had been too late to save.

Days passed. By fifties and hundreds the people from all the country round walked slowly, slowly, over those meadows, or peered under overturned houses, and into heaps of driftwood, tearing open every pile, little or big, and holding their breath for fear of *what they might find.*

Sometimes a fluttering, mud-begrimed bit of rag appeared. They took hold of it, and scarcely dared to breathe, as slowly, and with terrible certainty, came into view the face and form of a fellow-workman from whom they had parted only a moment before the fierce flood came. Or they saw a slipper, apparently lying on the mud, and stooping to take it up, found the foot of the wearer was there too, and all the rest lay buried out of sight, and must be brought fearfully forth.

"Sights?" said a sturdy, bronzed policeman from New York, who stood guarding a point where many valuables from the brass foundry were strewn. "I thought I had seen almost every thing; but I've met the most horrible sights since I came here that I ever saw in my life. Why, I helped take one young woman from under a heap of lumber just over in that cove, and God help us, if she had been my own wife I shouldn't have known her. And then again, there's a little baby lying in the chapel across the street, only nine months old; have you been in to see? It lo[illegible]
very sweet and peaceful now, and the [illegible]
its face are shaded by the white [illegible]
they've strewed in the littl[illegible]
went up to a gentleman [illegible]
house while roughs [illegible]
take what they [illegible]

"'Sir,' said [illegible]
robbing your [illegible]

"He didn'[illegible]
'I know it [illegible]
my wife, [illegible]
What do [illegible]

The horr[illegible]
to find time [illegible]
rage, who [illegible]
cided who w[illegible]

[illegible]he *foundation was not strong* [illegible]rrible as the lesson is, ghastly [illegible]and desolation, may the readers of the *Companion* treasure it up and remember all through life, whatever they are building,—fortune, character, business, or hopes for this life or the next, see to it *that the foundation is sure.*

RICHARDSON SC

VOLUME XLVII.

No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

Springfield?
Weekly Union -

)N: THURSDAY. NO

REMARKABLE POEM ON HEREDITY.

President Cleveland's Grandfather on the Controlling Influence of Family Blood.

From the Oneonta Herald.

The following poem was written by Rev. Aaron Cleveland of Norwich, Ct., grandfather of President Cleveland. The copy from which we publish is furnished by J. B. Cleveland of Oneonta:

Four kinds of blood flow in my veins
And govern each in turn my brains;
From Cleveland, Porter, Sewell, Waters,
I had my blood distinct in quarters.
My parents' parents' names I know,
But I no further back can go.
Compound on compound from the flood
Forms now my own ancestral blood,
But what my sires of old time were
I neither wish to know nor care.
Some might be wise, and others fools;
Some might be tyrants, others tools;
Some might be rich, and others lack;
Some might be white, and others black.
No matter what in days of yore,
Since they are known and sung no more.
The name of Cleveland I must wear,
Which some poor foundling first might bear.
Porter, I'm told, from Scotland came,
A bonny bard of ancient fame.
Sewell, an English derivation,
Perhaps some outcast from the nation.
Waters, an Irishman, I ween,
Straight round about from Aberdeen.
Such is my heterogenous blood—
A motley mixture, bad and good.
Each blood aspires to rule alone,
And each in turn ascends the throne
And rules till others tear him down.
Each change must twist about my brains
And move my tongue in different strains;
My mental powers are captive led,
As whim or wisdom rules the head.
My character no one can know,
For none I have while things are so;
I'm something, nothing, wise or fool,
As suits the blood which haps to rule.
When Cleveland reigns I'm thought a wit,
In making words, the funny hit.
In social glee and humorous song
I charm the fools that round me throng;
But soon, perhaps, this blood is down,
When Porter next may wear the crown.
Now all is calm, discreet and wise,
Whate'er I do whate'er advise,
But soon, alas! this happy reign
Must for some other change again.
Sewell, perhaps, may next bear rule;
I'm then a philosophic fool.
With Jefferson I correspond
And soar with him the stars beyond.
While every fiber of the brain
To sense profound I nicely strain,
And then arise beyond the ken
Of common sense and common men.
But who comes next? Alas! 'tis Waters,
Rushing fearless to headquarters.
He knows no manners nor decorum,
But elbows headlong to the forum;
Uncouth and odd, abrupt and bold,
Untaught, unteachable, and uncontrolled,
Devoid of wisdom, sense or wit.
Not one thing right he ever hit,
Unless by accident, not skill,
He blundered right against his will;
Such am I now—no transmigration
Can sink me to a lower station.
Come, Porter, come depose this clown,
And once for all assume the crown.
If aught in Sewell's blood you find
Will make your own still more refined,
If found in Cleveland's blood a trait
To aid you in the affairs of State,
Select such parts, but spurn the rest,
Never to rule my brain or breast,
Of Waters's blood expel the whole,
Let not one drop pollute my soul.
Then rule my head, then rule my heart,
From folly, weakness, wit apart;
With all such qualities I'll dispense,
And only give me common sense.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Franklin Bartlett
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of their daughter
Marjorie Graves
to
Mr. Horace Edminister Bell
on Friday, the first of September
Nineteen hundred and thirty-nine
at half after two o'clock
First Congregational Church
Worthington, Massachusetts

1939 ***Worthington***

Marjorie Bartlett To Wed Maine Man

WORTHINGTON, Aug. 21 — Miss Marjorie G. Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy F. Bartlett, has chosen her sister, Miss Helen Bartlett, as her bridesmaid when she becomes the bride of Horace E. Bell of Machias, Me., son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bell of Edmunds, Me., Sept. 1 at the First Congregational Church in Worthington. As best man, Mr. Bell has chosen his fraternity brother, Kenneth Lapworth of Baldwinsville.

Mrs. Morris Lilly, of Williamstown, sister of the bride, will be soloist and Mrs. Roger Barstow of Hadley, classmate of the bride at Westfield State Teachers' College, will serve as organist. Ushers will be Lester C. LeDuc of Chesterfield, uncle of the bride, Robert and H. Franklin Bartlett of Worthington, brothers of the bride, and Henry Riopell and George Mallar of Mathias.

