

the whip to quicken the horse or to fend off the dog. He just had to sit and take it.

Then there came a day when the dog had disappeared, and Mr. Morgan was accused of his taking off. When Mr. Morgan came to his farm he brought with him a low-down milk wagon, something quite unusual for those days. It was the first I had ever seen. "He used it for a runabout. Some one said they saw him pass the Peck Homestead in the night, riding in this wagon, near the time when the dog disappeared. Mr. Morgan said, "I told them that if the dog was dead I was glad, but I hated to be called a fool. If I was going to do a deed in the dark I wouldn't go in my old telltale milk wagon."

Mr. Peck died in 1875, but Aunt Adeline lived to about 1908, I think, to the age of nearly one hundred.

Going west, on the corner of Race Brook Road, before my day ^{no house now NW corner} lived Linus Beecher. I have heard my father refer to this corner as the Beecher Corner, but it was called the Button Ball corner. A very old and very large button ball tree stood there for many years.

The next was the house of Parsons Baldwin. ^{FORD, EAST OF Ray Corners} "He didn't engage in extensive enterprises, but he saved money. He was a religious man. The story is told how one night after attending a meeting at the church he walked home. In the morning he looked of his horse, and then remembered that he left it at the church during the night. As a small boy I attended meetings conducted by Mr. Baldwin and Merritt Woodruff, who lived near. I remember that one evening when Mr. Baldwin was speaking Mr. Woodruff checked him and asked him to wait until the boys stopped laughing.

In apart of this house lived Mr. Baldwin's sister Aunt Sarah Ann. She was a widow and also lost her only child, a son, in the Civil War. A travelling man fell into the habit of stopping at her place from time to time for dinner. Some of the neighboring housewives thought this very improper, and they discussed the matter

freely and often. The people at my home, believing Mrs. Munson to be a very upright woman, thought her neighbors were very unreasonable.

My aunt, wife of my Uncle Elias, was a good cook and a good "entertainer". The ladies of Lower Woodbridge liked to gather there from time to time for friendly visiting. When a small boy I was up there one afternoon playing with my cousin. It was about the time of the talk about Aunt Sarah Ann Munson. "He suggested that we step into the kitchen to hear "their tongues run".

The next house west now stands on the high ground just east of the ^{Ray Cowles} Wepowaug River. On this farm, I understand, Ephraim Baldwin set up his daughter Martha, who had married a Baldwin. He died young, and Aunt Martha was left with one son to manage the farm. She got weary and troubled about the situation, and one day as Mrs. Finney tells the story, remarked to Mr. Tucker, "It needs a man on this farm." "Do you really mean it Martha?" he said. Not long after Mr. Tucker came riding in with a man who wore a tall hat, and drove a span of horses. Mr. Tucker ^{introduced} ~~introduced~~ him and left the two to get acquainted, which they did, so that in due time Aunt Martha became Mrs. Upson.

On the opposite ^{side} of the Martha Upson Place was a family of the name of Stowe. My sister remembers plying with ^{the} daughter, but I have no recollection about the place.

The next place where Mrs. Olive Perkins ^{Jim Pecks} now lives + think was built by Mills Baldwin, who became notorious as a mover of buildings in New Haven. He would mount the building on great trucks, as I suppose, and then send out to Woodbridge for a considerable number of oxen to hitch on to draw the building. I never saw him operate but I remember about the oxen.

We come now to the river and the mills that once stood there. I suppose these mills wer first owned by Thomas Baldwin. They were burned about 1795. There was no insurance in those days, and some effort was made to raise meny by subscription to rebuild the mills,

but without much success. There was no insurance in those days and the loss was severe. It meant mortgages, which in after years, when Uncle Tommie was too old or too feeble to work. One of his descendants told me that in after years Ambrose Hine used to come to collect on the mortgage, and after he was gone the wife would have a good crying spell, fearing that they would all ^{lose} by foreclosure. But they had a son, who afterwards became the noted James J. Baldwin. He was growing up, and his mother's tears stirred within him the instincts of manhood. He registered a vow that that mortgage would not be foreclosed. He began a sustained effort to pay it. Such matters as an education were made to wait. Such incidents as marriage were put off. His motto was "this one thing I do." He paid the mortgage, and not only so but he had learned to earn money, and to judiciously use it. Much of the land was covered with fine timber. The mills were put in order and the timber sawed and put on the market. He learned how to market it. Much was sold in New York City, which not every country boy of those days would have felt able to accomplish. He came to be called Cap'n Jim. He had a fund of natural wisdom. I suppose the author of the Book of Proverbs had such men in mind when he wrote "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; the simple pass on and are punished." In those days the trains and steamboats running between New Haven and New York were infested with gamblers, who rode back and forth fleecing the passengers. Of course they got the run of the Cap'n, and when they had their plans ready for him, they approached him and invited him to play at cards. "No" he said he didn'y know how." They said they would teach him. "No" he said he guessed he wouldn't learn. He knew, of course, that if he learned to play there might come a time when he would wade in beyond his depth. Of course the lumber business involved the cutting and

