# A ROMANTIC STORY.

## ADVENTURES OF THE REGICIDES, GOFFE, WHALLEY AND DIXWELL.

**Concealed Near New Haven When the Kings Messengers Were Searching for Them—The Old Well From Which They Drank.**

A few days ago laborers at work tearing down a block of old houses in New Haven, at the corner of Grove and Collefe streets, to make room for the big group of buildings which Yale University is about to erect to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the college, came upon a peculiar old well. One of the laborers mentioned the incident to an old stone mason. The latter looked at the well and declared that it was the one which almost two centuries ago was built around what was known as "The Regicides' Spring." This statement furnished

plenty of ground for conjecture among the "oldest inhabitants." Little by little a story was evolved that this spring was originally discovered and dug out by Goffe and Whalley, the two regicides who first came to New Haven, and later on used by John Dixwell, the third of the regicides, who sought safety in New England. There is a tradition that Goffe and Whalley, who reached New Haven two years before Dixwell, lived during the early part of their hiding in the New Haven colony in a hut in a marsh nearby the spot where the old well has been discovered. There is some ground for this story.

### Dixwell's Residence.

It is a fact that Dixwell lived almost derectly across the street from this spot. Dixwell was known in New Haven as James Davids. He took up his residence at the corner of Chollege and Grove streets, with a widow, whom he married. It was while living in this house that he became intimated with the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, one of the first clergymen of the colony. That the well which was discovered beneath the back door entrance of the old house on College street was built two centuries ago is quite evident from the nature of its construction. It is built of substantial masonry, and very few of the stones show any trace of the mason's chisel. It is also a very narrow well, not quite two feet in diameter. The wells that were dug by the early settlers were of this character, because the digging of a well was then a very expensive piece of work. A well was a luxury, indeed, that only the most prominent settlers possessed, and from which the entire neighborhood often drew water.

### Excepted by Parliament.

Before the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, to the throne of his ancestors he had issued a "declaration" promising to all persons but such as should be excepted by Parliament a pardon for offences committeed during Cromwellian times. In the Parliamentary Act of Indemnity which followed such as had been directly concerned in the execution of Charles I, were executed. Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goffe were members of the High Court of Justice which convicted and sentenced him. It was soon known that they had fled from England, and a Captain Breeden reported that on a trip to New England he had seen them in Boston. The Ministry promptly sent an order to Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, for their apprehension and transportation back to England.

No one of the New England colonies had formally expressed approval of the execution of Charles I., but still these regicides had a notably friendly welcome extended to them in this country. At the end of four months intelligence reached Massachusetts of the act of indemnity, and that Whalley and Goffe were among those excepted from its provisions, and that they had been marked for vengence. Still for three months longer they lived at Cambridge unmolested. Meanwhile, however, affairs had been growing critical between Massachusetts and England, and, though some members of the General Court of Massachusetts assured them of protection, others thought it more prudent that they should have a hint to look to their safety in some way which would not imply an affront to the royal government on the part of the colony.

### Court of Assistants.

The Governor called a Court of Assistants in February, and without secrecy asked their advice respecting his obligations to secure the refugees. The court refused to recommend that measure, and four days more passed, at the end of which time, whether induced by others or by their own conviction of the impropriety of involving their generous hosts in further embarrassment, they set off for New Haven. A journey of nine days brought Whalley and Goffe to the hospitable home of the Rev. Dr. Davenport, where they again moved freely in the society of the ministers and the local magistrates. But they had been scarcely three weeks in New Haven when tidings came thither of the reception at Boston of a proclamation issued by the King for their arrest. To release their host from responsibility they went to Milford (as if on their way to the New Netherlands), and there showed themselves freely in public; but, like foxes, they doubled on their trail and returned secretly to New Haven and were concealed in Dr. Davenport's house. Thence they were were led to a spot called Hatchet Harbor, about as much further in a northwesterly direction, where they lay for two nighos more. Meanwtime, for fear of the effect of the large rewards which the messengers had offered, a more secure place of hiding had been provided for them in a hollow on the east side of West Rock, five miles from the centre of New Haven at that time.

