

Hart Family of Colebrook

[Henry Hart Vining, a former resident of Colebrook, wrote extensively of Colebrook history, and here we bring to you his account of his forefather Titus' arrival in town. He was destined to remain here for the rest of his life. His direct descendents, Mills, Jasmin and Jespersen still reside in Colebrook.]

Titus Hart, third son of Timothy and Phebe (Fenn) of Wallingford, was born July 4th 1757 at Wallingford. When twenty years old he enlisted in the Conn. Troops of the Revolutionary War. He was in the 7th Regiment, Conn. Line Formation of 1777-1781, under Col. Heman Swift, of Cornwall, Conn. He enlisted May 20th, 1777 for the term of three years. He was discharged May 15th 1780. The 7th Regiment was raised Jan. 1, 1777 for the New Continental Line to continue through the war, recruiting in Fairfield and other counties. It went into the field in the spring of 1777, at Peekskill, N. Y. and in September was ordered under Gen. McDougall to join Washington's army in Pennsylvania. He fought at Germantown, Oct. 4th 1777, wintered at Valley Forge, 1777-1778, and on June 28th 1778 was present at the battle of Monmouth. Encamped during the summer at White Plains, N. Y. and assigned to Huntington's Brigade. He wintered at Redding, 1778-1779; in the summer of 1779, served on the east side of the Hudson River in Gen. Heath's wing. Its light company under Capt. Chamberlain, attached to Meig's Light Regiment, and engaged in the storming of Stony Point July 15th 1779. He wintered at Norristown Heights in 1779-1780. He was discharged May 15th 1780. His name occurs in the list of 1832, and in the census of pensioners in 1840. The date of his application for a pension was dated May 9th 1818.

Shortly after setting out on his civilian life, he set out along what had begun as an old Indian trail, but now was the main thoroughfare from the settlement of Hartford to the wild, unsettled land of the western part of the state. On the advice of a friend who had made this long and tiresome journey through the wilderness, to an adjoining state; he had gambled his savings and bought sight unseen, a tract of eleven acres of this wild, virgin soil. Now he was on his way to see his future home, and to clear a spot and build a log cabin, to which he hoped to bring his beautiful young bride, in the following spring.

It was in the early morning of a warm September day as he stopped his trusty horse and looked around at the wide expanse of forest just beginning to show signs of frost. At his left was a long, beautiful lake sparkling in the light of the rising sun. Far to his right he could see a long spiral of smoke rising from a small clearing. Looking long and carefully, he saw several more clearings. At last he was nearing the little colony which was his destination. Starting on once more, he traveled slowly along the trail, which led down from the hilltop across a small river, whose still water seemed to be alive with fish, while all around grouse and rabbits scurried away at his approach. Uphill and down dale for several miles he slowly wended his way. I say slowly because he had a heavy, cumbersome load. A sack of meal (oh, how precious this meal) was fastened in front of the saddle, while fastened all around him were skillet, axe, and broad axe, with which he would hew the timbers for his mansion, for mansion it was in his dreams. An auger, to bore holes for pins to fasten the timbers together and a wooden bucket completed his

load. Wait – I have forgotten the most important of all, his long flintlock rifle, which he had carried all through the war and without which he would hardly be able to exist, as he had to depend on this rifle for food, as well as for protection from bears, wolves and possibly a band of roving Indians.

At last there was an opening in the forest and as he came out into the glorious sunshine, he saw a man piling logs and brush preparatory to burning them. He urged his horse to a faster walk and presently arrived opposite the man. With a hearty “Hello”, he jumped down and grasped the outstretched hand of a short, thick-set man with a smiling face. Mr. Hart shook the hand vigorously and said “My name is Titus Hart, and if I have been informed correctly, you must be Aaron Griswold.” “You are correct, and I am indeed happy to welcome you, Mr. Hart, to our little settlement:”, replied Mr. Griswold. “Methinks, by your outfit that you are thinking of settling in our community.” “Yes, friend Griswold, I recently purchased eleven acres of wild land in the township of Colebrook, and came to clear a building spot and erect a cabin, so that I can bring my wife here in the spring.” “Fine, fine,” said Mr. Griswold, “but why do we stand here? Come, we will put your horse in the barn and go to the house, where my good wife will refresh you with a good meal, for you must be hungry and weary from your long journey.” “Thank you, my kind friend, I have eaten only a little this morning, as I was anxious to reach my destination, and a meal such as I am sure Mrs. Griswold will set before me will be very welcome,” said Mr. Hart.

