Fairfield Centennial Commemoration

1779–1879.

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE,

POEM,

ADDRESSES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

1779–1879.

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION

OF THE

BURNING OF FAIRFIELD,

CONNECTICUT,

BY THE

BRITISH TROOPS UNDER GOVERNOR TRYON,

JULY 8th, 1779.

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INTRODUCTION

The mind of our time is becoming decidedly historical, and the idea is gaining ground that in the study of man, as of nature, the knowledge of facts is the best way to ascertain principles and to order conduct. We Americans are entering generously into this movement. With us, in our literary career, history has come in advance of poetry, and, of late, the whole nation has formed itself into a history class, and for three years our people have been reading together their Centennial records, and are to keep it up for four years to come, until the festival of peace in 1883. As a nation we celebrated the great Centennial of 1876, and each town has been earnest to add its own testimony to whatever has been important in its own annals. The people of the old Town of Fairfield joined with the whole country in that jubilee, and in due time, Fairfield makes this unpretending offering of its own local record to the common treasury of patriotism.

We know very well that our most conspicuous date is not of a jubilant character, and that it notes not a victory, but a disaster. We therefore called the occasion not a celebration but a commemoration, and we determined to have a quiet, thoughtful, neighborly, and patriotic reunion, without noise and revelry, with due remembrance, in prose and poetry, of the great

calamity of a hundred years ago, with wholesome lessons from able speakers upon the duties and hopes of good citizens, with sufficient hospitality to refresh and cheer our guests in the mid-day interval, and with patriotic and devout music to stir and uplift the assembly. We mean to be wholly honest with ourselves and our friends, and to let the occasion speak for itself without any sham, clap-trap or pretension. The task of preparation was divided between efficient committees, and its own duty was assigned to each proper quarter. The result more than gratified our anticipations. The commemoration appears to have been pleasing, impressive, instructive and wholesome, without a single incident to mar its harmony, without the least sign of disorder, with the hearty concurrence of all classes of our residents, and a large attendance of visitors, and with a certain earnest attention and genial fellowship, that did honor alike to hosts and guests, and will be gratefully associated with the future of the town and neighborhood.

It is due to the principal speakers, especially to the author of the historical address, to have it understood that Fairfield has other records than those of disaster and that since the destruction of its chief buildings, its residents have not only been able to restore its beauty, but in conspicuous cases, as the published addresses testify, they have written their names upon the culture and history of the nation. It is perhaps well enough known what eminence the Fairfield clergy have won, but the records of the bench and

bar have been far less known. It is interesting to read in the REV. DR. BEARDSLEY'S Life and Times of William Samuel Johnson, that on the 9th of January, 1812, while the Supreme Court was sitting in Fairfield, Dr. Johnson walked in and took a seat at the bar. "The presence" says a cotemporary, "of this venerable and celebrated counsellor, who has often been styled THE FATHER OF THE BAR IN CONNECTICUT, and who has probably not appeared in a court of justice for twenty-seven years, attracted the attention of all who were present." Shortly after the adjournment, the legal men who were there appointed a committee to express their respect for him in his private and his public character, and Dr. Johnson made a handsome reply. The names of Samuel B. Sherwood, Roger M. Sherman, Matthew B. Whittlesey and James Gould appear on this Committee, and show how strong a hold Fairfield had upon the legal mind of that day.

The Decoration Committee carried out their purpose of cheering and enlarging the fellowship of the occasion by displaying the flags of the great nations of the world, especially remembering France, our ally of old, and England, once our enemy, but now our friend, and as such invited to our assembly, alike by our note to her Minister and by placing her flag near our own, an act which mingled courtesy to the mother country, with a quiet and dignified intimation that America, once so feeble, is now great enough to honor the great of the earth by her hospitable regard.

The Committee of Publication send this record of the commemoration forth to the people of Fairfield, in the hope that it is but the beginning of the good work of town enterprise and public spirit. Perhaps in 1889, when this town will have completed its quarter of a thousand years, and the nation will hold the Centennial of its established Constitution and the inauguration of Washington, its first President, the commemoration may be remembered in a more grand and festive celebration. Perhaps after a century, in 1979, copies of this pamphlet will be read by Fairfield people, who can recall what their grandfathers said to them about the day, July 8th, 1879, that we now commemorate.

SAMUEL OSGOOD,
JAMES K. LOMBARD,
SAMUEL MOREHOUSE,
WILLIAM A. BEERS,
Committee of Publication.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

I. MORNING.

Reception of the Governor and Staff at the Depot.

ASSEMBLY ON THE GREEN, 11 O'CLOCK A. M.

Prayer.

During which the Old Flag of thirteen stars will be at half-mast, in token of sympathy with our ancestors.

Singing of Commemoration Hymn.

Raising of the Old Flag, and display of the colors of England and America, in token of reconciliation and good will.

National Airs of both Countries,

By the Band.

Historical Address, . . By REV. E. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Singing, ... By UNITED CHOIRS.

Original Poem, ... REV. JAMES K. LOMBARD.

II. NOON.

Intermission.

During which there will be a Concert by Band and Luncheon on the Green.

III. AFTERNOON.

Singing, ... WHITTIER'S CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Address, . . By REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D., L.L. D.

Singing, ... By THE UNITED CHOIRS.

Music, ... BY THE BAND.

Addresses, ... BY GUESTS.

Music, ... BY THE BAND.

Escorting the Governor to the Depot.

I—MORNING.

The President, immediately upon the arrival of the procession with the Governor and the escort at the Green, called the assembly to order in these words:

"We meet, fellow citizens and friends, here to-day under a cloudy and not wholly promising sky, and our pleasant town is threatened by water, as she was threatened a century ago by fire. But now, as always, our New England pluck is equal to the hour. Whether wet or dry, we are here in the spirit of our stout old fathers and mothers, and the Yankee heart knows not only how to rise, like the Phenix, from its ashes, but like the dove from the deluge. It looks as if we might be compelled to hold our exercises in the church, the old Church of the Prime Ancient Parish, of which the orator is pastor. In that case, and in any event, it is well for us, here, in presence of our Chief Magistrate and under God's heaven, to make our position sure by saluting the good old flag of the Union, with loyal hearts and to the music of the Star Spangled Banner."

After the band had played that National air, the President announced that the sky promised better weather, and that the assembly would continue to keep their places in the open air. "First of all, we give glory to our God and the God of our fathers,

and ask His blessing upon ourselves and our children.' The Rev. B. G. Relyea, of Green's Farm, formerly the West Parish of Fairfield, offered the prayer of commemoration, and the order of the day was carried out.

COMMEMORATION HYMN.

FAIRFIELD, CONN.,

1779. JULY, 8TH, 1879.

"Thou shalt bless the Lord, thy God, for the good land, which He hath given thee."—DEUT. 8–10.

Father, whose tender care,
All we, Thy children, share,
  Bless Thou our town.
Teach us to walk aright,
Fill our souls with Thy light,
And aid us by Thy might,
  Wrong to tread down.

Ever Thy mercies reign,
Ever through joy and pain
  Feel we Thy hand,
That led through flame and strife,
Through years with anguish rife,
Up from death into life
  Our noble land.

Breathe forth Thy blessing, Lord!
Fix in each heart Thy word,
  Truth undefiled.
O'er the joined flags above
May Thine own Spirit move
Binding with lasting love
  Mother and child.

Tune—Italian Hymn.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

by Rev. Edward E. Rankin, D. D.

In the summer of 1637, the coming of English soldiers into this region became the occasion for founding this town in the wilderness. A hundred and forty-two years later, and just a century ago, another army under the same flag made it to pass through the ordeal of fire.

In commemorating the latter event we are reminded of the former and it is fitting to give some attention to the years in which Fairfield was forming its character and history before its conflagration.

The savage Pequot tribe had filled the hearts of many in the colonies with dismay and dread. In the hostile measures pursued for its destruction some of the chief magistrates of Connecticut were commissioned to accompany the troops sent out to conquer the subtle foe. Their counsel it was thought would assist in directing the valor of the soldiers and bring the protracted conflict to a close.

Thus it came to pass that when Capt. Mason pushed his way to this hitherto unexplored portion of the colony, Roger Ludlow, its deputy Governor, who had held the same office in Massachusetts and was now living in Windsor accompanied the troops.

The battle, fought two miles from the place we now occupy, brought an end to the merciless war.

After silence had settled over Sasco Swamp, amid whose tangled thickets most of the Indian warriors had been slain, the opportunity was used to explore the country near to the scene of battle. This resulted in the return of Mr. Ludlow with eight or ten families from Windsor, to make here their permanent abode.

They were soon joined by others from Watertown and Concord in Massachusetts, and thus within a few years the Indian settlement of Un-quo-wa became the English town of Fairfield.

A purchase of the territory lying north of the sound and reaching seven miles along the coast was fairly made by Ludlow. Some remaining claim of the friendly tribe of natives, who were in no way connected with the hostile Pequots, was in 1670 extinguished in a bargain made by the town through the agency of one of its people, Mr. Jehu Burr.

The town records, although by no means complete, run through many years, during which the civil authority controlled ecclesiastical affairs, and all the town meetings were held in the house where Divine service was performed. From the measures taken at these meetings we can form some idea of the difficulties by which these early inhabitants were surrounded. They offered a bounty of twenty shillings for every wolf killed in the town and one shilling for every fox. They passed stringent laws to punish vagrancy, they voted upon the acceptability of every applicant for residence within their precincts. Some they refused

to receive, some who were already here and guilty of misconduct they ordered to depart. The magistrate, minister and teacher were compensated for their services by the grant or sale of common lands and a new distribution of these public lands was made from time to time in proportion to the possession already obtained and the number of children in the household. The calls for untiring diligence were constant and pressing. Those long and narrow lots reaching back for miles must needs be brought under cultivation by clearing, stubbing, ditching and fencing before they could be used for meadow, pasture or arable land. There were roads to lay out, bridges to build, water courses to be turned into the mill dam, barns, dwellings, school houses and churches to be erected and much needful furniture to be made. Shingles had to be planed and nails wrought by handiwork. All this and much more of similar labor called for the exertion both of brain and muscle in those primitive days of Fairfield's industry and thrift. Nor were the women idle. The flocks, largely depended on for family supplies came under their care. From the clipping of the wool to its transfer as a finished garment upon the persons of their husbands, their children or themselves, womens' fingers were kept busy, while in the washing, carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, cutting and the sewing, dames and damsels of those days became adepts. The lard and candles, the soap and sulphur matches, the butter, cheese and bread all were home made. Have I not said enough to show you that

both on the farm and within the dwelling there were all the elements needful for self reliance and strength? In the absence of a piano, the music of the loom and spinning wheel doubtless lulled many a Fairfield baby to sleep. From these beginnings of agriculture and in the foundation arts of the mason, carpenter, smith and miller, the town made onward progress until it became a port of entry for foreign goods, while the destruction of no less than forty-eight shops and stores in 1779 makes clear the increase of its commerce and manufacturers.

During all these early years there was peace within its borders, only once interrupted by an early speck of threatened war. In 1653 our neighbors of the Manhadoes were suspected of efforts to incite the Indians to massacre the white inhabitants of these New England settlements. The authorities of the colonies at first appeared to favor the suggestion of a war against the Dutch, but soon wisely abandoned the project. This change of policy did not suit the views of our chief townsman, Mr. Ludlow. He urged the people of Fairfield and some dwelling in Stamford, to prepare for such a war, on their own account, and he was made General of a small army organized here. The project was brought to naught by colonial authority, and on account of this discomfiture Mr. Ludlow took his departure from us and made a new home in Virginia. Thus Connecticut and Fairfield alike were losers of an honest and capable man, who had held high offices and performed much useful

work. His chief faults appear to have been an imperious temper and undue confidence in his own opinion. His home here cannot be definitely ascertained, but is supposed to have been not far from the present residence of Mrs. Benson.

In connection with this mention of a small army, home-made as were the most of our productions, I will speak of another military spectacle in our town that appeared about ninety years later. In 1768, a portion of his majesty's 48th Highlanders were quartered here. The town meeting took pity upon our Gaelic guests whose short breeks left their knees uncoverd to the biting cold, and with other supplies raised by tax, they voted £23 to furnish wood for the Highland troops.

This passing notice of military topics would not be complete unless allusion were made to that institution of every Connecticut town the Trayne band with its drillings six days every year, begun at eight o'clock in the morning, often with the solemnity of prayer.

Into a minute description of other institutions of those early years I cannot enter.

We learn from the provisions made in town meetings for the support of the teacher that schools were soon established.

The Prime Ecclesiastical Society was co-existant with the town and the only other religious organization near the centre was that of the Church of England, which had its distinct beginning here in 1724. In explanation of the statements already made of the

amount of business carried on, we must remember that Fairfield village was the centre of a large and growing farming community. A few farms nearly connected with it, were all that then existed of Mill River, now known as the flourishing borough of Southport. As for our enterprising neighbor on the Pequonnock, her few scattered houses as yet had given no presage of the business capacities latent within her, of the vast factories that have since supplied the world with their destructive and useful productions, nor of the gorgeous spectacles that go forth thence to astonish and delight the nations. To show how early the fruitfulness of Bridgeport soil was understood, I quote from the Fairfield town records of May, 7, 1719 the following item: "The town grants unto the Rev. Mr. Cooke of Stratford the whole right in the herbage of Golden Hill, both meadow and upland, which grant to continue during the town's pleasure."

In the grand list of 1775, where one-hundred and sixty-nine towns are enumerated, Fairfield stands seventh in taxable wealth. Her political and social powers were also great. Her representatives carried the point in the General court, of having twelve jurors instead of six in judicial trials. Mr. Ludlow had been the first man to codify the laws of the colony, and the general intelligence and integrity prevailing in the town made it a place of attraction to virtuous and cultivated people.

As wealth increased, society became more polished.

The mild system of New England slavery lightened some of the burdens of the household. The children of these servants were baptized and religiously educated, and among the few who died by the bayonets of British soldiers in '79, one was a negro servant.

I beg to present to you a few names then familiar in the households of Fairfield, the greater part of which I have found upon the marriage records of Rev. Mr. Eliot.