In this retreat they remained four weeks, being supplied with food from a lonely farm house in the neighborhood, to which they also withdrew sometimes in stormy weather. They caused the Deputy Governor to be informed of their hiding place, and on hearing that Davenport was in danger from a suspicion of harboring them, they left it, and for a week or two showed themselves at different times in New Haven and elsewhere. After two months more of concealment in their retreat on the side of West Rock, they betook themselves just after the middle of August to the house of one Tomkins, in or near Milford. There they remained in complete secrecy for two years, after which period they ventured to indulge in some freedom of movement, and even conducted the devotions of a few neighbors assembled in their chambers.

### The Kings Commissioners.

But the arrival at Boston of plenary Commissioners of the King with extraordinary powers was now expected, and it was regarded as likely that they would be charged to institute a new search, which might endanger the fugitives and would certainly be embarrassing to their protectors. Just at this time a fued between the churches of Hartford and Wethersfield had led to an emigration to a spot of fertile meadow some forty miles up the Connecticut River. Mr. Russell, hitherto minister at Wethersfield accompanied the new settlers as their pastor. The General Court gave their settlement the name of Hadley. In this newest and remotest frontier of New England a refuge was prepared for Whalley and Goffe. Then, except for a remarkable momentary appearance of one of them and except for the visits of a few stanch and confidential friends, the regicides remained lost forever to the view of men. Presents were made to them by leading persons among the colonists and they received remittances from friends in England. In the tenth year of his abode at Hadley Whalley had become extremely infirm in mind and body, and he probably did not outlive the year 1674. The house of Mr. Russell stood until about 1805.

### Kept a Fast.

On the first day of September the people of Hadley kept a fast to implore Divine protection in their distress. While they were engaged in worship a sentry's shot gave notice that the stealthy savages were upon them. Hutchinson in his history relates what follows, as he had received it from the family of Governor Leverett, who was one of the few visitors to Goffe in his retreat:—

"The people were in the utmost confusion. Suddenly a grave elderly person appeared in the midst of them. In his mien and dress he differed from the rest of the people. He not only encouraged them to defend themselves but put himself at their head, rallied, instructed and led them on to encounter the enemy, who by this means were repulsed Quite as suddenly the deliverer of Hadley disappeared. The people

were left in consternation, utterly unable to account for this strange phenomenon. It is not probable that they were ever able ao explain it." In the first years of the retirement of "the Colonels," at Hadley, they enjoyed the society of a former friend, who did not feel obliged to use the same strict precautions against discovery. John Dixwell, like themselves, was a colonel in the Parliamentary service, a member of the High Court of Justice and a signer of the death warrant of the King. Nothing is known of his proceedings after the restoration of the monarchy till he came to Hadley, three or four months later than Whalley and Goffe. After a residence of some years in their neighborhood he removed to New Haven, where, bearing the name of James Davids and affecting no particular privacy, he lived to old age. The English government never traced Dixwell to America, and though among his acquaintances it was understood that he had a secret to keep there was no disposition to penetrate it. He married twice at New Haven, and by his second wife established quite a family, which for many years was prominent in local and State affairs. In testamentary documents as well as in communications while he lived to his minister and others, he frankly made known his character and history. He died just too early to hear the tidings, which would have renewed his strength, of the expulsion of the House of Stewart. His monument is a prominent object in New Haven.

# DECLARATION OF LOVE.

**It Went Into Various Collections and Brought Him Interesting Negatives.**

The young man came nearer.

"Buenavista," he said, with a premonitory cough, "may I say what I came to say this evening?"

"I—I think you may, Mr. Yipperly," came softly from her lips.

"Then," he proceeded, "I may venture to hope that it will not wholly surprise you. Mayhap, dear girl, your own heart has told you already what it is."

He placed his arm along the back of her chair, and, observing that she did not appear to shrink from it, he went ahead.

"Not with the boldness of one who feels that he may presume upon a favorable answer with absolute certainty do I venture to ask the momentous question now trembling on my lips, but rather with the dread of a reply that may forever blast all my hopes and drive me forth a wanderer upon the face of the earth! The issue at stake is so tremendous, the consequences so lasting and far-reaching, that one may well hesitate before staking one's all, if it may be so expressed, upon the cast of a die."

Silently leaning forward she listened with parted lips and clasped hands.

