THE TOWN OF BRANDON, VERMONT.

By Augusta W. Kellogg.

DURING the troublous times when New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts were contending for possession of the New Hampshire Grants (now the State of Vermont), a settlement was begun there on the northern frontier of a chain of sixteen townships, to which was given the Indian name of Neshobe. There were five young men who, determined to hew homes for themselves out of the primeval forest, spent the summer of 1761 upon the ground; but, as winter approached, four of the pioneers returned to the more comfortable quarters whence they had come. Only one, Amos Cutler, a blacksmith, twenty-four years of age, remained, spending the winter — but for the companionship of his dog — entirely alone. One wonders whether he "stayed by the stuff" in a spirit of bravado or because he had no special ties elsewhere, or if perhaps the solitude were congenial to his temperament. However, with the summer his companions returned, and such progress was made in their work that it was never again necessary to flee from the rigors of the climate. It is said that Jedediah Winslow, a descendant of the Pilgrim, Edward Winslow, erected the first dwelling house.

Little is known of the settlers for the next quarter of a century. There are the usual traditions of incursions by savages, who, carrying off the robust, left the young and weak to perish. One tale, however, ends more happily. It is of Joseph Barker, who was led away captive, leaving a young wife and little child behind him. That night, alone and unfriended, Mrs. Barker gave birth to another baby. Fortunately assistance soon reached her from a neighboring settlement (now Pittsford), where later she was rejoined by her husband, who had feigned illness so successfully in the march northward as to be abandoned at Middlebury by his captors.

The name of Neshobe was changed in 1784 to Brandon, or Burntown, whereby an unusually disastrous fire seems hinted at. The situation that had been chosen for this settlement bespeaks both intelligence and foresight in its founders. There is no better land east of the Rocky Mountains than this watered by the Otter Creek, which runs from Dorset Pond through Addison and Rutland counties to pour itself over the pretty falls at Vergennes before starting on its eight mile course to Lake Champlain.

"Where from the dear incontinent caress
Of mountains joying in so fair a child,
Slow Otter 'scaped through woody wilderness,
Illapsed into the lovelorn valley mild
Of swaying vines, and weeping willows wild,
And many a bloomy grass and many a flower,

With fragrant kiss that the sweet way
beguiled;
Still in the rath, the late, the middle hour,
To stray through all its banks a bright,
continuous bower,
Neshobe was; a little lovely spot
You may have dreamed some drowsy
summer's noon,
But to have seen, has been above your
lot."

This "long line of intervale receives annually the best of all top-dressings, by the gentle overflow of the sluggish stream, which subsides so quietly as to leave its rich deposits, brought down from the mountains, more evenly distributed than could be effected by any human skill."

Otter Creek receives as the Brandon contribution the Neshobe River, which, rising at the foot of the Goshen Mountains, is an outlet for Spring and Burnell ponds, and in its serpentine course through a light, sandy soil drains a district ten miles in length.

According to geologists the town of Brandon lies not only in "a portion of one of the richest metalliferous districts of the world, but there is no other town which furnishes a greater variety or more extensive deposits of mineral wealth." The State reports describe "the town as situated on an expanded terrace, or ancient sea-beach, six hundred feet above the sea, and, like everything in Brandon," they courteously add "this terrace is well-formed and attractive to the eye."

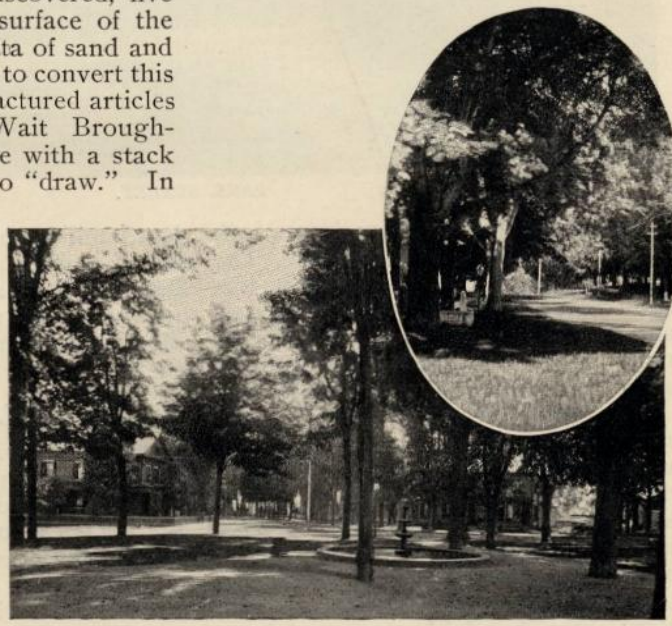
In the southwest part of the town, not far from the village, is a frozen well, which, since 1858, the year of its accidental discovery, has excited the interest of such eminent scientists as Sir Charles Lyell, Professors Agassiz, Jackson and others who have visited it. This well lies between two nearly parallel ridges of limestone, which are about an eighth of a mile apart. It is forty feet deep, the water very clear, with pebbly bed. Ice forms in the well no later than April, but if not taken away remains usually through the summer, while the stones are coated with ice for four or five feet above the water, the mercury marking 1° F. above freezing. The phenomenon of this frozen well is thus explained in the latest geological reports: "The deposit is probably about the age of moraine terraces, whose peculiarities we have supposed produced

OTTER CREEK VALLEY.

by stranded icebergs, and that the gravel and sand among these were doubtless frozen (formed perhaps by successive layers of ice and gravel) tens of thousands of years ago, but marly clay and pebbles in interstratification is a poor conductor of heat. The conditions are like those of a huge sandstone refrigerator, whose increased and unusual effects beyond those of the ordinary refrigerator are due to the increased and unusual collection of poor conducting materials which form its sides. And more than the non-conducting power of the fragments is the evaporation, which would be large in large fragments. Coating of gravel and clay, twenty feet thick, protected from heat beneath by layer of impervious clay, stratum of pebbles, etc., etc., make, according to Prof. A. D. Hager, 'a perfect, improved refrigerator.'" This peculiar formation, called Hogback (see page 307), is solidly welded gravel in which are embedded larger stone and is a part of the above-mentioned ridges.

