

# Old Rutland:

SIDE LIGHTS ON HER HONORABLE AND NOTABLE  
STORY DURING ONE HUNDRED AND  
SIXTY YEARS.

A. D. 1761 — A. D. 1922

By  
EDWARD LOWE TEMPLE, M. A.  
(Illustrated)

*“Should auld acquaintance be forgot;  
And never brought to min’?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And the days of Auld Lang Syne?”*  
(BOBBIE BURNS.)

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EDWARD LOWE TEMPLE  
Rutland, Vt.

OLD RUTLAND  

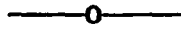
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To  
THE BELOVED MEMORY OF  
*L. G. T.*



P R E F A T O R Y

Inasmuch as my intimate acquaintance with Rutland (although my nativity, twelve years earlier, was very far away), dates from the spring of 1856, subject to a comparatively brief hiatus in recent years, I venture to assume that I may perhaps lay claim to having had as long and familiar a touch with the life of the dear old town as any one now living. And, therefore, I desire to speak, with such reasonable condensation as I may, of scenes, events and characters that have been so long familiar and dear to me, premising that, with very few and comparatively irrelevant exceptions, I do not intend to instance any person now living, this chronicle practically ending with the close of the last century.

E. L. T.

Rutland, Vermont,  
May, A. D. 1923.



# Old Rutland:

## Our Mountain-Girdled Home.

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Rutland became a village in 1847, was incorporated into a city in 1892, before that date parting with three segments of her original six miles square to form West Rutland, Proctor, and the encircling ring that constitutes the Town of Rutland, the last a rural and farming community. The street railway system, at first by horsepower, came in 1882, having its cars named on their sides, somewhat grotesquely, for leading citizens, a distinction now long since conferred on many of our streets. In early days, the present city was called familiarly East Rutland, and Centre Rutland was known as Centreville.

The city's original name was Socialborough, and the name was aptly chosen. It derived its original charter through Col. Josiah Willard of Winchester, New Hampshire, under the present name, for Twenty Pounds, from Governor Benning Wentworth of New Hampshire, on September 7th, 1761, to John Murray of Rutland, Massachusetts (named from the Rutland in England, made familiar through the well-known tale, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall") and to others, all non-residents. And her centenary was fitly observed in 1870 by the erection of many arches, bearing appropriate inscriptions, on the principal streets, an oration by Rev. John Todd, D. D., of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, (a native of Rutland) and a banquet, with after dinner speeches, in a tent near the site of the present City Hall. Another charter was subsequently granted to John H. Lydius of Albany, New York, from two Mohawk chiefs.

From 1784 to 1804 Rutland was one of the State capitals, and in 1784 it succeeded Tinmouth as the County Seat. After the destruction by fire of the first State House in 1822, in the competition with other towns for the supremacy, my grandfather, Robert Temple, offered gratis the elevated tract on his estate lying east of his brick mansion and on the south side of Temple Street, for a new State House; but Montpelier retained the prize.

A limestone ledge runs through the East side of North Main Street, as many householders have found to their cost; and the house just referred to has still beneath its firm foundation a cellar almost entirely blasted out of the rock in 1812, with the result that, now long past its centenary, it still stands firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. This dignified Colonial brick structure, christened "Windyledge" by its later owner, was famous in its palmy days for its lavish hospitality, as well as for its superb flower gardens and extended grape arbors at the south, which were then one of the show places of Vermont. On the rocky ledge at the rear of this mansion still stands an original forest elm of gigantic proportions, that must have passed its second centenary, the Monarch of the valley, securely anchored to the everlasting rock, about whose huge trunk, up to the first enormous branches, my grandfather built a gallery that is now long since gone, but which I have often climbed in my boyhood days. A vigorous tulip tree is still growing on these grounds, very far north of its native habitat.

In the present review, since religion is the proper basis in any community, let us begin with the **Churches**. The earliest was of the Congregational body, whose first house of worship stood on the low hill opposite the present residence of George C. Thrall, and just south of the so-called Tanyard Village at the far north (now a part of the past) where the tannery and slate pencil mill of George Graves, who reared a large family, with indomitable industry and probity built up around him a thriving hamlet, whose name still survives.

This primitive frame meeting house (long since demolished) was quite devoid of any method of heating; and, standing on that exposed eminence, foot-stoves were an absolutely essential article, and Dante's conception of a hell of ice must have seemed as likely of realization to its worshippers as that of the more lurid imagination of John Calvin. The choir of that early day was led by a pitch pipe in the hand of the leader, and the Scotchman's tabooed "Kit of Whistles" (or organ) was then altogether undreamed-of here. As is common with English churches, adjoining the meeting house was, and still remains the antique burial ground, whose most notable denizen (said to have been the most enlightened person in the State at the time) still reposes beneath a lofty

altar-shaped memorial tablet, bearing to its first pastor the imposing inscription by the masonic body, "Sacred to the Memory of Samuel Williams, L. L. D., a Pillar of Church and State, the Father of this Village and the Friend of Mankind!" Dr. Williams was the founder of the Rutland Herald in 1794, and spent the latter part of his life and passed to his well earned rest in the two-story frame dwelling now owned and occupied by Hon. Marvelle C. Webber on South Main Street.

A short distance to the north from here is the hamlet familiarly known as Mill Village, and beyond it rises the long Cheney Hill, quite near the town's northern boundary with Pittsford. At a comparatively short distance south of the Tanyard settlement was reared, shortly before my arrival on earth, a colored youth, (quite a rarity then to these parts) who eventually was admitted to the Episcopal Ministry and went as a missionary to his heathen brethren in Liberia. His christian name (his surname was Freeman) has escaped me, but his mother was well-known as dear old "Aunt Becky". Later additions to the sable fraternity in my own days were more numerous—among them the Court House janitor, John Fuller, driving down from Chittenden way enveloped in his huge, unwieldy coon-skin winter overcoat, the bald-headed and sententious Cato Williams, and his numerous progeny, Cyrus, Levi, Rolla and many more; the jolly and loquacious Edwin Estell, black as ebony, with glistening ivory teeth, who, from some real or fancied connection with the 7th Vermont Regiment in the Civil War, was wont jocosely to masquerade as "the Adjutant General of the Gulf!"; Taylor and Alexander, the colored barbers (a class now apparently nearly extinct here; and, last, but not least, the redoubtable Prince Denmark, a mulatto who distinctly failed to recall the melancholy Dane, whose physiognomy strongly suggested a Pirate chief, yet whose bland manners failed to remind of one who scuttled ship or cut a throat!

At that time, and within my own memory, the west side of North Main Street from this point down beyond my ancestral home was lined with willow trees (long since decayed) as was South Main Street its entire length with stately Lombardy poplars (introduced to America by Thomas Jefferson, from their supposed resemblance to the French Liberty Cap) that have long met with the same fate.

This grand old Main Street, which, lined with stately eims, has very few superiors, was the old Stage road from Montreal to Boston and New York, through which the old time Concord coaches with four reeking horses made their joyous way. A good illustration of the hardy life that prevailed here a century ago may be found in the fact that one of my revered aunts was married at six o'clock in the morning, and set out on her happy wedding journey at that ungodly hour in one of these ancient coaches, bound for Montreal! The roads diverge from each other about two miles south of the old Square, originally named Federal, but later Court, since the Court House was originally located on its eastern border. The road eastward from this southern point formed a part of the military road laid out by Col. John Stark, from Charlestown, New Hampshire, to Whitehall (then called Skeenesborough) and to Fort Ticonderoga and Crown Point, in Revolutionary days.

This old meeting house was supplanted in 1818 by a much more dignified and ambitious structure of brick, with galleries, three entrance doors, an imposing array of horse sheds at the rear for the farming population, and a pointed steeple and belfry, that suggested the influence of Sir Christopher Wren, after the fashion of so many of the Colonial churches in America. Living quite near it in my boyhood, I became an interested spectator of the downfall of this lofty spire when, in 1861, it was itself replaced by the present much more spacious edifice on Court Street.

As for many years it was the most prominent religious body here, the old custom was long followed of announcing deaths by strokes on its bell,—one, for a man, two for a woman, followed by as many strokes as the age of the deceased indicated. This meeting house was built directly opposite to the Colonial frame residence of Hon. F. G. Swinnerton, originally the home of the honored Charles K. Williams. This dignified and commodious old home was adjoined at the south by a one-story building, occupied by the good Governor as his office, after the custom of those days; and, later, by one of his unmarried daughters, as a select school of a high grade, for young ladies. At the north extended a large and delectable flower garden that in my boyhood was the cynosure for beauty of all that region. Among many families of some religious bodies, here as elsewhere, the observance of Sunday



began at sunset of Saturday and ended at the corresponding hour of the day itself.

The first Congregational parsonage still stands at the head of Aiken Place, near the residence of Hon. James A. Merrill, and named after its early pastor, Rev. Dr. Silas Aiken, who succeeded Rev. Drs. Heman Ball and Charles Walker, and whose long and faithful ministry is still an abiding memory. The present parsonage on Court Street is of very much later erection.

The present Church was opened by the eloquent ministry of Rev. Dr. Norman Seaver, who was universally popular and respected; and he was succeeded by numerous divines, most of whom it has been my pleasure to know to some degree. The one (nearly all of them are gone now to their reward) whom I will now instance, is the Rev. James Gibson Johnson, D. D. whom I greatly loved,—and this mainly for the reason that, largely through his influence, the great American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held its annual, and, of course, largely attended meeting here, during his faithful ministry—the only time, I believe, that it has so done in so comparatively small a city. He was followed by Rev. Dr. George W. Phillips, who well conserved the dignity of the ministerial profession.

Incidentally, it may be worth while to mention that there was, over a century ago, a colored minister of this faith at West Rutland, who was whimsically called “Priest” Haynes. His extreme eccentricity is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he once proclaimed from his pulpit that he **“Flattered himself that three fourths of his congregation would be eternally damned!”**

In sharp contradistinction to this dismal and senseless prognostication of one unlearned professor of the Gospel of Christ, were three saintly divines of the same faith, Rev. Dr. Walker of Wallingford, and his kinsman of the same name, of Pittsford, and also Rev. Dr. Childs, of Castleton (adjoining townships), to whose gracious words I have listened in long past days as they met with Rev. Dr. Aiken in joint missionary meetings at the temporary Congregational chapel on West Street (long since dismantled)—tacit repudiators of the abhorrent theology of the New England Jonathan Edwards.



The Elder Trinity Church—1832-1865.

The first Episcopal Church was of wood, and was consecrated in 1832, designed in Gothic by its gifted consecrator, Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, D. D., who also served for a year as its rector at a much later date, and after the close of the faithful ministry of nearly thirty years of its first Rector, the Rev. Dr. John A. Hicks. It had an Early English belfry tower, was heated by stoves, had originally a "three-decker" pulpit of somewhat surprising altitude, to which access was had by a winding staircase, from which banns of Marriage were proclaimed until the Church was abandoned in 1865. It stood on the west side of North Main Street, not far from the intersection of West Street.

Then came the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Roger S. Howard, whose consecrated and untiring energy was successful in raising funds for the erection of the present dignified and architecturally satisfying stone Church building, at the corner of West and Church Streets, (also designed by Bishop Hopkins) where he ministered with great faithfulness for several years, being universally beloved by all sorts and conditions of men and women. The adjacent Chapel, Rectory and Parish house came with succeeding rectors, of whom I will

not now speak. The venerable and appealing Christmas-Eve service was and still is observed in this church with scrupulous regularity, and makes its gentle influence felt upon many of other communions. The first Rectory was built and long occupied by Rev. Dr. Hicks, (as a private school as well, to supplement his meagre income), on the southeast corner of North Main Street and Woodstock Avenue, but was finally removed some doors to the eastward for less dignified uses. One of his sons, John A., was my schoolmate and became an Union soldier, and others made their mark in life; one of the sons becoming an amateur champion chess player.. It has been asserted on good authority, that a prominent member of one of the so-called dissenting bodies, on becoming displeased at the attitude of his minister regarding the sale of spirituous liquors, was somewhat instrumental in again dissenting, and joining the movement to form the Episcopal parish.

One very interesting incident must here be chronicled in connection with this old Church, and the home of Governor Williams, personally known to the writer. The Rev. Eleazar Williams finally passed away while an Episcopal Missionary to the Indians near Green Bay, Wisconsin. But in his prime he made his claim to have been "The Lost Dauphin", the son of Louis XVI. of France and Marie Antoinette. He was wont to visit at Governor Williams' home, and at that time he sat in the Governor's pew, where I have frequently seen him, and certainly his remarkable countenance bore a striking likeness to the well-known Bourbon cast of features. The last service in this beloved first Church was held on the Easter Eve immediately after that fatal Good Friday on which our country and the world lost the martyred Lincoln.

