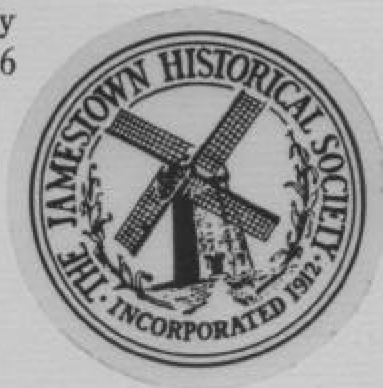
The House of Carr

A Historical Sketch
of the Carr Family
from 1450 to 1926

by

W. L. WATSON



Written for the 150th Anniversary of
the Carr Homestead built by
Nicholas Carr in
1776

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FOREWORD

When it was first thought that we might have a little family gathering in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the building of the Homestead, it seemed to be an appropriate time to gather what information was obtainable regarding the house and farm and its occupants. As this data took form, it developed naturally into a recital of the activities of the families that had lived in it.

The year 1776 was the greatest in the history of the country and it is a peculiar incident that in this year Nicholas Carr built the Homestead, now sometimes called the "1776 House." Evidently he had no fear as to the outcome of that Declaration of Independence which was signed at Philadelphia on July 4th or the act passed by the Rhode Island Colony on May 4th, severing their allegiance to England, for he built his house for posterity and we are now here assembled in 1926 to commemorate the building of the Homestead in 1776.

As we grow older we develop a spirit of reverence for these historic landmarks, which in our younger days we accepted simply as a matter of fact. New England has many of these old buildings and houses, and each has its own interesting history, but time makes many changes, and I can find record of few, if any, of these that have been continuously owned and occupied by the descendents of the original builder. Our Homestead is unique in that it is now owned and occupied by great, great, great-grandchildren of Nicholas Carr and has passed from father to son through four successive generations. The period of time it has stood covers the history of the country and many of the dramatic incidents occurred within sight of the house itself.

The old clock that Nicholas placed in the sitting room when the house was built has ticked off 4,730,400,000 seconds. What if each tick of the clock from now on could be a word, and these words could tell us what it has seen and heard! But I find that the history of the Carr family previous to 1776 is just as interesting, though not so intimately so, as that of later years, and while it was originally planned to

tell only the interesting facts about the house, it seemed like beginning a journey in the middle, with no destination in view.

In the introduction to some genealogy I found, presumably as an excuse for its being written, a quotation from the Chinese: "To forget ones' ancestors is to be a brook without a source, a tree without a root." So, possibly for the same reason, I decided to begin at the beginning with "Once upon a time," and with the aid of printed histories and word of mouth, starting "I remember my father saying," to recount what I have been able to gather regarding the history of the family, including that of the Homestead.

It has been wonderfully interesting to read the various books covering this period, particularly "The Carr Genealogy" by Edson I. Carr, the "Colonial Records" from 1636 on, and Dr. Chapin's most interesting book on Rhode Island Ferries, and to talk with those now living who have so graciously drawn aside the veil that has hung for many years over the memories of long ago. While I have kept to facts as I found them, I have tried to draw a picture that would be interesting. If you read the following pages through to the end, I shall have succeeded.

June 21, 1926. W. L. WATSON

The Carr Family

EARLY RECORDS

The name of Carr or Kerr is as old as the Norman Conquest. One of the followers of William I recorded in a charter in Battle Abbey bears the name of Karre. The early posterity of this Norman soldier and succeeding generations spread on both sides of the borderland of England and Scotland. We are fortunate in being able to trace our direct line through the various peerage books of England and Scotland to Andrew Kerr, 9th Baron of Fennerhurst, Scotland. He was born in 1450, created baron in 1480, knighted in 1543. He was a man remarkable for talent and undaunted courage, conspicuous in the reign of James IV and James V. He died in 1543. These peerage books aim to state facts in as few words and in as uninteresting a manner as possible. So, to get color and more intimate details, we must refer to the written histories of the times.

Following the family history through these old records, we find that Sir John Kerr did great service against the English and rescued Mary from the incursions against the Scotch. His son, Sir Thomas, the 11th baron, was devoted to Queen Mary's interest, and never deserted her in her great distress. Sir Robert Kerr was the favorite of James VI of Scotland and James I of England. He was successively created Groom of the Bed Chamber (1607), Viscount Rochester (1611), Knight of the Garter (1613), Earl of Somerset and Lord High Treasurer of Scotland in 1614. In 1609 he had a grant of the forfeited estate of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was both feared and respected, and left his mark on the history of the times.

Our direct line, however, is through Sir William Carr, 10th baron of Fennerhurst, who lived in London, England, and had four sons:—Benjamin, born in 1592, William (1597), George (1599), and James, (1601).

This period, you note, is at the end of the great Elizabethan era and at the beginning of the reign of James I. It

is difficult to get a picture of the lives people led at that time, though this is given in an intimate way somewhat later (1660) in the diary of Samuel Pepys. We are all familiar with the history of this period: the eternal strife between Parliament and the King, the religious persecution, and the innumerable taxes, so that life was truly a burden.

We also know the history of the Puritans in England, how, after many trials, a sturdy band set sail in 1620 in the "Mayflower" for America, the newly discovered country. Among these were George Carr, third son of Sir William, and his wife, who was one of the unfortunate forty-one who died during that terrible first winter at Plymouth. They brought over a copy of the original coat of arms, which still bears the partly obliterated signature of one of the Carrs of the House of Somerset, and is now in possession of Mrs. Adelaide Humphreys of Chicago. Shortly after the death of his wife, George Carr settled at Cloeschester, now Salisbury, Mass.

William, the second son of Sir William, was soon to follow his brother. In 1619 he married Susan Rothschild, and in 1621, with their small baby, set sail for America on the ship "Fortune" commanded by Captain Roger Williams. They stayed in Plymouth until June, 1622, when, with an Indian as their only companion and a compass for a guide, they set out on foot in a southwesterly direction through a trackless wilderness. After a journey of forty-eight days they came to what is now Mount Hope Bay and built their log cabin about where the town of Bristol now is.

Benjamin, the first son of Sir William, died in London, leaving four sons, two of whom were Robert and Caleb. Their mother had passed away some years before her husband. What was the condition of the family at that time we have no way of knowing, but from a diary of their aunt, Susan Rothschild, we find that after the death of their father, these two boys, aged twenty-one and nineteen respectively, were sent to America to live with their Aunt Susan and Uncle William. They sailed from London May 9, 1635 on the good ship "Elizabeth Ann," commanded by Capt. Roger Cooper. It must have been a terrible experience for boys of that age, just bereaved of their parents, and left alone in the world, to be shipped off to an unknown and unsettled country. What vicissitudes they went through, or how, after landing

at Plymouth, they ever found their way to their aunt and uncle, we shall never know. That they arrived safely, however, is shown by the following entry in their Aunt Susan's diary:

"In 1635, Robert and Caleb Carr, husband's brother Benjamin Carr's two sons, were sent over from London to live with their Uncle William, my husband. We had fine times hunting with the Indians, they were very friendly to us. Our bedding and clothing were nearly all skin and furs like the Indians."

"In 1636, Capt. Roger Williams, who had abandoned the sea, moved from Salem, bringing with him a colony of Friends, and settled with us, and set up a school, free for all, young and old."

RHODE ISLAND IN 1524

With Robert and Caleb we have now left the old country for good, and our interest is in this newly settled country. But what was our country like in those days? I find it quite generally admitted that Verrazano, who visited Narragansett Bay in 1524, was the first white man to leave any authentic record. He described the country as heavily wooded with cypress, oaks, and trees with which he was not familiar. He spoke of five islands being in the bay, and of the fertility of the soil. He also mentioned finding wild grapes, and upon going inland found open tracts planted with corn. He saw Indians, who were friendly and peaceful. In 1620, nearly a hundred years later, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.

THE INDIANS

The country, now known as New England, was inhabited by about 36,000 Indians, made up of several tribes, the most powerful and most advanced of which were the Narragansetts. The Wampanoags to the north and east, the Massachusetts beyond them, the Niantics to the north and west, the Indians of Aquidneck and Block Island and the Montauks of Long Island, all paid them tribute. The fierce Pequots westward of the Pawcatuck River alone defied them.

Massasoit of the Wampanoags was most friendly, while Canonicus of the Narragansetts, though friendly, "was most shy of the English to his latest breath."

Besides being most powerful in war, the Narragansetts were most advanced intellectually and had made crude attempts at agriculture. They knew nothing of iron or bronze but fashioned their implements from stone. They raised crops of corn and beans. They had also established a form of currency, known as wampum, which was used by all the New England tribes. Wampum was of two kinds, black and white. The white was made of the eyes of periwinkle shells and, after the coming of the English, six of these were equal to one English penny. 360 made a fathom, so a fathom was worth 60 English pennies. The black was made of the black part of the round clam shell, one piece was equal to two white pieces. The Indians had no permanent settlement but wandered from place to place. The only paths through the woods were the Indian trails and those were not even well defined.

So it was an adventurous undertaking for William Carr and his family to start overland through the wilderness. Truly there must have been a tremendous force that caused these forefathers of ours to leave the comforts of the old homes and seek political and religious freedom in such an unknown country—a force that we of this generation can little understand or appreciate.

ROGER WILLIAMS

But all was not peaceful among the colonists, and while Robert and Caleb were spending their days with their Uncle William, conditions were changing among the settlements along the Massachusetts coast. Roger Williams was preaching new ideas. He was born in London, educated at Cambridge University, and later became a clergyman of the Church of England. Not being in sympathy with what he called the Romish perversion of that church, he was obliged to flee the country, and came to America in 1630. He spent the first six weeks in Boston, and after that divided his time between Salem and Plymouth. The churches of the Massachusetts colony were both ambitious and bigoted. They had

established a sacerdotalism more meddlesome and scarcely less despotic than the worst in Christendom. Roger Williams was a thorn in their sides as his preachings were against the established order of the church. Again he was the subject of persecution, and only escaped being deported to England by fleeing into the wilderness.

He had early cultivated the friendship of the Indians when he first came to this country and, as he himself writes, "lodged with them in their filthy holes even when I lived at Plymouth and Salem, my sole desire was to do the natives good." This friendship was now to stand him in good stead, for without it he surely would have perished during the fourteen weeks when he wandered through the wilderness in the dead of winter. In the early spring he built a cabin where Seekonk is now situated, and was joined by his family and five companions. They started a little settlement and planted crops, but in June, before their cabins were completed, they were notified by the Massachusetts colony that they were still within its jurisdiction. So again they set out, this time in a canoe, and finally landed on "What Cheer" rock by the cliffs of Tockwotton. They were welcomed by the Indians and told that they could settle there in peace.

