

# Hartford Daily Courant.

VOL. XXIX--NO. 232.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 8352.

**A ROMANTIC STORY.** - At the commencement of the present century a young man made his appearance in Stratford, and spent a few weeks at the tavern which then existed to afford shelter to stage-coach travelers. Whence he came, and what his business, none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and the forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told his love, said that he was from Scotland, that he was traveling *incog.*, but in confidence gave her his real name, claiming that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married. A few weeks thereafter the stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans; he did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by their disagreeable hints and jeers. In a few months the husband returned, but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must at once return to England, and must go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear

case of desertion; the wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and in hope. At the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York with her child, taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for *her home* in England.

On her arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a superb [sic] mansion, and, as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Sterling. On the death of her husband many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth of his father's, and in the last edition of the "Peerage and Baronetage" he is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsom of Stratford, North America."—When the late Professor Silliman visited England some years since, he had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sterling at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her many questions about her birthplace in Connecticut.—*The Nation*.

# Alexandria Gazette.

VOLUME LXXI.

ALEXANDRIA VA. MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1870.

NUMBER 214

## A Romantic Story.

From the Nation.

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# The Bossier Banner.

VOLUME 15.

BELLEVUE, LA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1876.

NUMBER 24.

## LORD STIRLING'S COURTSHIP.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

My grandfather, and my great-grand-father, and my great-great-grandfather, all lived in Stratford, Connecticut. The old homestead stood on the main street off the village, opposite the church, which the first one of the race, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, had helped to build. There were great elms shading the walk before the gate, and in the deep yard mulberry and horse-chestnut trees. Around the stone "stoop" flourished lilac and arcanthus bushes, and there were clumps of mighty box beside the walk.

Back of the house, on a side street, were the stables and farms, and on the other side stretched a deep garden, with a row of willow trees shading it at the lower end.

One day, when I was a child, I was playing with some companions near these willows, when we saw a queer-looking bit of iron protruding from the ground, and digging about it, presently unearthed a horse-shoe, with which we went, full of eager questioning, to my grandfather, Judge Johnson.

"How did it get there, grandpa?" we all queried in chorus.

"There once stood, just where you found this, little ones, a blacksmith shop, and I dare say if you were to search that you would find many queer bits of iron in the ground."

"And where is the blacksmith now, grandpa?" I asked.

"He is dead, my dear, -but his only daughter was one of the great ladies of England; when you are older you shall hear the story."

We ran away to our play, and for days afterward amused ourselves by digging for iron on the site of the former blacksmith's shop. We were rewarded by-finding many odd broken bits, and long afterwards, when I was old enough to understand the story, I was told the romance of Lord Stirling's courtship.

Rather than a century ago, after the close of the Revolutionary war, when prosperity had

dawned on the yoting Republic, there came to this quiet village a handsome stranger.

Of course, in so small a place, the arrival of any unknown person was an event, and this young gentleman was eagerly canvassed. He said but little of himself, however; that his name was Ashley, that he had no means of support but his own exertions, that he was a British [sic] subject—that was all that could be learned about him.

To obtain the modest sum that would be needed for his support in those economical days, young Ashley opened a singing school, which the maidens and men of the village were urged to attend.

A few responded to the invitation, and among them was Abby Folsom, the handsome daughter of the village blacksmith.

The old smithy stood on the broad, street, and close by it, under the willow trees was the blacksmith's humble home, and here Ashley made his most frequent visits. The village belle grew to look with eager eyes for the coming of the fair-haired stranger, and he found strong, deep attraction in the uncultured country girl.

The old elms of the village, that were in their green prime then, doubtless heard on some soft summer evening the whisper of the old story that is ever new.

But love-making put no money into the pockets of the wooer, and it became clear that the blacksmith looked with little favor on his suit.

One day the village was aroused and entertained by a new proposition from the penniless stranger. He proposed to open a bleaching establishment, assuring the good wives that if they would give him their homespun cloth he would whiten it by some new and most excellent process, which would make it snowy of tint beyond any they had ever seen.

