



*Most of the information in the following is from "The Cheney Family" by Charles Henry Pope and from "The Lives of John and Seth W. Cheney," written by Ednah Dow Cheney, wife of Seth W. Cheney, and from family tradition. This could not have been published without the help of my sister Marjory Cheney.*

## The Descent of the Founders of the Cheney Silk Industry



The Descent in America of the  
Founders of the Cheney Silk Industry  
in Manchester, Connecticut

JOHN CHENEY is the first Cheney who is recorded as having come to this country from England. His coming is recorded by the Rev. John Eliot, called the "Apostle of the Indians," as follows: "John Cheney came to America in the year 1635. He brought four children and Martha Cheney, the wife of John Cheney."

He settled first in Roxbury, Mass., where the Rev. John Eliot was pastor, but the next year he moved to nearby Newbury, Mass. where he lived the rest of his life.

There was a William Cheney who lived in Roxbury, but there is no record of whether he and John were brothers or were not related, and there is no record whatever found in this country or in England telling from what part of England they came, or what was their station in life, or why they came to America.

John Cheney was evidently an industrious and respected man. He served more than once as selectman and held other positions of responsibility in the town. He owned a number of pieces of land. In his will he made careful provision for "his loving wife Martha" and for his children. It is pleasant that in his will he

called by name each cow that he left to a child. He died in Newbury on June 28, 1666.

PETER CHENEY, his sixth child, was the second to be born in this country. He was born in 1638 and married Hannah Moore in 1663. He bought a gristmill and did a prosperous business as a miller. He ground meal for the town and brought his sons up to be millers. He also had a fulling mill and a sawmill.

He must have been an affectionate man for in his will he wrote, "For divers good reasons and considerations me thereunto moving, but especially for and in consideration of the natural affection I bear to my loving son Peter . . ." There seems to be no record of the date of his death.

PETER CHENEY, JR., his oldest son was born in Newbury in 1663. He married Mary Holmes in 1691. He was one of those who served in the "block house" in defense against Indians in 1704. He inherited some land and one half of a sawmill from his father and apparently worked the sawmill for many years.

BENJAMIN, his youngest son, was born in Newbury in 1698. Here we come to an unfortunate gap in the records, so that no Cheney or descendant of a Cheney, born in East Hartford, Conn., The Five Mile Tract, Orford Parish or Manchester can absolutely say that he is descended from Benjamin Cheney of Newbury, although there is every reason to believe that he is.

There is no record of the marriage or death of Benjamin

in Newbury. In East Hartford, Conn. there is a record of a Benjamin Cheney buying a piece of land on November 12, 1724. There is no record of his birth in East Hartford, but there is a record of his marriage and of his death.

It is recorded also that the Cheney family in Newbury was interested in the Connecticut River Valley and several Cheneyes had bought land in different towns in Connecticut. A Rev. Timothy Woodbridge who had been a pastor in Newbury moved to East Hartford as did several other men from Newbury at about the same time that a Benjamin Cheney bought land in East Hartford and set up a sawmill, which was in the family tradition. Moreover there is also no documentary proof that this Benjamin of East Hartford belonged to any other Cheney family. We may then feel fairly certain that Benjamin Cheney of Newbury is the same as Benjamin Cheney of East Hartford.

The latter married Elizabeth Long on November 12, 1724. From East Hartford he and his wife moved to the newly opened settlement towards the east called "The Five Mile Tract" which was still in the township of East Hartford. Here he built a big plain clapboard house in the New England tradition. It is still standing on what is now East Center Street, Manchester. Unfortunately, in a later generation, it was changed and added to and lost its ancient character.

Benjamin became prosperous and owned many tracts of land. He was a house carpenter, wheelwright and joiner and he also ran a sawmill. He owned a number of books

and also part shares in a geography and a dictionary which was unusual in those days. He lived comfortably and in his will are mentioned such unexpected luxuries as a silk neck handkerchief and a gold necklace. His wife Elizabeth died in 1759 and he died in the following year. There is no record of the exact date.

TIMOTHY CHENEY, the fourth child of Benjamin and Elizabeth, was born May 10, 1731. He married Mary Olcott January 19, 1758. She died April 4, 1786. The following year, May 9, 1787, he married Martha Loomis, who was a widow.

