

REPORT
OF THE
WEEKS : FAMILY : MEETING
— FOR THE —
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE
SETTLEMENT OF HOLLAND WEEKS
IN SALISBURY, VT.

*HELD ON AUGUST 23, 1888, AT THE RESIDENCE OF
W. HARRISON BINGHAM, IN WEST
CORNWALL, VT.*

MIDDLEBURY, VT. :
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Proceedings.

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AUGUST 23d, 1888, a day which the worst grumbler could not bring himself to find fault with ; warm enough to give cheering comfort to the limbs and cold enough to free them from enervation, with clouds enough to rob the sun of its too great intensity, but not enough to cause a gloom, was the occasion of unusual festivities in West Cornwall, Vermont, at the residence of Wm. Harrison Bingham.

Fifty-three descendants of Holland Weeks had come from all quarters to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the settlement of this ancestor in the town of Salisbury. Every countenance, as its possessor drove up, was beaming with friendliness and geniality and all seemed alive with curiosity to see what sort of relatives they had in this world, and, as the day wore on, this curiosity seemed to be satisfactorily gratified.

After all had arrived, about half-past twelve, the following programme, drawn up by the local committee, H. L. Sheldon, Dr. Wm. H. Sheldon and Robt. D. Weeks, was entered upon :

PROGRAMME.

ORGANIZATION,
READING SCRIPTURES,
CHANT—Bonum Est,
PRAYER,
MUSIC—Spring Song,
ADDRESS,
MUSIC—Lady Bird,
DINNER,
READING OF LETTERS,
SENTIMENTS,
AULD LANG SYNE,
VISITING.

Rev. A. E. Carpenter
Farrant
Rev. M. C. Stebbins
F. Abt
H. L. Sheldon
Cowen

ORGANIZATION.

Mr. Henry L. Sheldon of Middlebury called the assembly to order and Robt. D. Weeks of Newark, N. J., was elected chairman and H. L. Sheldon, secretary.

MUSIC.

The music was furnished by Mrs. G. D. Miner, Miss Hortense Drake and Drs. Wm. H. and Samuel Sheldon.

ADDRESS.

The following address, written by Rev. George A. Weeks of Paris, Ky., was read by the secretary :

HOLLAND WEEKS.

Holland Weeks, the centennial of whose settlement in Salisbury, Vt., we celebrate today, was born in Pomfret, Ct., Jan. 19 (O. S.), 1743. His wife, Hannah Mosely, was born July 20 (O. S.), 1746. Both, as Cotton Mather quaintly puts it, had "the mercy of a good descent."

Holland Weeks was the son of Ebenezer Weeks, son of Joseph, son of Ammiel, son of George Weekes, the latter of whom was one of three brothers who came from England to Dorchester, Mass., in the year 1635.

Hannah Moseley was the daughter of Nathaniel and Sarah Moseley, daughter of John and Sarah Capen, daughter of Ephraim and Sarah Thayer, daughter of John and Ruth Bass, daughter of John and Priscilla Alden. Alden was the first man who stepped on Plymouth rock at the landing of the Pilgrims, Dec. 21, 1620. This George Weekes, to whom Holland Weeks looked as his first ancestor in this country, was a man of prominence in the Colony in which he lived, holding many offices of trust and taking a leading part in the affairs of his time. He was also a man of more than ordinary culture, and had much to do in the educational interests of his day. The coat of arms which is found in all the different branches of the family descending from him shows something of the line of his English extraction. This coat of arms consists of an ermined shield surmounted by an embowed arm in armor and holding

a battle axe. The legend is this : *Deo Cari Nihilo Carent; Those dear to God lack nothing.*

The descendants of this George Weekes constitute that branch of the Weeks family to which we belong. They have settled in nearly all the Northern, Middle and Western States, and are everywhere a prosperous and energetic people. Says Robert D. Weeks, in his pains-taking book on the genealogy of the Weeks family, speaking of the descendants of George Weekes, "They have been in general as far as known people of good character and useful in a quiet way in the communities in which their lot has been cast, many of them holding positions of trust both secular and ecclesiastical."