They proceeded to the log barn where they stabled the horse and placed feed before him and then entered the house, which was a seven room frame house, built by Mr. Griswold to replace the original log cabin. He had been pioneering here for quite a few years, and had progressed to the stage where the cabin was not adequate. They were met at the door by a buxom woman with as pleasant and jolly a face as Titus had seen in a long time. “Martha, this is Mr. Titus Hart, of Wallingford, who is going to settle in Colebrook,” said Mr. Griswold. “Oh, how do you do, Mr. Hart? I am so glad to meet you and so very glad that you are going to settle here with us. Neighbors are so few and far apart. I hope there is a Mrs. Hart and some little Harties,” laughed Mrs. Griswold. “Not yet, but I expect to be married soon,” replied Mr. Hart. “Martha, our friend has only eaten sparingly this morning. Set a good meal for him, as he is nearly famished.” “Most certainly, he shall have a good meal”, and she proceeded to open a large “kettle”, which hung in the fireplace, and taking a big pewter ladle, she filled a wooden bowl with a fragrant stew of corned beef, potatoes, carrots, beets, cabbage and onions, flavored with “yarbs” from her own garden, the plants of which she had carefully brought from her old home in Windsor. Then taking several crusts of brown bread, she dipped them in the liquor in the “kettle” and put them on a wooden trencher. A pitcher of milk completed the preparation. “Set up,” called the good mistress. In the meantime our traveler had been washing off the grime and dust of several days, at the wooden trough outside the door, as in those days everyone thought that “cleanliness was next to Godliness.” Seating himself at the table, he bowed his head, thanking the Giver of all good things for his safe journey and for the food of which he was about to partake.

When Mr. Hart had eaten generously of this 'boiled pot', Mistress Griswold placed a large piece of sorrel pie before him. The door opened and in came a tall, lanky man in his early twenties, sandy haired and smooth shaven. He called, 'Morning, Martha.' 'Morning Francis', replied Mrs. Griswold. 'Mr. Hart, this is my husband's brother, Francis Griswold, who lives in the cabin on the other side of the clearing.' 'Francis, Mr. Hart is joining our little colony', said Mrs. Griswold.

'Welcome to Colebrook Township', replied Francis. Mr. Griswold, just entering the room, said: 'Neighbor Hart, if you are refreshed, let me show you my little farm'. Rising from the table, Mr. Hart thanked Mrs. Griswold for her hospitality and followed the Griswold brothers from the house. They spent some time looking over the acres of cleared land, the little herd of cows and Mrs. Griswold's sheep. 'Where is this land of yours?' asked Francis. 'I own eleven acres of the forty-fifth lot, which is bounded on the public highway.' answered Mr. Hart. [This road was to become the Waterbury River Turnpike in 1801, remain so until about 1850, then until the twentieth century as Hart Street. A summer visitor, who knew nothing of our history, suggested at a party that she thought 'Millbrook Road' had a much nicer ring to it, whereupon that name was slowly accepted. The one-time visitor, with Colebrook friends having social importance, returned to her home, never to return, but the old name slowly faded into the dust bin of past history.] 'I purchased this land of one Samuel Mattoon, on the recommendation of a friend. I have never seen the land and I was going to ask you if you could guide me to the place. It must be near here, methinks.' 'Oh yes, I know the land very well, having hunted over it many times. It is only a half-hour's ride from here. We will saddle our horses and show you the place.'