They are Toney, Tego, Callico, York, Priamus, Primus, Titus and Prince, married respectively to Dorcas, Sue, Dinah, Kate, Luce Jute, Nance and Phillis. In addition to these may be mentioned Marrimo, Parrot, Pompy, Sambo, Boston, Lyd, Floro, Tama, Dolphin and Dran.

After these servants of earthly masters I will next name the ministers who officiated in the Fairfield churches in 1779. The prime ancient society had for its pastor Andrew Eliot, son of Andrew Eliot, D. D., of Boston, who was invited here from a stewardship at Harvard, Captain Abel having gone on horseback to Boston to convey to him a call. He was ordained June 22d, 1774, and after a useful ministry of more than thirty-one years, fell asleep among his people, September 26th, 1705.

During the war he was a zealous advocate of Independence and his account of the scenes of the 7th and 8th of July is probably the most graphic narrative that has come down to us of the events we commemorate to-day. Mr. Eliot was a scholar of distinguished

ability, and under his instruction the late Prof. Benj. Silliman was prepared to enter Yale College at a very early age.

The Rev. John Sayre was minister of the Episcopal church, having previously served a Parish in Newburg. He was a decided loyalist and in the great excitement of those times he had been for a season banished from his home and parish. But many of the most respectable of the towns-people, both within and outside of his church, although they had no sympathy with his political opinions, esteeming him as a Godly and useful minister, procured his recall. On the 7th of July, after the firing had begun and the flames had been kindled, Mr. Sayre appeared among the people with the British General's address, and by this action aroused great indignation against himself.

He entreated from Gen. Tryon the exemption of the town from the flames. Failing in this, he begged that a few houses including his own and that of Mr. Eliot, might be spared. For these he obtained a written protection, but the paper proved useless, and both of these ministers were involved with the most of their townsmen in the total loss of their property. Mr. Sayre, with his wife and eight young children, stripped of every earthly possession, excepting the clothes they were wearing, found refuge on board the British fleet, and after serving a church in Nova Scotia, he closed his earthly ministry. A similar calamity of fire was suffered by Rev. Hezekiah Ripley, the able and excellent pastor of the Green's Farm's

church. Dr. Ripley served for a time as chaplain in the Continental army, and had a long and honored pastorate at Green's Farms.

The most prominent physician here in those years was Dr. Francis Forgue. He had married the charming widow of Mr. Dennie, and lived in the home left to her by her first husband, near the site of Mrs. John Sanford's house. As a county seat, Fairfield offered an attractive home for the legal profession. Prominent among our lawyers, was Judge Jonathan Sturges, whose home was near the present junction of the Railway and Mill Plain road. He was active in all town affairs, and became one of the members of the Congress of 1789, the first that greeted Washington as president of the United States. Another eminent lawyer was Gold Selleck Silliman, whose dwelling yet stands on Holland Hill. He is better known to us in a military capacity, having served in the battles of Long Island, White Plains and Ridgefield. To him had been assigned the command of the militia in this county, and his skill as a General was so highly appreciated that Sir Henry Clinton employed a small company of tory soldiers to make him prisoner. They came, eight in number, from a whale boat, with which they had crossed from Long Island, leaving it in charge of the ninth of their band, hid in the sedges of Black Rock. Stealthily feeling their way up the steep hill at midnight they forced a passage into the dwelling and secured the prize. Gen. Silliman was deacon in the old Fairfield church and had in charge the vessels to

be used on that Sabbath which had already begun at the hour of sunset. With great presence of mind, he cast one of his wife's garments over these utensils, thus screening them from observation, and then, with his son William, took his unwilling march to enter upon a year's captivity. This was on the first night of May, '79, and his enforced absence during the coming July, caused the command to be devolved at that season upon Col. Samuel Whiting, of Stratford, who bravely fulfilled the duties thus imposed.

With Gen. Silliman's name is associated that of Lieut. Col. Abraham Gold, the home of whose ancestors and descendants has belonged to the family more than two hundred years. These two had fought in the same fields of battle. The latest occasion of their warlike companionship was at Ridgefield, in April, 1777, where Gen. Worster was mortally wounded and Col. Gold was slain. His home was where the main street turns northward toward Stratfield, Stratford and New Haven, a part of the old King's highway between New York and Boston, the lower road now leading to Bridgeport not having been opened at that time.

In the conflagration of the town, his widow, with their chidren, lost their dwelling house which bounded the limit of the fire in that direction.

On the corner below us, now occupied by the beautiful lawn on which Mr. Henry Beer's house stands, lived Capt. Samuel Smedley. When very young he married Esther Rowland, his near neighbor,

and early in the war, became an officer on the Connecticut armed vessel the Defense, of which he was soon promoted to the chief command. Among the valuable prizes he took were the Snowswift, the Grog, the Anna and the Lydia. In consort with Capt. Parker of the Cromwell, another Connecticut ship, two armed British vessels were attacked, the Admiral Keppel of 18 guns and the Cyrus of 16. It was a time of partial disablement on the Defense, one of Capt. Smedley's officers had died of small pox and fifty of the crew having been exposed to the disease, had been inocculated. Yet though suffering from the fever attending this process, the men did noble service. Both the English ships were captured and the prizes including their cargoes sold, the one for about £20,000, and the other, to give exact figures, for £22,320 18s. and 8d. After the war was closed Capt. Smedley received the appointment of Collector of this port.

The Sheriff of the county in those days was Gen. Elijah Abel whose house was the second one set on fire. This he afterward rebuilt and it is occupied by Mrs. Benson. Gen. Able was an active man in the affairs of the county, the town, the militia and the church.

Mr. Andrew Rowland filled during many years the important office of Town Clerk, and his dwelling which survived the fire, is now the house of Mr. Benjamin Betts.

In the group of families bearing the familiar name

of Burr, that of Mr. Thaddeus Burr and Eunice, his wife, stands prominent. His dwelling was on the site of the house of Mr. O. W. Jones, and many traditions have come down to us of the plenty, elegance and hospitality which characterized that home. Within it were welcomed friends driven out of Boston at the time of its blockade. There, one of the most noted beauties of that city, Dorothy, daughter of Edmund Quincy, was, on the 28th of August, 1779, married to John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress.

Andrew Eliot, who records this marriage, places it in its order next to that of Jack, negro servant of David Barlow, and Mary, negro servant of Deacon Hill. The nuptial tie, like the grip of death, clutches mortals of every station. To Mr. Burr's dwelling Gen. Tyron had given a protection, but this did not avail to save it and its valuable contents from destruction.

The affidavit of Mrs. Burr, an intelligent and refined women, describing the scene of which she was a witness, presents a forcible demonstration of the wanton outrages committed by the invadors of our soil. The same may be said also of the sworn statements made by others who witnessed similar scenes in their own dwellings. Of these I may mention the names of Jane and Abigail Bulkley, Mary Beers, Isabella Trubee, Ruana Roberson and Ann Nichols, all of them wives of Fairfield men. All offered vain entreaties to prevent the destruction of the homes over which they were watching.

In considering the calamity that came upon this people, we must not forget that down to the year 1765, they, with all their New England compatriots had been thoroughly loyal to the English Government.

The news of Clive's wonderful victory at Plassy in 1757, which laid the foundation of a British Empire in India, had been hailed by them with glad acclamation. They did not foresee that policy which to help the fortunes of the East India company would seek to force its stores of tea upon unwilling America.

These colonists also bore much of the burden laid upon them in the French and Indian wars, and when Quebec was taken and the treaty with France in 1763 secured the possession of Canada as British territory, our own town, with all others in New England, welcomed the splendid results of Chatham's statesmanship and Wolfe's heroic valor.

But the stamp act of a two years' later date turned back the current of this loyalty. The sanctions of constitutional law wrung by our fathers from the hands of an unwilling king at Runnymede, and the principles that occasioned and sustained the Pilgrim exodus were alike arrayed against the new stand taken by the British ministry. Throughout our whole land the controversy waxed stronger, until ten years after its beginning it found vent in the bullets of Lexington.

During these years men were brought face to face

with the question which each must answer for himself. Fairfield answered it with almost entire unanimity, and in response to those Massachusetts muskets of the 19th of April, 1775, fifty of her militia, under Capt. David Dimon, were speedily on their march toward Boston.

Connecticut has been fortunate in the choice of her governors, and the chief magistrate of our commonwealth who is with us to-day belongs to a company of noble men, and is, we believe, worthy to be enrolled in such a companionship. We feel all the more confident in trusting the administration of Governor Andrews because he had Jonathan Trumbull as one of his predecessors, Brother Jonathan, Washington's prudent adviser, to whose wisdom and patriotism the chief of the nation gave clearest testimony. Under the counsels of this man, holding the highest office in the State, Connecticut, from the first, took an active and important part in the conduct of the war. Gov. Trumbull, as contrasted with Tryon, the Royal Governor of our neighboring State of New York, reminds us of objects presented by Jotham's ancient allegory. One was a cedar of Lebanon, under whose shadow men came for shelter and strength; the other, the bramble, out of whose thorny spines shot forth the flames that blasted and consumed.

Some of the sons of Fairfield were early enlisted among the Continental troops sent to the defense of New York. They shared in the disaster of Long

Island and White Plains. They had their representatives among the captives of the sugar house and prison ship. On an exchange of prisoners some returned suffering from small-pox, that scourge of the army, and near the old powder house a commodious barn was fitted up as a hospital for them. In our town meeting, during the want occasioned by the blockade of Boston, an effort to obtain food for the suffering people resulted in the despatch of 750 bushels of grain for their relief. The thankful acknowledgment of this timely gift may be read upon our records, and it is one of the writings of which none of our townsmen need to be ashamed. The important articles of association passed by Congress, October 14th, 1774, met with hearty response among us, and a large committee, consisting of some of our most prominent citizens, was formed to make the pledge effectual. It was designed to free our people from dependence upon goods imported from England, to encourage the practice of economy, alike in sports, luxuries and mourning apparel, and to frustrate the efforts of any who might seek to weaken the patriotic sentiment now rapidly advancing toward the final conflict.

During these years, active measures were taken to prevent surprise by sudden incursion upon our coasts. Alarm signals were concerted and guards stationed at Stratfield, Compo, Frost Point, and McKenzie's Point, to keep watch from sunset to sunrise. The fort on Grover's Hill was strengthened and supplied

with 12lb. cannon and ammunition for the use of its garrison of 25 men. These were enough to act as sentinels throughout during the day. They proved afterward, though a little decreased in number, victorious against all the force that could be sent against them.

In May, 1779, an unavailing request was made to the Governor and Council for an armed vessel to guard our coasts during that approaching summer, for even then there were portents of dread events to come troubling the minds of our people. The last action taken in town meeting, before the house of its assembly was consumed, was the adoption of a resolution designed to arrest the depreciation of paper money.

I have spoken of Gov. Tryon. The story of our disasters could not be told without the frequent mention of his name. Among the distinguished visitors whom Fairfield has entertained, this British Governor and Major-General stands pre-eminent. So fascinated were our people with him during his brief stay of less than thirty hours, that twelve days after his departure a committee was appointed in town meeting to raise a sum of money to be offered as a reward to any person who should "captivate" and take him.

Sir Wm. Tryon, Bart., makes his earliest appearance in American History as Governor of the Province of North Carolina. Assuming a vice royal state, he built a palace in Newbern, and to sup-

port the expenses attending his dignity oppressed the people with heavy taxation. An insurrection was caused by his petty tyrany, which he suppressed with the bullets of his guards.

On the 8th of July, 1771, he was transferred to New York, and appointed to the same station in that province, having his residence in its chief city. Surrounded there by active and intelligent loyalists he yielded credence to their expressed statements that through the weakness of resources and the jealousies and corruption too manifest among themselves, the American people who had engaged in the conflict must ultimately yield to the greater power of the mother country. Tryon had much vanity in his character; this he had shown in Newbern, this also appears in his ordering a new county to be made from Albany, to which his name was attached, now substituted by that of Montgomery. He had the disposition to be active in the contest that when the rebellion had been crushed, King George might be constrained to give to him a better title than that of Baronet. Yet, although he had physical courage, it is unfortunate for his reputation that he never availed himself of his high standing in the British army to encounter an organized force in the open field.

He tried the art of rhetoric, addressing letters to Gov. Trumbull, Gen. Parsons, and others, in which he sought to convince them of the hopelessness of their cause. A specimen of his power

in this direction is before us in the famous address issued to the people of Connecticut and widely scattered at New Haven and Fairfield. This told them that their towns, their property and themselves were within the grasp of a power whose forbearance they had ungenerously construed into fear, and urged them to humble themselves because of their delusion and conscious guilt.

Tryon's pen in all these efforts proved powerless.

Another course he pursued was one of treachery. He corrupted some near the person of Washington in expectation that the American General might be made his prisoner, but in this he was foiled.

He made similar efforts to secure the capture of Putnam, but his secret agent was discovered and taken. When Tryon sent a threatening message demanding his release, the reply came back from Peekskill in this curt and comprehensive note:

To Gov. Tryon, Sir: Nathan Palmer a lieutenant in your service was taken in my camp as a spy; he was tried as a spy; he was condemned as a spy; and you may rest assured, Sir, he shall be hanged as a spy.

I have the honor to be &c.,

Israel Putnam.

P. S.—Afternoon: He is hanged.

Gen. Tryon's warlike achievements were each connected with the people of Fairfield County. The

first was in the spring of '77, when he landed at Compo with two thousand troops and burned a portion of Danbury—with this the battle of Ridgefield was closely associated. Gen. Silliman and the Fairfield militia and artillery then first encountered the man who was two years later to set their town on fire.

The second of these expeditions was made by land, in February, 1779, and is connected with the story of Putnam's famous leap at Horse Neck Hill. The third, and most interesting to us, was the descent upon this portion of the coast occupying about ten days in July, 1779.

We may properly pause here and inquire what were the motives that led to this predatory warfare. Gen. Tryon held no special grudge against these three towns. He was not like John Butler, who cherished intense hatred toward the Connecticut colony of Wyoming, and whose people, with the aid of his savage allies, he massacred in cold blood. He had no such occasion of offence as later in the war brought Benedict Arnold to wreak vengeance on his native town of Norwich.

