

WARWICK, MASSACHUSETTS
and Its People

By CHARLES A. MORSE
with Ed Hawes

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PREFACE

Charles A. (Charlie) Morse has spent a good deal of the spare time in a long and productive life gathering information about Warwick and its people. The town published his history entitled "Warwick Massachusetts, Biography of a Town" for the bicentennial in 1963.

When I first met Mr. Morse, I expressed my gratitude for the history and the help it had been in making me feel at home in Warwick.

He told me there was enough material for another book. He said that to cover all the material in that one volume, much background information on the people involved had to be left out. In addition, after publication, many people came forward with new information. But he felt that he did not have the energy nor, at 89, did he have the time to produce another book.

I thought about it and a week later offered to use my computer and word processor to edit his largely long hand notes and complete the work.

Some of this material, which Mr. Morse had used in newspaper articles, I have condensed for inclusion here. He had recorded some on audio tape. He related more to me in a series of interviews at his home on Winchester Road.

Mr. Morse can tell you how each story was unearthed. For example, the poem by Susan Barber about her lost love, which is quoted in full in the chapter on the Civil War, was found by Cornelia Francis. When she and her husband Howard moved into the Lemuel Hedge house at #49 Athol Road, they found that a previous owner had left an old maple bureau in the attic.

One of the drawers was crammed with old newspapers, bills, receipts and what-not. There was plenty of room in the attic, so they just pushed it back out of the way and went on with their lives.

Years later, Mrs. Francis, by then a widow, saw one of Mr. Morse's stories on Warwick history in the Enterprise and Journal. She remembered the old papers in the attic. Among them she found a pamphlet neatly sewn together, hand written, entitled "A Romance in Verse" and signed Susie E. Barber. So, "Nellie" Francis earned our gratitude by saving this story for us.

Grace (Carlson) Morse, who came to Warwick at the age of three, contributed many anecdotes from her long and crystal clear memory. Her typewritten copies of Rhoda Cook's notes on Warwick houses and other stories simplified matters. Grace was very helpful in translating long geographical and personal descriptions of houses e.g., by the corner, across from where so and so lives now, essential in past histories, to unambiguous street numbers.

I would like to thank Miss Katherine Bass for supplying some of the facts, and Mrs. Emily Benoit, and Ralph Witherell for reading the manuscript to catch factual errors. Thanks also to Russell Blinn, who read much of the manuscript for flow and interest. Beth and Chris Gilgun furnished valuable information on, as well as illustrations of, the home preparation of linen. I would like to acknowledge my debt to Miss Elizabeth Earle and Mrs. Janet Shepardson for allowing themselves to be interviewed.

In matters of grammar, punctuation, and style, I have relied on Mickey Williamson. Any errors of that kind that still exist are because I did not always follow her advice.

The use of the word "I" can be confusing. Where Mr. Morse quotes at length from

other sources, such as Patty Leland Gale's autobiography, or long interviews, I have double indented the text. In that case "I" refers to the person quoted. Where the text runs the full width of the page, "I" refers to Charles Morse. In the explanatory paragraphs introducing each chapter, the text is in italics and initialed. Then "I" refers to me, Ed Hawes.

A special thanks to Douglas Beekman for copying the photographs of the Civil War soldiers in pen and ink to be printed here. To appreciate his work, I recommend that you go to the Warwick public library and look at the originals.

Mrs. Nancy Kemerer, the librarian, has been most helpful to me in this effort. She wants everyone to know that the library has several unique volumes of interest to students of Warwick history. They are available to read, but not to borrow. In addition to the big volume of photographs of the Civil War soldiers, these include "Jolly Good Times at Hackmatack," "The Joys and Sorrows of Home," The scrapbooks of Lizette Vorce, and much more.

Copies of Morse's history of 1963, as well as this book, are for sale in the library.

Ed Hawes
May 25, 1989

"Warwick Massachusetts, Biography of a Town" published in 1963 tells of the troubles Warwick had with its minister during the Revolution. This puts those difficulties into perspective. Like good shepherds, these ministers did not want to see their flocks fighting and getting hurt. Besides, the king's laws safeguarded the church. How could that be bad?

Mr. Morse has chosen his subjects from nearby churches, to show that the situation in Warwick was the almost universal rule rather than the exception. (E. H.)

Our Tory Ministers

One of the interesting sidelights in the history of the Revolution is a little known, doubtlessly somewhat concealed, fact that most ministers seemed to remain loyal to the king. The Colonists had lived with, and struggled against, the hardships of frontier life. They had fought the Indians and the French with only a lukewarm and disinterested aid from England. Theirs was an independent spirit. They believed that England owed more to them than they owed to England. These Tory pastors stood well nigh alone.

Every town in the province was required by law to maintain an orthodox minister. It was the custom to ask a young minister to serve as pastor for a probationary period of only six months to a year. During this time the minister came to know his parish and the parish to know him. If both he and the townspeople were satisfied, the town elected a committee to "treat with him" and determine what he would accept as a settlement and a salary if he should accept a call to the ministry and settle in the township.

Once a minister was settled, everyone assumed that the office was filled for the duration of his life. These ministers were dearly beloved and highly respected by the people they served. When a minister was dismissed from his pastorate it was an extremely serious step, an event that would shake any town to its foundations. It was an action, which could only be taken on the recommendation of an ecclesiastical council composed of ministers and delegates from surrounding towns. After the council met and studied all the questions, it could make a decision. It could decide that the minister had been remiss in performing his duties or that the differences between him and his parish could not be reconciled.

The minister was the leading influence in the town. People looked up to him for advice and guidance. They consulted him not only about their spiritual needs, but also about the educational needs and the general welfare, which included politics. His influence was enormous based partly on the fact that he had an education far superior to most of his flock. The orthodox Congregational Church of our founders was supported and controlled by the people through their votes cast in the town meetings.

Most people believed the king only looked on the colonies as a source of revenue and power for his throne, that the colony's interests were of no concern except as they affected his interests. The colonies were independent in word and deed already. The theoretical tie that held them to England was weak and frayed. The practical tie of mutual self-interest that bound the colonists together grew stronger day by day.

After the issue was forced at Lexington and Concord the fat was in the fire. All patience was exhausted. Now, one was either for or against, either patriot or Tory. The

time for debating and weighing the merits of the question was over. These men of God were still not ready to break with tradition, however much they may have sympathized with their parishioners.

There were several reasons why our Tory ministers differed from the overwhelming majority of the public. First, it is a question whether many of them actually did differ privately from the sentiments and opinions of their flocks. That they were slower to espouse the patriot cause publicly cannot be denied.

Their education had imbued them with a deep loyalty to the traditions that bound them to the king of England. Many of them were the sons of ministers following in their fathers' footsteps, in keeping with the custom. They respected the old established traditions. Authority and the divine right of kings, were deeply rooted notions and difficult to change. Secondly, they believed it a lost cause.

They were more firmly impressed with the power of the king, the vast armies and the tremendous resources at his command. The feeble opposition that the colonists could muster would be as ineffectual as assassins with rubber daggers. Thirdly they were peaceful men, who preached, "love thy neighbor". They abhorred bloodshed and violence. They believed that the pen was mightier than the sword. They believed that time and patience would eventually cure the ills and complaints that beset the colonies.

Because they considered it their duty and their right, some of these ministers used their pulpits to express these views. However, many of the men of the parishes had fought beside the soldiers of the king. They had fought against the French. They had fought against the Indians. They were confident of their own abilities. They were not particularly impressed with the often futile and impractical methods of warfare His Majesty's soldiers and officers followed.

Who were our Tory ministers, as we must call them? One of the outstanding examples, a leading minister of the day, was the Reverend Jonathan Ashley of Deerfield. His loyalty to the king is unquestioned. Following the battle of Bunker Hill, he told the congregation that a fearful doom awaited the rebels who fell in that battle.

Some of his enraged flock nailed up his pulpit door. He discovered the prank on the Sabbath when he tried to enter the pulpit to preach his sermon. He called upon the deacon, who was the village blacksmith, to open the door for him. The blacksmith, whose political sentiments did not coincide with the Reverend Ashley's, refused. He declared that he did not labor on the Sabbath. The minister then took an axe and smashed the pulpit door to pieces before the eyes of the congregation. The sermon that followed must have been a fiery one, but he kept his pastorate until his death in 1782.

Reverend Roger Newton of Greenfield was another who was not an enthusiastic patriot, but he apparently had no serious trouble. Coming closer to home, we read in Packard's "History of Ministers and Churches of Franklin County" a brief comment about the Reverend Samuel Kendall of New Salem. He was ordained as the first settled minister there in 1742 after graduation from Harvard College. He resigned his pastorate in 1776 "because of the political issues of that day," but he continued to live in New Salem until his death in 1792.

There was no minister in Orange because there was no town of Orange at that time. However, the people of that area were thinking seriously of seceding from Warwick, Athol and Royalston and forming a town of their own.

In the towns of Northfield, Athol, Shutesbury, and Warwick the ministers had held

their pastorates for many years. They were the Reverend John Hubbard of Northfield, the Reverend Abram Hill of Shutesbury and the Reverend Lemuel Hedge of Warwick. Because they are closer to home, we will give a more detailed account of their lives. We are fortunate in having ample information about them.

The Reverend John Hubbard of Northfield was graduated from Yale College in 1747. Three years later he was ordained the second settled pastor in the town¹. His pastorate was uneventful, except for a single incident at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. He appears to have given his life and his love to the people in his pastoral charge. Furthermore, he was singularly happy in their reciprocal affection and confidence.

His salary was never reduced or increased. Apparently it was never paid punctually. For the first ten years, it was paid two years after it was due. From 1760 to 1770, it was always a year in arrears. During the war, it fell badly in arrears until, in 1790, it had fallen five years behind.

The pastor's annual supply of firewood was an important item in the town's budget. This matter was often left in the hands of the selectmen. Sometimes, they set up a committee to take care of it. They were instructed to inspect the load to see if the wood was of proper quantity and of standard quality. In the early days of his ministry, Rev. Hubbard made a practice of opening his prayers with a petition asking God's blessing on His Majesty, the King of Great Britain. After the battle of Lexington, the colonist's minds were in turmoil. Even though most of his parishioners were aroused against the royal cause, he continued to repeat the accustomed petition.

The committee of safety, Deacon Samuel Smith, Ensign Wright, Deacon Root, Ensign Alexander, and Seth Field, were the acknowledged source of political power in the town. They held a meeting and determined (Field dissenting) to put an end to the matter. On the next Sabbath, when the service was about to begin, Deacon Smith arose. He forbade the pastor to offer a prayer. He further informed the Rev. Hubbard that he would only allow him to read the Psalms and preach the sermon. Mr. Hubbard regarded this as an assault upon his rights as the pastor of the church. He declined to obey the order.

The committee had taken a stand. To concede would subject them to ridicule. They were supported by the military leaders -- the young men. The Reverend Mr. Hubbard had the support of the majority of the members of the church. The war of words, looks, and actions raged fiercely for a couple of years. Many, including the deacons, stopped going to church.

In 1778 Mr. Hubbard proposed that the town first pay him his back salary, and then submit the question of his dismissal to an ecclesiastical council. As this would necessarily involve an inquiry into their own conduct in absenting themselves from the church ordinances, the deacons declined.

On July 7, 1779 the town proposed to Mr. Hubbard that if he would ask to be dismissed by a small council called for this purpose, then the town would pay his salary in full, to date, as he requested. In addition, they offered to give him the privilege of his pew in the church as long as he remained in the town, and honor him for the good that he heretofore had done. For, if Mr. Hubbard chose to submit his case to an ecclesiastical

¹ See Temple and Sheldon's "History of Northfield".

council and if reconciliation could not be effected, the council would then dismiss him from his pastorate. Mr. Hubbard accepted this latter proposal. The council met and deliberated for four days.

Without waiting for its decision, a town committee drew up a paper "for an accommodation between ye² pastor of ye church in Northfield and his adhering brethren and ye people who are dissatisfied with his conduct." This paper reviewed the history of the trouble, and stated the complaint against the pastor. It asked him to conduct himself as a loyal citizen of the United States and to pray for the success of the war for independence from Great Britain. It asked that he forgive those who had opposed him and treat them as he had in the past. On the part of the dissenters, they admitted that they had done many grievous things and had made many mistakes that they did not try to justify. The paper ended with "Upon these conditions, we feel ourselves heartily willing to receive and acknowledge ye Rev. Mr. Hubbard as our sincerely respected and dearly beloved pastor."

Mr. Hubbard heartily accepted this proposal. All Stubbornness and ill feeling melted away as the united church once more served the spiritual needs of Northfield. The Rev. Mr. Hubbard whose pastorate had begun in 1750, continued to serve his beloved people for forty-four and one half years, until his Master retired him in 1794.

In 1742 the proprietors of the town of Shutesbury extended a call to the Reverend Abram Hill, a graduate of Harvard. He accepted, stating that he "depended on [their] goodness that they would not let [him] suffer on any account." With this extraordinary statement he began his pastorate, which was not particularly eventful until the outbreak of the Revolution. Then the people became aware that Mr. Hill was a decided Royalist. He did not hesitate to use his pulpit to expound his views on the increasing sentiment against his majesty's government.

On one occasion Daniel Shays (who was later to become famous as the leader of Shays Rebellion in 1787) and a friend by the name of Dickenson called on their neighbor, Jeremiah Cady. Shays was on recruiting duty. He was trying to raise a company of men for the army with the expectation of leading it as commander.

The Rev. Hill found out, and decided to put a stop to it. He went to Cady's home and entered. Shaking his finger in the faces of the trio, he cried, "I understand you think of taking up arms against your king! The king can send a company of horses through the country and take off every head, and in six weeks time or less you will be glad to labor a week for a sheep's head and pluck."³ This was too much for young Cady. Springing to his feet, he yanked open the door leading outdoors and told the pastor that he had better be off about his legitimate business.

In Shutesbury, as in all towns, the patriots, or Whigs, as they were called, erected a Liberty pole on the town common. Two Tories, friends of Reverend Hill, one from New Salem, and one from Pelham, were visiting at the parsonage. They chanced to pass by as a crowd of enthusiastic young men, among them Jeremiah Cady and Daniel Shays, were

² The letter "Y" in this case, was used as a substitute for the old English letter "thorn," a holdover from the Runic alphabet. Early English printers imported type from Europe, where the sound that the "thorn" represented was unknown. Sometimes people read the word "the" as "ye," an understandable error. We now combine the letters "t" and "h" for that sound.

³ The expression, common in that day, referred to those organs of animals butchered for meat that were usually thrown to the dogs.

raising the pole. The Tories went to the minister.

Their task completed, the young Whigs stood around in a circle talking. They saw the minister and his friends approaching. They parted slightly to allow the Tories to enter the circle. Three times the pastor called them rebels and ordered them to disperse.

His Tory friends singled out Shays as the ringleader, and heaped insults upon his head. Finally amusement turned to wrath. They warned Reverend Hill and his friends to go home while they were still able to go. The minister ignored the warning. He continued his ranting until Cady lost his patience. He seized the Reverend Mr. Hill by his collar and the seat of his ecclesiastical britches, threw him in the direction of his home. The minister traveled a rod before he was under his own power. Discretion overcame rashness. The Tories went their way.

A committee was formed to call on the pastor to try to convince him of the error of his ways. The Reverend Hill declined to admit that it was he who was in error. The Committee reported its failure. The town then voted to stop paying the minister's salary and requested him to resign his pastorate.

Mr. Hill not only refused this demand, but also continued to express his views as freely as ever.

Again they sent a committee to force him to desist, with orders to close the meetinghouse if he refused to comply. The Tory pastor would not surrender. Furthermore, he refused to accede to having a council called to consider the matter. The committee was then authorized to use force to stop the minister's activities. They proceeded to seize him and imprison him in the town pound.

For those of the present generation who are not familiar with the use of the pound, it is a small area usually enclosed with a stonewall or fence. Sometimes it had an open shed in one corner. Here the pound keeper kept the stray domestic animals until their owners appeared, and redeemed them by paying the necessary charges.

To place the pastor, the man whom the town had looked up to for spiritual guidance in such a position, was the ultimate insult. Not satisfied with this indignity, the thoroughly aroused people added insult to injury by throwing herring at him over the fence. It is doubtful that the pastor ate any of these smoked fish. He probably only remained imprisoned for a few hours, but it left no doubt about how unpopular he had become.

How long this state of affairs continued is not clear, but eventually in 1778 an ecclesiastical council composed of the pastors of neighboring churches was convened. They decided that the pastorate should be terminated. Mr. Hill then moved to Brookfield, taking with him the church records and the Bible, which he steadfastly refused to return. He filed a suit for his back pay, withheld from him for three years. He was successful in collecting the money, but he never returned the church records.

From all accounts, there was no question that Mr. Hill was an ardent Tory. He was shown little sympathy. There were few friends to rally to his aid. His plea, stated earlier, that the "people not let him suffer on any account" perhaps was an indication of his character and apparently was accepted at its face value. He died in Brookfield, but his grave is unmarked, its location unknown.

The story of the last of these Tory pastors is that of the Reverend Lemuel Hedge of Warwick. It differs from that of Abram Hill, in that Hedge, like his neighbor, the Reverend Hubbard of Northfield, was, up to the outbreak of the Revolution, popular with

his people.

He was born in Hardwick in 1733. We know little of his youth except that he was graduated from Cambridge in 1759. He was a classmate of Dr. Joseph Warren, who later became one of the leaders in the early days of the Revolution. They were intimate friends. Shortly after Hedges' graduation, he heard that the proprietors of the new township of Roxbury's Canada were seeking a minister. It was a young, but rapidly growing, community.

He arrived in Warwick in the late spring of 1760 and preached a probationary period during the summer months in the uncompleted church. His services seemed to meet with approval. On Sept. 24, 1760, the proprietors, who owned the township, most of whom lived in Roxbury, met in that town. They voted to extend a "call [to Mr. Hedge] "who hath for Sum Time past been preaching in Said Township on probation to universal acceptance."

They voted "sixty pounds to be assessed [to the sixty proprietors] as a Sallery". Nine pounds were added, "to defray the Charges of ye ordination Entertainment." They also voted to "grant liberty to Mr. Hedge to lay out 100 acres of common land in one place near the meetinghouse as he shall choose." He accepted the offer with the condition that 35 cords of firewood be furnished annually by the inhabitants of the township. On Dec. 3, 1760 he was formally ordained with all the pomp and ceremony such an event warranted. The church was organized with twenty-six male members.

Mr. Hedge was a man of immense energy and many talents. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the work of advancing the interests of the community. Blessed with an excellent physique, he was willing to put his body to work along with his mind. One essential need of these pioneers was sawed boards to construct their homes. Reverend Hedge found a suitable site on the brook that still bears his name. He erected a sawmill to furnish lumber. He built the large colonial house at what is now number 49 Athol Road. His domain extended south to what is now Hastings Pond. He enclosed part of his land for a deer park. A place where these animals, whose beauty he loved, could be protected.

He was interested in the education of the youth of his parish. In 1771 the town granted him permission to erect a schoolhouse on the Meetinghouse Common.

It was during this time that a radical change was made in the mode of coordinating church services. This change caused a great deal of controversy. From the early Puritan days, for over a century, it was the custom for the deacons of the church to lead the singing of hymns. They read each line of the hymn before the congregation sang it. This custom was being replaced. Choirs were organized to lead the singing, and there was a more plentiful supply of hymnbooks.

Many people wanted to hold on to the old custom, especially the deacons. It took from them a function, which they thought belonged, to them. It might lessen their official importance. Reverend Hedge handled this crisis very tactfully. He delivered a sermon at the close of the singing school, explaining the advantages of change. This was so effective that it was published and widely distributed to other communities.

Two years after his arrival in Warwick, Lemuel's young wife, Sarah, presented him with his first son. Like so many wives, deeply in love with their husbands, she insisted on naming him after her husband. He was very proud, but, after a few months, the baby sickened and died. The oldest little slab monument in Warwick's cemetery stands in his memory. When, two years later, a second son came to fill the empty place, the mother

once more insisted the baby be christened Lemuel Junior. At regular two-year intervals, six more babies joined the family circle. There was Levi, (Sarah, named after her mother), Abraham, Samuel, Susanah, and finally little Elutheria in 1776. Surely the pastor had reason to look to the future with confidence. The flock was increasing by leaps and bounds as more settlers arrived. There was no further danger from the French and Indians.

His friend, Dr. Medad Pomeroy, often accompanied him as he rode through the deep woods from one parishioner to another over the crude roads. Roads were often no more than paths marked by blazed trees. They saw trees killed by girdling to help clear fields for cultivation. Here and there were piles of logs drawn to the edge of a clearing. They were to be burned when the weather was favorable. Burning was the easiest way to dispose of them.

In the spring they saw men plowing between the rocks and stumps with their crude plows. They saw the fields sown with seed, looking hopefully toward the harvest. In the summer, they came upon the farmers swinging their scythes, as they followed each other across the mowing. Occasionally, if time did not press, he would leap from the back of his horse and borrow the scythe from the willing hands of the weariest mower, and strive to overtake the man in the swath ahead. Then, with a cheery word to all, he would mount and ride. When he crossed the first brook, both man and beast could quench their thirst before continuing on their way. In the autumn, he saw the fruits of their labor gathered in, and stored in underground vaults, to serve their winter needs.

The day's work of the pioneer family began before sunrise, and ended after sunset. After supper, when the chores were finished, the family gathered by candlelight. Father read a chapter from the Bible. Then everyone climbed wearily into bed. On the whole, pleasure and amusement played little part in the lives of the pioneers. They eagerly awaited the Sabbath. Then except for care of the animals, all work ceased. They welcomed church attendance because it meant seeing one's friends and neighbors at the meetinghouse. Everyone could catch up on the latest news and gossip.

Perhaps the most festive events that the pastor, and everyone else in town, looked forward to were the raisings. That was when all the neighbors got together to raise the timbers of a new house or barn. The men worked together with an occasional side trip to the ever-present rum barrel. The women prepared a bountiful lunch and renewed friendships. The children enjoyed the companionship of their fellows, and learned the adult ways. The day ended with everyone feeling closer to his neighbor.

The minister could well feel encouraged and optimistic as the early hardships abated and he saw prosperity and the comforts of life increasing around him. Life was good but clouds were beginning to gather.

Gradually, Lemuel Hedge began to be alarmed at the grumbling and griping he heard. For example:

Why did the king keep troops in the colonies, where they were not needed or wanted? And why should the colonies be expected to pay for their support?

Why should they have to pay for a little stamp to be placed on all legal documents and newspapers?

Now there was a tax on tea! Don't drink the damned stuff.

Have you heard? In Boston, they dumped a shipload of tea into the harbor? We should have a voice in making our own laws. Sam Adams, John Hancock, Dr. Joseph Warren, and James Otis are right ... "Taxation without representation is tyranny!" Now, because of that tea party, King George has closed the port of Boston to all shipping. He sent General Gage to see that the people there starve!

Convinced that the situation was becoming serious, Reverend Hedge tried to soothe and quiet his flock. Some of his friends tried to reason with him, to get him to soften his position.

Dr. Joseph Warren in Boston was old college classmate and close friend. He wrote to Reverend Hedge seeking to persuade him that the course he had taken could lead to ruin. Although they exchanged several letters they had no effect on the opinions of either man. The final letter from Lemuel Hedge was found in General Warren's pocket after he was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. It said that while his friend Lemuel realized the grievances of the colonists, he could not possibly believe they could succeed in defeating the king's army, with all the resources of the greatest nation in the world.

Gradually, Lemuel Hedge saw many of his parishioners turn away as he approached them. The warm greetings of yesterday became chilled. Some, despite excellent eyesight, often failed to see him. Was it possible they were avoiding him? Surely they could not be angry with their friend and pastor. Could they so easily forget the bonds of friendship between them? Hedge asked Medad if he was imagining things. Medad told him the truth. The doctor told Hedge as gently as possible that his fears were not groundless. Medad's advice was to be tactful. Refrain from discussing politics. The minister was adamant. He had a right to express his opinions. It was his duty to warn his people against the road they were choosing.

Medad could say no more, except to pledge his friendship come what may. By now it was August 1774. A town meeting was called to take into consideration several papers from a committee of correspondence in Boston, "To see if the town would enact anything respecting these papers or anything else relating to the public difficulties that this province labors under at this day; and to see if the town will make a grant of the sum desired to defray the charges of the committee of congress."

We do not know if the minister was present at this meeting. Probably he was not. The actions of the meeting showed how townspeople felt. They voted that they "adhere to our chartered rights and privileges and to defend them to the utmost of our capacity; and that we will be in readiness that if our brethren in Boston or elsewhere would be distressed by the troops and oppressive acts of the British Parliament and will give notice that we will repair to their relief forthwith." Delegates were elected to attend the county congress in Northampton and later to the congress at Concord. They further voted to purchase two barrels of gunpowder, lead, and flints and enlist a company of fifty men, "to be at a minute's warning to go if called for relief of our brethren in any front of the province."

Neighboring towns joined in similar action with the rest of the province to organize the "Minute Men". These patriots were called upon repeatedly during the dark days of the

Revolution to leave their homes and fight. Capt. Samuel Williams was chosen to lead the company of Minute Men. Later he was elected captain of the town militia company with Peter Proctor serving as first lieutenant and Reuben Petty as second.

In the autumn of 1774, troubles of a different nature came to a head adding to the worries of the minister... For the past two years, certain members of the community had refused to pay a ministry tax. They instituted a suit against the assessors for back taxes. The town voted to defend the assessors. The suit was dropped, but the minister feared that the matter was not settled.

On Jan. 23, 1775, the town voted to send Capt. Samuel Williams to the provincial congress to be held in Cambridge on Feb. 7 in defiance of General Gage, the British commander in Boston. Shortly afterward, Williams was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment of Minute Men. As such, he led a company of Northfield and Warwick men to Cambridge on April 21 upon receiving the news of the British march on Concord. Lemuel Hedge knew the hour had come, but he could not change his deeply rooted beliefs, ingrained upon his mind by the teachings of his childhood. Bolstered by the knowledge that many of his brother ministers felt and preached as he did, he continued to uphold his king.

By now, most of the people of Warwick had lost all patience with the minister. The committees of correspondence and inspections of Northfield, Warwick, and Athol held a meeting early in July to discuss the general situation and state of affairs following the outbreak of hostilities. Among the subjects discussed was the attitude of the Warwick minister. They decided that Reverend Hedge should be disarmed and confined to the town of Warwick. He was not leave town without a permit from the committee of correspondence of Warwick. The town officials were notified. A town meeting was called for July 13, at which the town voted to concur in this action. They elected a committee of eleven men to meet with the minister to "arrange some plan to settle the difficulties between this people and Mr. Hedge."

There can be no doubt that his friend, Dr. Pomeroy hastened to warn him of the impending visit of the committee. He pleaded with the minister to be discreet. The doctor had already lost his office as selectman because of his loyalty to his pastor. There was some question as to what side of the fence he was on, even though his father was the famous General Seth Pomeroy, who fought so bravely at Bunker Hill.

On the evening following the visit from his friend Medad, as his wife, Sarah, was hurrying the children off to bed, the pastor became aware of a group of men approaching his front door. He waited until the sound of the iron doorknocker sounded through the house before he opened it with a cheery "Good evening brothers." A few answered his greeting. By the solemn faces before him, however, and the stern, forbidding expression assumed by their leader, Amos Marsh, he knew that the doctor's warning was justified.

The minister kept his cheerful expression and heartily invited the men to enter, and conducted them into the parlor. He found chairs for all, and urged them to make themselves as comfortable as the warm July evening allowed.

Of the eleven elected at the previous day's town meeting, ten were present: Amos Marsh, Ezra Conant, Samuel W. Williams, Peter Proctor, Moses Leonard, Jonathan Woodward, Jeduthan Morse, Abraham Barnes, Samuel Sherman, and Benjamin Conant. Hedge well knew that Marsh was his most bitter opponent and enemy.

When the minister had first assumed the pastorate, Marsh had served as tithing man at

the church. His character was not of the best and he was never elected to a church office again. He laid this fact at the minister's door, and his dislike had gradually grown into hatred. Marsh took a leading part in stirring up sentiment for the Whig cause. A somewhat gifted orator, he had succeeded in being elected a selectman, member of the committee of correspondence, and clerk of the militia company. He was a leader in every action except military service.

