FAMILY MEMORIES

BY

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AT THE TIME OF DR. KNAPP'S DEATH THIS BOOK WAS IN PREPARATION. THE WORK HAS BEEN COMPLETED BY HIS SISTERS.

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F A M I L Y M E M O R I E S

I ENTER THE FAMILY

Not long ago I had occasion to look through my Grandmother Knapp's journal* in order to check some family dates, and I noted, in passing, the early references to myself. Vividly conscious as one is apt to be of one's own individuality, I was a bit startled to see that to Grandmother I was for a long time only "Emma's baby" or worse yet "their little one." Not till I was two years old had I risen to the dignity of being spoken of as "little Shep," and, alas, that title showed an unfortunate tendency to degenerate into "Sheppie." When I was somewhat older and several times spent a week of the summer with Grandmother and my de Forest cousins down on Long Island, Grandmother's mention of me in her letters to my mother was more satisfactory. Once at least I was pronounced to be an interesting boy, and when I first saw the sea, on the beach at Westhampton, I was quoted as having said that the surf was "perfectly magnificent."

Another result of that recent re-examination of the family history has been the fresh realization that those older people, who for me were at that time the whole human world, were carrying a heavy weight of sorrow, and that new sorrows continued to fall upon them throughout my early years. A year and a half before I came, my mother's father, Jesse W. Benedict,** whom she devotedly loved, had died, and three months later his little namesake, my older sister, Jessie. Less than a month before my birth one of the heads of our family clan, Dr. Gardiner Spring, my Grandmother Knapp's father, the venerable pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York, had died; he was a very old man to be sure, but his going changed the family landscape as though a towering mountain-peak had disappeared. Six months later, with very little warning, died Grandmother's deeply loved unmarried sister Anna. A little more than a year after that came the death of old Shepherd Knapp, my father's grandfather, another mountain-peak, as eminent in the banking world as Dr. Spring was in the Church; and five months later came the death which to my Grandmother was the most shattering blow of all, that of Gideon Lee Knapp, her devoted husband, in his fifty-fourth year. Even after that, though at less frequent intervals, deaths (including that of my little brother Kenneth, and that of Aunt Kate de Forest, whom we all dearly loved), and some anxieties and sorrows which must have been as hard to bear as death itself, kept

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* Grandmother's journal and a few letters from her husband and herself will be found in "Gideon Lee Knapp and Augusta Murray Spring," privately printed in 1909.

** A few letters from him will be found in "Letters to Emma Benedict," privately printed in 1911.

coming, until, when I was twelve, Grandmother's own death and that of her little granddaughter and namesake, Augusta de Forest (who had also inherited my Grandmother's odd nickname "Duck" in the form of "Duckie") brought the long series to an end, and many years of almost unbroken happiness succeeded.

My sole reason for rehearsing this catalogue of griefs is that it gives me the chance to express my amazement, and my admiration for those older burden-bearers, in that they never let it dawn on me that sorrow was then our portion as a family. So completely happy seemed to me the life we lived together - and we all know how alarmingly observant children can be, and how sensitive to moods and unspoken thoughts - that I can hardly believe now what the records tell me. I do recall that the women of the family were often - Grandmother always - dressed in black, but apparently I accepted that as a normal manifestation of adult life, and I am sure that on those wonderful Christmases at Grandmother's house, which I remember so vividly, she in her black dress, surrounded by the devotion of old and young, could not be more resplendent in my memory had she been dressed in silver and gold.

GATE TO LEARNING

Of the first school that I ever attended, a "dame school," as the English would call it, designed for very little girls and boys, I find that I remember the house in which it was conducted, the teachers, and a few of the scholars, but beyond that only this one event. It happened in the back room on the third floor, and I seem to recall that "Miss" Herkimer's sewing-machine, with the brown box-top covering its upper works, was part of its scholastic furnishings. I was taking part in a spelling-match, and had worked my way up nearly to the top, when I was given the word "lawyer." I spelled it l-a-y-w-e-r, blissfully ignorant that the familiar word "law" was embedded in it whole. Shame, confusion, disgust - I passed through the whole gamut of unpleasant emotions in a few seconds of time, and was still under a black cloud of depression when school was let out and I went home. My father comforted me in the evening by telling of a similar experience of his own school days, and I could see that his entire career had not been blasted by it. Within hearing of Dr. Charles Anthon, famous teacher of New York boys and author of many formidable text-books, my father had given two l's to "until." For weeks afterward, at all times of the school day, and whether my father was reciting arithmetic, or was at his desk studying, or was walking through the hall from class to class, the voice of Dr. Anthon would boom out, "Knapp! Until," and the little Shepherd Knapp of those days would rise in his place, or stop in his tracks, and spell it with one l.

As I say, I remember clearly the building in which that first school of mine was housed, a small English-basement residence on the north side of Thirty-sixth Street between Park and Lexington, a narrow slice of a house with two rooms to a floor. And the teachers. "Miss" Herkimer (who was really "Mrs." - apparently teachers, in our childish opinion, should by rights be spinsters) looked the part in spite of the handicap of marriage and maternity, indeed much more than did the real Miss Herkimer, her daughter, who seemed to me to be somewhat too young and frivolous to take a part, however humble, in the proceedings of a school. Miss Anna Shepard - did any other human being ever possess so exquisite, so flawless, so incomparable a hand-writing as she did? Pure Spencerian copper-plate. My attempt to attain to an exact imitation of it was responsible, I am fain to believe, for the characterless and illegible hand into which mine quickly degenerated when I finally abandoned the vain endeavor. Miss Susan B. Spring, the Principal, tall, gaunt, bony, strong-featured - how I hoped that my fellow-scholars did not know she was my father's second cousin and occasionally came to our house for Sunday dinner. I can hear her saying to my father, "Yes, thank you, Shepherd, I will have another slice of beef, with just a bit of the crisp fat." Best of all I remember her stalking through Thirty-sixth Street, with a thick blue veil laid against her face, and walking so fast that the veil seemed to be plastered across her nose and cheeks, the ends of it streaming past on either side, and flying out a foot behind, a fluttering splash of deep blue against the brick and brownstone of the houses.

PLAYING CHURCH
Winter, 1883

In our home at No. 102 East Thirty-sixth Street, one of a group of three very narrow houses with white marble fronts, Mother has gone to her room for her Sunday afternoon nap. Downstairs the dining-room, dinner being finished, has been transformed into a sitting-room by the simple expedient of spreading a heavy dark-colored table-cover over the dining-room table and pulling Father's armchair out from the corner to a place by the window, making this a much more cosy-looking room than the "parlor" adjoining. After finishing his after-dinner cigar, Father also has perhaps dozed off.

Upstairs we children, that is, my little sister Elsie, a boy cousin, and myself, are making up for the lack of activity elsewhere in the house, for, as is usual at this moment of the week, we are getting ready to "play church." (In this family, which is just beginning to emerge from the rather strict sabbath observance of the preceding generation, the church part of this enterprise is deemed to atone for the play part of it).

The preparations are elaborate and prolonged. An unfriendly critic might raise the point that building a church, even with the object of providing a place in which to hold a church service, is in itself a purely secular and therefore week-day undertaking, but our elders have decided to overlook this, and we are therefore thoroughly enjoying ourselves. We start with a folding-bed, which when shut up for the day looks like a closed upright desk - to those who elect to be deceived. It is just the right height for a pulpit, and is made practicable with the help of the pantry step-ladder placed behind it to support the officiating clergyman. He can even mount to his high eminence step by step in a very "reverend" manner.

The pews, of course, are easily provided - just rows of chairs with the high nursery fender in front. Not many chairs are needed as far as the visible supply of congregation is concerned, but one never knows what parent or aunt, or even uncle, may look in upon the proceedings. So most of the chairs from the upstairs rooms are requisitioned.

The organ is ably represented by a toy piano, which emits actual notes, though of a noticeably tinkly quality, when played ad libitum by Elsie, its four-year-old owner. She of course will be the Organist, when the truly religious part of this game is reached.

The only detail now left to be completed is the collection of the properties, as the profane mind might name them. A round metal bureau tray is the collection plate. A generous supply of "hymn books" is placed in the pews; any books will serve, for their contents are unimportant, as the singing will be done from memory anyway. The Bible for the pulpit is genuine. Today we forgot to ask immediately after dinner for the use of the Family Bible, which is kept in the dining-room, and we think it inexpedient to bother Father by asking for it now; so we put up with a rather large one of Mother's. In the Service it will be opened more or less at random, for even if the passage of Scripture read is not very intelligible to either audience or minister, that will not prevent its having the proper "odor of sanctity."

The visiting cousin - Layton de Forest today; last week it was Ned Knapp - is both Sexton and Usher, the latter office including the coveted duty of "passing the plate." The Congregation (none other than the Organist in her off moments) has been provided with a liberal contribution in the form of buttons. No one has ever seriously challenged my right to play the part of the Minister; mild suggestions from time to time looking to a rotation of parts have been promptly crushed.

I assume my robes (an old black silk cape of Mother's) and my "Geneva bands" (a close imitation of those worn by our new Minister, Mr. Henry van Dyke, made by Mother from an old handkerchief). The Service can now begin. Compared with the building of the edifice it is extremely brief, but all the customary parts of a Presbyterian Church Service are represented, except that the prayers are omitted. Mother, having overheard an early attempt at realism in this matter, ruled that when one is only playing church, prayers are unnecessary. If the Organ Voluntary does not wake Father downstairs, the Anthem certainly will. (Mother, by the way, says that her deafness has some advantages). The sermon sounds very like an extract from one of the Rollo books. An impressive Benediction, with the proper gesture of upraised hands, brings the Service to a fitting close.

The suggestion that the Congregation (augmented now by the one-time Sexton-Usher) should flock to the foot of the pulpit steps, as they do each Sunday in the Brick Church, to tell the Minister that he is the greatest preacher of his time, is unanimously and emphatically rejected.

MAHOPAC

In the days of my boyhood, when so many American families congregated in summer hotels for the whole vacation period, the Dean House at Lake Mahopac, New York, included among its guests for several summers three families of our clan, each mothered by a Benedict - the Van Voorhises, the Griffins, and the Knapps - while a fourth, the Carters, hired a cottage not far away on the south shore of the lake. Many family friendships which continued through the later years began there; I think of the Callenders, the Browns (who occupied "the cottage" beyond the tennis court), the Nashes, the Bodines, to mention only a few.

The mothers used to sit most of the day on the piazzas in rocking-chairs, sewing, knitting, talking, occasionally listening while one of their number read aloud. The smallest children, including my sister Elsie (watched over by her nurse Katie O'Grady, small, witty, and devoted) and our cousin Helen Van Voorhis, waded and played in the little stone-girt cove. Those of us who were a few years older maneuvered in the orchard, or, if not caught at it, in a disgustingly muddy alder thicket, where pigs also were at large, and where Bartow Van Voorhis organized exciting assaults upon wild boars and imaginary adult enemies; or we played tennis, or rowed on the lake, or bathed. The fathers came up from New York on the Saturday afternoon train, and returned early Monday morning.

The cove is still intact. I saw it this morning, August 27, 1937, for I was motoring past the place, and stopped for a few moments to see how much remained of the memories of more than fifty years ago. Bass Rock, a boulder on the lake shore beyond the inlet (or is it outlet?) has not in reality moved nearer to the hotel, but a visit to it no longer suggests a journey to the tropics or the discovery of the North Pole. The boat docks look much as I remember them, but I miss the catamaran which used to be the most striking item in the fleet of pleasure craft. I could not find the sprawling apple tree in which Walgrove Van Voorhis and I and a girl who was almost as good as a boy (alas, I have forgotten her name) used to climb endlessly; but to my surprise the arbor vitae hedge between the hotel and the road is still there, and I wondered whether the children of this generation have discovered that inside of it is an endless variety of corridors and apartments well adapted to playing house or castle or cavern.

I indentified the door at which Jackson, the negro headwaiter, would appear at the hours of dinner and supper, banging a large tin tray hung on a string, in lieu of a gong. The dining-room inside that door used also to be the scene of the chief amusement events of the season. There took place the Mock Trial (or was it a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan?) at which the German leader of the hotel orchestra gave damaging evidence as to the snoring of one of the guests, and which ended in a lurid scene outdoors, when the black-robed, black-hooded tribunal led the cringing criminal to a prepared woodpile (cleverly exchanging the living victim for a dummy on the way), and burned him at the stake - a highly instructive exhibition for those of us youngsters who were just old enough to be allowed to stay up that late. Of a Minstrel Show I remember only my own shock of astonishment, when I discovered that an especially villanous-looking burnt-cork negro in the line was my own father. Each season saw at least one Cake-walk, in which people of all ages appeared in costume - I remember the one in which I, aided by Mother's skill as a maker of costumes and wigs, represented Koko, the Lord High Executioner, with some success, as a faded photograph still assures me. One of those Cake-walks ended in a near tragedy, when the forehead of one of the walkers, who was indulging in fancy steps and complicated gyrations calculated to attract the favorable attention of the judges, came into collision with the sharp edge of one of the large tin "cards" worn front and back by the Jack of Spades.

But every evening throughout the summer had its entertainment for us children. In the "cardroom," where one was somewhat removed from the prevailing clatter of tongues, we played casino; but the chief feature took place in a larger room, the square dance called the Lanciers or Lancers, for which we small boys engaged partners eight to ten years older than ourselves. I am surprised now to realize that those girls, nearing their twenties, cheerfully allowed themselves

to be thus victimized night after night all through the week, till Saturday brought up from town an adequate supply of eligible young men. Happy was I when I stood up with Miss Nettie Callender, my first Love. She used also - still more surprising - to spend an hour of many a precious Sunday afternoon teaching me a Bible lesson out under the trees. In my "Autograph Book" of those days the page inscribed "Yours affectionately, Nettie C. Callender, Lake Mahopac, July 14, 1884," is covered with a larger number of cryptic addenda than appears on any other page in the book, among them: "Eight-mile walk," "Ahab," "Plums and Pears," "Gong in the mulberry trees" (evidently my version of a phrase in 2 Samuel 5:24), "Buggy ride," "One who whips the horses," and "The Sunday School tree." Nettie, who, when I met her years afterwards as Mrs. Charles Heminway, did not seem to be any older than myself, must have breathed a sigh of relief on those Sunday afternoons when several boatloads of us young fry rowed across the corner of the lake to the Carters' house for a full-fledged Sunday School, under the benigh leadership of Aunt Mary and Uncle Peter.

After my hasty survey of the Dean House grounds this morning, our road took us along the shore of the lake, from which I could see the islands, Blackberry and Petra, named by my Grandfather Benedict, when he was almost as much of a pioneer in this region as my guide "Windy" and I have been in the Canadian Rockies two generations later. On a vacation trip in the summer of 1837*, when he was twenty-six years old, practising law in New York, my grandfather and a young army officer, Colonel Powell, bent on fishing, went up the Hudson by boat, intending to visit Lake Horicon, now better known as Lake George, but were driven ashore at Peekskill by a terrific thunder-storm. While spending the night there at the village inn, they learned that back from the river among the hills were a number of lakes and ponds where good fishing might be expected. Next morning they hired a rig, and set out. "Lake Mohegan" and several others that they passed did not satisfy them, so they pressed on until, about sixteen miles from the Hudson, they reached a charming body of water, known to the few inhabitants in the neighborhood as Big Pond. A road ran along the shore, but they found no houses till they came to a rough shanty occupied by a country cobbler and his wife. There, in the attic, reached by a ladder, they were accommodated for the night, the first of many spent beside Lake Mahopac** by my grandfather and his descendants.

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* The description of it which follows is taken from "The Lake Mahopac Weekly" for November 14, 1930.

** It was Grandfather Benedict who gave it this name, says the newspaper article referred to above.

In later years, when the Harlem Railroad was built, people came flocking from New York every summer, and this morning I found the road as well lined with houses as any village street. At the eastern end of the lake I passed the large hotel (or its successor) which we of the Dean House used to regard somewhat scornfully, as catering to fashion and display, while we acclaimed the simpler life. I remember that in it in the old days the family of Mr. Shepard Knapp, head of the well known firm of carpet dealers, not related to us, spent at least one summer, and that the two wash-trunks, theirs and ours, containing the week's supply of clean clothes, and sent up by train as usual on Saturday afternoon from our city houses, got mixed in transit, causing consternation at both ends of the lake, for in those telephoneless and automobileless days it was hours before the mistake could be rectified.

GOOD COMPANY
New York, February 18, 1892

Mother is deep in Schliemann's book on his excavations and discoveries at Mycenae, and at meal-times the family is getting the benefit of her keen interest in it. Yesterday evening at dinner we heard all about the lion gate and the royal tombs found just inside it. Her description was so graphic that I felt as though I had done the excavating myself. Father pretends to poke fun at her, insisting that the gold ornaments and utensils unearthed are really brass, and that Schliemann buries all his finds and then digs them up again; but I know that if Mycenae has not already been introduced as a topic of conversation at the Union League Club, it will be in the immediate future.

At dinner this evening we expected Mother to continue the report of her archeological investigations, but they were temporarily displaced by the fact that she had been making a round of calls on friends and family during the afternoon - "on the war-path," as Father says - and had come home "on a high horse" - another of his words. An afternoon with congenial people, or indeed with almost any people, seems to go to her head like wine. Her report of this afternoon's encounters made a lively narrative. I only wish I could hear the other side of the story also; I guarantee that at those other dinner tables to-night, before the soup was finished, the fact that "Mrs. Knapp called to-day" or "Aunt Emma dropped in this afternoon" was announced, and that smiles and laughter greeted the retailing of her latest stories and comments.

One day last week, when I came home (now at 266 Lexington Avenue), I could hear voices in the parlor, but, protected from discovery by the portiere between the parlor and the hall; I escaped to

the stairs unseen. Then suddenly I heard Aunt Maggie Knapp's hearty voice, unimpeded by the curtain-barrier, exclaim, "Oh, Emma, won't you die?" and again a moment later, "Emma, I shall die!" meaning that Mother had, as usual, told something that was "killingly funny." I stopped on the stairs, to discover which item from her arsenal of humorous narratives she was shooting off, but I could hear only her voice, not the words; so I continued my ascent, chuckling on general principles. As I reached the second story, I again heard Aunt Mag's stentorian, "Emma, I shall die!"

Of one thing I am certain. It was not so much Mother's stories that delighted Aunt Mag that afternoon and the people called on to-day, as Mother herself - her vivacious personality, her boundless enthusiasm, her wide and varied interests, her amazing triumph over her deafness, her love of people, her joy in making them happy, not only for the few moments she is with them, but in a deeper and more lasting way.

LITCHFIELD
1892

At the time it seemed to be a great misfortune when a second summer spent at Westhampton, Long Island, in a cottage which we had rented jointly with our de Forest cousins, proved conclusively that the strong salt air was too much for Mother's asthma; for Father loved Long Island's "South Side," and we children thought that no pleasure could exceed the long mornings down at the beach. But now we are grateful that we were driven from the coast up into the Connecticut hills for our summer vacations. Litchfield - the town, the people, the surrounding country-side - seems to be exactly the summer setting that we needed.

