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Recalls Passing of Historic Sites

R. Markham Compares Old Church to Italy

Editor's Note: The following is the second in a series of articles of nostalgic reminiscence by a former Westonian, Reginald Markham. His last articles nearly depleated us of Chronicles of that date. We are glad our readers enjoy this type of historical recollection and hope Mr. Markham continues to write of many things about Weston, long forgotten, and many as yet unrecorded).

"My Aunt Margot Schmidt's home was on the street that connects Main St. with Washington St. on the right, just across the bridge. I passed there a few years ago and nothing was there. Just a hole in the ground below the street. (The place itself was still there but sidewalk weeds probably hid it. It has been razed and the hole filled by Mayor Rumpel. Ed.)

"I thought of the words of the Psalmist: 'As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourishes. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.' This spot was once a bower of beauty. On descending the broad steps from the street, one found at his feet a rare and beautiful garden that extended to the water's edge of the old Branch.

"It was laid out in a formal pattern and contained rare plants, such as I never saw before and have not seen since. Grapes—Delawares and Concords—grew on the walls.

"Here my aunt lived for many years. When Weston was occupied by the Union Soldiers, they largely lived off the land. An officer would call at Aunt's door to say: 'Madam, prepare chicken dinner for so-many men.'

"This continued until all the chickens were used and only geese remained. My aunt told the colored servant to take the geese to the cellar and put them under a wash tub. Presently the officer came to order another 'chicken dinner.' He was told all the chickens had been used. But just then a goose quacked and the officer said: 'Madam, we will have goose for dinner tonight.'

"After the war one of her servants who had followed the soldiers away returned and begged to be taken back. 'Banty Sam,' said my aunt, 'there is nothing left for us to live on; I cannot take you back.'

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