There is a record in his account book dated 1784 saying, "Paid this day for lumber for my new house." It is reasonable therefore to suppose that he built the house in 1785, a year before the death of his first wife. It was in the southern part of the town about a mile and a half from his father's house where he was born. It is on a southern slope leading down to Hop Brook, with a meadow opposite, and beyond the meadow a wooded hill. This is the house so dearly loved by later generations of Cheney's and known as "The Cheney Homestead."

Timothy, like his older brother, Benjamin, Jr., was a skilled clockmaker and cabinetmaker. Unlike most clockmakers of that day, Timothy and Benjamin made the cabinets for their clocks. There is one of Timothy's clocks still in the Homestead.

John Fitch, who was one of those who is said to have invented the first steamboat, was apprenticed to Benjamin Cheney, Jr. to learn to make clocks. He ran away,

but was caught and brought back and apprenticed to Timothy. He said neither of them ever taught him anything about clocks but used him as a farm hand, and complained that he was never given anything to eat but bean soup. John Fitch was a rover and not a very reliable person, so it is possible that he invented more than the steamboat. At least, Timothy seems to have been respected by his fellow townsmen.

During the Revolution Timothy was elected a captain of militia, but only served a short time, for he was detailed, tradition says, at the request of General Washington, to make powder for the Army. Later he took part in petitioning the Legislature to make the Five Mile Tract, called Orford Parish, a separate township from East Hartford. This was granted in 1792 and Timothy became clerk of the Orford Ecclesiastical Society, an important position in the town.

He died September 27, 1795. In his will he left the Homestead to his son George who had lived there with him.

GEORGE CHENEY was born December 20, 1771. He was a farmer, a miller and a justice of the peace. He was a thoughtful, intelligent man of great integrity and one who commanded respect. He was called Squire Cheney. He kept a book which was partly a journal and partly a scrapbook in which he put sayings and quotations that pleased him. He was liberal beyond his day in quoting "God forbid that a woman should hold her tongue simply

because she is a woman." He was a liberal in his religion. Though he was a religious man the doctrines of infant damnation and predestination were too much for him. He seldom went to church, though it is said that he sometimes drove to Hebron to the Episcopal church.

October 18, 1798 he married Electa Woodbridge, the daughter of Deodatus Woodbridge who kept the tavern at what is now Manchester Green. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Seth W. Cheney, wrote of her that she "was a woman of fine clear intelligence, strong feeling and dignified character. She loved her children and spared no pains for their welfare but she never petted them. At first she did nearly all the work of the household. This included not only the cooking, cleaning and washing for the family and two or three workmen, but the spinning, weaving and dyeing or bleaching of the cloth and making of nearly all the garments. She usually had some help with the spinning and weaving." The picture of her in the Homestead as an old woman has a fine clear look—a look of great character and of refinement.

She and George had nine children—eight sons and one daughter. They were all born in the Cheney Homestead. There seems to be no record of the date of George's death. Electa died October 12, 1853.

GEORGE WELLS was born October 22, 1799. On November 2, 1824 he married a cousin Mary Cheney. He was a thoughtful and kind man of great integrity, much liked and trusted by his fellow townsmen. He held

the offices of Town Clerk and Justice of the Peace. It was said that no appeal was ever taken from one of his decisions.

After his father's death, he in turn was known as Squire Cheney. Because of his early death, for he was only 42 when he died, he had no part in the development of Cheney Brothers silk industry. He died December 20, 1841.

JOHN, the second son, was born October 20, 1801. He never married. He was perhaps the most interesting and original of the family. As a boy and young man he worked on the farm. He was a great reader and he became interested in engraving. He studied first in Hartford, then in London, Paris and Rome, developing a fine and delicate technique and becoming one of the best engravers of his day. He was of a somewhat eccentric and interesting character; many of his ideas of education and health were ahead of his day. He lived in the Homestead until his death on August 9, 1885.

CHARLES was born December 26, 1803. On October 21, 1829 he married Waitstill Dexter Shaw. For a while he had a shop in Providence but it proved a failure, and when the mulberry tree boom was at its height, he moved to Mount Pleasant, Ohio and started a mulberry farm. His house became a station on the "underground railway" to help escaping slaves to reach Canada.