The Baptist body found its first home here at a somewhat later date, and built their Church at what is now the northeast corner of South Main and Washington Streets, it being of brick and with a belfry; and its first parsonage was on the south side of Washington Street, a short distance away. Its pastor was long familiarly and affectionately styled "Elder Howard", his patronymic being Leland, and he displayed many pleasant attributes that made him a marked figure in the community. Early in the good Elder's ministry, as a novice he undertook the immersion of a woman for

baptism in the tank behind his pulpit. But, being in imminent peril of making a fiasco of the proceeding, he was set right from his congregation, by the stentorian voice of Deacon Griggs, exclaiming, "T'other end to, Brother Leland! t'other end to!" One of the good elder's most consecrated successors was the Rev. Charles A. Reese; others I will not mention for lack of space.

Although the ecclesiastical divergences of these divines were never minimized, their personal friendship never suffered abatement, and they were sometimes styled, with more or less of appropriateness, "The Triumvirate". A custom long prevailed, in those days of mutual good will, that would indeed appear well nigh incredible now-a-days,—that of frequent ownership of pews and payment therefor by members of different Churches in the Churches of their friends and neighbors,—a good and needed lesson in Church Unity! It is not of common knowledge, that the three story frame building at the southeast corner of North Main and Terrill Streets, near the site of old Fort Rutland, was built for a so-called "Palace" for the Rev. Dr. Peters of England, in anticipation of his acceptance of the Bishopric of this Diocese, which latter never materialized.

The Methodists, Roman Catholics, and other religious bodies came later, and none of them, save the last, and this but recently, ever acquired a foothold in the old part of the town. The Roman Catholic body had two very strong and attractive exponents here (now long since translated) in the Revs. Charles J. Boylan and Thomas J. Gaffney, who were in their time Priests of St. Peter's Church, in the western part of the city. Father Boylan was the protagonist in the construction of the stately church of that name, and his statue appropriately stands before it; and the like service was rendered to French Catholics by good Father Proulx, in their Church on Lincoln Avenue. And Father Gaffney, the jovial, yet strict and consecrated follower of Father Boylan, whom to know was greatly to admire, was one of the finest old Irish gentlemen that ever trod shoe leather. The initial movement here was made by Father Druon in 1856, and a convent school and a congeries of other buildings hard by attest the strength of that faith in the community.

Rev. Dr. Charles Woodhouse and Rev. George W. Perry



The Ancient Colonial Temple Gateway.

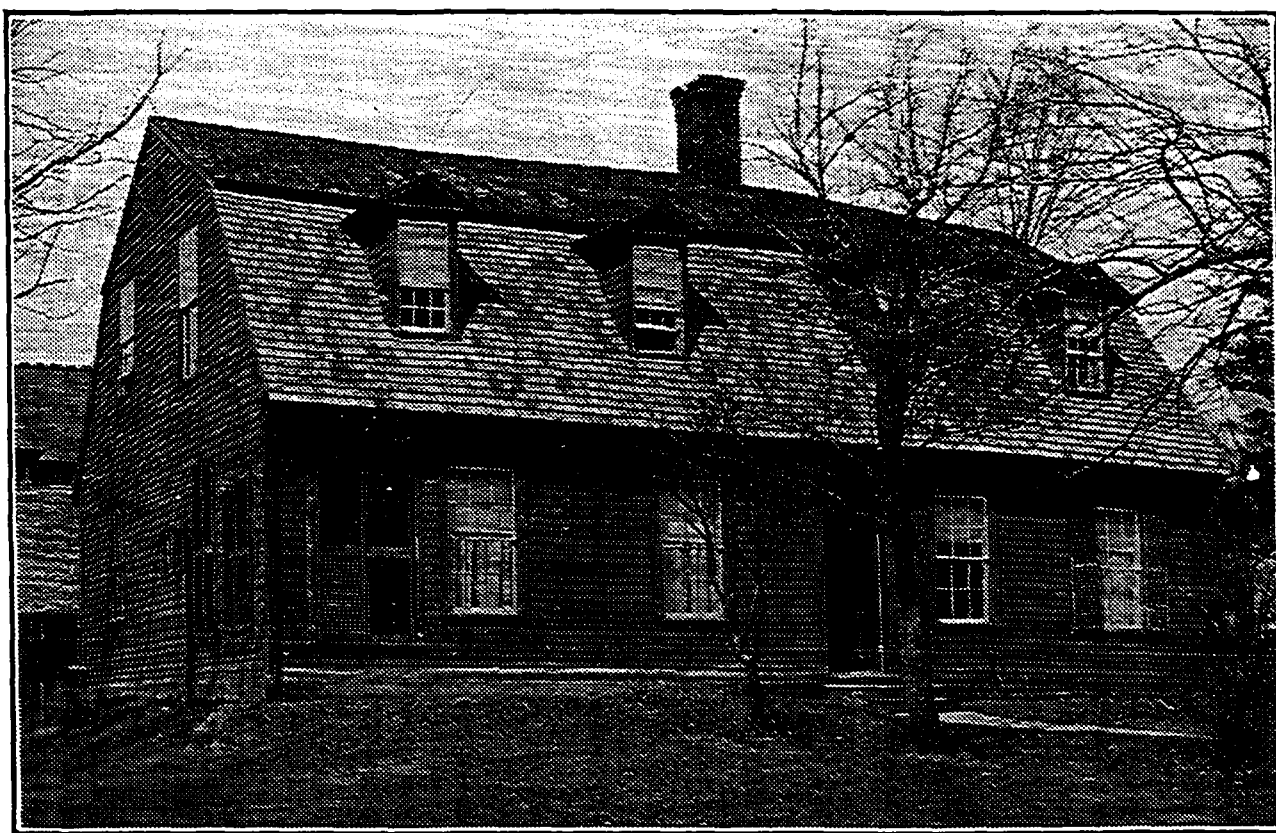
(for some time State Geologist), were preachers of the Universalist faith on West Street—the former a singular and winning figure. Rev. Dr. William J. Harris, rector of Trinity Church, was at one time the Superintendent of Schools; and the scholarly and truly consecrated Rev. Walter Mitchell, a later Rector, had been the author of "Bryan Maurice", a practical transcript of his own early experience, he having been originally a member of the Unitarian body. Nor should we withhold praise for another of Trinity's former rectors, the Rev. William B. Buckingham, born and untimely laid away on Southern soil, whose genial chivalry won all hearts. Some thirty years since, this building was greatly enlarged and added to in its interior, under the vigorous rectorship of Rev. Dr. Charles M. Niles, and reconsecrated by Bishop Doane of Albany, during the enforced absence of Bishop Bissell, the Diocesan. This parish celebrated its centenary in 1894, during the early years of the Episcopate of Bishop Hall. The first pastor of the Methodist Church was the Rev. John Parker, and the Rev. D. W. Gates built the first church building, now supplanted by another; the Rev. J. J. Noe serving as Presiding Elder for many years with great faithfulness.

In early days a delightful ornament to Main Street consisted of three Colonial arched gateways, and their accompanying and harmonious fences at either side, which survived far into my early manhood. They stood before the front entrance of the residence then owned by my grandfather at the north; of Col. Jesse Gove, the Sheriff of the County, and later by Rueben R. Thrall, his kinsman, who erected it, (and whose son, George C., became a prominent hotel owner in the West) where the City Librarian now lives; and of Moses Strong, at the southern end, the present noble Colonial residence of his kinsman, Capt. Edward R. Morse, the son of Edward A., surrounded by ample and dignified grounds, now known as "Strong Place". They are all gone now (more's the pity!) for the whirligig of time has emphatically brought in his revenges.

In the early part of the last century, institutions for the care of the Insane were not common in New England, and these unfortunate creatures were either sheltered at their homes or allowed to stray away, often to the discomfort, if not the actual danger of the public. A certain Francis



Hemenway was wont to pay peculiar and generally unwelcome attention to my ancestral home before my birth. The couchant lion and the wooden vases with carved serpents entwined about their sides attracted his diseased attention; and one morning a scrawled and misspelled note arrived by private courier from him, announcing that, if they were valued, they might be replevined from the steps of the meeting house at West Rutland, as indeed they were—a sententious postscript being appended that “we are commanded not to worship graven images!”



The Old State House, before 1804.

The oldest village bakery, kept by Ethan Judd, stood where is now the home of Hon. Henry F. Field; and the earliest Masonic Hall still stands (though long since converted to far different purposes) at the corner of West Street and Court Square, nearly directly across from the ancient gambrel-roofed State House, very near the present Armory, (which ancient and time-honored edifice it is surely a thousand pities to have been demolished); but long previous thereto, it was occupied as a dwelling by the godly churchman and harness dealer, Henry T. Dorrance. Orel Cook, the hatter, Otis Fisher, the peddler, Joseph Billings and J. P. Mailhiot, the shoemakers, Lionel Fish, the veteran horseman, John F. Knight,

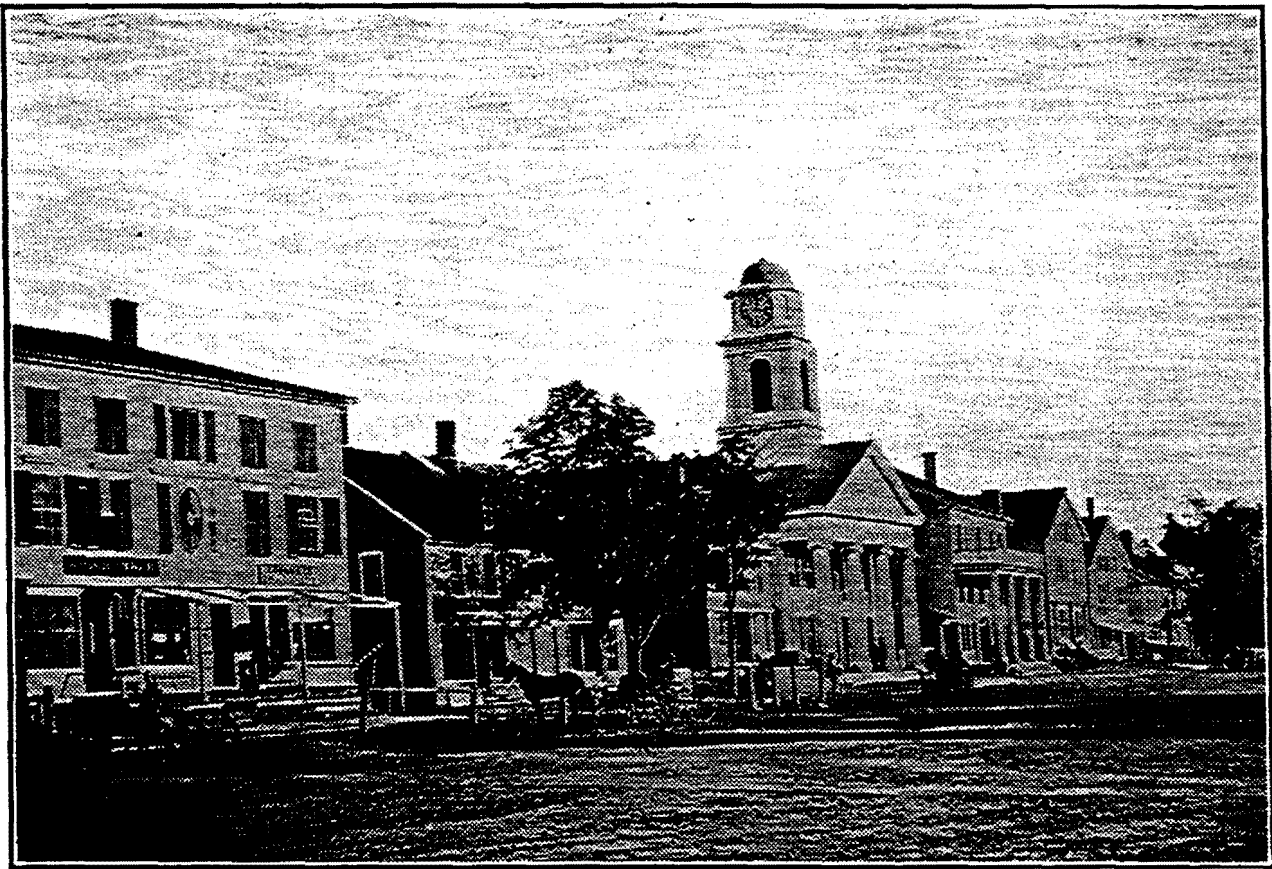
the village tailor, Silas Knight, the peddler, and the house painters, Judson Howard, father and son, will long be remembered; and Cheney Ruggles and Henry O. Perkins have left their distinct impress on the community.

It is well known that the earliest lodgment of all was at Fort Ranger, on the east bank of Otter Creek at Gookin's Falls, Centre Rutland, where was a blockhouse, and near which James Mead was the first settler, the ancestor of Governor John A. Mead of recent years. And, not far from here occurred the birth of the first white child in Rutland! The original stone jail stood in my early days on the west side of South Main Street, with Levi Briggs and N. J. Green as the jailers at that time. But long before this a tragedy occurred in the prison, in the untoward suicide by hanging of one Anthony, who was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hung on the following day on the so-called "Gallows Knoll", the eminence on Crescent Street where now stands the Convalescent Home.