carting of wood and the delivery of lumber, and for these purposes the Cap'n employed several men and kept several ox teams. One of his helpers was a young Irishman, keen as a brier and given to much rough Irish wit. Some of the jokes he cracked might seem rather irreverent if put into print. But he seemed much devoted to his employer's interests. Carting by ox teams was slow and tedious work. When travelling towards the city it required half an hour for a loaded team to start from the mill and reach the top of Cabbage Hill where Silas Peck lived. The team must struggle up over each thank-you-ma'rm, and then stop to breath a few moments before taking the next pitch.

The Cap'n ran both a ^{Tim Peck}grist mill and a saw mill. His mill pond was large, and when empty required some hours to fill. On the Derby Turnpike, a mile and a half below, Willis Alling, Mr. Willis, as he was called, ran a grist mill, a saw mill and a woolen factory. His pond was small, and when the Cap'n shut off the water to fill his pond Mr. Willis was troubled. Moreover, Mr. Willis employed help in the factory who expected to be kept constantly employed. The Cap'n's work at the mills was more intermittent. Both of these men could be stearn, and Mr. Willis indulged daily in cider. There was friction about the water. Pearl Sperry told of one occasion when Mr. Willis rode up on his horse to call on the Cap'n but did not find him at home. He talked with the young Irishman about bringing suit. The Irishman advised him not to do that because Colonel Baldwin, as he called him, was a very rich man. "I know that he is a rich man", Mr. Willis replied, but I ride not far behind him."

In my day the mills above were not used, except that I remember going once with my father to visit the grist mill. But the dam was kept up and the water stored to be drawn on as occasion required to fill Mr. Willis's pond. So far back as I can remember the Cap'n had swung into real estate and the care of his investments. The land records of both Orange and Woodbridge show a great number of transactions.

The water of the mill pond was quite shallow in places, and this at one time was thought to affect the neighborhood. About 1870 began an epidemic of Chills and fever, commonly called "the shakes." The people of Orange and Woodbridge suffered from it and I suppose so did other towns in Southern New England. It was thought that the disease was more prevalent near shallow water. As I remember it was apt to come on about every other day. It was extremely painful and inconvenient. One man told me of an attack he had while at work in the fields several miles from home, and his only way of getting home was to lie down on his back in the ox cart, and added to the pain he suffered from this situation was the extreme misery he suffered when on the home trip the driver would crack his whip and the oxen would spring forward. No case of this disease occurred at my home, but near the Cap'n pond many of the neighbors were afflicted. Finally the disease moved off and has never been back to any extent.

Silas J. Peck and I decided that there at one time a house ^{was} on the south side of the road under the bank a short distance west of the Baldwin homestead, but I haven't investigated this question. ^{Lou Pike} Abner Baldwin lived on the corner of the Baldwin Road. I don't remember him, but I understand he was a very worthy man, and "a man of parts." In my day Samuel Sperry had married his daughter, and these made the place their home.

^{Bob Sperry (Hennepine)} Abner Spencer Baldwin, son of Abner, lived a little below in the house standing on the west side of the road. I think that at one time there were two houses in front. I think Theophilus Baldwin and his son Richard lived in these houses. Theophilus deeded Richard the ^{Lou Pike} land and half the house on the corner above, where Abner Baldwin lived later, April 11, 1774, so it would appear that ^{the} older portion of this house now standing there was there in 1774 when this deed to Richard ^{Baldwin} was given. March 12, 1757 Ambrose Mine conveyed to Theophilus Five acres, with house and shop, lyin next east of this corner tract. Probably this was the same Ambrose Mine who held the mortgage against

Baldwin, which his son James paid. ^{He} Let also add here that I find a deed from Barnabas Baldwin to his son Ephraim, dated July 7, 1791, of land with dwelling thereon known as the Colonel Alling Farm, bounded south by Derby Road, west Samuel Newton or on the line between New Haven and Milford as it formerly ran; north by my own land and extending so far east as to make seven acres. I would say that the New Haven town line was shifted a long distance easterly when the town of Woodbridge was set off from Milford and New Haven in 1784.