A reception will follow the wedding at The Spruces, the home of the bride. An invitation has been issued to all friends to attend the wedding at the church.

Worthington 1939

WORTHINGTON, Aug. 31—Lucius Harris, tenor soloist, of Springfield will present a song recital at Miss Tuttle's Hay Hoe Opera Hall Saturday at 8.15. Prescott Barrows of Springfield and Cummington will be the accompanist.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester LeDuc and Miss Marion Bartlett entertained the Bartlett-Bell wedding party at a buffet supper Thursday at their home in Chesterfield. Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bartlett, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris E. Lilly of Williamstown entertained the bridal party Friday for luncheon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Bartlett.

Mrs. Leland P. Cole of Scotia, N. Y., is visiting at the Spruces.

Mrs. Albert W. Fuller has returned to Springfield after visiting Mrs. Frank Sexton.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis A. Robinson of Burlington, former residents of Worthington, called on friends yesterday afternoon.

BRIDE IN CHURCH

MRS. HORACE BELL

Worthington

Bartlett-Bell Nuptials Held

Worthington Girl Bride of Machias (Me.) Merchant

WORTHINGTON, Sept. 1—Miss Marjorie G. Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett of Worthington, and Horace E. Bell of Machias, Me., son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer I. Bell of Edmunds, Me., were married today in the First Congregational Church by Rev. J. Herbert Owen, who used the double ring ceremony. Mrs. Roger Barstow of Hadley, former classmate of the bride at Westfield State Teachers' College, played the marches and accompanied the soloist, Mrs. Morris Lilly of Williamstown, sister of the bride, who sang.

Miss Helen Marion Bartlett of Worthington, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and Lieut. Kenneth Lapworth of Fitchburg, fraternity brother of the bridegroom, best man. Ushers were Lester LeDuc of Chesterfield, uncle of the bride; Robert and H. Franklin Bartlett of Worthington, brothers of the bride; Morris Lilly of Williamstown, brother-in-law of the bride; Henry Riopell of Machias, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, and George Mallar of Machias.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white satin with long sleeves and train. She carried a colonial bouquet of white sweet peas and lilies of the valley. Her veil, caught with a coronet of orange blossoms, was worn by her cousin, Mrs. George Jasper of Springfield, who was married 24 years ago on the same date. The jewelry she wore were family heirlooms, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid wore a gown of aqua lace and carried a colonial bouquet of colored sweet peas with sweet peas in her hair.

A reception was held at the Spruces, home of the bride, with about 100 guests in attendance. The couple left for a wedding trip. They will make their home at 10 Free Street, Machias, where they will be at home to friends after Oct. 1. For traveling, the bride wore a navy and rose ensemble with matching accessories.

The bride was educated at the High School of Commerce in Springfield, Westfield State Teachers' College, North Adams State Teachers' College and New York University, and has taught in the rural schools of Chesterfield and for the last three years she has been a member of the faculty of Washington State Normal School of Machias. The bridegroom, graduated from Lubec High School, Lubec, Me., and the College of Arts and Sciences of the University of Maine, is a merchant in Machias. While in college, he was a member of Phi Mu Delta, social fraternity, and has since held national office in the fraternity, and is a member of the honorary societies, Phi Sigma and Kappa Phi Kappa.

Out of town guests were present from Calais, Lubec, Bangor, and Machias, Me., Dover, N. H., Rahway, N. J., New York City, Albany and Bronxville, N. Y., Cleveland, O, Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn., Great Barrington, Springfield, Westfield, North Adams, Williamstown, Hadley, Holyoke, Chesterfield, Fitchburg, Greenfield, Northampton, Turners Falls and Cambridge and Scotia and Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Worthington, Aug. 29.

Engaged couple are shower guests.

Miss Marjorie Bartlett – and Horace Bell were guests of honor at a surprise party – given by the Congregational church choir Monday eve. at the parsonage in honor of their approaching marriage Friday. During the evening the group enjoyed anthems & other church music, favorites of Miss Bartlett, and parts of a play "The Ready Made Family", given by the choir when Miss Bartlett was an active member. The feature was the presentation of a gift from the choir, and the reading of an original poem by the pastor, Rev. J. Herbert Owen.

1940

Hadley

CLIFTON JOHNSON, NOTED AUTHOR, IS DEAD AT 74

Founder With His Brother of Johnson's Bookstore; Wrote Many Books

HADLEY, Jan. 22—Clifton Johnson of Hockanum, author and illustrator of many books and member of the family whose name is synonymous with the book selling business in Springfield, died today after an illness of several years. He would have been 75 Thursday. One of his sons, Capt. Irving Johnson, skipper of the Yankee, is on a world cruise and was notified tonight of the death of his father in the regular contact of W1AW of the American Radio Relay League in Hartford with the Yankee. The ship was contacted between Easter and Pitcairn Islands in the South Pacific.

Life Identified With Books

A native of Hockanum, Mr. Johnson's long life was closely identified with books. He was born Jan. 25, 1865, a descendant of Isaac Johnson, who moved here from Connecticut soon after the Revolution. A prolific writer, he wrote many travel and native books and only a few years ago was the author of a three-volume history of Hampden County. Altogether, Mr. Johnson wrote, edited and illustrated 125 books.

Son of Chester and Jeanette (Reynolds) Johnson, he found the call of books so alluring that he left Hopkins Academy when he was 15 to take a position in the Bridgman & Lyman bookstore in Northampton. He was there for four years and then, being also keenly interested in art and illustrating, he went to New York to study at the Art Students' League. It was there that Mr. Johnson became acquainted with many painters who later were to become famous. He also made a close friend in Elbridge Kingsley, a Hadley man, and together they went on many painting trips.

Began Writing for Press

Early in his youth, Mr. Johnson began writing articles for the newspapers, the Springfield Republican and the Daily Hampshire Gazette printing his first journalistic efforts in 1881. His long period of writing came to an end in 1938, when his book, "Sailing for Gold," was published.