As early as 1810 an inexhaustible bed of decomposed brown hematite or bog iron ore was discovered, five or six feet below the surface of the ground, covered by strata of sand and ochre. The first attempt to convert this raw material into manufactured articles was made by Mr. Wait Broughton, who built a furnace with a stack chimney. This failed to "draw." In order to repeat his experiment he would be obliged to expend the remnant of his little fortune; but, encouraged by his wife, he ventured his all, with the result that in 1819-20 the furnace was in successful operation. This new industry, lasting for thirty years, built up a thriving town. The ore-bed teams brought their yellow loads to be weighed on the village scales before being dumped in the "top-house" for smelting. The ore had been washed by putting it into the upper end of a long box perforated like a strainer and revolving in an inclined position while a stream of water passed through it. The ore rolled over and downwards, of course, falling from the lower extremity into a shallow vat. The blast furnace produced directly from this brown hematite a superior soft gray iron not liable to crack upon exposure to heat, and yielding thus treated fifty per cent pure iron.

Mr. Broughton's daughter married John Conant from Ashburnham, Mass., who, by the purchase of the Neshobe River water power did more than any other one person to advance the material interests of the town. He established grist and saw-mills, and succeeded to his father-in-law's iron business, to which was added in 1825 the manufacture of the first cooking-stoves made in the State of Vermont. It was a great invention for the time and revolutionized the culinary de-



THE PARK AND GROVE STREET.

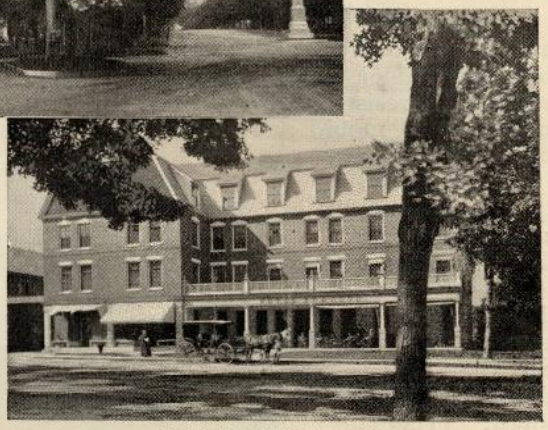
partment of the New England kitchen. It superseded the old fire-place with its swinging crane of pots and kettles, the hearth-spiders on legs, and tin bakers for roasting before the blazing logs. "The Conant stove" had a fire-box, surmounted with a box-oven, an expanded pannier on each side for heating purposes, with large circular opening in the rear for griddle and wash-boiler, and doors at each end. These stoves went all over New England, and teams carrying them for shipment on Lake Champlain brought back the goods sent from New York or Troy via canal, river and lake. The introduction of cooking stoves was soon followed by that of box-stoves, and also of enormous potash kettles, much in use for the making of soft soap from the lye of wood ashes.

PARK STREET.

Meanwhile a new furnace was started three miles nearer the ore beds, where, in addition to iron, simple and pure, a variety of ornamental articles, like vases, statues and chairs, were manufactured. But the principal output at both furnaces was pig-iron. In 1845 twelve hundred tons were made, also eight hundred stove castings. Two hundred men, with machinery, were employed. The blasts, for some reason or other, were supposed to — and probably did — take place at midnight, thus greatly enhancing the mystery of a Dantean scene. It was most impressive to be admitted to the cave-like interior of the furnace, the floor of which was prepared with sand moulds branching on each side of one long, broad centre line. Here men whose children we knew and called by their baptismal names, even with whose own faces too we were more or less familiar above ground, were, with bared breasts and brawny arms, ladling out from a boiling cauldron vast measures of molten liquid, which, slowly coursing across the black earth, sent out a blinding splendor of glowing flame. It was a weird scene, and those innocent men stand in memory as monsters of a nether-world.

A generation later the wheels for the Car Wheel Company were made in the village furnace. "At a blast lasting one hundred and eighteen days, 14,276 pounds of iron were averaged *per diem*." This was cast into wheels, and "by a process which hardened the

OLD BRANDON HOUSE.



NEW BRANDON INN.

flange and surface of the rim covering the rail nearly an inch in depth, and the only part subject to wear, it polished like steel, while the tenacity of the body of the wheel, the part most liable to crack, was not at all diminished."

When the iron ore was washed as described above, there was released an ochre with a mass of decomposed feldspar, which at first went to waste, but later was filtered, fell into vats and, when settled, was shovelled off into drying houses. From this, mixed with oil, a coarsish sort of paint was made, by a company organized in 1864, under the name of the Brandon Paint Company,

with a capital of $300,000 and eighty acres of mineral fields. From five hundred to one thousand tons were made annually, consisting specifically of "variable quantities of protoxide and peroxide of iron and of deutoxide of manganese." As a similar paint could be produced in Pennsylvania, nearer to the oil market, this industry was necessarily abandoned.

