

dreams, her own fresh heart, and Bull, were with her. The shadow of God was about her, but she knew Him or It not; she was ignorant as a Hottentot. She came to the bridge; the water ran deep and dark below her. Who will look into her soul as she looked into the water? Who will thread the Via Dolorosa of her spirit. For the music, the murmurs of that brook there were no ears, as there were none for hers. Yet *she* looked into the water, which seemed to hiss and race more merrily over the stones, as she looked. She heard owls, frogs, tree-toads; and she might almost have heard the tread of the saturnine wood-spider, at work in his loom with his warp-tail and shuttle-feet, working a web which the dews were even then embroidering, to shine out when the sun rose in silver spangles and ruby buds; and her own soul, woven as silently in God's quilt, was taking on impressions from those dark woods, that invisible universe, to shine out when her morning dawns. Alas! when shall that be; in this world, in the next? Is there any place *here* for a pure beautiful soul? If none, then let Margaret die. Or shall we let her murmur on forever, like the brook, in hopes that *some one* will look into her waters and be gladdened by her sound. She ran on through the Chesnuts, the strange old bald trees seeming to move as she moved, those more distant shooting by the others in rapid lines, performing a kind of spectral pantomime. Run on Margaret! and let the world dance round you as it may. When she reached home, she found the family all a bed, excepting Chilion, who sat in the dark, patiently, perhaps doggedly, waiting for her.

"Is she come?" cried the father, waking from his sleep. "Give us a nip."

"None of your sneaking here, old bruiser!" broke out the mother, rising in bed. "You are a real coon that would suck the biggest cock dry."

They both drank, and Margaret, having eaten a morsel Chilion kept for her, went to her bed. She had not been long asleep, when she was awakened by a noise below. Her father was calling her name, "Molly! Molly!" She started immediately to go down.

"Never mind, Margery," spoke Chilion, from his own chamber, as she descended the ladder. "He will come out of it soon."

Her father, overcome by his liquor, had fallen into a sort of delirium. "Bite, will ye? spit fire, ram lightning down a babe's throat, Molly! Molly!" She seized the convulsed

arm of the old man, and rubbed it. "There, there," she said, "it will be over soon." Her mother lay trussed and frozen in sleep.

"Sweet angel," said the father; "hold on, put their tails in the stocks and let them squirm,—Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed out, changing his tone. "There's pitch-forks, and swingling stands, and two Bibles dancing a hornpipe, and Deacon Penrose playing on a rum-hogshead."

"I shwum," cried Hash, swaggering down the ladder, "if they an't a toping the whole. Why didn't you tell me you had got back, Peggy?" He took the keg to make sure of what remained.

"Hash! Hash!" cried Margaret, "he thinks he's falling off the bridge, I can't hold him."

"Let him fall and be — and you too," was the reply. The paroxysm began to subside, the old man's arm relaxed, his breathing became easier. Margaret reascended the stairs, whither Hash had already preceded her, and returned to that forgetfulness of all things which God vouchsafes even to the most miserable.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### RETROSPECTIVE AND EXPLANATORY.

At this day of comparative abstinence and general sobriety, one is hardly prepared to receive the accounts that might be given of the consumption of intoxicating liquors in former times. In the Old World, drinking was cultivated as an Art; it was patronized by courtiers, it fellowshipped with rustics; it belonged to the establishment, and favored dissent; it followed in the wake of colonial migration, and erected its institutions in the New World. Contemporary with the foundation, it flourished with the growth and dilated with the extension of this Western Empire. Herein comes to pass a singular historical inversion; what we rigorously denounce as "distilled damnation," the Puritans cheerily quaffed under the names of "Strong Water," and "Aqua Vitæ," Water of Life. While

we expel rum from our houses, as a pestilence, an earlier age was wont to display it with a picturesque effect, and render it attractive by environments of mahogany and silver.