Traveling in many European countries and all over the United States, his books reflected his journeys abroad and at home. However, his favorite region was Western Massachusetts and the Connecticut Valley, where he lived. A great lover of nature, Mr. Johnson found Hadley an ideal spot in which to write. He was a friend and great admirer of John Burroughs, while one of his favorite books was Thoreau's "Walden". He wrote a life of Burroughs.

Mr. Johnson wrote all his books in longhand, sitting in a favorite armchair in his Hockanum home. A wideboard set across the arms of his chair, the author spent many an hour penning his travel and nature narratives. About him his children played and chattered to their hearts' content. There was just one thing they were not permitted to do—that was to bump into and jiggle his chair. In this home atmosphere which he loved, scores of books were produced by a man who not only was a writer and an artist, but also a genuine dirt farmer. For, amidst all his artistic endeavors, he found time to farm his land and cherish a real affection for the soil.

In the course of his active life, Mr. Johnson came into close contact with such well-known figures as Charles Eliot Norton, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain and Calvin Coolidge.

Founded Bookstore

With his brother, Henry R., he founded Johnson's Bookstore in Springfield in 1893, a firm which has become a landmark in that city and where he came into contact with many persons of culture. In addition to his deep interest in nature and writing, Mr. Johnson devoted much of his time and energy to the community. He made a number of gifts to the First Congregational Church and to the schools of the community.

Mr. Johnson leaves his wife, Anna McQueston Johnson, and five children: Mrs. Walter Rutter of Wakefield, Arthur S. Johnson of Longmeadow, Roger Johnson of Hockanum, Capt. Irving Johnson and Mrs. Hector Kay of Montreal; a brother, Henry R. of Springfield, and a sister, Mrs. John F. Simons of Springfield.

"The New England Country," "What They Say in New England," "The Country School," "The Farmer's Boy," "The Tale of a Black Cat," "The Story of Johnnycake," "Among English Hedgerows," "Along French Byways," "The Isle of the Shamrock," "The Land of Heather," "Old Time Schools and Schoolbooks," "American Highways and Byways Series: Twelve Volumes," "The Picturesque Hudson," "The Picturesque St. Lawrence," "What to See in America," "Battleground Adventures in the Civil War," "Fairy-Tale Bears," "Fairy-Tale Foxes," "John Burroughs Talks," "Hudson Maxim—a Biography," "Historic Hampshire in the Connecticut."

Books edited by Clifton Johnson are:

"The Oak Tree Fairy Book," "The Birch Tree Fairy Book," "The Elm Tree Fairy Book," "The Fir Tree Fairy Book," "Bedtime Wonder Tales—15 Volumes," "Canoeing in the Wilderness," by Henry D. Thoreau, "A Boy on a Farm," by Jacob Abbott, "A Country Boy's Adventures," by Jacob Abbott, "Waste Not, Want Not Stories," by Maria Edgeworth, "The Story of Two Boys," by Thomas Day, "Alice in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll, "Songs Everyone Should Know," "Bible Stories My Children Love Best," "Mother Goose Rhymes My Children Love Best," "Poems My Children Love Best," "Don Quixote," by Cervantes, "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley, "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," by Sir Thomas Malory, "Artemus Ward's Best Stories."

Books illustrated by him are:

"The Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White, "A Year in the Fields," by John Burroughs, "In the Catskills," by John Burroughs, "Being a Boy," by Charles Dudley Warner, "A Child's History of England," by Charles Dickens, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren, "A Window in Thrums," by J. M. Barrie, "Irish Idylls," by Jane Barlow, "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore, "Years of My Youth," by William Dean Howells, "An English village," by Richard Jeffries, "Cape Cod," by Henry D. Thoreau, "The Maine Woods," by Henry D. Thoreau, "Walden," by Henry D. Thoreau, "Stories of the Hudson," by Washington Irving.

His name had appeared in "Who's Who" for many years. Both his travel and children's books had been highly commended by the American Library Association and were to be found in practically every public library throughout the country.

Funeral services will be held in First Church here, which he was instrumental in restoring in the 1920s. A picture of this church by Lincoln Barnes won first prize in the Amherst Photo Exhibit this year.

About 10 years ago Mr. Johnson opened a farm museum near First Church. Featuring farming implements from the earliest colonial days to the iron machinery age, the museum attracted hundreds of visitors annually.

Rev. Roderick MacLeod, pastor of the First Church and Rev. C. E. Holmes, pastor emeritus, will conduct the service Wednesday at 2 30. William J. Short of Northampton, a personal friend of Mr. Johnson's, will play the organ. Deacons of the church will act as ushers. Burial will be in Hockanum Cemetery.

Mrs C. Kilbourne Bump
(Gertrude Lapham)

Died July 3, 1939

The Knickerbocker News Photos
Mrs. Harriet Langdon Pruyn Rice, wife of William Gorham Rice, who died Monday.

MRS. RICE GIVEN ROYAL HONORS

Native Albanian Received by Reigning European Monarchs

Honors by royalty were among the many distinctions gathered during the lifetime of Mrs. William Gorham Rice.

As a girl Mrs. Rice and her sister were taken to Europe following her graduation from St. Agnes School in 1885. Abroad a year, they went to Paris, where Mrs. Rice was placed with the family of Eugene Bergier, pastor of a large Protestant church, so she could master French.

Later her mother, Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn, took the house of Lady Rayleigh in Oslow Gardens, London, for the season and in 1886, at a May drawing room, Mrs. Rice was presented to Queen Victoria.

Returning to London in 1890, they occupied the home of Viscount Halifax, whose son, the present Viscount Halifax, later became Viceroy of India and is serving as foreign minister of Great Britain.

Aug. 30, 1924, there came another high honor to Mrs. Rice when she was presented with the Order of Orange-Nassau by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands "in recognition of your faithfulness to the country of your ancestors and of your untiring efforts in maintaining Dutch tradition and spirit among Dutch colonists in Albany and in looking after their interests."

