

"These are the people who have loved
and suffered before us and who have
given us our existence"... J. S. Gould

This little Family History is for the descendants of William Bogardus Berry and Elizabeth Wright Berry whose children are Romeyn Berry and Harriet Berry Tyson.

The material about the Berry family was collected and kept in a strong box by their aunt, Charlotte Willtse Berry and is now in the possession of Harriet Berry Tyson. It was pieced together into its present form by Ruth Berry McDonald, the daughter of Romeyn Berry.

The history of the family of Elizabeth Wright Berry was written during the 1860's by her father, John Stanton Gould, in the form of letters to his eldest daughter by his first marriage, Mary Baldwin. Out of two volumes (about 600 pages), now in the possession of Mrs. Ernest Truslow the highlights about the Gould family are taken. She has also allowed us to use parts of Thomas Wright's Journal, Lizzie's Diary and "Soil and Agriculture of Columbia County" by J. S. Gould.

We are very much indebted to Mrs. Dorothy Abbott for her letter about the Wright and Atterbury families which made it possible to present accurate information about the family of Elizabeth's mother, Hannah Wright Gould. And we are grateful to Mrs. Sanford Stoddard for reading our Gould manuscript.

For making us feel closer to both John Stanton Gould and Hannah Gould, we are grateful for the light and literary touch of Romeyn Berry who wrote about them in "Behind the Ivy" and "Grandmother's Legacy" taken from "Dirt Roads to Stone Posts," both of which we have incorporated.

Obviously there is three-quarters of a century of Family History yet unwritten -- a period which includes more developments in the family and the world in which we live than any similar period during the last three hundred years. So the best will be saved for next Christmas: Romeyn Berry's reminiscences will include something special on William Bogardus Berry. Harriet Berry Tyson is particularly interested in doing something about their mother, Elizabeth Wright Berry. We only hope that they will give themselves the full treatment.

Additions, corrections, illustrations of anything related to our history including snapshots of portraits, houses, historical markers and grave-stones will be gratefully received. Photostats of pictures and documents can be made inexpensively and included.

We hope that you will be interested enough to make this a cooperative project. If our children aren't interested now, they may be sometime!

For anyone who finds himself differing drastically with the strong religious convictions which seem to dominate practically everybody behind us, John Stanton Gould again has the right words: "I have taken great comfort in the views expressed in these pages. . If they commend themselves to thy judgment, I shall be glad. But if they do not, I hope thee will reject them; for anything is better than to take religious convictions at second hand. Never profess anything for anybody's sake which are not really and truly the emanations of thy own heart and conscience."

It was to keep this point of view that our ancestors came to America in the first place. The America of 1630-60 didn't offer much else!

THE BERRY FAMILY

The first record of the Berry family is found at All Saints Church at Lidde in Kent, England. It commemorates the grandfather of the emmigrant, describing him as Jurait (magistrate) and five-times bailiff during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1597 at the age of 84. He and his son, John, are buried in this church. There is an authentic Berry coat-of-arms registered in 1600 at the British college which is reproduced in this collection.

Captain John Berry came from England to the Island of Barbados in the West Indies and thence to East Jersey in 1669. According to "New Jersey Under the Proprietors", he received a grant of land six miles long and four miles wide extending from Boiling Spring (now Rutherford) to New Bridge, between Hackensack and Saddle River. John Berry came to this country with a Captain William Sandford who took a tract of land south of his. They were the first white settlers west of the Hackensack River. Later John Berry received a tract of land on the Hudson River north of Hoboken where he employed 40 negroes.

John Berry became a Major Berry and was a member of the Governor's Council of New Jersey. On July 1, 1672, he was commissioned Deputy Governor of the Province. During the Absence of Governor Cartaret, he governed the province until October of 1674. In 1686, he was appointed member of the Council and Deputy to the Governor, Lord Nelson, which office was confirmed by Royal Charter by Charles II in December 1672. He held this office for three years.

Major Berry built his first house at the foot of a hill on which the hotel at Carlstadt, New Jersey now stands. His will was dated June 12, 1749 but it is not certain when he died. His remains and those of many of his descendants are in the graveyard about 150 feet east of the hotel. (The last Berry to be buried there was Philip Berry in 1850).

John, the emmigrant, had five sons. He divided his property in parallel lines running from Berry's Creek westward and these lines remained when J. Romeyn Berry made his records of the Berry family in the 1880's. Philip Berry, our ancestor, received the middle farm and this remained in the possession of the Berry family, as did the other farms, until the middle of the last century when they were sold, according to the court records available in 1836, 1850 and 1857.

#1 Philip Berry	married	Catherine ?
	?	
b. August 21, 1721		b. June 8, 1725
d. September 25, 1793		d. August 14, 1803

All that is known of the first Philip is from the tomb stone in the graveyard at Carlstadt. It is probably that he built and lived in a little

stone house which was used as a smoke house when J. Romeyn Berry was born and grew up on the property. He was buried twenty-three days before the birth of his grandson the third Philip.

Philip Berry	married	Eve Van Winkle
	?	
b. July 4, 1763		b. October 22, 1771
d. December 22, 1850		d. April 16, 1843

The second Philip built another stone house in 1825, where J. Romeyn Berry was born. "This is now a wing of the present stone house which is standing today, (JRB) He took no part in the Revolutionary War but related incidents connected with the war. He had a good ordinary education, read newspapers closely and had a tenacious memory." J. Romeyn Berry who remembered him vividly apparently did not have a high opinion of him. "He had not much energy, led a very quiet life, had very little confidence in men, put no money at interest, except on one occasion when he loaned \$200 for 2 years so that his nephew might buy a negro.

"He put his silver money into an old table drawer and bank bills into old books. After his death, nearly \$1200 was found in these places. Some of the bills were of banks which had failed, and some were so dry and old that when they were exchanged for currency to deposit in a bank, the banker exclaimed in amazement and wanted to know where they had come from.

"There was a large quantity of excellent woodland on his property which he would not cut down except for domestic use. If he had cut and sold 30 years before his death, the proceeds of the decease would have been (with interest) over \$30,000 and the growth of the wood would have been worth more than the old," says the astute J. Romeyn Berry. "But he would not take advice from my father or from anybody else. He regarded timber as sure property.

"His last illness was very brief. On Saturday morning, December 12, he took his tin wash basin to a bench to bathe just outside the kitchen, where he could splash the water as much as he chose. Just as he passed from the door, he sank to the ground and died. He was buried in the Carlstadt graveyard.

J. Romeyn Berry goes on to say: "My grandfather in his early life spoke English altogether but after his marriage to my grandmother preferred the Dutch language and so they always conversed in that language and used it with their children and grandchildren, except with my father's children. I have always regretted that they didn't use it with me. It would have given me a freedom without injury to the English. But I understood the Dutch as well as the English when I heard it."

Eve Van Winkle

J. Romeyn Berry's grandmother was born about a quarter of a mile below the bridge at Passaic City on the left bank of the River. "She had a hasty and severe temper and ill health in her old age which made her very irritable and unhappy," according to her grandson.

The Van Winkles, according to "New Jersey Under the Proprietors" came from Middleburg in Zeeland (Holland) and settled in what is now a part of Jersey City. Jacob Van Winkle was the emigrant and his deeds are recorded under the name Jacobse. Captahem, an Indian Sachem, executed a deed to him and others for a tract of land called Haquequeannunck (Acquackanonck) in March 28, 1679. Another deed for the same tract was given by the Governor of New Jersey and his council on March 16, 1684.

Philip Berry ^W married

Eliza Romeyn

b. October 18, 1793

b. July 3, 1802

d. September 8, 1849

d. May 2, 1861

J. Romeyn Berry has little to say about his father except in connection with his mother whom he adored. Apparently he and his family lived in his father's house throughout their married life and the arrangement was not altogether happy. They had the northwest half of the house and the grandparents the other half. "My father having only one third of the production of the farm for several years and afterward's only one half, his means were very limited and my mother did all the work of her house alone except as she occasionally hired a woman for a day. Her labors were very hard, her health not very good. She had frequent illness and her sickness was generally attended with very severe suffering.

"Her Christian character was admirable. Her conscientiousness, faith, gratitude and submission grow more wonderful to me as I reflect on them.

"In the summer of 1849, the whole family were prostrated one after another with dysentery in its most malignant form. My mother was very low but when she heard that my father's condition was critical, she rose from her bed and sat with him for his last 70 hours. As it was expedient to have the funeral the same day, she rode to Hackensack, attended the services in the church and sat on a chair at the grave. When she returned home, she was at death's door for several days.

"She remained at the farm for a year and a half, then moved to Hackensack where she purchased a house on Main Street. In January of 1860, she slipped on a snow covered board in the yard and fractured the thigh bone near the socket. She suffered excruciating agony for 16 months and for a long time she was not able even to lie down."

J. Romeyn Berry closes his notes: "She was a mother for whom I can never thank God enough. Her labors and prayers and instruction for my good were a treasure of blessing both temporal and spiritual.

"To her I owe my interest in Christ, my position in the ministry and my hope of heaven. One of my fondest anticipations of heavenly joy is to meet my dear sainted mother again."

The Family of Eliza Romeyn

The Romeyn's are probably one of the most interesting families among our ancestors. At the time that J. Romeyn Berry wrote his notes on the family, they had given over 700 years to the ministry through 23 persons.

From "Village Life in England 600 Years Ago" by the Rev. Augustin Jessop based on parchments found in Rougham Hall in 1878, a Captain Henry Romeyn of Fort Keogh, Montana passed on the following information to J. Romeyn Berry in a letter dated June 23, 1884. In the early 13th century, the Pope encouraged the settlement of Italians in England. Accordingly, Gicama di Ferentino settled in Norfolk not far from Norwich and married Isabella de Buckam and had 2 sons, Peter and Richard. Not satisfied with an English education, he sent them to Rome. After Peter's return, he was known as Peter Romayn or Peter the Roman. He married Matilda, daughter of Thomas of Leicester. Later in the reign of Henry III and in the reign of Edward I, Leicester lost power and his family and adherents, including his daughter and son-in-law fled to the Low Country and thereby started a Flemish branch of the Romaine family, which began to spell its name Romeyn. Peter's brother, James, adopted the Romaine name and remained in England. One of his descendants, Sir Thomas Romayn was Lord Mayor of London. His coat-of-arms are among the earliest granted after the Conquest by Edward I in 1309 and are described in Burke's General Armory.

We are descended from the Flemish branch of the family through Claas Kuyper Janse Romeyn who was born in Amsterdam in 1625, and became a lawyer. He emigrated by way of Brazil in between 1650 and 1660 seeking religious freedom. In 1661 he came to New York and settled first at Gravesend, Long Island, then removed to Hackensack, New Jersey and bought 800 acres in Bergen County. He lived about ten years in New Jersey after which he removed to Greenwich Village -- then about 2 miles north of New York City. On May 2, 1680, he married Styntje Albertse Terhune. Their son was Jans, or John Romeyn who married Lammetje Bougaert in 1699 and lived in Freehold, New Jersey. Their son, Claas or Nicholas Romeyn, a farmer, was the father of The Rev. Thomas Romeyn, one of our more interesting ancestors.

Thomas Romeyn was born in Pompton, New Jersey on March 20, 1729 and graduated from Princeton in 1750.

In 1753, he set sail for Holland to complete his theological studies at the University of Utrecht as it was not possible in those days to be examined

and ordained a minister in this country. He arrived at a time when there was a schism in the American Church and the examining professors suspected him of being an adherent of the wrong faction. The word had also been passed about that his father was a farmer and that he was, therefore, not a gentleman. Neither of these stories were true. He decided that his only alternative was to apply himself so hard to his studies that he might pass with flying colors. He did so well that he received a call to a Dutch Church which was a high honor for an American. This, he decided against and sailed -- literally in a sailing ship -- back to this country where he took charge of four Long Island Churches at Success (now Manhasset), Newbury, Oyster Bay and Jamaica.

In 1771, just before the Revolutionary War, he was called to Caughnawaga (now Fonda, N. Y.), just west of Schenectady on the Mohawk River in what was then frontier wilderness. Sir William Johnson had helped with the building of the church in 1763 and sat with his family in a square pew at the front. His parish extended all the way from Amsterdam to Herkimer and during the 23 years he was minister, twelve churches were established in the villages in between. It is remarkable that the Indians, whose wounds had not healed from the French and Indian War and who were soon to go on the war path again during the Revolutionary War, had special places to sit in the Dutch Church at Caughnawaga.

The following incident appears in a number of accounts of his life and may be an example of what his family and the rest of the settlers went through at that time. In 1780, the Indians made a raid on Caughnawaga by direction of Sir John Johnson and Dewey Fonda, the pioneer of the village. Fonda was tomahawked and left dead on the bank of the Mohawk River. Mr. Romeyn was away, but Mrs. Romeyn, hearing the alarm, gathered her children and started running up the hill behind the church. "The approaching Indians saw them and raised their hideous warhoops which so frightened the poor lady that with two children in her arm, she stumbled and fell 'to the great merriment of the dusky foe', the record lightly says. She was not further molested at that time."

The History of Montgomery County indicates why this was a mild incident among the many savage raids which took place around what is now Fonda, New York during 1780. The Dutch Church was built on property belonging to Walter Butler, a notorious Tory. (Incidentally, this church was burned in 1868 but a New York State Historical market is at the spot where it stood.) Since the raids were made by adherents of the English King and Indians, it was natural that they would spare people living on Tory property, even though they might be rebel sympathizers which the Romeyn's were.

Apparently the Tory residents of Caughnawaga had marched off to Canada early in the War. When they came back to raid their home territory in 1780, their familiarity with the neighborhood made it possible to raid Rebel homes and spare Tory ones over a period of several months. According to the Montgomery County History, a near neighbor of the Romeyn's whose house is still standing (with an Historical Sign) was scalped

and left for dead. He recovered and wore a silver plate on the top of his head the rest of his life.

Thomas Romeyn's sister Anne, was the mother of Colonel Varick of Washington's staff. He married Isaac Roosevelt's daughter, Maria in 1780. Thomas Romeyn's brother was the Rev. Theoderic Romeyn, or Dirck Romeyn who founded Union College in 1785. This college was chartered in 1795. Dirck Romeyn had taught theology in his own house until the formation of this institution.

Thomas Romeyn also has the distinction of having 16 Dutch Reformed ministers as his descendants. Five of his sons were ministers.

The foregoing material was taken from a sermon preached at the Fonda Church where he was buried, at the hundredth anniversary of his death, October 22, 1794. He was buried in this church. It is interesting that it was printed in the Mohawk Valley Democrat at the time that William McDonald's grandfather, George Loadwick, was publisher. The sermon was also reprinted in the Christian Intelligencer by E. F. Corwin who wrote the "Manual of the Reformed Dutch Church in America", the basis of most of the information about the ministers among our ancestors.

Thomas' first wife was Susanna Van Campen (daughter of Colonel Abraham Van Campen, born 1698) who was the mother of our ancestor, James Van Campen Romeyn. When she died, his father married Margaret Frelinghuysen who proved to be a wonderful wife and stepmother. James Van Campen did not find out that she was not his real mother until years later. J. Romeyn Berry says in his notes about the family that when his grandfather found this out, he burst into tears saying, "But you always gave me the biggest piece of cake."

Governor Yates of New York State was his childhood playmate. One time when they both took shelter under a tree in a lightening storm, they had a premonition to move away just as it was struck by lightning. "The crash was awful," says J. Romeyn Berry, "and Yates called in Dutch to my grandfather, "Jacobus, we are both dead". The reply was "Never mind, as long as you can tell about it."

His ministry began at Greenbush and Schodack, New York in 1788. In 1799 he was called to Hackensack which was a hot bed of schism then and for the next 30 years. "His soul was among lions": his Christian spirit did not shield him from insults and hatred. At one time he went to the funeral of one of his neighbors at which a seceder minister officiated. After the service, according to the custom, the minister arranged the order of the procession to the grave. After the various directions had been given, he turned to my grandfather and said, "You may walk with the niggers". My grandfather made no reply but quietly went home.

It became his duty to present the peculiarities of the distracted church at Bergen County to the synod. According to the "Manual of the Reformed Dutch Church in America" he was not a powerful speaker but

J. Romeyn Berry says that he used to preach in both English and Dutch languages with elegant command of both. At communion services, he handed the bread personally to each one with a text of Scripture for each which often was so strikingly appropriate that it was the subject of remark for many years afterward. The last eight years of his life was spent as a paralytic. He died in Hackensack on June 27, 1840.

Susannah Van Vranken who was born in Schenectady on February 9, 1771 was his wife. They were married on May 29, 1786. J. Romeyn Berry says that she was "almost a matchless housekeeper". Her father, Maas Van Vranken, fought in the Revolutionary War and would furnish one of the ways to get into the DAR. Maas Van Vranken entered service under Captain Jellis J. Fonda in the Second Albany Co. Militia and served mostly with the northern army. He was at Stillwater but not in the battle. He was at Fort Ann, Fort George and present at Burgoyne's surrender. In 1778, he served at Fort Hunter and Fort Plain to check the raid on Butler. There he took the cannon and fired it as they approached to alarm the enemy.

Maas Van Vranken's wife was Anna Wime or Winne. Her father Pieter P. Wime or Winne was major of the Albany Company of Troops in 1689 and Magistrate of Villenstadt in 1689.

J. Romeyn Berry	married	Mary Bogardus Berry
	October 7, 1851	
b. March 8, 1827		b. March 8, 1825
d. June 5, 1891		d. August 1, 1869

J. Romeyn Berry was born on the ancestral farm of the Berry's near Hackensack. His family lived in his grandfather's house and his father worked the farm on shares. According to his records of the family, they had very little money. It is, therefore, remarkable that he and his brother Philip, who also became an eminent clergyman, were able to graduate from Rutgers and study further for the ministry. J. Romeyn Berry graduated from that institution in 1847 at the age of 20. In 1851 he married Mary Bogardus, the daughter of the minister at New Paltz, New York and in 1852, he accepted a call to Syracuse, New York where he stayed until 1857.

Kinderhook, where he was next called proved to be a colorful period.

The ex-president, Martin Van Buren was a member of his congregation and died while he was there so that J. Romeyn Berry preached the funeral sermon and conducted the burial service.

He had the Jersey City Church between 1863 and 1869 during which time he procured his Doctor of Divinity at Rutgers (1867). Between 1869 and 1870, he was at Fishkill where Mary Bogardus Berry died. After he became minister of the Presbyterian Church in Montclair in 1870, he married Harriet Esselstyn and the congregation sent them to Europe for their wedding trip.

His son, by Mary Bogardus Berry, William Bogardus Berry married in 1880, and moved there with his wife, Elizabeth Gould, and began the practice of medicine. It was here that Romeyn Berry was born on May 23, 1881 and Harriet Esselstyn Berry was born on September 2, 1883.

J. Romeyn Berry became president of the Synod before he left in 1887 to take over the church at Rhinebeck which he kept until his death. He was stricken on the platform when he was presiding over the Synod at Asbury Park. The "Manuel of the Dutch Church" describes him as "one of the most eloquent and influential ministers our Reformed Church has had in its entire history."

Mary Bogardus and the D.A.R.

It is through Mary Bogardus' mother, Charlotte Wiltse, that we have our DAR papers for two Revolutionary War ancestors, Private Martin Wiltse and Colonel William Humphrey. It is through her father that we are direct descendants of Everardus Bogardus, the first minister of New Amsterdam. William Bogardus (1789-1862) and Charlotte Wiltse (1788-1861) were married on September 25, 1816.

Charlotte Wiltse was the daughter of William Wiltse of Fishkill who married Elizabeth Carpenter (born 1763) on January, 1785. William's father Martin Wiltse of Beekman, New York served as private in the Revolutionary War in the 14th Regiment of Albany Co. Militia. (See "New York in the Revolution" page 128. Also "Archives of the State of New York Vol. 1, page 518).

Martin Wiltse (1734-1826) married Ann Humphry (1735-1775) on April 2, 1753. Her father, Colonel William Humphry (born in Hempstead, citizen of Beekman, N. Y.) was commissioned Colonel of the 5th Dutchess Co. Militia, October 17, 1775 and served until March 10, 1778. (See Archives of State of New York Vol. 1, page 281. Also "Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army - page 308).

The First Minister of New Amsterdam

There were five Cornelius Bogarduses between William Bogardus and Everardus Bogardus who was the first minister of New Amsterdam. He was the second husband of Anneke Janse who had received with the death of her first husband, Roeloff Jansen, 62 acres of land along the East River between Warren and Christopher Streets. This became known as the Dominis Bouwery and later the Bowery. Early in the 19th century her descendants, which did not include our relatives, fiercely contested a law suit with Trinity Church for this land which had become very valuable by this time. Trinity Church won.

Anneke Janse and her first husband Roeloff Jansen emigrated from Holland in 1630 and settled near Hillsdale, New York, (its Central School is named for him). He was a superintendent for the patroon, Kilaen Van Rensselaer. When it was possible for him to leave, he moved with his family to New Amersterdam and received the 62 acres which were outside

the walls of the town and therefore exposed to Indians. Her husband died in 1637 and she married Everardus soon after and had more children including our ancestor, the first Cornelius.

Everardus Bogardus had close associations with Director Kieft of the West India Company a most unsavory character, who ran New Amsterdam before the arrival of Peter Stuyvesant. One story is told of them both at the wedding reception of Anneke Janse's daughter by her first marriage. Bogardus was having trouble raising money for a new church and Kieft decided to help him by getting subscriptions from the wedding guests after they had five or six drinks. "Each guest subscribed at a handsome rate, competing with each other to pledge the most and each heartily regretted it for they were obliged by Director Kieft and the good Domine to pay."

Later the association was not so friendly. Bogardus freely expressed himself against the Indian massacres of Kieft and the graft of his government. Kieft was so angry that "he caused guns to beat and cannon to be discharged during the Sunday services and encouraged nine pins, leaping and noisy amusements among the soldiers outside of the church. Finally their differences were settled through the intercession of friends."

Everardus Bogardus set sail for Holland on the Princess which was shipwrecked off the coast of Wales in 1647. Director Kieft, with everything he had cheated from settlers went down on the same ship.

THE GOULD FAMILY

Jerimiah Gould married Priscilla Grover

Jerimiah Gould probably was born in Dorsetshire in England and around 1640 emigrated to America where he purchased a large tract of land in the town of Newport, Rhode Island. This land extended a mile from North to South the whole width of the island which at that point is three miles wide. He was for several years a "conspicuous member of the government" being elected to an office which would correspond with senator and was "quite active in the discharge of duties". He had several children about which little is known except that of our ancestor, Daniel. Jerimiah, or Jeremy, as his name is spelled on Colonial records, probably returned to England and died there.

Daniel Gould married Wait Coggeshall

October 18, 1651

b. 1626 in England

b. ?

d. 1716 in Newport

d. May 9, 1718

Daniel was 14 or 15 years old when his father came from England. A published pamphlet, written by him, and which was in the possession of John Stanton Gould describes his persecutions in Boston where he was tied to a great gun and whipped with forty stripes, for the crime of being a Quaker. This was on the same day that Mary Dyer and others were hung for the same offence. John Stanton Gould had the manuscript of his Journal describing seven missionary visits to Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland between 1669 and 1694.