After the death of his wife, April 16, 1841, he returned to Manchester and with his brothers helped develop the silk industry. He was an excellent businessman and for a number of years was head of the firm of Cheney

Brothers. On September 15, 1847 he married Harriet A. Bowen. He died June 20, 1874.

RALPH was born January 13, 1806. On October 14, 1833 he married Jerusha D. Goodwin.

He was interested in farming. He became a partner in Cheney Brothers and managed the Company farm with the care of all their horses and equipment for their outdoor work. He was the first Probate Judge in Manchester. He died March 26, 1897.

SETH WELLS CHENEY was born November 26, 1810. He was the only delicate child of the family and probably was spared some of the rough work of the farm. He was devoted to his brother John and at a very early age he too became interested in engraving. Later he joined John in Paris and went with him to Rome. Though Seth began as an engraver, his crayon portraits were his best work. His portraits in oil were less successful.

In September 1847 he married a beautiful girl, Emily Pitkin of Manchester. She died of tuberculosis May 11, 1850. Three years later, May 19, 1853, he married Ednah Dow Littlehall of Boston. Many of his portraits were of Boston people. He died, also of tuberculosis, September 10, 1856, and after his death his wife wrote a life of him, and also a life of John. Seth was a man of delicate and sensitive perceptions, which is shown in his work. Like most of his brothers, he was a very handsome man.

WARD CHENEY was born February 3, 1813. He was a man of warm and generous character and of great personal magnetism. He was much loved not only by his family, but by the townspeople and all who knew him. He was also a man of strong character and of executive ability. He took a very important part in the history of Cheney Brothers, being one of those who experimented in the growth of mulberry trees and in raising silkworms.

There is no record of the date he married Caroline Jackson. He died March 22, 1876.

RUSH CHENEY was born April 25, 1815. He was a man of refined and sensitive character combined with mechanical ingenuity, which made him very valuable in developing the business. On September 28, 1847 he married Julia Arm Goodwin whose parents were English. He died June 7, 1882.

FRANK CHENEY, the youngest son, was born July 5, 1817. He was almost a genius in his mechanical ability, and with Rush he made inventions and improvements in machinery that had much to do with the early success of Cheney Brothers.

A man named Spencer, who worked for Cheney Brothers, invented the Spencer repeating carbine. Cheney Brothers received a large order from the government to

manufacture them, and leased part of the Chickering Piano factory in Boston where the work was carried out under the supervision of Frank Cheney. It was not a profitable venture, but it played a part in the outcome of the war. On June 8, 1853 Frank married Susan J. Cushing of Providence. He died on February 4, 1904.

ELECTA CHENEY, the last of the family and the only daughter, was born September 8, 1821. She was a beautiful girl, very much beloved by her eight older brothers.

On June 11, 1845, she married Richard Goodman who at that time was living in Hartford. Later they moved to Lenox, Mass., where she died December 19, 1896.

## Random Notes of Traditions and Memories of the Children of George and Electa Cheney

COLLECTED BY DOROTHY CHENEY

These collected memories, my dear nephews and nieces, are in answer to urging from many of you, so you see you have brought it on your own heads.

In the genealogy, I have tried to give what small bits of tradition and hearsay have come down the generations, and in this I confine myself to the eight Cheney brothers and one daughter who were all born in the Homestead, children of George and Electa Woodbridge Cheney.

I will begin with some pages taken from a sketch written by my brother Charles for a ceremony when Cheney Brothers office in New York moved into new quarters on October 10th, 1925.

"There came a big excitement into the quiet life in the form of a craze for raising mulberry trees as a basis for the introduction of silkworm raising which was supposed to be the forerunner of the development of a new road to wealth. Some of the Cheney boys caught the fever and launched upon the mulberry tree enterprise in which they invested all of their meager capital. The bubble burst because of the impossibility of competing with the cheap labor of Southern Europe and Asia, and the Cheneys saw





GEORGE CHENEY

their hard-earned and hard-saved dollars vanish. They were of an enterprising and courageous mold and had gotten the idea of silk into their heads and went back to work to turn failure into success by undertaking to make silk goods instead of raising silkworms. Two of the brothers, John and Seth, had become artists and had achieved a good measure of success and had saved a little money which they put at the disposal of the others as the working capital in their new silk manufacturing venture; thus Cheney Brothers was from the first the outgrowth of art.