PROVIDENCE FOUNDED

Thus was Providence founded, and thus were ecclesiastical ambition and bigotry to be defeated. For the next forty years the history of the Providence plantations is the history of Roger Williams and the evolution of his ideas on religious tolerance and forms of democratic government.

Roger Williams' friendship with the Indians was to be of immediate benefit to the new colony, for Saccarus, Chief of the Pequot tribe, had determined upon a war to drive out or annihilate the white settlers, and to conquer the neighboring Indian tribes. Canonicus and Miantonomi, chiefs of the Narragansetts, were at their summer quarters on the island of Quononoquet, and emissaries of the Pequots had gone there to endeavor to induce the Narragansetts to join them. This conference was already under way when Roger Williams heard of it, but undaunted, he at once set out alone in his canoe for the island. For three days and nights he

labored by entreaty, argument, and expostulation to prevent the alliance, his own life often seemingly in danger. He was successful, and not only did the Narragansetts refuse to join the Pequots but they actually assisted the colonists in the war that followed. It is a matter of history that the Pequot tribe was practically annihilated. What if they had been successful? Just imagine the condition of that little settlement on Mount Hope Bay! If Roger Williams had failed in his mission the history of the Carr family in this country probably would have ended there.

SETTLEMENT AT NEWPORT

But there was under way a still greater movement, which eventually was to shape definitely the future lives of Robert and Caleb. In Boston a sect, led and championed by Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, known as the "Antinomians," had rebelled against the authority of the ever ambitious and bigoted church authorities, and, as these same authorities controlled the affairs of the colony, the heretics, (so called) had no choice but to renounce their beliefs or leave the colony.

Under the leadership of Dr. John Clarke, recently arrived from England, they decided to establish their own colony, having in mind to settle on Long Island or in Delaware. But chance directed their vessel up Narragansett Bay, and they finally arrived at Roger Williams' settlement in Providence. He of course knew many of these colonists and sympathized with them and encouraged them in their determination to settle by themselves beyond the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts colony. They were in general well-to-do and of a high type of manhood. Williams wanted them for neighbors and suggested that they purchase the island of Acquidneck from the Indians.

You will notice that in all his dealings with the Indians he purchased the land from them, as he considered that they were the real owners. This was one of the many points of disagreement between him and the Massachusetts authorities, who claimed that the land belonged to the King by right of discovery. So Roger Williams and Dr. John Clarke negotiated with the Narragansett chiefs and finally bought the island for forty fathoms of white beads or wampum, and

established themselves at Pocasset, now Portsmouth. Nineteen freemen signed the articles of incorporation, among them being William Coddington, John Clarke, William Hutchinson, John Coggeshall, and William Aspinwall. William Coddington was chosen judge and William Aspinwall secretary. They had very definite ideas, and though small in number, set up a government, and built a meeting house, town hall, stocks, whipping post, and a house for the entertainment of strangers. They also appointed a town baker, carpenter and blacksmith.

By 1639 they had a well established form of government, had built a meeting house and had commenced in a humble way the business of commerce. One or two sloops were in commission, and several more were being built. On April 28, 1639 we find an article in their records, drawn up with a view to establishing a settlement at the lower end of the island to be called Neuport. It is of peculiar interest that practically all the members of the Pocasset colony took part in the transference of the colony to that place. Furthermore, they took all their records with them, which explains the seeming anomaly that Neuport was established at Pocasset. The first house in the new settlement was erected just east of the present Farewell Street and west of the present Friends Meeting House. It is difficult to estimate the number of inhabitants at that time but in 1655, sixteen years later, there were between five and six hundred.

Possibly I have gone far astray from my subject, but I have endeavored to give a picture of the country as it then was and to recall to mind the various movements among the colonists that were to have a direct bearing on the lives of these two Carr brothers.

We left Caleb and Robert at their uncle's home an the shores of Mount Hope Bay. It was but a short sail to Pocasset and undoubtedly they spent much of their time there. In 1638 there is an entry in the records of the colony that Robert Carr was admitted an inhabitant of Pocasset. The next year was the migration to Neuport, and the brothers were separated for the first time since they had come to America. It was not for long, however, as we find that the next year Caleb joined his brother at Neuport. What they did for their livelihood or if they did anything, we do not know. They

must have had considerable means, which is evidenced by their early purchases of real estate.

GOVERNOR CALEB CARR

Our direct line is through Caleb and in him our interest now centers. He must have taken an early part in the affairs of the colony, for in 1654 he became a town commissioner, which office he held until 1662. In 1661-1662 he was Treasurer General. The first record of his purchasing real estate is four years after he joined the colony, and he kept adding to his holdings every few years. In 1676 he purchased an Indian slave captured by some settlers at Providence, "paying for him twelve bushels of Indian corn." In the colonial records some time previous to this is found the following entry: "be it ordered that Indian corn shall goe at four shillings a bushel between man and man in all payment for debts from this day forward, provided it be merchantable." So the slave cost forty-eight shillings, about twelve dollars. In 1652 we find an entry in the records that "ordered that no black or white slave be enslaved more than ten years or until he come to be twenty-four years of age." The owning of slaves was quite general, and many of the vessels sailing out of Newport were engaged in the slave trade. Caleb, as well as Robert, owned several, both Indian and negro.

PURCHASE OF CONANICUT

Caleb's purchase of land that interests us most was made in 1657-1659. In 1657 Benedict Arnold and William Coddington negotiated with the Narragansett Indians for the purchase of the island of Quononoquet from Cushasaquoont, chief sachem and commander of Narragansett Bay and Quononoquet Island. This island was the summer camping ground of the Narragansetts, and Indian arrowheads and other evidences can still be found on many parts of the island. The price agreed upon was one hundred pounds sterling. In 1659 the purchase was confirmed by a quit claim deed given by Chief Quisaquam to William Coddington, Benedict Arnold, William Brenton, Caleb Carr and Richard Smith. The purchase included both Gould and Dutch Islands, and was com-

puted at 6000 acres. In the records we find reference to the "Grasse of Cunnunegatt" and in many previous places in the records this same phrase is used. In apportioning the purchase we find "4800 acres allotted to individuals for farms." From the fact that the Narragansetts used the island for their summer camps and raised crops of corn and beans, together with these repeated references to the "Grasse" and the allotting of so many acres for farms, seems to prove without question that the land described by Verrazano in 1524 as heavily wooded must have been cleared by the Indians.

Shortly after joining the colony Caleb married Mercy Vaughn, and their first son Nicholas was born October 22, 1654. Caleb continued in the confidence of the people and held the office of Deputy and Assistant Treasurer continuously from 1664 to 1691, and was Justice of the General Quarter Session and Superior Court of Common Pleas in 1687-1688. The meetings of the General Assembly, of which he was a member for so many years, were held in the various towns, so he travelled a great deal, and was well known throughout the colony.

The first public school in Newport was established August 20, 1640. This was undoubtedly the first public school in the colony, and no doubt Nicholas obtained his education there. Newport was now the principal town of the colony. An idea of the comparative rank of the towns may be obtained from an old record (1655).

"The Roule of ye Freemen of ye Colonie of everie towne.

Providence had 42
Warwick had 38
Portsmouth had 71
Newport had 96"

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE

Newport and Portsmouth, founded after Roger Williams had established the colony at Providence, had far outstripped the latter in numbers, wealth and form of government. This, to digress a moment, may be laid to the fundamental ideas of each settlement. Roger Williams, in founding Providence, desired to establish a colony where "every man, Jew or

Gentile, Christian or Heathen, might worship according to the teachings of his mind, and in civil government to be ruled by the principles of democracy," the stress being laid on religious tolerance. Whereas the founders of Portsmouth and Newport had in mind to form a "democratic Christian government where every follower of Christ might worship God freely according to the dictates of his own conscience," the stress here being laid on a democratic, Christian government.

This principle of the Providence settlers materially retarded their growth. The schools of the Massachusetts colony were dominated by the church, and it was the fear of this religious bias that deterred the founders of Providence from establishing schools. It is evident that new settlers with families preferred to locate at Portsmouth or Newport. In this connection it is interesting to note that up to 1727 no governor of the colony had been chosen from Providence, only four deputy governors out of forty-three were from Providence, and not a single secretary of state, general treasurer or attorney general was from Providence.

Caleb's house was on the north side of Carr's Lane, later Ferry Street and now called Mill Street. The family had increased to seven children, and for some fifteen years they lived in peace and shared the general prosperity of the town. Besides attending to his public offices he owned several warehouses and a number of houses and boats.

Caleb's brother Robert had prospered also and while possibly not so active in the affairs of the town, he was appointed King's Commissioner, and in the colonial records are found several letters from the government in England addressed to Sir Robert Carr. He also owned much land, including farms on Conanicut.

The Carrs were strict Quakers, so it is doubtful if they entered much into the social events of the times, but there were simpler forms of amusement, such as corn huskings, quilting parties, sewing and spinning bees. We find the following account of one of these events: "Thirty-seven of the young ladies of the town went one afternoon to spin yarn for Mrs. Stiles, a clergyman's wife. They sent their wheels, and

carried flax enough for a moderate day's spinning. They worked so well that by sunset they were able to hand over to Mrs. Stiles a present of one hundred skeins of yarn."

The dress of a Quakeress was described as a "kind of English dress, fitting the figure closely, and was white as milk, a muslin apron of the same color and a large white handkerchief gathered closely around the neck. On her head she wore a little cap of batiste with round plaits."

The outlying country was infested with foxes and wolves, and many were the hunting parties among the men to kill off these pests. That there was always the fear of Indians is shown by the following order from the town records: "that no man shall go two miles from the town unarmed eyther with gun or sword and that none shall come to any public meeting without his weapon. Upon the default of eyther he shall forfeit five shillings." And here is also found an order against fast driving which, in this day of speed laws and one-way streets, is most amusing: "June 12, 1678. Be it ordered, enacted and declared that any person who shall presume to ride on either horse, mare, or gelding at a gallop or to run speed on any streets or highways of said town of Newport, between the house that lately John Howland lived in, and the house where Thomas Clifton liveth, shall for his offence pay to the treasurer of said town five shillings."

It is evident that religion was a dominant factor in all their lives, and it is interesting to read a report of how on August 8, 1672 Roger Williams rowed from Providence to Newport in a single day to debate with George Fox on fourteen specific points of the Quaker religion. Fox failed to appear, but his place was taken by three disciples and the debate lasted three days. It is not hard to picture Caleb in his quaint costume and Mercy in her Quaker dress attending this old time Chatauqua. After the debate, Roger Williams published his volume, "George Fox Digged Out of his Burrows."

We also find record of the first monthly meeting of the Society of Friends (Quakers) at this time, 1676. Speaking of Quakers, the records have an interesting letter from Simon Bradstreet of Boston, President of the United Colonies,

warning the Providence colony against the Quakers as "notorious heretiques" and requesting that they be removed from the colony and stopped spreading their "accursed tenates." Also the diplomatic reply of Governor Benedict Arnold, telling the United Colonies to mind their own business.