A few years later, Marsh became involved in a scandal that set the town on its ears. He ran away with the wife of another man. He was pursued, arrested, imprisoned, fined, and sentenced to wear the letter "A" on the outside of his clothes for the rest of his life.

Ezra Conant does not appear on the list of church officers, but he was also an ardent Whig and prominent in town affairs. Samuel W. Williams and Peter Proctor were the leading military men of the town. They, with the remainder of the group, were notable in both church and town affairs. Marsh seemed to be enjoying his role to the utmost. He delivered his message to the minister in a belligerent tone. Several of the others, more kindly disposed, attempted to persuade Hedge to change his attitude.

After listening to all, the pastor stated that he was willing, provided the town would rescind their vote to disarm and confine him to the town. He said that he would pledge his honor that he would not influence or prejudice the minds of the people against the cause in which the country was engaged. He offered to join with the town in any of three proposals: To leave the matter to the general assembly of the province, or to mutual council, or to any set of judicious men the town and he could agree upon.

At the town meeting held to hear the report of the committee Amos Marsh took the floor. After he had expressed his views on the minister's offer, the assembly voted overwhelmingly against the motion to rescind the vote, as the pastor had requested.

Two months later, the first attempt was made to dismiss Mr. Hedge from his pastorate. Another article on the warrant called for rescinding the vote of the annual town meeting, which had granted him his salary according to contract. The majority of the voters were not yet ready to take these steps. The articles were defeated, though 72 voters were in favor of dismissal.

By the time of the annual town meeting, March 11, 1776, feelings had hardened. The articles regarding the minister's salary and his supply of firewood for the following year once more came up for action. The town voted to pass over these articles, thus refusing any financial support for the pastor.

The Reverend Preserved Smith, minister from 1815 to 1844, told in his last sermon about the persecution of Reverend Hedge. Hedge saw his fences broken down and his deer slaughtered. Many other acts were committed to annoy him.

No further mention of Mr. Hedge is found in the town records until Sept. 1776, when a note states that he left town. It was shortly before this that he had his most bitter experience.

One evening, as twilight was beginning to fall, he laid aside his tools at his sawmill where he had been working. With his son Levi, then a boy of 16, he started up the road toward home and supper. As they proceeded through the woods, mounted men appeared in the woods on both sides of the road.

Mr. Hedge recognized many of them although some were strangers. He realized that they were all men who of late were unfriendly to him.

The leader was his most outspoken enemy, Amos Marsh. From their attitude he

realized that their intentions were unfriendly. Quietly he told Levi, "Run along home. If I don't arrive directly, go to Dr. Pomeroy and tell him I'm in trouble." The boy started toward home. Several of the men stopped him, but others interceded, and he was allowed to go.

The leader then informed the minister that he was under arrest. He was to be taken to Northampton for trial as a Tory and a spy. There was no use in resisting or arguing with them. He asked to be allowed to go home and explain to his wife and calm her fears. They refused, which convinced him that the men were not acting with authority. They put him on horseback with his arms tied behind him. Escorted by the mounted men, they started in the direction of Northfield.

Meanwhile, when his father did not come home, Levi followed instructions. He ran to the home of Dr. Medad Pomeroy, across the road.⁴ He found the doctor standing in the doorway. He was talking to Captain Peter Proctor, who was returning home after drilling his militia company. He had stopped to exchange a few words with the doctor. The boy told his story. The captain, recalling certain remarks he had heard during the afternoon drill, which at the time he had not taken seriously, knew what the men had in mind.

Quickly he explained to the doctor, who threw a saddle on his horse. Without pausing to get help, the two men spurred their horses down the road toward Northfield. The slower moving group of men with the minister in their midst had proceeded only a few miles. They were overtaken near the big rock that stood beside the Northfield road.⁵

Many of the men had followed the captain to Cambridge after the battle of Concord. All of them were members of his militia company. This did not prevent the captain from expressing his opinions of their action in words, which left them feeling ashamed.

They claimed that their only intention was to scare the parson, and teach him a lesson. They meekly surrendered him to his rescuers. The captain and the doctor conducted the minister safely home.

Severely shaken by his experience, a few days later Reverend Hedge and his family returned to his father's home in Hardwick. Without question, Hedge was a man with a deep, sensitive nature. His many persecutions at the hands of the people he once served preyed on his mind and undermined his health. In the summer of 1777 he fell ill, some say as the result of his experiences, and on Oct. 15th, 1777, in the home of his father, he died. On the day that General Burgoyne surrendered his army to Gates at Saratoga, the body of Lemuel Hedge was brought back to his church in Warwick, the town where he still wished to be buried.

Here, on that October day, a crowd gathered to pay their last respects to the friend they knew for many years filled with good deeds. Among them were Dr. Medad Pomeroy and Captain Peter Proctor, the latter recently returned from the campaign in the north. With heavy hearts, they took their places with the pallbearers. They wondered what the Reverend Bunker Gay, of Hinsdale, N.H., would say about their friend and his. As I write, the faded copy of his long sermon lies before me. It tells so much in the language of that day, it deserves repeating, but the original lasted two hours. If I only quote a little of it, please excuse me.

⁴ Now number 44 Athol Road.

⁵ The Northfield road has been changed many times since then. We have no idea which rock they meant.

The lean face of the Reverend Gay is stern and forbidding as he mounts the pulpit. He looks down steadfastly on the face of his colleague lying below him. Then his gaze wanders over to the widow, seated with family and her father-in-law in the minister's pew. Now his eye swings over the congregation that fills every available pew. Finally, he announces his text: Be ye also ready! Listen to the Reverend Gay as he says:

The great and terrible God who sways the scepter of the universe, and doth according to his will in the armies of heaven above and among the inhabitants of the earth beneath and is now shaking the world, this American world especially, with the most tremendous and alarming judgments has convened us together at this time on a very mournful occasion and we are here presented with a very gloomy and affecting scene. Doubtless some sad and sorrowful event has happened in this place - this house of God looks melancholy! They who are wont to report hither with gladness, how do they now appear with all the marks of unaffected grief and pungent sorrow on their countenances! Why, my dear friends, do I see so many faces in this assembly covered with sadness? Why this little flock in tears? Indeed, the reason is so plain and powerful that the question may well be thought impertinent. But, yet, if grief would let you speak, methinks many of you would unite in this mournful reply.

Alas! Our once loving and dearly beloved shepherd is no more! Suddenly in a dark and dismal day and in an untimely hour is he smitten and torn from us! - And now we are left to wonder, God knows whither and how far, in what by-paths and among what dangerous precipices, even as sheep without a shepherd, a feeble shattered and divided flock - exposed to many surrounding snares and alarming dangers, having none to exorcise a pastoral care over us, none to keep and feed us, none to guard and guide, defend and comfort the flock none to take us by the hand, and either keep us from falling or lift us up when we are fallen, or comfort us when we are cast down none to watch over us by night and day, and keep us from wandering in those crooked and deceitful paths which are both dark, slippery, and dangerous, barren and unfruitful, without the sacred enclosures none to make us to lie down in green pastures and to lead us beside the still waters in the room of the Great Shepherd administering unto us the holy and blessed ordinances - none in a word to feed Christ's sheep, to break the bread of life and to administer the wine of consolation unto us as in time past.

Alas! What shall we do for our dear shepherd! Our bowels yearn after him! Our heart is pained within us! He was wont to keep the flock, and to guard the fold - His countenance was gracious and his voice charming: But now he is smitten himself and fallen prey to the last evening. See! There he lies a trophy of the king of terrors, a senseless lifeless ghastly form - his countenance awfully changed and his voice gone forever - wrapped in his winding sheet and lodged in that narrow coffin, his prostrate form is confined, not to be raised or unloosed til the blessed morning of the resurrection day.

And Oh! See there his disconsolate widow - smitten as low almost as her deceased lord, not murmuring indeed nor mourning as one that has no hope in the exceeding great and precious promises of God but as one sorely bruised, and pierced to the very soul - sadly bewailing the husband of her youth, the delight of her eyes and the joy of her heart, taken from her with a stroke. See her as it were silently beseeching and imploring the charitable aid of all her Christian neighbors, relatives, and friends in those melting strains of one of the most ancient and eminent sufferers. Have pity on me, have pity upon me, Oh ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me.

And see her tender offspring, Her fatherless children around her in distress though hardly sensible of their loss, unspeakably great and irreparable as it is. O! How early in life has their kind and tender father forsaken them! How early are they bereft of the most substantial friend they had or can expect to find upon the earth! For where is there one in all the world like him to care for their bodies and souls with such fatherly compassion and affectionate concern? Where one like him to be the guardian and guide of their youth? One like him, in short, to take these lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom?

No sooner do we turn our eyes from a sight so moving and melancholy but there also we behold an aged venerable parent come to attend the funeral of a worthy and beloved son! A son whom he has delighted to honor and who has honored him, on whom perhaps he has placed the fondest hopes and expectations that he would be continued and made more and more a comfort and an ornament to himself and to his family, as well as a blessing to the church and to the world for many years to come.

But now alas! This glory is departed from him, now is this honor to be laid in the dust, now this comfort is perished and all these pleasing hopes and expectations are cut off: And over burdened with grief as well as age, it is no wonder if he do inwardly bemoan himself thus as - now shall my gray hairs go down with sorrow to the grave.

I forbear to mention other relatives of the deceased whose faces discover their distress - his companions in the ministry who strive to hide their grief - and his intimate friend and faithful physician who loved him as a brother, yea I may say as his own soul and whose painful feelings cannot easily be described.

Thus he refers to Dr. Medad Pomeroy between whom and the pastor there had been such closest companionship. And now the Reverend Gay begins to admonish his congregation and to warn them.

... that we must all certainly appear before the judgment seat of Christ and in that vast assembly of all the Angels of God and the sons of men which shall there be gathered around his throne give up our accounts to him and hear our doom from Him. Which will be one or the other of these two. "Come ye blessed of my father. Inherit the kingdom prepared for you." or

"Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels..."

And so on and on in this vein, like a whip, the words of the pastor lash the minds of the listeners. Pointing to the coffin he screams, "Be ye also ready!" For the space of at least a half hour he hammers away at his theme while his listeners squirm in their seats. He takes no pity as he searches the souls of those before him and finally he begins to point the finger of suspicion upon them and to insinuate that the death of the pastor was the result of persecution at the hands of his flock. Let us listen again, as speaking of his dead friend he says:

Whatever else he may have been accused of, I believe nobody ever did or can justly accuse him of being a hypocrite with regard to the sentiments he professed or the doctrine he preached. It was a principle I think, which he professed and abode by that every man has a right and ought not to be afraid or ashamed on all suitable occasions when he has a call to it and Christian prudence does not forbid to own and declare his sentiments freely and without reserve in all important matters relative to both the church and the state.

Now the Reverend Gay begins to extol the virtues and the talents of his friend. To point out how, for seventeen years, he has served his people with love and tenderness and an unselfish devotion. Then after he has softened their hearts, he begins to drive the knife deeper as he says:

But falling in with the unpopular side in the present grand political controversy it is no wonder that many conceived an ill opinion of him. But why should any show themselves so bitter against him as they have done, I cannot easily conjecture. For I could never learn as he has done anything sufficient to merit the hard and (I am sorry to say it) in some instances, very shameful and abusive treatment he has met with or even to exclude him our charitable regards and Christian fellowship. For why should we break friendship and communion with one another merely because we differ in our political sentiments is very difficult for me to determine while it remains so highly repugnant to the Christian doctrine which expressly requires us to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate and despitefully use us.

But the person I am speaking of was not of a hateful, a malicious, spiteful and revengeful temper but I do verily believe a hearty friend to mankind in general: and that as he loved his God so he loved his country also, and would by no means have done anything which he knew or thought would be injurious to its true interest, though he did not seek its political welfare in the way which so many of us so ardently wished.

He was deeply affected with the calamities that have befallen us, and the judgments that hang over us, and was ready to tremble in the view of all those miseries that we ourselves either feel or fear. But he strove to bear himself up so well as he could under these dismal apprehensions and

his own personal sufferings, which whether they were a means of impairing his health and hastening his dissolution is a matter I leave and recommend to others to think seriously of.

Now the stern voice relaxes for a few minutes as he attempts to comfort the widow and her seven small children, the aged father, and lastly the loyal friends and members of the church. But he cannot refrain from one more charge to those he feels have guilt on their souls.

It would be strange, it would be shocking to every gracious soul in this assembly if while so many of us come to sympathize and mourn with you on account of the death of our worthy pastor so highly esteemed by those of us who best knew him, and are the most competent judges of his real character, we should find any of you disposed to rejoice at his untimely end and to say such evil things of him as have no foundation in the sight of God as well as all good men. Fain would I hope better things of you, all my beloved brethren though thus I speak. But should this be the case with any of you (which God forbid) I must tell you plainly that such things as these proceed not from a generous and charitable nature, but from a morose malevolent temper which is the temper of hell.

Now the minister turns to his brother clergymen and alluding to the fact that many have been suspected of clinging to the royal cause and have been removed from their pastorates as a result, he tells them:

Even now, all things look dark around us. The land is covered with darkness and drenched with blood. The powers of heaven are shaken some of the stars have fallen from their orbs. Many of all ranks and denominations are cut off from among the living and yet alas the remnant repent not, to give glory to the God of heaven who hath power over all these plagues. Under the heaviest most solemn judgments men's hearts harden, and their tongues learn to blaspheme. And so though they thought that the wrath of man could work the righteousness of God, they have in several places as it were killed the prophets and stoned such as were sent unto themselves. And how long any of us shall be permitted to retain either office or our life is a great uncertainty.

My brothers consider what it is that fits you for heaven. For Gods sake, consider what it is. Is it a principle of true grace in the heart? Is it a gospel temper and conversation? Or is it high and phrenetical either Whig or Tory principals or practices? I know it is a good thing to be zealously affected in a good cause: And I am myself as firmly attached to the cause of my suffering and bleeding country as perhaps any of you at all. But there are my Christian hearers, a certain temper of mind to be exercised toward those who differ from us.... Be entreated to examine yourselves or may I be permitted to inquire for you and bring the matter to a short issue by asking a few questions.

First of all then should you see a man dead and damned to the lowest

hell, lifting up his eyes in torments and roaring in the place of dragons, who had been either a high Whig or a grand Tory? Is it not greatly to be feared that there are some among you who, not being on the same side of the question as he was, would be ready to say in your hearts Why this is not such dreadful thing, it is good enough for a rascal he was maybe either a cursed Whig or a damned Tory and is gone only to receive the due reward of his deeds. Lastly I would inquire, will not wrath, hatred, malice, envy and revenge, defamation and lying, cursing, and reviling and such like against whomsoever they are indulged and practiced whether friends or foes as effectually let you for the infernal regions of endless hatred and revenge, horror and blasphemy as the contrary dispositions and practices will let you for the realms of perfect and everlasting love and peace? My Brethren, I speak to all parties, for all are equally concerned. Think O think of these things! They are more important to you than a thousand worlds such as this we live in. Make a solemn pledge. Reflect seriously what it is to be dissolved and have your earthly tabernacles cursed and thrown down in the sad melancholy posture of him now lying before you crumbling into dust. Think what it is to be unhoused or unclothed and have your naked souls thrust out into the world of spirits, and appear before the judge of all the earth! And if after all these are things of no value or significance to you, then cast them off, let them go and don't trouble your heads about them any more. Give your whole attention either to state affairs or to your secular business or to your worldly pleasures and amusements and let the things I speak of death, judgment, and the eternal world and your preparation for them go where they may. But if these things appear to be the things of greatest importance as indeed they are then what business is it not to attend more diligently to them and make them your principal concern and put your thoughts and time about them. O God that we were wise, that we understood these things, that we would consider our latter end and turn our hearts into wisdom before it is too late. Grant this O God for Jesus sake.

Amen.

And now, with the words of the minister ringing in their ears, words that are to haunt some of them for many a day, the members of the congregation file slowly by the open coffin for a last look at their former pastor. The lid is closed. The doctor and Captain Peter Proctor step forward with the other chosen and steadfast friends. They carry Lemuel Hedge's coffin slowly out to his final resting place in the churchyard.⁶

⁶ In 1782, when the new cemetery was established at its present location on the hillside south of the village, his body was removed and placed there. Today it is easily found by the large horizontal slab covering the entire grave, held up by six brick piers. Its inscription has been nearly obliterated by the passing years.

Shays' Rebellion was not unique. There were similar insurrections in other parts of the country. Shays' place in history is a minor one, but it could have been different. Were it not for the statesmanship of men like Governor Bowdoin, gently but firmly guiding the infant nation, the colonies could have fallen into political chaos.

In 1786, the constitutional convention was still in the future, and the economic troubles were real and present. If the colonies had entered a new war of independence from the central government, the relative peace and harmony of life under the king would have seemed very tempting indeed.

The people of Warwick like those in the rest of the country, muddled through. (E. H.)

Doctor Pomeroy and Shays' Rebellion

On February 4, 1787, General Lincoln led his army in the surprise attack, which resulted in the capture of most of Shays' men in Petersham. The rebellion against the State of Massachusetts led by Captain Daniel Shays ended. Historians, usually, drop the curtain and put out the footlights. True, there were a few roving bands of rebels in the Berkshires to be subdued. True, Shays and over two hundred men were secure in New Hampshire. But the backbone of the rebellion collapsed in the snow in Peter sham.

Of what happened to Shays and his few remaining followers little is known and today not much can be added. However there was another scene in the Shays comedy or tragedy, as some historians call it. (Which term you choose depends on what side of the insurrection your sympathies lay.) That final scene took place in the town of Warwick.

Let us review what Shays' Rebellion was all about, what caused it, and what followed. The end of the Revolution found the financial structure of the country in chaos. The Continental dollars printed by Congress were almost worthless, and people were unwilling to accept them as payment for debts. It was at this point that the phrase was born, "Not worth a Continental" to describe something absolutely worthless.

With all resources exhausted, towns, states, and the Continental Congress had all strained their credit to the utmost. Many people were in debt. They now found themselves without the ability to pay. Taxes were very heavy. Silver and hard money had almost entirely disappeared. The rate of exchange in some cases was two hundred forty Continental dollars to one silver dollar.

Real estate could not be sold. Personal property could not be exchanged for money. The Tender Act of 1782 was designed to make cattle and other livestock legal tender for payment of debts. Instead of proving helpful, it only made matters worse. With no bankruptcy laws in those days, the poor debtor had no protection from his creditor, who could get a judgment against him in court. The sheriff could then seize all his farm animals and sell them to pay the debt. If this did not suffice, he could have the sheriff throw the debtor in jail until someone else paid the debt.

The jails were full of honest people instead of thieves. The courts incurred the anger of the people, and creditor and debtor held them in contempt alike. The legislature seemed powerless to solve the problem. The failure of the Tender Act brought a feeling

of distrust and hopelessness. The people did not trust the legislature. As a result, men stayed away from the polls. In the Town of Northfield with one hundred legal voters in 1780, only thirty voted for governor: In 1782 only ten voted and in 1784, only twenty. This was typical of many towns in this area.

Governor Bowdon pleaded with people to be patient. He told them that it was impossible to remove every cause of complaint at once. Acknowledging that the burden was indeed heavy, he said that it was the price of independence. It was clear in the spring of 1786 that a crisis was imminent. People were angry. Many of the towns had formed committees patterned after the Committees of Safety and Committees of Correspondence, which had operated so successfully during the Revolution.

These committees held joint meetings. For some time, these committees were composed of influential men, highly respected in their towns. The conventions held at first were moderate. The actions recommended while firm, did not sanction violence. Gradually feelings became more inflamed. More drastic action was favored. These conventions degenerated. Those who would not tolerate open rebellion withdrew as the extremists took over.

The first convention of importance in this section of the state was held in Hatfield on August 29, 1786. Delegates were from some 50 towns in Hampshire County, which at that time included the towns, which are now in Franklin County. Warwick voted to send Joseph Packard as delegate. They sent Thomas Rich, Captain Goldsbury, and Josiah Cobb to instruct the delegate on the course to follow. Packard was to vote yes or no at their discretion.

This convention adopted the resolutions made at a previous convention held in Worcester County. They added a few more of their own for good measure. They first voted that the convention was lawful and listed their grievances as follows:

1. The session of the General Court should be held in the central part of the state.
2. The lack of an adequate medium of exchange.
3. The abuse in the practice of law.
4. The existence of the court of common pleas in their present form of the mode of administration.⁷
5. The appropriation of revenues of impost and excise to the payment of the interest of the state securities.
6. The unreasonable and unnecessary grants made by the General Court to the attorney general and others.
7. The state granting aid or paying moneys to congress while our public accounts remain unsettled.

This convention, and similar ones held in Bristol, Middlesex, and Berkshire Counties served to inflame the people. Soon it became clear that the stability of the state government was threatened.

A session of the Court of Common Pleas was scheduled at Northampton a few days after the close of the Hatfield convention. An armed mob of several hundred men prevented the court from sitting.

⁷ These are the exact words of the resolution as adopted. Like the following article, it must have been argued to death, as adopted, they are quite meaningless.

This maneuver emboldened the Regulators, as these rebels called them. Similar mobs prevented the court from holding sessions in Worcester, Concord, Taunton and Great Barrington. In Great Barrington, they prevented all sessions of the lower courts.

Supreme Judicial Court was not at first molested. A sitting of the court was to be held at Springfield on September 26, 1786. The insurgents prepared to prevent this. To forestall the prevention of a court at Westfield, General Shepard was ordered to hold the courthouse against all intruders.

On the day appointed, Shepard and a force of six or eight hundred militiamen took their positions. The Court prepared to open its sessions. Then Captain Shays, mounted on his horse, appeared leading a force of some 1,000 men with sprigs of hemlock on their hats. They marched down Main St. toward the courthouse. They passed and re-passed the courthouse several times. They made no effort to enter the building. However, because the court found it impossible to secure a jury, no session was held. Shays and his men had won a moral victory.

By this time, the patience of Governor Bowdoin and the Senate had worn thin. In the House of Representatives, many of the members were from the towns where the feeling was strongest. They sympathized with the Regulators and wished them to be successful. A law against riots and unlawful assembly was passed, but the legislature also passed measures to ease conditions. One of those measures offered a pardon to all concerned in the recent disturbances. They were given until January 1, 1787 to take the oath of allegiance and to promise to abide by the law in the future.

It was too late to threaten the insurgents with force. The rebels would not accept measures aimed at relieving their complaints. In October, Shays sent a circular letter to the selectmen of many of the towns sympathetic to his cause. He asked them to assemble the inhabitants to see if they would "suitably arm and equip."

In Warwick, the selectmen issued their warrant, calling for a special town meeting to be held January 1, 1787 to see if the town would choose a delegate to a new convention. Another article was to see if the town would deliver their stock of ammunition upon any emergency. The Town voted no on the delivery of the ammunition. It became evident that the rebellion was not to be quelled without resorting to stern measures.

The Regulators again prevented court sessions from being held in Springfield and Worcester. Finally Governor Bowdoin put an army of 4,500 men under General Benjamin Lincoln's command. Shays, in Rutland on his way to Boston, began to weaken. He let it be known that he was ready to receive a pardon. The offer was refused. He realized that his army needed weapons and so he decided his only hope lay in desperate measures. Before Lincoln and his army could engage him, Shays marched toward Springfield to seize the United States arsenal. With the cannon and other war equipment stored there, he hoped to gain followers and defeat Lincoln. At that time, Shays' forces consisted of some 1,100 men under his immediate command. There were 400 men from Berkshire County under Eli Parsons stationed in Chicopee. At the Springfield arsenal, General Shepard had some 1,100 militia at his disposal.

Daniel Shays and his army reached Wilbraham on January 24. He stopped and sent a messenger to Luke Day, telling him that the hour of attack was to be January 25th at four in the morning. He asked Day to cross the frozen Connecticut River and attack at the same time. Many consider that Day was the most able of the insurgent leaders. Perhaps

he felt that the honor of leadership should fall to him. He sent a letter to Shays suggesting delay in the hour of attack.

Shepard's soldiers captured the messenger carrying Day's letter. So Shepard knew of Shays' plans. At the same time, Day sent an insolent demand to Shepard, telling him to have his men lay down their arms and go home.

Shepard's position was extremely precarious, but he made preparations to meet Shays' attack. As the insurgent army approached, he ordered his men to fire over their heads, hoping to impress them. The advance continued, so finally the cannon were aimed at the insurgents and fired. As the smoke cleared, three men lay dead, and several more wounded.

Discipline was shattered, as though the insurgents at last realized that the day had ended when their bluff and bluster was enough to win. They saw that Shepard and his men meant business. Panic seized them. Heedless of Shays' commands, they fled in wild disorder toward Ludlow.

Now Shays was forced to face the bitter truth. His cause was hopeless. While he still had 1,000 men under his command, they had lost the will to fight. He no longer had an army with discipline inspired with a willingness to die, if need be, for a cause they believed in. He now had a rabble of fugitives for whose actions he would be held accountable. His only hope was to retreat to some place where he could hold his men together. He needed time to bargain for the best terms that he could get from the victors. So, with Lincoln's army at his heels, Shays fled through South Hadley to Amherst, plundering the country to feed his men on the way.

After pausing a day or two in Amherst, Shays led his men toward his home town of Pelham, where they set up quarters on two hills. With supplies drawn from the western part of the state, they felt they could hold out while they dealt with the government.

General Lincoln's pursuit halted at Amherst. From there he sent agents to Shays warning him to disband his followers. He promised that Shays' men, upon taking an oath of allegiance, would be treated with mercy. Otherwise, Shays and his officers would be held responsible. Shays failed to find in this offer any hope of pardon for himself. He replied by asking for a truce while he petitioned the legislature for a pardon for all, before they would lay down their arms. This request Lincoln refused.

Shays sent an offer to the General Court, but he feared an attack by Lincoln's army before a reply could be received. He decided to retreat to Petersham, where sentiment for his cause had always been strong. He felt he could be safe there from a surprise attack. Wholesale desertions, since his defeat at Springfield, had reduced his force to less than half its original strength.

On February 3, 1787, Shays and his men broke camp and marched by way of North Dana to Petersham. When they arrived that morning, they began to establish themselves in what they believed to be at least temporary safety.

Lincoln learned of Shays' action within hours. He immediately ordered his troops to pursue Shays even though all signs pointed to a coming snowstorm. Lincoln's route from Amherst was by way of North Amherst, Shutesbury and New Salem. The story of that march is the climax of the story of Shays' Rebellion because of the hardship encountered. Historians claim that it has few equals.

They were hardly under way when the storm descended. Over the hills of Shutesbury and New Salem the wind howled in all its fury. Driven snow stung the faces of man and

beast. The penetrating cold chilled their bodies as they plodded doggedly on through the deepening snow. The narrow road made it impossible for more than two or three to march abreast. The infantry clung to the stirrups of those mounted on horses to help them stay on their feet and not fall behind in what was definitely not friendly country.

There was no turning back. There was no adequate shelter to be had short of their goal. So they staggered on through the night. It seemed like the road they traversed was endless. Lincoln knew that his men were in no shape to fight a battle but he had a plan. He knew that ten years before the Hessians had felt secure on that Christmas Eve, with no idea that Washington would cross the ice filled Delaware to attack them. Shays and his men who had slept through the storm should surely feel secure from attack. Lincoln was right.

At nine o'clock on that Sunday morning, February 5, the vanguard of Lincoln's mounted troops rode into Petersham. Shays and his men were scattered about the town, in homes and barns, wherever they could find accommodations. When the militia arrived without warning, they were completely disorganized. Hardly a shot was fired. One hundred and fifty were captured, but Shays and some 300 of his men were able to escape toward Athol. Lincoln's men had reached the limit of their physical endurance and further pursuit was out of the question. There was nothing left for Shays and the surviving Regulators but ignominious flight to New Hampshire. Lincoln would not follow them there, and they could disperse before New Hampshire troops could interfere.

Nightfall found them in Warwick. They were no longer pursued, so they stopped for their last night on Massachusetts's soil, and the last conference of the remaining leaders.

