

ter. The next morning Cousin Rollin, with a two-seated buggy, took us up the East Hollow road to visit the "Old Parker Homestead." We passed the oldest house in Barkhamsted, erected previous to 1771, and once owned and occupied by Col. Israel Jones, who was a brother of my great-grandfather. The house is still in a good state of preservation, and bids fair to endure the blasts of another 125 years. We soon arrived at "the old home in Barkhamsted," as our parents always loved to call it, and began investigations. The dam, which used to form the pond where our fathers skated and fished, was washed away by a flood some thirty years ago, but another further up the stream turns water to the same mill that stood there then. The foundation to the forge, where our blind great-grandfather made horseshoe nails, could be traced; and here it was that our grandfather laid the foundation for the prosperity of his sons in "the West." It was with reverence we turned our faces toward the house, in which no material change has been made, inside or out, since the memorable day when the Parker family, with sore hearts but bright hopes, started on their long journey for Ohio. Only one of the family—Uncle Rufus—who left that day, ever visited the spot. There stands the two-story house, grim and gray with age, in construction commodious, a mansion in early times, now the home of a colored family.

When I asked Newton if he would like to go in and see the interior arrangement of the house he answered emphatically, "No. I do not wish the impressions which were instilled into my mind by my father as to the house mixed up with the associations connected with a family whose mother is white and father black."

It *was* two much like sacrilege; his sense of propriety was shocked, and from my heart I gave his feelings my unqualified indorsement. We walked back past where the barn once stood and on to a hogback ridge that extended from near the house to a brook at the foot of the mountain. On this ridge, from which the storms of years had washed nearly all the soil, were a few wintergreens, and strawberry vines with ripe fruit. We picked and ate some for association's sake, and I think Newton sent a few wintergreens home.

We located "the old cow path," climbed part way up the mountain, drank in the beauty of the scenery, rested a bit and returned just as Cousin Rollin—becoming uneasy at our protracted absence—was on the point of starting after us. A drink of water from the well refreshed us, and as we turned our backs upon "the old home" we only communed with our own thoughts.

Retracing our way a short distance we crossed the river at the mill, and halting at the Hawkins Hart homestead long enough to go through the house, which still stands but is vacant, and see the musket which he carried in the Revolution, now owned by his descendant, Monroe Hart, who lives near by, we were soon at the Center cemetery, where sleep our great-grandparents. Here we spent some time with those who had passed away. The old meeting house in which our ancestors worshipped has been torn down and removed. In its place stands the monument erected to the memory of Barkhamsted's fallen heroes. The evening was devoted to visiting and mirth. Cousin Rollin was at his best, and I yet laugh when I think of his fun-provoking stories. The next day I went to Winsted with Cousin Rollin, while Newton visited with Cousin Mary and searched the town records. Friday morning our cousins escorted us to New Hartford, which was a beautiful ride of five miles, where we bade them good-