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LITCHFIELD COUNTY

STACK ANNEX

CENTENNIAL

CELEBRATION.

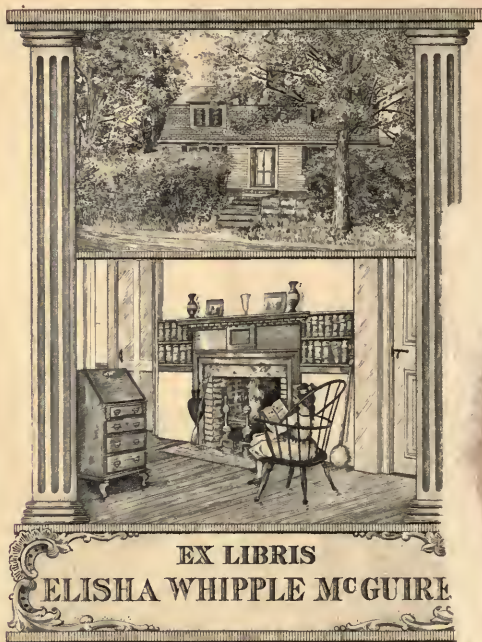


Hartford:

PUBLISHED BY EDWIN HUNT, NO. 6 ASYLUM ST.

1851.

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VIEW OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT LITCHFIELD, CT., 1851.—FROM THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. MORSE, WEST ST.

LITCHFIELD COUNTY

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

Held at Litchfield, Conn.,

13TH AND 14TH OF AUGUST, 1851.



HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY EDWIN HUNT, NO. 6 ASYLUM ST.
1851.

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MEETING OF THE BAR.

AT a meeting of the Bar of Litchfield County, held January 8th, 1851, the following Resolution was adopted, viz. :

Whereas, during the present year a century will elapse since the organization of this County ; and, whereas, the subject of a Centennial Celebration of that event has been under consideration, therefore

Resolved, That Messrs. Phelps, Seymour, Hubbard, Hall, Hollister, Harrison, and Foster, be a Committee to call a meeting of the citizens of the County to consider that subject, and to take such order therefor, by the appointment of a Committee of Arrangements, or otherwise, as shall be deemed best.

The Committee appointed under the foregoing resolution, in pursuance thereof, do, therefore, hereby call a meeting of the citizens of the County, to be held at the Court House, on Wednesday, the 19th day of February, 1851, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to take into consideration the subject of said Centennial Celebration, and to make the needful preliminary arrangements. And the Committee respectfully request a general attendance of gentlemen friendly to the object, from every town in the County, in order that a Committee of Arrangements from each town may then be appointed.

C. B. PHELPS, *Chairman*.



Meeting of the Citizens

OF

LITCHFIELD COUNTY.

At a meeting of the citizens of Litchfield County, convened pursuant to a call of the Committee, at the Court House in Litchfield, February 19th, 1851, for the purpose of making preparations for a *Centennial Celebration* of the organization of the County :

The meeting was called to order by Charles B. Phelps, Chairman of the Committee, and on motion, Origen S. Seymour, Abijah Catlin, and Gideon H. Hollister, were appointed a Committee to nominate officers of the meeting.

The Committee made the following Report which was unanimously accepted :

FOR PRESIDENT,

WILLIAM M. BURRALL.

FOR VICE PRESIDENTS,

DAVID S. BOARDMAN,
SETH P. BEERS,
ERASTUS LYMAN,
RUSSEL C. ABERNETHY,
CHARLES B. PHELPS,

DANIEL B. BRINSMADE,
JOHN BOYD,
SAMUEL W. GOLD,
ALEXANDER H. HOLLEY.

FOR SECRETARIES,

ROGER H. MILLS,
EDWARD CARRINGTON,

JULIUS B. HARRISON,
EDWARD W. ANDREWS.

The following Resolutions were adopted on report of a Committee appointed for the purpose :

Whereas, we have now entered on the one hundredth year since the organization of the County of Litchfield, and as during this period thousands of the sons and daughters of the County have emigrated to other States and countries, many of whom are still living and occupying prominent positions in public stations, professions, and occupations, who, as well as others, would rejoice to return and visit the homes of their childhood, and we would rejoice to meet and welcome them :

Resolved, That for this purpose a CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION shall be held at Litchfield, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 13th and 14th days of August, 1851, and that a Committee of Arrangements from the different towns in the County be appointed ; also, a Central Committee, to make the necessary and suitable arrangements for the occasion.

Resolved, That among the public exercises there be a Sermon, Oration, and Poem ; a Public Dinner, and other social entertainments, at which there will be delivered, by invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, short Addresses and Poems suited to the occasion.

Resolved, That the Committee shall make the invitation of attendance as general through the public papers, and as particular by letter, as possible, and that the general arrangements for the celebration be made public through the newspapers and otherwise, as early as possible.

The following persons were then appointed a

CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

SETH P. BEERS,
JONATHAN LEE,
DAVID C. SANFORD,
HOLBROOK CURTIS,
ORIGEN S. SEYMOUR,

G. H. HOLLISTER,
ROBBINS BATTELL,
EDWIN B. WEBSTER,
WILLIAM H. THOMPSON.

The following named gentlemen were appointed from their respective towns as a

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

LITCHFIELD — SAMUEL CHURCH,
“ GEORGE C. WOODRUFF,
“ DAVID L. PARMELEE,
“ WILLIAM BEEBE,
“ HUGH P. WELCH,
“ JONATHAN BUEL.

BETHLEM,-----	JOHN C. AMBLER,
"	JOSHUA BIRD,
"	PHILO H. SKIDMORE.
BARKHAMSTED,---	LESTER LOOMIS,
"	HIRAM GOODWIN,
"	PELEG SHEPARD,
"	CORNWELL DOOLITTLE.
CANAAN, -----	WILLIAM M. BURRALL,
"	SAMUEL F. ADAM,
"	HARLEY GOODWIN,
"	FITCH FERRIS,
"	CHARLES HUNT.
COLEBROOK, ----	EDWARD A. PHELPS,
"	REUBEN ROCKWELL,
"	EDWARD CARRINGTON,
"	ABIRAM CHAMBERLIN.
CORNWALL, -----	BENJAMIN SEDGWICK,
"	FREDERICK KELLOGG,
"	GEORGE WHEATON,
"	EDWARD W. ANDREWS,
"	H. MILTON HART.
GOSHEN,-----	JOSEPH I. GAYLORD,
"	LAVALETTE S. PERRIN,
"	LEWIS M. NORTON,
"	HORATIO N. LYMAN,
"	LAMONT STREET.
HARWINTON,-----	TRUMAN KELLOGG,
"	ABIJAH CATLIN,
"	PHINEAS W. NOBLE.
KENT,-----	WELLS BEARDSLEY,
"	JOHN M. RAYMOND,
"	PETER W. MILLS,
"	HENRY I. FULLER,
"	ASHBEL FULLER.
NEW HARTFORD,---	HERMON CHAPIN,
"	JAMES F. HENDERSON,
"	JARED B. FOSTER,
"	THOMAS WATSON.
NEW MILFORD,---	DAVID S. BOARDMAN,
"	PERRY SMITH,
"	ORANGE MERWIN,
"	GEORGE TAYLOR,
"	ROYAL I. CANFIELD.
NORFOLK,-----	MICHAEL F. MILLS,
"	WARREN CONE,
"	E. GROVE LAWRENCE,
"	ORRIN TIBBALS,
"	SAMUEL D. NORTHWAY.
PLYMOUTH,-----	EPHRAIM LYMAN,
"	ELISHA JOHNSON,
"	TERTIUS D. POTTER,
"	EDWARD LANGDON.
ROXBURY,-----	MYRON DOWNS,
"	HERMON B. EASTMAN,
"	AARON W. FENN.
SALISBURY,-----	JONATHAN LEE,

SALISBURY,-----	ROBERT N. FULLER,
"	SAMUEL C. SCOVILLE,
"	DONALD J. WARNER.
SHARON,-----	ANSEL STERLING,
"	CHARLES F. SEDGWICK,
"	JOHN COTTON SMITH,
"	WILLIAM T. KING.
TORRINGTON,-----	LORRAIN THRALL,
"	GEORGE D. WADHAMS,
"	CHARLES B. SMITH,
"	ANSON COLT.
WARREN,-----	GEORGE STARR,
"	CHARLES CARTER,
"	GEORGE P. TALLMADGE.
WASHINGTON,-----	ITHIEL HICOX,
"	WILLIAM MOODY,
"	REMUS M. FOWLER,
"	DAVID C. WHITTLESEY.
WATERTOWN,-----	MERRIT HEMINWAY,
"	LEMAN W. CUTLER,
"	WILLIAM B. HOTCHKISS,
"	HOLBROOK CURTIS,
"	JOHN DE FOREST,
"	NATHANIEL WHEELER.
WINCHESTER,-----	WM. S. HOLABIRD,
"	LEMUEL HURLBUT,
"	JOHN BOYD,
"	JEHIEL COE.
WOODBURY,-----	NATHANIEL B. SMITH,
"	CHARLES B. PHELPS,
"	WILLIAM COTHREN,
"	CHARLES H. WEBB,
"	ELIJAH SHERMAN,
"	GARWOOD H. ATWOOD.

At a meeting of the Central Committee on the 26th of February, 1851, the Hon. Samuel Church, of Litchfield, a native of Salisbury, was selected to deliver the Oration; Rev. Horace Bushnell, D.D., of Hartford, a native of Litchfield, the Sermon, and the Rev. John Pierpont, LL.D., of Medford, Mass., a native of Litchfield, the Poem, and on being notified of their appointments immediately signified their acceptance.

On the 22d of March the Chairman of the Central Committee issued to the Committees of the several towns the following

CIRCULAR.

" LITCHFIELD, March 22d, 1851.

GENTLEMEN:— Having received several communications in relation to the approaching Centennial Celebration, from the Town Committees,

making enquiries as to the nature and duties expected from them, we take the liberty of making a few suggestions on that subject.

Invitations have been prepared, and will soon be printed, to be addressed to the emigrants from the County, requesting their attendance at the celebration. Copies of these invitations will be sent you in a few days, for you to direct to such natives of your town as you may choose to send to, and we would recommend that thorough enquiry be made, so that the invitations may be sent to all who ought to be invited.

We also respectfully request you to procure Portraits and other relics of the past, illustrative of former manners and modes of life, to be forwarded some few days before the festival, so that they may be properly arranged for exhibition.

We further take the liberty of suggesting, that it may be well to have gatherings of the natives of each town, in the towns where they belong, before the days of the general meeting at Litchfield. In the event that this suggestion should be adopted, the Committee of the Town will, of course, act as a Committee of Reception and Arrangement, in regard to it.

And we would also suggest, that they select an individual, who may come prepared to make some remarks in the name and behalf of your town, when called on by the presiding officer of the day; and let the name of such individual be seasonably furnished to the Central Committee.

The Committee will be happy to receive any short *Poem*, suitable to be read or sung at the meeting.

Individuals, who cannot attend in person, are requested to forward to the Committee a *sentiment*, to be read on the occasion.

The gentleman who delivers the Address wishes information on the topics embraced in the following questions, and, therefore, requests of you an early answer; to be addressed to the Hon. Samuel Church, at this place, viz. :

1. At what time was the settlement of your town commenced?
2. What is the date of the Charter of the town?
3. What Indians inhabited the place at the time of its settlement, their character, &c.?
4. What was the name and character of the first minister of the town and his immediate successors?
5. General and field officers, chaplains, and captains in the war of the American Revolution?
6. Notices of distinguished lawyers, divines, physicians, or authors?
7. Judicial officers and members of Congress, natives of your town?
8. Other distinguished men natives of your town?
9. Origin and present condition of manufactures of the town?
10. Agricultural condition of the town?
11. Any miscellaneous matters worthy of notice?

Respectfully yours,

SETH P. BEERS, *Chairman Central Com.*

On the 22d of May the Central Committee prepared the following letter of invitation to emigrants from the County, caused about fifteen hundred copies to be printed and distributed to the Committees of the several towns, to be by them directed and forwarded to the emigrants from their respective towns:

LETTER OF INVITATION.

LITCHFIELD, May 22d, 1851.

DEAR SIR:— You have, perhaps, noticed in the newspapers, that a Centennial Celebration of the County of Litchfield, is to be held at this place on the 13th and 14th of August next.

At this celebration we expect a large gathering of those who have emigrated from this County to other parts of the United States, and to other lands.

Measures have been taken to render the occasion interesting. An address is expected from the Hon. Judge Church, a poem from the Rev. John Pierpont, and a sermon from the Rev. Horace Bushnell.

It is hoped that many will avail themselves of this occasion to re-visit the homes of their fathers and to revive the associations of their childhood.

Your own attendance is respectfully requested.

Yours truly,

SETH P. BEERS,	} <i>Central Com.</i>
JONATHAN LEE,	
DAVID C. SANFORD,	
HOLBROOK CURTIS,	
WM. H. THOMPSON,	
ORIGEN S. SEYMOUR,	
GIDEON H. HOLLISTER,	
ROBBINS BATTELL,	
EDWIN B. WEBSTER,	

A general invitation was also given through the public papers printed in the village, and in other papers in this and other States, requesting all to attend. And lest there might be some not notified or invited, the Committee gave the following further notice through the papers, which was continued down to the time of the celebration:

GENERAL INVITATION.

The proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of this County, in February last, having been published in hand-bills, in both of the newspapers in this village, and in many other papers in this and other States,

and the Central Committee having given notice by circular, to the Committee of each town, in addition to about fifteen hundred special invitations by letter, to emigrants from the County, requesting their attendance, it is hoped and presumed that it has come to the knowledge of all.

Lest there be some individuals who have not received notice, you are requested to publish the *Circular Letter of Invitation*, which was issued in May last, and hope every native of the County will consider it as specially addressed to him.

If, (as has been represented,) the Committee in some of the towns have not yet sent out to the emigrants from their town, the printed invitations which were early forwarded to them for that purpose, it is requested that no time be lost in doing it.

To the above was appended the Circular Letter of Invitation.

On the 4th of July the Chairman of the Central Committee issued the following Circular to all the Town Committees to meet them at Litchfield, the 18th of July; pursuant to which, a meeting was held and the following proceedings had:

CIRCULAR.

TO THE TOWN COMMITTEE OF THE TOWN OF ———: The Central Committee for the approaching Centennial Celebration desire to meet the Town Committees, for the purpose of completing the necessary arrangements for the occasion, and propose that such meeting be held at the Mansion House, in Litchfield, on Friday, the 18th day of July, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at which time a full attendance is requested, in order that the final arrangements may then be made.

Per Order of the Central Committee,

S. P. BEERS, *Chairman*.

MEETING OF THE CENTRAL AND TOWN COMMITTEES.

At a meeting of the Central and Town Committees, held at Litchfield, on Friday, the 18th inst., for the purpose of making arrangements for the County Centennial Celebration, John Boyd, Esq., of Winchester, was called to the Chair. Robbins Battell, of Norfolk, was appointed Clerk.

Hon. S. P. Beers, Chairman of the Central Committee, made a full

statement of what had been accomplished by the Committee, and wished to lay the subject of other arrangements before the meeting, for their advice and action.

After consultation, it was

Voted, That the large tent owned by the corporation of Yale College, be procured, and if hereafter thought necessary, the smaller college tent, also.

Voted, To procure the services of a good band of music.

Voted, To dispense with a public dinner.

Voted, That we approve of the project of an Encampment for the male inhabitants of the County not residing in the immediate vicinity of Litchfield, while we look to the citizens of Litchfield to provide sleeping accommodations for the females, and for friends from out of the County.