Holland Weeks and Hannah Moseley were married at Hampton, Ct., Sept. 4, 1766. A family of eleven children was the outcome of this union. One of these children, Esther by name, died in infancy. The others, ten in number, accompanied their parents when they came to Salisbury in 1789. The oldest was a young man of 21 years, while the youngest was a babe in its mother's arms.

For several years after his marriage, it would seem, Holland Weeks had no thought of emigrating from his native State. He was getting a good maintenance for his growing family at home. At one time he was engaged in the manufacture of barrels. Again he went into mercantile pursuits and was also a tiller of the soil. But towards the close of the century a spirit of emigration sprung up among many of the inhabitants of Connecticut. And this spirit was greatly increased by the reports of soldiers returning from the old French war, who, passing through Vermont to Canada, saw the beauty of her scenery, her fine timber and pure water and the fertility of her soil. Holland Weeks, among others, caught the fever of emigration. Already some of his old neighbors in Connecticut had moved to Vermont and a few of them had settled in the vicinity of what was afterwards known as Salisbury. It is supposed this it was that caused him to choose the particular tract of land on which he afterwards located. He obtained the title to his land from Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, it being what was called in the charter of the town "The Governor's lot." This was as early as 1785. But he did not leave Connecticut to take possession till two years afterwards. In 1787 he came on and made his survey, taking in a tract of land which now makes up several individual farms. In the following year, 1788, he brought on his teams and farming utensils, cleared some portion of the land, built a log house and made other preparations for moving his fam-

ily the following year. It is a commentary on the condition of Vermont roads in those days, which were little more than rough passage-ways cut through the forests, that Mr. Weeks in getting his farming implements from Pittsford to Salisbury, floated them down Otter Creek on rafts, rather than drag them over the rough and stumpy roads.

A clearing having been made, and a rude house having been built, with farming implements now in place and ready for action, early in the following spring Mr. Weeks brought on his family and began life anew in his rustic Vermont home. It took them seventeen days to make the trip from Connecticut to Vermont. It will be seen how plain and primitive was their style of living when we are told that the only dining-table they had in use for many years was made of the crotch of a tree hewed tolerably smooth on top so that two wide boards could be nailed across it, while rough sticks were inserted underneath as legs upon which it was to rest.

This log house, rough as it was, was the most commodious and elegant structure of the kind in town and was the place of much genial hospitality and good cheer. It was the only house in town big enough for the parties of the young people. The first public ball ever given in Salisbury was in this log house, in October, 1794. In this log house the first church had its organization. It seemed to have been a kind of general rendezvous for all important gatherings. But as time passed on and growth was made this house was found to be unequal to the wants of the time. Mr. Weeks' children were now growing to the age of manhood and womanhood and his own means had so increased that his circumstances seemed to require a more elegant home. This led him to put up a more costly structure, a house of two stories and with rooms better adapted to the wants of his growing family. That house is standing in West Salisbury to this day; fire has not burnt it, nor have the storms of nearly a hundred years been able to blow it down. The massive timbers which compose its frame, and the huge chimney rising up through its centre and resting on a base covering space enough for a good-sized drawing-room, put to shame much of the make-shift of cheap modern house-building. In this house Holland Weeks passed the remaining years of his life and after his death one of his sons occupied it during a long life time of three-score years and ten. This is the old Weeks homestead, and must ever remain a sacred place to those of the family whose memories can go back far enough to recall the olden time of flowers and grapes and apples and honey and other good things

which a well-furnished farm house and an old-fashioned hospitality then had to bestow.

Holland Weeks died of lung fever Nov. 22, 1812. Of the character of the man a good deal might be said. The foremost figure in such scenes as those faintly portrayed in the foregoing lines shows what kind of a man he was. He was warm-hearted and kind in his feelings. This made him a congenial husband and a considerate father. His understanding was clear and his perceptions quick. He was a good business man and a man of enterprise. He took part in all the foremost transactions of the town. He was a safe and wise counsellor and an intrepid champion of what he thought was right. He was a religious man. He was a member of the Puritan or Congregational church long before he left Connecticut. It is true, he never sympathised with that feature of Puritanism which interferes with mirth and proper natural enjoyments. In fact, he was unusually fond of fun and good humor. He was even playful to the very end of his life, so much so that the more sober-minded sometimes accused him of levity. But he never lost sight of what was true and honest and pure. He regarded religion as the foundation of good order. His cheerful and happy temper won over many to religion's side who otherwise would not have been reached. He observed daily prayers in his family and taught his children the Bible and Catechism. Both by precept and example he set before them what he considered a correct standard of Christian character.