John Stanton Gould says in his dairy: I suppose that no man was ever more conscientious than he. God was a great ruler and governor in the earth in his eyes, and not an unreal and immaginery one. When he made up his mind that God required him to do any act either great or small, he did not move one iota from the path which duty marked out for him. He was perfectly ready (and did) suffer bonds, imprisonments, whippings, perils by land and sea rather than incur the slightest taint of disobedience to the will of his heavenly father. But Daniel loved creature comforts.

"It was certainly harder for such a man to endure hardships for Christs sake, than it was for a man who cared nothing for food or rest or any other bodily comfort.

"His sole occupation was that of a farmer, but he cared nothing for wealth or splendor and therefore did not exert himself to increase his already large estate which he had inherited from his father.

Wait Coggeshall

The family of his wife, Wait Coggeshall is equally interesting.

Her father, John Coggeshall, was a wealthy English merchant who was 6 feet 8 inches tall. As a thorough Puritan, he was persecuted by "that great scoundrel" Archbishop Laud. He was one of the original company who first settled Boston having been on board the Arabella with Gov. Winthrop and William Coddington. Here he flourished in wealth and influence and was the principle Deacon of the Church. As a speaker "he was second only to the Cottons in unction and power." "Thee will find the story of times tolerably well told in Bancrofts History so I will not trouble thee with the story of the controversy over Ann Hutchinson. Suffice it is to say that Coggeshall fought a most heroic battle on behalf of Mrs. Hutchinson and was excommunicated from the Church and expelled from the Colony as a result." He accompanied the Hutchinsonian party to the island of Rhode Island where he became one of the three "Judges" who were given the full power to govern. When the Colony received its first Charter from the English government, he was chosen President and thus was the first man in America to enjoy this political title. When the Hutchinsonians became Quakers about 1656, John Coggeshall became one too. (Ann Hutchinson went on to settle in Pelham with her followers who were all massacred by Indians.)

Thomas Gould married Elizabeth Mott
November 11, 1690

b. 1654

b. ?

d. 1734

d. ~~1672~~ in Portsmouth,
Rhode Island

Much less is known of Thomas and Elizabeth than of their Father. The tradition is that he was handsome, tall graceful with a briskness about him which gave promise of greater abilities than he was afterwards found to possess. In addition to the large estate which he inherited from his father, he purchased the two islands now known as Gould Island, one laying a little north of New Port Harbor and the other and smaller one lying a little south of the Stone bridge connecting the Island with Tiverton. He also owned a large plantation on the Island of Bermuda. He held various public offices and had nine children which he settled during his lifetime thereby making it necessary to reduce the style of living to which he was accustomed. But he was never poor. He suffered painful lameness during most of his life. His body lies interred in the old estate of his Grandfather Jeremiah where so many of the Goulds are deposited but there are now no means of identifying the spot."

His wife Elizabeth Mott, was the daughter of Jacob Mott who married Joanna Slocum. Both appear in the records of the Newport Meeting - he as minister and she as executrix of her father's will - an indication that she could read and keep accounts which was unusual for a woman of her day. According to John Stanton Gould she is remembered as a "great, stately person". He says "I do not think that anybody loved her very violently, though she had a large amount of those excellent qualities which look so exceedingly well when inscribed on a tombstone". It was she who brought the narrow minded suspicious element into the family.

James Gould	married	Martha Stanton
	1734	
b. 1711 in Newport		b. ?
d. 1748 in Newport		d. 1776

"James Gould was the ninth child of Thomas and Elizabeth. Because of the large advances to their elder children, James' patrimony was only 14 acres of land. He learned the trades of boot and shoe making and went into business on his little farm and was very successful, employing several others. He held the office of Collector of taxes in the town of Middletown for many years and was also a Justice of the Peace. He was tall, handsome and well proportioned man with a clear eye and white teeth and very athletic. He had 7 children and died at the early age of 37 from overworking for a wife who lived beyond their means.

Martha was the daughter of Benjamin and Martha Stanton. He was an eminent physician who was unrivaled in the cure of sores and skin diseases and having patients who came from great distances. "He practiced mostly with roots and herbs and very little with mineral - in fact he was what we should call an Indian Doctor," according to JSG.

"His daughter Martha was a pretty, lively, thoughtless woman, graceful in her ways and loving society. Having always, while in her father's house, associated with the best people, she was familiar with the ways of cultivated society and was unfitted by nature and education to struggle through the world as the wife of a shoemaker. But James loved his pretty wife and to tell the truth loved company and cheerful living quite as well as she did. He could not find it in his heart to restrain her. When Thomas left her side to take up lodging in the grave", Martha went with all of her children to live with her Father. She died on March 5, 1776 just before the Declaration of Independence.

James Gould	married	Hannah H. Wanton
	December 7, 1780	
b. 1739 Middletown, R.I.		b. March 1, 1747, in Newport
d. 1812		d.

James was the third child of James and Martha. He had a malformation of his left foot from birth. It was somewhat straightened in after life, but was always a source of discomfort. He was brought up in the home of his Grandfather, Dr. Stanton, and did not receive much of an education. Apprenticed to a tailor at the age of 15, he became a perfect master of his trade. In 1763, he set himself up in business at 176 Thames Street, Newport, and took on the support of his entire family with the exception of his brother Benjamin, who had inherited his Grandfather Stanton's estate. His books show that people came from Salem, New Bedford, and Providence to his shop. His selection of the tailoring business

was not because he liked it best but because it would best enable him to take care of his father's family. His own personal tastes were decidedly for agriculture. Growing plants and thriving stock were always his joy and delight. He loved a horse dearly, and was the only Gould I ever knew who had that taste. He was so good a judge of them that his friends rarely bought one without consulting him. He was a very early riser (this, as thee knows, does not run into the Gould blood) and as soon as the light dawned he would go to one of his gardens and work away right joyfully until it was time to open his shop, when he would take himself to the less genial operations of his trade.

"Grandfather steadily surmounted one difficulty after another. First, he was able to support his father's family, then he was able to buy a house, next he got rich enough to buy some land to indulge his agricultural taste, then he could keep a horse and now he felt that he could keep a wife besides... Grandmother was a splendid narrator and she was especially fond of telling stories to me, but I could never get her to tell me anything about her courtship.

In all events, he married Hannah Wanton on December 7, 1780. They had five children. Grandfather's last grand aim was to purchase a good farm and settle on it. Grandmother had always lived in a city and had no fancy to go into the country, but at length she consented and they came to Hudson, New York, to look for one. He at length, found a farm of 250 acres on the Union Turnpike that adjoined the farm of Thomas Wright. The agreement was fully made and it was settled that they should return in the spring. About a month after their return to Newport, the owner changed his mind. This was a bitter disappointment to Grandfather, but Grandmother thought that the very finger of Providence was in it.

Here is the account of Granfather's last illness as contained in Father's diary of January 6-17, 1812. 'Our dear Father seems very low this morning and much distressed for breath. When I went into his room this morning to take some fire, I asked him how he did. He said: "I have roughed it along for a great while and it will be but a little longer." Between 10 and 11 o'clock the Doctor came and opened a vein which as yet, has not much relieved his breathing. He came again between 12 and 1 o'clock and says the fever is not so high, but considers his case very doubtful and proposes to blister his side. The doctor thinks his complaint is the Peripneumony."

Under date of the day of his death he writes 'This morning mother perceived that he could not last long, expressed to him her apprehension of their being soon to part. He replied that he was fully sensible of it and said "We met in love and we part in love".

Hannah Wanton

Hannah Wanton, his wife, had most interesting forebears. Her ancestor, Edward Wanton, embraced the principles of the Quakers, at the

execution of Mary Dyer and other Friends who suffered martyrdom in Boston A.D. 1660. He commanded the military guard that conducted them to the place of execution and on returning to the house of his widowed mother exclaimed, "Oh mother, we have been persecuting the people of God".

"He soon became himself the victim of persecution and had the honor of being whipped round "Boston town suffering in many ways there and in Scituate, Massachusetts, to which place he moved and there he lived many years and reared a large family. Most of his sons moved to Rhode Island. His sons William and John were successively Governors of the Colony.

"William Wanton, son of Edward Wanton was a sailor and while in command of a privateer, captured a French Ship of War which he carried into an English port. Queen Anne, hearing of his gallant exploit, desired to see him and when leaving her presence offered her hand to kiss. He took her hand and said "Madam, in my country the ladies offer their cheeks to those they favor." Whereupon Her Most Gracious Majesty leaned forward and offered her cheek.

"On his return to Rhode Island the colony presented him with a massive silver bowl bearing a grand inscription. This bowl was preserved for many generations through poverty and humiliation, till one of the race married a rich man who had it melted and made into fashionable plate.

"Hannah Wanton was born on March 1, 1747 in Newport. She was nurtured in the midst of all the comforts that wealth and the cultivated town of Newport could bestow. She was thoroughly aristocratic in her feelings. Thoroughly acquainted with the English classics, she acquired an extraordinary mastery of language. She often visited her relatives in Scituate, Connecticut, Narragansett at a time when people rarely went ten miles from their hearthstone. There was a period of girlish gaiety when she was courted by General Greene of Revolutionary War fame, and is supposed to have been engaged to him. Then her father's business crashed. Hannah broke the engagement and put a severe strain upon the honor of the family by opening a little store for pins, needles, gingerbread, starch and tea which she sold in addition to doing sewing, refusing help from affluent relatives.

"The Revolutionary War had broken out meanwhile, and a friend offered to let her buy a sloop-load of chalk for a small sum. Very soon after this, British troops landed in town and wearing white cross belts which had to be chalked over every morning. Here then was a market for her chalk and she readily sold a piece which cost her a penny for twenty-five cents.

"After the British troops evacuated Newport, a merchant of Newport was appointed Navy agent of the American government which greatly increased his business and often obliged him to go to Philadelphia where

Congress was sitting. Hannah was taken on as confidential bookkeeper and showed such a faculty for organization that he voluntarily increased her salary. Many of her rich relatives had been utterly ruined by the revolution now fully acknowledged her wisdom in resolutely persisting in earning her own living and refusing to depend upon them for support.

"Long years after this, when she was a widow, General Greene came back from Georgia to Newport for a farewell visit. He often called upon Grandmother revealing that she had been the love of his life. His last words were for her.

"Thus Grandfather Gould must have caught her heart on the rebound. They were married on December 7, 1780,

"I do not know that there was much of incident in Grandmother's married life. I believe that she was as happy in her conjugal and maternal relationships as most women are."

(Stephen and John S. Gould pieced together the information about the Wanton family without the slightest idea that would be of use in settling The Great Land case of 1867 which involved a dispute over 15,000 acres of land in southern New Jersey. One of the lawyers, in 1866, heard that John Stanton Gould was a descendant of the Wantons and came to Hudson to see if he had any knowledge of that family. The land in question lay in the town of Egg Harbour which had been surveyed by Stephen Wanton of Newport in 1736. It was now claimed by a Joseph E. West by virtue of a deed made in 1832 by one Stephen Wanton who claimed to be the sole surviving heir of Stephen Wanton.

In a dramatic trial which drew hundreds of people, whose land holdings were affected, and after a seemingly watertight case had been made by the lawyers for West, John Stanton Gould, in surprise testimony, which lasted three hours, proved beyond a doubt that Stephen Wanton's son, died in infancy and there were only female heirs. Therefore, no descendant with a name of Stephen Wanton could ever have signed a deed in 1832 and that it must have been forged. In the resulting settlement, John Stanton Gould got 350 acres of valuable land in southern New Jersey. He felt deeply that his interest in his forebears was a result of Providential intervention. For during the years that West was working out his scheme to defraud hundreds of people who thought they owned their land, John S. Gould had been working on the means of proving him wrong.)

Stephen Gould married Hannah Rodman

b. Dec. 28, 1781

b. July 8, 1780

d. Oct. 2, 1838

d. July 6, 1860

Stephen Gould, my father, was born in Newport on the 30th day of the 12th month 1781 in the midst of a violent snow storm. Dr. Johnathan

Easton who officiated remarked that he was a Wanton to the backbone. This resemblance to the Wantons led Grandmother to hope that he was destined to restore the fading glories of her family. There were avenues which could lead him to almost certain wealth. But after much reflection he had adopted as his motto: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all else will be added unto you."

Stephen decided in 1796 to take up the trade of clock making and watch repairing. He felt that such a trade would take care of his family and still make possible spiritual advancement. His mother could not understand why being rich in faith was incompatible with being rich in purse. Because of his splendid mind and presence, she had dared hope that he might restore the fading wealth and grandeur of her family. She had wanted him to practice medicine for he had real talent and enthusiasm. Despite the fact that he had no genius for mechanical pursuits, he kept on as a clock maker; his life was a happy one, he never knew want and his last days were crowned with plenty.

About the middle of his apprenticeship (1799) he began to keep a diary which he kept for 35 years until the tenth day before his death. Thenceforth we have a perfect record of his most secret thought. From 1804 to 1828, he carefully recorded, three times a day, the position of the thermometer, and barometer, the wind and the weather.

In "seeking first the kingdom of God" Stephen Gould became a weighty friend. As such he performed the functions of doctor and lawyer for which he had no professional training but real talent. He was so judicious in the making and settling of wills that he was asked to travel sometimes hundreds of miles into Connecticut and Massachusetts as well as throughout his own state of Rhode Island, to handle such matters. He always took a vigorous part in political elections to promote the election of just and upright men, "without having his mind imbued with the rancor of party spirit."

The War of 1812

He deemed the U.S. declaration of War on Great Britain in 1812 "a most wicked and unjust thing" feeling that all difficulties might have been settled by negotiation. He was much affected and afflicted by the sight of soldiers marching the streets, many of them he had known from their infancy and their exposure to sudden death or mutilation brought out his deepest feeling and his prayers for their preservation were frequent and ardent. Though the war created much financial confusion, he got through it supporting his family comfortably without debt.

In his diary of May 31, 1814: "This has been a day of calamity and depression to every mind that abhors war. Late last evening an alarm was beat and it is reported that the British brig Nimrod was beating up the West passage after a vessel under Swedish colors, the militia went down to Gardiners beach where they staid all night and in the morning about 9 o'clock the Nimrod came up to the Swedish vessel laying at anchor and

fired an abundance of 32 poundshot and grape, sent her barge and set fire to the vessel. The militia went off to her to extinguish the fire and in coming from her with some of her crew, a 32 pound shot struck the boat, killed a young man. This is the first time that I have heard the sound of killing guns, it was awful indeed, but alas what is the human mind capable of. Vast numbers went down as spectators and viewed the horrid scene with composure and many made quite a business to run round and pick up bullets to bring to town to sell which I am told were bought at a dollar apiece.

On February 14, 1815, he writes: "This morning at 5 o'clock which was before day break, friend Charles Gorton knocked at the door and gave me the very pleasing intelligence that 2 men had arrived at 2 o'clock with the news of the Peace of Bristol and that the printers were striking off hand bills.: The whole town of Newport became a delirium of joy, cannon were fired, bells were rung, and in the evening the whole town was illuminated so that the streets looked as bright as day. Father says nothing of it in his diary, but he got out some Jamaica rum, mixed it with hot water and sugar and drank it in honor of the peace. Father always dislike extravagant demonstration, but he says in his diary that "he could not feel them so much amiss on this occasion as on some others."

New York City in 1815

On June 20, 1815, Stephen Gould made a trip to New York, presumably on business of the Meeting. The trip took two days and two nights from Newport in a sailing sloop and cost \$9. Two people were seasick and Stephen found himself "a little threatened with it".

Father saw a steam boat for the first time with great amazement. He saw public schools and was particularly delighted with the school for colored children and learned much that he availed himself of in the management of the little colored school in Newport which he toiled so long to keep in operation. Brooklyn ferry, he tells us, was propelled by the power of nine horses and ferriage was 4 cents. He went to the old museum where his great appetite for natural history received abundant food in the snakes, monkeys, birds and animals of all descriptions. Above all, he was comforted in the attendance of the various Friends Meetings in the city and in comparing their modes of doing business, with that which he had been accustomed in Rhode Island.

Soon after he returned to Newport, on September 23, 1815, there was the most severe gale ever known in Newport: the sea ran so high that the boats ran on the main streets of Newport and a house with several people in it was blown into the water where all were drowned.

By 1828 Stephen was in a position of real usefulness to the Society of Friends: "especially to the youth to whom his counsel, deportment and reproof had an exceedingly salutary effect. At this time, he was furnished with a horse and carriage to enable him to get about among the Friends.

In 1831 there was a general conference of all the yearly meetings on this continent held in Philadelphia to which Stephen was sent as one of the delegates of the New England Yearly meeting. By 1834 he had do endeared himself to so many Friends that he was the recipient of several handsome legacies. As his savings were considerable, he now might be considered almost affluent. In 1835, he went to Hudson to attend the first marriage of his only son, John Stanton Gould to Sarah Ashby. On October 2, 1838, he died.

There was a great gathering at Father's funeral - people coming for thirty miles around. The Newport Herald of October 4, 1838 says, It becomes our painful duty to report the death of Stephen Gould for years our highly esteemed town treasurer. Few more useful or worthy men lived in this or in any other community. . . . His life though seemingly not an active one, was in truth more sedulously devoted to the interest and welfare of his fellow beings than those unacquainted with his habits and goodness of heart had any just conception of. Mother said that vast numbers of children came to the house while he lay a corpse to gaze upon him as if they had lost a father and a friend. Also very many negroes who came were affected to passionate weeping.

Hannah Rodman

"In the early days of the colony of Rhode Island, an active and lucrative trade sprang up with the Colony of Barbadoes. The entire religious liberty which existed on Rhode Island was so attractive to many of the Barbadoes colonists that they removed there and settled. Thomas Rodman, an eminent physician and the owner of a large plantation in the parish of St. Bee arrived in Newport in the year 1675 and the deed of a house he bought is recorded in the town records soon after. He married Patience Malines, widow of Robert Malines and daughter of Peter and Ann East on April 11, 1682. She died at the age of 35.

"He then married Hannah Clarke daughter of Walter Clarke who was governor of Rhode Island from the year 1676 and again in 1686 and held the office when the office was suspended by Sir Edmond Andros. He was also governor in 1696 and 1697. He was Lieutenant Governor from 1679 to 1686 and from 1700 to 1714 when he died in office. No man held office in the colony longer than he. Hannah was descended from their second child, Clarke Rodman who married Ann Coggeshall on November 3, 1717. He was also a highly approved physician. Clarke Rodman married Abigail Lawton of Portsmouth daughter of Isaac Lawton. He was the teacher of the first school established by the New England Yearly meeting which was the germ of the present Moses Brown School in Providence. Hannah Rodman was their third child, born July 8, 1780.

"Her son, John Stanton Gould, says that she was full of energy, talent and taste." She early learned all the mysteries of housekeeping and

at the age of ten years, she was able to take entire charge of the house whenever her mother was ill. She had a taste for literature and could repeat Cowper and Young almost from beginning to end as well as repeat the finest passages of Milton. She not only wrote a good hand but composed admirably. As father's income was only \$300 per annum in the earlier years her knack for fitting, turning, altering and mending old things so that they looked entirely new goes a great way to explain the apparent miracle of his living on such small means.

"She was clerk of the R. I. Month and Quarterly meetings and the New England Yearly meeting.

"Mother had an unfeigned and an intense love of the beautiful in nature and in a considerably and much less degree for art. I have sometimes watched her looking intently at a snow storm; the exquisite geometric crystals, their graceful descent through the air, the beautiful curves carved out of the eddying drifts would fill her soul with a real joy. Her eyes and her whole countenance would gradually light up as each particular element of beauty assimilated itself with her spiritual consciousness until her face became really radiant. From her face, the emotion would steal to her muscles until her whole frame was literally quivering with delight.

"Even now, though long years have rolled away, I see her as visibly as I did on that stormy day, her mind lifted out of herself and disassociated from her body seemed to be in direct and vital communion with Him who is the mighty maker of all.

"Father cared nothing for the art and literature of which she was so fond. He would fall asleep when she read poetry aloud to him. He liked only the Psalms of David which he read aloud in a Quaker chantery tone that she very much disliked.

"Mother's religion consisted in doing her duty faithfully and holding firmly to an orthodox faith but she had a great aversion to speaking of her religious feelings. Father on the other hand, watched the play of his religious experiences as narrowly as a cat watches a mouse, his exaltations and depressions. He dearly loved to talk of them and compare them with the experiences of others. All this went greatly against mother's grain. His experiments on Electricity Magnetism were frequently such as to require time for their development, and his apparatus which he built himself would stand sometimes for weeks in her way which annoyed her greatly. I have never seen anything approaching her neatness anywhere. Dirt with her was not only nasty but wicked. Cleanliness was not only next to Godliness, but was precisely the same thing.

"She died in her 80th year on July 6, 1860 at Newport. She was probably the last of the large number of people bearing the Gould name to be consigned to their last resting place in "Friends upper burying ground in the Meadow Field" in Newport."

John Stanton Gould	married	Hannah Wright
September 10, 1849		
b. March 14, 1812		b. June 24, 1819
d. August 8, 1874		d. July 29, 1912

"There are many notices scattered through my father's diary of my illnesses. As an infant, I was far from being robust. An entry of March 1815 says: "This day our little son John Stanton is three years old. He is at present a promising little boy, can spell quite smartly and repeat quite a number of poetic pieces. He is a remarkably minute observer of almost everything he sees and hears and appears to have many ideas not common to children of his age."

"What a strange whimsey grown people have that childhood is the happiest period of existence. For my part, I have suffered more in one hour of childhood from terror that I have from all the afflictions of my manhood put together.

"The year, 1820, when I was 8, marked a real important change in my character. During that year I read a copy of Hume and Smollet's History of England with great interest. It opened to me an entirely new world of knowledge and new sphere of thought. It was this that determined the development of my mind to study and what I have since been, was very much determined by that circumstance. From that time I lost my interest in play and other amusements that boys delight in and gave my mind almost wholly to the acquisition of knowledge.

"I never recur to the reading of Hume and Smollet without a renewed conviction that it was the most important epoch in my intellectual life. Especially did the idea of the Government of God by a system of Rewards and punishments take fast hold on my understanding with a strength of conviction that can never be overthrown and which all subsequent study has only served to intensify and confirm. I saw through the whole stream of history that wickedness always sooner or later brought punishment in its train. I saw, too, that there was a marked difference between men and nations in the application of this retribution law. In nations, the track of retributive justice was always clear and unmistakable. With individuals the case was different, the penalty was not so distinctly and invariably evolved out of sin. There were here traces of another force limiting and dominating the inflexible law of retribution, it was the principle of mercy and pardon which revelation teaches us was brought into the world by Jesus Christ. I cannot describe the pleasure that I derived from the evolution of these simple yet grand conceptions from the tangled web of history.

"I suspected then with a dim sort of consciousness that the Bible was best interpreted by History and that no outward assistance could so thoroughly elucidate its latent meaning.

"Another conviction which the history fastened upon my mind was that all true statesmanship consisted in the improvement of the condition of the poor. I saw that all real prosperity arose from this. If the poor are kept in comfort, all classes will be comfortable. If the poor are depressed, the middle and upper classes must participate in the depression. If the poor feel that the government is beneficent, the nation is strong. If the poor feel that the government is crushing them with its iron heel, the nation though possessing ever so great an appearance of wealth and power is really weak and cannot abide the shock of the conflict and storm. This idea has gathered strength as I have grown older.

"Another benefit which I derived from this history was a great enlargement of my vocabulary. I can say, I think that there was no other boy in the town who could express his thoughts with as much accuracy of expression as I could. The weary hours of my boyhood which I spent without occupation and companionship were now changed. My mind now seethed with agreeable and profitable thought. I was now never lonely, never lacked for employment or amusement.