Voted, To appoint the following Committee to make arrangements for the Encampment: John Boyd, of Winchester, Peter W. Mills, of Kent, William Cothren, of Woodbury, Charles Adams, of Litchfield, Robbins Battell, of Norfolk.

Voted, To raise eight hundred dollars to defray the expenses of the celebration.

Voted, To appoint Edwin Webster, of Litchfield, Treasurer of the funds raised by last resolve.

Voted, To appoint Major-General William T. King, of Sharon, Marshal, on the occasion of our celebration.

Voted, To invite the Sheriff and his deputies to be on duty for the preservation of good order.

Voted, To authorize the Central Committee to employ such additional police force as they may deem necessary.

Voted, To request the Central Committee to see that accommodations are provided for horses.

Voted, To request the Town Committees to procure the loan of old family portraits, to be exhibited at the court room in Litchfield.

JOHN BOYD, *Chairman*.

R. BATTELL, *Clerk*.

MARSHALS.

Maj. General Wm. T. King, Marshal for the day, immediately appointed twenty-two Assistant Marshals, one from each town in the County, viz.:

Litchfield, Col. Wm. F. Baldwin; Harwinton, Abijah Catlin, Esq.; Colebrook, Gen. Edward A. Phelps; Norfolk, Col. Robbins Battell; Goshen, Gen. G. Cook; Salisbury, Col. Nathaniel Benedict; Sharon,

Andrew Lake, Jr. Esq.; Washington, A. J. Center, Esq.; New Milford, Col. J. C. Smith; Kent, Maj. P. W. Mills; Winchester, Roland Hitchcock, Esq.; Woodbury, Charles H. Webb, Esq.; Torrington, Rufus W. Gillett, Esq.; Bethlem, Samuel Bird, Esq.; Cornwall, Col. Dwight Pierce; Plymouth, Seth Thomas, Jr., Esq.; New Hartford, Capt. Wm. T. Nash; Canaan, Walter Cowles, Esq.; Roxbury, Col. Albert Hodge; Barkhamsted, Col. Justin L. Hodge; Watertown, Col. Wm. B. Hotchkiss; Warren, Maj. E. Carter. The Marshals will wear as a badge, a sash of red.

On the 21st of July, the Committee of Arrangements, for the town of Litchfield, prepared and published the following suggestions to their citizens:

TO THE CITIZENS OF LITCHFIELD.

The approaching Centennial imposes upon you some important duties; and that these duties may be effectively performed, the Town Committee beg leave to make you some suggestions.

I. At a meeting held on the 17th inst., of the Central Committee, in connection with the committees of the several towns, (an account of which meeting is published in the newspapers,) it was resolved to raise \$800 to defray public expenses, to wit: Band of music, erection of seats, tents, and tables, printing, &c. Three hundred dollars of this expense is allotted to be raised by the town of Litchfield, and will, we doubt not, be readily and cheerfully subscribed.

II. It is expected of every citizen of the town, that he will, at his own house, on the days of the occasion, exercise a most liberal hospitality.

1st. By entertaining his own family friends, emigrants from this town.

2d. By inviting his friends and acquaintances from other parts of the county. And this hospitality is invoked in favor not only of man and woman kind, but stable and barn room must be provided for horses and carriages of our friends.

III. It is expected of the Ladies, that very ample provision will be made in each house to accommodate for a single night all of their own sex who may be here on the occasion; and a little exertion on the part of each householder, will secure this important object. It is very easy to put up in every room of the house, several beds. All the old bedsteads must be set up, and may easily be furnished for a night with clean straw beds. Mr. Bulkley is ready to set up at a small expense, in every house, such extra bedsteads as may be required.

A communication in the Enquirer implies a doubt, whether this duty

will be thoroughly met. We trust, for the credit of our hospitable town, that this doubt is wholly groundless. A failure here would involve us in overwhelming disgrace. The celebration is in honor of the county which bears our name, and of which this is the honored Capitol, famed in the past, for talent, worth, generosity and hospitality. Let us not show ourselves unworthy of our past history.

It is expected that each town will provide mainly its own eatables ; but it is presumed that every family here will keep set at all hours of the day, a table for the entertainment of such friends as may not be otherwise provided.

These suggestions are made, not only for the people of the village, and its immediate vicinity, but all the houses in the town ought to be prepared in like manner.

SAMUEL CHURCH, DAVID L. PARMELEE, GEORGE C. WOODRUFF, WM. BEEBE, HUGH P. WELCH, JONATHAN BUEL,	} <i>Town Committee of Litchfield.</i>
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LITCHFIELD, July 21st, 1851.

The Central Committee residing in Litchfield, appointed a meeting of themselves, to be held each day for two or three weeks previous to the celebration.

The Park in the West street, was selected for the exercises, near the center of which was erected the large tent belonging to Yale College, with large additions, over which floated the National flag. Beneath the covering was arranged the stand for the speakers, officers, and others. In front and around it, were long rows of substantial seats sufficient to accommodate from three to four thousand persons. Other tents surrounded it, with their flags bearing the names of the towns whose citizens erected and occupied them. Many other tents were erected in different parts of the village.

The Sheriff had selected several special deputies to be on duty for the preservation of order. Twenty members of the "Bacon Guards," were selected to perform duty through each night. A sub-committee was appointed to be in constant attendance to provide accommodations for visitors and their horses as they should arrive.

General Daniel B. Brinsmade, of Washington, was designated as President of the day.

General R. C. Abernethy, of Torrington; Charles B. Phelps, Esq., of Woodbury; Roger H. Mills, Esq., of New Hartford; John Buckingham, Esq., of Watertown, and Hiram Goodwin, Esq., of Barkhamsted, as Vice Presidents.

A programme of the exercises was printed in handbills and published in the village papers. And agreeably thereto, a procession was formed on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Mansion House, under the direction of General King, Marshal of the day, and his Assistants, in the following order, viz:

Band of Music, from the Watervliet Arsenal, N. Y.

Governor Seymour, and General Brinsmade, President of the day.

Vice Presidents.

Orators of the day and Poet.

Clergy.

Central Committee of Arrangements.

Town Committees.

Emigrant Sons, &c., of the County.

Odd Fellows, Cadets of Temperance, &c.

Citizens at large.

The procession marched from the Mansion House, through a part of the East street, thence up North street, and returning, entered the Pavilion in the west Park, at about 11 o'clock.

The audience being seated as far as practicable, the exercises were opened with vocal music by the Litchfield County Musical Association, who sang with fine effect the following Psalm, to the tune of Old Hundred, viz.:

1

“BE thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2

O God, my heart is fixed—'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed."



PRAYER.

A fervent and impressive prayer was offered to the throne of Divine Grace, by the Rev. GEORGE A. CALHOUN, of Coventry, a native of Washington, in nearly the following words, viz. :

Almighty God, our heavenly Father ; our fathers' God, and our God : we recognize Thee as the God of the earth, and of the heavens ; swaying an undivided sceptre, controlling the worlds which revolve in the heavens, and the falling sparrow, and numbering the hairs of our head. We rejoice in the manifestations of thy love, mercy, and grace, unto us. We bless Thee for the institutions of our fathers, and that it pleased Thee to cast our lot in a land so highly favored, to give us our birth in a commonwealth so highly blessed, and in a portion of it so signally favored of Thee. And we bless Thee, that the institutions of our fathers have been continued to the present time, and that Thou hast allowed us, natives of this County, to assemble from different towns, counties, and states, for the purpose of celebrating this Centennial Anniversary of this County's organization, and to mingle together our praises, and our supplications, to Thee, around the sepulchres of our fathers. O, grant us Thy presence and Thy smiles on this occasion. We pray, that God, of His infinite mercy, would look down upon us, and bestow upon us His favor ; lifting upon us the light of His countenance, and enabling all of us, connected by birth with this County, to pursue that course of conduct in life, which, through thy grace, shall secure the favor of heaven, and perpetuate the privileges which we enjoy to future generations.

Wilt thou, Almighty God, smile on the services of this occasion. May they be to the praise and glory of Thy name. And may Thy grace be magnified in richly blessing this great collection of natives of the same State, and of the same County. And may we all be enabled to live in such a manner, as to be

prepared to meet together in the *great assembly*, and celebrate Thy praise in an undying song.

Regard in mercy, Our Heavenly Father, all the inhabitants of this State, and of this nation. Prosper all interests, civil, literary, religious, and charitable, of the land; and show mercy, grace, and salvation, to all the dying children of men. And hasten that blessed period, when the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days. And to the Father, the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, shall be the glory forever. AMEN!



ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT LITCHFIELD, CONN.,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, 1851.

BY

JUDGE CHURCH.



JUDGE CHURCH'S ADDRESS.

THE HON. SAMUEL CHURCH, LL. D., Chief Justice of the State, was then introduced to the audience, who commenced the delivery of his Oration. When about half through a recess was taken until 2 o'clock, P. M., when the address was resumed and finished, — occupying about two hours and a half, which is as follows :

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

I have no leisure now to offer apologies for my unadvised consent to appear before you, in this position, on the present occasion. Declining years, and the constant pressure of other duties, should have excused me.

My residence of sixty-six years from my nativity in this County, and an acquaintance of half a century, of some intimacy, with the events which have transpired, and with the men who have acted in them here, and having been placed within traditional reach of our early history, I suppose, has induced the call upon me to address you. In doing this, I shall make no drafts upon the imagination, but speak to you in the simple idiom of truthful narrative.

Among the most ancient and pleasant of New England usages, has been the annual gathering of children and brethren around the parental board on a Thanksgiving day. The scene we now witness reminds me of it. Litchfield County,—our venerable parent, now waning into the age of an hundred years, has called us here, to exchange our mutual greetings, to see that she still lives and thrives, and hopes to live another century.

A little display of vanity on the part of such a parent, thus surrounded by her children, may be expected ; but speaking by me, her representative, it shall not be excessive. She must say something of herself—of her birth and parentage—of her early life and progress, and of the scenes through which she has passed. She may be indulged a little in speaking of the children she has borne or reared, and how they have got along in the world. To tell of such as she has lost, and over whose loss she has mourned ; and in the indulgence of an honest parent's pride, she may boast somewhat of many who survive, and who have all through this wide country made her name and her family respected.

We meet not alone in this relation, but we come together as brethren, and many of us after long years of separation and absence, to revive the memories and associations of former years.

Some of you come to visit the graves of parents and friends—to look again into the mansions where the cradle of your infancy was rocked, or upon the old foundations where they stood—to look again upon the favorite tree, now full grown, which your young arms clasped so often in the climbing, or upon the great rock upon and around which many a young gambol was performed. You come to enter again, perhaps, the consecrated temples at whose altars the good man stood who sprinkled you with the waters of baptism, and from whose lips you learned the lessons which have guided your footsteps in all your after life.

These are but some of the pages in the history of early life, which it is pleasant after the lapse of years to re-peruse. And now, if the spirits of these dead can pierce the cloud which hides our view of heaven, they look down with a smile of love upon your errand here ; and when you shall leave us on the morrow, many of you will feel in truth, as did the patriot Greek, "*moriens reminiscitur Argos.*"

A stranger who looks upon the map of Connecticut, sees at its north-west corner a darkly shaded section, extending over almost the entire limits of this County, indicating, as he believes, a region of mountains and rocks—of bleak and frozen barrens.* He

* Litchfield County is the large Northwestern county of Connecticut ; averaging about thirty-three miles in length, with about twenty-seven miles in breadth ; bounding North on Berkshire County, Mass., and West on New York. The present number of towns is twenty-

turns his eye from it, satisfied that this is one of the waste places of the State—affording nothing pleasant for the residence of men. He examines much more complacently the map of the coast and the navigable streams. But let the stranger leave the map, and come and see! He will find the mountains which he anticipated—but he will find streams also. He will find the forests too, or the verdant hill-sides where they have been; and he will see the cattle on a thousand hills, and hear the bleating flocks in many a dale and glen, and he will breathe an atmosphere of health and buoyancy, which the dwellers in the city and on the plain know little of. Let him come, and we will show him that men live here, and women too, over whom it would be ridiculous for the city population to boast: a yeomanry well fitted to sustain the institutions of a free country. We will show him living, moving men; but more than this, we will point out to him where, among these hills, were born or reared, or now repose in the grave, many of the men of whom he has read and heard, whose names have gone gloriously into their country's history, or who are now almost every where giving an honorable name to the County of Litchfield, and doing service to our State or nation.

The extensive and fertile plains of the Western country may yield richer harvests than we can reap; the slave population of the South may relieve the planter from the toil experienced by a Northern farmer; and the golden regions of California may sooner fill the pockets with the precious metals;—and all this may stand in strong contrast with what has been often called the rough and barren region of Litchfield hills. But the distinguishing traits of a New England country, which we love so well, are not there to give sublimity to the landscape, fragrance and health to the mountain atmosphere, and energy and enterprise to mind and character.

Not many years ago, I was descending the last hill in Norfolk in a stage-coach, in company with a lady of the West, whose for-

two. The towns of Hartland and Southbury which originally belonged to it, were annexed to other counties more than 40 years since.

The surface of the County is hilly, some parts mountainous, and is the most elevated County in the State. It is watered by numerous lakes, and by the Housatonic, Naugatuck, and Shepaug Rivers, furnishing much valuable water-power, which is extensively used by the thriving manufacturing establishments. The Housatonic and Naugatuck Railroads pass through the County on the vallies of the streams bearing those names.

mer residence had been in that town. As we came down upon the valley of the Housatonic, with a full heart and suffused eyes, she exclaimed, "Oh, how I love these hills and streams! How much more pleasant they are to me than the dull prairies and the sluggish and turbid waters of the Western country." It was an eulogy, which if not often expressed, the truth of it has been a thousand times felt, before.

Our Indian predecessors found but few spots among the hills of this County, which invited their fixed residence. Here was no place for the culture of maize and beans, the chief articles of the Indian's vegetable food. Their settlements were chiefly confined to the valley of the Housatonic, with small scattered clans at Woodbury and Sharon. The Scaticoke tribe, at Kent, was the last which remained among us. It was taken under the protection of the Colony and State; its lands secured for its support. These Indians have wasted down to a few individuals, who, I believe, still remain near their fathers' sepulchers, and remind us that a native tribe once existed there.

We now see but little to prove that the *original* American race ever inhabited here. It left no monuments but a few arrow-heads, which are even now occasionally discovered near its former homes and upon its former hunting grounds,—and a sculptured female figure made of stone, not many years ago was found in this town, and is now deposited at Yale College.

There are other monuments, to be sure, of a later race of Indians; but they are of the white man's workmanship,—the quit-claim deeds of the Indians' title to their lands! These are found in several of the Towns in the County, and upon the public records, signed with *marks uncouth*, and names unspeakable, and executed with all the solemn mockery of legal forms.—These are still referred to, as evidence of fair purchase! Our laws have sedulously protected the minor and the married woman from the consequences of their best considered acts; but a deed from an Indian, who knew neither the value of the land he was required to relinquish, nor the amount of the consideration he was to receive for it, nor the import or effect of the paper upon which he scribbled his mark, has been called a fair purchase!

The hill-lands of this County were only traversed by the Indians as the common hunting grounds of the tribes which inhab-

ited the valleys of the Tunxis and Connecticut rivers on the eastern, and the valley of the Housatonic on the western side.

The first settlers of this County did not meet the Indian here in his unspoiled native character. The race was dispirited and submissive—probably made up of fugitives from the aggressions of the early English emigrants on the coast,—the successors of more spirited tribes, which, to avoid contact with the whites, had migrated onward toward the setting sun. These Indians were like the ivy of the forest, which displays all its beauties in the shade, but droops and refuses to flourish in the open sunshine.