The early hotels (or taverns as they were then styled) were Reed's Tavern, at the head of West Street, burned before my birth, the American House, where the Armory now stands; the Franklin, on the East side of Court Square, and the present admirably kept Brock House, (originally the Huntoon Tavern), at the south end of South Main Street, which of them all alone survives. At this part of the street, quaint Cyril Carpenter, Cephas Alvord, the pioneer, and bibulous Sam Brock made life jocund; while the eccentric and seven-leagued-booted and would-be poet (of doggerel, in plain truth) Christopher Rice, living in his later years on Pine Hill, challenged all pedestrians to rivalry in this regard. Both he and his brother William, the gardener on Forest Street, had been members of the Queen's Life Guard in Great Britain. In attempted vindication of his claim in poetic art, the valiant Christopher once made his appearance before the home of Mrs. Dorr, the Leaute, saying, "I have come, Madam, to show you some of my poems". Then, unrolling a great sheaf of paper and hurling it down the steps, he added, "There they are, and you'll find some thirty feet or more of my **compositions!**" Which was verily proof of **quantity**, if not of **quality**!

Surely in this veracious chronicle, mention should not fail to be made with great praise, of two citizens whose homes were nearly adjacent for many years on Woodstock Avenue,





The East Side of Court Square, before 1868.

Henry Stuart Rule, the skilled artisan in cabinet work, and Timothy Sullivan, the veteran school janitor; and also of John A. Foyles, the long time faithful and consecrated Howe Scale Company employee. Nor should the well-known and honored Meldon family escape attention, the brother serving his term here as Postmaster, and several of the sisters having spent many long years of most valuable service as teachers in the Public Schools, the sole surviving sister now having the honor, after more than two score years of teaching, of being the Dean of the entire Faculty of Instruction. Nor fail in highest praise to Miss Mary L. Titcomb, the cultured librarian, who did such signal service for the Free Library, and whose similar work is now in the Washington County Library at Hagerstown, Maryland; nor should proper tribute fail to be made of the faithful work of Capt. Samuel H. Kelley (especially as a school disciplinarian) who, in his last days was a victim of total blindness at Salisbury, Vt.

The Court House of wood of which I have already spoken, was neighbored by the only mercantile district of that day, and stood next north of the Franklin House, whose notable landlord was Henry Gould; with Hodges and Owen, Lord and

Goddard, (famous clock makers), Daniels and Bell, Mason and Marshall, Fayette Vaughan, Cheney Brothers, Nathan Pierce, Francis and Edward Fenn, John Laporte, George E. Graves and Frederick Chaffee; the last the founder of the fortunes of his two highly respected sons, George T. and Newman K. (where the handsome stone and shingled residence of his son George T. now stands, known as "Sunny Gables"); and Charles Burt and Son (where was the first Post Office), Frederick Hill being the first Postmaster, the son afterward carrying on one of the largest Dry Goods stores in Vermont on Merchants Row. Alanson Dyer, the owner of the American House, was also the town butcher; and the Franklin House (originally Gould's Tavern) under many landlords, notably Henry Gould, and later Ira C. Foster, with Bryant's Livery Stables, became a famous hostelry, having a fine old-fashioned dancing hall, in which I have danced many a measure. On its broad front verandah politics were often so heatedly discussed that good old Dr. Porter averred that that portico was well worth more than a hundred dollars to his exchequer!

The ancient two-story frame dwelling, absolutely innocent of paint from its birth, built by Ambrose L. Brown, the civil engineer, still stands on the corner of West and Nichols Streets, just below Court Square. In this house formerly lived Miss Isabella Brown, who most faithfully and efficiently served the municipality as its Town Clerk for a long series of years.

One of the celebrities of those far off and now forgotten days bore the unique appellation of Ben Dix, (and that's all). Surely if Holmes was correct in speaking of Budd Doble's "catarrhal" name, this may well be styled "economic". The first bank of Rutland, afterwards for many years the Rutland Savings Bank, whose long time Treasurer was the punctilious and honorable Luther Daniels, who, in his later days, had Newton Kellogg for his capable assistant, stood on the south side of Court Square, with its entrance at the north; and is now converted into the Church of the Seventh Day Adventists. The commercial magnate of early days, Major George T. Hodges, with his very large family, many of whom attained distinction in after years, had his spacious home (now long since destroyed) just west of this old bank building; and Henry Hall, the historical chronicler, was for some years his

next door neighbor on the north; followed later by the beloved and genial hospitality of the large family of George Graves. Major Hodges' financial superiority was later disputed by Isaac McDaniels, whose handsome residence once stood near the head of West Street; and far east of which was once the so-called "McDaniels' Grove", long a favorite resort for simple amateur picnics.

The two-story frame dwelling before which the handsome bronze statue of the Green Mountain Boy now stands (a striking example of an erect stature) was originally owned by Moses Fay, later by Charles Burt, and afterward by the County Sheriff, William M. Field, and David W. Temple. Directly south of this once ancient dwelling was the book store of William Gookin, followed by H. Ladd Spencer, one of the latest up-town stores. And, just beyond here at the south, has now stood for years a massive stone boulder of very many tons weight, hauled by tractor from some miles to the south, on which (a well nigh unique conception) is inscribed in unfading bronze characters, the names of thirty-six immortal gold-starred heroes of the city who gave to humanity the last full measure of their devotion in the great World War. The small park just mentioned was and still is neighbored by a larger one extending far down South Main Street.

In early days, as I recall them, verandahs were practically non-existent; now almost none so poor as not to possess one. Then every house was religiously shut in by a front fence, in days of predatory cattle; now there is scarcely one in the community, and hedges are rare. Then, and I greatly rejoice that I was not too late to come within their homely environment, the ancient wood fire place was comparatively common, with brass andirons, its back log and forestick, its unfailing supply of wood fuel, and its settle, that, while one's face was being well toasted, kept one's back from freezing, owing to the inevitable draughts that prevailed. Cranes were common in the kitchens for hanging kettles; and a legal wood measurer was always chosen, of whom Moses Hawkes and Melzer Edson were two. These were the early days of legal fence viewers and pound keepers. Some houses had great brick kitchen ovens in which a pig might easily be roasted whole, and a detached smoke house where hams were cured, my own family's among the number. And in our ancient kitchen long

stood a rotary wood cook stove that did admirable service in those early and primitive days. Iron cook stoves came in about 1810.

The custom prevailed long before the Volstead Act, of making and furnishing liquor at the back door to applicants (generally revolutionary pensioners) when that liquor was of far purer quality than now; and the keeping of grog, and the employment of extraordinarily large glasses for the holding of flip, made by the insertion of a red-hot poker into liquors, was quite common. I have often heard my dear old grandmother tell of an interview that she once had with one of these always bibulous parties, to whom she proffered a large glass half full of rum, proposing first to fill it up with water. But she was swiftly forestalled by the veteran, who protested, "No! No! my dear lamb, I can get plenty of *that* at home!" Before the arrival of door bells, knockers were common on the front doors, and corded bedsteads and often four posters with canopied hangings were in common use, with huge door locks set on the outside, and keys fit for the Bastile.

A pungent instance of the untamed vigor of those pristine days may be cited here in the insane request made upon this same dear old lady by her hibernian maid to be allowed to go over to Windsor to see a hanging of a murderer. When remonstrated with she said that she didn't care so much about seeing the gruesome sight, but she did want to "have it to say" that she had so done. And she actually had her will, and proudly returned in triumph after a pedestrian journey, heel and toe, of near a hundred miles there and back, over the hills and far away!

Every household that could afford it had great sheds at the rear, sometimes larger than the house itself, for the accommodation of cordwood, which was the only fuel. Electricity, and even kerosene were not then known, and, first, tallow and then paraffine candles on shining candlesticks and later whale oil, was your only wear. And the ancient cobwebbed and dusty attics (garrets they were then styled), with all that our great grandmothers prized in their youth; while grandfathers clocks, of portentous altitude were by no means uncommon. And the dear old well-sweep, if it's not gone, it lives there still, as well as the jagged and picturesque rail fences anchored by the superfluous stones which had cumbered

the fields, of which a few still remain to give piquancy to the landscape. In my boyhood, the use was familiar of loaf-sugar in blue wrappers suspended from the kitchen ceiling; and oysters were not then sold in bulk, but in little wooden kegs, holding pint and quart measures.

Of any adequate sewerage there was absolutely none, and the same may be said of fire protection, until 1829, when a quasi fire department was organized by leading citizens. Water was first brought from Mendon by Gershom Cheney, in pipes to a reservoir on the Turnpike, now Woodstock Avenue; but before that time there was only handwork, with the use of pails passed from hand to hand from the nearest cistern; and many households kept hanging in a conspicuous position strong and capacious leathern fire buckets, bearing the name of the owner, for that purpose. Up to a comparatively recent period the water pipes were of so-called "pump logs" of cedar, dovetailed together, and, singularly enough, they were often laid, not in the highway, but through the owners' lots, the nearest way, from one house to another. The days of Macadam and Telford in Great Britain were then only a recent memory, and the streets were simply turnpiked, and often in horrible condition.

Of street lighting in my boyhood there was literally none, and it was an ordinary occurrence for cautious people, especially ladies, to go abroad with small bull's eye hand lanterns in the evening, and you may be very sure never later than nine o'clock!

The sidewalks, where any save native earth existed, consisted of planks, at least before marble came in; and even during the Civil War, Centre Street, and portions of Merchants Row and West Street were lined with causeways built up on lofty trestles, since the ground fell away rapidly at the sides. Indeed, the whole of the district lying west of the railway tracks was once a swamp where muskrats abounded, of which genus my own father had bagged not a few. This Western district derived its present appellation of "Nebraska" from its relative location, as that State had been such before the Rebellion, when popular interest was rife over squatter sovereignty.

Such a luxury as mail carriers had not yet appeared on the horizon, and the post office was accordingly thronged with

applicants of both sexes and all ages at mail time. An early postmaster was Nathaniel Gove, and during a democratic administration John Cain was awarded that office. Letter postage was gauged to the distance to be traversed, and often rose to the altitude of twenty-five cents! (before the advent of protective envelopes). The United States Court House, over an early Post Office (now a branch) was built shortly before the Civil War.

Some of the better houses, my own among the number, had their partitions made of wide pine planks, two inches thick, fit for modern window sills, free from knots, with laths nailed directly upon them, set upright, and without the use of studdings; and their roofs were covered with handwrought cedar shingles that withstood the weather for half a century. Handwrought and cumbrous nails were common, and often wooden pins for heavy timbers were employed in their stead.

Court Square (originally Federal) was surrounded in my early memory by a wooden rail fence, and the bandstand, or speaking platform, stood at the northeast corner, in close juxtaposition with the town pump (and before my time with the whipping post, for counterfeiters, with twenty stripes well laid on!) How well do I remember the glorious Fourth of July celebrations of those pre-Civil War days, when the old floodwood militia, headed in full fig by its General, the doughty, bombastic and domineering five-foot-six commander, Frederick W. Hopkins, tramped valiantly by with their pristine weapons of divergent and various calibre; when the immortal Declaration never failed of delivery, and a patriotic oration was spoken; when the "antiques and horrors" in their fantastic apparel, sailed by on all manner of quadrupeds or none, and in impossible regalia, to the accompaniment of a calathumpian band; and when, in the evening, a torchlight procession, with dripping and stinking torches and screaming boys, of whom your humble servant was one, made night hideous. At least once I have seen a gigantic barbecue held at the south side of Court Square, in which an ox was roasted whole, to the delectation of the crowd, both by sight and tongue. Ah! those were days when life was well worth living, and when Independence Day was here other than the spiritless time that it now seems, when there appears to be nothing worth doing save

motoring and playing golf and baseball. In 1856, on the completion of the first Atlantic Cable, nearly every house in the town bore its array of candles in every pane in the evening, in celebration thereof.

In 1790 Rutland was one of five post offices in Vermont, and of seventy-five in the whole country. At that time Joseph Bowker was undoubtedly the most prominent and influential citizen, styled by the historian, Henry Hall, "the John Hancock of Vermont"; as the same authority, in his biography of Ethan Allen, aptly dubbed the latter "the Robin Hood of Vermont". In those early days Col. John A. Graham was a Supreme Judge, and wrote the first history of Vermont, as well as many letters to British Dukes. The earliest settled minister of the Gospel here was Rev. Benajah Roots, who dwelt in the Leeds Billings house on the Creek Road; and to that house appeared, one night in 1776, a weary and footsore pilgrim, who proved to be the Rev. William Emerson, who later settled at Centre Rutland, and whose body was interred for many years in its adjoining graveyard, until disinterred and removed by his illustrious son, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Imprisonment for debt prevailed as late as 1839, and a stone post, marked "J. Limit" once stood (possibly it still stands), by the side of the highway in the little hamlet called "Hayti", on the road to Mendon (where now a branch of the Ripley family make their summer home) indicating the distance that prisoners for debt might proceed on their patrol without escort; and similar *indicia* in other directions. Eastward from here, to the left, we rise to "Journey's End", on a superb *coigne de vantage*, the summer home of William H. Field, then to the right, we soon reach Wheelerville, the summer home of Marcellus E. Wheeler; thence southeasterly, past Brewer's at the base of Killington, and, then southerly pass picturesque McLaughlin's Falls, till, at last, we turn west over the Notch and so home again once more.