"Down in the meadows below the farmhouse, at a bend in the brook, there was a small primitive gristmill. It was driven by an old-fashioned undershot water wheel.



ELECTA WOODBRIDGE CHENEY

This supplied the power for the new mill—hardly more than a small barn.

"Ralph, Ward, Frank, Rush and Charles were the Cheney Brothers with John and Seth as side partners.

"Such was the beginning of what became a great business."

Perhaps these notes will be less chaotic if I take each member of the family in order and try to tell any bits about them that I can remember a bit more informally than what appears in the genealogy, trying not to repeat what is already written.

Of George, the oldest son, I can only remember that his granddaughter Emily showed me a death mask of him, and also a portrait of him as a young man drawn by Uncle Seth. Both gave the feeling of a charming, sensitive, gentle man with handsome features and a look of faithful candor. He had eight children. He died when he was only 42, too early for him to have any part in Cheney Brothers.

My only single memory of Uncle John is curiously vivid, for I was only four years old when he died. I remember an old man in a wheel chair with a shawl about his shoulders and a long white beard. There must have been a sense of something remarkable to so impress a child of four.

Luckily I can turn to Milly, for this. These are her memories of Uncle John and Uncle Ralph and of our grandfather Charles.

"Uncle John came next to George and he is the one of the uncles of whom I have the clearest memory. His was a memorable face with high cheekbones and handsome aquiline nose, white hair and beard. He must have been an old man when I first remember him, but he was very active and still climbing trees in need of pruning. His was a picturesque figure, striding along in a full cape blowing in the wind and a broad-brimmed soft felt hat. He was tall and spare with a springy step. At that time, he lived a frugal and austere life in the Homestead. In winter it was often a cold place. He did not indulge himself in comfort, and would walk up and down the rooms beating himself with his hands to keep warm and get the circulation going. He spent a good deal of time in his studio. I do not think that in his later years he did any engraving. He said 'No man had a right to engrave who couldn't draw and that any man who could draw was a damn fool to engrave.' Besides the splendid cast of the Venus of Milo and other classical casts there was in the studio a large blackboard and upon this he practised drawing, seeking, I believe, for the perfect line, right however simple. Once when some of us children had slipped into the studio by ourselves we opened a drawer in a little stand and found long tresses of a woman's hair, a mystery never solved for us.

"There is a story that when Uncle John was a youth his brother Ralph came complaining to their father that John

was sitting out there on the plow reading Plato and not doing a stroke of work. I think he was always interested in the ancient Greeks and in their practice of physical exercise. He was pleased when we children began to play tennis, only, quite rightly, he disapproved of our tight fitting, high-necked dresses and said 'undo a button and let the air circulate.' He thought that if people didn't wear so many clothes, they would take more pains to have well-developed bodies. He often stopped in at our grandfather's (Charles') house and would sit down to chat while we were at supper saying, no, he didn't want anything to eat, but presently taking a bit of graham bread and butter and a little applesauce and he once settled down to sharing the supper, which was likely to be cold smoked tongue, bread and butter and homemade cottage cheese in little pats with a clover leaf on top, preserved fruit and 'soft cookies,' a simple kind of cake. Uncle John loved argument and there was always plenty of good talk when he was with us. As a small child I liked to make little buttonhole bouquets, a leaf of rose geranium, a sprig of lemon verbena, a small pink rose, a bit of heliotrope or a tuberose to give to each of the grown-ups at table and Uncle John liked to have one and didn't want to be left out when I dutifully went the rounds with good-night kisses. He must have liked children. Each Christmas brought us all 'Uncle John mits.' They were made of thick tufted sheared wool, some spickle-speckled with red and white or blue and some, very beautiful, were white with a red flower on the back.



JOHN CHENEY

The wool collected little bunches of icy snow which we liked to suck. They had a pleasant flavor of wool.