Tryon acted under instructions from the English ministry and from Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief of all the British forces in America. The former were incensed at the recent alliance formed between France and America. To them it appeared like the mortgaging of English property to England's ancient foe, and whatever could be done to damage that property was in accord with justice

and propriety. The success of American privateers had also been a source of great annoyance, and the depredations on peaceful towns might, it was thought, discourage such undertakings.

Gen. Clinton favored the expedition for military reasons. With the exception of an army at Newport and a small post on the Penobscot, New England at this time was free from British troops. The active measures of the war had been transferred to the south, but Clinton held a large and well organized army at or near New York. Meanwhile, the American General was guarding the passage of the Hudson, with his headquarters at New Windsor, and his troops stationed among the highlands. To draw Washington from this secure position, and to force him to a battle on the open field, with all the advantage of numbers and discipline on the British side, was the purpose and wish of Clinton. Many at the time blamed the American commander-in-chief because he did not march to the succor of distressed Connecticut, but time, and the events of history have vindicated both his judgment and humanity in the course he pursued.

The ends aimed at by the British ministry and military commander were not realized, and this sack of the dwellings of inoffensive people added neither credit nor strength to the British cause. Sir Henry Clinton recalled the fleet without allowing the intended descent upon New London which was to follow the burning of Norwalk. It may be his acute mind

perceived a mistake had been made. Sympathy was aroused even among some who were enemies, and the patriotic spirit of our own people was more than ever intensified. Dr. Franklin, in a letter, quotes Paul Jones, the valiant privateer, as saying that the burning of Fairfield and other towns had demolished all his moderation.

As we endeavor to picture the appearance of our own town when this descent was made, we must not think of it as an old and dilapidated settlement. Although well nigh a hundred and forty years had passed since the colonists laid their first foundations, scarcely a vestige of their earliest buildings remained. They had given place to larger and better structures. The Prime Ancient Society still retaining their original site, had erected upon it in 1747 their third house of worship. Its dimensions were 60 by 44 feet, and its steeple was 120 feet high.

The Episcopal church, which, in 1738, took the place of the first building on Mill Plain, stood on Main street, facing the street that leads to our present post-office, on what is now Mr. Henry Rowland's place; it was also a commodious building with a steeple 100 feet in height. The court-house on this central green had only recently been erected in place of one standing before where Mr. Hobart's store now stands. A noted thief named Fraser, confined in the jail then connected with it, had set that building on fire on the 4th of April, 1768. Hence had come the rebuilding, and the erection of a separate prison which

was located where St. Paul's church now stands. All these comparatively recent structures were consumed, together with Penfield's Sun Tavern which also faced the green. The public and private buildings were creditable to the taste and prosperity of the people.

The village was surrounded with meadows, whose stores of hay had recently been gathered into barns, and the wheat harvest, which promised great abundance, had just begun.

On Saturday evening, the 3d day of July, the British fleet weighed anchor off the port of Whitestone, eleven miles east of New York. During the spring, it had made a destructive raid upon Virginia, and returned in time to aid General Clinton in his successful assault upon Verplanck's and Stony Point on the first of June.

The New York Sons of Liberty had been informed of preparations for a fresh departure, and sent couriers to New London to warn that city of the coming invader.

Sunday, the fourth of July, was a warm, calm day. Our people were in their churches, and the vessels could scarcely have appeared in view before the night came on. The light breeze had no power to move them swiftly on their course. There were two large men-of-war, the Camilla and Scorpion, and forty-eight row galleys, tenders and transports. Sir George Collier commanded the fleet and General Tryon the land forces, about twenty-six hundred in number. Brigadier-General Garth had special charge

of the Hessian regiments, the Landgraves and Yaegers. The English forces consisted of two-bodies of Fusileers, the Guards, the Fifty-fourth regiment of foot and the King's American regiment, refugees enlisted in the British army. Early on Monday morning, the squadron came to anchor near New Haven, where on that day and Tuesday the troops pursued their desolating work. On the evening of Tuesday the fleet left New Haven, and during that night was moving toward Fairfield. About four o'clock of Wednesday a gun from the fort on Grover's Hill announced its approach, but it seemed to be passing by, and about seven o'clock the people who were anxiously watching it were rejoiced to see that it was steering westward, proceeding, as they thought, to New York. Soon after a very thick fog came on, during which the vessels were obscured from view, but when this dispersed, between 9 and 10 o'clock it was seen with consternation that the whole fleet was under our western shore, where they came to anchor at the Pines, which have since disappeared, a little to the east of *McKenzie's* Point. From Gen. Tryon's report, it appears that he with the main portion of the troops landed there, and that the Hessians, under Gen. Garth, made their disembarkation at the water front of Sasco Hill, over which they marched to take possession of the western section of the town.

Tryon, with the troops immediately under his command, marched along the beach and turned up

the Beach Lane, somewhat galled by the guns of Grover's Hill. They pursued their way to this point where we are now assembled, and where, on the site of our Town Hall, the Court House was then standing.

The British General was guided by George Hoyt, who was brother-in-law of Mr. Benjamin Bulkley.

His house, since demolished, stood on the ground where Mr. John Glover has his home, and Gen Tryon made his headquarters while here. With this, the dwellings of Capt. Maltbie, Justin Hobart, and Nathan and Peter Bulkley, were saved from the fire. These are now in the possession of Edmund Hobart, Miss Hannah Hobart, and the Denison estate.

The line of the conflagration extended from Mrs. Gould's house to Mill River, in the vicinity of Perry's Mill, including both the streets and their immediate neighborhood, and extended westward through the lower road at Green's Farms.

To silence the guns at the fort where Lieut. Isaac Jarvis had a garrison of twenty-three men, a galley had been dispatched, but although there was constant firing throughout the night of Wednesday, and several detachments of troops tried to take the fort by assault, it was gallantly defended and held out to the end.

As the troops marched up toward the centre of the town, young Sam. Rowland, then ten years of age, saw them from the steeple at the Episcopal

church, but he was soon sent home from his dangerous position, and his grand-children to-day repeat the story they heard in their childhood from his lips. Mrs. Gen. Silliman from the home of her temporary widowhood on Holland Hill, heard the first guns of the conflict and set out for a safe asylum in Trumbull, where a few weeks later her second son, the distinguished Yale Professor was born.

Before the landing was effected, Mrs. Esther Jennings, the young wife of Peter Burr, went early to the pasture fields near McKenzie's Point and drove the cattle there feeding to a safe refuge on Greenfield Hill. Thither and to Fairfield Woods many of the little children with much furniture were removed in carts and chaises, while some of the women remained to guard the dwellings. The company who had charge of a field piece, wheeled it to a good position on Burr's highway. The men in the village and farm-houses grasped their muskets and ammunition, and rallied under command of Col. Whiting at the rendevous on Round Hill.

Tryon's march to the green was the signal of their resistance, and a small company under Capt. Thomas Nash, made a brilliant attack upon the English troops, firing from behind the fences, and killing a few who were laid in shallow graves by their comrades on the meeting-house grounds. These afterwards were removed to permanent rest in our ancient cemetery.

About this time it would appear that the first

house was fired, the one belonging to Isaac Jennings on whose site Mrs. Esther Huntington now lives. Then came the flag from Gen. Tryon and the reading of that address of which I have spoken. Col. Whiting sent back this spirited reply :

"Connecticut having nobly dared to take up arms against the cruel despotism of Britain, and as the flames have now preceded the answer to your flag, they will persist to oppose to the utmost that power exerted against injured innocence."

In resistance of an organized army who held possession of the town it was impossible for the militia to concentrate an effectual force. The night was coming on—that Wednesday night of the 7th, which witnessed scenes of debauchery and cruelty such as Fairfield has never known at any other period of her history. The Hessian general held the Western portion of the town, and his regiment of Yaegers are described as skulking and yelling like the wild savages of the forest. The detachments broke up into small squads and some of the governor's guards engaged in a dance in the Sun Tavern on the green. Most of the soldiers were passing in little companies from house to house, pillaging and wasting provisions, breaking up glass, earthenware and furniture, stealing the watches, jewelry and shoe-buckles from the persons of women, taking from them even their aprons and handkerchiefs, and with oaths and ribaldry, grossly insulting them. Many soldiers were drunk with liquor or strong cider they had stolen.

Tryon reports that they lay on their arms during the night, and Dr. Dwight, who was not an eye-witness to those scenes, describes in eloquent language a terrific thunder-storm. Enough it is for us to hear the guns thundering through all its dark hours in the defense and attack of the little fort, and to see one after another of the pillaged houses fall before the flames which the British general's troops had kindled. The burning cinders that fell that night, wet with the tears of women then made homeless, must ever in the record of history blacken Tryon's name.

The militia did all they were able to accomplish, keeping up a running fire, and more were on their way to join them. So the signal of retreat was sounded early on Thursday, and in the course of that morning of the 8th of July, the squadron was off for Huntington, only to cross the Sound again, and on the subsequent Sunday repeat their terrible work at Norwalk. It was on the morning of the 8th that the remaining private edifices and all the public buildings were consumed. More destruction would doubtless have been effected but for the wholesome fear of the ambush of the watchful militia.

The enemy dreaded the stone walls, fences and shrubbery. On this account the old mill of Peter Perry, which had ground the corn of the people for a hundred years, was still left to do its work. Through the exertions of the women who kept watch some fires that had been kindled were put out. This was done four times by Mrs. Lucretia Redfield dur-

ing that Wednesday night, and the house she then saved stands to-day a pleasant abode occupied by some of the same name. The Nichols family, always proverbial for notable housewifery, employed large hanks of yarn then soaking in preparation for the dye and with it extinguished the flames that had begun to consume their home.

There were burned a court house and jail, three churches, two school houses, ninety-seven dwellings, sixty-seven barns, forty-eight stores and shops, in all two hundred and eighteen buildings. The gathered labors of the field, the books, papers, pictures, the well-preserved products of the spinning wheel and needle, the precious heirlooms, tokens of love and memorials of friendship, how were these brought into destruction as in a moment!

The sparks, cinders and half burned feathers floating in the summer air—what sickness must they have brought to many hearts!

Some things had been removed to safe places beyond the reach of the fire. Isaac Burr, the jeweler, hid the watches left for repair at his shop within the stone fissures of his well and placed his Bible and some of his own precious goods with them.

Prudent Phillis, servant of Judge Sturges, took the wet linen from the wash tub and hid it among the currant bushes. Pewter dishes, kept bright by constant scouring, were thrown into the bottom of wells, to be recovered when the danger was past. One looking glass is still as reflecting as ever. It was

hidden in an uncradled rye field, and when, a few days later a black man cut the swath that revealed it standing there upright, he saw his own figure in the sunshine, and mistaking it for Satan, whom he feared, he threw down his sickle in terror and ran away.

The sadness had by that time been mollified, the people had begun again to provide means for living. They made new homes, some in warehouses or outbuildings that had been spared, some rearing them again upon the old foundations. The large grant of State lands (on this account called the burnt lands), in Ohio, tempted a few to find new homes in the West. Some of our own people thus changed their place of residence, and their descendants are there abiding to this day, adorning their ancestral teachings by lives of honor and usefulness; and of the stock transplanted in this manner from our neighboring town of Norwalk, sprung the two brothers Sherman, one presiding to-day over our nation's treasury, and the other commanding its army.

The life of Fairfield was not extinguished in its burning, nor did the energy of the town expire. Its source of strength was too deep to be reached by the kindled brands, too high to be fatally affected by the ascending flames. The town rose from its ashes, and has had an honorable history down to the present day. From the fire that consumed Mr. Eliot's dwelling one book was rescued, the Church record, running back to 1694. In his clear handwriting, he inscribed within it a brief account of the events

which, after the lapse of a century, we now recall.

As in concluding this address I repeat his words, they may convey to us the spirit of submission unto God and trust in Him which strengthened this people to pass through the furnace of calamity. In subsequent times of prosperity and safety, these sentiments have not been wholly lost. May they always prevail, and may the intelligence, soberness and industry of our people render them fit dwellers in those pleasant places chosen more than two hundred and forty years ago by the founders of our beautiful town. By maintaining these principles in peace and purity, and through a wise and constant exercise of that public spirit which characterized our fathers, we will show how greatly we prize this rich inheritance, made more precious by the refining fire.

Copy of historical note of Rev. Andrew Eliot, V.D.M. :

—1779.—

July 7th.—A part of the British army, consisting of Britons, Germans, and American refugees, under the command of Major-General Tryon, and Brigadier-General Garth, landed in this town from a fleet commanded by Sir George Collier.

In the evening and night of the same day, a great part of the buildings in the town plot were consumed by said troops.

July 8th.—In the morning, the meeting-house, together with the Church of England building, the court house, prison, and almost all the principal buildings in the society, were laid in ashes.

Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burnt up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste.

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.

ALLELUIA!

The Lord, God, Omnipotent, reigneth. Amen.

POEM

By Rev. JAMES K. LOMBARD.

UNQUOWA.

"Farewell to the Old!" was the mariner's song
As he gave his adventurous sail to the breeze;
"Behind lies the bondage of falsehood and wrong,
Before floats the vision that beckons and frees.
Are there tears for the old? they are profitless tears,
It hath shown neither pity nor care for to-day;
Lay the corpse, dumb and cold, in the grave of the years,
Mutter "ashes to ashes," then up and away!
All hail to the New! to the land of our quest,
Though its welcome be bleak and its hillsides be bare,
'Tis the home of the true, the broad realm of the West,
Humanity's promise and future are there."

'Twas the watchword that lured them, faint echoed from far
And they bowed to its spell of resistless command,
"*Unquowa!* Go further! your beckoning star
At last o'er the cradle of freedom shall stand.
Press onward, fresh conquests and glories to find,
New homes and long vistas are opening to view,
Fairer fields are before you than aught left behind,
"Behold!" said the voice, "I make all things anew."

