

# THE MEMOIRS OF EDWARD HITCHCOCK, JR.

**1901 – 1906**

Transcriptions of the original hand-written  
manuscripts in the collections of the  
Amherst College Archives and Special Collections,  
Amherst, Massachusetts

Transcribed by  
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2019-2020

## INTRODUCTION

Edward Hitchcock, Jr., was christened in the newly completed Johnson Chapel at Amherst College in July, 1828. He grew up on the campus, then attended Amherst College, graduating in 1849. In 1861 he was hired as Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education at Amherst, a position he held for half a century until his retirement in 1911. Known as “Doc Hitchcock,” he was well-liked by his students as well as his colleagues. His area of specialization was anthropometry, the scientific measurement of the physical attributes of the human body.

In 1901, at the urging of Professor John M. Tyler, Edward Hitchcock, Jr., began recording his memoirs. The project continued for several years, resulting in a series of four hand-written notebooks. In these manuscripts he recalls his childhood, family life, student years, and the first decade or so of his teaching career. His writing abounds with humor, charm, and valuable historical detail. He did not hesitate to be frank in his descriptions and assessments of Amherst College, his father, and his fellow students.

In the course of my research on Edward Hitchcock, Sr., I read and transcribed the memoirs of Edward Hitchcock, Jr. I generally worked from the original hand-written manuscripts, although in several places I relied on typed transcripts by an unknown transcriber which are filed with the originals. At that time digital images were not available and I therefore photographed each page in the archives. Using voice-to-text software, I dictated each manuscript into a word processing document, then reread and proofed it.

The page sequence of the notebooks is in places confusing. Some pages were numbered by the author, others were not. Four special sections appear in Notebooks C and D entitled “East Hampton Home Life,” “Conway and Deerfield Experiences,” “Church life at Easthampton,” and “College Choir and Chapel and Church Organ.” The first three were written on the backs of the pages with the notebook inverted.

My comments are shown in brackets. Illegible words or phrases are indicated by [????].

I am indebted to Amherst College and particularly to Margaret Dakin and Michael Kelly of the Archives for preserving the unpublished writings of Edward Hitchcock and making them accessible to all. If you

make use of these transcriptions, please cite your source including, of course, the Amherst College Archives and Special Collections.

Readers wanting to learn more about Edward Hitchcock Sr. or Jr. may wish to read my biography, *All the Light Here Comes from Above: the Life and Legacy of Edward Hitchcock*.

Robert T. McMaster

March 18, 2021

## Edward Hitchcock, Jr., Reminiscences

### NOTEBOOK A

[Notebook A: Amherst College Archives and Special Collection, Edward and Mary Judson Hitchcock Collection, Series 2-B, Box 7, Folder 22 and 23.]

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Professor John M. Tyler who is preparing something accessory to his father's history of Amherst College history tells me that too little is said in that history about the old college during the dark period of 1840 to 1850. And he thinks I can perhaps make out of my memory and my memorabilia something which perhaps he can weave into his fabric.

So of course I'll try, and may the Good Father help me.

Sept. 1902.

E. Hitchcock

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I was 12 years old in 1840 and so of course what I saw then was from the standpoint of a wild simple & rather naughty boy. Our family living was of very plain farmers food, for my father held then some Deerfield land from which he got little money, but considerable in corn, rye, butternuts & some wheat.

These articles I used to go up to Deerfield with our old horse & lumber wagon about once a month & bring home by a long days journey (sometimes less). But I always got a visit on the Uncle I loved very much, and a circus with Justin the nearest cousin I ever had. Then too I always had to stop & rest the horse at Sunderland,...

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...where I always had "nine pence" (12½ cents) to spend for a piece of mince pie.

My father had a pasture too from which we got the summer living of 2 or 3 cows, which gave us milk, butter, and sometimes my blessed mother made a few cheeses in the summer. The pasture also yielded us several bushels of hickory nuts – walnuts we called them – which I always disliked for I had to get off the shucks along about Thanksgiving time, and it was cold work. But we children always had as many of these nuts as he wanted, at any time when we would go up garret bring them down and crack them. (and late in the...

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...life of my father after he moved back to the old home from the President's house, he always had a few nuts in the closet drawer near where he kept his geological hammer, & usually after dinner he cracked and ate a few & then took a nap.)

We did not have much meat to eat in those days – never for breakfast or supper – but sometimes a little fried salt pork for breakfast.

And we always had an abundance of apples the year round. Oh my! Don't I remember the barrels of rotten ones I had to carry out in late winter and early spring! Then my good mother always made one or...

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...kegs of jars of cider apple sauce in the early winter, which many a time I have gone to the cellar with a spoon stolen, and tho was often frozen didn't I like it.

The blessed mother again in the sunny days of summer & autumn, dried apples, berries, and pumpkins. These were all secured with no expense at the grocers, but only with her care planning & manipulating and with some aid from the children.

Of course we had a good garden & we raised potatoes winter squashes & cucumbers for pickles, but we didn't buy anything in the eatable line save sugar tea & coffee &...

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...molasses. Oh how many jugs of this I have carried home from the store (Sweetsers store).

Another article of diet which served us for many weeks in the early winter was hominy or scrap.

It was made from the early yellow corn. Just after it was husked and had had a few days drying in the "wash chamber," I in the evening shelled it, that is I had the half bushel measure on the kitchen floor, and put one edge of it the sharp edge of the spade, & then scaped ear by ear over it the ears of corn, till I got a half bushel at least, & then we took it to the mill where it...

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...was ground into a coarse meal.

But it took more than one 24 hours to soften it, and well I remember the old hominy kettle that was perpetually on the kitchen stove. And the modern scrap don't begin to equal that in sweetness.

Of course we had pigs and chickens.

As to clothing. I never wore an undershirt till I was in my teens & my mother made those then of cotton flannel. And stockings my mother & grandmother knit.

My clothes were made by a woman in Mill Valley for many...

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...years. Mrs. Deacon Gaylord, mother of Mrs. George Cutler, Sr. and the most unpleasant task of my life in those days was to go down to her house & be fitted.

*[Deacon Eleazar Gaylord (1785-1865) and Hannah Gaylord (1786-1830) had a daughter Frances Gaylord (1822-1904) who married George Cutler (1823-1919) in 1849]*

My first taylor made coat was made when I was a Freshman in college – a snuff colored broadcloth coat made from a cloak of mothers. And I well remember that one of the first wearings of this coat was at my initiation to ΑΔΦ.

An event of the year was getting measured for and wearing a pair of new cowhide boots at the beginning of winter. I went barefoot a good deal before 1840.

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As to the entertaining of relatives friends of the family & specially those interested in the church & college work there was no end, & the amount of now seems to me a marvel. There was no end to it: was continual. For nobody ever was allowed to go to the hotel. From a man from Deerfield with a load of grain, the men in the hay field, up to Mary Lyon and every stray minister there was always a place at table & a bed for them. We children had to squeeze and be turned out of table and bed but we always get round somehow.

At amusements and public occasions we were over full always. Sometimes some of us... *[skip to page 11]*

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*[This looks like it was inserted later]*

Another way my mother helped to eke out a living was, at commencement time to exchange salt pork with the women from Pelham for huckleberries for the Trustees & other quests.

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*[Continued from page 9]*

...went and slept on cushions in the church, & on half made beds in the garret, we were uncomfortable, but we expected it as a matter of education & above all for our interest in College.

My mother was never rattled, impatient, or fretful at any of these calls, or apologised because she hadn't anything better, but always had enough of something on the table and did not sit up nights to make delicacies, although I often had more running to do at time for company.

But what a contrast now! Why my mother entertained ten times more then, than my wife does now, It was nature to...

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...her & she had got to do it for the good & life of college.

Besides this my mother took boarders, frequently 2 or 3 at a time, often a tutor or Professor and not infrequently a student, H. W. Beecher for instance.

Parties and entertainments were occasional. When my father was President he had what we would call receptions.

One, a Freshman party at which a large part of the town, all the Faculty & the Freshmen, were invited in the early fall, and another the Senior Week in July when the Seniors were invited with the same other people. And oh don't my sister Mary & I remember those parties, for we...

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...with my mother and one hired girl – after my father was President – and all this extra work to do. I always froze all the ice cream, & took it out at the party.

Back in the early 40s we had an occasional 'party' among the Faculty and a few people in town such as Mrs. Pitkin the merchant's wife & Mrs. Sweetser too. This was much confined to older & married people. Some 15 or 20 would be invited. They would come about 7 o'clock and all sit down in the parlor and tea was passed around. We children were all the waiters. And don't I remember once "Bill Cutlers" impatience at the slowness of my getting the sugar and cream to him!

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Wood was the only fuel we used in the 40s and what superb piles of ten foot wood my father used to have in the yard. He had a man cut & split it as a whole & yet I had to help light sawing and piling. Think of 20 cords of wood in your shed!

One thing I ought to mention here about the hardships of the early Presidents life of my father, this was the care and furnishing of that big house. But to preface it let me state an incident to show how poor prophets we are. My Mother said more than once in my hearing that there were two things she never would do, to live in the Presidents house,...

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...and to go to Europe. But she did both of them.

It was a great strain on my father's purse to furnish the Presidents house. And he had to get nearly complete furniture for the two parlors, his study, and two chambers for that big house.

And another kind of a strain was that that house had not been painted or papered for ten years, and College could not give him a dollar towards it.

The consequence was that my mother, Mary, and the hired girl had an immense deal of back-breaking scrubbing to do in trying to make that yellowed white paint (for the whole house was white inside) look...

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...passably. And my back and knees can ache now when I think how I put down and took up those big parlor carpets.

And the coldness of that house. For tho' we had 20 cords of wood, the house was never warmed, there was no means of doing it and the parlors had nothing but open fireplaces, which wouldn't both draw at

the same time. So we practically never used the parlors in winter. In fact we used the back one for storage of food and various other things.

I had a fire in my room with an airtight stove, and part of the time the girls had one in their rooms. And the sitting room (dining it was) the study and...

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...mother's bed room had to be supplied with wood and the woodshed was down one story so that the bringing in the wood was no trifle. Pa however generally took care of his wood box, he doing it for physical exercise.

The whole third story when we lived in this house was one great garret, with no light or ventilation save two windows in the west end. And there some of us slept commencement week.

And in the northeast corner there was a kind of board fence in which were a lot of Dr. Humphrey's effects and among them lots of old papers & pamphlets. These I plundered & there got my first start in statistics &...

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...memorabilia. Oh! If I only now could dig in among them! In my fathers day the road in front of the house was only a few feet below the level of the front door & there were no steps up to it – to the yard I mean. And right on the north side of the house was the driveway into the yard & down to the barn which was some 30 yards to the northwest of what is now the kitchen – then it was the wooden woodshed.

The barn was on a sloping side hill to the west & there was the side & cellar where were the corn stables and yard. While the horse stable was on the first floor and the...

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...carriage house and there was a fence (picket) between us and the parsonage – that old 3 story gambrel (?) roof house of two tenements, the south one of which was occupied by Mr. Colton the pastor. And good old Mother Smith lived there after Mr. Colton died and she kept a few choice boarders such as Poland, Lothrop & Seelye and dinner was always at 12 o'clock when Bill Jacobs and Mr. Armstrong rung the village church bell (this is the same one that is now in the Baptist belfry)

The old parsonage gave way in '52-3 to the Library which was a great event in the material progress of Amherst College.

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And an interesting scrap of memorabilia is the subscription book to College library. There is not another paper in existence which shows so many eminent men (of their time) as interested in Amherst College.

The catalog of A. C. in 1839-40 & three years later shows the smallest "folio" of any in the history of the college. And this is well in keeping with the condition of things, for it was absolutely necessary to scrimp pare down, save and do without, for with all of this possible, even then the head of college 'lobbed' under out of sight occasionally.

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And with the empty treasury, the little catalog, the paucity of the class numbers, the number of the Faculty sympathized, for three years of that time there were but nine names on the Faculty page, and of those some were only Lecturers who sometimes came during the year and sometimes didn't.

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Right here Prof. John Tyler has turned in some questions for me to answer on subjects to dilate upon.

"When were South and N.W. Terraces made? Do you remember the grading of students?"

Back in the 30s the surface of the College grounds was very different from what it was in the 40s when changes were made. Then one could start from present North College & go over the hill where Woods Cabinet is on a tolerably level grade I mean the highway west of Woods Cabinet where there was considerable falling off. At the same time the hill in front of Old South began to fall off very suddenly & steeply about where now the to highest terrace ...

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...begins. I should think it was early '40, beginning with the grade of the present wood steps in front of the Chapel that excavating was begun towards the north say ten feet deep, and the width of the present level between the terrace. Most of the present north & the slope up to the Observatory, & carried on to past where it met the slope going down the hill towards the village common.

This was much of an undertaking more than a thousand loads were carried south to make the present broad terrace where is the road round the Appleton Cabinet, & also the other terraces sloping Southwest & West & Southeast also.

The terrace west & south & Old South was made when the building was erected in 1821, for we all ...

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...remember the early picture of the college where was erected (on paper) South College where now stands Appleton Cabinet. And I well remember that on this plateau where the Cabinet is that there were piles of big stones and waste materials, ready for this other dormitory which then came the place which was occupied in 1850 by Appleton Cabinet.

So the present knoll where now stands Woods Cabinet was partially created by the excavations just mentioned. But tis knoll after 1828 when the First Church became the present College Hall, was just an unsightly place, there being no relics of the holes from which the stones were taken for the foundations of the old church to...

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...put into the creation of the new one, College Hall. And not only these ruins of the old church were there, but the whole hill was common property for anybody to come there and cart away the gravel for highways, filling in for any purpose where gravel was wanted. It was prodigiously unsightly since it was not only a series of holes, but there wasn't a shade of a tree or bush or of scarcely any vegetation.



So also in connection with the grading for the terraces against South College, much earth was taken away from where is now the road running around to west curve of Woods Cabinet. A considerable amount of earth was scooped out...

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...from what is now the road and carried northerly to make a better slope to the south of Woods Cabinet. And in this work in part, is where the students were asked a few times to give a day in grading off this slope. Here many days were spent on this work. I can not remember but I am sure that considerable work was done by the students in that direction.

The carriage entrance to the grounds in those days up to the 60s was by the road going East from the front of the Presidents House about as it does now, only there was a lumbering gate for team traffic posts from the foot path .

Looking at it from the present stand point, I cannot now see...

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...of what earthly use a gate was except the traditional custom of fencing your property and locking the gate. For there was nothing in College grounds which could tempt stray cattle to get away from boys who were driving them to pasture. But the north line of college grounds up to the 70s struck ran along about in south front of Walker Hall and to the road into the grounds ran east & west very near Williston Hall of then ained to the south sharply to reach chapel and the Dormitories, for then there was no building East which needed a road.

And don't we remember how Lucius Boltwood 'stuck' College by demanding \$4000 for that strip of 3 rods wide which we wanted for Walker Hall. However we...

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...got even with the estate when we in the 80s bought the whole of the rest of the property reasonably, as there was no one to bid against us.

Up to the 80s the Highway running north and south between the College grounds & the Presidents House was only 12 feet higher than it is today and the pitch a very steep one to the south and up to & along in the 40s there were two highways kept open from the top of the hill here to about 1/3 a mile towards mill village. One went very near to the present row of houses on the west side of the street giving thus to near the present Kingman Place and there gradually curving to the East just below the Snells.