"Of all the nieces and great-nieces, the one truly beloved was Polly, who was devoted to him all his days. It was she who found the right material for his cape and the kind of hat and hatband that he wished. I think she fulfilled his innate love of delicate and refined beauty, his appreciation of flavor and quality.

"Just below the little Homestead pond where Cousin Annie's driveway curves, Uncle John had a grapery, and occasionally he brought baskets of choice and delicate hot-house grapes. There never was a flavor so exquisite as that of those pale green muscatel grapes! Also there were several pear trees in front of the house and three apple trees close to the studio with whose charming bright red apples we children loved to fill our blouses as well as our stomachs. Also there used to be red and yellow raspberry vines where once there had been young mulberry trees near the Cheney Brook between the old mill and the Homestead.

"Uncle John never lost his interest in the engravings and etchings of other men. From time to time a man would appear with a great heavy portfolio of such pictures and they would be taken out one by one, laid upon a big table at Father's house and carefully studied, often with a magnifying glass.

"He spent very little upon himself, living with great simplicity. I remember Harry G. saying one day 'Uncle John must be going to New York. He's just drawn \$5.00 at the office!'

"Let it not be forgotten that out of their slender savings as artists, John and Seth helped Cheney Brothers to get a start in business.

"Uncle Ralph I never knew well and have no vivid recollection of him. I think of him as a lonely old man living in what seemed a gloomy house, the one Stuart lives in now. There were two small rooms and a narrow hall between them in the space that is now the living room. The west room was the parlor and usually shut up. I remember it as dark and furnished with a number of large bronzes—Una and the Lion, Mercury and others.

"I think of my grandfather Charles as a dignified, grave, silent man with dark hair beginning to turn grey. He stooped slightly and it is hard to recognize the same man in Uncle Seth's crayon portrait of him as a young man, so handsome and spirited. Life had brought disappointments and sorrows to him and his lovely wife, Waitstill Dexter Shaw of Providence. Their first child, Frank Dexter Cheney, died before he was two years old, a heartbreaking grief to them. Charles had a select dry goods business in Providence situated in a stone building called the Arcade and supposed to resemble the Madeline in Paris. After some years his business failed disastrously, partly because he had unwisely signed notes for several friends and partly because of the general business depression and chaotic state of the United States banking system. His failure led to his moving to Ohio to a farm called Mt. Healthy and also Mulberry Grove. It lies now within the boundaries of Cincinnati, but in those days was some miles out in the country. I believe their nearest neighbors

were several miles away and it was almost a pioneer life they led on the farm with little or no help beyond that of an old colored man, 'Granddad' and a young one 'Jim.' My father, Frank Woodbridge Cheney, was a small child when they left Providence. In Ohio, Waitstill bore four other children: Mary, Sarah, Anna and Knight Dexter. The three little girls all died as very little children. My father shared these sorrows with his mother and father and I know that it was this experience that made him so sympathetic and quick to go to the help of those in trouble. The bond between him and his mother was a very close one. Waitstill was a loving, sensitive woman of great refinement and sweetness of nature and gently bred. When she was thirty-five, she died of tuberculosis. Probably she had it some time before it was recognized and she became too ill to go on with the daily round of work. Charles was in despair and the two little boys were lonely and forlorn. The farm had been brought to a state of order and fertility. Charles had become a man of some importance, the friend of Salmon P. Chase, later to become a member of Lincoln's cabinet, Secretary of the Treasury I think. They were both engaged in the building of a new turnpike road. They were also both Abolitionists. Chase published a newspaper whose views raised such opposition that his printing shop was entered and the presses thrown into the Ohio River. Charles' house was the first "underground railroad" station beyond Cincinnati. My father could remember the peculiar knock that sometimes sounded on their door after dark and that sometimes runaway slaves were hidden away for several



CHARLES CHENEY

days before being driven on in a covered wagon to the next station by Jim, their colored boy. Sometimes my father sat with Jim on the front seat to divert suspicion as to the errand they were on. He resented bitterly hearing his father called 'a damn Abolitionist.' Charles must have felt deeply about Abolition. He did not consider settling in Missouri because it was a slave state and when called upon for a contribution of help 'bleeding Kansas,' there was no subterfuge on his part. He said 'I will contribute 12 rifles.'