With hearts that were tender and brows that were stern
Our sires to the edge of the wilderness came,
And read, as discouragement whispered "Return!"
"*Unquowa!*" writ over in letters of flame.
They followed to where 'twixt the hills and the sea
These plains in their vesture of emerald lie;
"*No further!*" they cried, "this our haven shall be,
No lovelier field is o'erarched by the sky."

NOTE.—*Unquowa* is the Indian name of Fairfield, meaning "go further.

Yet but for a moment,—the wave of unrest
With scarce a surcease rolled impatient along,
And still as it swept from the east to the west,
"Go further!" the endless refrain to its song.
"Out-do all the deeds by humanity done,
Confound the old world with dismay and surprise
As it witnesses something new under the sun,
New morals, discoveries, isms and—lies.
Where others have climbed write your name above theirs,
Crowd all sail to the breeze, though for ballast you lack,
The favors of Fortune he merits who dares,
And the motto of progress is "Never look back!"

Some good he has wrought, to no region confined,
Freedom's heir, of a century, here in the west,
Some blessing has brought to himself and mankind,
Some glories achieved, be it freely confessed.
Some wisdom moreover, has won, dearly earned
At the price of disaster and costly delays,
And this not the least from experience learned,
True progress is Janus-faced, looking *two ways.*
One front shining fair with the beauty of youth,
Peering forward to pierce through futurity's vail,
Decks the day-dreams of Hope with the mantle of Truth
And listens entranced to the flatterer's tale;
The other looks backward with calm level gaze,
Adown the long track by the centuries trod,
Traces out the great plan mid the devious maze,
And hears through the ages the voices of God.

Strange tissue of gold and of sable we weave
As we rest 'neath the broad leafy spaces to-day!
Old legends with tales of the hour interleave
And dream a long century quickly away.

Is it well from the glare of the noontide to turn
And awhile in some black, frowning shadow to dwell,
The lesson sublime of endurance to learn,
The cost of our heritage,—say, is it well?
If patience no less than achievement is grand,
If the soil bearing heroes is watered by tears,
Time itself but a speck by eternity spanned,
Is not this a proud day in the cycle of years?

What wait ye, dear friends, as in silence ye sit
With the light and the shade interwoven around,
O'er your vision what phantoms of memory flit,
What voice from the fire, speaks of blood-hallowed ground?
There's a guest whom ye see not, among you to-day,
His hand is in yours as he stands at your door,
With the dead generations he wandered away,
And now he returns to your hearth-stones once more.
For him ye have gathered with welcome and cheer,
For him thus your bountiful table have spread,
His soul-stirring words ye are waiting to hear,
To-day ye converse and commune with the dead.
With the dead! nay, the *living*, they walk here again
As they wandered of yore through the ghost-haunted streets,
Awakened the dust which in slumber had lain,
Sire to son still the sorrowful story repeats.
Men may die to the thought of their kindred and age,
Their names be forgot by their wonted abode,
But they who the fight for humanity wage
Ever live to a generous fame and to God.

For him ye are waiting, the soul of the past,
The spirit who dwelt in the woods and the waves,
Gently sighed in the breeze, wildly sobbed in the blast,
And knelt by our forefathers' cradles and graves;

Who led them to where in his desperate flight
A merciless foe in the swamp stood at bay,
Nerved their hearts for the onset, their arms for the fight,
And swept the last hope of the Pequod away.
Who first on that day to their wondering eyes
This glorious vision of beauty revealed,
Where the plain and the sea meet and blend with the skies,
And our sires hailed in rapture their new-found Fairfield.

Theirs the spirit that tyranny fearlessly braves,
In the might of Omnipotence battles with wrong,
Spurns the peace that is won by the trappings of slaves,
By disaster grows great, and by suffering, strong.
That spirit they drank in the breath of the bay
As with fragrance and healing it passed on the breeze,
Its coolness they caught from the dash of the spray,
Its statue erect from the hills and the trees;
Its rhythmical tones in the wavelets they heard
That crept up enamored to fondle the shore,
With its dauntless defiance their spirits were stirred,
In the growl of the surf and the breakers' dull roar.

That dim Presence is here; Time returns on its track,
Our hearts feel the spell of a mystical power,
On the dial of years the grim shadow, turned back,
Points again to the pitiful day and the hour;
Day whose cloud-curtained morn broke with ominous light
As the sun faintly streamed through the fog-laden air,
When the pillar of flame lit the blackness of night,
And the dawning of doubt brought the eve of despair

On the errand of demons with torch and with brand,
Do ye spread your white wings, O ye birds of the sea?
Fair as angels of light in the offing ye stand,
Speed away with the breezes that blow for the free!

They have passed! hid from sight by the trend of the shore,—
Breathe a sigh of relief, lips with fear that were dumb,
Lift the voice of thanksgiving, the peril is o'er!—
Hush! a sound in the distance! 'tis the beat of the drum!
Faint and fitful, then louder it falls on the ear,
To the hills! for your lives, if your lives ye would save!
The fiend of destruction and carnage is near,
Of a pitiless foe vainly mercy ye crave.
Leave your hearth-stones and roofs to the conqueror's ire,
The sacrifice yield to fair Freedom's demand,
To-day ye pass through the baptism of fire
And leave to your children a heritage grand.

Up the lane from the beach comes the trampling of feet,
With the rattle of drums and with bayonets' sheen,
Red-coated marauders are thronging the street
And crowding, with insolent menace, the green.
"Halt!" the order is heard and the uproar is still;
"Break your ranks!" then in groups the invaders disperse
Of lust and of plunder to gather their fill,
While the heavens grow black with a low-muttered curse.

Draw the curtain of night, thou kind angel of doom
O'er the deeds that men dare but that lips may not tell,
Yet with flashes of light half disclose through the gloom
To the awe-stricken gazer, the image of hell.
The flames streaming wildly from roof and from spire,
The cinders whirled upward, the storm-spirit's wail,
The jubilant dance of the demon of fire
Mid the thunder's long roll and the roar of the gale.

Yet not unresisting the patriots fly,—
Ere the foe's haughty challenge submission to yield,
From the fort on the hill comes an iron reply,

And the shot of the skirmisher rattles afield.
Pursuer uplifting the murderous hand
Follows close on the fugitive's hurried retreat,
Then his riderless steed at the captor's command
Comes to halt, as the trooper falls dead at his feet.
They are scores against thousands,—the contest is vain,
Yet hereafter the visitor, gazing around,
Shall say, "On this sod ran the blood of the slain,
Here the battle of freedom with triumph was crowned."

The black deed is done; view your work with delight,
Who have written in ashes your passport to fame,
In the red, lurid glare of that horrible night
Emblazoning Tryon's illustrious name.
These desolate homes, these dull embers that lie
Where the temples of God once were fair to the sight,
Like the blood of the martyr for justice shall cry,
And the Power ye have slighted shall hear and requite.

But lo! the dark vision dissolves from the view!
The current of years rolling swiftly away
In the room of the old brings the beautiful new
That greets us with smiling contentment to-day.
A benison thine, hallowed shrine of the past,
On the cloud of thy morn rest the rainbow of peace!
To far generations thy memories last,
And age bring of honors an endless increase.
Gaze not on the present with idle content,
Thine the watchword of Progress, "Go further! soar higher!"
Dwell not in the pride of a noble descent,
True nobleness blazons its legend, "Aspire!"

Old mansions that stand as ye stood in that day
When scathless ye passed through the midst of the flame,

This hour ye hold court in your stately array
While we wreathe your gray fronts with the laurel of fame.
Ruthless hand of the spoiler preserve their renown,
From restless improvement these monuments spare,
Let them pass the old tales to posterity down
And Time make the trust his perpetual care.

Sacred dust of our forefathers, slumber in peace!
Your graves be the shrine to which patriots wend
And swear tireless vigilance never to cease
Till freedom's long struggle with tyranny end.
The triumph they won be it ours to maintain,
Lest from dreams of security mockingly torn,
The captive, too late, strive to rend off his chain,
The giant awake, of his manliness shorn.

The old feud is ended! embracing once more,
The sons of one mother, in amity true,
With a cable of steel binding shore unto shore,
Hail as one, and forever, Old England and New!
Run up the twin flags with the cross and the stars,
One in race, one in speech, one in faith, one in heart,
Wed the crimson and azure, the stripes and the bars,
Whom God hath thus joined let not man rend apart.
In glorious rivalry lead the oppressed,
Flags of union and liberty proudly unfurled,
Together float on o'er the East and the West
And march with the drum-beat that circles the world!

II.—NOON.—INTERMISSION.

At the close of the morning proceedings, the President announced that luncheon had been provided for the guests, and it was probable that although the people were so many, all would find themselves provided for. The intention had been to have all the tables set in the grove in rear of the Congregationalist Church, but the rain had led the Committee to begin the task of removing them under cover, a task in which they had only in part succeeded. Accordingly the Governor, the Officers, the Clergy, the Press, the Mayor and Common Council of Bridgeport, were asked to go to the upper hall of the Town House; other invited guests would find accommodation in the lower hall; mothers with children would be welcome by Miss Hobart in her old historical mansion, and ample room would be found for all beside in the fine grove behind the church, where the whole company were to have been entertained.

The arrangements were carried out successfully. The Governor was introduced by Dr. Osgood to the ladies in charge of the tables at the Town House. Rev. Edward H. Wells said grace, and the scene was as pleasing to the eyes as wholesome to the inner man.

III.—AFTERNOON.

ADDRESS BY DR. SAMUEL OSGOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

THE TOWN—ITS SCENERY—ITS HISTORY AND HOPES.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS:

The exercises of this morning have set before you the grave historical and literary aspects of this day, and it is not for me to dispute with your orator and poet the honors which they have so well won and now so modestly wear. This is a social meeting, and we come together now to talk over in a sympathetic way the topics of this place and this day. It is delightful to be assured that we are all as one here now—all Americans, with one heart for the nation and the flag, and ready to welcome all of our countrymen to our hospitality, and to wish all men God speed in their striving for justice, liberty and humanity.

Let us begin at the beginning and allow the fair face of this charming old town, so old, yet ever young and lovely, to win us all to itself and to each other. There is no influence that does away differences and

assimilates various minds and tempers more than beauty. We dispute about truth, but we feel the charm of beauty and here this speaks to us in a master-piece of God's own handiwork as it spoke to our fathers who came here a quarter of a thousand years ago. Look for yourselves and the look will move you all with love and gratitude. Around us see this pleasant plain with its fair and thrifty homes, its bright gardens and broad meadows, its refreshing groves and its soaring spires. In front there is the great Sound with the variety and flow of a river and the stately majesty of the sea, bearing sprightly boats and stout vessels upon its bosom, sweeping afar to Long Island, itself a little empire, and swelling here towards us against our lovely crescent shore as full of attraction as of health, and at the ends of the crescent beach beyond goodly hills, filling welcome harbors with its tide. Turn from all this rich landscape and the back ground is no less pleasing and remarkably suited to the foreground. There are no grand mountains, but sightly hills, rising in memorable gradations, invite the eye and the footsteps, and offer from their various points of view as delightful prospects as those that have made the name and the fortune of many of the famous places on earth. This is our town, our Fairfield, and as we look, we feel one pulse beating along the two and a half centuries, and uniting us with the stout men and devoted women who first called this land by its present name, and declared it fair to all time as we do now.

May we not call this a bridal day for our lovely village, not a first wedding, nor a silver, nor a golden, nor a diamond wedding. What shall we call it, this commemoration, not after twenty-five, or fifty, or seventy-five years; but after a hundred years? Why not call it the celestial wedding, now that this town renewed in beauty and with forgiveness of her enemies, stands forth again in her family and asks heaven's blessing. A hundred years ago she was wedded to Freedom in sorrow and tears with a veil of darkness. These clouds in the morning seemed to put that veil again upon her brow, but here the darkness is vanishing under the touch of God's own sunshine. See her face now in the full light of day, never fairer than now. This is the celestial wedding of the dear old town.

Turn now from the face of nature to the field of history, and there, too, there is much to command our respect, and to win our sympathy. This town has been memorable for its learned and patriotic men from the beginning, and we may judge well of what the people at large were from the character of the persons whom they produced or sought out and honored. Bancroft speaks of Fairfield when it was burned, as a model New England village, and certainly before and since that time her citizens have made their mark, not only upon this neighborhood, but upon the country and the world. It is worth remembering that five scholars who have been connected with Fairfield parishes have been

called to be presidents of distinguished American colleges, and others have been appointed to important professorships, where they have won high honors and done good and even great work. We have had our share of soldiers, statesmen and jurists, and in the late war for the nation, our people have proved their patriotism by sending their proportion of money and men to stand by the flag against its assailants. We have had merchants, too, who have done us honor, by making wealth the means of beneficence instead of the measure of pride, and who have raised at Yale, Princeton and New York institutions of learning, taste, piety and charity that not only bless those communities, but consecrate the soil, home and blood that bore them. Good teachers we have had who have won worthy scholars to their instruction, and here and elsewhere given good proof that the schoolmaster is still abroad. Honor to those of them who filially remember this mother town, and whose faces and good works we see to day. The churches have not been backward in their work, and here to-day the pastor of the Prime Ancient Parish unites with the Rector of St. Paul's Church, in presence of brethren of various Christian names, and on this occasion repeats the old benediction, "Grace be to all of them who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

So history answers with her voice to the face of nature, and both call us together in common fellowship to-day. What more shall I say, or is this enough with-

out touching upon the painful associations of this commemoration? No! Let us speak out and have the whole heart of the time with us, not doubting that in this as in all other historical events, the shading is needed to bring out the light, and we must bear the cross, if we would wear the crown. Beauty is said to be a fatal gift, and however this may be as a general truth, it is quite sure that this fair town has had its share in the interpretation. The loveliness of this place had probably something to do with attracting its destroyers. Like old Jerusalem this sweet little Zion was assailed and destroyed, and in all the brightness of her restored beauty we see the traces of that sadness, and a certain pathos shades the bloom of her cheek and moistens the light of her eyes. We may as well own it, that a certain disappointment has gone with this town. Since that act, not of war, but of barbarism, that destroyed the houses and stores and churches of this unarmed place, the best hopes of its prosperity have never been fulfilled. It was once as thrifty and ambitious as New Haven, and as likely from its wealth and culture and situation to be a great university town, but New Haven carried the day, and our chief marshal and his associates prove their mind and their muscle there under the elms of College Green instead of finding academic halls here under the brow of Greenfield hill. It is hard to believe it, but it is true that the men of Fairfield, under stout Roger Ludlow, thought of punishing the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, and rated Fairfield

as the equal of the future New York in prosperity. But New York has beat us, and here to-day her newspaper press may be learning for the first time what great expectations were once cherished in this quiet place. We must confess it. We have been cut out by neighbors far and near Bridgeport was the last to get the better of us, and after taking our fine harbor of Black Rock she is waiting for our timid people to ask her to take all the rest of the town under her wing, and perhaps has sent her police to-day to spy out the riches of our domain.