Another valuable mineral, the existence of which has been known here for upwards of half a century, is kaolin, or paper clay, sometimes called porcelain clay. It is among the best and largest deposits associated with the ochres and ores of iron and manganese. It is described technically thus: "When unadulterated it is snowy white, quite unctuous to the touch, slightly coherent, does not change color by being burned, and is extensively used in the manufacture of stone and earthen ware, porcelain, firebrick, paper and vulcanized India rubber. It is carefully elutriated, and when dried is packed and ready for market. It is applied to paper pulp in an impalpable powder, rendering it opaque and of good body at a much less expense than if white rags alone were used. Firebrick consist largely of kaolin and

THE SEMINARY.

arenaceous quartz, and as repeated burnings render the former more serviceable in resisting intense heat, the modus is to mould and burn bricks of it, then pulverize, mix with quartz sand, mould and burn again." The Brandon bed is eighty feet in depth and the bottom not in sight. Sir Charles Lyell thought this clay might eventually be more valuable than the iron.

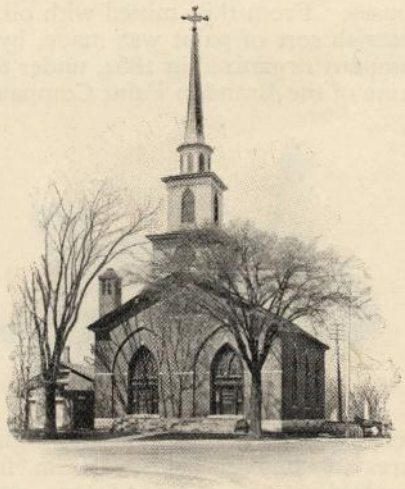
ST. THOMAS CHURCH.

Lignite exists only in small quantities, but preserves organic remains containing seeds and fruits varying in size from that of a fig to less than that of a barley-corn, and as these fossil seeds and fruit are unlike any vegetation now growing in this country, it is supposed that they have been transferred by water, and that the accumulation took place in an ancient estuary. The form is more or less obliterated, while the parts preserved (of course the hardest) are often botanically of slight value. The species are probably of the same age as the lignites and fruits of Oeningen, Switzerland.

It remains to speak of the marble quarries. The marble from those of the Brandon Italian Marble Company is clouded, and similar in appearance to the imported Italian, but having more character to its clouding. It is beautiful when finished, and has a degree of hardness and strength of texture which makes it far more durable than the imported Italian for out-door exposure. There is also a pure white marble of great solidity and exquisite firmness but the quarry producing it is not now worked.

Other minerals not found in large quantities are black lead, a variety of psilomelane with implanted crystals of ore of manganese, scarcely differing from the sesqui-oxide of manganese, pyrolusite, copper and iron pyrites, galena, braunite, etc. There is a whole ledge of flux, while jail cell walls have been furnished from solid blocks of limestone from six to eight inches thick. There are two caves in limestone ledges which have been points of interest since their discovery in 1842. One of these contains a room from sixteen to eighteen feet square.

Vermont is full of pretty villages; and while Brandon may not be the prettiest among them, he would be a



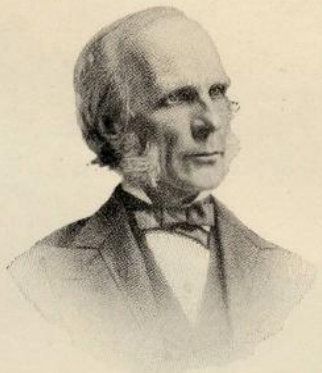
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

bold man who tried to maintain that there is a prettier. From southwest to northeast, its longest diameter, is one mile, cut into nearly equal halves by the Neshobe River. Each half has its pretty park with fountain and trees, whence radiate the broad shaded streets.

"Two undulating lines of hill-top green
Did hide the rising and the setting sun,
Yet that against the East, excelled, I ween."

This "excelling hill-top green" bars on the east the beautiful Park Street with its octuple row of trees embowering the entire length. At its junction with Franklin Street stands the handsome granite Soldiers' Monument, testifying by its long roll of honor that the town bore its full proportion of the loss of the State, which according to its population suffered more than any other in the North. On the one hand is the new Methodist church, on the other the old Congregational church with its mossed steps worn by many feet, now lying under the sod in the graveyard behind it. A charming new hotel built of marble and terra cotta stands on the site so occupied for over a hundred years. Passing a row of shops one comes by an easy descending grade to the bridge, near which are the bank, postoffice and town hall. Turning abruptly to the right is the steep street leading to the building of the old seminary, founded in 1806, and now occupied by a good graded school. The building itself, quite bare of ornament, is by actual measurement almost identical in size with the main building of Solomon's Temple — i. e., about 100 by 30 feet; and while the results attained there may have borne no comparison to the wisdom of the Oriental king, the fact has furnished a standard of interest and reality for Bible classes.

DR. C. A. THOMAS.



REV. W. G. T. SHEDD.

But this apart. Returning to the river and proceeding to a farther ridge, the lovely, gray-towered St. Thomas church is seen, fairly leaning against the green hillside; and just here begins the complement to the star-like arrangement on the other side of the river. The ancient militia ground is included in the breadth of two of the streets. Years ago it was the "chief resort of the trainers at their annual June drill, with their blue coats and white trousers and bell-crowned leather helmets with tall white and red plumes." General Burgoyne had said of the inhabitants of this region in 1777: "They are the most rebellious and warlike race on the continent and hang like a warcloud on my left." This spirit found expression in the "trainings" up to a date not so very far removed from the opening of our Civil War.