The events as told up to this point are taken from reliable histories that cover the story in detail. The scenes enacted in Warwick are less authoritative. Perhaps additional information may yet be uncovered.

In 1873, the History of Warwick was published as largely written by Jonathan Blake. It was completed by John Goldsbury and Deacon Hervey Barber after Blake's death. John Goldsbury grew up in Warwick and went to college. He became an educator and a clergyman. He returned to Warwick when he retired.

The Honorable Jonathan Blake wrote a series of papers on the History of Warwick, which he read before the Lyceum Society. It is doubtful if he intended that those essays would ever be used as the basis for a history to be published by the town. If he had, he would no doubt have included some account of Shays' Rebellion. Or perhaps he decided that such a sore spot in the history of the town had better be ignored. It was a tender subject to discuss even after eighty-five years had passed. That is shown by the fact that when the history was published, Goldsbury and Barber still felt it unwise to stir the now cold ashes.

Ten years later, in 1883, the Rev. John Goldsbury felt the time had come when he could tell the story without having to leave town as a consequence. He wrote a partial account of Warwick's part in it. It was published in Worcester West Chronicle, the Athol weekly paper of that time. From that account and the minutes books of various town meetings we get a glimpse into the delicate and dangerous situation in Warwick during those trying days.

Warwick was about evenly divided between those who supported the rebellion and those who counseled patience and confidence in the government. There is no list of names, which states with authority on which side of the question various people stood.

However, in all the towns affected, people of means, those enjoying the advantages of an education, and those who held responsible positions in the community, upheld the government. The poor struggling farmer, whose very livestock could be seized and sold to pay his creditors, did not. The poverty stricken soldiers had only worthless paper money to show for their services to the country. They had sacrificed everything to escape the taxation of Great Britain. Now they felt that they had nothing more to lose. They wanted to escape the equally burdensome taxation now imposed upon them.

Among the supporters of the government was Dr. Medad Pomeroy and Mr. Joseph Metcalf. Dr. Pomeroy remained well liked and a leading citizen in Warwick.

Dr. Pomeroy's father was the famous General Seth Pomeroy of Northfield who was a blacksmith in peacetime. When the French and Indian Wars threatened the existence of Northfield in 1744, General Pomeroy served as captain of the snowshoe scouts on the western frontier. He was a major in the British army at the capture of Lewisburg in 1745. He was Lieutenant Colonel Seth Pomeroy under Colonel Williams in the "Bloody Morning Scout"⁸ and the only officer left alive in the regiment. Soon after that he became a colonel. He was a delegate to the provincial congress in 1774, the year he became a general. He was made a brigadier general in His Majesty's Army in 1775, but served as a private in the Continental Army at the battle of Bunker Hill.

His appointment by Congress as senior brigadier general caused some difficulty settling questions of rank. He resigned this office only to enter the service again and die in the army at Peekskill, NY, in 1777.

With such a father to inspire him, Medad was graduated from Yale College in 1757 and began to practice medicine in Northfield. In 1769 he was elected to the office of selectman, but shortly after moved to Warwick to become this town's first physician. He had no sooner settled in Warwick than that town elected him a selectman, an office he held until the revolution.

The town records show that the worthy doctor usually was elected to the office of moderator. In 1786 we find him in possession of the offices of selectman, town treasurer, and moderator. When the office of tax collector was put up for bid, it was awarded to Dr. Pomeroy, who agreed to collect the taxes for seven pounds. Following the custom of the times, the successful bidder for the unpopular office of tax collector was then elected town constable. That gave him additional authority in making his collections. Thus the doctor had gathered five titles to add to his medical degree, making him the town's leading citizen.

There are times when too much authority tends to cause jealousy among other town officials. There are always some who suspect that a man may be getting a swelled head. Even in ordinary times under these circumstances a man's popularity can easily be lost. In those days, when the open powder keg only waited a spark to ignite it, the doctor carried a torch.

Feelings became tense. Neighbor stood against neighbor. In 1786, the doctor was the only selectman who upheld the government, and he did not hesitate to express his views in public. These views were offensive to many citizens of Warwick. Finally a group of insurgent sympathizers decided to impress upon him that it would be well for him to hold

⁸ An incident during the French and Indian War. A detachment of General Montcalm's army surprised and decimated an English encampment. The incident was very well known at the time.

his tongue if he desired to remain healthy.

One morning the doctor opened the door to go out to saddle his horse, he was knocked from his feet. An empty coffin had been placed leaning against the door during the night. A touch of a finger on the latch, and its weight pushed the door open, and let the coffin fall onto the floor of the empty hall. He found a paper in the coffin with the following lines:

Now I come and you must die
And in my bowels you must lie
Where you go I cannot tell
Whether it be to heaven or hell

The doctor seemed to take it as a joke, but there were many who believed he had been firmly impressed with the feeling that had risen against him.

Among the known supporters of the rebellion we find the names of Jacob Packard, delegate to the first Hatfield convention, Captain Goldsbury, Josiah Cobb and Thomas Rich (the committee chosen to instruct Packard). Cobb and Rich were the other two selectmen in opposition to the doctor. Rich was chosen as delegate to the convention held in Hatfield on the first Tuesday in January 1787.

Warwick then had a population of 1100, and boasted several taverns to accommodate travelers. The principal one was located in the center of the village, a second was at the corner of Robbins Road and the Old Winchester Road operated by Asa Conant. There was a third at the corner of Rum Brook Road and the Old Winchester Road.⁹

The landlord of the tavern on Rum Brook Road was Colonel James Goldsbury. He was the son of Captain John Goldsbury, one of the town's early settlers, who served as representative to the General Court in 1786. Colonel Goldsbury, whose military record we are unable to trace, was a Shays sympathizer. His son, the author of the article we quote, said that he believed that Colonel Goldsbury corresponded with Daniel Shays. He tells us that Shays asked his father to organize and command a company of Regulators. The colonel drew the line at open defiance of the government and refused this request.

The route taken by Daniel Shays and the remnant of his army from Petersham to Winchester, NH, passed by Colonel Goldsbury's tavern. Shays knew that the colonel sympathized with the lost cause and would give them all the hospitality at his disposal. He ordered half his men to halt there for the night. The rest proceeded about a mile further north on the road to Asa Conant's tavern. The following morning they left for New Hampshire. The Massachusetts State Militia could not follow them there.

Soon after Shays and his men left, Jacob Packard received word that the sheriff was about to arrest Goldsbury. He was to be charged with treason and as a leader of the insurgents. Packard hurried to warn Colonel Goldsbury. The Colonel refused to flee and stood his ground.

The colonel's son, The Reverend John Goldsbury told the story of his father's trial in this article written in 1883.

We have been repeatedly told by our fathers and mothers, by the old

⁹

At that time, the Winchester road through the gulf had not been built, but we will call it the Old Winchester Road anyway.

men and women of that day, that Colonel Goldsbury was arrested and brought to trial for high treason, being charged with plotting and conspiring to overthrow the government. To prove this and convict him of this capital crime, the government summoned large numbers of witnesses to convict him.

Among the witnesses was Daniel Bancroft, a slim man six feet and four or five inches in height, quick of perception, keen in intellect, and good personal appearance. He was the first person called to take the stand and tell all he knew about the treasonable acts and designs of the Colonel. As they had always been intimate and familiar in their intercourses, and had been much in the employ of the Colonel in those stirring times, it was thought that he must have heard him say something against the government and in favor of the rebellion. After being duly sworn, Mr. Bancroft answered every question fully, promptly and without reserve.

Q. What is your name?

A. Daniel Bancroft.

Q. What town do you live in?

A. Warwick

Q. What is your occupation?

A. Farmer

Q. Do you work for others?

A. I do sometimes.

Q. Were you in the employ of Colonel Goldsbury at the time Shays' men were there?

A. I tended bar.

Q. Did you do anything else besides tend bar?

A. Yes, I brought in the food, built fires, waited on tables and tried to generally be useful.

Q. What was the date of Shays arrival in Warwick?

A. February 4, 1787.

Q. How did the Colonel receive Shays and his men?

A. Very kindly, just as he would anyone else.

Q. Did he appear glad to see them?

A. He did.

Q. You say you tended bar. Did you give the men all they wanted to drink?

A. I did.

Q. Was this by the order of Goldsbury?

A. It was.

Q. How much rum did they drink while they were there?

A. I do not know. All there was in the barrel.

Q. How much rum was in the barrel when they arrived there?

A. I do not know.

Q. What did they do when the rum was gone?

A. They had to do without and drink cider or water.

Q. You say you waited on tables, were there more tables than one?

A. Yes. Several.

Q. Did not the men all eat at one time?

A. No, not a quarter of them.

Q. Did they all have enough to eat?

A. I do not know, I suppose they did; I heard no complaints; the colonel always sets a good table.

Q. Who took care of the horses?

A. Most of the horses were taken care of by the men themselves helped by the men of the town who fed them with hay and grain.

Q. Was this by the colonel's orders?

A. It was.

Q. How many men and horses were there?

A. About 150 men and as many horses.

Q. Where were the rest of the men and horses?

A. Down to Mr. Asa Conant's a little more than a mile further north.

Q. Were the whole 150 men lodged at this one tavern?

A. Yes if you call it being lodged to sleep on the floor of the kitchen, the barroom, and the parlor fire, during a cold winters night.

Q. Who piled on the wood and kept the fires burning?

A. I don't know, but I know it was done by the colonel's orders.

Q. Did you hear any conversation between Shays and the colonel?

A. I did.

Q. What was it about?

A. Mostly about the weather, the driving snow, and the suffering of the men.

Q. Did you hear them say anything about the rebellion?

A. I believe not. I had so many men to take care of and feed, I didn't have no time to listen to private conversation.

Q. Did you ever -- at any time -- hear the colonel say anything about the rebellion?

A. Yes

Q. What have you heard him say?

A. I heard him say often that he was very sorry about the miserable mess everything was in: that he felt real bad for the people and the suffering and troubles they were in: that he wished the government instead of bearing down on them and stripping them of the few things they still had, would listen to their petitions and complaints, and find some way to relieve them.

Q. Did Shays and his men pay for their entertainment, or did the colonel bid them welcome and give them a free bill?

A. So far as I know they paid for everything, and didn't ask him to give them nothing.

Here ended the examination of Mr. Bancroft. The witness had conducted himself so well that his own counsel decided he could not improve matters and he was allowed to leave the stand. Here, too, the government, without calling any more witnesses, abandoned the case. The colonel was acquitted and allowed to return to his tavern.

This ends the story as told by his son in 1883, but it by no means ends the story about the colonel. Now that another century has passed, perhaps the last chapter can be told. Here, the author must admit he has tried to piece together various facts to make a cohesive story.

The annual town meeting in 1787 was held, as was the custom, on the first Monday in March, which fell on the fifth that year.

In every small New England town, town meeting day was the most eagerly awaited day in the year. In 1787 all awaited it with a tense and anxious fear. The town was in turmoil. The General Court had voted in February to insist that each voter must take an oath of allegiance to the state. It was only a month or so after Shays' escape through Warwick. It was also about the time of Colonel Goldsbury's trial.

The day before was Sunday. The Rev. Samuel Reed had prayed long and loudly for the Almighty to inspire the minds of men to cure the ills that beset the country. He then preached with all the eloquence at his command. He prayed that the sheep in his flock might act like lambs the following day and settle all their differences. He charged them to act in a calm and brotherly Christian manner, and not like wolves tearing each other apart as he had every reason to believe they would.

During the hours between the morning service and the afternoon session, the men gathered in three groups: those who had supported the rebellion, those who had opposed it, and those who had "sat on the fence" trying to remain neutral. Plans were made. Strategy was discussed.

The day came. Let us imagine the scene that morning. Every able-bodied man in the town turned his horse toward the church on the hill. The minutes of the meeting tell little, and give no reasons. If one studies the names of the town officers, and the minutes of meetings for several preceding years, and reads carefully between the lines, one can form conclusions. At the opening of the meeting, the selectmen read the list of citizens eligible to vote. The legality of the meeting was then challenged by Major Mayo. Dr. Medad Pomeroy lost the first of his many town offices when the father of the colonel, the representative to the General Court Captain John Goldsbury was elected moderator. Then

the Town Clerk, an incumbent of four years standing, went down to defeat at the hands of Asa Conant. Then someone made a motion to adjourn the meeting to the first Monday in April.

To adjourn an annual town meeting in the midst of an election of town officers was a rare occasion indeed. I believe the reason was that the majority of the votes were in the hands of former Shays' sympathizers. They wanted to wait for the court's decision on the colonel's guilt before filling the office to which they wished to elect him.

The adjourned meeting was reopened on April 2. It began with the exonerated colonel defeating the doctor for the office of selectman. The doctor's humiliation was complete as they stripped him of the office of treasurer and tax collector. The colonel reigned supreme, but not without opposition. A battle raged from its opening to its close. One faction (it is not clear which) insisted that the meeting be conducted in accordance with an act of the General Court published in February 1786, before the rebellion. We aren't sure who won this skirmish. The minutes say, "It was voted to proceed and Major Joseph Mayo protested to the legality of the meeting." Nothing apparently came out of the protest. At the close of the meeting, the minutes state: "Officers in general have taken the oath of allegiance as required by law."

Dr. Medad Pomeroy, the only selectman that had supported the state government was defeated. Colonel James Goldsbury was elected in his place. All the town officers were elected by a hand vote except selectmen and assessors.

Now we turn to the "History of Western Massachusetts" written by Josiah Holland and published in 1855. Here we find the story of the last act in the drama. Shays himself did not take part in it. He went to New York State where he lived quietly until his death in 1819.

Though Daniel Shays had played his role and stepped forever from the stage, the play dragged on. There were still isolated bands of Shays' supporters particularly in the Berkshire Hills. Strange to say, except for the men killed in Springfield, there had been no fatalities until after Shays' escape to New Hampshire. There was considerable bloodshed as the last lawless bands, the dregs of the movement, were subdued. The government could not allow the leaders of the movement to go unpunished, but there was no inclination to be severe. Gradually, as the threat to the state diminished, the desire for punishment shrank in the same ratio. Neither Governor Bowdoin, nor his successor, John Hancock, wanted to create any martyrs.

Some of the leaders were arrested. Their trials excited the widest interest and attention. Fourteen men were convicted of high treason and condemned to death. Six of these were convicted at Northampton. These included Henry McCulloch of Pelham, and Jason Parmenter of Bernardston. A Mr. Bullard of Orange was arrested in Swanzey, N.H. while trying to enlist recruits for the cause. He was tried in Northampton. There is no mention of any sentence, however. A few days after the rout of Shays' army at Petersham, General Shepard, the defender of the Springfield arsenal, was stationed with a body of troops at Northfield. They believed that if Shays and his men tried to re-enter Massachusetts, this town would be the logical place. On February 16th, Shepard sent a detail from Northfield to Bernardston to arrest Parmenter. Parmenter was warned and fled toward Vermont in a sleigh, with two companions. In the ensuing chase, the sleigh became entangled. It was then that Parmenter shot and killed one of the soldiers. He escaped, but the next day he was captured in Vermont. He was jailed in Northampton.

Vermont was a republic, but finally agreed to extradite Shays' followers. Rhode Island was the only state not to.

The fate of the condemned men kept the country aroused. Pressure was brought to bear on the government to pardon the men. On April 30, Governor Bowdoin pardoned all but four. McCulloch and Parmenter still facing execution during the latter part of May, at Northampton. Fearing an outbreak of violence at the execution, General Shepard was ordered to go there with his troops to help preserve order.

Friends of the condemned men decided to take extreme measures. They planned to kidnap and hold as hostages for the lives of their friends, two of the most prominent supporters of the government. With General Shepard and his men safely out of the way, a party of insurgents, led by a Colonel Smith of New Salem, appeared in Warwick. They seized Dr. Pomeroy and Joseph Metcalf during the night, arousing them from their beds. Despite the tears and protests of their wives, the insurgents took them away to a secret hide-out.

Surely the doctor, as he was led away on horseback, arms pinioned behind him, recalled the night in 1777, that a band of zealous patriots had seized the Reverend Lemuel Hedge. (See the chapter on Our Tory Ministers) There was no one, now, to come to the aid of the doctor and Mr. Metcalf.

We have very few details of the kidnapping of the two hostages. The town seethed with excitement. Charges and accusations flew thick and fast. The friends of the doctor were enraged. Every effort was made to trace the party and rescue the prisoners. Many who disliked the doctor's openly spoken convictions felt sorry for his family, and heartily disapproved this action. The doctor's friends, on hearing the startling news, lost no time starting a man on horseback to carry word to the governor in Boston. We don't know what, if anything, the governor said or did about it.

The sheriff proceeded with the plans to execute Parmenter and McCulloch. The scaffold was erected. The fatal day arrived. The condemned men were prepared, and the executioner waited. The two men, with no hope left, were led from their cells. With only the sympathy expressed in the upturned faces of their friends to sustain them, they mounted the scaffold steps. There, with the noose dangling in their faces, the sheriff drew a paper from his pocket and read aloud. It was an order from the governor granting a reprieve to the 21st of June.

The paper was dated May 17, and so the reason for the act staged by the sheriff left everyone puzzled. Whether this refined form of torture had any beneficial effects, one must judge for himself. Some said the farce was played to demonstrate that the government had the power to carry out the execution if it so desired. The two men received another reprieve before finally getting a pardon. Shays and thirteen others were condemned to death for their parts in the rebellion. Not one of the condemned fourteen was hanged. Shays himself was pardoned on June 13, 1778.

As a result of the reprieve of Parmenter and McCulloch, the two hostages, Metcalf and Pomeroy, were given an opportunity to escape. They took full advantage of it.

Was the honorable board of selectmen suspected of having a hand in the kidnapping of Dr. Medad Pomeroy? Their arrest took place in May, at the time the doctor and Metcalf were kidnapped. Apparently there was reason to believe the board of selectmen were involved in the matter. There is no reference to a trial. Probably when the hostages returned safely, the government in their policy of leniency released the selectmen. Let us

trust that they merely refused to cooperate with the authorities that investigated the case. Perhaps they were the innocent lambs they claimed to be when they indignantly sought the support of the town.

A town meeting held in Warwick October 15, 1787. On the Warrant issued to call this meeting, signed by Colonel James Goldsbury, Josiah Cobb, and Lt. Thomas Rich, Selectmen of Warwick, appears article #4 "To see if the town will assist the selectmen in their being taken and imprisoned in May last, for acting in their office, and to prosecute those persons that took them or act anything on that matter that the town think proper and choose attorney or attorneys to prosecute the same as the town shall see fit."

The answer the town gave is in the report of the town meeting, which states simply, but eloquently, "Voted to pass over article 4" In any event, the hostages returned home. The question of which side out bluffed the other is still unanswered. Perhaps in some remote corner of the courthouse cellar, there are records, which can answer these questions.

Just a few more words about the doctor. On his return from captivity, he disposed of all his property in town. He took down the sign that directed all, friend and foe alike, to his office where their physical sufferings could be alleviated. He and his family moved back to Northfield. There, he once more set himself up in his profession and took a leading part in the affairs of the town.

Time heals all wounds. Gradually bitterness died away. There were many loyal friends left behind in Warwick. Even those who persecuted him gradually realized that they still respected him. In time, all differences faded away. So, after 20 years, he and his loyal wife came back to the spot where only the happy days were worth recalling.

Those who knew him paid him many tributes. He was noted for his tender heart and deep sympathy for those afflicted. At funerals he usually had a seat among the mourners, often mingling words of consolation with his tears. His kind feelings endeared him to a large circle of friends. His favorite poem contains the creed that guided him these later years of his life.

To my best my friends are free
Free with that, and free with me
Free to pass the timely joke
And the pipe sedately smoke
Free to act and free to think
(No informers with me drink)
Free to stay a night or so
And when uneasy, free to go.

In 1819, at the age of 83, Medad Pomeroy died. Loving hands laid him to rest. He sleeps beside his friend and pastor on the hillside overlooking the village he loved so well. His work was done, but his memory lived on in the hearts of those who knew him. Who knows, perhaps even today, someone may find inspiration from his story.

Patty Leland lets us look into her life and her times. We see Warwick as she saw it, with its roads too rough for wagons, with a church so rickety its gallery had to be propped up with timbers to hold an ordination.

But it was a Warwick where young people went to dances on horseback, followed fashion, studied philosophy, astronomy, and Greek, planned for the future, and thanked God. (E. H.)

Excerpts from The Autobiography of Patty Leland Gale

Patty (Martha) Leland was born in Holliston in 1800. Her family moved to Warwick in 1804. They located on a farm on Flour Hill Road at the corner of what is now called Leland Hill Road. The house had already been built. Patty's family consisted of her father, Perley Leland, her mother, grandfather and herself.

In 1804 my grandfather and father bought a farm in Warwick and in March we moved there. As it was sleighing in Holliston it would be safe to go on runners north. My grandfather, my mother, and I rode in a single sleigh and father rode with the driver on a double team that carried the goods. Owing to the increase in snow north our progress was retarded and we did not reach Warwick center until late Saturday P.M., so the goods had to stop there for the night. We -- Grandfather, mother, and I -- went as far as Mr. Nathan Leonard 's, half the distance, and stopped there overnight.

The next morning we walked a mile on the top of the snow, which was all over the fences. That was an event, which I still remember, and also reaching our home. We opened the door, and found a man asleep on the floor with a fire in the great fireplace. Our goods had come around the other (east)¹⁰ side of the mountain by the Stevens and Conant places. This was March 25, 1804.

Their nearest neighbors were the Simonds and the daughter Lois Simonds was Patty's playmate. Lois had a doll wrapped in paper and laid in the highest drawer, and it could only be looked at on rare occasions.

Travel was usually by horse, father in the saddle, mother on a pillion¹¹ behind, and Patty on a cushion in front of her father.

¹⁰ That is, out the [old] Winchester Road, Robbins Road, to Flour Hill Road.

¹¹ A shaped cushion, made to attach to the back of the saddle to accommodate the second rider.

In 1806, father had rheumatic fever; mother fed him with a spoon, as he could not move his hands. Ebenezer Hall, student of medicine, taught school on flour hill, and boarded with us. I went to school part of the time.

On January 25, 1806, my brother Jasper was born. Snow was four feet deep. Ebenezer Hall walked two miles on rackets¹² for Dr. Hazeltine

Monday May 24 was the date of the total eclipse of the sun. I can see the wash-tub and bench at one side of the long kitchen, and the cradle with my baby brother on the other side. It began to grow dark, and the little dog perceiving the unusual condition began to howl and cry. The fowls flew to their roost and the stars appeared, and we lost sight of the sun. Father and grandfather left their work of hoeing corn and came to the house. Soon we began to see a thin line of light, and the sun again appeared.

In 1807 the Simonds family moved to Northfield. The Brigham family moved into the Simonds place with three sons - Sardis, Emerald, and Amethyst, and one daughter, Tamerson. They only stayed one year. Then Moses Daniels bought the place.

Patty went to school that winter. David Belknap, 12 years old, adopted by Mr. John Whitney, was her faithful escort. The Rev. Mr. Reed visited the school. Patty was the head of her class. She spelled 'luminary' and was congratulated by Rev. Reed who advised the rest of class to take her as a pattern.

In March her mother fixed a spinning wheel for Patty. She was delighted. The quill-wheel was fixed with a standard head and spindle. She writes, "Soon I would join a skein a day, but it was three years before I was tall enough to spin a common wheel."

1808. Moses Daniels moved from Medway to Warwick.

May. Mr. Seneca Whitney died of consumption. Family went to the funeral during which a severe shower came up which frightened the horses.

When we returned home, (1/4 of a mile) we found that hailstones had broken the only window in the west side of the house and that in the kitchen also. The place was flooded with hailstones from the size of a pea to an egg.

[I] think Anna Stevens taught school that summer. After this school closed, [Patty] attended school on chestnut hill and boarded with Sybil Leonard.

In the summer of 1809, Patience Bancroft was [Patty's] teacher. In September, the family made a trip to Holliston, renting a large carriage from Asa Conant.

Reverend Reed and his wife called on a pastoral visit. As they left, the sleigh slid on the ice and upset. The wind blew his cocked hat a long distance to the merriment of all.

I remember grandfather's admonition that the eyes of God see in the dark as well as in the light and that we should never do anything we

¹² Snowshoes

should not be willing that God see, and the world should know.

In 1810 her father gave her a Bible, and told her she should read it through in a year. She thinks she did. She attended church on Sundays, sometimes walking two and a quarter miles.

About this time the Reverend Mr. Dickenson of Holliston sent me and the other children two books by mail. One was a catechism, and the other was "On Good Behavior." We had called there the year before, during our visit to Holliston.

1811 (first Monday in May.) A great snowstorm.

Tuesday morning fair and pleasant. Rode two miles behind father, snow over one foot deep. Friend Lucretia Moore exchanged spinning, five days at each home.

This year Hannah Hazeltine taught school. Worked a large sampler on canvas with this verse:

*Next to God dear parents I address
Myself to you in humble thankfulness
For all your care and pains on me bestowed
The means of learning thus to me allowed.*

In November, the young people (less than about fifteen years of age) had their first ball. Three managers arranged the company. Patty, the youngest but one, went with William Hall, Dr. Hall's brother. She rode five miles to Mr. Draper's tavern behind her partner. Everyone went in that way then.

About this time, Emily Belding came to live with the Lelands because she could not get along with her stepmother. Emily (18) went to a ball with Samuel Wheelock. Emily later married Mr. Strickland and went to live in Gill.

1812. An important year. Early in the spring, I began to spin flax on foot wheel. I spun the warp for 30 or 35 yards, and then I spun tow for the filling (woof) and as I was anxious to weave it, mother consented. She helped in warping and drawing in the web and tied the treadles to accommodate my size and then I wove the cloth to make the shirts and summer pantaloons. Mother would not allow me to weave over four or five yards a day. The cloth for pants was colored and that for shirts was whitened.

July 4th. The young people had a ball. I went with Henry Bennet.

In July, [July 31, 1812] Rev. Reed was taken sick and died. My teacher, Hannah Hazeltine who was a neighbor, was sent for to assist them. It was a sad and impressive event to all. I was present at the funeral at the church. Most of the ministers in the association were present. The occasion and the service made a lasting impression on my mind.

It was customary in those days, when a parish was bereaved of its minister, for each minister in the association to give a Sabbath's preaching beginning with the oldest and so on, according to age. When they were not

able to fill every Sunday, we had a deacon meeting. Deacon Pierce would perform the service and read a selected sermon. It was not until the spring of 1814 that Mr. Smith preached as a candidate.

The latter part of this year began the work of the glass factory. Dr. Hall was the projector¹³. I remember the next year seeing them blow glass bottles. The mouth of the furnace was like that of the old fashioned oven with the arch over it.

December. Went to the brick school on the brook [at what is now the corner of Winchester and Robbins Roads] one week, spent the nights with Betsy Stockwell, Lucinda Bancroft, Divine Eager, and Polly Derby.

1813. Busy spinning and weaving. I will give the process of preparing the flax for the loom. It was sowed in the spring on dry land and when ripe early in the fall, it was pulled up (not cut) and laid out straight to dry. The root was a continuance of the stem, and was from 2 to 4 inches long. The stem above the ground was about 2 feet of growth I have seen some about three feet, but not often.

The rain and the sun rotted the shell of the fiber and when it was well dried it was taken into the barn. The last of February or the first of March, it was taken a handful at a time and laid across the brake made of slats with grooves. The upper part was made the same way, to fit the lower grooves and raised with the right hand and worked till the shells were shattered off.

Then came the swingle that was a board fastened onto a block about four or five feet high. A handful of flax was taken and laid over the end of the board with the left hand and the swingle wielded by the right hand would take out the remaining shells and smooth it off. It was then brought to the house to await the hatchel.

Some day when mother had not much to do, and did not expect to see anyone, she would do a day's work hatcheling. Perhaps she could do the whole seasons' hatchelling in one day. We used a coarse hatchel. For fine yarn a fine hatchel was used. The flax was then wound around the distaff for spinning on a foot wheel. The tow was carded and spun on a great wheel.