The town bore her part valiantly during colonial and revolutionary troubles, being well represented at the capture of Fort Ticonderoga and the downfall of Quebec. Among her early justices were the eccentric John Mattocks (unlearned but unflinching), Chief Justice Nathaniel Chipman, also United States Senator, and Chief Justice Charles K. Williams, already named. Chief Justice Nathaniel Harrington of



neighboring Tinmouth it was who pronounced adverse judgment against a southern slaveholder who demanded the surrender of his runaway slave, in the ringing words that "only a bill of sale from God Almighty can pass muster in this court!"

Politics have often run high here as elsewhere, and the unterrified democracy long found its leading exponent in the Rutland Courier, published on the west side of Merchants Row, whose dauntless proprietor and editor, Esau-like, "his hand against every man", was John Cain, a native of the Isle of Man, whose grand-daughter makes her home where he made his, far up on North Grove Street. Mr. Cain heroically took his bride, with her consent, out of the second-story of a farm house at the south; but if this were an offence, he amply atoned for it by later building and supporting Union Churches at Danby and Dorset. In the famous Harrison campaign of 1840, when the Whig slogan was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too", and the emblems were a log cabin and hard cider, a rough cabin was set on wheels, and with enthusiastic and more or less bibulous partisans seated therein, was hauled from here to Middlebury, amid wild plaudits from the adjacent villagers. But the democratic campaign preceding the election of "Old Hickory", as may be readily imagined, met with but little favor in this staunch republican town.

Then and later were the beneficent days of the Lyceum lectures, that seem now, save in large cities, to be relegated to the Chautauqua circles. I was greatly privileged to hear and enjoy many of them, beginning with the eloquent Thomas Starr King, whose address on Astronomy in the old Court House I can never forget, nor his eloquent characterization of the stars "waltzing in majestic cotillions on an ethereal floor"! He was succeeded by the fiery temperance orator, John B. Gough; and he by the Rev. W. H. H. (Adirondack) Murray, who paid a glowing tribute to the scenery of the Otter Creek Valley. He affirmed that, in all his wide range of travel, he had never seen a series of mountain ranges that so protectingly and lovingly surrounded a town as here. And verily it seems passing strange that public spirit so long continues to withhold support for the construction of an adequate carriage road to the vicinity of grand old Killington's summit, where, many years ago, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Meyenhoffer dispensed



hospitality in a frame hostelry long since abandoned to the hedgehogs and gales that there do their best to make life vivid and interesting. In this regard, Burlington has set us a brilliant example in its judicious and enterprising treatment of Mount Mansfield. Speaking from my own experience, the view from Killington's summit is far more impressive than that from Mount Washington; from which latter great peak, during the faraway summer when Col. Cutts of the U. S. Coast Survey was encamped with his party on Killington, I have seen heliograph flashes interchanged between the summits with the sharpest distinctness—across how many leagues of space I fail to recall. Incidentally, that both Killington and Pico are the priceless possessions of the youngest scion of the Proctor family would appear to be a veritable embarrassment of riches! Later, in the present Congregational Church, Edward Everett gave his eminently polished and classical lecture on Washington, in aid of Mount Vernon; and he was followed by the great Congregational preacher, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Then later still, in the old Town Hall, on upper Washington Street (of which more anon) I had the delight of listening to the felicitous periods and matchless voice of George William Curtis, the scholar in politics. I cannot recall his subject at this distance, but I can never forget his gracious personality, nor his poetic quotation, "The merry brown hares came leaping over the crest of the hill", apropos of I know not what. Then either before or after, the illustrious American Plato, Ralph Waldo Emerson read his essay in his mystically compelling voice and abstracted manner, at times misplacing the scattered sheets of his manuscript which appeared to disturb him not a whit.

One of the notable lecturers of that day, was Rev. Dr. Magoon, who is interred in Evergreen Cemetery, having had kinsfolk here. In his youth he was a bricklayer and assisted in the construction of the old Baptist Church. After attaining an education and becoming a Baptist preacher, he came back to Rutland, made his way into the basement of that Church, and, by the aid of a cold chisel, abstracted from the basement one of the bricks that he himself had laid as a journeyman, inserted an inkstand therein, which he kept on his desk; and spoke to us with much rough eloquence on "The Triumphs of

well-directed Toil," adducing and producing the inkstand with dramatic force, as a proof of his theme.

But most unapproachable of all, for superb eloquence, was the matchless orator, Wendell Phillips, whom I have twice had the privilege of hearing here, once on his favorite and familiar Abolition theme, and once on "The Lost Arts";—and surely facile and familiar eloquence, absolutely devoid of apparent effort or of bombast or strained oratory could no further go. At a much later date, the distinguished and versatile author, scientist, artist, lecturer, F. Hopkinson Smith, spoke with great effect in the Opera House on "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"; and Hannibal Williams recited there whole plays of Shakespeare from memory,—a remarkable accomplishment. One of the highly superior attractions, among many, that have been offered and enjoyed in this playhouse, was the comedy of "Saratoga" ("Brighton", when given in England) by the veteran British comedian, Charles Wyndham and his admirable company.

The society of the early part of the last century here was of a very high order, and the comparatively frivolous social functions of the present day would not well compare with it. Tea-drinking at an early hour (never later than six o'clock) with plenty of preceding afternoon hours "for a good visit", were altogether *en regle*, and the good old-fashioned quilting parties were in vogue for many years. The worthy and cultivated dames of high degree (and Rutland then yielded to none in high-bred family life) went affectionately by the name among the younger people of "The Silver Greys", with their venerable iron grey or silver hairs, gold mounted spectacles and daintily frilled lace caps. Family portraits in oil (many of them by Copley) were in many houses, and the dearest, grandest and most delicate Chippendale, Sheraton or Heppelwhite claw-footed furniture, with high-boys and low-boys, priceless china and antique silver galore, and the usual braided bell cord leading to the servant's quarters. Such a thing as modern dissipated bridge-whist for stakes was happily then unknown; though doubtless the "clear fire, clean hearth and the rigour of the game", beloved by good Mrs. Battle (on authority of Charles Lamb) was familiar in many households. Thackeray, Dickens, Wordsworth and Tennyson were then making their initial fame, and society had not yet recovered from

the shock of the masterly impulse of the great "Wizard of the North", as it came forth in the numbers of the Waverley Novels, of which I am the fortunate possessor of a set of the first American edition. The old families of Williams, Hodges, Strong, Gove, Page, Graves, Clement, Ripley, Hopkins, Seaver, Merrill, and Temple, fairly set the pace for others to follow.

The merry day of the toboggan, derived from our good Canadian neighbors (not to speak of the bicycle, the motor and the aeroplane) had not then dawned, and skiing was then unknown. But skating had many a devotee on Tanyard Pond and Otter Creek. Coasting, now largely practised on Kendall Avenue and South Main Street, had at that time its chief nucleus on Williams Hill, the name given to the steep slope just west of the present Hospital. And scores of jolly sleigh rides have I shared with my associates in those days. Sometimes in a duet, on which I will not dilate, but often in a long barge sleigh holding from thirty to fifty, with straw on the floor, between the two long longitudinal seats, and most skillfully and proudly charioteered by good old Dan Whitcomb, who could almost make a turn on a ten cent piece, and whose mastery of six or eight champing steeds would have put dear old Weller senior, of the Pickwick Papers, to his mettle.

Pending the comparatively modern advent of the trained nurse, volunteer watching by the sick, and over the yet unburied dead, was still the custom (in both of which occupations I have long since had my poor share). Those were truly Homeric days, when the "raising" of a new building elicited the volunteer and eager assistance of the neighbors round about; and when the old-fashioned buckboard was common to soften the asperities of turnpiked highways; when men's apparel had not yet discarded the neckwear of the ancient stock, nor, where it might be afforded, the graceful ruffled shirt front; when, as exemplified in Lincoln, men used blanket shawls for outdoor wear; when use of snuff had not yet gone out of fashion; when the demure sunbonnet had not ceased to enshrine the modest face; when the fair sex were far less anxious than now to display their anatomy; when the warm familiarity of neighborly social calls had not become superseded by the cold storage of telephone calls; and in short, when the meretriciousness of our twentieth century life had not supplanted a simplicity of life, manners and aim as inspiring as

it was refreshing, that in too many respects puts our modern day to the blush of shame.

The second of the learned professions is undoubtedly that of **Medicine**, and in this regard Rutland had an unusual supply of a high order at that date, wholly of the old school. My own paternal great-grandfather, Dr. Isaac Green, came over from Windsor with his saddle bags in the closing year of the eighteenth century, and returned thither after a brief sojourn on South Main Street. Then came Dr. Joel Green at the south end of Main Street, for whom Green Street (now Killington Avenue) was named; and then, notably, the Porter and the Pond families—two of the latter now surviving.

Old Dr. James Porter had four sons, three of whom, James, Cyrus and Hannibal, and the son of the first of these becoming physicians. Young "Doctor Jim", as he was affectionately and admiringly termed, through a long and useful life, was a rare character, and his son Charles B. attained distinction as the Consulting Surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Peculiar in his apparel, manner and equipage, he was a marked figure upon our streets. He was to a certainty a past-master of the healing art, invariably wearing a high silk hat that he never doffed from his shiny bald head, rain or shine, except (inferentially) to go to bed, and certainly not in the sick room while feeling the patient's pulse, examining his tongue, or prescribing remedies, even to a death bed; and his very presence inspired unlimited confidence. He was a veritable Santa Claus in his personal appearance, short, full of habit and jolly of manner. He was also noted for the reluctance with which he rendered his bills, it being said that once he actually had to be sued therefor! One of his contemporaries was Dr. James Ross, whose family still remains here in honor.

Naturally, at his death much of Dr. Porter's practice fell to Dr. Charles L. Allen, a near neighbor, who had done admirable service in the army during the Civil War. His just repute was shared by the elder Dr. Erasmus A. Pond, as well as by his distinguished friend and near neighbor, Dr. Middleton Goldsmith, whose fame was spread far and wide. Later physicians, long called home, have been Drs. Thomas Paige and W. E. Flanders, and the Drs. Crain, father and son, B. C. Senton, the long time dentists, E. V. N. Harwood, L. T. Law-

ton, and Henry Turrill; George H. Fox, John D. Hanrahan, the well beloved Charles A. Gale, and Charles S. Caverly, the last-named the President of the State Board of Health, of national repute, and universally honored. His memory is beautifully and appropriately perpetuated in the Caverly Preventorium for children in Pittsford, his early home, where now his body lies.

The last, but not least of the learned professions (certainly not the least numerous here, or elsewhere) is that of the *Law*. Here we find the distinguished names of Justices Robert Pierpont, Loyal C. Kellogg, John Prout, Walter C. Dunton, Wheelock G. Veazey and James Barrett, the last in the later years of his life here, a valued member of the Supreme Bench of the State. Among those who have adorned the Bar are Edgar L. Ormsbee, Charles Linsley, Silas H. Hodges, Edward F. Hodges, Horace Allen, William T. Nichols, Edwin Edgerton, David E. Nicholson and his brother Anson A., Calvin and Henry Edgerton (sons of Edwin) Charles E. Graves, LL. D., (afterward for many years the Treasurer of Trinity College, Hartford), Charles L. Williams, son of the governor, Charles C. Dewey, Rodney C. Royce, Darius Chipman, Robert S. Peabody, W. H. Button, "Counsellor" Warren H. Smith, Ner P. Simons, James C. Barrett, P. Redfield Kendall, Thomas W. Moloney, Joel C. Baker, George L. Rice, George E. and Robert A. Lawrence, Reuben R. Thrall and Martin G. Everts. The last named and David "Easy" Nicholson (as he was familiarly entitled) were conspicuous and highly original figures at town meetings and elsewhere. Special mention should undoubtedly be made of Henry Edgerton, whose remarkable forensic and oratorical talents were such as would have commanded attention anywhere, and should have sent him to the United States Senate from California, where he made his final home. And Aldace F. Walker (perhaps the fine flower of the legal profession from Rutland) who became (as did Wheelock G. Veazey), a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company, before his lamented death.

In the old Court House, Hon. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, once presided, and Bushrod Washington, Jacob Collamer and Rufus Choate once pleaded

at the Bar, as well as the New England Rodney C. Royce and the Southern John C. Calhoun; while the present Court House has often been honored by the compelling eloquence of Hon. Edward J. Phelps, United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

Jacob Edgerton, N. S. Stearns, Daniel P. Peabody, and Enos C. Fish, have served long as Sheriffs; Thomas C. Robbins long filled the office of Judge of Probate, and Wayne Bailey was its Register; and Newman Weeks was almost for a lifetime a Justice of Peace. As County Clerk, Frederick W. Hopkins was followed by Henry H. Smith, and he by Henry A. Harman, who served with great acceptance and ability for many years till his death. And Horace W. Bailey was long United States Marshal here, until, untimely crippled, he was forced to give up the long struggle, as did Frederick S. Platt, the Clerk.