The old Baptist church faces this second park, and it is out from its doorway that the road leads to the Pine Hill Cemetery, two miles away. It is to an energetic ladies' association that this cemetery owes its charming rural beauty. An exquisite proportion between nature and art has been maintained, and it would not be easy to find a more attractive spot. From the

number of lots belonging to whilom residents it would seem a common enough ambition among such to come back to the shadows of their native hills for their final sleep.

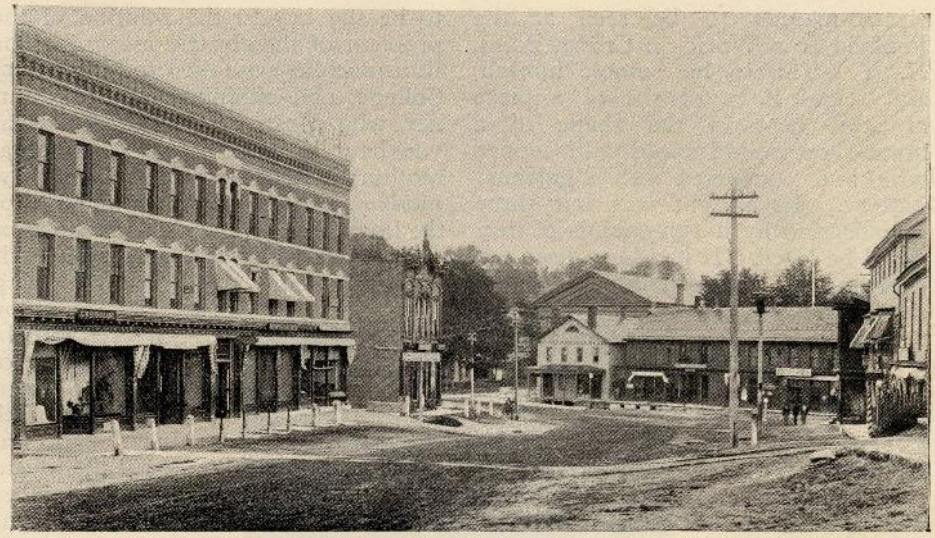
From the top of the Pine Hill itself is a grand panorama of the Lake Champlain valley, with the blue Adirondacks lying away on the horizon. One stone marks the grave of Richard Welch, who served under Wellington in the Peninsular War, receiving his death wound at the battle of Vittoria, June 22, 1813. The bullet lodged in the left leg. When the body was removed from the old to the new cemetery, there was found lying on the bottom of the coffin the fatal bullet flattened to the size and thickness of a large copper cent. The granite receiving tomb, a gift from Mrs. R. V. Marsh, stands near the entrance to the cemetery.

In this part of the town is the blooded stock farm of Mr. H. C. Watson, who is doing much to raise the standard of both race and road horses. Since the days of the exceeding popularity of the Morgan horse, nothing will stir the blood of a Vermonter like the sight of a fine animal. A story is told of a good old farm horse which, after drawing hay for twenty summers, was finally taken to Boston "to do depot work." No locomotive astonished him, no whistle affrighted; but one day, seeing a load of hay, he kicked up his heels and ran down Columbus Avenue like a wild creature. It was no part of his policy to betray his rural origin.

Mr. Charles M. Winslow has exerted an intelligent and practical influence upon the breeding of stock not only in the town, but in the state. He has held the position of secretary of the Ayrshire Breeders' Association most successfully for many years. At one time merino sheep raising was a profitable industry. Australian breeders valued this special breed for its extra weight of wool, which sometimes reached thirty-five or forty pounds. They readily brought $500 per head, and not infrequently $1,000 was paid, while now half that sum could not be obtained.

CONANT SQUARE.

The early rose potato craze too struck Brandon early in its career, and $5 per eye was not considered — by the seller — as exorbitant. Much attention has always been paid to floriculture, and several gardens, notably



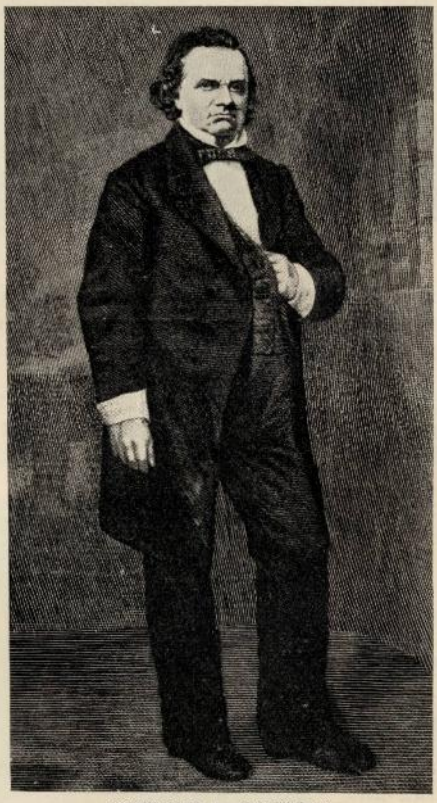
THE MAIN STREET.

those of Messrs. John A. and C. W. Conant, Mrs. Button, Mr. Marsh and Mrs. Royal Blake were conspicuous. Drs. Woodward and Dyer continue to cultivate fine wall-fruit as well as flowers. From 1849 to 1856 Colonel David Warren conducted the manufacture of railroad cars in Brandon. Later the manufactory was used by the Howe Scale Company. All kinds of weighing machines were made under a patent issued in 1856 to the young inventors, Messrs. F. M. Strong and Thomas Ross. These scales took — and still bear, for they are now manufactured successfully in Rutland — the name of the purchaser from the patentees, John Howe.