In a short time they were ready to start and followed the road for about a mile or more, when they came to the house of Benjamin Horton, who was the first settler of Colebrook and nearby the cabin of his son, Gideon Horton. They soon came to a road running the other way, north and south. Following this road to the south for about a mile, they came to the Mattoon place. Mr. Griswold called a halt and said: neighbor Hart, here is your farm; may you have many happy and prosperous years upon it.' 'Amen,' echoed his brother. 'A little further on is a rise of ground overlooking a little stream, which I have often thought would be a fine site for a house', suggested Francis. A minute later they stopped again and Mr. Hart, looking around, said; 'Yes, here is the place for my cabin. When I have cleared the land, there will be a fine view of the land to the east, and the rising sun, while to the north is level ground and the west and southern slopes will be excellent for pasture for my sheep and cows. Yes, this is the site of the Hart homestead.' 'Now', said Aaron, 'methinks you had better stay with us until your cabin is built, and if Francis is willing to ride to Colebrook and arrange with Brother Rockwell and others to meet here early tomorrow.

Mr. David Pinney then laid up, with Mr. Hart's assistance, while young Francis Griswold drew the stone with his brother's cattle. While they worked at the chimney, others would construct the walls of the shed. This shed would be covered with wide strips of hemlock bark to make it water tight.

As the sun sank behind the western hill, Mr. Hart thanked all for their kindness in helping him and assured them of his help in return. All wended their way homeward, happy to have helped another neighbor get a start.

Mrs. Griswold had a delicious supper ready for Aaron and Titus, as he was now called, when they entered the house after attending to the various chores. Hash, made from the remainder of the 'boiled pot' had been browned to a turn in a skillet on the hearth. Hot johnnie cake with butter, and some of her good cheese came next, topped off with a steamed pudding and maple syrup. The good madam had also opened her precious tea chest and all drank abundantly of tea. This was a rare treat.

The following morning Francis Griswold and Titus were on the job soon after day-break and started drawing stones for the chimney. In a short time David Pinney, Joseph Seymour and Gideon Horton arrived and work began in earnest. By sun-down the chimney was finished and the shed completed as far as possible at the time. Titus would finish the rest of the house at his leisure; such as putting in the floor and hewed timbers and building a partition near one end of the large room to form a bedroom. He would also build a table and chairs and do the hundred and one things he wanted to do for his bride-to-be, for he was to be married to Lucy Johnson just before Christmas.

On pleasant days he worked at clearing the space around the cabin and barn. The trees had to be cut down and cut in suitable lengths to pile. The brush was piled around and over the logs, and in the spring, after they had dried, all would be burned. He cut some swamp grass, which grew in a clearing near the brook, and stored it in the barn for feed for his horse. Take it all in all, Titus Hart was a busy man from morning till night. He stopped work occasionally to hunt, as he was living in his own house now.

Early one morning he shot a young buck deer, which was feeding near the brook below the cabin. Hunting was good with squirrels, rabbits and grouse; on one trip he secured a wild turkey, getting Mrs. Griswold to roast it for him. What a feast he had!

When the heavy snows came, Titus bid good-by to his neighbors and started for Litchfield, where he would spend the winter.

On Dec. 21 1780, he was married to Lucy Johnson of Litchfield. Circumstances kept them in Litchfield for the next five years, with only short visits to his Colebrook land. Titus worked diligently at his trade in and around Litchfield, saving every dollar that he could, and on February 22 1786, he purchased of Amos Moss, of Harwinton, fifty acres more of land adjoining his Colebrook property. On Nov. 23 1785, his first child was born. They named him Truman.

In the spring of 1786, loading a wagon with household goods and food, with his wife and baby on the seat, and fastening a nice young pair of oxen to the wagon, and leading a cow behind, they started for Colebrook. They reached Francis Griswold's late in the evening. The following morning they finished their journey to the Hart homestead. How good it was to be on their own land and in their own home, 'be it ever so humble'.