The presentation was made on behalf of the queen by Dr. DeGraeff after the tercentenary celebration of Albany's settlement by the Dutch.

Some time afterward both Colonel Rice and Mrs. Rice were granted audiences with the queen of the Netherlands and then with Elizabeth, queen of the Belgians. On Colonel Rice King Albert of the Belgians bestowed the Order of the Crown.

Mrs. Rice and her husband made it a point to take August holidays in Europe, often stretching their visits to six weeks.

Greatly fond of Holland and Belgium, they came to know both countries intimately during their many visits. Carillons of Belgium enchanted them and brought to them the hope, later realized through a public subscription conducted by The Knickerbocker News, that Albany also would have them

Albany Pays Tribute at Burial Of Mrs. William Gorham Rice

Program on City Carillon, Which Her Husband Helped to Sponsor, Precedes Funeral in Historic St. Peter's Church

Mrs. William Gorham Rice was buried in Albany Rural Cemetery today beside ancestors who brought to America one of its most famous names.

At 1:30 p. m., a half hour before funeral services in historic St. Peter's Church, Albany's carillon, which her husband helped to sponsor several years ago, played a special program in her honor.

Born Harriet Langdon Pruyn, she was married to Colonel Rice in 1892 and became a leader in several organizations, including Mohawk Chapter, DAR; Dutch Settlers Society of Albany, Society of Colonial Dames, Albany Country Club, Society of Graduates of St. Agnes and Friday Morning Club and was first vicepresident of the Albany Institute of History and Art and served as honorary president of the Alliance Francaise. She was decorated by Queen Wilhelmina with the Order of Orange of Nassau.

Renowned for her benefactions, which included erection of the John V. L. Pruyn Library on land she inherited from her father, the latest gift of Mr. and Mrs. Rice was deeding their home at Washington and Dove to the American Humane Association only a short time ago.

Besides her husband Mrs. Rice, who died Monday afternoon in her suite at the De Witt Clinton, is survived by a son, William Gorham Rice Jr., professor of law at the University of Wisconsin.

All branches of the Albany Public Library were closed from 1 to 6 p. m. today in tribute to Mrs. Rice, one of the library's trustees.

Intensely proud of her lineage, Mrs. Rice, member of the Pruyn family that came to America from Antwerp in 1660, sought always to carry out the traditions of her father, the late John V. L. Pruyn, chancellor of the University of the State of New York.

The home at Washington and Dove was visited by some of the most distinguished men and women in America. Mrs. Rice entertained every governor and every member of the Court of Appeals since the day she and her husband occupied it.

Among her guests were Judge John Bassett Moore, Robert Underwood Johnson, once editor of Century Magazine; Judge Samuel Seabury and Mrs. Seabury, Mr. and Mrs. William Church Osborne, Thomas Mott Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Morgenthau, Prof. L. P. Jacks of England, Dr. John H. Finley, former state commissioner of education, and Mrs. Finley; Miss Mary Woolley, former president of Mount Holyoke College; Herbert Hoover, Ray Stannard White, George Foster Peabody and Franklin D. Roosevelt from 1910 until he went to Washington as President.

Her guests represented all walks of life, school teachers, librarians, bishops, priests, professors, regents, Colonial Dames of America and others.

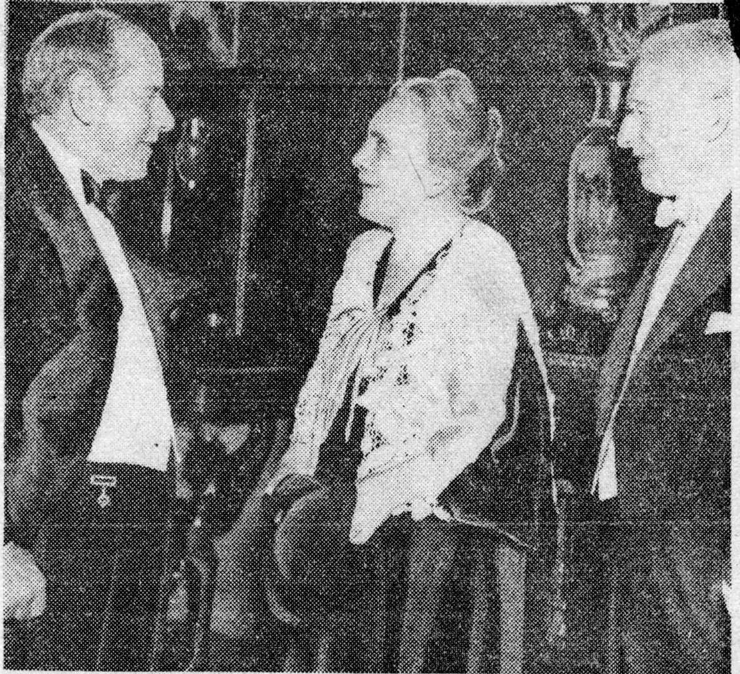
In having all these people as her guests Mrs. Rice was carrying out a tradition of her father, who always was among interesting people. No. 13 Elk, where Mrs. Rice was born, was

THE KNICKERBOCKER NEWS, WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1939

HOSTESS TO DISTINGUISHED GUESTS IS DEAD

a center for such folk, invited there by her father.

The house at 135 Washington was built by Mr. and Mrs. Rice after their return from Washington where Mr. Rice served as civil service commissioned. It was designed by Richard M. Hunt and his son, Richard H. Hunt, who designed many fine American homes.



The former home of Mr. and Mrs. Rice at 135 Washington (now the headquarters of the American Humane Association) was opened to many distinguished guests of the city during Mrs. Rice's heydey as society hostess. All of the Court of Appeals judges in the last 30 years were entertained there. Above, Chief Judge Frederick E. Crane is being received by Mr. and Mrs. Rice at one of the last of these notable events. Below, Mrs. Rice is greeting former Attorney General Hamilton Ward and Mrs. G. Ashton Oldham at another of the gatherings that always highlighted the Albany social season.