I have written a description of this unique community, which in part runs as follows:*

"The 'green' in Litchfield does not correspond with the conventional idea of village greens. The goose is not there, nor the pond, nor the sunny open space. The velvety grass is shaded by tall elms and maples from end to end. There, around the Soldiers' Monument, the children play, as unconscious of the natural beauties of the place as of that memorial of war and death.

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* Used originally as a college exercise, it was later printed in "The Columbia Literary Monthly" for October, 1893.

"Turning from the green, we find ourselves in North Street, one of those broad stately avenues which characterize the best of typical New England villages. Four rows of glorious elms, two on each side, lift their heads far above the chimneys of the houses, and drop their branches almost to the green lawns which stretch from the sidewalks down to the roadway. These trees seem like the guardian genii of the place. They bid the sun knock, as it were, before entering, and then they admit it only through the keyholes. In a summer shower, they catch the discourteous drops, and their boughs, swaying in the wind, seem to beckon the passer-by to their safe retreat.

"First, as we leave the green, we pass the old county jail. How well it illustrates the gentleness of rural justice. On the front porch, amid fragrant geraniums and roses, the jailer's wife sits sewing. Within, through the hallway and the iron grating, we see the shaggy heads of the unfortunate inmates. Someone is playing a piano inside, and a prisoner is keeping time on the iron bars. A robin hops up to the door, cocks its head with an enquiring glance, as if to say, 'Why don't you come out?'

"As you proceed you pass house after house, each with its white clapboards, its green blinds, and its small-paned windows. Here is one displaying the date 1775 over the door. At either end tall white columns rise to the roof, making small corner piazzas, partly screened by vines - more colonial perhaps than convenient.

"Here is another home whose legend tells us that it has stood since revolutionary days. It is a model of architectural purity and beauty. Two stone steps lead up to the door with its brass knocker. On each side two white fluted columns form a shallow porch, while above, three windows complete the ornamental portal.

"Inside of most of the houses the ceilings are delightfully low, and the wall-papers in some of them are relics of the last century. The most hideous family portraits adorn the walls - grandsires with full regimentals and wretched complexions; uncles with Roman noses, uncles with red noses, but all heroes, remember, in one way or another; notable ladies of the family with head-dresses that quite outshine even the modern bonnet.

"But let us continue our stroll. Do you see that old well standing in the midst of green lawns and brilliant flowers? Vines have climbed about it and disguise the fact that rope and bucket are missing. Celebrated names cluster about this spot. Harriet Beecher in her childhood, long before she became Mrs. Stowe or had conceived of "Uncle Tom," would come out from the house nearby (now moved to another site) for a pail of water. Here Henry Ward Beecher, a little

bare-footed boy although the son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, would stand on tiptoe to get a cool drink before running away to school.

"Not only does the appearance of the town carry us back to the old dates over the doorways, but the prevailing ideas of the town are old-fashioned also. See the noses go up at the mere mention of a modern villa. A stronger indication still, for it is opposed to one of woman's weaknesses, is the admiration for old ladies in antiquated headgear. Or, again, notice the fact that here the garret is really a part of the house and the old graveyard is part of the town. You do not know any of the houses until you are at home in the garret. It is not a repository for worthless odds and ends, but a museum of family treasures. Here you will be introduced to Margaret Fuller's wedding bonnet and to highly connected waistcoats and snuff-boxes. And then the spinning-wheels, the clocks, the chairs - I had almost said the ghosts of a bygone age to be met there. Nor are you fully admitted into the heart of Litchfield until you have wandered reverently through its graveyard, and, bending close, have deciphered the words which connect the town with its proud past."

Each summer we Knapps rent the Baldwin house on West Street, which, though not regarded as a very eligible location, has proved to be a fortunate one in a quite unforseen way - it has prevented our becoming immediately involved in the classic rivalry between North Street and South Street. North Street is supposed to be the stronghold of Congregationalists and Republicans, while South Street runs to Episcopalians and Democrats. There is enough truth in this description to make it an interesting, sometimes an almost exciting, topic of conversation. South Street people, besides boasting also of their possession of the historic Wolcott house, usually claim another point of difference: "The North Street people call on one another in the afternoon, and ring the front-door bell; we on South Street run in at any time of day, and feel free to use the back-door without even knocking." Mother and Father, as it happens, have found several of their best friends on South Street, and yet I am sure that in the matter of the promiscuous use of the back-door their secret sympathies are with the North Street habit.

THE LITCHFIELD HOUSE
May 25, 1894

Having a few free days over this week-end, I have come up from New York to Litchfield, to see how our newly-built summer home looks now that the furniture is in it, and to put in some intensive work on my college Valedictory. I am staying at the United States Hotel, where I joined Mother and Father. They came up earlier in the week, and are spending each day at the house, working like beavers to put things to rights.

The house is truly beautiful. All Father's and Mother's plans and dreams are coming true. The house is, as they hoped, like a bit of old Litchfield suddenly uncovered, for the front elevation is patterned after the Hoppin House on North Street, though with changes in detail which give it an individuality of its own. The four little Ionic columns, two on either side of the door and the tall narrow windows between each of the outer pairs have real character and charm.

For the brass knocker on the front door Mother has chosen a motto, which she tells us was inscribed over the door - or was it over the mantel? - of the Abbotsford library of her beloved Walter Scott. The fact that the words were originally applied to books makes them all the more appropriate for a house in which Mother is to live; and though it may seem daring to say of one's home for all the long years to come, "Here Dwells Happiness," yet, since Father's and Mother's happiness rests, not on changing circumstance, but on imperishable foundations, I think the prophecy is justified.

When the front door is opened and you step in, you appreciate at once the value of Father's desire that the hall be modeled on that of great-grandfather Knapp's house, "Melbourne," at Washington Heights in uptown New York, that is, it is a broad unobstructed hall, the stairway going up at right angles in a smaller hall opening from it. The doors to parlor, sitting-room, and dining-room open on right and left. But Hic Habitat - I find myself slipping into the habit of calling the house by that name - has made one improvement over Melbourne's plan; at the further end of the hall you look out through the glass in the upper half of the door to sky and sunlight.

If this tempts you to walk the length of the hall at once and step out by the back door - and Mother says that several of our Litchfield friends who have called to see the house have done this very thing - you find yourself on a piazza of generous dimensions, another realized dream. It is really an outdoor room. It is open to the south and east, but is protected from the afternoon sun, and it is also protected from all observing eyes, for not only is it on the back of the house, but the house windows, which would look out on it, are so high up that people inside cannot see whether any one is on the piazza or not. Father, sitting there, will not be discovered unless he wants to be, when Mother's friends call of an afternoon. Mother herself, if she has on her garden clothes - for she of course plans to have a garden of old-fashioned perennials - can escape for a change of costume even after the callers are in the parlor.

In the parlor itself those high windows, in an alcove above the upright piano which stands there, give an unusual character to the room. Upstairs the bedrooms are airy and cheerful, and the hallway is of generous size; there should be excellent ventilation on summer nights.

This afternoon it was so mild that I carried a table out onto the piazza, and did my work there. In the intervals of writing I would look out across the three hundred feet of what is to be lawn to the line where trees are to be set out, pines, oaks, and maples, to separate the lawn from the vegetable garden, and for distant view I could see a broad expanse of tree tops and the water of Bantam Lake five miles away.

COLLECTING BOOKS
Southington, Conn., April 1900

Our Public Library project is now well under way, and I feel that a big gap in the town's cultural life is being filled. When I came to Southington, as pastor of the Congregational Church here, I was astonished to find that the town had no library, thinking of the excellent one in little Litchfield, and knowing that in New England the library has been second only to the school as a sign of democratic intelligence. There were others who felt the same concern, and I was happy to be associated with them in starting a movement toward the creation of a Public Library for Southington. A few months ago we secured the co-operation of the town itself, and now our books are installed in a room in the Town Hall, a most convenient location, and sufficiently commodious for our modest beginning.

As important as the gaining of the support of public opinion, and a much more entertaining part of the task, has been the procuring of the books. Here, as I shrewdly suspected would be the case, my own mother has played an important role. The enterprise had only to be mentioned in one of my letters for her to leap into action, for even greater than her consuming passion for mastering the insides of books herself, is her longing to make ardent readers of all the rest of the world.

Her idea of the best way to help was not the sending of a check. She was sure, and with good reason, that whatever money she could give could be spent far more efficiently by herself than by any committee in Southington ordering books by mail. Her letters to me have described in detail her assaults upon New York's second-hand bookstores, with which she was already familiar, for the shelves of her own children have long been profiting by her habit of dangling live bait before the eyes of possible readers.

Biography and History are the departments of the Library to which she has made the largest contribution, not only because they are her own favorite literary fields, but because she hopes that, being in narrative form, they will not seem to novel-readers to be

such a very long step aside from the beaten path. Volumes of letters, though admittedly a little more under the (erroneous) suspicion of being "dry," she has provided for the fish that have already been whisked out onto the bank, and may be presumed to have become a little accustomed to breathing the strong oxygen-mixture there provided. She has also been on the watch for cheap editions, in good print, of the standard works which a new library ought to own. As I look along our shelves, the volumes she has sent us seem to be everywhere. I keep an eye on our patrons as they select their books, and delight to be able to write Mother that Mrs. So-and-so has taken out "The Life and Times of Such-and Such." To-day, while making a parish call at the home of one of my deacons, I saw on the table the second volume of the Library's set of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," with a marker in it at about the half-way point.

You would think that Southington was Mother's parish as well as mine from the interest she takes in all that goes on here and in all the people. It is the same way with Father. The choir in my church went straight to his heart the first time he attended one of our services. Our choir is indeed unusual, if I do say so, and its quality and the enthusiasm of its members stirred Father to practical co-operation. Drawing on his experience at the time when he used to be chairman of the Music Committee at the Brick Church, he made a collection of some of the finest of the old anthems, and had enough copies bound into books to supply our whole choir. He is also keenly interested in our local choral organization, the Harmonic Society, and tries each year to visit me at the time of the public concert. I think he almost persuades himself that Southington's rendering of "Elijah" and "The Messiah" is just a little better than anything New York has to offer.

POSTCARDS

New York, March 21, 1902

While we were at breakfast this morning Maggie, when she brought a plate of fresh toast into the dining-room, said sotto voce to my Mother, while the rest of us were talking together, "Mrs. Knapp, the coal has come. Which bin does it go into?" I could hear Mother saying, "Coal? What coal? I haven't ordered any coal. Tell the man it's a mistake." There was a brief pause, and then Maggie continued in the same low tone, "Katie Flynn is here; she has gone up to the sewing-room." "Why!" exclaimed Mother, and in a puzzled voice she continued, "I'm not expecting Katie to-day. Elsie, have you sent word to Katie Flynn to come to-day? I thought it was next week we planned to have her." "No," said Elsie, "I haven't sent for her." "Well, go upstairs," said Mother, "and tell her it's a mistake; we don't want her till next Wednesday."

This did not end the dialogue, but Father, Kittie, and I caught only snatches of it, about Katie needing the money, and about bed-quilts that might perhaps be re-covered now that Katie was here. At length Elsie went upstairs. She came back as we were finishing breakfast; in fact Father and I had risen from the table - when Maggie again made her appearance. She said to Father, "The plumber's man is here to fix the pipe." Father said that he knew nothing about any leaking pipe, and turned to Mother, who was discussing with Kittie whether she should have a written "excuse" for leaving school early. "Em," said Father, "which pipe is it that is leaking?" Mother looked at him with a puzzled expression, as though he had propounded a conundrum. At this point I had to hurry away to my office at the church,* but as I went out, I could hear behind me that the riddle of the pipe and the plumber was still being discussed.

When I came home for lunch, the mystery had been solved, but only to reveal such a possibility of continuing vexation as might have daunted the heart of the most courageous housekeeper. Elsie was eager to relate the events by which the morning had been enlivened, and Mother was, like Julius Caesar's Gallia, divided into three parts, composed of laughter, chagrin, and apprehension. Before she had been able to get up to the sewing-room and Katie Flynn, one of Jackson's express wagons had called for a trunk. Mother had said with emphasis, "There is no trunk. What is the matter with people?" On the heels of this, Mr. Kloss, the piano tuner, was announced. Mother declared, "This is too much!" and went down to interview him. While she was trying to be polite and considerate in spite of the questions and surmises which were whirling through her brain, Mr. Kloss was patiently holding out something in her direction. At length she happened to glance down at it. It was a postcard. On it was written, "Please call to-morrow to tune the piano." It was signed "E. B. Knapp," and plainly it was in her handwriting. "Have I lost my mind?" cried Mother, and sat down in the nearest chair.

Almost instantly she was up again, and a marked change had come over the expression of her face. "Let me see that card," she said; the meaning of the whole inexplicable series of events had come to her in a flash. Those postcards in the rack on her writing-table! Good heavens! how many of them were there? For, being of an economical turn of mind, when she had written on a postcard a message to a tradesman or workman or the like, and had then changed her mind about

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* I had now for several months been assistant minister of the same Brick Church in which I had been brought up as a boy. My three-year pastorate at Southington had ended when an attack of rheumatic fever put me out of the running for more than a year.

it, it was her practice to put the card in the rack, with the idea that it might be modified for similar use at a later date. Somehow those cards had all been mailed by mistake.

By dinner-time Mother's report of the afternoon developments was assuming the proportions of a Saga. A dozen hemstitched sheets, with pillow-cases to match, had come from McCutcheon's. Altman's wagon had called for a non-existent package of "goods to be returned." From Jenkins' Bookstore had arrived "The Life and Letters of Thomas H. Huxley," in two volumes, and "The Love Letters of Bismarck." By the basement door a number of deliveries had been taken in, among them, as reported by Annie, the cook, a dozen English breakfast muffins, a broom, and a crate of oranges," "and please, Mrs. Knapp, we need a new broom for the kitchen anyway." Mother, in the midst of her humorous description of the day's doings to Mrs. Frederick H. Wiggin, who had happened to drop in, suddenly clapped her hands to her head, cried out, "Folding chairs!" and was off to warn Maggie that if two dozen of them (hired occasionally for a friend's literary lectures) should arrive, they were not to be let in; nor - this was prompted by another sudden remembrance of a postcard likely to be in that fatal collection - were there any chimney-flues to be cleaned, if a man should present himself at the door for that purpose.

What further unwanted arrivals to-morrow will produce, and how long the series will persist, in spite of Mother's racking of her brains and her urgent countermanding notes, there is no telling - just as I was coming up to bed she thought of some chocolate eclairs almost ordered one day a week or two ago. But surely nothing that the future brings forth will improve upon the episode which formed the climax of this evening's dinner. The conversation at table had dealt almost exclusively with the unique events of the day. Father, of course, could not waste such an opportunity, and read Mother a humorous lecture on "The Extravagance of Pet Economies," warning her that there was no telling what horrors would result from her habit of saving the fronts of used envelopes for scratch-paper, to say nothing of that drawerful of bits of string which would never by any chance be the right length for any future bundle. Mother, it need not be said, "gave as good as she got," and all Father's Pet Extravagances were spread before us and analyzed with inimitable drollery. By the time the meat course had been cleared away, we were all fairly rocking in our chairs with laughter. Then -

Enter Maggie, bearing a large plate. To our astonished eyes is revealed a Gateau St. Honore, like a jeweled crown made of glace fruits, its whipped cream interior topped by the reddest of cherries, a dessert from Davot, the caterer, which never entered our house unless a dinner-party provided the excuse. Mother says in a faint voice, "I don't suppose we could return it;" but with something almost

amounting to a roar the three youngest members of the family descend upon it with such utensils as are at hand, and make that suggestion manifestly impracticable.

MY FATHER
January 23, 1903

When my Father died last April, nine months short of this his fifty-sixth birthday, his life did not cease to be a continuing part of our lives. It is true that no more events will be added to it, but that is not important, for events were not what his life was chiefly made of.

His days, from that point of view, were singularly like one another. After breakfast, to his office on Wall Street; a day in the Stock Exchange in the service of his customers;* home in the late afternoon; dinner; the evening at home, the first part of it probably spent playing on his reed organ (improvising, or playing from memory Handel or Mozart or Beethoven), then reading, smoking, talking, playing games - always ready to take me on in cribbage, Dutch muggins, or bezique, if I came home at any reasonable hour. In the later years, after his retirement from business: downtown often in the morning, on private business or just to see and chat with the old crowd; in the afternoon usually to the Union League Club at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, to talk, smoke, play billiards; then, as of old, home in the late afternoon, and the quiet evening. Friends came to dinner occasionally or for an evening of whist, ending with a Welch rarebit of his making. Rather infrequently he and my Mother dined out at friends' houses, but always on Monday nights at Grandmother Knapp's. Concerts and the opera were among the few outside interests that tempted him abroad.

On Sunday, the walk to the Brick Church at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street; after Service, the first counting of the collection money in his capacity as Treasurer, one of the Deacons being always with him by his stipulation; stopping on the way home from church for a few minutes at his mother's house, 6 East Thirty-seventh Street; at home, the hearty Sunday dinner; to church again for Vesper

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* He told me once that it was his rule, until he retired from active business, never to buy and sell securities for himself except by way of long-time investment, because he regarded his capital as pledged to the security of those who entrusted their business to him.

Service; at supper, scrambled eggs cooked by him in the chafing-dish at the table, when it was the cook's Sunday out; quail on toast and dressed-celery, when she was on duty; after supper his reading of an Old Testament story from the big Family Bible in which our births (and diseases) were recorded; perhaps we all play a Sunday game together, "Twenty Questions" often, sometimes a sort of "Authors" based on Bible characters - I can still see in my mind's eye some of the home-made cards we used for this game, especially the picture on the one that bore the motto, "Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf;" or perhaps my Father and Mother would read to themselves while we children looked with delightful shudders at Gustave Dore's illustrations of "Don Quixote" or the plates depicting the history of the Industrious and Idle Apprentices and other even more startling pictures in "Hogarth's Complete Pictorial Works."

Outsiders may smile at this humdrum schedule of daily doings, but each item in it glows in memory, for he who fulfilled its simple round of occupations, duties, pleasures, has been, through all those years, a man trusted, honored, and loved by every one who has known him - trusted for his honesty, sincerity, dependability; honored for his uprightness, his lived religion, his loyalty to his principles and to his friends; loved for his gentle strength, his practical kindness, his quiet humor, his unfailing generosity.

On the other hand, he was rigidly conservative in his thinking, both in religion and in politics, a died-in-the-wool Presbyterian and Republican; but he did little arguing about it, and he loved us none the less when we disagreed with him. That he was also conservative in his habits has already been made evident, and a further illustration of that fact was his stubborn refusal to travel further than West Point and Washington, in spite of my Mother's longing to see the whole world. She could not move him beyond, "You go, and I'll pay the bills;" but without him she would not go, except for a short visit to Colonial and Revolutionary New England and a week in Chicago to see the World's Fair. Father had an amazing capacity for doing nothing in particular for hours at a time, to an extent incomprehensible to the more strenuous members of the family; though what thoughts were occupying him inside his head, as he sat smoking, looking into the fire in winter, or in summer across the lawn to the trees and the hills, who can say? He did what <u>needed</u> to be done, faithfully and well, but he had no interest in finding more to do; and this meant not merely no work for work's sake, but no "works of supererogation," as he would whimsically call our more ambitious enterprises, no launching of crusades to right the world's wrongs, and only the most limited joining of organizations to advance this and prohibit that. The Christian Church would never have been organized, the printing-press would never have been invented, the Declaration of Independence would never have been written, if they had waited for him to take the initiative.