THE CHARTER

But now clouds were gathering on the horizon. The settlements of Massachusetts and Connecticut had formed themselves into a league called the United Colonies of New England. Roger Williams, realizing the safety of numbers, asked that the settlements at Providence and Newport be allowed to join. This was refused, the excuse being that they had no right to the land, having no patent from the King or Parliament, but in reality it was because they considered these colonists as heretics, and would have nothing in common with them, and this from a colony that was hanging old women for witchcraft!

But this union of the two colonies started the members of the assembly thinking, and it was decided that Roger Williams should go to England, and if possible, secure a charter, even though they had purchased the land from the Indians. Not being allowed to enter Boston, he set sail from New Amsterdam. The voyage took several weeks, and he made the most of his time by writing his book, "A Key to the Language of America." If it included many Indian words, it must have been quite a sizeable volume, for we find that the Indian word for "our loves" is Nooromantammoonkanunonnash, and for "our question," Kummogkodonottoottummoolititeaongannunnunnonash. The book was printed while he was in England and was of material aid to him in his quest for a charter, which was finally granted to "The Providence Plantations." In 1663 Charles II gave another charter to "The English colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." This was the most liberal charter ever given by any king to any colony. It was so liberal that in later years it was one of the factors that caused the colony to refuse for so long to join the federation of all the colonies after the declaration of war.

KING PHILIPS WAR

While the charter was being sought, a serious condition had arisen with the Indians. The Wampanoags, with headquarters at Mount Hope, had seen their territory gradually taken from them. Once friendly under Massasoit, now under Metacomet, better known as King Philip, they had determined upon a war to drive the white settlers from the land. For nearly four years there had been rumors of an Indian uprising. John Easton, together with three magistrates, had an interview with Metacomet, who complained that when the English first came "their king's father, Massasoit, was as a great man and the English as a little child. He constrained other Indians from wronging the English and gave them their corn and showed them how to plant and was free to do them any good, but had let them have one hundred times more land than the king now had for his own people." When he was told the English were too strong for them, he said "then the English should so do to them as they did when they were too strong for the English" and ended the interview by saying, "But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. I am determined not to live till I have no country." A general uprising had been planned for 1676, but in June 1675 his plans came to a sudden and premature crisis.

King Philip had been told by his wise men that whichever side shed first blood, that side would be defeated. While he allowed his Indians to pillage and burn, no white man was killed, but in June, 1675, while plundering a cabin at Swansea, an Indian was shot and killed. Philip could no longer control his followers, and the next day they attacked the settlement and killed several settlers. Instantly there was a general uprising, and a number of towns in Massachusetts were attacked and many settlers killed. The outlying settlers became alarmed and fled to Portsmouth and Newport, as they were in the most protected position, being on an island and in the territory of the friendly Narragansetts. During the summer and fall the Indian attacks continued, always in unexpected places. As winter came on, the Wampanoags sent their women and children and possibly some of their warriors, to stay with the Narragansetts at their winter

quarters in South Kingstown, in the Great Swamp. While the Narragansetts had not joined in this war, they were willing to harbor the women and children. On hearing this, the United Colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut demanded that the refugees be delivered up to them. This demand was refused, and henceforth the Narragansetts were considered in the same light as the warring tribes.

Feeling that some protection was necessary for the towns in the Rhode Island colonies, the town of Newport organized a service of boats for the defence, (not offence) of the waters of the bay. As far as can be found this was the first organization of boats in war of any of the colonies, and might be called our first navy. Caleb Carr, who owned many boats, was one of the commissioners in charge. Though organized, we are glad to know that these boats took no part in the disgraceful war.

THE GREAT SWAMP FIGHT

Canonicus, now chief of the Narragansetts, had given his allegiance to the king and was at peace with the colonists. The Rhode Island colony had received its charter from the king, and were taking no part in the war. In spite of all this, the United Colonies formed an army to attack a peaceful tribe of Indians located outside their jurisdiction. This army formed in Boston, marched through Providence and Warwick on their way to the Great Swamp. Not until their territory was actually invaded did the Narragansetts offer resistance. The attack was made Sunday night, December 19, in a blinding snowstorm. It was the dead of winter and bitterly cold. After a short skirmish the whites gained entrance through the rude stockade inside of which there were over five hundred wigwams, and the real fighting began. Someone set fire to the wigwams which burned like tinder; soon the whole village was ablaze, throwing a red glare over all. Squaws with babes in their arms and leading children by the hand endeavored to escape to the woods, but were ruthlessly shot or knocked in the head, many were burned to death, more were killed by gun and sword. By morning the tribe of Narragansetts was exterminated, save for a few who had escaped. A thousand Indians had been killed, about one

third having been burned to death. The whites lost from two to four hundred.

This was like a signal to all the tribes, and a pitiless war was now started, a war that the Indians felt was for their very existence. All the settlements suffered, even Providence, the home of Roger Williams, the best friend the Indians ever had. Roger Williams and his family were unharmed, although they refused to flee to safety. For a while the Indians were seemingly successful, but as soon as the colonists became organized, and their families were in safe places, the Indians began to lose, and finally the noble hearted Cononchet, chief sachem of what was left of the Narragansetts, was captured and killed. Four months afterward, King Philip was slain, and with these two powerful chiefs gone, the Indians became demoralized, and the colonists gained the upper hand. Those captured were slain or sold into slavery. Never were a people more thoroughly extirpated than were the Narragansetts. No accredited representative or descendant of their race has ever been found.

So did the stronger race overpower the weaker. It is to be noted that no attack was made on Portsmouth or Newport, presumably because of their isolated position. Large numbers of settlers were compelled to flee for safety and sought refuge on the island of Acquidneck, many to remain permanently.

JAMESTOWN FERRIES

Conanicut Island, for so many years, if not generations, the summer camp of the Narragansetts, was never again to see the Indians except as slaves, the whites had taken permanent possession. It is evident that a number of families had settled permanently on Conanicut or Jamestown, both names being used interchangeably then as they are today. Among these were Caleb Carr, son of Robert, and Nicholas, the eldest son of Caleb. With the settling of Jamestown, some regular and dependable means of transportation became necessary. Just when the first ferry was established between Newport and the island is not clear. At a meeting of the governor and magistrates of Newport, January 30, 1670, we find the following entry made in the records: "There is allowed unto

Caleb Carr, for several services done by him and his boat, to this day, four pounds." Captain Church, in a letter, states that at the time of the Great Swamp fight, he crossed "the Ferries" on his way from Bristol to Warwick, and there seems to be little doubt that he referred to the ferries from Newport to Jamestown on the east side, and from Jamestown to the Narragansett shore on the west.

THE CARR FERRY

The first grant of a ferry on record was made to Caleb Carr in 1695, but there is every reason to believe that he had operated such a ferry for twenty to twenty-five years previous to this. There is a persistent tradition that the Carr family, not our direct line, operated this ferry for over two hundred years. There are records that show it was handed down from father to son through seven generations to 1853. Undoubtedly the first boats were nothing more than row boats or scows, but these were soon superseded by open decked sail boats thirty to thirty-five feet long, having a mainsail and jib.

As already noted, Caleb lived on Ferry Street, now Mill Street and owned the wharf and warehouses at the foot of the street. It was at this dock that the ferry then landed, and has continued to do so through all the intervening years to the present day. The Jamestown landing of this ferry, known as the "lower ferry," was approximately where it is now, and undoubtedly the stone dock, once called Knowles Wharf, just north of the present landing is all that is left of the original landing; at any rate, there are those living today who state that the sail boat ferries in their day landed there. It is not understood that the owners actually sailed the boats, but hired someone for that purpose. The last man to sail Samuel Carr's ferry was Job Ellis of Jamestown, who lived where the Bay View Hotel now stands, in what was called the Ferry House.

At one time there were several ferries, one landing at the foot of Weeden Barber Lane, one at Amaziah's Lane, called the North Ferry, and occasionally one at Carr's Lane, besides the Lower Ferry. It would seem that these ferry landings definitely established the cross roads of the island. Some of them had connecting ferries on the west side of the

island. Early records describe a road across the island to a ferry on the west side going to Narragansett, the old South Ferry, the Narragansett landing being changed in later years to Saunderstown.

Picturesque as these sail ferry boats may have been, the more dependable steam ferry was to replace them, and in 1873 the present Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company was formed, and the steamer "Jamestown" started her regular trips across the bay. George C. Carr of Jamestown, a descendant of Caleb helped to organize and for many years was president of the Ferry Company. In our own generation George Caleb Carr has served for many years as treasurer. So the Carr family has either owned the ferry to Newport or furnished an officer in the ferry company almost continuously from the time it was established, about 1670, to the present day.

During the Indian uprising the large majority of the colonists in outlying districts and in the unprotected settlements, sought refuge in the larger towns. Newport and Portsmouth, not being in danger of attack, furnished a harbor of refuge. Many who went to these towns remained permanently, and in the first census taken in 1708, Newport had 2,206 souls, 800 more than Providence. So had Newport prospered.

CALEB CHOSEN GOVERNOR

Caleb had continued actively interested in the affairs not only of Newport but of the Providence Plantations, and in 1695 the people expressed their approval of his services by bestowing upon him the highest office at their disposal and chose him their governor, the reward of forty years service in the interest of the colony. Incidentally, the salary of the governor at that time was ten pounds a year.

But his term of office was of short duration, for in the fall of that year he was drowned while crossing the bay on one of his own vessels. He was buried in the family lot near his residence, where the Coddington School now stands. In late years his remains were moved to the family burial lot in Jamestown. His children by his first wife, Mercy Vaughn, were Nicholas, Mercy, Caleb, Samuel, Mary, John and

Edward, and by his second wife, Sarah Clarke, (Widow Pinner) Francis, James, Sarah, and Elizabeth.

His will, written in 1693, is a most interesting document, and shows him to have been a man of considerable wealth, and possessed of much real estate. Besides personal property, it disposed of much real estate in Newport and Jamestown, the whole of Gould Island and half of Dutch Island. Listed among his personal property are houses, slaves, horses and sheep, household furnishings, such as beds, bedding, pewter, brass, a silver possnet and cover, looking glasses, great bibles, gold rings, one described as "hand in hand and heart between," woolen apparel, andirons, grates, shovels, tongs, etc., etc. The ferry to Jamestown is not mentioned, as this was given to his son John during Caleb's lifetime. One of the great bibles is now in the possession of John A. Carr of Jamestown, who lives on one of the farms originally owned by Caleb, and which has always remained in the family of his descendants, never having been deeded. The bible was printed in 1575, and must have belonged to Caleb's father.

His sons Nicholas and Caleb were appointed sole administrators of the estate, and with such a minute distribution of property among so many heirs, it speaks well of all of them that there was no trouble in settling the estate.