In September, I was invited to, and attended a party at Mr. Fay's. My friend Martha Leonard and I rode horseback about four miles. We stayed overnight, she at Uncle Proctor's and I at Mr. Fay's."

Visited Emily [Belding] Strickland in Gill. Crossed the Connecticut by ferry. No houses on the east side. Rang a cowbell fastened to a tree for the ferry. Boat about ten feet long came across get us.

At thanksgiving went with Ezra Ripley to a ball. He was an apprentice of David Ball, cabinetmaker. Rode in a wagon for the first time.

¹³ Organizer

The following winter she went on a sleigh ride to Winchester. Patty's attendant was Gardner Ball. She wore a drab-colored fur hat much in vogue at that time. This winter had a model school taught by John Goldsbury¹⁴, who boarded with the Lelands.

March 1814:

The Ladies' Library was formed. Father gave me a dollar to join with. And carried me in a sleigh to the center schoolhouse where the constitution was formed, and officers chosen.

In May attended a ball with Barnabas Russell, apprentice to Justus Russell (tanner).

Rev. Preserved Smith was ordained October 12, 1814. This was a most important event bringing with it hope and encouragement of future progress. The day was pleasant and warm. The galleries of the church were propped up with sticks of timber and filled to overflowing. Rev. Mr. Brown of Swanzey preached the sermon. Rev. Mr. Willard of Deerfield offered the Ordaining prayer, which was very impressive. An anthem for the occasion was also sung.

As I was among the first to arrive at the church, I was seated in the first pew that was filled. It was the corner pew of the gallery on the left hand side from the pulpit. On that side were seated the females of the congregation, on the opposite side were the males. My mother stayed at home with the younger children and prepared a dinner for any who might want on their way home as many from Northfield and Vernon came that way.

The Rev. Preserved Smith describes his ordination this way. "Weather beautiful. Bland Autumn day. Many could not obtain admittance. Introductory prayer by Rev. Brown, Swanzey. Sermon: My father, Rev. Smith, of Rowe. Ordaining prayer: Rev. Killrom, Wendell. Charge: Rev. Lee, Royalston. Rt. Hand of fellowship: Rev. Esterbrook, Athol. Concluding prayer: Rev. Willand, Deerfield."

1815. John Bowman built an addition to the house of one room, bedroom, and closet and alterations in the old part.

1815: ... mother's feeble health, I did not attend school much this summer. I used all my spare time in reading, as books could be taken from our library as often as we wished, and whenever it was necessary for me to stay [away] from church on Sunday, I felt I must improve all my advantages for religious and spiritual culture.

J. W.¹⁵ began to manifest an interest in Patty. He was 15 years her senior. She has assisted nursing the sick in his home and several others. Mr. D. W. [Daniel Whitney?] and Mr. B. [Ball?] When J. W. made clear his intentions, she refused him. When she later made her refusal more decisive he became offended, and for many years, they had only a speaking acquaintance. After two years, he married a girl by the name of Foster.

¹⁴

Warwick was John Goldsbury's first school. Later, he later taught high school in Cambridge. He was the author of Goldsbury and Russell's Grammar and a series of readers. He was considered a great orator and elocutionist and thorough scholar.

¹⁵

Patty often refers to people by their initials. We don't know for sure whom she refers to. This could have been John Whitney whose wife died of consumption at about that time.

In 1816 many deaths occurred in the neighborhood from consumption; Mrs. John Whitney, Polly, Nancy, and Isaac and Mrs. Bowman all in about 3 or 4 years. Patty nursed all and assisted at the funerals.

This was a cold summer.¹⁶ Moses Daniels died and on the day he was buried, June 16, there was a snowstorm that covered the ground. Frosts did much damage.

In the early part of September, Patty made a trip to Holliston. She rode with Mr. Nathan Morse who had moved to Warwick two or three years before. He left her in Holliston and went on the Medfield. Patty's father went and picked her up in October.

Patty's mother joined the church, and Patty and the other children were baptized. Her youngest sister Abigail was born in February 1817.

Mr. Elisha Whitney asked Patty, who was recommended by Rev. Preserved Smith, to teach school. She accepted \$1.00 per week for teaching, and 4 shillings for board. She had 40 pupils. It was the same school she had attended as a pupil the previous year, and it was noted for good order and improvement. She became acquainted with Sophronia Cobb, A. D. Mayo's mother.

1817 - 1818. Mr. Joseph Williams asked her to teach at the brick school on the brook. He admitted that the school was large and unruly but expressed confidence that with the previous year's experience, Patty would be able to cope with it.

Began teaching in May, and the first month boarded at the Rich Hotel.¹⁷ Later boarded at J. Williams nearer the school. Became acquainted with Amory Gale. Went with Amory, Melinda Gale, and Polly Derby on a walk to the Medicinal Well.¹⁸ The latter part of May, Amory went to New York State as a teacher.

Her school was successful, discipline good, and parents cooperative. She taught there four months.

1818. First Sunday school organized in Warwick. Organized on a Sunday morning in June at the center schoolhouse by Rev. Preserved Smith after the morning service. Then all marched back to church and took pews assigned them. Had a class of eight aged ten to twelve years.

1819. Patty and Emily Burnett began studying with Rev. Preserved Smith in February for 6 or 7 weeks: grammar, philosophy, chemistry and astronomy.

She was united with the church in May with her friend Tryphenia Goldsbury. Joseph Stevens, Esq., agent for the school on the brook asked her to teach there again which she did. Samplers were popular and all girls worked them on cambric or muslin. Family records were in vogue. The usual verse used:

¹⁶ This may have been caused by Mt. Tamboro in the East Indies. It erupted in 1815 and put between 30 and 50 cubic miles of lava, rock, and dust particles into the air.

¹⁷ Located at 590 Winchester Road.

¹⁸ Located in back of the house at 526 Winchester Rd.

*Our ancestors departing bloom
Bespeaks we are hastening to the tomb:
We will keep a record of their name
And imitate their worthy fame,
That generations yet unborn
Their lives with virtue may adorn.*

Discipline at school was good. One little boy had to take a seat a few times under the teacher's desk for half an hour, and one boy was sent home to his parents with a note asking if he was sent to school to disturb it. He returned reformed. Two pupils mentioned are Eunice Ball, and Mary Ann Pomeroy.

Patty's health was poor and she went to Holliston on a vacation. Mother and I rode in a chaise¹⁹ and brother Jasper, fourteen, rode on horseback.

Almira Jennings, a schoolmate and friend, had returned from a visit to Georgia where she had been teaching. Patty was disturbed because Almira had not been instilled with a proper abhorrence of the evils of slavery.

Mrs. D.B. [David Ball], mother of E. and E. died of consumption in October.²⁰

In the early part of the winter, Mr. Ball called one afternoon and asked for a private interview with Patty. He proposed marriage, which was tactfully refused. He decided that Patty was not ready for matrimony.

She taught school on Flour Hill at the request of parents. Attendance had dropped to thirty-five. Her sisters Alma and Hannah were among her pupils. Parmelia Jones and Emily Morse were also students. All worked samplers and other needlework.

She stayed two or three days at Preserved Smith's taking care of the children while their parents were visiting.

1820. Samuel Moore, agent hired Amory to teach the winter term at Flour Hill. He boarded two months at the Lelands. Patty became much impressed with his ambitions and intelligence. They studied together and discussed religious, moral and social subjects.

1821. January 22, Patty went to the Smiths so that they could make pastoral calls. Amory Gale was to come for her after supper, spend the evening, and take her home. A severe storm began and they started for home in the sleigh because snow was drifting. They started about 7:30 and had no trouble until they reached Nathan Leonard's house. Wind increased and drifts were deep and hard so that the horse found it difficult to get through, and often had to stop and rest. Amory kept the sleigh upright by getting out and holding on to it. For a half-mile they struggled on a few rods at a time, making their way around or through the deep drifts. Then he told her he had been planning to tell her he was very fond of her and hoped they might correspond after his term as teacher was finished. She agreed. Though no formal engagement took place, it is evident that a mutual understanding had been made.

¹⁹ A light vehicle drawn by one horse with seating for two. It usually has a canopy to keep off the rain.

²⁰ According to cemetery records, Mrs. David Ball died April 12, 1819

Amory's ambition was to become a doctor, so as soon as the winter term was completed; he began to study medicine under Dr. Taylor in Warwick where he made his home. Saturday afternoons Amory spent with Patty, who was teaching the summer term. On one occasion, with his mother and hers, they made an unsuccessful search for Grace Rowlandson's grave at the top of Mt. Grace. The Leland's' land extended on the west side of the mountain to the summit. It was all cleared of timber.

September 9 - Tornado between 5 and 6 P.M. began with rain, thunder and lightning, started on Northfield Mountain East Of Connecticut River and went due east through southerly part of Warwick, devastating everything that came in its way. It was about 15 rods (247 ft.) wide.

We noticed the shower coming. We soon heard the wind roaring and saw a great commotion in the clouds and when it come nearer we saw a small current of it attracted to the south side of Mount Grace, where it twisted the trees terribly and up rooted some. While we were watching this, a heavy discharge of thunder came and struck a tree between our home and the mountain. It took fire and burned.

The first house struck was Mr. Willson's which was entirely demolished. Mr. Willson and his wife were badly injured, but not fatally. It then came to Leonard's pond where it took up a waterspout as high as fifty feet, quite a curiosity for those who saw it. It then passed Mr. Brown's, and swept the house entirely away killing their 16-year-old daughter.

The next building was Smith's Tavern in Orange. It swept off all the buildings and left nothing standing except the signpost, which stood at the edge of its path. One woman was killed and others of the family were injured. One horse was lifted 40 feet in the air and was killed. The storm then passed through swamps and woods till it came to Tully Mountain when it spent its force.

All who could went to the scene of destruction that night or the next day. Things of all descriptions were scattered in all directions.

Patty was busy sewing, dressmaking, and studying. On December 1, Amory began teaching at the Center School.

Once in two weeks, I was quite sure of seeing him at least part of [a] day. As the anniversary of our ride came around, January 22, our associations became more real and to my friend it seemed a long time before we could be together. His profession must be the predominant object of the future. His health was feeble, which at times produced discouragement.

I wished for further experience in teaching, and also time for acquiring the simple means of making the necessary outfit for housekeeping. In March Amory began to study with Dr. Bachelder of Royalston and we saw little of each other.

During this time, Amory and Patty exchanged letters on every sort of subject. Everything became a lesson. She saved many of those notes. One he had written in Greek. She answered in English, however.

June 1, I began teaching in our district. Amory's health not good (hemorrhage of the lungs) but he decided to go to Dartmouth to attend medical lectures in September. His health was so bad, the school refused to take his tuition fee,

feeling sure he would not be able to stay or even live to the end of the term. They declined until the term was more than half over. But his health improved and he came home on the last day of November.

In December he began teaching center school, and taught the three months term while he continued his studies.

1823. His school ended and he returned to Dr. Bachelder. In June, I took the summer term. In July and August, Dr. Bachelder had three other medical students and Amory decided he would take two weeks vacation, and stay home at Dr. Taylor's. He had only been away for a few days when he was sent for to return to Royalston. The three students had been arrested and put in jail for exhuming and dissecting the body of a young woman who had suddenly died. It caused great excitement. Knowlton was the criminal of the act and was imprisoned for some years. The other two were but partial accessories and pardoned with some forfeit.

Dr. Bachelder said if Amory had been there, it never would have occurred, and such was the prevailing sentiment. Then, since he was the only student left, his duties and opportunities were increased as Dr. Bachelder had a great range of practice.

1824. This year I think Rev. Smith and Tryphenia Goldsbury were married.

Amory Gale's health was improved, and Patty made definite plans to be married. She began spinning the warp for a carpet.

1824. Made a visit to Medway. Taught summer school in Mr. Stern's district. [#2 on Richmond Road] Amory attended his last course of lectures at Brown University in the spring. Returning to Dr. Bachelder, he graduated in July and established a practice in Petersham. But Dr. Bachelder needed him in Royalston so badly that he offered him a partnership. Amory accepted and returned to Royalston.

Amory and Patty were married and lived happily ever after.

The original Leland residence was torn down many years ago. It was at the junction of Flour Hill road and Leland road, which leads to the present Northfield road. Nathan Leonard's house on the old Northfield Road at the foot of little Mount Grace was torn down by the State. Dr. Amory Gale died February 20, 1873 age 72 years. Patty died December 17, 1883 age 83 years.

The practice of engraving epitaphs on tombstones while usually confined to various serious subjects, was not always so.

In the village of Rochdale, Massachusetts, my grandfather is buried beside his three wives, all of whom he survived. If my grandmother, who was his second wife, had taken the time to go out to the churchyard and read the epitaph of her predecessor, she might have had second thoughts about how pleasant her married life would be.

His first wife's name was Liza, and on her deathbed she exacted a promise that he would have the following verse engraved on her tombstone.

*Had I known of the troubles
And trials of Earth
Before I had taken a breath
I would have trembled more
At the gates of birth
Than I do at the gates of death*

Apparently, life with my grandfather was no picnic.

Charles Morse studied all the epitaphs in the Warwick cemetery. He chose these as the most interesting. (E. H.)

Epitaphs

From the earliest days down to the middle of the nineteenth century, it was the custom to carve on gravestones an epitaph befitting the character of the deceased. Often a solemn warning to the reader, these inscriptions remind us of the fate that is in store for us all. Many of these messages reflect the deep religious life that the deceased had lived.

Typical of this class of epitaph is this one, which reflects the serious and somber lives of our pioneer ancestors. It is found on a score of gravestones. Its popularity was doubtless due to its anticipated effect. I quote.

*Stranger behold as you pass by
As you are now, so once was I
As I am now, so you must be
Prepare for death and follow me*

I well remember when I first read this inscription while I was still in my teens. It made a great impression on my mind. Recently I spent the greater part of a Sunday afternoon in the Warwick cemetery reading these old inscriptions again. The cemetery is a most beautiful spot. It shows evidence of much greater care than is customarily found in most rural cemeteries. It is located on a hillside overlooking the village. Roughly speaking, it is divided into three sections.

The oldest of the three sections is at the foot of the hill. It is here that the majority of the epitaphs are to be found. Here there are none of the family lots that later came into vogue. Row on row of thin flat slabs, usually made of slate, stand in lines running from north to south.

Once a grove of huge pine trees towered over the graves. The hurricane of 1938

leveled them and now even the stumps are gone, but the damage they did as they fell is only too evident.

Beginning about 1820, marble stones replaced the slate.

Amid the grass can be found mayflowers, checkerberries, and other wild flowers. As I wandered up and down the rows I saw many inscriptions in the same class as the one I have already quoted, but here was the grave of Patience Barber, who died in 1812 at the age of 26. It commands us as follows:

*Mortal attend that you must die
And sink in dust as well as I
Repent in time your soul to save
There's no repentance in the grave*

Close by, in a similar vein, is the stone erected to the memory of Mrs. Anne Davenport who died in 1781 at the age of 29. It says:

*Reader behold and shed a tear
Think on the dust that slumbers here
And when you read the fate of me
Think of the glass that runs for thee*

The epitaph of Miss Olive Cook who passed away in 1814 at the age of 29 warns us thus:

*Reader behold. I slumbering lie
Beneath the clay, cold clod
Oh then prepare for you must die
As sure as there's a God*

The monument erected in the memory of Oliver Estes 21 years of age, who died in 1821 is shorter, but to the point.

*Stop here who heedless wanders by
And think one moment what it is to die*

Then I found a group of graves all of members of the Barnes family. First there is Abraham Barnes, a pious man, who died at the age of 84 in 1816. We are told:

*This grave holds fast in icy arms
The body of the virtuous Barnes
Death hurled his shaft
Up through the starry roads
His soul is gone triumphant
So Elijah went to God*

Close beside him we find the grave of Anna Barnes, a pioneer of Warwick who expressed her feelings thus:

*Low in the ground my bed is made
Here in dust alone I'm laid
Depart, my friends, and let me rest
I'm tired of this wilderness*

Barnes, Aged 63, who died in 1826. I am sure she expressed the sentiments of many early settlers. She died in 1818, aged 55 years. Close beside her is Samuel

*Children and friends, come hear the sound
Your father speaks from neath the ground
Prepare to meet the judgment day
Nor from the path of virtue stray*

A stone that fairly shouts to us marks the last resting place of James Stockwell. He died in 1811 at the age of 68.

*God, I triumph in thy carnage
Thy victory is mine
I have burst the bonds confining me
And left the world behind*

We find many young women who died between the ages of 17 and 30 years. Here is Polly Bowman, age 21, who died in 1812.

*The ways of God are dark but just
When he commands we sink to dust
If prayers or tears could Polly save
She'd ne'er have found an early grave*

There are many who testified that they would meet their loved ones in paradise, one was Jonathan Davis, aged 70 years, who left his friends in 1816.

*My days are passed, my race is won
Remember me, the dead and gone
Cease my friends for to complain
My sleeping dust will rise again*

There is one whose name I forgot to note but he speaks for many others.

*Friends and physicians could not save
This mortal body from the grave
Nor can the grave confine it here
When Jesus calls, it must appear.*

Mr. David Gale had a friend who expressed his grief in 1838 as follows:

*To my best friend that now sleeps here
Which often makes me drop a tear*

*May realize at that bright shore
Why we shall meet to part no more*

Mr. Jesse Gale in 1817 aged 45 years tells us:

*Whilst at my calling as I wrought
By God's supreme decree
Rapacious death was quick in thought
And snatched my life from me*

Little Eliza Stockwell, aged four, is mourned by her parents in 1812:

*Liza lived and bloomed a while
Beneath her parent's tender smile
Then suddenly did yield her breath
And fell a victim unto death*

In the same neighborhood is the gravestone of Miss Fannie Cook, who died in 1827, aged 23. It shows a rather fatalistic attitude:

*My flying years time urges on
What's human must decay
My friends, my young companions gone
Can I expect to stay?*

Another kind of epitaph tells the story of sudden or accidental death. Such a stone is found erected to the memory of William Trick. He was killed in 1823 at the age of 25 by a falling tree:

*He fell. Here lies his molding frame
His parents praise God's holy name
Who reigns through nature's great expanse
And not a sparrow falls by chance*

Nearby lies the grave of little James Leonard. He was also killed by an accident. But the stone that tells his story is found by the side of the road leading from Warwick to Wendell just south of Moore's Pond. It has the following:

*James D.
youngest son of
Mr. Francis Leonard
was killed on this spot by
falling from a cart and the
wheel passing over him.
November 12, 1824,
age 3 years and 9 months
Here I pass from Earth to Glory
In a moment quick as thought
Passing strangers: read this story*

On this consecrated spot

A sampler, made by his sister may be found with the same story in the Shelburne Vermont museum.

Another class of epitaph aimed to portray something of the character of the deceased such as the following inscription from Mrs. Esther Russell, wife of a prominent citizen. She died in 1825.

*In her whose body slumbers here
Lived in social worlds shown fair
With faith sincere and feelings kind
She loved the world and all mankind
In life beloved, in death deplored
By all who in her friendship share
Her manner calm, in Christ her trust
Her hope, the joys that wait the just*

The tribute to Miss Mellinda Daniels, aged 23 who went to meet her maker in 1816 reads:

*This precious youth that here doth lie
Who once was filled with vanity
But now has soul renewed by grace
And dwells in Jesus' sweet embrace
The doctor told her she was dying
Her voice as charming as the morn
Good news good news to us replied
I shall soon be with my lord*

The gravestone of Christopher Goldsbury who died in 1782 at the age of 18 tells us:

*He bloomed in youth like flowers in May
Chose virtuous paths and never went astray*

The inscription on the stone marking the grave of young Rebecca Brown, a victim of the tornado of 1821, tells us:

*Look blooming youth, and make a pause
And ponder well your road
From youth by whirlwind called I was
To stand before my God*

These inscriptions, now relics of a bygone era, are intensely interesting to people today. To some of the curious they are merely amusing. To others they are a subject of study. One reads the epitaph and then tries to picture the character of the person portrayed.

Even in death the occupants of these graves are able to communicate, but those who are only seeking amusement are apt to be disappointed by the somber tone of most of the

messages.

No history of the Civil War can adequately tell the story of the people who fought it. Removed so far in time from those events, histories dwell on dates, generals, battles, and high-level political maneuvers.

But that is not why Johnny marched off to war. He believed fervently in fighting the evils of slavery. He was willing to die in the cause of liberty for all men. Perhaps there were larger issues controlling global events. Perhaps he was a pawn in some power struggle. But it was his unquenchable idealism that made him live the life or die the death of a soldier.

It was a war of poor communications, ignorant generals, antiquated tactics, suicidal battle plans, and magnificent fighting men. It was the bloodiest war in American history, and Warwick was there. (E. H.)

THE CIVIL WAR

The Civil War played a very important role in the Town of Warwick, as it did in all of the smaller New England towns. For four years everything revolved around the Civil War.

The last militia company in Warwick went out of existence shortly before the Civil War. When the war started, a lot of those militiamen went into the army. There were still a few militia regiments, but there was no particular regiment for the Warwick men to join.

Warwick sent its young men and boys to be soldiers. These stories were chosen to give you an idea of what that war meant to the citizens of Warwick.

There is a letter in the Historical Society building from a color sergeant, William Lawrence, who was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. He was a very popular young fellow in Warwick. He had just returned from the gold fields of California.

His romance with Susan Barber came to an end when she turned him down because he drank too much. He was the first man to enlist when the war broke out. He enlisted in one of the militia regiments, which meant that he only signed up for three months. Lawrence wrote a letter²¹ just before he was killed carrying the flag. In it, he says that he realized he was going to be the target for the enemy sharpshooters. Color Sergeants always were. He vowed that as long as he lived, the colors would be in their proper place at the head of the regiment.

One evening a few days later, back in Warwick, a wistful 19 year old Susan Barber sat in her doorway writing a poem about her lost love.²²

William Lawrence's younger brother donated his brother's letter to the Warwick historical society. Mounted in a glass frame, you can read both sides of it.

²² The house she lived in still exists (1989) at 171 Shepardson Road.

A Romance in Verse

*In the midst of New England's
 Pleasant vales and towering hills,
 Broad expanse of field and forest,
 Placid pools and rippling rills,
 Stands a village on a hillside,
 Gently sloping to the west
 With its buildings white and cozy
 Looking like a place of rest.
 Come with me into this village,
 To this cottage old and brown
 Standing here on the outskirts
 Of this quiet little town.
 And I'll weave for you a romance
 That shall savor of the truth
 I will tell you of the fortune
 Of a wild and wayward youth.
 That once dwelt within this cottage
 Frolicked with the girls and boys
 Took the lead in all the mischief
 Shared with them all the joys.
 Danced and flirted with the fairest
 Of the girls both far and near
 Pleasant faced and open hearted
 What had such a boy to fear?
 Lurking in this quiet village
 Blasting all with poisoned breath
 Lay the monster of intemperance
 More inflexible than Death.
 Like a bird a snake is charming
 Slowly, surely, drawing near,
 Came the youth into that circle.
 Tell me he had ought to fear?
 He had wooed a bright eyed maiden;
 Loved her as those like him love
 With the passion and the fervor
 That shall last in worlds above.
 But he liked the fatal winecup
 Yielded blindly to its spell.
 And forgot mid wild companions
 All those friends who wished him well.
 One bright evening in the springtime,
 With the fervor in his blood,
 Standing here upon this threshold,
 With the moonlight in a flood*

*Falling all around above him
 Gleaming on the pure white snow,
 Spoken were the words that killed him;
 Words that laid his proud heart low.
 He had met his much loved Agnes,
 Called her his intended bride;
 When with eyes in anger flashing
 And with gestures full of pride
 She had told him she no longer
 Was his Agnes as of yore;
 That this conduct had estranged her,
 She should love him never more.
 Slowly back from lips and forehead,
 Back upon his beating heart
 Settled down the bounding life tides,
 Down upon his heaving heart.
 And he watched her going from him,
 With a pain that none may know.
 In his anguish knelt him down there
 And breathed forth to heaven above
 That he'd join the ranks of soldiers,
 Going to their country's call,
 And retrieve his name and fortunes
 Or a soldier he would fall.
 Far away mid din of battle
 Stretched beneath the southern sky,
 With their faces turning Heavenward
 Heaps of dead and dying lie.
 One brave soldier fell among them.
 Mingled with his dying groan
 Were the words of "home" and "Agnes",
 Whispered forth with faintest moan.
 I have woven out my romance
 Of this quiet little town.
 Sitting here upon the doorstep
 Of the cottage old and brown,
 And I'll leave you for a season
 Mid New England's hills and trees,
 But again perhaps I'll tell you
 Even sadder things than these.*

(signed) Susan E. Barber 1861

[Yes Susan, there will indeed be sadder things than these to tell, but those things can wait. Happier times are coming.] (E. H.)

After the first battle of Bull Run, practically the whole army was disbanded because all the militia regiments' enlistment periods had ended. The men were discharged and returned home.

Most of the men reenlisted, but the army had to be reorganized. That took time. It takes time to make a group of men, even veterans, into a cohesive fighting unit. It was a very inefficient way to run an army, and probably caused more casualties than necessary. The Union Army couldn't compete with the South for the first couple of years of the war. Most of the battles were won by the Confederacy.

Susan Barber wrote another poem during the Civil War. It is about a bell. When the Union Army captured New Orleans in 1862, they found a stockpile of bells and other metal that had been collected by the Confederates. It was to be melted down and cast into cannons or other war material for the Confederate Army. Many of the bells were sent north as a stimulus to patriotic fund raising.

THE REBEL BELL

by Susan Barber

Dec. 20, 1862

*We've got a bell from rebeldom,
A secesh²³ bell, I mean
Suspended from our schoolhouse dome,
Upon the village green.
Its voice rings out at morn and noon
To call the happy throng
Away from sports and games,
From mirth and laugh and song.
We know not where it used to hang,
Nor who it used to call;
If amid scenes of mirth or grief
Its notes were wont to fall.
The rebels had designed to send
this bell to Yankee foes,--
Not all at once to ring for school,
But how the soldier knows.
Perhaps its hanging here will save
The life of some soldier brave;
And he'll come home to friends and home;-
Not fill a soldier's grave.
We will not call it rebel now
Here in this North land free:
It shall not stay and do its work,*

²³ Pronounced SEE-sesh. A current slang term from an abbreviation of "secessionist" referring to those states, which had left the union.

*And still a rebel be.
 Oh no! a rebel at the North
 Is what we all despise;
 Then we'll rechristen and rename
 our little rebel prize.
 And let it hang and do its work;
 And when the war shall end,
 It shall ring out with joyful shout,--
 For the Union and for slave.
 Then let it ring from morn and noon
 No more a rebel bell;
 Its voice shall teach us liberty
 It freedom's words shall tell.
 And may all those who enter here,
 Or listen to its voice
 Make wisdom, knowledge, liberty,
 Their earnest lasting choice.*

Colonel William McKim of Boston, who owned land in Warwick, was on duty in New Orleans. He was instrumental in getting the bell for Warwick. After the war, Colonel McKim married a Warwick girl, Marie Antoinette Wheelock. They lived in what was to become the historical society house, which was known as "The McKim Cottage" for many years.

In 1864, the year before the war ended, Union General Ulysses S. Grant sent an army to capture Petersburg, which was south of Richmond. Because Petersburg was a railroad center for all supplies coming into Richmond, it was vital to the confederate army, which was expected to defend Richmond at all costs. A Warwick boy, Henry Manning, was chosen to go behind the Confederate line to secure information about the enemy position. The Union Army was ready to advance but waited for Manning's report.

While Manning was desperately trying to get back with the details of the enemy defenses, a Pennsylvania regiment composed largely of coal miners was assigned to hold the trenches opposite Petersburg. Manning was caught and put in the infamous Andersonville Prison, so the Union generals never realized how undermanned the garrison at Petersburg was.

Meanwhile the coal miners came up with their own plan. The enemy was only yards away. They dug a 500-foot tunnel under the Confederate line. The tunnel was filled with 8,000 pounds of gunpowder and the enemy position blown up. For a period of two or three hours, the Petersburg defenders were in a state of confusion.

It was a classic case of bureaucratic bungling. There was an army group who had been training for weeks to rush in and capture strategic points as soon as the tunnel exploded. A new commanding officer was assigned to the operation at the last minute. He did not trust the men who were trained to take part in it and replaced them all with new men.