But people loved to be with him, all sorts of people. They enjoyed his sensible point of view, his sound judgment, his witty sayings (coming so unexpectedly after those silences of his), his friendliness, his generous appreciation of other people's qualities, his sure readiness to enter sympathetically into other people's needs, interests, problems, ambitions, mistakes, triumphs. Those who had spent an hour or an evening with him left him feeling that life was worth living, ordinary life, their life. In times of trouble they came to him to be near that silent unshakable faith of his; they felt that he was a rock in the midst of stormy waters.

MELBOURNE AND AUDUBON
New York, October, 1903

When I proposed to Mother at luncheon to-day that we spend the afternoon walking about up at Washington Heights, she said at first that she did not feel like going - I think she feared that the memories of Father stirred by those scenes of the past would be too poignant. But she went, and I am sure she is glad she did. It has been a thrilling experience for us both.

I had never seen Melbourne, the home of my great-grandfather Shepherd Knapp; he and my great-grandmother were both dead before I was two years old; and none of our branch of the family lived there after that. Mother herself had not seen it for a great many years. We found that it is now used as a hotel, with the banal yet accurate name "Grand View."

As we walked along the remnant of the old "Knapp Lane," which still leads to it, I could feel Mother rising to the occasion - excitement was visibly conquering any tendency to sadness; and by the time we had walked around to the front, which faces the Hudson high on a bluff, and saw the dignified Colonial front with its tall pillars rising from the piazza level to the roof, I knew that my venture was to be crowned by success. We went in, found that the dining-room occupies what used to be the main parlor, and took a table by the front window. The waiter was politely oblivious of our exhilaration; being of foreign extraction, he probably did not understand much of what we said nor discover the cause of our high spirits.

Every corner of the house was full of meaning for Mother. She kept thinking of events and incidents of the old days when she and Father in their early married years visited his grandparents here, or came to the famous Christmas parties which brought together the whole family - three and four generations and many branches.

She recalled the great Golden Wedding Anniversary in March of 1870, and gave me a vivid description of it. That was a few months before her marriage to Father, but as they had been engaged for nearly seven years, from the time when they were sixteen or seventeen years old, she was treated as though already a Knapp. It was for that celebration that the enormous china dinner service, with the heavy gilding and the hand-painted flowers, different on each piece, was procured - plates, platters and dishes of every size and description. Even the part of it that Father inherited - one-fifth of one-fourth - is so abundant that Elsie, Kittie and I will each have a full set of plates and one or two larger pieces. They must have been a grand old couple - Shepherd and Catherine Louisa - old-fashioned, godly, prosperous, and with a saving sense of humor, on the whole a rather humane combination of qualities.

Later in the afternoon, just to be impartial in our attentions to the two sides of the house, we walked the half mile or so to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, and looked at Mother's old home, "the Audubon house," now sadly fallen from its former estate. It was built by Audubon, the naturalist, for his own use. From it, when Samuel F. B. Morse was visiting there, the first successful experiment in under-water telegraphy was carried out, across the river to the Jersey shore. From Mr. Audubon's estate it was bought by my Grandfather Benedict, who added a third story for his large family, and lived in it till his death. That house I myself remember well, for when I was a boy my two lively aunts, Laura and Jessie Benedict, still lived there. Many happy Saturdays of my childhood were spent with them, especially because it was a place where a poor benighted city boy like myself could enjoy coasting. My Griffin cousins provided the bob-sled and the steersman. We came down the hill through what was then Audubon Park, over the snow-covered lawns, missing houses and trees by a miracle, and when we came to a stop, had almost reached the river's edge.

Mother's reminiscences of the life in those two houses when she was young continued all the way home on the elevated railway, and then, to share them with Elsie and Kittie also, throughout dinner and well into the evening.

LAST CHICK HATCHED
New York, December 8, 1906

The social function with the ridiculous name, Kittie's "Coming Out Tea," is over, and is pronounced a triumph by all concerned. Mother dreaded it I know. Not only is she always timid as she approaches a social affair of this sort, but her thoughts this time must go back to Elsie's similar day, when our circle was

yet unbroken, and Mother could see Father in the background moving about among the guests. (I can hear her saying on that earlier occasion, after the people had gone, "Children, was there ever any one so handsome as your father!") But once get Mother going, and there is no holding her in. To-day was a case in point. Her eyes sparkled, a touch of very becoming color came into her cheeks, and though her hair "stayed put," that it did so seemed a marvel, for you felt as though she were standing on a hill somewhere, out in the wind and sun. In her black dress, but with a bunch of violets to add a bit of color, she looked "darling," as Elsie and Kittie said.

Kittie herself was radiant with joy, and no wonder, for it is quite an experience for a girl of nineteen to be suddenly raised on a pedestal, as it were, to be deluged with flowers, surrounded by a host of friendly people, and showered with compliments and congratulations. Young Queen Victoria on her Wedding Day was the parallel that first came to my mind, but on second thought I realize that Kittie's own wedding, whenever that comes, will not only match this, but throw it quite into the shade.

The whole day was exciting. Soon after breakfast cards began to come by mail and messenger, which meant that those who sent them would not come to the tea, and Kittie, Elsie and Mother were in the depths of gloom; I could hear their groans of dismay, as I moved about attending to the more material aspects of the affair, the arrangement of the rooms and such details regarding the food as were deemed to be within the range of a man's limited powers of judgment. But the arrival of the flowers - three and four boxes at a time - proved to be a happy diversion, and hope revived in the feminine bosoms.

When it was time for them to dress, they went up to the top floor for that purpose, all the rooms on the floor below being reserved for cloak-rooms, two of them for the general crowd, the other for the intimates who would come early and stay late. This drastic emigration seemed to me not altogether necessary, but my opinion was not consulted, and in any case, when Mother and the two girls came down, dressed for the fray, I had to admit that, regardless of the place where it was achieved, the result was highly satisfactory.

The three of them received the guests, and ten of Kittie's closest girl friends were on hand to help. They all appeared to be standing on red-hot griddles, as the moment approached when the performance was about to begin. A rustling sound from the front hall indicated to us inside that the stream had begun to flow. Then a pause, while those first arrivals went upstairs to leave their wraps, others audibly arriving in the meantime. And now the crest of the advancing flood poured into the room. To a mere man the sounds which immediately burst forth were amazing - talk at forty miles a minute

from the older ones, and high-pitched squeals from the young fry; but almost at once I myself, off on the side-lines, was in the thick of it. Soon the place was filled. Then it was packed. Then it was "jammed." Every friend of the family that I ever heard of was there - who on earth were those people who had only sent cards? - and many of Kittie's and Elsie's newer acquisitions in the social line dawned only now on my horizon. Several of the young men who came early and stayed late were new to me, a Mr. Oliver Reynolds, for instance, a Princeton man, a friend of George Richards. And there was a Mr. George Vandermull, also Princeton, I think - I'm not sure that I have spelled his name correctly. Ted Coy and Punch Judd were there of course and all the rest of Kittie's Litchfield crowd, and Wilson Smith, and Horace Green. One of the maids whispered to Elsie the exciting news that the door-man (provided by the caterer) said there had been fifty-seven carriages before six o'clock, and that in his opinion that was a huge amount. I have no doubt that he is an eminent authority.

I feared at one time that that lawless throng would pay no attention to the fact that the card of invitation had said, "four to seven;" but I misjudged them, and they did not run much beyond the dead-line. Then about twenty-five of the young crowd went into the dining-room for a buffet dinner. That over, the girls withdrew to the library, and such a clatter was never heard! The men meantime were enjoying a smoke, and, perhaps even more, a period of comparative calm. But when they rejoined the girls, they showed no sign of leaving, and indeed the entire group stayed till after 10:30!

Kittie has no words to tell how grand it was; "glorious" and "wonderful" are adjectives that she uses, but she intimates by a kind of gasp and eyes turned up toward heaven that they are entirely inadequate expressions. After every one but the family was gone, the whole affair had, of course, to be talked over at length and in full detail. Kittie, as she went off to bed, said, "I never felt so tired or so happy."

MOTHER'S BOOK
October, 1910

Letters are beginning to come in from our friends who have read Mother's book.* It is interesting to see the different things in the book that people mention; one speaks of Mother's reading, another of her humor, others mention the incidents in which they themselves shared, and which they are delighted to see in print. Most of all, of course, we are pleased when people write, as many of them do, that the book reveals Mother's personality, makes them feel "as though she had been in to call." The Litchfield friends are

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* Printed by The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

delighted with the picture of the doorway of the Litchfield house on the cover. We ourselves thought that that open door would be symbolic, and we feel that the motto from the knocker, "Hic Habitat Felicitas," which we have used as the title of the book, is even more appropriate as the motto of Mother's life.

Elsie, Kittie, and I are enjoying the book all over again, and we are now better able to see it as a whole than we could when it was in the making. Elsie has just written me a letter about these new impressions, how she realizes afresh the way Mother's life gradually unfolded, "opening blossom by blossom," as she expresses it. I am almost glad we three children happened not to be together at this juncture, for letters sometimes say more than one is likely to put into spoken words; and it is lovely to see how the book, or rather Mother in the book, is drawing the three of us closer together than ever.

We had a wonderful time working on it, beginning more than three years ago, soon after Mother died. Kittie and I would spend every free evening reading the letters, and marking the parts in them that seemed to tell the story best; then, when Elsie and Wilson came for their weekly dinner and evening with us, we would together go over the week's gleanings. Fortunately we had kept all of Mother's letters to us, and we also had at our disposal those that she had written to her life-long friend Ella Riley, to her eighty-year-old "playmate," as she loved to call her, Mrs. Richards in Litchfield, and to a few others with whom she corresponded more or less regularly. How glad we were, too, that we had spurred her on to put on paper her early recollections. They seemed fragmentary when we first looked them over, for she had written them piecemeal, "when the spirit moved," but they proved to be a fairly continuous narrative of her girlhood and early married life.

She had so many interests, most of them life-long, that it seemed at first as though it would not be possible to divide the material into chapters that would have any individuality or unity, but when the process of selection got under way, we found that, with few exceptions, each of her interests seemed to reach a climax in one particular period - her ardent patriotism, her religious experience, her "thirst for travel," and of course that beloved project of her last years, the creation of the "Shepherd Knapp Farm," under the auspices of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, in my Father's memory.

Her passion for reading, especially biographies, could not be concentrated in any one chapter, for it runs through the whole story, a dominant influence in her life, so we just let it come in where it would. About including the long lists of the books that she read we were in some doubt, but many people in their letters speak of them as a guide to good reading for themselves and their

children, and express amazement at the scope and volume of her reading. Some mention individual titles, as though they were glad to be reminded of books that they themselves had once read with interest and had forgotten. So I am glad we put the lists into the book.

Last evening I sat down with it, and at first was just turning over the pages, feasting my eyes on the finished product, but before I knew it I was reading straight on, page after page. It was as though Mother herself were in the room with me. I fancied I could see her sitting, facing the table, with her book propped up so that she could knit one of those innumerable "wash-rags" while she read. It would not have surprised me if Father had suddenly said, as he did one night in the library of the Lexington Avenue house, "Children, watch your Mother; she will tell us later that she has read that book" - for the pages seemed to be turning about one a second. Mother looked up, caught us watching, demanded to know why, and when told, said, "Here, take the book and test me; I know everything that is in it." And sure enough, we couldn't stump her. I think she must have had what is called a photographic eye, capable of recording a whole page at a glance.

It is Mother, living and present, that the book thus brings to me. While I am reading it, I see her - her eyes, her mouth; I hear her voice, her laugh. Her thoughts and questions and aspirations are still speeding from her brain to mine. Her energies of mind and heart still strike a spark in me, just as they used to do.

DODWORTH'S
November, 1914

When I was in New York recently I had a reminder of the way in which the world shrinks as we grow older. Of course, there is a sense in which it grows much larger, for, as we learn more about far-off places, we realize in imagination a much larger portion of the surface of the globe, and our world, which used to be limited to one country, earlier than that to one city or town, earlier still to one house, may now include England, Asia, and the South Sea Islands. But at the same time that this expansion is going on, the actual scene around us, which to our childish eyes had something of the vastness and mystery now pertaining to far-off places, shrinks to what we adults are pleased to call its normal size.

My recent New York experience was this. My sister Elsie suggested at lunch one day that, after doing some necessary errands down-town, I join her at Sarah's dancing-school, and afterwards walk home with them. I was delighted at the prospect of seeing that little red-headed fairy in such a setting; but there was another reason

also. I had learned that she attended Dodworth's dancing-school. So did I when I was approximately her age. Elsie said she thought it was in the same house as of old, and that, though it was now conducted by the son of the Dodworth of my day, the whole procedure was practically unchanged.

The entire scene of that earlier time rose vividly in my memory, also the impressive "atmosphere" of it, and all of my own agonized reaction to it. For I did not like dancing-school - I believe it is a common failing of little boys. That afternoon, while in the subway going downtown and returning, I lived over in memory my own dancing-school days. I saw myself in very neat knickerbockers, black stockings, broad white collar. Now I was entering the formidable building, going downstairs to a dressing-room in the nether regions, and there putting on "pumps" (which had been carried in a cloth bag) and, worse misery still, white kid gloves. Now it is time to ascend to the dancing-hall. A broad staircase is provided for this dramatic purpose, soft under my feet. I reach the top, and stand in an enormous doorway, with curtains of corresponding bigness looped back to right and left. I believe there are other boys with me, doubtless girls also, but I feel that I am alone in a limitless universe. For I must pause ere I enter, look for Mr. Dodworth out on that vast floor among moving childish figures, catch his eye, put my heels together, and bow. (My feelings while going through this ordeal were, I am sure, not unlike those of Charles the First going to execution.) But now, the bow being over, I scan the far horizon for my Mother on one of those slightly raised seats along the distant wall, and somehow, in spite of unimaginable perils and obstacles in the way of slippery floor, my own awkwardness, and dancers whirling around in what is called the waltz or swooping down on you sideways in what is called the polka, I reach her side. I am greeted by a smile, but also by a look which inexorably orders me to go out onto the floor again, and dance.

All of this was so realistically re-created in me as I approached the house that afternoon that I was not enjoying myself at all. I entered, and went, not by the subterranean route, but straight through an ordinary New York hall, to - was it possible? - not a room the size of a theatre, but a ballroom of quite believable size. Where were those magnificent distances? Where was that doorway of cathedral proportions? And where was that over-awed and apprehensive little boy? I never enjoyed my adulthood more than I did as I walked across to Elsie's side, and then sat there watching Sarah make a charming sight out of that absurd "one, two, three - slide; one, two, three - slide."

MY BOYS
March 3, 1920

To-day a great new blessing has dawned on my horizon, astonishing, unexpected, almost unbelievable. I do not yet quite dare to expect that what I hope for will be realized.

A message was brought to me this morning that a Mrs. Halkyard had died suddenly of heart trouble, and would I conduct the funeral service? She was not personally connected with my church - I learned later that she had fellowship with another church in the neighborhood - but her two boys began to come to us a few years ago, probably because some of their friends came to our Sunday School or belonged to our troop of Boy Scouts.

I went around to the house, and found that the boys, George, sixteen years old, and Neil, twelve, are without kith or kin in this part of the world. Their mother came from Nova Scotia; their father's family live at a distance. The kindness of neighbors was all that they had to fall back upon in their overwhelming trouble.

I said to them, "Boys, you mustn't stay here alone. Come around to my house, and stay with me till we see what you will do. Get your night-things, and come."

They came, such friendly intelligent-looking boys, very nearly silent as we ate our luncheon this noon, but with a shy look out of their eyes now and then that encouraged me. Already an idea was glimmering in my mind.

It was while we sat at dinner, and they had become a little more talkative and natural, that I knew. I said then to myself, "I wish that these boys might stay with me - if they are willing." At the same time I was appalled by the thought and by the consequences of it that came looming up, but I knew that I wanted it. And now, when they are in bed in the guest-room, and I, on the other side of the wall, am sitting by the fire in my study, I am rashly counting my chickens before they are hatched, thinking about what room they might have, what clothes they would need, figuring out what re-adjustments in my own programme would have to be made.

Almost all my life I have been slow and hesitating about making big decisions, timid, sometimes to the point of letting proffered good go by, Not this time.

HOME
March, 1921

Our Saturday evenings at the Shack have become a regular institution. Almost every week we go out there for supper - George, Neil, George Keogh, and I. The Shack is, of course, stone-cold when we arrive, but a blazing wood-fire soon warms its eight-by-ten interior, and indeed almost at once we are able to begin eating supper in comfort, for we move the table (my Mother's old folding table) close up to the fire-place, and sit around it, one at each end and two facing the fire, so that our lower halves get the full benefit of the warmth.

The supper we bring out with us from Worcester - sandwiches, and a pie, which is cut into four quarters and eaten in our fingers. This requires some skill, for the soft inside of a chocolate cream pie, which is our favorite and one of the masterpieces of Emma, the parsonage cook, is like "time and tide," it "waits for no man." But gulping it down suits the boys to a T, and there are really four boys in the party, in spite of the more mature appearance of two of them.

After supper we move the table a little further from the fire, and play cards. Neil always calls for a game named "Stop," and although the rest of us are prejudiced against it because it is distinctly a game of chance and Neil's luck is notorious, we usually give in. When Neil has won all the chips, and has become perfectly unbearable in his exultation over the three vanquished, we turn to some game in which luck is at least tempered by skill. He insists that his success is largely due to his intelligent decision as to when it is wise to take a chance, while the rest of us lose because we vaccilate and procrastinate (these are not the words he uses). We loudly scoff at this explanation, but I in secret admit that he is more than half right.

Usually before the evening is over Neil and George get to skylarking, and at times the commotion in that narrow space is so overpowering that I have to send them outside to let off the rest of Neil's superfluous steam. I like to watch George in these encounters. He could easily down Neil in a few minutes, for Neil is still but a lad, but George uses only enough strength to keep Neil busy, and meantime preserves his own good humor even under severe provocation, for of course Neil has no thought but to win, and is always convinced that he will conquer his big brother the next time. Sometimes, as was the case this evening, I can see George deciding that "this has gone far enough," whereupon he puts Neil down on the floor or ground, and sits on him.

Saturday evening with the boys at the Shack is merely the end of a week of evenings spent by me in the same engrossing occupation.

Soon after the boys came to me, a little over a year ago, I realized that a home is not a home unless there is a human being in it, so I decided that the boys must find me in our home just as much as my work would allow, especially in the evenings. I stopped accepting the many parish invitations to supper (explaining the reason), asked to have my name transferred to the list of honorary members of the Shakespeare Club, and have been to barely any of the Thursday evening meetings of the Bohemians. I suppose the boys sometimes wish that I were not at home so regularly, so that they would not feel that I am left alone there if they are elsewhere. But I hope that on the whole they like it, and in any case I hope that I am right in doing my best to make 8 Institute Road a magnet drawing them toward it.