Besides Charles K. Williams, Rutland has sent to the gubernatorial chair Israel Smith (who also represented this district in Congress and the State in the United States Senate) John B. Page, (who was earlier and during the Civil War the sagacious State Treasurer) Redfield Proctor (if he may be credited to Rutland), and his sons, Fletcher and Redfield, John A. Mead and Percival W. Clement.

The old town has further honored herself in the election to the United States Senate of Hon. Solomon Foot, who was also the dignified President of one of Vermont's Constitutional Conventions long ago, residing at the hospitable home of Mrs. Cyrus Porter at the time, on North Main Street. His burial sermon, after he lay in state in the United States Court House, was eloquently preached by Rev. Dr. Norman Seaver. His stalwart and pompous figure, attired in the old-fashioned blue coat and brass buttons (in which he was closely resembled by Hon. Luke P. Poland of St. Johnsbury, one of our Chief Justices) was long a familiar figure on our streets. Governor Redfield Proctor afterward became Harrison's Secretary of War, as well as United States Senator till his death. Colonel Veazey also became Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; and the patriotic, combative and eloquent soldier—lawyer and Representative in Congress, Colonel Charles H. Joyce will not soon be forgotten. It is altogether an open secret that the two jurists on the Interstate Com-

merce Commission, Veazey and Walker, contributed the lion's share of intellect and indefatigable labor to the work of that important body.

And now follows the second Keystone of the Commonwealth in the sphere of the **Public School System**. The Rutland Academy had preceded the Graded School System, and its Principal, Luther Lowell, was my own earliest teacher in Rutland. But, before him and the Academy, was the District School, which had its location in a two-story brick building, now long since destroyed, that stood immediately south of the present High School, and the school was held on its second floor, to which access was had by an outside staircase. During the winter months a student of Middlebury College was its teacher, by the name of John Lord, who became justly famous in his later years as the gifted lecturer and author of "Beacon Lights of History" in many volumes; and it is affirmed on credible authority that he was wont to teach the young idea how to shoot, largely by the aid of the birch rod! His genius was rather droll, and he was once a candidate for admission to the Congregational Ministry; but on being asked before entrance the time honored Calvinistic question, "Are you willing to be eternally damned for the glory of God?" his emphatic reply was "No, sir, but I am entirely willing that *you* should be!"—which naturally put a quietus on his advance in this direction, though I believe he afterward became a licentiate in that body.

His life-long friend was James Davie Butler, whose parentage was on the north side of a double brick house on the east side of North Main Street, his mother, a widow, being a Swedenborgian, to whom I have gone on errands in my boyhood, and who was wont for many years to set a plate at the table for her departed husband as though he had continued in the flesh. He became a great traveler, and I have more than once listened to his interesting travel lectures. He was the first from this town to make what was then styled "the grand tour" of Europe, in the early thirties of the last century, at a time when brigandage made travel hazardous in many parts of the Eastern hemisphere. He was an indefatigable and powerful swimmer, and it became his huge delight to swim in many of the great rivers of the earth, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the Columbia, the Hudson, the



Amazon, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Volga, the Nile, the Tiber, the Yangtze, etc.

After very many pilgrimages, in which Egypt had been included, he, by reason of advancing age, was accompanied by his daughter. Again visiting Egypt and the Pyramids, he insisted on making his way into the interior of the great Pyramid of Cheops, and made the ascent thereto by the aid of the smoking torches of his Arab escort. Reaching the empty sarcophagus and reflectively lying therein, he heard another party coming up, and on questioning the chief person therein, he ascertained that he was A. Y. Gray of Middletown Springs (about a score of miles from his own home) and so two heretofore unrelated travelers from this county foregathered for a time in the tomb of the Pharoahs!

The beloved pedagogue of my early boyhood was Davis Graham Moroe, who died in Northern Illinois at 85, and whose abiding influence I please myself with believing is still felt in the Rutland High School, which now has greatly outgrown its present habitation. In those days, over half a century ago, the curriculum appears to have been more extensive here than now; for my own range of studies, however imperfectly grasped, embraced French, German, Moral Science, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, the Integral Calculus, and Greek. The principal who to my mind most resembles him is George Grafton Wilson, now the Professor of International Law in Harvard University, and one of the Special Counsel at the Washington Conference on Disarmament. It would surely be invidious to speak of the many sterling occupants of that influential chair for many years, or of the many superior teachers whom it has been my good fortune to know and come into close association with in Auld Lang Syne; but it would be ungracious to omit honorable mention of the learned and genial Judah Dana, whose name is perpetuated in one of the many ward schools here, and who, before his death, became a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. One of the most scholarly and beloved Preceptresses here was Miss Mary A. Burnham, who, later, founded the well-known Burnham School at Northampton, Mass., and who has now, long since, found her last earthly resting place on the shore of the Isle of Wight, not far from the home of England's great Poet Laureate. Two beloved Principals may be said to have been "born in the purple"—



Henry O. Aiken, a grandson of Rev. Dr. Silas Aiken, and Alfred Turner, once a pupil of the school that he taught afterward. The School Superintendent for many years was the popular architect J. J. R. Ransdall, whose office (in which the writer served an early apprenticeship as a draftsman) was on upper Washington Street, and whose younger brother, Edward H. (in later life the Episcopal rector at Poultney, where he died) was my pupil-teacher under Mr. Moore. The several other ward school buildings (now seven in number) came in a later vintage. The Madison Street Building is of frame construction; the Dana, Lincoln, Longfellow, Kingsley, Watkins Avenue and Park Street Buildings all of brick. Shortly before this period, George W. Strong, a son of Moses Strong, earlier mentioned, who made a fortune in railways, built the handsome house and long occupied it at the southwestern corner of Washington and Pleasant Streets. A third son of this numerous family, John Strong, made his later home with his unselfish daughter in Washington, D. C.

**Autre temps, autres mœurs,**—The railway came in the late forties of the last century, my own father, Charles Temple, having been the original surveyor of the line from here to Bennington, and affairs began naturally to gravitate toward the Station. Until late in my early life there was no Centre Street; and I well recall an immense boulder (long since blasted out) that reared its horrid head in the middle of the street on West Street, (the main highway to Whitehall), near the intersection of Nichols Street. The southern hillside, just below this intersection of West and Court Streets was once public grounds, and I have seen a balloon ascension therefrom. Close observers may discern that the north wall of the original and at first the only section of the High School building of that day, was built of poorly laid brick, because Centre Street was not then thought of, and few had an idea that the front of the old building would ever be there. When Centre Street was laid out, it took away the hospitable boarding house of Mrs. F. W. Hopkins, that had long stood in its way on the east side of South Main Street. A daughter of this family married J. P. Woodbury, who discharged later responsible duties with the Panama Railroad Co. and also with the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway. The long hill southerly below the Brock House was anciently called “Gouger

Hill", from the former blood-thirsty character of its denizens, the redoubtable Joe Dougherty being generally the chief and cheerful protagonist!

The first move towards down town was by way of Washington Street, where the earliest Town Hall was built, just west of South Main Street, in which public and political meetings were held, often with great eclat. These were the pristine days of Town government by a Board of Selectmen; and, verily, the present system of quiet Ward elections and the Australian ballot has forfeited and quite eclipsed the ancient gayety of nations, when tumultuous (and sometimes riotous) open Town Meetings had the floor! I well remember one, when local passions and prejudice ran high, and when John B. Page and John Cain (the respective Republican and Democratic candidates for moderator at the March Town meeting) sat all day long, on a central platform, back to back, good naturedly listening to and echoing the chaff that assailed them from their votaries! **"Eheu! Forsitan et haec olim meminisse juvabit!"** Here church fairs were wont to be held, stores filled the lower floor, and the post office was removed thither. The sweeping conflagration of 1868 that devastated the entire commercial and judicial east side of Court Square made a finality of the transfer toward down town. The book store and printing establishment of George A. Tuttle had its origin just west of the old Town Hall, and here he began the issue of the Daily Herald in 1861. George W. Beeman, Chauncey K. Williams (son of the Governor), and Henry Clark have been its editors in times long gone by, together with Editors Charles M. Gay (later the editor of *Littell's Living Age*), Samuel B. Pettingill, Perkins, and Mason A. Green. The *Globe* had a relatively brief existence under the able editorship of Henry Clark, once Lieutenant Governor; as previously was the fate of the *Independent* under McLean and Robbins. The *News* came later under Charles T. Fairfield.

The County Court House became established in the present location in the late seventies, and the United States Court House was occupied by the Provost Marshal, Capt. Crane, during the Civil War. The Bank of Rutland was removed to the lower floor of what is now the Community House (or its northern wing) pending its final removal with the Rutland Savings Bank to Merchants Row. The cashiers

of the former institution have been in later years, John B. Reynolds and Sidney W. Rowell, its first cashier having been William Page. The State Treasurer's Office during the Civil War under Hon. John B. Page, was kept on the second floor of this building, with a busy force of over a dozen assistants, of whom only three now survive, the writer being one. Mr. Page was afterward our honored Governor, and his handsome house on South Main Street was named "Sycamore Lodge" (now Sycamore Inn), from the trees of that variety that then surrounded it. It took the place of the two-story frame dwelling here, in which he was born, and which was removed to East Washington Street. Nearly opposite it, at the northwest corner of Washington and South Main Streets, where now stands the attractive residence of Dr. E. M. Pond, was the antique home of James Barrett, long a prominent deacon in the Congregational Church here, whose son, Rockwood, was also long a leading figure.

The Bardwell House is much the oldest of the down-town hotels, it having been built by Otis Bardwell of Walpole, New Hampshire, and named for him. It was long, honorably and with great efficiency kept by his son-in-law, E. Foster Cooke and his notable wife; and it had for a long time as one of its clientele Jay Gould, while he was connected with the Rutland and Washington Railroad, and before his infamous partnership with the notorious Jim Fiske. Another of his associates was John McKeogh, who was for a time convicted and lodged in the United States Court House as a prisoner. The hospitable hostelry was long a familiar resort for railway people, under the efficient Batchelder clerkship, and one of its latest and most popular landlords was the genial and sagacious John W. Cramton, who rose by hard knocks from the ranks to great affluence.

The Berwick House, formerly identified with its genial landlord, W. H. Valiquette, built by Clark F. Richardson, and originally called the Stevens House, and the Central House, whose affable landlord was Major John A. Salsbury, later destroyed by fire, came afterward. One of the remembered experiences of travelers voyaging hereabouts was formerly vouchsafed in the friendly yet strenuous exhortations of rival porters crying the merits of their respective caravanseries: "Bardwell House, just across the way!—Berwick House, but

a moment's walk!" Mention should here be made with great praise for the work and life of Arunah W. Hyde, a veritable Boniface, who so recently passed away at Sudbury, where the long-established summer home of so many city folk, called "Hyde Manor", was kept up so efficiently by his family for over a century. He long had his winter home on the east side of Grove Street, and was held in high esteem. A similar summer hotel was kept for many years at Lake St. Catherine, under the assiduous management of the Francisco family of this city.

Some fifty years since, the good town went through a disastrous epidemic of incendiary fires, whose instigators afterward served sentences in State Prison. The great blizzard of 1888 will not soon be forgotten, when snow drifts well nigh reached the second story, and when Merchants Row and Centre Street bore frequent derisive signs thereon, "Keep off the grass!"

The first railway station (followed by a huge covered structure (long since done away with) having three arches for incoming and outgoing trains, was a rough wooden structure (principally out of doors, and was, I believe, afterward used as a paint shop) that stood to the west of the store of E. D. Keyes and Company; and to this humble spot arrived from the north (the engine brought to Whitehall and thence across the Lake, since the eastern connection on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad had not then been completed) the first train into Rutland; and I had the satisfaction, as a lad, of seeing at its throttle the manly and always popular and respected engineer, Nic L. Davis, who completed his career as Master Mechanic of the Rutland Railroad. A favorite early conductor on this line was Perley R. Downer, (when Mr. Dunlap was the Superintendent) who afterward enlisted in defence of the Union, and to whose scrupulously dandified taste, shown by the frequent button-hole bouquet, some of the hardships of the army were intensely abhorrent, though his faithfulness and bravery were unquestioned.