Yes, we have been disappointed, but we are not cast down nor in despair. Our town probably never felt her dignity more than to-day; never was so happy in her people and her guests. Never has the scenery looked fairer than now, and we mean to add careful science to choice tastes in bringing health with beauty to crown our prosperous hours. The marshes shall be drained, all unwholesome elements shall be checked or removed, our roads shall be extended and improved. The groves shall again adorn and refresh our hills, our shores shall be opened to travel, and a charming water side avenue shall join Sea Side Park to Sasco hill, and win admiration and company from hosts of residents and visitors as to one of the choice attractions of the land.

Our libraries shall increase, our schools and churches shall prosper. The new population will do their part and are doing it by industry, thrift, sobriety and reverence, and the laboring class are setting a good ex-

ample by earning homes and lands for themselves, sending their children to school, and attending church with a constancy and zeal that may well be a lesson to some persons who are tempted to look down upon them. We have no destructive socialism here, and the laborer who owns his cottage and acre is as far from the tramp or the anarchist as the merchant in his mansion with his servants and horses and broad fields and fine lawns.

We mean to remember the old days and worthies, and restore whatever has been lost, by careful record and faithful service. We do not expect great increase or startling prosperity, yet we have good expectations. These lovely hills must some day win residents and homes, and on either side, population must flow from the commercial and manufacturing cities to add to our numbers and to help us in our taste and aspiration. Especially do we insist upon keeping up the great heart that founded and has enobled this place and upon measuring life by itself and not by material things, caring more for the soul than the body, and finding the eternal spirit in all that is good, true and fair.

In this faith let us interpret the history and cheer the prospect of our town, remembering sacredly that the influence of the outrage upon our people here, and their great suffering, did much to nerve the whole country in the final struggle for liberty, and not forgetting that the service to culture and religion which has been rendered here by scholars, jurists and theologians, has given this quiet village a place in history

beyond that which is held by many a field of battle with its memorial of cruelty. The town was burned but not destroyed. It lived and lives now, and its record is part of the history of the nation. In a true sense, the success of our thrifty neighbors is our success, and already the work done and the wealth won and the thought spoken in the communities that live within the old limits, are beyond the fondest dreams of the ancient founders or of the new patriots of a hundred years ago. As a summer resident here for thirty summers of health and privilege, I give thanks with you in the favored experience and good hope.

Let us this day lift up our banner and declare our platform. This is Fairfield, this is Connecticut, this is New England and we are Americans. So too we are men and we give and take the great blessing of our human kind. No hate now to England, and our united flags speak the blessings of the child to the mother. Would that some great English men of the stamp of Arthur P. Stanley and William E. Gladstone, who have been such noble friends to us, could answer to this sentiment here and make the English speaking race feel its brotherhood of liberty and love to-day.

Even broader than that is our fellowship. Fairfield says here her own name in benediction. Fairfield let there be everywhere on earth, and Fair Play for all men, by justice, liberty, kindness and good

works between all nations in the brotherhood of the race and under the Providence and Grace of God.

After an elaborate piece of music by the band, Dr. Osgood introduced His Excellency, Governor Andrews, with expressing his great pleasure in welcoming the chief magistrate of Connecticut alike from respect to him personally and from reverence for the noble line of Governors that had presented such famous names as John Winthrop, the Puritan statesman, and Jonathan Trumbull, the friend of Washington, who was Governor a hundred years ago.

GOVERNOR ANDREWS' ADDRESS.

In the name of the State of Connecticut, whose servant I am, I greet this day. Such days as these should be commemorated and should be more generally observed. Any day in which our patriotism and the patriotism of the younger generations may be strengthened should receive attention. By this, I do not mean to infer that your patriotism is deficient; the heartiness of this commemorative service proves the contrary. I come, as the representative of the State, to give character to this duty of observing these days with patriotic devotion. When I awoke this morning and heard the rain pattering upon the roof, I thought if General Tryon could not find a better day than this to burn a town, he had better not burn it at all. It has been a mystery why Sir

Henry Clinton sent that expedition up Long Island sound to ravage these towns. His object, it seems to me, was to suppress the onslaught made upon the supplies which he sent out for his army. The orator of this morning struck the right key to its solution when he said Fairfield's privateers and others of the coast towns cut off these supplies. But the object of the expedition failed, for a voice of horror went up from the whole civilized world at the atrocities perpetrated, so that he failed to receive the benefits which he had hoped from the campaign, and the recapture of Stony Point by Mad Anthony Wayne soon after, was in some sense a retribution for the burning of Fairfield. But I did not intend to make a speech. I desire only to call your attention to these historic facts. I come to represent those of the state who are not here, and in their names I greet you, and bend in homage toward the memory of those patriots whose names we honor to-day.

Dr. Osgood then announced that a telegram had been received from the President of the United States, whom all Americans honor in his office, and who regretted his inability to be present. He also read a telegram from George William Curtis, expressing his regret at his necessary absence. Many letters from distinguished men, such as Robert C. Winthrop, Bishop Williams and President Porter had been received, and would be published in the pamphlet which is to contain the proceedings of the day.

THE CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfill,
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

Dr. Osgood then spoke of Rev. Augustus F. Hewit, D.D., as a distinguished scholar and preacher whom Amherst College, his alma mater, had conspicuously honored, and who was a native of Fairfield, and son of an eminent pastor here. He regretted that Dr. Hewit could not fulfill the hope which his pleasant letter in reply to the invitation to speak had given. The Rev. Dr. E. P. Rogers, of New York, a former resident and always welcome guest, was next called upon, and he responded in some very pleasant remarks and reminiscences.

He began his address by relating the story of an old minister who always had one formula to open all his sermons. This was, after announcing the text, to say, "My subject naturally divides itself into three parts." Taking as his text one time, "Adam, where art thou," he divided it as follows: "Man is generally somewhere; he is usually where he had no business to be; and thirdly, if he did not look out he would find himself where he would not want to be." He had found himself where he did not want to be, called upon to make a speech. He spoke touchingly of his early residence in the town, of the impressions which he had received in his youth, of the old church, the old academy, the noble history, and the hallowed associations which clustered about the old town. He recalled the great advance that had been made during the past one hundred years, in everything that exalts and educates a people, and said he was thankful to be present as one of the old Fairfield boys, and

tender his congratulations to the ten thousand friends around him upon the history of the town. He closed with a strong appeal for protection and devotion to the cause of liberty and human rights, adding, "May God bless this town forever, and may the principles of its fathers, be the principles of their children."

Stirring music was then given by the band, after which Dr. Osgood introduced the Rev. Horatio N. Powers, D. D., of Bridgeport, as the next speaker, and upon a topic congenial with him as the friend of Bryant, and the author of successful books of thought and sentiment in prose and poetry. It is to be hoped he said, that good would come from urging the improvement of country towns, and that a new and charming avenue may be opened along our shore from Sea Side Park to Sasco Hill.

DR. POWERS ON PUBLIC SPIRIT IN OLD RURAL TOWNS.

A genuine public spirit is as desirable and becoming in old country towns as in more populous communities, and one expression of it is a cultivated taste that concerns itself in the appropriate ornamentation of a place. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, that accomplished Englishman to whom the art of the present in both hemispheres is so much indebted, reports a curious but actual conversation that he had once while engaged in sketching in a wild region in Scotland with a British nobleman, who was there fishing for trout. His lordship who was a pious person, expressed his utter contempt for all art as sinful folly,

and his belief that those who engaged in such vanities were in danger of Hell fire. "Hell is real, sir," he exclaimed, "there it is gaping before us." This anxious nobleman finished his edifying exhortation to the artist by singing an air from the opera of the Traviata and taking a good drink of whiskey. The same kind of *consistency* has sometimes been observed among our own people in days gone by. New England has produced persons,—I suppose the race is dying out—who could manage to tolerate for a few days flowers on apple trees—(I don't know whether they could detect the odor of cider in the blossoms)—and flowers on the clover and the potato vines, and possibly a few sunflowers with a view to the seed, but who would have no such trifles as flowers about the house for ornament; indeed, they gravely doubted the piety of any who took a real delight in such things as roses and carnations.

These characters would give abundant attention to the cattle pen, but precious little to the door-yard; they admired the friskiness of young lambs, but kept the little children awfully quiet. Their parlors were not particularly inspiring to cheerfulness, but then they were seldom open except for funerals! I do not suppose that we ought to infer that a decadence of religion is going on just because this spirit is not peculiar to the present generation. The fact is we have witnessed a great improvement in the ornamentation of our county towns in the last two or three decades which is as creditable to the character of

their inhabitants, as it is to their advantage in many ways. I am not advocating the use of ornament to the neglect of the practical economies. To pet a curious plant and neglect a household duty is no compliment to the æsthetic spirit. To decorate the piazza and leave the back-yard a maze of ugly litter and unwholesome fixtures is as repugnant to a right moral sense as to good taste. Judicious ornament can and should go along with industrial improvement and sanitary precautions. It is plain that the more conspicuous the beauty of a village, other things being equal, the higher it will stand in the general esteem, and the more eagerly it will be sought by those who long for rural repose. Wide streets with abundant shade, suitable sidewalks, an open generous green or park, tasty dwellings with well-kept lawns and a variety of shrubbery and flowers, attractive school houses and churches, the cemeteries properly located and embellished, good drives and good drainage—all these are important features of a pleasant and prosperous country town, and should enlist the general attention. The example of a few energetic citizens like the distinguished president of this occasion, in this direction will have a wholesome effect upon the public mind. I am acquainted with no place that illustrates more fully what good taste can do than the village of Fairfield, which is conspicuous among New England towns for its rare and engaging beauty. There are special reasons, it is true, why it should be superior in this regard. But

our inland towns, however remote, will find it to their advantage to cultivate their rural charms. Some of them are already reaping the rewards of such commendable endeavor. Beauty has a powerful and gracious ministry, and no utilities of industry need be dwarfed or paralyzed by its presence.

One of the most encouraging evidences of an enlightened public spirit in a country town, is a due regard to its sanitary interests; but I must leave this point with the simple assertion of their vast importance—an importance which is assuming something like its proper proportions in the minds of educated citizens.

Another expression of this desirable public spirit is an active social element. The days of husking and apple-paring bees, quiltings and old-fashioned singing schools are about over. Sitting around the bar-room stove and lounging on dry goods boxes and grocery counters, is hardly to be accepted as proof of eminent enterprise or sociability. Where good books are read, where schools are influential, where religion is more than a mechanical routine, there will be a tendency among the people towards intercommunion. Conversation will be something more than twaddle and gossip. There will be neighborly kindness, an interest in the higher questions of life, sympathies that bring citizens into pleasant and helpful intercourse. There is danger in our country towns, that this cordial social spirit be allowed to languish, or rather, that it fail to have adequate expression.

There is often a great deal of kind feeling, hearty good will among people that is not sufficiently demonstrative. Visiting should be kept up among neighbors. Practical benevolence should be cultivated. Social gatherings should be encouraged, and intellectual and spiritual interests should be supported by the contact of mind with mind and heart with heart. People don't know how rich their stores of enjoyment and improvement are until they get into intimate relations.

Finally, every town almost has a history which the pride of its inhabitants ought to keep in lively remembrance. There are enough who will preserve the traditions of horrors and follies, comic extravagances, ill-odored scandal. But the men who have gone forth to act noble parts in life should not be forgotten. The significance of important local events should be perpetuated. That is a sad state of the popular mind where there is no spirit that appreciates and honors what is creditable and venerable in the annals of the town. Suitable commemorations tend to keep alive in the common heart a sense of obligation to the past; they stimulate the best mind of the present with examples of noble citizenship and foster the reverence that should be paid to the illustrious dead, This phrase of public spirit cannot be too much commended. For one I heartily rejoice in such a becoming and inspiring illustration of it as that which signalizes this occasion. May Fairfield forever be an example of what a rural town ought to be.

After Hail Columbia by the band, the President referred to the welcome presence of our own townspeople from Greenfield and Southport, and called upon Rev. Edward H. Wells of Southport, whose delicate health did not allow him to speak at length.

Remarks of Rev. Edward H. Wells:

He spoke for Southport and for good neighborhood, also for the whole Union. He rejoiced he said, with Gov. Hampton, whom he had heard say he "was glad that the war of 1861 turned out as it did; that the Union ought never to have been touched." This occasion he said was a national one, and he, a southerner, rejoiced with the people of Fairfield. He was proud of Connecticut, and there was not a state in the Union but what had felt its power and influence. He quoted the late John C. Calhoun, as saying he owed to New England all the might and power he possessed. He hoped that the people of the north and of the south would present such a solid front for the perpetuity of the Union that no hand would dare to again assail its flag or tamper with its constitution. "God bless you all here to-day, God bless Connecticut, God bless my Country."

After this "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" was sung by the united Choirs.

Then Dr. Osgood said that the next speaker had been brought by express, a fifteen hours journey to meet this occasion, and alike as an old Fairfield resident and representative, and as a typical American, he belonged here now. It had been his task to give

our people innocent recreation—to make Americans laugh without being foolish. His motto had been "laugh and be wise" by amusement without impropriety or excess. He had reason to thank Mr. Barnum for the finest music he had ever had, and for allowing the American people to hear Jenny Lind sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mr. Barnum will now speak upon "Self control essential in a Republic."

MR. BARNUM ON SELF CONTROL IN REPUBLICS.