"At the age of ten, to the consternation of my father, I read a novel called "Thaddeus of Warsaw". This began to work in my blood and I now began to think a lot about girls. But I soon found out that I was not a favorite with them. Indeed, I think there is some radical defect in my social character as I never was an acceptable ladies man in my life. I now regret that more of my early life was not spent in the society of ladies for I would have acquired more of ease and polish in my manners than I have done. I have always been convinced that free social and respectful intercourse with women is essential to the perfection, the development and the culture of man's nature and the acquisition of those manners which will make him agreeable to the fair sex is a matter worthy of his best efforts.

"I began to study Latin at the age of eleven (1823) with Dr. Enoch Hazard. He was very fond of me and I had also access to his medical books which I read with great avidity. In the course of this year and the next I acquired a very competent knowledge of anatomy and physiology and the theory and practice of medicine.

Boarding School in 1824

"It was determined in 1824 that I was to enter Yearly Meeting Boarding School (now Moses Brown in Providence). Upon arriving there, I found that there were circumstances which gave me a good position. In the first place, my father was on terms of intimate friendship with the leading men of the committee in charge including Moses Brown himself. Secondly, I was farther advanced in Greek and in Latin than any of the rest. Thirdly, I knew vastly more history than anyone there; fourthly, my compositions were quite equal in style and diction and infinitely superior in variety of illustration. But on the other hand, I was very

inferior in mathematics and the natural sciences. Worst of all, I had a tone of arrogance and silly self conceit which I assumed among the students which made me unpopular. But I took great pleasure in my studies and I was very happy there.

"By 1826, I was universally regarded to be at the head of the school. I had studied Enfields philosophy with great thoroughness. When I got into practical Astronomy, my drawings and calculations of eclipses were pronounced very superior to anything that had ever been done there. Moses Brown always exhibited them with pride and pleasure to strangers of distinction who visited the Institution. I also took up surveying and Navigation having got over all the difficulties which students usually find in these branches of mathematics. I completed the whole course of mathematics and physics taught at the Institution and understood it well. I cared nothing for Greek and Latin, my whole interest being concentrated on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. But I was willing, in obedience to the wishes of my friends, to devote a year to the acquisition of these languages.

"But it was not to be so. Benjamin Marshall had begun a Calico Factory at Hudson in October, 1826 and he wished me to enter the Chemical Department of it. He thought that I had better come from the very beginning of it to lay a solid foundation for business.

"When I was fifteen years old, there were three openings for me to enter life. One was as a Physician. Dr. Hazard, my Latin teacher, desired to relinquish his practice and have me succeed him. He would pay all the cost of medical lectures and of a year in the hospitals of Paris. This was a grand offer and one that was very congenial to me. But I was so constituted that I could not live without regular sleep and felt compelled to reject it.

"The second opening was in the firm of Jeremiah Brown in Philadelphia who offered to take me as a clerk until I was 21 years old, and then I should be taken into the firm as a partner. I did not care enough about trade or money-getting to exert myself to the degree that a successful prosecution of business would require and therefore dismissed that idea from my mind. The third, was to become a teacher at Friend's School. Moses Brown said that he would willingly pay my expenses through college. But I felt that I would rather enter upon some course of life where I would have a larger measure of freedom of thought and action.

"Benjamin Marshall was willing to hold open the place for a year, if I desired it, but thought it better for me to come at once. The question was, should I stay on in school another year and finish my course, or go at once. After writing out a whole page of reasons why and why not, I seemed to see my way clearer to go to Hudson at once.

"It was a dismal New Year's Day in 1827 when I left my school in Providence for the last time. When the stage came, I took leave of the students and teachers who seemed sorry to part with me. While I never acquired popularity to the extent that many do, they all admitted my superior scholarship without grudging and had a friendly feeling toward me.

"The snow fell heavily and the wind blew violently and the curtains of the stage were closely buttoned down. An Irish woman sat opposite me whose child was constantly vomiting and owing to the state of the roads, our progress was very slow. By the end of the day, I was safely deposited in Newport at my father's house where I stayed for a month making final farewells.

Last Message from the Beach

"I awoke one morning during this period and heard the southeast wind howling fearfully while the snow and sleet almost darkened the window panes. After breakfast I thought I would go down once more and see my old teacher, the Beach, and take leave of it in its stormy mood.

"It was indeed a most fearful spectacle, the gigantic billows rolled inward from the ocean with a tireless energy and endless procession dashing against the rocky cliffs with tremendous power which caused the solid rock to vibrate and the rebuffed billows to ascend in mighty columns of spray. The wind seemed like a solid body and almost swept me from my feet while its roar was like the fearful howling of damned spirits in the pit.

"I did not hear the tempest nor the rain nor the sleet. I knew that henceforth, my visits would be few and far between. Very much I had learned from the Beach in times past, and I wished that my last lesson should go with me to my new home on the Hudson. And I think I did learn a lesson which I have never forgotten. The tempest and roaring surges did seem to embody all the powers of evil in the universe bent on destruction. But the solid rock which had been planted on the shores firmly withstood their fierce assault.

"I have thought of this, when in the midst of dangers and troubles. I thought of it when slavery reared its horrid crest in our nation and seemed ready to engulf everything that was pure in freedom and lovely in religion. And in both cases I have felt that the arm of the Almighty was beneath as in the storm.

"I am no longer young, my dear Mary (this letter was written to a daughter by his first marriage in 1865 - he died in 1874), my evening shadows are fast lengthening, but I can testify with all the certainty of the fullest experience that "the name of the Lord is a strong tower". Never

have I sought his face in vain, whenever I have been willing to draw nigh unto him he has never failed to fulfill his promise and draw nigh unto me. Truly I can say "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

"Thy path too, my dear child, like that appointed for all mortals to tread, will be beset with thorns and briers, clouds and darkness will be round thee, sorrows and afflictions will encompass thee, thou wilt like David and all other of the children of men "be weary of thy soaring, and all the night thou wilt wet thy couch with thy tears". Then, in the midst of thy conflicts with the powers of evil mayest thou remember with comfort thy fathers testimony that "God is indeed our refuge and our strength and a very present help in time of trouble."

"When I got home I was well wetted to the skin and Father and Mother both abounded in friendly rebukes to what they thought was a careless exposure of my health.

Stage Coach Across Massachusetts in 1827

"On January 27, 1827, I was up early, strapped and locked my trunk and we went through the forms of breakfast. There is no telling how I felt at turning away from all I loved and a vague looking forward into strangeness and vacancy. My dear friends assembled to bid me farewell. When the stage came I was glad. I wanted it over. Father and I grasped our hands for a few moments. We spoke no word. I got into the only remaining seat in the stage and the horse headed to Hartford in the driving snow.

"In many places the snow had fallen so deep that the acres were quite concealed and the land seemed undivided. Every five miles the stage stopped to water the horses and the passengers never failed to drink at each place with religious punctuality. They were greatly exercised that I could not be induced to join them. Even a very respectable lady from Troy requested that her sling should be made very stiff as she was very cold.

There were two Doctors in the stage from the Western part of the state of New York who talked incessantly about the canal which had just been finished and about the villages which had been springing up like magic along its banks. They were full of the speculations which had been made and the abundance which reigned.

On January 29, I had the most excellent supper at Morgans Exchange Coffee house in Hartford, which next to Warriners at Springfield, was considered the best hotel in New England. The next morning, being the 30th, I counted the departure of some forty stages from the house while I was dressing. The stage being as full as on the preceding day, I took my seat with the driver and continued to take this seat every other

stopping place which was once in about six miles. As the day wore on, the cold became more and more stinging and the hills grew higher, the road winding round in the ravines which divided them and we passed through Norfolk and Canaan and so to Sheffield, where we put up for the night at Ensigns Hotel.

"The stage from Pittsfield to Hudson, which I was to take, ran only on alternate days which made it necessary for me to lay over the whole of the 31st. There was a tremendous snow storm raging all that day. The next morning I was taken in a cutter to Great Barrington to meet the stage to Hudson. We got to Benjamins Tavern in Great Barrington in safety though hour after hour rolled on before the stage came.

"When the stage finally came, Mrs. Nathan Clark of Athens was on it bringing her son from Williamstown. He later married Ambrose L. Jordans daughter and made a large fortune out of Singer Sewing Machines. He vomited very badly all the way. I had been much annoyed with this sort of thing all through the journey. At Reed's Tavern in Hillsdale, Mrs. Clark comforted his infirmities with a stunning tumbler of hot brandy sling. It was quite dark when we got to Academy Hill and the lights of Hudson began to twinkle in our faces.

The Print Works

"I spent the first night in Hudson and went on to Stockport the next day. I was put off at the door of James Nixon whom Benjamin Marshall had placed in charge of the Print Works. He occupied the house which our family later occupied in Stockport.

"When I was taken over to the Print Works, I soon found that chemistry in the laboratory was a mighty different thing from chemistry on the great scale. The processes were coarse and dirty and unattractive. The principle color mixer was a man who knew nothing whatever of theoretical chemistry. He only knew the empirical processes by which the union of certain drugs produced certain effects, how or why they did so he had not the remotest knowledge. My clothes were soon stained and my hands also.

"But I gave way to no despondence. I saw that the art of calico printing was a new art introduced into a new country and that it would afford a comfortable living to anyone who understood it thoroughly and I resolved to put a good face on the matter and persevere until I had mastered the empirical processes. I knew that I could improve them very much by the application of the theories which I possessed and they were ignorant of.

"Benjamin Marshall had sent up Dr. Black's Treatise on Chemistry and Dr. Bancroft's Enquiry into the Theory of Permanent Colors. These I studied with great assiduity and care in the evening and in the mornings before I went to the Works.

"About the middle of March Benjamin Marshall came up to the Works, bringing works on chemistry for me to study. He was very kind and evinced a desire to make me comfortable.

"On the first Sabbath in April, the day was beautiful and the roads were dried up enough to make the wheeling tolerable, so I went in and attended Meeting. Thomas Wright, my future father-in-law, invited me to go home and dine with him, and I accepted it. Here, for the first time, I saw my future wife (his second wife), thy mother. I had the happiest day I had ever had in Hudson. The cheerful and agreeable conversation of Thomas and Sarah Wright really seemed to me like home.

New York City in 1827

"Soon after Benjamin Marshall informed me that father was coming to New York to attend Yearly meeting and that I was to go down to meet him. When the time came, we left Hudson at noon on the Chief Justice Marshall which was then the crack boat on the Hudson River. The price of passage was then three dollars, meals included. It amuses me now to recall the wild delirious rapture that I felt when I saw the gang plank pulled in and felt the jar of the revolving wheels. My first visit after my passage was to the engine room which I examined with care and interest, the fire room, and then the cabins, and finally I sat down on the promenade where I divided my attention between the beautiful panorama of the shores and the animated groups of passengers on the crowded deck. Just after leaving West Point, the daylight faded away and the shores were only dimly visible.

"I greatly enjoyed the trip but it was as nothing compared with the pleasure of seeing my father the next day. Father and I went to Scudders Museum and to Peales' Museum; a band was playing on the balcony of each and each of them was blazing with gas. I had never been accustomed to the music of such bands, nor had I ever seen gas burning before except at a chemical lecture. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that when I got to the corner of Broadway and Chamber St., I should stand transfixed by the fairy-like brilliancy of the scene. The effect of this illumination of the trees in the Park and of the movements and counter-movements of the handsomely dressed men and women who were then promenading in that then fashionable walking place, the music and roll of the carriages had a delightful effect upon me.

"The various curiosities in the museum were, of course, entire novelties to me, the beasts, birds and fishes of which I had read were there before me and, of course, gave me clearer and more definite ideas than months of reading.

"One day Benjamin Marshall took me to the Exchange, to the several banks and insurance offices and to every place which he thought would

illustrate to me the machinery of commerce. I went to the auction rooms and among the merchants, and examined the various patterns and by comparison of them all was enabled to see the general direction of the public taste and the magnitude of commerce. When I went through the warehouses, I wondered how such masses of merchandise could ever be disposed. When I went to the wharves and saw the innumerable vessels receiving their cargos from all parts of the world, I equally wondered how such masses of merchandise could ever be secured in the city.

Banquet for a Pioneer Manufacturer

"That night Bishop Bufum had been invited by Benjamin Marshall to dine. It was a most splendid dinner resplendent with silver and cut glass which were not as often met with in those days as now. The course commenced with turtle soup from Delmonicos who then kept what was called the Bank Coffee House. The next was boiled and broiled halibut with fried oysters and boiled lobster. Next came roast beef and mutton, then we had game of various kinds, Old English plum pudding followed, and then we had Gooseberry fool, strawberries and cream, almonds and raisins, oranges and pineapples. A different kind of wine was introduced with each course. Bishop Bufum was then 80 years old, but he did not flinch from any of the courses, doing his duty manfully by each. Indeed, everybody did his part bravely except Benjamin Marshall and Father. The former, could not on account of dyspepsia, Father would not because of religious scruples.

"Thee knows that Moses Brown and the Bishop were the pioneer manufacturers of New England. Moses Brown started the first spinning jenny that ever whirled in America, and the Bishop made velveteens with the first spring shuttle. He gave us a most interesting account of their early efforts to introduce manufacturing into this country. Benjamin Marshall also gave a very interesting account of the growth of manufacturers in New England and of his own early connection with them. It was a real treat to have sat at that dinner table and mingled so much creature comfort with so much of instruction.

"The next morning I went early to take the New Philadelphia from the foot of Barclay Street. I believe that she was the first boat that went through from New York to Albany by daylight and her interior arrangements were much more convenient than any before her. This trip enabled me to see the river from New York to West Point which I could not see on the down trip. Yonkers and Tarrytown were then insignificant little villages. The first place after leaving New York that passengers thought of looking at was Sing Sing and then their attention was directed to it more as being the seat of the States Prison than for anything else. Nothing was visible then of Tarrytown from the river but passengers sought to have it pointed out as the scene of the Legend of the Headless Horseman. We arrived in Hudson about 4 o'clock.

Ungential Associations in 1828

"The transition from the full steam of the rich and varied social life in which I had been moving in New York to the rude and uncouth association of the Hudson Print Works really sunk my spirits. Often as I stood pounding drugs or stirring solutions or filtering precipitates, I would think of the polished society and the cleanly occupations of New York and contrast them with my own dirty employment and ungenial associations.

"The following summer of 1828, the chief dyer decided to return to England to fetch his family and wanted me to learn his department of the business to take his place during the winter. Benjamin Marshall was well pleased with the arrangement and so I transferred myself from the chemical to the dyeing department. I began with the mechanical and laborious parts at which I worked for about six weeks. Then I took up the making of dyes and then the most difficult part, the tracing of the causes of failures to produce desired results.

"The fall of 1828 was the presidential election in which Adams and Jackson were the rival candidates for the presidency. Most of the lawyers went over to the Jackson side of the house and there was a great deficiency of the speakers on the side of the Adams party. I was, therefore, much urged to speak for Adams which I did and thus commenced my labors in the political field which have been continued to the present day. The election was most fiercely contested one and every element of political warfare was put into operation. We succeeded in electing our whole ticket in this county, but Adams was defeated in the nation.

"The state of Georgia was at this time enacting the most brutal laws against the Cherokees who settled within its limits and it was backed in these diabolical acts by the whole strength of the Jackson party. I had inherited Quaker regard for the interests of the underdog, and it was this that gave me the initial dislike to Jackson and his party which was afterwards strengthened by the resistance of that party to the protection of American labor and to the internal improvement of the country.

"The dyer left on the first of December and this was the signal for the commencement of a most dismal life for me. The very first day after his departure the engineer of the Dye House fell and injured himself and I was obliged to fill his place with a raw Irishman. This made it necessary for me to get up every morning at 4 a.m. as I could not trust him to get up steam alone. A few days after the next most important man fell sick, and a few days after another important man's father was taken sick and sent for him. Then another, seeing how I was tormented in filling their place, became saucy and disobedient - but he was mistaken that was I would stand for it, for I discharged him on the spot. I was thus obliged to hire new hands and compelled to keep an eye on every process. Thus my cares and labors from four in the morning till six in the evening were more

wearing and exhausting. In addition to all this, the weather was excessively severe involving a necessity for fighting the ice all the way out of the holes and corners of the manufacturing course which made things unpropitious for making good work. I cannot describe the misery of this winter.

"When the dyer returned with his family in the spring he was put in charge of the Bleach Works and was not able to relieve me, so I remained at my post. There was a great demand for goods that spring and the dye house frequently ran for weeks together till 10 o'clock at night, which to me was very exhausting. Finally in August of 1829 the Bleach House took fire and burned to the ground with the result that the dyer came back to his old job and Benjamin Marshall allowed me to go back to Newport on a visit.

John Stanton Gould Finds Himself

"When I returned to Hudson, Benjamin Marshall informed me that he wished me to superintend the building of a new Dye House and to run it after it was built. I accordingly went to work and drew the plans which he approved of and built the building as fast as I could. The building and equipping of the establishment occupied me till fall. At the close of the year, on footing up the accounts, it appeared that we had printed 3,200,000 yards of cloth.

"I had long been impressed with the difficulty which arose in the works from drinking. No care could prevent the spoiling of the work where the man was intoxicated. The success of reformation in other places induced me to hope that something might be done for our men who were throwing away their money at the grog shop, beating their wives and bringing up their children in ignorance and brutality. The majority of our people were as much heathens as those of the interior of Africa. I, therefore, made the attempt in May of 1830 to establish a society and I gave the first temperance address at its first meeting.

"I was somewhat fearful that the relinquishment of brandy and water would dispose me to the attack of Fever and Aque, but it did not. I thank God that He put it into my heart to undertake this work. Had I not done so, I am fearful I should have been a drunkard. It is true that I had not found a real taste for liquor, but I can see now, that the appetite for it was forming in me. For, if no liquor was served when I dined away from home, I missed it.

"In the summer of 1831, I attended my first wedding from the Society of Friends. It was attended by the first families of Hudson and the entertainment was very handsome. It had been arranged that I should go with the bride and groom and her sister Kate on the wedding trip. The next morning we took the carriage and started for New Lebanon where we stayed at the Navasius House which stood on the hill above Columbia Hall

and was afterwards destroyed by fire. We visited the Shakers and all the places of interest around New Lebanon. From Lebanon we visited Pittsfield and thence to Great Barrington and thence to Hudson where we arrived on the seventh day.

"Early the next winter, when there was much snow on the ground, I made my first trip to Albany. We stopped to dine at Kinderhook in the tavern which was just as nice inside as Dutch cleanliness could make it. We had fine roast turkey and broiled chicken for dinner with apple sauce and minced pies. We had a cold ride over the rest of the turnpike and on to the American Hotel in Albany about 4 p.m. This was my first visit to the ancient Dutch capital and I little thought that I should ever be there as much as I have since been. (He was elected to Assembly in 1847, defeated as State Senator in 1868). The next morning, we went down to the Eagle Tavern to see John W. Edmonds who was that year a delegate from Columbia County in the assembly and chairman of the Canal Committee. He introduced us to several of the distinguished men of the state, with most of whom I later became well acquainted. Here for the first time I saw Millard Fillmore who was just beginning his political career as an anti-mason. Of all the men, I did not admire Fillmore the most. He was keen, shrewd and good looking though coarsely dressed, and not distinguished for the elegance of his manners or bearing.

Marriage to Sarah Ashby: May 1835

"In the summer of 1832, John Stanton Gould became acquainted with Sarah Ashby whom he later married. "How different is social life now (1866) from what they were in 1832. When young people spent an evening together in those days what were called "graces" was the most popular and fashionable game. Cards were hardly known; croquet had not been introduced: it was either playing the "graces" or dancing. The game was a hoop about a foot in diameter covered with silk or worsted. Each of the two players had two sticks about 2-1/2 feet long, with which they tossed the hoop from one to another. If a gentleman tossed the hoop over the lady's head so that it fell round her neck, he had the privilege of kissing her which was the great point of the game. Then a wedding for very genteel people did not cost over fifty dollars, and an evening entertainment was very fine at \$25.00. In 1834 John Stanton Gould became engaged to Sarah Ashby and they were married in May of 1835.

"John Stanton Gould had expected to remain in the Print Business but his wife and her family persuaded him to take over the care of their farm and thus became a farmer. He managed the farm himself during the year 1835 and 1836, with considerable increase in income and then let it on shares. It was at this time that he became very active in the temperance reform and spoke in every pulpit in Columbia County with the exception of the Catholic and Episcopal.

"I also spoke a great deal in the political campaign. Having more leisure, I also devoted much time to study, especially Medicine, chemistry and General Physics. I was never a money making farmer nor do I think that I ever could make money out of it but I devoted a great deal of time to nice and accurate experiments in agriculture and laid the foundation there for that accurate acquaintance with the principles of agriculture which I hope is not immodest for me to claim is generally accorded to me by the farmers of the state.

"In the early part of 1836, Sarah Ashby Gould's health began to fail. Her disease seemed mainly lack of strength. In the early part of 1837, her daughter, Sarah, was born. The year 1837 was one of terrible commercial revolution. The banks suspended specie payments and debtors did not pretend to pay anything. I could not even buy a single glass of soda water when I went to town although upwards of \$800 was owed me from responsible men. We could only meet the case by living with the most rigid economy.

"My time was pretty well occupied in experiments in agriculture and writing for the agricultural press. My first article was a paper on plaster of paris (lime) as manure which I sent to the Albany Cultivator.

"I was not merely content with acquiring a practical knowledge of farming, but I studied with great care all the works in agricultural chemistry that I could get hold of, also works on Geology and in fact, all the collateral sciences. I especially studied Chantals work on Chemistry as applied to agriculture. I went over it again and again, and studied every point with the greatest care and attention. I cannot, in these days, spare half the time to any book that I gave to that. By August 1838, those who were owing me began to pay me; the first payment of any amount was forty dollars.

In 1839, Mary Gould was born. In that year, John Stanton Gould saw Martin van Buren for the first time. He came on a visit to Columbia County and spent several weeks in it. The election was coming on the year after and he was desirous of standing well in his home territory.

"I made a political speech at Canaan and there for the first time I saw ladies at a political meeting. The town was famous for the decorum with which its political operations were conducted; no jokes were tolerated from the speakers. They liked my speech so well that they sent for me at almost every subsequent election."

The year 1840 was famous in the political world as the Hard Cider campaign. General Harrison was the Whig candidate and Martin van Buren, the Democratic candidate. General Harrison, when first nominated, was stigmatized by the Democrats as a rough, unpolished boor who lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider. His friends turned this charge against their

foes and gloried in the fact, charging their opponents with aristocracy. "I took no part in the campaign and gloried that Van Buren was overthrown." At mass meetings, enormous log cabins were mounted on wheels and drawn by oxen and there was the wildest enthusiasm.

Sarah Ashby died in 1844.

John Stanton Gould became a member of the State Agricultural Society in February, 1842. At a dinner in Albany in 1845, he took a prominent part. Governor Seward was present and spoke for universal suffrage.

"In the year 1836, the Columbia County Mutual Insurance Company was established. I was appointed its surveyor for Stockport and the adjoining towns. I took a good many policies and made as many dollars as I issued policies. I mention this as it was almost the only source of outside income that I have ever had.