The other one curved to the East and carried...

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...round to to present houses of John White, Mrs. Tickerman, and then met the other road at the ravine south of the Snells.

I should say that early in the 60s the straight (present) road was first built, the hill cut down considerably & then cut down at some two or three distinct times. This cutting was the death knell of some 20 or 30

big Locust and Buttonball trees which ran from Dan Bartlett's House to Baptist church the few seniors of which are now seen in Mrs. Dan's and the Psi Upsilon properties.

I know nothing of my father bringing trees from Charlemont, tho' he did a great deal about setting out trees in front of Presidents house,...

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...library, & the walk from College Dormitories over to the Presidents House. And yet nearly every one of those trees have fallen victims to 'progress' that is to the renovation & improvements of the grounds. I think the only trees surviving which he set out are those on the curving road southerly near found the Octagon.

Those in front of Chapel and South Dormitory were started by Dr. Vaill & Professor Ayres. I am not certain who set out those in the southwest corner of the grounds down by Boyden and White House.

Oh the walks John, the walks! In 1840 there was no prepared walk in front of buildings, on...

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...over to the Presidents, merely the gravel was occasionally turnpiked a little. And from the Presidents down to the Post Office and mud was all there was to it. This part was the first improvement of this condition. A somewhat general stir was made in the village & I remember that Prof. Fowler & my father & Dr. Vail were 'eminent' in this revolution. And in the front of the Psi Upsilon House & Mrs. Davis & Miss Moses were placed some of the split Pelham granite slabs 3 feet wide, and were almost dangerous because of their roughness. But they did relieve a little from the mud, tho' when frost was really coming out of the ground. Look out on you...

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...settle a corner of a stone a little & away the mud would splash. And yet we had no rubber boots then & but few rubber shoes, only the pure gum ones, and they without form or comeliness.

The next walks built were from North College a little ways towards College Hall. And these so rough & poor that the students finally tore them up.

But one of the early works of my father's administration was the securing & laying the stone walks in front of Dormitories a Chapel. And they are there to day, those shining smooth slabs of Berlin Talcose Slate.

These walks with blinds on the Dormitories were about as...

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...valuable improvements, as anything which my father did. And yet the whirligig of time! Now the blinds are made of kindling wood.

The "necessary buildings" were placed out on the rest of the present Pratt Gym, & around these were planted trees (pines) I should think those were put there before my fathers day :

Just where East College stood and reaching a little East, was a young growth of trees – oaks, birches, & white pines – these all succumbed to that failure, East College Dormitory .

The gymnasium, in the grove, contained about seven or eight pieces of so-called apparatus: one, the "prince" was a high timbered frame like a...

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...gallows, twenty feet high, with one broad swing where two men stood and squatted alternately, thus exciting a vibration, after which the dropping as the weight (of the swingers) reached the lowest part of the circle and rising as the load went up tended to increase the length of the arc of the circle. By side of this swing was a single hanging rope with knots on it for climbing or swinging as the operator desired.

Then there was a "circular swing." This consisted of a very heavy oak timber 28 inches in diameter and about 15 feet high set six feet into the ground. On top of this was an iron pivot inch in diameter upon which was placed with...

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...a bottom socket a cap or cage with four hooks at right angles to each other, on which was hung four ropes reaching to the ground. Upon each of these ropes a man could hang and then run around and swing as much as possible. Sometimes three men working hard would carry around a light fellow with no exertion on his part swinging five or six feet from the ground.

Another use of this apparatus was to stretch a small rope from the upright to a lighter pole outside the ring and then let a man opposite the jumping reach back as far as he could and then run to the cord and leap...

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...over it as high as he could.

Another piece of apparatus was a "low swing." There were two upright pieces of timber about 6 x 6 inches 10 feet apart and a cross piece of the same about 8 feet above. From (to) each angle was attached a rope making a swing which reached down to about 18 inches above the ground. In this we swung ourselves by 'working' as high as we could and then jumping into the tan bark some 10 or 12 feet ahead of us.

There was also a jumping board under the wood horse.

There was also a running track around the grove, just within the shade of the trees...

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...less than a quarter of a mile in length.

Besides this we had a log of soft pine say 10 inches in diameter set up on the ground, and at that we cast javelins, pine or ash poles 13 inches in diameter with an iron point. When the log wore out we put in a new one.

Also we pitched quoits: iron rings 6 to 8 inches in diameter and weighing two to three pounds. A few years ago when workmen were digging for water pipes near the grove, they unearthed some dozen of these quoits. These are now in the resort.

In my days baseball was neither a science nor an art.

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But we played "wicket." On smooth and level ground about 20 feet apart were placed two wickets, pine stick 1 inch square and 8 to 10 feet long supported on a block at each end so as to be easily knocked off. The ball was made of yarn covered with stout leather about 6 inches in diameter and bowled with all the power of the wicket tender at each end. His aim was to roll it as swiftly as possible at the opposite wicket and knock it down if possible. This was defended by the man with a broad bat like this (3 feet long, the oval end about 8 inches) which who must defend his wicket. If the bowler could by a fair...

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...ball – striking twice between the wickets – knock down the opposite wicket, the striker was out. But if the batter could by a direct or side ways hit send the ball sideways or overhead the outside men, they could run till the ball was in the hands of the bowler. But the bowler to get the batter out the bowler must with the ball in his hand known the wickets outwards before the batter could strike his bat outside a line about 3 feet inside the wicket.

The feat in bowling was to dive the ball so smooth & swift that the batter would find it very hard to stop to ball without throwing the ball...

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...into the hands of some of the other side, let it go by, or hit one of the wickets & knock it off from one of its supports.

The feat of the batter was to hold the bat at such an angle that it would drive the ball far over the heads of the other side men, or by a quick & alert movement drive it at right angles to to the wicket line.

This game was played on the lowest part of the "walk" under the trees which now extends from Chapel to the church.

We also had a wide vaulting bar as another piece of apparatus.

As an adjunct or as...

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...a supplement to hygienic appliances we had a "lath house." This was a wooden shell perhaps 20 feet long, 6 broad and 8 to 10 feet high with 5 or 6 compartments in it say 2 to 3 feet wide, 5 or 6 feet deep and 6 feet high. Overhead was a tank which could be supplied from the well by a trough reaching from the spout to the tank.

When a man wanted to take a bath he had to go to the well & draw the water of as many buckets full as he was able and willing to draw, empty it into the trough & then go and strip & pull the string, & get a cold shower bath. This was an establishment previous to my day, but I remember it.

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In this line comes the privy and the urinal. former were a series of brick stalls with a door, & plank perforated with an oval opening say 12 x 8 inches, & this pitched at a steep angle, so that a subject must place himself on the orifice not by sitting but by a bracing of himself by his feet in a crouching posture. There was also a projecting plank made to reach the back of the occupant so that he could not mount the seat? & defile it. Oh the freezing of the defecating of students for the first 40 years of Amherst College life.

There was little or no wood about the edifice for they were so nasty that the students would...

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...continually burn them up.

But the urinals were a disgrace. xxxx

They were unsightly nondescript structures of whitewashed rough boards with no roof, perhaps 10 feet high with 5 or 6 compartments, and the waste allowed to gather below and be soaked up by the soil. There were 2, one behind each dormitory, about 100 feet in the rear and they usually got a a fire and burned up once or twice a year. And not the least nuisance about them was that when we were going around college with our lady friends we were generally asked what those buildings were for.

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The first mention of the price of board is in the catalog for 1822, when it was assessed at \$1.50 per week.

Ten years later 1832 it was board from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per week.

In 1842 \$1.00 to \$2.00 per week.

In 1852 \$0.75 to \$2.00 per week

In 1882 \$1.75 to \$ 3.00 per week

In 1872 \$3.50 to \$6.00

In 1882 \$3.00 to \$5.00

In 1892 \$3.00 to \$6.00

In 1902 \$3.00 to \$6.00

This estimate is not strictly comparable because in the early data it meant Board, Lodging, and room, will later on matters were more or less differently differentiated.

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[Asterisk]

There was one aid however in the shape of furniture and bedding.

College was in possession of a small quantity of bedding & furniture which was loaned without fee to poor students who might apply. This was done through the janitor, each recipient giving a receipt for what he borrowed to be returned when he was through with.

A book of these receipts, probable every receipt that was ever made out is now in possession of the memorabilia alcoves of the library.

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The buildings in the 40s were shabby. Even in carpenters repairs there was sad neglect, & as for paper (on the walls) it was very rarely seen, & generally if a dormitory room was painted it was done by the student himself. The entries were awfully bare and neglected, save that a pretty liberal supply of whitewash was administered all inside the buildings in summer vacation.

The rooms of the students were [Asterisk] simply the walls, a fire place, a lock and key to the door. The windows were very loose and let in any amount of cold air & the entry doors were left to swing all day and all night. Here the students were comfortable...

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[Asterisk]

\* There was also are small recitation room in Old South, in (present) North College.

In both it was no. 3 in the lower floor. The rooms were bare rooms with some wooden fixed benches, a little platform for the teacher and some black boards on the walls.

Each dormitory residence consisted of the main room about 15 X 20 feet and on the dark side 2 called bedrooms about 8 x10 feet, & a [????] closet 4 X 10. And in the upper part of each bedroom door there were two openings near the top about 8 x 12 inches for air and light. Why didn't the inmates suffocate?

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I cannot now understand. But remember there was a long six weeks vacation after Thanksgiving & everything about College was shut and locked up. Even college clock usually was shut down.

The recitation & lecture rooms when I was in College were in the chapel as you enter, one on each side of the hall. \* Then Professor Churchill's room was divided into two for the recitations & lectures, & (the other) for apparatus in Physics.

On the north side of the Hall was the "cabinet" of rocks & minerals extending over what is now the empty room and Professor Symington's Club Room. Then at the east end of the Hall between Symington & Churchill was a...

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...little narrow room 12 feet and 18 long which was a scientific study for my father.

On the next story was the Rhetorical & the Theological Room, occupying the space now held by the small chapel.

Above these two rooms was the Library occupying the whole West and it was lined with shelves which had a doors of wire netting so that the books could be seen but not touched. There were arranged in two stacks, with a gallery so that there was no climbing for the books. But thy were kept carefully locked up for fear of thefts, and yet so far as I can remember, more books were...

*[Continued on page 51]*

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*[Inserted page?]*

Professor Snell was librarian from 1827 to 1852 when Lidia Boltwood took the position in the new building.

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*[Continued from page 49]*

...stolen then than there are now Professor Snell was librarian, & one hour a week the Library was open when we could go & draw books. Here was nothing like a table to consult books or a reading room. And on the wall opposite to the door, was the only semblance of any picture whatever in any recitation or lecture room, the solemn portrait of Dr. Moore the first President of the college.

I will say however that on two occasions we had some home made drawings maps & plans. & models to illustrate Prof. Fiske's history and Prof. Snell's Architecture.

While I was in College the Chapel got a renovation.

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Till then the deck was an old fashioned pulpit with steps going up on either side, and a little platform slightly raised for speakers and on which the extemporized communion table was placed. And till that time the front of the gallery was of plain cheap paneling and the supporting posts to the gallery were simply big logs of wood smoothed off with a little O.S. on the top. Also on the floor there were pews with regular doors, & those in the body of the house only opened on the broad aisle. Tho there were more in the gallery. And except on special occasions no one sat in the gallery but the choir with the big double bass and the four monitors.

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Chapel & Recitation rooms were all warmed by box stoves, about 18 to 24 inches high and wide & 36 inches long with a very large door, and a huge wood box near by. These were intense & rapid heaters.

In Chapel there were two of these each side of the the center door with a long pipe going east over the present aisle, & making a turn and entering the chimney just at the front end of the present Sophomore & Junior seats. The wood used was dry chestnut of which a big lot was gathered & piled away in the cellar at the West End of chapel. And when the janitor was not otherwise occupied he was down there sawing the four foot sticks into 2 lengths.

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For the recitation rooms, hired student went to each recitation room half an hour before the time it was to be used & started the fires. In twenty minutes the room was hot and by the close of the hour the fire was about out. If it did get low on the teacher made the hour long we could put in more wood.

The chapel was not heated in my day for prayers, but in later years I think the fires started before Chapel time.

The Chancel was lighted by two bracketed silver plate lamps on each side of the pulpit. And on the north & south side in cells a tin plaque (oval about 10 x 6 inches contained...

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...a small whale oil lamp with two little round wicks. Also there were two larger lamps, a little more pretensions which hung over the choir seat balancing each other by a cord running through a pulley overhead.

The recitation rooms were also provided with the same kind of wall lamps. And the room for these lamps where oil was kept and they were trimmed was the present closet under the stone stairs which now go up to the side of the chapel .

Each student lighted his own room as he chose, but there was only whale oil and candles then for such use. The organ turners never got into...

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...the better rooms.

And queer enough College Chapel has had no facilities for lighting since those early days of whale oil. In other words there have been in it no audiences requiring artificial light since that time.

Each student procured his own wood. Some Pelham wood dealer was around almost every day and with him the best of wood hickory could be bought all the way from \$1.25 to \$2 per cord.

Each man had his pile near the rear of North & South College, and he could saw a little every day, or get it all sawed at once & carried up at once. And College owned one or two "hods" of a skeleton pattern, which...

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...were generously loaned when the janitors were not using them for the public rooms.

There was a good deal of cheer around those open fires when there was a good bed of green hickory coals. Even before '50 the airtight stove was growing common. But why the College did not burn up the Lord only knows. And the fact is that old North College did burn up because a lounge was left too near the open fire in Dick Mather room 28 Old North 1857, & it is a marvel that it did not sweep the hill.

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The original chemical laboratory I remember as well as I do anything about Amherst College. It was located in the East Basement of College Chapel.



The lecture room and where much of the work was done, was the Southeast Corner which then reached on the East Side to include what is now the bicycle room – from the south. It extended westerly to the door which is now the entrance to the boiler room on the south side. The South half of this room was filled with benches which sloped northerly to the lecture desk and was entered by the class by the south door which is now fastened up.

The northeast corner was the Professors room for special analytical work and had a special door, now the...

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...one which enters the Toilet. Just back west of this room was a room for apparatus. The lecture room also connected with the cellar in the rear West which was really a supplement to the Laboratory. The lecture table was a little to the north of the center facing the south.

Behind on the north was a big open fire place a sand bath above it, and a furnace on both sides of, all communicating with a small hood for carrying off the gases. The floor was birch. There was a sink on the easterly side from which was a drain emptying directly on the ground perhaps 15 feet from College wall. Just think of the pollution of the water!

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In 1858 Williston Hall was built and the old Laboratory was changed to that Hall. The southerly half of the East basement was converted into a mathematical recitation room which was used for several say 10 years. It was dubbed 'Hades' by the students.

The other half of this East end was divided into two rooms which were used by Professor Shepard as work and store rooms since there was no place for either of these necessities in the Woods Cabinet.

Up till about the time when I entered College, that portion of the Chapel cellar now used for coal, was a carpenter or work shop for the accommodation and exercise of the students. I think it did not amount to much. I...

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...got the old lathe that was in it & carried to a back shed at our house where I worked with it and a good many other tools & thus my mother & father kept me out of greater mischief.

The preaching of Pres, Humphrey, your father, and my father was effective and old fashioned powerful. But I don't think Prof. Fiske reached the students as your father did. But I might not have been equal to appreciating it.