With such a starting-point a hundred years ago, and with ten hearty children to begin with, there was promise to the family of a goodly posterity in the generations to come. All these ten children had been so raised as to give tone and character to those who were to come after them. All were fairly well educated. Two of them received a collegiate education. Holland, the oldest, and named after his father, was graduated at Dartmouth college and for many years was one of the foremost ministers in Western Vermont. Ebenezer, a youth of unusual intellectual promise, died in his senior year in Middlebury college. It may be worthy of notice at this time that Daniel O. Morton, father of the present Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency of the United States, was a friend and class-mate of Ebenezer, and after his death prepared and delivered a public eulogy setting forth the great worth of his departed friend. All the other children were spared to raise families of their own, and to lead long and honorable and useful lives. And it is believed that in the descendants of those children no

disappointment has been experienced in what might have been expected of those who had so good a beginning. They have built and are still building well on the foundations so solidly laid. They are found in all the useful walks of life. Many have excelled in many departments of skilled labor. They are to be found doing their part well in all the learned professions. Perhaps none have risen to great eminence, yet none have been doomed to mediocrity.

And now, finally, there is one thought which presses upon us all as we stand here after the lapse of a hundred years, and that is the mighty changes which have taken place in that time and the strides which have been taken forward in all that pertains to human progress. What sights greet our eyes now which were not dreamed of a hundred years ago. Since Holland Weeks settled in Salisbury, in 1788, more has been accomplished for the progress of mankind than had been done in a thousand years before. Nearly all the great inventions have been made in that time. A hundred years ago there was not a railroad on the face of the earth, nor a steamboat. Electricity was then looked upon only as a thing of danger and not one of useful power. Even the printing press had not entered upon its great career.

What would Holland Weeks have said had he been told that a hundred years hence he could take breakfast at home, dine in New York and sup in Philadelphia? What would he have said had he been told that his dozen men reaping his wheat fields with old-fashioned sickles could now be outdone by one boy riding about the field on a machine which reaps, gathers into sheaves and binds with almost the quickness of thought? What would he have said when told that by means of a telephone, standing in his own house he could communicate with his neighbors throughout the town? What would he have said had he been told that by speaking into a cylinder, called a phonograph, he could deliver unto us in this far-away generation his dying messages, so that after the lapse of a hundred years we could catch the very tones and modulations of the voice in which his words were uttered. Surely, the last hundred years have brought mighty things to pass. Our fathers opened up the opportunity and bequeathed us the spirit to improve what was given. Let us continue to go on with improvement, that we may deserve well both of our fathers who have gone before us, and of our children who are to come after us.

Paris, Ky., July 11, 1888.

DINNER.

The dinner was perhaps the grandest success of all. Two tables were spread in the yard in front of the residence and loaded with good things, which the various cousins had brought. Whatever failings the Weeks family and their descendants may have, they appear to have one redeeming trait, viz., excellence in the culinary art. One table was surrounded by the grown-up cousins, while the children had undisputed control of the other. The fair young daughters acted in the capacity of waiters of the highest order, a part preventing the flies, by means of long artistic bunches of peacock's feathers, from attacking the sweet things, while the other part served the menu to those seated.

LETTERS.

After dinner the secretary read letters and regrets from the following cousins: Gov. Ormsbee of Brandon, Vt., Sam'l N. Robinson of Cownewango, N. Y., and John Charles Weeks of Malone, N. Y.

SENTIMENTS.

The chairman, Robert D. Weeks of Newark, N. J., gave a brief history of the compilation of his "Genealogy of the Family of George Weekes," with a statement of some of the results of his investigations, substantially as follows:

He found among his father's papers, many years since, what purported to be a genealogy of the family, incomplete in regard to the generations preceding Ebenezer Weeks, senior, the father of Holland Weeks, and in some particulars found afterward to be erroneous.