A great many sick people came to me, especially those with diseased eyes which I was very successful in curing. I suppose that much of this medical practice came to me because I never received any remuneration for it. In fact I gave them medicine as well as advice and it was very annoying to have perfect strangers coming in at all times detailing their grievances."

Cornell University

At this point, John Stanton Gould's memoirs end abruptly at the beginning of the most interesting period of his life.

His political career began when he was elected on the Whig ticket, to the New York State Assembly in 1847. He ran for the state Senate in 1858 but lost. He was, however, a senatorial delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1868. At this time he became a friend of Horace Greeley whom he supported in the Liberal movement in 1872.

It was during the 1860's, in the New York State Legislature, that he became associated with Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White in their efforts to found Cornell University. Both he and Ezra Cornell had served as president of the State Agriculture Society and had known each other in that connection. It was because of these associations that he was asked to be one of the first trustees of Cornell and also its first professor of Agriculture. Romeyn Berry describes the experience of his Mother and Grandfather during the beginnings of Cornell in "Behind the Ivy".

"When Cornell was officially opened in the fall of 1868, Morrill Hall and White Hall were still unfinished. Some of the students' rooms did not have their doors put on until midwinter. But Cascadilla Place was a going concern from the start, prepared to handle all the starry-eyed students,

all the professors, that could get to Ithaca by rail or steamboat, by stagecoach or canal packet.

"The three upper stories contained apartments for professors and their families and many rooms for students. The first of the "Campus Tigers" were born and brought up there in which must have been the utmost squalor, for, apart from water taps in the chilly halls, the sanitary arrangements were all out of doors on the other side of the road. The place then echoed all day, and a good part of the night, to the cries of complaining babies, the ribald shouts of whiskered students, and the brilliant conversations of Goldwin Smith, Louis Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor and John Stanton Gould.

"When we were a little boy we vastly preferred stories of goings on in Cascadilla Place to "Jack, the Giant Killer". Mother had lived there with Grandfather through three of the early years and liked to tell about it. All the inmates had a good time, and Mother must have had a swell time. Every few weeks, in the larger lecture room, they'd have private theatricals promoted by Teefy Crane, who, Mother said, was an amateur actor of uncommon talent. Teefy always played the lead and Mother frequently played opposite him.

"But the chief entertainment was supplied by the lectures which came along almost every night, downtown in the auditorium of the public library at the corner of Tioga and Seneca. All Ithaca turned out in its best clothes, the lumber, canal boat and the telegraph noblesse sitting cheek by jowl with the Rhiners in a common baptism of breath-taking culture to hear Goldwin Smith, James Russell Lowell, and a score more of equal prestige, whose presence here made the astonishing new University at Ithaca front page news across the continent.

"For the insiders, however, the best part of the show came -- according to Mother -- afterwards when all climbed back up East Hill to hear Grandfather (John Stanton Gould) repeat the lecture they had just heard for the benefit of President White who was confined to his bed a good part of the time in those early winters.

"Grandfather was a much older man than most of the young sprigs who then composed the resident Faculty. Moreover, John Stanton Gould was a Quaker possessed of a dignity that sometimes approached austerity. That, together with his customary use of the plain language (but not in his lectures), made folks stand in considerable awe of him. Nevertheless, Grandfather was peculiarly gifted as a mimic and had a fine sense of comedy. His astonishing memory permitted him to give the substance of a lecture, and also repeat long passages from it word for word. Not only that, but he was the lecturer, imitating every tone, gesture, and mannerism with singular fidelity and with but the faintest suggestion of burlesque.

"I recently came upon Grandmother Gould's diary for 1870 wherein she jotted down the high points of her journey to Ithaca and her stay with Mrs. Ezra Cornell in the house where the Savings Bank now stands at the corner of Seneca and Tioga. Her diary indicates that the visit to Ithaca involved a long hard journey from Hudson, N. Y. She had to take the cars to Albany and spend the night there in order to catch the early train for Binghamton on the Delaware and Hudson. From Binghamton, she followed the familiar route through Owego, Candor, Willseyville and Caroline Depot to the Second Switch.

"But why did she go that way? Grandfather, who made the same journey frequently always rode the New York Central to Cayuga Bridge, and from there took the steamboat to Ithaca: a spectacular entrance into the hills that always filled him with delight. That puzzled us until the significance of the date dawned on us. Grandfather's journeys were made in September and May. Grandmother came in March which was no time for boating on Cayuga! It was a particularly rough month in 1870: Miss Mary Cornell drove Grandmother up the Hill on March twenty-first in a cutter.

March 22, 1870 -- The bell sounds. The hour closes. I'm glad I have heard Goldwin Smith and the Chimes ring out as we go to dine at Professor Russell's. Had a nice dinner; a good cup of coffee. Made a call in the afternoon on Mrs. White. Mr. and Mrs. Titus called on us in the evening at Mrs. Cornell's.

March 24 -- Left Ithaca today. Had a fine view as we zigzagged up the hill. A lovely spot, but the evaporations from the lake made the skies "leadens," as Goldwin Smith says."

Here we complete our excerpts from "Behind the Ivy".

Scientific Truths to Practical Ends

As a humanitarian, John Stanton Gould helped organize the New York State Prison Association and was its first vice president. He was for four years superintendent of the Public Schools in Hudson.

It was probably in the field of scientific farming that he made his most scientific contributions. He was the first professor of agriculture and mechanical arts at Cornell and was for many years president of the New York State Agricultural Society. A book entitled SOIL, CLIMATE AND AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES IN COLUMBIA COUNTY was published after his death in Hudson by F. H. Wells. George T. Powell says in the introductions:

"It is almost needless to speak of the author of this work. He is too well known and too intimately connected with the agricultural interests of Columbia County, not only, but of the state to need a formal introduction. His knowledge of plants, climatic influence, the soil and its resources are very extensive and very minute, and the information he has embodied in these pages are evidently the result of close observation and careful study.

"Upon the careful observance of certain existing laws depends largely the success or failure of the agriculturist and perhaps no pen has contributed more accurate knowledge and practical information concerning these laws and their application to intelligent farming than the author of this treatise.

"The chief cause of the deterioration of the home soil is the unwise system of sending a large proportion of our products to market without returning a proper equivalent to the soil -- a policy which has everywhere proved ruinous to farming lands...."

In publishing the story of his death on August 8, 1874, the Elmira Gazette says: "Mr. Gould was an educated man in the double sense. He had the advantage of a liberal education and to this acquirement he added the fuller education which comes of constant study and untiring devotion to applying scientific truth to practical ends.

Hannah Wright

John Stanton Gould's second wife was Hannah Wright. They were married on September 10, 1849 and it was their eldest daughter Elizabeth who was the mother of Romeyn and Harriet Berry.

Mrs. Donald Abbott, daughter of Rebecca Gould (Elizabeth's sister) has given us the following wonderful information about the Wrights:

The parents of Hannah Wright, Thomas Wright and Sarah Atterbury, had the same great grandparents: Robert and Pasha Bakewell. Robert Bakewell was born in England in 1675 and we know that his father, John Bakewell, was born in 1638 and died in 1716.

Robert and Pasha, the great grandparents, had five children. Thomas Wright's grandfather was Thomas (born 1721) and Sarah Atterbury's grandfather was Joseph (1716-1770). A second cousin of both Thomas Wright and Sarah Atterbury was Lucy Bakewell who married John James Audubon. She was descended from Robert, brother of Hannah Wright's two great grandfathers, Thomas and Joseph Bakewell.

Hannah Wright's paternal grandparents were William and Eleanor Wright (born 1756). Her maternal grandparents were Job Atterbury (born 1758) and Sarah Bakewell (1759-1841). They were married in 1778.

The following is quoted directly from Mrs. Abbott's letters: "I am enclosing a Bakewell tree (explained above) and I am giving you as many dates as I have in my records.

"Thomas Wright made several trips to America (to sell muslin and other white goods to be used for calico). He finally came in 1811 and evidently decided to settle here. He was a great traveller and interested in all he saw.

"He had English friends (Quakers by the name of Marriott) who had

settled in Hudson and so he took a Hudson River boat there to visit them in 1811. The boat went at the "incredible speed of six to eight miles and hour". From Hudson he took stage coaches across New York State with the object of seeing the great Niagara Falls. The last lap of the trip was made on horseback as no stages went anywhere near it. All this is in his journal that Aunt Hild has - I am merely quoting from memory."

He went back to England after that for a visit. The following are excerpts from the brief diary which he made of his trip in 1812:

THOMAS WRIGHT'S VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1812

January 1, 1812 - Landed in Liverpool at George's Dock from Ship Orbit in thirty-one days from New York.

January 7 - Went to see a Print Factory, also to see velvet cut. In evening, went to see a large cotton mill lighted by gas.

February 18 - The Prince of Wales comes into full power as Regent on this day. (George III was insane).

March 11 - Coventry. At the Castle Inn, saw in the London paper that an adjustment with American was likely to take place soon.

March 12 - Arrived at the huge metropolis at 9 a.m.

March 13 - In the evening was admitted into the Gallery of the House of Commons. On a division taking place, there was six for the motion to do away with flogging in the army and 79 against it.

March 17 - Breakfast in Cheapside at Kinders with Henry Thornton MP. Endeavored to convince him that the interests of U.S. of America were not inimical to the true interests of Great Britain.

May 4 - The King's birthday - but no ringing of bells as formerly, the king being insane.

June 24 - At Sheffield's heard of the rejection of the Orders in Council. Thousands awaiting the arrival of the Mail.

June 29 - Reached Manchester at half past ten o'clock. Saw Sadlie ascent in a Balloon. Supposed more than 50,000 people collected to witness the sight. In less than 10 minutes, the Balloon was out of sight.

July 12 - Sailed the First Day and after a passage of 46 days, landed in New York.

The following is a continuation of Dorothy Abbott's letter about Hannah Wright Gould's forebears.

The Wright's and the Atterbury's

"Thomas Wright married his second cousin, Eleanor Bakewell, on July 27, 1815. Hannah Wright who was born on June 24, 1819 was their eldest child. At that time they lived on Pearl Street, New York City. When Hannah Wright was quite small, her father decided he had enough money to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life, so he gave up the importing business and went to Hudson where he bought a farm at Clavarack. I suppose it was on the Union Turnpike but grandmother always called it Clavarack. I went there once with Aunt Anne. It was called Duffield Bank after the Bakewell home in England. The house had burned but the location was lovely with a view of the Catskills and a little brook nearby.

"Thomas and Eleanor had three other children, born in Duffield Bank: Annie, Elizabeth and William. Hannah went when she was about ten to stay and to go to school with the Wright's dear friends -- Tabitha Turnpenny and her husband who lived in Philadelphia. She went down to New York via the Hudson River boat - then went by stage coach from New York to Philadelphia. She told me herself that she would never forget how horsey those stagecoaches smelled!

"Now to give a bit about the Atterbury's. Sarah Bakewell married Job Atterbury and he evidently did not amount to much. Hannah Wright Gould always called him "Job Enough Said". I have an Atterbury genealogy - sponsored by Sarah Atterbury McGinley. Her husband was a partner of Mr. Westinghouse. They were very rich so she spent a great deal of money to try to find out who Job's parents were. They knew that some members of the family were very fine. Job was supposed to be a close relative of Bishop Francis Atterbury. The Bishop had a son and grandson named Lewis. So Lewis Atterbury (brother of Hannah Wright Gould's mother, Sarah) may have been a connection.

"Sarah and Job came to America with their first three children. They had seven more born here. Lewis their oldest was born in 1789. "Aunt" Atterbury Elizabeth was born in 1783. Sarah who was born in 1781 died in 1847. Their last child, Robert, was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey. From then on Job disappeared. He was not present at the marriage of Sarah Atterbury to Thomas Wright. I have the Friend's Certificate of their marriage, so know he was not there! Until I dug into the Atterbury line, we did not know much about them. Mother had never heard Hannah Wright Gould speak of any but "Uncle Lewis" and "Aunt" Atterbury. The Atterbury's came from Castle Donington, Great Houghton."

"Hannah Wright was the second wife of John Stanton Gould. They were married on September 10, 1849. Hannah Gould's own diaries are a revelation of her remarkable personality. Lizzie's Journal (Romeyn and Harriet's mother) begins on September 11, 1851:

Lizzie's Journal

"On 11 of September, 1851 at 8 o'clock in the morning little Lizzie was born. I was sadly disappointed that this really pretty baby was not a boy - little Stephen had figured in all my dreams. But here with its eyes wide open, sucking her little fist ere she was dressed lay a little girl,

"John came in to see me frequently and remembered how kindly he listened to my first disappointment and bade me remember that "a babe in the house was a well spring of gladness irrespective of sex". But I was very cross and began in the iniquity of my heart to think that there was no oneness in our feeling on this occasion - that poor little Lizzie was not his first born - that first fresh joy he shared with another long ago. That great girl of 14 who people say is so like her mother peeped into my room stirring afresh the waters of resentment.

"While I was in one of these moods, I uttered some murmurings about being his second wife to John. He kissed me most tenderly and said there was no such glory in being the first wife. That a man had two sets of teeth, the first was useful and valuable but the second was no less so. But the second was no less servicable and precious to the ripper man.

"I was exceedingly gratified with my husband's most happy comparison of the teeth. I thought it was better to be the second set and gratify the greater want of the elder being. I could kiss my little Lizzie and believe that she had no second place in her father's heart.

"November 7, 1851 A beautiful day. We had an early dinner and took Lizzie in town to have her daguerrotype taken to send to Grandmother Gould.

"November 25, 1851 Dr. Cook called this morning while John was at Meeting to vaccinate Lizzie. I was very glad to see him for the small-pox is much about around Ghent and elsewhere.

"March 17, 1852 St. Patrick's Day and was in the kitchen. Winny and English John fighting about the Queen of England and the Pope of Rome.

"July 13, 1852 John left here this morning for Niagara. Cese drove us to the depot.

"December 31, 1852 The last day of 1852. Sarah Bennett came over early this morning, very queer, to have her will written by John - she remembered that when Peg Houghtoling was hung, her relatives fought in jail over cast off garments. So she meant to take warning and let there be no such trouble over hers. So I fixed up the library and let them settle it to Sarah's hearts' content.

"March 16, 1853 This baby was born today. Now I hope to be able to continue this journal, including the joint babyhood of Lizzie and Annie Gould.

"One day, week before last, Lizzie made her first visit to Wynkoop's Book Store -- her father's favorite resort. I bought "David Copperfield" that day.

"December 20, 1853 A very long break in Lizzie's Journal -- but really a woman with two babies on her hands and only one little Irish maid has no leisure for scribbling.

1855

"A sad, long blank in Lizzie's Journal and now it is the 18th day of the New Year, 1855. Yesterday, Father went to Hudson with a load of furniture for the new house. Yesterday, he put out the fire in the Library forever and it looks as absolute as a wilderness today -- the empty shelves, the cold room -- so much of the familiar and comfortable missing. Lizzie is highly delighted with the notion of going to live in "Hutty".

"February 3, 1858 Can it be that there has not been an entry of dear little Rebecca's birthday? Let the Bible leaf tell the hour and day when she entered on the probation scene. Here I would only picture her as she appears tonight - 2 years - 4 months - hair all curling in little ringlets around her head - cheeks couleur de Rose. The three are asleep in our old home now - 47 Warren Street.

"April 17, 1860 Aunt Elizabeth invited Annie and Rebecca this day with her if fine. There was some fuss over the dressing, particularly over Annie's Hoops - her old Hoopskirt set so awry that I told her she could not wear it. So she set to crying and I had to lend her Lizzie's best set of Hoops.

"So Miss Annie was dressed in a pretty little brown Alpaca dress which was Aunt Atterbury's little plain dress. Little Beck wore her brown Marino dress - little new coat. Very nicely they looked in their Beaver flatts. Sarah walked with them to see that they walked in the sunshine. There was a little fighting first over the green and brown veils. The day was beautiful but poor little Lizzie stayed in all day. Measles not out yet.

"April 30, 1860 A beautiful bright day, the children I concluded to take the cars (train) to Jeremiah Brownings. Becky was delighted with the cars, tho' she said they made her "dizzie".

"April 19, 1861 Today is the 86th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and Concord. Today we are in for a Civil War; a struggle for our freedom from southern tyranny. And as these days will be History, interesting to generations yet unborn as those of 1775 are to us now - so I intend to note every day how we, of the struggle of 1861, are faring.

"The 7th Regiment, the flower of New York manhood left New York today to protect Washington. Today it is confirmed that Virginia has seceded and the report was that the rebels had Harpers Ferry. This does

not prove true. The story now is that our government has taken the arms to Washington and burnt the arsenal. Dr. Leavett has been in tonight -- his suspicions are enough to revive a dozen poorer causes. Providence has brought about a wonderful union of all parties in universal Love for the dear old "Stars and Stripes" -- so shamefully insulted at Sumter.

"Today the little Flags are in the horsesheads. Annie has one in ours all afternoon. The Union feeling is delightful. May we be thankful the heart of the American people beats true -- the foreign element and all.

"April 23, 1861 The Evening Post of tonight says Jefferson Davis is at the head of the Confederate army which is within 24 hours march of Washington. Then we heard that the Baltimore Plug Uglies pulled up Rails and prevented any troops going into Washington.

"July 5, 1861 On this day we had Honest Abe's honest message -- we have all been sadly afraid that he would want to compromise as too many of our northern Democrats do. But to my joy he says nothing of the sort. Today, tidings from Washington say General Scott intends to head the Northern Army in person - the Dear old man.

"January 4, 1862 Very cold today - only 2 meals a day."

The following appreciation of Hannah Wright Gould by Romeyn Berry first appeared in the American Agriculturist. It was later reprinted in Readers Digest.

Grandmother's Legacy

"When Grandmother died twenty-five years ago she was ninety-three. She weighed just about that, too. She left the old house, thirty-odd descendants including great-grandchildren, and some securities.

Most of the descendants came on for the funeral, and afterwards we sat on the back porch overlooking her garden and talked about Grandmother. There were tears, of course, but there was a certain amount of subdued laughter, too, for Grandmother had been a peppery old lady given to ruling her household with a firm hand and taking no advice, suggestions, or backtalk from anybody just because she was little and past ninety. It was July then, and the hollyhocks were in bloom in grandmother's garden. The affectionate reminiscences kept on well into the summer night. The next day everyone went home, and a good many of the relatives who were there that night haven't seen each other since.

Uncle Ben (Annie Gould's husband, Benoni Johnson) was executor of the estate, and eventually settled things up according to law; but my mother lived in the old house for quite a while, straightening the place up and seeing to it (in a certain splendid disregard for the executor, the terms of the will, and the surrogate) that everybody got some legacy from Grandmother - friends, neighbors, in-laws and collaterals. Mother was a pretty dynamic person herself, and always did what she thought was right

according to her inward light. She stood in no awe of the surrogate, who as a small boy, had been a member of her Sunday School class, which put him at a terrible disadvantage in dealing with her in later life.

That night on the back porch looking down on the hollyhocks, everyone had pretty much agreed that the thing we'd always most closely associated with Grandmother was her garden, and Mother remembered that when she got to settling the estate in her own way.

In the spring Grandmother always had grandiose ideas about the garden, and started off in a typhoon of agricultural enthusiasm which always blew itself out to a dead calm as the weather got hot and other things came up to divert her interest. That kind of a gardener runs eventually to hollyhocks mostly, are tough, independent organisms, thriving most luxuriantly under contempt and neglect. And Grandmother loved the hollyhocks best of all the flowers. She was secretly grateful to them, I think, because they so successfully covered up the evidence of her annual backsliding -- spreading out, blooming gaily and concealing the other plants she should have cultivated and watered but which she forgot about in her conflicting interests and enthusiasms.

The estate was not a large one as such things go, but thanks to Mother's superior attitude toward the surrogate, every descendant and collateral to the remote degree got some sort of keepsake to remember Grandmother by. And on top of everything else, Mother saw to it that on the first Christmas following every relative received a generous packet of hollyhock seeds from Grandmother's garden, intended to keep up the chain of affectionate association with the old home after it was sold, as it had to be.

The plan worked to the permanent enrichment of many generations and the enjoyment of unrelated passers-by in many far-flung communities.

I planted my hollyhocks that May down in Jersey two hundred miles away from Grandmother's garden. They came up splendidly and the second year they bloomed, and our branch of the family has never suffered from a hollyhock shortage in any subsequent scene or season. The hollyhocks we have right now at Stoneposts are all direct descendants of that original stock, and we've had them in four different places in the intervening years. Other cousins did the same thing with their seeds and with comparable results, so that now Grandmother's hollyhocks have spread to many parts of the country as a symbol of kinship and of a common starting place among relatives who scarcely ever see each other nowadays.

Later on, too, when it became necessary to take snapshots of new babies to send to the cousins and the aunts it became the family custom to take those pictures against a background of Grandmother's hollyhocks as a sort of trademark. In that way we all got occasional reports on the hollyhocks as well as the new babies, and both seemed to be thriving equally well in Maryland and Michigan, in Pennsylvania and Nebraska.

Grandmother left some securities also -- railroad bonds and bank stocks mostly, I believe -- but those, of course, were divided among the first generation of her descendants and I didn't know of that part or hear it talked about. In our family securities have always been regarded as a pretty serious matter not to be mentioned. We're much more apt to discuss gardens.

But 25 years have gone since Grandmother died, and that quarter of a century has seen a couple of wars and depressions - events that have a tendency to do unpleasant things to stocks and bonds. While I don't really know, I can imagine that some of those securities have dwindled away in some quarters without anyone knowing just how and without anyone being at fault. It's a quaint paradox that the part of the estate administered so skillfully by Uncle Ben and the surrogate did not do uniformly well once it passed beyond their control, but the part that Mother handled in her lawless manner has multiplied and thriven like the flocks of Jacob, and the hollyhock legacy now seems destined in the course of time to make the summer gay the whole world over.

That's just the way, I think, Grandmother would have liked to have her estate work out. World Wars and depressions and drastic social changes would have worried her of course, but in some way of her own she would have risen superior to her immediate situation, having convinced herself of the basic changelessness of the eternal verities through her observations of the unvarying cycle of the seasons. She would have disliked to see any of her legacies fade away, but between the two, she would have preferred to see the stocks and bonds dwindle and the hollyhocks periodically declare extra dividends in her memory across the land.

Probably, too, after ninety one gets a more serene attitude toward relative values and know that checks and coupons do not long sustain visions of old days. It takes the hollyhocks to bring back annually the picture of a little old lady puttering away in her garden and unknowingly creating the only kind of estate that can survive the vagaries of change.

SPARE MOMENTS

A HOME JOURNAL OF ROMANCE, ART, LITERATURE & INFORMATION

Vol. 8, No. 10

ALLENTOWN, Pa., SEPTEMBER, 1914.

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AT ALLENTOWN, PA., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

The Story of Anneke Jans and Her Farm

Does Trinity Church own it or does it belong to her Descendants?

IN the year 1630, when Pieter Minuit was Governor or Director-General of New Netherlands, under "the Right Honorable Prudent Lords, the Lords Directors of the Honorable West India Company, of the United Provinces of the Netherlands," there landed at New Amsterdam a sturdy Dutchman named Roeloff Jansen. He had been a man of some position and even of official standing in his native town of Maastrand.

The spirit of adventure, however, was abroad. Emigrants of high and low degree were leaving old homes for new fields of enterprise and industry. Bold discoverers were revealing new wonders of the sea and land, and bringing to light the hidden mysteries of the geographical world. New maps were planned; new enterprises stimulated the curious or the ardent.