NICHOLAS CARR

It would be interesting to follow the careers of each of Caleb's children if it were possible, but such a task is far beyond our limits, so we shall confine our inquiries to those in our direct line. Thus our interest lies in Nicholas, the eldest son of Caleb. You will recall that he was born in Newport, October 6, 1654. He was brought up in the Quaker faith, and undoubtedly obtained his education at the school in Newport. There is no evidence that he was anything more than a normal boy. We can easily imagine him playing around his father's boats and warehouses, and doing all those things that normal boys have done from the beginning of time to the present day. Hunting was not only a pastime but parties were organized to rid the surrounding country of foxes, wolves and other wild beasts.

That he travelled far afield is evidenced by his choosing for a wife Rebecca Nicholson, daughter of Joseph Nicholson of Portsmouth. Portsmouth is about nine miles north of Newport, and while there was possibly some sort of a road, it could not have been much more than a wide path through the woods. Wheeled vehicles were practically unknown outside of the larger cities, and even there used only by the wealthy. In 1699 Governor Winthrop attempted to drive in a calash from Boston to Newport via Bristol Ferry, but left his vehicle at Dedham and completed his journey on horseback. This would lead us to think that the road from Bristol through Portsmouth to Newport, while better than the average, was not much to boast of. In courting his future wife, Nicholas must have had many horseback rides over this road. From Portsmouth he could look across the bay to Gould Island, owned by his father, and to Jamestown, where later he was to live.

NICHOLAS AT JAMESTOWN

As far as can be ascertained, he established his home at the time of his marriage on one of the farms owned by his father on Jamestown, and it seems as if he built his house on what has been called the Widow Carr farm. It stood near the marsh, north of the lane that leads to the present Quaker meeting house, and near the present shore road. The foundations can still be located.

Up to 1678 Jamestown was part of Newport, but on October 30th of that year we find the following entry in the General Assembly records: "Voted that the petition of Mr. Caleb Carr and Francis Brinley on behalf of themselves and the proprietors of Quononoquett Island to be made a township shall first be adjitated and debated. Voted that said petition is granted and that the said Quononoquett shall be a township, with the like priviledges and libertyes granted to New Shoreham." And again in these records we find May 6, 1679, "voted that Nicholas Carr, and Caleb Carr, the son of Robert Carr, freemen of Jamestown, are admitted freemen of this colony."

Nicholas was chosen as the first representative from Jamestown to the General Assembly, and filled that office

intermittently during his lifetime. Although a Quaker, and therefore opposed to all warlike measures, we find him an ensign in 1680 and a captain in the following record September 16, 1690. "Captain Nicholas Carr, Captain Thomas Paine and Mr. Caleb Carr were appointed to collect rates."

Owing to the scarcity of money, taxes were payable in produce, and the rate at which the produce was received was generally fixed in the rate. Thus the tax in 1687 was payable in corn at two shillings and rye at two shillings eight pence per bushel, beef at one and one half penny per pound, pork at twopence and butter at six pence per pound.

In 1692, due to the failure of the town to appoint officers for the year, the General Assembly ordered "that Captain Thomas Paine be Captain for the year, Nicholas Carr Lieutenant, and George Cook Ensign."

PIRATES

The mention of Capt. Thomas Paine brings up an interesting side light on the history of the times and the family. Captain Paine married Governor Caleb's daughter Mary, sister to Nicholas, and is mentioned in the Governor's will, where he gave them considerable property in Newport. Captain Paine also owned a farm at the north end of the island now owned by R. C. Vose, and called Cajacet. At this time and up to as late as 1723 all the towns along the coast were frequently visited by pirates. Narragansett Bay was particularly so favored, not only because it was a good harbor, but they were not molested on legal grounds. Captain Paine owned his own vessel and often went on long voyages, and, so the story goes, was himself a pirate and an intimate friend of the famous Captain Kidd, who occasionally visited him on Conanicut Island. These privateering and slave trading expeditions were quite common, and when conducted against an unfriendly country were not entirely without the bounds of common law. It is even told that Captains Paine and Kidd sacked a whole town somewhere on the Spanish coast. We have all heard stories of pirate treasure being buried on Jamestown, none of which, however, has ever been found.

his home and diligent search was made, but the charter could not be found, and Andros returned to Boston without it.

In 1689 James II was overthrown, and Andros was imprisoned in Boston. Curiously enough, when this news was received, the charter was found, and a call was issued for the General Assembly to gather "before the day of the usual election by charter." The Assembly met and resumed the government by charter, and an address was sent to the supreme power of England praying it might be confirmed, which request was granted.

As the years passed, Nicholas became less active in the affairs of the colony, and devoted more of his time to the town, where he generally held some office. In looking over the names of those who were active in the affairs of the town we find the Carrs, Watsons, Remingtons, Weedens, Hazards, Knowleses, Martins, Congdons, Cottrells, Greenes, Armstrongs and Howlands, and many of these same names are appearing on the records today.

Besides his public activities, Nicholas was bringing up a large family, thereby following the precedent established by his father, and which was followed by most all succeeding generations. He had eleven children, three of whom died during his life time. He continued in the Quaker faith, and while there was no meeting house on the island, services were held in the members' houses. The first Quaker meeting house, which was the first house of worship on the island, was built in 1706. It stood on the old road about a mile north of the present Quaker meeting house, which was built in 1765.

From the records it seems that the highways were not definitely laid out, which caused many arguments. This trouble started in 1783 when a dispute arose between Samuel Cranston, Capt. Nicholas Carr and Capt. Josiah Arnold "that was of long continuance." It came to be a necessity that some act should be passed regulating the matter so "that each man could fence his land and walk without damnifying his neighbor on the highway." The island was surveyed and the roads laid out, but the disputes were not amicably settled until 1809.

There were other troublesome matters, and it is evident that the ferry service to Newport was not always satisfac-

tory. In May 1702 the following petition was presented to the General Assembly by the inhabitants of Jamestown.

"That all free inhabitants of Jamestown shall have their liberty at all times to transport themselves and their neighbors in their own boats, provided they transport not any for money or any sort of pay whereby the stated ferries may be damnified."

It is also interesting to know that in 1705 the "colony was assessed 100 pounds toward finishing her Majesty's fort, Fort Ann on Goat Island, alias Fort Island."

Nicholas died in 1709, six years after his wife had passed away. Eight children survived him. Of these, four married and continued to live in Jamestown, one went to Warwick, and no record is found of the others. Nicholas wrote his will in 1708 and it is still kept in the old desk at the Homestead, where it has been carefully preserved all the years since the house was built.

Following the English custom, he left his homestead to the eldest son Nicholas, who in 1706 had married Frances Holmes, daughter of John and Mary (Sayles) Holmes, and great, great grand daughter of Roger Williams. They continued to live in Jamestown.

THOMAS CARR

Our direct line, however, is through Thomas, the tenth child and fourth son, born January 25, 1696. Of five sons, only three, Nicholas, Thomas and Benjamin, survived their father.

The will of Nicholas, referring to Thomas, reads as follows. "I give to my loving son Thomas Carr, a certain parcel of land comprising 70 acres, be it more or less, called Tom Fisher's field, on the west side of the main highway on said island. All said land I give to my son Thomas Carr, he and his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever, and a right in Dutch Island that belongs to said farm, and further I give to my son Thomas Carr forever 1 pair oxen, 50 sheep, 3 cows, 1 grain of gold, 1 silver spoon and 1 silver beer cup marked T. T. on the bottom, and all to be delivered to him when he comes to the age of 21 years old by my executor, hereafter named."

While the description of land and boundaries may have been sufficient for those times, it does not help much in our present search. It is believed, however, that Thomas built the house that stood on the south side of cemetery lane opposite the Green farm, and which fell to decay and was torn down about 25 years ago.

It is not known when the house was built, but we can presume it was about the time of his marriage in 1720, when on February 23 he married Hannah Weeden, daughter of John and Jane (Underwood) Weeden. He was a farmer, in fact this was strictly a farming community. The houses were all on the northern part of the island. There was no settlement at the "Ferry." A glance at the old Fisher map hanging in the dining room of the Homestead will show that the Dumplings was one farm, the land south of the town beach to Beaver Tail was another, but that the northern end of the island was divided into many smaller farms.

Thomas like his father and grandfather was a public spirited man and interested himself in the affairs of the town and colony, serving on various town committees, and in the years 1746-7 was a member of the General Assembly as deputy from Jamestown.

THE WINDMILL

Indian meal then as now was used by all, and the justly famous Rhode Island johnny cake was on every table. As there was no mill on the island all the corn had to be taken to Newport or Portsmouth to be ground. This was a great inconvenience, and so in 1728 it was decided to build a mill on the island, and the freemen and proprietors ordered "that Richard Tew and David Green go and buy stones and irons for the building of a windmill, and the money to be paid out of the treasury," and it was "further ordered that Richard Tew and Thomas Carr provide lumber for the aforesaid mill." Evidently the mill was built between then and 1730. Aside from a few records such as these little is known of this mill or what became of it. It is presumed that it stood about where the present mill stands, which was built in 1787-8.

The ferry or ferries to Newport and Narragansett always seemed to be the subject of much comment both good

and bad. Evidently in 1746 it was bad, for we find permission given to David Green to run a ferry to Newport. Also in the same year Long Wharf in Newport had just been completed "at a vast expense" and permission was given the owners to run still another ferry to Jamestown. It is interesting to note that somewhat later (1756) the prices of ferriage were raised to be as follows,—for a man and a horse six shillings, for a draft horse six shillings, an ox or neat creature 8 shillings; a single person, 3 shillings; a hog, calf or sheep 1 shilling, and for a horse and chaise or chair, 24 shillings.

It is difficult fully to comprehend the everyday life these folks lived. We of today look at the old spinning wheels, flax wheels, weaving frames, candle moulds, cooking utensils and farming implements with great interest, but these sturdy souls actually used them in their daily lives and lived in more contentment than we seemingly do.

NICHOLAS CARR

Thomas died October 14, 1753, and was survived by seven children. One of his sons, Thomas, died on the same day as his father. Our interest now follows the life of Nicholas, the sixth child and fourth son of Thomas. His father's will is also preserved and kept in the old desk in the Homestead, and in reference to Nicholas reads as follows. "I give and bequeath to my son Nicholas my homestead farm, so called where I live, containing about 20 acres, be it more or less, bounded easterly and northerly by highways, southerly on land of Thomas Hutchinson, and westerly on land I have in my will given to my son Benjamin Carr, also my lot of land bought of Cranston and called the Cranston lot, containing about 30 acres and a half, more or less, bounded northerly on land of John Almy, westerly on land I gave to my son John Carr, deceased, southerly partly on highway and partly on land of Daniel Holloway, easterly on land of Daniel Holloway and partly on the bay or salt water. Together with my other lot of land bought of John Paine containing 50 acres bounded northerly on land of Oliver Hopkins, westerly on land of John Eldred, and easterly on highway. All of which tracts and parcels of land lying and being situated in Jamestown in the county of Newport, together with

all the privileges, improvements, heriditaments and appurtenances to the said piece or parcels of land belonging or appertaining, I give to my son Nicholas Carr or to his heirs and assigns forever."