"Therefore, beloved of my soul, I may have seemed as one who

"'——either fears his fate too much;
Or his desert is small,'

inasmuch as I have not been entirely free from the suspicion of being one, furthermore,

"'Who will not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all,'

but while endeavoring on the one hand to avoid the imputation of unmanly cowardice and in the other the equally reprehensible and more offensive charge of overweening confidence and self-conceit, I am impelled by a feeling stronger than my own will to lay bare my heart before you, once for all, and end the suspense that is weighing upon me."

"How beautifully you express yourself!" she murmured.

"Listen, Buenavista McCorkle! Impressed with my own unworthiness as I am, deeply sensible, as I must be, of the inestimable value of the prize to which I aspire, I yet dare in my folly to rush in where an angel might fear to tread Gentle girl, your image possesses my heart absolutely. Love like mine would melt the heart of a marble statue. For weeks I have seemed to move in a dream. I could see your face in the moon. Your eyes twinkled in the stars. The winds, as they blew softly through the trees, seemed to murmur, 'Buenavista! Buenavista!' The birds that sang beneath my window twittered, 'Buenavista! Buenavista!' and their music echoed in the chambers of my soul. The clouds, as they moved majestically across the heavens——"

"Oh, how beautiful!"

"——took your form and seemed to beckon me and yet mock me as with a vision of the unattainable. In my dreams, when sleep has ended my vigils, I have seen you as a Greek goddess and worshipped you afar off with despairing, deathless devotion!"

"Have the conductors on the elevated roads as they mumbled out the names of the streets, seemed to say 'Buenavista! Buenavista!' too?"

"What mean you, Miss McCorkle?"

"Have the frogs in the marshes, offering their evening orisons, breathed into the raptured ear of night the smoothly flowing name of "McCorkle! McCorkle!'?"

"Why, let me ask, Miss McCorkle, have you let me make such a blooming idiot of myself if you intended to give me the clammy hand in this style? Did you think I was practising for a high school exhibition?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Yipperly. I have enjoyed it greatly. I think, taking it altogether, yours is one of the most gorgeous and spectacular declarations of love I ever listened to. Why did I let you run on so long? Because, Mr. Yipperly, I am making a collection of proposals of marriage, and I thought yours would be a valuable addition. It is absolutely unique. You don't know how grateful I am for it as a work of art."

The young man removed his arm from the back of her chair, thrust his hand into an inner pocket and brought forth a folded manuscript.

"For fear you might not remember it in all its majesty and beauty, Miss McCorkle," he said, tossing it into her lap, "allow me to give it to you in full, in typewritten form. You will see hat you missed the really eloquent, spellbinding part of it. The peroration would have made your hair curl."

"I hope, Mr. Yipperly, you will not allow this to——"

"I sha'n't lose an ounce of flesh or a wink of sleep over it. I hired a literary chap who was hard up to write that thing for me, Miss McCorkle. No, you can keep it. I've got another copy somewhere. I have tried that production on five or six other girls, and it's had the same effect on all of them. I'm getting an interesting collection of negatives. I guess I was badly swindled. Well, I must be going."

### Not Up in the Classics.

"Who is this 'Phenix' that seems to have something to do with raisin' that Kansas City hail from its ashes."

"He's a feller from th' Indian terr' tory, I believe, an' I understan' there's some talk of runnin' him for Vice President."

"New in polyticks, ain't he?"

"Yep. But I guess he's gittin' pretty popular. I asked Jim Sholtuck who he was an' Jim said he was a bird."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

### Shocked.

"Perhaps you would like to look at this magazine," said the man with an out-of style silk hat.

"What's in it?" asked the square-jawed man with big hands, who occupied the seat beside him in the railway car and who insisted on talking.

"An article on new discoveries with reference to the solar system."

"Nope. It makes me tired to hear des people dat don't know de Marquis of Queensberry rules from a dairy lunch bill o' fare tryin' to talk wise. What he means is de solar plexus."