Hardy mariners were bringing into the Zuyder Zee the spoils of captured galleons, the golden fruits of Mexico and Peru, and adding new domain to the now independent and triumphant United Provinces of the Netherlands. Others cheerily sailed away, sanguine to discover a new passage to China by the northern seas. The household gods were being disturbed from their old nooks. The rich plantations of America, the golden Ind, and the balmy tropical isles were beckoning to the old European to come and rescue them from barbarian hordes. El Dorados and fountains of youth and spice islands and Golcondas glittered through many a dream and stirred many a restless spirit. Colonists were flocking over the Eastern and Western worlds from the crowded European cities, some for spiritual, some for political freedom, most of them for commerce and gain.

Roeloff Jansen caught the spirit of unrest. He had a strong young wife, willing to brave the seas, and a little family, and there was a future to make for them; so they bade farewell to the fatherland and sailed for the Dutchman's new field of adventure and fortune, "Nieuw Nederland."

Jansen procured a position as one of the superintendents at Rensselaerswyck, on the Hudson, the great territory granted as a patroonship to Kilian van Rensselaer, the rich diamond polisher of Amsterdam.

Jansen's name was perpetuated there in that of the kill or creek called "Roeloff Jansen's Kill," which runs into the Hudson River between Red Hook and the present city of Hudson.

After a sojourn of a few years, filling the duties of his post under the patroon's agents at Rensselaerswyck, Jansen seems to have moved with his family to New Amsterdam, having obtained from Director Van Twiller, in 1636, a ground brief or patent for the farm or *Bouvery* of about sixty-two acres which has been for nearly two hundred years a prominent bone of contention.

Roeloff Jansen did not long enjoy his new possessions; he was called to another world about the year 1637 or 1638, leaving behind him five sturdy little children, and a buxom, attractive widow, then and now widely known as Mrs. Annetje or Anneke Jans.

The little colony, where there was a comparative scarcity of the fair sex, could not well afford to let any of its members remain idle. A female, too, in those bustling and dangerous days required protection; besides that, the widow was of a lively and coquettish disposition, and fair to look upon. She

required sympathy in those stirring times, when the red man used to make eccentric and sudden visits to the settlement, and no man's life was safe, and no man's property secure.

These inducements, and the gentle pleadings of Hymen, in the person of Domine Everardus Bogardus, soon caused the widow to dry her tears, and within a year of her bereavement could boast of being the wife of one of the most prominent and remarkable characters in the early history of New York City.

The widow, however, was of a prudent turn of mind, and before her marriage to her new husband she took

care to make a proper settlement of her estate. Her marriage settlement is still among our archives. By it she settled 1000 guilders upon her children by the first marriage out of their father's estate. The settlement thus concludes: "She, Anna Jans and E. Bogardus also promise to bring up the children, with the help of God, decently, provide them necessary clothing and food, keep them at school, let them learn reading, writing and a good trade." The contract is witnessed by Director Kieft, Councillor De la Montague, and Cornelius van Tienhoven, the most distinguished men of the colony.

Domine Everardus Bogardus, the sec-

ond husband of Mrs. Anneke Jans, came over from Holland in the year 1633, with Wouter van Twiller, who succeeded Pieter Minuit as Director-General of the little Dutch colony. He was the second established clergyman in the settlement, and was a man of education and intellect, as well as one of a very determined and independent character. His position was an important and distinguished one. He held his trust directly from the directors of the Company in Holland; and when he differed from the local government matters either of a moral or political nature, he did not hesitate to assert his opinions and enforce his views openly and vigorously.

The primitive church building where he first exercised his functions was a plain, half-like structure on the river-side, situated on what is now known as Pearl Street, between Whitehall and Broad Streets. There he enforced the Reformed Theological views promulgated at the Synod of Dort, until, on account of the edifice being exposed to the attacks of the Indians, it was deemed prudent that a more commodious structure should be erected in the Fort, which was located just south of the present Bowling Green. Within the inclosure of the Fort, therefore, the new building was constructed in the year 1642. It was built of stone, about seventy-two feet long, by fifty-two feet in breadth, and was erected under contract with John and Richard Ogden, of Stamford, Connecticut.

Director Kieft, lacking money for the purpose of building the church, thought him of an expedient to have subscriptions taken for the same by taking advantage of the conditions of the guests at a certain wedding festival given by Domine Bogardus in honor of the marriage of his wife's daughter Sara.

A chronicle of the time thus naively gives us the story of the subscription:

"The Director thought this a good time for his purpose, and set to work after the fourth or fifth drink; and he himself setting a liberal example, let the wedding guests sign whatever they were disposed to give toward the church. Each then with a light head subscribed away at a handsome rate, one competing with the other; and although some heartily repented it when their senses came back, they were obliged to him pay; nothing could avail against it."

Although the Domine was a man of intellect, and delivered good sermons, as the chronicles of the day attest, and filled many positions of trust and responsibility for his fellow-townsmen, like all Dutchmen of the day was not averse to good fellowship and good cheer, as we can imagine from the above occurrence at this marriage of Miss Sara Roeloff's.

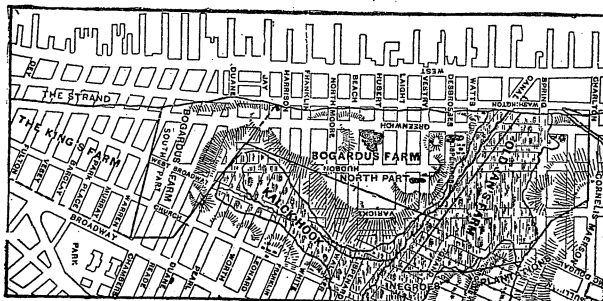
We read also of other incidents illustrating the jovial feature in his character. When Cornelius van Vorst, who came out as Michael Pau, the Patroon of Pavonia's Intendant, and settled at Ahasimus in a new frame house thatched with cattails, the dignitaries of church and state came over from New Amsterdam to pay him a visit. There was the Director Wouter van Twiller, who, we are told, was fond of good wines, Domine Bogardus and Captain De Vries, the bold navigator, who relates the incident.

Van Vorst, it is said, served up a lot of good Bordeaux wines that he had brought over with him to entertain his distinguished guests, who warning up

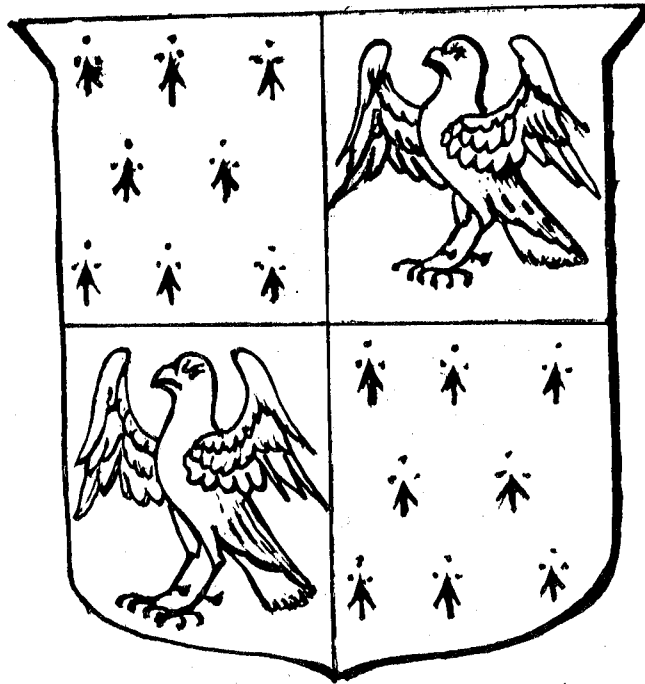


ANNEKE JANS BOGARDUS

The above portrait is a photograph of an original oil painting executed during her life time now in possession of one of her descendants.



Map showing the original Bogardus Farm



Arms.—Quarterly, erm. and az. in the second and third quarters
a falcon, rising, or.

GEOFFRY BERRY.—Ann, da. of Ralph
Wilcocks.

John "

Edw *John (capt) Hancock etc*
| A 6 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 |

CRYSTAL WEDDING.

Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Berry,

AT HOME,

Tuesday Evening, December 18th, 1866

SURPRISE.

195 JERSEY AVENUE.

CITY

A CRYSTAL WEDDING AND PLEASANT SURPRISE.—The Rev. J. Romeyn Berry, Pastor of the Third R. D. Church, and his estimable wife, having on Tuesday an engagement to dine with a relative in the country, were surprised to find on their return that a number of ladies and gentlemen had in their absence taken possession of the parsonage, and transferred the parlor mirror and curtains to the study, and replaced them by a set of magnificent curtains and a splendid mirror reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Busy hands were also employed in other parts of the house, preparing an elegant collation, and adorning the tables with a fine "crystal" bible, a massive "crystal" wedding cake, besides other articles, commemorative of a most happy event which took place about fifteen years ago. The admirable ladies who had so considerably planned this agreeable surprise for their beloved pastor and his wife, had kept their secret so well that the first intimation which Mr. and Mrs. Berry had of the affair was on their return from the country in the evening. About seven o'clock numerous invited guests began to arrive, and in a short time, almost every room was filled with ladies and gentlemen, eager to manifest their love and esteem for their devoted pastor and his family.

It was pleasant to notice that the company included members of other Reformed Dutch Churches, and also of other denominations. Everything passed off very delightfully. Music, conversation, and various enlivening exercises, occupied the time till supper, after which the company generally dispersed, leaving, we doubt not, a happy family in the parsonage, and also filling many hearts with joyful emotions, arising from the consciousness that they had given another evidence of their appreciation of faithful pastoral labor, and of their desire to contribute to the comfort of those who are so deservedly endeared to them.

The Committee of Arrangements, the Master of Ceremonies, and, in fact, all who assisted in the celebration of this "Crystal Wedding," must be congratulated on the perfect success which attended their efforts.

Installation at Rhinebeck, N. Y.

THE Classis of Poughkeepsie met in the Reformed Church of Rhinebeck on Wednesday, Dec. 21st, and installed the Rev. J. Romeyn Berry, D.D., as pastor.

The services were much above the average of ordinary installation occasions. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. A. Collier, of Kinderhook, from the text, 2 Cor. 5: 20, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ." It was an able and delightful sermon, full of excellent thought admirably expressed.

The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. Dr. A. P. Van Gieson, and was based on Col. 1: 28. It was a fine practical exposition and application of that verse. Its delivery was impressive and its spirit very tender and attractive.

The charge to the congregation was delivered by Rev. Mr. Lyall, of Millbrook. It was based on 1 Thess. 5: 12, 13. It was a very clear and forcible presentation of the duties of a congregation to a pastor, as suggested by that passage. The form for installation was read by Rev. Dr. Fritts.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, of the M. E. Church of Rhinebeck, and Rev. Mr. Whetstone, of the Lutheran Church, took part in the devotional services.

The church at Rhinebeck may well rejoice in securing so soon an acceptable and efficient pastor, and the denomination heartily welcomes back into its bounds a son of the Church so well beloved and esteemed as Dr. Berry.

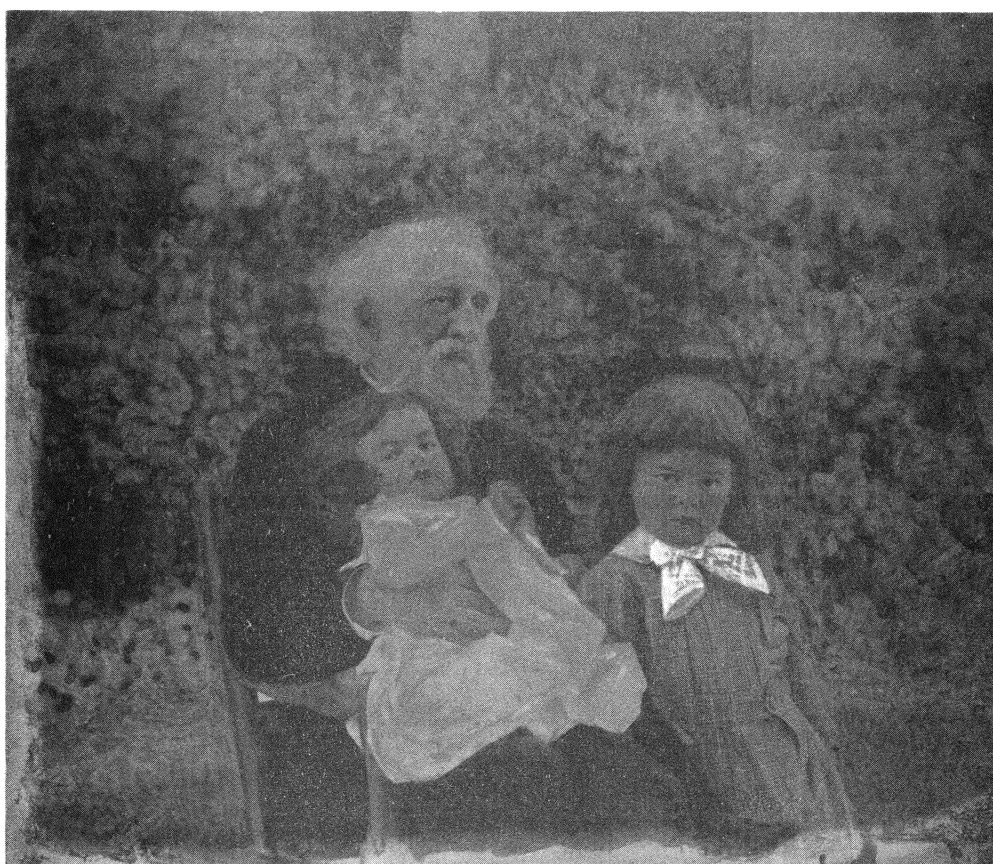
DIED, on 3d inst., at Paterson, N. J., Mrs. CHARLOTTE WILTSIE, wife of Rev. William R. Bogardus, aged 72 years.

In all the relations which Mrs. Bogardus sustained, she was known as a faithful, earnest Christian. As the wife of a pastor, for forty years she filled an important place in the prosperity of the churches over which her husband was placed. To him she was a counselor of rare value, even in that relation. In the people to whom he preached, she was intensely interested. Her quiet, unobtrusive manner made her kindness no less strong, whilst the Christian spirit which ever guided her made her truly a blessing.

During long years of wasting illness, she continued to adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour. Her uninterrupted peace in believing made her chamber appear as the house of God to all who approached it. Unlikely as it seems, yet she was always confident in the grace of her Lord.

Her representation of herself was that of "waiting for the Lord." She mourned not his absence; but he has come more closely, and is more clearly seen. "So shall she be ever present with the Lord." P. Z.

HARRIET AND ROMEYN

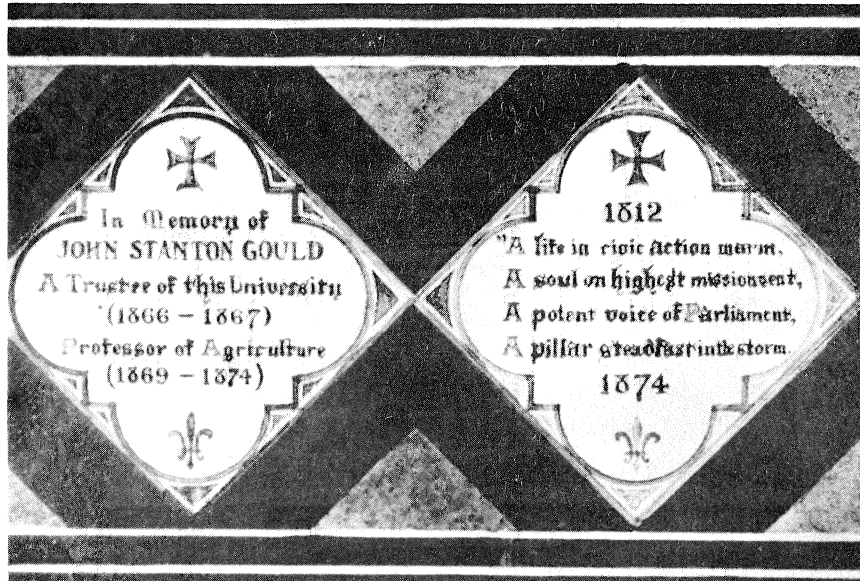


The father of Harriet and Romeyn was William Bogardus Berry, born on March 22, 1852 in Syracuse where his father was minister of the Dutch Reformed Church. The second of four children (Charlotte (1851), J. Romeyn Berry, Jr. (1856) and Mary (1859), he faced responsibilities early with the death of his mother in 1869. Harriet remembers that he was dark, slender and straight - about five feet, ten inches tall. Highly educated for the standards of his day, he won a Phi Beta Kappa key at Rutgers and later the degrees of MA and MD.

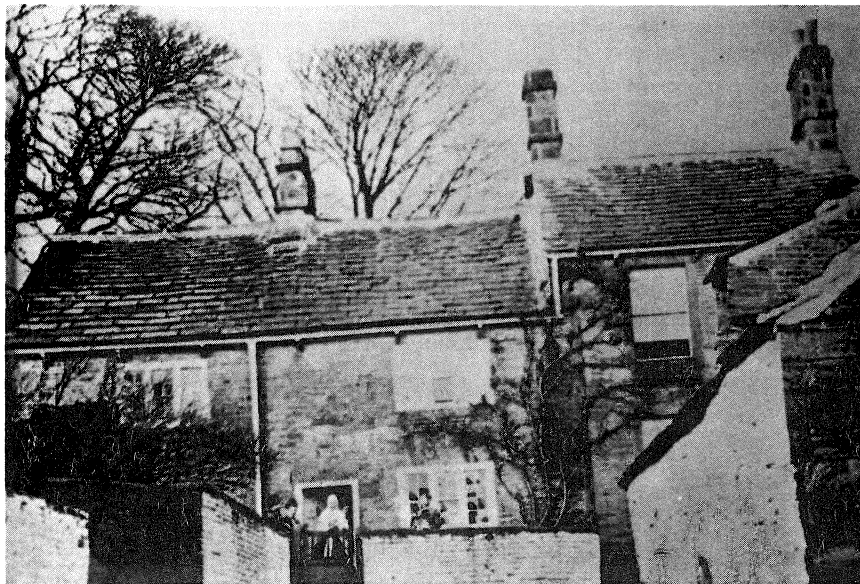
It was in the year 1872 that the handsome and promising Dr. Berry visited his stepmother's cousins, the Esselstyns in Hudson, N.Y. He had been instructed by his father to call upon a Miss Folger. Soon after his arrival, he dropped in upon a gathering on the Huggaboon's porch on upper Warren Street and there met the attractive and vivacious Elizabeth Gould, daughter of John Stanton Gould who had died five years before.

Elizabeth's birth and growing up has been described by her mother, Hannah Wright Gould, in "Lizzie's Diary" excerpts which appear in the record of the Gould Family in this Family History. To this may be added the fact that she, as well as her two younger sisters, Annie and Becky, had been gently reared in their beautiful house at 115 Warren Street and had "gone away" to Friends School in Providence. Their really excellent education for girls had been increased by their opportunity to listen to the conversation of stimulating people who came to visit their equally stimulating father and mother. Their mother gave "Literary Breakfasts" and invited such people as Ezra Cornell and Andrew Dickson White down from the Albany legislature to discuss the latest books of Carlyle, Emerson and Whittier.

1870 - 1880



Memorial to John Stanton Gould,
Elizabeth's father, in Sage Chapel,
Cornell University.



The Wright house in England where
Elizabeth spent the winter of 1870.

To these unusual opportunities was added the unique experience of going to Ithaca, N. Y., with their father via the Erie Canal and Cayuga Lake to take part in the earliest days of Cornell University where their father was a first trustee and first professor of agriculture. This had been described elsewhere in the Gould story.*

The three Gould girls each had the opportunity to go to England to visit some Wright relatives who lived in High Flats near Sheffield. Annie became engaged to a charming and prosperous gentleman named Benoni Johnson and did not take the opportunity. But Lizzie went there for a year when she was eighteen years old. During that time a quality strong in the Gould family took firm grip upon her and remained with her for the rest of her life: the desire to improve the conditions of miserable people around her to the glory of God. Since neither she nor the members of her family were without a sense of humor, this trait constantly got her into ridiculous situations which no one thought were funnier than she did.

During her year in High Flats, she was horrified, as the daughter of a strong temperance leader, to find that the children of the poor factory workers of the community were brought up on beer. At that time a temperance society known as the Band of Hope was well organized throughout England so that she was able to set up a branch in High Flats. The organization took hold so remarkably that she was not only asked to a conference of members of the Band of Hope from all over England,

*Inscription on memorial tablet to John Stanton Gould in Sage Chapel, Cornell University:

"A life in civic action warm

A soul on highest mission sent

A potent voice of Parliament

A pillar steadfast in the storm."

1870 - 1880

Elizabeth Gould at about the time she visited England at the age of 19.



the undersigned, members of
the Bightlatts Band of Hope have great
pleasure in presenting the accompanying token
to Miss **E. M. GOULD** with our heart-
felt thanks for her kind labours amongst us in
the Temperance Cause.

Maria Lockwood	Henry Cooke
Elizabeth Lockwood	Sam Cooke
Elizabeth Wood	Isaac Chappell
Mary Carter	John Rusty
Robert Carter	Ed Taylor
Margaret Cook	Ed Wood
Laura Beaumont	Joe Cook
Saura Hathcock	James Merton
John Hunt	Lavet Tonker
Emma Ellis	William Bradley
Margaret Hanna	Ed. J. J.
Mary Goucher	John Thomas Hays
	George Kingston
	Francis Thorpe
	James Ward

The tribute given for her work in the temperance cause.

but unexpectedly was asked to address the meeting, as a friend from America about which the members knew little. She was so surprised that all she could think of telling them, on that July day, was how the Fourth of July was celebrated - this at a time when American independence was still a sore subject in England.

Another predominant character trait is illustrated in the story of the Gould girls being left a sum of money. Lizzie, ignoring the consequences of splurging a little, bought a lovely coral brooch and earrings. Annie, who was much more sensible about such things invested her money in Lackawanna and Hudson railroad stock. Unfortunately the company failed and Annie lost her money but Harriet still has the matching coral earrings and brooch.

It is possible that she may have worn them on the Huggaboon's back porch when she met the handsome young Dr. Berry who was on his way to see Miss Folger. They had such a good time together that Dr. Berry didn't call upon Miss Folger that afternoon. He arranged to call upon Miss Gould the following afternoon on his way to see Miss Folger. He didn't quite get to the Folger house that day either. Nobody is quite sure whether he ever called upon Miss Folger. In any case, they much have exchanged letters for when Lizzie went to New York to visit Uncle Lewis Atterbury, William Bogardus Berry called upon her and they became engaged. The following June 3, 1880, they were married in Hudson.

While no account of the wedding comes to us, Harriet remembers that her mother wore white brocade and that the ceremony was conducted at 115 Warren Street with the Rev. J. Romeyn Berry officiating. In her trousseau was a lavender satin dress which stood by itself and which came from Paris. Details might be filled in from Elizabeth's account of Annie's wedding which appears later in "The Shanty Diary". It was probably a big wedding with caterers coming all the way from Troy.

After a wedding trip to the Adirondacks, they made their home with his father, the J. Romeyn Berry's in Montclair. Evidently this arrangement was so happy that a few years later they named their daughter after his step mother, Harriet Esselstyn Berry. Within a year or two, they were able to build their own substantial house across the street where Romeyn was born on May 23, 1881 and Harriet was born on September 2, 1883.