His interest in the matter was renewed and stimulated by the action of the people of Dorchester (the place of the original settlement of the family), who in the year 1880 celebrated the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town and of the formation of the church. A printed copy of the proceedings was obtained, but it contained no Weeks names, the settlement having preceded the coming of George Weekes by five years. A letter of inquiry written to the pastor of the church was answered by Mr. Ebenezer Clapp (author of a history of Dorchester, also of the Genealogy of the Clapp family), who gave some information and made suggestions as to further investigations. Letters of introduction to the proper persons in Boston gave free access to an-

cient documents and records, and to historical and genealogical libraries. Circulars were sent to severai hundreds of persons of the name in all parts of the country. Clews were found and information obtained, often, in singular and unexpected ways. The original plan contemplated merely the finding the line of ancestry to the original immigrant, with a genealogy of the descendants of Ebenezer Weeks, senior. But it was finally extended so as to include all descendants of George Weekes, of the name, with the children of Weeks mothers; also such information as could be obtained from England in regard to the ancient history of the family.

The results of investigations, continued for about five years, with some items obtained since the publication of the book, are in part as follows:

Among the nobles at the court of Canute (or Knut), king of Denmark, who conquered the south of England, and reigned from A. D. 1017 to 1035, was Osgod Clapa (or, as we would write it, Osgood Clapp), to whom he gave an estate at Salcombe Regis, in the southeastern part of Devonshire. A part of this estate is now held and occupied by a descendant. All of us who are of Weeks blood are descended from Osgod Clapa, through Jane Clapp, wife of George Weekes.

William, King of Normandy, called "the Conqueror," reigned in England from the year 1066 onwards; he had a record made of the various estates and their owners, called the Domesday Book, in which is described a tract in central Denvonshire called "*Wiche*," then partitioned between seven owners. In the year 1135 there was in this region one *Robert de (or le) Wrey*. A descendant of his, William de Wrey, about 1370, married Katharine Burnell, who inherited from her father, John Burnell, a portion of the tract above mentioned, termed the manor of North Wyke, and assumed the name of Wyke or Wykes. He was the head of a long line of knights, continuing until 1713, when the last male in the direct line deceased. The name is written in a variety of forms in the ancient records, but eventually took the form of WEEKES, the form used by our ancestor, George Weekes of Dorchester, and still retained by the Cape Cod branch of the family. The ancient manor-house was standing three years ago, with the coat-of-arms over the doorway.

In the year 1635 George Weekes, with three brothers, Thomas, Francis and Joseph, sailed from England for Massachusetts Bay. Joseph was drowned in the landing. George settled at Dorchester, Mass.;

Thomas finally at Huntington, on Long Island, and Francis in the adjoining town of Oyster Bay. George left a son, Thomas, in England, and brought three children with him, William, Jane and Ammiel (our ancestor). A fifth child, Joseph, was born in this country.

The names of about 2200 descendants of George Weekes have been found, including only those of the name and the children of Weeks mothers, about half of whom are now living.

The original home-lot of George Weekes has recently been identified; it is at the N. E. corner of Dorchester Avenue and Savin Hill Avenue, in Dorchester, which is now a part of Boston. The grave-stones of his son Ammiel and wife are now standing in the old cemetery in Dorchester. Some of the lands of Joseph, son of Ammiel, and grandfather of Holland Weeks, have been identified.

The work of procuring and compiling the information comprised in the "Genealogy of the Family of George Weekes"* was a labor of love; the pleasure experienced in doing it, and the satisfaction of having done it, have been in some measure a reward for the labor and expense. Yet, as is the case with most works of this kind, the expense has been far more than the pecuniary return, and the author would be glad to furnish copies of the book to any who may wish them, the proceeds to be applied toward a supplement now in course of preparation.

It may be well to add, that there are families in England and in this country, known to have no connection with the ancient Devonshire family to which we belong.

