

## THE STORY OF THE BARTLETT FARM

In the early spring of 1867, Joel Blatchley Bartlett came from Jericho, where he was born in 1824, to Shelburne; also his wife, Asenath Taylor and their only child Sophie Asenath Bartlett, a girl of twelve. They came to live with Dr. and Mrs. Jonathan Taylor, the parents of Mrs. Bartlett, who were elderly people at that time. In a short time Mr. Bartlett bought Dr. Taylor's place. In the spring of 1870, Mr. Bartlett and Edward A. Smith of St. Albans, a brother-in-law, bought the farm of Henry T. Morse, containing 500 acres, situated on the east and west sides of the main highway from Burlington to Charlotte. In 1886 the farm was divided, Mr. Bartlett taking the land on the west side of the highway with all the buildings thereon. Mr. Smith took all the land on the east side, and not long after sold the property to Mr. Lee Tracy.

In 1870, the land on which the Methodist Church is built was part of the farm as also the southern part of the cemetery to the school house corner on the Falls road, on which small houses are now built. I have no recollection of my father Mr. Bartlett, leasing the land on which the old school house stands. It seems more likely that Mr. Morse himself had done that, for when we first went to Shelburne, I went to school in that little building, and judging from the nicks and dents in the desks, and the worn floors, it was old then.

Mr. Bartlett spent the remainder of his life on that farm, toiling and rejoicing in the beauty of the situation and the good land.

The Smith family, never living in Shelburne, had no part in the town life. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett were members of the Methodist Church, and Mr. Bartlett contributed cheerfully all that he could toward the building of the new stone church. Mr. Bartlett was a very honest, upright man, paying his debts promptly, and if he "swore to his own hurt, he changed not."

In 1870 when Mr. Bartlett bought the Morse farm, Mr. Morse told him that the house was built in 1800, but Mr. John Maeck told me that his father told him that their house on the opposite ridge was built at that period of time and that the big red brick house was already up. Mr. Morse also told my father that an Aaron Rowley, grandfather or great-grandfather of Henry and Fred Rowley began or built it, and afterward Mr. Levi Comstock and Esquire Burritt lived there. Being on the main highway, it was a stopping place for the stages that plied up and down the state. The south east room of the house was the bar-room, a very heavy door with strong hand made hinges was the entrance to this. Across the north side of the house on the second floor was a dance hall. Mr. Morse also told father that the bricks were made on the place. When the house became the property of Mr. Morse must be in the town records. I do not know the date. It was told that Mr. Morse as a young man, came to work for a Mr. Pierson who owned the adjoining farm on the south, marrying one of the daughters. The Pierson farm, sometime in the 70s was bought by a horse-breeders association, of which LeGrand B. Cannon, a great lover of horses, was a large stockholder. Mr. Cannon of Troy and New York, had a summer residence in Burlington. The Breeders Association carried on only a few



years, then Mr. Cannon bought the entire property and entered into the raising of pure-bred Durham cattle, hoping and expecting to better the herds of the dairymen round about. Only a few years later, it was discovered there was such a thing as bovine tuberculosis. Mr. Cannon had his herd tested and it was found that a large part of those fat, sleek, handsome animals were diseased, and were doomed to slaughter. All the farmers gathered to inspect the slaughtered animals which were buried in a deep pit and covered with earth. It was a grand and thrilling sight to see Mr. Cannon in his coach and four, drive down the highway from Burlington to his farm. I read a small book that he wrote recording what he had done during his life. He said that he was of Huguenot descent, and it was the custom in his family for one member of each generation to put down what he had accomplished in life. Although a small, insignificant looking man, he had been a big gun during the Civil War, and had done everything he could to help the cause. At the close of the little volume, I remember he gave this advice to young men- "Spend a little less than you earn, and keep away from doctors."

During the Morse's residence on the farm, Mr. Morse and Mr. Ezra Meech, and possibly others, went into the raising of fine wool Merino sheep, the fleeces were very heavy but when cleaned and ready for the spinning, were found to be of such light weight there was small profit in growing them, so that enterprise was given up.

Sometime in the seventies, Judson Baldwin, inventor of the Baldwin refrigerator, began the manufacture of it in a small building south of what is now the freight station, but in a few months he moved the industry to Burlington, where in time

it became a large and thriving business. Next, in that same building, an evaporated apple business flourished for a short time. Where the freight station now stands was formerly the site of the passenger station, and the land on which the passenger station now stands and that on which the adjoining cottages are built, together with the land running west on which are now houses, was part and parcel of the Bartlett farm.

This farm is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. George F. Lamson.

These reminiscences were written by Mrs. Sophie Bartlett Harmon.