MASS., TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1940

EXHIBIT SHOWS BOOK PRINTED 450 YEARS AGO

Library Special Display Includes Many Historic Volumes

The first book printed in Springfield, issued when the Revolution was still going on and Springfield was a small village, the first book printed in the United States (a facsimile) published in Cambridge, and a book printed in Venice before Columbus discovered America are among the exhibits in Rice Hall at the City Library. The library is joining thousands of other libraries this year in celebrating the 500th anniversary of the invention of printing.

The oldest book in the collection is the "Fourth Book of Sentences," by Thomas Aquinas, issued in Venice in 1481. Printing, which began tentatively in 1440, was still in its infancy, and books published before the year 1500 are therefore called "incunabula" or "cradle books." The number of such books extant today is not numerous and the library is fortunate in having three examples. The volume by Aquinas is beautifully printed with two columns to a page, with extremely wide margins, on magnificent paper that shows no sign of deterioration after 459 years.

Another example of these early books is the "Constitutions of Pope Clement V" printed in Nuremberg, Germany, in 1482. Both of these are large volumes with each page decorated by hand in elaborate blue and red capital letters.

"Book of Hours"

Included in the exhibition for the purpose of comparison is the "Book of Hours" which was copied by hand on parchment in the 15th Century about the same time that printing was being introduced. The close resemblance between this manuscript and the early printed books shows how the first printers naturally designed their type and decoration after the beautiful manuscript work.

From the early English press is a copy of Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by the famous English printer, Wynkyn de Worde, at Westminster in 1495. De Worde was the successor to Caxton, the first to print a book in England.

Among the early Springfield publications the most interesting is the first newspaper published here, the Massachusetts Gazette, or the Springfield and Northampton Weekly Advertiser. The first issue appeared on May 14, 1782, before peace was concluded with Great Britain. Much of the news tells of peace negotiations and of the naval war between England and France which continued into 1783.

Many notices appear describing deserters from the Continental Army and offering rewards for information of their whereabouts. Runaway horses and runaway slaves are frequently advertised.

First Springfield Books

The earliest books printed in Springfield were done by Babcock and Haswell, owners of the Gazette. Their first book was "The American Latin Grammar, or a Complete Introduction to the Latin Tongue," published in 1782. The same year they also printed "A Poetical Epistle to His Excellency George Washington, Esquire, Commander in Chief of the Armies of the U. S. A." Other early Springfield imprints exhibited, which are still in excellent condition, include "The Deserted Village, a Poem by Dr. Goldsmith," 1783, and "A Wonderful Discovery of a Hermit Who Lived Upwards of 200 years," 1786.

Also included in the exhibition is a facsimile copy of "The Whole Booke of Psalmes," printed in 1640, and often called the Bay Psalm book, the first book to be printed in North America. It came from the press of Stephen Daye in Cambridge.

Old-Time School Articles Shown

Books, Writing Material Exhibited at Atheneum

WESTFIELD, Jan. 18—An exhibition of schoolbooks, writing utensils and other articles used by Westfield boys and girls in the day of the little red schoolhouse opened this afternoon in the Edwin Smith Historical Museum of the Atheneum.

A horn book given by Miss Linda Graves, former Westfield High teacher, is one of the most interesting features. It is called a horn book because the letters of the alphabet are written on paper and this is covered by horn, the single page book being mounted on wood and provided with a string so children could wear it around their necks.

An abacus consisting of rows of wooden beads strung on wires to be used by children in learning simple mathematics is another interesting feature.

And for the dull student who could not learn his figures even with this, there is a handkerchief which has the multiplication tables stamped on it—what could be nicer for doing a little innocent cribbing?

There are also three of the famous old New England Primers, one of them very old indeed. It bears no date, but a notation in the cover indicates that it belonged to a woman who died in 1798.

For any who may have wondered at the beautiful penmanship which so many people used to have there is an answer to the question of how they perfected it. An old copy book full of practice handwriting, with finely formed, artistic letters appears in the collection beside an ancient quill pen, an ink well, and sand shaker, used for blotting purposes.

This book came from the old Fox District School in the Sackett Road, and is dated 1820. There is also an arithmetic book written by Emerson Davis, principal of the Westfield Academy, and an attractive little girl's lunch basket carefully decorated with hand-painted flowers.

History of Samplers Related At Meeting of Women's League

1940

WESTFIELD, Jan. 18—Mrs. Lawrence Holcomb of Malone Avenue gave the history of samplers at a meeting this afternoon in the conference house of Second Congregational Church Women's League.

Exhibits by Members

In connection with the talk various league members had samplers, both old and new on display, and as each was shown the owner gave its history.

Mrs. Holcomb had several on exhibition that had been in her family for many years. One bore the inscription, "This I have done, I thank my God, without the correction of the rod."

The first sampler was made in 1618, Mrs. Holcomb told her audience of approximately 35, and their popularity has never waned as with other types of embroidery. The speaker told of the different kinds of samplers including the family register, motto and memorial.

The oldest sampler on display was one owned by Miss Eliza Kellogg of Franklin Street which was made in 1794 by her great-great-aunt. Mrs. Holcomb suggested league members make samplers and spoke of one made by Mrs. George Hubbard of Little River.

Mrs. Roy Gilmour Pavy had several samplers on exhibition. One was the work of her maternal grandmother made at the age of 12 in 1832, and the other belonged to her paternal grandmother. Mrs. James Atwater displayed two, one being 125 years old. Mrs. Herbert O. Sanford showed several, one 151 years old and another over 100 years old. Mrs. Edward Cooper displayed one, the property of Miss Anna Spelman, which was made by her mother and which is 109 years old.

Many Displayed

Mrs. Peter Prout exhibited three modern samplers and Miss Annette Sackett told of one which dates back 108 years. Mrs. W. C. Holt displayed a sampler which belonged to her husband's grandmother and Mrs. Ralph Sizer showed one 105 years old. Mrs. Denison Densmore had a sampler exhibited which is 132 years old and Miss Della Couse told of hers which is 117 years old. Mrs. Fred Cooley was also among the exhibitors and Mrs. Charles Doering brought a sampler which is the property of Mrs. Clinton Smith.

