

DONOR OF HATFIELD'S NEW HALL.

A SKETCH OF SAMUEL H. DICKINSON

His Pride in His Native Place—Department Officials to be Elected at Northampton.

From Our Special Correspondent.

NORTHAMPTON, Saturday, January 20.

When Judge E. R. Hoar made his speech for the heirs in the famous Cooley Dickinson will contest, in speaking of the late Dea Hubbard he said that to him "the little town of Hatfield has seemed to be something in the light of a milch cow, to be gradually transferred to Northampton." At that time and since Samuel Huntington Dickinson, brother of Dea Hubbard's wife, remarked that his financial cow was not to be moved to Northampton to be milked and so he has been doing something for Hatfield



SAMUEL HUNTINGTON DICKINSON.

the past year. When the town started out to secure a memorial hall, in which to preserve the records of the past, Mr Dickinson came forward and offered to foot the bills. The town furnished the site and he has since stated that he would pay all the other bills and he has, thus far done so. The building, already fully illustrated and described in *The Republican*, will cost, when ready for occupancy, about \$15,000. Samuel Huntington Dickinson, the donor, is a native of Hatfield, and prides himself as having the blood of the Puritans in his veins, for his ancestors go back to the Samuel Dickinson, who came to this country in 1637.

One of his ancestors, Nathaniel Dickinson, was the first male child born in Hatfield, and that was back in 1663. Samuel, the subject of this sketch, was the son of Solomon and Hannah Huntington Dickinson and was born January 28, 1816, so that he is now well along in life. He gets his middle name, by the way, from his mother's side, who was a connection of Bishop Huntington. Early in life he started out with the idea of going through college and entering one of the professions. He was educated in the public schools of Hatfield, then went to the Fellenberg academy at Greenfield and entered the class of 1835 at Amherst college, but was obliged to leave after the first year on account of sickness. He then returned to his father's farm, where he has lived since.

While Mr Dickinson is not a recluse, he is peculiar in his habits and ways of living. When he was a young man he was fond of society, but was never married. He has always attended the Hatfield church and contributed to its support, but has never become a member. He lives with his sister, who has not been out of the house for years. Mr Dickinson is reputed to be worth \$75,000 and most of this he has secured by careful savings and accumulations. When a young man, he raised broom corn and fatted cattle and was never afflicted with the mania for tobacco raising as some of his neighbors have been. Years ago Dea Hubbard was his advisor in financial matters, but since the deacon died, he has managed his own affairs, for he is shrewder in such matters than many suppose. For many years he has loaned small sums to ambitious farmers and thus secured good interest, and has not lost much by this method. The old gentleman has always objected to the Hatfield people turning so much money into Northampton institutions, so there is naturally much curiosity to know to what use his funds will be put. His sister's money, with the Dea Hubbard estate, about \$100,000 in all, will go to Smith college. Mr Dickinson has not made a wife, and if he dies before his sister, without a will, then his estate will also go to Smith. He will chuckle and joke about such matters and gives no one an inkling of what he proposes to do in any direction. He keeps his own counsel and is very obstinate when anybody attempts to lead him in any direction that he does not care to go.

Several department officials will be elected at the next meeting of the city government, which will be held this week. The list includes a collector of taxes, superintendent of streets, city solicitor, physician, auditor and engineer. There is no doubt but that John L. Warner will be re-elected collector of taxes, and Frederick A. Dayton will get all the votes for superintendent of streets, while Dr Hoadley will probably be his own successor as city physician, and W. W. Strong will be re-elected city engineer. W. F. Arnold, who has recovered from his sickness, will also probably get the office again if he wants it. Indeed, about the only uncertain question is as to who will be elected city solicitor. Capt Irwin, now that he is busily engaged under the gilded dome at Boston, will not ask for a re-election, and so the field is likely to be open for new men. John T. Keating and Mr Addis are the two young lawyers who are going into the contest. There would be no question but that Keating would get the office if he were not a democrat. Now that the republicans are drawing the party lines in the election of officers, why, Lawyer Addis will have the pole at the start in the race, with good chances of winning. Should politics be dropped, then Keating will win, or some of the older lawyers may be selected. It is known that ex-Mayor O'Donnell has been asked by members of the city council to take the office, as his experience would be very valuable to the city. He, however, will not talk upon the subject, and is attending strictly to his legal business. T. G. Spaulding has also been mentioned, but he rather smiles at the idea, and suggests that it's a good field for the younger lawyers, but that it might be well to retain a lawyer of large experience to help the "young uns" out when they have an important case to try.

The county lawyers learn with sadness of the tragic end of Judge Thompson of the superior court bench, for he was well known and highly esteemed by the bar in this section. Incidents are quickly recalled of his wit and wisdom. Some two years ago, when he was here attending court, Sheriff Clark invited the judge, Capt Irwin and the writer to ride to the Holyoke house during a recess of the court. The ride was made specially delightful by the bright stories of the genial judge. At Hockanum ferry, when one of the party jumped out and blew the horn for the ferryman to wake up on the other side, Capt Irwin pulled out a cigar and handed to the judge. The judge said: "No, thank you. I don't smoke." Then he turned and said: "That reminds me of a story. I attended a banquet some time ago, and when wine was passed around I declined. Later, when the cigars were

passed, I also refused, at which a friend near by sung out: 'Well, how in blank did you get into the democratic party if you don't drink or smoke.' When the party reached the mountain house railroad, the four took seats in the car. It was noticed that as the judge reached the top he grew very pale and remarked when he stepped off the car: "Well, I'm not afraid of death, but I don't care to be drafted in that way." A few minutes later a woman with a child and nurse stepped out of the car. Like the judge, the woman was somewhat frightened, and said: "Oh, dear, I had a delightful ride this morning, and anticipated much pleasure up here, but that ride has spoiled it all." Then the judge, a stranger to the woman, stepped up and lifting his hat, said: "Madam, you have my sympathy, for I feel just as you do. Let us shake hands. We will walk down, and I'll carry the baby." And he did.

When the mourners of the late Judge Staples came to Northampton to bury the judge in the Bridge-street cemetery, papers were scattered through the cars denouncing the judge's successor on the bench. To-day some of the attorneys have been calling up the fact that strong petitions are on file at the governor's office in favor of the appointment of Judge W. P. Strickland of the district court to a seat on the superior court bench. Early in the week, friends of the judge will call upon Gov Greenhalge and remind him that if any one is to be appointed from this section of the state, Judge Strickland is the man. No one questions his fitness for the place, or his ability as a lawyer, and he has a host of friends in the valley who would rejoice in his deserved promotion to this office.

Whenever the negroes get into a row up at "Coonville," in Hatfield, it is well to count on a cry of murder. Late yesterday a fellow named Tom Gagel called at Mary Wheeler's shanty with a bottle of whisky in his pocket. The "coons" sniffed the air for that whisky and "Penny" Wheeler soon wanted it all. When Tom refused this a row followed and Tom got badly mauled in the melee. He at once came to this city and made his complaint at the district court that he had been assaulted by "Penny" Wheeler. Officer Wright received the warrant this afternoon and will soon arrest his man and have him up for trial.

Manager Todd has booked Primrose & West's spectacular "Monte Carlo" for Thursday night and the Baker opera company for Friday and Saturday nights, with a matinee on Saturday. This will be enough for one week, surely.