Dr. Samuel Sheldon of Middlebury gave the following description of a visit to Brails House, Warwickshire, England:

Matthew Arnold says that when three Yankees get together they organize and one is appointed president, another secretary and treasurer and the third a committee of one to watch the executive. Now it seems that this peculiarly Yankee characteristic, which has given us such valuable institutions as the Smithsonian institution, our signal service, etc., etc., pervades even the Weeks family, and the self-appointed committee have requested me to give some description of the old homestead of the Sheldons' ancestors. Although the Sheldons form but a small branch of the Weeks family, yet George Weekes, our common ancestor, who came from

*The "Genealogy of the Family of George Weekes" is a royal-octavo of nearly 500 pages, illustrated with portraits and autographs, and contains copies of ancient documents relating to the family. Price, bound in cloth, \$4.00; half-morocco, \$5.00. Address Robert D. Weeks, Newark, N. J.

England in 1635, probably left a home, which, as far as a general description goes, might be the same as that of Henry James Sheldon.

A year ago this month it was my good fortune to take a trip on a bicycle through England, starting from the great metropolis, London, and continuing north and west as far as Scarborough, on the sea. The reasons for using a bicycle were that the common tourist by rail gets no view of the really beautiful part of England. The aristocracy, who possess the fine places and homesteads, live essentially in the country and away from the railroads. The latter are built between the towns which have industries and are of commercial importance, demanding means of transportation, while those who possess fine estates have at the same time horses and vehicles in abundance, which enable them to reach the stations whenever they contemplate extended journeys. Again, the roads are such as few Americans have any conception of. They are constructed after various processes, which are all similar to what we know as the macadamized roads. They are hard as cement, smooth and free from stones; dry immediately after a rain, and are what might be called a bicyclist's paradise. In some portions we traveled along old Roman roads made in the time of Julius Cæsar. These are about eight rods broad and as straight as an arrow for distances sometimes as much as 20 miles. At any rate it was for these two reasons that we took to bicycles, viz., in order to see the real beauties of English scenery and because the roads were such a luxury. I say we, because I went in company with a gentleman who was American-born but now has become anglicised and pursues his profession among our cousins.

Leaving London early in the morning we rode as far as Oxford, the place which we all connect with the idea of a high university of learning, and with the depths of philosophic Theology, and which most youths associate with Tom Brown who *was* at Rugby. We arrived about 11 o'clock and after lunch rode around the city on the street cars and wondered at the learning which had been hidden behind the gloomy walls of the various colleges. Here, also, we saw a magnificent octagonal structure, built after the style of the Theater of Marcellus at Rome. Upon inquiry and reference to our guide books we found that it was the Sheldonian Theater, founded by one of our ancestors, Archbishop Sheldon. A theater in the sense of a place for the presentation of drama and opera it is not, but more properly an auditorium. In it the university undergraduates, the dons and their lady friends gather once a year to hear a Latin oration in commemoration of the good old archbishop, the

founder. Here, also, upon its grand organ the young candidate for the degree of doctor of music shows with what dexterity he can render Bach's Fugues or experimentally demonstrates that his proficiency in harmony will enable him to modulate from any one key into any other in any given style at a moment's notice.

After a four o'clock dinner we started for Chipping & Norton's, a small town about 25 miles distant. Although the road was ascending for the whole distance, yet its superior character rendered it easy and agreeable to travel. About dusk we arrived at our destination and stopped at a typical English inn with a truly English name (The Red Cross). The house was a commodious building with apparently rooms enough to lodge the whole of Warwickshire, but, strange to say, it would be difficult to find more than three rooms whose floors were on the same level. To traverse the corridors in the dark would require the acute perceptions of the blind man. In fact, its geometrical construction was very similar to that of the yellow building, situated on Main street in Middlebury and owned by our worthy cousin and secretary, Henry L. Sheldon.

On the ground floor was a capacious apartment, the inevitable bar-room, along one end of which extended a broad high counter, backed by an array of unused bottles, colored as Joseph's coat and bearing labels from eau de cologne to Medford rum. On the counter are two much-used faucets which, when properly manipulated, yield ale and stout, for the worthy Briton drinks bitters and 'alf and 'alf in the bar-room, but when he can afford wine it must be served in the parlor or coffee room. As mistress of the bar dominates a pretty daughter of the host. She was pretty at Chipping & Norton's; she was pretty at Stratford; she was pretty at Oxford; in fact, the landlord who hasn't a pretty daughter to tend bar had better sell out immediately or adopt one.