Previous to the accession of James II. to the throne of England, and before our chartered rights were threatened by the arrival of Sir Edmund Andros, the territory now comprising the County of Litchfield was very little known to the Colonial Government at Hartford. The town of Woodbury, then large in extent, had been occupied some years earlier than this, by Rev. Mr. Walker's congregation, from Stratford. The other parts of the County were noticed only as a wilderness, and denominated the *Western Lands*. Still it was supposed, that at some time they might be, to some extent, inhabited and worth something. At any rate, they were believed to be worth the pains of keeping out of the way of the new government of Sir Edmund, which was then apprehended to be near. To avoid his authority over these lands, and to preserve them for a future and better time of disposal, they were granted, by the Assembly of the Colony, to the towns of Hartford and Windsor, in 1686,—at least, so much of them as lay east of the Housatonic river. I do not stop to examine the moral quality of this grant, which may be reasonably doubted; and it was soon after followed by the usual consequences of grants, denominated by lawyers, *constructively* fraudulent—dispute and contention.

Upon the accession of William and Mary, in 1688, and after the Colony Charter had found its way back from the hollow oak to the Secretary's office, the Colonial Assembly attempted to resume this grant, and to reclaim the title of these lands for the Colony. This was resisted by the towns of Hartford and Windsor, which relied upon the inviolability of plighted faith and public grants. The towns not only denied the right, but actually resisted the power of the Assembly, in the resumption of their

solemn deed. This produced riots and attempts to break the jail in Hartford, in which several of the resisting inhabitants of Hartford and Windsor were confined.

It would be found difficult for the Jurists of the present day, educated in the principles of Constitutional Law, to justify the Assembly in the recision of its own grant, and it can not but excite a little surprise, that the politicians of that day, who had not yet ceased to complain of the mother country for its attempts, by writs of quo warranto, to seize our charter, should so soon be engaged, and without the forms of law, too, in attempts of a kindred character against their own grantees. No wonder that resistance followed, and it was more than half successful, as it resulted in a compromise, which confirmed to the claimants under the towns the lands in the town of Litchfield and a part of the town of New Milford. The other portions of the territory were intended to be equally divided between the Colony and the claiming towns. Thus Torrington, Barkhamsted, Colebrook, and a part of Harwinton, were appropriated to Windsor; Hartland, Winchester, New Hartford, and the other part of Harwinton, were relinquished to Hartford; and the remaining lands in dispute, now constituting the towns of Norfolk, Goshen, Canaan, Kent, Sharon and Salisbury, were retained by the Colony. These claims having at length been adjusted, the western lands began to be explored, and their facilities for cultivation to be known.

Woodbury, as I have before suggested, by several years our elder sister in this new family of towns, began its settlement in 1674. The Church at Stratford had been in contention, and the Rev. Mr. Walker, with a portion of that Church and people, removed to the fertile region of Pomperaug, soon distinguished by the name of Woodbury, and then including, beside the present town, also the region composing the towns of Southbury, Bethlem and Roxbury.

Pomperaug is said to have felt some of the effects of Philip's war—enough, at least, to add another to the many thrilling scenes of Indian depredation, so well drawn by the author of Mount Hope.

New Milford next followed in the course of settlement. This commenced in 1707. Its increase of population was slow until 1716, when Rev. Daniel Boardman, from Wethersfield, was or-

dained as the first minister. This gentleman was the ancestor of the several distinguished families and individuals of the same name, who have since been and now are residents of that town. His influence over the Indian tribe and its Sachem in that vicinity, was powerful and restraining, and so much confidence had this good man and his family in the fidelity of his Indian friends, it is said, that when his lady was earnestly warned to fly from a threatened savage attack, she coolly replied, that she would go as soon as she had put things to rights about her house, and had knit round to her seam needle! The original white inhabitants were emigrants from Milford, from which it derives its name.

Emigrants from the Manor of Livingston, in the New York Colony, made Indian purchases and began a settlement at Weatogue, in Salisbury, as early as 1720. After the sale of the township in 1737, the population increased rapidly,—coming in from the towns of Lebanon, Litchfield, and many other places, so that it was duly organized in 1741, and settled its minister, Rev. Jonathan Lee, in 1744.

The first inhabitants of Litchfield came under the Hartford and Windsor title, in 1721, and chiefly from Hartford, Windsor and Lebanon. This territory, and a large lake in its south-west section, was known as Bantam. Whether it was so called by the Indians, has been doubted, and is not well settled.

The settlement of the other towns commenced soon after, and progressed steadily, yet slowly. The town of Colebrook was the last enrolled in this fraternity, and settled its first minister, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, in 1795. Rev. Rufus Babcock, a Baptist minister, had, for some time before this, resided and officiated in the town.

One general characteristic marked the whole population; it was gathered chiefly from the towns already settled in the Colony, and with but few emigrants from Massachusetts. Our immediate ancestors were religious men, and religion was the ruling element; but it would be a mistake to suppose that it absorbed all others.

I shall not detain you with an eulogium on Puritan character. This may be found stereotyped every where—not only in books and speeches, but much more accurately in its influence and

effects, not in New England alone, but throughout this nation. Our American ancestors were Englishmen, descendants of the same men, and inheritors of the same principles, by which Magna Charta was established at Runny-mede.—They were Anglo-Saxons, inspired with the same spirit of independence which has marked them every where, and especially through the long period of well defined English history, and which is destined in its further developments to give tone and impress to the political and religious institutions of Christendom. So much has been said and written of the Puritans, I have sometimes thought that some believe that they were a distinct race, and perhaps of a different complexion and language from their other countrymen; whereas, they were only Englishmen, generally of the Plebian caste, and with more of the energies and many of the frailties and imperfections common to humanity. If our first settlers here cherished more firmly the religious elements of their character than any other, the spirit of independence to which I have alluded developed another—the love of money, and an ingenuity in gratifying it.

Since the extent and resources of this County have been better known, the wonder is often expressed, how such an unpromising region as this County could have invited a population at first; but herein we misconceive the condition of our fathers. Here, as they supposed, was the last land to be explored and occupied in their day. They had no where else to go, and the growing population of the east, as well as the barren soil of the coast, impelled them westward. Of the north, beyond the Massachusetts Colony, nothing was known; only Canada and the frozen regions of Nova Scotia had been heard of. On the west was another Colony, but a different people; and still beyond, was an unknown realm, possessed by savage men, of whom New England had seen enough; and not much behind this, according to the geography of that day, was the Western Ocean, referred to in the Charter. A visible hand of Providence seems to have guided our fathers' goings. Had the valley of the Susquehanna been known to them then, they would but the sooner have furnished the history of the massacre of Wyoming.

If there were here the extensive and almost impenetrable everglade of the Green-Woods, the high hills of Goshen, Litchfield

and Cornwall, and heavy forests every where—these were trifles then in the way of a New England man's calculation, and had been ever since the people of the May Flower and the Arabella and their descendants had been crowding their way back among the forests. These, and a thousand other obstacles, were surmounted, with hardly a suspicion that they were obstacles at all, and every township began ere long to exhibit a well ordered, organized society.

This was no missionary field, after the manner of modern new settlements. Every little Colony, as it became organized and extended from town to town, either took its minister along with it, or called him soon after. He became one with his people, wedded to them almost by sacramental bonds, indissoluble. A *Primus inter pares*, he settled on his own domain, appropriated to his use by the proprietors of every town, and he cultivated with his own hands his own soil, and at his death was laid down among his parishioners and neighbors in the common cemetery, with little of monumental extravagance to distinguish his resting place. The meeting-house was soon seen at the central point of each town, modestly elevated above surrounding buildings, and by its side the school-house, as its nursling child or younger sister, and the minister and the master were the oracles of each community. The development of the Christian man, spiritual, intellectual and physical, was the necessary result of such an organization of society as this.

The original settlers of this County were removed two or three generations from the first emigrants from England, and some of the more harsh peculiarities of that race may well be supposed, ere this time, to have become modified, or to have subsided entirely. If a little of the spirit of Arch-Bishop Laud, transgressing the boundaries of Realm and Church, had found its way over the ocean, and was developed under a new condition of society here, it is not to be wondered at; it was the spirit of the age, though none the better for that, and none the more excusable, whether seen in Laud or Mather—in a Royal Parliament, or a Colonial Assembly.

Less of these peculiarities appeared in Connecticut than in Massachusetts; and at the late period when this County was settled, the sense of oppression inflicted by the mother country,

whether real or fancied, was a little forgotten, and of course neither Quakers, Prayer Books nor Christmas were the object of penal legislation. A more tolerant, and of course a better spirit, came with our fathers into this County, than had before existed elsewhere in the Colony, and, if I mistake not, it has ever since been producing here its legitimate effects, and in some degree has distinguished the character and the action of Litchfield County throughout its entire history, as many facts could be made to prove.

Before the year 1751, this territory had been attached to different Counties—most of it to the County of Hartford; the towns of Sharon and Salisbury to the County of New Haven; and many of the early titles and of probate proceedings of several of the towns, before their organization or incorporation, may be found on the records of more early settled towns. The first settlements of estates in Canaan are recorded in Woodbury, and many early deeds are on record in the office of the Secretary in Hartford.

In 1751, the condition of the population of these towns was such as to demand the organization of a new County, and the subject was extensively discussed at the town meetings. As is always true, on such occasions, a diversity of opinions as well as the ordinary amount of excited feeling existed, regarding the location of the shire town. Cornwall and Canaan made their claims and had their advocates—but the chief contest was between Litchfield and Goshen. The latter town was supposed to occupy the geographical center, and many persons had settled there in expectation that that would become the fixed seat of justice, and, among others, Oliver Wolcott, afterward Governor of the State. But at the October session of the General Court in 1751, the new County was established with Litchfield as the County Town, under the name of Litchfield County.

Litchfield County, associated with the thought of one hundred years ago! A brief space in a nation's history; but such an hundred years!—more eventful than any other since the introduction of our Holy Religion into the world. This name speaks to us of home and all the hallowed memories of youth and years beyond our reach,—of our truant frolics, our school boy trials, our youthful aspirations and hopes; and, perhaps, of more tender and romantic sympathies; and many will recall the misgiv-

ings, and yet the stern resolves, with which they commenced the various avocations of life in which they have since been engaged. And from this point, too, we look back to ties which once bound us to parents, brothers, companions, friends—then strong—now sundered! and which have been breaking and breaking, until many of us find ourselves standing, almost alone, amidst what a few years ago was an unborn generation.

Litchfield County! Go where you will through this broad country, and speak aloud this name, and you will hear a response, "That is my own, my native land." It will come from some whom you will find in the halls of Legislation, in the Pulpit, on the Bench, at the Bar, by the sick man's couch, in the marts of Trade, by the Plow, or as wandering spirits in some of the tried or untried experiments of life. And sure I am, that there is not to be found a son of this County, be his residence ever so remote, who would not feel humbled to learn that this name was to be no longer heard among the civil divisions of his native State.

The usual officers, made necessary by the erection of the new County, were immediately appointed by the General Court. William Preston, Esq., of Woodbury, was the first Chief Justice of the County, and his Associates were John Williams, Esq., of Sharon, Samuel Canfield, of New Milford, and Ebenezer Marsh, of Litchfield. Isaac Baldwin, Esq., was the first Clerk, and the first Sheriff was Oliver Wolcott, of whom I shall speak again. The County Court, at its first session in December of the same year, appointed Samuel Pettibone, Esq., of Goshen, to be King's Attorney, who was, within a few years, succeeded by Reynold Marvin, Esq., of this village, and these two gentlemen were all in this County, in this capacity, who ever represented the King's majesty in that administration of criminal justice.

The tenure of official place in the early days of the Commonwealth, was more permanent than since party subserviency has in some degree taken the place of better qualifications. The changes upon the bench of the County Court were not frequent. The office of Chief Judge, from the time of Judge Preston to the time of his successors, who are now alive, have been John Williams, of Sharon, Oliver Wolcott, Daniel Sherman, of Woodbury, Joshua Porter, of Salisbury, Aaron Austin, of New Hartford, also a member of the Council, and Augustus Pettibone, of Norfolk. I can

not at this time present a catalogue of Associate Judges. It has been composed of the most worthy and competent citizens of the County—gentlemen of high influence and respect in the several towns of their residence.

In the office of Sheriff, Governor Wolcott was succeeded by Lynde Lord, David Smith,* John R. Landon, Moses Seymour, Jr., and Ozias Seymour, of this village, and the successors of these gentlemen are still surviving.

Mr. Marvin was succeeded in the office of State's Attorney, by Andrew Adams, Tapping Reeve, Uriah Tracy, Nathaniel Smith, John Allen, Uriel Holmes, and Elisha Sterling, whose successors, with a single exception,† still survive.

Hon. Frederick Wolcott succeeded Mr. Baldwin in the office of Clerk, and this place he held, undisturbed by party influences, for forty years, and until nearly the time of his death in 1836.

The common Prison first erected was a small wooden building, near the late dwelling house of Roger Cook, Esq., on the north side of East street. This stood but a few years, and in its place a more commodious one was built, nearly on the same foundation. The present Prison was built in 1812, and essentially improved within a few years. The first Court House stood on the open grounds a little easterly from the West Park, and may still be seen in the rear of the buildings on the south side of West street. It was a small building, but in it were often witnessed some of the most able efforts of American eloquence. In this humble Temple of Justice, Hon. S. W. Johnston of Stratford, Edwards of New Haven, Reeve, Tracy, Allen, and the Smiths of this County, exhibited some of the best essays of forensic power. The present Court House was erected in 1798.

The early progress of the County presents but a few incidents of sufficient note to retain a place in its traditionary history. The apprehension of savage incursions had passed away, and the people were left undisturbed to carry out, to their necessary results, what might have been expected from the spirit and enterprise which brought them hither. The old French War, as it has

* This gentleman was the father of Junius Smith, LL. D., formerly a distinguished merchant in London, and one of the projectors of Steamship Ocean Navigation, and now engaged in the culture of the Tea Plant in South Carolina.

† Lemah Church, Esq., of Canaan.

since been called, disturbed them but little. Some of the towns in the County, moved by a loyal impulse, and a legitimate hatred of France, as well as hostility to Indians in its service, furnished men and officers in aid of some of the expeditions to the northern frontier.

The pioneers here were agriculturists. They came with no knowledge or care for any other pursuit, and looked for no greater results than the enjoyment of religious privileges, the increase of their estates by removing the heavy forests and adding other acres to their original purchases, and with the hope, perhaps, of sending an active boy to the College. Of manufactures, they knew nothing. The grist-mill and saw-mill, the blacksmith and clothier's shops,—all as indispensable as the plow and the axe,—they provided for as among the necessities of a farmer's life.

Thus they toiled on, till the hill-sides and the valleys every where showed the fenced field and the comfortable dwelling. The spinning wheel was in every house, and the loom in every neighborhood, and almost every article of clothing was the product of female domestic industry. Intercourse with each other was difficult. The hills were steep, and the valleys miry, and the means of conveyance confined to the single horse with saddle and pillion, with no other carriage than the ox-cart in summer and the sled in the winter. The deep winter snows often obstructed even the use of the sled, and then resort was had to snow-shoes. These were made of a light rim of wood bent into the form of an ox-bow, though smaller, perforated and woven into a net work with thongs of raw-hide, leather or deer skin, and when attached to the common shoe enabled the walker to travel upon the surface of the snow. Four-wheeled carriages were not introduced into general use until after the Revolution. Ladies, old and young, thought no more of fatigue in performing long journeys over the rough roads of the County, on horseback, than the ladies of our times in making trips by easy stages, in coaches or cars.