But we had preaching twice a Sunday and had to hear it.

There was a general prayer meeting attended only by students on Sunday morning in the old...

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...Rhetorical Room. And in that room at preaching & prayer meetings I have seen some of the mightiest development of religious power anywhere in my life.

Prayers were at 5 o'clock in the summer and 6 in the winter, after which was an hour recitation & then breakfast. Bell for study hours came at eight & we were expected to be in our rooms till eleven when afternoon recitation came. Then dinner and till 2 o'clock when the afternoon study bell rang and we must be in our rooms till 5 for study. Then another recitation then supper.

Study bell for evening...

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...rang at 7. But on Wednesday evening we went to society and Thursday evening to prayer meetings or rather a preaching series led by one of the faculty, which drew out probably half of the college, faculty and all.

I don't think a larger proportion of students boarded themselves in my day than they do now. There were only a very few who did.

My recollections about dress are very vague. I think there were dudes then as well as now, and there were some dirty and mean just as now.

Shawls were in vogue then...

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...somewhat, but I think during the 50s this article was much more worn than during the 40s.

But as the matter of dress never interested me much & my father and mother never had time or thought to give on this subject, I cannot help you much.

One thing however was peculiar & this was that many a fellow had a thick and large old cloak which he threw around his person as he rushed into chapel dining during the last alarm. But there was not much clothing under that garment. Plug hats were not conspicuous among the students.

The social life of college was mainly calls by the...

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...students on the faculty, and an occasional invitation to tea by Faculty & rarely some citizen of the town. South Hadley was a terribly tabooed place, for except to our sisters all that we could see the girls was to call on them at the Seminary, send our names in to Miss Lyon, & then if she thot best we could see the girl, but must be only in the parlor, and in the presence of a teacher who must be a watch over us both in deed and word for a limited call. Occasionally a "buss" load came over to go through the buildings but all under the strict watch of a teacher.

We wore thick boots and a few the rubbers which were...

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...made of pure gum and were quite ugly and expensive.

Hazing was very much in the line of 'dunking,' watering when a man came into the lower door and throwing a pail of water on him.

Also sometimes a bed was wet & it was considered the thing not to notice it, but in 44 one forriner? got wet in his bed and then slept in it. This gave him a cold & he died as a result. This was rather the end of this style of hazing. Another way to squirt water in through the keyhole. Another was for a lot of smokers to go in and smoke the room pill, & make the occupant sick. Sometimes a bomb was placed at the door...

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...and fired by a fuse. One historic prayer meeting was broken up in this way. A kind of disturbance was to put some gum assafoetida [gum asaphoetida?] on the recitation room stove, & so 'stink out' recitation.

Old Fuller a colored man for years kept in Dan Bartlett's house an Ice Cream Saloon, and occasionally the boys got of him wine at least for a spree in their own rooms. He was a sinner and would help the boys on to anything for money & keep quiet about it too. For instance the only 'resurrection' that I ever heard of in Amherst was when a medical student, he Gridley & Fuller, raised 'Gabe Packard.' [Rev. A.D. Gridley was a professor in 1848]

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I was too young & innocent a youth to be a promoter of that affair, but I was allowed to help dissect the body afterwards.

Under the old Boltwoods Hotel – the north side was an Oyster Saloon for many years.

Never a Billiard Saloon in my day.

I do think that we boys studied more in my day than they do now: that is they spent more time over their books, they had less assistance from reference books, plates, plans, diagrams, translations, then they do now, and they were required to be in during study hours, which was a slight inducement to study.

Also the idea of rank was...

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...infinitely more potent with everybody then that it is now. There were no offices or positions then to seek, it was standing or nothing. He did however have to speak in Chapel two or three times each term.

Skating, sliding down hill, chestnutting, and for a few hiring horses were all the chances for fun in my day.

There were precious few lectures and shows or concerts. Our class had the first of the commencement week concerts.

We had three exhibitions in my day and two of those came from way back. Spring, in April and May, summer a little later, often in...

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...the fall an eclectic or academic Ex. And the appointments to these were eagerly sought and labored for and hearts broken to those who were not successful. These were held in College Chapel & the appointment in them of usher & schedule distributor was a high honor. Mock schedules here had their showing. They were most clandestinely & surreptitiously got in, and were vile, prophane, or nasty, or all together.

Abolition lectures occurred only when I was quite a small boy.

There was occasionally a fair of some sort to raise money by, perhaps 2 a year, and a Fourth of July celebration.

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The room of the Society was in North College second story west entry back corner, just in rear of the society of inquiry.

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There was a Natural History Society NLD (Natura Lilei Dei) which was flourishing in the 30s, but which petered out so that we were given the class above us notified Hartwell, Ferguson & myself that they would hand over all their property to us, without initiation or any other ceremony, to do just what we thought best with. We talked over the situation & concluded that it was not best a try to carry it on, but to turn all the specimens over to the cabinets, and the books to the libraries, pass the records to the library where they are today.

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The Society of Religious Enquiry was rather feeble in my time, but more owing to the small numbers in College than a decline in religious interest. It was really a missionary organization, & had a room filled with idols and bric a brac send by missionaries. The room was I think no 5 in Old North the second story southwest corner, very nearly the same place as is now occupied by Professor Cowles quarters. This was adjoining the room of the Natural History Society in Old North, north west common.

When I started in 1845 there were the literary societies, Athenian, Alexandrian, and Social Union...

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...but it was a hard struggle for them to live. College wasn't big enough for three. Athenian occupied the North end of the 4th story of the then middle college Alexandrian was in the 4th south entry south end & Social union in the 4th story north side north entry South College. So in July 1846 by mutual arrangements these three societies they merged their common properties into a common fund paid all the debts of the three & then divided the balance into two parts, books also, & formed Eclectic & Academia, Eclectic taking its room in the upper story south Entry of north (middle) college, &...

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...Academia the upper story north side of North entry cute South College & continued their existence till 1853. But this plan did not bring life from the dead & the two barely tried, meetings were thinly attended and so a sort of interlink was formed, in which neither society should lose its identity but there should be a common bond of regulation & exhibition & debates should be held from time to time at

which an equal number of representatives should appear on the public occasions, known as the Social Union, and the representative societies were Alexandrian and Athenium. At this period the allotment system...

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...was given up & electioneering took place for membership.

As far as I remember the Society libraries were open once each week day from one to two o'clock & were generally pretty well attended by the students.

College library was opened once a week and was not very well patronized, for in cold weather there was no fire.

As far as literary and historical training was concerned the men must have dug it out themselves by thoroughly reading from the Libraries. In ADP there was a tremendously strong pressure for high scholarship and literary culture and the class of 1839 has remarkable in that...

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...ADP had such prominent members in it as Gillett, Herritt, Huntington, Storrs, and Spaulding. And in 40 there were also such men as Arnell, Delano, Geneet, & Spofford. It was partly happening and partly the determination of the society to lead in these directions.

Up to 1840 or thereabouts the room of ADP was 32 South the southeast corner 4<sup>th</sup> story. Then they moved to no 5 middle now north second story north Entry front corner. After that they went down to Adams Block, where they staid until they went into their old Sellon house building say in the seventies.

And they left south College ...

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...because the Psi Upsilon society, located themselves, directly in front of them in the south west corner upper story.

Just about 1845 I suppose the feeling between ADP and PU ran at its highest point. March and Hensham were the exponents of this feeling both declined to give the Valedictory and the parties were intent on its being so. These two men would only just recognize each other as they met on the street and yet there were no demonstrations at all, but a tremendous under current running through college & down town among the ladies, particularly the girls of the faculty.

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The Antivenenean Society was in full vigor from 40 to 50, a pledge against the use of liquor & tobacco. It was presented to the Freshmen & the College President was its President. The Freshies were invited to meet the President & secretary & after the claims of the society were presented the long roll was exhibited and a chance for each man to sign was given, & it really was an undue pressure for there was hardly a man who would dare decline or neglect to sign under the circumstances.

Up to somewhere in the sixties I think, a signature meant a pledge against liquor and tobacco. But then some men were willing to pledge against liquor but would not against...

...rum. So if am pledged against both, the put a star against it meant he went the whole Hog, otherwise only against liquor.

This continued till say the late 70s when the feeling gained ground that from the Faculty having connexion with the society it seemed an unfair pressure upon the men, and so the society was put into the hands of the students entirely.

So it went on perhaps ten years when it died a death of inanition.

Its only tombstone is a long roll (20 feet) of autographs which are lodged with the memorabilia of College.

## NOTEBOOK B/B+

[Notebook B AND Notebook B+: Amherst College Archives and Special Collection, Edward and Mary Judson Hitchcock Collection, Series 2-B, Box 7, Folder 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.]

Edward Hitchcock, Jr., Notebook B

Some Reminiscences connected with the life of Edward Hitchcock

born at Amherst, Mass. on May 23d 1828.

Amherst Mar. 16, 1901

If anybody is to blame for this attempt, it is Professor J. M. Tyler & sundry members of my own family. For to me it is only a scheme to keep me occupied so that I shall not be a burden to my friends with the blues, the little time that remains on earth.

But after all, it does pleasantly stimulate me to bring to my own recollection some of the things of my early & past life, the faces & association or so many people who were good to me, & yet I can't recall a single decent thing which I did before 10 or 12 years old, while the dirty & naughty things I did are as plenty as autumn leaves in November.

However I think I had better first recall some of the houses & lands of my childhood home.

And our home was the house & all the land – and much more – of that which is now Mr. Morris Kingman's. The house was only the plain block house, with no piazza or wings, only the ell which reached out to the barn in the rear. There was land on both sides of the house. On the north was a small house one story which was occupied by Mr. Cooley, the man who took care of my father's land. It was within 40 feet of our house. Somewhere early in the 40's the lean-to was torn down & the whole of the house, with an attached bed room brought within about 15 feet of the kitchen part of the 'mansion' & connected by a covered stairway. The main part of this acquisition was in the shape of a wash room as there was a set kettle in it. There was also in it a large pantry and cheese room for with our many cows my mother made a good many cheeses. I don't know that she ever...

Typescript page 2

...sold many of them, but she would occasionally send a whole cheese or a quarter to some relative or friend.

In the north end of this old attachment was a room nice and large for summer occupancy. This was my room, & in summer it was a blessed spot for me as my mineralogical cabinet & small library was there, and I had a front door so that all my friends come & see me without going through the house.

In that room were some of happiest, sweetest, simplest & most valuable experiences of my life. In that room it was where George Harrison Newhall, a ward of my father & a graduate of '45, used to come &

see me, pray with me, & there he led me to Christ if any man ever did that anywhere. There was a buoyancy & freedom of my life in that old house, that I never have got anywhere else in my whole life.

And there was an ell to that, an old bed room of about 15 feet square where I had the shop. In this was a clumsy old wooden turning lathe, & a workbench with many carpenters tools – a few I have still – in which I was occupied a great many bours, which otherwise might have been left me to waste or grow naughty in, for I was never a reading boy, tho' always a 'doing something' boy.

The homelot extended back to & including a small corner of the grove, which is now that corner – North East – which contained about one quarter of an acre & on it were a few large white pine trees. And to make the thing complete I gave it to college. And of the few gifts which I ever made to anybody or anything in this world this was the least appreciated. For it was only a little corner which wasn't worth much, & was of no great benefit to the college at present, & would only be valued... *[See notes in pencil on typescript...incorrectly copied?]*

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...by them in case it should happen to fall into the hands of an evil disposed person. Outside our family I don't believe there were 6 persons who knew I gave it. Everybody would naturally suppose that it was originally Hallock's land & that he gave it with the Park.

But my intent was clean & pure & It was one of the trifles which we all have to contribute which make no ripples on the great sea of life.

Hallock Park. In that lot were some famous apple trees, one especially, just west of the railroad bridge, where some early red apples, which every boy in town knew of & had his share of despite the consequences of eating green apples.

There was also a brook – still is – which ran directly across the lowest part of that lot. That brook was one of the joys of my early life. My parents made no objection to my doing or being in that brook all I wanted to. And my making dams, & water wheels etc. are delightful reminders of what real and healthful play was. I never caught cold in playing there, tho, was wet through & through much of the time of my brook farming.

There were many apple & pear & peach trees. Again & again we had to put 20 barrels of apples in the cellar, & carry through to winter & spring fully a half of them out dead rotten. And yet we were always directed to pick out the part rotten apples – & cut out the rot, when we wanted apples to eat. We had fall greenings nicer than those we have now for the essential reason that there were no worms in them. I remember a small fall...

Typescript page 4

...russet, which I have not seen for years. And there was a great tree which bore only small sweet apples, not big enough to cook or bake, but sound, hard, and sweet, & which ripened about Thanksgiving. These made the sweet cider for vinegar, & it is less than ten years that we had vinegar made from those apples. There was not a worm or imperfection, but solid to the core, & many of them distinctly showed the fine parted condition of the flower. Of pears there were but a few. One was a mealy kind of fruit which I & Mary always specially liked.



But Peaches! Oh the abundance! Couldn't give them away. And one of my chores was to give the Pigs a certain allowance of them so many times a day. My! I can hear the hogs crunch the stones even now!

Plenty of currants, but few raspberries. No strawberries except the wild ones which beat the garden ones in flavor. No grapes in early childhood save the wild ones from the woods.

My father cultivated the land only to raise grass & hay, & not the ordinary succulent crops or grain.

He owned land south of the Home on the east side of the street now partly owned by Mrs. Mary Billings Dickinson. There were at least 30 acres of it. That (one third perhaps) lying close to the street was cultivated & laid down to grass; but the large part of it was a great pasture reaching half a mile east. To this I had to go for the cows every night & how sure they would be to be at the further end of the lot when it was near sundown. There was a lane which ran from the street on the north line of Foster Cooks land clean over to East Street, & was nothing but a lane. I think it was discontinued about 1800.

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That pasture had in it a lot of Walnut-Hickory trees, & it gave us all the beautiful nuts we wanted & many more too. And we never hindered a college student from going down there & filling his pillow case. And there always were more to follow.

I remember with Rev. Charles Temple '45 to have mowed over the whole of that pasture one summer vacation, & we enjoyed it too. What Temple got I don't remember, but my father gave me the first book on Human Anatomy that I ever owned for this work.

Somewhere in '38 to '40 my father built the Octagonal Cabinet in our south yard. It must have been 35 to 40 feet from the main house. The yard however was separated from the house by a drive about 20 feet wide. The door from it opened on the north side & so it remained till after father resigned the Presidency, when it was turned a quarter round & connected to the main house by his study and bedroom, as it remains today, & moved a little to the East.

That Cabinet was a joy to me. For it was chock full of rocks & minerals & my father gave me full swing in it. Specimens kept coming in from all over the world, & very few went out, so that there was hardly room to step around inside. How much I enjoyed & how much I learned about rocks and natural history from this fine experience, & yet how much good has it furnished me for my work in the mature days of 35 to 65 years old? What did that go for Physical Education?

Close by the Cabinet as it first stood in the yard, for some years I had a rabbit pen which greatly interested me, & kept me out of mischief.

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In 1845 to 54 the home was rented to Rev. Mr. Tyler & Prof. Haven when the family lived in the President's house. And in 1855 my Father returned to it. But then I was a resident of Easthampton, & only from time to time spent a little while there when some of the family came over from E. Hampton.