The will seemingly contains the first mention or reference to the Homestead farm, but as previously stated the descriptions of land given in those days are of little help now. In those and earlier times land was bought and sold and no record ever made of the transaction. There is a strong conviction in the family that part of the Homestead farm was included in land allotted to Gov. Caleb Carr at the time of purchase from the Indians, and undoubtedly a painstaking search through the records would confirm this conviction.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

Nicholas was born December 25, 1732. Nothing has been discovered about his childhood; evidently he was just a healthy boy, but we can easily understand that life on a farm then was the same in all its essentials as it is now, only more so, considering all the modern improvements we now have. His education must have been obtained at the district school house. This was approximately where the present one stands, except that it stood right at the roadside, so close that people riding by could reach in the windows.

Only the rudiments could have been taught, principally the three R's. School was opened by reading a chapter from the Bible, and there was no denominational objection. The scholars ranged from the youngest to the most advanced, and yet we must never forget that these little country schools, free from political and religious strife and domination, were the foundation of this great nation. There were no conveniences,—just imagine a school of all grades in one room, one class reading and others studying at the same time, heated by a Franklin wood stove, and drinking water obtained at the nearest farm. In this particular schoolhouse there was no blackboard, but the inside of the door was painted black, and a good sum in partial payments had to be finished on the floor. It was at such schools that some of the greatest men of the country, whose letters and speeches we are still quoting, obtained their first taste for knowledge. It

is a bit of history to which school boards of today should give some thought.

While no doubt his attendance at school and duties around the farm took up most of his time, there must have been occasional trips to "town" which would keep him in touch with affairs outside of the island. In 1748 the population of Jamestown, comprising of course Conanicut Island, was 284 whites, 110 negroes, 26 Indians. Presumably the negroes and Indians were slaves, for the slaves were not emancipated in the colony until 1784.

BEAVER TAIL LIGHTHOUSE

With so many vessels entering and leaving the harbor, and the channels being so narrow, it was decided by the General Assembly to build a light house at Beaver Tail, and this was done in 1749, being the first light house on the Atlantic coast. This was burned in 1754 and replaced the same year, William Reed, builder. This in turn was burned by the British in 1779. The present buildings were built in 1856.

The greatest event of Nicholas' life occurred November 10, 1768 when he married Mary Eldred, and as far as can be found, he continued living in the same house. Like all his ancestors, he was a public spirited man, and served on the Town Council nearly all his life, and it is even said that when he was an old man, and unable to take an active part in the affairs of the town, he attended every meeting of the council, even though not a duly elected member, and he was humored in this by the members out of respect for his past services.

As you stand on school house hill at the top of Carr Lane, or on Windmill Hill farther south you have an unobstructed view of the bay north, south, east and west. Newport, with a population of about 9000 was the largest city in the colony, and one of the important shipping ports along the coast. Many were the vessels that set sail from there for all parts of the world. Newport was prosperous and its merchants wealthy, and for many years these conditions continued, the people living in peace and contentment.

NEWPORT MERCURY PUBLISHED

In 1730 James Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin, brought a printing press to Newport and in 1758 (June 12) the first number of the *Newport Mercury* was published, and this paper has been in continuous publication to the present day, claiming to be the oldest newspaper in the United States. Thus Newport and Jamestown were in touch with the affairs of the world, as brought in by the numerous vessels from all points of the compass.

Nicholas was a devout Quaker. The meeting house built in his grandfather's time (1706) was abandoned for a new one, built in 1765 and which is still standing. It is said that he went to meeting every Sabbath, and on his way there mended gaps in the walls along the road. He would return home along shore and dig a few clams.

UNDERCURRENTS OF WAR

While in the daily routine of life everything may have been running peacefully, there was an undercurrent of discord, which as time passed, kept coming to the surface. George III was not successful in ruling his colonial possessions. He kept increasing taxes, and sent excise officers to see that they were paid, until "taxation without representation" was a phrase heard the length of the land. But we all know our history too well to recount the causes of the War of the Revolution.

Except for a few demonstrations against the Stamp Act in 1765, the first overt act of the colonies against Great Britain was the destruction of the British revenue sloop "Liberty" in Newport harbor, July 1769. A brig had been seized and brought into Newport. The wearing apparel and sword of the captain of the brig were put on board the "Liberty," and when going for them he was violently assaulted. As his boat left the sloop a musket was discharged at him. This act greatly exasperated the people who had been watching from Long Wharf, and they demanded of Captain Reid of the "Liberty" that the man who fired on Captain Parkwood of the brig be sent ashore. After repeated denial, the populace determined not to be trifled with longer. A number of them

went on board, cut her cables and she went aground. Her boats were dragged up Long Wharf to the Common and burned. The *Newport Mercury* of July 31, 1769, printed the following: "Last Saturday the sloop 'Liberty' was floated by a high tide and drifted over to Goat Island, and is grounded near the north end, near the place where the pirates were buried. What this prognosticates, we leave to the determination of astrologers." Later, August 17th, appeared the following, "Last Monday evening, just after the storm of rain, hail and lightning, the sloop 'Liberty' was discovered to be on fire, and continued burning for several days, until almost entirely consumed."

THE "GASPEE"

These conflicts between the colonial and British soldiers became more frequent. The British revenue boats were stopping every vessel and seizing the cargoes as contraband. On June 2, 1772 Capt. Thomas Lindsay set sail from Newport for Providence. The "Gaspee," a British revenue sloop, started in pursuit. We all know the story of her running aground on Namquit Point and of her destruction that night by a band of loyal men from Providence. While our Quaker ancestors may not have taken active parts in these affairs, they were enacted within their sight and hearing.

It is stated that the summer of 1776 was one of comparative quiet in and around Rhode Island. The General Assembly had passed an act severing the allegiance of the colony to Great Britain, and the delegates from the colonies were assembled in Philadelphia drafting the immortal Declaration of Independence.

NICHOLAS BUILDS THE HOMESTEAD

Undeterred by these great events and the almost certain prospect of war, Nicholas decided to carry out his plans to build himself a house. The immediate reason for the decision we do not know; certainly he had not outgrown the old house, for at that time he had but three children, Mary, Thomas and John. Neither do we know when it was started or finished or who built it; it is safe to assume, however, that he supervised the work and was assisted by his neighbors. This would

seem to be borne out by a vague story that they became confused over the plans, and used those intended for the second story for the ground floor, and vice versa, and that for many years it was called the "house that was built upside down." There is no evidence, however, of this error in the house itself.

As originally built, it did not have the ell that is now the kitchen. The present dining room supposedly was kitchen and dining room combined. The big fireplace with its cranes and Dutch oven was in daily use. Some of the furniture brought there by Nicholas is in use still, particularly the beautiful Martha Washington mirror and the Grandfather's clock built by Thomas Claggett of Newport, which was placed in the southeast corner of the sitting room, and which, in the memory of those now living, has never been moved. The old ship on the upper extension of the pendulum, which Nicholas started on its long voyage, is still tossing on the mighty waves, its voyage far from being completed.

Like all the houses of those days it was built around an enormous chimney, nearly every room has a fireplace. At the best it could not have been completed before early fall. If some old diary could be found describing the house-warming and the hanging of the crane! The gathering of all the neighbors, with Nicholas and his wife and family dispersing good cheer and happiness to all their friends! What a picture! And so did Nicholas build his house in 1776.

THE BRITISH IN NEWPORT

But these peaceful scenes were not to last. The British had taken possession of Newport in 1775. The colony had created a navy under the command of Abraham Whipple, and the first cannon discharged at the Royal Navy was fired when he captured the British frigate "Rose" in Newport harbor. While the summer of 1776 was without local conflicts, privateering vessels were built at the yards along the shores of the bay and fortifications at Fort Adams were completed. When the British took possession of Newport the town authorities of Jamestown set a guard of four men to patrol the shores of the island, and this was continued until the town was abandoned to the British.

On the 26th day of December, Job Watson from his watch tower on Tower Hill in Narragansett, saw a squadron of vessels headed straight towards Narragansett Bay. It consisted of eleven vessels of war, convoying seventy transports having on board 6000 troops. They sailed up the west passage, around the north end of Conanicut and came to anchor in Newport harbor. Troops were landed in Middletown and Newport, and encampments were set up on Gould's Hill, Winter's Hill and Coddington Point. Thus in a single day this peaceful spot was transformed into an armed encampment. A system of plunder of the inhabitants was immediately commenced. Food became scarce. Misery, discord and desolation reigned supreme.

With the coming of spring the troops left the houses in Newport and went into encampment along the shores as far north as Middletown. Nicholas could look from his windows across the bay and see the tents of the British army, now in command of Brigadier General Prescott, the meanest of all petty tyrants. He could also see the war vessels achored in the bay. Newport, so wealthy and prosperous, was ruined, never again to regain her commercial supremacy. Those of her inhabitants who could, had fled, those who remained were almost subjected to slavery by the British troops.

But Jamestown also suffered terribly. It is said that early in 1777 one of the men who patroled the shores fired a musket at one of the British frigates that was anchored just off the shore. This so angered the soldiers that they landed a body of men, and after pillaging and carrying off stores and food, burned nearly every house on the island. Only a few at the north end escaped. Nearly all the inhabitants fled to the mainland, and it is a matter of record that the town and council meetings for the years 1777-8 were held at the house of Martin Allen in North Kingstown.

A FIGHTING QUAKER

Although a Quaker and inclined toward peace, Nicholas refused to leave the island, and it was about this time that he had an encounter with a captain of one of the British men of war.

One day as he was plowing the north lot this captain came along, and in a very insolent manner ordered him to stop his team. The command being disregarded, the captain struck him a blow on the head with his cane. Nicholas immediately declared a war of his own, and they fought the war of the revolution in miniature, and with the same result. After the captain was soundly thrashed he cried for quarter, and was allowed to go on his way. Upon reaching his ship he sent a file of marines who seized Nicholas and carried him to the vessel, where he was held a prisoner in irons for three days. Each morning he was brought on deck, a rope put around his neck, and given the choice of getting down on his knees and kissing the hand of the captain and being liberated, or being hung at the yard arm of the vessel.

While he was thus held prisoner, William Battey, a Tory and near neighbor, who lived in the Battey house on the west side of the old road, now occupied by Arthur Hull, went on board and interceded for him. Finding that the fear of hanging had no effect on this staunch patriot, and possibly because of this friendly act from a Tory, he was finally liberated and sent ashore.