They soon had their few belongings in the house and in place. In the kitchen was a stretcher table of cherry, a cherry candle stand, several wooden chairs, a divided mirror and a

fine grandfather clock. In the bedroom was a four-poster bed, a large chest of drawers, a blanket chest and a two-drawer stand. There were also her precious feather bed, linen sheets, bed quilts and a large hooked rug, which she had made. In addition for the kitchen were skillets, 'kittles', bake oven and all the other things needed for cooking. She had a beautiful set of 'sprigged' china, which her mother had given her, and for which Titus had made a nice cupboard. A glistening warming-pan stood in one corner by the fireplace. I nearly forgot to mention the wooden cradle with the hood on it, in which little Truman was peacefully sleeping.

Titus was kept busy these days building rail fences to keep the cow from straying too far. He had girdled several acres of trees the first year, and now they had fallen or were dead. These had to be cut and burned so that he could plant wheat, rye and corn, among the stumps.

Time marches on, and Titus and Lucy prosper and live a happy, busy life for the next ten years. It is now winter and we find Titus hard at work hewing long timbers to use in his new house, which he is going to build during the following summer. Several large piles of boards and four-by-fours for studding and rafters are standing near the site of the house to be. Titus had taken many loads of logs to the sawmill recently built on the stream about a mile to the south. He had worked there many days and at night on several occasions, as the demand was so great that they worked nights to keep the mill yard from overflowing. Playing with chips were a number of children. Titus was now father of three boys and two girls. Truman was a fine boy of eleven years. Polly was born July 17 1788, Elizabeth, March 28 1791, Lewis, Sept. 30 1793 and Titus, Jr. on May 5 1795.

New neighbors were coming all the time; Aden Wakefield of Windsor had just bought a piece of land adjoining Mr. Hart on the south and was preparing to build a house in the spring. Rufus North was a near neighbor on the north, with Peter Corbin just beyond.

The following summer he built his new house and I will try to describe it as well as possible. It was a frame building a story and a half high, running north and south, with an ell on the west. The parlor was located in the southeast corner. In the southeast corner of this room stood a cupboard, built in, the upper part of which is now built into the living room of the house across the present highway. (This house was built by Titus Hart's great-grandson, Henry Hart Vining.) The front door was in the middle of the east side, opening into a hall. The northeast corner was a bedroom. The kitchen was on the west side extending from the northwest corner, with a small bedroom in the southwest corner. There was a large stone chimney in the middle of the house, with fireplaces opening into the various rooms. The kitchen fireplace was very large, being big enough to take in four-foot logs. The room was so arranged that they used a horse to draw in the back logs. They went in one door and out another. The ell contained a back kitchen and woodshed. On the south side of the ell stood a large lilac bush which still remains in a flourishing condition. Near the west end was the well, which still remains. A large barn with underground stable stood just west of the well. A cow shed extended south from the southwest corner of the barn. On the east side of the road nearly opposite the house stood a small building called a 'Horse shed'. This was in later years moved further west.

On January 1 1799, a daughter, Lucy, was born and on April 17 1802, another daughter, named Orpha, was born and then on Sept. 23 1803, following the birth of a child which did not live, Lucy, beloved wife of Titus Hart, passed away at the age of 38, and left her husband with seven children to care for alone. Titus was not a man to sit down and mourn for long, for on Jan. 8 1804, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Elizah and Mary (Roberts) Andrus (or Andrews), of Windsor and Winchester. On March 3 1805, a daughter, Phebe, was born, but died on March 7 1807.

We will pass over the next twenty years and take a look at the Hart homestead. How different from when we first saw it. The forests have disappeared or have moved far into the background. Large fields of waving grass meet our eye to the east and north. On the side hill south of the house is a large garden. Looking to the west we see large open pastures covering the hillsides, with a fine herd of cows grazing contentedly. In the small hillside pasture across the brook to the south we find a large flock of sheep among the apple trees, which cover the whole lot. A few years back the course of the road passing the house had been changed, it being moved east about 150 feet. Across the road to the east are more fields of grass, and beyond is another pasture, while still farther east is a long meadow, with a barn on it. To the south, on the east side of the new road, stands the new house of Aden Wakefield; to the north on the east side of the road is Capt. Wm. Swift's house; then a short distance north is the house of Martin North and the Peter Corbin house. The name of this road passing the Hart homestead is now known as Hart Street. [This name was addressed previously.] To the west of Mr. Hart's land are the farms of Penuel Lawrence and Orvil Pinney. All the fields of the Hart farm are enclosed with crooked-rail fences or neat stone walls.