Our neighbor next on the North (the Cooley house excepted) was Professor Fiske. He was a solemn staid unemotional man, learned in Greek Literature writing the book known as Kai Gar, because the Professor was so particular about the little Greek Particles. There was nothing to draw a child to him much less a rough boy.

I had very little to do with him in College as he died my sophomore year. But he examined me for admission to the Church Freshman Year & I can never forget his sanctity, stolidity, repulsion inspiring as he asked me not talked, about sanctification regeneration etc.! What could I a 16 year old boy know about such high themes! But in this connexion I well remember that I committed to memory the creed & covenant of College Church then.

Mrs. Fiske was totally different from the Professor. A little woman, smiling, approaching you interestedly, but easily, with a kind remark always, & when we were in the house we were apt to get something good to eat. Helen (Mrs. Helen Hunt) & Annie were the only two children, and they and we (our children) played together a great deal. We didn't have picnics...

Typescript page 7

...in those days, but we went out in the woods together.

Annie was a tender little girl but Helen was tough and hardy, I and wrestle or fight at almost anytime or any body. She was however a good scholar & very intelligent girl, but showed no special brilliancy so far as I remember. I had constant squabbles & fights with her. But there was one episode in her life which I must draw out a little. Mary Snell was a younger & very much more quiet girl than Helen. But they were good friends & much together. And Helen loved to go ahead of Mary. So one day Helen took into her to head to go over to Hadley with Mary, saying nothing about it to anybody. And they had not returned till after dark, & of course there was a great stir. But late in the evening some Hadley people turned up with the girls, & I guess if Helen ever got a spanking it was then. And as a penalty she was locked up in her room which looked out on the street. And she was confined there a good deal for that & other misdemeanors, & we could see & talk with her at the window as we went by. And we boys soon gave her the name of 'Hadley Team'. And oh how mad I have made her by shouting Hadley team to her as I went by.

Next north of Prof. Fiskes in my earliest recollection was a little shoe shop, and I think it was kept by a Mr. Field who lived in the next house north now occupied by Trott (Traut?). This building however became a little school house, where we little children attended school as it was taught by Miss Emily & Julia Nelson, daughters of a Rev. Mr. Elder Nelson a...

Typescript page 8

...retired Baptist minister who occupied the Trott House upon the departure of Mr. Field & Family. We boys used to call the Old Man "Puppy Nelson."

All I can now remember of the children who attended this school were the Snell, Fiske, and Hitchcock children.

The next house north was a brick one (now Lintells). It was built in my recollection by a Mr. Smith a South Amherst Farmer who was a great lover of Classics, & learned a great deal of Greek by leaving his Greek Book at the starting point of his furrow & taking on some paradigm or rule that he wanted to learn, & go it over and over, till he got around again in his ploughing and then taking on another lesson.

He had a large family & some considerable means, & wanted to educate well his children. The children were Louise, Mary Jane my sister Mary's great friend almost to her own death, Bell, Charlie, Henry & George. The boys never amounted to any thing. The girls were all respectable teachers.

The next house north was the one now occupied by Dan Bartlett. Mr. Thurston a house and sign painter was the owner. He had two very fine daughters of good education & refinement for those days. They were a little older than my sisters, & were a very attractive pair for college students. There was also a boy Henry of about my age, with whom I played & bedeviled more than with any of my companions at that age, & yet it was deviltry more than mean or dirty tricks.

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I went (with) him to the town school one term & the Academy, & about the time I entered College he disappeared, & I did not hear of him for 25 years, when he said he was coming to Amherst. And he set out but died on the way. He lived out in the middle west.

The next house north now owned by Mr. Morse, was occupied by three or four families, the most conspicuous of which was Dr. Dorrance. He had one daughter a very pretty girl with whom I used to be a good deal just before I entered College, and perhaps afterwards. She had a son Ollie (Oliver). There was then in front of that house & up to the Presidents a row of big button ball & locust trees. And the line went on after passing the President's house northerly. The line was not in a row with the street, but probably followed the original path or road. One of these trees is now on the corner of the Northampton Road another in front of Mrs. Dan's and another (2) in the Psi Upsilon Yard.

In the Presidents house was Sarah one of my companions Prof. Neills aunt who died at Pittsfield a few years ago. She, Hannah Durrance & I & John Sanford were very familiar as we all went to the Academy together. Sarah was the most mature & steady of the crowd & became a most interesting woman. Zephaniah Impure was an older brother graduating 2 years before I entered college. But to me he was a nice fellow. There was an older brother sonny who I remember died on a fourth of July morning.

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President Humphrey was an austere man. Old style Puritan in his life. He was righteous & solid but not complaisant or approachable. It is said of him that very often when a student was ushered into his study, that if he was not entirely at leisure, he would instantly the man opened the door, say "what do you want" without the civility of inviting him to a chair. And while he was thoroughly respected as an official he was not what we should call a popular President.

Mrs. Humphrey too was not an attractive person to children entirely different from the sweet manner & words of Mrs. Fiske. But the husbands of both were a well matched team, pulling steadily under the yoke & never kicking in the traces.

And President Humphrey preached the funeral discourse for Professor Fiske.

Now I come back to the old home & will go south. And the first thing was Bakers big barn & sheds with the yard full of cattle right on the street. The big doors on the north end opened right towards our house, & how plainly I can see the hay mows [*mews?*] above & the cattle stalls below. And then in early fall & winter even now I can hear the flails of one two or three men threshing rye & wheat. And then the farming mill as it blew the chaff out of the door. And I can see George & Enos Baker pumping water in the barn yard for the cattle to drink. But my! Just think of it a well within the limits of a barnyard where fifty cattle spent the day, & where the piles of manure gathered all winter & the soakage went into the

ground, the cows drank the water and we ate the milk & the butter. But those things were not thought of then.

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*[sequence confusing here; I've moved things around]*

The earliest I can remember about travelling facilities was the stage route through Amherst between Hartford & Hanover. This may have been 1833 to 1835. Then it was up one way & down the other. on alternate days. \*\*\*\* The horses were changed at Boltwoods (Amherst House).

The next progress in travelling accommodations was a stage to Palmer & back every day to meet the Western RR trains.

There was another stage route from Albany to Boston originally by the Bay Road but in my earliest days it ran through Amherst & not down under the mountain striking the Bay Road this side of Belchertown. I took my first stage ride on this road when I left Amherst early one summer morning with Prof CB Adams and went by stage to Worcester and there to the Boston & Worcester. We got there some time in the afternoon & there took the B & W cars for Boston. They were the English style of coaches in compartments and I think it took us three hours to go from Worcester to Boston.

In the 50s soon after the A. B. & Palmer RR was completed to Amherst a stage route was in existence from Amherst to Grouts Corner. There we took the Vermont and Mass RR to Boston. And this was a favorite route for us. One stage up and one stage back each weekday.

Images page 1

"Sambo Coon" was a character in and about college I should say between 1840 to 1855. He was always and old Darkie with no education at all and how he managed to keep soul and body together I don't know except that he occasionally sawed wood and carried it up for the students. He frequently wandered about the dormitories picking up what odds and ends the students might throw out. And the favorite pastime of the students was to observe when he came under the windows and then throw a pail of water on to him. And sometimes they tempted him by putting on the stone steps old shoes a coat pair of pants or something of that sort and then see him maneuver to get that garment and the least water at the same time. For some time there would be two students at each door and two at the window above and each one with a pail of water for Sambo.

Images page 2

I remembered (never heard?) that the students put him down the well and let him hang there by a rope.

David Warren was another character belonging to the history of Amherst College. He must have been born before the college was as his father Phineas Warner (Uncle Phil) lived in the old square house on the common where now is the Beta Theta Pi house. The father was a very frugal and proper [?] person and thrifty farmer owning all the land over to East Street, now called Faculty Street. David was on college grounds and surroundings a good deal. He put down carpets, cleaned rooms, ran errands for the boys, made lemonade for their occasions, and I guess was not above helping them to get liquor or maneuver many of their escapades and much deviltry.

But Dave was a most generous...

Image page 3

...hearted fellow and would do anything to help anybody in town or in the College. But he had no thrift or character and ran out his whole farm long before he died...say about 1890.

David Parsons was a peculiar and really a wonderful man 50 or 60 years ago. He was the third line of descendant of David Parsons the old parson of the First Congregational Church. He lived in the house now occupied by Henry Utley next west of the Amity Street School House.

He was a machinist general jack of all trades and specially those pertaining to metal work and was for those days a fine workman. He was a paragon of clockmakers and he did make them, cutting the gearing out of sheet brass. He did something also with watches.

But he was invaluable to college...

Image page 4

...in the repair and care of Prof. Snell's apparatus, and my father's chemical fixtures and works. Also the locks and keys and of old College clocks. Even in the preparation of mineral slabs he was the director and promoter of their mounting and position in their present places.

The scientific collections and science instruction in my day were of much more value than they were given credit for then...The trend of everything then was to literature, classics and mathematics, tho in the order of classics first. Just think of cramming eight or ten pages for a weekly recitation in Kai Gar, a book utterly unfit for a students textbook to begin with & then to a large part of the class uninteresting as your father brought out in his recitations and lectures the subject in a decidedly attractive way. And yet the gathering of the collections of Adams Shepard and my father was a matter of intense general interest tho the studies were not pursued in the Laboratory method then at all.

Prof Adams brought the best collection of shells then in existence this side the Atlantic. And he had the first and open field for the conchology of the West Indies & practically held the field till his sad death. Then he gave a course of lectures on conchology which not even Agassiz could come up to & which were the sum & substance of what I gave for several years while the science courses were being prepared for your (J.M.T.) work many years later. Those lectures were to my mind the best prepared and arranged lectures which we heard while in college.

\*\*\*\*\* And the collections in Appleton Cabinet as he got them in shape before he died were just superb. And think of those thousands of labels of shells which were every one written & placed on their trays by the man himself, for he had precious little help from anyone. Occasionally a student did some common work. But he stuck to his work day & night & many was the night when his light in No 5 South College was the last one out. But he neglected himself & his family & he died of fever (yellow).

Typescript 12

Prof Shepard was his counterpart in almost everything. Adams was valedictorian & Shepard not specially gifted in general scholarship tho even a master of the choicest & most refined language. I think his father moved to Amherst from Little Compton, R.I. about 1821 & they lived for years in the house which always went by the name of the Shepard House on the present Chi Psi site.

Prof Shepard's collections of minerals and meteorites was as fine & unrivalled as was Prof Adams shells bugs & animals. It was more of a jewel & ornament to the college than were the shells. And then Prof S was such a polished & ornate gentleman that the lift he gave the college was not inconsiderable. And the meteorites it was credibly affirmed were equaled by no collection anywhere save at the British Museum. And he did constantly keep on adding beauty after beauty and gem after gem all the time for everybody's delight.

Prof Shepard's entertainment were glowing, when he gushed & glowed all over with a disquisition upon the Octagonal trigonal icositetrahedron or some such theme.

He was an example of a most intelligent enthusiast in the work of his life. And both he & his sister Mrs. Lucius Boltwood did an immense deal in the refining influences of Amherst & town society. And as he went to Europe certainly as often as once in two years he kept up & imported to us all a little of the foreign distingue air of living. Prof S never went to prayer or faculty meetings. And he once remarked to me that religion was only a veil. a very thin veil that a person threw over himself.

But his real instruction in science to the students was not...

Typescript page 13

...great. He had such a gift of polished verbiage & he had travelled in Europe so much that he gave delightful lectures which anybody would like to hear. And his facial manner was such that he always attracted the students & others to hear him. He would have a story to tell about many of his specimens which was as interesting often as was the pretty stone itself.

A good deal of my fathers help to the college came from the fact of his being the very early one of the State geologists & the discoverer of the science of ichnology. And the securing of the state collection of rocks & minerals & the missionary collection gave much zest to his department. & prestige to the college in those early days. And the gift of the Woods & Appleton Cabinets were very much due to his exertion & friendship directly & indirectly with the men who gave them. His class work was fertile not by the hard work he made the students do but by the many illustrations & specimens which he could show & the fact that he had discovered many of these things himself.

His discoveries of the Tracks set him up well outside of college with scientific men. But his book & lectures on the Religion of Geology established a wide reputation for him on both continents. But he did not like the discipline of college students nor the discussions & scimmages with his Faculty when he was President. Faculty Meetings shortened his life & would have killed him had he not got out of the Presidential chair.

One peculiarity of my father ought to be remembered by his college friends for to much of his success that feature was a leading power. He inherited a despondent humiliating temperament from his mother. They depreciated their abilities & power & worthiness to a...

Typescript page 14

...very great & wrong degree. In anything except trifles I never got a decided yes or no in my requests from him. If it were to my going somewhere, he would say, now, if we can get the money and everything is favorable and your mother thinks best, perhaps I can start you. He was timid & self distrustful & then was not sure that the Lord was on his side & he would often say I don't think we shall succeed or it is

hardly worthwhile to try & yet he would go to work exactly as if he knew he would succeed. He was timid but hopeful. In begging for money & he did a lot of it. He generally told the approached that he didn't really suppose he would help him but the need was great & he need not fear to refuse the request.

During his administration my father saw gathered in to the college money & educational appliances to the amount of \$100,000 and in those times it was a big sum. And he got it because everybody saw he was honest self-sacrificing & zealous in a very modest and diffident way. And he did get hold of the money of such men as Amos & Abbott Lawrence J B Woods Samuel Williston John Tappan R. P. Waters & the like.

Here is an incident. When a boy 8 or 10 years old I went with him in the old green wagon to Springfield. He attended to the business & was just standing on the sidewalk on Main St when he slipped & struck the back of his head on the sidewalk. He supposed very naturally that he was seriously hurt. But he started along & he remarked that he didn't think he would survive the accident for he had probably broken his skull. So we rode mournfully along up to Chicopee when we reached a quarry where he had once found some footprints but it was up a lane some 25 rods from the Main St. He stopped the horse & said to me You may sit here while I just run up & look for those tracks I once saw here. I waited I should think 20 minutes when I followed him up & found him getting out some specimens I remember it was...

Typescript page 15

...long after dark when we got home but I never heard another word about the broken head.

*[Sequence confusing here; I've moved things around]*

Image 23

"Why did Amherst College graduate in all its poverty as good and strong men and some as good scholars as it ever since has done?"

"Because the people had a mind to work" says the bible.

They wanted the benefits of a college education and chose Amherst as the place to get it at. They felt that college could give them...

*[continued from image 7 above]*

...something and they came here to get an education and more surely came to have a good time and every home a college diploma.

And yet in those days and up until the 80s[?] there was an everlasting lot of swapping colleges – men going from us to the other and then coming from others to us.

But as I look back to the old times and even more recent ones I do not find those men who were disgruntled and traded were among the ablest and strongest graduates.

Student devilry and depravity was as great then as now.

I have in my pocket at the moment a paper apparently voluntarily drawn up and signed by a large part of a class not far from 1850 in which they deplored the troubling of Freshmen and pledged...

Image 19

...themselves as Sophomores not to disturb or molest Freshmen. And yet there was a small party composed of some of these very men – and one of them is now a shining light, who went out on a dare one night and broke freshman windows to the tune of more than \$50. And yet at that time all such breakages were charged upon every man in college as "public damages."

Why in time we had not pluck and stuff enough to rise up and scream we wouldn't pay any such bills. And would find out the men and make them suffer.