"After Waitstill's death and a time spent on the farm, he moved into a boarding place in the town where he

thought it would be better for the boys, but after about a year of this, he decided to return to Manchester and to join in the silk business which his brothers were starting there. After a while he married Harriet Bowen of Providence. Emily G. Cheney has told me that her grandmother Mrs. George Cheney, told her that Harriet was a fine woman but 'Waitstill was an angel.' Harriet was more formal and citified than the other womenfolk of the family. Charles also had more experience of the world and city ways. I imagine this was of advantage to him in the new silk business and had to do with his becoming one of the leaders in the conduct of its affairs."

I must add to Milly's memories one more story of the "underground." One day some strange men tied their horses outside and at the door said they were hunting runaway slaves and were going to search the house. Father and Uncle Knight knew there were slaves hidden in the cellar and with quick wit untied the men's horses and gave them a good whack and then ran into the house to shout "Your horses have got loose and are running away!" The men went after them, for horses were almost as valuable as slaves, and while they were gone the slaves were smuggled out and on to the next station.

My own impressions of Grandfather are curiously less clear than those of any of the other brothers, but I do have a definite idea of Grandmother Waitstill. Everything written or told of her seems touched with a special glow of affection. She was charming and gay and coura-

geous. To a young woman born to some luxury, the life on a farm in a primitive community with a few white farmers and some negroes as neighbors must have been lonely and hard. The Cheney brothers loved to go out and visit, especially Uncle Seth. The picture put in the clock in the living room of the Homestead of "the upper reaches of the Ohio River" was painted while visiting there.

It somehow happened that I inherited a number of things belonging to Waitstill. There is an exquisite three-cornered muslin shawl beautifully embroidered with a border design of heads of wheat; there is a peach-colored Chinese scarf of heavy silk embroidered with roses and with long and elaborate fringe. There was also a pair of earrings with tassels of seed pearl and I think coral, and a ring given her by George and Electa when she became engaged to Charles. These things all had a look of refinement and elegance.

When she died at Mount Pleasant on April 16, 1841, it was a grievous loss to all the family, but most especially to her two little boys, Frank Woodbridge and Knight Dexter.

Of Uncle Ralph I have not such happy memories; he was quick-tempered and I do not think liked children, though he had so generously adopted Cousin Richard, who was, I think, a nephew of his wife Jerusha. I regret to say that my brothers and cousins, knowing it would make him lose his temper, used to follow the farm cart

he was driving, shouting and laughing at him. I remember Nana taking Peggy and me through his house at the invitation of his Maria. In the small west parlor was a life-size bronze statue of Mercury, and on the shelves a number of bronzes, some good and some very bad—especially one of a generously proportioned woman in a skintight bathing suit about to dive off the shelf. It fascinated us and I have never forgotten it. He had the reputation of being a little near with his money and we all thought it a great joke that our brother Horace bought cream cakes at a bakery near the school and charged them to Uncle Ralph. At least he never complained.

The story of Uncle Seth's life and character has been told so fully by his second wife, Ednah Dow Cheney, that there is nothing that I can add. Most of the portraits he drew were more or less romanticized in the Victorian tradition. The most interesting picture of him is the miniature done by his French friend Dubourjal, who also made one of Uncle John. They both stand on the mantelpiece in the sitting room of the Homestead. Aunt Ednah tells that he was very devoted to his mother and it was he who made over his mother's room (which we have all known as Vici's room). Her little bedroom only went to the post which stands in the present room. Uncle Seth enclosed part of the porch which went all across the front on the south side and also around the corner on the east side. He made the paneling and put in the little Franklin stove. Aunt Ednah says that the walls were painted a clear bright



SETH WELLS CHENEY



yellow, and that pictures which he and Uncle John had brought home from abroad with shiny new gold frames were stood on the shelf that runs around two sides of the room, and pink geraniums in pots were in front of the windows. All the neighbors came to admire it.

Of Uncle Ward there are only the happiest memories handed down. He was not handsome like his brothers but he had a warm, generous, kind and outgoing nature and was beloved by all who knew him. When two men came down with smallpox and were taken to the "pest house," a bare building in the middle of a bare field, no doctor or nurse would care for them and Uncle Ward went out and nursed them till someone could be found to do it.