In those days the thrifty farmers' wives wove their own cloth, and it was a great convenience to them to have it bleached so near home. Presently,

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therefore, Ashley had a quantity of linen given him, which he deposited in huge vats filled with some mysterious compound.

For some time he was at work over the stuff, and then the cloth was taken from its bath and hung up to dry, but here a most horrible mishap occurred.

The fine homespun was all eaten into holes by the process, and fell to pieces at a touch.

One can fancy the loud and deep indignation of the village matrons at this terrible calamity, how they anathematized the unhappy young man, and sought vainly for redress where none could be obtained, since the author of the mischief was in no condition to repair it. And it was just at the midst of all this hubbub that Ashley asked from honest John Folsom the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Of course the request was absolutely refused.

Then Ashley, in his despair and mortification, went to my great-grand-father, as being the person in the village most likely to understand his story and to help him.

"I would like to see Dr. Johnson," he said, as he stood in the door-way of the old house which was my great-grandfather's home.

He was shown into the presence of the doctor, who had but recently returned from an important mission to England, and also, it should be explained, was Dr. of Laws, and Dr. of Medicine. The dignified elderly gentleman received his visitor courteously, and was soon listening to his story with deep interest.

"I want to marry Abby Folsom," he explained, "and her father will not permit it because he thinks I am not good enough for her. Yet I can make a great lady of her. Dr. Johnson, you have been abroad, you know something of the people to whom I belong over there."

The manners and speech of the young man denoted at once to his observer that he was of gentle birth, and he awaited with considerable curiosity the disclosure that followed.

"I am the eldest son of Lord Stirling, of Stirling Castle, Scotland."

The conversation that ensued after this declaration was long and minute. The young man showed Dr. Johnson letters and papers which completely established his identity.

He had left home because he had been somewhat wild, had become involved, and in order to raise money, had resorted to the desperate expedient of *post obits*. [Editor's note: Also called: *post-obit bond* a bond given by a borrower, payable after the death of a specified person, especially one given to a moneylender by an expectant heir promising to repay when his interest falls into possession.] This, coming to the knowledge of his father, had naturally aroused his indignation, and the son in a fit of recklessness had resolved to run away and take care of himself.

He had first gone to the West Indies with some venture of horses, and had come from thence to New York, and so drifted to this little village.

Having proved his identity, he solicited Dr. Johnson's good offices with the father of his lady love, promising that he would, whenever he inherited his title, give his wife the place that would belong to her.

Even the dignified envoy that he had chosen had a somewhat difficult task in obtaining John Folsom's consent to the union of his daughter with - the Scotch noble.

"I had rather have her marry some honest tradesman," he said, "than this fine stranger, whoever he is."

However, without betraying the young man's secret, Dr. Johnson at last succeeded in his vicarious wooing, and one day the village belle and the adventurous stranger were quietly married by the church clergyman.

The young husband at once opened a school as a means of supporting his pretty bride, and this was well patronized, so that the couple lived with tolerable comfort in the modest cottage home.

Before the year was out, a fine boy was born to heir present poverty mid the future title.

From this moment Ashley became anxious to return to Scotland, and the last obstacle to this vanished when Dr. Johnson informed him that in

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some papers he had received from abroad, he had seen the death of Lord Stirling.

Very shortly after this the schoolmaster kissed his wife and child a farewell, and departed for his distant home, still without revealing, even to his faithful spouse, the secret of his name.

The weeks grew into months, and the months into seasons, and still no word came from the vanished man. John Folsom began to repent that he had ever given his consent to the wedding. The village folks shook their heads and predicted that Abby was a deserted wife, who would never look on her husband's face again, and the village matrons, remembering their old wrath over the ruined cloth, declared that the absent one was no better than a scamp and a scoundrel.

At length, when nearly a year had passed away, Dr. Johnson received a letter from the dowager Lady Stirling, asking him many eager questions about her son's wife. The prodigal had returned to his own again, and they were willing to receive cordially the woman he had married, provided only certain queries could be satisfactorily answered:

First, and most important, was she black? Next, was she of respectable character? And, lastly, a matter of moment, but not comparable to the others in significance, was she educated?

Dr. Johnson replied to the letter at once, speaking, as he well could do, in high terms of the girl's beauty and virtue, but admitting that she was somewhat deficient in culture.