Our class got together and by a bare majority voted that while we would not tattle volunteer information about class abuse, we would if questioned by the faculty tell all we knew about such malfeasance.

It did check the business but it...

Image 20

...made those of us who took the stand the most unpopular men there ever were in college. We were called Faculty Dogs, and had to watch when going in to the hall doors or we should get a bucket of water on our heads.

College laws in our day expressly forbid eating and drinking in all rooms. And as there was no saloon or place in town where we could go and have a little something occasionally there was something "sneaked in."

For instance at the annual initiations of ADP we always had a little something to eat. But it was a military campaign to get the 'fodder' in. Old Mrs. Ferry who kept boarders always helped us to the provisions and held her tongue. And the way we got it in was in the late evening for two of us to load the basket and then get it up as far...

Page 21

...as the east side of Woods Cabinet and then lie down in the grass with it till we got a signal from the second story that the way was clear and we could rush it across and get it in and no [????] nor College.

Only once in my course did I go to a convivial occasion where there was any liquor and that was only Malmsey wine.

Jim Richards roomed in the northeast corner of old North invited us up to his room to do it, and there I remember Dr. G. M. Manning and Jim Harris besides myself were present. We only drank a little wine and kept very still for the partitions in that building were very thin and would tell tales.

As the laws were very strenuous against convivialism of course there were provocations to break them. And stories are rife of roasting...

Image 22



...Turkeys and chickens and a large open fireplace conducted to that end and I have reason to believe that it was often done though I never participated in one.

There was one fellow in my day who threw a stone at a flock of Moses Dickinson's turkeys which often wandered into college territory and killed one. Then he took an old cloak and threw it over his head picked up the dead turkey and brought him to his room and afterwards cooked him and had a feast.

There was a bugaboo story about an underground room in North College nicely finished off for convivial parties. It was in the northeast corner. The room on the first story was unoccupied and a 'Whately Smith' roomed in the second story.

Image 23

The wooden closet in the first story was just about wide enough to run a ladder from the second story to the cellar and was secured by a trap door in Smith's room. I myself went into this room when it was discovered. It was not at all inviting but merely the bare walls and a very small floor. It evidently never had been used but the proprietors evidently had occupation in preparing it, and I doubt if they ever really expected to use it for a supper. But it was the fad then to get even with the college laws.

The end

Typescript page 1

(copy of long hand notebook of E. Hitchcock)

1845-49

Amherst College in 1845 was under the management of 17 Trustees who controlled the financial affairs of the institution, and the appointment of their own officials and the officers of instruction and discipline. These are now no longer living.

There was also a Board of Overseers of the Charity Fund of seven different men who have all passed away.

The Faculty at this date consisted of a President, 5 Professors, one Instructor, one Tutor, and one Lecturer.

There were then 118 students all told:

26 seniors

23 juniors

35 sophomores

34 freshmen

the smallest sum total of students in the institution after it became a college.

The buildings at that time were the Chapel, North College (destroyed by fire in 1857), Middle College, South College, and College Hall, the first erected, and exactly as it was when the first building, old South, was erected.

Besides these there was a dry privy about 15 rods south east of old South and a urinal about 6 rods to the rear of South and Middle College (each).

The public rooms of this date were almost all of them in the Chapel building. The chapel was of precisely the same shape and arrangement as it is today. The front gallery was given to the choir which consisted of from 12 to 15 students. The four monitors sat on the north and south gallery, and if per chance there were any visitors they sat in the two side galleries.

There were four buildings that constituted the college in 1845: the Chapel North, Middle and South College. The Chapel hall has been very little altered in its general uses and appearance. The upper west third story contained the library, which was opened twice each week. The second story, which is now given to music and smaller meetings, was then divided into the Rhetorical and the Theological Rooms. The Rhetorical Room on the south side was used for rhetorical practice, some recitations, and most of the week-day religious meetings, while the Theological Room on the north side was for senior recitations in the main. The two front rooms, on the first floor, were respectively the Latin and Greek room in which were held all the exercises in these two rooms, although the South room always went by the named of Professor Tyler's room.

In the rear of this entry on the north side was stored the Natural History collections, and here were held all lectures and recitations in the Natural Sciences except the chemistry. And it was here that...

Typescript page 2

...sundry meetings and lectures were given when other rooms were occupied. The whole of the south side of the first story of the Chapel up to the south entry was in Professor Snell's care, and used for the greater part for the mathematics of the College and the Natural Philosophy, as it was then called. The west end of it however was partitioned off and furnished with glazed cases in which were neatly stored away the nice philosophical apparatus, much of which was invented and constructed by Professor Snell, and was one of the show rooms to which visitors were admitted when looking through.

The whole east half of the basement of Chapel was devoted to the Chemical Laboratory. It was divided into three rooms, the south east portion of which made the lecture? room, the whole southern part of which was filled with benches for the class at lectures, and the rest was the working laboratory. The rest of this half of the story was for apparatus and storing rooms. The classes entered by the South Door and the Professor by the North East, where was the lavatory and urinal for the last few years.

The west half of the basement was used (one room) as a carpenter's work shop for the janitor and also for a place of exercise in carpentry for such students as liked this kind of exercise, and many a nice thing was gotten up there by Professor Snell and his apt students.

The whole of the west end of the cellar was the woodshed of the Chapel, and all the chapel heating was accomplished thereby? as we had no coal then.

In the present North and South Colleges were also some public rooms. In the upper story of Middle College (now North) was a room which went about three-quarters of the depth of the building. This was

occupied by the Athenian Literary Society and its Library. In the rear (east) was the small single room of the Librarian.

On the second story of this north entry of Middle College was in front the room occupied by the Alpha Delta Phi Society and in the rear the custodian of the same society.

On the ground floor of this same entry was a recitation room occupied mainly for freshman and sophomore recitations in mathematics.

## NOTEBOOK C

[Notebook C: Amherst College Archives and Special Collection, Edward and Mary Judson Hitchcock Collection, Series 2-B, Box 7, Folder 29 and 30.]

### Notebook C

Of the present Hallock Park my father at his death was possessed of the northeast corner perhaps half an acre. He bought it because he wanted some of the original timber on his estate. When he died it came to me. The balance of it was secured by William Hallock who gave it to college. And when he had given 9/10ths of the whole grove, I felt I ought to give the balance to the college. And I did.

Only I had a freak and reserved the two largest pine trees which wanted to put into lumber which I could work up into something to commemorate the old grove where I had spent so much happy time.

It was sawn into good clean lumber (boards inch thick) but it all went I don't know where.

Image 2 page 23

We ate the milk and the butter. But those things were not thought of then and so we had diarrhea, dysentery, typhoid and such.

The barn was probably 100 feet north of the house the old square house which is altered but very little from its original save the ell which I should think was added in the 50s for George and his wife to begin housekeeping in.

Old man and Mrs. Baker were of the kind that always got along with boys well enough. They didn't mind if we ran through their garden or picked up an apple as we went along. Old man Baker used to have a saddler shop in the back part of the yard where now the railroad runs and I spent many an hour up there.

Old Mrs. Baker was good and kind if not of the literary order. Once it may have been in '42 I was at...

Image 3 page 24

...work papering my mother's bedroom. She came into the house, perhaps for a call, and as she saw me doing what I was, remarked "well you are quite an ingénues young lad!"

Through Mr. Baker's yard and from his barn towards the west there was a lane which served to guide his cows and cattle from the barn to their pasture. This was almost a highway to Baker's grove to which a great many people town and students were in the habit of going for an outing. Students used to rehearse their declamations down there a great deal. It is now Hallock Park. It was a place where the town frequently had a picnic. My didn't the lemonade taste good down there. This was directly west of our home lot. So that we were in there very often.

Image 4 page 25

Between the Baker house and the Smells on the south was a nice large garden of the Bakers. It was always full of flowers and small fruits. The Mass. Central Road railroad now takes its place.

The Snell's house so far as I remember is altered as little as any of the houses in town since my boy days. Professor Snell always kept it in order and painted. The top porch however was added some years after I left college.

Professor Snell was not of the kind to please children. He was too precise, methodical and exact order. His girls never jumped capered or laughed aloud. But they were serious well-behaved and orderly without a kink of any sort. My you ought to have seen them go to church as regular steady and step taking together as if...

Image 6 page 26

...were not even soldiers but machines. Mrs. Snell was not like Mrs. Fiske to draw or please children but they always were suppressed in her presence.

Rebecca was almost my age. We just to go to the little school together so I drew her home on the sled often. And we were engaged. For we once agreed on a good sledding day that we would be married and go to Jerusalem together. But she got to the New Jerusalem at least 65 years before I shall. Martha Snell it seems to me was the most attractive of all the girls and she died soon after she was engaged to Mr. Kelsey.

Professor Snell had a workshop up in the back part of his house, and I was occasionally permitted to go up into it specifically when his brother William was there at work. Professor Snell made some most...

Image 8 page 27

...curious and ingenious pieces of mechanical apparatus showing vibrations of sound light etc. and he made very many of the machines used in his lectures to illustrate physics.

Professor Snell up to his death was the most regular attendant upon the Thursday evening prayer meeting that I can remember and yet I don't recollect half a dozen times when he made remarks though occasionally he offered prayer. He and old Mrs. Ballentine were always there.

Just south of the Smells is the ravine and brook where I spent many a happy hour playing in the water and making whistles from the willow sticks of the old trees.

There was no Magill, no Lincoln house – further south – when I was a small boy. And the next house was a very old one where now is the Betsy Green house...

Image 10 page 28

...the next south to the Smells, and facing the east. It was always a very old house and the occupants there free and easy people Mrs. Clarke Green.

It seems as though the front door was always open for we walked in and out of that kitchen without knocking always. There was one of those tremendous fireplaces in the kitchen and we were always welcome to the house. I should guess that the house was torn down before the 60s.

Now I come back north and towards the old house. And on the east side of the road below the brook in my earliest remembrance was a two-story bleak and unpleasant looking house which I remember as occupied by Mrs. Jacobs, a feeble old lady and her son a great big 6 footer. Bill Jacobs, who was somebody to me because he used to ring the church bell at noon and nine o'clock and it was nuts to me to go in to see and hear...

Image 12 page 29

...and ring the old bell which is now on the Baptist Church. The house was one with a window pane gone here and there, a clapboard more than occasionally loose. "Bill Jacobs" is a character in one of Helen Hunt's books.

Later the Spofford family lived in this house. The father was a retired clergyman, son Richard in college, a son Henry also in college was later judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana and Ainsworth Spofford now Librarian of Congress. Except Ainsworth they were not my companions but older.

Right about where now is the Mass. Central Railroad was a little one-story red house with a short ell. In that lived an old couple Nahum Aldrich and his wife. He was a rheumatic man but he and his wife did much washing for students. They were...

Image 14 page 30

...very seldom seen in the streets but everybody ran in to see them at all hours of the day. When Professor Tuckerman erected his house he bought out the Aldrich's and their old house was moved up in his rear from his gardener's house. And it is an interesting historic fact that very near where this old house was built was the very first house ever built or occupied in Amherst.

Right where the Tuckerman house now stands in my earliest recollection was a medium-size wooden two-story house with an ell running eastward and a large barn northeast of the house. And the barn was equally conspicuous from our home with the house. It was moved (and bought) by my father down south a few rods and is now the house owned by Mary (Billings) Dickinson and the land to which it was moved...

Image 16 Page 31

...was owned by my father. He fitted it up and with enough land sold it to a retired Baptist minister I should think say 1855. And in putting it in condition he took away the small porch which was at the old home and substituted it for a piazza in front as it now is. And at the same time he pulled up the cabinet nearer to the house and connected it with the study and bedroom which are there to this day. A Mr. Artemas Thompson I think lived in this across the way house at any rate he died in 1857 and I am sure before this time he was there with wife and a daughter, now Mrs. Enos Baker. Eaton Thompson and Williams Moore Towne Thompson his two sons. I have a very indistinct recollection of Mr. Thompson, but remember perfectly well Mrs. Thompson who became...

Image 18 page 32

...Mrs. Benjamin and Mother of "Dwight" my protégé who was born after his father died.

Bill Thompson who is now still alive somewhere out west was one of my constant playmates till I went to college.

This old house by the way was a hotel long before my day for I remember to have seen in the garret there the old swinging signboard and the two old elms now standing there were then exactly in front of the hotel.

I remember perhaps till I was 10 years old that Mrs. Thompson's brother Moses Dickinson on old bachelor lived in the southwest front room. He was a cabled old fellow and played the bass viol.

And oh don't I remember Bill Thompson's golden sweet apple trees which were a little to the left of Mrs. Tuckerman's horse carrier.

Image 20 page 33

I can't remember ever since to have seen yellower or sweeter golden sweets than these were, and they supplied the neighborhood.

Oh the crooked and narrow lane that lead from Bill Thompson's barn down to his pasture. Just a cow path, in wet times as muddy as could be and in any time a hard trodden narrow path which the cows hooves made hard and smooth. I used to go down that lane half of the time to get my cows though I had to come home up a longer way. I remember how long those summers used to be: so many times to go after those cows. And almost everybody on the street clear up to Dr. Humphrey's used to have a cow pasture down our way for there were no roads then going west from Lintels or Muss Snell's.

In the present John White's house – then Judge Dickinson's – was another companion Walter...

Image 22 page 34

...Mason Dickinson. An honest and clean boy and of very fair promise though nothing brilliant. He didn't go to school very much but worked on the farm. He is still alive 1906 a sort of retired foreman of repair shops on the Southern Railroad.

These then were my boyhood companions. And I look back with wonder to see what a lot of good simple and clean boys they were. None of them were nasty in talk or conduct. Though we often had examples from older fellows with whom we were more or less brought in contact. We didn't swear nor fight. I can't remember that we ever quarreled. If we ever did naughty things they were such as disturbing meetings or being disorderly in singing and Sunday schools. And I think we were sometimes mean and teasing with our sisters and the other girls...

Image 24 Page 35

About my school life. Whether the first was at the little shoe shop or upstairs at home under aunt Louisa Billings I can't say. The little shoe shop was on the side of the Muzzy house. There are no vivid recollections of this school life more so than my engagement with Rebecca Snell. Emily and Julia Nelson were the teachers and my memories of them are pleasant. Just how we worked or were managed I don't remember except that we never had any singing.

I do have unpleasant memories of Aunt Louisa. She was a stern black-eyed Puritan old maid. She never attracted us in any way. She compelled us to mind, sit up straight and still but did nothing to make

matters of any kind pleasant. I have no doubt we were restless and uneasy, for there we were three of us in that little room with a red-hot box stove with bad air and long hours. I know that very

Image 26 page 36

Frequently after she dismissed us we as soon as we had shut the door would turn around and make up faces at the door or turn our backsides up at the door. But she about that time became the wife of Ezekiel Russell D. D. in Holbrook and was the pastor's wife for a long time and I guess was in her right place then.

I think my next going to school was at Amherst Academy and I think in 1837-8. Nahum Gale, Edwin E. Bliss and Mrs. Hunt were the teachers.

No. before those my first entrance to the Academy was under Rodolpho's Hubbard. I am sure I began Latin under him. He was a calm and steady man, had no trouble with boys and didn't govern by fear of punishment. I think his reign was a short one for I so well remember Galen & Bliss. Gale was rather stern but not forbidding made us work and behave though did not excite retaliatory conditions in us. Bliss...