Titus and Elizabeth are now the proud parents of eight more children; Milo Roberts, born June 30 1806; Phebe, born Feb. 29 1808; Timothy Green, born Nov. 30 1809; Thomas West, born Sept. 11 1811; Jerusha, born Aug. 31 1813; Sylvia, born Oct. 10 1815; Charles Wm., born Jan. 2 1818 and Jane Minerva, born Aug. 23 1820. Five of the seventeen children are married and have homes of their own.

Twenty more years fly by and we find Titus a man of 82 years, with long, snowy hair, a smiling face with a look of peace and contentment on it; the look of a person who has had a full and happy life, who has worked hard and can now sit back and enjoy the results of his labors. His children are all married and away from home except Timothy, who is a bachelor and is living on the home farm. Mrs. Hart is now 62 years old and cares for the household as she has done for so many years. She and Titus are never so happy as when the house is filled with their children and grand children. How they enjoy the reunions held each year on Thanksgiving Day, when a long table is set up in the kitchen and all are seated around it partaking of the bountiful feast, all of which is provided by the farm. The turkeys Titus had shot a few days back in the north woods, for wild turkeys were still to be found in the deep woods. Then there were 'pidgeon' pies. Wild pigeons were very plentiful in those days. They were caught in a net and kept in a pigeon pen to be used as needed. They were so abundant that a large flock actually darkened the

sun, and when they alighted in a grain field, a net was sprung and dozens of them were caught. Pigeons were a regular source of food.

On the table were huge bowls of potatoes, turnips, squash, cranberry sauce (sweetened with maple sugar), bowls of gravy, plates of brown bread, corn bread, rolls of golden butter and plates of home-made cheese, pickles, large pitchers of sweet cider (hard if you wished it), cups of tea for the older women and milk for the children. Then there were pots of baked beans with home-cured pork baked in them, cakes of all kinds, brought in by the girls. And yes, the pies; we must not forget them! The pantry shelves had fairly groaned with the apple, mince and luscious pumpkin, baked to a turn in the old brick oven. Titus and his wife had never invested in one of those new-fangled things called stoves. They still used the good old reliable fireplace and brick oven.

After everyone had eaten all they could possibly hold, the men went out to the barn with Uncle Tim, as he was called. The children took their sleds and went gliding down the hill; the same hill their parents had slid on so many times. The women placed Mother in her rocking chair in front of the fire while they proceeded to clean up. Titus was already snoozing in his chair in the corner by the fire. What a grand time the girls had talking over old times and telling all the happenings since they had met last; Mother joining in the conversation. When the sun began to sink in the west, those who lived within driving distance started for home, the others would find a place to sleep somewhere. This annual Thanksgiving reunion was looked forward to by all. It had been held for many years,

All things must have an ending, and so it was with the life of Titus Hart, for on July 27 1844, he looked at the rippling grass and ripening grain, the flock of sheep on the hillside, the cows wending their way homeward, he saw again the wilderness and the little cabin and then the clearings, the land he had cleared of stone, the stone walls he had built, his children growing up, and suddenly he felt tired, so very tired, and turning to the west he saw the sun slowly sinking behind the hills, and closing his eyes, he passed to his eternal rest. His wife Betsy, as he had always lovingly called her, followed him on July 31 1844, four days later. Titus had reached the ripe old age of 87 years and Betsy was 67. They lie beside his first wife, Lucy, in the Colebrook Center Cemetery, where his grave is marked with the bronze marker seen on the graves of all Revolutionary soldiers, and the flag of the country that he fought to make free and independent flies over it at all times.