The County Town constituted a common center, where the leading men of the County met during the terms of the Courts, and they saw but little of each other at other times. The course of their business was in different directions. The north-west towns found their markets on the Hudson River—the southern towns at Derby and New Haven—and the eastern ones at Hart

ford. In the mean while, and before the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, nearly every town had its settled Pastor, and the schools were every where spread over the territory.

No manufacturing interest was prevalent in the County at first. The policy and laws of the mother country had discouraged this. But the rich iron mine which had been early discovered in Salisbury, and the iron ore found in Kent, could not lie neglected. Iron was indispensable, and its transportation from the coast almost impracticable. The ore bed in Salisbury had been granted by the Colonial Assembly to Daniel Bissell of Windsor, as early as 1731, and produces a better quality of iron than any imported from abroad or found elsewhere at home.

The manufacture of bloomed iron in the region of the ore, commenced before the organization of the County. Thomas Lamb erected a forge at Lime Rock, in Salisbury, as early as 1734,—probably the first in the Colony. This experiment was soon extensively followed in Salisbury, Canaan, Cornwall and Kent, and there were forges erected also in Norfolk, Colebrook and Litchfield. The ore was often transported from the ore beds to the forge in leathern sacks, upon horses. Bar iron became here a sort of circulating medium, and promissory notes were more frequently made payable in iron than in money.

The first Furnace in the Colony was built at Lakeville, in Salisbury, in 1762, by John Hazleton and Ethan Allen of Salisbury, and Samuel Forbes of Canaan. This property fell into the hands of Richard Smith, an English gentleman, a little before the war of the Revolution. Upon this event he returned to England, and the State took possession of the furnace, and it was employed, under the agency of Col. Joshua Porter, in the manufacture of cannon, shells and shot, for the use of the army and navy of the country, and sometimes under the supervision of Gouverneur Morris and John Jay, agents of the Continental Congress; and after the war, the navy of the United States received, to a considerable extent, the guns for its heaviest ships, from the same establishment.

It will not be any part of my purpose to become the Ecclesiastical historian of the County. This duty will be better performed by other pens. And yet, the true character and condition of a people can not be well understood without some study of their religious state.

I have already suggested, that there was here a more tolerant and better spirit than existed among the first emigrants to Plymouth and Massachusetts. The churches were insulated, and in a manner shut out from the disturbing causes which had agitated other portions of the Colony. I do not learn from that full and faithful chronicler of religious dissensions, Dr. Trumbull, that there was in this County so much of the metaphysical and subtle in theology, as had produced such bitter effects at an earlier time, in the churches at Hartford, New Haven, Stratford and Wallingford. The Pastors were men of peace, who had sought the retired parishes over here in the hills and valleys, without much pride of learning, and without ambitious views. The influence of the Pastor here was paternal; the eloquence of his example was more potent than the eloquence of the pulpit. It might be expected, that by such a Clergy, a deep and broad foundation of future good would be laid,—a fixed Protestant sentiment and its legitimate consequence, independent opinion and energetic action.

There was here, also, very early, another element which modified and liberalized the temper of the fathers, who had smarted, as they supposed, under the persecutions of an English home and English laws. A little alloy was intermixed in the religious crucible, which, if it did not, in the opinion of all, render the mass more precious, at least made it more malleable, and better fitted for practical use. There was not in this County an universal dislike of the Church of England. We were removed farther back in point of time, as I have said, from the original causes of hostility. We were Englishmen, boasting of English Common Law as our birthright and our inheritance, and into this was interwoven many of the principles and usages of English Ecclesiastical polity. This respect for the institutions of the mother country, though long felt by some, was first developed in the College, and extended sooner and more widely in this County than any where else; so that congregations worshipping with the Liturgy of the English Church were soon found in Woodbury, Watertown, Plymouth, Harwinton, Litchfield, Kent, Sharon and Salisbury, and were composed of men of equal intelligence and purity of character with their neighbors of the Congregational Churches. And yet, enough of traditional prejudice still remained, uncorrected by time or impartial examination, often to subject the

friends and members of the Church of England to insult and injustice. Some of it remains still, but too little to irritate or disturb a Christian spirit.

The spirit of emigration, that same Anglo-Saxon temperament which brought our ancestors into the County, and which constantly pushes forward to the trial of unknown fortune, began its manifestations before the Revolution, and sought its gratification first in Vermont. Vermont is the child of this County. We gave to her, her first Governor, and three Governors besides; as many as three Senators in Congress, and also many of her most efficient founders and early distinguished citizens,—Chittendens, Allens, Galushas, Chipmans, Skinner and others. The attitude assumed by Vermont in the early stages of the Revolutionary War, in respect to Canada on the north and the threatening States of New York and New Hampshire on either side, was peculiar and delicate, and demanded the most adroit policy to secure her purpose of independence. In her dilemma, her most sagacious men resorted to the counsels of their old friends of Litchfield County, and it is said that her final course was shaped, and her designs accomplished, by the advice of a confidential council, assembled at the house of Governor Wolcott in this village.

Perhaps no community ever existed, with fewer causes of disturbance or discontent than were felt here, before the complaints of British exaction were heard from Boston. But the first murmurings from the East excited our quiet population to action, and in nearly every town in the County, meetings of sympathy were holden, and strong resolves adopted, responsive to the Boston complainings. The tax on tea and the stamp duty were trifles. The people of this County knew nothing of them, and probably cared no more. The principle of the movement was deeper—more fundamental; the love of self-government—"the glorious privilege of being independent!" The excitement was general throughout the County. Individuals opposed it, and from different, though equally pure motives. Some supposed resistance to the laws to be hopeless at that time, and advised to wait for more strength and resources; others were influenced by religious considerations, just as pure and as potent as had influenced their fathers aforetime; others had a deeper seated sense of loyalty, and the obligations of sworn allegiance. But the County was nearly

unanimous in its resistance to British claims, and saw in them the commencement of a Colonial servitude, degrading, and threatening the future progress of the country, in its destined path to wealth and glory. I believe no individual of distinction in the County took arms against the cause of the country.

Our remote position from the scenes of strife and the march of armies, will not permit me to speak to you of battle-fields, of victories won or villages sacked any where in our sight. We were only in the pathway between the different wings of the American army. I have no means of determining the amount of force in men or money furnished by this County in aid of the war. From the tone of the votes and resolves passed at the various town-meetings, and from the many officers and men, Continental and militia, who joined the army, I may venture the assertion, that no county in New England, of no greater population than this, gave more efficient aid in various ways, or manifested by its acts, more devoted patriotism.

Sheldon's was, I believe, the first regiment of cavalry which joined the army. It was raised in this County chiefly, and commanded by Col. Elisha Sheldon of Salisbury. The services of this regiment have been favorably noticed by the writers of that day, and on various occasions called forth the public thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. Among other officers attached to it, was Major Benjamin Tallmadge, afterwards and for many years a distinguished merchant and gentleman of this village, and, for several sessions, a valuable member of Congress in the Connecticut delegation. Major Tallmadge distinguished himself by a brilliant exploit against the enemy on Long Island, for which he received the public approbation of General Washington; and through the whole struggle, this officer proved himself a favorite with the army and the officers under whom he served. Besides these, several other officers of elevated as well as subordinate rank, were attached to the Continental army, from this County. Among them were Col. Heman Swift of Cornwall, Major Samuel Elmore of Sharon, Col. Seth Warner of Woodbury, Major Moses Seymour of Litchfield, Major John Webb of Canaan, Capt. John Sedgwick and Edward Rogers of Cornwall, Col. Blagden and Major Luther Stoddard of Salisbury, and many others not now recollected.

Contributions in support of the war were not confined to the

payment of heavy taxes, but voluntary aid came from associations and individuals in every town. The aggregate can not be computed,—if it could, it would show an amount, which, rich as we now are, I think could not be demanded of our citizens for any cause of patriotism or philanthropy without murmurs, and perhaps, resistance.

Nor was the Patriot spirit confined to men and soldiers,—it warmed the bosoms of wives, mothers and sisters, in every town. An equestrian statue of the King, of gilded lead, before the war, had stood upon the Bowling Green in New York. As soon as the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence reached New York, this was missing. Ere long it was found at the dwelling-house of Hon. Oliver Wolcott, in this village, and in time of need was melted down into the more appropriate shape of forty thousand bullets, by the daughters of that gentleman and other ladies, and forwarded to the soldiery in the field. Other ladies still, and in other towns, were much employed in making blankets and garments for the suffering troops.

I have no means of determining the number of killed and wounded soldiers belonging to this County.

Mr. Matthews, the Mayor of the city of New York, was for some time detained in this village, a prisoner of war, and it is said that his traveling trunk, and some parts of his pleasure carriage, still remain in possession of the Seymour family. Governor Franklin, the Royal Governor of New Jersey, and a son of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, was confined as a prisoner of war in our jail which was often used to detain English prisoners as well as Tories.

Although the treaty of peace brought peace to other parts of the State, it did not bring it to the whole of this County. One town was left,—not to the continued and merciless inroads of British soldiers and savage Indians, as before, but to the unjust oppressions of Pennsylvania,—Westmoreland, better known to the readers of Indian tragedy by the name of *Wyoming*. Its history is one of melancholy interest. This territory is in the valley and region of the Susquehanna River, and included the present flourishing village of Wilkesbarre. Its extent was as broad as this State. It was supposed to be embraced within our chartered limits, and such was the opinion of the most eminent

counsel in England and in the Colony. Under this claim, a company associated about the year 1754, by the name of the Susquehanna Company, and purchased the Indian title to the country, for two thousand pounds, New York currency. This was a voluntary movement,—a people's enterprise, unsanctioned by any direct Legislative act, but unforbidden, and probably encouraged. Within a few years, a settlement was effected upon the choice lands of the Susquehanna, chiefly by emigrants from the counties of Windham and New London, with several from this County, among whom was John Franklin of Canaan, the brother of the late Silas Franklin, Esq., of that town, a gentleman whose fortune and history were closely interwoven with the fortunes of that colony. The Authorities of Pennsylvania, though claiming under a later Charter, opposed this settlement, and kept up a continual annoyance until the breaking out of the war with England, and even then sympathized but little with our people there, under the dreadful afflictions which that event brought upon them.

Sad indeed was the condition of the colonists of Wyoming!—persecuted by their Pennsylvania neighbors, and left defenceless to the ravages of British troops and their savage allies! The Legislature of this Colony recognized this interesting band of its own children, and incorporated them into a township, by the name of Westmoreland, in 1774, and annexed it to the County of Litchfield. They would have been protected from the aggressions of Pennsylvania, if the war of the Revolution had not prevented, and the *good Friends* of that Commonwealth would have been compelled to doff the Quaker a while, or quietly to have left our fellow-citizens in peace. Under the protection of their parent power, this little colony now looked for security. They were a town of the Connecticut Colony, organized with Selectmen and other ordinary Town Officers, and semi-annually sent their Deputies to the General Court at Hartford and New Haven; chose their Jurors to attend the Courts of this County, and their Justices of the Peace were magistrates of the County of Litchfield, and all writs and process, served there, were returnable to the Courts of this County, and remain now upon our records. But their security was transient; the war of the Revolution brought down upon them a combined force of British Provincials and Tories, from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New

York, and a large body of Indians, commanded by Brant, a celebrated chief. This whole force was directed by Col. John Butler, of infamous memory.

I have no leisure to describe, in its details, the progress of the tragedy of the Wyoming massacre. Cols. John Franklin and Zebulon Butler were conspicuous in their efforts to avert the sad destiny of the citizens. It was in vain. The battle opened on the 3d day of July, 1778, and it closed with the entire destruction of the settlement. Men, women and children, whether in arms or defenceless, were devoted to the bayonet and scalping knife, and such as were so fortunate as to escape, were driven away, houseless and homeless, many of them to be dragged from their hiding places to the slaughter, and others to escape after many perils by the way. That massacre was without a likeness in modern warfare, and a stain upon the English character, for which English historians have found no apology.

“Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor any thing of living birth;
No,—not the dog that watch’d my household hearth
Escaped that night, upon our plains,—all perished!”

Men, maidens, widowed mothers and helpless infants, flying from this scene of death, are remembered by many still living, passing on foot and on horseback through this County, back to their friends here and to the eastern towns. Such was the fate of a portion of the citizens of our own County. Nine years Wyoming had been a part of us, and after the war was over, Pennsylvania renewed her claims and her oppressions. Our Pilgrim fathers could recount no such afflictions! Our jurisdiction ceased in 1782, after a decision by a Board of Commissioners; but a great portion of those who had survived the conflict with the Indians, gathered again around the ruins of their former habitations, and still refused submission to the claims of Pennsylvania. Col. Franklin was the master spirit of resistance, and upon him fell the weight of vengeance. He was arrested, imprisoned, and condemned to death as a traitor. After a long confinement in jail, he was at length released, and survived many years, and was a respectable and influential member of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, from the County of Luzerne.

The result of the compromise of our claim to the town of Westmoreland, was the acknowledgment, by Congress, of the claim of Connecticut to the Western Reserve, from which has been derived the School Fund of the State.

The war of the Revolution had ceased, and left us an exhausted people. The extravagant hopes of many were disappointed: they felt the present pressure, but anticipated none of the future prosperity and glory in reserve. This disappointment, in a neighboring State, had produced open resistance to the laws,—rebellion! It was a contagious spirit, and such as municipal lines could not confine. Much was feared from it here. A spark from that flame in Berkshire county had flown over into Sharon. One Dr. Hurlbut, an emissary of Shay's, visited that town, in the spring of 1787, to enlist men in his cause. He made some impression. The General Assembly was then in session, and took efficient measures to prevent the spread of the treasonable contagion. Col. Samuel Canfield, of New Milford, and Uriah Tracy, of this village, were sent to suppress it. Several individuals were arrested and imprisoned in the jail of this County; but, as the disturbance in the sister State subsided, the advocates of resistance to the laws were disheartened, the prosecutions were finally abandoned, and these disciples of the treasonable doctrine of resistance were permitted to go at large, punished enough by the contempt which followed them.

Although the resources of our citizens had been consumed by a wasting war and a bankrupt government, the elasticity of our former enterprise was not relaxed. Released, now, from Colonial dependence, and free to act without foreign restrictions, the energies of our citizens soon recovered all they had lost. A Constitution of Government, uniting the former Colonies into a great nation, was proposed to the State for adoption; and, in January, 1787, a convention of delegates from the several towns met at Hartford to consider it. The votes of the delegates from this County, upon this great question, stood, twenty-two in the affirmative, and nine in the negative. The negative votes were from Cornwall, Norfolk, and Sharon. Harwinton, New Hartford, and Torrington were divided.

No portion of the country sooner revived under the new impulse, given by the establishment of a National Constitutional

Government, than this County. Our resources were varied. Our soil was every where strong on the hills and by the streams. Various sections possessed their peculiarities of production. Wheat was a staple of the western towns. Dairy products were yielded in abundance in the northern and central regions ; and, in almost every location, every species of grass, fruit, and grain, indigenous to any northern latitude, by reasonable culture, was found to flourish. We were rich in the most useful mineral in the world, and our streams of purest water afforded privileges every where for converting our ores into iron and our forests into building materials. But we had more—that, without which, all these were worthless ; we had an industrious, and what was better, an *economical* and an intelligent yeomanry. We had a few slaves, to be sure ; not enough of these, nor enough of a degraded foreign population to render the toil of our own hands, in the fields, or of our wives or daughters, in the kitchen or the dairy, dishonored or disgraceful. Our people were Native Americans ! And here is the secret of our prosperity and progress.