Prescott was feared and hated by all the inhabitants, but they were powerless to resent his high handed actions. However in July, 1777, Lieutenant Colonel Barton successfully carried out a scheme to get rid of him. One night he, with a few chosen men, set out from Providence, rowed quietly down the bay, going between Prudence and Patience islands, then slipping by three British men-of-war gained the shore and surrounded the house of Mr. Overton where Prescott was quartered. They found him in bed, and without giving him time to dress, hurried him to their boat, and again eluding the war vessels, carried him prisoner to Providence. It is said that this was the boldest and most hazardous enterprise undertaken during the war. Prescott was sent to Washington's headquaters on the Hudson River. He was held prisoner through the winter but in April 1778 was exchanged for General Charles Lee of the American Army, and was again placed in command of the British troops in Rhode Island. To gratify his thirst for revenge he started on a series of plundering expeditions. Bristol, Warren and Tiverton in turn were ravaged, houses burned, and the inhabitants in-

sulted and robbed of their personal belongings and livestock. Newport already was practically in ruins and nearly all the houses in Jamestown had been burned. So are small petty tyrants brave—when there are none to oppose them.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS

In the early summer of 1778 the Americans had an army stationed at Tiverton, and at the earnest request of General Washington, Count D'Estaing, in command of the French squadron, was to join forces with General Sullivan at Tiverton and make a combined attack on the British at Newport. On July 29 the French fleet was sighted off Beaver Tail and anchored outside Brenton's reef. Besides these forces two brigades of infantry under Lafayette were sent by General Washington from the Continental Army, making in all a combined force of about 10,000 men. On the fifth day of August D'Estaing sent two vessels up the bay against the British frigates that were anchored between Prudence and Gould Islands. Unable to escape, the British set fire to four of their vessels and sank two others. This must have been a welcome sight to the family at the Homestead who could see it all from their windows.

But there was a delay in getting these forces together, and during this time Lord Howe had sailed from New York with twenty-five English war vessels, appearing off Newport on August 9th. D'Estaing immediately set sail to engage them, and the day was spent maneuvering for the weather gage, an important advantage in sailing vessels. The next morning a violent tempest drove the vessels far apart, and only a few indecisive engagements took place between the contending vessels which had been blown far out to sea. On the 20th, D'Estaing sailed into the harbor with a fleet of crippled vessels. Feeling the necessity of making repairs, and disregarding the earnest entreaties of both Lafayette and General Sullivan, he set sail for Boston.

This seeming desertion on the part of the Flench fleet discouraged many of the volunteers, and between two and three thousand returned to their homes. An attack now was out of the question, and it was decided that the army should retreat from the position on Butts Hill to the main land.

This maneuver was discovered by the British, who immediately attacked and the battle of Butts Hill was fought. Cannonading and general action extending nearly from one side of the island to the other lasted all day, and with the aid of a spy glass most of this could have been seen from the Homestead. The Americans had 30 killed, 132 wounded and 40 missing, while the British had 210 killed and wounded and 12 missing. Realizing the seriousness of his position, General Sullivan decided a retreat to the mainland was necessary. So setting up tents and building camp fires and having sentries within plain sight he so completely fooled the British that by morning his entire army was safely on the Tiverton shore.

This ended the campaign in Rhode Island. The British kept possession of Newport and the surrounding territory until 1779, when they left to join Sir Henry Clinton in the south. On October 25th all the inhabitants of Newport were commanded not to leave their houses, but peeking through the blinds they saw preparations underway for the departure of the British. They saw most everything of value being taken away also, even the town records. All day long the troops were marching to Brenton's point, and at ten o'clock that night a fleet of 110 vessels convoyed by three men-of-war sailed out of the harbor.

The winter of 1779 was very severe, some have said the most severe ever experienced in Rhode Island. The bay was frozen solid for six weeks. The British had cut down and burned nearly every tree on the Island of Rhode Island and Conanicut as well as many of the buildings in Newport. Food was scarce—corn sold at four silver dollars a bushel, potatoes at two dollars, wood at twenty dollars a cord.

Newport was ruined, half the inhabitants had fled, commerce was destroyed and starvation now stared the people in the face. With help from neighboring towns they got through the winter and with the coming of spring, started repairing the damage done by the British. But the war was

not over, and on July 10, 1780, a French fleet of 44 vessels commanded by Admiral de Ternay, sailed into the harbor. Impoverished as they were, they did their best to make the French welcome. The troops were encamped southeast of the city under command of Count Rochambeau.

WASHINGTON IN NEWPORT

By the next spring Newport had recovered somewhat from the ravages of the British and began making great preparations for the visit of General Washington who was coming to confer with Rochambeau. He crossed the West Ferry from Narragansett and a French barge was sent to meet him at Jamestown. Dinner was served at the Vernon House on Mary Street, after which a torchlight procession was arranged to show General Washington the town. After this a grand ball was given at Mrs. Crowley's Assembly Rooms on Church Street. General Washington chose for his partner Miss Peggy Champlain, who, as can well be imagined, was the envy of all the belles of the town. The next day he returned to the army, again crossing the ferries to Jamestown and Narragansett. Newport and the surrounding country felt honored by this visit and took on a new lease of life. The French troops and navy soon left, and warlike activities ended in Rhode Island. With the departure of the British the old Franklin printing press was brought back to town and the *Mercury* resumed its weekly publication, so the inhabitants were again in touch with the events of the country.

We have no record that Nicholas took active part in these events, but it is impossible to believe, being the fighting Quaker he had proven himself to be, that he did not take some part of which there is no record. After the war he was appointed Judge of the court of Newport County, which office he held a number of years. He died March 3, 1813 at the age of 81, thirteen years after his wife had passed away. He was survived by four children, Mary, Thomas, John and Hannah. Our direct line is through John, born May 5, 1774.

JOHN CARR

The will that Nicholas wrote 130 years ago and now brown with age is still kept in the old desk at the Homestead with those of his father and grandfather. In referring to John it reads as follows:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto my son John and to his heirs and assigns forever, all my farm or tract of land and house standing thereon, in which I now live and improved by my son Thomas, situate, lying and being in Jamestown aforesaid, containing by estimate about 49 acres, be the same more or less, and is butted and bounded as follows,—easterly partly on the salt water and partly on a run of fresh water through the northeast corner of said farm, and partly on the land of Daniel Holloway, southerly partly on the land of Daniel Holloway and partly on the road or highway, westerly partly on the main road and partly on land of the heirs of Nathaniel Hammond, deceased, or however otherwise the same may be butted or bounded, together with all and singular, the buildings, ways, water rights and privileges to the same belonging or appertaining, I also give, devise and bequeath unto my son John Carr and his heirs and assigns forever, one other tract or piece of land containing by estimate twelve acres or thereabouts lying and being in Jamestown aforesaid and is butted and bounded as follows—easterly on land which I now own and is occupied by my son John Carr, southerly on land of Job Watson, westerly on land belonging to the heirs of Henry Fowler, deceased, and northerly on the road, which land I purchased of the heirs of Thomas Carr, son of Benjamin Carr, late of Jamestown, deceased, or however otherwise the same may be butted or bounded, together with all singular the buildings, ways, water rights, improvements and appurtenances to the same belonging or appertaining. I also give to my son John Carr my silver tankard, and my clock that now stands in the house where I now live, to him, my son John Carr his heirs and assigns forever."

John's sister Mary, married Walter Watson, son of Job Watson, familiarly called old King Wat, who owned nearly the whole north end of the island. They lived at the Watson

Homestead at the extreme north end of the island, and the cellar walls can still be seen. Thomas married Abigale Hull, and lived at Jamestown. His sister Hannah married Thomas Carter and lived in Killingly, Conn. She was very, very religious; but we shall hear more of her later.

By this will it is evident that John was not living at the Homestead at the time of his father's death, or at least when he wrote his will. It is safe to assume that he left there at the time of his marriage, which occurred December 21, 1805, when he chose Mary Cross, daughter of Col. Peleg Cross of Charlestown, as his partner for the voyage of life.

Like his father, little is known of his childhood. The little schoolhouse was at the head of the lane, and there were chores to do, ever present on a farm, to say nothing of mending walls. There must be miles upon miles of stone walls on the farm, and I have often wondered whoever could have built them. The stones were of course taken from the fields, but what an endless task—they could only have been built by slaves.

From the description of the property in the will it is evident that John lived in a house that stood on what is now called the Hazard farm, situated south of Cemetery Lane and west of John A. Carr's farm. The location of the house cannot be determined. It is probable that John did not return to the Homestead to live until the death of his father, and if that is the case, his first five children were born in the other house. Like all the Carrs, he was active in the affairs of the town and was given the title of Captain. His commission granted by the state's authorities, is among the family treasures.

FAMILY PAPERS

Also among these family papers are some very interesting bills which impress upon us how differently our ancestors lived. One is from a travelling cobbler. It seems this itinerant tradesman used to come to the house once or twice a year to make and mend shoes, staying at the house while doing the work. Two of the wooden lasts used at that time are still preserved. One of these bills is as follows:

Jamestown, Oct. 10, 1813.

Capt. John Carr to T. B. Nichols Dr.

To making your boots . . .	$2.00
To making your daughter . . .	.34
To your youngest	.29
To mending black girl . . .	.16
To mending your daughter . .	.12
To do Boot and shoes . .	8
To do your wife . . .	6

Received payment

T. B. Nichols

It is evident from the following that John provided private tutors for his children.

Mar. 14, 1815.

Mr. John Carr To Nathan Gardiner	Dr.
To the tuition of son Peleg five weeks	60 cts.
Son Thomas one week . . .	17
	77
Credited by leather	29
. . .	48

and again we have

John Carr to Wanton Weeden Dr.

To ½ quarters tuition in simple reading at 10c per quarter	.88
To incidentals	.17
	1.05

Ye schoolmarms of today please take notice.

In 1805 Captain John Carr went to Providence and stayed at the house of Zachaus Ellis, bill for entertainment was $2.87.

We also find a bill for some things he sold, which gives prices we can scarce believe.

Oct. 14, 1820

David Williams to John Carr Dr.