Timothy is now left alone on the old homestead. He is a lone bachelor, but not for long, as he is very attentive to Margaret, daughter of Aden Wakefield and Susanna (Barney) Wakefield, who lives on the adjoining farm to the south. On March 30 1845 they were married. Living in the old home, Timothy and Margaret carried on the farm much as it was during the declining years of his father, Titus. Timothy was noted for his fine oxen and he always had a fine yoke of them. He received many prizes at the fairs.

On Aug. 15 1847, a daughter, Jane Susanna, was born. Unlike his father, this was to be his only child. Uncle Tim was a hard working, thrifty man who saved his money and invested it

wisely. His wife Margaret inherited a substantial amount of money and real estate following the death of her parents in 1856 and 1857.

In the summer of 1856, Timothy built a new and modern house about 50 feet east of the old one. It was a full two story house with attic and having a large ell [today, this is 63 Millbrook Rd.]. It contained nine rooms with high ceilings. This was considered to be one of the best built houses in Colebrook, and many people climbed to the attic to see its construction. It cost over \$2,000 and was known as Hart's Mansion. This was a very large price for a house in those days. Uncle Tim built the cellar walls and foundations himself, splitting out the foundation stones and drawing them several miles. The front doorstep, also the horse block, he drew from Taintor Hill, east of Colebrook Center. A fireplace was built in the kitchen, but was not used, as they had a modern stove. In the basement of the ell was a summer kitchen with plastered walls, a nice fireplace and brick oven, where Margaret cooked the Thanksgiving dinner for many years, as she could not become accustomed to using a stove. The last time the oven was heated was on Nov. 26 1867, when she cooked the wedding dinner for her daughter Jane, who married on this day her half-cousin, William H. Vining, of Simsbury. Mr. Vining's mother was Orpha, daughter of Titus Hart and his first wife, Lucy, while Jane was the daughter of Timothy Hart, son of Titus and his second wife, Elizabeth, making them half-cousins.

Timothy paid each of his brothers and sisters, for their share in the estate of their father, Titus, so now the farm was his. He worked hard, and you would find him in the far part of town with his oxen, ready to start work at 7 o'clock in the morning, he having arisen and completed his chores and gone several miles with slow-walking oxen. He worked until 7 o'clock in the evening and then the long walk home and his own evening chores. In the winter he cut cord wood and sold it in Winsted, 4 miles away. He would cut a cord of wood in the afternoon and load it on the sled, then in the morning would deliver it in Winsted, returning and cutting another load.

Margaret was a great singer, and it was the custom to get together somewhere in the neighborhood every week and have a 'sing'. She was a fine seamstress and was a tailoress, making coats and vests for Mr. Chauncey Foster in Winsted. In the summer she wove rag carpets on the big loom in the attic. Margaret was a member of the Methodist Church of Winsted, and she and Uncle Tim were regular attendees.

They had many callers, it being the custom to make calls among the neighbors. The ladies came and spent the afternoon and brought their sewing, and the men came after work and all had supper together and spent an enjoyable evening visiting. Mr. & Mrs. Anson Fosket, Mr. & Mrs. Lucius Griswold, Jr. & Mrs. Lewis Bernard and Rev. Mr. Abbot and his wife were frequent callers, as were the Kinneys, Lawrences, Allens, Horace North and his wife, Mr. Peter Corbin and many others. There was a constant exchange of calls.

Uncle Tim had a hobby; working at stone. He drilled and split out many fence and gate posts of stone. Another hobby was his oxen, and it added many dollars to his bank account. He would buy a poor pair of oxen and fatten them up, spending many hours carding [currycombing] and brushing them, scraping and polishing their horns until they matched; then he would sell

them at a good profit. Uncle Tim was a great joker and loved a good joke, especially when it was on the other fellow.

After Jane and William Vining were married, they went to Springfield, Mass. to live, as Mr. Vining was working in the U.S. Armory. After six months they came to Colebrook and lived with the Harts. On Nov. 9 1868, their first son was born. They named him Aden Wakefield, after his great-grandfather. Mr. Hart and William worked the farm together and also worked on the road. On April 7 1872, another son was born, named Roscoe William. In the winter of 1874, Jane was seriously ill with pneumonia, and after recovering, her doctor advised that she go to the sea shore to live. She and William and the children moved to Savin Rock, West Haven, Conn., where William kept the stables of two hotels. Their third son, Leon Hart, was born here on August 24 1875. In Sept., Jane's mother, Margaret Hart, was taken ill, and on Sept. 14 1875, she died, aged 69 years.