It was while sitting in this bar-room that the thought occurred to me that I was in Warwickshire—that my ancestors lived in Warwickshire and that they had a descendant named Henry James Sheldon, who occupied the paternal estates called Brails House. Thereupon I enquired of the daughter if she knew anyone of that name or if she knew where Brails House was. "What, old 'Squire Sheldon of Brails," she replied; "you can't use your eyes very much if you don't see his name on the walls here. You look at the bottom of that notice of auction there, at that mortgage foreclosure and that £10 Reward, and you'll find his name. Why, he owns the whole town of Brails except

the two lodges the other side of the forks in Long Campden, and his grandmother, when she got wild over gambling, sold those to clear up her debts, and they belong to Sir Charles Someone now. Why? are you any relation of his?" I informed her that I was, and, after enjoying the veneration of her black eyes and obtaining more definite information of the roads and directions, we wended our way towards Brails.

Passing through Long Campden we came to the two lodges which she had mentioned. The name "lodge," as used in England, embraces the whole of a large estate containing a grand house many rods from the road, which is approached by drive-ways through woods and grounds, which are triumphs of landscape gardening. The entrance from the highway is guarded by a huge gate, which is tended by a porter who lives in a house adjoining. This latter is called the "porter's lodge," and as only places of considerable importance have such appointments the name "lodge" has come to denominate the whole estate. Two such places, then, the very realization of the summer place, which we read of in English novels, were lost to our prospects by Rapp Sheldon's wife's bad luck at Baden-Baden. After passing the second lodge we turned to the right and rode for three long hours through the most beautiful agricultural country that it has ever been my pleasure to witness. There were well-kept hunting preserves, with walls in good order protecting them from the road; fields of grain which showed the effect of manual labor; pastures surrounded by evenly-kept hedges and filled by fat and handsome English cattle. Everything wore an aspect of substantiality and perfect management. Here and there we passed small but neat houses which were occupied by the tenants of our fortunate cousin. Ultimately we arrived at our destination, Brails House. It, like the two previous lodges, was situated far from the road and in a wooded enclosure, but it surpassed them in the beauty of its situation, for in the rear there bubbled a brook of clear water. Upon ringing at the door we were informed by the butler that Mr. Sheldon was at the other end of the estate and would not return before evening, but that Mrs. Sheldon would be glad to see us. As we passed into the vestibule the first thing which struck my eye was a stained-glass Gothic window at one side, and at the apex combining two rows of crests on either side was the familiar sheldrake which I had so often seen on the envelopes and paper of my home correspondence. The sensation which I experienced can be known only to those who have been long away from acquaintances, amid strangers, in a foreign land. At the end of the cor-

ridor was a case filled with family armor, and the whole was surmounted by three stuffed sheldrakes. Mrs. Sheldon received us in a very hospitable manner and entertained us with tea.

The interior domestic arrangements of the house were similar to those of any well-regulated family here, except that the crockery and service was of antique design and the furniture was of that solid style which was intended to last through more than one generation. After tea we were shown the gallery of family portraits. I failed to see any resemblance to any of my relatives in America, but I doubt if one could recognize himself, even, were he dressed in the costume of Charles I.

Towards evening the squire returned and entertained us with true English hospitality. He is a brusque, concise business man and recognizes the necessity that both ends *must* meet. He is wrapt up in his pastoral vocation and is a rank protectionist. He considered himself as unfortunate that he must remain in England when so good a country as America was open to him. But age and the conditions of the law of entail rendered a removal impracticable. He is about 70 years old and his wife appears of about the same age. He has no children, and where his estate will go to when he dies is more than I know, although I wrote to Somerset House, London, to find how the will stood.

Such, then, is the home of our ancestors, situated in Warwickshire, the most beautiful county of England; only ten to twelve miles from Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare, which place more than 20,000 Americans visit annually; in the immediate vicinity of the Earl of Warwick's celebrated castle, as well as the noted Kenilworth castles. Our ancestors and co-descendants bear names of irreproachable integrity and honesty; they have shown the world that they possess a no mean capacity for business, and let us, as we separate farther and farther from the parent stock, show that the blood has not been vilified by coursing through our veins, and that no disintegration of the original virtues owes to us its cause.