In 1784 the first newspaper press was established in this County by Thomas Collier, and was continued under his superintendence for more than twenty years. It was called the “ Weekly Monitor.” It was a well conducted sheet, and it is refreshing now, after the lapse of many years, to look through its columns, as through a glass, and see the men of other days, as they have spoken and acted on the same ground on which we stand. Mr. Collier was an able writer, and his editorial efforts would have done honor to any journal. It is a Litchfield monitor now, and whoever shall look over its files will see, at a glance, the great changes which have been introduced, in later days, into all the departments of business and of social and political life.

Then, the intercourse between the several towns in this County and the market towns was slow and difficult. The Country merchants were the great brokers, and stood between the farmer and the markets. They received all his produce and supplied all he wished to buy. The thrifty farmer, on settlement, received his annual balance from the merchant. This enabled him to increase his acres. He did not invest it in stocks ; of these he knew nothing, except such as he had seen attached as instruments of punishment, to the whipping post in every town.

The merchants, thus employed, almost all became wealthy. A broken merchant in the County was seldom heard of. Among the most successful and respectable of these gentlemen, whom I now recollect, were Julius Deming and Benjamin Tallmadge, of this town; Tallmadge, of Warren; Bacon, of Woodbury; Leavitts', of Bethlem and Washington; Starr, Norton, and Lymans', of Goshen; Battel, of Norfolk; King, of Sharon; Holley, of Salisbury, and Elijah Boardman, of New Milford, afterwards a highly respectable Senator in the Congress of the United States. At that time, Derby was the chief market town for many of the merchants in the southern towns of the County.

The age of Turnpike Roads commenced about the year 1800, and no portion of the country was more improved by them than this County. Before this, a journey through the Green Woods was spoken of as an exploit,—a region now accommodated by the most pleasant road in the County. The roads constructed, about the same time, from New Haven to Canaan, from Sharon to Goshen, and from Litchfield to Hartford, changed very much the aspect of the County and its current of business, and if they have not been profitable to stockholders, they have been invaluable to the people.

The spur given to agriculture by the wars following the French Revolution was felt in every thing. If our farmers have failed in any thing, it has been in a proper appreciation of their own calling. They have yielded a preference to other employments, to which they are not entitled. If we are to have an Aristocracy in this country, I say, let the farmers and business men, and not our idlers, be our Princes!—not such as are ashamed of their employments and withdraw their sons from the field and their daughters from domestic labor. I would have no such to rule over me. But, in spite of some such false notions, agriculture has kept pace even with other branches of industry in the County, as the appearance of our farms and the thrift of our farmers attest. Much of this may be attributed to an Agricultural Society, which was formed here several years ago, and has been well sustained until this time.

I have alluded to the condition of manufactures as it was before the Revolution—limited to iron and confined to the furnace in Salisbury and a few forges in that vicinity; to which may be

added, the manufacture of maple sugar, to some extent by the farmers in some of the towns.

Even a few years ago, this County was not believed to be destined to become a manufacturing community. During the Revolutionary War, Samuel Forbes, Esq., commenced a most important experiment in Canaan—the manufacture of nail rods. Before this, nails were hammered out from the bar iron—a slow and expensive process. There was a slitting-mill in New Jersey, in which nail rods were made, but the machinery was kept hidden from public inspection. Forbes wished to obtain a knowledge of it, and for this purpose employed an ingenious mechanic and millwright, Isaac Benton, of Salisbury. Benton, disguised as a traveling mendicant, obtained admission to the mill, and so critically, and without suspicion, marked the machinery and its operation, as to be able immediately to make such a model of it as to construct a mill, of the same sort, for Forbes. This was the foundation of his great fortune in after life. He afterwards erected another slitting-mill in Washington, (now Woodville.) By these he was able to supply the great demand for this article. This was a great improvement upon the former mode of nail-making, but was itself superseded, some years afterwards, by the introduction of cut nail machinery. Esquire Forbes, as he was afterwards familiarly called by every body, may justly be deemed the pioneer of the manufacturing interests in this County. His efforts were confined, generally, to the working of iron. His forge he extended, and accommodated to the manufacturing of anchors, screws, and mill irons. He introduced this branch of the iron business into this County, if not into the State. It was not long after followed by those enterprising manufacturers, Russell Hunt & Brothers, at South Canaan, by whom the largest anchors for the largest ships of the American Navy were made.

The manufacture of scythes by water-power, was commenced in this County first at Winsted, by Jenkins & Boyd, in 1794. These enterprising gentlemen, with the brothers Rockwell, soon extensively engaged in various branches of the manufacture of iron and steel in Winsted and that vicinity, from which originated, and has grown up to its present condition, one of the most flourishing manufacturing villages in the State.

The furnace, in Salisbury, continued for many years in most successful operation under its active proprietors, and especially its last owners, Messrs. Holley & Coffing, by whose energy and success, the iron interest, in Salisbury, has been most essentially promoted; and it has extended into the towns of Canaan, Cornwall, Sharon, and Kent. Ames' works, at Falls Village, are not equalled by any other in the State.

In speaking of the iron interest, I cannot but allude again to the Salisbury iron ore, which is found in various localities in that town. It stands superior to any other for the tenacity of the iron which it produces, with which the armories of Springfield and Harper's Ferry are supplied, and from which the chain cables and best anchors for the Navy are made. And I am confident, if the machinery of the steam vessels and railroad cars were made exclusively from this iron, and not from a cheaper and inferior material, we should know less of broken shafts and loss of life in our public conveyances.

Paper was first made in this County, at the great Falls of the Housatonic, in Salisbury, by Adam & Church, as early as 1787, and soon after in Litchfield. The first carding-machine erected, I think, in this State, was built at the great falls in Canaan, about 1802. Previous to this time, wool was carded only by females, at their own firesides.

A general manufacturing policy was suggested by the measures of government, and not long after a more extensive experiment was made in the manufacture of woollen cloths by the late Gov. Wolcott, and his brother Hon. Frederick Wolcott of this place, than had been made in this County before; and although the trial was disastrous to its projectors, it was the parent of the subsequent and present prosperity of the village of Wolcottville.

The same policy has spread into almost every town in the County, and has not only extended the manufacture of iron, from a mouse trap to a ship's anchor, but has introduced, and is introducing, all the various branches of manufactures pursued in this country; and of late, the elegant manufacture of the Papier Mache. Plymouth, New Hartford, Norfolk, Woodbury, as well as the towns before mentioned, have felt extensively the beneficial effects of this modern industrial progress, so that our County may now be set down as one of the first manufacturing Counties in the

State; and this confirms what I have said, that here are all the varied facilities of profitable employment, which can be found in any section or region of this country. Our young men need no longer seek adventure and fortune elsewhere! Neither the desire of wealth, nor the preservation of health and life, should suggest emigration.

As soon as the war was over, and the Indians subdued into peace, our people rushed again to Vermont, and to the Whites-town and Genesee countries, as they were called; so that, in a few years, let a Litchfield County man go where he would, between the top of the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain, or between Utica and the Lakes, and every day he would greet an acquaintance or citizen from his own County.

And then followed the sale and occupation of the Connecticut Western Reserve. Many of its original proprietors were our citizens; and among them, Messrs. Boardman, of New Milford; Holmes, Tallmadge, and Wadsworth, of Litchfield; Starr and Norton, of Goshen; Canfield, of Sharon; Johnston, Church, and Waterman, of Salisbury. For a time it seemed as if depopulation was to follow. The towns of Boardman, Canfield, Tallmadge, Johnson, Hudson, and several others on the reserve, were soon filling up with the best blood and spirit of our County; and since then, we have been increasing the population of other parts of the States of New York and Ohio, as well as of Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana, so that now there is not one of us who remain, who has not a parent, a brother, or a child, in New York, Vermont, or the States of the West. And we believe that these children of our own raising, have transmitted the impress and image of Litchfield County, to the general condition of society where they have gone, and that they have fixed there a moral likeness which proves its parentage. This emigrating propensity has characterized the Saxon race in all times of its history; and it is still at work, scattering us into every corner and climate, and away to dig for gold and graves in the barrens of California! Notwithstanding this exhausting process of emigration, our population which, in the year 1800, was 41,671, has increased to the number of 46,171.

I do not know that before the Revolution there was a public Grammar School in the County. The preparatory studies of young men, intended for a collegiate course, were prosecuted

with private instructors — generally, the Clergy ; and this course was pursued still later.

Among the clergymen of the County most distinguished as instructors, and in *fitting* young men for college, as it was called, were Rev. Daniel Farrand, of Canaan, Ammi R. Robbins, of Norfolk, Judah Champion, of Litchfield, and Azel Backus, D. D., of Bethlem. This last named gentleman was afterwards President of Hamilton College.

Soon after the war, Academies were instituted, and among the first and best of them was the Morris Academy in the parish of South Farms, in this town, which was commenced in 1790, by James Morris, Esq. Esquire Morris was no ordinary man. He was a distinguished graduate of Yale College, and an active officer in the Revolutionary Army. His learning was varied and practical, and under his direction the Morris Academy became the most noted public school of the County, and so continued for many years. This excellent gentleman died in 1820, aged 68 years. An Academy at Sharon, not long after, acquired a deserved reputation, under such instructors as John T. Peters, Elisha Sterling, and Barzillai Slosson. Many years afterwards an Academy was conducted in Ellsworth Society, in the same town, under the superintendence of Rev. Daniel Parker, which soon attained a high reputation.

Our relative position in the State, and the controlling influence of the cities, have left us without College, Asylum, or Retreats ; but our district schools have been doing their proper work, so that Judge Reeve remarked while alive, that he had never seen but one witness in Court, born in this County, who could not read. And these schools have not only made scholars, *but school-masters*, and these have been among the best of our indigenous productions, and have found a good market every where. When Congress sat in Philadelphia, a Litchfield County man was seen driving a drove of mules through the streets. A North Carolina member congratulated the late Mr. Tracy upon seeing so many of his constituents that morning, and enquired where they were going, to which he facetiously replied, that they were going to *North Carolina to keep school*.

A new tone to female education was given by the establishment of a Female Seminary, for the instruction of females in

this village, by Miss Sarah Pierce, in 1792. This was an untried experiment. Hitherto the education of young ladies, with few exceptions, had been neglected. The district school had limited their course of studies. Miss Pierce saw and regretted this, and devoted herself and all of her active life to the mental and moral culture of her sex. The experiment succeeded entirely. This Academy soon became the resort of young ladies from all portions of the country — from the cities and the towns. Then, the country was preferred, as most suitable for female improvement, away from the frivolities and dissipation of fashionable life. Now, a different, not a better practice, prevails. Many of the grandmothers and mothers of the present generation were educated as well for genteel as for useful life, in this school, and its influence upon female character and accomplishments was great and extensive. It continued for more than forty years, and its venerable Principal and her sister assistant now live among us, the honored and honorable of their sex.

Before this, and as early as 1784, a Law School was instituted in this village. Tapping Reeve, then a young lawyer from Long Island, who had commenced the practice of his profession here, was its projector. It is not known whether in this country, or any where, except at the Inns of Court at Westminster, a school for the training of lawyers had been attempted. No Professorships of Law had been introduced into American Colleges; nor was the Law treated as a liberal science.

Before this, the law student served a short clerkship in an attorney's office, — studied some forms and little substance, and had within his reach but few volumes beyond Coke's & Wood's Institutes, Blackstone's Commentaries, Bacon's Abridgment, and Jacob's Law Dictionary; and, when admitted to the Bar, was better instructed in pleas in abatement, than in the weightier matters of the Law. Before this, too, the Common Law, as a system, was imperfectly understood here and in our sister States. Few lawyers had mastered it. The reputation of this institution soon became as extensive as the country, and young men from Maine to Georgia sought to finish their law studies here.

Judge Reeve conducted this school alone, from its commencement until 1798, when, having been appointed to the Bench of the Superior Court, he associated with him, as an instructor,

James Gould, Esq. These gentlemen conducted the school together for several years, until the advanced age of Judge Reeve admonished him to retire; after which, Judge Gould continued the school alone until a few years before his death. It may be said of Judge Reeve, that he first gave the Law a place among liberal studies in this country, — that “he found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, color, and complexion.” This school gave a new impulse to legal learning and it was felt in the Jurisprudence as well as in the Legislation of all the States.

A new subject of study, not known in any other country, had been presented to the legal student here, — the Constitution of the United States and the Legislation of Congress. Uniformity of interpretation was indispensable.

At this institution students from every State drank from the same fountain, were taught the same principles of the Common and Constitutional Law; and these principles, with the same modes of legal thinking and feeling and of administration were disseminated throughout the entire country. More than one thousand lawyers of the United States were educated here, and many of them afterwards among the most eminent Jurists and Legislators. Even after Judge Gould’s connection with the school, an inspection of the catalogue will show, that from it have gone out among the States of this Union, a Vice President of the United States, two Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, forty Judges of the highest State Courts, thirteen Senators, and forty-six Representatives in Congress, besides several Cabinet and Foreign Ministers.*

* LITCHFIELD LAW SCHOOL. — At a late dinner of the Story Association of the Cambridge Law School, the famous Litchfield Law School was adverted to. The whole passage will be interesting to the former pupils of that institution, and to the friends of its celebrated teachers.

Judge Kent gave —

The first-born of the law schools of this country — the Litchfield Law School. The Boston bar exhibits its rich and ripened fruits. By them we may judge of the tree and declare it good.

Charles G. Loring, Esq., replied. He began with expressing his regret that there was no other representative from the Litchfield Law School to respond to the complimentary but just notice of that institution.

I do not remember, said he, to have ever been more forcibly reminded of my younger days, than when looking around upon our young friends in the midst of whom I stand. It recalls the time when I, too, was a student among numerous fellow students. It will, probably, be news to them and many others here, that thirty-eight years ago, which to many here seems a remote antiquity, there existed an extensive Law School in the State of Connecticut, at

I have said that this school gave a new impulse to legal learning in this country. Soon after its establishment, and not before, reports of judicial decisions appeared. Ephraim Kirby, Esq., an able lawyer of this village, published the first volume of Reports of Adjudged Cases, in this country,—a volume which deserved and received the approbation of the profession here and elsewhere. This was soon followed by Reports in Massachusetts and New York.

Standing at this point of time, and looking back over the events of an hundred years, we would recall, not only the scenes which have transpired, but revive our recollections of the men

which more than sixty students from all parts of the country were assembled,—every State then in the Union, being there represented. I joined it in 1813, when it was at its zenith, and the only prominent establishment of the kind in the land.

The recollection is as fresh as the events of yesterday, of our passing along the broad shaded streets of one of the most beautiful of the villages of New England, with our ink-stands in our hands, and our portfolios under our arms, to the lecture room of Judge Gould—the last of the Romans, of Common Law lawyers; the impersonation of its genius and spirit. It was, indeed, in his eyes, the perfection of human reason—by which he measured every principle and rule of action, and almost every sentiment. Why, Sir, his highest visions of poetry seemed to be in the refinement of special pleading; and to him, a *non sequitur* in logic was an offence deserving, at the least, fine and imprisonment—and a repetition of it, transportation for life. He was an admirable English scholar; every word was pure English, undefiled, and every sentence fell from his lips perfectly finished, as clear, transparent, and penetrating as light, and every rule and principle as exactly defined and limited as the outline of a building against the sky. From him, Sir, we obtained clear, well-defined, and accurate knowledge of the Common Law, and learned that allegiance to it was the chief duty of man, and the power of enforcing it upon others his highest attainment. From his lecture room we pass to that of the venerable Judge Reeve, shaded by an aged elm, fit emblem of himself. He was, indeed, a most venerable man, in character and appearance—his thick, gray hair parted and falling in profusion upon his shoulders, his voice only a loud whisper, but distinctly heard by his earnestly attentive pupils. He, too, was full of legal learning, but invested the law with all the genial enthusiasm and generous feelings and noble sentiments of a large heart at the age of eighteen, and descended to us with glowing eloquence upon the sacredness and majesty of law. He was distinguished, Sir, by that appreciation of the gentler sex which never fails to mark the true man and his teachings of the law in reference to their rights and to the domestic relations, had great influence in elevating and refining the sentiments of the young men who were privileged to hear him. As illustrative of his feelings and manner upon this subject, allow me to give a specimen. He was discussing the legal relations of married women; he never called them, however, by so inexpressible a name, but always spoke of them as, “the better half of mankind,” or in some equally just manner. When he came to the axiom that “a married woman has no will of her own;” this, he said, was a maxim of great theoretical importance for the preservation of the sex against the undue influence or coercion of the husband; but, although it was an inflexible maxim, in theory, experience taught us that practically it was found that they sometimes had wills of their own—
MOST HAPPILY FOR US.