Dessert was served by the Broad Street Group with Mrs. Pavy as chairman assisted by Mrs. H. R. Thompson, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. L. J. Prior, Mrs. Frank Strong, Mrs. Herbert R. Thorpe and Mrs. Prout.

The Men's Club supper will be served Jan. 23 by the Northside Group. The next league meeting will be Feb. 15 when the speaker, Miss Ruth Carlon, will take as her subject, "Food for health."

MASS.: FEBRUARY 25, 1940

Collection of Buttons On Display In Public Library Hobby Series

Exhibit Is Hobby of Mrs Charles Slight of Agawam and Contains Buttons of All Sorts, Useful and Ornamental

Visitors in Rice hall at the City library this week can find at least one answer to that nursery game, "Button, button, who has the button?" for the library is showing a collection of all kinds, from those that were most useful, before zippers came in, to political campaign and slogan buttons. The exhibit is the fifth in a series of special hobbies being held by the library and is the collection of Mrs Charles Slight of Agawam.

The first button manufactured in this city was made of hard rubber, a sort of forerunner of the "plastic age." This rubber button was made by the Dickinson Hard Rubber company and Mrs Slight has found many interesting facts concerning the production of buttons in all parts of the world, which make the hobby something more than just "collecting."

On display at the library are presidential campaign buttons of Grant, Zachary Taylor and Harrison. There are pewter buttons, painted China buttons, each a miniature portrait and quite rare. One card is covered with brass uniform buttons. The New England railroads are represented and one button, one of the rarest of this lot, was worn by the Pony Express riders.

The display has been attracting much attention from antiquarians, who look with favor on the hunting buttons or the buttons made with Sandwich glass or those made from a portrait of Jenny Lind, of which there is a whole series. The hobby is unique in that the displays cover such a length of time and contain so much history.

Saturday.
Feb. 3, 1940

SCREEN PROGRAMS FOR THE WEEK AT LOCAL THEATERS

Selznick's Technicolor Production of Margaret Mitchell's 'Gone With the Wind,' Starring Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh, at Loew's Poli

'HIS GIRL FRIDAY' FEATURED AT BIJOU

Martha Raye Heads Own Stage Unit at Paramount— 'A Child Is Born' at Capitol

'Gone With the Wind' Rules at Loew's Poli

"Gone With the Wind" continues to mark a new high in Springfield motion picture entertainment at Loew's Poli, where a special policy obtains during its stay here. There are continuous run programs starting at 9 o'clock each morning and arranged so that patrons arriving at 2.45 o'clock are assured of seeing a complete show and there is a reserved seat showing each night only one performance.

If, as it is claimed, one million man-hours of labor went into the production in the first place, before the year of road-showing is finished "Gone With the Wind" also will have set a new high in time needed to present the picture in the various key theaters of the country. Nothing like the magnitude of this production has ever been attempted by Hollywood before and the hours of labor represented in preparing the film for public consumption is being repaid in full measure, if the Springfield experience is to be taken as a criterion.

In the first place, careful casting was effected in order to establish the authority of Margaret Mitchell's famous book. In the second place, ordinary production values were thrown out the window in order to reflect the spectacle inherent in the story. Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland are he principal players.

The film is produced in technicolor.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND AT LOEW'S POLI

As Melanie in 'Gone With the Wind'

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

Years, months, weeks and days of preparation have come to an end so far as "Gone With the Wind" and Springfield theatergoers are concerned. The filmization of the much-read Margaret Mitchell novel reaches the Loew's Poli sound screen today, with a daytime schedule that is continuous, starting at 9 o'clock and so arranged that a patron may see an entire show if he enters the theater by 2.45 in the afternoon.

Springfield's premiere is an evening affair in an official sense for the local preparations have been largely centered in making it gala. Into this opening has been brought much of the ballyhoo that is Hollywood's, but Springfield-made in every other feature for the reason that the advance sale indicates that Springfield is making tonight's reserved seat performance something of its own in a theatrical and social sense.

The theater entrance is spotlighted and there are microphones in the lobby. The size of the audience will be limited to the number of seats available in the theater itself. The advance sale has taken care of that.

"Gone With the Wind," as the public has been duly informed for the last three years, has Clark Gable as Rhett Butler; Vivien Leigh, a young English actress, is the Scarlett O'Hara of the story. Leslie Howard is Ashley Wilkes and Olivia de Haviland is Melanie. This quartet carries the principal threads of a story that ran into nearly 1000 pages.

Already it has been decided to carry the picture through a second week, at least.

"Gone With the Wind" Gives Its Answers to Curious

Picturization of Miss Mitchell's Long Novel Justifies the Public Interest

By A. L. S. Wood

"Gone With the Wind" opened yesterday at Loew's Poli Theater and, for two or three audiences, answered the questions that everyone has been asking. The questions are standard. Inevitably, time is discussed. To a public long accustomed to an hour and some odd minutes as the proper space in which to discuss all problems of life, love and eternity, a picture that uses three times as much is a phenomenon. Well, "Gone With the Wind" takes no more time than is necessary to transfer an extremely long novel to the screen. That, in effect, is what the producers have set out to do and they have accomplished their object.

Next, it appears, Clark Gable is taken for granted but everyone is curious about Vivien Leigh. Can it be possible, they speculate, that in all the South, to begin with, all America, at one time, and, finally, the wide world no one could be found except Miss Leigh. The subtleties of character which marked Scarlett O'Hara in the book might very well escape the more casual examination of the camera. In fact, they do. Miss Leigh does not succeed in gathering the various contradictions into the body and mind of one person. So, Scarlett, to one who has not read the book, goes through the rods of film being various persons. As a picturization of the ruthless daughter of the South, Miss Leigh is perfect. She looks as she should even to those who have gone into the theater with a very clear idea of what the likeness should be.

Mr. Gable, a competent actor in any circumstance, is much better as Rhett Butler than ever his admirers would expect. The contradictions of a character who must be as ruthless, almost as selfish as Scarlett herself and still be as chivalrous as a Southern gentleman, which he distinctly cannot aspire to be, calls for more art than Mr. Gable is often required to use.