His reason for doing this is unknown, but many people thought it was significant that the troops trained by the previous commander were black, and the men he brought in were white. The Confederates were able to reinforce their position before anyone was

ready to take advantage of the breach in the line. When they finally did attack, it was too late. Thus, Petersburg held out for another year.

It was not until the following spring, April 2, 1865, when Grant ordered yet another end run around the left flank to the south, a tactic he had used with limited success several times since the battle of the Wilderness. This time they decisively defeated the Confederates at Five Forks.

Petersburg was cut off and then abandoned. Richmond could no longer be defended. Lee and his army started west with the intention of joining the Confederate forces to the south, but Grant was right on their backs. Lee surrendered in early April. Essentially, that ended the war.

Another Confederate army tried to come north to reinforce Richmond, but General Sherman marched from Atlanta to Savannah, cutting off all their supplies. He was right on their heels all the time. There was constant pressure. General Johnston was forced to surrender two or three weeks after Lee did. It was only a matter of time. Once Petersburg fell, the rest was inevitable.

If the Warwick boy had been successful, or the coal miner's plan had been exploited, the war would have ended right then. Grant, in his memoirs, wrote that if they had been successful in capturing Petersburg when they should have, that the war would have ended a year earlier. All the casualties that took place in that year could have been avoided.

Manning tried to escape from Andersonville five different times. He finally did get back to the union forces, by enlisting in the rebel army, and then escaping to the Union lines. The information he had was no longer useful. The war was nearly over by that time. His health was broken and he came home to Warwick.

He went away to school to become a minister, but his health broke down and he came home again. He died only a year or so after the war was over.

The number of Warwick men who served in the Civil War is usually counted seventy-nine, but sometimes ninety-eight. The reason for the seeming discrepancy is that after all the draft age men and boys had entered the service, there was no one else to send. The town had to hire mercenaries to fill their quota.

The government called upon the town for more men, and expected the town to furnish them. So the other nineteen were mercenaries hired by the town. The mercenaries never came near the town. They were paid a bounty for enlisting. Many of them reported for duty and then deserted. Some of them collected that bounty several times.

The twenty-seven names on the soldier's monument are only those of local boys who died while in the service. There were several more who died shortly after the war.

There was one who died in putting up the monument. Alexander Cooper was a cooper by trade and an outstanding soldier. He came to work in Warwick. Barrel making was an important industry here at that time. He had had experience in the British Army. So he became a non-commissioned officer, a sergeant. He was in the war to the very end.

When the town voted to erect a soldier's monument, he was placed in charge of the veterans who did the work. In those days they did everything by volunteer labor. They built a tripod over the place where the stone was to be set. They lifted the stone and were ready to drop it down into place. The details are lost of how it happened, but somehow it toppled over. The stone fell and killed him. His name wasn't on the memorial, so they engraved it on the bottom with the story of how he died.

Alexander Cooper

After the war, there was a lot of enthusiasm all over the country to go west. Veterans were entitled to a 160-acre homestead in the west. All they had to do was ask for it.

Among those from Warwick who accepted that offer was Susan Barber's new husband Asaph Davis. In the spring of 1867, she bade her husband goodbye as he left to join a wagon train heading west. She promised that as soon as the expected baby was born, and Asaph had made a home for them, she would join him.

It was on a day in late June that a letter written in a strange hand reached her. Wondering and fearful she tore the envelope open to read the news that she would never join her bridegroom on earth. He had been drowned while crossing a river.

All her hopes and dreams were ended. The joy so eagerly awaited was gone forever. No one could console her. A tiny baby girl was laid in her arms a few weeks later, but the heartbroken bride died when the baby was nine days old. The following day the little baby joined her mother.

Up in the Warwick cemetery there is gravestone that her father, Deacon Hervey Barber, erected in memory of the unhappy pair. Probably the deacon ordered the stone before his daughter Susan died. The upper part of the stone is devoted to his son-in-law. "LIEUTENANT ASAPH DAVIS DROWNED IN ILLINOIS" is engraved in large capital letters. The deacon's daughter Susan's name and dates are in the center in much smaller letters. Down at the bottom, just beneath the baby's name, is the line, "United in heaven at last".

At the time, the Barbers were a prominent Warwick family. During and after the Civil War, Hervey Barber was a selectman and held several town offices. He died about 1890 and lies nearby.

While doing research on the history of the town, Charles Morse interviewed many elderly people. The interviews with the Besses were most helpful. Listen as Mr. Bass speaks in response to a question about his recollections of the Civil War.

I can't rightly remember much about what took place here during the Civil War. My father moved his family to the village just as the war was over, and I was still a lad. I recollect that day very well though, because I was riding on a load of furniture. As we neared the church, the bell started to ring like mad. There wa'nt no rhyme nor reason to it, just clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang. It never let up for a second.

I sez to myself, sez I, "What in thunder is going on?" Then as we drew nearer, we could see a crowd in front of the church on the steps and the grass. Everybody seemed bent on going there to find out what it was all about. Then we could see the boys and girls jumping up and down and running toward anyone who was approaching, shouting, "Richmond has fallen! The War is over! Lee has surrendered!"

Father pulled the horses over to the side of the road. While he was asking questions, I jumped off the wagon and ran toward the church door. All the time the bell rang on. When I got there, I saw that the man on the rope was a fellow not too bright in the head. He was often the butt of practical jokes. Maybe he had been primed with a little firewater, but I think he was so excited that he felt no pain.

The rope on the bell passed through a small hole in the ceiling. As the bell swung in its cradle, the rope went up and down. Ordinarily whoever rang the bell would let the

rope slide through his hands until it stopped going up, and then pull down. If you didn't let go of the rope, the bell was heavy enough to lift a small man right off his feet until his hands struck the edge of the hole in the ceiling.

That is what happened to him. He would forget to let go of the rope until the back of his hands would strike the hard edge of the hole. I have never forgotten the sight of the blood running down his arms that he was apparently unaware of.

Consider this:

Of the 79 men from Warwick who answered the call of their country from 1861 to 1865, when the war ended, one third (27) had given their lives for the cause. Several others never regained their health. Can it be questioned that the old bell never pealed more joyously?

Next we have a story of folly, heroism, grief, and compassion. The story of Herbert Hellowell demonstrates that caring about others is a Warwick Tradition. (E. H.)

Herbert Hellowell

I remember vividly my first visit to Warwick's cemetery. It is a pleasant place, on a hillside on the outskirts of town. There in the shade of the maples and pines, lie the pioneers of Warwick and their descendants. In the upper section, there is a tall monument. On it are inscribed the names of those who gave their lives to preserve the union.

As the morning sun appears over the hills to the east, the rays bathe the monument to the Civil War dead in a golden light. The shadow cast by the tall column reaches out to the northwest, and gently touches a smaller shaft. It was by chance as I meandered slowly over the graves covered by winter's withered grass, that my eyes fell on this stone.

It stands less than three feet high. Its inscription, with its small letters, might easily pass unnoticed but for the few words on the base of the monument. "ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF WARWICK." I paused, struck by the words, and my curiosity awakened. As I approached, I saw that all the neighboring graves bore marble shafts or slabs of similar design causing this one to be conspicuous by its different shape. The small letters were so obscure that I knelt to read the rather lengthy inscription.

*In loving memory
of Herbert Hellowell
an English boy aged sixteen
who drowned July fourth, 1885,
in an effort to save a companion.
He who had lost his life for my sake
shall find it.*

Erected by the citizens of Warwick.

What a story these few words tell. The surname on all the other stones in this family

plot is Hastings. Examination did not reveal the name of his unfortunate companion. It is not difficult to imagine the details surrounding this story but I determined to seek them out if possible. My many inquiries revealed that the story was as unknown to others of my generation as it was to me.

Eventually, I went to the Warwick general store and spoke to Mrs. Fred Bass , who was waiting on customers. She told me that it was her brother, Herbert Taylor, who drowned with Herbert Hellowell. She seemed quite distraught and said that she did not wish to discuss the matter. She recommended that I speak to her sister who lived in Orange. She could tell me more about the incident, and the story of the Hellowell boy.

I called on her sister in Orange. When I asked about the incident, she told me this story.

Yes indeed I remember. It all happened before my very eyes. I too played a small part in it. Herbert Hellowell was an English boy who had but recently come to this country. He had no relatives here. How he chose Warwick for a home I do not know. How he came to leave his native land to seek his fortune in a strange country is also a mystery. However in some manner he made his way here and secured work on a farm of Herbert W.\Hastings my father.

We lived on the northeast shore of what is now called Hastings Pond. In a short while he had endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. As I remember, he was rather small for his age, although quite stocky. He was a happy, fun-loving lad, but no doubt often a little homesick for his mother and home in England. His favorite possession was his Bible. It was a gift from his mother when he left home.

The Hastings family, charmed by his lovable nature and the industrious way in which he performed all his tasks on the farm, treated him as one of the family.

He loved the little pond in front of the house. A veritable duck in the water, he spent most of his leisure hours there. The Hastings family used to say that if they wanted to find Herbert in his leisure time, they had only to go to the front door call in the direction of the pond and he would always answer. He would be either swimming, or rowing about the pond in a boat, or fishing for perch and bullheads.

That year, 1885, the annual Sunday School picnic was held at the Hastings place on the shore of the pond. At the time, I was teaching a class in the Sunday School, so of course I was present. It was a perfect summer day. Everyone was looking forward to a very happy time. There was to be the usual sporting program and games in which all would take part. Being the Fourth of July it was also expected that the celebration of that occasion would add to the gaiety of the picnic. Of course Herbert had been released from his duties on the farm. He joyfully mingled with other boys present. The picnic never really got under way. People were still arriving in carriages and on foot with lunch baskets crammed with good things to eat. Four of the boys gathered on the shore. Among them were my brother Herbert, and the English lad. Someone suggested that they go out for a ride in the old boat that was moored at the water's edge. The boat leaked badly. I recall that only a few nights before, three of us girls had taken a ride across the pond. One

of us had to bail constantly during the entire trip.

After three of the boys climbed into the boat, they warned my brother that as he could not swim, he'd better not go. He was a big boy, seventeen or 18 years old. As most boys would, he decided to take a chance. So, he climbed in. The boys rowed across the pond, and then started back.

As they approached the shore, the boat started to fill with water very fast. The English lad, realizing that the overloaded boat could not reach the shore before sinking, dove overboard. Two of the other boys followed, leaving the non-swimmer in the boat. By this time, the boat was filled with water. If the fourth boy had remained in it, I think it would have supported him.

It was quite close to the beach and probably he thought he could wade to the shore. So he too jumped into the water. Unfortunately the shore drops off very abruptly at that spot. The water is very deep.

The boy sank from sight to our great horror. The other two boys had started to swim for shore, but Herbert Hellowell had stayed near the boat. He was, therefore, the only one of the three who was immediately aware of the seriousness of the situation. Without a second's hesitation, he swam to the bigger boy's aid.

When he came to the surface, he lost his head and wrapped both arms about young Hellowell. The poor boy was helpless. In plain view of everyone they sank from sight before anyone could help them.

I commandeered a horse and buggy and drove like mad for the village. I knew that a young medical student was spending his vacation there at the home of his parents. I drove there. The road was a rather roundabout route to the pond, so the young man ran crosslots through the woods to the pond. He reached the scene before I could cover the distance with the horse. Some time elapsed before the bodies were recovered. Though they worked over the lads for about two hours, it was a hopeless task.

Warwick was a grief-stricken village that night, and for many days to follow. The Hastings family had been given the address of the English lad's mother just a few days previous. To them fell the unpleasant duty of writing to her the sad news of her son's heroic death.

The lad's mother said to give Herbert's little black Bible to the baby of the family whom the boy had mentioned in his letters. The boy who made the vain sacrifice was laid to rest in the family plot to be forever one of the family. Inspired by the act of this lad in a strange land, the people of the town banded together and erected the monument that the story of his deed would always be remembered.

I wrote an article about it for the Enterprise and Journal. Soon after it appeared, I received a phone call from Mrs. Hastings in Orange. She said that I could have the boy's Bible as there was no one in the family to pass it on to. She thought that perhaps if it was preserved in the Town of Warwick, it might serve to keep the memory of Herbert Hellowell's sacrifice alive. Today it is in the custody of the Warwick Historical Society.

Surely it seems the soldier's monument points to the little shaft as if to say "When you honor these who gave their lives for our country, also honor him who gave his life for his fellow man."

I noticed for many years that each Memorial Day, someone remembered Herbert and placed flowers on his grave. Eventually I found out that it was Mrs. Fred Bass. After she died, her daughter, Katherine who keeps a summer home in Warwick, always returns

before Memorial Day and carries on the tradition.

This book is all about Warwick, the sort of place it was at various times, and the people who made it that way. We've seen it through the eyes of four-year-old Patty Leland in 1804, now let's see how it looked to a fortyish spinster in the early years of the twentieth century. (E.H.)

Alice Hastings

People live in Warwick for a variety of reasons. Some people were born here and know a good thing when they have it. But, except for a brief period in the late nineteenth century, the natives have always been in the minority. Some people move here for the peace and quiet. Some see it as an ideal place to raise a family. Others see a place to retire to when daily breadwinning no longer ties them to a commuting radius of a big city.

A growing number of cottage industrialists find living cheaper here, and so set up shop and home together, to live and work in a world apart from strife-torn megalopolis. We have writers, musicians and computer programmers. We have craftspeople working in wood and fabrics, as well as other media.

There has always been a turnover in the population of Warwick as natives move away, lured by the brighter lights, and higher wages offered by mainstream America.

This has always more or less balanced the influx of those attracted by what Warwick has to offer. Some of them are people coming home, convinced that life on the fast track is not quite what they had imagined. In the past couple of centuries the population has varied between a high of 1200 to a low of around 500. Warwick has always been a great place to live, but a less than ideal place to make a living.

When a new family moves to town, it is always interesting to find out why they chose to move here. One asks, in effect, since of the nearly 250 million people in America, only 500 or so have made the conscious decision to live in Warwick, what special characteristic of the town made you choose it? Sometimes it's love: following a wife or husband back to family roots. The reasons people give for deciding to become our neighbors tell a lot about what kind of neighbors they will be.

The stories are varied, but always interesting. Probably none is more interesting or unusual than the story of Alice Bartle who was born August 8, 1862 in England.

Britain ruled the seas, and Queen Victoria set the standards by which all proper people conducted their lives.

Alice was born and educated in England in an age when proper young ladies were very proper indeed. We do not know by what means she made her living, but the career opportunities for proper young ladies was limited to say the least. Her sister was a secretary to Arthur Conan Doyle's mother. Many poor but genteel ladies lived by attaching themselves to an affluent family in this and similar ways. Like so many of her peers, denied access to other forms of expression, Alice wrote poetry.

Alice wrote poetry, but unlike most poetry written by maiden ladies, someone thought hers was good enough to publish. How gratifying it must have been to this gentle, repressed spinster to see her poems in print. How much more gratifying to receive fan mail!

One fan letter came from very far away, from a kindred soul living on some impossible frontier in the mountains of America.

Everett Hastings was born September 9, 1869. He was the son of Mary Ann Hastings who gave him the best of everything. Some of his neighbors in Warwick said she spoiled him rotten. He had excellent tasteⁱ, and when he read a poem he thought was great, he wrote to the author to express his admiration. This started a correspondence between the refined Everett (surrounded by uncultured clods in Warwick) and the sensitive repressed Alice. She yearned for the freedom of expression she thought she sensed in those letters from Warwick²⁴

Surely, the rigors of life among the bumpkins in that wilderness across the sea would be bearable - romantic even, with a sympathetic, understanding companion and leader at her side.

Inspired with idealism, fired with hopes of building a life transcending his surroundings, Everett sailed across the Atlantic. On June 28, 1910 in St. Thomas church in Lancaster England, Alice became Mrs. Everett Hastings.

We aren't sure why, but Everett returned home first, and Alice followed later. No doubt there were many details to take care of. Perhaps he was already disillusioned and wanted time alone to think things over.

When Alice's ship arrived in America, Everett met her at the pier with the news that he had changed his mind, and that she should go back home. She decided to stay.

The dreams they had of fulfillment must have been divergent. It wasn't long before their difficulties were common gossip. People noticed that they never spoke to one another. When it was absolutely necessary to communicate, they wrote a note. It wasn't long before the town decided that she was the aggrieved party. It also wasn't long before Everett left town to live and work in Boston. He had no further use for this town.

For the rest of his life, he never set foot in Warwick. He visited his few friends here by going to Winchester, staying at the home of Ray Whipple and letting it be known that he would accept visits from right thinking people from Warwick.

He also visited in Northfield. He was a friend of the librarian there, Lizette Vorce. Lizette was a Warwick girl. She stored Everett's household furnishings in her barn, and disposed of them after his death.

Why did Alice stay in Warwick after the reason for coming was no longer valid? If this sort of thing were to happen today, the bride would simply go back home and start over. But this was Victorian times, remember. She could not go home because of the shame. She had failed to make a home for her husband. Victorians thought that family stability was at the root of England's undisputed superiority in the world. No sympathy could be given to a woman who left her husband for whatever reason. So she did the next best thing. She settled in.

A small slim woman, she supported herself in a variety of ways. She was an excellent seamstress. She was librarian for a while,²⁵ she was a live-in companion and maid for elderly ladies. Alice was always pleasant, and always willing to do her share of the work.

²⁴ Of course we don't actually know what was in their minds. We know what they did, and the reasons put forth seem logical, given the kind of people they were, and the circumstances in which they found themselves.

²⁵ Alice Hastings was librarian from 1914 to 1918. She took the job for \$20.00 per year. Her work must have been satisfactory as she received a 50% raise a year later. The Library was in the town hall at that time.

She became a member of the church. She sang in the choir. She had a slightly shrill, yet not unpleasant soprano voice. She fitted herself into the life of Warwick in a way that Everett never had. In every way she became a valued and productive citizen of Warwick, respected by all²⁶.

Alice Bertha (Bartle) Hastings died May 23, 1922

²⁶Except one.

A daily visit to the post office provided world news, fresh from the stagecoach driver. The regulars at the general store furnished in depth editorial comment. Letters to the editor were delivered orally. For fast breaking local news, or something really exciting,, there was the old church bell. (E. H.)

The Old Church Bell

A stately white church stands beside route 78 in Warwick. Since 1836 it has served as a source of comfort and joy to the townspeople. The old church bell hangs in its lofty belfry where its sound can reach the surrounding countryside.

The first mention of the old church bell in town records is in 1837. The present church building was completed the year before. On March 6, 1837, it was voted "...that the expense of ringing the bell lately erected at the New Meeting House be defrayed by the town and that selectmen be empowered to contract with some person to perform that duty." A committee of three persons was chosen to instruct the bell ringer in his duties.

This procedure was followed until 1852 when it was voted to give the position to the low bidder. It was then awarded to Samuel Lyman at \$19.75 for the following year. By 1988 the position had become salaried, and A. George Day was paid a dollar per week as Caretaker of the Clock. It was the bell ringer's duty to ring the bell before all church services and town meetings, at noon except on Sunday, and at nine o'clock at night. It was tolled at the death of a villager, and at all funerals. The old bell was a cherished servant to all the inhabitants. The citizens of Warwick value it so much, that ever since 1837 someone has been made responsible for its care. It is entrusted to a person elected, or appointed by the selectmen.

In the days before the telephone, clocks were a luxury few could afford. Newspapers were not widely distributed. The church bell called the faithful to prayer, spread the news, and told the time to all who heard its sound. Although it is still useful, to some it is a relic of the past. There are many however, who consider it an indispensable part of their lives.

In 1884, the Howard clock was installed in memory of Mary Blake Clapp, a native of Warwick. This clock struck the hours mechanically on the bell. The position of "Caretaker of the Town Clock" replaced the now defunct position of "bell ringer." When doing research for "Warwick Massachusetts, Biography of a Town" I interviewed Dr. William Taylor. He had moved back to Warwick in retirement. The Taylor family had played a prominent role in the history of Warwick, and he was vitally interested in its traditions. In his youth he had served as bell ringer for a short time. He escorted me to the vestibule of the old church and told me about the duties of the office.

"Yes," he said, "I remember I received a salary of \$20.00 per year. That doesn't sound like much today, but it was quite welcome in those days even though it restricted my activities."

He pointed to a groove extending across the sill of the vestibule window on the south side. It had been nearly obliterated by successive coats of paint. He continued.

That line was the sundial that we used at one time to show noon. When the shadow cast by the edge of the window reached it, I rang the bell. Farmers in their fields, men in the woods, shops, and mills, and the

children in the schools knew that the morning's work was done. Their attention turned to their dinners waiting at home or in their dinner pails.

We rang curfew at nine o'clock at night to warn children that their proper place was at home. But the most important task of the old bell ringer was to tell of the death of one of the townspeople. First came the designation of the sex of the deceased. For a male there was one peal and for a female two. Then after a brief pause, the bell tolled the person's age in groups of ten years, with a pause between every decade. Everyone, where they were, stopped what they were doing and started to count. On and on the bell slowly tolled, until the number of years was reached.

A farmer working in his field might scratch a mark in the dirt for each peal with his hoe to help him keep count. A housewife in her pantry might cut a notch in the dough as she stood over her molding board. Thus in those years when people knew their neighbors intimately, the bell enabled everyone to figure out who had gone to the great beyond.

Again when the hour of the funeral service arrived, the sexton or bell ringer took his position. As soon as the funeral procession came into view, he began to toll the bell. He continued until they reached the church. As soon as the service was over and the procession started on its way to the cemetery, the bell tolled again until it had passed from sight.

This custom was followed in all the rural towns in New England, although the exact method varied from town to town. The bell, being a town asset, was maintained, and the bell ringer was paid, at town expense.

as about one day as he was taking his leave from an afternoon tea. He was heard to say to the hostess, "Mrs. Sibley, I fear that darkness may overtake me ere I reach my parental abode." *He did many things for Warwick, held many offices, had many titles. Like others who have been active in work for the town, he was sometimes called things other than his official titles. (E.H.)*

He did many things for Warwick, held many offices, had many titles. Like others who have been active in work for the town, he was sometimes called things other than his official titles. (E.H.)

The Many Hats of Sam Hastings

In the history published in 1963 called Warwick Massachusetts, Biography of a Town," there is a chapter entitled "The Reign of Sam Hastings: 1875 to 1915". Sam Hastings was the son of Daniel, and the grandson of Isaac, who settled in Warwick as early as 1777. Sam was born in 1837. Neither he nor his only brother Nathan, had any children, although Sam did adopt a daughter.

During a political career of over forty years, he held many positions in government. He served simultaneously as representative in the State Legislature, Postmaster, meat inspector, Town Clerk, Town Treasurer, Selectman, Assessor, livery stable overseer, Overseer of the Poor, and Superintendent of the cemetery.

At the same time, when he was not busy with affairs of state, he was gainfully employed as stagecoach driver, livery stable operator, cabinet and shoemaker, undertaker, and gravedigger.

However, Sam was not all work and no play. He devoted his off hours to social and musical activity. He organized and led the Warwick Cornet Band, and was instrumental in organizing the Old Home Day association, and served as its president for ten years. He was an officer and a member of the Warwick Grange, and a power to be reckoned with in the control of the Unitarian Church. Since the book was published in 1963, many more anecdotes about Sam have come to light.

Naturally, a man who has so much power and so many titles also incurs the jealousy and dislike of some people. A careful examination of town records does not reveal that any question was ever raised as his honesty. His character appears above reproach. Nevertheless, his enemies were responsible for an anonymous poem describing one "Sham Ace Kings". It is really no reflection on Sam, in fact I believe he would approve. I offer it as picture of what gained Warwick the reputation as the "a one man town".

Sham Ace Kings

Anonymous

Who is the boss of Warwick Town?
Who makes the people stand around?
And tremble at his every frown?
Sham Ace Kings!

Who is the man who does no wrong?
Just like the king that's dead so long
Who lived in ancient times long gone?

Sham Ace Kings!

Who is the man that likes to see
The people to him bend the knee
And say how big a man is he?
Sham Ace Kings!

Who is the man, like God on high,
Who looks out with a restless eye
To find some fault to judge us by
Sham Ace Kings.

Who is the man who likes to rule
In Church, in Grange, in music school?
And makes of you one little tool?
Sham Ace Kings.

Who has the Grange's bag of gold
So slow to loose his grasping hold
Like Midas in the days of old?
Sham Ace Kings.

In parish church whose are the features
More familiar far than are the preacher's
Or even the pupil of a teacher's
Sham Ace Kings.

Who is it gives an icy chill
In the parish church on top of the hill?
To those who would join against his will?
Sham Ace Kings.

Who is it gives the marble heart
To the man who comes from a foreign part
And in Town affairs would take a part?
Sham Ace Kings.

Who is the lawyer of the Town
Whose legal law of great renown
Should win for him a judge's gown?
Sham Ace Kings.

Who is the man that you must see
If to be married you wish to be
And have it done quite legally?
Sham Ace Kings.

And when there comes the happy day
One little baby with you to stay,
To whom must you tell it right away?

Sham Ace Kings.

And if you kill your fatted cow
Or steer or calf or pig or sow
Who is the man to tell you how?
Sham Ace Kings.

Who is the man who will not play
If all the things come not his way?
And then the devil is to pay?
Sham Ace Kings.

To whom must we say our little prayer
For the right to live and breathe the air
Else pack our goods and go elsewhere?
Sham Ace Kings.

And if buried you wish to be
Who is the man that you must see
And ask him for the liberty?
Sham Ace Kings.

Who is it drives funeral hearse
and bosses the service for better or worse
And almost makes the preacher curse?
Sham Ace Kings.

Who's like a god made up of tin
light of weight and hollow within
Once you scratch him with a pin?
Sham Ace Kings.

But one fine day, oh never fear
There'll be one inside the bier
For whom there'll be shed not many a tear
Sham Ace Kings.

The poem must have had the desired effect. He was defeated both as clerk and treasurer. When the ballot was read at the town meeting giving the results of the election, he stalked out of the room.

The following year he was back in the saddle again, both as selectman and clerk. In 1902 he resumed the office of treasurer. With the exception of three years when he relinquished the office of selectman, he continued to hold all of these important offices until his death in 1915.

One anecdote about Sam Hastings concerned an old lady who had a decided dislike for Sam. Realizing that she was nearing the end of her days, and knowing that he would drive the hearse that would carry her to her grave, she informed her relatives that if Sam showed up on the hearse at her funeral, she would rise up from her casket and walk to the cemetery. Sam was not to have the pleasure of taking her there.

Her relatives promised that someone else would perform the task. But when the time came, the promise was forgotten. When Sam drove into the yard, The old lady, true to her word, rose up and walked.

A clock given by Mrs. Hastings in memory of her husband, hangs on the wall of the town hall, upstairs in the selectmen's office. It fails to register either approval or disapproval of their acts. Today, Sam rests in the cemetery on the hill over which he had almost complete jurisdiction for almost half a century. I believe that would please him to know that people still remember his efforts to make the town a better place in which to live.

They worked hard, those hardy pioneers, to make life easier for their children. Yet although there were many to carry on the tradition, their works lie in ruins, their village forgotten, abandoned to the wilderness. Let us now take a moment to remember Kelton's Corner. (E. H.)

Kelton's Corner The Sleeping Village

Enoch Kelton came to Warwick from Rehoboth, Massachusetts, some time before the revolution. This was virgin country then, with only trails through the woods. What few belongings they brought with them, they carried on horseback.

Enoch's family consisted of himself, his wife, and ten children, many of whom were full-grown. His wife Ethea was severely handicapped and was carried on horseback in a basket especially made for her. She was bedridden for fifty years, until her death. She raised nine boys and one daughter. Enoch Kelton's sons were, in the order of their ages, Nathan, James, Thomas, Bernard, Benjamin, Aaron, Amos, Rufus, and George: The daughter's name was Sarah.

The map of Warwick drawn in 1830 shows only two homes still owned by Keltons. Several of the homes they once owned had already passed into other hands. The last of the clan, Sabin Kelton died in 1910. His portrait hung on the wall in the auditorium of the town hall for many years. It was moved, along with all the others, to the library attic, and a few years later, to the historical building. It is the picture of a fine old gentleman with rather prominent features and a long white beard.

