

of inviolable integrity, of great urbanity of manners, and a generous example of good old English hospitality. He was also an affectionate Father, an indulgent husband, a zealous friend of the primitive church, and a sincere follower of Jesus Christ. Hence he lived beloved, and died lamented, by a large circle of friends and acquaintance, and the few sorrowing relatives who have erected this marble to perpetuate his remembrance.

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## HAWLEY.

This town was incorporated in 1792. It has an elevated situation on the Green mountain range, and is well watered by several branches of Deerfield river. Rev. Jonathan Grout, the first Congregational minister, was settled here in 1793; he died in 1835, aged 72. His successor was Rev. Tyler Thacher. No regular minister has yet been settled over the second parish. The names of some of the first settlers were *Deacon* Joseph Bangs, *Adjutant* Zebedee Wood, Daniel Burt, Samuel and Arthur Hitchcock, Timothy Baker, Reuben Cooley, Joseph Easton, Elisha Hunt, Abel Parker, Nathan West, Phineas Scott, Thomas King, Joseph Longley, William McIntire, and James Percival. Part of the north part of the town is named from *Bozrah*, Con., from which place some of the first settlers came.

Old Mr. Hale, one of the first settlers of this town, located himself about half a mile from the South Hawley post-office. He is described as being a very singular sort of a man. He was never married, but lived by himself: with his own hands he cleared up land and raised a considerable quantity of grain. He used to talk much to himself, and was very much harassed by the appearance of "spirits," which he said very much troubled him; he, however, like Fingal, "showed fight" with his tormentors. He has been seen armed with a pitchfork, and to all appearance, as far as he was concerned, engaged in mortal combat with his enemies. He would violently thrust the fork into the air in various directions about him, furnishing a kind of representation of Fingal's celebrated contest with the spirit of Loda, thus described in *Carric-Thura*, a poem of Ossian:

"The flame was dim and distant; the moon hid her red face in the east. A blast came from the mountain; on its wings was the spirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors, and shook his dusky spear. His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; his voice is like distant thunder. Fingal advanced his spear in night, and raised his voice on high.

"Son of night, retire: call thy winds, and fly! Why dost thou come to my presence with thy shadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, spirit of dismal Loda? Weak is thy shield of clouds; feeble is that meteor thy sword! The blast rolls them together; and thou thyself art lost. Fly from my presence, son of night! call thy winds and fly!"

"Dost thou force me from my place?" replied the hollow voice. "The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the brave. I look on the nations, and they vanish; my nostrils pour the blast of death. I come abroad on the winds; the tempests are before my face. But my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the fields of my rest are pleasant."

"Dwell in thy pleasant fields," said the king, "Let Combal's son be forgot. Do my steps ascend from my hills into thy peaceful plains? Do I meet thee with a spear on thy cloud, spirit of dismal Loda? Why then dost thou frown on me? why shake

thine airy spear? Thou frownest in vain: I never fled from the mighty in war. And shall the sons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No: he knows the weakness of their arms!"

"Fly to thy land," replied the form; "receive thy wind, and fly! The blasts are in the hollow of my hand; the course of the storm is mine. The king of Sora is my son; he bends at the stone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura; and he will prevail! Fly to thy land, son of Combal, or feel my flaming wrath!"

"He lifted high his shadowy spear! He bent forward his dreadful height. Fingal, advancing, drew his sword; the blade of dark-brown Luno. The gleaming path of the steel winds through the gloomy ghost. The form fell shapeless into air, like a column of smoke, which the staff of the boy disturbs as it rises from the half-extinguished furnace."

In 1837, there were in this town 2,716 merino sheep, which produced 8,148 lbs. of wool, valued at \$4,574. The value of leather tanned and curried was \$13,000. Population, 985. Distance, 20 miles from Greenfield, 23 from Northampton, 53 to Albany, and about 120 from Boston.

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## HEATH.

THIS town was incorporated in 1785. Rev. Joseph Strong, the first minister, was settled here in 1790. The church originated from that in Charlemont, at the close of the Revolutionary war, when Mr. Leavitt was the minister of the latter. "It was a period of some difficulty, owing, in part, to the state of the times." The number of original members was thirty-five. Rev. Moses Miller succeeded Mr. Strong in the ministry, in 1804. It is stated in the American Quarterly Register, Feb. 1838, as follows, viz.: "The church now consists of about 200. It has been diminished 100, by emigration. About 60 families attend Mr. Miller's meeting; of which 15 do not belong to the parish. About 350 persons attend meeting stately; 30 families attend the Baptist meeting; 10 the Methodist; and 20 are Unitarians. At one time one third of the persons in town were professors of religion."

This is principally an agricultural town. The principal articles manufactured in the town are palm-leaf hats; of these, in 1837, there were 30,000 manufactured, valued at \$5,000. The number of inhabitants in 1830 was 1,199; in 1837 it was reduced to 953. Distance, 4 miles N. of Charlemont, 13 from Greenfield, and 125 from Boston. There are three churches in the town, 1 Congregational, 1 Methodist, and 1 Baptist; and two post-offices. One of the cordon of forts, built in 1744 for a defence against the Indians, was situated in this town, and was called *Fort Shirley*.

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## LEVERETT.

THIS town was incorporated in 1774. Rev. Henry Williams was installed pastor here in 1784. He died in 1811, and was succeed-