We play games on some of those many parsonage evenings, but more often we read, books suited to Neil in the early part of the evening, and later what I diplomatically refer to as "adult literature" for seventeen-year-old George. If George has come home by Neil's bed-time, and he and I are about to begin "Pendennis" or "Bleak House," it is amusing to see how many reasons Neil finds for postponing his departure upstairs. It takes him about ten minutes to swallow a glass of water from the thermos-pitcher on the book-case by the door.

When it is his turn for reading, he is a keen listener. He and George come naturally by their appreciation of books and other cultural interests. Their mother, before her marriage taught school in Nova Scotia, after having had training for that work. Their father was a talented musician, played the violin in an orchestra, and gave violin lessons for some years; his family came from Oldham in England, near Manchester. Without any word from me Neil produces the book from the book-case, when our reading hour comes, and he always remembers exactly the predicament in which we left the hero the night before. I am being introduced to an entirely new generation of books for boys, and when I go to the Public Library or look at book reviews, my interest has switched decidedly from theology to books for the early teens.

BACK FROM THE SEA
October 6, 1922

George Halkyard reached Worcester on Tuesday evening, five days earlier than he expected to when he wrote me from Cuba. He is now sure that he does not want to make the sea his career; so that chapter is finished. I think he has made the right decision, and personally I am much relieved that he has chosen to stay on land.

Ever since the two boys came to live with me two and a half years ago, I have been puzzled by the problem of George's future, and how he should prepare for it. As to the preparation, my strong desire of course was that he might resume his schooling, already interrupted when he came to me by the necessity of going to work as soon as the law allowed, to aid his mother in meeting the family budget. I consulted with a number of my educator friends, and two points at once became clear. On the one hand, it was out of the question that a boy of his age should return to the grammar school, and, on the other, if he were to aim at entering High School, he must first spend considerable time and energy in making up his deficiencies. He and I canvassed the possibility and desirability of attempting the latter plan. He was not enthusiastic about it, but as a sort of preliminary test of his own wishes as well as of the plan itself, he went to evening classes at the Y.M.C.A. The results were not very encouraging. Clearly he was having to force himself against his inclination, in order to achieve even such moderate success as his record showed. That he had an excellent mind, alert and appreciative, his reaction to the books which he and I read together at home fully proved, but plainly he did not wish to use it in classroom work. What he really wanted to do was to go on working, earning wages and the independence which they ensured him, rather than to seek any further formal education.

When we were discussing the different kinds of work that he might take up, he kept returning to a long-cherished dream of his - to go to sea. Perhaps it was something in his blood, for his grandfather, George Smith, had been a fisherman and boat-builder as well as a farmer in Nova Scotia; he built a two-masted schooner, named it "Capella," and sailed it till two of his sons were lost at sea on a lumber-boat, when he sold it and it was taken to the West Indies. I confess that for some time I thought of George's sea-dreams as merely a variant of the common boyish ambition to become a fireman or a policeman; but George spoke of it so often that I at length decided to see what could be done about it in a practical way. One of my reasons for this was the thought that if he never had an opportunity to try out the life of a sea-faring man, he might feel in later life that he had been debarred from his true destiny - "If only I had had a chance to go to sea when I was young . . . ."

With the help of my brother-in-law, George Vondermuhll, the way was opened for him to sail as a sort of apprentice on the S. S. Cananova, plying between New York and the West Indies in the fruit trade. George was enthusiastic at the prospect. He and I had a grand time fitting him out at a sort of ship-chandler department-store down on the lower east side of New York near the docks. When he was togged out in his white uniform and nautical cap, besides being provided with oilskins, rubber boots, and working clothes, I felt, about as much as he did, that he certainly "looked the part."

He left Worcester for his first voyage in the third week of last June. For most of the summer he sailed back and forth between New York and Jamaica, with a few brief furloughs. To his delight his last trip took him to Cuba. Whatever other value the summer at sea may have had, it has given him the sort of foreign travel that he would most enjoy, and it has of course been an admirable experience in the matter of meeting men and situations and thus developing self-reliance.

Now he has reached his own clear decision. He likes the sea-life as much as he thought he would, but he sees no future in it as to promotion and pay. It is good to have him home again, and he falls once more into the home ways more readily than I had expected, after these months of variety and adventure. Already we are canvassing the possibilities for his future. Meantime, the very day after he got home, he went out and secured for himself a temporary job, and seems to be hard at work at it, even working overtime in order to get ahead more rapidly. His whole mind runs in the direction of the practical and mechanical, and he is strongly averse to any kind of office-work.

RILEY
Worcester, Mass., June, 1924

Dear Riley is making me her annual June visit. What a rare soul she is! Every time she comes, she seems to me more precious - her serene spirit, her deep religious faith, her well-stocked mind furnished by a lifetime of good reading, her keen appreciation of humor, and, not least to us Knapps, her intense loyalty to every member of our family, past, present, and future. Of four generations of us she has been the treasured friend; Grandmother Knapp's young companion and helper in a period of great need, Mother's life-long comrade, the inspirer and comforter of all my generation, and now winning her way into the hearts of all Elsie's and Kittie's children. Very early Miss Laura Ella Riley became Ella Riley, and then affection shortened it into various nicknames, of which "Riley" was the one chosen by my branch of the family. The latest children are still inventing names of their own for her.

What good talks she and I are having in the evenings, about the old times which she knew so well. I ought to write down her anecdotes about the Knapp boys (my father and his brothers) who used to tease her unmercifully, and whom she adored none the less; and the "high jinks" which used to go on in Grandmother's house at No. 6 East 37th Street, where there were usually ten or fifteen at

table, including the friends brought in without warning; and the wonderful Christmas trees at Grandmother's, which I myself remember.

Riley loves to ride in the automobile, and I see more of the country while she is visiting me than during all the rest of the year. When I am making parish calls in the afternoon she goes with me, and sits in the car while I am inside of the houses. Then, as it nears the time when my parishioners will be wanting to start preparing their suppers, we in the car whisk out into the country, whatever section of it happens to be nearest, and cruise about on the back roads at a slow pace that almost makes us think we are jogging along behind a horse, as we used to do so often when she visited us during our summers at Litchfield.

To-day being Monday, the parson's free day, we went out early to the Shack, and spent the morning walking in the woods with our eyes open for birds, and then reading - we finished Meredith's "Shaving of Shagpat." After lunch we rode to the top of Mt. Wachusett, and came home by way of Westminster and Gardner. As we rode along I was expatiating on my love of a simple existence such as the Shack makes possible. Dear old Riley listened rather silently, and I turned toward her to discover the reason. There was a suspicious twinkle in her eye. Said she, "Yes, the simple life of the Shack, with a house in town to retreat to and an automobile in which to do your marketing." I had to cry, "A hit! A very palpable hit!" But I got back at her with a reminder of her own love for life's luxuries, which sometimes pops up most surprisingly in the midst of her frugal and useful life. I admitted that this was probably no fault of hers, only a result of the fact that when her father was Rector of the Episcopal Church at Islip, Long Island, he had for summer parishioners most of the Vanderbilt tribe, a most dangerous influence for an impressionable young girl.

This turn of the conversation recalled to both of us the time when I, as a little boy, spent a week with her at Islip. It was July, and the Rector and his family were invited to a huge evening celebration of the Glorious Fourth at the home of one of those ultra rich. I was taken along, and saw more kinds of outward magnificence than had ever met my gaze up to that time. Then there were fireworks on the lawn, Riley and I both think, but we cannot remember anything about them. The one great memory of that evening was a much more marvelous spectacle. The carriage taking us to the party had just turned into the large grounds, when we came to a park-like place in the woods - tall bare tree-trunks and immaculately kept undergrowth; and there, filling the entire woods, were a million million fireflies. They seemed as thick as snowflakes in a blizzard. It struck us all dumb with amazement. I have always hoped that someday somewhere that amazing sight may come my way again.

PARSONAGE THANKSGIVING
Worcester, November 25, 1926

Yesterday George Keogh in the car went over to Deerfield to bring Neil home from school for the holiday. I had seen Neil there only the day before, for I drove over to witness his last football game of the season. Deerfield won a decided victory, and Neil was an important factor in it. He did the kicking-off - all his kicks were beauties - and he made the first touch-down. I swelled with pride to hear the cheers for "Halkyard" from the school massed on the bleachers, and I laughed inwardly to think that a boy whom I may call mine should be distinguishing himself in such a rough and tumble game, I having always been such a duffer in almost all sports.

When Neil reached home late yesterday afternoon, he was the first of the gathering clan. Vondy, Kittie, and their two girls arrived in the evening, their train an hour late, as always happens on the night before the holiday. This morning Vondy, with Neil, took the car, and drove over to Southboro to get his George at St. Marks. In time for dinner the Van Voorhis tribe arrived from Leominster - Ben, Dorothy, her sister, and the two boys, Shep and Lee. That completed the list of the out-of-towners, making, with my George, Neil, and myself, thirteen in all, the same number as last year. The Powells were unable to join us, the only regret of the day.

The Thanksgiving Day Service for the churches in the northern half of the city came to Central Church this year, the Rev. Floyd H. Adams, the able pastor of our neighbor church, the Lincoln Square Baptist, preaching the sermon. I was of course with him in the chancel, and from there it was a pleasure to see Kittie, her two girls, and my George making up quite a respectable "pastor's family" in the congregation.

The dinner was served in our usual Thanksgiving Day fashion, all the old family china and silver used, the turkey, vegetables, and all the traditional accompaniments placed on the table together from the start, and no servant in evidence till it was time to change to the dessert. Everybody, obeying time-honored custom, ate too much, and regretted it for the rest of the day, especially as we did not take our usual walk to the top of Bancroft Hill. Indoor sports were a poor substitute, though active enough to make the parsonage parlor seem very small and unduly cluttered up with furniture.

Soon after the Van Voorhises had started for home, the rest of us rode over to Southboro, where we had supper at the inn, Vondy's treat, and later were in a way young George Vondermuhll's guests, for he took us to the school's Thanksgiving Day show, a magician with all the usual tricks and jokes. Then back to Worcester, where we put

Vondy on the sleeper. The much diminished remainder, myself excepted, are now in bed at the parsonage, and so ends another Worcester Thanksgiving, one of the high spots of my year.

AXE
September 19, 1927

We have had a great trip. I think that Neil enjoyed it immensely, in spite of a startling mishap, and that he got a lot out of it. He was a perfect camping partner.

If only my pictures come out well - nine hundred feet of the camping trip alone - I shall have something unusual to show. The mountains among which we lived were beyond words glorious - Byng Pass all in snow, a never-to-be-forgotten scene; and a day that Neil and I spent up on an 8000-foot ridge among snow peaks makes me tingle yet with the sheer joy of it. Then there was a sunrise-hour out in a great open swampy meadow, where the moose came silently in from all sides, - now one, now two or three, there a cow with her calf, here another cow with two, and last of all a great bull, like the Grand Turk entering his harem. His grunts were the only sound at that silent time of day. All the while I, with the camera, was crawling from bush to bush flat on my stomach, rising to my knees when I was in position for a good shot. There were more than twenty moose in all - I lost count, for they came in from all directions to the various salt-licks with which the meadow was dotted. For my last picture of them, before they took fright at the sound of the bells on our approaching horses, I had the full morning sun shining from directly behind me.

But our biggest experience of all was not so pleasant. I am now beginning to feel at ease about it, but my anxiety can be imagined when I say that a week ago to-day, when we were two long days' journey from civilization, Neil cut a horrid gash in the calf of his leg with an axe. He had been chopping down a tree; the axe slipped, glanced off, and swung to the inside of his left leg. I shall never forget the moment when he came toward me, with blood dripping visibly, the red bandanna that he had tied around the wound not helping appearances.

He was simply wonderful about it. Never a word about all the pain, and such presence of mind and skill in applying a tourniquet and putting on bandages - I blessed his boy-scout training. Inwardly I was terrified at my own inexperience. To be called upon suddenly to care for such a deep wound, with infection and blood-poisoning

and other unknown complications looming before me, was a good deal of a shock. Our guides helped in every way they could, but I knew the responsibility was mine.

It happened toward evening. I did the best I could that night, and next morning rode to the cabin of the game-warden of the region, happily only a few miles away. His name is Nellis, a fine fellow whom I met on the trail last year. There I found a surveyor also. They both gave me excellent advice and added to my store of surgical supplies; for to my shame I found that I had neglected to replenish my first-aid kit, not realizing that the occasional demands on the trips of earlier years, for minor cuts and bruises, had so much depleted it. They could not provide me with surgical sutures or needle. They strongly advised against having Neil try to ride horseback for three or four days, and told me to keep him as quiet as possible in the meantime.

When I got back to camp, I redressed the wound, and drew the edges together with very narrow strips of adhesive tape. I have learned since then that I might have used a sterilized horsehair and an ordinary needle, and that probably I was overcautious in my whole treatment of the wound, but to tell the truth I was plumb scared to touch it; I felt as though I were made of germs, all ready to leap out at him.

Much to Neil's disgust I kept him absolutely still in the tepee for two days and a half. Then in spite of the recommendation of a longer wait, I used my own judgment (with fear and trembling), and tried the journey of three miles or so to the warden's cabin. That worked so well, that it seemed safe to continue, and we made the remaining twenty-seven miles in two days.

The trip ended in a rather unexpected and delightful way. The trail brought us out on the left bank of the Athabasca River, and we had to get across it to the highway on the other side. I had been able to telephone from Nellis's cabin to our outfitter in Jasper, and calculating the time as well as I could, had arranged with him to send a car to meet us at that point, and carry us the twenty-five miles to Jasper. The river is broad, and runs like a mill-race, but we got across it safely in a row-boat, after a brief moment of thrill when the strength of the rower and the strength of the river just about balanced, and we wondered whether we were going to be swept downstream or not. When we reached the highway, there was no car, though it was time for it according to my watch. We sat for nearly an hour on our duffle-bags by the road-side. Then a car came by, going toward Jasper, and carrying three well-dressed tourists. We hailed them, and asked them to report our dilemma in town, which they agreed to do. They suggested taking us in their car, but we pointed

to our heap of baggage, and told them the message was all the help we needed. Then they rode on; but ten minutes later they were back again saying that they simply couldn't leave us there. So in we piled, in our camp clothes, stained and torn, and with our long hair and week-old beards. When, in Jasper, I told the outfitter how friendly and kind these people were, he said, "No wonder; it is what you would expect, for they belong to one of the oldest families of Britain." Stupidly I didn't find out their names. Our own car, by the way, met us when we were less than half way to town.

The doctor in Jasper, the only one there, brought my heart up into my mouth by his exclamation of something like dismay when the bandage and compress were removed. But when he had washed the wound and looked it over critically, he revised his opinion. I suppose that to a professional eye my bungling work did look pretty awful at first glance. But there doesn't seem to be the least infection, and a <u>beautiful</u> scab is forming.

Now we are having a delightful journey home together. Neil is so thoughtful of me, and gives me so much of his company, that I actually have to drive him away to have a good time with the young fellows of his age. He seems to get on well with every one, and brings back delightful accounts of the boys, and the men, whom he has been talking to. Yesterday I was interested to hear him talking with a man, in a very intelligent way I thought, about the wheat-crop and grain elevators and cooperative companies, the result of his observations and conversations on the way west. As a regular summer diet I am sure that his work as Steward in Camp Washington in New Hampshire, and more recently as Councillor in one of the Cobb Camps in Maine, has been the very best sort of training, but I am also glad that he has now had a broadening experience of this other sort.

"I SHALL NOT DIE"
October, 1930

Elsie has sent me a letter received from a friend to whom a few years ago she gave a copy of Mother's book, "Hic Habitat Felicitas," feeling that she was one who would especially appreciate it. We have had many letters from people who knew Mother personally, all welcome and treasured by us, but a letter like this from one who knows her only through the book has an added value for that very reason. She writes:

"I have been re-reading your Mother's beautiful book, and am more impressed by its beauty than when I first read it. I feel I

want you to know how a stranger can see and appreciate the character that to you was so clearly evident. It is a little of what her wish was - that her influence might live after, wider than in the home circle. You must see it fulfilled on every side where you have given friends the privilege of reading this story of a strong, though modest, fine character, picturing the wise unselfish life spreading a helpful cheer to all who came within her reach, and ignoring her own handicap (her deafness) which was one that usually narrows and sours one's outlook on life. I want to thank you again for having given me this book.

"I constantly recall what a clear-headed lawyer friend once said to me years ago: 'I think I find a stronger faith in Heaven through having known the simple truth and beauty of character that I have a few times come in contact with than from all the theology of preachers.' Such influence, I believe, makes the foundation of all good work by those we call great men; the quiet unrecognized pressure of some true and sane men and women educates a few to understand, and enables the rare ones higher up to accomplish great things. The gentle spirits with an unshaken instinct for the right view of life, and with a clear outlook, have an influence unknown to themselves. Quietly they live up to their standard, which later is often our salvation."

Through all the twenty years since the book was published, Mother has been making new friends. Half the people in my church know her in this way, and many of them have told me that she lives in their thought quite as much as though they had known her face to face. When the book was being prepared for the press, we felt that this would be so, and as an expression of that belief, we placed at the end the verse from the 118th Psalm which played such an interesting part at one of the turning-points of her life. This is her own description of that experience.

"Two nights before the operation I was sitting by the table in a reclining chair, dozing and reading. I was reading Scott's 'Waverly' to keep my mind off the operation. I had read several chapters, put down the book, and evidently fallen asleep, when, as I awoke, I heard a loud voice, proclaiming the words, 'Marry, thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' I told Shep, saying 'You know I don't believe in signs or omens, but if I do recover, this will be worth remembering.' The 'marry' was certainly not like the Bible, neither was it exactly like the book I was reading. I then utterly dismissed the text from my mind and never thought of it again. I did not expect to live. I did not see how I could, with such a death-like face as I had. Well, as I came out of the ether, I saw against the blackness the still blacker outline of a little figure, that was like either a herald or a

Highlander, who shouted in a clear, loud voice, 'Thou shalt not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' The voice cleared my brain in a minute, and I was perfectly conscious, though I could not open my eyes. I said to myself, 'The text means something this time, and I will heed it all I can, do everything to help myself, thinking of my wound, taking deep breaths.' Then I told the nurse I wanted to hear nothing of the outside world, no messages nor flowers to be brought to me. I felt I had died, and not until I had a right to live, would I hear things. I gathered myself together to stand the shock of the operation, keep down fever, and not get nervous. The doctors say that in their experience they have never seen a person lie so quiet; I never moved a hair in five days."

Truly, not only for the two and a half precious years which she gained by that reprieve, but for many more years to follow, that verse from the Psalm has continued true.

CHAPLAIN SPRING
November 19, 1930

This evening, while reading Kenneth Roberts' "Arundel," I had a delightful surprise. Even the fact that this admirable story is about Benedict Arnold's expedition to Quebec had not prepared me for it, for although I knew that my grandmother's grandfather, Samuel Spring, was the chaplain of that expedition, I did not expect that he would personally appear in the narrative; somehow one does not think of one's own ancestor, especially if he was a parson, as likely material for a novel.