In 1936, I decided to make a visit to what is still called Kelton Hill to see what the lone inhabitant of this once thriving section could tell me. Only two houses remained in a section of about four square miles.

I went to the old Samuel Moses place to see Amos Alexander. The only other house in that area in 1936 was the vacant Sabin Kelton House. The road ended there. It once passed several more houses before reaching Richmond, New Hampshire.

The route to Kelton Corner was difficult. Leaving Warwick center, one followed the old road leading eastward to the town of Royalston for about four miles. Then the road descends rapidly. The elevation drops 300 feet. After the Royalston road crosses Tully Brook, Kelton Hill Road turns off to the north. Then comes Kelton Hill, the steepest part of the trip. It was a natural barrier that prevented the people of Kelton's Corner from getting to town very often.

The road was little used, even in the summer. I first visited the area in 1908 when a lad of 10. I spent a few weeks during the summer at my uncle's place, about three miles from the spot. With him, I made a trip to the old Moses home. Even then the section had but few visitors, though it is one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen.

I remember the very steep hill. Even with an empty wagon, the horse had to struggle. We both got out and walked up the hill. We finally reached the little red house. A kindly old gentleman greeted us. A flock of sheep roamed the rocky hillside below us. What a strange sight to the eyes of a city boy.

When I made my next visit to Kelton's corner, I was driving an automobile, not a horse. I recalled the difficulties the horse had had, and I felt a little smug at how easily

the car would climb those same hills. As long as I live, I shall never forget that trip. It was a clear cold day in March. There was no snow on the ground. I thought that though I might have trouble going up the hill, my return would not be difficult.

I did not expect what effect the deep woods would have on the road. The sun did not shine on the road at all. The road under the trees was solid ice. The steep hill on Royalston Road was a sheet of glare ice from top to bottom. The road was so narrow, it was impossible to turn around. There was no choice but to keep going. Throwing my clutch into low speed,²⁷ I crept cautiously forward. Down the hill I slid, striving desperately to keep in the center of the narrow road. Every now and then the rear of the car gave a sickening lurch. Swaying first to one side, then the other. It was not until I had nearly reached the bottom that I finally lost control. The car slid broadside down the last fifty feet with a deep bank on either side yawning for its prey. The gods were with me. I finally stopped directly across the road, but still on it.

With great care, I jockeyed back and forth until I was once more headed in the right direction. You may be sure that I left my car at the foot of Kelton's Hill. I went the rest of the way on foot.

I reached the summit at the old Moses place, and saw the small, well kept, red house on the left side of the road. On the right side were several farm buildings, unpainted, weathered, but all still in fair condition. The occupant of the house met me at the door and invited me to enter. I introduced myself, and stated the purpose of my visit. He was very interested in helping me learn more about the area.

He was a man of considerable education, whose ill health was a result of his service in the First World War. As we talked, I learned that the home had been in the family for many years. He told me that the house had a very interesting history.

The first Samuel Moses had been called Doctor Moses, because of his knowledge of the use of herbs in medicine. He knew the healing powers of buckthorn, lady slipper, thoroughwort, gold thread, sheep sorrel, Balm of Gilead, and many other herbs. His neighbors eagerly sought his prescriptions.

Mr. Moses' most lasting work was in evidence about the premises. Here, rows of neat, exceptionally well-laid stone walls bordered the road and divided the fields. Many works of masonry testified to the skill of Samuel Moses. Here and there were stones of distinctive shapes used for various purposes.

Near the front of the house was an underground chamber that was once used to house pigs. When I saw it, it had been converted into a garden of native flowers. He built it by excavating a hole in a bank and erecting stone walls about it. Large stone slabs formed the roof. Covered by dirt and sod, it formed an ideal shelter for the animals.

Across the road stood two large flat triangular stones on a base facing each other. They form a natural support for a grindstone which worked well for over a hundred years. The original wheel had been replaced by another. The older one lies on the ground near its former base. A little further east, Mr. Alexander showed me what he believed to be one of the oldest²⁸ underground vegetable storage shelters in New England. Here Mr.

²⁷ On the Ford Model "T", the clutch had three positions, and low was all the way down to the floor. High was all the way up, and neutral was in the middle. The car had three pedals. The brake pedal was on the right, and reverse was on the left.

²⁸ The Indians used this method of preserving food before the white people came.

Moses again took advantage of a natural slope. He dug a chamber and, just as he made the pig house, built an underground vault, ten feet long, four feet wide at the bottom, and seven feet high. Here he preserved potatoes and other vegetables for the winter.

Even in winter, the view was strikingly beautiful in all directions. Mr. Alexander pointed out the features of the surrounding country. Except for the deserted Kelton house behind us, not another home could be seen in any direction. To the east, Mr. Alexander pointed out a natural bear's den of considerable size.

Seated in his pleasant parlor, I asked Mr. Alexander to tell me the story of the Keltons. He said that most of the stories had been handed down from generation to generation and could not be verified. He then went on to tell me what he had heard.

The Keltons settled first on what was later called the Sandin place, in a cabin once owned by an original grantee of Gardner's Canada. During the Revolution, both Enoch and his son James served with their neighbors in campaigns against the British.

One night the first Kelton home burned to the ground. Mrs. Kelton was hastily carried out from her bed and given temporary shelter. The neighbors went to work immediately gathering materials, and before the ashes cooled, a new house began to rise on the same site.

As Enoch's children reached adulthood, they married and built homes in the neighborhood. There are no records that show where all these homes stood. There are several cellar holes in the woods but there is no trace of roads, and no one can tell who lived where.

For many years this section thrived. The school house for District #9 stood nearby. I've been told that at one time there were 40 children enrolled there. Enoch Kelton was a land surveyor. He was a good practical workman. Some of the old boundary stones still standing are the result of his work.

Enoch died in 1812. Two of his sons, Lovel and Rufus, died before he did. By 1830, only two Kelton homes were left standing. The last Kelton to live here was Sabin, who died in 1910.

There is a story told about Sabin that deals with a feature of country life as it was then. He had a neighbor, a man named Ichabod Whipple, Sabin heard that Ichabod was gravely ill and was expected to go to meet his Maker at any moment. In those days, it was customary for neighbors to take turns sitting through the night with the sick man. This allowed the family to get some rest.

So Sabin went to Ichabod's, and sat up through the night with him. However, Ichabod didn't die. By morning, he had improved so much that he got out of bed and insisted on escorting Sabin home.

There are two Kelton cemeteries, one east of the Sabin Kelton place, and one near the old Sandin place. The latter is where Enoch Kelton and his wife are buried. Many of the stones were broken by falling trees, but I [Amos Alexander] have replaced them with natural stone slabs found in the neighborhood. I cut in the names with a hammer and chisel with the dates when I have been able to determine them.

I [Charles Morse] heard this simple statement and later saw several of these stones. I wondered how many of us would take so much trouble to try to keep alive the memories of this almost forgotten name? It was but further evidence of the love Mr. Alexander showed for this beautiful deserted village and the memory of those who once called it home.

Mr. Alexander now led me through the woods to the nearby cemetery. It would be difficult to find it without a guide. Heavy woods surround it on all sides. It is surrounded by a stone wall with towering pines rising over the graves. As I climbed over the wall, the first object to catch my eye was a small American Flag held by a marker. The marker showed the grave was that of a veteran of the Revolutionary War.

The stone, one of those erected by Mr. Alexander, said that here was the grave of Enoch Kelton's son James. Among the other stones was the grave of Samuel Moses and his wife. I was told that Samuel himself had prepared it before his death, with only the date to be added.

Darkness was beginning to settle over the hills as I parted with my host at his home. Leaving him to his solitude, I walked down the hill to my car. I made a detour around the scene of my thrilling ride. On the way home, my thoughts were of the people who once climbed that hill to make it their home, and who remained on its summit, in the little cemetery in the woods.

Amos lived alone on Kelton Hill for about 50 years. Although I often tramped with him through the woods over his 800 acre domain, I never learned why he chose to lead the life of a hermit. I soon found that he resisted any personal questions. His few friends learned to accept that. No one even claimed to know much about him.

Some of this land he inherited from his father and his aunt. Most of it he bought from the town which had seized it for non-payment of taxes. Lumber operators, primarily the New England Box Company, harvested the timber. Then, as each lot was shorn of most of its value, the company stopped paying the taxes on it. The town then sold it to collect the unpaid taxes.

Amos Alexander accumulated, bit by bit, a strip of wild land about four miles long. It ran from Royalston Road north to the state line. On either side of this strip, much of the land is owned by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His brother, Dr. Kirke Alexander of Orange, also owned a sizable acreage.

The two brothers quarreled, but I never found out why. They eventually ceased to have any contact with each other. I met his brother Kirke occasionally. He always asked about Amos' health and if he needed anything. Kirke had a son, Scott, and a daughter Gail who eventually inherited their uncle's estate.

Amos was very possessive of his land, and zealously guarded it against any who wanted to cut timber or build homes in the area.

He enjoyed telling stories of about them. He was interested in my desire to record items about the early settlers, and was disappointed that I did not include in my history of Warwick all that he told me. I couldn't do it because of limitation of space and because many of his stories conflicted with town records.

Amos had no car. He bought his groceries from the "Rolling Store," a truck operated by a grocery store in Orange. It made weekly visits to rural areas. His only means of transportation was shank's mare²⁹. He thought nothing of walking to Orange, Winchester, Athol, or Warwick with a knapsack on his back.

Because Amos depended on the rolling store for his supplies, particularly in the winter, he welcomed the men who plowed the snow. He encouraged them to visit before they started their return to Warwick. While Amos was never a problem drinker, he did

²⁹ In other words, he walked.

maintain a varied supply of alcoholic liquor, and was always willing to provide a little stimulant for those who came to visit him.

Town officials who knew him and his desire for privacy catered to him. They knew he would support them for re-election so they saw to it that he had transportation to the polls on election day. He always came to vote. If one looked closely, one could get a glimpse, beneath his coat, of a holster with a gun. No one ever mentioned that carrying a firearm in a polling booth was illegal.

One modern convenience which he valued was the telephone. During the Second World War, he maintained a watch for possible enemy war planes, reporting to the air raid warning post in Warwick any planes he saw. Because of my interest in the history of Warwick and its pioneers, I often called on Amos. He was happy to talk about the early days and the neighbors who were laid to rest in his nearby cemeteries.

As a member of Warwick's World War I Veterans' Association, I had the task of seeing that a flag was placed on every veteran's grave in Warwick before Memorial Day. The two small abandoned cemeteries near Amos' home gave me the opportunity to visit him and he was delighted to accompany me. Sometimes he stopped at my house to get the flags to save me a trip.

In the early days of the Civil War, a dam was built across Tully Brook, a short distance north of the Warwick-Orange town line, forming Sheomet Pond.

Around the beginning of the Twentieth Century a group from Springfield, Massachusetts, finding the spot of scenic beauty, formed a club and built a large club house for their families and friends. They agreed that no new members would ever be admitted. The property would belong to the last surviving member. They held many pleasant parties there. The house was used continually from spring to fall.

The years went by. The membership decreased. At last, the property was owned by one lady and her daughter. Amos became acquainted with them over the years. Sometimes he acted as a part time caretaker of the clubhouse.

A romance developed between Amos and the daughter, a spinster of 38. Each of them had a jealous, possessive nature. Many people believed that she thought that Amos, with his large land ownership, was a man of wealth, while he thought that she, in control of the Club's property, would eventually add to his holdings. I never discussed the matter with Amos. It may have been true.

Their marriage surprised everyone. She was a city girl accustomed to all modern conveniences. He had no electricity and was living as his ancestors had, with only primitive facilities. People wondered aloud how two individuals with little in common, and no previous matrimonial experience, could adjust to married life with all the problems that naturally arise.

For a few weeks everything seemed fine. They continued to live on Kelton Hill. A short time later, the doubters heard the news they were expecting. She wanted to visit her friends in Springfield. Amos would not go with her. He telephoned each day urging her to return. Finally, one night about six o'clock, he called and received no answer. He continued to call hourly until at last she answered at eleven o'clock. A quarrel ensued. Amos ordered his wife to return to their home on Kelton Hill.

She arrived the following day. Amos had been drinking heavily. He greeted her with a barrage of questions about her activities. Nothing she could say could appease him, and finally he said he would kill her and then shoot himself.

The terrified woman slipped out of the house when Amos left her for a moment, and fled in fear of losing her life. Believing Amos would expect her to follow the road down the hill toward town, she went north to where the power line crossed. She headed west following the power line as it heads toward Northfield.

The land drops sharply down toward Tully Brook. She was familiar with the rough path that led from one tower to the next. The path went through undergrowth over very rugged ground crossing brooks and stone walls. It was only used by a man who walked through once a month to inspect the lines. It was about three miles to the nearest town road. With night coming on, the terrified woman plunged on. After falling down, tearing her clothes, and bruising herself, she eventually reached the road, and found a house where she could call the police.

Amos did not try to follow her. He had had enough. The police arrested him in spite of his protestations that he was only trying to frighten her and would not have harmed her. Because he had never been involved in any trouble before, the court placed him in the Northampton Veteran's Hospital for observation. Eventually, he convinced the doctors that he was only trying to frighten her. He swore that he would never harm her, and only wanted to be left alone on his hill, so his wife dropped all charges and the marriage came to an end.

After several months, Amos persuaded the doctors to let him spend a day as the guest of one of Warwick's selectmen. All went well and more visits followed until he was discharged and returned to his cottage. Shortly after his return, I paid him a visit. We did not discuss his unhappy experience. He told me that he had no ill feelings, and only hoped he would never see her again.

All this happened in the 1960's. From then on, Amos stuck close to home. He died December 7, 1970. I was one of only twenty people who attended his funeral. Burial was to be in the spring. I asked the undertaker to inform me when it was scheduled, and he did. Only Amos' niece and sister-in-law were with me.

Remembering the many times Amos had helped me by placing flags on veteran's graves for Memorial Day, I placed one at the head of his grave in recognition of his service in the first World War. I left him in his final resting place: Winchester, New Hampshire's Evergreen Cemetery.

His nephew and niece inherited his land. They sold most of it to a business enterprise. The forest Amos had guarded so zealously was slaughtered. A mysterious fire destroyed his cottage and barn, possibly caused by lightning, but probably not. To save the old Kelton house nearby from a similar fate, it was dismantled and rebuilt elsewhere. Four square miles in the northeast corner of Warwick was left for nature to heal the wounds made by man.

What does the future hold for the sleeping village? Maybe, and I hope, people will again come to clear the land and build homes. Perhaps once more the voices of children will ring out as they explore the fields and woods. Surely they will find the stone walls, and think of the people who built them.

This is another of our series of glimpses into the lives of Warwick citizens. Gene Atwood shows us life in Warwick up to the mid twentieth century. Just an ordinary guy with an extraordinary love for his own personal freedom. (E.H.)

Gene Atwood

In all these towns among the hills and valleys of Franklin County there are examples of a certain type of man. These men have a passionate love of nature and, refusing to be shackled by the bonds of civilization, lead solitary lives in the environment they love so well. To roam through the woods in search of game with a shotgun tucked lovingly under one arm, or to cast for the wary trout in the shady pools of the many brooks, is their idea of the good life.

They perform various odd jobs to obtain the necessary funds to satisfy their comparatively few wants. Groups of sportsmen who came from the cities seek them out to act as guides, because of their store of knowledge about the haunts of various game.

The best known of these men in Warwick was Gene Atwood. He was born in a section of the town covered with many farms, now long since abandoned. Gene knew every nook and cranny in the country for miles around. He led many a party through the deep woods at night with his dogs seeking "coons". Many a deer, fox, and bird fell victim before his unerring aim. Wildcats are rare and seldom seen but Gene bagged 19 of the ferocious pests during his career as a hunter.

When I knew him, Gene was nearly 70 years old, but no one would have judged him to be over 60. He held himself aloof from all the petty quarrels so common in a small town, and hence all were his friends and no one had a harsh word for him. A confirmed bachelor, he made a home for himself and his sickly brother Loring in one of the oldest houses in town at the foot of Tannery Hill³⁰ on the Wendell Road. It was torn down later.

His services were in great demand. Gene was a hustler and his reputation as a hard worker was almost a legend. It would be safe to say that at one time, 90% of all the animals that were butchered yearly in Warwick fell to Gene, whose skill in dressing these animals was a sight well worth watching.

I'll never forget watching him butcher a hog. It was a huge hog. They had to raise it up over the huge half barrel - a hogshead it's called - full of boiling hot water. They killed the hog and drained it, then scalded it to get the hair off. They soaked it in the boiling hot water, then raised it up out of the water to work on it. Gene had a way of scraping off the hair. It was really impressive to watch him work.

He didn't waste any movements. He'd have that hog all cut up and hung in quarters in no time. People usually called on him to do that job. He also did odd jobs around town, shingling houses, working on buildings, and even digging graves.

Gene was good natured, not one to get excited. Once when he was digging a grave at the cemetery, he dug up some bones. He very carelessly tossed them up on the ground with the extra dirt. He said, "When they fill the grave, make sure to have them put back

³⁰ Now known as Chestnut Hill

in." He wasn't a bit upset that he'd dug into a grave. After all, it was in the older part of the cemetery.

When hunting season came, Gene wasn't to be hired by anyone for any amount of money. There are many stories told about Gene's hunting experiences. I once called on him. He made me very welcome. He showed me the most comfortable chair. I told him I heard he had once had an encounter with a Canadian Lynx and asked him to tell me the story.

"Oh, yes that's right. I did. It was all of 20 years ago, and ain't many believe me, but it's true." he said. He busied himself cutting up a cabbage and adding it to a kettle of stew that was simmering on the stove. "I ain't claimin' it was a lynx, all I know's it wasn't any animal I ever seed afore or since. It had those tufts of hair sticking out of its ears that lynx have. 'Twas way too long for a wildcat. I never been so scairt in all my life as I was that night and I never wanted a gun as bad as I did then."

He insisted that I fill my pipe with his particular kind of tobacco. I lit up, and he continued.

It happened one night in the fall. I'd been to town, to spend a few hours at the Inn. It was 'bout midnight 'fore I started home. You know the road 'tween here and there,³¹ how you come by the blacksmith shop, and long past where Charley Bass's widow lives now, 'bout half a mile from the shop?

Well, it was a fine night, moon shinin' bright as could be. I was walking along in the wheel track, when just's I passed Charley's barway to his pasture, I heard a noise in the leaves. I looked. There, comin' 'neath the barway was an animal crawling close to the ground.

First I thought it was a big bulldog that lived around there at the time. Then it let out the most awful sound I ever heerd. I knew then 'twarn't no dog. Its body was nigh on to four feet long. Its eyes were small, just two p'int's of fire. I backed t'other side of the road and quick's I could. I cut myself a stick. It wunt'a bin wuth nothin' if it had bin a'mind to jump me, but I kept my eye on it.

I started up the road. I kept to one ditch, and that lynx took t'other about 15 feet away. I knew if I run, it would jump me the minute I took my eyes off it. Ain't no animal that'll touch you if you watch it. Well, I walked along slowly and that critter followed me 'til we came to the bridge over the brook.

There was a rail along each side of the bridge. The cat leaped on one and walked along it 'til it came to the end. Then it took to the road behind me again. Every once in a while it would let out that cry which would send shivers up my back. Two or three time I would stop and the lynx would stop. I'd start up again and so would it, but it always kept the same distance between us.

It followed me nearly half a mile, 'til finally we met a horse and wagon. I stopped the wagon and told the man, a stranger, about it, while

³¹ His route was out the Northfield Road and down the Wendell Road.

the animal waited in the brush along side of the road. We could see both its eyes. Finally, I started for home and as the wagon went toward town I see the lynx follow behind it. I'd been too close to that animal with nothing but that stick, to want to see any more of it that night.

I asked if anyone else had seen it. "No, it wasn't seen again. Probably went back north. I h'ain't heard of one being killed around here. Last summer, folks down in Brush Valley heard an awful queer noise at night for a spell, but it turned out to be some woman callin' her cat."

I asked Gene about some of his other experiences in the woods, but he insisted they were nothing out of the ordinary. Then I brought up the subject of deer hunting.

"Well," he said, "I h'ain't never had anything like Jimmy Harris tells." I smiled because Jim, who lived in the southern part of Warwick, was famous for tall stories.

You know, [Gene went on] Jim lived alone in a house up on Hockanum. One morning, he was layin' in bed, just as 'twas getting light. He heard shots in the woods back of the house. Jim jumped up and run to the winder with just his underwear on. There, comin' across the orchard, through the snow, was an elegant buck. He said 'twas a six point buck and would dress way over 200 lbs. Jim saw the buck was badly wounded, and headin' for the house.

Grabbin' his double barreled shotgun, he stepped to the door, opened it, and fired two shots at the deer. Down went the buck for an instant and then lunged to its feet again. It started off. It was now just a few feet from Jim. He knew if he stopped to reload his gun, the deer would reach the shelter of the woods, and might get away. So, dropping the gun, he leaped into the snow barefooted and in his underwear. He ran so that he would cut across the path of the buck.

Just as the buck was about to pass him, he jumped on its back. The buck went down, but once more scrambled to its feet. With Jim still on its back, it made for the woods. The hunters couldn't shoot for fear of hitting Jim. Finally, the buck reached the woods with Jim still hanging on. But it was exhausted, and dropped after a few more steps. Of course Jim had no knife, so all he could do was wait for the men to come up.

They stuck the deer and so, they claimed it. However, Jim knew the men. For his part in killing the deer, they gave him a brand new gun. He said he rode that buck all of 200 yards 'fore it dropped, and I bet he made a pretty picher. I wouldn't believe it myself, but Lee Dresser was with the man and he says it was a fact. O'course every time Jim tells the story, he makes the ride a little longer.

Once Gene and I, Charles Morse, had been working in the cemetery. Gene had been digging a grave. When the job was all done, we went down to the Inn to have a bottle of beer. Leslie Mansfield was there. He was a selectman at the time. We got to talking. Gene said that when he died, whoever buried him should buy a pint of liquor, take one sip, then put the rest in the coffin with him.

Lee Dresser was the one who buried him. He did exactly as Gene had instructed. So Gene Atwood is lying up there in Warwick Cemetery, with a pint of his favorite

refreshment ready to give him a little lift when he hears the trumpet call to judgement. After the service, Les and I went down to the Inn and had a bottle of beer.

Warwick has many fine old houses. Countless dramas have been enacted within them through the years.

If only these old walls could speak, what stories they could tell! (E. H.)

HOUSES

Captain John Sterns House 160 Richmond Road

Built by Captain Nathaniel Sterns who came to Warwick from Northfield in 1770. He bought lot 48 in the first division of lots, and built the house in 1772. Nathaniel was born in 1743. He was an excellent carpenter and mason. He built himself a salt box house.

The salt box got its name because it is shaped like the box which hung on the wall near the fireplace to store the salt and keep it dry. There are very few of this style house left today. The Sterns house is one of the best preserved.

These houses were often built in installments. First the rear of the house, consisting of a one story building to house the kitchen and living room with an attic. The roof sloped upward from the kitchen ceiling at the rear, to the height of the eaves of a two story house at the front. Later the main part of the house was added. The roof line was continued up to the center of the main section, then down to front of the house.

This made it a two story house in the front and one story in back. The main house usually had the front door in the center. Entrance was into a hallway with large rooms on either side and a staircase to the second floor. A second floor hall provided access to the bedrooms. Fireplaces on both floors were connected to a large central chimney which was behind the front hall. The main fireplace, cooking and warming ovens opened into the kitchen.

The house remained in the Sterns family until 1850. It has changed hands many times since. One owner decided that it was time to replace the old fireplace with a modern cast iron wood burning kitchen range. How pleased the good house wife must have been when she finally saw the fireplace covered by lath and plaster, and this clean, relatively smoke free, marvel of modern science, ready for its first fire?

In 1907 Oscar Carlson bought the farm. It later passed to his son-in-law Edwin Gillespie. Mr. Gillespie redecorated the kitchen. He removed the plaster and lath and discovered the old colonial fireplace. He restored the house to its original appearance without returning to the inconveniences of life as it used to be.

Harry Earle House 245 Gale Road

One of the oldest houses in town, believed to have been built as early as 1770, on lot 62 in the second division of land by that Lieutenant Thomas Rich who led Warwick men to Cambridge following the Lexington and Concord Battles. He built a dam on what is

now called Hodge brook. That created a pond to provide water power to operate the grist and saw mill.

In 1785 Rich sold the mills, together with the water rights, to Jonathan Sibley. Sibley sold them with 35 acres of land and the house to Josiah Conant in 1796. Tradition tells us that the house was then moved a short distance then enlarged to the size it is today. Appleton Gale married Josiah's granddaughter in 1861. He deeded the place to his son-in-law and daughter, Frank Green and Julia Conant Gale in 1903. A total of 134 years in the same family.

Mr. Harry C. Earle bought the property from them in 1929. The present owner is his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Earle, who served as Warwick town Clerk for many years starting in 1940. While the house has been modernized in every respect, it retains all the features of a well preserved house of the eighteenth century.

Stevens House off the Old Winchester Road

Nathaniel Stevens was born in Lancaster, Massachusetts in 1716. He was one of the proprietors of Gardner's Canada who came here in 1753. His sons Nathaniel Gove, Abraham, and Wilder came with him. In 1989, Joseph Stevens, Wilder Stevens' great great grandson represents the only family name to have been with the town continuously since that time.

The original owner of the land was John Mascroft of Woodstock who sold to William Dudley of Roxbury. It was lot 45 in the first division of land. Wilder Stevens acquired the land and built the present Stevens homestead in 1779.

A traditional family story tells us that they were shingling the roof while the battle of Bennington was being fought. They heard the sound of the battle from 45 miles away. Wilder married Elizabeth Mayo. They had five children. Wilder died in 1826 and his son Joseph lived here until his death in 1850.

Another traditional story is of a willow tree that grew in the door yard and provided shade for many years. Joseph Stevens, while walking through the woods, cut a willow sprout to use as a cane. As he approached the house he stuck the cane into the ground where it took root and flourished. The story is told on a bronze plaque on a boulder near the site of the tree.

One daughter, Ann, wrote a book "The Joys and Sorrows of Home". In it, she gives her unvarnished opinion of the physical characteristics and ethical standards of almost everyone who lived in Warwick at the time. She married Captain Charles Rich, and on his death, married Isaac Metcalf. The old house has been carefully preserved in its original condition.

Joseph Stevens' daughter Maria owned the house until her death in 1897. She was the last member of the family to live at the homestead. For over two hundred years, the homestead with the old red house has remained in the possession of the Stevens family who often hold reunions there.

Twenty years after her death, the family gathered for a reunion and to dedicate a flagpole they had given to the town to honor Maria. It was 75 feet high and made of iron pipe in 16 foot sections. The bottom section was 10 inches in diameter. Each section was smaller than the one below it. The top section was four inches in diameter with a gold

ball at the top. The flag was 12 X 20 feet. It was placed on the hill beside the School, across from the Unitarian Church. It had a Bronze plate mounted near the bottom with the dedication to Maria by the Stevens Family. Forty one years later, in 1958, the pipe had a hole rusted through at the base. Alarmed that the pole might fall on the building, perhaps injuring the children, it was cut down. It lay there for a year and then Charles A. Morse asked the Selectmen what was going to be done with it. Told that it would be sold for junk, he offered to buy it. His offer was accepted. He removed the bottom section, gave the plaque to the Historical Society, and towed a trailer with the upper 48 feet to his home at 555 Winchester Road. He then mounted it in a concrete base. At this writing, 1989, the pole is still holding high our country's flag, 72 years after it was first installed.

The Warwick Inn

The Fifth Massachusetts Turnpike Road was altered to pass north of the Town Common in 1827. Samuel Fay owned the Tavern on the old turnpike. It stood at what is now #45 Orange Road. Mr. Fay built the present tavern to serve the needs of people using the new turnpike including the stage line and its passengers. It also provided a change of horses before the stage proceeded on its way.