By a coincidence at once singular and common, two young blacksmiths, *employés* at the New Furnace, received a stimulus or inspiration at the same moment, 1834, — the one, Thomas Davenport, thirty years of age, the other, Orange A. Smalley, ten years his junior, — the former from the fragments of a scientific book, the latter from a lecture given in an adjoining town. By these seemingly accidental means a simultaneous interest in magnetism was excited in these fellow laborers. Davenport heard that there was an

THE NESHOBE.

electro-magnet to be seen at the Penfield Iron Works in Crown Point, N. Y. Thither he betook himself, and found it to consist of a piece of steel bent in the shape of a horse-shoe wound about with copper wire and connected with a galvanic battery. Its weight was but three pounds, and by it 150 pounds of iron could be lifted. It had been used for charging or magnetizing pieces of steel, which were set in a cylinder for "separating" iron ore. Davenport was so happy as to secure this for $18. He carried it home, and experiments were immediately begun, which resulted in obtaining rotary motion by electro-magnetism. There was much excitement over the marvel, and Davenport prophesied that "in a few years steamboats would be propelled by this invisible and mysterious power." Let it be remembered that this was uttered more than a dozen years before the first steam railroad was built in Vermont.

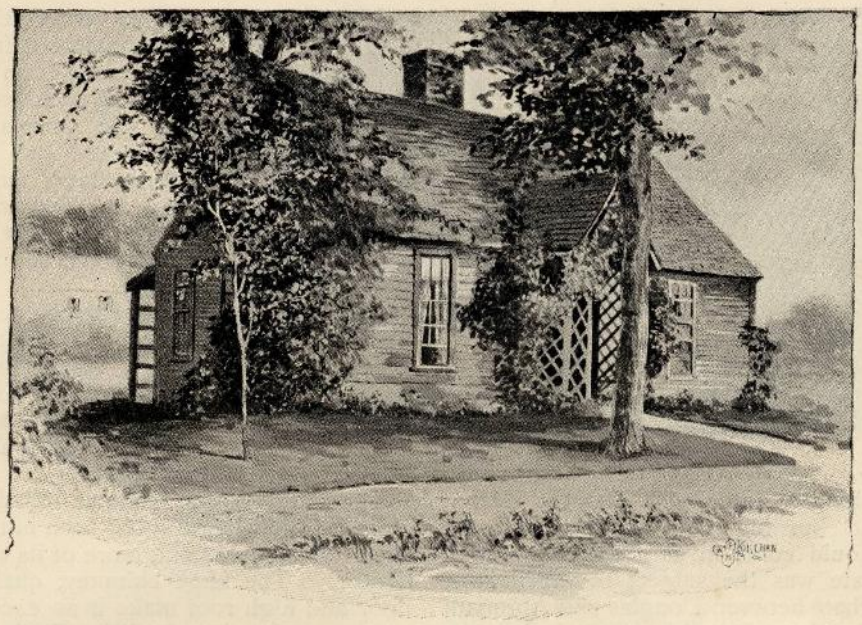


STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

The "Electrical Engineer" of January 7, 1891, thus described the machine. "A permanently magnetized bar was supported at its centre of gravity like a magnetic needle. By placing the pole of an electro-magnet in proximity to the imaginary circle described by the horizontal swing of the bar, and then breaking the circuit by hand at properly-timed intervals, it was found that the bar could be kept in continuous rotation. This proved to be the key to the solution of the problem of the electric motor." The little machine was taken to Middlebury College, and exhibited to Prof. Turner, who declared: "Gentlemen, what you have invented is not a perpetual motion; it is nothing less than a new motive power." Another member of the learned body, Professor Fowler, expressed his belief that the dozen curious bystanders "were then witnessing the first exhibition of what would prove to be one of the greatest inventions of the 19th century." It was not until the invention had reached this stage that Davenport learned —from Stillman's Chemistry — the names of the instruments he had made or of the materials he had used. His wife cut her one silk gown, a wedding gift from her father, into narrow strips, to be used in insulating the helices of the new machine. Davenport and Smalley connected their houses by a wire, on which they transmitted messages by means of electricity, using a battery. This battery they called "cups."

Davenport removed to New York and began the publication of *The Electro-Magnet*, which was printed, as the paper claimed upon its title-page, "by a machine propelled by electro-magnetic force."

Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, of the New York University, was much interested in electricity, and had often spoken of his intention to experiment.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

He was struck with Davenport's machine, and began at once to improve upon it. Davenport's telegraph for the sending of communications over long distance, had twenty-four wires, one for each letter of the alphabet. Professor Morse kept but one, abolishing the other twenty-three. There is but little doubt that Morse borrowed the basis of his invention from Davenport, just as Davenport was indebted to Henry for his initial steps. Morse applied his alphabet to Davenport's discovery. Among his other inventions was a model, two and a half feet in diameter, of a circular railway, embodying every essential element of the modern electric road. He also experimented in driving machines and an electric piano, since so successfully developed. A German baron purchased secretly, from a workman, drawings of some of Davenport's best models, for which the German Diet voted him a reward of $40,000. Thomas Davenport was born in Williamstown in 1802, and died at the age of 49 years. His eldest son, George Davenport, was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness, and his name leads all the rest on the Soldiers' Monument in the town.