Their Early Years

Harriet can remember the house with its attractive non victorian colors, the two Irish maids and nurse for the children. She remembers her mother and father going out in evening clothes, the interesting people who came to the house. During her first five years, her father acquired an outstanding reputation as a doctor not only in Montclair but in nearby New York City, where he was often called on consultation. He shared an office with Dr. Janeway, a leading diagnostician in New York City, and frequently wrote articles for medical journals.

It was during the blizzard of 1888 and its aftermath which so overworked Dr. Berry that he decided to go to his favorite Adirondack club at Tahawus for a rest. One of the party became lost in the woods and Dr. Berry was one of the searchers who worked day and night to find him. Dr. Berry's health began to slip from that time. It was discovered that he had tuberculosis.

The letters in the next section were written the year before and during the time of continuing family crisis. In 1888, the cure for tuberculosis was thought to be a climate which was good for the lungs. Dr. Berry first went back to the Adirondacks early in September of 1888. When this proved ineffectual, it was decided that he must go to Colorado. Quite suddenly they left the Montclair house which they had built and furnished - forever. Harriet remembers that they even left clothes on the

line. The father and mother went to Colorado. Romeyn at the age of seven was sent to Rhinebeck to be with his Berry grand parents and Harriet, then five years old, went to Hudson to live with her Aunt Annie and Uncle Benoni Johnson. Hannah and Hilda Johnson were a few years older than she and a sisterly relationship which remained throughout their lives began to develop at this time.

When Romeyn was in Rhinebeck, he developed an eye trouble which meant that he had to remain in a dark room for three months. A really close relationship with his step grandmother, Harriet Van Vrankin Esselstyn Berry developed. She sat in a tiny spot of light in the dark room and read to him for hour upon hour. It is probable that at this time his strong literary taste developed.

Treasured Letters Written Between 1887 and 1890

(From Harriet's Step Grandmother for whom she was named)

Probably about 1887
in late August

"By the side of the Pond" (Beebe Pond in Canaan)
Wednesday morning

My dear little Sweet Heart Harriet:

Yesterday I had a lovely letter from a lovely little girl and who do you think it was! Her name is Harriet Esselstyn Berry - she has 3 little girls named "Rosie", "Daisy" and "Lily of the Valley". Do you know her? I have two of her pictures on my bureau and they look at me so sweetly, I wish they could talk to me. But someday I hope to come to Montclair and see all of my dear friends there.

Grand Pa and I are sitting up in our room writing letters. It is raining hard out of doors and it lightens and thunders too. The chickens have run into the barn, so they will not get wet, and our dog, Teazer, is warming himself in front of the fire in the parlor. I do not know what has become of our frogs. They do not sing

any more. Perhaps they have gone to some other pond.

Last evening we all went to the church at Canaan near your Aunt Annie's and heard Mr. Hughes talk and show beautiful pictures about India and Egypt. We went in a big wagon with 3 seats and 3 people on each seat. It was dark when we came home, and we had a lantern with a light, to show us and the horses and way. We saw your Aunt Annie, and Miss Parsons from Hudson there. But Hannah and Hilda were at home and in their beds. You must take good care of the bracelets your Aunt Annie gave you, so that when I come to see you, you can show them to me.

I am glad that you can make dresses for your doll. Do you think you can make a dress for Grand Ma? My leg is well. Yesterday I went to call on Billy Bolster and he showed me his bees and the way they make honey. I thank you for the nice picture you sent me, I think it must be Uncle Romeyn with his high hat on.

Tell your dear Mama I received her letter and will answer it soon. Kiss Mama and Papa and dear little Romeyn for me. I send you 100 kisses for your birthday. I wish I could be in Montclair that day.

With love and kisses from your loving Grand Ma

H. V. V. Berry

4C HARRIET AND ROMEYN

Montclair, N.J.
July 8, 1887

My dear Lizzie -

Father and I having just finished our dinner and gorged ourselves with a great water melon, now we have separated - he to go over to the other house to sleep and I to stay here.

It is just a week since I was steaming about trying to get off for Canaan. It seems a very long week. For the most part it has certainly been a hot one.

Gosh! What a night that was on the boat! Yet I would go through it again for such days as we had at Canaan.

Father and I get on well and keep the peace.

Montclair is awfully stupid and dull. Mrs. Givin is about seeking whom she may devour at the markets.

I have sent a novel "Allan Quaterman" to Romeyn with strict injunctions to read it.

Do be careful how you drive - I fancy you rushing over the hills and far away with the grey goose and the queer wagon.

I will send some money to you by Father who will leave for Canaan Monday morning.

Love to the crowd and you may include yourself.

Will

The Berry Family in the 1880's



William Bogardus Berry,
the father of Harriet
and Romeyn.



J. Romeyn Berry, Jr.



Harriet Esselstyn Berry, J. Romeyn Berry,
Charlotte W. Berry. Standing at left in rear is
Mary Berry, mother of Alfred and Romeyn
Quintard, first cousins of Harriet and Romeyn.

4D HARRIET AND ROMEYN

Tahawus - September 25th, 1887

My dear Lizzie -

We are off for the Upper Forks after dinner and a letter to be written at all must be written now. How cold it is! Feels like snow and looks like it.

The immortal Buttles and Dr. Whelock have just ridden down from the Upper Forks and were almost frozen. Inside the house it is pleasant enough about the big wood fire - though the surroundings are anything but quiet and conducive to writing letters but Williams is dancing and shaking the whole house and Arthur Hawes is playing the banjo. Mr. Underhill and I are endeavoring to write.

We have had poor luck with the deer. Our party has killed none since we came and we have had three hunts. We have had shots at does but have let them go past. Somehow they must run to the Ponds or the River. We are going to try Lake Sandford tomorrow.

This morning I called on the Baldwins and Bulls.

This outing is doing me a great deal of good. For a day or two I was pretty sore and stiff with the unusual exercise but now that is passing off and I can walk and run and eat like a horse and sleep all the rest of the time. I go to bed at 9 and up at 6 - Four meals a day - counting the lunch we take with us on the hunt and room for one or two more.

So far no letters from you or from anyone. There is a mail on Tuesday if it happens to be handy for the stage driver. I shall look for something then. But no news is good news.

Take a look at Mrs. Park and Mrs. Porter for me. It was very generous of them to let me off. Tell all the patients to go to Dr. Pinkham or to Dr. Lin or to Dr. Brown or to Hades - put as you like and think best. Have a good time. You will have a fine time of it later when you go to Detroit - to make up for this

4E HARRIET AND ROMEYN

of mine.

We shall probably go out of the woods on the 6th and get home
on the 7th. Don't forget the Building and Loan Associates - October 1st.

Give my best love to the children and to Uncle Romeyn and lots for yourself.

Your husband

W. B. Berry

Rhinebeck, N.Y.

Monday, September 3, 1888

Dr. W. B. Berry -

My dear Son:

I cannot be there in person to welcome you to "the dear old woods" as James Romeyn calls them - but I will send a letter to greet you as soon as possible. If you can enjoy them with good weather and a trustful and hopeful mind, I am confident they will do you much good. I expect to see you recuperate and become yourself again. It will involve a few months rest of body and of mind, but I believe you will have as good health as ever before.

In the meantime, try to dismiss all painful anxiety as far as you can. As I have figured up your financial matters from your statement to me, you have enough to be perfectly easy until you are reestablished in business. At any rate, we can make you easy. The love and resources of your friends in Rhinebeck and Hudson will surely be held in readiness for your welfare. I hope you will let dear little Romeyn stay with us until another permanent home is secured for you. I will do for him as for my own son. Lizzie and Harriet, too, must be here as much as they will. I will attend to all R's expenses of clothing and everything else. We have an excellent school within two minutes walk of the parsonage to which he can go half a day. You shall be spared all care and cost for him and I am sure he will be happy.

This morning I took R and mother, Lottie, Ned Van Alstyne, Aunt Maggie, and Edith through Morton's grounds and around the village for a drive.

I will think of you almost constantly and pray for you that God's best blessing may be on you. You have a loving Saviour God to trust in. Your own text is "As thy days so shall thy strength be". Take that promise into your heart and live on it.

4G HARRIET AND ROMEYN

Mother and the girls send their warmest love to you. R. is out playing with Edith. God bless you my dear son.

Your loving father

J. Romeyn Berry

Sept 5th 1888
Wednesday

My dear Lizzie -

Our drive in was not as fatiguing as I feared it would be. The night on the boat was not as comfortable as it would have been at home, but still we did very well. We went to the Delevan house for breakfast. At North Creek we found our driver whom we had telegraphed from Saratoga - and at 7 o'clock we drove up to Hunters. John Hawes was glad though surprised to see us for he had not read my letter. I haven't had a chance to talk to him for he went off early this morning on a hunt. I guess a letter from Mrs. Hawes must have given the situation.

It is very cold this morning and the wind blows from the northwest in a most business like manner.

I shall take it very easy - and shall not hunt for a while. Take it easy, too, and don't hurry a bit. If this ends all right, as I feel that it will, we will look back and be thankful. With Fred Gwinn and Romeyn and all my kind friends, you will get on perhaps better without me. At any rate I feel now as I never felt before that there is a kind Power guiding us and we have only to follow -

I shall have a good time here - never fear. God bless and keep you.

Lovingly,

Will

4H- HARRIET AND ROMEYN

Tahawus
Sunday Night
September 9, 1888

Dear Lizzie:

I have written to Romeyn in regard to my books and have enclosed two checks for Mary and Amy. (the Monclair maids)

I am doing nothing here but eat, sleep and saunter about. I am stronger and better than I expected to be and I am as well, I think, as when I went to Canaan. But I am taking no chances and am looking out for myself. My cough is decidedly better but that has had its variations before. I have been sitting on the porch a good part of the day looking at these ever changing mountains. It is much warmer.

Mr. Underhill came at 1 o'clock today. He is a most pleasant man to have about. I haven't thought about Colorado yet and am not going to bother my head over it. As far as mail and telegraph facilities are concerned, we are as far off here as we would be in Denver and I am as well, I think, as when I went to Canaan. But I am taking no chances and am looking out for myself. I have been sitting on the porch a good part of the day looking at these ever changing mountains.

I have a lovely letter from Father and I send it to you with this. I shall write to John Fitzsimmons and thank him for his picture and letters. I am in good spirits and really enjoy myself, since I feel myself getting better. Better send away than to lie in bed for months! Love to dear Harriette and to the girls - and to you more than all.

Ever

Will

Kinderhook, N.Y.
Sept. 22, 1888

Mr. W. B. Berry

My dear Daughter:

Your letter to Charlotte came today - also a postal card from Will at North Creek. It was a message of joy when we heard that he had actually gotten into the woods. It will do him much good.

Yesterday we three went to Chatham to see the County Fair. It was a typical scene - as great a gathering of vehicles as I have ever witnessed - buggies, carriages, lumber wagons, sulkies, some empty and some full of people resting. Some behind horses and some without horses. Parties of men, women and children sat between the wagons on the grounds eating their luncheons. The wagons near the race track were used to witness the trots. We followed the country style and climbed into one which we found unoccupied: Mother - Charlotte - Mary van Alstyne, little Jamie V-A - and myself -

We also examined some of the quilts - apples - peas - photographs.

The animals which I really wanted to see had been removed before I got there.

We saw some Canaan friends - Mr. Wackenhagan, Ira Johnson (at a distance) Rev. Mr. Campbell and Martha who lives with Annie.

Mother and I expect to go to Canaan on Saturday to remain until Monday. I have not preached there before and promised to give them some unengaged Sabbath. We will stay at Mr. Wackenhagan's. The following Sabbath I have promised to Dr. Drury of Ghent. His Church has made overtures to me to

page 2 - JRB - Sept. 22, 1888

make our home there - but I do not feel prepared to decide the matter hastily.

We have been looking at some of your home photographs today and we long to see you all.

Our plans are indefinite in this place. The hotel is not as good as we expected - but I suppose we can endure it without any great discomfort. But it is not like our Canaan home.

Tell Romeyn and Harriet that we have been looking at their photographs today and at Papa's and Mama's and Uncle Romeyn's too. We showed them also to a friend who called in. How much we wished that we could see every one of you. The pictures are before me now.

I have promised to preach the Centennial Sermon for the East Greenbush Church Nov. 3rd. My Grandfather was pastor there from 1788 to 1799. In order to make suitable preparation I want to get into my old study.

We will therefore be in Montclair somewhat earlier than I intended when I left you. Lottie will go to Sadie van Vrankin's for a visit when we leave here. If Mother can be of any service to you when you go to Detroit she will be happy to do so. She and the girls are well and send love to you all.

Give the dear children the best kisses you can for me. And my kindest regards to Miss Zackarias. Accept a great deal of love from

Your affectionate father

J. Romeyn Berry

P.S. Mary returned at 1 o'clock from Hudson. The waist was made very satisfactorily. We have received a great deal of kind attention from friends in this place.

4K

Asheville, N.C.
May 21st 1890

Master Romeyn Berry

My dear boy -

This letter will I hope come to you on your birthday - and I write it to tell you how glad I am that you had a birthday - and that birthday nine years ago brought just the kind of boy you are. Nine years ago sounds like a long time - but seems very short.

I suppose you are very glad to grow big and old - and I don't care how big and old you grow provided you are made of the same good stuff - mind and body - that now goes to make up Romeyn Berry.

Always do what is manly, kind and honest - and when you are ninety instead of nine people will never forget your birthday.

I hope you will have a good day of it. Here's luck to you! Asheville is in full summer trim - trees and all. We have had a few days of rain but most of the weather has been beautiful now since we came.

Your Grandmother Gould gave you a good trip to Hudson and Albany, I am sure. It seems that between all your relations you have a pretty lively time of it. Do you want to go back to Colorado?

Is the fossil Dr. Wortman gave you a dactylpeteosilicrustacian or a scheddahcrabicus? There is quite a difference between them - time you knew. Put plenty of water on it and see if it won't live. Maybe you can save it.

I have, I see, written this letter "hindsight first"-. Just pin it on your back and read it looking over your shoulder and it will all come right.

Your letters are very good and we are always glad to get them.

Lovingly your father

W. B. Berry

Colorado in the 1880's

In the spring of 1889 tags giving their names and destination, were pinned on the seven and five year old Romeyn and Harriet and they set off in the "cars" (train) under the supervision of various conductors. They were met in Denver and driven in a horse and carriage for miles over the prairie to where their father and mother had established themselves in tents. Such outdoor living was thought to be desirable for the cure of tuberculosis. During the course of the year, various furnishings had been sent out to make things a little more comfortable. Harriet remembers that her mother had created partitions in the tent by hangings which had been shipped from Montclair. The apricot Korean sample hanging with the Chinese dogs (now in the possession of the McDonalds) was one. There was a man who drove a horse and wagon who brought them provisions and a succession of "help". One of her most vivid memories was of the wild prairie storms. Sometimes the winds were so high that the children had to go out into the gale and sit on the tent stakes to keep the shelter over their father.

One day, Dr. Janeway, their father's medical associate in New York, visited them in their tent house and checked upon Dr. Berry. The report indicated that he had failed so during this prairie adventure that the family packed up and left for Denver before evening. There they became established in an inadequate hotel. These temporary quarters were left in a short time for the air of North Carolina. In spite of the invalid husband and the education of her two children, Lizzie found time for good works with poor whites for whom she conducted a Bible class. Harriet says that she will never forget the smell of some of those homes.

The children received a little haphazard schooling which remained haphazard until they were both sent to Friends School in Providence much later. Harriet remembers an Episcopal clergyman who tutored them. Even at the age of six, she recognized him as a dud.

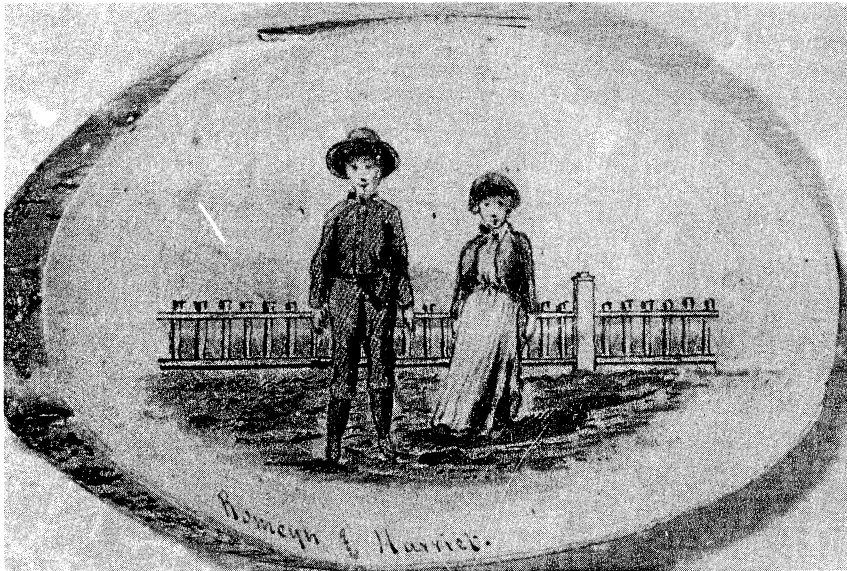
Dr. Berry continued to slip in North Carolina and was brought to the Gould house in Hudson to die. It was during this time that Lizzie heard about how helpful the air of California was for tuberculosis patients. In spite of the fact that her husband was a dying man, she made arrangements to take him and the two children by boat to California, going by land over Panama. Harriet, then about eight years old, remembers her father coming down the narrow Gould stairs on a stretcher. She had as many misgivings as everyone else.

It is remarkable that by the time the family reached Panama, the sea had done Dr. Berry so much good that he was able to leave the boat and have dinner at a hotel in Panama City. When the family was on its way back to the ship in a dory, a very bad storm arose and it was a serious question as to whether or not they would be rescued. Apparently the sharks in the bay presented great hazards in case they capsized. Both children lay flat on the bottom of the boat while the high waves crashed over them. When they finally boarded the ship in safety, the other passengers had a service of thanksgiving.

California in the Nineties

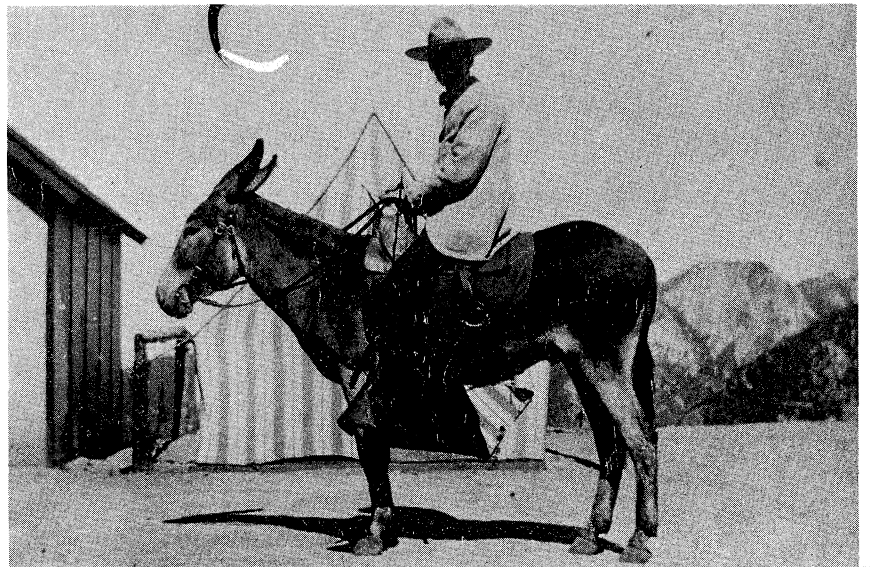
The next five years which were miraculously given to the Berry family in California were comparatively peaceful in spite of the fact that Dr. Berry was a doomed man. Harriet remembers that in her prayers she would make wagers with God. She would tell God that if He spared her father until after

1890 - 1900



Drawing on wood of
Romeyn and Harriet
in Denver about 1890

Taken on the top of
Mount Wilson about
1895 where William
B. Berry lived in a
tent such as this



Christmas, she would clean up her room every morning. She was about eleven years old at the time.

They stayed in the Anchorage Hotel in Riverside and later became property owners by buying an orange ranch there. In partnership with a Mr. Bliss, Dr. Berry made money on this venture. At this time Harriet remembers that they had a Chinese servant who sometimes had opium seizures. She would peek in his window and see him lying stiff on his bed.

At this time, the children went to schools in Riverside and Pasadena. When they came to California she remembers vividly that at the age of nine she could neither read nor write and was highly embarrassed in spelling games played with children upon their arrival.

Despite the difficulties, her father and mother laughed a lot. Elizabeth had a mystical side and her father sometimes warned the children to be "very careful of your mother. She is on a higher plane than we are today." During the summer Harriet went with her father and mother to Martin's Camp on the top of Mount Wilson where the observatory is now. She remembers especially two young men in their late twenties, both doomed by tuberculosis, who were gay with them. She also remembers that there were a lot of rattlesnakes there.

During this time, Romeyn was allowed to go off with another boy to camp on Catalina Island which was not built up at that time. Apparently they camped out, cooked their own food and took care of themselves for several months at a time, rowing over to the main land which was several miles away for provisions. Romeyn used to tell the story of being "starved" for cheese one evening and rowing to the main land in the dead of night to get it.

The following letters from Dr. Berry to his mother in law, Hannah Gould during this period are of interest:

Mount Wilson
June 3, 1895

Dear Mother Gould:

Fifteen years ago today your daughter Elizabeth married me, you know.

I hardly have the cheek to offer my congratulations to you, but it was an eventful day for me. The journey would have been a lonely and weary one without the good company I have had and without the affection of Lizzie's kin.

Two weeks ago we came up to this spot to see how it would suit for all of us a little later. Most of the experience has been pleasant enough but a few days were as chill with fog as Newfoundland. It is too early in the summer for the mountains. I go down tomorrow and shall be glad to get under my own roof again for when away from my guardians I feel as if someone has run away with my cork leg, my false teeth, and my glass eye.

When the fogs are swept away the world below - a mile below - presents itself as one great yellow pancake - as flat as that. There are browner spots which seem burned a little - those are the towns. The ocean twenty miles away makes one think the cake is served on blue India china!

I have a patient or two here and I leave them or one of them with some reluctance, for it seems as if he has come up to this roost but to stretch his wings for a longer flight.

Lizzie's letters give you, I am sure, all you want - my share in them is important though not perhaps evident. I rake them out of all sorts of hidden corners and mail 'em. Love to Aunt Sarah.

Yours ever

Wm

Pasadena Nov 5, 1895

Dear Mother:

If you want my advise, here it is. It will be travel stained and very likely out of fashion and a misfit when it gets to you at 115 Warren Street (You could get a beautiful fit at 66 N. Euclid)

1st Fatigue of body or nerve is poison to you. Avoid it.

2nd Get a bottle of Wyeth's Tablets. Dissolve one in a glass of water and drink the whole of it twice a day for many days, if it does not give you discomfort.

3rd I believe a third of a glass or so of Hoff's Malt taken before, with or directly after your meals will do you good.

4th I suggest a winter passed in the open air in some mild climate preferably that of Southern California.

Now my dear mother, you are not an old woman. There are only some dates in the almanac to base such a charge upon. So long as such figures are not scratched on your mind or body, you are young. I never had a suspicion that any one of your organs had anything the matter with it.