Great was my delight therefore when suddenly on page 373, I learned from Stephen Nason, the narrator, that in the batteau which was carrying Aaron Burr upstream through the Maine wilderness was also "his friend the chaplain, one Reverend Spring." My pleasure was doubled when I found Mr. Spring described as "a jovial young man from Princeton College, who was cursed with chilblains, an ailment he was encouraged to conceal because of his heartening effect on the men." There was also this additional note, that it was his way not to hear and see "matters better unheard and unseen by a chaplain." But the climax of my enjoyment came when Nason informed me that to the flow of profanity which broke from Burr on hearing of the desertion of a colonel and all his men, my ancestor, though his attention at the moment seemed to be concentrated on his aching toes, was heard to murmur, "Amen," and that the somewhat doubtful means by which a much needed bag of flour had been obtained - it might have been regarded as plain robbery under more normal conditions - drew from the chaplain the cryptic comment, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

Kenneth Roberts is a most painstaking collector of facts, and it would not surprise me to learn that he found these conversational tidbits in some old journal or letter. Be that as it may, I have the indubitable testimony of Samuel Spring's own son, Gardiner, regarding a more signifigant incident of that same expedition, for in his personal reminiscences* he writes: "My father accompanied the expedition to Quebec under Gen. Arnold and Col. Burr. Many are the affecting narratives of the sufferings of that expedition I have listened to from his lips at our home fireside. He was on the plains of Abram when Montgomery fell. It was a snowy morning, and in the face of the enemy Col. Burr made the bold attempt to rescue the body of his fallen leader. One of the daily papers of this city (New York) has called in question the correctness of this statement. But my father was no romancer; I have heard him tell the story too often to be mistaken. In confirmation of it I may allude to events which took place in my own family while I was living on Beekman Street. My father and the Rev. Drs. Beecher and Taylor were our guests. Col. Burr was a relative of my father, his companion in arms, and my father was anxious to see him. I told him that since his murder of Hamilton, Burr had lost caste, and that he had better not call upon him. He yielded to my intimation; but the day before he left he took me into the front parlor, and said, 'My son, I must see Burr. We went through the woods together; I stood by his side on the Plains of Abram and when Montgomery fell. I have not seen him since, and I must see him before I go. The last time I saw him was after Montgomery had fallen, and little Burr, up to his knees in snow, was trying, in face of the enemy, to bring off Montgomery's body. My son, I must see him.' We called at his office in Nassau Street, but he was out, and did not return the call till toward evening. I will not speak of the particulars of that interview. It was a beautiful, yet a strange interview. Mrs. Spring and the two gentlemen just referred to were present, and listened to many a tale of by-gone days. . . . The expedition for Quebec embarked at Newburyport for the River Kennebeck. On their departure my father preached to them from the text, 'Except thy presence go with us, carry us not up hence;' and it was this discourse which commended him to the congregation in Newburyport, where, on leaving the army, he became their settled pastor till the day of his death."

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* Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of Gardiner Spring, New York, 1866.

FOSSILS
September, 1932

When I was visiting Elsie last week in Pitt Hall at Old Chatham, I suggested that while my brother-in-law Wilson Powell was in New York between the week-ends she and I motor over to the Catskills, to spend two or three days there, renting the little cabin in the Kaaterskill Clove which I had found so convenient and homelike on two earlier motor trips with Worcester friends. Near as the Catskills are to Pitt Hall - perhaps just because of the nearness - the Powells seem to have been content with the view of them on the western horizon, as seen from their own windows, and with an occasional brief glance in passing, on the way to more distant destinations. Elsie has never spent a night there since the long-ago days, back in the eighteen-eighties, when we as children were there with Father and Mother two or three times during the years when Lake Mahopac claimed us for most of the summer period.

It was a great pleasure to both of us to rediscover some of the spots that we remembered. Even the house in which we used to board, not particularly fascinating in itself, gave us a thrill when, after considerable hunting up and down the main street of Palenville, we finally identified it, and still more when we rang the doorbell and found that the present occupant is related to the owners of that earlier time. Why is it that anything connected with one's own past, and especially with one's childhood, becomes absorbingly interesting when thus rediscovered after nearly half a century?

More understandable was our delight when, after exploring several gorges below several waterfalls, we felt sure that we had located the one where in the old days Mother spent many happy hours in fossil-hunting. We could see her vividly in memory, armed with her hammer, cracking and splitting rocks, and could see the gleam in her eye when some relic of the long ago geological ages came to light under her fascinated gaze. The rest of us found her excitement contagious, and ever since, as a result no doubt of that boyhood contact with an enthusiast, the mere rumor of fossils in any locality has stirred my blood, while to come by sheer accident on an extensive fossil-bed, as I did one summer with Windy in a valley near the Pipestone River, has always been as exciting to me as the discovery of a gold-mine.

Those early sojourns in the Catskills stand out as unique among the summer experiences of my boyhood. The other places where we spent the vacations - Madison and Montclair in New Jersey, Lake Mahopac and Englewood in New York, Westhampton on the south side of Long Island and Litchfield in Connecticut - are, in memory, open sunny regions made up of fields and farms and towns and threaded by ordinary country roads. But the Catskills are remembered for shady glens, rocky cliffs,

rushing streams, and high waterfalls, in the midst of the mysteries of forest and mountain. The only other experience at all like it was a brief visit that we made to Grandmother Knapp when she was spending a summer at Milford, Penn., not far from the Delaware Water Gap. Perhaps it was because these earlier experiences of a wilder sort of country had made such a deep impression on me, that I responded instantaneously to the mountains and streams and forests around Glacier and Lake Louise in Western Canada when, many years later, I made their acquaintance, and why I always feel so absurdly and delightfully boyish, inside of my man's exterior, whenever I camp among them.

When Elsie and I motored back to Pitt Hall, we both felt that our youth was not only something precious in the past, but a living part of our present selves.

BEVERLY ROAD
November, 1933

George Halkyard has brought his trailer down from Beverly Road, where he worked on it out-of-doors back of the house during the summer, to the parsonage garage, where the largest room has been empty and unused for many years, since the church after the War ceased to use it as a "Club House." This will protect the trailer from the weather, and enable him to work on it through the winter months. He is building it on part of an old chassis which he got from a junk-yard, and his whole plan for it, carefully worked out in an elaborate set of drawings, is really most ingenious. There is nothing he loves more than creating something like this with his own skillful hands. No amount of time or trouble is too great, and his patient perseverance is unlimited. I have given him a key to the garage, so that he can work there any evening he wants to, and often he drops in at the parsonage for a chat if he sees my light still burning when he knocks off. The only out about this plan is that for such a lover of his own home as George is it is a hardship to have his major avocation located away from it.

I love to watch him in that serene and happy home of his, which seemed ideal when there were just he and Alice enjoying it together. When I see how completely united they are, my thought goes back to that day when he first brought her to the parsonage, so that I could meet her, and when she went toward the hall as they left, he, with an unforgettable look in his eyes, whispered to me, "Isn't she perfect?" He had indeed found a treasure, and it would be hard to overestimate all that she has brought into his life.

Not only has she made him supremely happy, but his companionship with her seems to have intensified all his own fine qualities, and even some of his capabilities.

I notice this with regard to his music, for instance. He is taking up his violin again, now that she at the piano plays his accompaniments; and his appreciation of other music seems to be increasing by leaps and bounds. I have in mind two striking examples of this. One was an evening last winter at the parsonage when the fourth movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony came in over the radio. George and Alice and I had been sitting before the open fire in the study, enjoying the silences as much as the talk, and it seemed as though music would just fit our mood. I knew that the Ninth was being played, and George turned the radio on. It proved to be a great performance, and I think I myself have never appreciated that symphony as much before or since. But my real surprise came when I saw that George and Alice were completely carried away by it. George gave me a look in the midst of one of the greatest of the choral passages which revealed the depth of his appreciation.

But our really great musical experience together was "Die Meistersinger" a year before that. As soon as I heard it was to be given in Boston, we planned to go down together and hear it. In preparation we played my records of the opera evening after evening, and George and Alice seemed never to tire. I shall not soon forget the final performance, especially that incomparable finale; and more than my own delight in the music was its effect upon them. After it had ended they found it hard to get back to earth again, and to this day they will call me on the phone if they have happened to hear over the radio the Prelude, or the Quintette, or even the Dance of the Apprentices, and I can hear in their voices the same thrill that began in the Boston Opera House.

But even such experiences as those, intense as the pleasure of them is, do not sink as deep into George's heart, I know, as do his quiet evenings at home with Alice, and the prospect of an endless succession of them, in his own home with his own wife. And then the happiness increased a thousand fold. Janis came, and I think they must look back with some amazement to think how content they were, through that first year, without her. To watch George with his eyes on her, to see him looking at pictures with her as she leans back in her beloved Daddy's arms, or to hear him tell about their walks together in the woods back of the house or of their excursions to that pool on the road to Auburn where there are ducks and swans to see and feed, tugs at one's heart. Sometimes the intensity of his love almost frightens me. When Janis, a year and a half old, was sick for several weeks and even had a brief relapse after we had thought she was on the road to recovery, my heart stood still. Her little body seemed so perilously frail in comparison with a force as strong and imperishable as her father's love.

CHRISTMAS IN LITCHFIELD
December 25, 1933

Neil and I motored over from Worcester yesterday afternoon. I am only an onlooker nowadays at the Young People's Meeting at the church on Sunday evenings, for our Director of Religious Education takes complete charge of it; we were therefore able to start soon after dinner. For the last hour of the ride we were cautiously making our way through thick fog, but when we drew up at the front door of "Hic Habitat Felicitas," all the windows, each with its little red night-light, gave us a welcome, vocally supplemented a moment later by Kit and the two girls, who had arrived from New York not many hours before. It is always like coming home to arrive at this house, for though Kit and Vondy enlarged and improved it greatly when they bought it from Mother's estate, they have skilfully preserved its original character, and it is all the more precious to me because it is theirs.

An hour or so later Vondy himself arrived, bringing with him from New York Robert Ador, the young Swiss from Geneva and Jane Greenough, young Kitty's school-friend whose Idaho home is too far away for her to go to it for the short Christmas vacation. Both of these two have shared the Litchfield Christmas with us for several years past, joined sometimes by other young Swiss, relatives or friends, Minz Sarasin, or Carl Thurneysen, or Max Rappard. With Robert came his friend who lives with him in New York, Joe Olmstead, another representative from the West. So the group this year covers quite a wide sweep of geography. A cheery evening by the fire in the living-room, and to bed at a reasonable hour.

This morning we were not waked at dawn, as used to be the case when the children were children in actual fact; but the calls of "Merry Christmas" from all quarters of the house, when we did rise, were as gay as of old, and we followed the old custom of coming downstairs in our wrappers over pajamas. I as usual wore Kit's Hudson's Bay blanket-coat, for I always find it hanging in my closet for that purpose. She bought it at the same time that I bought mine, the only year we were in the Canadian Rockies together (1910), but hers, carefully preserved and regularly sent to the cleaners, is as white and soft as ever, while mine, browned by the smoke of many tepee fires and worn thin by hard use, would not be fit for such a public appearance.

The hanging and filling of the stockings is another custom that we have omitted in recent years, waiting till a new generation of children arrives to renew every last and least tradition of the old-time Christmases. But the presents, from each to each, were piled about the foot of the tree in the customary profusion. We made a beginning of opening and enjoying these before breakfast, and finished

afterwards. As usual all papers and ribbons, as they were removed from the packages, went into the enormous basket from South Carolina, shaped like a low hogshead, in the centre of the room.

The game of "The Lighted Houses," my contribution to this year's activities, came next. I found the houses at "The Five and Ten," when in mid-December I enjoyed my usual all-morning exploration there, making Christmas an excuse for doing what I am sure every one longs to do, namely, buying without restraint the endless treasures there displayed; for besides the houses (which gave me the idea for my game) I needed a large supply of small gifts for prizes. The game was a modification of old-fashioned "Steeple Chase," in which dice are thrown, and each player moves his piece accordingly from square to square, only in this case, instead of all making for the same goal-post, when a player reached his or her own "home," that meant victory and a prize. For each house was marked as belonging to one individual, who, on arrival, found inside a little complementary character-sketch, and was then required to read it aloud to all the rest, no modest reluctance being permitted to prevent. The houses were lighted inside, by the way, with the help of a string of electric Christmas-tree bulbs.

While we were busy at this, the telephone rang, and over the wire came from the Powells, assembled in New York with a houseful of cousins and friends, a Christmas telegram in answer to one sent by us at breakfast-time.

It was now voted that dinner be set for a rather late hour, and that meantime we motor five or six miles, and then take a walk through "the Dark Valley," to inspect something that Neil was very keen to have us see. The bare ground made it seem like fall rather than winter, but the day was cold enough to make a brisk pace enjoyable. The valley with its pines was as "dark" as on that summer day years ago when it first received its name in the course of an adventure of some of my Litchfield friends of that day, and beyond it, up a sloping wood-road, we came upon a little house among the trees looking as though it had come straight from "Grimm's Fairy Tales." This was Neil's shack, the idea for it inspired by that of "Pater" in Boylston, but with refinements and perfections which threw the original quite into the shade. This, besides, is entirely the work of Neil's own hands, made in his leisure hours this year and last; for Romford School, where he teaches, is nearby.

Dinner, for which our appetites had been keenly whetted by our walk, was a feast indeed - all the usual and indispensable materials provided in abundance, and this time with the addition of mashed chestnuts as a vegetable, which, as I told Kit, went "to the right spot" with me. We older ones then had a welcome opportunity to disappear from view for a while, and luxuriate in a nap.

Before supper-time Kit's friend Anne Wiggin arrived for the night, and added much to the evening of talk and games. Some of the young-folks are still at it; I can hear their voices as I write here in my room. The weather-man says we shall have snow to-morrow, and probably plenty of it, so Neil and I shall make an early start for home. I hope we shall not have to buck snow-drifts before we get there, but Neil talks as though a blizzard to play with would give the final touch to a perfect Christmas.

LIGHTNING STROKE
April 2, 1934

When in the early days of last week I prepared the words I was to speak at Worcester's Three-Hour Good Friday Service in the Universalist Church, and at the Service in Central Church on Easter Morning, I little knew what was to be my final preparation for those utterances, and out of what a full heart I must speak them.

My message for Good Friday. The tremendous spiritual power revealed in the love of Jesus, his love for God and man, not only expressed in glowing words, but always in the loving deeds of his daily life, and on the Cross embodied in a deed for all the ages. Love mighty enough to inspire and energize all future generations. Love given without reserve for the healing of man's spiritual ills, and for the creation of unending good in all who would take it to their hearts. Love that asked nothing for itself except the power to implant the same kind of love in other lives. Love that in return for that power, not only was willing to pay the price of life itself, but did pay it, on Calvary.

My message for the Easter Service. Jesus' love is the revelation of the love of God. God's love, then, is bent on making love supreme in all human life. It is therefore far greater, far deeper, far stronger than mere affection, however loyal and tender. It is quite different from the mere desire to bestow prosperity, or safety, or contentment. God's love for us men is satisfied with nothing less than the full development of all our powers, the worthiest possible use of all our opportunities, in the work of building up, in ourselves and in our world, a conquering and creative love. When Jesus at his baptism knew that his Father loved him supremely, it did not mean that as God's favorite Son he was to be honored, protected, made rich with blessings. It did not mean merely that God would do more for him than for others. It meant that God expected more from him, counted on him more, asked more of him. And God's love for us is always and only a love that calls us also into that same great comradeship.

Such were the basic Christian verities that I was to speak on Good Friday and on Easter; and did speak, with deeper conviction than I have ever known before.

For on Good Friday morning my boy George died of a swift pneumonia. He was in his thirtieth year; married less than five years, but rich in the experience of a most happy home; less than four years a father, yet knowing already to the full the joys of fatherhood; standing on the threshold of a life of useful work, keen to make and to do, all his powers unfolding; his whole nature manifestly deepening and broadening, bringing to fruitage now all its earlier promise, and giving clear new promise of greater yet to come, already coming. I had seen the love that comes from God revealing its power and beauty in George's young life, and through him revealing it to us who know and love him.

SHACK THANKSGIVING
Boylston, November 26, 1936

When I moved out of the parsonage at the time of my retirement last June, I wondered whether it would mean that I must give up being host to the family at Thanksgiving. My new Worcester quarters are inadequate for the purpose. Would the Shack do? The middle room, enlarged by the six-foot addition which was built some years ago, measures 8 by 16, and I found that by taking out all the usual furniture, I could put in a long table and the necessary chairs, and there would still be room enough along the wall to enable one to squeeze by from one end of the room to the other. At Thanksgiving we always place everything on the table anyway and serve ourselves, so that this narrow passage would be sufficient for all the moving about that was necessary. My main difficulty being thus solved, I told the family that the way was cleared. To-day they came, and all agreed that the Shack is the perfect place for our Thanksgiving reunion, far better than any place in a city could possibly be.

Elsie is making me a week's visit, so she was here to help me with all the preparations, making them a pleasure in themselves. As George Keogh has the whole of Thanksgiving Day off, to be with his own family, I had him bring out all my dinner materials yesterday afternoon. The turkey and vegetables had all been cooked for me by Brigham, the caterer. Elsie and I last evening carved the turkey and packed it in the containers which go into my electric cooker, so that it could be reheated without drying it out. The vegetables, sent out in large glass jars, were all ready to set in dishpans of water on the stove, when the time to reheat them should arrive. The result to-day was perfect; no one could have told that the food had

not been cooked just in time for dinner, and having the turkey carved in advance and ready to be placed on the plates meant that all could be served in record time.

Elsie's Elsie arrived by car from New York at 11:30 last evening, and the shack guest-room easily accommodated her and her mother. Half an hour before the time set for dinner the cars carrying the others rolled in, so that all were disembarking at the same time, making the woods ring with greetings and laughter. The Vondermuhll contingent - still five in number because the addition of young Kitty's husband, Kingsland Van Winkle, balances the absence of young George, who is still in Switzerland - came from Providence, where Kingsland is assistant minister at Grace Church. Vondy, Kittie, and Valerie had joined them there at breakfast-time this morning, having come up on the night train from New York. Mary and Neil Halkyard came from Litchfield, fortunate in that another teacher, whose turn it would have been to have this Thanksgiving off, has no family within reach, and so was quite willing to take some other day in exchange, and stay on duty at the school.

When, following another old family custom of ours, that of always serving the youngest first at Thanksgiving and Christmas, we were reminded that that very mature young person Valerie is still the infant of our tribe, I thought to myself, as I glanced at our two young married couples, that probably Valerie would not have to hold that embarrassing position for many more years. The finishing touch was added to the dinner, when I brought out the mince pies which Mary's "Auntie Smith" had sent us from Maine, perfect specimens of New England cookery.