Mr. Barnum said he supposed he should have to make a spread-eagle speech, but he thought it would be hard to squeeze the eagle into five minutes; it generally took orators an hour and a half. In 1844 I was present in Glasgow, Scotland, when the freedom of the city was presented to Lord John Russell. His lordship in the course of his reply to the "Address" said, "Great Britain clothes America and I am willing that America should continue in part to feed Great Britain."

In those days we imported most of our cloth and other manufactures from England. But if Gen. Tryon could see the progress which we have made as a nation in one hundred years, his government would hesitate before they again let him "try on" the firing of our towns and cities. The World's Fairs of London, Paris, Vienna and Philadelphia have opened the eyes of the old world. We supply them with our agricultural implements, sewing machines and watches, our muslins and calicos are selling in Manchester,

and our cutlery is competing in Sheffield with the manufacturers of that city. Our inventions and "Yankee Notions," are spread all over the civilized world, the ocean is covered with ships carrying to Europe our grain, beef, horses, cattle, cheese, and even fresh oysters, lobsters, peaches and melons.

England, which for scores of years has boasted of her high bred race horses sees the prizes carried off by Mr. Lorillard's Parole—and although she still sings "Britannia rules the waves," and glories in her annual Oxford and Cambridge boat races, Hanlan goes across the water and with his scull and oars whips them all out of their boots. England sends her "walkist" to America and takes the "belt" but scarcely has he touched the British shores before our American Weston triumphantly captures it again.

No nation on earth has progressed in material and other respects as has this nation since the beautiful town of Fairfield was burned by the British one hundred years ago to-day.

No nation on the face of the earth to-day is so happy and prosperous as ours, and no nation possesses the same elements of future greatness—of peace and plenty.

But "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," especially under a Republican government. A government of the people by the people, must be characterized by honesty, wisdom and justice. The wise man truly said: "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Rome was a great and proud Republic, but her wickedness and folly brought her to the dust.

No republic can live, nor had ought to live, whose laws are made under the influence of hatred, selfishness or bad whiskey. The rum traffic and rum-drinking habits exercise an almost omnipotent power and influence over our political elections. This giant evil of our land concentrates and combines the criminal and vicious classes, and delivers the government of our cities into their hands. Consequently many members of city "Common Councils," and even of Legislatures and of Congress, elected by the vile votes of the rum power, would be a disgrace to a government of African savages. The votes of American citizens are counted and not weighed; the ballot of the poor drunkard in the ditch, bought with a pint of whiskey, counts as much as the vote of His Excellency, our worthy Governor, hence if we would live as a Republic we must *reform*, *refine* and *elevate* the poor victims of the rum delusion. The whole essence of the Gospel and the Christian religion consists of love to God and to man; and on these two commandments our Saviour said hung "*all* the law and the prophets." As American citizens then, if we would guard and preserve our liberties, our happiness and our true greatness, we *must* work for public good. Not only our churches and schools must correctly teach total abstinence from all that intoxicates, but our *personal* efforts must be devoted to educating the people, encouraging them to honor and practice labor, to deal with each other as brethren of one great family, and

to instill into the minds of the rising generation the great truth that the human *brain* (which gives us *reason* and distinguishes us from the brute creation whose *instinct* only guides them) must be kept clear, and *unmuddled*, if we aspire to be a great noble free people *governing ourselves*. Business success comes from three things, industry, perseverance, and a clear intellect to lay plans and to execute them. To preserve this great nation we must continually *work* and *act* and *do*. It is a glorious practice to celebrate such days as this and our national birth-day, for it keeps up our enthusiasm for self government, but talk without labor will set the nation asleep and betray her into the hands of the enemy. It is very nice to run up our flags and bunting, to play Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle, but to make our liberties and national happiness permanent, Yankee Doodle is not enough, it must be Yankee Doodle-*do*.

The band then played the old Yankee tune with remarkable spirit, and the President introduced Professor Dwight, of Yale College, grandson of the celebrated President Dwight, who for years taught and preached in Greenfield Hill, and who wrote the poem of that name.

Professor Dwight spoke in substance as follows:

The People, said he, believed in self-government but had been unable to exercise it or he should not be there to make a speech. He said that the only two poems President Dwight had written were "Greenfield Hill" and the "Road to Canaan." What-

ever attribute had been transmitted to the speaker it had not been the poetic. The speaker said he had endeavored in his humble way to teach men that they might lead men to Canaan. An able New Haven clergyman once, preaching upon the character of Peter, remarked that he received his remarkable energy from his mother. When the members of the congregation returned home they referred to their Bibles and found that Peter's remarkable energy came from his wife's mother, and so he had come and had received energy to make a speech from his wife's mother, a very pleasant relation, however.

The President then referred to the close relation existing between Fairfield and Green's Farms, once called the West Parish of Fairfield, and suffering with this town in the raid of Tryon. Rev. B. J. Relyea of Green's Farms responded:

He said that he thought it was the glory of those who repelled the British that they had such worthy descendants. It would not be to their credit if there were none who esteemed their valor and patriotism enough to commemorate their brave deeds. People go to Rome and Athens, not to see what has been accomplished in modern times, but to see what the fathers did. He was glad General Tryon had not left any old ruins to be gazed at in Fairfield. He spoke a word for the brave women of 1779, who, when the men were away fighting, dared to face the enemy at home.

The President showed a cannon ball that had been fired from the American guns upon the British from the hills and said that was a sugar plum for Tryon's men that was well deserved. Sweeter missiles were now interchanged, and our programme indicates our spirit now towards England as Sir Edward Thornton's kind letter indicates Englands' sentiment towards America. There is to be held, August 11th, at Guild Hall, London, an International Code Congress to which some persons present, like himself, had been invited, under the presidency of the Chief Justice of England. This day's proceedings might tell a little upon the future law and policy of Nations.

Rev. John A. Buckingham, of Massachusetts, was next introduced as from the noble old Bay State, and as the son of the once famous Boston editor, Joseph T. Buckingham: Mr. Buckingham made the last speech and spoke of the connections of his ancestors with the State and its achievements.

The President then announced that the time had arrived for closing this stirring meeting, and that after the hymn "America" had been sung by the chorus and the people, the procession would form to escort the Governor to the station. The hymn was sung with enthusiasm, and with three cheers from the great assembly of guests and hosts for the success of the occasion, and for the future good feeling of neighbors and countrymen, and especially for the ladies who had spread the tables with plenty, the

procession was formed. The band, with the police, led the way. Then came the Governor and other officers of the day in a barouch drawn by four horses, with a long line of carriages and people on foot. The procession passed down Beach Lane into Main Street by the old historical sites, and reached the station in time for the train to Bridgeport at half past four.

Thus closed a day unprecedented in the annals of this quiet old town, and full of enjoyment and instruction. A large number of our people by their contributions of money and provisions helped on the hospitality of the occasion, and the great assembly of guests received the hospitality shown them in a courtesy both honorable to them and acceptable to us.

How many persons were present, we cannot say with certainty, but the number rose into the thousands, and, whilst cautious observers were content to say that three thousand persons were in sight at one time on the Green, more enthusiastic spectators claim that in the course of the day Fairfield showed ten thousand people and one thousand vehicles in the streets.

The old times and the new met together, especially when the President of the day drank the health of the Governor and the ladies, in the silver tankard that belonged to the Rev. Andrew Eliot, in 1779.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We publish such portion of our correspondence as is likely most to interest readers and to add to the historical value of this record.

[Besides sending a telegram, President Hayes honored the occasion by the following official letter:]

From President Hayes:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *July* 7, 1879.

DEAR SIR:—I am directed by the President, to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of your favor of the 27th ultimo, and to express his regret that he will be unable to attend the Centennial Commemoration of the Burning of Fairfield

Very truly yours,
W. K. ROGERS,
Private Secretary.

MR. WM. A. BEERS,
Secretary, &c.,
Fairfield, Conn.

From Governor Andrews:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
HARTFORD, CONN.
LITCHFIELD, *July* 1, 1879.

WM. A. BEERS:

MY DEAR SIR:—I propose to come down by the first train from here in the morning, which will bring me to Bridgeport at about 10 o'clock, A. M. I do not know how long it will take to come over to Fairfield—I shall come by the first train.

Perhaps you can write me what train I had best take; I desire to suit your convenience.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES B. ANDREWS.

From Sir Edward Thornton:

BRITISH LEGATION,
NEWBURYPORT, MASS., *July* 3, 1879.

SIR:—I am much obliged to you for the kind invitation which you have forwarded me, to be present at the ceremony which is to take place at Fairfield on the 8th inst. I regret, however, that previous engagements will prevent my availing myself of it. I, at the same time, beg to assure you of the high appreciation which I entertain of the good-will shown towards the country which I have the honor to represent, and to express my hope that the friendship which now exists between the two countries may never be interrupted.

I remain, Sir, truly yours,

EDWD. THORNTON.

WM. A. BEERS,
Secretary, &c.,
Fairfield, Conn.

From the Right Rev. John Williams:

MIDDLETOWN, *July* 2, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. OSGOOD:—I very much regret that an imperative engagement will deprive me of the pleasure of being at Fairfield on the 8th. With every good wish for the success—of which there can be no doubt—of the celebration,

I am, faithfully yours,

J. WILLIAMS.

From the Right Rev. Bishop Potter:

RYE BEACH, N. H., *July* 8, 1879.

DEAR DR. OSGOOD:—I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me a card of invitation to the Fairfield Centennial. It was a pleasant conception and your proceedings are nicely arranged.

Your card came to me only this morning; therefore, as to an appearance at Fairfield, you must accept the will for the deed.

I am, affectionately yours,

H. POTTER.

The REV. DR. OSGOOD.

From President Noah Porter:

YALE COLLEGE,
NEW HAVEN, CONN., *July* 3, 1879.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D., *President, &c.:*

MY DEAR SIR:—It would give me especial pleasure to be present at the Centennial Commemoration of the Burning of Fairfield, which event, for special reasons, took strong hold of my youthful imagination, but a previous engagement makes this impossible. With sincere regard and thanks

I am, very truly yours,

N. PORTER.

From the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop:

BROOKLINE, MASS., *July* 4, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. OSGOOD:—Your programme for the Centennial at Fairfield is most tempting, and your invitation is most kind. My ancestral ties to Connecticut are hardly less strong than those to Massachusetts, and I would gladly unite in such a commemoration. It would be a peculiar pleasure to me to listen to your own address, as well as to the historic discourse of Dr. Rankin. And then to spend a day or two at Greenfield Hill, and enjoy its inspiring charms, would fill up the measure of a delightful occasion, which I am deeply sorry to miss. But I must deny myself. Neither engagements nor health will allow me to adventure on such an excursion.

Pray present my most grateful acknowledgments to your committee, and accept my best thanks for yourself.

Ever faithfully, your friend and serv't,

ROB'T C. WINTHROP.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

From the Rev. Dr. Lyman Atwater:

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,
PRINCETON, *July* 1, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. OSGOOD:—I deeply regret that prior engagements will prevent my acceptance of the kind invitation to be present at the Centennial Commemoration of the Burning of Fairfield by the British a century ago. It would give me great pleasure to attend the exercises on that occasion, so inter-

esting in itself, while it is made doubly so to me, both by manifold associations and memories, and by the prominent part which friends so valued by me, and so competent for the task, are to take in its exercises.

These have a sad aspect if we look only at the savage burning of the beautiful village in violation of all the rules of civilized warfare, which, in a day, made houseless and homeless a body of people as elevated as ever dwelt in like habitations. But it has a joyous and exultant side. The patriotism, valor, and self-sacrifice of our ancestors were only more fully proved and invigorated by these prodigious sufferings which were the price of the liberty and independence of themselves and their children. In these we joy and glory. These and the victories achieved by them, should be celebrated and perpetuated in honorable remembrance by becoming festivities.

It was my privilege during my early ministry in Fairfield to know and commune with some of those noble men, and "honorable women, not a few," who shared in these privations, conflicts, and triumphs.

Although in person necessarily absent, in heart I shall be with you in the approaching celebration.

Yours very truly,

LYMAN H. ATWATER.

P. S.—It may or may not fall in your way to note—what you doubtless are aware of—the close and honorable connection of the town of Fairfield with the higher institutions of learning in the country. Not only were sons of the earlier ministers of Fairfield leading members of the Corporation of Yale College, but, near the beginning of this century, Dr. Timothy Dwight was called from Greenfield Church to the Presidency, and Prof. Benjamin Silliman, son of General Silliman of Holland Hill, prominent in the revolutionary war, was called to a Professorship in Yale College, positions which they so adorned, as to contribute more to the advancement of that college than any other two men in its whole history. Rev. Aaron Burr, father of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, and son-in-law of President Edwards, was the first President of Princeton College after it was organized as a College, and successful and honored administrator of its affairs. Dr. Heman Humphries, pastor of the old First Church of Fairfield, became President of Amherst College about

a half century ago, and it had a rapid growth under his administration. The town has furnished students, not only for Yale, but for Harvard, Princeton, Williams, Amherst, and other Colleges, some of whom have done honor to their *alma mater*, and their native town.

From the Rev. Dr. E. P. Humphrey:

LOUISVILLE, KY., *July* 3, 1879.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D., *President, &c.*

WILLIAM A. BEERS, *Secretary, &c.*

MY DEAR SIRS:—I am honored by your invitation to be present at the approaching Centennial Commemoration to be held in Fairfield. I regret that I cannot go thither at that time.

It is my happiness to be recognized in this invitation, as a native-born Fairfield man. I have been unable to visit the town, except at long intervals, since my boyhood; but I am of opinion that no true man will allow absence, or the lapse of time to defeat his birth-rights in our dear old "Half-shire."

I indulge myself in the pleasant thought that I sustain a certain near relation to the people whose property was destroyed. My honored father, the Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey, became the minister of Fairfield in 1806, only twenty-seven years after the burning. We may assume that not a few of his parishioners were among the sufferers. The names of the principal families of the town were always household words in our house; and our parents taught their children to hold these people in honor and love. You say well, that among them were some of the best "men and women of the land."