To 2 bushels rye grain at 60c P. B.	$1.20
To half bushel turnips . . .	.60
To 1½ bushels corn at 58c P. B. .	.90
To 1 guse at 6c pb weight 6¾ pouns	.40

By 1820 John evidently thought he had children enough to start a school of his own, for we found the following letter from Hannah Farley:

> Sir:
>
> My father has been to see me and he informs me that you wish me to teach a school for you this summer and I have concluded to accept the proposal and if nothing prevents I shall be at Newport by the middle of April. My father desires his christian love to you and Mr. Hopkins.
>
> Hannah M. Farley

So did Captain John endeavor to give his large family the benefits of an education. He was a very religious man but had departed from the Quaker faith of his fathers and had joined the Baptists. He was one of the pillars of the church and had the reputation of being somewhat of an exhorter. The story is told that knowing his end was near he sent for one of his neighbors, a brother in meeting, one Oliver Hopkins, and begged him to come to the house often after his death and pray with his children. He came for a long time, but one day found those perverted children playing cards and refused ever to come again, as he said the Lord hadn't answered his prayers. This same Oliver kept a sail-boat and always went to Newport every Saturday to sell the produce from his farm. One Saturday he had nothing he could take to sell, but started off just the same. While crossing the bay a big horse mackerel jumped into the boat, and he took it over to Newport and sold it for a dollar. He said it was the result of being a man of prayer.

We can find no unusual events in the lives of John and Mary. They had a large family and when we realize how different living conditions were then our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the mother whose entire life must have been devoted to the children and household duties. Captain John died July 27, 1823, in his fiftieth year, of a fever said to have been as near yellow fever as was possible for anyone to have in this climate. His wife had died the previous December leaving a baby two months old, who also died.

In the west chamber, hanging over the mantel are the silhouettes of John and Mary. Last September our cousin Harry Carr made a visit to the Homestead after an absence of many years. He occupied the west chamber, and our talks about those who had lived in the house and the atmosphere of the old Homestead, so full of family history, deeply impressed him. In the afternoon he would go to his room to write his "Column" for the *Los Angeles Times*. During the winter I received a clipping containing one of his articles. It reads as follows:

Jamestown (R. I.) Sept. 20. I think I am falling in love with the ghost of my great-grandmother.

I am writing this in the bedroom of the old colonial farmhouse where she came as a young bride—and in which she died.

Her portrait hangs above the old mantel.

That was before the days of daguerrotypes. The young ladies of her day sat in a chair that had a screen at one side and a candle on the other. An artist outlined the shadow of their faces on the screen—the silhouette portrait.

My great-grandmother's silhouette is lovely—a delicate patrician profile with little love curls caressing her forehead and the nape of her sweet, proud young neck.

Her name was Mary Cross. I imagine that her marriage must have been quite a society affair. Her husband was the great-grandson of old Governor Caleb Carr, who was one of the last of the royal governors of Rhode Island. She was the daughter of a colonel of the colonial army.

My great-grandfather must have been a beau; for in the bedroom hangs an old "courting mirror," such as the young dandies used to carry in wooden cases in their saddlebags, whereby to arrange their wigs when they went a-wooing.

The old farmhouse was already twenty years old when Mary came there in 1805 as a bride. She rode behind her husband on a pillion.

I don't know whether she had slaves to help her. In many of the old family wills slaves were given away.

But it was a Quaker family, and they early turned against slavery. So I imagine that my beautiful great-grandmother contrived with her sweet, lovely, young hands alone.

Up in the old garret I found her old spinning wheel and her old linen wheel.

Yes, and the candle molds into which she poured the tallow for the winter lights.

Downstairs is an old clock, builded in 1640, which still ticks—just as it ticked to Mary Cross on the summer days when the sun danced on the water of Narragansett Bay.

Most of the time Mary must have been rocking a baby in the old box cradle that lies moldering in the dim, wan light of the garret.

Those were the days of huge New England families when every father was head of a clan.

In the seventeen years of her married life she had ten children. The last was born in October, 1822. It lived only a little while. The little wife died the following December, three days after the seventeenth anniversary of her wedding. She died on Christmas eve.

My great-grandfather loved her so dearly—and who would not—that he could not live without her. He died the following April. They say he just wasted away.

And this in "cold New England."

A little boy of 14 found himself head of a family of ten to feed. But he valiantly tackled the work on the old farm, while a little sister mothered the family.

They say that the spirit of Mary Cross comes back by night to this old bedroom—yearning over the little boy and his little sister, struggling to raise the family she left.

Every night I go to sleep in the old four-poster bed hoping her ghost will come.

I hear the old trumpet vine rapping and tapping on the window.

But my beautiful great-grandmother does not come.

PELEG CARR

The deaths of Mary and John and their youngest child all within a few months of each other is the saddest incident in the history of the family. Nine children survived them. Peleg the oldest was 16, and the youngest was 5 years old. But it is these trials that bring out the sterling qualities, and all those found in past generations were found again in these

children. Peleg literally took up the reins laid down by his father, and continued the work of the farm. His sister Mary continued the household work of her mother. The three youngest children Celia, William and George went to live with aunts and uncles.

So our grandfather took up the responsibilities of the head of the house. His opportunities for schooling were cut short, and his education was now to be gained from the school of experience, but he was an indefatigable reader and his children in later years state that they always went to their father for help in their lessons, and he never failed them. He realized the benefits of an education and we find the following bill among many others for tuition for his brothers:

Peleg Carr to Robert H. Weeden, Dr.

To tuition of John E. Carr and Wm. C. Carr from Dec. 1 to Mar. 15, 1833 $2 per quarter is	$4.66
To wood	.88
	5.54

As his brothers and sisters grew up, one by one they took up some trade or married and moved away to other towns or to different places on the island. But Peleg continued to operate the farm of his fathers.

Like all the Carrs before him, he was active in the affairs of the town, and was at various times a member of the state legislature, the town council, and the school committee, as well as school trustee. In politics he was a staunch Republican, and a great admirer of Horace Greeley. He subscribed to the *New York Tribune* as long as he lived. He was a great reader and used to sit up until the small hours of the night reading, particularly Byron's poems, even in the last years of his life.

In 1835, when 28 years old, he married Catherine Watson Weeden who was 19. They had nine children, two of whom are still living in the Homestead. He was a successful farmer and gradually bought out the interests of his brothers and sisters in the farm. Later he bought the farm north of his which he sold later at the time of a land boom

at the north end of the island, but the piece known as the North Almy (pronounced Amy) lot remained permanently as part of the farm.

It cannot be found that Peleg was an attendant at any church, and this probably was the reaction from the extraordinary religious zeal of his father. In fact, he was a little bit inclined towards things pertaining to the occult. For example, on rising one morning and walking over the farm he saw what appeared to be two balls of fire rolling on the water between Conanicut and Prudence Islands. This seemed so strange a sight that he ran along to get a better view, when it disappeared. The next day a sloop sank in this same spot and three men were drowned. While not an avowed spiritualist, he read much along those lines and bought various books on the subject. At one time while in Providence attending the Legislature he went to several seances, but before he died he said he was convinced there "was nothing in it." At the time when table tipping was receiving much attention his children can remember seeing four or five earnest people with hands on the round table waiting for the tipping to begin. Whether it ever did take place they are not sure, but they are sure it never hopped around the room alone. While not a church member he entertained many ministers and they always seemed to enjoy being there, although he was heard telling one of them he thought "that getting down on your knees to pray was a pharasaical caper."

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL

The first Sunday school on Jamestown was held in the old school that stood by the road, not the one which is now standing, which was built about 1860. This Sunday school was started about 1855 by Hiram Hauxhurst, a man of great religious zeal, but little education. Peleg's children were among those who attended. As an inducement to the children he offered a prize of a Testament to any one who would commit to memory as many verses of the Bible as they were years old. One of these zealous youngsters, and I suspect one of Peleg's children, rattled off, "and the earth was without form and void." She says she was well grown before she realized the meaning of void, thinking it was something the

earth was managing to get along without, the same as it got along without "form."

While recalling things pertaining to religion, one of the children now living in the Homestead makes an affidavit that she remembers seeing her father sharpen his razor on the family Bible, which was bound in leather, and from the nicks and cuts that still show we can accept this as a fact. This same Bible had seen much usage from previous generations, and in the title on the back the HO in Holy had been entirely obliterated, and some of the children called it the LY Bible without realizing the sacrilegious pun they were making. The old Bible is still preserved and contains all the family records from John Carr and Mary Cross down to the youngest generation now living.

Early one fall when inspecting his cider press Peleg found it badly in need of repairs. He found a shipping tag and writing on it the following, started the press on its journey to New York:

"Go straight to your master Fulton St. 23,
And deliver the message that I send by thee,
That your ribs are all broken he plainly will see
And cannot make cider for you or for me.
When quickly repaired, come hurrying back,
Remembering that you have apples to crack,
For in less than a week, if you go astray
All the apples will rot, to my utter dismay."

It is needless to say he made cider that fall in a well repaired press.

THE CIVIL WAR

In 1860 our country was torn asunder by the Civil War. The 3d R. I. Cavalry was encamped at the Ferry on a large lot, on part of which now stands the Hotel Thorndike. Even as late as this there was no settlement at the Ferry. The only houses on Ferry Road were the Ferry House, where Job Ellis lived and dispensed good cheer to his passengers, and Isaac Carr's store. Isaac Carr was known as a "character" and would never sell his last spool of thread or whatever

it may have been, saying he must keep it for a sample. Across the street Patty Congdon kept the Post Office, and a model postmistress she was. If she saw anyone coming along for whom she had mail, she would go out and hail them, or if it was a neighbor she would give it to them to deliver. The only other house on the Ferry road was the Douglas house just east of the four corners. So this company of soldiers were pretty much by themselves. But the ravages of war were not to visit the island again, and this encampment simply added to the social activities. The Homestead, where so many beautiful young ladies lived, was the scene of many happy gatherings. These young ladies recall particularly the evening serenades which were staged for their benefit.

So as time passed another family had grown up to womanhood and manhood, and one by one these one-time children married and left the farm to establish their own homes. When Peleg died, on September 15, 1884, but three remained with him, Abby, Sarah, and Clarence, and these three still are there keeping open house for all the many relatives, and we are now 49, who visit them as often as possible. The farm has been managed since Peleg's death by his son Clarence, familiarly known as the "judge," and his two sisters, Sarah and Abby have been the wonderful hostesses at all the family reunions, clam-bakes, and Thanksgiving dinners that have taken place at the Homestead.

And so we have followed the history of the family from Andrew Kerr—9th Baron of Fennerhurst, born in 1450, down to the present generation, together with passing glimpses of historical incidents which seemed to have had an influence on the various members of the family.

The Homestead

When Nicholas built the Homestead in 1776 he did not anticipate our celebration in 1926—therefore we have no information as to who planned the house, who built it, why that particular site was chosen, or any of those intimate details that would now be so interesting. The land was all cleared, so the first operation was digging the cellar and building the foundation for the huge chimney. All houses in those days were built around the chimney. There must have been some large trees there, for some of the floor boards are over two feet wide, one board in the paneling in the parlor is nearly five feet wide. The frame work of the house is made of timbers 7 by 6 inches, hand-hewn of live oak, and, except for those in the cellar are as solid now as the day they were cut; the roof rafters were cut with an axe, the laths were hand made, and the boards were all sawed by hand. It must have been a great undertaking to build a house in those days. Except the kitchen ell, the house is today as it was then. Six of the rooms have fireplaces, and that in the dining room is the big one where they did their cooking. The cranes that Nicholas hung are still there, and in back is the oven where the cooking was done. Up in the garret built beside the chimney is the smoke house, used for curing hams and possibly other meats, for a farm then was self-supporting—there was no pile of tin cans anywhere to be seen.