George B. Gibbons, H. G. Litchfield (once the head of the Fire Department) Joel M. Haven, Charles Olmstead, L. E. Roys, George R. Weed, Charles E. Weatherley and Darwin C. Pierce were long strongly identified with railway interests here. Col. George A. Merrill, Jesse Burdett and

Z. V. K. Willson, genial Superintendents, were especially desirable and popular officials, and William A. Burnett, the veteran, yet youthful Methodist, was greatly esteemed. Col. Merrill was distinguished for his great urbanity, and the cordial hospitality of his home on North Main Street. William B. Thrall, Silas Holcomb and George Pratt were favorite engineers (the first at one time the President of the National Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers), while E. M. Foss, Henry A. Howe and John J. Parris sustained the same honorable station as Conductors. John M. Otis, W. H. Schryver, E. W. Horner, D. W. C. Hooker, O. L. Ferguson, L. F. Southard, N. F. Paige, S. G. Putnam, C. W. Folsom, and Orlando Wooster were long identified with railway interests here.

The old Rutland and Washington R. R. (named from the adjoining counties through which it passes, in Vermont and New York) became an offshoot of the great Delaware and Hudson Railway (also named from the rivers of those names that it connects) originally from Albany to Binghamton. The road from Bellows Falls to Burlington was at first called the Rutland and Burlington; and is now the Rutland Railroad, having also absorbed the road from Rutland to Bennington, originally the Western Vermont.

The coming of General Hugh Henry Baxter from Bellows Falls to town became a signal event, in virtue of his attractive personality, his open-handed generosity and his large wealth. Before that time, but within my recollection, the flat tract now traversed by Church Street and many others was the State Fair Grounds, and much earlier than that date, the grove in which his stately mansion, "Grove Hall", now stands, was my grandfather's sugar orchard. The entire tract of forty acres, extending from Grove to upper North Main Street, and from the present Old Ladies' Home to Crescent Street, was acquired by General Baxter, and consequent upon this leading property owners and householders, little by little, made Grove Street what it is today. His beautiful wife, and their lovely niece, Miss May Roberts, untimely taken, formed a charming nucleus for many sumptuous gatherings at that delightful home. The General became the first President of the Baxter National Bank that bears his name, which, had, upon its third and fourth floors, a handsome Public Hall, long in favorite use for high class private and public entertain-

ments; among the latter being Churchill, the eminent reader, Wilhelmj, the distinguished violinist virtuoso, and Rev. Dr. Matthew H. Buckham, the scholarly President of the University of Vermont. And who can forget the charming dramatization of Robinson's tale, "Danvis Folks", by local talent at the Town Hall, with the delighted and venerable author as the chief guest? George R. Bottum and Charles Clark became cashiers in turn here. After the General's lamented death, his widow erected the Baxter Memorial Library, very near her home, to his memory. Mrs. Baxter's sister became the wife of Major Levi G. Kingsley, and they long lived in the handsome residence west of Grove Hall, on Pine Street. General Baxter's brother, John N., later built his handsome home on upper Cottage Street, and also dispensed large hospitality, becoming the President of the Merchants' National Bank on Merchants Row. General Henry Baxter also bought Maple Grove farm on the southern Creek Road, and developed it to a high grade of efficiency under the management of his kinsman, Lemuel Roberts. And in this he was emulated by his brother, John, at the extreme upper end of Grove Street, under the lee of Pine Hill, where is now the Country Club. A good example of unswerving confidence in the future still stands in the Sutherland Falls valley, on the left bank of Otter Creek, in the so-called "Johnson Folly", an elegant castellated residence that has been quite without a tenant for years. During recent years there has been a very strong influx of the thrifty Italian race that has largely found its home in the western district known as "Nebraska", much to its advantage.

And this brings us to the period when the entrance of the enormous and preponderating Marble industry at West Rutland and Sutherland Falls was the means of carving out many large fortunes, after William Barnes in 1838, in his innocent simplicity, had parted with the hills at the former place, still holding many millions of limestone treasure, for a yoke of oxen! With this immense business were closely connected in times past the names of William Gilmore, Charles Sheldon and his stalwart sons, Charles Clement and his sons, one of whom became the honored Governor of the State, and another founded the Clement National Bank, whose first Cashier was Oliff F. Harrison; William Y. Ripley and his two

soldier sons (conspicuous for his dignified and taciturn manner), Seneca M. Dorr, John J. Myers, Redfield Proctor and his sons; Gilson and Woodfin; George E. Royce, D. M. White, Francis A. Fisher, O. P. Liscomb, Samuel Williams, W. N. Oliver, George C. Underhill, Charles Teasdale, W. R. Page, and Dan K. Hall. The old established firm of Sheldons and Slason, first in the field, had the entire contract for furnishing simple and uniform headstones to the General Government in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, and elsewhere, for nearly a quarter of a million heroes in the War of the Rebellion, inscribing their names by the rapid process of the sandblast. W. Y. Ripley and his three sons were father and brothers of Vermont's cherished poetess-laureate, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, whose three sons and only daughter were favorites in the younger society of their time. One of Mrs. Dorr's sisters, Mary (Mrs. C. M. Fisher) and her husband were drowned in the harbor of Halifax in the wreck of the Atlantic, and memorial services for them were held in the Congregational Church building at Centre Rutland, now transformed into the Town Hall of the Town of Rutland.

And her youngest brother, Charles H. Ripley, after extended travels in the interior of Asia perished untimely in the China Sea, while heroically standing for the rights of others.

Charles Sheldon built and with many of his very large family long occupied the imposing mansion, opposite the Baptist Church on Centre Street, now the home of the Knights of Pythias, which became naturally the happy centre of many social gatherings. A daughter, Sarah, was probably the loveliest creature that ever adorned the society of Rutland for many years; one of the sons, John A., became the Postmaster, and another, Charles H., built and occupied, on Nichols Street, the hospitable home that, since the break-up of the family, has become, with extensive additions, the benevolently useful City Hospital. One of the daughters of this last family became the wife of Anthony Hope Hawkins, the distinguished novelist of Great Britain. Redfield Proctor, Governor, Secretary of War, and United States Senator, was the founder of the Vermont Marble Company in the town that bears his name, the largest producers of marble in the world.

Largely through the influence of John B. Page, the Howe



Scale Company, (which derives its name from John Howe, its originator at Brandon) was brought to Rutland, and became by far the leading local industry, second only to one other of the sort in the world, under the masterly control of Hon. John A. Mead, with William F. Lewis as his capable lieutenant. Mr. Page became also deeply identified in railway interests—a born leader of men,—and his impressive public funeral was perhaps more widely attended than any other that ever took place here.

The eldest son of George A. Tuttle, Albert H., became, with his two younger brothers, a member of the firm of the Tuttle Company, and the proprietor of the Bates House, whose landlord was Wilbur F. Paige, a very popular hotel, long since discontinued, at the corner of Merchants Row and Centre Street, where now the Mead building stands. William Y. W. Ripley, eldest of the Ripley sons, was long the sagacious President of the Rutland County National Bank, on the west side of Merchants Row, (whose first Cashier was James Merrill) and at one time the City's Mayor; and his younger brother, Edward H. built the first Opera House, next door, which, being destroyed by fire, was replaced by another and finer structure—since devoted to commercial purposes. The first Opera House was opened by a fine concert by the great diva, Parepa Rosa. Here also was heard the splendid pianist Teresa Carreno, and her violinist accompanist, Tagliapictra, whom she afterward married. The second Opera House was opened by the jolly Irish comedian, Billy Florence, and his fascinating spouse, in Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals". And I also recall a delightful spelling match here entered into by leading mature citizens, at which prizes were given. And who could resist the fascinating beauty and charm of Mrs. Scott-Siddons here, the direct descendant of the Great British tragedienne, Sarah Siddons. Mr. Ripley was also the first President of the Marble Savings Bank, which has its quarters in the Mead building, succeeded by Elam C. Lewis, and John N. Woodfin, as Presidents, with Charles Krans as one of its Treasurers; ere long to have its own marble building at the corner of West Street and Merchants Row; as the much older Rutland Savings Bank is neighborly lodged on the opposite corner of Centre Street, and the Killington National Bank a little further south.



To enumerate the list of Merchants down town, or of familiar faces there, would be a long and possibly a tedious matter; but among them have been A. H. Abraham, Marvin Andrus, B. and D. C. Billings, Barrett and Son, A. C. Bates and Son, G. M. Baker, B. M. Bailey, Geo. F. Babbitt, N. R. Bardy, Blakeley and Staley, Oscar Brown, M. R. Brown, Thos. R. Bailey, J. B. Chandler, C. C. Kinsman, Clark Brothers, G. F. Baker, Ben K. Chase, George W. Crawford, O. W. Currier, Chas. E. Cardelle, W. H. Dunton, Warren and Geo. W. Daniels, A. F. Davis, Dunn and Cramton, N. C. Dye, H. R. Dyer and his sons, B. F. Dunklee, Henry C. Davey, Will F. Eddy, John D. Ellsworth, H. O. Edson, Wm., Seymour and Philip Edgerton, Paris Eastman, F. L. Farwell, L. N. Franklin, M. L. Faulkner, M. J. and A. D. Francisco, Stephen French, W. H. H. Fisher, F. W. Gary, J. A. Gould, Geo. Graves and Son, T. S. Gilson, V. A. Gaskell, Geo. C. Hathaway, G. P. and K. K. Hannum, L. F. Hubbard, Charles F. Huntoon, George W. and Charles B. Hilliard, H. S. Howe, F. C. Houghton, Charles H. Hyde, Albert W. Higgins, Henry A. Hall, Luther Harger, F. L. Hill, Jake Heyman, E. D. Keyes, J. B. Kilburn, J. J. Kissane, Chester Kingsley (the old Red Store), Levi G., Harvey R. and Henry B. Kingsley, L. D. Kenney, Walter C. and Albert Landon, E. C. Lewis, Marshall Brothers, C. F. Murdick, W. B. Mussey, Sidney and Jesse C. McIntire, W. W. McCall, E. N. Merriam, C. B. Mann, Levi Martel, Patrick and Michael Mullarkey, Forrest McLaughlin, A. E. North, John W. Norton, H. F. Noyes, Pond and Morse, W. A. Patrick, J. M. Putnam, C. A. Parkhurst, Ben and Harry J. Porter, Marsh O. Perkins, Norman A. Paige, Prindle and Burnham, L. L. Pearsons, Benjamin F. Pollard, Frank P. Robinson, Daniel Ressiguie, W. S. Remelee, Richard Ryan, Neal Ruggles, Warren E. Ross, O. L. Robbins, Crawford D. Ross, John A. Sanford, H. A. and J. P. Sawyer, L. F. Spencer, J. W. Stearns, Wm. H. Steele, O. L. Slader, Walter Starbuck, Charles Sterns, P. H. Seaver, G. E. Silliman, J. P. Spaulding, F. W. Stafford, Selah Thomas, David B. Twigg, Horace Todd, VanDoorn and Tilson, Louis, Benj. and Maxime Valiquette, Daniel and George H. Verder, C. F. Willis, George Willis, Charles W. Ward, B. F. Wilkins, Fred H. Wheeler, R. C. Wickham; and Michael Quinn's and George E. Richardson's well-known Livery Stables, near where is now the familiar and popular Playhouse; and Bailey, the redoubtable checker

player. If I have omitted any that should be named, it was not intentional, but a lapse of memory.

The former home of Benjamin H. Burt in a small grove of evergreens, has now long been replaced by the commodious Department Store of the Ross-Huntress Company. Evelyn Pierpont (son of Robert) long retired from business with a moderate fortune, was in his later years a resident of North Main Street, and the owner of large tracts of unoccupied land in the surrounding country. Albert H. Cobb, George E. Pelton, V. C. Meyerhoffer, J. J. Carruthers, and James J. Fay amicably contested the honors of veteran printers and binders.

Among the suburban and farming community who made the town centre their frequent resort, may be mentioned the familiar names of John M. Allen, Jesse and Leeds Billings, Frank W. Brown, Aaron Bissell, Caleb Buffum, William F. and Aaron Barnes, W. H. Boardman, Geo. W. Chaplin, father and son, Smith Cramton, Azor Capron, Horace H. Dyer, L. Dawley, the auctioneer, Edgar Davis, Andrew Davis and his sons, Horace B. Ellis, B. F. and H. H. Farmer, B. F. and A. A. Greeno, J. G. Griggs, Porter Howe, Hannibal Hodges, Moses and Henry Hayward, Royal and William Hall, John M. Hall, Miner Hilliard, Frank S. Hale, R. C. Holden, A. E. Higbee, Smith Kelley, R. R. Kinsman, John H. Kingsley, P. R. Leavenworth, Moses and Henry W. Lester, Roger Ladd, H. F. Lothrop, Harry Mussey, Robert Moulthrop, Isaac Matthison, Byron and Robert Murray, F. A. Morse, Lee K. Osgood, Cornelus C. Pierce, W. H. Pooler, E. M. Pennock, Alvah Post, Levi Premo, Heman Reed, Reuben Ranger, Aramy Smith, William B. Shaw, Harley G. Sheldon, M. H. and J. C. Thomas, Hannibal Woodruff, Hosea Wilkins, L. M., W. W. and N. S. Walker; and of dear old Franklin Billings, with his always dry and humorous speech, racy of the soil. Again, if I have made an unintentional omission pray lay it to the inevitable infirmities of age! And yet, I must not fail to speak of John E. Huntoon, the loquacious lightning rod vendor, whose speech was about as penetrating at his wares!