William Cobb built his store and post office adjoining it on the east. Lemuel Wheelock erected his store on the West, where the Town Hall now stands, #10 Athol Rd. Dr. Amos Taylor and James Goldsbury soon built the residence at what is now #17 Athol Road on the new turnpike. The center of the town had moved to the north.

For the next 20 years, the Inn or tavern was the center of town business and social activities and flourished financially. On the death of his wife in 1828, Fay sold the tavern but he then agreed to build a hall 60' x 21' over the horse sheds on the north end of the tavern. This hall served the town for community gatherings, the holding of town meetings, dances, wedding receptions and a variety of entertainment. Religious services were held here by the Universalists and Baptists.

The population of Warwick reached its peak of 1256 in 1820 and a steady decline began. This was due to the opening of the west to immigration, now the land of opportunity.

The railroads bypassed the rugged hills of Warwick for the less expensive route along the Millers and Connecticut rivers. The railroad from Boston to Worcester was completed in 1835. In December a stage coach line began operation from Worcester to Brattleboro via Warwick. But the first passenger train from Boston reached Athol December 29, 1847, and on February 13, 1848 the first train reached Brattleboro where a joyous celebration was held. This spelled the end of the stage coach.

The business of the tavern decreased drastically. The ownership of the tavern or inn as it gradually came to be called, changed frequently and its value decreased. In 1847 Melzar Williams bought it for \$1600 only to sell it a few months later to a company of five men for \$1,500.

Five years later, Lemuel Scott bought it for \$800. Scott was an energetic and promising young man, and he had visions of making alterations and restoring the prosperous days of the past. He removed the horse stalls from beneath the hall and installed quarters for a store and post office.

Scott died suddenly of typhoid fever in 1858, age 33 years, and Benjamin Putnam

became the owner. He changed the name from Sheomet House to Putnam Hotel and operated it as such during the Civil War. Frequently farewell parties were held here during those trying days in honor of Warwick boys leaving the town for service in the Army.

Forrest Goldsbury bought the hotel in 1867 and added a second story over the ell on east side. The inn struggled on as the population of the town steadily declined. It changed landlords and owners frequently as many tried and failed to operate it at a profit.

Once while it was unoccupied, a neighbor noticed smoke escaping from a window. His prompt action in arousing the town saved the old building from destruction. Capt. Harry Lemp, a veteran of World War 1, bought the inn at a public auction in 1921. He made several improvements including the installation of electric lights. He erected the flag pole and dedicated it to the veterans of the war.

At the end of seven years he sold out to Philip Malouin and his wife Christine. Shortly after their arrival the inn again had a narrow escape from destruction when fire broke out in the barn before dawn. The cause was never determined. A tramp seen around the village the previous evening may have spent the night in the barn. If he was the cause, he lost no time in disappearing. Fortunately the town had a model A fire truck provided by the state to fight forest fires. This performed heroically, until aid came from Athol and Orange.

The Malouins had the dance hall rebuilt, and held a costume ball to dedicate it. For several years the Malouins closed the inn during the winter months and returned to Boston, but they eventually they made it their year round business. Both Mr. and Mrs. Malouin had pleasing personalities and the ability to attract business. They entertained summer guests and provided excellent dining service. Soon they were joined by her sister "Aunt Martha" Campbell, and by their daughter Violet Milne, and her young son, Albert.

Mrs. Violet Edson assumed control in 1945, and continued to operate the inn until her death in 1960. Her son Albert Milne sold the inn in 1964 to Robert Curtis who made alterations only to die suddenly in 1965.

Richard Williams took over the property in 1966. From 1986 to 1988, Lisa Vandersteldt undertook an extensive renovation of the inn, emphasizing the flavor and quiet elegance of an idealized past. Together with the Town Common Project, the inn renovation improved the appearance of the center of town immensely.

Cobb Post Office 24 Athol Road

Close to the Warwick Inn, there is a small cottage. It is now a residence, but has an interesting history. After Samuel Fay built the tavern at the junction of the stage coach routes from Athol to both Northfield and Brattleboro, people recognized that this was where the town would expand.

William Cobb, the post master and store owner, was the first to follow Fay's example. In 1828, he had this small house erected. He closed his business in the upper village. The mail was chiefly delivered by stage coaches, which depended on the taverns to serve the needs of the passengers. The new location was to the advantage of all concerned.

For over thirty years, it was the heart of Warwick. Here people came daily for their

mail, groceries, and drugs. More important than these, people came to get the news of the day, local, state, and National. The local folk would gather daily to wait for the mail, and while waiting, exchange the latest gossip, argue about politics and any subject of current interest. Eventually, they would wend their way homeward, spreading the news to all who would stop and listen.

William Cobb influenced the history of Warwick. One could write a book just about this man. He owned and operated a store in town from 1796 until his death in 1853 at the age of 83. He was the first post master. He served from 1805 to 1853.

He was elected town treasurer annually for nearly fifty years. He was prominent in church, school, and militia. He was interested in all town activities. As a prime investor and officer in the ill fated attempt to manufacture glass in Warwick, he lost heavily. He continued to have financial problems for the rest of his life.

His greatest legacy to the town, however, are the diaries he meticulously kept for over fifty years. They are now in the possession of the town. In a position to know most that happened in the town, he made a record of everything of interest. Many historians have come here to find background material, a description of life in the first half of the 19th century in rural New England.

Following the death of Mrs. Cobb, the house became the property of Capt. Arlon S. Atherton, a veteran of the Civil War. A native of Richmond, NH, he enlisted in the Third New Hampshire Regiment of Volunteers. He had a distinguished record of four years of active service, rising from private to captain. Severely wounded on the battlefield, he was left by his company when they were forced to retreat. He was recognized as a fellow mason by a confederate officer. He received special attention, recovered, and was eventually exchanged.

Atherton courted and married the daughter of Bernard Fisher, the village blacksmith. At the close of the war, he returned to Warwick and bought and operated the village store (now #5 Orange Road) just west of the town park. He served as town clerk and treasurer from 1868 to 1873. He represented the district in the state legislature in 1873.

Atherton moved to Wakefield, but continued to own the Cobb house until he retired here. He died in 1922. His son-in-law, Rev. Wilbur Chaffee, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Cambridge, also lived here in his retirement. Reverend Chaffee's son, George A. Chaffee, sold the house to Mrs. Anno S. Earle about 1940.

From 1940 to 1950, the post office returned to its first location under William Cobb. Mrs. Earle was appointed post mistress, and served until her daughter, Elizabeth, succeeded her in 1945. Elizabeth, forced to choose between holding that office and the offices of Town Clerk and Treasurer, resigned from the post office in 1950.

J. J. Bowers House 2 Winchester Rd.

The Bowers house located on the west side of the Winchester road, Route 78. We can't say exactly when it was built, but it is the oldest house in the village north of the common. Nathan Morse lived in it from 1809 to 1811. William Cobb in his diaries tells us that David Bishop, a mason lived there until 1819 when he left town with another man's wife.

Young Laban Proctor lived there while learning the blacksmith's trade from 1821 to 1826, when he bought the place from William Cobb. Two years later, he sold a half interest back to Cobb and Cobb agreed to make alterations. It is believed that he added the second story at that time.

Cobb bought Laban Proctor's half interest in the house and moved in on June 1, 1829. He then added a back kitchen and hired Isaac moody, father of Dwight L. Moody, to build the chimney.

In 1839, Reuben Fisher who owned a glue factory on the Athol road, bought the house and owned it as late as 1856. Among the later owners were Elkin Adams who owned it in 1871, George Manning who sold it to Frank Green in 1924, and Olin Bowers.

Franklin Glass Salesroom 50 Orange Road

One of the three remaining buildings built by the Franklin Glass Company, the ill fated enterprise that existed in Warwick between 1811 and 1817. When the glass company failed, Col. Wheelock bought the building and then sold it to Captain Daniel N. Smith. The story of Smith and his rotary timber plane is told in "Warwick, A Biography of a Town." Wheelock repossessed the building from the insolvent Smith, whose invention was slow to gain acceptance.

In 1842 the place was owned by Daniel Hastings who lived on the second floor and used the ground floor as a carpentry shop. In 1989 the owner was Joseph Stevens. The house has been kept in excellent condition.

The Lemuel Hedge House 49 Athol Road

This large two story Colonial House is believed to have been built by The Reverend Lemuel Hedge. He probably began building the house soon after he was settled in his pastorate in 1760. As inducement to become the first settled minister in town, he received 100 acres of land of his choosing. An able and industrious man, he sawed the lumber for the house in his own saw mill which he built on his brook.

Reverend Samuel Reed lived in the house until his death in 1812 after a ministry of 33 years. The house continued in the possession of his descendants until 1925. Rev. Reed's great granddaughter, Alma Reed Green, and her husband Leslie then sold the house to Howard and Cornelia Francis.

After her husband died, "Ma" Francis, a woman of many talents continued to provide a haven for summer guests. She served on the school committee. It was due to her untiring efforts that the Preserved Smith House was acquired and converted into the Metcalf Memorial Chapel. When she died, her son sold the place to Dr. Russell Hait who later sold it to Audrey Greenwald.

The Goldsbury House 44 Athol Road

Colonel James Goldsbury,³² who operated a tavern on the corner of the Old Winchester Road and Rum Brook Road had three sons, James, a captain in the militia, Samuel, and John.

John Goldsbury left town. He became a minister, a teacher, and the author of popular text books. He returned to Warwick when he retired, and spent the last 40 years of his life

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He was the same Colonel Goldsbury who was arrested for harboring Daniel Shays and his men when they were fleeing to New Hampshire after their defeat in Petersham. See chapter on Shays' Rebellion.

here, taking an active interest in town affairs.

He converted an old sugar house across the road from the old family home into a residence. He lived there as a bachelor for several years before getting married. When the three heirs divided the property, Samuel kept their father's house at the top of the hill. Captain James got the lower part closer to town.

In 1826, the captain built a house (now 44 Athol Road) for his bride on the site where Medad Pomeroy lived from 1769 to 1785. At the time it was built, it was at the corner of the Old Winchester Road and the Athol Road. Later, the first half mile of the Old Winchester Road was rerouted to avoid a section that was difficult to maintain, putting the intersection a half mile farther from the village. Most people used the new road, but the Goldsburys continued to use the old one.

There was a family quarrel. Nobody knows what it was all about, but Samuel built a spite fence, a stone wall, across the old road³³ to prevent his brothers from using it. Captain Goldsbury held many town offices including selectman for nine years. He lived in the house with his daughter, Ann Maria, until his death in 1898, aged 101. He was blind for the last 15 years of his life.

Ann Maria died in 1920. Captain James' grandson, Dr. Paul Goldsbury, continued to live there until his death in 1962 except for 1935-1936 when his sister Rena and her husband Reverend Harland Metcalf rented it.

Paul's nephew sold the house to E. Boulerice, who sold it to Archie Fellows a year later. Fellows then sold it to George Foot in 1970. Foot sold it to Tim Cornwell in 1973.

The old house had a narrow escape from fire just before the Cornwells moved in. A fire in the fireplace ignited the walls around it. The volunteer fire fighters managed to put it out, but not before much damage was done.

Metcalf Chapel Trinitarian Church 32 Athol Road

When Reverend Preserved Smith came to Warwick in 1814 as the third town-supported minister, he found the town prospering and its population increasing. He selected a site for a home on the 5th Massachusetts turnpike that crossed the present Gale Road north of Conant's pond, and ran northwest to the southeast corner of the town common.

Located only a half mile from town, no doubt he felt he had made a wise choice for the site of his home. In 1827 the turnpike corporation built the north end of the Gale Road³⁴ to meet the road from Athol and Royalston to the new Warwick Inn. The section of the old turnpike that went by the minister's house was abandoned.

A few years later the turnpike corporation was bankrupt, and the town and county

³³ It is still there blocking the old road, in back of 162 Old Winchester Road. It is difficult to understand how it inconvenienced his brothers any more than it did Samuel himself.

³⁴ This allowed traffic to bypass the deep ravine at Hodges (Hedges) brook on the Athol road, although it made a right angle turn. With the advent of the automobile in the twentieth century, this turn became known as "Dead Man's Curve." The ravine was filled in and the old route restored 160 years later in 1987.

took over part of the new road. Reverend Smith now found himself isolated, so he contracted to have his new home moved to the new center of town near the tavern.

The story of the many difficulties encountered in this colossal task is told most dramatically in daily references found first in William Cobb's diary, and later as told by a noted author Mary P. Wells Smith who married the minister's son. In her book, "Jolly Good Times in Hackmatack³⁵", she tells the story of her husband's youth and life in a rural town in the early 1800's. She tells of the moving of the house.

The house was divided into two sections, jacked up, and placed on rollers which rolled on planks placed on the ground. As the house moved forward, pulled by oxen, the rolls would work their way to the rear. Men recovered the rolls and planks which they carried to the front of the house and placed so that the house moved onto the rollers and the process continued.

The contractor made good progress over the frozen ground until a sudden spring thaw turned the road to mud and the house became hopelessly bogged down. The contractor gave up the job and finally another was found. He organized the minister's friends and parishioners, and with the aid of 20 yoke of oxen, the house was finally hauled to the waiting foundation. Then all participants sat down to a bountiful dinner served by the women, and the minister gave fervent thanks to all, including the Almighty. Before the contractor was paid for his work, Cobb, and a committee examined the house and stated that no damage had been done and that he should have his compensation.

It was the year 1830, and the book goes on to tell of life as it was lived in the minister's family. The daily chores in which all had a part: preparation of meals, sewing of clothes, occasionally aided by the village seamstress. The care of the animals, gardens and preservation of food for the long winter months.

There were happy occasions, when a young couple drove into the yard and asked to be joined in holy matrimony. But more often, Parson Smith would be called upon to counsel parishioners in time of trouble. The old house has many tales to tell.

Though the house has seen much joy, it has also witnessed much sadness. Life was hard indeed, especially on women, as shown by the fact that Reverend Smith was married three times. His first wife, Babe, died in 1822 while the house was still on the old turnpike. She was only 33 years of age, and she left several small children.

Tryphene Goldsbury came forward to fill the void. She was a woman of considerable talent as a painter. She painted the walls of the entrance hall with a pastoral scene. Only a small section of the scene remains today. It is on the stair wall from the second floor landing to attic. She, too, passed on in 1835, only thirty four years old, to be succeeded by his third wife Fidelia.

One member of the Smith household was the minister's father, also named Preserved, who had been the first settled minister in the town of Rowe, Mass., and who, after his retirement came to spend his last days with his son and grandchildren.

The advent of the railroad spelled the doom of the stagecoach. Warwick's population began to decrease as industries sought the advantage of rapid transportation. As church membership declined, the church found it difficult to meet the minister's salary. In 1844, he and his family accepted a call to a church in Greenfield.

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A treasured copy of "Jolly good times at Hackmatack" is kept in the free public library in Warwick. It does not circulate, but can be read at the library.

George Cheffee, who manufactured Palm leaf hats, bought the place. He lived there until his business failed and drove him into bankruptcy. He sold the house to a widow, Elmina Gale for \$575.00.

Nahum Jones was a man who had spent much of his youth on his uncle's farm in Warwick. He had become a successful business man in Boston in the manufacture of shoes. During the 1850's, remembering his happy childhood, he decided that Warwick could become a profitable place to manufacture shoes. He returned to the town and began that business in a building where the town hall now stands (10 Athol Road).

Most of the shoes made in rural shoe shops were not of first class workmanship but were of rugged construction. They found a ready market in the slave plantations of the south and until the Civil War put an end to that market, the business prospered. At one time, 40 men were engaged, making 20,000 pair of shoes a year.

Mr. Jones maintained business connections and a home in Cambridge until, in 1870, he bought the preserved Smith house. He lived there with his wife and daughter Clara. His wife had been in her youth, a playmate of Lucy Blake, a member of the prominent Blake family of Warwick.

The shoe factory finally ceased to be profitable about 1879, and in 1884 it was torn down to make way for the present town hall. A piece of land north of the shoe factory was given to the town by Jones as a portion of the present town park.

The only town office that he would accept was as a trustee of the Warwick Free Public Library. He served until his death in 1903. His daughter Clara served as librarian for 33 years, resigning in 1913 to care for her mother. In 1918, Clara sold the house and moved to Greenfield. In 1970, Mrs. Ruth Eldredge, a great granddaughter, gave portraits of Nahum Jones and his wife to the Warwick library. Today they hang on the library wall.

The Preserved Smith house was then bought by Deacon Charles E. Stone who owned a farm on Chestnut hill. He retired in 1918 to spend his declining years in the Preserved Smith House in the village. Stone was followed in 1929 by Arthur A. Smith. That gentleman upset the serenity of the town when he rented part of his house to two men who opened a store there. Trouble arose when they asked the town to give them a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

The depression of the 1930's was still a serious national problem. There were two Civilian Conservation Corps camps in Warwick. The good folk of Warwick were alarmed by the temptation to which these young men might be exposed. The selectmen were persuaded to deny the license. The two men, Stuart and Venetto, appealed to the state to obtain a license. The townspeople were alarmed until the problem was solved by an unexpected event.

The Warwick Trinitarian Church Society at this time had no church building, and were seeking one. They decided the house could be altered to serve their purpose and their offer to purchase it was successful. Thus the minister's house was saved from a fate that surely would have displeased him. It became a house of worship.

A campaign to raise the necessary funds to purchase the building was organized under the leadership of Mrs. Carmelia Francis. The tireless efforts of "Nelly" as everyone called her, were inspired by the fact that the building was to be dedicated The Metcalf Memorial Chapel in honor of a beloved minister who had conceived the idea but had died before its fulfillment. The little church was dedicated in 1937. Since then, services have

continued without interruption.

The building lacked the modern conveniences so necessary in today's world. With limited funds it was not possible to provide them. That problem was solved when Miss Alice Anderson a member of the congregation, died and left a large sum of money to the church. The church first set up a memorial fund of \$20,000 in her name. Only the interest of which could be used for church expenses. The remainder of her bequest built an addition which provided a larger auditorium. Modern facilities were provided, but the original house was saved and used for Sunday school and social purposes.

Bass Residence 65 Orange Road

The house at 65 orange Road was built in 1812 by the Franklin Glass Co. as a house for the Superintendent. It was first occupied by Mr. James Symmes, who moved in on Sept. 17, 1812. Able Minard took over the job a short while later and lived there until he died in October 1814.

Dr. Amos Taylor bought the house and moved there in 1828. He served the town as physician for 52 years, until his death in 1867. His son, William K. Taylor moved back from Lowell and lived in the house with his wife Delia and their three children. A daughter Etta married Fred Bass. After her mother's death in 1918, the Bases moved in. Fred Bass died three years later but Mrs. Bass lived there until she died in 1948. Since then Katherine Bass, Etta's daughter, has used the place as a summer residence. Thus the place has remained in the same family for over 160 years.

Wheelock House 17 Athol Road

This lot is part of the 100 Acres of land granted by the proprietors of Roxbury Canada to Rev. Lemuel Hedge to induce him to settle as the first minister in 1760. The first house built there was the home of Josiah Pomeroy. Pomeroy rented the house to William Cobb for a store in 1796 and in 1816 sold it to Caleb Mayo.

Dr. Amos Taylor bought it in 1819 and he in turn, after the turnpike road from Athol to Northfield had been altered to pass his house, sold an acre to Samuel Fay for the site of his new tavern and the remainder to Lemuel Wheelock.

Lemuel Wheelock was the son of Eleazer Wheelock, an early settler of Warwick on Beech hill. In common with most young men he joined a militia company. He demonstrated qualities of leadership, and soon became an officer.

At an early age, he showed that he was a shrewd investor and thrifty to a high degree. He wooed and won the hand of Rhoda Chamberlin, the daughter of wealthy Moses Chamberlin of nearby Winchester, NH in 1817. Three years later, at the age of 28, he bought Steven Ball's store.

Lemuel did not invest in the glass works, which ruined so many Warwick citizens. It appears that he actually prospered as he took advantage of the bankruptcy of his neighbors.

After his marriage to Rhoda, he rented the Josiah Pomeroy house until Dr. Amos Taylor bought it in 1820. Then he moved into the house which was formerly the home of Dr. Ebenezer Ball, the founder of the glass company.

When the turnpike road was altered and Samuel Fay bought land for the site of his new tavern, Wheelock saw at once that this was the area that was to promise rapid growth. He bought the remainder of Dr. Taylor's land, including the house he once rented.

Wheelock first had the old home moved 300 feet to the east, where now only a cellar hole remains. He then had Chapin Holden erect the house that still stands today. The second house built on the site (#17 Athol Road) is an excellent example of the type of home built in the early 1800's.

The following year, 1829, he built another store west of the tavern and then a small shoe repair shop west of the store. Later, in 1836, he had Chapin build a second house across the road from his store (#9 Athol Road).

The story of the Wheelock house is primarily the story of Lemuel Wheelock because he and his descendants controlled it for nearly a century. Many anecdotes have been told about him that indicate that while he dominated and controlled the lives of many people in Warwick, he was not universally loved.

His niece, who, with her widowed mother, lived in very straitened circumstances in the old house that her uncle had moved when he built his new one, wrote many of these stories. One concerned a hen that had ceased to lay eggs for a time.

It had escaped from the hen yard and had wandered to the sister's home. Her little girl had made friends with it to the extent that it would sit in her lap. Uncle Lemuel on learning of this fact and knowing that the hen was not producing eggs, told the little girl she could keep the hen if she would feed it.

Delighted at owning a pet, she was very happy until one day she told her little cousin Marie Antoinette, that the hen had actually laid an egg in her lap. Marie went home and told her father of the incident. A short time later she returned and told her cousin that now that the hen was again laying eggs, she would have to return it.

Wheelock became a colonel of his regiment aided by the votes of the two militia companies the town supported. Officers were often elected because of their willingness and ability to pay for the rum always consumed at the close of the annual regimental muster. Lemuel was well able to do this.

On Sunday, dressed in a tall beaver hat and a frock coat, he majestically led his wife and four daughters down the aisle to his pew. Then before he seated himself he would spread the tails of his frock coat apart revealing a huge red bandanna handkerchief in his pants pocket. This anti-climax to his pompous appearance amused all who saw it.

The colonel was a democrat in politics, but when Daniel Webster, the great orator and leader of the Whig party, stopped at the tavern on his way to New Hampshire, the word quickly spread around the village. Wheelock hastened to the tavern and rudely pushing aside the town officers and other prominent Whigs, attempted to overwhelm this national hero with his own importance.

Wheelock served the town as a selectman seven years and on one occasion he was a candidate in a three man contest to represent the town in the state legislature. The election was very close. Wheelock received the largest vote by a very slight margin. Ashbel Ward who had been narrowly defeated then moved in town meeting that because of the town's

poverty no one should be sent to Boston. Wheelock protested, and secured a court judgment in his favor. He not only served the town as its representative, but asked the town to pay his legal fees, which was done.

It appears that many envied him and were jealous of his success but when he died in 1842, after an illness of four days, at the age of 50 years, Cobb tells us in his diary that over 400 attended his funeral.

Lemuel and Rhoda had four daughters. We are told that Rhoda, the first daughter and a beautiful girl, died of consumption when only 21 years of age.

The second was Chloe, rather odd, and quite homely. She married Daniel Hawkins and moved to Worcester.

The Third was Experience, who went to Boston where she married a man named John Sibley. He got into financial troubles and had to leave the state. Experience then came home to Warwick with her son Pierpont and lived with her mother. She created a trust fund for her son Pierpont, and after his death it was given to the Warwick library.

The fourth, Marie Antoinette, married William McKim in Boston. During the Civil War, while a colonel in the Union Army, he helped Warwick get a confiscated bell.³⁶ When it arrived, it was placed in the schoolhouse. It served to summon the children to school until it was destroyed when the schoolhouse burned in 1929.

Lemuel's widow Rhoda, To whom he unquestionably owed much of his success, continued to be a financial giant in Warwick until her death in 1879

The house remained in the family until 1914 when it was sold to Mr. Fred Lincoln by the Sibley heirs.

The Lincolns had three sons, Fred R., Charles E., and Robert and two daughters, Edith and Barbara. Fred and Charles served in World War I. All the boys eventually had homes and families of their own. Barbara married Ralph Holbrook and they lived with her parents until they died. Today, (1989) Holbrook, a retired entomologist, and his wife own the house.

The Cook House 9 Athol Road,

The Cook House stands opposite the town hall. It is an excellent example of the colonial style house quite commonly built in the 1830's.

Col. Lemuel Wheelock had just had a similar house built in 1828 adjoining on the east, for his home. Then had the same carpenter, Chapin Holden, build a duplicate on the west side. The same carpenter then built the Unitarian Church.

These houses were built so they could be used for one family or two. This was accomplished by having the main entrance in the center of the front side. One entered a large hall with a door to the right and one to the left, leading into identical parlors. From the center of the hall, stairs led to the second floor hall. On the ground floor, there is a passageway on each side of the stairs leading to the rear rooms, which include a dining room and kitchen. Usually, at the rear of the house, a door from the kitchen led into a one story shed which contained a summer kitchen, the wood shed, and the toilet.

³⁶ See the chapter on the Civil War.

Perhaps the most interesting fact about the house is that it was apparently inadvertently built partly on town land. Back in 1760, the proprietors of Gardner's (or Roxbury) Canada were directed "to lay out a tract of land forty rods square around the meeting house for a burying ground, training field, and other public uses". This land includes the land on which the present Unitarian church, the center school, and the fire house now stand.

It seems that the northern boundary of what we now know as the town common had never been exactly marked. Perhaps it was when the church was built in 1836 that it was discovered that the colonel had made a mistake. He had built his house with the town common line running through the kitchen.

At that time it was illegal for a town to sell land granted by the state or province without an act of the legislature permitting it. This could be difficult and time consuming. The selectmen could give a lease of the land for a long enough period that the problem would never arise in their lifetime. Col. Wheelock was the wealthiest and most powerful man in town and so they gave him a lease for 99 years. That gave him control of the land under his house and a yard or area around it.

The years passed by. The Colonel and his widow after him, rented the two apartments to many families until in 1892, the Wheelock heirs sold the house to Miss Rhoda Cook. The life of Rhoda Cook and the Cook family is a very long story. Their Ancestors settled in Warwick, saw service in the Revolution and the Civil War. Rhoda and her six brothers grew up in Warwick on a farm at the foot of Mt. Grace.

In 1869 her father sold the farm and moved his family to Barre. In 1892, Rhoda retired from a career as a school teacher in Holyoke. She decided to return to the scenes of her childhood. The old Cook homestead was deserted and in ruins, but the town was much as she remembered and loved it as a child. With her mother, she moved into the house she had bought.

Rhoda immediately took an interest in the education of the children of Warwick.

Rhoda was superintendent of Schools in 1894 and 1895, later served on the school committee, and eleven years as a library trustee. She was deeply interested in the history of the town and spent many days in research to learn and preserve the history of its houses and industries. Her notes and many items of historical interest are preserved in the Rhoda Cook collection in the Historical Society.

Rhoda was friendly but assertive. No one could step on her toes. Her house is one of several that are served by a common water line. The water comes from springs on the mountain. The maintenance of this system caused many problems between those it supplied. The location of the line between her property and her neighbor's was never settled to their mutual satisfaction.

The ninety-nine year lease was never recorded in the town records. As the years passed, the people who knew about it dwindled away until only a few knew of it. Rhoda died at the age of 90 years in 1935. The place was left to her nephew, George Cook of Springfield.

In that year, speaking to Charles Morse, she spoke of her experiences in Warwick.

Mother lived here with me in her last days. She often embarrassed me by making thoughtless remarks. One day she told me she was going to make a neighborly visit to Mrs. McKim who lived in the Wheelock house

next door.

The town had just received some shocking news. A much beloved old maiden lady who did housework for Mrs. McKim had become despondent and hung herself in the attic of the Wheelock house. I cautioned mother to be very careful as to what she said. She assured me she would.

A short time later, she returned home quite agitated. I asked what was the matter. She said Mrs. McKim had complained that with all the rainy weather we had been having, she had a great deal of trouble getting her clothes to dry. Mother told her that the wet weather should not be difficult with the nice large attic she had to hang things in. She left Mrs. McKim in tears.