A few remarks were here made by Rev. A. E. Carpenter of Middlebury.

Rev. M. C. Stebbins of Cornwall made a few very pleasant remarks, stating that sterling integrity always was of great value, but that at present it was of even more value than ever before. From what had been read in the address and from the looks of the people present this valuable quality was hereditary in the Weeks family. He considered that the best recommendation which one could have in this vicinity was that

his great-great-grandfather should have been born in a log house in the town of Salisbury, Vermont.

NOTES.

After the completion of the programme the following committee was appointed to make arrangements for another meeting in five years :
• H. L. Sheldon, W. H. Bingham, Dr. Wm. H. Sheldon, Dr. John Avery and John E. Weeks.

Many interesting family photographs and letters were brought by various cousins ; among the latter was the following, found by H. L. Sheldon in some old correspondence. It was written by Holland Weeks on his way to settle in Salisbury :

MANCHESTER, Sept 20th, 1788.

I have been hindered four days on account of two of my oxen being lame, but are better and I have travelled two days since and am in hopes of getting along well. The road is much better than I expected. I have now about 70 miles to go and get along about 16 or 18 miles a day. I hope to make out to get to Salisbury next week Wednesday or Thursday.

My love to you and the children all, hoping these lines will find you well, as they leave me.

HOLLAND WEEKS.

Mrs. Hannah Weeks, Litchfield.

After returning to Middlebury, while waiting for their respective trains, many of the cousins inspected the Sheldon Art Museum. There they saw things which could make them more easily comprehend the difficulties which our early ancestors had to contend with.

Descendants.

* * * *

The Secretary has this list of the names of descendants of Holland Weeks. Anna Weeks, a sister of Holland, married William Copeland, whose descendants are numerous, having the same characteristics, relatives of the same family, and always present at the reunions :

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.
M. A. Seymour,	Chicago, Ill.
D. L. Seymour,	Chicago, Ill.
T. H. Seymour,	Norwood Park, Ill.
Mrs. W. L. Brown,	Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. K. Burnham,	Evanston, Ill.
Ellen W. Burnham,	Evanston, Ill.
Daniel Burnham,	Evanston, Ill.
Lewis T. Burnham,	Hydepark, Chicago.
Edwin R. Burnham,	Lawndale, Chicago.
Mrs. C. L. Woodyatt,	Chicago.
Mrs. John Goddard,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mrs. Hannah M. Goodell,	Green Bay, Wis.
Mary E. Ellsworth and family,	Green Bay, Wis.
Charles G. W. Adams,	Waupaca, Wis.
Helen Amelia Weeks,	Waupaca, Wis.
Mrs. Mark W. Bates,	Waupaca, Wis.
Rev. J. A. Shepherd,	Santa Rosa, Cal.
Mrs. Tryphena Avery,	Waukegan, Ill.
Mrs. Eunice W. McClellan,	El Paso, Ill.
Dr. Samuel J. Avery,	Chicago, Ill.
Daniel J. Avery,	Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Flora R. Runyan,	Chicago, Ill.
John A. Avery,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mrs. Eunice Walker Avery,	Salisbury, Vt.
*Dr. John Avery,	Wallingford, Vt.