In manufacturing, Thomas Ross gave the initial impulse to the Lincoln Iron Works, later under the Presidency of John N. Woodfin; as did George J. Wardwell, the geological collector, to the Steam Stone Cutter Company, G. H. Grimm to the making of maple sugar implements, and Joel B. Harris to

the sash and blind and chair industry ; and the strong personality of Geo. R. Mansfield (once in partnership with John H. Bowman and Chas. L. Stimson), will not soon be forgotten ; while M. O. Stoddard was long identified with the Chair industry nearby ; and Samuel Terrill and Clark L. Long should have the honors of the blacksmithing trade. The honest builders, Milo Lyman, C. M. Knowlton and Geo. E. Russell ; M. E. Chittenden and Charles A. Metzger, the cabinet makers, the decorative painter, J. C. Edwards and the righteous plumber, George W. Channell left faithful work behind them ; as did John E. Holmes, the boilermaker ; while B. W. Marshall served many years as the faithful Superintendent of Evergreen Cemetery, and J. F. Manning, (once the head of the Columbian Marble Co.) now of national repute, was the purveyor of Colorado marble for the walls of the glorious Lincoln Memorial at Washington. Strikes have been here infrequent and innocuous, owing to kindly and sympathetic supervision. County fairs have here been held from time immemorial, thrice most unhappily signalized by terrible aeroplane catastrophes. And three other deplorable catastrophes have here occurred, in the death by passing railway trains of D. P. Peabody, G. P. Hannum and N. P. Simons.

Rutland has sent abroad as United States Consuls to foreign parts, George H. Owen, to Messina, Sicily, and Evelyn P. Mussey, to the Scycheles Islands in the Indian Ocean, near Madagascar ; and one foreign minister to Venezuela, Frank C. Partridge, preceding this by service as Solicitor to the Treasury Department at Washington. The town's clergymen have bequeathed descendants to the ministry ; Rev. Dr. Silas Aiken, a son, Edward E. as a missionary to Syria, and Rev. Dr. Hicks, a grandson, William Cleveland, to the Province of Washington. George Graves, for a generation the senior Warden of Trinity Church, had as his eldest son, the Rev. Dr. Gemont Graves, universally revered and beloved, who spent his entire very long life as a missionary in different parts of his native state ; and the latter's cousin, the Rt. Rev. Anson R. Graves, D. D. a dear classmate of my own at the High School, spent a score of years as the Missionary Bishop of Western Nebraska. Stephen C., a son of Luther Thrall, was long an Episcopal clergyman in Illinois, and a prominent candidate for the Bishopric of Oregon. Edwin E. Aiken, grandson of Edwin

Edgerton, has long been a heroic Congregational missionary in China, where he is emulated by Gertrude Stewart, a faithful deaconess of the Episcopal Church. Wilbur F. Atwater, my dear old schoolmate, became a distinguished scientific professor in Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn.; and another, Thomas J. Thompson, was for many years Health officer on Staten Island. Edwin E. Kelley, another of my classmates, from near the Clarendon line, was for many years a devoted Baptist missionary in Burmah; while the Rev. Palmer Dyer, a brother of Horace H., held the earliest service of the Episcopal Church in the city of Chicago. Two of the former Rectors of Trinity Church have filled high educational positions— Rev. Dr. Herbert M. Denslow as Professor of Pastoral Theology in the Episcopal General Theological Seminary at New York, and Rev. Theodore B. Foster, as Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Western Theological Seminary at Chicago. Rev. William F. Weeks, D. D., a lifetime resident of this State and Diocese, and in his later days residing on Cottage Street, became Bishop Coadjutor to Bishop Hall; but after a brief year of faithful service here was summoned to his well-earned reward on high.

The old town has had some distinguished visitors. I recall well seeing the one-armed Mexican veteran, Gen. Phil Kearney, ride through our streets; and, in the Presidential campaign of 1856, Gen. John C. Fremont passed through on the train with martial music; when at least one sweet young miss of my acquaintance would not for some time permit her hand to be touched that had been honored by the touch of his. To our perpetual loss, the immortal Abraham Lincoln never came here, but on the news of his tragic murder, it was as if there were a death in every household. Presidents Grant and Hayes made a brief passage through the town, as the guests of Hon. John B. Page, and Theodore Roosevelt has spoken here on his whirlwind Progressive campaign. William McKinley, while yet but a Congressman, spoke eloquently here in advocacy of the Tariff which he so stoutly championed. The old town sent her soldier and sailor representatives to the war with Mexico. One of my uncles, Col. Robert Emmett Temple, served in the army and was, at his death, Adjutant General of the State of New York; and another uncle, Rear Admiral William Grenville Temple, served gallantly in that

war, and also in the war of the Rebellion, marrying a daughter of General James G. Totten, the Chief Engineer of the U. S. Army, who built Fortress Monroe. My cousin, William James Temple, a Harvard graduate, son of Col. Temple, was the only member of my family who had the privilege of giving his life for his country, being shot through the heart at Chancellorsville. Benjamin Alvord reached the top of his profession as Paymaster General of the Army, and George W. Beaman as Pay Director in the same service.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Camp Fairbanks was organized here on the Fair Grounds as a veteran reserve camp, and the Old Rutland Light Guard became Company K of the First Vermont Regiment of three months men, under the command of William Y. W. Ripley, among whose members was numbered Levi G. Kingsley, later Quartermaster General of the State. The Vermonters marched with loud acclaim down Broadway under the leadership of Brig. General John W. Phelps, a West Pointer and veteran of the Mexican War; with the handsome and striking figure of Gen. H. Henry Baxter as Adjutant General, at its head. They fought at Big Bethel, where the gallant Theodore Winthrop gave up his life, and returned home without the loss of a man. The Colonel of the Regiment, Brig. Gen. John W. Phelps, had seen active service and knew well what war actually meant. Lieut. Col. Peter T. Washburn, (afterward Adjutant General of the State) was somewhat vociferously patriotic, till General Phelps proceeded to set him right by exclaiming, "That sort of talk is all very well, Lieutenant Colonel Washburn, but, suppose you went actually into action, came out seriously wounded, and read in next morning's paper, "Badly wounded in action, Lieutenant Colonel Washtub! Now that's fame, Lieutenant Colonel Washburn!" Captain Ripley later became the Lieut. Colonel of Berdan's Sharp Shooters, (always a dead shot), wrote its history, and bore to his death a bullet in his leg that some rebel had lodged there at the battle of Malvern Hill, becoming a Brevet Brig. General, in recognition of his gallantry.

Lieut. Col. Aldace F. Walker, after gallant service with the 11th Artillery Regiment, emulated this example of General Ripley, and wrote its history. Col. Charles P. Dudley, Capt. E. J. Reynolds, and Lieut. John T. Sennott perished on

the field of battle, and Col. George T. Roberts fell at the battle of Baton Rouge, his name being perpetuated in the local Grand Army Post. William T. Nichols served efficiently as the Colonel of one of the nine months' Regiments in the later years of the Civil War. Capt. J. B. Kilburn and Lieut. E. V. N. Hitchcock served under General N. P. Banks in the Department of the Mississippi, as also did Captains Charles Clark and George E. Graves. Henry W. Cheney was a member of the Ninth Vermont Regiment, whose Colonel, Edward H. Ripley, had the extraordinary fortune to lead it as the first to enter Richmond after its capture; and brought home the key of the famous Libby Prison and the flag that floated over it. Capt. Samuel E. Burahan entered the battle of Savage Station as a sergeant in the Fifth Vermont Regiment, and came out as Captain of his Company in one of the most sanguinary engagements of the war, and Col. Joseph H. Goulding did valiant service elsewhere, as also did the genial Gen. Oscar W. Sterl. Col. Wheelock G. Veazey served gallantly under Gen. George F. Stannard in the repulse of the terrible confederate charge of Pickett's division. The gallant Lieutenant Hitchcock, my own beloved classmate, long after the Civil War, perished untimely and was buried at sea, en route to South America from Belgium, beneath the waves of the wild Atlantic.

In the disturbance of the Copperhead element during the war, known as the St. Albans raid, a home protective band was formed, drilling nightly in the old Town Hall. All this assumes to take no note, for lack of space, of countless private acts of bravery among our common soldiers. The G. A. R. and the D. A. R. have consistently advocated here their high emprise ever since the close of the War of the Rebellion; while Ann Story Chapter has sedulously conserved Revolutionary sites hereabouts by appropriate and permanent stone memorials.

Owing to the fortunes of war, few Rutland soldiers got beyond the camp at Chickamauga in the War of 1898 with Spain in Cuba. But one gallant lad, Harold A. Foyles, who died of disease contracted there, has his name kept in honor by the title of the Post of the Spanish Veterans. I recall, however, hearing Gen. Ripley present Senator Proctor to a meeting in the Town Hall, as "the man that brought on this war"—referring to the latter's prominence in the laying be-

fore the United States Senate the deplorable condition of the poor **Reconcentrados** that he had witnessed in his visit there.

Besides the more modern inestimable benefaction of the Hospital, which dates only some thirty or more years back, the Old Ladies' Home on North Main Street owes its existence primarily to the exertions of devoted and faithful women who began their Christ-like labors in the old Missions House farther down the same street, and which has been largely indebted to the pecuniary generosity of Nahum P. Kingsley. To the always progressive spirit of Rutland women, now as ever foremost in good works, is primarily due the admirable service of the Free Library, one of the most unpretentious and fruitful benefactions of the community, which greatly needs more commodious quarters, and which had for its first President our beloved first citizen, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

Some thirty years ago, the good old town celebrated its gala Old Home Week with great distinction, under the courteous and dignified Mayoralty of Hon. John Burton Hollister, during whose progressive administration and through whose influence the lovely avenue of elms was planted in the South Main Street Park.

Before this time the State House of Correction was instituted on the east side of Pine Hill, long administered by Supt. George N. Eayres, with Rev. Dr. E. M. Haynes as its Chaplain, —now the Reformatory for Women. The **Rotary Club**, of recent organization, with its limited membership, has been instrumental in the advocacy of matters designed to further the better interests of the community. But the **Chamber of Commerce**, embracing a much wider range of influence and sustaining a much more representative position, especially among the commercial classes, may be confidently looked to in doing its loftier part in broadcasting to the world the superior attractions and charms of our beautiful city, and of the grand old Green Mountain State that has somehow permitted its native modesty to stand too long in the way of legitimate advertising.

I have thus far kept back mention of artistic, musical and literary achievements and persons, believing, with the school boy, that "the last is the best of all the game." In the divine art of music the good old town has made a good name for herself, and meed shall not be withheld. An extraordinary