As soon as possible a reply to this came in substantial form. Dr. Johnson received a check for a considerable sum of money and a letter requesting him to procure a suitable outfit for Lady Stirling and secure the services of some respectable woman who would accompany her to England, but who could return at once to her home.

These directions were easily fulfilled, and a few weeks later, the village belle, grandly arrayed in silks, and raised to the strange dignity of having an attendant to wait upon her, bade her father and

friends good-bye, and went away to her distant and dignified home.

The woman who accompanied her was sent back at once, but Lady Stirling was not permitted to come immediately into the full possession of the honors awaiting her. She was sent to school for a year after her arrival, and then, being somewhat fitted for the duties of her new position, was received with all honors at Stirling Castle, where for many years she reigned as mistress:

All news of her at her old home ceased almost from the moment of her departure, as Lord Stirling absolutely forbade his wife from holding any intercourse with her own people. And the last glimpse we have of her is through a stranger.

Prof. Benjamin Silliman, the elder, was once, during a trip through Scotland, entertained at Stirling Castle at a grand dinner party, over which the quondam blacksmith's daughter presided with much grace and dignity. In a pause of the conversation she turned to the distinguished American and asked:

"What part of the United States are you from, Professor?"

"From New Haven, Connecticut," he replied.

"Ah," said she, with a sudden look of interest, "I am from Connecticut myself."

Mr. Silliman's interest and curiosity were at once aroused, as he had never suspected that his hostess was a compatriot. A warning look from her husband, however, silenced whatever the lady was about to say, and it was only after his return to this country that the Professor learned the story of Lord Stirling's courtship.—*Demorest's Magazine.*



### A Canadian Idyl.

(New York Evening Post)

Many years ago a young man made his appearance in Stratford, Ont., and passed a few weeks at the tavern which then existed to afford shelter to stage coach travelers. Whence he came, and what was his business, none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told his love, said he was traveling incog.; but in confidence gave her his real name, saying that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married a few weeks after. The stranger told his wife that he must visit New-Orleans. He did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by disagreeable hints and jeers. In a few months the husband returned, but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must at once return to England, and must go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion. The wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and hope. By the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York with her child, taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for home in England. On her arrival in New York she found a vessel splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants to obey every wish that she might express. The ship arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became mistress of a mansion; and, as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Stirling. On the death of her husband, many years ago, the

Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth of his father; and, in the last edition of "Peerage and Baronetage," he is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsom of Stratford, North America."

# A History of the Old Town of Stratford and the City of Bridgeport Connecticut

Volume 1, pages 448-452

Rev. Samuel Orcutt

1886

**Samuel Fulsom** came from Windham, Conn., to Stratford, probably in the spring of 1743, he having then a wife Ann, and two children. His descendants have the tradition that he came specially to do the iron work on the Episcopal Church then to be built, he being a blacksmith. It is also said that he brought other blacksmiths with him to work, and who did work in his shop.

He became a communicant in the Episcopal Church here in 1743, and purchased his first land in Stratford in 1745, it being the corner where now Mrs. Hudson's dwelling stands. This lot of one acre had been owned some years by John Moss, who had died, leaving it with a house and barn on it, to his two children Joseph and Mary Moss. After Mary's part was taken off, Joseph sold his right to John Benjamin and Samuel Fulsom, who afterwards divided it, Mr. Fulsom retaining the corner. On this homestead lived the Fulsom family, the father continuing many years the work of a blacksmith.

**Glorianna Fulsom**, the last but one of this family of nine children, was born December 24, 1753, and grew to be a very beautiful young lady at the age of sixteen years, the charming companion of many like her in Stratford at that day, only she is said to have been more beautiful than any other. She possessed light brown hair, bright, sparkling blue eyes, a fine personal figure with a lively, entertaining manner, and all the modest culture of those frugal days.