You will be interested in a graphic description of Fairfield in 1806, which I find in my father's auto-biography. Here it is:

"Fairfield was then a considerable village, and the half-shire. town of the county; but very plain in its external appearance Not more than four or five of the houses, I believe had ever been painted, and these were now so weather-beaten that the signs of paint had well nigh disappeared. Fairfield had been burnt during the revolution. By this calamity the inhabitants were very much impoverished, and were obliged to rebuild in as plain a style as was consistent with the comfort of their families."

"Some had more property and intelligence than others; but while none were rich, few were very poor. And there was a free-

dom and cordiality in social intercourse which was delightful Whole neighborhoods lived together like one great family of many branches. This was ascribed to the fellowship of suffering produced by the calamities of war." Thus far the old-time minister of our native town.

And now, may that Great Being, the God of our Fathers, who bore the generation of 1639 across the seas, and who sustained the generation of 1779 amidst the flames—may He be the dwelling place of their children in all generations!

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD P. HUMPHREY.

From the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, D.D.:

PAULIST COVNENT,
59th Street and 9th Avenue,
NEW YORK, *June* 28, 1879.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your kind note, and also of the Secretary's official invitation to the Commemoration at Fairfield on the 8th of July, which arrived only this morning.

If I find it convenient to come up on that day, I will very gladly comply with your request, by making a short speech if time permits, and the addresses are not too numerous and long for the good humor of the audience.

The occasion is an interesting one, and all the circumstances of place and time are favorable for such a celebration, if only the elements are propitious. I trust you may have a bright, cool day, with a friendly cloud to veil the mid-day sun, and no rain to interrupt the enjoyment of the occasion. I have no doubt all present will be disposed to offer up, sincerely, the prayer of the soldier's little boy, "Oh! Lord, let there be no more wars."

I remain, yours truly,

AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT.

REV. DR. OSGOOD,
Fairfield, Conn.

From the Hon. Solomon Lincoln:

HINGHAM, *July* 2, 1879.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, *President.*

DEAR SIR:—I have received your circular inviting me to be present at the Centennial Commemoration of the Burning of Fairfield, in 1779. I regret that the state of my health is such that it will preclude my acceptonce of your courteous invitation.

With great respect,

I am, your ob't serv't,

SOLOMON LINCOLN.

From George Dimon, Esq.:

MILAN, O., *June* 30, 1879.

GENTLEMEN:—Your circular-letter inviting me to be present at a Centennial Commemoration of the anniversary of the burning of the houses, stores and churches in old Fairfield, by the British troops, was received by due course of mail.

I feel flattered to know that I was remembered—but, yet, I may have some claims to notice on such an occasion, as I am the oldest male descendent of my Grandfather, William Dimon, whose house and buildings were burned—and, also, of my Grandfather, John Andrews, who served his country as a soldier seven years in the war of the revolution, and who lived his last days in Green's Farms. I well remember the many stories he told of hardship and suffering during that time, and, although I have now connections in England, I feel a little guilty when I think of the redcoats of that day—and now, after thirty-four years residence in the land we once called New Connecticut, my feelings of attachment to my native land are as strong as ever. Mill River, Southport, and Fairfield will always seem pleasant and homelike.

As a boy, and young man, I knew personally all the leading men of Fairfield and vicinity, and we looked up to them with veneration and respect, feeling that they were very great men.

There was Gen. Burr, Col. Burr, Sam'l Rowland, Sheriff Dimon, Doctor Hull, Deacon Judson, our Pastor, Rev. Humphrey, Roger M. Sherman, Judge Sturges, Capt. Gould Jennings, Capt. A. Benson, Lothrop Lewis, Gould Allen, James Knapp, Jeremiah Jennings, and old uncle Anse Trubee, and his *flock* of sheep. All of these men and many others I remember, and now, in passing through the town, it seems as if I ought to see some of them, but we pass away and everything changes. I find now but few

of the landmarks of other days, notably two that don't change; one, Hyde's Pond, another, the old academy, where, in my go-to-school days, Murray's English, Virgil's Latin and Homer's Greek, were themes of much hard study by very many young men fitting themselves for a college course.

I regret exceedingly that circumstances prevent my being with you on this occasion. It would be a treat, indeed, to see and meet so many of your people, and help commemorate the day.

Hoping you may have a pleasant day, and have very many with you, and that your historic speaker will tell to them a good story, while

I remain, yours very respectfully,

GEORGE DIMON.

REV. SAM'L OSGOOD, D. D., *President*,
WM. A. BEERS, *Secretary*,
Fairfield Commemoration,
Fairfield, Ct.

From the Rev. Edward E. Beardsley, D. D., L. L. D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., *July* 5th, 1879.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D., L. L. D., *President.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I have been favored with an invitation to be present the 8th inst. at the Centennial Commemoration of the Burning of Fairfield. It would afford me much pleasure to witness the exercises, but my engagements at home will not permit me to leave on that day.

These Centennials bring out the history, so far as it has been preserved, of some of the more important local events of the Revolution, but they have no power to reproduce the scenes of suffering and of terror through which our forefathers were compelled to pass. We cannot, by stepping back a century, measure the degree of excitement and feeling which prevailed among both the adherents of the crown and the supporters of independence. They shared alike in the devastations of the invading army, and my historical researches have led me to believe that in the heats and passions of the revolution, scant justice was sometimes done to those who could not in their consciences favor the war, yet stoutly opposed taxation without representation, and preferred to vindicate their rights as British subjects within the colonies. This was eminently the case with Dr. Wm. Sam'l Johnson, of

Stratford, a statesman whom Connecticut honored by appointing him one of the delegates to the convention which framed the Federal constitution, and by subsequently choosing him her first Senator in Congress.

The clergy and members of the Church of England in the colonies, were for the most part loyal to the King, but the *Tories*, as they were stigmatized, were not all of that religious faith. Here, in New Haven, the same expedition which invaded and burnt Fairfield, met with sympathizers who belonged to the Standing Order, and one of the most conspicuous and wealthy among them—a distinguished lawyer who had been for nearly a score of years a communicant member of the First Congregational Church—accepted for himself and his family the protection of Governor Tryon, and left with the troops when they re-embarked and sailed away to apply the torch to your defenceless town. With the destruction of the stores and houses in Fairfield went the Episcopal Church, and, at a later date, two others were burnt in the Colony by the very invaders whose cause they were supposed to maintain.

We must allow what has passed into history to stand, but it is well in these days to recognize the fact that, in the descendants of the participants of the Revolutionary War, on both sides, has flowed some of the best blood of Connecticut. From Patriot and Tory families have come those who have contributed to the honor and prosperity of the State and the nation, and made names for themselves which will live in literature, science, and religion, when generation after generation has passed away.

Thanking you for the invitation,

I remain, very truly yours,

E. E. BEARDSLEY.

From the Rev. Dr. T. W. Coit:

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

WM. A. BEERS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for an invitation to the Centennial Commemoration at Fairfield. I should like to witness it; but since the death of my oldest son, I have avoided publicity as much as possible.

Yours very respectfully,

T. W. COIT.

W. A. BEERS, Esq.,
Secretary, &c.

From the Rev. George P. Fisher, D. D., L. L. D.:

NEW HAVEN, *July* 7, 1879.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that I am prevented from accepting the invitation with which I have been honored, to attend the Commemoration of the sufferings and self-sacrifice of the inhabitants of Fairfield which is to be held to-morrow.

With sincere thanks to the Committee for the favor of an invitation,

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE P. FISHER.

REV. DR. OSGOOD.

From the Rev. J. T. Headley:

NEWBURGH, *July* 5, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that my engagements will prevent me from accepting your polite invitation to be present at the Centennial Commemoration of the Burning of Fairfield, on the 8th inst. I take a great interest in all these centennial celebrations of the important events of our revolution. They are occurring at the right time, and tend to rekindle the interest in that unparalelled struggle for freedom that the stirring events of our late civil war had well nigh extinguished.

Very sincerely yours,

J. T. HEADLEY.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

From the Hon. Dwight Morris:

BRIDGEPORT, *June* 30, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration of the Burning of Fairfield, is received.

It will afford me great pleasure to attend, and join with you all, but do not call on me to speak. The names on the programme who make addresses are too far ahead of me to permit it.

Very truly yours,

DWIGHT MORRIS.

REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.

From Colonel Robert C. Wetmore:

ORANGE VALLEY,
NEW JERSEY, *July* 3, 1879.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Your very kind and flattering remembrance of myself in your Secretary's transmitted invitation, for my presence at your Centennial Commemoration of the Burning of Fairfield by the British troops, July the 8th, 1779, is duly received.

If a descendant of one of Fairfield's most fearless defenders (Quartermaster Richard Hubbell), during that perilous period of its history, which your proposed celebration is to recall, then I am indeed worthy of the distinction your invitation confers.

You will readily believe I am deeply grieved that my connection with the celebration of the 4th instant, deprives me of the pleasure of again meeting cherished friends upon that venerated old "Green," and from adding some, perhaps, interesting historical reminiscences of past generations, who were wont to assemble there in council.

With very high respect, &c.,

ROBERT C. WETMORE,
To the manor born.

TO SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D.,
President, &c.

From the Mayor of New Haven:

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, No. 7 City Hall,
NEW HAVEN, *July* 7, 1879.

DEAR SIRS:—Your kind invitation to participate in your Centennial was duly received, but owing to the excitement and rush attendant on our own celebration, I have not been able to give an earlier answer. Personally, if possible, I shall be present. As to the Aldermen and Councilmen, they have held no meeting since the arrival of your invitation. The Aldermen meet this evening, when I shall lay the matter before them.

Hoping that your celebration may be as successful as ours has been, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

H. B. BIGELOW, *Mayor.*

COM. ON CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,
Fairfield, Conn.

From A. Foote, Clerk of Selectmen of New Haven:

OFFICE OF SELECTMEN AND TOWN AGENT,
No. 2 City Hall,
NEW HAVEN, CT., *July* 7, 1879.

WM. A. BEERS, ESQ.

Sec'y on the Committee on Centennial Commemoration.

DEAR SIR:—Your invitation to the New Haven Board of selectmen to be present and participate in the exercises on the occasion of the Centennial Commemoration of the invasion of the town of Fairfield by the British troops, has been duly received and ordered placed on file.

In reply I am instructed by the Board to say to you, that this occasion, occuring so soon after a like occasion in our own town and city, and the usual press of business in consequence of semi-annual adjustments necessitates, with regret, a declination of your very kind and cordial invitation.

Very respectfully yours,
A. FOOTE,
Clerk Board of Selectmen.

George N. French, Esq., Chairman of Common Council of Bridgeport.

BRIDGEPORT, *July*, 4th, 1879.

W. A. BEERS, *Secretary*,

DEAR SIR:—The Common Council having voted to accept your very kind invitation to participate with you in the commemoration services, and having appointed the undersigned chairman of a Committee to make the necessary arrangements to this end, I would be pleased to hear from you in reference to your plans, and as to the time you wish the Council to arrive at your place and as to whether you are to have a parade. Any information in regard to the matter will aid the Committee very much in the discharge of their duty. Would you prefer to have us come by cars or in carriages?

Very truly yours,
GEORGE N. FRENCH,
Chairman of Committee.

From P. T. Barnum Esq.:

MONTPELIER, VT., *July*, 5th, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. OSGOOD:—Yours of yesterday arrived on this, my 69th birthday. You say I have made the nation laugh and be

wise. Yet I have tried to have them laugh without doing it through bad whiskey. I have not taught them to laugh at vulgarity, obscenity nor profanity.

As the French poet did not care who made the laws, if he might write the ballads of a nation, so I have felt in a degree in relation to the *amusements* of a nation. The people will have recreation — their natures need and demand it — he who will provide it, freed from all poisons, is in some regard a public benefactor. My *chief* object in *continuing* a public menagerie is to elevate and refine such popular amusements as are found under traveling tents.

I shall be tired after my fifteen hours railroad journey, reaching Bridgeport at 10.05 Tuesday, A. M. I shall then see, I hope, by the Bridgeport newspapers at what hour the Fairfield proceedings take place, and try to be on hand. I have no idea what I can say, but will try and think, and keep within the ten minutes.

Truly yours,

P. T. BARNUM.

From T. P. Handy, Esq.:

CLEVELAND, O., *July*, 3d, 1879.

WM. A. BEERS, *Secretary*

MY DEAR SIR :—Please accept my thanks for the honor of your kind invitation for the 8th inst. at the Centennial Commemoration in the old town of Fairfield, with my regrets that I shall be unable to be present or to participate in the services of the day.

I esteem it a pleasure that I was once a resident of that beautiful town and enjoyed the society of some of its esteemed and valued citizens.

I shall always cherish those pleasant memories, and rejoice in its continued attractions and prosperity.

Thanking you again for the extended invitation, and trusting that the occasion will be a pleasant one to all,

I remain, with much esteem,

Your sincere friend,

T. P. HANDY.

From Mrs. E. H. Schenck:

SOUTHPORT CONN., *June*, 26th, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. OSGOOD :—Since I saw you this afternoon I have thought of a few things in our family history which you may

perhaps like to know about, and which are interesting in the history of our town, and they are these:

My father's grandfather, Nathan Godfrey, was one of the earliest settlers of Greens Farm's, and was also one of fourteen to build the First Congregational "*meeting house*" at that place, of which the Rev. Mr. Relyea speaks in his centennial history of the settlement of Green's Farms.

My father represents the third generation of his family, and was named after his father, Jonathan Godfrey, the son of Nathan Godfrey.

My brother being dead, I, as the oldest of the family represent the fourth generation, and Charles Godfrey, (my nephew and the son of my eldest brother) represents the fifth generation of our family who have lived in this town, in this county, for over two hundred years.

Then, again, my mother's family were the old Hubbell family at Greenfield, who also date back to the settlement of Greenfield, My mother's mother was a Jennings of the old Jennings family that first settled Fairfield. And as my father's grandfather married a Jennings, no less than three of the early settlers head our family tree. In fact four families head our family tree, for my father's mother, who was a Whitehead, dates back to the first settlement of Green's Farms.

It cannot be often said that a family have lived so continuously in one place.