Once more Timothy was left alone, but in January 1876, William and Jane moved back to Colebrook, onto the old farm. On Oct. 3 1878, little Leon died of scarlet fever, aged a little over two years. On Nov. 2 1878, Lillian Jane was born.

Margaret's sister, Susan kept house for Timothy in part of the house, Jane and family lived in the other part. Uncle Tim and William worked the farm together and worked the roads, as in the past. Mr. Hart was a member of the General Assembly in 1877, and William was elected to the Assembly in 1881.

Florence Margaret was born Nov. 4 1885, and Henry Hart Vining was born Jan. 14 1890. Uncle Tim, for several of his declining years was crippled with rheumatism, and on Dec. 30 1890, he passed away and is buried beside his wife, Margaret in the Colebrook Center Cemetery.

William was elected again to the General Assembly for 1899. He had been a very influential Democrat, and held many town offices, being selectman for thirteen years. Florence Margaret died Nov. 28 1899, following an attack of paralysis, aged 14 years.

Jane was very poorly in the winter of 1916, and on Aug. 15, her 69th birthday, she passed away. She was the last of this particular branch of the descendents of Titus Hart. Her daughter, Lillian Jane (Clark), died Apr. 16 1918, at Avon, aged 38 years. William had a shock [stroke] in April 1910, and lost most of the use of one arm, and for 11 years was a great care. On Jan. 15 1921, he passed away, crossing onto the other side of Jordan, where the Tree of Life is blooming, and there found rest, as in the Hymn of which he was very fond. He was nearly 81 years old and had led a life of hard work. He and Jane are buried in the Vining lot with Florence Margaret in the Colebrook Center Cemetery. Roscoe William died in Narberth, Penna. On Dec. 4 1936.

Aden Wakefield Vining lives near Simsbury, a short way from the old Vining homestead. Henry Hart Vining inherited the Hart-Vining farm, but because of poor health, sold to Charles Colebaugh of New York City, who has remodeled it into a summer residence.

So ends the history of the Harts of Colebrook. The descendents of Titus Hart are many and are scattered all over the United States, but only a few remain in Colebrook. They are: Wilbur S. Mills [in the 21st century his son, Henry James], Lana Mills Fritz and children, grand children of Sylvia Hart Mills, daughter of Titus Hart; Ralph S. Cooper and children [none of

whom live here any longer]; descendents of Elizabeth Hart Barnard, third child of Titus Hart; also Floyd Hart [now deceased], and the descendents of Titus Jr., son of Titus Hart. [Floyd Hart (Buster), had three sisters; Lillian married Isidore Jasmin; Emmerette married Walter Jespersen and Mary (Nicky), married Joseph Locassio. Another direct descendent family is the Hodgkin family on Bunnell St.]

Only two farms [none now] remain in the Millbrook section, which have not changed hands since the time of Titus Hart; these are Lawrence [now 158 Pinney St] and Allen. The Corbins [now 12 Millbrook Rd.], Swifts [22 Millbrook Rd.], Norths [31 Millbrook Rd.], Wakefields [78 Millbrook Rd.], Pinneys, Phelps, Barnards and Grants [now 52 Norfolk Rd (US Route 44)], are all gone, and nothing remains but the memories of these thrifty pioneers of the days of Titus Hart. They were good neighbors, always ready with a helping hand, day or night, always ready with a pleasant smile and hearty handshake. Now they all sleep in the little cemetery in Colebrook Center, awaiting the sound of the trumpet, when they will rise up and ‘sing’ together as they did so many times, songs of praise and thanksgiving.

They were indeed a blessed people, serving their God and mankind to the best of their ability, and as Tiny Tim said, ‘God bless them every one.’

The book is completed,
And closed for the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.