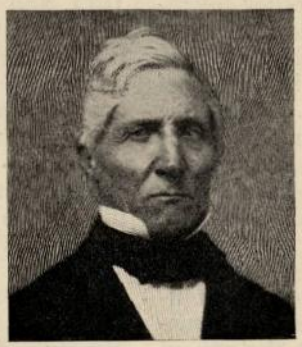
Another native inventor was Patrick Welch, a printer by trade. He produced a type-distributing machine of such merit as to procure him a gold medal from the French Exposition of 1867.

Brandon has given birth to at least one man who has achieved a national reputation in political affairs, viz., Stephen A. Douglas. He was born in 1813, and apprenticed in boyhood to the cabinet-maker's trade. It is said that he originated the saying: "Vermont is a good State to be born in, provided you emigrate early." In accordance with this theory he went West and began, when about twenty years old, the study of law. When in middle life he was elected to the Senate, his power in debate was so marked as to earn him the title of the "Little Giant." Once when abusive language was used towards him, he rose with dignity and said: "What no gentleman should say, no gentleman need answer." In 1858, when Kansas was

AT FOREST PARK FARM.

asking for admission into the Union, the burning question whether she should come in as a slave or a free state was the subject of the famous debate between Douglas and Abraham Lincoln. Douglas insisted that the people of Kansas should be allowed to vote upon their own Constitution and not compelled to accept the fraudulent adoption of the Lecompton Constitution, which fastened slavery upon them. But when the cloud of civil war broke over the land, even before Lincoln had time to issue the proclamation calling for troops, Douglas's offer of support and co-operation was in the President's hands. Peril to the country blinded him to sectionalism, and he exclaimed: "Give me a country where my children can live in peace; then we can have room to settle our political differences." Of secession he said: "There is no justification, nor any pretence of any. If they will remain in the Union I will go as far as the Constitution will permit to maintain their just rights, and I do not doubt but a majority in Congress would do the same. But if the Southern States attempt to secede from this Union without further cause, I am in favor of their having just so many slaves and just so much slave territory as they can hold at the point of the bayonet and no more."

"Every man must be for the United States or against it; there can be no neutrals in this war —only patriots and traitors."



JUDGE EZRA JUNE.

The birthplace of Douglas remains almost unchanged as it has been in the eighty-seven years and more of its existence. The huge chimney, quaint door and high roof make it an excellent example of early New England architecture.

Brandon can lay claim also to one of the foremost of American Biblical scholars, Thomas Jefferson Conant, born in 1802. He occupied the chair of Hebrew and Biblical criticism in Hamilton University in 1838, and was in the faculty when that institution was removed to Rochester, N. Y. He was prominent among the revisers of the Bible, Genesis, Job and the Psalms coming especially under his hand.

The first newspaper to be printed in the town was *The Vermont Telegraph*, established in 1829, by Orson S. Murray, but was afterwards made an anti-slavery organ by Jedediah Holcomb under the name of *The Voice of Freedom*. Later changes were to the *Vermont Union Whig*, *The Brandon Post*, and *The Brandon Union*, which is at present a very live and attractive sheet. The Rev. Nathan Brown, one of the earliest mission-

aries to India, was for a short time an editor of the *Telegraph*. His experiences abroad were terrible, among them the repeated exhumations of his dead child by the native Indians, for the purpose of despoiling the grave. At last, after vain attempts to secure a permanent resting-place for his little one, the poor father brought the few bones remaining from a feast of jackals to this country for burial. Mr. Brown went later to Japan, where when over sixty years old he learned the Japanese language, into which he translated the New Testament. His poem "The Missionary Call" first printed in Brandon, was sung by Japanese before enthusiastic thousands on the occasion of the National Missionary Meeting at Minneapolis in 1896.

EX-GOV. E. J. ORMSBEE.

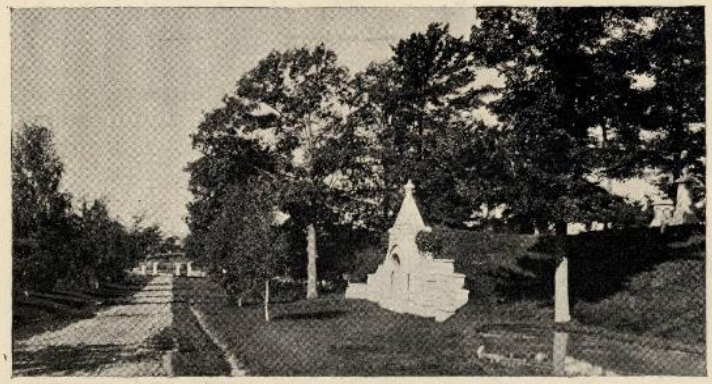
The Congregational Church was organized in 1785 by five men and five women. The first meetings were held in a log cabin. The present house of worship is the fourth, and has been recently remodelled with good taste. It contains a unique pulpit of flawless white marble, a gift to the society from Mr. Edward D. Selden, now of Saratoga Springs. With no special dissensions, this church has had a large number of pastors, some of them of exceptional ministerial capacity — Rev. Ira Ingraham, Rev. Harvey Curtis, dear to the hearts of children; Rev. Francis B. Wheeler, and the present incumbent, Rev. William Smart. For one short year, 1844-5, this church enjoyed the ministrations of Dr. William G. T. Shedd. Naturally he was called almost immediately to a wider sphere of usefulness, and accepted first a professorship in the Vermont University, and then in the Union Theological Seminary of New York city. He is well known in the literary world as editor of the works of Samuel T. Coleridge.

BRANDON ITALIAN MARBLE COMPANY'S QUARRY.