In Livingston there were five distilleries for the manufacture of cider-brandy, or what was familiarly known as pupelo. There was also consumed a proportionate quantity of alcoholic liquors of other kinds. The entire amount annually drank among a population of about twelve hundred, could not have been less than six thousand gallons. It found its way into every family, loaded many side-boards, filled innumerable jugs; all denominations of men were alike under its influence. In the account kept with Parson Welles at Deacon Penrose's, rum composed at least one half the items. Master Elliman, as we have seen, was not exempt from the habits of his age. He drank constantly and at times excessively. To the cheer prevailing at the Pond he was no stranger; but, on the other hand, it afforded him no small satisfaction to become a sharer in their potations. His botanical excursions were enlivened and relieved by the humor of Pluck and the liberality of his entertainment. In addition to this there were other causes operating to bring together these two persons of qualities and manners in some respects so apparently opposed. On these we must beg the patience of the reader, while we briefly delay. The first permanent settlement in Livingston was effected in the year 1677, at the close of the war of King Philip or Pometacom, the chief of the Wampanoags. The original inhabitants came partly from the old colonies; and were reinforced by migrations direct from Europe. A one-story log-house, with thatched roof, was the original church, and stood on the same spot with that to which the attention of the reader has been called, a tin horn, in place of a bell, summoning the people to worship. What is now known as the Green early became the centre of the town, and on the four streets before-mentioned many of the planters established themselves. The town underwent and survived the various incidents and vicissitudes that belong to our national history; Queen Anne's war, Lovell's war, the Seven Years' war, incursions from the Indians, drafts of men for the frontiers, small-pox, throat-distemper, Antinomianism, Newlightism, Scotch Presbyterianism, an attempted "visit from Whitfield," settling ministers, the stamp-act, succession of sovereigns, kings in England, governors at home, earthquakes, tornadoes, depreciation of currency, taxes, etc. etc. A period of more exciting interest approached. The question of a final separation from the mother country engaged

all minds. An organic system was instituted throughout the country, embracing the states, counties and towns. Committees of Safety, Inspection, Vigilance or Correspondence, whatever they might be called, were formed in every village; these cooperated with the County Committees, which in their turn became auxiliary to those of the State. "The towns," say our historians, "assumed, in some respects the authority of an individual community, an independent republic. The Committee met daily and acted in a legislative, executive and judicial capacity. All suspicious persons were brought before them, and if found guilty were condemned." "Numerous arrests, imprisonments and banishments were made." "The Committee was impowered to use military force. Many Tories and their families were expelled the State, and others required to give security to reside in prescribed limits; and occasionally the jails, and even the churches, were crowded with prisoners, and many were sent for safe-keeping to the jails of neighboring States." An "Association," as it was termed, covenant, or oath, was prepared and offered for the signatures of the people of Livingston. The sessions of the court, which had been interrupted elsewhere, received little or no disturbance in this town. Judge Morgridge, a resident of the place, who received his commission under the king, and faithfully administered the old laws of the State, was equally devoted to the interests of the people. News of the battle of Lexington had arrived; Tony, the negro barber, fiddler and drummer, had gone through the streets at midnight, sounding alarms from time to time. Court week came, and in addition to such scenes as for many years had characterized that occasion, trading, huckstering, wrestling, fighting, horse-racing, multitudes thronging the streets; at the present moment there assembled greater quantities of people, from Livingston itself, and the neighboring towns, who were animated by unusual topics. There was little business for the functionaries of law, and more for the officers of the people. The County Committee was in session. Numbers of delinquents were brought from various parts, and lodged in the jail. The Crown and Bowl was filled with people, among whom was Pluck. While others were drinking to the Continental Congress, he toasted the king; when rebuked, he replied in some wanton language. This, in addition to other conduct of a suspicious nature, exposed him to the action of the Committee, before which he was taken; that body consisting in part of his fellow-townsmen, Deacon Hadlock and Mr. Gisborne the joiner. The proceed-

ings in his case may be known by the subjoined extract from the records.

*“Livingston, August 28th, 1775.*

“Didymus Hart being summoned to this Committee, on the information of sundry witnesses, that the said Hart on the 27th day of this month, had violated the laws of the Continental and Provincial Congress, and done other acts contrary to the liberties of the country, appeared, and after due proof being made of said charge, the said Hart was pleased to make a full confession thereof, and in the most equivocal and insulting manner attempted to vindicate said conduct, to wit:

1st. “Working on the Public Fast recommended by the association of ministers.

2d. “Speaking diminutively of the County Congress, in which they recommended to the people not to take Hick’s and Mill’s paper.

3d. “Not sufficiently encouraging people to sign the Covenant.

4th. “Saying that his wife had bought tea, and should buy it again, if she had a chance.

5th. “At the Ordinary of Mr. Abraham Stillwater, with a bowl of grog in his hand, drinking to the success of the king’s arms.

6th. “Saying, ‘by G—d if this people is to be governed in this manner, it is time for us to look out; and ’tis all owing to the Committee of Safety, a pack of supple-headed fellows, I know two of them myself.’