And afterwards, oh, the joy of being able to step out of the Shack right into the woods. Along the trails we went Indian file, up the steep hill to the High Pine, on along the ridge on Mr. Andrews' land,* around the edge of the deep depression which I call the jungle because of the thick tangle of trees and shrubs that fills it, then through the grove of tall pines, and so back to the Shack, where the fire on the hearth was now as welcome as the cold fall air outdoors had been.

The sky clouded over as the day advanced, and the first snowflakes were beginning to fly as the Vondermuhlls started for Providence. The Halkyards, hardy automobilists that they are, were in no hurry, and the two Elsies and I had another good hour by the fire with them before they said good-bye. Now, after supper, it is snowing hard, and we three, so cosy in the Shack, are hoping that the

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* Bought from him a year later.

others are not having trouble on the road. I am even wondering in my own mind whether it will be possible for young Elsie to leave in her car to-morrow morning, as she plans.

FAMILY PUZZLES
February, 1937

After an intermission of nearly forty years I am now able to give some time to a subject on which I spent many hours in my college days. I have always loved puzzles, and from the first appearance of Sherlock Holmes have reveled in the problems propounded by detective stories. This, I think, was the explanation of what otherwise would seem unreasonable, my fondness for genealogical research at the age of twenty. My college friend, Clarence Smith, was an even more ardent hunter of pedigrees than I, and it was he who led me to the genealogical shelves in the Columbia College library, and stirred in me that yearning to work my way back "just one more generation" which sometimes grips a man as firmly as the drink habit. The notebooks and charts dating from that period testify to many hours which might surely have been put to better use - I had traced the lines of ten of my sixteen great-great-grandparents* and nearly eighty collateral branches back to the seventeenth century.

One summer, while on vacation from my work in Southington, I went to Taunton, Mass., and spent a week among the Land and Probate Records there, working on "The Adventure of the Burned Statistics," as Conan Doyle might have described it. For the destruction of all the early records of births, marriages, and deaths in Taunton has made difficult the tracing of families resident there before the Revolutionary War. My own Knapp line, for example, has thus been turned into a most intricate puzzle, still further complicated by the fact that one man in the line died before his son, so that the son's name did not appear in the father's will. By means of that week's labors I did trace the Knapp line back to Plymouth Colony in 1643, though the statement of facts and inferences sounds like the demonstration of a problem in Euclid. Indeed the argument was much the most interesting part of it, for the result boiled down to this: Aaron begat Samuel, who begat another Samuel, who begat Jonathan, who begat another Jonathan, who begat Shepherd, who begat Gideon Lee, who begat Shepherd, who begat me.

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* See Appendix, "Our Forbears"

But soon after solving this "crime" I realized that I must resist the temptation inherent in these researches; and except for a few lapses while on visits to New York and still more infrequent indulgences at the library of the American Antiquarian Society here in Worcester, I have let my ancestors rest peacefully in their graves till now, when my retirement from active work leaves me free to squander a little time, knowing that I defraud no one but myself. Accordingly I have spent the whole of this morning and half of the afternoon on "The Problem of the Elusive Watch-Maker."

He was William Kumbell, the father-in-law of my great-grandfather, the first Shepherd Knapp. I own a watch made by him, one of those "onion" watches from which you can peel off one case after another until the bare works lie exposed in your hand. Family tradition (preserved by the Knapps who remained in Cummington, Mass., when in 1815 old Shepherd Knapp, then nineteen, left there on horseback and rode to New York to make his fortune) says that William Kumbell was of Dutch descent and that either he or his wife had some connection with the West Indies. My curiosity, always piqued by these allusions, was still further aroused not long ago by a discovery that I made in the library of the New York Historical Society in its collection of Abstracts of Wills. For there I learned that in 1786, when a certain John Mackay, carpenter, from the Island of Santa Cruz* died in New York, letters of administration were granted to "William Kumbel of New York City, silversmith, his principal creditor."

So to-day I have been hunting the Mackays up and down the Carribean, and though I did not locate carpenter John, I gained considerable insight into West Indian conditions in the late Eighteenth Century - for there are many interesting by-products in this genealogical business. Also I combed pre-Revolutionary, Revolutionary, and post-Revolutionary New York for traces of William Kumbell himself. I was rewarded by uncovering one illuminating bit of evidence. I found it in "The Arts and Crafts in New York, 1726-1776," where was quoted this advertisement from the issue of July 24, 1775, of "The New York Gazette and Weekly Mercury," to wit: "William Kumbel, clock and watchmaker at the sign of the Dial near the Coenties Market, Begs leave to inform the public that he carries on said business in all its branches, likewise the gold and silversmith's business. Any gentlemen or ladies who favor him with their work may depend on its being done in the neatest manner, and at the most reasonable rate, with the quickest dispatch."

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* One of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies bears that name.

But after that hopeful beginning he suddenly and completely disappeared. I went through nearly ten years of the old newspaper files, column by column, but he and his shop seemed to have melted into thin air. Then in a list of unclaimed letters at the New York Post Office on January 5, 1784, William Kumbell's name appeared. A year and a half later was recorded the birth in New York of his daughter, the first of a series of children. Now the British occupied New York in September, 1776, and remained in possession until November, 1783. I am wondering whether William Kumbell left the city for the period of the British occupation. If so, where did he go to, and where did he meet Esther Caton, sixteen years his junior, whom he married sometime before September, 1784? Is it possible that he went to the West Indies, and that he found her there? On the other hand, there were Catons residing in New York at about that time, for they are listed there in the first United States Census, in 1790. There the problem rests for the present, and further progress must wait till Sherlock Holmes, or at least the more plodding Dr. Watson, can devote another day to the search for telltale clues.

MY SISTERS
September 12, 1937

This is dear Elsie's birthday, and my thoughts go flying to her, overtaking the letter that invoked all the blessings of heaven and earth upon her beloved head. To refer thus to two worlds in speaking of her is no mere phrase-making, for she truly lives in both, more than any one else I know.

Never did any one enter with greater zest than she does into the daily lives of those around her. I marvel constantly at the breadth and depth of her sympathy, and all who come near her open like flowers in that sunlight. They feel instinctively that the interest in them which her words and manner so clearly express is genuine to the core; I have been fascinated to watch the effect of this on all sorts of people, how it brings out the fineness and goodness in their own natures.

She has made her home a place of beauty and happiness. To meet her husband's every wish and to help him in the realization of his every hope was her supreme joy through all the years of their married life. Her devotion to her children in all their developing interests has made theirs the ideal family in the estimation of all who know them. The hospitality of the Powells graced by her shining presence, in the New York house and even more in Pitt Hall at Old Chatham, will be remembered by a host of people of all ages as an experience of rare delight.

But even more inspiring to me than my dear sister's human nearness, to me and to so many others, is my constant feeling that at the same time her spirit dwells in a realm not of earth. "Heaven" is not the name for it; "heaven" sounds far away in space and time, and the life of the spirit in which she lives is here and now. From it she draws daily strength. This, I am sure, is why her great loss is not loneliness; and why the more she gives the more she has to give.

Whenever these thoughts about Elsie are warming my heart, I find that I am also thinking about darling Kittie - the two are inseparable in my thought and feeling. They are alike, and yet delightfully different - alike at the root, delightfully different in flower and fruit. One must know them both to catch the characteristic quality of each.

Kittie has a genius for friendship, and one result of it is the constant stream of people who instinctively go to her for a spiritual tonic, some of them at some one special crisis perhaps, others of them again and again and again - like the three meals a day in their physical lives. She, like Elsie, but in a way subtly different, draws strength from unseen sources. I think of her amazing endurance and buoyancy of spirit in periods of stress in the family history, especially in those years when her boy George was fighting against an obstinate bone-infection. Then in the same breath I think of her merry laugh, her inexhaustible gayety, that touch of elfin drollness which seems to be reserved by nature for the third in a trio of children (at least it has been so, generation after generation, in our family). And I must somehow combine with all of this - for the combination is an everyday reality in her life - a fund of good sense, sound judgment, and something deeper still which deserves that fine old-fashioned name "wisdom" - no mere flash either, but the quiet outworking of months and years.

I wonder whether any other man was ever so unbelievably blest as to have <u>two</u> such sisters. This, also, is wonderful, I think; when they married, and each entered into a new life in which she found all happiness, and to which she gave full devotion - then and ever since - I have known with certainty that I had not in the least lost my own place in their hearts; rather the oneness deepens as the years pass.

THE OLD BARN
September 17, 1939

When Elsie and I arrived at China Lake last Monday, and walked into that commodious five-room house, we could hardly believe that Neil and Mary had actually built it with their own four hands. The

result of their ingenuity and skill is astonishing. The living-room, twenty-five feet square and rising eighteen feet to the rafters, has features which give it a distinctive charm - the broad seven-foot-high window looking southwest toward the lake, the great brick fireplace and Dutch oven, the gallery across one side on which the upstairs rooms open, and the stairway, which looks as though it might have come out of an old-world monastery, but in reality has been built of the weathered timbers and boards from an old barn.

For it all began when three summers ago they found and bought that barn, a hundred years old, built of hand-hewn timbers and put together with wooden pegs and hand-wrought nails. They themselves took it to pieces, winning the respect of the native observers, who did not think that the school-teacher from Connecticut had it in him, and Mary, though more readily accepted because of their own Maine stock, was "only a woman." Well, they changed their minds by the time the summer was over.

The next summer saw the frame raised, the roof on, the sides boarded in; and again, even in this still more ambitious carpentry, they scorned all help. Mary up on the roof, putting on shingles, and Neil with her help getting those twenty-five-foot rafters up into place, are pictures that I wish I might have seen with my eyes as well as by report and photograph.

This summer enough of the interior finish, including plumbing and wiring, has been completed to allow Mary and Neil to move in several weeks ago, and now to welcome Elsie and me among their first house guests. Interesting as it is to see the house that they have built, they themselves are of course the chief delight - so happy together, so well matched, so full of the zest of life. And now there is a new happiness on the horizon, which will complete the two with the coming of a third.

One day while Elsie and I were there we drove part way around the lake to the place where the old barn used to stand. In me, who am myself finding so much joy in the unfolding life of the younger generation, there stirred a fellow-feeling for that other old-timer, the barn. In my thought he was like an old forest tree that, after living out its own life, has now given its substance to provide shelter and home for those of a later day. Back at Kettleholes, I am still thinking of him, and this evening I fancied that I could hear his voice speaking to me all the way from Maine.

> Yes, this is where I stood for a hundred years,
> Until they tore me down, here where the weeds
> Are thick, and the sumach stores up red for autumn;
> A hundred years of summer and winter - wind
> And sun and rain and snow. But my wood was sound;

My rafter-boughs still bore uncomplainingly
The weight entrusted to them; and the leafage
Of broad gray boards all but kept out the weather.
A hundred years, of sudden up-shooting youth,
Of sturdy prime, and then the patient waiting of old age,
Until they came that day, with their tools and their strength,
And began to fell me, slowly, carefully, kindly.
Not a day of destruction that, but of harvesting;
It was fruitage they sought from me, my century of life
For new beginnings. They were swift as they were strong,
And they whirled me away - the treasure of wood that was me -
To the fallow field which they were breaking for my new roots.

A winter of ice and snow. Now spring has routed the cold,
And summer again brings their voices, their tools, their strength,
Their laughter. Weeks of laborious labor, and now
New trunks arise, the boughs reach outward and upward,
And leaves as gray as of old are spread out under the sky.

Winter and summer again, and sturdier growth.
I am firmer now to withstand the wind, to meet the rain,
Happier, drinking in the sunlight - and they too, in my shelter.

Three years in the place that they gave me to grow in.
Sap again flows through trunk and bough. Each leaf
Takes on a warmer color, for it knows
That the day of bud and blossom now has come again.
Out of the heart of my woody trunk and boughs
And under the grateful shade of my gray leaves
Flowers are opening, delicate, perfumed,
Delighting the eye with their form, and stirring the heart
With their message; abundant, lasting, fresh each day,
My gracious flowers, my promise of coming fruit -
My flowers and theirs, who came with their tools and their strength,
Their laughter, their skill, their love, and gave me new life.

THEIR DESCENDANTS
December 22, 1941

Elsie is on her way to spend Christmas with Wilson and his family in California, and a letter just received from Kit, in which she speaks of Elsie's joy in being able to go and see with her own eyes those children and grandchildren of hers, goes on to say, "Oh if only Father and Mother could have seen all their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and have watched the development of each of them

down to the present day!" Father died before the first of them was born, and Mother saw none of them but Elsie's Wilson (then only the little four-year-old who followed her about the Litchfield garden carrying a railroad car under his arm) and his baby sister Sarah. And now, counting the wife of one and the husbands of two others, there are nine in that generation, and the same number* of great-grandchildren. I might almost add my own two boys and their wives and children, seven more - George, with us in loving memory, his brave and loyal Alice, and their Janis, quick-minded and tender-hearted, her mother's joy and comfort; and Neil and Mary, more than ever lovers in the rich experience of parenthood, their Tony, officially Neil, Jr., who in his second year is amazing us by his intelligence and winning us by his lovable disposition, and the little newcomer Heather, just two days old.** For I know that Father and Mother would have felt them to belong to the family just as Elsie and Kit do.

If I had a chance to show all their descendants to those two who would have rejoiced so much in what they are and what they are doing, and if Father were the one to start the tour with me, I think I should take him first to St. James, down on Long Island, and let him look in on Elsie's Sarah, whose calm even-going nature is so much like his own. He would appreciate her skilful bringing-up of the four*** children, the results being accomplished with such apparent ease, and he would approve heartily of that upstanding husband of hers, Prescott Huntington, six feet seven in his stocking feet, and straight as an arrow in physique and character. Besides his law practice in New York he carries the responsibilities of mayor in their little Long Island community, while Sarah is chairman of the School Board. Mother by this time has overtaken us, and I can see that she is "consumed with pride," as she would say, to think that such an ideal family belongs to her.

Next I would go with them to see the Van Winkles' home for another rendering of the same theme, but with most interesting variations. Here again, in Kittie's Kitty, they would see the unruffled efficient mother - mother of two**** as far as I know at this moment, though I expect to hear any day now that the stork has brought No. 3

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* Increased to twelve later.

** Another daughter, Tertia, was born in 1944. Her father is now a Major, U.S.A., in the office of the General Staff, Washington, D. C.

*** Now five: Frank, Sarah, Lawrence, Samuel, and Susan. Their father is now Lieutenant, U.S.N.

**** Now four: Kate, Anne, Peter, and Edward.

as a Christmas present. Working shoulder to shoulder with her minister-husband (christened Edward Kingsland, but commonly known by the inevitable nickname "Rip"). Kitty has already won the hearts of two parishes, first in Providence, and now, by a happy fate for me, in Worcester. Their human sort of religion, as likable as it is sound and true, will delight the grandparents, who possessed the same sort of goodness themselves, and I can see Mother starting right in to play the part of a fairy godmother in the church-life of Kitty and Rip just as she did in their uncle's Southington parish more than forty years ago.

Who next? A boy, for a change - George Vondermuhll. How Father and Mother, stay-at-homes that they themselves were, will stare to hear of a grandson of theirs finishing his education in Switzerland, at the University of Geneva, then working there for a couple of years in the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, and now, in San Francisco, heart and soul in the work of the Oxford Group Movement, putting to good use all his earlier experience as newspaper correspondent and student of labor conditions to carry the Christian message of good will into one of the most important and most puzzling problems of American life, the relationship between employers and employees. If only the Group happens to be giving its inspiring drama, "You Can Defend America," while Mother and Father are there! Mother's eyes will be dim with tears, and Father will say that it was "a darn good show."

Now Mother and Father must see their two as yet unmarried granddaughters, whose lives are so full that even the most prejudiced advocate of marriage, as the only kind of life worth speaking of, must agree that in these two cases "there is no need to hurry" - Elsie, on the Powell side, well launched on the career on which her heart has always been set, music, bringing its joys to a new generation of New York school-girls in the Bampton-Nightingale School, and now, added to that, her bringing over for the duration of the war of the four children of an English friend, and playing most successfully the part of mother pro tem;* and the Vondermuhll representative of the unmarried contingent, Valerie, at work where she so loves to be, backstage, among electric lights and stage properties and scenery and the makings of all sorts of scenic effects, in winter in the dramatic department of the Brearley School in New York, and in summer a leading spirit in that very original theatrical troupe the Valley Vagabond's,

- - -

* She now maintains a summer camp for girls in Pitt Hall Farm, Old Chatham, New York.

who for two seasons have interpreted to audiences all up and down the Hudson the wealth of their own history and legend.* Father and Mother, one or both of them as to each item, will share all the enthusiasms of these two enterprising girls - the music, the mothering, the ingenuity. Mother will be an ardent publicity agent for them both, and Father, in one of those unique two-page letters of his, will paint a graphic picture of their doings.

To conclude this survey of their descendents, unto the third and fourth generations, I shall first take a privilege allowable in an imaginary journey like this, and turn the clock back two or three months, so that they may find Wilson Powell still on the top of Mt. Evans in Colorado, and we may as well arrive at just the moment when, with the aid of his cloud chamber, he has taken a photograph which puts the elusive mesotron definitely on the scientific map. How Mother's eyes will sparkle at that! and I see Father poring over the photograph. Then I will take them down to an elevation of 9000 feet and to the cabin there, in which Fredrika, with her usual pluck and devotion, has made the family a pioneer home for the summer, and the three children have roughed it with their elders. Then on again, in time, to the present, and in space, to California, where Wilson and his family will arrive before us, and he will be already well into his winter of cosmic ray research in the University of California, working on his fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation.**

Well, Mother and Father, what do you think of the way in which your blood (mixed with some other excellent strains) has been behaving in these specimens of American citizenship?

If no audible answer comes, it is because they are both speechless with astonishment and delight.

- - -

* She later was head of the Photography Department of the Harvard Radio Research Laboratory, and is now on the staff of Life Magazine.

** He was at this time on leave of absence from Kenyon College, where he was Professor of Physics. During the war he was engaged in research for the Government and shared in the work which led to the production of the Atomic Bomb at Oak Ridge, Tenn. He is now a research professor at the University of California.

JONATHAN KNAPP, 1752-18
farmer, of Cummington,
(He was 4th generation
Aaron, who was in Taunt
Mass., in 1643.) He

married

PERSIS MELVIN, 1759-183
daughter of Jacob. (Sh
3rd generation from Joh
Concord, Mass., who was
in 1656.)

WILLIAM KUMBEL, 1737/8
silversmith and watchma
of New York City. He

married

ESTHER CATON, 1753/4-18

SAMUEL SPRING, 1746-181
clergyman, of Newburypor
Mass. (He was 4th gener
from John of Watertown,
who was born in England
1589.) He

married in 1779

HANNAH HOPKINS, 1760-181
daughter of Rev. Samuel.
was 5th generation from
of Hartford, Conn., who
from England in 1634; an
generation from Rev. Tim
Edwards, father of Jonat
Edwards.)

HANOVER BARNEY, 1750-183
of New Haven, Conn. (He
5th generation from Jaco
Salem, Mass., who was bo
England in 1600.) He

married in 1775

PHOEBE WOLCOTT, 1755-183
daughter of William of N
Conn. (She was 3rd gene
from Roger Alling of New
who came from England cl

SE
ELER
EDICT,
0-1872,
yer, of
York
y. He

ried
1833

NCES

EMAN,
4-1881

JESSE BENEDICT, 1754-1815, of Bridgeport, Conn. He

married in 1810

HULDAH WHEELER 1784-1861.