The cook descendants continued to maintain the house in first class condition. It was usually closed in the winter, but many family reunions were held there in the summer.

George Cook died in 1970. Norman's widow, Gertrude, now took possession. She lived in the house most of the time. She too, was most generous with her time and resources for the benefit of the town. However, she realized that the house might someday be put up for sale, If it were, the ninety-nine year lease (now about to expire) might cause trouble.

She offered to sell the McKim cottage across the street beside the town hall to the town for only \$5,000.00 in exchange for the small piece of land which still belonged to the town. The town meeting voted to accept the offer with no opposition. Few people were even aware of what was happening.

After the town obtained the McKim cottage, it gave the Historical Society the privilege of using four rooms to house its exhibits. The Women's guild, a society of all the women in town, also uses two rooms for storage.

Barber Childs House 247 Flour Hill Road

This house was built on the Hathern Grant.³⁷ Originally the Whitney farm, owned by Daniel, David, and Elijah Whitney, all of whom signed for independence at the town hall in July 1776. Daniel and his son Seneca worked the farm. Seneca died at age 34 in 1810. Daniel lived to age 79. Phineas Child married Daniel's daughter Susan and lived there until his death in 1875. He had a shoe shop across the road from the house. The house was built around 1775.

Deacon Hervey Barber married Ann M. Child in 1850. The maps of Warwick made in 1856 and 1871 both show the farm in his name. His son Arthur Barber carried on the farm from 1885 to 1933. His son Roy inherited the farm.

Roy's widow owned it in 1976. Ray Barber, Roy's brother, says that he doesn't know exactly when the house was built, but that it is the oldest house on Flour Hill.

Roy's daughter, Patricia Barber Ernest, inherited the farm. She and her husband

³⁷

The Hathern Grant (over 1900 acres) was made in 1734 to accommodate some settlers who had first been given land in Townsend. Upon arriving there to begin homesteading, they discovered the land already occupied by settlers with a prior claim.

Charles Ernest still own it. So, as of this writing (1989), the farm has not been sold since the Whitneys bought it, at least 214 years ago.

Whitney Knudtson House 209 Flour Hill Road

Elijah Whitney and his sons John and Daniel settled as early as 1776 on Flour Hill. They all signed for independence from Great Britain in that year. John was the owner of record 1804 - 1831. He, his wife Abigail, and three children all died of cholera. Blake's map made in 1830 shows Ezekiel Ellis the owner and he sold to Timothy F. Philips in 1836. Ellis then moved north down the hill, and bought the Bowman farm. Melzar Williams married Philips' widow. She was Melzar's third wife. Detroit Shepardson was the next owner. There is a deed from Detroit to Carl Hanson, July 31, 1894. The New England Box Co. acquired the land to cut off the timber in 1909 and sold back to Hanson the following year.

In 1926, Roy Rise conveyed the farm to his next door neighbor on his north side, Arthur Barber. In 1932 Barber sold it to Bendick Knudtson. Ben died in 1976, age 82, passing ownership to his widow, Elvie.

When the house was built is unknown, but it was before 1830.

The Bowman Homestead 347 Flour Hill Road

These 98 Acres with house and barn were part of the Hathern Grant Made in 1735. The first owner of record was Samuel Bowman, known from town records to have been a resident in 1773. He died in 1819. Assessors records show his son, John Bowman, owned the farm 1817 - 1832. Jacob Gale 1832 - 1836, Cobb diaries, Price \$841.00 In 1836 Ezekiel Ellis sold his farm about 1/2 mile south, designated on the map of 1830 as the Ellis farm #18 and bought the Bowman Homestead. Ellis' son, Joseph, died in the Civil War and Ezekiel died in 1873.

Ellis to Melzar Williams 1873

Charles Williams to Ludwig Nordstedt 1891 - 1951

Carl Nordstedt - Robert T. Curtis 1964

Curtis - Herman J. Wirth 1970.

Elijah Whitney to Samuel Bowman 1775 – 1796

Asa Bancroft Homestead 678 Winchester Road

Land 42 Acres, house and garage. The land was originally in Winchester, NH until the state line was settled in 1740, when it became part of Massachusetts. It is believed to have been first owned by John Ramsdell until 1784. Ebenezer Bancroft became the owner in 1785. It is believed that he built the present house. His son, Asa, acquired the property in 1814 and he still owned it in 1830. In 1856 the Town of Warwick bought the

farm to house the town's paupers. It was the Town Poor Farm until 1906. It was sold to Augustus G. Anderson and after his death it became the property of Eric, Oscar, and Alice Anderson. Oscar died in 1958. and Eric and Alice in 1972. Edwin B. Cady, bought the property and still owned it in 1989.

Justus Russell House 505 Winchester Road

Squire Justus Russell, owned and operated a tannery about 100 rods north of this site at the house designated on Blake's map of 1830 as the William Russell place. (550 Winchester Road [Q.V.]) The squire gave that house and the tannery to his son William for a wedding present in 1828. Justus then bought the Williams place and built the house now standing. Justus Russell died in 1850 and William R. Ball bought the place.

William Ball 850 - 1890, Minnie and Bertha Ball 1890 - 1908, Waldo H. Wheeler 1909, Alden E. Height 1910 - 1913, James Gibson 1919, A. P. Jennings 1928, E. & M. Phillips 1928, Ellen Phillips 1930, C. Morgan 1933, Raymond Chase 1936, Lena Couchon 1937, Oscar Youngman 1945, Alan Morgan 1945-1989+

Russell Homestead and Tannery 550 Winchester Rd.

The northern end of Warwick was once a disputed territory. Both the Massachusetts Bay Province and the New Hampshire Grant claimed the land as included in its borders. Massachusetts granted the townships of Winchester and Richmond New Hampshire 1733, two years before the grant to Roxbury Canada.

Justus Russell of Northampton bought Jacob Rich's tannery in what is now known as Pleasant Valley. Rich owned a large tract of land in the North part of town. This included much of Hathern's grant which was not a part of the Gardner's Canada grant.

When the King set the boundary in 1740, he awarded these towns to New Hampshire. The new state line crossed the northern boundary of Roxbury Canada in such a way that it lost 132 acres to the town of Richmond, and gained 1189 acres from Winchester. As a result, Warwick now has the southern end of Pleasant Valley. The Valley is a level area which begins at the foot of Mt. Grace. It carries Mirey Brook on its way to the Ashuelot River. The open fields support several large dairy farms. There are hills to the East and west.

At the southern end of the valley, Justus Russell erected a large, about 50 ft. square, two story house. The style was typical of the period. The exact date is unknown, but must have been about 1800. The front of the house is about 40 feet from the highway. A stone walk leads to the front door, and an entrance hall about 12 feet square. Doors on the right and left enter on rooms about 20 ft. square, each with a fireplace attached to the center chimney. The chimney itself is 12 ft. square, and extends to a base in the cellar. The chimney also serves the huge kitchen fireplace, with ovens for baking etc. A swinging crane extends from the rear of the fireplace to support an Iron kettle for general

household needs.

The kitchen was a long room. There were two small rooms, one at each end, a hall leading to the southern exit, and stairs to the second floor. A second door led to the back yard through the west wall. The second floor has two large bedrooms with fireplaces, and two smaller rooms. A stairway leads to the attic with an ample storage area.

A tannery was a necessary industry in rural communities. A tannery provided the settlers with a market for animal hides, and a source of leather to make shoes, harnesses, and other essential items.

Justus and his bride entered energetically into their work as tanners. They built the fine house at 505 Winchester road. A neighbor, Anna Stevens Rich in a book on her childhood (*The Joys and Sorrows of Home*) describes her neighbor Esther Russell as vain and unpopular. A copy of the book is in the Warwick Public Library.

Justus Russell was successful in his business dealings and acquired considerable property. He did not seek public office, but he was a power in the government and was appointed Justice of the Peace. He was for many years considered a wealthy man.

His wife and children were a disappointment to him. She was vain and proud. Expecting great things for her family, she lived to see her dreams fail. Esther Russell died in 1884, having outlived her husband. A lengthy inscription on her monument reveals her character.

Justus turned over his Tannery and house to his son William, as a wedding present. Justus and Esther then moved half a mile south to the house at what is now 505 Winchester Road. The (#550) Russell house was sold out of the family when Francis Russell died in 1900. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Morris from New York City owned the house from 1930 to 1987. He was a Chiropractor.

Some time in the last century, all of the fireplaces that once heated the old house were removed. A wood burning furnace took over that function. A modern bath room was installed in the space where the chimney had been.

In 1987 Newell and Jane Cook from Boston bought it, and restored it to its original condition. They did a thorough job, including rebuilding the chimney with all the fireplaces.

William & Thomas Bancroft Farm 585 Old Winchester Road

Believed to be lot 63 in the third division of land made in 1761.

Abner S. Hearman had a grist mill here as early as 1777 and as late as 1794. Ebenezer Bancroft was the owner from 1784 to 1814. Ebenezer's son Thomas, and Thomas' son William owned it until 1845. The Bancrofts manufactured bricks from 1790 until 1830. The Bancrofts sold the place to Aaron Kidder in 1845. Kidder was still shown as the owner on Beers map in 1871.

It was owned by:

Irving R. Hatch from 1897 - 1900

Everett Hastings 1900 - 1901

Ellen Harper 1901.

John Harper 1902

Ellen Harper 1925

A. W. Farrington 1928 - 1932

When the state wiped out the town of Dana in 1932 to make room for the Quabbin reservoir, all the inhabitants had to move. Oscar Doane and his wife Margaret (Peggy) came to Warwick and bought the Bancroft farm. For many years they held an old home day for the former citizens of Dana to get together and talk over old times.

Oscar was a veteran of WW I and spent several years in the veteran's hospital. He died there in 1976. His son, Oscar Jr. was a teacher. He acted the part of Uncle Josh in the "Old Homestead", a play put on every summer in Swanzey, N.H. He was killed when a tree which he had cut down, fell on him in 1964.

Peggy lived in the old house alone until she suffered a stroke and died in 1982. Her grandchildren still own the farm (1989).

William Lawrence House 512 Old Winchester Road

The Lawrence house is on the site of the former Asa Conant, or John Conant house at the corner of Old Winchester Road and Robbins Road. Asa had an Inn, and was a host for many of Daniel Shays' men as they fled to New Hampshire after most of Shays' army was captured at Petersham in 1787.

There was also a Grist mill, and probably a saw mill. We do know from Blake's map of 1830 that there were two houses at this location. One of the two houses was owned by Charles B. Haynes. In 1852 William Lawrence Sr. bought the house that was standing at the time.

Young William's mother, Elizabeth Lawrence bought the other land from George Tufts in 1857. William Lawrence built the present house shortly before the Civil War. Young Lawrence is said to have razed the old Conant house nearby. He built the present house in 1859 or 60, a year or two before his death.

William was an adventuresome lad, recently returned from a gold seeking trip to California. He served as a ship's carpenter.

He was the first man to enlist from Warwick. He joined the fifth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers. Selected as color sergeant of the regiment, he was killed at the battle of Bull Run, and is buried at the Arlington National Cemetery.³⁸

The millstone in the stone wall opposite the house is from the Asa Conant mill, and was placed there by the Lawrence family.

The site of Asa Conant's grist mill was owned by Charles B. Haynes from 1830 to 1833, James Lamb from 1833 to 1839, and then Loring Atwood and William Childs. Loring Atwood's chair shop burned in 1842.

In 1852, Abner Barden owned it and sold it to William Lawrence.

The Lawrence family finally sold it to Sabin Forbes. It was owned by Elton E. Ladd in 1922

William T. Brown from 1932 to 1957

Anita Pike from 1959 until her death in 1982.

³⁸ A picture of William Lawrence is on page 96.

Miss Evelyn Hoffman was the owner in 1989.

The Whipple Homestead off Richmond Road

This house is believed to have been built by Joseph Smith who was a resident as early as 1771. It was on lot #24 in the third division of land laid out in 1762. Joseph died in 1835, aged 90 years. His daughter Polly had married Henry Whipple in 1820 and in 1839 he bought the farm from Joseph's son Timothy. Henry died in 1874.

Henry's son John (1824-1901) married Adeline Evans and he inherited the farm. John and Adeline had four sons: Eugene Evans (1852-1945), Frank (1858-1936), Elmer (1861-1936), and Levi (1863-1950).

For over thirty years, the homestead was taxed to the heirs of John Whipple. Finally in 1933, it was assessed to Frank and Levi, two bachelors, who lived together on the farm. In 1936 Frank went in search of a cow that had escaped from the pasture. A search found him in the woods, dead from heart failure.

Levi lived there alone until he died in 1950. Since that date, the old house has been unoccupied, except for annual family reunions of the Whipple clan each summer.

Fay Whipple, son of Eugene, who has been owner of record since 1955, lives in Orange. His son Rodney, and his wife Helen returned to Warwick in 1967, but not to the old farm. They bought a house on the Orange Road. Rodney has served as Selectman and tree warden. and Helen as Moderator and Member of the Pioneer Valley Regional School Committee.

The General Store 5 Orange Road

An earlier store which stood on this spot was owned by the Albee brothers. It burned in 1882. Abner Albee was appointed by President Lincoln as Postmaster. He was succeeded in 1885 by Frank E. Sampson who conducted a store in the hotel following the fire.

Samuel Hastings and Myron Sampson became partners, bought the store in the hotel, and moved it and the post office into Nahum Jones' empty boot shop. After two years, Hastings sold his share in the store to Sampson who became post master. In 1884 the town bought the boot shop for the location to build the town hall.

Sampson bought the site of the Albee store, built the present store building, and moved out of the condemned boot shop. In 1897, Sampson resigned as postmaster and sold the store to Felton and Wilson. George E. Felton served as postmaster eight years. Warren P. Shumway operated the store and post office until 1909.

Then Edward A. Lyman rented it. He ran the store and the post office until his death in 1943. He bought the store from Louis Katz of Athol in 1936 after renting it for 27 years. Lyman and his wife Nellie conducted an excellent small town general store and post office. It was the center of Warwick. The daily life of the town revolved around it, as the townspeople came and went.

Warwick Historical Society Building 6 Athol Road

On Aug. 6, 1835, William Cobb, the village postmaster, wrote in his diary, "Col. Lemuel Wheelock raised a shoemaker's shop west of his store, on land he had bought from Dr. Amos Taylor." This is the south end of the present house at #6 Athol Road. After the Civil War, Col. William McKim, the son-in-law of Lemuel Wheelock, acquired the house and for many years it was known as the 'McKim cottage'.

In 1896, he sold the cottage to Charles H. Morse, a young man of 27 years, who, with his brother Gilman, opened a small grocery store in competition with the store of Myron Sampson, located just across the street. From newspaper accounts, we learn that there was a movement to remove Sampson, the postmaster, from office. Sampson was aware of it but took no steps to prevent it. The town received notice that Morse was to be the new post master. Before the change could be made, Sampson's friends circulated a petition to keep him. Morse was found shot to death with a gun lying beside him.

Charles' brother, Gilman, a Warwick Selectman, and his wife, moved into the house and Mrs. Morse applied for the appointment as post mistress. The town was allowed to vote on the appointment. The first ballot favored Sampson, but it was challenged. A second ballot was very close, but Sampson was again the victor. The store was closed. The verdict of authorities in Charles Morse' death, was that Morse, despondent over the loss of the position, had committed suicide. This verdict was questioned by many people, and some held Sampson responsible. Sampson decided to leave town about a year later.

The house sold to a Frank L. Gowen in 1905. Gowen sold it to Archie Jennings in 1921.

Jennings rented the house to a Warwick school teacher, Miss Abby Cutting, who lived there with her mother until 1936 when Frederick Hagar bought it. Hagar sold it to Bessie and Leslie Mansfield, who was a selectman in 1946.

Mansfield sold it to George and Mabel Cook of Springfield. They already owned the house across the road in front of town hall (now #9 Athol Rd) This was in 1947. When George Cook died in 1964, his son Norman's widow Gertrude Cook acquired the property.

The house across the road was built partly on town common land. At that time, the Town could not sell the land, so a lease for 99 years was arranged. In order to remove this obstacle, Mrs. Cook, offered the McKim cottage to the town for \$5,000 and a deed to the town land under the house across the road. The town voted to accept in 1976.

The town gave the Historical Society the privilege of using one room on the first floor and three rooms on the second floor to house its historical records and objects.

The Chase Homestead 95 Chase Road

Chase road leads from the Royalston Road south to the Athol Road. This road is older than Warwick, having been in use before the grant to Roxbury's Canada. It was part of a road running north from central Massachusetts.

This house was built near the start of the 19th century. Thomas Chase and two

succeeding generations owned it from 1804 to 1905. It was the first slate shingled roof in town, and has always been well cared for.

Its history before 1804 is not known, but in that year, highway surveyors records list Thomas Chase from Sutton, Mass. as a resident and owner of 160 acres. In 1829 he was a founder of the Congregational Church. His wife Deborah, died in 1828 age 80, and he died in 1829 age 93.

Thomas Chase Jr., Operated the farm until 1870, when he was age 80. His son, Deacon Edward Chase, continued to run the farm until he died in 1905 age 76.

All the Chases were prominent members of the Trinitarian Congregational Church. When the Northfield Church erected a new building, they gave the bell from the old to the Warwick Church. Deacon Chase with his team of oxen pulled a sled with the old bell to Warwick where a steeple was waiting for it. Dwight L. Moody, the world famous evangelist, with Sankey, his choral leader, came to Warwick and led the service to dedicate it.

In addition to operating a large farm the Chase family also manufactured soap, collecting the neighbor's wood ashes to make the necessary lye.

The deacon died in 1905 and his estate is listed as the owner as late as 1914. Fred Carson's name appears as the owner in the town report in 1923.

Carson sold the house to Vida (Mrs. Archie) Fellows in 1938. They raised a family of 14 children. Their son, Winfred C. (Winnie) Fellows, was killed in Germany in WW II. The schoolhouse playground was dedicated in his honor with a flagpole and a monument to perpetuate his memory. Until her death in 1984, Vida Fellows, then Mrs. Clyde Miller, returned to Warwick to participate in the Memorial Day exercises.

Vida sold the Farm to Ruth Simonds in 1966. She was a sculptress who had a studio there and taught this art until 1974. She then sold the house to Anthoni and Halina Wojcicki.

Ward Homestead 145 Chase Road

At the junction of Chase and Royalston Road, stands the house that was the home of Ashbel Ward from 1804 to 1822. The assessor's records show it as land Moore, 50 Acres, a house and two barns. It was either lot 61 in the second division of land in 1736 owned by Timothy Whitney of Newton or lot 53 in the second division owned by John Gay and Ebenezer Metcalf in 1737. We believe that Joseph Mayo owned Lot 53 who deeded it to Medad Pomeroy in 1791.

In 1804 when accurate assessor records begin, William Ward was the owner until 1825, then his son Sylvanus acquired the farm. He owned it for five years. In 1831 Sylvanus moved to Hastings Heights, and William Ward Junior took over the homestead. He died in 1867. His wife, Zebiah Sandin died in 1903 and her daughters, Mrs. Harriet (Hattie) Moore and her sister, Martha Cheney of Orange, became the owners. Martha became sole owner on Mrs. Moore's death in 1921. She died in 1927. In 1929 Edward Goulet acquired the place, ending the Ward family ownership of 124 years. Louis Goulet sold to Arthur P. Lund in 1952, and he sold to David and Emily Jones in 1958, Emily, David's widow, became sole owner on his death.

Peter Proctor Homestead 12 Chase Road

The old Peter Proctor house is on the Chase Road where it meets the Athol Road. Primarily a farmer, he also manufactured bricks.

Peter Proctor's name first appears in the Hampshire County records on June 20, 1765 when he bought from Elisha Hedge, the proprietor's Lots 52, 46, and 47 in the second division of lots. During the revolution, he served as captain in one of Warwick's militia companies. The gun and sword he carried are in the Historical Society's possession.

The diaries kept by William Cobb and Jonathan Blake often mention him and his sons. Peter died in 1822, age 88. His descendants carried on the farm until his great grandson, Harding, a Civil War veteran of 3 years service, died in 1904.

Harding Proctor was killed while attending Memorial Day exercises in the Warwick Cemetery. He was thrown from a wagon when the horse ran away.

The property was then owned by: Herbert E. Coddington of Athol, Edward Willett(1915), Victoria Willett(1926), Lawrence Gates, Ralph Gates, Leo Goudet(1949), Arthur Bowers(1956 - 1968), Marion Goodrich(1968.- 1971), Then Cyril D. Rochon who divided the home farm into four sections and sold the house and barn to Marion Wolfson.

The Dana House 175 Hastings Pond Road

In 1737, Captain Caleb Dana Proprietor from Cambridge, recorded a deed for Lot 52 in the first division. We don't know if he settled in the township.

In 1753, he had a contract to build a road in the township. His bill for six pounds, 12 shillings and 8 pence was considered excessive. The town voted to pay him 45 shillings, one third of what he asked for. He accepted.

In 1776 Daniel Dana, probably his son, signed the paper for independence from England. In 1780 He deeded to Joseph Dana land which included lot 55 in the third division which was some 75 acres adjoining on the south what is now known as Hastings Pond.

Occupants were: William Dike, (1800 - 1804) Nathan Ball, (1809 - 1810) Steven Ball (1811 - 1812). In 1815 Joseph Dana sold the place to Ebenezer Bird. He owned it until 1827. In 1830, M. Green owned it.

Caleb Hastings, who owned the farm on the north acquired the farm and kept from 1839 to 1879.

John Boyden sold the farm in 1879 to James Welch, a navy veteran of the Civil War. Welch died in 1908 and is buried in Warwick cemetery. Later owners: Shumway and Wheeler(1912), George Whitcom, Frank W. Delva(1921) Waldmar Argow and Elsie Baker(1936), David Reisner(1956).

Baird and Donna Cadwell bought it in 1966. Both Donna and Baird were teachers. They ran a boy's summer camp for several years.

When they retired, they made their year-round home in Warwick. In 1974, they

rebuilt the house as it was in 1765. The house had to be completely dismantled and reassembled using the original parts wherever possible.

Hatch House 35 Orange Road

We believe this land was lot 52 in the third division as made in 1762. In 1804, when assessor records begin, it was owned by Jacob Rich. Cobb, in his diaries, tells us it was sold to Pelagic Metcalf of Royalston, who bought it for his son, Dr. Metcalf, who wanted to establish his practice of medicine in War-wick. He only stayed until 1806 when he sold it to Ebenezer Hall.

Hall was first a school teacher, then a doctor, and the founder of the Franklin Glass Company. Hall sold the place in 1817 to Lemuel Wheelock. Lemuel lived here until he bought the Steven Ball house in 1820.

Joshua Sanger, a carpenter, bought the house in 1822. He was a prominent carpenter and probably built the present house. He sold it to the Rev. Roger Hatch. Hatch was pastor of the Trinitarian Church from 1835 to 1853, when he retired. He died in 1868. Rev. Hatch's portrait hung on the walls of the town hall for many years and is now in the Historical Society. The family always kept an interest in Warwick, making several gifts to the library.

Later owners: J. A. Conan 1871, John A. Fitch 1908, Fannie Davidson 1908 - 1919, Elsie Davidson Smith 1919 - 1945, Robert and Carol Foote 1971 -

Shepardson Homestead 295 Shepardson Road

The history of the Shepardson homestead begins with the Severance³⁹ grant. We do not know if Joseph Severance ever made his home on his grant. We find on June 1, 1756, he gave a deed to his grant to Martin Severance, which seems to indicate that he did take possession of it.

In 1825 Lemuel Wheelock gave a deed to part of the grant to Bunyam Penniman. It is believed that Bunyam built his house at the northeast corner of what is now known as Shepardson Road and Shepardson Place.

Bunyam Penniman came to Warwick when he was 16 years old and lived with Moses Leonard. In 1792, when he was 20 years old, he married Moses' granddaughter, Luceba. She only lived a few months, but Bunyam inherited her father's farm, at what is now the southeast corner of the Warwick cemetery. In 1825, Bunyam deeded the place to Lemuel Wheelock "by means of rum". Lemuel deeded Bunyam the Wilder farm on Chestnut Hill.

Abel Wilder came here from Lancaster in 1821 and bought the farm. Bunyam's daughter Mary built a new house for her father (75 Shepardson Road) in 1825. Bunyam

³⁹

A grant, made prior to the Roxbury Canada grant, made to Joseph Severance who had been crippled for life during the French and Indian raid on Deerfield in 1704.

died 1848, age 76. Mary Penniman deeded the farm to David M. Shepardson. David's son George inherited the farm in 1907. He served as selectman and assessor, and with his three sons operated a successful market garden.

In 1913 he bought a Ford car, and took over the Warwick stage, carrying mail and passengers to and from Orange. George Sr. died in 1960. His granddaughter Clara and her husband Stanley Thompson own the farm(1989).

The Jonathan Blake Homestead 192 Shepardson Road

Jonathan Blake Sr.(1748-1836), a tailor by trade, had a distinguished military record. He served in several campaigns. He helped seize Dorchester Heights, and place the cannons that Knox had brought overland from Ticonderoga. Those cannons were thought responsible for the English decision to leave Boston.⁴⁰

Blake's sister Patience, married Abraham Howe of Warwick on October 31, 1769. No doubt Jonathan visited them at their farm. They lived at the northeast corner of what is now Chestnut Hill Road, where it crosses Shepardson Road. He moved to Warwick in 1780 and bought 25 1/2 acres of the Severance Grant⁴¹ from Amos Marsh. The land was adjoining and north of the Howe farm. Jonathan Sr.'s brother-in-law, brother of Sarah (Pierce) Blake, also lived in Warwick.

By 1855 when Jonathan Blake Jr.(1780-1864) sold the farm to George Burnham, it had grown to 72 acres. It was still 72 acres when George Tollman sold it to Frank Herbeck in 1903. Herbeck sold it to Charles Gantrel. Bessie Mansfield bought it from him in 1925. Bessie and Leslie Mansfield sold it in 1940 to Bessie and Gunnar Shepardson Thoren, at which time it was 68 acres. Bessie Shepardson Thoren sold it to her nephew, Richard Shepardson in 1977. The place was described as 13 acres.

Deacon Hervey Barber House 171 Shepardson Road

This land was originally the south end of the Severance grant. The house is a hip roof Colonial style with several fireplaces.

Hervey Barber lived there with children Susan, Willie, and Anna. Hervey was a deacon in the Unitarian church. In later years was also active in the Spiritualist Society. He never severed his relationship with the Unitarians, however. It was here in this house that his daughter Susan wrote the poems quoted in the chapter on the Civil War.

Owners were Barber, Adams, James Coxeter, Alfred Partridge, Knapp, Pullham, and Harris (Who entertained paying guests and called it Pullen Manor)..

⁴⁰ Jonathan Blake's service record is in the Mass. Soldiers and Sailors Vol. 11 Page 132.

⁴¹ A grant, prior to the Gardner's Canada grant, made to Joseph Severance who had been crippled for life during the French and Indian raid on Deerfield in 1704.

A commune called The Brotherhood of the Spirit next bought the place. Communes were relatively common in the 1960's especially in rural New England. Differences of philosophy, taste in music, dress, and life style fostered distrust between the commune members and the townspeople

These communes usually met with opposition from the local citizens. Warwick was no exception, but at this writing, (1989) hearts have softened. People refer with amusement to the overflow town meeting when the commune people voted as a block and so on. But no one wants to revive the old disputes. Several former commune members live in town and they don't want to dwell on the past difficulties either.

This commune began in 1960. It was led by a young man named Michael (Rapunzel) Metelica, who first built a tree house on a farm in Leyden. It grew from a group of half a dozen to about 200 people and for some years had a considerable effect on the town. The members worked when work was available, and turned their wages over to a fund used to support the entire group.

They cultivated the land and raised crops to provide food for the group. They built a dormitory and sanitary facilities for a hundred people.

A group of professional musicians among the commune members provided additional income, and some people who were entitled to welfare benefits also joined the group.

When other facilities were offered to them in Northfield, and the needs of the commune changed, the place in Warwick was no longer needed. The dormitory was torn down and the original house and land sold.

It was bought by Jerome Willard who completely restored the old house, added a modern garage, and sold it to Paul Hadsel Jr.

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