It is a sad pleasure to recall the men and women who labored here to build up the kingdom of God. Of the former, one of the most eccentric was David M. June, a descendant of one of the first settlers. He was an honest man and shrewd, much opposed to a specially educated ministry. In some of the many interregnums of regular pastorates, he had opportunities to apply his theories, with appalling results of startling personalities and vain repetitions in prayer such as would

have convinced a less opinionated man of the error of his ways. He had an inconvenient habit of riding up to his neighbors' doors, and, summoning the busy housewife from her morning duties by a brisk knock with the butt of his whip, calling out: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ this morning?" A man of very different temperament was one who never dared, when repeating the Lord's Prayer, to leave the phrase, "Thy will be done," without conditions, but immediately added, "measurably, at least, O Lord."

The Baptist church had for its devoted pastors, for forty years, the Rev. C. A. Thomas. He did not belong so much to his society and denomination as to the whole town. Both he and his excellent wife were the valued friends of all, young and old. For many years the baptisms took place in the Neshobe River, whose waters, even on Sunday, were heavily tinged with the ochery sediment deposited by the washings of the iron ore. It was not uncommon when women descended into the stream to see their light skirts belly out on the surface of the water as if "making cheeses," and when, as often happened, the gown was familiar under more everyday aspects, the impression upon a childish imagination was peculiar.



ENTRANCE TO PINE HILL CEMETERY.

The story of Brandon would lose an impressive feature if Judge Ezra June were omitted. He was a factor in the education of successive sets of young girls as they advanced into the ranks of womanhood, especially perhaps, in his Sunday school teaching, but in divers other ways also. His enthusiastic teaching of the Psalms, who that heard him can ever forget? As a bachelor his opinion on the verse, "A good woman is a crown to her husband," had special weight. He appreciated the book of Job, and loved certain Psalms so much that his very intonations in reading them ring in the ears yet, after forty years have passed. Sunday was always a field-day for him, and the inspiration caught from the pulpit or from his own meditations bore fruit in many ways all through the week. On Monday mornings, especially, it was his delight, armed with a favorite book or a new essay, to exact the attention of the young friend selected for instruction. Gradually books of reference were collected, a dictionary here, a pile of cyclopædias there, a history or two were added, and the subject under consideration was thoroughly sifted. Who shall say what help and stimulation lay therein? Judge June cared for nature. An unusual cloud, a wonderful effect of light, would arouse him to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Walking with him once through the little park, when the tree-stems were sharply defined on the snow, he brought his stick down emphatically, and exclaimed: "You never had a collar embroidered like that!" It was an exciting day for the whole village when he went to Boston to hear Jenny Lind's first concert in America. His own excitement was intense, yet subdued by a sense of privilege. Nothing in his experience quite equalled that, though the first coming of the

GRAVEL FORMATION ON HOGBACK.

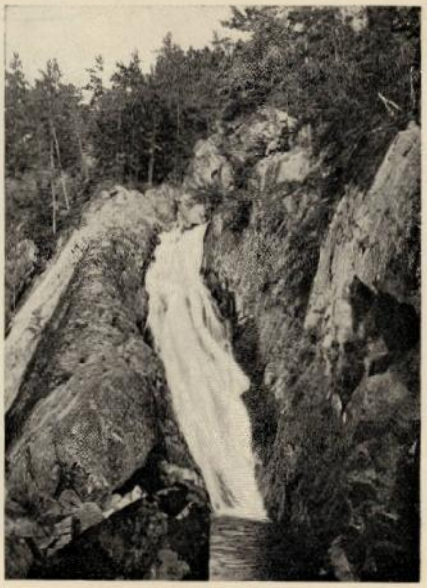
steam railway train through the still country meadows might almost be compared to it.

That was in 1848. "Brandon had subscribed for more capital stock than any other three towns in the state outside of bids made by contractors," and the interest in the undertaking was enormous. Every town along the route had prepared a collation, and the directors, beginning early in the day, had been feasted from Massachusetts to Vermont. It was no wonder if the stoutest trencher-man began to flag at last, as Bellows Falls, Rutland, Pittsford, and Brandon hospitality was proffered. All this junketing had consumed the day, and it was in the splendid light of the cool autumnal evening that we finally saw the sight for which we had longed. A little group stood reverently on an overlooking ledge where the tangle of bitter-sweet and wild grape-vine sheltered them from the chill night air, while Judge June recited Job's words about the leviathan.