# TOLD BY A CIRCUS MAN.

**Restaurant Man Was in a Bruth With the Show Boss, Hands Down.**

"You know I've told you," said the old circus man, "about how the old man was forever playing jokes on people in the towns we came to over the great giant; making contracts in advance for one thing and another for him, binding people to supply the things and called for at certain prices, turning up then with the giant. For instance, he would get some local shoemaker to agree to make a pair of men's shoes for so much, the man to be measured when he came to town. Of course the shoemaker never dreamed of a man the size of the giant, and when the giant appeared the shoemaker would be duly dismayed, and the whole business would be turned into an advertisment for the giant and the show; but it's only fair to say that the old man always did what was right before he got through and never let anybody lose anything by him. On the other hand, he sometimes met people that got the better of him; and from one of them, right after we got the giant, he learned a lesson so very simple that he wondered he hadn't thought of it himself before.

"Going ahead of the show in a city where we were to stay a week, the old man made with the proprietor of the biggest restaurant there a contract for the board of one member of his company who was very particular about his food and at the same time a large eater, this contract requiring that the boarder should be supplied with whatever he wanted that was in season, cooked to his fancy, and in any quantity that he might call for. Well, now, you know, the giant was a graceful enough eater but my gracious the quantity required to feed him was something prodigious; and, seriously, the mere cost of his board made a substantial item in the show's expenses. But his coming to the man's restaurant didn't appear to disturb the restaurant keeper a bit; you'd have thought to see him that he'd been keeping a giants' boarding house all his life.

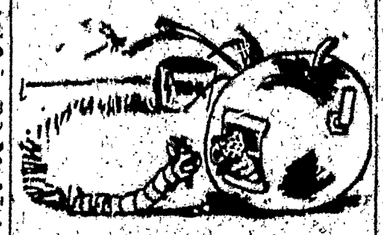
"He waited on the giant himself at the first meal he had there, which was dinner, served in the middle of the day. The old man was along to see that his giant got enough to eat, which he did, a great plenty. At suppertime the old man was busy and he sent me with the giant, coming himself later. When he got to the restaurant he found a crowd in the street in front and this sign hanging up over the restaurant door:

Nonpariel Restaurant.
The Greatest of All Giants Boards Here
Taking His Breakfast at 7 o'clock,
His Dinner at 1,
and His Supper at 7 o'clock.
Come in and See Him
Eat.
To All Our Regular Patrons No Charge for Admission.
To All Others, 25 Cents.

"And they wouldn't let the old man in till he'd paid a quarter.

"But the restaurant man turned out all right. He deducted the cost of feeding the giant and then divided those extra receipts with the old man, which was fair enough, and ever after that in every town we struck, where the giant ate at a restaurant, we used to make contracts on that basis."

### Wasn't It Sad?



Mrs. Winifred Worm—Why in mourning, dear?

Mrs. Willhelmina Worm—A sad bereavement befell our family to-day. My husband, while in the house tending the baby, was bitten in two by William, the farmer's son.

### Not So Bad as She Charged.

Judge Broyles's clerk called aloud, "Clarence Mason and Sally Simpkins!" Clarence stepped up, a pretty well dressed, intelligent-looking darkey. Then came Sally, a soot-sinned, side-stepping Sally, switching her skirts with a large, loud hat tilted down in her face.

"Clarence," said the Judge, "you are charged with cursing this girl. What about it?"

Sally broke in: "He did, Judge; dat he did. He used talk to me dat no gentleman would say to a colored lady!"

"No, sir, I never did, Judge."

"He did! Dat her did! I heered him, Judge!"

"Well," said the Judge, "what language?"

"Judge, hit would make me blush ter tell it."

"Well, out with it; what did he say?"

"Judge, it would make you blush."

"Clarence, what did you say to her?" the Judge impatiently asked.

"I don't remember saying nothing that would make her blush. I don't reckon I could do it."

Sally fired up, turning a glare on Clarence, and shouted: "Judge, he's a story, sah! I'll tell you what he said: he called me er hot baby. Dat's what he called me, too, now!"

"What about it, Clarence?"

"Judge, I never. I just called her a tepid infant."

### In Old Kentucky.

Coroner—Why are you so positive the deceased was accidentally killed? Perhaps it was a case of suicide.

Colonel Bourbon—You seem to forget sah, that a quart bottle full of liquor—full, I repeat, sah—was found in his overcoat pocket, sah.—Chicago News.

### Not a Valid Excuse.

"You ought'n to blame the boys," said the apologist for the home club. "They played well enough, but the luck was against them. The game was lost through just one error."

"That's no excuse. So was Eve's disease," responded the man who had dropped some money on the game.