Going back to the place where Abner Spencer Baldwin lived I would say that the land was deeded in 1741 without mention of a house, but a house was mentioned in a conveyance of the property in 1747, so that the house is now substantially two hundred years old.

About an eighth of a mile below, on the same side of the road ^{near Dahlin} Parintha and Hart Baldwin lived, but the house was burned some time in the 1860s and I didn't know them. George Little built some time in the 1860s on the opposite side. He was the father of Elmer E. Little.

Next below was David Munson. He was a good carpenter, but as often happens he didn't always devote his skill to his family needs. I think there ^{are} still chambers in his house that have never been "done off." When I was a small boy he came over one day and built over the hatchway leading to our cellar. He much loved to talk, and at that time he stayed to supper and until late bedtime. That night he told the owl story. He said that when he was a boy there was sickness at his home one day ^{at night} and he was sent on an errand down to the Derby Turnpike to the house of Uncle Asa Sperry. He did his errand and started back. There were no houses along the road and heavy timber adjoined the highway. This timber was infested with hoot owls. During my life until I was twenty-four years old one might step out of our house on a still night in summer and hear these

birds engaged in their nightly hooting. On his return trip on his errand, when he had reached the deep woods the owls were holding forth in full chorus. He had never heard hoot owls before, and didn't know what they were or what they intended to do. He didn't wait to learn, and adopted the only course of defense he knew of, which was to start running, which he did to the very best of his ability.

Years after this time, when the fence between our land and this timber was apt to become poor, our cows might get out into the timber, and then there was a mess. One evening this had occurred and a large black man and I were looking for the cows. The time was well into the evening, although bright moonlight, when we came to the fence through the woods. As we stopped a moment to consider, directly overhead an owl let out one shriek. We both knew hoot owls, but I had never heard one give a single yell. A fiend from the Pit couldn't have let out a more unearthly scream. I heard the rail crack on which the black man sat.

On the opposite side of the road from David Munson was a house, but I think it was owned by Abner Spenser Baldwin, and perhaps rented. On the east side a little below a small house has stood for more than a century. For many years it has been owned by the Theodore Baldwin family.

The last place to mention is that where Theodore Baldwin ^{Barnabas Baldwin - 1st wife} lived. When I was ^a boy he lived in an old house facing south on a lane running toward the west into the forest. In 1870, on the death of Esther (Nesther) he bought out the heirs and moved to the large white ^{Hitchcock} house now standing on the turn in the road.

Theodore's mother was a member of the Asa Platt family in Orange. The family considered itself quite aristocratic. But Theodore's father died when he was a mere boy. And at that time the Platt family had become bankrupt. Theodore and his mother were left to take care of themselves as best they could. His mother's two sisters in the Platt

Capt. his father
used to walk to
Theodore's house

family were absolutely unfitted for self support. They would call upon their Woodbridge sister and she would divide with them her scanty hoard. This was discouraging to the boy, but he stood by his mother. Moreover he was sturdy and selfreliant. Of course not much attention could be given to education, but in after life his natural ability enabled him to do things, about which supposedly better fitted people would hesitate. When he came to man's estate his attributes both of body and mind could be described by the term "force". He told one story about himself which showed that he had a strong body. The old barns used to be rather cramped for admitting a load of hay. Besides there was usually quite a bump when the wheels of the cart passed over the door sill. In haying time the soles of leather shoes were sure to get very slippery. Under the conditions at the barn mentioned it was thought necessary to whip up the oxen and go in with a rush. Doing this one day Theodore slipped and fell with his chest before the cart wheel. He said he expected to be killed, and quite a while after the wheel had gone over his chest he supposed he was dead. But he thought what helped him from being crushed was that just before the wheel struck him he inflated his lungs with a deep breath.

He took a hand in the affairs of the town, and perhaps held the office of first selectman more than any other man. He kept plenty of oxen and was ready for emergencies or difficult undertakings. He had so much surplus energy that he did a good deal of work away from his own farm. Some people thought him too energetic both in speech and action. During his life he added to his home acres inherited from his father until at his death I suppose he owned more acres than any man in the town. He told me that he enjoyed the game. It was like setting up a stake and working towards it. Sorrow came to him. His wife died in middle life and he buried three of his five children. But he kept steadily on, and died at the age of eighty-four.

on the day of his burial, as I stood by the bier, there came in an elderly man, one of his old acquaintances. As he came forward and stopped to look down at the remains I heard him murmur, "At rest." His own life had been subject to the mutations which are apt to attend long life. He had walked in high places, but at that time he was treading in lowly paths, and knowing what his friend in the coffin had passed through, his natural wish for him was "rest."

Edward L. Clark.