*Attended last meeting.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.
John L. Barker,	Brandon, Vt.
Mrs. E. D. Weeks,	Brandon, Vt.
Miss Iola C. Weeks,	Brandon, Vt.
Mrs. C. L. Goss,	Milwaukee, Wis.
*Mrs. Mary W. Thomas,	Salisbury, Vt.
*John E. Weeks,	Salisbury, Vt.
Mrs. Adelia Beach Potter,	St. Albans, Vt.
Charles G. Beach,	Etrick, Wis.
Mrs. John Melby,	Whitehall, Wis.
*Edgar S. Beach,	Williston, Vt.
Mrs. Edmund Beach,	Burlington, Vt.
C. E. Beach,	Burlington, Vt.
*Mrs. George Drury and family,	Essex Junction, Vt.
Mrs. Albert Pratt,	Rutland, Vt.
Moseley Beach,	Rutland, Vt.
Mrs. Henry Lewis,	Manchester, N. H.
John T. Beach,	Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. Samuel Pierce,	Salisbury, Vt.
Uriel E. Beach,	Salisbury, Vt.
Mrs. James H. H. Parke,	Whitehall, N. Y.
James H. Parke,	Whitehall, N. Y.
Noble C. Shumway,	Chicago.
E. G. Shumway,	Chicago.
Mrs. Frank W. Barker,	Chicago.
Mrs. Sarah Everts Powers,	Brandon, Vt.
*Mrs. Maria Steward,	East Clarendon, Vt.
Alden Steward,	East Clarendon, Vt.
*Leonard Steward,	East Clarendon, Vt.
*Sarah Steward,	East Clarendon, Vt.
Mrs. C. C. Pierce,	East Clarendon, Vt.
Dr. Wallace Steward,	East Clarendon, Vt.
*Mrs. A. N. Holden,	North Clarendon, Vt.
*John A. Steward,	North Clarendon, Vt.
*Mrs. C. G. Ross,	Rutland, Vt.
*Mrs. C. A. Fuller,	Rutland, Vt.
Darius Steward,	Rochester, Minn.
Rollin Steward,	St. Paul, Minn.

*Attended last meeting.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.
Mrs. Esther Rider,	Rochester, N. Y.
Dr. C. E. Rider,	Rochester, N. Y.
*Mrs. E. R. Andrews,	Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. Martin G. Everts,	Rutland, Vt.
*Mrs. Martha E. Hamilton,	Salisbury, Vt.
*Mrs. C. M. Winslow,	Brandon, Vt.
Albert M. Everts,	Salisbury, Vt.
Mary H. Everts,	Nephi, Utah.
Walter J. Brown,	Nephi, Utah.
*Martin G. Everts,	Salisbury, Vt.
Charles Everts,	Salisbury, Vt.
Mrs. Emily E. Kingsley,	Salisbury, Vt.
C. F. Kingsley,	Salisbury, Vt.
Frances E. Everts,	Salisbury, Vt.
Henry Everts,	Salisbury, Vt.
*W. Harrison Bingham,	West Cornwall, Vt.
*Harris Bingham,	West Cornwall, Vt.
*Anna M. Bingham,	West Cornwall, Vt.
*Mrs. Pauline R. Bingham,	Middlebury, Vt.
Lucien W. Bingham,	Cleveland, O.
Mrs. Sarah Bingham,	Watertown, Wis.
W. A. Bingham,	West DePere, Wis.
Mrs. S. L. Moschelle,	Liverpool, N. Y.
Mrs. E. B. Tuthill,	San Luis, California.
Samuel N. Robinson,	Conewango, N. Y.
N. E. Robinson,	Washington, D. C.
Mary L. Robinson,	Washington, D. C.
Mrs. A. E. Shipherd,	Southold, L. I.
George H. Rowe,	South Elgin, Ill.
Mrs. D. E. N. Clark,	Beloit, Wis.
Edward W. Robinson,	New Haven, N. Y.
Rev. James R. Robinson,	Elmira, N. Y.
Rev. Albert B. Robinson,	Gowanda, N. Y.
Rev. Francis H. Robinson,	Templeton, Cal.
Mrs. Rev. John McLacklan,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Rev. R. S. Green,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Herbert Shipherd,	Fredonia, N. Y.

*Attended last meeting.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.
*Horace W. Sheldon and family,	Middlebury, Vt.
*Mrs. Harmon A. Sheldon,	Middlebury, Vt.
*Dr. Wm. H. Sheldon,	Middlebury, Vt.
Mrs. Homer Sheldon and family,	Middlebury, Vt.
*Henry L. Sheldon,	Middlebury, Vt.
Mrs. George E. Graves,	Rutland, Vt.
*Mrs. Susan B. Miner,	Middlebury, Vt.
Mrs. Hannah L. Clarke,	Middlebury, Vt.
Mrs. Franklin Wilcox and family,	Burlington, Iowa.
Mrs. John E. Weeks and family,	West Constable, N. Y.
Rev. George A. Weeks and family,	Paris, Ky.

*Attended last meeting.