We left his lecture room, Sir, the very knight errants of the law, burning to be the defenders of the right and the avengers of the wrong; and he is no true son of the Litchfield School who has ever forgotten that lesson. I propose, Sir—

The Memories of Judge Reeve and Judge Gould,—among the first, if not the first founders of a National Law School in the United States—who have laid one of the corner stones in the foundation of true American patriotism, loyalty to the law.—*Boston Atlas*.

who have acted in them. Memory cannot raise the dead to life again; yet it may bring back something of their presence,—shaded and dim, but almost real;—and through the records of their times we may hear them speak again. To some of these I have made allusion. I would speak of others.

The allusion to the Law School of the County suggests to me a brief notice, also, of the legal profession here, and of its most distinguished members, as well as a further allusion to others of the sons of Litchfield County, distinguished in other professions and employments of life. In speaking of these I must confine myself to the memory of the dead. And here, I feel, that I am under a restraint, which, on any other occasion, I would resist. I feel this chain which binds me, the more, as I look around on this gathering and see some here, and am reminded of others—so many, who have contributed, by splendid talents and moral worth, to make our name a praise in the land. As the representative of the County, I would most gladly do them living homage before you all. I regret that I have had so brief an opportunity to make this notice as perfect as it should be,—a favorite theme, if I could but do it justice.

I have not been able to learn much of the Lawyers who practiced in this territory before the organization of the County in 1751. Samuel Pettibone, Esq., of Goshen, and Reynold Marvin, Esq., of Litchfield, (a native of Lyme,) are all of whom I can speak.

Mr. Pettibone lived to a great age and died in reduced circumstances, in 1787. Mr. Marvin was respectable in his profession, and was King's Attorney at the time of the Revolution. His residence was at the dwelling of Dr. William Buel, in this village.

Among the Lawyers of the new County who appeared in its Courts, were Mr. Thatcher, of New Milford, Hezekiah Thompson and Edward Hinman, of Woodbury, Mr. Humphrey, of Norfolk, John Canfield, of Sharon, Andrew Adams, of Litchfield, Mr. Catlin, of Harwinton, and Joshua Whitney, of Canaan. Of these, Messrs. Canfield and Adams became distinguished at the Bar and in public life. Mr. Canfield was the son of Samuel Canfield, of New Milford, one of the Associate Judges of the County. He was appointed a member of Congress under the

Confederation, but died before he took his seat. We can appreciate his character when informed that he was the chosen colleague of Johnson, Ellsworth, and Trumbull. Mr. Adams succeeded Mr. Marvin as State's Attorney. He was esteemed an eloquent advocate, and his reputation at the Bar was distinguished. He was well versed in theological studies, and in the absence of his minister, often officiated in the pulpit. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and after the Revolution, became an Associate, and then Chief Justice of the Superior Court.

Before the Revolution there were but few eminent lawyers in the County, and professional gentlemen from abroad attended our courts and were employed in the most important causes. Among these were Thomas Seymour, Esq., of Hartford, and Hon. Samuel W. Johnson, of Stratford, then standing at the head of the Connecticut Bar. A colonial condition was, as it ever will be, unfavorable to the development of forensic talent.

The change in the state of this Bar, after the War, and especially after the settlement of the government, was sudden and great; and, within a few years after this event, no County in the State and but few in other States, could boast of a Bar more distinguished for legal talent and high professional and moral excellence, than this. Reeve, Tracy, Allen, Kirby, Strong of Salisbury, Smith of Woodbury, Smith and Canfield, of Sharon, are names which revive proud recollections among the old men of the County. And while these gentlemen stood before our courts, there came to their company a younger band, destined, with them, to perpetuate the high standing of the profession here;—Gould, Sterling, of Salisbury; Benedict, Ruggles, Boardman, Smith, of Litchfield; Slosson, Southmayd, Swan, Pettibone, and afterward, Miner, Williams, Bacon, and others.

Tapping Reeve was a native of Long Island, and a distinguished graduate of Nassau Hall, New Jersey, and a tutor in that college. He commenced practice here in 1783, and was one of the most learned lawyers of the day in which he lived. He loved the law as a science, and studied it philosophically. He considered it as the practical application of religious principle to the business affairs of life. He wished to reduce it to a certain, symmetrical system of moral truth. He did not trust to the inspiration of genius for eminence, but to the results of

profound and constant study, and was never allured by political ambition. I seem, even now, to see his calm and placid countenance shining through his abundant locks, as he sat, poring over his notes in the lecture room, and to hear his shrill whisper, as he stood when giving his charge to the jury. He was elevated to the Bench of the Superior Court in 1798, and to the office of Chief Justice in 1804, and retired from public life at the age of seventy years, and died in 1827. He published a valuable treatise on Domestic Relations, and another on the Law of Descents.

Gen. Uriah Tracy was a native of Norwich, and one of the first of the pupils of Judge Reeve. As a jury advocate he obtained a high distinction. His wit was pungent and his powers of oratory uncommon. He was a politician, often a member of our own Legislature; for several years a member of Congress, and he died in 1807, while a member of the Senate of the United States, in which body he was eminently distinguished.

Col. Adonijah Strong, the father of the late Hon. Martin Strong, was unique in genius and manner, of large professional business, sound practical sense, and many anecdotes of his sayings and doings are still remembered and repeated in the County.

Hon. Nathaniel Smith, of Woodbury, a native of Washington, commenced life under discouraging circumstances. He had neither fortune nor the prospect of any, nor early education, to stimulate him. Like many other New England boys, he fought his way to eminence; and eminent he was; and I cannot tell by what process he became so. He, too, was one of the early members of the Law School here. He was not a man of many books. He seemed to understand the law, as did Mansfield and Marshall, by intuition, and to have acquired the power of language by inspiration. His was a native eloquence, yet chaste, and "when unadorned, adorned the most." I think he was one of the most profound lawyers and judges of this country. He was a member of the Council, a member of Congress, and was elevated to the Bench of the Superior Court in 1806.

Hon. Nathan Smith was a younger brother of Nathaniel Smith, and though born and reared in this County, his professional and public life was passed in New Haven County, but he

often appeared at this Bar. He was less profound than his brother, more ardent, and perhaps more effective as a jury lawyer. He died, while a Senator in Congress, in 1835.

Hon. John Allen was a native of Massachusetts and instructed by Mr. Reeve, and for several years held a commanding position at this Bar.

Hon. John Cotton Smith, of Sharon, was the son of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith, of that town. A graduate of Yale College and of the Litchfield Law School, he soon took a prominent place by the side of Tracy and Nathaniel Smith at the Bar of the County. He was known as a fluent speaker, and of easy and graceful address; he became a popular advocate. For several sessions of the Legislature of the State he was speaker of the House of Representatives. In Congress he sustained an enviable reputation as a presiding officer. Upon retiring from Congress he was soon placed upon the Bench of the Superior Court, from which he was promoted to the office of Governor of the State. From this he retired, and from public life, in 1817. The remainder of his life was spent in doing good, either as President of the American Bible Society, or in discharging the duties of a virtuous citizen in his native town, until his death in 1845.

Hon. James Gould was a native of Branford, a graduate and a tutor of Yale College. He pursued his professional studies with Judge Reeve, and, soon after coming to the Bar of this County, he became associated with him as an instructor of the Law School. Judge Gould was a critical scholar, and always read with his pen in his hand, whether Law book, or books of fiction or fancy, for which he indulged a passion. In the more abstruse subjects of the law, he was more learned than Judge Reeve, and, as a lecturer, more lucid and methodical. The Common Law he had searched to the bottom, and he knew it all—its principles, and the reasons from which they were drawn. As an advocate, he was not a man of impassioned eloquence, but clear and logical, employing language elegant and chaste. He indulged in no wit, and seldom excited a laugh, but was very sure to carry a listener along with him to his conclusions. With his brethren, his intercourse was always courteous, and with his younger ones, kind and affectionate. He never gave offense. In

his arguments, he resorted to no artifice, but met the difficulties in his way fully in the face, and if he could not overcome them, he yielded without irritation. He was appointed an Associate Judge of the Superior Court in 1816, and retired from the Bench to private life soon after. Judge Gould published an able treatise on the Law of Pleading, in which he was governed by the truth of Lord Coke's saying, "he knoweth not the law, who knoweth not the reason thereof." His volume has received flattering approval from the most learned Jurists in this country and England. Judge Gould died in 1838.

Noah B. Benedict was the son of Rev. Noah Benedict, of Woodbury, a gentleman of no precocity of intellect or genius, and his first appearance at the Bar did not promise the eminence which he afterwards acquired. He studied, and the Law was the chief subject of his study. He aspired to no higher place than distinction in his profession. He engaged in none of the ordinary business transactions of society, and, as he once told me, he never gave a promissory note in his life. With such an undivided attention to his professional calling, it was not strange that he should reach a high place at the Bar. And he did reach it, and, at the time of his death, no man here stood before him. His example should be a choice model for young lawyers.

Gen. Elisha Sterling, of Salisbury, was a native of Lyme. No one in our profession was more assiduous in its practice than this gentleman. His causes were never neglected in their preparation. The controlling points of every case he discovered quick, and pressed both, in preparation and argument, with zeal. He neglected the study of method and system in his arguments, but, when concluded, nothing had been omitted.

Passing by, on this hurried occasion, a more particular notice of the galaxy of Lawyers, to whom I have alluded, I may be indulged in paying an affectionate tribute to one or two, whose familiar voices still seem sounding in our Court House.

Hon. Jabez W. Huntington earned his high professional character here, where he commenced and continued his practice for several years. He engaged in public life, and returned to his native town of Norwich. He was elected to Congress; afterwards he was elevated to the Bench of the Superior Court, which place he retained, until he was appointed a Senator in Congress, in

which position he died in 1847. Having been associated with Judge Huntington at the Bar and on the Bench, I can bear true testimony to his superior abilities in both places.

Of my late brother, Leman Church, Esq., the proprieties of my connexion will not permit me to speak. The deep sensation produced at this Bar, and the grief which tore the hearts of his numerous friends, when he died, is the only eulogy upon his life and character to which I may refer.

I had a young friend, upon whose opening prospects I looked with anxiety and hope. He was of generous heart and liberal hand, and stimulated by an honorable ambition, which seemed nearly at the point of gratification, when death came for its victim. This friend was Francis Bacon, Esq., who died in 1849, at the age of 30 years.

Hon. Oliver Wolcott, the younger, late Governor of this State, was also a member of this Bar, and though he engaged in public life soon after his admission, we are entitled to retain his name on our catalogue. I shall not speak now of his life and eminent services. They make a prominent part of the country's history, and have been, within a few years, faithfully written by his near relative. He died in 1833, and I regret to say that his remains lie in our grave-yard, without a monument to mark his resting place. His bust has been presented, on this occasion, to the Bar of this County.

I make the same claim to retain among the names of our departed brethren, that of Hon. Frederick Wolcott, a son of the elder Gov. Wolcott, of this village. He became a member of this Bar in early life, and with high prospects of professional distinction; but he accepted the proffered offices of Clerk of the Courts and Judge of Probate for this district, in 1793, and soon relinquished professional duties. For several years he was a prominent member of the Council, under the Charter administration. An intimate connexion with this gentleman, both public and private, justifies the high opinion I have ever entertained of his purity of life and character, his public spirit, and his frank and open bearing. I never pass by the venerable mansion of the Wolcott family, in my daily walks about this village, without recalling the stately form and ever honorable deportment of Frederick Wolcott. The duties of his official stations were discharged with

the entire approbation of the community for many years, and until a short time before his death, and amidst the conflicts and overturnings in the political revolutions of the times.

Roger and Richard Skinner, were sons of Gen. Timothy Skinner of this town, and members of this bar. Roger commenced business in this village, and gave assurance, by his early talents, of his future standing; but he was here in the most bitter state of Connecticut politics, and, as he believed, was compelled to escape from unmerited opposition. He removed to the State of New York; soon attained a deserved eminence in his profession, and was appointed a Judge of the United States Court, in the Northern District of that State. Richard Skinner removed to Vermont, and afterwards became an eminent Judge of the Superior Court, and ultimately Governor of that State.

In the clerical profession, I have remarked before, that there was early manifested a disposition rather to be good than great. The clergy of this County were nearly all educated men; and many of them ripe scholars and profound divines, and if there were not as many here as in some other regions, whose names have been transmitted to us as among the great ones of New England, it has been because the severer calls of parochial duty, and stinted means, and Christian graces, restrained their aspirations after fame. Divinity has furnished the most common theme, and employed the most pens. We are all theologians in New England.

Rev. Joseph Bellamy, D.D., of Bethlem, was probably the first and most eminent of our writers on this subject. He was eloquent and impressive as a preacher, as well as learned and profound as a scholar and writer. He published several theological works upon practical and controversial subjects, besides occasional sermons, which are found in the libraries of Divines, and have been held in high repute, not only among the disciples of his own peculiar opinions, but among others, as well in Europe as in this country; and a modern edition of them has been recently published. Dr. Bellamy was the grandfather of the late Joseph H. Bellamy, Esq., of Bethlem, a gentleman of great moral and professional worth.

Rev. Jna. Edwards was a pupil of Dr. Bellamy in his theological studies, and, although not a native of this County, he resided

among us for several years, as the first settled minister of Colebrook, and until he was called to the presidency of Union College, in 1799. He was the author of several volumes of great merit; and among them, a treatise upon the salvation of all men, in reply to Dr. Chauncey; also, a dissertation on the liberty of the will, in reply to West, and observations on the language of the Stockbridge Indians.

Rev. Chauncey Lee, D.D., who succeeded Dr. Edwards, as minister in Colebrook, was a native of Salisbury, and a son of Rev. Jonathan Lee, of that town. He was educated for the bar, and commenced practice in his native town. This he soon relinquished for the clerical calling. Very early he published a *Decimal Arithmetic*, and afterwards a volume of *Sermons* on various subjects. But his most elaborate work, and the one most esteemed by himself, was a poem, entitled "*The Trial of Virtue*," being a paraphrase of the book of Job. Dr. Lee was a gentleman of some eccentricities, but a very learned divine and impressive preacher.

Rev. Samuel J. Mills, a native of Torrington, and son of the venerable pastor of one of the societies there, is entitled to a more extended notice than I am prepared on this occasion to repeat. Not because he was the author of books, but the author and originator of liberal and extensive benevolent effort. The noble cause of Foreign Missions in this country, is deeply indebted to him as one of its most zealous and active projectors and friends. Another of the most splendid charities of any age or country,—the Colonization Society,—owes its existence to the efforts of this gentleman; and his name will be cherished by the philanthropists of the world, along with those of Howard and Wilberforce.