In the autumn of the year 1770, when the beauty of the country was all aglow with preparations for the coming winter, there came into Stratford a stranger, of rather remarkable appearance, who stopped at Benjamin's tavern, then located where the dwelling of Mr. Frederick A. Benjamin now stands. He was John Sterling, from Edinburgh, Scotland, the son of a Baronet, and he had been sent out by his father on a visiting tour to America, going

first to Canada and thence to New York. By what fatality he came to Stratford is not known, nor can it be guessed unless it was to find the very cradle of liberty, which it has always been understood he did find, both in politics and marriage. His manner was pleasant and entertaining, but he seemed to be a person without any object of worldly or religious business, and therefore was viewed as a suspicious character.

He saw the beautiful Glorianna in church, he saw her in singing-school; he went wherever he could see her, became acquainted with her, and sought her in marriage. This proposition all opposed except the father and "sweet sixteen." The mother imposed every opposition, so did Anna, the eldest sister, but Johnny won the race, and came out Mr. Sterling with Mrs. Glorianna Sterling as mate, March 10, 1771.

He then tarried in Stratford, and after a time wrote home for money. The father sent some, and wrote him to return home, but he wrote that he was married and could not come, so say the descendants of the Fulsom family; others say, he did not write home, which is improbable, but that his father heard of his son's marriage and the beauty of his wife, by some mariners, who were there from Stratford.

When funds ran low again, Mr. Sterling, like a true Yankee, engaged in teaching school, "in the old Pendleton house," where he continued several months, if not more than a year.

In December, 1771, the daughter Mary Glorianna was baptized, and a pupil was taken in charge, to board in the family.

In the autumn of 1772, the Baronet in Edinburgh, became impatient at the stay of his son in America and wrote a peremptory requirement for his son to come home and bring his wife with him, but this latter seemed impossible then, and he departed alone, assuring her he would send for her as soon as possible.

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When he had departed, the whole town was musical with whisperings, suspicions and reports that the great Mr. Sterling had deserted his wife and that she would see and hear no more of him.

On March 14, 1773, another daughter, named Maria Jane was baptized in Stratford.

Soon a letter came from Mr. Sterling that a ship, fitted for her special comfort, would be in New York at a certain time, to convey her to Scotland in the best style possible; that he had sent her a quantity of goods, of elegant material, which she must have made in New York, and that he had sent servants to attend to the necessary work and preparations for her journey. Her relatives in Stratford have pieces of the silk for the dress which she was to wear at her reception when she should arrive at her home in Scotland, which though now changed in color was originally white embossed silk, with colored flowers in small boquets [sic] scattered sparsely over it.

After making her wardrobe as complete as possible, Mrs. Sterling sailed for Europe with her two children and two servants, a nurse and maid, who had been sent out to attend her. Mr. Sterling sent an invitation to his sister-in-law Anna Fulsom to accompany his wife, and goods for her outfit, but her mother would not give her consent, although it was much to Anna's regret, saying: it was enough to bury one, for she should never see Glorianna again, and she could not bury two. Mrs. Sterling wrote back that when she arrived in Scotland there were so many carriages on the wharf that she was at a great loss to know what it meant, but found they were all there to meet her.

After her arrival she had governesses in the house to teach her the accomplishments befitting the future Lady of Sterling Castle. She never returned to America although she always intended to do so, but she kept up a continued correspondence with her family, often sending them valuable presents, especially to her mother and her sister Anna.

Quite a number of these articles are still preserved in Stratford; also a razor case left by Mr. Sterling, and the remains of what was once a very beautiful doll, which was sent with a complete doll's outfit to her little niece, the six-year old daughter of her sister Anna, who had become the second wife of Abraham Tomlinson, the father of Miss Huldah and Miss Polly Tomlinson. Their mother, the first wife, was a daughter of parson Gold.

During the Revolution Mrs. Sterling had very little communication with her friends in America, but as soon as peace was declared correspondence was resumed and she sent presents of various kinds. There is still preserved quite a good sized box that came from her filled with presents.

She was very anxious that members of her family should visit her, and was much delighted when her brother, Nathan Fulsom wrote that he would go and see her. She directed him where to go when he arrived in Liverpool and have an outfit made at her expense. He went, and after remaining some months he returned, bringing glowing accounts of the grandeur with which his sister was surrounded.