So take care of yourself and for many many years live in the peace and comfort that are rightly yours.

Your life has even been a benediction to us and to all you have touched.

Your loving son

W. B. Berry

Mount Wilson
September 2, 1895

Dear Mother Gould:

It was good to get your letter. I am glad you like the paper. The Editor of the Medical Record changed the title to a more pretentious and personal one than I had used when I read it before my old medical society. During all our wanderings I have taken many notes and made countless observations. If we haven't profited much by our journeys, perhaps some others may. It seems to boil down to very little.

We have had a pleasant and wholesome summer though the life for those who can't climb is much like that of a bird - a bird with weak wings - just roosting and looking off.

But the biggest of the eternal hills are ever before us and I am constantly kicking off my shoes before their majesty. The days are full and not stupid. The company is of high order - with a few exceptions.

Harriette had a birthday yesterday. Twelve years! She had a number of little gifts and was very happy. I remember her second birthday and can picture her riding in her baby carriage in New Jersey. And this one up among the rocks

hanging over the Pacific Ocean. And this big son of ours disporting himself somewhere out on that water! He said that he would rather go up on the roof of our house in Pasadena and pass the summer there than be obliged to spend two months here.

School commences on the 23 and we expect to go down a few days before. We shall be glad when the time comes. We have been drawn more closely together, we four, in our life among strangers than ordinary families and there is an awkward, almost frightened feeling when one of us is away for any length of time.

Reading over the first of this letter it does not seem that it will convey to your mind how much I valued your words of approval. The support and confidence of our eastern kind have done much to brighten the seven years (since my illness began). The eighth year commenced yesterday.

Your son

W. B. Berry

May 2, 1896

Dear Mother Gould:

I found your letter on my return from Riverside last night. They sent for me to go over and see Mrs. Brown who is very ill. She has something the matter with some one of her "insides". I don't know quite which one or what's the matter with it. Very likely I shall have to go again.

Lizzie put on her bonnet the moment the telegram came and said she would go too. She had a great many reasons for going - all equally good and all inconsistent. I really think the best one she did not give, namely, that I wouldn't be able to find out what was the matter with the old lady unless she was there to help.

I was glad enough to have her go and we made quite a wedding journey out if it - our friends said we looked like bride and groom anyhow.

We always find lots of friends at the Anchorage. I have a number of patients there - and Lizzie was made much of for she had not been there for three years so notwithstanding the gravity of Mrs. B's sickness, we made quite of spree of it.

I had a chance to look over our ranch with care (we stayed over a day) and it it certainly a fine property. Mrs. Bliss is an expert and has given it a great deal of personal attention and it shows it. I guess we are all right on that.

My sister, Mrs. Quintard is at the Sanitarium in Danville and I don't see why the deuce they can't say so. Two babies in short order and a previous family to superintend and an ambition to see to everything herself have brought her to this pass. When rest and slow building up are required. Poor girl, it is a hard row.

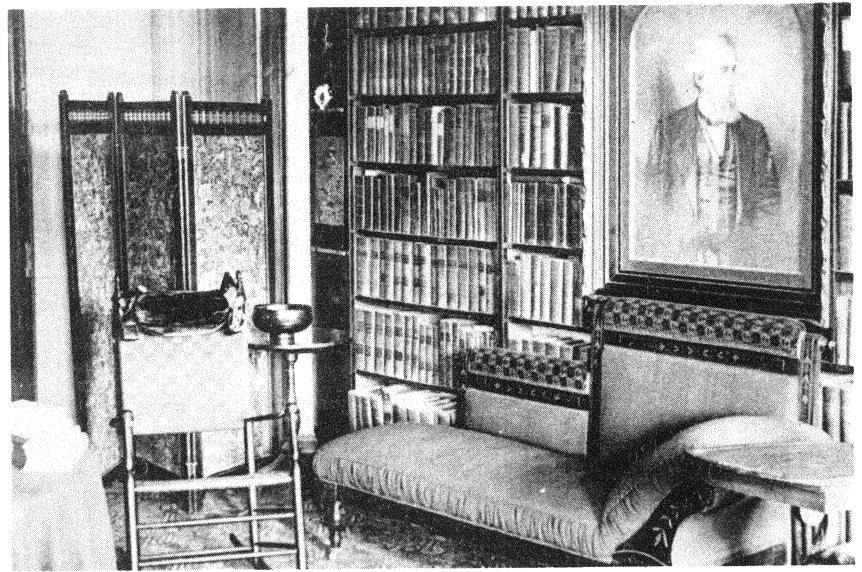
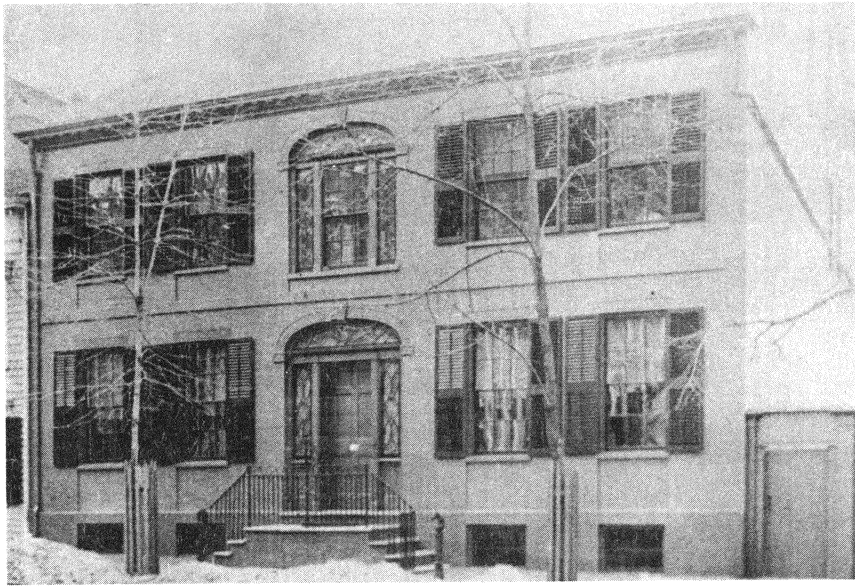
My mother and Lottie do not feel just proud and happy when they are in Hudson and are not inclined to say much to anyone. But they are good women and need just now the sympathy and goodwill of all their friends. I wish they would "go out" more to their friends.

I close this in a hurry for the mail.

Your loving son.

W. B. Berry

The Gould House on Warren Street in Hudson, N. Y.



115 Warren Street, Hudson

Dr. Berry spent the last few months on a second floor porch, called the "Eire" and died in Pasadena on December 22, 1896, just before Christmas. Elizabeth (then 45 years old) and the two children came back East to Grandmother Gould's home in Hudson. 115 Warren Street became the home to which they returned from Friends School in Providence and from college between 1898 and 1906. The house is still standing (next to the DAR house) and its exterior is still lovely in spite of the fact that the neighborhood down by the river has changed.

It probably had one of the first bathrooms in the United States which John Stanton Gould put in about 1857. There was a marble basin and a gigantic tub for which the hot water was carried upstairs by the maids. When the water closet (toilet) was flushed, the roar of the water coming down from the tank overhead could be heard throughout the house. This was a signal for the two maids in the basement kitchen to pump up more water by hand. If they were busy and the water was not forthcoming, one could go a long way to a speaking tube in the upstairs hall and request it. This bathroom was at the back of the house, halfway up a steep and circuitous stairway which provided passage for only one person. The servants used the outhouse by the barn in the back alley. Other awkward features of living at this time was described by Romeyn in "Unrelated Memories of 115 Warren Street":

"Gas jets that hissed and gave no more light than a match. Six separate heating units that ate coal by the carload lots and gave no heat at all. The furnace at one corner of the cellar, the coalbin at the extreme far corner. In between, there were three unlighted stone vaults that had to be traversed and retraversed with each separate shovelful. The sink in the pantry was so placed

that the pipes froze three mornings a week through January and February. And with it all, the color, beauty and dignity of the place.

Beauty and dignity were undoubtedly the predominant feelings of 115 Warren Street. There was a lovely doorway which is now in some house in Albany. As you came in the wide entrance hall, you could see through the large doorway of the library ahead and beyond it the great windows through which it was possible to see the Catskills. A piazza extended across the back of the house. To the right of the wide entrance hall, one entered the dining room and to the left was the parlor where the Gould girls entertained their gentlemen friends.

The library which was octagonal is described by all Gould descendants as the "heart of the house". Bookshelves covered every wall (6,000 volumes were sent to Cornell University when the house was sold). On top of them were a number of marble heads of people like Socrates and the Quaker, John Bright. Dark red curtains tied back with brass bands hung at the great windows. Harriet further describes this room:

"In the middle of the room was the old "Huguenot table" with books piled on it and surrounded by several rocking chairs where the family often gathered alone or with guests in the evening for reading aloud. This table had lovely curving legs and is now in the home of the Tysons in Baltimore. It came from the Gould home in Newport. In front of the windows was a long desk with a very squeaky revolving chair in front of it with a dictionary and reference books on the sides. At the left of this writing chair of Grandfather's was his overstuffed reading chair now in the possession of his grand daughter, Hilda Sanford. On the right wall the rows of books were interrupted in the middle by a little nest of cubby holes in which were ancient scales, note books and coins. A large "likeness" of John Stanton Gould was

incorporated into the bookshelves above after his death. The table underneath was used by his mother, Hannah Gould while she was clerk of the Newport Quarterly Meeting of Friends (or while clerk of the New England Yearly Meeting?). This is now in the front hall of the Tyson's house in Baltimore."

The dining room on the right of the entrance had a dumb waiter on its right, making necessary two maids. One put the hot food on the dumb waiter in the basement kitchen and the other took it off and served it. With the family sitting around the big table on a Sunday morning, Romeyn remembered the following colloquy of Grandmother Gould: "I wish thee'd go to church today and show theeself in our pew. It would please Dr. Yeisley so - the poor dear man - having to preach every Sunday to empty seats and those stupid people. Why doesn't thee go?... It would please Dr. Yeisley so much more to have you than me... Well, I'd have thee know I've done my full share of that, and its time for the younger generation to help out. I prefer to sit at home and worship in me own way - and if thee'll go, I'll give thee fifty cents."

"Around the great table were the mahogany chairs with the horse hair seats - most of them still strong and beautiful," continues Harriet's description of the house. "They are in the Tyson home in Baltimore. Between the windows on the front was the Wright grandfather clock which 'ticked in Hannah Gould's life and ticked it out after 94 years', (Now in Dorothy Abbott's possession). A horsehair rocking chair sat by the window, often occupied by visitors who had dined and had called to talk or read an article. Over the dumb waiter on the hall side was the Audubon cat and bird picture (belonging to Hilda Truslow) and on the same side beyond the hall door the High Boy from Newport which is now in the Tyson dining room. On the opposite side from the windows was the side board on top of which was a

cabinet with glass doors. On the wall opposite the hall door was the fireplace with the Franklin stove. Over it was the portrait of Benjamin Marshall (now in the possession of Mrs. Romeyn Berry). Between the Franklin stove and the window was a wide and high glass doored case in which hung the best tea cups, after dinner-coffee cups and some stuffed birds. Next to the pantry door was a serving table which now belongs to Hilda Truslow. Over it were the small portraits of Thomas and Sarah Wright in Quaker garb, now in the Tyson dining room in Baltimore.

The happiest memories of the Gould girl descendants were of the kitchen and the Irish maids, the McCarty sisters and later the Brennan sisters. In fact the grandchildren describe their life in the house as subterranean. A cookie jar was always there and the maids always had something to say which would make them laugh. They remember the slate floor with its braided rugs, and having their fun broken by the approach of Grandmother, Miz Gould, who came to the kitchen only to make the coffee before meals.

The cellar windows so faced the street that just the feet of passersby could be seen through them. Romeyn's unrelated memories of 115 Warren Street include "looking up through the little windows in the kitchen. All you could see of the people passing was the part below the knee and you could tell it was around Zero by the way the snow crunched under their feet."

He remembers "taking out the two quart tin pail with the red ticket in it so Mr. McIntire could ladle one quart into it from the dingy can he held between his knees on the wagon. The colder the morning, the more moth eaten mufflers Mr. McIntire had wrapped around his head, face and ears. Frequently after a deep dip with the ladle, the milk dropped from his dubious mitten into our pail.

But milk was five cents a quart that way and you could buy 23 one quart tickets for a dollar."

Romeyn's unrelated memories also speak of "sitting on the front stoop to catch Mr. Hallenbeck so he wouldn't miss us when he came up from the river with the shad. A roe shad (entire) was 25 cents, a buck shad, 15 cents. Mr. H. cleaned them right at the curb on his own hand cart. The bucket of water he washed them in was pretty bloody when he got to our house and it made me glad we didn't live up around 5th Street. The horse chestnut across the street by the pump was always in bloom at shad time. I never saw or heard of Mr. Hallenbeck at any other season."

And Romeyn remembered "the February morning I had to be late to school because the furnace had gone out and I had to start it over again. As I passed the Hudson Republican office a man was putting up a telegram that said the Spaniards had just blown up the Maine in Havana Harbor. I then went back and told Grandmother and helped her put out of the upstairs hall bedroom window the same flag she had put out (and in the same mood) when the telegram came about Gettysburg. I didn't go to school at all that day and the next morning Grandmother wrote me an "excuse" that contained no single word of truth. Her eyes were still seeing the glory of the Lord."

A description of 115 Warren Street is not complete without mentioning the parlor, the Cave, and the nursery which became the upstairs sitting room. To the left of the wide entrance hall was the parlor which had the same lovely paneling as the dining room, painted in a light color. A fireplace was opposite the entrance and over it the painting of the peonies, now in Hilda Truslow's possession. A piano

1890 - 1900



Grandmother Gould with Stanton
and Dorothy Smith, first cousins
of Harriet and Romeyn.

at the right was a center of attraction when the Gould girl's entertained. Of special interest was the Roger's Group on the right of the doorway which Grandmother Gould willed to both Harriet and two pages later to her daughter, Annie. Since nobody wanted this monstrosity anyway, it provided a light touch when her will was formally read to the assembled family after she died in 1912 at the age of 94.

Inasmuch as the library at the back of the house was octangular, there were two triangular passageways leading out of it - one into the back hall and the other into the Cave, known as the downstairs bedroom. Romeyn remembers that the wallpaper on the back hall and on the stairs was brindle yellow - "a sorry imitation of artificially grained woodwork, an imitation of an imitation which I regarded as most ingenious."

Harriet's memory of the stairway - not a beautiful feature of the entrance hall - was of a little round window half way up where you could peek down into the hall below without being seen. Across it were bars because some child had burst through it once - probably little Annie Gould.

The big upstairs nursery which became a sitting room was used in the morning by Grandmother Gould during her latter life. There she gathered with her the two step daughters, Mary Baldwin and Sarah Ashby Gould to read out loud and to sew. Mary and Sarah, daughters of John Stanton Gould by his first wife, Sarah Ashby, were part of the household when Grandmother Gould arrived there as a bride. Much against her father's wishes, Mary married a rough but dashing farmer named William Baldwin and had two children, Alice and John. John married a substantial country girl and the Gould girls were always glad to see the Baldwins. Alice married a man named Overbaugh. Their numerous children have been a source of embarrassment

at weddings, funerals and otherwise. Mary Baldwin had a difficult life on a farm and after her husband's death returned to her stepmother's house during the winter.

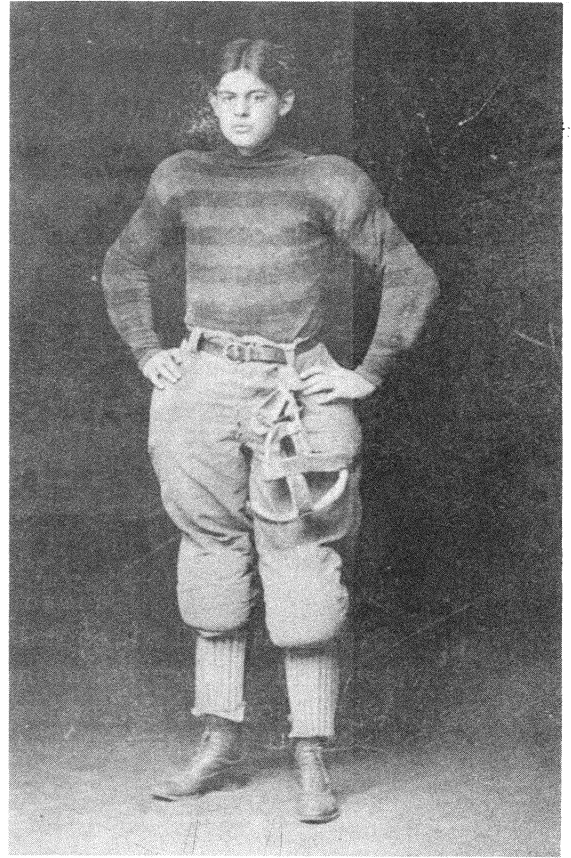
Sarah Ashby Gould was a retarded child and a hunchback. She never married and always remained with Grandmother Gould. Aunt Sarah lived with Lizzie in the Shanty and with other relatives until her death in 1919. "The Shanty Diary" (excerpts which appear later) describe a little of the relationship between Sarah and the peppery Grandmother Gould who apparently had the last word in everything - particularly when it came to their negro family retainers, Seneca Livingston, and his drinking habits.

Grandmother's garden where the family hollyhocks began (see Romeyn's essay in the "Family History") was at the back of the house. In the middle of this garden was a bird house known as the "Martin's Home". This was a center of Grandmother Gould's passionate interest during the time of the residency of the martins. A beautiful long arbor of concord grapes vines extended along one side of the garden. Between the garden and the alley was the stable where the indispensable horses, the carriages and sleighs were kept. Grandmother Gould had a low opinion of the automobile.

Since the house faced directly upon the street, the summer outdoor life of the family took place on the back piazza. During Grandmother Gould's lifetime, there was an unobstructed view of the Hudson River and the Catskill mountains. A Cousin, Lizzie Wetherall, painted several views of this from the back piazza, three of which are now in the possession of the Tysons, the Stoddards and the McDonalds. They are particularly interesting because they were painted before the railroad went through.

1890 - 1900

Romeyn in football uniform.
Taken in Hudson.



Christmas dinner at the Johnsons.
Uncle Benoni Johnson is at right. Probably Dorothy Smith,
Lizzie and Hilda Johnson are hidden on far right. Harriet,
Aunt Mary Baldwin, Aunt Annie Johnson, Grandmother
Gould, Romeyn, Hannah Johnson, Aunt Sarah and Aunt
Becky Smith's back.

They Go Away to School

With 115 Warren Street as a base, Harriet and Romeyn were sent off to Friends School in Providence by Grandmother Gould. Life opened up tremendously for both of them. The school was coeducational with girls living in one wing and boys in the other. They came together in the Middle House for classes. Although Romeyn was there for only one year, he was Salutatorian of the class of 1899. Harriet who was there for four years - graduated as valedictorian of the class of 1902. Their time there was made more pleasant because they were the grandchildren of John Stanton Gould, a distinguished graduate of the class of 1826. (See Gould Family History, page 12).

A poem of Romeyn's written at Friends School to Harriet's lifelong friend Jean Dickenson (The Dickensons lived across the street from the Berry's in Pasadena while her father was also dying of tuberculosis.):

"I intended to write a real poem

About nature or things of the town

But I paused for my thoughts brought before me

The girl in the low necked gown."

Uncle Romeyn (J. Romeyn Berry, Jr.) came to Harriet's graduation at Friends School, sat in the front row and cried all the way through it. A charming person, always dashingy dressed and sought after socially, he had, nevertheless, never married. Unlike his older brother, Dr. Berry, his education had not gone very far. Romeyn said that "his formal education ended at the Sixth Grade at the urgent request of the School Board." He also said that his job as a Sunday School teacher in his father's church ended when he was overheard saying "Damn you,

Willy Brown, I'm going to spank you on the seat of the pants until your nose bleeds."

Romeyn was interested in contributing a piece to the Family History on "the rare talents and tragic lives of William Bogardus Berry and J. Romeyn Berry Jr. - those two so alike, so mutually appreciative and so different in education and experience seem to have acquired genes which gave them wit, charm and social graces denied to all of their blood kin known to me. Most of the others were worthy and distinctly stuffy persons" (from a letter dated November 19, 1956).

The letter goes on to say that "Uncle Romeyn knew more Shakespeare and prominent actors and current literary people than Father did and could write impeccable English prose. After a varied career in New York and a spot of sheep herding in Dakota, he had a stroke while in his twenties which left him partially paralyzed and handicapped for the rest of his life. Successful in the linen thread business, he often went to Ireland. Romeyn lived with him in his apartment from 1906 until he was married in 1908. His uncle died at the age of 51 leaving enough of an estate to make Grandmother and Aunt Lottie modestly comfortable to the end of their lives". Harriet went to his funeral with Ernest Truslow. A tremendous number of different kinds of people attended. Most of the men were sobbing, too, she said.

Between 1909 and 1916 their mother, Lizzie, was housemother of Tyler House at Smith College. She thoroughly enjoyed this period in Northhampton and made the most of the lectures and concerts available to her. Other housemothers were also wonderful people. Their job was to hire and run the servants, order the meals and make things charming and friendly for the girls. While Harriet was never in Tyler House, she and her friends would often gravitate there for Russian tea which was hot tea served in pretty glasses. Lizzie was always interested in new

ideas even if they were scorned by others. Isadora Duncan spent one summer in Canaan living in the Ninger House. She and her brother dressed in togas (without the usual corsets and underwear of the early 1900s) would dance in the moonlight along the country roads. Everyone thought they were nutty but Lizzie hired a horse and drove all the way to Lenox to see one of their recitals.

Romeyn at Cornell

It was decided to send Romeyn to Cornell University because of his mother's and Grandfather Gould's early connections there. He went early in the fall of 1900 to take competitive examinations for a scholarship which he did not get. He attributed his poor showing to the fact that he lingered too long in trying to define "number" in a mathematics question. Every time his children approached a serious exam, he told that story with the obvious moral not to stay too long on one question.

He was seriously set back during his freshman year by typhoid fever which he and hundreds of other Cornell students caught from contaminated drinking water. The rest of his freshman and sophomore year were spent in catching up. Sometime during his sophomore year, there was a competition for a Cornell football song. Romeyn is supposed to have written the words of "The Big Red Team" in one afternoon and had them set to music by a friend named Lindstrom by evening. "The Big Red Team" won the prize and this was the beginning of a collaboration which led to their writing the words and music for three highly successful Masques which were musicals put on by students on the order of the Princeton Triangle shows. One was "The President of Oolong". Only talented male students took part and they were presented during Junior Week in February of 1903, 1904 and 1905 - the last

1900 - 1910



Romeyn at Cornell, 1904



Romeyn as lawyer in
New York, 1907



Harriet during Smith College
period



Polly at Pinehurst, N.C.
1907

when he was in law school. These particular Masques are supposed to have marked a high in such performances.

As a result, Romeyn became editor of the Widow, the Cornell humor magazine where he was associated with Kenneth Roberts who later became the author of the bestselling historical novels. George Jean Nathan was also a member of this group. He became a leading drama critic in New York. Hendrik Willem van Loon, a very successful author was in Cornell at that time and was a friend of Romeyn's from this time. His close relationship with E. B. White of the New Yorker did not begin until the early 20's. As a result of these efforts, Romeyn was elected to Sphinx Head the Senior Honorary Society.