These two are crimson figures against a wistful and pastel background of Before the War. Except for Hattie McDaniel's Mammy, a black note accentuating the crimson, the characters who live in the background are pastel, too.

This is no faultfinding with Olivia De Havilland and Leslie Howard who produce the very effects required of them and, through subordination of strong characteristics, make an effective contrast for Scarlett and Rhett.

The screen has been permitted to use all its resources in this photoplay. It has technicolor at its best; freedom in space and with masses of men. Because of the freedom a panorama of an entire decisive period in American history is transferred to the screen. Because a book with liberal ideas of the use of words was to be transferred to another medium, the camera, for once, was not troubled by theater-time and other such deadlines. The effort to tell an author's story instead of an adapter's version has been greatly successful and justifies the public interest in it.

"Hero for a Day," a picture disclosing what happens to college sports champions when they end their schooling.

"Vaudeville Revels" and "The Amazing Mr. Williams" will have their final performances this afternoon and evening.

ENTERS THIRD WEEK

When Hattie McDaniel was signed for the role of "Mammy," faithful servant of Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone With the Wind," which today enters the third week of a continuous run at Loew's Poli, she turned back the calendar nearly three-quarters of a century.

Hattie's grandmother lived and worked on such plantations as the Tara described in Margaret Mitchell's novel of the Civil War South. She might well have been of the kindly, fiercely possessive type whose loyalty to her white mistress never wavered. She would be proud, were she alive today, to see her granddaughter become the servant of "quality folks" on the motion picture screen.

There is no better known "Mammy" in films than Hattie McDaniel. Her round, beaming face, great size, expressive eyes, and versatile talent, keep her in demand at all times. She averages sixteen screen roles a year.

Hattie was born in Wichita, Kan. on June 10, 1898, the daughter of Susan Holbert and Henry McDaniel. Her mother was born in Nashville, Tenn., and her father in Richmond, Va. She was the thirteenth child. Her father was a Baptist preacher, whose sermons were enlivened by songs offered during the services by Hattie's mother.

Fame first came to Hattie when she sang over the radio in Denver. She was the first colored girl to croon over the air waves. Her contralto voice has remained one of her assets. In the picture, "Showboat" she sang "I Still Suits Me," with Paul Robeson, and another number with Irene Dunne.

In 1924 and 1925 Hattie was a headliner on the Pantages circuit and she became known as the colored "Sophie Tucker" and the female "Bert Williams." Following a series of successes, in 1931 she decided to go to Hollywood. Disappointment greeted her first efforts, but finally she obtained a good part in a picture with Lew Ayres. That was the start and since then she has been in constant demand.'

In "Gone With the Wind," Hattie is just another example of what perfect casting has accomplished.

The picture continues into its third week here with no change in policy. Daytime performances are continuous, starting at 9.30 in the morning, and so arranged that anyone entering the theatre by 2.45 in the afternoon is assured of a complete performance. The evening performances are reserved seat showings and start as 8 o'clock.