Her husband, upon the decease of his father, in 1791, succeeded to the office of a Baronet, which he held to his death, and the Baroness, although so widely separated from her family in America, kept up a most cordial intercourse with them as long as she lived, sending several of her children to visit them. Her youngest brother, John Fulsom, visited at her home after his brother Nathan had been there.

In Playfair's Baronetage of Scotland it is stated that Sir John and Glorianna Sterling had nineteen children in the first eighteen years of their marriage. It is said by the descendants of her relatives here that she was the mother of twenty-two children. The Baronetage of Scotland shows that one of her sons succeeded his father in that office and that her descendants held the office in 1879.

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It may be seen by the above dates which are taken from Stratford town records and those of the Episcopal Church, that the story which connects Sir John Sterling with the American Revolution cannot be correct, since he was married and he and his wife Glorianna and their children were at home in Scotland before the war in America began. Then, also, the above dates correspond and confirm all the leading facts of the story as given by Misses Elizabeth and Maria Peck, still living in Stratford, whose mother was the daughter of Anna Fulsom, the eldest sister of Glorianna. These ladies well remember their grandmother, and heard her as well as their own mother narrate the story, often, in their early years, and their mother many times in later years; and they are authority for the above plain statement of facts. It is very pleasant to the author of this work, that by the assistance of several persons of Stratford, the above true, straightforward and agreeable history has been obtained, since a variety of versions have been heretofore given to it.

## Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Town of Stratford

October 30, 1889

Compiled by Direction of the General Committee of Arrangements

1890

One day in the early fall of 1770, there came by stage-coach to Stratford, a young and prepossessing gentleman. Whether attracted by the natural beauty of the place, or from some strange freak of fancy, he lingered for a day or two at Benjamin's tavern, the only hostelry of the little town. On the corner now occupied by the Johnson mansion was the dwelling, and near by was the shop, of the village blacksmith, Samuel Folsom. The young traveler saw the daughter of this worthy man, a charming girl of sweet sixteen, with beautiful brown hair, blue eyes, and lovely face; and completely lost his heart. His stay in town was prolonged to seek her acquaintance, and win her love.

His manner toward the young lady, so different from that of her rustic admirers, did not fail to impress her youthful fancy; but his advances were met with disfavor by Mrs. Folsom, who regarded with suspicion the man about whose name and business lingered so much mystery as attached to our hero. To the daughter, as he told of his love he whispered his name, John Sterling; his rank, the son of a baronet in Edinburgh; and his business, simply traveling for pleasure and a knowledge of the world; at the same time enjoining secrecy on her part about all concerning himself.

Parental objection at length yielded to the young suitor's ardent pleadings; he wooed and won, and they were wed, and merrily rang the bells. For a brief season, however, the young wife had a most trying ordeal. The baronet sent peremptory orders to his son to return to the paternal roof. Like a dutiful son he obeyed; but circumstances were such that it was impossible for his wife at that time to accompany him. Then burst upon her the busy gossip of all the neighborhood; doubts were expressed as to the true character of the man she had married, his purposes, business, and the probability of her ever hearing from him again. Through it all the young wife kept her steadfast faith in his loyalty.

Soon came to New York, a ship especially fitted up for her accommodation, with men-servants and maids to wait upon her and bring her in state to her husband's home. On her arrival in Scotland, she was greeted with honors becoming the daughter of a noble house; nor has Stratford reason to be otherwise than proud of her daughter, Glorianna, Lady Sterling.