Romeyn Marries Polly

It was in 1904 that one of his classmates, Raymond Nutting, who was on the varsity crew introduced him to his sister, Olive Nutting, who was then a freshman at nearby Wells College. This was during a Senior Week boat ride of the Beta Theta Pi house on Cayuga Lake. She was the date of Roger Vale and wore a big black hat. Other men pursued her but it was Romeyn's daily letters which gained her consent to a long engagement. While Romeyn was earning \$7 a week and living with Uncle Romeyn during 1906 and 1907, Olive went with her father to Southern Pines in the winter and they lived in New York hotels in the summer. Romeyn admired the handsome old Colonel who had won a Congressional Medal of Honor during the Civil War. When he died suddenly in 1908, he went to Nova Scotia to marry Olive on September 21, 1908. The Halifax hotel listed among its guests that day: Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Beanie, Lummit New Jersey. Polly always called him Beanie after that.

On a very little income, they lived in an apartment in Summit, N. Y., for the next five years. Three other young couples (one of whom was Spencer Weld became president of the A&P) played bridge all the winter of 1909 for a ton of coal. Elizabeth Wright Berry was born in 1909 and died in 1912. Ruth Seely Berry was born on May 21, 1913 and Hilda Truslow Berry was born on January 26, 1916.

Their Mother Studies Art in Paris

Meanwhile, Elizabeth (with a son safely married and her daughter Harriet nicely graduated from Smith College) decided to go abroad and study art in Paris. A boarding school friend in Friends School in Providence whose name was Lizzie Winters Weatherald decided to go with her. These two "old" ladies in their black taffeta dresses set off and established addresses at 122 Rue d'Assas. Lizzie's sketch books full of drawings of ladies in the nude are still in the Shanty. The McDonalds have a water color of the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the Seine which dates from that period. They also have her picture of a French boy cleaning a pot. She was definitely influenced by the impressionists, especially Manet, a type of painting which not appreciated by many people until much later.

It was after she returned from Europe that she felt the need of having a home - something which she really hadn't had since she left Montclair. On a visit to Aunt Annie and Uncle Benoni Johnson in Canaan, Uncle Benoni offered to sell her a little old house at the top of the hill for \$500. This became The Shanty. Here she brought together the things which she loved. With the special flair which she had for interior decoration she created what was to become a summer haven for her descendants for generations.

Lizzie did not have much money but she did have a cousin who married

a gentleman who was President of the New York Stock Exchange for several years. Cousin Frank Eames was fond of Lizzie and gave her tips on the market which Lizzie took. Her successes along these lines made it possible to build the old barn into a guest house and to have a servant at all times. At one time she had a man in the kitchen of the Shanty. She always insisted, laughingly, that a literary lady could not get along without help.

Excerpts from "The Shanty Diary" follow. Most of it was written by Grandmother Gould who spent the summers at the Shanty between 1905 and 1912 when she died. It was continued intermittently by Lizzie.

The Shanty Diary

July, 1905

It was not an "abandoned farm" but a solitary little dwelling, a few yards from the roadside. It had a cheery look in spite of the neglect that had been given it. And it took the eye and heart of its present possessor. She had been a widow for a number of years, her husband a young physician, dying early, at the height of his success, and leaving her two children, a son and a daughter. The little house smiled in the sunshine and beckoned her on. It had a dry cellar, a good roof and its owner was one with whom she could deal comfortably.

Her son had graduated this year from law school, and in the same month, Harriette had received her diploma from Smith. The mother's heart was easier. This little home came to her, the old grandmother says, from Providence (the old grandmother still believes in Providence.) On the first of July they took possession of it and called it The Shanty, in defiance of many a friendly suggestion

because they did not like pretension. The daughter christened it the first fortnight by entertaining a bunch of fair sweet graduates like herself.

The son had secured a place in a lawyer's office in New York, much to his satisfaction, and had still a month to spare to the welcoming Shanty. The old grandmother finds herself illy prepared for the outdoor enthusiasm of the 20th century - but even she is evolving with the spirit of the age. Last night she slept with her door open on the piazza all night. And her grandson, slept on the piazza. We're keeping up with the procession toward the Simple Life when he arises in his pajamas and soap and towel and goes to the brook for his morning bath.

We've had one little shadow which we record to enhance the hours that shine in the illness of the great grandson, (Johnson) who is going through his second summer and is cutting his teeth. Modern medical science says that this has nothing to do with his illness - but mothers and grandmothers of the last 2000 years feel differently. This little boy is being brought up on the book and his day and nights are regulated by it.

July 28, 1905

If we only record the hours that shine, what shall we say of this 28th of July, when our young lawyer leaves us and casts in his lot with the many millions of the City of New York.. It is a sad day for the mother and the old grandmother as they watch the lad go down the hill, like Dick Whittington - the lord mayor of London. They wished they might call him back to look once more into his face, wishing that he might have a happy future.

He had taken his last dip in the brook at Saw Mill Woods and went into his breakfast with his Uncle Romeyn at the Hubbard House and all hearts wished him

good luck from the old Grandmother to Norah (the Welch maid at the Shanty). He was off for the law office of James Schell and Elkins - 51 Pine Street and his salary was to be seven dollars a week and is now increased to eight. He is busy and active. Romeyn has begun at the foot of the latter, the top of which in later years, he will adorn we hope. He began at nine in the morning of Aug. 6 and although it was the hottest day of the year, aided by electric fans, and the interest of his work, he didn't know that it was so hot until the next day.

We've adopted Seneca Livingston for all the work our young lawyer did and he receives better pay. He is a man nearing seventy and arrived on the steam car in his best clothes. This was a pair of trousers given him by a man so large that they were pleated around the waist with safety pins. A new shirt given him by the old grandmother, a borrowed necktie and straw hat and a flower in his button hole. He was met at the station by the young lady of the house with a carriage hired for the purpose. After dinner he was taken with a home sick spasm. The mistress provided him with a dose of bromide, thinking him nervous. But the old grandmother who had handled his case many times before suggested whiskey which was successful. Seneca sleeps peacefully on his cot in the barn, the floor of which he has already scrubbed and cleaned. The old grandmother sleeps more peacefully knowing that he is there.

Grandmother Gould was especially interested in Negroes and loved Seneca Livingston who took care of the furnace at 115 Warren Street, ran errands and opened the front door. (Her interest in Negroes made her especially devoted to Abraham Lincoln because of his Emancipation Proclamation. The only time Grandmother Gould is known to have cried was when Lincoln was shot.) Seneca was

probably turned to drink by Grandmother Gould who always had the whiskey bottle ready as he complained more and more of palpitations. Aunt Sarah was always disturbed about his drinking. The following lines are what Hannah Johnson Stoddard can remember of a poem written by Romeyn as part of a Christmas celebration in the early 1900s:

"O Sion of a hundred kings
Of Afriques countless acres
Transported by an alien race
To head out furnace shakers.
"Dream not of flesh they fathers' ate
Along the Congo murkey
Be happy on a foreign strand
And fill thyself with turkey.
"Dispense with booze from Diamond Street
Nor feel thyself tainted
We don't believe they soul's so black
As Sarah A. has painted."

The moon was full on the 4th of August and the fog, owing to the wet season had risen to the Shanty. Ernest and hilda were so delighted they asked permission to sit awhile on our piazza while we sat in the dining room by our pink lamp sewing and reading. After they were gone we all came out to admire btrange affect of the moon upon the fog.

The mistress of the Shanty has turned her back upon its breezes and gone to the heated City of New York. She will go to Montclair. On Sunday, she

hopes to go on to visit Hilda's new home in Summit by auto, which is now out of repair. Autos are made to break either themselves or human life. There endeth the history until she returns. The wedding is the great point of consideration now.

September 3, 1905

Yesterday was a delightful Sabbath to end the summer. Ernest and Hilda came to take tea with Grandma, the last Sunday she would come as Hilda Johnson. The grandmother and the ancient auto left the Shanty on the eighth and turned their backs on all of its social cheer and sunshine for the year. But soon after her arrival at 115 the old grandmother was delighted to have a visit from the one survivor of her girlhood and youth in the person of her cousin W. W. Atterbury. It was a cementing time for the two cousins. It only seems like yesterday that the old grandmother and her cousins sat on the hillside at Buffield Bank, eating melons together and such melons the like of which are not in the markets of today. During his visit (W. W. Atterbury) began to fidget about a present for the bride and for the first time the old grandmother recognized in him the old Atterbury blood which was always in a hurry.

But to the wedding day. The Ancient aunt said it was going to rain - but it did not rain. Dr. Yeisley performed the ceremony in his handsome gown. Then came the entertainment but the day being for the young, they flitted before her in white like so many angels and she can make but very little record of it. Nothing delighted her more than to see the bride and groom drive away in a run-a-bout driving a white horse on which some wicked person had painted a red heart. It was so like the way her parents started out in life. Some of the bridal party overtaking the couple later reported that the groom had taken off the red heart with gasoline.

It was quite late when the old grandmother returned home. As the maid opened the door she said "If there is another marriage in the family, the wedding must come to me."

1908

Lost one year of record which is a huge loss. The 20th of June of last year, Harriette joined a party of friends for a trip to Europe on the Wilhelm der Grosse and we lost in her going much of the interest of the Shanty. She was young and happy and she returned in September, a stormy eve.

We knew the vessel was due but we had not heard of its arrival. We said to her mother we hoped she was not at sea on such a night as this. The wind blew; the rain fell in torrents. Desolation seemed everywhere but around our central lamp.

Then we hear Nora and a tread behind her. And in bounded the dear traveler herself. She had a delightful trip and arrived in the country of her birth without a soul to meet her. Taking the train to Canaan, she found the station closed for the night and darkness all about her. Between the flashes of lightning she felt her way to her Uncle's where they exclaimed as if they had seen a vision. Then she secured a lantern and Norah. Few travelers have had such a return. There was not even our dog to welcome her, for our Teddy had been shot a short time before for sheep killing. So she brought out her little treasures: a picture of Dove Cottage and a likeness of the poet Wordsworth for the old grandmother.

This summer it is with some hesitation that we take up the record but as once in a while a stray picture comes before our mental vision we call the joy of solitude, how gladly we would keep it. So it is with a stray line we would

would unfold a record of things we would all like to remember at the Shanty. An outside chimney has been built of cobblestone which draws beautifully and with the changes of the weather, we are delighted with its comfort.

Romeyn and Olive Nutting were here before us. The dear boy's devotion to Olive was our portion. We had only to share him with the Saw Mill woods before. He had been, we thought, a little too careless for woman kind, but the old grandmother sighed to herself: "the son is my son, til he gets him a wife.

But me daughter's me daughter all my life."

And though it would be a selfish nature that begrudged the joys of first sweet love. And our little Shanty has seen that vision and stood the Shakespearean test: the course of true love never went smooth. After so few pleasant rambles and a moonlight night or two, the young lady was called to Nova Scotia (by the death of her father, I think) and our R. B. waited upon her to Pittsfield and then returned to the Shanty which we feared was robbed to him of the secret of its charm. But he has braved it like a young lawyer, has gone to Lake Queechy for his swim and to play bridge at Duffield Bank. He goes to Bridgeport tomorrow to stand as godfather for a little fellow born to Sanford and Hannah in December. He is to be called Goodwin for his grandfather.

The Summer of 1909

Weather unusual and the old grandmother came out from Hudson on the 10th of June prostrated by the heat but the week ended seemingly as cold as winter. A very delightful visit from grandmother Berry and her daughter Charlotte began the 6th of July. They sleep in what I still call the barn but called by the mistress, the "Eyrie". It was given to her by her cousin, Frank Eames. It has

two large rooms beautifully ceiled and a balcony, but because of the contrary winds we have not been able much to enjoy.

The 16th of August is to be remembered as the stormiest day we've known in the Shanty. The wind broke two branches from our locust tree. Annie came down through it all and sat an hour with us and in the afternoon Hannah came in full walking rig to borrow a hat pin. She was out for a walk with her husband, little Johnson, Ernest and Hilda.

The chief pleasure is seeing the little great grandchildren when they have each afternoon their circus in the parlor. Goody is a lovely boy; so is little Miss Ann. Goody walks across the room like his great grandfather Gould and Ann creeps after him in her crab like fashion. As for the owner of the Shanty, she leaves us to sail for Europe on Tuesday. We will sadly miss her.

1910

The mistress of the Shanty has had a delightful year in Europe, studying watercolor drawing in Paris. She returned on the 7th of July. During her absence, a little granddaughter arrived, named Elisabeth Wright. Her family hope to reach Canaan next week. Harriet has been enjoying sleeping on the piazza of their domicile in the open. (This is a happy diary which would not say that Harriet had a touch of tuberculosis).*

Footnote

*Harriet had nursed both Grandmother Gould and Aunt Sarah through weeks of serious pneumonia and had lost a great deal of weight. During a trip to New York she was examined by a doctor and found to have tuberculosis. Romeyn was submerged with difficulties so it was the Ernest Truslows who took her in for seven months and gave her the care she needed for recovery. With them at Short Hills, New Jersey during the winter of 1911, she lived on an open sleeping porch coming in only at night for dinner. Her diet was 10 raw eggs a day and two quarters of milk. She was given a clean bill of health after seven months of this treatment. When she took a physical examination before she went to France six years later, she had one of the largest lung capacities on record.

July, 1914

The aged grandmother left us in July, 1912. All her prayers were answered and we rejoice that we were able to so far with her. That her enlightened spirit may continue with us is our hope and trust.

For two summers the Shanty was happily rented to Mr. Alan Campbell while the mistress and her daughter went to Europe. But this summer we are all back with the maiden aunt, (Aunt Sarah). We arrived expecting to find the house in perfect order and drove up to find the grass a foot high and two big branches blown down to hinder our entrance, and a paper hanger or painter in every room -- Mrs. Wagner impotent in the background and Amy Maher to arrive in the afternoon. But all went well as it has a way of doing in the Shanty.

Our dear boy has arrived with his family. (On the way up, he stopped at the Chatham station and found that World War I had been declared). They are established in the Villa Benoni, as in the process of evolution our barn is now called. Romeyn comes up every Friday night and returns on Sunday and is now here for a week. Little Ruth is fourteen months old. She came into the world with health and a good disposition. I think she has some of the gifts of the old grandmother. Time will tell.

Whether from angelic ministry or what good source, Isobel Roche, came to serve us only a few week from England - cheerful and obliging, working harmoniously with all. Agnes Waters, equally kind, came with Olive to take care of the baby.

October 11, 1914

Even the ancient grandmother would like to have a record of an hour when the sun did not shine on the little Shanty. On July 28 came Grandmother Berry

1910 - 1919



Harriet, Polly and Aunt Annie
Johnson holding Elizabeth in
Canaan during summer of 1910.
Man?

Ruth and Hilda in Summit, 1916.



Hilda with nurse, Agnes,
on porch of 8 Franklin Place,
Summit, N. J.

and her daughter Charlotte for a fortnights sojourn. On the morning of the 29th it was cold and wet and we were cosily gathered about the fire place with our work while Sarah read aloud from the morning paper - when there came a report like a cannon, a flash and the whole front wall fell over. The house was struck and in a few minutes the flames were swishing up between the lathes and the outside wall. I felt that we were doomed. Isobel seized a hatchet and tore off the lathes while Harriet went above with pails of water and all of us contributing buckets full, until the fire was out. It was a narrow escape. Our beautiful tree was sadly mutilated but may live a little longer. We were fully recompensed by insurance and after paying out for years, it was pleasant to receive.

October, 1917

A long blank in our diary. Two happy summers have passed and just before she was eighty, Aunt Sarah left to join the choir invisible. We have had two visits from Romeyn this summer and one from Ruth. The daughter has spent two winters with our good friend Zellah in Detroit. And the mistress one winter in Florida and one in California.

The cruel war has been raging for three years and still rages but we only record the hours that shine. 1917 marks a year of great evolution. Harriet has had a garden from which we have mostly been fed. Our maid left and we have learned the beauty of having none - great independence and emancipation. But our hospitalities have not diminished and we are grateful.

October 3, 1917

We had a Lovefeast to celebrate the 40th wedding anniversary of Benoni and Annie. The lovely daughters arrived the day before and were very merry and delightful. We had previously written to various friends and a big mail full of love

and poetry were read before a blazing fire in Skeezaacs' House, Benoni's new joy. Ruth and Hilda may like to read what grandmother remembered and I will copy my message

A Few Memories of the Bridesmaid of 1877

The day was bright
The house was gay
Forty years ago today.

And happy memories stay with the bridesmaid. A vision of a handsome host of friends now gone before us but I think loving to linger with us and rejoicing in the good luck that has followed this happy couple and will follow them to their golden anniversary. With the angelic ministry I see Ira and Julia, Ira telling mother he knows she would always be thankful for the day that gave her Benoni for a son - a prophecy that has surely been fulfilled.

We never can forget Cousin Mary's horror suspecting the bride and groom would take but one trunk between them. Shocking. Horrible, That his clothes should lie lovingly alongside of Annies. Then after dark, I see the porter from the Worth (hotel) surreptitiously carrying the groom's clothes up the garret stairs and later Billy carrying the trunk down and out while Cousin Mary was being artfully lured away by one of the sisters.

How were all those guests housed: the Baldwins - the Roggens - Aunt Lilla, the Ellicotts, Turnpennys, Eames, Elisabeth White - Sallie Halker, and Zellah. Times have changed and hospitality also.

The bride and groom were much in love and blissfully happy in each others company. Phil Knickerbocker said they were a matter of fact couple but Phil didn't know the groom had one shadow to enhance his sunshine: his friend Goodwin

Stoddard and his wife could not be present. The first born was to arrive in a few days and they must be on hand to properly receive him who was afterwards to prove such a blessing and joy to BS and his wife.

Well, the happy couple walked in rather heavily clad for a warm night proceeded by their friend Seth McArthur and the aforesaid bridesmaid. I think also Julian Gifford, Charlie Miller and John Pearson who were acting as ushers. Then when the circle was formed a saintly looking youth stepped forward and tied the knot. It was Dr. Yeisley - what an evolution.

Then came the supper, the caterers from Troy. It was a handsome and so distinguished looking assemblage including the groom's cousin Benoni Green. If there two cousins could have foreseen the happy vista with farms adjoining and 42 heads of cattle skipping happily over the hills of Canaan. And the bride's sister and her lovely Patricia living between them in the Shanty on Summer Street. It would be enough to make the 40 years worthwhile and a fine pinnacle to end our tale.

September 8, 1919

Two years have flown over the little Shanty and such history. The war is over. In 1918 the mistress offered both of her children to make the world better. The sweet daughter sailed for France and was in Paris when the armies truce was signed. Her winter was spent in Nantes where life was beautiful and romantic. Here she met James Wood Tyson 3rd who proved to be very congenial. They had a lovely spring in Brittany, three weeks together in Paris and returned to Canaan in the middle of July, engaged to be married.

Romeyn, about the same time, after three months in the army, gave

1910 - 1919



Hilda and Ruth, 1917

Ruth in Ithaca, 1919



up the law and moved to a lovely home of his own in Ithaca. And we hope great happiness awaits them. The wedding will be on the 3rd of October the anniversary of the marriage of her uncle and Aunt and we're busy getting the bride ready for her new home in Baltimore. The groom has won all hearts and the mistress must feel she is gaining a dear son, as she is not losing a daughter.

On October 3 Harriet was married to James Wood Tyson 3rd. There never was a more beautiful day, sandwiched in between dark and cold and stormy weather. But the 3rd as usual for the past forty years was perfect.

Harriet's Marriage

"One of the most beautiful weddings of this autumnal season took place last Friday in the Congregational Church of Canaan, N. Y. when Miss Harriet Esselstyn Berry was married to Mr. James Wood Tyson 3rd of Baltimore, Maryland. Miss Berry is a daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Gould Berry and a granddaughter of the late Hon. John Stanton Gould. She was for a time a resident of Hudson. Both Miss Berry and Captain Tyson who is of a well known Baltimore family, were Red Cross workers during the war, doing most efficient and self sacrificing work in France.

The church was most beautifully decorated by the friends of the bride, the whole community uniting in this tribute to one who had won the affections of all by her kindliness and unselfish services. The Rev. Dr. Yeisley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Hudson was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Bartley, pastor of the Congregational Church, performed the ceremony, after which there was a delightful reception held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benoni S. Johnson, the latter the aunt of the bride. The repast was spread on tables over the spacious lawn of the Johnson

residence and was enjoyed by a large company of relatives and friends from Baltimore, New York and other places. Several of the associates of the bride did hospital work with her in France and others were classmates at Smith College. They journeyed a long distance to be present at the marriage of one whose charming personality makes her universally popular and beloved."

Tucked in a back page of the Shanty diary:

August 8, 1920

Baltimore Md. 8:20 am

To Mrs. Wm B. Berry
Canaan, N. Y.

Seven and one half pound grand daughter born six fifty five this morning.
Patty and baby in splendid condition.

Jim

(End of The Shanty Diary)

The Shanty Diary does not mention the fact that Ann Truslow was the only attendant at Harriet's wedding. She gave the bride some wooden beads from the Ten Cent Store with "11 years of love". The string quarter hired to play the wedding march in the beautifully decorated First Congregational Church of Canaan didn't arrive. So Lizzie, sitting in the front row of the packed church, rose and announced the fact to the congregation. Cousin Bernice Green got up and walked to the organ and played the Wedding March. Mrs. Tyson, Senior, and the Davages stayed at the Johnsons and the groom and the best man, Fidler Robinson stayed with the Stoddards who gave the party the night before. Romeyn, Polly, Grandmother Berry, and Aunt Lottie stayed at the Shanty. After the wedding, Percy drove the bride and groom, dripping with rice, to the stylish Hotel Aspinwall in Lenox.

The other Tyson children besides Margaret Gould Tyson, whose arrival was announced in the telegram above, are Patricia Berry Tyson, born on September 1, 1922 and now Mrs. William Harrison of Baltimore, Elizabeth Wright Tyson born on February 13, 1924 and now Mrs. Richard Sosnowski of Charleston, South Carolina and James Wood Tyson IV born on November 10, 1925 who married Alice Harrison of Baltimore and now lives near there.

Romeyn's daughter, Ruth, is Mrs. William Naylor McDonald III of Pelham Manor, N. Y. His daughter, Hilda, is Mrs. Charles Hamilton Sanford of Hamden, Connecticut. Their mother, Polly, was instantly killed in an automobile accident in 1928. In 1933, Romeyn married Hester Bancroft. Their adopted son, Warner Bott Berry, born in 1940, carries on the Berry family name.

The mistress of the Shanty, died on October 28, 1920, soon after she received the telegram announcing Peggy's arrival. After a stay of about a week in Baltimore enjoying her newest grandchild, she left the apartment to mail a letter to Polly. With her were Mrs. Tyson, Senior and Harriet. They all laughed when Lizzie, rather typically, tried to mail the letter in a fire box. The next moment she had collapsed in the shadow of the tower of Emmanuel Church which she particularly enjoyed walking past. It is interesting that the bell in the tower of that Church rings"

"To remind all who pass of the beauty of holiness."

My part of the family history ends here, in 1920, when the story has reached a point where most of the descendants of Harriet and Romeyn can remember the things which they think are most significant for their children to know, about "the people who have suffered before them and who have given them their existence".

Ruth Berry McDonald