Rev. Horace Holley, D.D., of Salisbury, was son of Mr. Luther Holley, and one of a highly distinguished and worthy family of brothers. Dr. Holley was first ordained pastor of a Church and Society at Greenfield, in Fairfield County, and was one of the successors of the late Dr. Dwight, in that parish. He subsequently removed to Boston, and became one of the most eloquent pulpit orators among the eminent divines of that metropolis. He afterwards became President of Transylvania University in Kentucky, and died, while yet a young man, on ship-board, when on his return from New Orleans to New England. I am not

informed that he left any published works behind him, except sermons delivered on special occasions. He was my class-mate in College, and I knew him well.

The Rev. Dr. Backus of Bethlem, Rev. Mr. Hooker of Goshen, and Rev. Dr. Porter of Washington, are remembered as among the most learned Divines of the County.

Of the Medical Profession and the Medical Professors here, my opportunities of information have not been extensive. And yet I have known enough of them to persuade me that a more learned and useful faculty, has not been found elsewhere in the State. Empiricism has always existed, and will exist ; and the credulity of some good men will give it countenance. We depend upon a learned medical influence, more than any thing else, to save us from its death-dealing results.

As early as January, 1767, a Medical association was formed in this County, composed of the most eminent physicians then in practice here. Its object was to establish rules of practice and intercourse ;—promote medical science by providing for annual consultations and dissertations, and to protect the reputation of the profession and the health of the community, from the inroads of ignorant pretenders to medical science. Among the names of the gentlemen composing this body, I see those of Joshua Porter, Lemuel Wheeler, Joseph Perry, Seth Bird, William Abernethy, Samuel Catlin, Simeon Smith, Cyrus Marsh, Ephraim Gitteau, John Calhoun, &c. One of the earliest physicians of the County was Oliver Wolcott. He was the son of Hon. Roger Wolcott, of Windsor, a former Governor of the Colony. He had served as an officer in the French war, and settled himself in Goshen before the organization of the County, in the practice of his profession. Whether he continued in practice as a physician after his removal to this town is not known ; probably, however, his official duties as Sheriff prevented it. He was subsequently honored with almost every official place which a good man would covet,—he was a member of the House of Representatives, of the Council, a Judge of Probate, a Judge of the County Court, a Representative in Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Lieutenant Governor, and Governor of his native State, and more than all, the father of an excellent family. He is said to have been a man of uncommon diffidence, and dis-

trustful of his own ability. His public communications display sound judgment, and his more confidential correspondence a warm affection and a pure purpose.

Dr. Seth Bird, of Litchfield, probably held the first place among the early physicians of the County. His reputation was wide-spread. For acuteness of discrimination and soundness of judgment he was not excelled.

Dr. Joseph Perry, of Woodbury, was not only eminent in his profession, but, what was unusual in his day, he excelled as a belles-lettre scholar and was a gentleman well read in various branches of science. Later generations produced their eminent and accomplished physicians. Dr. Nathaniel Perry, son of the gentleman just named; Dr. Daniel Sheldon, of this town; Drs. Fowler of Washington, Rockwell of Sharon, Welch of Norfolk, Ticknor of Salisbury.

Dr. Samuel Woodward, of Torrington, was not only a physician of high repute himself, but he was almost literally a father of the faculty. Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, late of Worcester, Massachusetts, Dr. Henry Woodward, late of Middletown, and Dr. Charles Woodward, of the same place, were his sons,—born and educated in this County. Few men in any community have attained a more eminent and useful position than Dr. Samuel B. Woodward. Under his superintendence the Insane Hospital, at Worcester, was established and for many years conducted, and now sustains a reputation equal with any of the noble charities of this country. The Annual Reports of Dr. Woodward and his other professional writings, and the success of his efforts in the cause of humanity, have earned for him a reputation which will long survive.

Among the Surgeons of note, in earlier times, was Dr. Samuel Catlin, of Litchfield, and at a later period, Dr. Samuel R. Gager, of Sharon.

The medical profession in this County has produced some writers of respectability. Dr. Elisha North was for several years a physician of extensive practice in Goshen, and he afterwards removed to New London. He published an approved treatise on spotted fever, which extensively prevailed in Goshen and its vicinity, while he resided there.

Dr. Caleb Ticknor, of Salisbury, was brother of the late ex-

cellent Dr. Luther Ticknor, of that town, and of Dr. Benajah Ticknor, for many years a surgeon in the navy of the United States; and although a young man when he removed to New York City, about the year 1832, he rose rapidly to a high place in his profession. He published several medical works, the most popular of which was, the *Philosophy of Living*, which constitutes one of the volumes of Harpers' Family Library.

The Chipman family, a numerous brotherhood, removed from Salisbury to Vermont immediately after the Revolutionary War; it produced eminent men. Nathaniel was an officer of the Revolution. He became Chief Justice of Vermont, and a Senator in Congress. He published a small volume of Judicial Reports and a larger treatise upon the Principles of Government. Daniel Chipman, a younger brother of this gentleman, was a very prominent member of the Vermont Bar. He was the author of a very creditable essay "On the Law of Contracts"; and besides a volume of Law Reports, he published the life of his brother Nathaniel, and also the life of Gov. Thomas Chittenden.

Hon. Ambrose Spencer, late Chief Justice of the State of New York, was born in Salisbury, the son of Philip Spencer, Esq. He was prepared for his collegiate course under the instruction of Rev. Daniel Fanand, of Canaan; studied the law, I believe, with Hon. John Canfield, of Sharon, whose daughter he married.

Hon. Josiah S. Johnston, late an eminent member of the Senate of the United States, from Louisiana, was a native of the same town. He was the son of Dr. John Johnston, who removed early to Kentucky. His academical studies were pursued here.

Samuel Moore, of Salisbury, was a profound mathematician and engaged much in the instruction of young men in what was called the surveyor's art. He published a treatise on surveying, with a table of logarithms. It was the earliest work on that branch of mathematical science published in this country. It introduced the method of computing contents by calculation entirely, without measuring triangles by scale and dividers. It was a valuable treatise, but was nearly superseded by a more

finished one by Rev. Abel Flint, in which he borrowed much from Moore.

Ethan Allen is deserving of notice only for his revolutionary services, which are matters of public history. He published a narrative of his captivity as a prisoner of war, and a volume of *Infidel Theology*. He was a native of this county; the town of his nativity has been a matter of dispute, but it is not a question worth solving.

We have had Poets, too, besides such as I have mentioned, who deserve a remembrance on this occasion.

Hon. John Trumbull, late one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the State, was born in Watertown, in this County, in which his father was a minister. The *Progress of Dulness*, and *McFingal*, the most admired of his Poems, were written in early life. They are satirical productions, and for genuine wit have not been excelled by any modern effort. Judge Trumbull's active life was passed chiefly in Hartford.

William Ray was a Salisbury man, born in 1771, and while a lad developed a taste for poetry, but early destitution and misfortunes pressed upon him and drove him into the Navy of the United States. He was for some time a captive in Tripoli, and in 1808 he published the *Horrors of Slavery*, and in 1821 a volume of *Poems*.

Ebenezer P. Mason was a native of Washington. Very few men gave more early promise of literary and scientific distinction than young Mason. His life and writings were published in 1842, by Professor Olmsted, of Yale College.

Washington has been a nursery of eminent men, of whom I cannot now speak without violating my purpose of speaking of the dead, and not of the living.

Mrs. Laura M. Thurston, of Norfolk, permitted to be published by her friends, several poetical pieces of uncommon sweetness and excellence,—the *Paths of Life*, the *Green Hills of my Father Land*, and others.

There are but few occasions, and these extreme ones, which call out the qualifications for military life.

Gen. Peter B. Porter was the youngest son of Col. Joshua Porter, of Salisbury, of whom I have spoken before. He was

a graduate of Yale College and pursued the study of the law where so many of the noted men of the country have—at the Litchfield Law School. He was among the early emigrants from this County to the Genesee country. He was soon called to occupy places of trust and power in the State of his adoption. He was a member of Congress when the project of the Erie Canal was first suggested, and was one who, with De Witt Clinton, originated that important national work, and is entitled to equal honor with him for its projection. He urged it, when in Congress, as a national work, in a speech of great strength, and asked for the aid of the nation. As a member of the House of Representatives, he was associated with Henry Clay on a Committee to consider the causes of complaint against Great Britain, and drew up the report of that Committee, recommending the declaration of the war of 1812. He thus early ardently espoused the cause of his country, and stood by the side of Tompkins and other patriots, in their efforts to prosecute that war to an honorable result.

He was then a civilian only; but, impatient and mortified at the ill success of our arms upon the northern frontier—his own house pierced by the enemy's shot, on the banks of the Niagara River—he threw off the civil and assumed the military attitude. He raised a regiment of ardent volunteer troops, and at their head, soon contributed to turn the tide of success. His services at Fort Erie and the battles at the Falls, have been repeatedly told by the writers of the country's history. I will not repeat them. So highly were they esteemed by the general Government and the State, that thanks and medals were presented, and before the close of the war he was offered the chief command of the army, by the President. Under the administration of the younger Adams he was offered, and accepted, the place of Secretary of War.

My time confines me to the notice of the most conspicuous of our sons, native and adopted; but there were others, in every town, perhaps of equal merit but with fewer opportunities of display. The list of our members of Assembly, and of men by whose efforts the foundations of society were laid here, and by whom this County has been brought from a repulsive region of mountains and rocks to its present condition of fertility and

wealth, would show an aggregate of moral and intellectual worth which no region, equal in extent, has surpassed.*

And by whom were all these eminent and excellent men reared and prepared for the stations which they have occupied in society? By fathers, whose own hands have toiled—by mothers, who were the spintars of the days in which they lived, and who knew and practised the duties of the kitchen as well as the parlor, and to whom the music of the spinning-wheel and the loom was more necessary than that of the piano and the harpsichord.

The spirit of strict economy has marked our progress from the beginning, and by no other could our fathers have left to us this heritage of good! Removed from the profusion, and from what is esteemed the higher liberality of city habits, our County has not fallen behind other kindred communities in encouraging the benevolent operations of these latter days.

A Missionary Society, auxiliary to the Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, was established in this County, in the year 1813, and has been in active operation since. This noble charity, since its organization, has received and paid over, as near as I can ascertain, the sum of about \$125,000. The benevolent offerings of other denominations—the Episcopalians, Methodists, and Baptists, to the purposes of their respective religious operations, I have no present means of knowing; that they have been equally liberal, in proportion to their means, with their Congregational brethren, I have no reason to doubt.

In the year 1817, the Foreign Mission School was established in Cornwall, with the special object of spreading Christian truth and the means of civilization among the heathen. The origin of this effort, if not accidental, was gradual in its conception and development. Two young natives of the Sandwich Islands were, by the directing, and almost visible hand of Providence, thrown among us and fell under the notice of Mr. Elias Cornelius, in 1815, then a student in Yale College, and since distinguished as a Divine and Philanthropist. The names of these young heathen,

* Here may be mentioned Col. Charles Burrall, of Canaan; Fitch, Nortons, Lee, Johnston, of Salisbury; Pettibone, Battell, and Stevens, of Norfolk; Hon. Aaron Austin, of New Hartford; Sedgwick, Burnham, and Swift, of Cornwall; Whittleseys and Brinsmade, of Washington; Hales, Lyman, and Norton, of Goshen; Mills and Perry, of Kent; Bostwick, Boardmans, and Merwin, of New Milford; Pardee, Kellogg, and Jewett, of Sharon; Smith and Potter, of Plymouth, and Catlin, of Harwinton; Marshs and Seymours, of Litchfield; Talmadge, of Warren; Rockwells, of Colebrook, and many others in other towns.

as known among us, were Henry Obookiah and William Tenoe. These young men were carefully instructed by Mr. Cornelius, Samuel J. Mills, and Edwin Dwight, with a chief object of preparing them to become Christian Missionaries among their countrymen. They were soon after placed under the care of Rev. Joel Harvey, then a Congregational minister in Goshen; at his suggestion, the North Consociation of Litchfield County, became their patrons. They were, not long after, joined by Thomas Hopoo, their countryman, and all were placed under proper instruction for the great object designed. But a more liberal and enlarged project was conceived; a Seminary in a Christian land, for the instruction of the heathen, joined with the purpose of preparing young men here for missionary service in heathen lands. It was a splendid thought, and the American Board attempted its consummation.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, Hon. John Treadwell, James Morris, Esq., Rev. Drs. Beecher and Chapin, with Messrs. Harvey and Prentice, were authorized to devise and put in operation such a Seminary, and the result was, the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall. Young natives of the Sandwich Islands, and from China, Australasia, and from the Indian nations on this Continent, as well as American youths, were instructed there. The school continued successfully until 1827. The establishment of the Sandwich Island Mission, was one of the important results of this school.

Many years before the modern movement in a temperance reformation was suggested, such a project was conceived in this town, and encouraged by the most prominent men here. A Temperance Pledge was signed in May 1789, repudiating the use of distilled liquors, by 36 gentlemen; and among the names annexed to it, were those of Julius Deming, Benjamin Tallmadge, Uriah Tracy, Ephraim Kirby, Moses Seymour, Daniel Sheldon, Tapping Reeve, Frederick Wolcott, and John Welch—names well known and well remembered here. I believe the first temperance association of modern date, in the County, was formed among the iron operatives at Mount Riga, in Salisbury. The results of this grand effort have been as successful here as elsewhere. If any special cause has operated to retard the final success of this charity, it has been the strangling, death-ensuring embrace

of party politicians—the scathing curse of many a good thing. As long ago as 1816, there were distilleries in every town in the County; and in New Milford, as many as 26, and in the whole County, 169! and, besides these, there were 188 retailers of spirits, who paid licenses under the excise laws of the United States, to the amount of \$3,760. Whether there be a distillery in the County now, I am not informed; I believe but very few.

I have not attempted to trace the modifications of society here—its progressive changes in modes of opinion and consequent action. It would lead me too far from my object, which has been only to speak of events, and the men who have been engaged in them.

Before the Revolution there was little to excite. There was a common routine of thinking, which had been followed for years—somewhat disturbed, to be sure, by what were called “*new lights*” in religion. But the results of our emancipation from the mother country turned every thing into a different channel, opinions and all. A new impulse broke in upon the general stagnation of mind which had been, and made every body speculators in morals, religion, politics, and every thing else. My own memory runs back to a dividing point of time, when I could see something of the *old world and new*. Infidel opinions came in like a flood. Mr. Paine’s “Age of Reason,” the works of Voltaire, and other Deistical books, were broad cast, and young men suddenly became, as they thought, wiser than their fathers; and even men in high places, among us here, were suspected of infidel opinions. At the *same time* came the ardent preachers of Mr. Wesley’s divinity, who were engaged in doing battle with Infidelity on the one hand, and Calvinistic theology on the other. Here were antagonistic forces and influences, which introduced essential changes, and both have been operating ever since. And it would afford an interesting subject of investigation, to trace these influences to their results. The Methodist preachers first visited this County about the year 1787, and organized their first classes in Salisbury and Canaan. This was their first appearance in the State, and, I believe, in New England. In this County they were received with courtesy, and found many to encourage them among those who did not well understand the old divinity.

I might detain you in speaking of the prevalence and effects of

party spirit here; but as this, as well as denominational controversy, is unpleasant to me, I forbear. There was a time, about the year 1806, when this spirit was rife here, and led to prosecutions, fines and imprisonment, and a disturbance of social relations, which has never since re-appeared to the same extent.

I need not say any thing of the present condition of the County. This you see and know. Its Rail Roads, penetrating regions not long since supposed to be impenetrable; villages rising up in the deep valleys, whose foundations have been hidden for nearly a century; and fertility and thrift, where a few years ago were uncultivated forests and wasting water-falls.