LEMUEL COLEMAN, born 1789, lived in Bridgeport, Conn., and Charlestown, S. C. He

married

FRANCES TUELLS, 1794-1874.

THADDEUS BENEDICT, 1728-1805, of Danbury, Conn. (He was 3rd generation from Thomas of Norwalk, Conn., who came from England in 1638.) He

married in 1747

ABIGAIL STARR, died 1785, daughter of Benjamin. (She was 3rd generation from Thomas, physician, of Ashford, Kent, England till about 1634, who died in Charlestown, Mass., in 1658.)

CHAUNCEY WHEELER, 1751-1803, of Fairfield, Conn. (He was 4th generation from Thomas, who was born in England and died 1654 in Fairfield; and 5th generation from Charles Chauncey, 2nd President of Harvard College.) He

married

CAROLINE MATILDA BEERS, grand-daughter of Abiel, of Stratford, Conn.

LEMUEL COLEMAN, 1751-1824, of Southampton, Mass. (He was grandson of Judah, 1688-1754.) He

married in 1772

CATHERINE EDWARDS, 1750-1836. (She was 4th generation from Alexander, who was born in Wales and died 1690 in Northampton, Mass.

COMFORT TUELLS, born 1765, of Middletown, Conn. (He was 5th generation from Dr. Thomas Starr, ancestor of Abigail Starr, see above.) He

married in 1786

ANNA SIMMONS, born 1762, daughter of Samuel of Middletown, Conn.

OUR FORBEARS

JONATHAN KNAPP, 1752-1838, farmer, of Cummington, Mass. (He was 4th generation from Aaron, who was in Taunton, Mass., in 1643.) He

married

PERSIS MELVIN, 1759-1835, daughter of Jacob. (She was 3rd generation from John of Concord, Mass., who was born in 1656.)

SHEPHERD KNAPP, 1795-1875, banker, of New York City. He

married in 1820

WILLIAM KUMBEL, 1737/8-1802, silversmith and watchmaker, of New York City. He

married

ESTHER CATON, 1753/4-1843.

CATHERINE LOUISA KUMBEL, 1793-1872.

GIDEON LEE KNAPP, 1821-1875, in ferry business in New York City. He

married in 1842

SAMUEL SPRING, 1746-1819, clergyman, of Newburyport, Mass. (He was 4th generation from John of Watertown, Mass., who was born in England in 1589.) He

married in 1779

HANNAH HOPKINS, 1760-1819, daughter of Rev. Samuel. (She was 5th generation from John of Hartford, Conn., who came from England in 1634; and 3rd generation from Rev. Timothy Edwards, father of Jonathan Edwards.)

GARDINER SPRING, 1785-1873, clergyman, of New York City. He

married in 1806

HANOVER BARNEY, 1750-1839, of New Haven, Conn. (He was 5th generation from Jacob of Salem, Mass., who was born in England in 1600.) He

married in 1775

PHOEBE WOLCOTT, 1755-1832, daughter of William of New Haven, Conn. (She was 3rd generation from Roger Alling of New Haven, who came from England c1638.)

SUSAN BARNEY 1788-1860.

AUGUSTA MURRAY SPRING 1822-1885.

SHEPHERD KNAPP 1847-1902 stock broker in New York City.

married in 1870

EMMA BENEDICT, 1847-1907

KATE LOUISE KNAPP, born 1887, married George A. Wondermuhll (born 1883). Their children: George A., Kate Louise, and Valerie.

ELSIE KNAPP, born 1878, married Wilson M. Powell (1873-1935). Their children: Wilson M., Sarah H., and Elsie K.

KENNETH KNAPP, 1881 - 1882.

JESSIE BENEDICT KNAPP, 1871-1872

SHEPHERD KNAPP, 1873-1946.

JESSE WHEELER BENEDICT, 1810-1872, lawyer, of New York City. He

married in 1833

FRANCES ANN COLEMAN, 1814-1881

JESSE BENEDICT, 1754-1815, of Bridgeport, Conn. He

married in 1810

HULDAH WHEELER 1784-1861.

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ANNA SIMMONS, born 1762, daughter of Samuel of Middletown, Conn.

KNAPP GENEALOGY

In the following notes PCR means Plymouth Colony Records; Q means Quarter-Millennial Celebration of Taunton; BCLR means Bristol County, North District, Land Records; PRT means Probate Records of Taunton; VT means Vital Statistics of Taunton.

In the list of inhabitants of Taunton in Plymouth Colony able to bear arms, being between 16 and 60 years of age, in August 1643 (PCR Vol 8, p 195) is the name of Aron Knapp (thus spelled).

Baylie's Old Colony Memories (Vol 1, p 286) gives only 46 proprietors of Taunton, and Aron Knapp is not in the list, but the Proprietors' Records (Q pp 240ff) give the names of 60, including that of Aron Knap (thus spelled).

On May 29, 1646, Aron, of Taunton, planter, owed His Majesty the King forty-one pounds. (PCR Vol 2, p 99).

On July 24, 1653, Aron was on a jury assembled to examine into a man's death. The jury found that "by extremity of heat" the man "was overcome, and so perished by himself in the wilderness." (PCR Vol 3, p 40.)

In 1657 Aron took "the oath of fidelity" (PCR Vol 8, p 186), and on June 7, 1659, he was propounded to take up his freedom (PCR Vol 3, p 162).

On July 5, 1664, Aron was again on a jury assembled to examine into a man's death. The jury found "not any cause of any violent death, but the ymediatt hand of the Lord." In the signed report which the jury made Aron made his mark. (PCR Vol 4, p 71)

Aron was on the list of freemen of Taunton for 1670 (PCR Vol 5, p 276); he was one of three inspectors of ordinaries in 1671 (PCR Vol 5, p 60); and on June 5 of that same year (PCR Vol 5, p 61) he was on the jury in the trial of one John Cowin who "was indited for speaking contemptable words against the royal dignity of England, in that hee said hee scorned to be in subjection to any English man, and that there was never any Kinge in England that was an English man but one crooked backed Richard, a crooked rogue, just like such an one as he named, viz., a crooked man well knowne in the towne of Scittuate. This case being put upon tryall, the jury brought in not guilty, and soe hee was by open proclamation cleared."

In the first list of 87 Associates (purchasers) of "the South Purchase" in 1672 (PCR Vol 8, p 275 and Q pp 304ff) both Aron and Aron Knap Jr. are included, but later a deed was made to only 77 of them, <u>not</u> including Aron Knapp Jr. Apparently not all of the original

Associates complied with all the conditions of the first deed. The South Purchase was from Philip Sachem, was four miles square, and cost the purchasers 273 pounds in all. The original deed is to be found in the Taunton Property Records, Vol 4, p 232.

Aron died between June 15, 1674, when he made his will (PCR Vol 3 of Wills, p 129) and October 2 of the same year when letters of administration were granted to his widow Elizabeth (PCR Vol 5, p 153). For signature of the will he made his mark. He made bequests to his wife Elizabeth and to his children, Aron, Mary, Elizabeth, John, Samuel, Moses, and Joseph.

The following marriages are on record (VT Vol 2, pp 280ff): Elizabeth Knapp to Nicholas Stoughton, February 17, 1673 (this is also in PCR Vol 8, p 236); Samuel Knap to Elizabeth Cob, May 26, 1687: and John Knap to Sarah Austin, October 7, 1685.

John was on a jury which on August 2, 1678, enquired into the drowning of a child (PCR Vol 5, p 273).

Moses, on July 9, 1685, was held to appear in court "at Plimouth" on the last Tuesday of October "to make further answere unto such particulars as shall be enquired of, or laid unto his charge concerning the death of Richard Stephens Jun'r of Taunton, and not to depart without license." In October he admitted the killing and threw himself on the mercy of the court. His act was decided to have been "casual," and he was admonished and discharged.

From the above material the following Outline is derived:

ARON (1), of Taunton; came to America in or before 1643; was survived by his wife Elizabeth; had the following seven children, listed in the order in which they are named in his will. He died in 1674.

1. Aron (2), of Swanzey (see below); was living till at least 1702 (see below).

2. Mary

3. Elizabeth; married Nicholas Stoughton, February 17, 1673.

4. John; married Sarah Austin, October 7, 1685. See below for proof that he was of Taunton, and was living till at least 1702.

5. SAMUEL (1). See below.

6. Moses; was living till at least 1685.

7. Joseph. See below for proof that he had died before January 17, 1702.

6. Elizabeth; was living till at least 1715.

7. Abigail; " " " " " "

8. Mary; " " " " " "

In a deed made April 5, 1777 (BCLR Bk 57, pp 258ff) certain persons are declared to be "ye sole and proper heirs of ye Real Estate heretofore owned and possessed by Samuel Knap and Samuel Knap Jr, both of Taunton, deceased, and Jonathan Knap, of said Taunton, deceased, which as yet remains undivided to and among ye aforesaid heirs." (Further material contained in this deed will be reported later.) There is no absolute proof that the two Samuels named in this deed are the Samuel (1) and Samuel (2), father and son, presented in the foregoing Outlines. However, a comparison of the description of the land described in the above deed with that of the land bequeathed to Samuel (2) by Samuel (1) in his will (quoted above) makes such an identification likely. A careful examination of all the known dates in the case and other known facts reveals nothing contrary to such an identification. Again, there is no absolute proof that the Jonathan named in the above deed was the son of the second Samuel, but this seems almost certain, inasmuch as he could not have been the brother of Samuel (2), for Samuel (1) had no son Jonathan. It will therefore be assumed in the next Outline that Jonathan was the son of Samuel, who was the son of Samuel.

In the will of Jonah Austin, of Taunton, made February 5, 1745 and approved March 12, 1755 (PRT, volume and page not noted) he made bequests to his sons Jonah, John, Ebenezer, Zachariah, Jacob, and William, and to "my three grandchildren, William, George and Jonathan, the children of my daughter Sarah Knap, deceased." With regard to a lot of land which he bequeathed to his grandson Jonathan Knap he prescribed that it should "be let out on rent until he arives at twenty one years of age." Jonathan was therefore born later than 1724. Jonah Austin in his will provides also for his wife Tamson, and he appoints his son William executor. No other persons are named in the will (this will be referred to again later). In the settlement of his estate (PRT, volume and page not noted) the following persons acknowledge the receipt of their bequests from the Executor William Asten (sic) Jonah Asten, Ebenezer Austen, Zechariah Austen, Jacob Asten, John Austen, William Knap, husbandman, and George Knap, laborer, both of Raynham, grandsons of Jonah Asten, and Abiah Knap of Easton, widow of Jonathan Knap, deceased, also a grandson of Jonah Asten. William Knap and Abiah Knap signed their names; George Knap made his mark. Date, October 29, 1755.

There is no absolute proof that the Jonathan Knap named in the above will and settlement is the same person as Jonathan (1) the son of Samuel (2) in the Outline below. However, on the basis of all

In an indenture made January 17, 1702 (BCLR Bk 9, p 568) by Elizabeth Hoskins, "her eldest son Aron, now living in Swanzey," John Knap of Taunton, and Samuel Knap of Taunton, it is said of Elizabeth that her first husband was Aron Knapp, deceased. John and Samuel are described as sons of Aron, and as inheriting from Joseph Knapp, deceased. Elizabeth, Aron, John, and Samuel all made their marks.

In a deed made on January 30, 1683, (BCLR Bk 5, pp 110f) Samuel Knap of Taunton mentions "my father Aron Knap of Taunton" and Aron's son Aron, whom he calls "my brother."

Samuel married Elizabeth Cobb, as reported above. She was born on February 10, 1670, and was the daughter of Austin (elsewhere called Augustine) Cobb. (Births, Marriages, and Deaths recorded in Taunton, Vol 2, p 139 and Vol 1, p 116.)

Samuel died between May 11, 1715 when he made his will (PRT 3:527) and February 18, 1718/19 when an inventory of his goods and chattels (PRT 3:528) was sworn to by "Elizabeth Knap, widow and relick of Samuel Knap." In his will Samuel made bequests to his wife Elizabeth, to "my two youngest sons" Nathaniel and Seth, to "my eldest son" Joseph, to "my son" Samuel, and to "my four daughters" Bethiah, Elizabeth, Abigail, and Mary. He made his mark. To his son Samuel he bequeathed "my tract of land in Taunton on ye west side of three mile river on the south side of ye high hills, so called, where my son Samuel hath begun to build an house, partly layd out & some of it not yet layd out, being thirty acres." To his four sons, to be equally divided between them, he gave "my right and share in cedar swamps and what right I have in future divisions in ye old Township of Taunton."

From the above material the following Outline is derived:

SAMUEL (1), of Taunton; married on May 26, 1687, Elizabeth Cobb, who was born on February 10, 1670, and was the daughter of Austin (or Augustine) Cobb. Samuel had the eight children listed below (the proper chronological place of the daughters in the list is not known). He died between May 11, 1715 and February 18, 1718/19.

1. Joseph; was living till at least 1715.

2. SAMUEL (2). See below.

3. Nathaniel; was living till at least 1715.

4. Seth; " " " " " "

5. Bethiah; " " " " " "

the known dates and other facts it is entirely possible. In the Probate and Land Records and in the Vital Statistic Records no other Jonathan Knap has been found with whom Jonah Austen's grandson can be identified. The only Jonathan Knap of that period who has been found sold land in 1731 when Jonah Austen's grandson was not more than seven years old. It may therefore be assumed that Jonathan Knap, grandson of Jonah Austen, is Jonathan (1) son of Samuel.

This Samuel (Samuel (2)), after the death of his wife Sarah Austen, married again, as is proved by several documents. In a deed of September 1, 1756, (BCLR Bk 42, p 88) Samuel Knap of Taunton, yeoman, refers to his wife Hannah. In two deeds of 1759 and 1769 (BCLR Bk 44, pp 468 and 357) William and George Knap, both of Raynham, refer to their late father Samuel and to their "mother" Hannah. She was doubtless their step-mother. In a deed made in 1767 (BCLR Bk 56, p 153) she refers to William and George Knap, but does not describe them as her sons, while she does refer to "my sons John and Elkanah, deceased" and to "my Samuel." This son John was certainly a Knap, for both William and George Knap in the deeds of 1759 and 1760 (quoted above) refer to John as their brother. Elkanah, we may assume, was also a Knap. Samuel certainly was, for Hannah in her will (PRT, volume and page not noted) made a bequest to Samuel's widow Mehetebel; also in a deed made January 8, 1762 (BCLR Bk 45 p 377) Samuel Knap of Taunton, son of the late Samuel of Taunton, refers to his wife Mehitable; also on July 5, 1763, Mehitable Knap, widow, was appointed administratrix of the estate of Samuel Knap, late of Taunton, deceased, who had died intestate (PRT, volume and page not noted). Hannah Knap's will was dated October 7, 1772, and approved October 31, 1772. She had remarried and was now Hannah Linkon. She mentioned "my first husband Samuel Knap of Taunton," and made bequests to her daughter Hannah Burt, wife of Abel Burt, of Taunton; to Mehetebel Knap, widow of Samuel Knap 2nd, late of Taunton; and to her granddaughter Sarah Knap of Taunton (doubtless the daughter of her son Samuel). On December 16, 1777 (PRT, volume and page not noted) a guardian was appointed for Sarah Knap, daughter of Samuel Knap, late of Taunton, she being a minor over the age of fourteen.

From all of the above material the following Outline is derived:

SAMUEL (2), of Taunton; married Sarah Austen, who died at some time prior to 1745. After her death he married Hannah --------, who after his death married -------- Linkon, and died in 1772. Samuel and Sarah had:

1. William, of Raynham. Facts reported below show him living till at least 1759.

2. George, of Raynham. Facts reported below show him living till at least 1760.

3. JONATHAN (1). See below.

Samuel and Hannah had:

4. John; died a minor before 1767.

5. Elkanah; died before 1767.

6. Samuel (3), of Taunton; married Mehitable; had a daughter Sarah, who was a minor over 14 years of age in 1777. He died between January 8, 1762 and July 5, 1763.

7. Hannah; married Abel Burt. That she was a daughter of Samuel Knap as well as of Hannah is proved by a deed to be quoted below disposing of land inherited from him, which is signed by Abel and Hannah Burt.

A letter dated May 8, 1886, written by a descendant of Jonathan (1) resident of Cummington, Mass., reports that Jonathan (1) married Abiah Thrasher. This is confirmed by the town records of Raynham, Mass., which state that Jonathan Knap was married to Abiah Thrasher in 1749 (no month or day given). The letter above referred to further reports that the children of Jonathan and Abiah were Elijah, Abijah, Alethia, and Jonathan. The family Bible in Cummington records that Abiah, wife of Jonathan, was born July 24, 1722 and died in 1819.

In the deed made on April 5, 1777, quoted above, in which land was conveyed by the sole heirs of Samuel Knap, Samuel Knap Jr., and Jonathan Knapp, those sole heirs were: Abel Burt, Elijah Knapp, cooper, of Taunton, Abijah Knap, cooper, of Taunton, Jonathan Knap, husbandman, of Easton, Rufus Andrews, of Raynham, and his wife Alathea (later in the deed written Allathea). Taunton, Easton, and Raynham, are in the deed described as "in ye County of Bristol and State of ye Massachusetts Bay in New England." Among these heirs all the men signed their names. Allathea made her mark. So did Hannah Burt, described as the wife of ye aforesaid Abel Burt; she declared, " I . . . by these presents forever do acquit all my right of dower and power of thirds to ye above sold and conveyed premises." (This last fact was used above to prove Hannah the daughter of Samuel as well as of Hannah, but on second thought that proof was questionable. Perhaps Hannah Burt was not herself an heir - she is not listed among the heirs - but only had rights as the wife of an heir, Abel Burt. On the other hand, how Abel Burt could be an heir except through his wife is not apparent.)

In a deed conveying land to Ebenezer Wilson, made on May 27, 1777, (BCLR Bk 57, p 234) the land is described as that which "Jonah Austin, deceased, did by his last will and testament give to ye heirs

of Jonathan Austen, deceased." There must be an error here, either in the original record or in the copy which was sent from land record office in Taunton, for in the will of Jonah Austen, quoted above, there is no mention at all of a bequest to Jonathan Austen or his heirs; but a bequest was made to Jonathan Knap, who died before the will came into effect, so that as a matter of fact the bequest went direct to the heirs of Jonathan Knap. In the deed of May 27, 1777, now being reported, the land was conveyed by Abiah Knap, widow, of Taunton; Elijah Knap, cooper, of Taunton; Jonathan Knap, blacksmith, of Easton, and Abijah Knap, cooper, of Taunton. Apparently all four signed their names. That Abiah Knap was the widow of Jonathan is made clear by the deed of July 10, 1777, (BCLR Bk 57, pp 319f), in which Ebenezer Wilson resells the land bought by him six weeks before from the four Knaps, for this deed so describes her. The other three, Elijah, Jonathan, and Abijah, were of course her sons.