### Tableau VIII.

#### **THE WEDDING OF GLORIANNA Folsom.**

The subject of the closing tableau was the Wedding of Glorianna Folsom, a revival of the crowning scene in the beautiful romance of Stratford. This tale has been told so often to the children about the hearthstone, so graphically described in Orcutt's History, and again so well repeated in the story of Stratford elsewhere in this book, that a brief rehearsal is all that is needed here to form the groundwork of the tableau. Stripped of much that tradition has added, the simple story runs that in the closing days of the autumn of 1770 there came to Stratford a stranger, wandering upon pleasant errands of his own. Charmed with the quiet beauty of the rural scene, and the still more enchanting beauty of the face and character of Glorianna Folsom, a sweet girl of sixteen summers, he lingered at the Benjamin Tavern until an acquaintance was formed which soon ripened into mutual love. The stranger was John Sterling, the son of a Scottish baronet. Against all opposition of the mother and the elder sister of Glorianna, young Sterling won his bride, the marriage taking place March 10, 1771, and being recorded by a simple entry in the records of Christ (Episcopal) Church, Stratford. After the wedding they remained in Stratford, young Sterling teaching school "in the old Pendleton house" for a year or more. In the autumn of 1772 the baronet wrote for his son to come home and bring his beautiful wife. Sterling departed alone, promising to send for his wife as soon as possible, but Dame Gossip at once made the prophecy that Glorianna would never more behold the young Scottish nobleman. However, in 1773 there came into the harbor of New York a ship, fitted for her special comfort, with a quantity of goods of elegant material, and with maid-servants to assist in the preparations for bearing Glorianna away to her future home in Scotland, where a magnificent reception awaited her. John Sterling, upon the death of his father in 1791, succeeded to the title of baronet, which he held till his death. The Lady of Sterling Castle, though so widely separated from her family in America, kept up a most cordial intercourse with them as long as she lived, sending several of her children to visit them. "In Playfair's Baronetage of Scotland it is stated that Sir John

## Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of the Town of Stratford

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and Glorianna Sterling had nineteen children in the first eighteen years of their marriage. It is said by the descendants of her relatives here that she was the mother of twenty-two children. The Baronetage of Scotland shows that one of her sons succeeded to his father's title, and that one of her descendants held the title in 1879."—Orcutt, Vol. I., p. 451.

As a fitting representation of the romance the wedding was selected for the tableau. On the right of the picture were the bride and groom dressed in the costume of colonial time, standing before the aged minister who was pronouncing the words of the beautiful marriage ceremony of the Church of England; just behind them stood the father, mother, and elder sister, while the background of the scene was occupied by the wedding guests elegantly attired for the occasion; near the middle foreground were two little friends of the bride, boy and girl, he in velvet suit, with long, dark curls about his shoulders, she in white, with flowing golden hair, both looking up in wondering admiration into the faces of the beautiful bride and the stately groom. The applause which greeted the tableau called up the curtain several times, and when it fell at last there lingered in the hearts of all a regret that the enchanting scene of beauty could not remain forever. The bride on this occasion was represented by Miss Emma L. Curtis, the groom by Mr. Frederick S. Beardsley, the minister by Mr. Elliott W. Peck, the father by Mr. James U. Sammis, the mother by Miss D. Winifred Todd, the sister by Mrs. James U. Sammis, and the two little friends, Master Earl C. Peck and Miss Grace Belden.

Miss Florence W. Allen wearing a dress made for the ball given in honor of the opening of the Erie Canal, Miss Amy F. Taintor in a costume the facsimile of the one worn by Glorianna, Miss Elsie A. Powers and Miss Alice P. Lillingston, appropriately dressed, and looking the "fair women" of the time they represented, were led with courtly dignity through the mazes of the dance by their respective gentlemen, Messrs. Preston H. Aspell, Benjamin W. Byington, Robert B. French, and William B. Bristol, who, in tinsel and gold and velvet, personated the "brave men" of those good old times.

As the dance drew to its close the lights gradually grew dim, and as the dancers made their final courtesies the growing darkness gently wrapt them round, and these living pictures of the days of long ago seemed to fade into a veiled and mystic past, leaving only their beautiful impressions upon the tablets of memory.

### THE MINUET.

After the tableau of Glorianna's marriage the curtain rose again, displaying the guests at the wedding moving gracefully through the measures of the stately minuet to the music of the violin in the skillful hands of Mr. C. G. Gunther. This feature of the entertainment was under the direction of Miss Florence W. Allen, whose careful training enabled the young people to reproduce this old-time dance of our fathers and mothers with all the grace and dignity of a hundred years ago. Miss M. Louise Wolfe, in a beautiful costume once worn at the Court of Denmark, having for partner Mr. John E. Judson dressed in colonial style, led the minuet;

## A CONNECTICUT STORY

"Pretty Abbie Folsome, the blacksmith's daughter, has married a lord, and he's gone away and left her. He'll never come back to her, I warrant you."