The old Bulkley family, of which mention is made in the history of the burning of Fairfield, *are not the Bulkley family of Southport*, but the one at Green's Farms of which Abraham Bulkley and Joel B. Bulkley are the descendants, I notice this because the Bulkleys of this place are confused with this family at Green's Farms. It was Abraham Bulkley, who opened his house to our church of England families after the little church *near Mrs. Rowland's*, was burned by the British, which house still stands on the East side of the Green, at Fairfield. Do you not think that this Joel B. Bulkley, who is now over eighty, should be invited to represent so *loyal* a family in church and *state* in the history of our town. They are highly respectable farmers. My mother has often told me that Abraham Bulkley, of revolutionary remembrance, was a man of education, and a gentleman in every way. A son of this Joel Bulkley often sings in our church at Fairfield with Mrs. Lombard.

Please pardon my long note, allowing me to say one thing more about my own family, which is that they were of French and English origin, our family motto being "*Deus et libertas*" or *God and liberty—God and freedom*, GODFREE—GODFREY.

Believe me,

Truly yours,

MRS. E. H. SCHENCK.

Joel B. Bulkey's address would be at Southport, as he lives on the border line at Sasco.

From Captain Isaac Jennings:

Captain Jennings sent us the following account of a Fairfield lady, who made the first American flag of the present pattern.

DEATH OF MRS. CAPTAIN REID.

We regret to announce the demise, at Wheeling, Virginia, on Sunday morning, the 19th inst., of Mrs. Reid, wife of Captain Samuel C. Reid, so distinguished in our naval records for his defence of the brig General Armstrong against the English squadron, at the port of Fayal, in 1814. Mrs. Reid was the daughter of Captain Nathan Jennings, of Fairfield, Connecticut, who shared the fatigues and glory of Trenton in the Continental Army, under George Washington.

Mrs. Reid was early distinguished for beauty and talent; and when her husband's glory made her house the centre of much literary and patriotic attraction, her clear intellect and domestic virtues shed a charm and a grace worthy alike of her enviable position and that of her visitors, among whom were some of the most distinguished persons of the day, including Gov. Clinton, Gov. Tompkins, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Dr. Sam Mitchell, Judge Johnson, of the Supreme Court, with the Tones, Emmetts and McNevins, Dr. Francis, and others among the oldest of our citizens. In her devotion to a large family of children Mrs. Reid was unrivaled, and in her patriotic ardor she was alike worthy of her husband and her father. In 1818, with the assistance of some young ladies, she made the first flag of the Union, as adopted by the Congress of the United States in that year, and which was the design of Captain Reid. On the admission of Indiana into the Union, in 1816, the Hon. P. H. Wendover, of New York, suggested to Congress the expediency of altering the then flag.

Captain Reid undertook it, and on the 4th of April, 1818, a bill was passed "to establish the flag of the United States." The following letter chronicles the date of its hoisting, and makes honorable mention of the deceased lady.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1818.

DEAR SIR: I have just arrived in time to inform you that the new flag of Congress Hall arrived here per mail this day, and was hoisted to replace the old one, at 2 o'clock, and has given much satisfaction to all that have seen it, as far as I have heard. I am pleased with its form, and have no doubt it will satisfy the public mind.

Mr. Clay (who was then speaker of the House), says it is wrong that there should be no charge in your bill for making the flag. If pay for that will be acceptable, on being informed, I will procure it. Do not understand me as intending to wound the feelings of Mrs. Reid, nor others who may have given aid in the business, and please accept my thanks to her and them and accept the same for yourself.

Yours in haste, with esteem, P. H. WENDOVER.

Mrs. Reid's name and those of the young ladies who assisted her were worked on this flag. The deceased was in the sixty-second year of her age, and had been on a visit to one of her sons in the West, whence she lately had gone to Wheeling, to superintend the erection of a monument over the grave of her eldest son there. The deceased leaves a devoted family and a large circle of personal freinds in this city, by whom she was deeply beloved.

We close this correspondence with communications from Rev. Drs. Rankin and Osgood, one relating to the remuneration of the families who suffered loss by the burning of the town—the other giving important notes of its church history.

A list of the persons who suffered by the enemy in burning the town of Fairfield, on the 7th and 8th days of July, 1779, and had their taxes abated by the Committee appointed by the General Assembly for that purpose:

	List, 1781.	List, 1782.
Anthony Annibil, - -	£20.	£20. 7. 6
David Annibil, - - -	18.	34.12. 0
Elijah Abel, - - -	30.12.	28.11. 6
George Allen, - - -	33. 7. 6	28.11. 6
David Allen, - - -	56. 8. 3	77. 2. 6
Eben Bartram, - - -	44.11	42.15
John Allen, - - -	18. 6.	6.18
Nehemiah Buddington, - -	23.	21.
Andrew Bulkley, - -	20.	29.
James Bulkley, - - -	20.	21.
Walter Buddington, - -	23. 5.	24.15
Peter Burr, - - - -	76. 1. 6	81. 7
Samuel Beers, - - -	55. 2. 6	60. 8. 6
Joseph Beers, - - - -	31.19.	37.19. 0
Abigail Burr, - - -	3.12.	3. 8.
David Burr, - - - -	22.10.	28. 6
William Buddington, - -	21.	21.
David Burr, - - - -	4. 4.	
Wakeman Burr, - - -	25.	21.
Samuel Burr, - - -	42.17. 6	44.17. 6
Job Bartram, - - -	11.12. 7	6.11.19
Priscilla Burr, - - -	24. 0. 6	32. 6. 6
Thaddeus Burr, - - -	145. 1. 4	167.16. 6
David Beers, - - -	55. 2. 6	62. 2. 6
Ann Dimon, - - -	26.19.	25.
William Dimon, - - -	51. 6.	60. 2.
Elizabeth Gold, - - -	48. 8. 9	39. 1. 6
Peter Wendzich, - - -	22. 8.	27. 8.
David Jennings, - - -	39. 6.	51.18.
Isaac Jarvis, - - - -	43. 9.	22.66.
Moses Jennings, - -	70. 5.	62.18. 6

	List, 1781.	List, 1782.
Abigail Jennings, - - -	£4.	£2.14. 9
Stephen Jennings, - -	76. 2.	96.06.
Jeremiah Jennings, - - -	40. 5.	56.10.
Lathrop Lewis, - - -	40.10.	48.10.
Sturges Lewis, - - -	72.19 .6	73. 7. 6
Jonathan Lewis, - - -	130.19. 6	132.12. 6
Hezekiah Nicholls, - - -	54.19. 6	60.11.
Thos. T. Nicholls, - -	20.15.	19. 3. 6
Eleazer Osborn, Jr., - -	12. 5	
Marble Osborn, - - -	30. 6. 6.	20. 2. 2
Daniel Osborn, - - -	96. 5. 9.	74. 0. 6
John Parsons, - - -	18.	21.
Nathaniel Parsons, - -	19. 5	1. 5
John Parritt, - - -	24.	23.
Samuel Penfield, - - -	52. 8. 3.	54. 8. 3
John Robertson, - -	26.	39.
Samuel Rowland, - - -	35. 13.	59.16. 3
Andrew Rowland, - -	48. 3.	91.16. 7
Samuel Squier, - - -	18.	21.
John Smedley, - - -	87.12	87.12.
Seth Sturges, - - - -	44. 7. 6	51.10. 6
Joseph Squier, - - -	25.14.	35. 1.
Thomas Staples, - - -	74.16.	66. 4.
Ebenezer Sturges, - -		24.16.
John Squier, Jr., - - -	37. 5. 6	38.17
Judson Sturges, - - -	63. 1.	71. 2
Joseph Sturges (children), -	31. 16.6	35.13. 6
Jonathan Sturges, - -	99. 2.	137.18.11
Samuel Squier, - - -	85. 4.6	85.18.6
Hezekiah Sturges, - -	157. 4.	142. 5.
Samuel Sturges, - - -	13. 4.	12. 6.
Samuel Smedley, - -	13.19.	13.19.
Joseph Smith, - - -	40.14.6	40. 5. 6
Eliphalet Thorp, - -	30. 4.	31.14.
Ansel Truby, - - - -	19.10.	28. 0. 1
Isaac Tucker, - - -	18.	
Stephen Thorp, - - -	30. 4.	31.14.
John Turney, - - -	61. 1.6	58. 2. 6
Eben Wakeman, - - -	99.18.	67. 8. 6

	List, 1781.	List, 1782.
Andrew Wakeman, - -	£124 17.	£116. 4. 6
Jabez Thorp, - - -	52.13.6	60. 8. 6
Isaac Turney, - - -	34. 8.	37. 8.
Reuben Burr, - - -	27. 2.	31. 3. 9
Wakeman Burrittt - -		85.11. 0
John Williams, Jr., - -	1. 4.	27. 5.
Wright White, - - -	4.	31.
John Mason, - - -	25.10.	28. 8.
Thos. H. Wakeman, - - -		6.17. 6

GREEN'S FARMS.

Sarah Andrews, - - -	£ 8.10.	£ 7.14.
Abraham Andrews, - -	72. 0. 6	69. 0. 3
George Patterson - -	21.	21.
Walter Carson, - - -	9.	13.18. 1
Nathan Godfrey, - -	62. 8.6	93.15. 3
Ebenezer Jessup, - - -	141. 3.	101.19. 9
Moss Kent, - - -	161.	105. 8.
Eunice Morehouse, - -	95. 6. 6	84.
Eben Morehouse, - -	111. 6. 6	91.17. 3
Gruman Morehouse, - -	21.14.	43.
Samuel Smith, - - -	21.	27. 2. 6
Gideon Morehouse, - -	45.66.	35.16. 6
Jesup Wakeman, - -	32. 5. 9	
John Morehouse, - - -	57.14.	64.18. 6

——Abated by the Assembly the sum of £4,088.12 in the year 1781. The sum of £4,088.12 to be apportioned to the sufferers of said town.

From Rev. Dr. Osgood:

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There are good materials for a history of the Church and Clergy of Fairfield, but these materials are very fragmentary, and they have never been brought together. Chief among the historical discourses are those by the Rev. Dr. Atwater, on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1839, and by the Rev. Dr. Rankin, on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1870, and by the Rev. N. E. Cornwall, on August 10, 1851. The Rev. B. J. Relyea, on the 26th of October, 1865, gave a valuable discourse upon the history of the Green's Farm Congregational Church, which seceeded from the old Fairfield Parish in 1715, and the Rev. Henry B. Smith delivered an elaborate historical sermon in 1876, on the 150th anniversary of the Greenfield Hill Congregational Church, which was founded in 1726.

Dr. Atwater gives a careful account of the pastors of the old Church until his own ministry, who had then been eight in number, beginning with the Rev. John Jones, the minister who brought an Oxford education to this frontier settlement, and who had tried to find a home in Concord, Mass., but left that place for Fairfield with a considerable part of his congregation, on account of "the poverty and meanness of Concord, together with the badness and wetness of the meadows." His successors were as follows, after his death in 1664:

Rev. Samuel Wakeman, .	1665–1692.
Rev. Joseph Webb, . .	1692–1732.
Rev, Noah Hobart, . .	1732–1773.
Rev. Andrew Eliot, . .	1774–1805.
Rev. Heman Humphrey, .	1807–1817.
Rev. Dr. Hewit, . . .	1818–1827.
Rev. Mr. Hunter, . . .	1828–1833.

Since Dr. Atwater's removal to Princeton, the old parish has had the services of Dr. Willis Lord, Rev. Alexander McLean and Rev. Dr. Rankin, whose coming retirement from his post is to take place in October.

The Episcopal Church in Fairfield has an honorable history since the consecration of its first edifice, Nov. 10, 1725, with a discourse by the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, afterwards President of King's College, New York City. In 1827, the Rev. Henry Caner was appointed missionary to Fairfield, and remained here till 1747, when he went to King's Chapel, Boston, where he was rector in 1776, when, with the British army, he left his post for Halifax, at the time of the evacuation of Boston. The second Episcopal Church edifice was burned in 1779, as stated by Dr. Rankin, and the third edifice that was built on Mill Plain in 1790, stood until the transfer of the services to the new Trinity Church edifice at Southport, where regular worship was begun by Rev. William Shelton in 1828. St. Paul's Church, now in Fairfield, began as a distinct parish in 1854, and it

is not the successor, except in its Episcopal order, of the old Trinity parish of 1725.

The ministers of St. Paul's Church have been the Rev. Messrs. Leffingwell, Stimson, Hyde, Mackie, and Rev. James K. Lombard, the present rector.

It is interesting to remember, that the Rev. Philo Shelton began his services as lay reader in Trinity Church, Fairfield, in 1779, and had been rector for forty years at the time of his death, February 27, 1825, aged seventy-one. He was ordained by Bishop Seabury, at Middletown, August 3, 1785, at the first ordination ever held by an American bishop. He was succeeded by his son, the Rev. William Shelton, who went to St. Paul's Church, Buffalo, 1829, where he is still rector. Thus it appears, as an intelligent lady remarked, that the Episcopal Church in America has been served one hundred years by father and son from the honored Shelton family.

It is worthy of note that there was close connection in early times between our Fairfield Churches and Boston and Cambridge culture. Several Fairfield ministers were graduates of Cambridge before and after Yale College came into being, and the brilliant Dr. Horace Holley, who made such a figure as the minister of Hollis Street Church, Boston, was for three years the eloquent and successful pastor of the Greenfield Hill Parish, from which he went to Boston in 1809, and was afterwards, for nine years, till 1827, President of Transylvania University, Kentucky.

It is a fact worth recording, that the first meeting of the old Congregational Parish, the Prime Ancient Society of Fairfield, distinct from town meeting, was held, according to the record, on December 19, 1727.

The Roman Catholic Church of St. Thomas, was consecrated about 25 years ago, under charge of Rev. Thomas J. Synnot, of Bridgeport, and it has been a distinct parish about three years.

THE LAST WORD.

There is good hope of the awakening of public spirit in Fairfield as the consequence of the late Memorial occasions. The celebration of 1876 was followed by the establishment of the Fairfield Memorial Library, and this Commemoration has led to the formation of the Fairfield Village Improvement Society, for the health, ornament and general welfare of the charming old town.