From all the above material the following Outline is derived:

JONATHAN (1), of Raynham (his son was born there and his marriage was recorded there); was under 21 in 1745; married in 1749 Abiah Thrasher, who was born July 24, 1722, and died in 1819. They had four children, listed below in the order handed down by family tradition. Jonathan died before October 29, 1755.

1. Elijah, of Taunton, cooper; was living till at least 1777.

2. Abijah, of Taunton, cooper; was living till at least 1777.

3. Alethia; married Rufus Andrews of Raynham; was living till at least 1777.

4. JONATHAN (2). See below.

A report obtained from the Bureau of Pensions, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C., said that the following facts regarding Jonathan Knapp, a Revolutionary soldier, were on file in that office. He enlisted May, 1775, and served 8 months as a private under Capt. Moses Williams and Col. -------- Walker; Massachusetts. He also enlisted in January 1776, and served 12 months as a private under Capt. Samuel Payson and Col. Joseph Reed; Massachusetts. His residence at the time of enlistment was Easton, Mass. The date of his application for pension was August 8, 1832. His residence at the date of application was Cummington, Mass. His age at the date of application was 80 years. He was born in 1752 at Raynham, Mass. His claim was allowed.

The facts regarding the birth, marriage, children, and death of Jonathan (2) are provided by the family Bible in Cummington, and by his great granddaughter Mrs. John Kratzer, 208 Volan Street, Merchantville, N. J. The Vital Statistics of Concord, Mass., and Holland's History of Western Massachusetts (2, 189) provide facts regarding his wife, Persis Melvin and her family. From these sources in addition to the material previously presented the following Outline is derived.

JONATHAN (2); born at Raynham, April 11, 1752; was three years old when his father died; was living in Easton in 1775; served as private in the Revolutionary War from May, 1775, to January, 1777; was husbandman and blacksmith in Easton in April and May of 1777; between then and 1780 moved to Cummington, Mass.; married Persis Melvin, of Cummington. (She was born in Concord, Mass., February 15, 1759, daughter of Jacob; came with him from Concord to Cummington in 1766, when there were but seven families there. She died April 10, 1835.) Jonathan and Persis had eight children, listed below. He died December 20, 1838.

1. Jacob; born May 30, 1781; married Anne (or Annis) Burton; died October 3, 1847.

2. William; born April 13, 1783; married Martha Brown; also said to have married Anna Whitmarsh; died July 15, 1853.

3. Jonathan; born July 20, 1785; unmarried; died November 27, 1849.

4. Lucy; born October 14, 1787; unmarried; was blind for 17 years; died May 15, 1871.

5. Fordyce; born 1788; died 1795.

6. Louisa; born April 19, 1790; married Quincy Bates; they had ten children; Gordyce and Fordyce (twins), Hermon, Marcus, Emily (she married Rev. Talmadge Church), Laura (she married Jabez Hazard, and lived in East Orange, N. J.), Shepherd, Austin, Lorinda, and Jonathan. Louisa died January 3, 1839.

7. SHEPHERD (1). See below.

8. Fordyce Melvin; born December 26, 1802; married Elizabeth Smith of Hadley, Mass.; they had four children: 1. Melvin, who moved to Colorado; married Laura Smith. 2. Sophia, who married Charles Reynolds. 3. Samuel Shepherd, of Cummington, who married Agnes Parsons; they had four children: 1. Fordyce, who married Maud Brown. 2. Clayton, who married Mary Street. 3. Helen, who married John Kratzer. 4. Hortense, who married Samuel Ritchie.

Family tradition, reported by Clayton Knapp, says that Jonathan and Persis named their seventh child "Shepherd" because of the following incident. Shortly before the boy's birth one Thomas Shepherd, who resided on Bridge Street in Northampton, riding through Cummington, made the Knapp home a station on his route, and made so pleasing an impression on Mr. and Mrs. Knapp that when the baby was born they named him Shepherd.

In "Sketches and Directory of Cummington," Vol 1, p 104, Shepherd Knapp is said to have gone from Cummington to New York City in 1812. He was then seventeen years old. Family tradition says that he made the journey on horseback and that he arrived in New York with less than a dollar in his pocket. He entered the employ of Gideon Lee, a leather merchant, who had married Laura Buffington, Shepherd Knapp's cousin. In 1819 Shepherd was taken into the firm. "The History of the New York Swamp" (the district where the leather trade was situated), by F. W. Norcross, contains a wealth of material regarding Shepherd Knapp's activities in the wholesale leather business. He retired from it in 1839. In 1832 he was a director of the Branch Bank of the United States. For some years he was Chamberlain of the City of New York. He was Pension Agent in New York from 1838 to 1841. He held official positions in several banking and insurance organizations, and finally, in 1838, became President of the Mechanics (afterwards Mechanics National) Bank. He continued in that office 36 years, including the critical period of the Civil War. The New York Tribune for February 23 and 25, 1875, the days following his death, contain a sketch of his life and the extended Preamble and Resolutions adopted by the Directors of the Mechanics National Bank.

"The Amazing Madame Jumel," by William Cary Duncan, (1935) pp 227f, 291, and 303, gives some interesting facts about Shepherd Knapp, and especially a lively account of an incident which took place in front of his leather store. Though the period when Shepherd Knapp and Madame Jumel were neighbors at Washington Heights (the gates of their two places were opposite one another) is set too early, family tradition confirms the fact that they were neighbors, and a cousin who in those days was a frequent visitor in the Knapp home has reported how, when Mr. Knapp was setting out in his carriage, Mrs. Knapp, with a quizzical look, would sometimes say, "Shepherd, don't you go near that dreadful woman."

On March 29, 1820, Shepherd married Catherine Louisa Kumbel, daughter of William Kumbel, deceased, and Esther (or Hester) Caton. Her father (family tradition says he was of Dutch descent) was a watch and clock maker in New York City as early as 1775. His advertisement appeared in "The New York Gazette and the Weekly Mercury" for July 24, 1775. There is no evidence that he was in New York during the British occupation, but in 1786 in the first New York City Directory his name appears. He is mentioned in "The Arts and

Crafts of New York, 1726-1776," (pp 150, 153); in "The Old Clock Book," by N. Hudson Moore; in The Clock Book, by W. Nutting (p 220); in The Book of Old Silver, by Seymour W. Wyler (p 345); and in American Silversmiths and Their Marks, by Ensko (p 94). For William Kumbel was not only a maker of clocks and watches, but also a silversmith, and specimens of this form of his work - teapot, spoons, etc. - are in the possession of his descendants, as well as one of his watches.

Shepherd Knapp acquired No. 2 North Washington Square for his residence in 1836. Later he had a home, "Melbourne," on Washington Heights in the upper part of the city, where he lived until his death.

In 1829 he and his wife joined by confession the Brick Presbyterian Church, then on Beekman Street, of which Dr. Gardiner Spring was pastor. In 1832 he became a deacon, and from 1834 to his death was an elder of that church. For many years he was one of its trustees, and for six years from 1868 was President of the Board.

The family Bible of Shepherd's son Gideon Lee Knapp and other family records, the records of the First Presbyterian Church and the Brick Presbyterian Church, "The History of the Brick Presbyterian Church," by Shepherd Knapp, a great-grandson, the New York City Directories, and the New York newspapers, provide the facts in the preceding paragraphs and many of the dates and other facts in the following Outline.

SHEPHERD (1), of New York City; born in Cummington, Mass., January 7, 1795; went to New York in 1812; leather merchant; bank president; married on March 29, 1820, Catherine Louisa Kumbel, daughter of William and Esther (Caton) Kumbel. (She was born September 26, 1793, and died July 26, 1872.) They had eight children, listed below. Shepherd died February 22, 1875.

1. GIDEON LEE. See below

2. Shepherd; died January, 1830, in his seventh year.

3. Peter Kumble; born August 3, 1825; married Anne Amelia; died February 21, 1871. They had seven (or more?) children.

4. William Kumble; born November 2, 1827; married Maria Meserole; died September 24, 1877. They had three (or more?) children.

5. Shepherd; born October, 1829; died April, 1830.

6. Shepherd Fordyce; born August 29, 1832; married Kate Floyd Smith; died December 25, 1886. They had two (or more?) children.

7. Addison Melvin; born July 13, 1835; unmarried; died September 16, 1874.

8. Theodore Augustus; born October, 1837; died August, 1838, aged 10 months.

Family Bibles, tombstones, other family records, New York City Directories, and records of the Brick Presbyterian Church provide the material for the following Outline:

GIDEON LEE, of New York City; born September 29, 1821; ferry business, especially the ownership and management of the ferries running from the foot of East 23rd and East 10th Streets to Long Island; died July 15, 1875; married February 1, 1842, Augusta Murray Spring, daughter of Dr. Gardiner Spring, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, and Susan Barney. Augusta was born September 3, 1822, and died March 10, 1885. They had seven children, listed below:

1. Catherine Louisa; born January 13, 1843; died May 1, 1844.

2. Kate Louise; born December 10, 1845; died April 21, 1881; married Benjamin L. de Forest. They had five children, listed below:

1. Helen de Forest; born September 19, 1865; died March 26, 1908; married Henry (or Harry?) A. Griffin. They had:

1. Helen de Forest Griffin; born July 14, 1895; married Hugh D. Cotton. They had:

1. Helen de Forest Cotton; born March 2, 1922.

2. Anita Davies Cotton; born July 5, 1925.

2. Kate Wyman Griffin; born March 14, 1897; married W. Macy Chamberlin. They had:

1. Kate de Forest Chamberlin; born December 5, 1924.

2. Judith Chamberlin; born October 1, 1930.

2. Benjamin de Forest; born January 9, 1868; died at the age of 27; unmarried.

3. Shepherd Knapp de Forest; born September 17, 1867; died November 2, 1929; married (1) Josephine Laimbeer, and (2) Mrs. Kate Rogers Nowell. Shepherd had by his first marriage:

1. Josephine Louise de Forest; born December 14, 1894, died May 26, 1910.

2. Augusta Spring de Forest; born December 26, 1897; married William Gray Schauffler, Jr. (now Colonel, AUS). They had:

    1. William Gray Schauffler, III; born July 12, 1920; reported missing in action north of Valla La Vella, Solomon Islands, July 20, 1943; awarded posthumously Silver Star, Air Medal, and Purple Heart; married June 9, 1942, Nancy Colston Holt (born October 31, 1919). They had:

        1. William Gray Schauffler, IV; born April 29, 1943.

    2. Kate de Forest Schauffler; born July 28, 1923.

3. Margaret de Forest; born October 26, 1900; married October 16, 1923, Walter Van B. Roberts. They had:

    1. Mary de Forest Roberts; born August 11, 1924; married December 23, 1943, Dudley E. Woodbridge.

    2. Walter Van B. Roberts; born May 23, 1926.

    3. Shepherd Knapp de Forest Roberts; born March 15, 1932.

4. Edward Layton de Forest; born October 26, 1877; died August 10, 1941; married Margie Bliven. They had:

    1. Edward Layton de Forest; born January 12, 1900; died May 8, 1919.

    2. Gideon Knapp de Forest; born May 12, 1906; married Isabel Shaw, divorced. They had:

        1. Mott de Forest; born June 16, 1932.

        2. Margie Duryea de Forest; born April 26, 1936.

        3. Caroline de Forest; born June 21, 1939.

        4. Isabel de Forest; born October 22, 1940.

5. Augusta Spring de Forest; born July 17, 1875; died May 4, 1885. She, being named for her grandmother Knapp, inherited her nickname also, in the form "Duckie."

3. SHEPHERD (2) of New York City; born January 23, 1847; stock broker; his father bought him a seat in the New York Stock Exchange (it was an actual seat in those days) for $1000; his New York homes were at 102 East 36 Street and 266 Lexington Avenue; his summer home, built in 1894, was in Litchfield, Conn.; he retired from active business at about that time; married on October 11, 1870, Emma Benedict (born November 24, 1847; daughter of Jesse Wheeler Benedict of New York City, lawyer, and Frances Ann Coleman; her reminiscences and letters were published by her children in 1910 under the title "Hic Habitat Felicitas"; she died March 18, 1907). Shepherd and Emma had:

1. Jessie Benedict; born August 31, 1871; died July 12, 1872.

2. Shepherd (3); born September 8, 1873; Columbia College, Yale Divinity School; ordained 1897; pastor of First Congregational Church, Southington, Conn., 1897-1900; Assistant Minister of Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, 1901-1908; degree of Doctor of Divinity from New York University, 1912; pastor of Central Church in Worcester, Mass. (Congregational) 1908-1936; unmarried; author of "History of the Brick Presbyterian Church," "Old Joe and Other Vesper Stories," "The Liberated Bible: Old Testament," author and director of Worcester Passion Play; died January 11, 1946.

3. Elsie; born September 12, 1878; Brearley School in New York City; married October 23, 1902, Wilson Marcy Powell (Jr.) of New York City, lawyer (died August 17, 1935). Their New York home was 130 East 70 Street; their summer home "Pitt Hall," Old Chatham, N. Y. Mrs. Powell was Director of the Workroom of the American Friends' Service Committee at 144 East 20 Street, New York City, during and after the Second World War. They had:

1. Wilson Marcy Powell (3rd); born July 18, 1903; Harvard University; married on October 25, 1930, Fredrika Richardson of Cambridge, Mass.; Assistant Professor of Physics at Connecticut College for Women, 1935-1937;

Assistant Professor of Physics at Kenyon College, 1937-1945; Guggenheim Fellowship, Cosmic Ray Research, 1941-1942; leave of absence from Kenyon 1941 for Research Work for U. S. Government; he was given special commendation by General Groves for designing and testing all the magnets used in the electromagnetic method of separation of Uranium for the Atomic Bomb; he worked on the synchrotron at the University of California, 1946. Wilson and Fredrika had:

1. Wilson Marcy Powell (4th); born June 24, 1932.

2. David Richardson Powell; born March 18, 1935.

3. Fredrika Powell; born October 11, 1938.

2. Sarah Hopper Powell; born October 9, 1906; Swarthmore College; married Prescott Butler Huntington of New York City, lawyer, Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R. They had:

1. Francis Cleveland Huntington; born September 20, 1931.

2. Sarah Powell Huntington; born June 9, 1934.

3. Lawrence Smith Huntington; born June 13, 1935.

4. Samuel Huntington; born April 25, 1939.

5. Susan Butler Huntington; born May 18, 1942.

3. Elsie Knapp Powell; born April 3, 1909; Swarthmore College; teacher of music at Nightingale-Bamford School, New York City; camp for girls at Pitt Hall Farm, Old Chatham, N. Y.

4. Kenneth; born August 26, 1881; died October 9, 1882.

5. Kate Louise; born March 16, 1887; Brearley School in New York City; married on November 21, 1911, George Albert Vondermuhll of New York City (of Swiss descent; member of firm of William Iselin Co., New York, textiles). Their New York home was at 115 East 79 Street; their summer home (formerly her father's) at Litchfield, Conn. They had:

   1. George Albert Vondermuhll (Jr.); born August 14, 1912; Princeton University; Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva, Switzerland; industrial relations; International Labor Office, Geneva, 1936-1937; McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., 1938-1939; Oxford Group - Moral Re-Armament.

   2. Kate Louise Vondermuhll; born October 31, 1914; Vassar College; married Edward Kingsland Van Winkle, Jr.; clergyman; Assistant Minister of Grace Episcopal Church, Providence, R. I., 1936-40; Rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Worcester, Mass., 1940- . They had:

      1. Kate Knapp Van Winkle; born April 28, 1937.

      2. Anne Kingsland Van Winkle; born August 17, 1940.

      3. Peter Kemble Van Winkle; born December 30, 1941.

      4. Edward Scott Van Winkle; born April 15, 1943.

   3. Valerie Vondermuhll; born March 30, 1918; Vassar College; taught Staging at Brearley School in New York City, 1940-42; Head of Photography Department of Harvard Radio Research Laboratory, 1942-44; on Staff of Life Magazine, 1944- .

4. Edward Spring, of New York City; born May 10, 1852; died March 25, 1895; married December 10, 1878 Margaret Ireland Lawrence. They had:

1. Edward Spring, of New York City; born September 10, 1879; died April 5, 1940; married (1) Rosalie Emily Moran, December 10, 1903 (she died November 28, 1938); and (2) Dorothee Diblee, December 18, 1939. He had by his first marriage:

    1. Edward Spring; born April 28, 1905; Princeton University; married (1) Edythe Cappell Elliman, November 18, 1931, divorced; and (2) Mrs. Gertrude Bryan Garrett, June 29, 1936. He had by his first marriage:

        1. Edythe Elliman; born September 20, 1933.

    2. Rosalie Moran; born June 26, 1907; married January 29, 1937, Joseph Charles Dey, Jr. They had:

        1. Edward Knapp Dey; born November 11, 1937.

2. Thomas Paton; born October 23, 1886; died May 31, 1936; married June 5, 1917, Jessie Lorene Deans (born March 6, 1888). They had:

    1. Thomas Paton; born August 31, 1920, USNR.

    2. William Lawrance; born March 4, 1926, USM.

3. Margaret Augusta; born February 20, 1893; died February 12, 1924; married in 1920 Dr. Lee H. Ferguson; died 1943. They had:

    1. Jane Lawrence Ferguson; born February 15, 1921; married in 1943 Herbert Fairfax Harvey. They had:

        1. Susan May Harvey; born October 12, 1945.

    2. Lee Hollister Ferguson; born September 10, 1923; died February 1, 1924.

5. Anna Augusta; born March 8, 1854; unmarried; died 1933.

6. Gideon Lee; born September 13, 1857; physician; unmarried; died December 7, 1895.

7. Harry Kearsarge; born September 25, 1864; died January 31, 1926; married in November, 1886, Caroline Burr. They had:

    1. Andrew Eliot; born November 1, 1887; died February 19, 1891.

    2. Gideon Lee; born October 22, 1888; died July 23, 1889.

    3. Harry Kearsarge; born September 10, 1890; died December 17, 1943; married (1) Phoebe Ketchum Thorne, and (2) Elizabeth Marshall Mann, divorced. He had by his second marriage:

        1. Elizabeth Burr; born April 28, 1922; married June 7, 1941, Frederic Hanes Lassiter. They had:

            1. Frederic Hanes Lassiter; born June 15, 1942.

            2. Elizabeth Burr Lassiter; born June 5, 1945.

        2. Caroline Pamela; born February 28, 1924; died July 6, 1926.

        3. Harry Kearsarge; born January 22, 1928.

        4. Theodosia Burr; born January 3, 1930.

4. Theodore Jackson; born August 19, 1892.

5. Caroline Burr; born October 8, 1897; married Charles Kintzing Post, divorced.

ERRATA

1. Genealogical Chart, following page 55, last column, "Catherine Edwards", add "And she was 4th generation from Ettweed Pomeroy who was born in England about 1595 and 5th generation from Richard Lyman born in England about 1580."

2. Page 68, a fourth child born to Shepherd Knapp de Forest. Add:

4. George Beech de Forest; born July 3, 1905; married June 4, 1932, Margaret Maier. They had:

1. Margaret de Forest; born November 2, 1933.