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A NEW ENGLAND HOME.

The following well written letter which the NEWS, by the courtesy of President Wilford Woodruff, is permitted to publish, will be perused with great interest:

JANUARY 17, 1893.

Dear Father and Mother.—Today has been a red letter day in my life, viz., a visit to the birthplace of my fathers in Connecticut, a brief description of which I will try and relate, for while it is now past midnight, yet busy fancy plays upon my mind and sleep will not come to me. On retiring last night I determined to set apart today for this promised visit, and accordingly left a 3:30 call with the night clerk. Promptly at that hour there came a thump at my door that would have roused a heavier sleeper than myself. Arising I dressed hastily, and after arranging a few necessities in a hand grip I made my way down stairs, and leaving the hotel proceeded up Broadway to Union Square, where I secured a cab which drove me rapidly to the Grand Central depot on Forty-second street, arriving there thirty minutes before the train time. These thirty minutes I paced impatiently up and down the waiting room anxious for 5 o'clock to come, as the air was very keen, the thermometer ranging somewhere below zero. Finally the welcome sound rings out, "All aboard for New Haven and Hartford." As the train proceeds up the banks of East River, a beautiful panoramic view of changing, varying hues of lights presents itself. Presently the Harlem is crossed and we are speeding along the shore of Long Island Sound towards New Haven, where I leave the Boston express and board a train bound for Northampton. Numerous towns and hamlets are passed as we move northward over the rolling undulating country, with all its diversified scenery of field and forest, some brown and bare, while others are clothed with everlasting verdure. Passing through Centerville, Mt. Carmel, Plainville, Farmington and other places, we at last reached Avon at just 8:41, having been three hours and forty minutes on the road. Leaving the station, which is built at the entrance to the churchyard, I proceeded to the postoffice kept by a Mr. Bishop and inquired the address of Mrs. Hatch. He informed me, she lived about two and a half miles distant.

Deeming the distance too far to walk I secured the service of a native, rejoicing in the sobriquet of Gabriel, to drive me over in his cutter. While he was hitching up I walked over to the graveyard and wandered among the tombstones, in the hope of seeing a familiar name; but none was there to reward my search. There are many Woodruffs and Thompsons, but no Woodruffs. My angelic companion now being ready I climbed into the cutter, tucked the robes carefully about my feet, thrust my hands deep into two spacious overcoat pockets and announced my readiness to start. If it was cold in New York it was still colder up here, the thermometer registering 8 degrees below zero on Mr. Gabriel's porch. The ride over behind a good horse was charming. The road we took leads out of Avon one-half mile to the south, when it bends to the right and crosses a valley almost due east for a mile and a half through a forest sprinkled with evergreens; when on reaching Mr. Ed Woodruff's house it turns to the south again. About half a mile down this road a big apple tree stands throwing its branches far over the cottage standing back of it. Here my driver pulled up with an evident air of satisfaction and announced this to be the home of Mrs. Hatch. I had gone but a few steps toward the porch when the door flew open and a grey-haired, pleasant faced lady stepped briskly forward, with the exclamation, "Well, and this is cousin Ashael!" You guessed right that time, said I. There was no mistaking that her welcome was genuine and I was made to feel perfectly at home from the start. She was much disappointed when I told her I would have to return by the evening train, as she had expected me to stay two or three days. She introduced me to her husband, Mr. Hatch, a very agreeable sort of New England farmer; also to Ann Caswell, and a niece named Hattie Woodruff, about twenty-two years of age, who proved to be of great service to me during the day, showing me around. A Mrs. Woodruff was over visiting when I went, but Aunt Lin (every one calls her by this name here) invited her to go home and call another day, as she wanted to devote this one to me. I discovered this frank manner about her in several ways before the day was over. She was thoughtful enough to enquire if I was hungry, and I gave

her to understand most emphatically that I was, having partaken of breakfast early yesterday. She soon had prepared some delicious butter, toast, beefsteak, and coffee, and it did taste fine after my long ride. Breakfast being over Mr. Hatch hitched Charlie into the cutter, while Aunt Lin muffled me up in a big comforter and, with Hattie as my fair guide, we proceeded to visit the places of greatest interest. We drove first to the cemetery and dismounting tied the horse up to the fence and entered this sacred spot. Proceeding up the center walk we soon found Great Grandfather and Grandmother Woodruff's resting-places with the tombstones facing west. I recognized them in a moment from the photos which you have of them. It would be difficult to describe the feeling which came over me as I gazed upon this hallowed resting-place of my long since departed kindred and thought that perhaps you had stood on the same spot many years before. It may have been the cold that caused my eyes to moisten. This is a delightful spot, such as one could wish to rest in till called forth to a brighter existence. An iron fence surrounds the yard and a row of splendid pines cast their approving shadows upon this matchless home of the dead. With slow steps we quit this place, but not before gathering a bit of evergreen from one of the graves. Our next call is at the Allen place, of which I am content with an external view. Proceeding some distance farther east on this road we turn to the south and pass the old Judge place, which is somewhat dilapidated and unoccupied at present. And now comes the most interesting experience of all—the visit to the Old Mill and your birthplace. We tied our horse at the mill and got out of the sleigh. Two brothers named Holmes are running the place. One of them we found raking ice out of the race, so the water could reach the wheel which is situated at the back of the highest part, as shown in the photograph. The water is carried to it by means of an 18-inch inclined wooden pipe, the upper end of which connects with the old race as it stood when you left it half a century ago. I entered the old saw mill and picked out what must have been the post where you broke your leg when riding the log carriage. The race is well grown over with young maples. The high part of the mill was partly burned after you