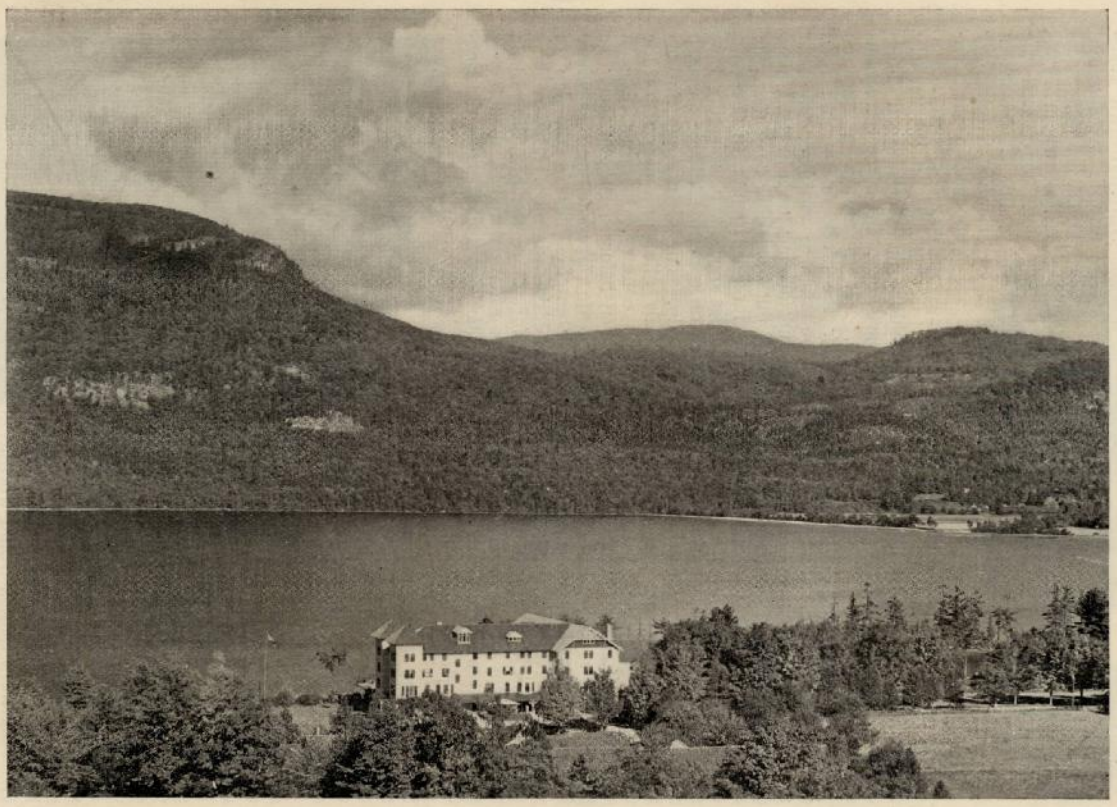
E. J. Ormsbee, who served his State as governor in 1886, resides in Brandon. His honorable war record beginning as second lieutenant in Company G, First Vermont Volunteers, ended as Major in the Third Division of the First Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac. He was Chairman of the Commission to treat with the Pi-Ute Indians in Nevada, and in 1893 went to Samoa as Land Commissioner. The products and curiosities brought by Ex-Governor and Mrs. Ormsbee from Samoa would worthily stock a small museum.

Mr. Frank Knowlton, a scientist connected with the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., is another citizen of whom Brandon may well be proud. His work in scientific terminology appears in the Century Dictionary.

As to the scenery of Brandon, the views in all directions are fine, in some directions superb. It is always a question whether the creek or the hill road shall be taken to Pittsford, "the best all-round farming town in the United States," but by neither road must the quaint, foreign hamlet of Proctor, three miles beyond, be missed. It is perched on a marble hillside as steep as an Alp. The picturesque Sutherland Falls glint in and out of the wooded country, hanging like a foamy veil before a rugged face. In an opposite direction one sees where Lake Dunmore lies in the lap of solemn Moo-sa-la-moo. Hidden away in the forest are the beautiful Llana Falls, so often painted by their loving friend, Mr. C. W. Sanderson, the Bos-



LLANA FALLS.



LAKE DUNMORE.

ton water-colorist. The Sierra-like outline of the Adirondacks jagging the horizon across the blue Champlain is as noble a prospect as there is in all New England.

One can hardly go amiss; if he auger his way up through the woods, criss-crossing the spiral stream to Silver Lake, minted with Nature's superscription; if he climb to the top of a Green mountain, following an excellent road along "the Branch," which leaps almost into his eyes, so straight and narrow is the way, till he must pitch over into Rochester; everywhere are solemn mountains, dancing streams and little hills. Especially lovely are the valley views; the Otter creek full to its wooded banks, the old-fashioned covered bridges, with streaks of sunshine lying golden across the sandy planks; the quick rise and fall and sudden turn of the road, the magnificent plumes of the elm, the rounded contours of the beech and maple, the sumach clumps, all conspire to make each drive seem more beautiful than the last.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ILLUSTRATING NEW ENGLAND HISTORY BY A SERIES OF ROMANCES LIKE THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

By Rufus Choate.

(Delivered at Salem, 1833.)*

THE history of the United States, from the planting of the several Colonies out of which they have sprung, to the end of the war of the Revolution, is now as amply written, as accessible, and as authentic as any other portion of the history of the world, and incomparably more so than an equal portion of the history of the origin and first ages of any other nation that ever existed. But there is one thing more which every lover of his country and every lover of literature would wish done for our early history. He would wish to see such a genius as Walter Scott, *(exoriatur aliquis)* or rather a thousand such as he, undertake in earnest to illustrate that early history, by a series of romantic compositions, "in prose or rhyme," like "The Waverley Novels," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lady of the Lake,"—the scenes of which should be laid in North America, somewhere in the time before the Revolution, and the incidents and characters of which should be selected from the records and traditions of that, our heroic age. He would wish at length to hear such a genius mingling the tones of a ravishing national minstrelsy with the grave narrative, instructive reflections, and chastened feelings of Marshall, Pitkin, Holmes and Ramsay. He would wish to see him giving to the natural scenery of the New World, and to the celebrated personages and grand incidents of its earlier annals, the same kind and degree of interest which Scott has given to the Highlands, to the Reformation, the Crusades, to Richard the Lion-hearted, and to Louis XI. He would wish to see him clear away the obscurity which two

*This address, published in the first volume of Mr. Choate's collected works, is now almost forgotten. Yet it is of the highest interest to every lover of New England history and romance; and it is reprinted here, slightly abridged, as the first of several writings of similar interest which we mean to reprint from time to time, as works which our public cannot afford to let die.—EDITOR.