Image 28 page 37

...too while sharp and prompt gained our esteem and good behavior.

Mr. Everett was another teacher at the Academy. There is nothing special about him I remember.

But Mr. Whipple was a real lovable man. He steered and guided us by his blessed personality. I loved him and so did everybody. Mrs. Hunt was another teacher she of course was in the girls room – second story – but we boys had to go and recite to her. She was a smart old woman and taught drawing and penmanship and some other things. Reverend Lyman Coleman taught German in the Academy and gave me all the instruction in that tongue which I ever received. And I remember some of it even now.

Right here I want to inject that I am sure there is – speaking as a weak man – such a thing as a living too long – I am.

Image 30 page 38

Conceive of an old age of peace and comfort with all your children doing fairly and righteously well. But my ideal of age 70 is not to discuss or give military orders or fight.

And I want to believe in and live up to such ideas as them.

I am giving to try and not complain or parade my hard work but on mention it went share aches or pains or am tired or sick.

I will try to correct errors that I have made and to heal wounds that that I may have been the cause of. I want not to feel uneasy if I am not asked for my opinion on things which I think I [????], or to be distrusted if I on my opinions are set aside or jeered at.

I want to help somebody all the while if it is only to make their paths smooth by picking up a stone which they may step on or pulling up a weed from their flower bed.

Image 32 page 39



I try to appreciate the sentiment of Dr. Ceylon:

“To suffer be strong and be still.”

Sunday, June 8, '01

Here I must record that I am finding out another phrase of the month “there is such a thing as living too long.” Here is one thing which I have to do and I must stop it and it is tough because it does give a certain amount of joy and life to me. But both mother and Lucy say so much about it that I must just as sweetly as I can lay it aside. God help me to do it graciously by the impression that I can grow old and fail in certain appreciations or nonappreciation of my failures of body soul or spirit and all three. God help me to do it sweetly and with the proper Spirit!

In the old Academy I did not richly enjoy school life. I was not a naughty boy so as to induce punishment, but I was not so much...

Image 33 page 40

...interested in school work that my teachers were specially interested in me in anything and I would not toady to them.

And I did several times run away from school for which my father gave me a whipping once or twice. I did not specially hate study nor by any means was I especially fond of study. In fact once I hit my Greek book and lied about it. But my father bought me another one. I never got what I often longed for, a kind word from any teacher, not an eulogium for good scholarship, but a friendly word of comfort or support or esteem, and yet I knew I did not really deserve it, but I saw often boys and girls whom I thought no more deserving than myself carried around to teacher and in some way get notice from him. I had the same feeling that our Charlie (Nichols) has had so conspicuously and so much to his...

*[Charles Nichols Hitchcock 1859-1938]*

Image 34

...detriment, and that is the feeling that the people above me didn't care much for me and so I would keep away from them or at least I would not thrust myself in their way.

Absolutely the only time in all my life that I can remember ever to have had a word of encouragement from any of my teachers was in the Academy from Mr. Whipple and that certainly drew out of him, if I did not beg it. I was going to speak a piece at an Exhibition in the Academy on political duty or sarcasm and I knew I couldn't do it well and everybody would do their part better than I could. And so I went in tears to Mr. Whipple and said that I didn't want to speaker for those reasons. This was some two or three hours before exhibition and of course then it was too late for him to do anything about it except to say that I had done well and that I...

Image 35

...should do well and he patted me on my back and I got through it. Reverend Lyman Coleman was one of my later Academy teachers. He taught a special class in German and that term or two of German was all the Deutsche that I ever studied. But he was a good and faithful teacher for I even now remember

some of the German sentences which he made us go over with him in concert to get the pronunciation. *"Die resend fender eon scats auf ihram wage."*

Olivia Coleman was his oldest daughter: a little older than I was. She was a very sweet young woman. I remember that we both joined the college church together in my freshman year. Also Lobdell, Howe, and Lothrop. He was teacher in college for only one year.

There is one historic matter that I want to record here...

Image 36

...though it antedates me. My mother and her mother kept boarders in the old Academy cellar for a time though I do not know the years. But I well remember in prowling around the cellar to have talked with my mother about one thing in it and that was the cupboard where the food must have been kept. How human beings could ever have lived, slept and eaten in such a place I don't know. I could almost touch the ceilings: three sides of the building only had windows and I should think 1 x 3 feet and the floor timbers were laid right on the cellar bottom. But the character of my mother and her mother outweighed the material surroundings of their environment.

The Academy buildings before my day had dormitories in the third story. But in my day this story was one real nice hall and arched roof with ample light and ventilation...

Image 37

...windows on all four sides and many of them. In winter it was warmed only once a week for the speaking of Wednesday afternoon.

In my earliest recollections of the building there was an arched front door with side windows. Evidently this was used in the earliest days of the Academy and then disused probably because it would let in so much cold air in winter – and the entrance was on the east side of the building. But in the very last few months of my attendance upon the Academy the front door was opened again. The main schoolroom was on the west part of the lower floor probably two thirds of the whole area of the building. This had some 40 double seats in forms. Solid but not specially comfortable. The center of the room was a space or area where was the large stove blazing hot to those sitting...

Image 38 Page 45

...nearest but of little use to those sitting in the extreme portions of the room. There were two fireplaces in the west end of the room but I never saw a fire in either one of them: in fact for a long time the cases of the literary societies with their books stood in front of them. At the southeast corner of the lower story was a recitation room perhaps 15 feet square. A little glass door opened from it into the main room and there the principal sat guarding both rooms and keeping order. We were at a distinct disadvantage for we sat with our backs to him.

In the northeast corner was another small room devoted to natural philosophy and chemistry into which very few of us ever went.

Somewhere about 1840 I should think the ladies room was made in the west third of the second story. Here I remember...

Image 39 page 46

Mrs. Hunt and Miss Helen Humphrey presiding. I remember to have recited to both of them for a short time.

Somewhere about March 1844 I went to Williston Seminary for the first time. I remember that I had a trunk and a red box – which last I made for myself and put the lock on it and all. This was my luggage. My father went with me driving over in the old "mineralogical wagon" – green as we called it. It was dreadfully muddy and real cold. And when we started it was not decided whether I should stop in East Hampton or go on to Westfield Academy. The only incident I remember was that we nearly got stuck in one of those clay hills about halfway between North and East Hampton which I presume I have indicated in riding over there in the last 50 years as many times.

Image 40 page 47

As soon as it was decided that I stay in Williston I was put in a room with Ariel C. Chapin a little redheaded English scholar from South Hadley Falls in number two "Seminary Building" and took my meals at the "Sem" boardinghouse. I only went in temporarily with him because I was to have a room to myself, but as we had to furnish our own bedding and towels, I had to wait till they could be sent on to me, which was done in a few days. Then I was transferred to the No. 1, the very poorest room in the building and the last one always selected because it was directly under the teachers room R. M. Wright. And here let me mention today July 24, 1901, R. M. Wright "Boss" we nicknamed him is alive, a genial man that is the only one of all my teachers living today so far as I know.

Page 41 [*Inserted page?*]

I remember to have cultivated a geranium up in that room, and once the draft drew it out the window and it went smash to the ground.

Image 42 Page 48

The second term that I was at East Hampton I was in the room at the further end of the upper hall No. 31. I enjoyed it first for I was out of the way of everybody and if ever enjoyed a location in my life in the summer it was in that room. I was not one of the boys that had a crowd of fellows about him, and yet Ned Hunt, grandson of old Doctor Osgood of Springfield, and George Wilcox were two of my best friends that term. Glen Parsons too. Sam Tucker paid patronized me a little but he was a little aristocratic.

I was not up to little deviltries that many boys were, but my main sinfulness consisted in being out of my room in study hours especially with getting in late for the bell rung at 7 o'clock and we were all then expected to be in for the night and we were faithfully watched too and the hours till bedtime seemed tediously long enough and of course we couldn't play any games.

Image 43

At first I was obliged to spend the day study hours in the Seminary Hall. But after a reasonable period of time I was allowed to study in my room all the time and this was a great relief, for we could open our doors and get good air and reasonable communication between our opposite neighbors.

I roomed once in the second story of the "Wood Seminary" which was one peg higher than to room in the attic.

The last year I was at the seminary the “new seminary” was done and I roomed in it for I think one term. For one of my chums I tried with E. J. Gunette now in California but I couldn't stand him but one day. So I practically roomed alone at the seminary.

I boarded a while a Deacon Marbles, most of the time at the Seminary Boarding House and at last one term at Mr. E. L. Snows' where I boarded the...

Image 44 page 30

...first year of my teaching there.

I remember with much pleasure Mr. Wright's Bible Class. He taught mostly from the Acts of the Apostles and made it very interesting to us.

Mr. Longfellow while I was at the seminary wrote *Excelsior*. I spoke it for the first time and it was heard in the seminary. I think I set my pace for Freshman Prize speaking on that occasion: certainly I remember that my audience was attentive.

In the first part of my student life at the seminary the canal was running and this was about all the excitement that there was in that term. Occasionally after school we would hear the horn blow and then there were always several of us who would make for that boat and frequently the captain would let us ride and often we had to work our passage by pushing the boat along with poles for there were some very shallow places. Wrights Pond in...

Image 45 page 51

...the canal was directly west of the Seminary the farther side of the Manhan on the west. In this we used to go a swimming.

Our Sundays were very quiet and solemn. We went to church then and heard good old Mr. Bennet preach. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Wright held his Bible class. On Saturday evening we had a prayer meeting and the old habit of keeping Saturday night was observed, and we studied on Sunday night.

Up to the time of my graduating at the seminary, Easthampton was only the very small country town: it had not then many factories: then Mr. Williston introduced them in the late 40s. The place where now the Payson church stands South down to what was the Clapp [????] father and east to the Episcopal Church was farming land. I well remember the beautiful waving rye crop that was that summer. Directly opposite the seminary was...

Image 46 page 52

...the graveyard, and about now where the Boston's tailor shop was Almon Chapman's blacksmith shop, and then there was a house to the south of it perhaps 20 rods. The first church – the same that is worshiped in now – stood just beyond the north limit of seminary grounds. Opposite the church were three houses one was durable which stands there today 1901 and then the hotel or Payson Hall was on the brow of the hill. Luther Clapp kept the hotel in those days. Boss Wright's house stood where now is the high school building and the old parsonage was a one story white house which was very near where the church edifice is now located. And along the hill on the road to Northampton on the Manhan was a sawmill and a very large yard full of lumber uncut and sawed.

So that we can see how little there was to amuse or exercise the...

Image 47

...students. It is a marvel how we got along with so little. There was no yard in which we could run and play tag and do some jumping.

I remember one term that we got up a military company and marched in the yard between supper and study hours and made some noise and I remember just as well that the very first day of the next term Mr. Wright – he had a habit of smelling of his fingers when he was to do an important duty – beckoned me up to the desk and smelling of his stinking fingers, then he said to me, "Hitchcock, we have concluded that we shall have no military this term."

But after all I think that the sweetest pleasures of my school days were those at Williston Seminary.

My graduating piece at Seminary was on fossil bird tracks. My father had just made a discovery of them and so Mr. E. M. Wright thought I would do well to take up the subject.

Image 48

And I helped myself out by having a specimen on the stage and showing it to the audience.

Now I propose to over the four years of college and the one subsequent year of medical lectures and study and just go on with my East Hampton life as a teacher.

When I was attending medical lectures at Harvard in 1849 1850 I learned that Prof. W. S. Clark was going to leave his position as teacher of chemistry and natural history at Williston Seminary and go to Europe to study. Instantly the thought flashed in my mind that I thought I could get that position and I wanted to get it too. And that thought changed the whole universe of my life. Otherwise I should have been in all probability an ordinary country doctor and died before this time.

I wrote to my father asking...

Image 49 page 55

*[Inserted at the top of the page]*

I succeeded Pres. W. S. Clark at East Hampton and it was mighty ticklish business for he was a wonderfully captivating and popular teacher.

...him to write to Mr. Williston and ask for the place for me.

I waited a reasonable time and he did not write. Then I prodded him again and he did not do it. And I wrote him three times from Boston before he would do this.

But he finally did write and this was the only application I ever made for the place which came to me in due time.

Whether this backhandedness was due to his fear that I was not capable for the place, or to his great modesty and unwillingness to push ahead himself on any of his weakling children I probably never shall know in this world. But I got the place and it was my destiny evidently and the place I was made for.

In the spring of 1850 I came home from Harvard Medical School and spent the summer at home at the...

Image 50 page 56

...President's house, my father with my mother going to Europe for their health. I can't remember much that I did that summer save guarding the President's house my brother and my sisters, and in spending a good deal of time with Sue Gilbert and her brother William Cutler on Amity Street.

I remember there was a nasty time prize speaking. The Psi Upsilon man being mad that John Greene got the place on the stage that they wanted for one of their men and so at the Prize Speaking they hissed and made a great deal of disturbance and as Greene was on Alpha Delta and I stood up for him and though they did not stop the noise I got evidence for the faculty against Buffington so that he was rusticated for a short time.

Another incident. Mary, Kate, Jane and I had to do the greater part of the work of the large President's house to do though we had...

Image 51 page 57

...one hired girl. At dinner day before commencement we had to entertain a large number of dignitaries. On that day we had a table full and F. D. Huntington was one of them. In the early morning Mary had made the custard for the ice cream and I had frozen it. Of course it came on as dessert at dinner. But the hired girl had not the ability to get it out of one of those old-fashioned freezers and I was the only one who could. So we put up this ruse. Jane went to the front door and I was at the head of the table and rung the bell and then came in and said there was some one who wanted to see me. So I excused myself, sneaked around to the woodshed very rapidly, got out the ice cream for the girl, and then got back to the table before the ice cream came in.

Sometime in August I got all my traps together and carried them in a big trunk then to East Hampton and I was...

Image 52 page 58

...located in the second story at the head of the stairs in what was then the "new seminary" now Middle Hall.

And the sensation of location and possession of that living place is one of the sweetest of my recollections of my life. It was a new kind of life to me. I was more of a man than a college student. I was teacher and the boys were scholars; it seemed an enlargement of my life. And although those two years of my life there was very much that was very delightful.

But at the same time I had many trials and rough treatment from the boys. For I had to watch over them, see that they were in and studying and not allowing anything but study in study hours. So in return they rolled logs, stones down my stairs and such things and because I was smart enough to detect them they thought I sneaked around hacking at their doors to catch them. So they would scatter...

Image 53 Page 59

...flour all over the floor from my door hoping to find my tracks in the morning. But they never made any

discoveries in this line for that wasn't my way of doing things. But there is a tradition that one night some of the boys tied a cord onto the bell tongue and reached it out onto the top of the tree in front and there a fellow sat and rung the bell. I found out that (they said) the ringer was up in the tree and came to the bottom and said to the ringer "come down quick Hitchie is coming" and he came into my arms.

The story is more than half true. Somebody one night was ringing the bell but he was up in the attic and the only way up to it was through a small door on a round stairway. I did not want to go all around the attic searching for him and then probably lose him so I just...

Image 54

...went to the door and in a loud voice sung out "mice, down quick," and quite soon Charlie Bates came down right into my arms.