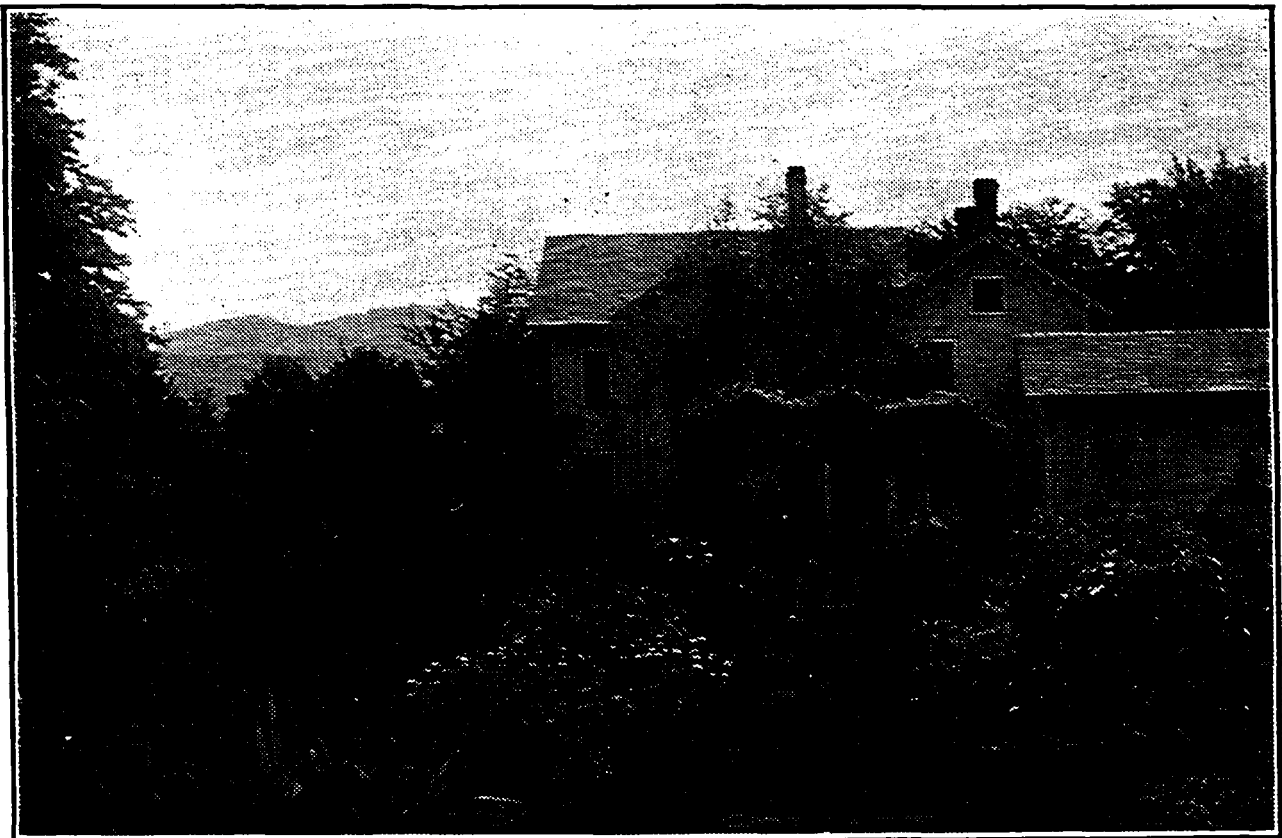


soprano voice delighted Rutland in the days of my early manhood, when it seemed to me that angels could not surpass Miss Lois Gaskell in melodious accents, with Harry Brownson's exquisitely melodious tenor. Among her capable musicians, now long gone over to the majority, must be enrolled Lucius A. Morse, the long-time organist of Trinity Church; and George A. Mietzke, the courteous gentleman and trained musician of foreign extraction, under whose enthusiastic initiative the Rutland Music Festivals attained a distinction fairly rivalling those of Worcester, Massachusetts, of many fold greater population, attracting singers, choruses and orchestral work of an exceptionally high order. And then came the genial and fascinating J. Harris Engels, also of foreign extraction (affectionately and familiarly self-styled "**Pop Engels**") in whose day they attained their climax, under the masterly leadership of Prof. Carl Zerrahn. Besides these great public performances, that were given in the Town Hall Auditorium on lower Washington Street, now converted into the City Hall, there have been many private musicians and instructors to whom Rutland owes a debt of gratitude. The musical growth of the town was well attested for many years in the harmonious sessions and labors of the Philharmonic Club, one of whose early Presidents was the beloved Mrs. Mary T. Hamilton, who surely has won her right to be remembered here; as well as Miss Mattie J. Wheeler, so lately passed away; and together with Mrs. Harriet E. Page, the widow of the Governor, who became the matron of Dana Hall, the remarkable Girls School at Wellesley, Massachusetts, all now long gone to their well earned reward. Another society that has done much to keep alive the traditions of former school days, and to nurse an intelligent public opinion on matters educational, has been the High School Alumni Association, organized some thirty years since, that holds its annual sessions at Commencement time in June. And, in this valuable range of service the Parent-Teachers' Association has long been a public benefaction. The town has given an excellent account of herself in the vigorous prosecution (by both religious and secular organizations) of Welfare Work, now (and especially during and since the great World War), so nearly universal; and, in recent years notably among the many activities that centre around the Community House. During



comparatively recent years, yet within the limits of this survey, a Woman's Exchange was for a considerable time carried on here, to the public use and benefit, under the faithful and self-sacrificing management of Mrs. Lucy Graves Temple.

Photography has had many exponents here, and it will surely meet with cordial approval if I instance Frederick Mowry, James F. Merrell, C. W. Nichols, George H. Emery and Louis F. Brehmer, even though the two latter are happily still with us. To the enterprising brothers, Philip H. and Louis F. Brehmer, we are greatly indebted for the beautifully illuminated booklet of a few years since, entitled "Historic Rutland". For painting, Miss Vina Ross of North Main Street, attained distinction; and a departed relative of my own, Miss Elizabeth B. Greene, who had family connections here, achieved high credit in water and oil colors, and also in mural decoration. And, in many homes of their admirers there hang representations in black and white of the somewhat imaginative study in oil of broad Medway and the great peaks that lie behind her to the east, of which the original was made for Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr by her gifted daughter, Mrs. Zulma de Lacy Steele, most fittingly entitled "The Strength of the Hills is His also."



"The Maples"—The Home of the Poetess Laureate.

In the domain of literature, besides living representatives of whom I may not speak, as I am under covenant not so to do, and referring reverently to dear Mrs. Dorr, as the beloved Dean in that field, let me briefly chronicle the names at least of many societies that have maintained this glorious cult. By the side of her beloved and dignified husband, Seneca, she had the honor and privilege of playing the congenial role of hostess at her beautiful home, "The Maples" on the west bank of the Otter, to Edmund Clarence Stedman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and other high devotees of her great guild of letters, which home should surely have been publicly acquired as a sacred shrine; this home being a near neighbor to beautiful "Clementwood", the home of the Clement family (from which a wonderful panorama is disclosed of the great Green Mountain range to the east). Mention of notable Rutland women would be quite incomplete without the honored name of Mrs. Agnes Bailey Ormsbee, who wielded such strong influence for righteousness in Brooklyn, her later home.

The Friends in Council, the St. Theresa Society, the Fortnightly, now happily past its second score of years of usefulness, the Progressives, the Philomatheans, the Nineteenth Century, the Twentieth Century Club, the Shakespeare Club, and others (all save the last composed of women solely) and lastly the Woman's Club, which has steadily grown to very large and absolutely harmonious proportions, under skillful and fair-minded leadership and which has weekly meetings during nine months of the year, enlisting many speakers of known merit from near and distant points—surely this is a record of true and worth-while progress of which no community need feel ashamed. Perhaps in simple justice, the Shakespeare Club should be signalized as having enlisted and maintained a rare distinction for nearly a quarter of a century.

Surely there can be no better place than here to pay deserved tribute to John G. Saxc, the well-known and loved poet of Vermont birth, who, in characterizing Vermont's chief products as Men, Women, Maple Sugar and Horses, gave voice to these truthful and pungent lines:

*"The first are strong:*

*The last are fleet:*

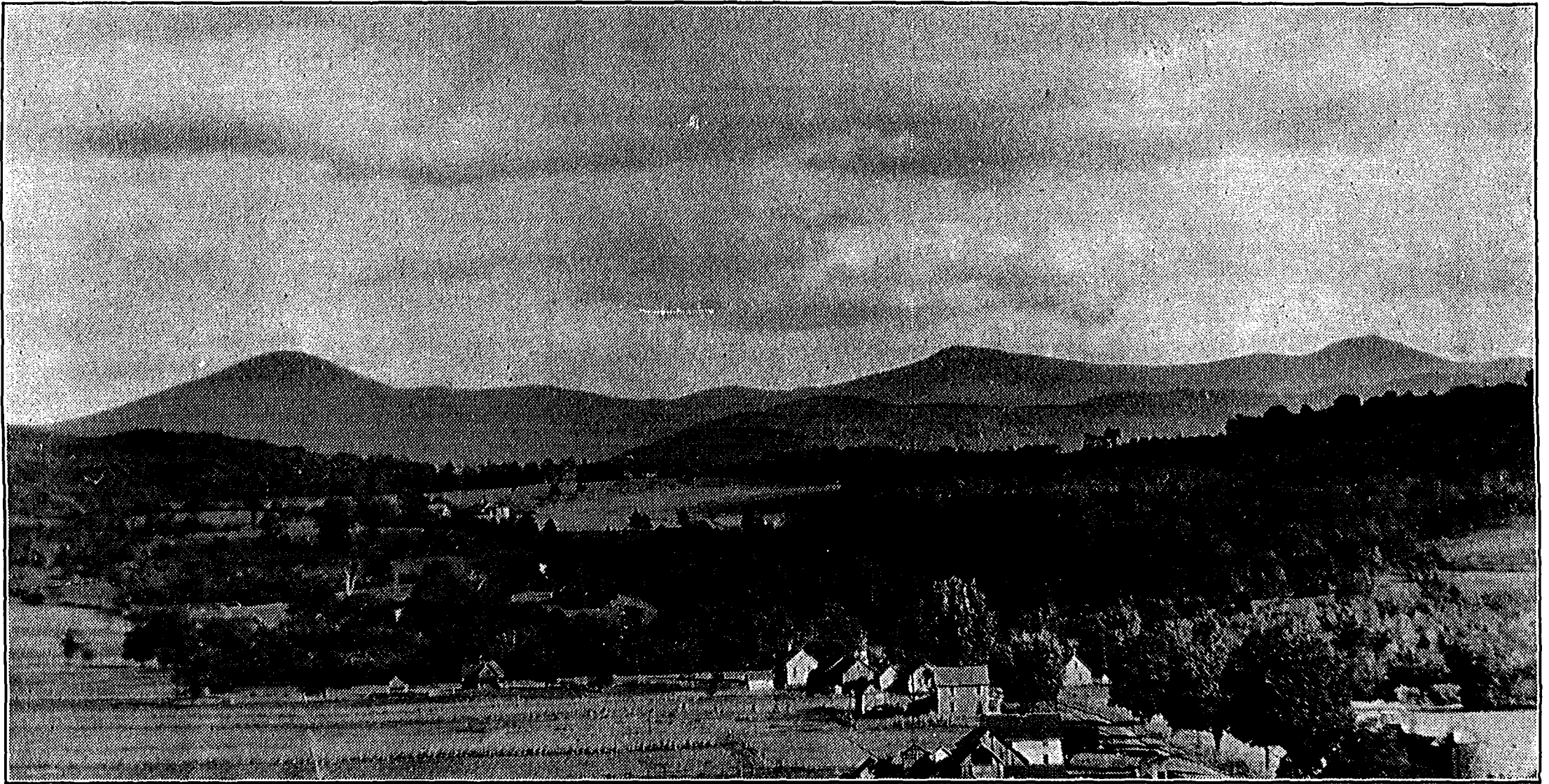
*The second and third are exceedingly sweet;*

*And all are uncommonly hard to beat!"*

Two gentle brooks intersect the town, Moon at the south, and Tanyard at the north. Many covered bridges of the dear old type have been happily preserved; High Bridge over Cold River, the Billings and Dorr and Centre Rutland Bridges over the Otter; West Street Bridge, the 76 Bridge, Mill Village and the Lester Bridge over East Creek, and, last but not least, the Double Bridges on the road to Chittenden; many of them undoubtedly being of the old-fashioned kissing variety!

I cannot close without summoning the inspiration of the glorious mountains of the Taconic range (next-door neighbor to the yet more geologically ancient Laurentian range in Lower Canada) that so powerfully surround and lovingly protect this whole noble Otter Creek Valley. "The hills stand round about Jerusalem!" Clarendon Gorge beckons to Wallingford Rocks that look to Mount Herrick by way of Chippenhook, the Quarterline Road and Boardman Hill; Herrick to Bird Mountain, and then around the broad valley of the Otter, (most beautiful of all Vermont vales), the lovely lakes that surround us make the "good old summer time" vocal with delight. Lake St. Catherine and Lake Bomoseen (once respectively Wells and Castleton Ponds) pass on the challenge, via Beaver Pond, across Whipple Hollow to Upper and Lower Pine Hill Ponds, and thence to Burr Pond, and Pico and Shrewsbury Ponds, and Clarendon Gorge again awaits its devotees. While near by and everywhere blooms in spring-time the lovely arbutus beneath the snow, and the Maple orchards also glow, whose delicious sugared sap has long and widely made us famous; whose autumnal tints of scarlet and gold, bewilderingly bestrewn with evergreen, turn the far-flung landscape into the veritable semblance of the Celestial City. Amid the winter snows that so plentifully and impartially fall here on the just and the unjust, their glorious peaks are a powerful reminder of "the Alps beyond which lies Italy"; and these whisper on the slogan via Pine Hill to Nickwackett and Blueberry Hill, till the Green Mountain Trail is fairly struck, and by its course we pass around broad Medway (which was the old name of Mendon) to Pico, (named for a peak in the Azores) Shrewsbury and Ball, while grand old Killington (once a township as well) calmly and impressively presides as the tutelary deity of the landscape.

Modern unfavorable conditions long since necessitated the



The Monarchs of the Valley—Mounts Pico, Killington and Shrewsbury.

closing of the old West Street burial ground; but on the southern slope of Pine Hill stands beautiful Evergreen Cemetery, the lovely God's Acre, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep", which has long been the beloved Mecca of mourning hearts, and to whose bourne we must all inevitably repair, when our earthly course is run, in humble trust of a joyful resurrection.

In these gleanings I have not sought solely to pose as **Laudator Temporis Acti**; but I have at least honestly made endeavor as a labour of love to pay affectionate tribute and to do substantial justice, so far as in me lieth, to those who have gone before; seeking to inspire in those who still remain in this commercial and at times untoward generation the desire to emulate for those who shall come after the righteous deeds that the forefathers have wrought in establishing the honest fame of this good and dear old town of Rutland.

*Praestant Viridimontanae Ruat Coelum!*

THE END.