“These charges being proved and the Committee having admonished said Hart, but he continuing his perverse course, it was voted that said Hart is an enemy to his country, and that every friend to humanity ought to forsake said Hart, until he shall give evidence of sincere repentance by actions worthy of a man and a Christian.

(Signed)

“JAMES GISBORNE, *Clerk.*”

The next day an event occurred that aroused the people still more against Pluck. Another individual in town had rendered himself obnoxious to public sentiment. This was Col. Welch, a brother-in-law of Judge Morgridge, who had derived his title for services against the French in the Seven Years’ war. He occupied a large house at the head of the West Street, near “Deacon Hadlock’s Pasture.” He refused to sign the Association, and used language which gave the people cause to doubt his patriotism. He declined also accepting a command in the

Continental armies, and intimated that his present commission could not be supplanted or displaced. He had already been summoned before the Town Committee, where his replies were not satisfactory. Further measures were proposed. At this crisis of affairs, late in the evening, Judge Morgridge, with some of his family, visited his brother-in-law, and informing him of what was in progress, suggested that he had no other alternative but recantation or flight. The Colonel replied that the former he would not do, and if it came to the latter, that should be done; and with his family made hasty preparations for departure. In the middle of the night, he left Livingston, went to New York, whence he ultimately sailed for Nova-Scotia. When the two families had indulged those tokens of regret, speedily finished, which were natural to the occasion, and the Colonel was on the point of starting, it was discovered that one horse delayed, and the cause was as soon obvious. Cæsar, a servant of Judge Morgridge, was found clinging passionately to Phillis, the servant of the Colonel. Such a moment for the expression of what they might feel, was certainly most inopportune, and the two lovers were unceremoniously separated. The next morning Pluck understanding from Cæsar what had happened, and withal as we say now-a-days, endeavoring to make capital out of the fellow’s distress, appeared again on the Green, and more than half in liquor, made boast of toryism, applauded the conduct of Col. Welch, and declaimed on the cruelty practised towards the negro. Already sufficiently odious, he would have done better not to trifle with an indignant populace. He was declared not only inimical but dangerous, and by order of the Committee was confined in jail. Among a multitude of fellow-prisoners he found one of whom till that moment he had known but little; this was his townsman and subsequent acquaintance, Master Elliman. This gentleman, inveterately attached to olden time, without reverence for the people, and, as his subsequent conduct would indicate, with no other regard for kings than consisted in a preference for an old and long-established state of things over any new projects that might be proposed, possibly unwilling to have his quiet disturbed, perhaps averse to receiving dictation from those whose children he had flogged, or who themselves may have been under his thumb; certainly not, we have reason to believe, from any conscientious scruples; this gentleman, we say, received the Committee, who waited upon him, with an irritating indifference, and refused to sign the Association. It was considered unsafe to have him at large,

and he was thrown into prison. Here commenced an intimacy that in the result proved not unfavorable to one as yet unborn, Margaret. Whatever points of resemblance might exist between Pluck and the Master, became strengthened by their confinement together, and their contrarieties were forgotten in a sense of common calamity. The cells of the jail were crowded, comforts were not abundant, and whatever relief could be had from an exchange of sympathies, the convicts would naturally betake themselves to; and in the result it appeared that Pluck and the Master became very good friends, and the visits of the latter to the Pond, originating in the double cause which has now been related, were in after years not infrequent. Add to this a deep and ingenuous interest in Margaret, and we shall understand why he came so often to her house, and exerted himself so readily for her instruction. The duration of these two recusants lasted no more than two or three months. Pluck, as being of less consequence, was released almost on his own terms. In the Kidderminster Chronicle appeared the following which relates to the Master:

"Whereas I, the subscriber, have from the perverseness of my wicked heart maliciously and scandalously abused the character and proceedings of the Continental and Provincial Congress, Selectmen of this town, and the Committees of Safety in general, I do hereby declare, that at the time of my doing it, I knew the said abuses to be the most scandalous falsehoods, and that I did it for the sole purpose of abusing those bodies of men, and affronting my townsmen, and all the friends of liberty throughout the Continent. Being now fully sensible of my wickedness, and notorious falsehoods, I humbly beg pardon of those worthy characters I have so scandalously abused, and voluntarily renouncing my former principles, do promise for the future to render my conduct unexceptionable to my countrymen, by strictly adhering to the measures of Congress, and desire this my confession may be printed in the Kidderminster Chronicle for three weeks successively.

"BARTHOLOMEW ELLIMAN."

"Test,  
Abraham Stillwater,  
Josiah Penrose,  
Nathan Hadlock."

"Livingston, Nov. 23d, 1775."