This was the piece of information which got abroad in Stratford one day a few weeks after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the comment of the gossips upon it.

John Folsome was the village blacksmith, and a stalwart patriot as well. He would brook no British insolence and his muscular right arm was ever ready for service in revenging any act of theirs. His daughter, "Pretty Abbie Folsome," was as spirited as her father, moreover beautiful of feature and graceful of form.

When General Silliman was taken from his home at Fairfield one night and carried across the sound to Long Island, a prisoner, John Folsome was anxious for revenge.

"I'll make them pay for that," he would say, bringing his hammer down on the anvil with a clang full of emphasis. And he did, but he did not know the fruit which it was to bear. He planned a retaliatory expedition to Long Island to capture a royalist there, Judge Jones. John Folsome and his party were successful, and Judge Jones was brought to Stratford a captive. While there he met "Miss Abbie," and was much impressed with her beauty.

In the course of time Judge Jones's release was effected, and he went to New York. Here a dinner was given him by a

number of friends, among them Sir John Stirling.

"And what toast do you propose?" Judge Jones was asked. "Is it the king, or the defeat of these d----- rebels, who will never admit that they are beaten?"

"Neither," replied the judge, rising in his place. "It is to beautiful women—a beautiful woman. I ask you to drink with me. I propose the health of the fairest American rebel."

Some time after Yorktown Judge Jones and Lord Stirling were riding over the New York and Boston turnpike through the coast towns of Western Connecticut.

"We shall soon be at Stratford," said the judge, as he cantered up alongside Lord Stirling, "and there I'll show you my 'fair American rebel.' If you don't agree with me and admit that I was right in proposing the toast I'll never propose another one. You fellows laughed, but she is a girl worthy of any man's wooing."

"Well, introduce me to your blacksmith's daughter, and I'll tell you whether you are right or not. She must be remarkable, if she's what you claim for her. Beauty is not one of the characteristics of most of these village maidens. They have to work too hard over their pots and pans."

They were soon in the village street. In the distance could be heard the clang of the blacksmith's hammer. "You may hear the blacksmith at work now. Perhaps opportunity will favor us in meeting Miss Abbie," remarked the judge.

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Opportunity did favor, and Lord Stirling delayed his departure from the village. A week passed, and he had not gone. Another week passed, and then a [sic] third, and he was still there. One day he rode away, toward New York, and shortly the little town was stirred by the news that Lord Stirling had won the heart and hand of the blacksmith's pretty daughter, and had sailed away for England without taking her with him. And their prophecy was verified in part—Lord Stirling did not return for her. Like Mark, the old Cornish king, he sent a ship for his bride, in charge of another, his secretary, to fetch her to him.

## Romance of Glorianna Fulsom.

"Glorianna, when a beautiful maiden of sixteen, was wooed and won by a handsome visitor to Stratford, who declared himself to be the son of a Scotch baronet. After their marriage (March 10, 1771), the bridegroom wrote home for funds, but no funds [sic] coming he began to teach school, just as if he had been a true Yankee, to support his blooming young wife. Then, when one daughter had been born to the happy couple, the husband and father sailed away to Scotland.

"Gossip said that the young wife had been deserted and would never see or hear from her Scotch baronet again. A sad time this for Glorianna, who soon brought into the world a second daughter. One day, however, there came a letter from the absent one with the news that a ship fitted for the special comfort of his wife would be in New York at a certain time and had been engaged to convey her to Scotland in the best style possible.

"Shortly afterward arrived a quantity of goods -of elegant material, from which, her husband directed, Glorianna must have a suitable outfit made in New York. Servants came, too, who were charged with the duty of making all preparations for this momentous journey as easy as possible for the young wife and mother.

"When the ship landed in Scotland the wharf was found to be fairly crowded with carriages come to meet Mrs. Sterling. And after her arrival Glorianna learned that whole corps of governesses were in the house to teach the accomplishments befitting the future lady of Sterling Castle. So, though she never returned to America or saw again any of her own folks—except two brothers, who some years later went over to make her a visit—she lived happy ever after, and bore her husband 22 children."