The old garret always had a great attraction, and one rainy afternoon some years ago a number of children went up there to play, but it soon cleared off and they went out-doors. Finally they were called to supper, and after all were seated one of the aunts asked "Where is Katy?" It was then remembered that in their play in the garret she had been locked in the smokehouse and they had run off and forgotten her. The smokehouse had long ceased to be tight or there might have been serious consequences.

THE BARN

A farm without a barn would be impossible, but the one now standing is not the one built by Nicholas, and thereby hangs a tale. About 60 years ago a certain Jimmy Tew lived in the house down the lane, and he was reputed to have considerable money which he kept in the house. Two young bandits in Newport conceived the idea of getting him out of the house some night so they could steal the money—even banditry was different in those days. So they came over to Jamestown and late at night stole into the Homestead barn and set it on fire, figuring that Tew would run out to help save the barn and leave them a clear field for their thievery. But their plans went awry. Tew did not awaken and the bandits remained in hiding behind the orchard wall, and watched the barn burn down. Neither did the children in the Homestead wake up—and it is said that when they looked out of the dining room windows the next morning one of them said, "When did father build that wall?" They did not miss the barn, but with the barn gone the stone wall was very prominent. When the barn was rebuilt it was enlarged, and the sheep barn added, but the foundation lines of the old barn can still be seen.

We do not know how the yards were originally laid out, but at one time the back yard had a wall running east and west at about the north end of the milk house. In this yard they raised hemp, and for years it was called the hemp yard. Later it was planted with corn and called the corn yard. It is probable that the wall was removed in John's time.

THE ORCHARDS

I cannot determine when the garden was laid out—possibly it always was a garden since the days of Nicholas. Neither can I determine when the old orchard was set out. The trees are all gone now and they must have been planted many, many years ago.

One of these trees was called the Henry Frieze Apple Tree. Henry Frieze was a professor at Brown University and later President of the University of Michigan. His wife was an intimate friend of Peleg's wife. He was very fond of

sitting under the tree, and it was here that he wrote the poem, "On Narragansett's azure breast," found at the end of this pamphlet. The young orchard was set out by Peleg and Geo. H. Weeden, a cousin, about 1850.

On going from the front yard into the lane, at the left of the gate is a large rock now overgrown with Indian currant bushes, which is part of the horse block from which many generations mounted their steeds, the man in front and the wife behind on a pillion. Part of the rock was removed years ago to widen the lane. I am told that between 1850 and 1860 the young people had many moonlight riding parties in summer time, and it was no unusual sight to see eight or ten couples mount their horses from this rock, the Homestead always being the place of assembly.

This brings to mind an anecdote concerning two of the daughters of John, Mary and Catherine, who were probably great belles in their day. A certain Josey Carr (not in our direct family) used to visit them quite frequently, and being asked by one of their brothers which one he preferred, answered, "I ain't going to tell, I don't want to hurt Catherine's feelings."

THE ROSE BUSH

John Carr's daughter Hannah, aunt to Peleg, grew up to be a very religious woman, and it is said that one time when in church they took up a special collection for foreign missions. As she had no money with her, she took off her gold beads from her neck and put them in the alms basin. Some of her letters, written in the eighteen hundreds are still preserved, and very curious epistles they are. She used to visit the Homestead and always had family prayers. It was she who planted the rose bush under the parlor window, which is still living and growing though it must be over a hundred years old.

In Peleg's day there was a grape arbor in the southeast corner of the front yard, and he told that his father (John) said there was a row of butternut trees extending along the eastern boundary line of the farm, but they were attacked by a blight and all but one died in a year. The one that lived is still standing in the northeast corner of the old orchard.

THE TRUMPET VINE

The trumpet vine which now so completely covers the south side of the house was brought from the yard of John Hull Weeden, a noted lawyer of Pawtucket. It was set out about 70 years ago.

The two pear trees in the middle of the front yard were bought of I. S. Freeborn of the Narragansett Nursery in Wickford, April 4. 1848.

After Peleg's marriage, his mother's mother, called Mother Weeden, and her daughter Isabella, came to live with him. She had a flower garden in the west side of the front yard, and a picket fence, painted white, extended from the house to the lane wall. It is remembered that in it were cinnamon roses and white peonies. She soaked a horse-chestnut in a glass of water and after it sprouted set it out in her garden. It grew and later was transplanted to where it now stands.

THE ELM TREE

But most remarkable of all the old trees around the Homestead is the elm in the back yard. It was probably set out by Peleg about 75 years ago. The butt is now 15 feet in circumference. Contrary to the general growth of elms, the trunk divides about six feet from the ground and it now has a spread of over 135 feet from north to south. People from far and wide have come to see it, and we have been told that it is the largest elm tree in New England.

Before returning to the house a very interesting story is told of an old house that once stood by the shore in the south-east corner of the shore meadow. Who built it or who lived in it previous to this story, we do not know. At the time of the September gale in 1815 it was occupied by an old negro, possibly a freed slave of Nicholas'. From an old bill for "schooling" found among John Carr's papers, it is concluded his name was Norman. During the gale the tide rose so high that the neighbors begged him to leave the house, but he said "a good captain never leaves his ship." The tide eventually carried him away in his house, and he was being swept out to sea, when he was discovered and rescued by a vessel anchored in the bay.

THE MILK HOUSE

Additions to the house were bound to come, and one of our ancestors, possibly John, built a small ell on the north side of the house. About all that can be remembered about it was that it contained two sinks, the stove was in the present dining room. The present ell was built in 1854 by Rastus Gardner and his father; wages 80 cents a day and keep. There was a door on the east side opposite the gate to the orchard, and just through the gate stood the milk house. Under the milk house a deep excavation had been dug in which to keep ice. The milk house blew down in 1869 and the present one was built to replace it.

Before there was a milk house, we are told that the little room at the head of the back stairs was the milk room. Later it was used for storing cheeses as they were being cured, and still later, within the memory of those now living, it was used for storing mince pies. In the fall, after the pigs were killed, the women folks would labor from early morning until late at night for several days making mince pies. By actual count over a hundred have been seen stored away on those old milk shelves in this little room. Still later, going from larder to learning, this room and these same shelves were used for keeping the books of the first public library established on the island.

Later in the season turkeys were being killed for Thanksgiving and a hundred or more would be hanging in the cellar ready for market. Peleg used to get up before daylight, back his horse cart up to the cellar door, and packing it full of turkeys, start for Newport, via the sail boat ferry.

Thus I have endeavored to relate the interesting facts, stories and anecdotes of by-gone days, but I feel that the story is not half told, and had our great-great-great-grandfather Nicholas only anticipated this 150th anniversary he would have started a diary of the Homestead to be kept by all following generations. It would have filled many a volume now, for the Homestead always was the center of social activities.

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to recall the activities of the present generation, but we can all truthfully say that our happiest youthful days and our most treasured memories are those of visits to this wonderful old place.

Outstanding above anything else we ever did were the plays given for the benefit of various societies on the island. These were written by Richard Carr Watson. The first, entitled "In 1776" covered the historical encounter between Nicholas and the British Captain. The next one was entitled "The Building of Fort Adams," and the third "The Last Attempt."

Can you close your eyes and see the picture of the Homestead bathed in the light of the full moon, a light in every window, and Chinese lanterns hanging from the trees and strung across the yard? The audience is assembled in the front yard, and the play begins. There are Bun and Floss, Babe and Mollie, there comes Shan out of the front door, there are Celia and George, Gike and Gun, here comes Nick trying to eat a lemon that someone gave him for an apple, there's Doc in his red uniform. (An interpolation. Modest Lee has not mentioned himself galloping up on pony Charley to sing his "Love's Serenade," but this was no small part of the play.) Lucy is hidden behind the trellis with her book ready to prompt faltering lines, and Dick is in the house overseeing all and so with exits and entrances, on goes the play. But Hark, the old grandfather's clock is striking the hour, and as its silvery tones melt into the moonlight can you hear voices softly singing

My grandfather's clock was too high for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself
Tho it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride,
But it stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick, tock,
His lifes' seconds numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock,
It stopped short, never to go again when the old man died.

The actors are marching off, and as they pass around the corner the old Homestead seems to raise its arms of trumpet vines in a silent benediction. The audience disperses and the carriages go crunching down the sandy lane. The candles in the lanterns have burned out, and one by one the lights in the windows are extinguished. All is peaceful and silent except the cheerful chirping of the crickets, and the soft sighing of the breeze through the trees. The old Homestead, wrapped in the loving embrace of the trumpet vine, again takes up its silent and solitary vigil.

The play is over and my story ended.

POEM WRITTEN AT THE CARR HOMESTEAD

By *Henry S. Frieze*, August 16, 1844

On Narragansett's azure breast
There sleeps an isle—an isle of rest—
Unvisited by mortal strife
And toilsome vanities of life,
Save in faint echoes from the distant land,
Borne o'er the waves to its secluded strand.

No gorgeous palaces uprear
Their walls of pomp and folly here,
No glittering monuments of wealth,
Nor battlements of war and death
Enchant or terrify; Ambition's goad
Stings not, nor vice leads down the fatal road.

But modest dwellings scattered wide
Along the hills and water's side,
Lift their gray roofs, with woodbine hung,
The tall, old sycamores among,
Or half concealed amidst the fruitful shades
Of teeming orchards, or in grassy glades.

There, smiling hospitality
Opens the door and heart to thee,
Stranger or friend; nor selfishness
Nor pride displays its littleness;
Love finds in every kindling eye a throne,
And bids thee all enjoy, 'tis all thine own.

And here beneath this calm retreat,
'Tis mine such cheering looks to meet,
Such welcome as I would repay,
Not with parade or vain display,
But with the prayer that heaven will here bestow
The choisest blessings that from heaven flow.

Program

AUGUST 15—21, 1926

SUNDAY

Motor boat sail around the island.
Henry G. Clark, host.

MONDAY

Straw ride to Beaver Tail.

TUESDAY

Card Tea.
Mrs. Locke, hostess.

WEDNESDAY

Evening Pageant at the Homestead.
Miss Sarah and Abby Carr, hostesses.

THURSDAY

Beach Party.
Miss Maria Carr, hostess.

FRIDAY

Clam Bake at the Homestead.
C. E. B. Carr, host.
Followed by a spelling bee conducted by Miss Abby Carr.
Quoits and Games.

SATURDAY

Afternoon—Ball Game at the Homestead.
Evening—An Old Fashioned Sing.