The things which I taught here were legion: Latin grammar, chemistry, anatomy and physiology, biology, botany, meteorology, mineralogy, Milton, public speaking, spelling, reading and bookkeeping also. And beside the reading and spelling, I think I was as fertile and useful as I was in any of the other branches. Chemistry was mainly textbook and I began with a few loud and brilliant "experiments." The real salvatory was not known to them or rather it was not known to me. But the best scholars in the class learned the list and symbols of the elements. I made a water hammer and took Ruperts something administered laughing gas, and told them a good many things about the metals and I enjoyed chemistry.

Image 55

The geology, too, I enjoyed for I had instructions from my father in that and I carried along with me a cabinet of minerals which I ultimately sold to the seminary I think \$500. We always too had these excursions which we enjoyed greatly and learned a little from. And the great event in that line was my discovery of the *Clathropteris* re Trusoulas, which was about the only discovery I ever made.

The study which I liked the most was human anatomy and physiology and it was while there that with my father we issued Hitchcock's Elementary Anatomy and Physiology. This issue of this was a great event in my life and gave me a lot of hard work and accurate study, and when it came out the most ripping tearing and ungodly unrighteous and unfair criticism of the book in the nearest paper, the Boston Courier. And I suppose it appeared there because...

Image 56 page 62

...the paper would issue such flagrant talk against my father who was highly eminent and respectable with the plain people of Massachusetts.

It all came about in this wise. Cutter's Physiology had had the run of the schools and colleges for several years. And when I got to Williston I saw that it was a book behind the times and I wanted another. So I went to Jeffrey Wyman of Cambridge whom I thought the best man to write such a book. So I went to him and I asked him if he did not think as I did he could write an improvement on Cutters. He admitted the need and said he would like to write another but could not for some years. But I was a young impatient teacher and wanted it while it could be of some service to me. So in talking it over with my father we agreed to get one out. I doing the lion's share of the work and he giving...

Image 57

...the introduction [?] to it. So we got it out without a knowledge, leave, or license by the Cambridge people and then the 'hornets nest.' As Professor Wyman was superseded he could not appear himself but Professor Agassiz took up the cudgel and tried to wipe me and the book out of existence by all the language he could get the Boston Courier to publish. He however did not care to pitch into my father so profusely as he did into me for "he regretted that so distinguished a person as my father had allowed his name to be associated in so incorrect a statement of science."

But the book was published though was such a handicap though I never heard of another criticism upon it and I was hurt unusually by the treatment. But it has been published up to today and if nothing else it has furnished me with more than \$1000 from copyright and a little came in last year.

Image 58

Of course it disturbed the publishers most tremendously and they sort of blamed us because Agassiz made us out to be such fools. But as the only criticism appeared in an insignificant Boston paper, and as Dr. Wyman never produced his we were much relieved. And it was a mighty good experience for me to write the book. But it gave me humbling views of my ability at bookmaking.

One fact about this book was never well understood by me and it was, that I had nearly prepared my first copy of this book which disappeared when the "White Seminary" burned up. Without doubt a better copy was made with the second one.

I think that the experience I had with public speaking at Williston Seminary was the most fruitful and all my work there, for I had the privilege of hearing all the rehearsals of ten exhibitions and when I think that I had to...

Image 60

...train declamations such men as Prof. Mather, Rev. Holbrook, Dr. G. D. B. Pepper, Judge Barker, Professor Peck, Henry R. Hyde, W. C. Webster, Professor Mills, Calvin Stebbins, Pres. Goodell, Mason Tyler, H. M. Whitney, W. C. Whitney, C. D. Adams, Dr. Lewison, Henry Tyler, and T. S. Bishop, verily I am not ashamed of my pupils. Also Pres. Cyrus Northrup. [*Northrop was President of Univ. of Minnesota 1884-1911*]

After all I think that my all-around duties imperfectly prepared for them though I was, gave me more readiness to undertake my Amherst like work than I have appreciated until very lately. And this has been my ability to manipulate the young men in a new and untried branch of education. If I had been very adept in any one of the duties entered upon I should have had less result than with a smattering of several sciences.

The sweetest and strongest sources of strength and happiness at Easthampton...

Image 62 page 66

...were my few associates and friends, Josiah Clark, E. A. Hubbard, J. L. T. Phillips, L. R. Williston, E. H. Sawyer, and Seth Warren.



Mr. Clark was a model Christian, cultivated and talented head of the school and a blessed friend and neighbor. And Mrs. Clark just like him. As neighbors none could have been more neighborly. I mean higher in life spirit sympathy and soul. Up to the time of their death we have never lived nearer to anybody save our own blood relations. And Mr. Clark always backed up his younger teachers in whatever they did. This was a great help to me in much of my petty discipline.

Mr. Hubbard was also a mighty good neighbor and associate, though by no means so near as Mr. Clark. Yet our children grew up together.

Phillip was a sweet and intelligent associate and one from whom his companions...

Image 64 page 61

...and pupils got much information and profit. Both lived too short a life.

Lyman R. Williston and I were nearest to each other and longer than Phillips, though perhaps no more congenial.

Seth Warner was a strong neighbor and fellow citizen, and we worked in the church together very harmoniously. He got for us our Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine at a reduction. He also initiated me into the Know-nothing political party. I enjoyed a great deal of music with him not only in the Payson church choir but we together went into Northampton many an evening to singing the Mass Club.

But he had some trouble with Mr. Williston and went to California and there he and the family petered out.

E. H. Sawyer was almost on the same par of friendship with Mr. Clark's people. He married his second wife about the same time as...

Image 66

...I did my wife and we were very chummy in both our families, not only when we lived in E. Hampton but for 17 years later while I was living in Amherst. He helped me to some nice books and endowed for my help the Sawyer Medal in Amherst College (\$1000 fund). I am greatly indebted to the blessed man for my success in Amherst College.

Rev. Mr. Stone was a blessed saint and the only real pastor I have ever had and enjoyed. But the poor man died almost in poverty and his son was a bloater.

Mr. Williston "the father and founder of us all" as we used to dub him, was never an approachable man. He was of the stern old Puritan type, dignified, austere and grand in all his ways. Everybody stayed at a distance from him. But he was susceptible to flattery in everything except getting some of his money. In this he felt he was

Image 67 page 69

...a steward of the Lord, and felt that he must give it all back to him, but he said he never enjoyed giving away any of his money. And this penuriousness always hurt him and his work. For example in building his second church the architect planned a handsome stone band to go around the church at the course of the second-story windows. He to save a few dollars ordered it cut out about 6 feet from each end of the building, thus saving a little cash, but damaging the beautiful architecture of the church.

The organ too he weakened by leaving out a couple of stops which Mr. Warner said he wanted.

But he was prompt. When the White Seminary was burning he saw Mr. Pomeroy looking on at the fire and went to him and told him he wanted every brick he had in kilns.

Image 68 page 70

William E. S. Hoadley was a man out of whom I got a good deal of music. Nobody ever did more than he to help me in that line of life study and profit. He had good ideas in these directions and was always willing to help me in everything which I needed help from in his line. I got more out of him in music than I did from everybody else who did anything in music for me. And he leaned up on me a little in such ways as playing for him at Seminary prayers and a temporary organist at Haydenville where I always stayed at Joel Hayden's.

And incidentally some of my music has been a great help to me. It has brought my soul nearer to God and Christ than has my Bible and other religious teaching. My best prayer praise worship and love comes and goes in my religious songs.

Image 69 page 71

And yet my heart is broken in one of the religious phases of my life . Good God bury it with me.

And I am so grateful that Bigelow lets me sing in his choruses. For I can't believe that I am a real help except that I am another head to count.

"Oh there is such a thing as living too long!"

Image 70 page 72

## Conway and Deerfield Experiences

[To this point Notebook C was written on the front of each page. This section was written on the backs of the pages with the notebook inverted.]

Image 39 page 79

I never went away from Amherst for more than a 20 mile ride till I went to E. Hampton save my visits perhaps twice a year to Deerfield and Conway.

Once during the 30s, perhaps 38-9, my father took me with him in the geological wagon on a trip on the survey of the state. I think we must have been gone a month. We went to the E. part of the state, to Wrentham and to the Rhode Island Coal Fields. I remember but little about it, except that much of it was tedious as I could learn but little Geology, & early I only had to see him break rocks & test them. Still I did learn something about Nature from him.

One thing however I did remember & learn from him his extreme conscientiousness in expending the states money. I have know he was more frugal and careful about his...

Image 29

...expenses, than the would be if it were his own money. And again and again in later life it was his belief and method of action that he should not be any more careless in the expenditure of the money of the state than he should be of his own. Often he would find a small store in a town about noon and would get the storekeeper to give oats to the horse and crackers and cheese and sometimes raisins for a dinner & all because he could thus save a few cents for the survey for the Commonwealth of Mass.

Later on I did go with him on geological trips.

But Deerfield and Conway were the Elysium to me. The freedom, buoyancy, the natural and simple enjoyments of those visits have never been equaled or enjoyed even in my visit to Japan, Europe or South America.

Image 27

I always seemed to be welcome by the uncles and aunts at both places. Aunt Lois was never particularly sweet or familiar with us although she did sometimes smile.

Uncle Charles was always genial with everybody even when he had to scold Justin and I for not doing or work as we ought to. The housekeeping and living were most ordinary, perhaps snobby but I did not then think of or be bothered by these infelicities. But all was hearty, simple, plain and wholesome to my way of the thinking; though we slept in the "upstairs" where we not only could see out thro the cracks but find the piles of snow around in the mornings. Probably half of the breakfasts were of potatoes, fried salt pork & gravy, & rye bread and butter, never tea coffee or milk, and with one plate and a two tined steel fork and ditto knife.

After breakfast then prayers always.

Image 25 page 82

We read around and generally a good long and tedious chapter, usually in course. Then Uncle Charles took his chair into the corner of the room and with one foot in it and the other on the floor uttered a long prayer, he standing, Aunt Lois and Harriet sitting and Justin and I kneeling on the floor.

The kitchen was the room in which we sat, ate etc. had prayers, received company and where Uncle Charles and Aunt Lois slept, they using a turn up bed which was always put out of the way the first thing in the morning after the fire was kindled and Aunt Lois was dressed then Uncle Charles called us boys and we responded tolerably well. But Harriet who slept in the only 'room' in the second story was scarcely ever down to help her mother get the breakfast ready. We boys had to go to the barn and milk or care for the cattle bring in wood and fill one or two kettles on the stove for...

Image 23

...Uncle Charles always feed the pigs and gave them cooked or hot swill.

The entrance to the kitchen back way, was through a shed, or perhaps back kitchen, though there was no chimney in it. The well was outside this, though we could draw water by reaching out of a kind of window...

Typescript Page 2

...and pull the bucket up and down by the pole instead of a rope. Communicating with this well was a sink, the only sink in the house. In this all the dish slop water was emptied within ten feet of the well, and why we did not all have typhoid, or at least dirty water I don't know. Here we washed face and hands but never any other parts of our bodies, save once in a while of a Saturday night Aunt Lois would tell us we must "soak our feet" before we went to bed.

Our "toilet" was painfully simple. Paper of any kind was scarce, it was so valuable that it must not only not be wasted...

Image 21

...but it might not be 'used.' But a box of dry corn cobs, was the only medicated paper that I ever saw or used in my early days at Deerfie1d.

The privy was 'sui generis.' It was a house about 5 to 10 feet square with two small windows in it high up, perhaps 50 feet from the well. Once or twice a year it was "cleaned out" but the excreta were never covered with earth or otherwise treated. And to a person coming in from the street, it was conspicuous as any part of the premises.

There were two wells of water both served by the well sweep. The one at the barn was always called the best water, but why I know not save that it took so much of the drainage of the barnyard. And we boys always had to bring in a lot of water on Mondays for washing. All the cattle were watered from the barn well and Uncle...

Image 19

...Henry watered his there also.

The "North Room" or parlor was very seldom if ever used in summer or winter. It was decently painted and had wooden inside window shutters. The only clock in the house was there, and about the last thing

we heard at night was Uncle Charles as he wound it up for another day. The only spare sleeping room in the house was a little bed room on the lower floor opening off the North Room. This had a small fire place in it. I remember once to have slept in there, and it was on a feather bed or I should have frozen.

The house had a front door which opened into the parlor, but no one ever came into the house that way, and of course we were not allowed to go in and out of it. In fact some of the time it was so dilapidated that the door could not be opened.

Image 17 page 82

The kitchen only had windows on one, the East side. This however was a double one and hence was fairly lighted. But the color was something stunning. It was a dark red, and sheathed up I believe on all sides, though the fireplace, oven, and North room door took up all the North side, so there was a small turn down table between the fireplace and the parlor door. And on the west side there was the upstairs door, one of the steps in the kitchen, a cupboard, and the buttery door, through which buttery was the passage down cellar, and the only opening into the cellar save a narrow passage where the potatoes were shoveled into the cellar. All barrels had to go in through the buttery.

The barn was small and poor. The corn house a little better, and store room scarce. Some of the time Uncle Charles owned a yoke of cattle and always one horse...

Image 15 page 81

...but in the early days never a buggy or family carriage when this was needed it was borrowed.

Uncle Charles was poor very poor as it showed in his buildings, his person and his family. And a great deal of this was owing to the character of Aunt Lois, and her want of thrift and energy. Uncle Charles and Justin worked hard but always against the odds somehow. I never remember that anybody was invited in to tea, or dinner for an evening etc. The only company I knew of was when the Amherst or Conway cousins came in for a day, or perhaps over night, and once upon a Thanksgiving.

Typescript page 3

But Uncle Charles settled a great many estates, and hauled the property of other people in his hands, and never a wrong cent of it ever stuck to his hands.

Image 13

In my long stays at Deerfield I very seldom ate a meal or spent a night at Uncle Henry's and Aunt Betsie's, but invariably stayed at Uncle Charles, and I think it mainly because these people Uncle Charles and Aunt Lois got along so well with me and because of Justin who was ever my nearest cousin.

I never saw any rivalry or jealousy of the houses, and in fact we always spoke of the "other house" as Uncle Henry's. And yet life and manners were more refined at Uncle Henry's than Uncle Charles. Aunt Betsey was a much more cultured woman than Aunt Lois, and Elizabeth and Eunice kept things in a cleaner and better shape, and evidently there were more means to do with at Uncle Henry's than at Uncle Charles & I never saw any ill feeling between the two families though Uncle Henry's was the better cultured of the two families.

Image 11

My sisters generally went to Uncle Henry's, but I to Uncle Charles, Father and mother, to both.

My Deerfield life gave me ideas of honesty, and integrity of life. To do right to everybody and be strictly straight forward in intercourse and transactions with the world. I was made to feel respect to old people and not to fight other boys. Culture and intellect were not imparted to me there. But a reverence to God and the Church were imparted to me then and there and very much by the very beautiful influence of Pomeroy Belden the minister of the Congregational church. I was taught by example to cherish animosity against the Unitarian Church and yet I heard but little about Christ which impressed me. God, Heaven and hell I heard a good deal about, but the Unitarians were "way off."

Image 9 page 70

I remember most of my companionship there as against going to college, and I was so taunted that I well remember once to have said before some of the people that I would never go to college, and I remember how gleefully this statement was accepted by them. It was owing simply to their jealousy of college educated man. And yet everybody was proud that my father came from Deerfield and was what he was.

