ing Puritan theologians who flocked to London. That course of study changed all Roger Williams' later thinking. He went to England much of a radical crank -- he returned a statesman. Perhaps what moved Henry Wolcott personally more than anything else were reports of the open meadows of the Connecticut Valley giving unsurpassed opportunities for agriculture. Neither he nor his son Henry -- the latter was unenrolled as grower and grafter of apple trees -- had much chance at farming or tree culture on the Dorchester Hills. Besides, Hester Wolcott was an Englishman, born and bred. The voyages of Francis Drake were not far off in memory. An Englishman can't help being something of a jingo, and the Dutch House of Hope in Hartford was a nonsce to English hopes in that direction. As a business man, too, the success of the Plymouth trading house in Windsor led him to view Ludlow's change of heart and his new desire to emigrate with considerable favor. In one year the Pilgrims had earned enough in Windsor through the beaver trade to pay all the balance of their indebtedness to the London company. It has been generally thought that the Valley meadows were unknown to the Bay people until 1634. I cannot believe it. Indians, hunters, reports from Plymouth, stories from the New Netherland, had given them a fair idea that the meadows, swept clear of trees for generations by spring floods, were easy of cultivation. There were no trees to fell except on the upland, and the Rivulet, as the Tunxis River was called, was crossed by many beaver dams. Shad and salmon runs in the spring were helpful in eking out an existence. Enfield Falls was an admirable place to set nets, and if salt was scarce, shad and salmon well smoked could keep very well for fall and winter provender. Wild turkeys and deer were easy to kill. Ruffed grouse fed on the acorns