Uncle Ward became interested in the growing of mulberry trees to feed silkworms, and in 1836 he leased 117 acres of land in Burlington, New Jersey for \$400.00, and he and Rush and Frank started growing mulberry trees. Fabulous stories were told of the profits to be made and a wave of wild speculations swept the country. In 1838 it collapsed—frosts killed the trees, and there was no cheap skilled labor capable of the patience and delicate work of caring for the worms. America could not compete with Japan and Italy. The brothers lost their hard-earned savings and returned to Manchester.

Undaunted by their failure they were still interested in silk. They started to build a mill to make sewing silk. I have no doubt that Uncle Ward's buoyant nature and

enthusiasm had much to do with their carrying it on. Also his friendly approach to the people who worked for them made for good relations. On winter days when the snow was deep he would go in a sleigh to collect the girls who were employed.

After the Civil War there was a great wave of interest in spiritualism. Stories were told of a young man in Norwalk, Dan Hume or Home, who had strange powers and Uncle Ward became deeply interested in him and paid for his education. Dan Hume became perhaps the most famous medium of his era. He went to England and the great scientist, Huxley, tells of seeing him float out of one second-story window and in the next. Huxley was watching in the street below. After England he went to France and was taken up by the Empress Eugenie and the court. Later he went to Russia and was, of course, exactly what the superstitious Romanoffs wanted. He finally married a Russian princess. He always remained devoted to Uncle Ward and we were told that the night Uncle Ward died, Dan Hume wrote a letter to Uncle Ward's daughter-in-law, Cousin Emma, expressing his grief. That was before the days of cables.

Uncle Ward died March 22nd, 1876 in Manchester in the house he built in which our brother Charles later lived.

Of Uncle Rush I have no personal memories at all. I have an impression that he was a sensitive, reserved man who liked beautiful things. As I said in the genealogy, he



was mechanically gifted. He and Uncle Frank were devoted brothers and shared everything they had in common. They were both mechanically minded, especially Uncle Frank, and their combined knowledge of machinery and ingenuity of invention made them valuable members of a small manufacturing company which won a place in the industrial world through the integrity, intelligence and determination of its members.

Uncle Frank was the only one of the Cheney brothers whom I remember clearly as a little girl; his grandson, Frank Cheney Farley, was just our age and our constant playmate, so we spent many happy hours in Uncle Frank's house, chiefly in the attic.

Uncle Frank had delicately cut features, blue eyes and a white beard. He was a rather silent, withdrawn man and I do not think he cared for children for I can't remember his ever speaking to us. It seems strange that he should have had such gay, delightful and companionable children as Kitty, Polly, Alice and Frank, Jr.

Aunt Electa was the youngest child and only daughter of the family. She was beautiful and her brothers were devoted to her. I remember her only as an old woman when she came to lunch one day when I was a child. Like several of her brothers she had a beautiful clear-cut profile and blue eyes. She was not a Quaker but she dressed rather like one. She wore a grey silk dress with a full skirt

and a grey bonnet with a white ruching inside the brim that framed her face. There was an air of elegance about her. I think that after living in the then-fashionable Lenox for many years there was also an air of worldliness. She married Cousin Richard Goodman and they had two beautiful daughters; her only son was an unmitigated snob. It is told that she took her daughters abroad and that in Brittany she stayed at the same pension that Sarah Bernhardt was in. Bernhardt became interested in these two beautiful young American girls, and they used to go into her room when she was having breakfast and sit on the edge of her bed and talk to her. She gave one of them a charming little gold pin which now belongs to, I think, Alice Farley. When they returned to Paris, Bernhardt sent Aunt Electa three tickets for her new opening, for which of course, all Paris was trying to get tickets, but Aunt Electa returned them, saying she did not go to the theater on Sunday. Bernhardt however, did come to dine with her at her hotel. How pleasant it would have been to be in an invisible seat at that dinner party. I wonder what Bernhardt wore and if Aunt Electa was in her grey silk dress.

And here, my dear nephews and nieces, I must come to an end. If I embark on the next generation I should be lost. It is too near and there is too much and gossip can become a bore when there is too much about people you have never seen. I leave it for one of you to carry on.

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