Practically the sweetness and strength of Uncles and Aunts and cousins in my life all came from Deerfield. For there was only one cousin on my mothers side, Caroline White — or Mrs. Denison and I never saw her father Jay White, my Uncle and her mother Aunt Caroline was a very stern righteous and austere woman, who never drew us towards her, and I was never at her home but once and that was at my grandmother's death and...

Image 7 page 71

...funeral. Dan Sprague her half brother was a very nice fellow, but we saw little of each other till he came to College and even then our friendship was short as he was in '52. He however probably died as the richest man or woman who was my cousin. But he married most of his money, as his wife's father was a wholesale liquor dealer.

At Conway was my Uncle Harry and Emma Billings, with the two cousins Bill and Charlie. The grade of this family was between Uncle Charles and Uncle Harry of Deerfield. Everything was kind and hearty here. Family prayers was like that at Uncle Charlie's where Uncle Harry stood in the corner put one foot in the chair and the other holding on to the back and a homely but reverent appeal to the Almighty. Honesty and kindheartedness were the...

Typescript page 4

...prominent characteristics of Uncle Harry, and both he and Aunt were great talkers.

Image 5 page 72

Cousin Bill always was, is, and I think will be a very quiet fellow, though he is the factotum now of all town matters in Conway. My first acquaintance with the H. M. Storrs was at Conway. I spent two or three days there one winter and I remember we three boys fought H. M. S. all the time. We didn't like his fierce and domineering ways. Charlie Billing was always a mothers boy, though he was virile and strong as a boy should be. He used to trim his mothers bonnets. He was Treasurer to a R. R. Corporation out west.

The Suits in New York State I never knew much about. I think I saw cousin Charissa once. She has a son now living in Dorchester. It was said that she once smuggled broadcloth into her home from Canada by wearing it under her dress as a petticoat.

Image 65 page 75

## Church life at Easthampton

[Like the previous section this was written on the backs of the pages of Notebook C with the notebook inverted.]

I must say something of my church life and affiliation at East Hampton, because the most real church relations and associations of my whole life were the ten years at E. Hampton. For though I have been for more than 45 years of my life a member of college church, the church life in college – is at Amherst – is not like the ordinary church life of any community. Only a few students in the church and a part of the faculty with a paucity of the sacraments and no social church life only required church which does seem to be the thing to do and have.

I joined college church in 1845 and as I have said before I was induced to the Christian life by G. H. Newhall of the class of '45 and almost a member of our family as my father was his guardian. I joined in old college chapel standing up in the middle aisle with some six or eight other young persons. I remained connected with college church I trust till 1853 and then removed my connection to E. Hampton...

Image 63 page 76

...first church and then went off with the contingent forming the Payson church where I remained till I think 1861 or 2 when I came back to Amherst College church.

I remember to have been forward in the separation of the Payson church. Also I held no position of office in it so long as I now remember.

We worshiped in the town hall till the new church was completed.

Rev. Rollin S. Stone was my first real pastor, and in many things he did really help me. One of the earliest pieces of advice that he gave me was in reference to my marrying. I told him that I was engaged to M. L. Judson and she nor father or mother were church members and I was troubled with the passage in the Bible about marrying unbelievers. I don't remember all he said but I know he made very light of it indeed and I was then all in peace.

Image 61 page 77

Mr. Stone in his official attitude was a little inclined to the stern dignified minister, not repellent but nobody would meet him on the street and say how are you. But in his calls on the family and our calls in his study he was very affable sweet and approachable. On one occasion he was calling at our house when Ed was a little fellow, and he held out his hand to him to come to him rather fearing he would not come. But he did go directly to him and I so well remember how pleased Mr. Stone was and that he felt

there must be something good about him for he had observed the children would never go to a bad man they knew the face well enough for that.

Mr. Stone baptized our first born and as he sprinkled him Ed raised his little hand and pushed away Mr. Stone's hand.

My last recollections of Mr. Stone are his conduct of the midweek prayer meetings those which were held...

Image 59 page 78

...in the vestry of the church and those at the little room in the factory Village in the upper story and at the back end of the office of Williston Knight and Company. Of course I have no great ideas to remember which he there gave us but I know I gained support and strength.

## East Hampton Home Life

[Like the previous two sections this was written on the backs of the pages of Notebook C with the notebook inverted.]

I really began to live at East Hampton three distinct times: the first when I went there as a schoolboy in 1844, again as a teacher in 1851, and then again in 1854.

My first period of teaching was 1851-1852 and the second from 1854 to 1861.

A large part of 1849-50 was spent in Northampton studying in the office of Dr. Daniel and James Thompson and Harvard Medical School. The next two years I taught at Williston Seminary. The next one I went back to Harvard school and graduated in 1853 and then went to E. H. again to teach.

The first two years I roomed at the seminary and ate my meals at Mr. E. L. Snow's.

My room was at the top of the first flight of stairs (or rather two for one was my bedroom) and I was put there so as to be the keeper or police of the buildings for I had to...

Image 71 page 73

...know that the boys were in their rooms after study hours and expected to know that they were studying and if not why not.

And of course this made me the target for very many of the boys who roomed there. Hence it was nuts to them to roll balls and stones and junks of wood through the halls and down the stairs, both to annoy me and to make fun generally.



Of these willful disturbers of the peace I was largely responsible for my building and I think my record is that they did not always get ahead of me and so of course I was not beloved. For several students had to leave because I had to report them.

But in the autumn of 1853 I got married and then I lived in that Mr. E. L. Snow's house with the wife and I had no more espionage...

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...of buildings directly as I had done for more than two years.

Our marriage was November 3, 1853 at Stratford Connecticut on old Mill Hill at 9 o'clock in the morning by Rev. Dr. Hewitt and my good father.

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## NOTEBOOK D

[Notebook D: Amherst College Archives and Special Collection, Edward and Mary Judson Hitchcock Collection, Series 2-B, Box 7, Folder 31 and 32.]

The following four pages in Notebook D seem to be more closely related to Notebook C, possibly a continuation of "Home Life in Easthampton."

Page 15

Some reminiscences of the home life at Easthampton Mass. Of E. Hitchcock prepared solely for his wife and children.

Page 16

I really began to live at E. Hampton at 3 distinct periods: one when I went there to the seminary as a scholar in spring of 1844, again as a teacher in 1850, and again a teacher in 1853.

And now I propose to write as many of my remembrances as I can of the fall of 1853 and on when I went back there as teacher for the second time. Till then I had expected to settle in the practice of medicine somewhere and the two places which I thought of were Fitchburg and Northampton, Mass. I had some advances from Dr. James Thompson who would take me in as a partner of D. & Gr. Thompson if Austin their nephew who was then studying medicine did not choose to settle...

Page 17

*[Insert]*

The earliest retrospect which I have of Williston Seminary was between 1835 and 1840 when Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Williston used frequently to meet my father as they came over to Amherst to talk about matters pertaining to Amherst College, Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and Williston Seminary. And I associate W. S. Tyler with the same occurrences as I should say he was usually with them then...

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[continued from page 16]

...in Northampton. But he did conclude to settle there, and the circumstance probably essentially changed my whole career.

I cannot now recall what were the reasons which induced me to return to E. Hampton after my graduation in medicine but my dim recollection is that was the influence of William Clark. And I think I felt more willing to go on with teaching because I had lost the chance at Northampton for the best practice of medicine.

And I remember that I felt happy to go back and be with the men William Clark and Hubbard whom I had been so pleasantly associated with, and what I had seen of medical practice with Doctors Thompson did not so much captivate me as did the association of teacher and pupil.

But I well remember the packing up and carrying over to E. Hampton my cabinet.

Page 19

And this time instead of living in the Seminary Building watching the boys in the evening and night and being monkeyed with by them, that I went into Mr. Snow's room the S. West corner second story and slept in the third story.

The events of the early part of that Fall Term are not remarkably impressed on my mind. But perhaps the most marked incident was the formation of the Know Nothing Party and when I was initiated in the second story of the Williston and Knight office building.

Notebook D

Some recollections of my life as connected with Amherst College. Written for the pleasure of my wife & children.

E. Hitchcock

Begun March 6, 1902.

Page 1

About the earliest impression of my life is Amherst College. For my Mother and Father were so bound up in it and and consecrated to it that very much of my boyhood and young manhood was absorbed, tintured and governed by it.

My father and all the other members of the faculty were so absorbed and directed to it that out lives were there. We couldn't fall back on the college for the whole college was in the Faculty and their families. There was no Treasury to help out, no funds to draw from, and no employees to do the chores and errands and petty work. Even the early janitors were men living in town carrying on their farms for a living and all they did was to come to the college for a few hours every day and give a general superintendence for the students took care of fires and the general household work. So it was up to the time when father became President when Mr. Williston gave us our first lift...

Page 2

...when he "saved the college." From this time there were more service and care of the property and it was necessary since now there was a good deal more to take care of. But I want to make this record that the early faculty Prof. Humphrey, my father, Profs. Fiske, Snell, Tyler, Warner and some others carried

the College on their backs till a few souls like G. B. Woods, Laurence, Mr. Vaill, Mr. Sears, Mr. Wilder, Dr. Peck and Mr. Williston saw that they were doing good and hard work and valuable work and that they must have help. Dr. Alden too, Henry Edwards, Leit. Governor Sorenson, Armstrong, Mr. Grennell.

Page 3

The things which I seem to remember the earliest in connexion with college were the tower, Chapel, the chemical laboratory and the Grove in which were all the gymnastics of early days. How many times I have gone up on college tower just for the fun of going up and down the stairs, seeing the college bell, and hearing the clock strike the hour when I was near it. And I used to go up on it with many visitors who came to see us on the College. And I liked the racket of running up and down the stairs, and peeking in at chapel on the way up or down, hearing the men speak, etc.

Then Chapel was our church except in vacation. We sat in the second pew just in front of the Seniors, with the choir behind us in the gallery. And there how many long sermons have I heard from those old saints, yet an hour long have I sat there and...

Page 5

...heard them and though I understood but a small part of them, I am sure they had a molding effect on my character. The choir consisted of ten or a dozen students and so far as I can remember there was the old double bass viol, and sometimes a flute with it. I remember Dr. G. S. Woodman of '46 as one of the most impressive leaders of the choir.

I sang there during the longest portion of my college course.

An impressive reminiscence to me was the presence and position of the college monitors. They were four Seniors, those four who stood on the books of the Faculty as the highest in rank at the end of Junior year. They sat on the North and South gallery front seats about 20 feet apart and marked the absences of their individual classes. And they were supposed to notice improprieties and sometimes we were so victimized and had to answer for it. I think this system survived well into Dr. Stearns administration...

Page 6

...when the Freshman class got so large that the monitors were in the way and so they sat with their own (marking) class till today. But the idea of giving monitorships for rank was abolished about '95 when some men did not like the position the we (faculty) could not compel a man to serve, and moreover we had to disturb some of its men for favoritism, and even dishonesty. So now '02 we appoint men of character whom we give a scholarship of \$75 and try to hold them to a strict account from the upper classes.

## College Choir and Chapel and Church Organ

As already mentioned the choir of church and chapel sat in the further end gallery and up to about '45-6 my father's administration the only instruments were the big bass viol and sometimes a flute.

But somewhere about 1846-8 we got a little faint parlor organ of two stops and put it into the gallery. I am quite sure it belonged to Mrs. Solomon Pitkin wife of the merchant who built the house now occupied by Professor Crowell. And I am quite sure that she loaned it to college and that I took my father's old horse and wagon and with help transported it to the chapel gallery. It did service there for two or three years. It was a very faint and feeble instrument but it was an advance in church music and was a help. And if I remember rightly, sometimes...

...the double bass was played with it. I played the organ part of the time but cannot remember who were the other organists. And I remember that the "double bass" was for sale for a long time and think that finally Sam Harrington a jeweler and watch maker sold it for something.

About 1849-50 we advanced a peg in the church organ business.

Wendell J. Davis in Greenfield owned a large hall and in it was an organ with – I think – 10 stops. It was one displaced by either the Episcopal or Unitarian churches in town for a better one and he kept it in his hall. So it was for sale and I should say for some \$250. So I buzzed around my father to see if we could get it and I carried around a subscription paper to somehow get together enough to bargain on it, and I remember I was one...

*[Insert]*

I remember to have taken an old blank diploma on parchment and to have written out in detail the cost and date of the organ and the donors and just what each one gave and to have tacked it to the back side of the moveable partition against which the music rested for the organist to see. And I am ashamed to say that within 25 or 30 years I have seen that instrument and neglected to preserve it.

I remember that it had been gnawed by the rats.

I cannot remember where that organ went to.

*[continued from page 8]*

...who went up and took it down and brought it to Amherst. And somehow it was set up and got in passable order. Some of the subscribers I remember. My father, Profs. Warner, Tyler, Snell, Tutors Henshaw and March, Rev. Mr. Collum (who worshipped with us and Joseph Colton). And there were

several others besides whom I cannot remember. But the organ did very good service and was then up to the times. As this came after I left I had but little to do as organist, but as I was off and on for about a year I frequently officiated. But Edward Bates was one, Addison Brown another and Carpenter another of the organists.

This organ did duty up well into the sixties so far as I know. But soon after Dr. R. S. Stearns was made a Trustee I remember that he gave us for...

Page 11

...chapel what was then a first class Cabinet Organ and the old pipe organ was given to a weak church somewhere though I cannot remember exactly.

But this made a change in the Chapel arrangements. And the Choir with this new instrument was brought down to the body of the house at the right hand of the platform and the choir, where it remained up into the 80s and it is (the organ) now somewhere around the Chapel building all in pieces.

But meantime in the early 70s the College Church was built and Sunday services were held there but prayers still in the old chapel. But the chapel organ was antiquated and effete so college bought a new smaller pipe organ and placed it on the platform with the choir where it is our assistant to day 1902.

College church in 1870 came...

Page 12 *[From typescript]*

...into being as a factor. The Church was a gift from Mr. W. F. Stearns son of the President, tho he died before the gift was made out (paid) & he died a poor man. He gave the church but not the fixtures or furniture.

So Dr. Stearns secured a promise from a Mr. Betts, father of Betts of '76 that he would give the organ. And on this promise Dr. Stearns ordered it & it was brought to the church and set up ready for use, but not a cent had been paid for it. And it was found that Mr. Betts could not & would not pay for it. But the builders must have their pay & if they didn't, it would be taken out before the church was dedicated. This was a dreadful strain on Dr. Stearns, & as his son had given the church he could not find anyone who would give an organ to the Stearns Church. And Dr. Stearns had (got) given the church why should not Trustees or Faculty fund the organ.

Page 13

I never knew how it was done but somehow this \$5,000 was deducted from the salaries of the Professors & the organ remained. I think my portion was about \$200. And I have forgotten all about it long ago.

*[crossed out]* And now Mr. Bigelow wants a new one (1902) and I guess he is right that he can't properly teach and lead the music of church and college without a new organ to bring us up to the times.

Since the above I have raked and scraped from everybody all I could (specifically Profs Esty, Crowell & Montague) & we believe it was voted of the Trustees that we (Professors) were deducted [?] each for one year \$250 & for the second year \$150.

But there are no records of the Trustees extant for the year (& some others) in which this transaction took place. And I guess it is well that the affair is forgotten, for the Church is still...

Page 14

...here and the veritable organ too. But it was a tough procedure.

Page 15-19

*[The transcription of pages 15-19 is at the end of Notebook C as it seems to be a continuation of the Home Life of Easthampton section.]*