"Gone With the Wind" Has Attracted 87,000 People

1940

Figure Estimated Yesterday Afternoon to Be Increased by Seven More Showings

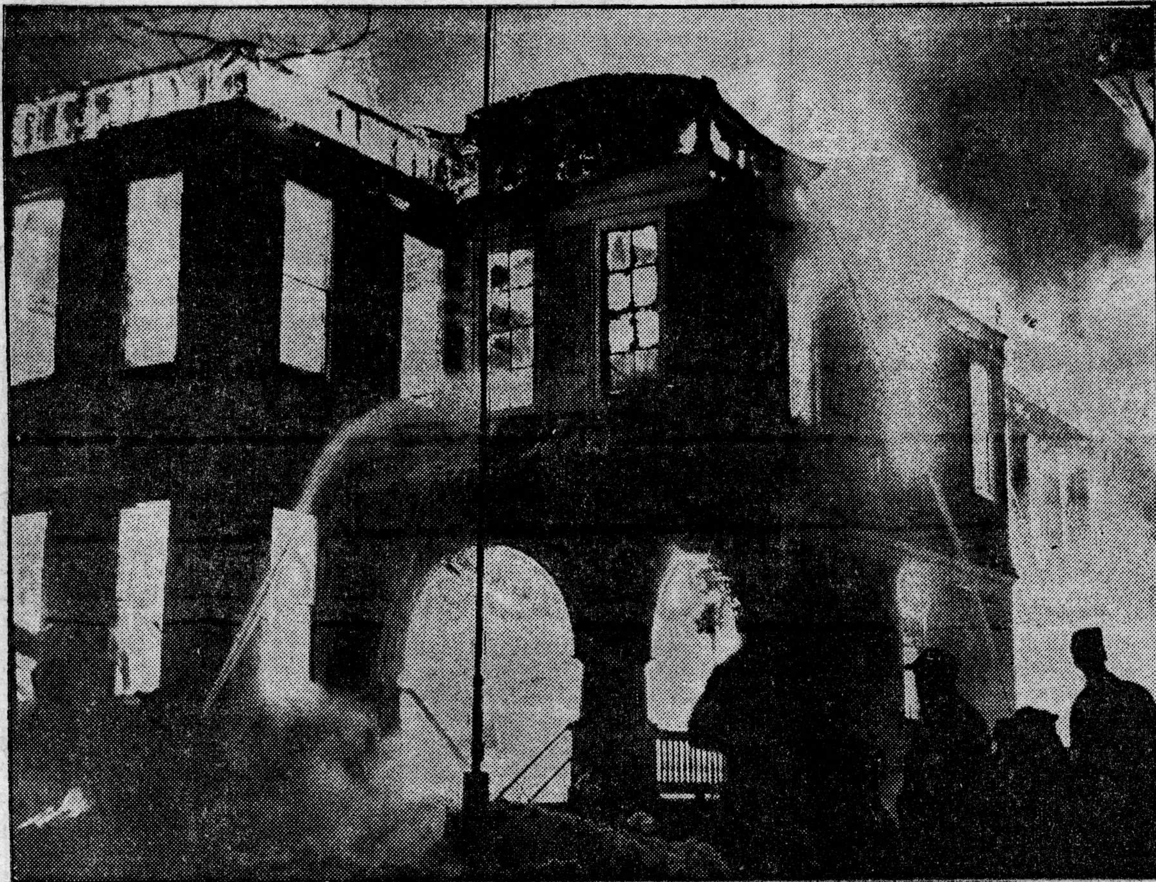
By A. L. S. Wood

Some idea of the velocity with which "Gone With the Wind" blew through the Connecticut Valley may be gained from the report that 87,000 patrons passed through the doors of Loew's Poli during the three weeks' run, up to yesterday afternoon. With seven more performances, counting the one last night, and with 2400 seats available for each performance, only a nodding acquaintanceship with arithmetic is needed to perceive that quite a few people are still interested in a thoroughly publicized entertainment.

You can stick type three inches high in front of some and still not be sure they actually read what they see. As wdiely publicized as "Gone With the Wind" has been, still there are those who know the picture as "Gone Are the Winds," "Gone Is the Wind," "Gone By the Wind," and even "The Winds Are Gone."

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1940

Fire Destroys Huntington School



Scene as fire destroyed Murrayfield Grammar School in Huntington last night.

Old Murrayfield School In Huntington Is Burned

Town's Most Disastrous Fire Does Estimated Damage of $80,000

HUNTINGTON, Feb. 21—Fire destroyed the two-story **Murrayfield School here tonight at a loss estimated by Superintendent of Schools Leon M. Orcutt at $80,000.**

In addition to the building and equipment in the eight grades, the school records and reports dating back to 1880 and covering schools in this town, Russell, Blandford and Montgomery were lost in the most disastrous fire in the town's history.

Sends for Help

The Huntington Fire Department, shortly upon arrival at 7.45, sent in calls to other towns for help and apparatus was sent from Westfield, Chester and Russell to fight the blaze that ate through the wooden structure in a short time.

Firemen were able to save the adjoining high school building and the home of Mrs. Agnes Besaw, located very close to the building. All the windows in the high school on the side facing the Murrayfield School were broken by the heat of the flames, however.

A large bell in the belfry of the school toppled into the basement with a loud crash and sent a shower of sparks high into the air. The bell, a product of the Civil War, was brought to this town by Gen. Benjamin Butler who commanded a Union army at the Battle of New Orleans. The bell was taken from a New Orleans convent and installed in the Murrayfield School when it was erected in 1889.

Origin Is Unknown

Origin of the fire was undetermined and varying accounts of where the fire may have started were heard. Parishioners of St. Thomas Roman Catholic Church which is located diagonally across the street said that when they came out of the Wednesday evening Lenten service they saw flames about in the center of the building. Others said that they saw the fire first in the building's attic. Others maintain that the fire started in the basement.

A meeting of the school committee, finance committee and Selectmen will be held Thursday to plan for arrangements for the 148 pupils.

JANUARY 28, 1940

(Photo by Steiger's)

MISS ELIZABETH S. JASPER

Mr and Mrs George M. Jasper of 76 Virginia street announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth Shirley, to David Mather Belcher, son of Mr and Mrs Clarence L. Belcher of 21 Lester street.

Northampton Main Street Crowds Routed by a Doe

Children Trampled, Women Knocked Down, Men "Dig In" to Escape Small Animal

NORTHAMPTON, March 6—A small doe that suddenly appeared out of nowhere and loped along the street, created more excitement and activity in Main Street this afternoon than had been seen since the day of the hurricane.

Children were trampled, women were knocked down, men 'dug in" behind piles of snow along the Main Street curbing in the wildest and funniest five minute performance witnessed outside a comic movie.

Stumbles Over Doe

One unidentified woman, fleeing from the "wild animal," actually stumbled over the doe as she made for a protecting doorway, rode two or three steps on the animal's back before sliding off onto the sidewalk.

A badly frightened Irish setter threw a perfect block on another woman who sought safety in the S. K. Ames store, and downed the shopper in a shower of bundles. The woman narrowly missed injury as she landed partly on the sidewalk and partly on the step into the store.

Pedestrians stood along the curb and watched the doe amble up Main Street after rounding the corner from King Street, but the action began when the deer, apparently frightened by the traffic, bolted for the south side of the street, dodged between parked cars, crossed the sidewalk and dove through the plate glass show window of Hodd's Department store.

Darts Out Again

Knocking over forms and figures in the show window, the doe butted against venetian blinds separating the window from the interior of the store, before wheeling about and darting through the gaping hole in the show window, to the sidewalk.

As it emerged from the window, badly cut about the head, the doe spotted the Irish setter and gave chase and pedestrians scattered right and left.

When the woman shopper and dog went down, the doe flashed by, bowling over a woman near the entrance to Ann August's shop, and continued on the sidewalk to Pleasant Street where it turned right and disappeared down the street.

Patrolman Outdistanced

Patrolman John W. Zalesky, attracted by the crashing of glass, gave chase to capture the deer but was soon outdistanced. As the doe made a wreck of the window of Todd's, clerks and customers made a dash for the stairway to the second floor, to add to the confusion. Two weighty women became jammed in the swinging doors of a store as they scrambled for cover while most unconcerned spectator to the event was a four-years-old girl who stood in the department store doorway, showing no emotion.

The walls and unbroken windows of Todd's and some of the merchandise displayed, were smeared by blood from gashes suffered by the doe.

Finally escaping from the heart of the business section, the doe made its way to near-by meadowland where a pair of farmers discovered it in an exhausted condition and summoned Game Warden John J. Broderick, who was forced to shoot the animal. Upon cutting her open, Mr. Broderick found twin fawns inside. He theorized that dogs had scared the doe from the woodland on the city's outskirts and said that reports of similar disturbances caused by dogs have recently come to his attention.

DOE DISTURBS NORTHAMPTON CENTE