Of what shall we complain? Is it that we do not, all of us, make haste to be rich? Ah! is it so, my brethren? Is there nothing but wealth which can satisfy a rational mind and an immortal spirit?

Of the future we may indulge proud hopes, while we doubt and fear. Progress is the word of modern theorists, but of doubtful import. Innovation is not always progress towards useful results. Of this we, who are old, believe we have seen too much, within a few years, and fear much more to come. Our County is but a small part of a State and Nation, and so our fate stands not alone. We can but look to our political institutions as our ultimate protectors, and I urge upon you all, my brethren, their unwavering support. Our Constitution requires no innovating process to improve it. It demands of us more than a mere political respect and preference—almost a religious reverence. Love for it, in all its parts, in every word and sentence which compose it, should be interwoven into all our notions of thinking, speaking and acting. Disturb but one stone in this great arch—but one compromise in this holy covenant—and the whole must tumble into ruin!

MUSIC BY THE WATERVLIIET BAND.



POEM,

DELIVERED AT LITCHFIELD, CONN.,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, 1851.

BY

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.



POEM.

THE following Poem was then delivered by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, of Medford, Mass.

ONE hundred times hath this celestial sphere
Marked, on its orbit, a completed year,
Since, with a bandage over both her eyes,
And her scales lifted level towards the skies,
Her drawn sword waiting on her royal will,
Justice first took her seat upon this hill,
In legal form her judgments to dispense,
And make her shield the citizen's defence :—
Justice, the regent spirit that presides
In every hut, where love with peace abides ;
In every shop, where thrifty labor delves,
And piles his honest earnings on his shelves ;
In every church, whose preacher stands unawed,
Though rich men frown, and no man dares applaud,
And, bold as Paul, and yet as Moses meek,
Speaks out God's truth, as God would have him speak ;
In every hall, where righteous laws are made,
Or, of a state, the sure foundations laid ;
Where senates counsel wisely for the realm,
Or, with true greatness, monarchs hold the helm

Of the wide empire given to their trust ;
Nay ! where, in heaven, the Almighty and All-Just,
Over all empires and all worlds supreme,
Weighs kings and culprits with an even beam.

One hundred times hath Winter, drear and chill,
In his snow blanket wrapped this sleeping hill !
One hundred times hath Spring, her naked feet
All red with snowbroth and dissolving sleet,
With snail pace, toiling up her cold sides, crept,
And drawn that blanket off, while yet she slept,
And, blowing hard, to kindle up a flame,
Hath started out some wind flowers, e're June came :
One hundred times hath Summer, bright and brief,
Robed in green grass, in blossom, and in leaf,
This and the sister hills, that, on each side,
Smile on her, as do bride-maids on a bride ;
And then, one hundred times, hath Autumn come,
“ And that right early,” to sing Harvest Home ;
And, dreamy Indian Summer being o'er,
Hath given her back to Winter's arms once more.

One hundred years have brought their bloom and fruit,
Since “ every one who had a cause or suit,”
Might “ come up hither ” and present his claim,
With no misgivings, that, whoever came
With a good cause, good witnesses, good men
Upon the bench as judges, and, again,
With twelve good honest jurors ; if he saw
That well-fee'd “ counsel, learned in the law,”
Had courage, after half a dozen fights,
Would—stand an even chance to get his rights.

And then, at last, the controversy o'er,
The case all settled, to be tried no more,
Those hundred years, as onward they have swept,
Have seen how calm the litigants have slept :—
Judge, jury, counsel, parties have withdrawn,
And to a higher bar together gone,
Where every right decree is ratified,
And every wrong, reversed and set aside.

Those hundred years have seen great changes here,
For changes come with every circling year.
No little change this very hill hath felt ;
Time's patient eye can see it slowly melt,
With every rain ;—see Bantam River take
Some of its soil to fill up yonder lake,
And, as the wind sweeps o'er it, see each gust
Take on its wings a portion of its dust,
And bear it off forever :—thus this hill
Itself is changed ;—nothing on earth stands still.
The earth itself, since from God's hand it came,
Hath never seen two centuries, the same.
Its Alpine " Needles," shooting up, in front
Of melting glaciers, annually grow more blunt ;
Some of their cragginess its crags have lost,
Under the power of water and of frost.
Heights grow less high, with every shower, that sheds
Its softening influence on their rocky heads :
And, as the rocks, disintegrating, throw
Their fragments, crumbling into soil, below,

The "water-brooks, that run among the hills,"
To cheer the valleys, and to drive the mills,
On their way sea-ward, bear the mountain's gift,
The river's bed, or sunken plain to lift,
And push old Neptune, though he storm and roar,
Back from the line, that marked his ancient shore.
The Nile, the Mississippi, and the Po,
Bear thus, exulting, as to sea they go,
Each his own burden, to enrich his plain,
Or win, for man, new conquests from the main.

So, every year, does this, our beauteous star,
Borne round her orbit in her viewless car,
Her smiling face more beautiful display,
As, every year, dark forests melt away,
And, in their stead, glad husbandmen behold
Fields, now all green, now ripening into gold ;
While those old central fires, that ever glow
In the deep caverns of the world below,
From age to age, the fossil wealth refine,
That lies, locked up in quarry and in mine,
In God's own time to grope its tardy way,
Up, from eternal darkness, into day ;
To bask in sunshine, on a mountain's head,
To roll, with sands, along a river's bed,
To gush, for sick ones, in a mineral spring,
To blush, for fair ones, in a ruby ring,
For orient queens their radiance to throw,
With gold and silver, from a rich trousseau,
To grace a noble, as a star of gems,
For kings to sparkle, in their diadems.

So with the dwellers of this changeful earth ;
Birth, growth, maturity, decay, death, birth,
In one perpetual circle roll along ;
The strong grow feeble, and the feeble strong ;
The children's massy locks grow thin and gray ;
Their children take their place, and " where are *they* ?"

Thy fathers, Litchfield County, are at rest :
Thy children meet, to-day, to call thee blest.
Honored and loved, as by them all thou art,
They leave their homes, and gather to thy heart,
To see once more thy venerable face,
Once more to feel thy motherly embrace,
Each other's voice to hear, to clasp once more
Each other's hand, still warm, and to implore
God's blessing on thee, for all coming time :—
Me have they asked to bring a gift in rhyme,
To thee, our mother : cheerfully I bring
The best I have ;—pray take my offering.

My native County, from thy nursing breast,
Young I withdrew ; unpledged I left my nest,
A modest mansion, in a sunny nook,
Tall trees behind it, and a babbling brook
Flowing in front : not that I spurned the spot,
Nor, good old Litchfield, that I loved thee not ;
But that, where broader fields before me spread,
With my one talent I might buy my bread.
And now, for more than half the time that fills
The century's circle, since upon thy hills

Hath justice, laying judgment to the line,
Made thee her home, thou never hast been mine ;
So that, while many a worthier son hast thou,
To wreath a garland for thine honored brow,
Worthier, since having longer seen thy face,
Lain in thy lap and felt thy kind embrace.
He better knows thee, and might now rehearse,
Our common mother's praise in loftier verse,
Than can the wandering, yet not wayward child,
Upon whose face thou hast so rarely smiled ;
None is more happy, at thy knee to stand,
And lay his filial offering in thy hand,
Of all who fill thy halls, and throng thy door,
Who know thee better,—not who love thee more.

When, on a day like this, we come, dear mother,
To honor thee, and welcome one another
To the old homestead, nature bids us look,
To see what names are blotted from thy book,
And what remain, of those we used to see
Honoring themselves, and, in that, honoring thee.

Myself—a stranger, I can only touch
Upon a few,—perhaps e'en that's too much.
O'er once familiar names a shade is thrown,
And names now honored are to me unknown ;
Those from my memory I may never blot ;—
Will these forgive me if I name them not ?

Thy Reverend *Champion*,—champion of the truth ;—
I see him yet, as in my early youth ;
His outward man was rather short than tall,
His wig was ample, though his frame was small,

Active his step, and cheerful was his air,
And O, how free and fluent was his prayer !
He sleeps in peace and honor ; but no son
Upholds his name. His followers, *Huntington*,
Beecher, and all who, since, have filled his place,
Are running yet, and running well, their race.
Collins, who prophesied ere *Champion* came,
Has heirs, to uphold his venerable name ;
But other names—names honored more or less,
Known or unknown to me, around me press :
Some were familiar to my childish ear,
Others I knew not till I saw them here ;*
A few of them into my verse I weave ;
The rest, to fate and tardier Fame, I leave.
This is demanded by the fleeting hour ;
And over that, not bards themselves have power.

As thine old *Forests* from thy hill-sides fall,
Thy *Mills* grow rarer, and thou need'st them all.
Thy *Sawyers* have withdrawn to newer lands,
Yet, here and there, a *Boardman* by thee stands ;
And with them, close as any woodland tick,
To thy broad skirts thy faithful *Burr-alls* stick.—

That thou, with comfort o'er thy hills may'st ride,
Some of thy *Colts* within thy call abide :
Thou ne'er hast had a *Trotter*, that I know ;
Thine aged *Gallup* left thee, long ago :
Yet canst thou ride—way-wise and strong of limb,
Thine *Ambler's* left,—so trust thyself to him.

* On the printed list of the several Committees of Arrangement.

No *Seaman* do I find upon thy roll,
To take thy *Northway* towards the Arctic Pole ;
No needle guideth thy adventurous tars ;
So much the rather may'st thou thank thy *Starrs*.

Not naked art thou by thy children left,
Nor of thy raiment shalt thou be bereft ;
For though, as now, for aye should keep aloof,
From thee a *Weaver*, with his gorgeous woof,
Yet, hath the tide of time, that knows no ebb,
Brought for thy use a *Webster* with a *Webb*.

Some of thy *Birds* are flown, I grieve to say,
Scared by thy *Fowlers* and thy *Hunts* away,
Still do thy *Robbins* cheer thee with their throats,
And all thy *Downs* and *Fenns* are gladdened by their *notes*.
Nor, by thy *Hunts* is all thy larger game
Chased from thy soil ; for, whether wild or tame,
Unharm'd and seeking from no foe to hide,
No arrow quivering in his bleeding side,
When the fierce summer sun upon him looks,
Thy "*Hart* still panteth by the water brooks."
Thou hast an *Adam*,—not "the first," I trow,
Nor yet "the last," as any man may know :—
And, Mother, will thine Adam give me leave
To speak one word of counsel to his *Ève* ?
'Tis simply this—Whene'er you're tempted, madam,
If you *will* yield, do so, but—don't tempt *Adam*.

Mother, I marvel, while thou claim'st to be
The very type of pure democracy,
Through the historian's and the poet's pen
Giving due honor to thy working men—

Thy *Fuller, Carter, Cutler, Taylor, Smith,*
Potter, and Cooper, with their kin and kith,—
That thou shouldst dandle, on thine aged knee,
The remnants of a by-gone royalty ;
That a whole “house of *Lords*” thou shouldst embrace,
Nor, from thy *Nobles* turn away thy face ;
Nay, if the truth must out, that thou shouldst cling,
With motherly affection, to a *King*.
Mother, this hint from no unkindness springs ;—
No doubt thou art the better for thy *Kings*.

No mines of coal, with its bitumen fat,
Sleep in thy breast—thy granites tell us that ;—
Yet have thy laboring *Colliers* done their part,
Thy head to enlighten and to warm thy heart.
Their Sibyl leaves upon the winds were thrown,
For others’ benefit, if not their own.
Long since, they left thee ;—but do not repine !
If others are enriched by what was thine,
Thou art, in turn, enriched at others’ cost ;
Thou’st saved thy *Bacon*, whate’er else is lost.

Thy sunny slopes boast not their loaded vines,
Nor laudest thou thy brandies or thy wines ;
No golden barley gilds thy round hill-tops,
Nor bend thy poles beneath their weight of hops ;
No corn of thine ferments in brewery vats,
Nor foams for thee the cream of murdered cats,*

* On trial of the action, “*Taylor vs. Delavan*,” in Albany, it was proved by the defendant that the water used in the brewery of the plaintiff, from which issues so much of the celebrated “*Albany Ale*,” was taken from a filthy pond, into which were thrown the carcasses of cats and other animals.

Bursting from bottles labeled "Brown" or "Pale,"
And sold and swallowed as the best of ale.
Still, when thou standest up among thy peers,
Thou need'st not blush, my County, for thy *Beers* ;—
Not "small," not "ginger," not a medley mass,
With froth redundant, and explosive gas,
But "stout" and "strong" as ever came to hand,
Ne'er growing "stale," however long it stand,
And as well "worked" as any in the land.

We once heard much, though somewhat less, of late,
Of dangerous unions between church and state.
"Stick to thy last, St. Crispin," was the cry ;
"Cobble thy shoes ! no other business try !"
"Think ye," they questioned, "that your team will draw,
If ye yoke up the gospel with the law ?
The State machinery will sadly jar,
If one wheel drives the pulpit and the bar !"
Stand back ! ye croakers, we believe you not,
The thing is tried, and now we know what's what.
What danger, pray, in *this* machinery lurks ?
How glib it goes ! ay, and how well it works !
No wheel, on other wheels, presumes to trench,
Though a whole *Church* is based upon the *bench*.

In the "old school" of truth and honor bred,
Guarding alike the living and the dead,
Thy *Wolcotts*, grave, inflexible, sedate,
Honoring at once the nation and the state ;
Before us pass. The Treasury and the Bench,
With moral courage never known to blench,

The one adorned :—the other calmly wore
The robe of righteousness laid up in store,
For him who lives trust-worthy to the end,
The widow's counselor, and the orphan's friend.

Thy *Holleys*, brothers, shall they be forgot ?
Who shall be named, if they're remembered not ?
The vigorous off-shoots from a sturdy stem,
Where will you find a brotherhood like them ?
Strong as the iron wherein their townsmen deal,
Ay, and as true and springy as the steel,
Their forms as manly as e'er trod a deck,
Their action graceful as a lily's neck,
Their minds as clear as lake ice, and as cold,
With hearts full grown—of nature's manliest mold,
A lustre on the church and state they shed ;
Early renowned, and Oh ! too early dead ;
Two of the brothers in earth's bosom sleep,
While o'er another's bones, rolls the remorseless deep.

Those legal Titans, who, with earthquake tread,
Met on this hill for battle, and are dead,
Each one a host,—all by each other schooled,—
Strong, Adams, Allen, Tracy, Reeve and Gould,
Kirby, Holmes, Slason, ay, and many a *Smith*,
All of them men of marrow and of pith,
Who made illustrious thy golden age,
Another's pen hath touched,—himself a sage,
More competent their merits to rehearse ;—
A theme adapted more to prose than verse :—
With him they're left :—no ! not now are those names
Entrusted to our keeping,—but to Fame's.

Children, like these, hast thou no cause to curse ;
Nor they, in turn, their mother and their nurse.
While thou regard'st them with a mother's pride,
They owe thee much, nor be that debt denied.
Small claim to filial love hath *she* in store,
Who gives her children birth, and nothing more.
In her arms folded, to her bosom prest,
They must be nourished at her loving breast ;
Taught pity by her sympathizing sigh
Cheered by the light that sparkles in her eye,
Braced in their arms, as round her neck they cling,
And in their legs, as on her knees they spring,
Then taught to walk, by tottling on the floor,
And to get up, by tumbling out of door,
Till, by her training, hardy, but discreet,
Having acquired the use of hands and feet,
With something in their heads, the little elves
Are turned adrift, and told to help themselves.
So do thy children, Litchfield, owe to thee,
And thy hard treatment, what they've come to be ;—
A vigorous race from a harsh nursery.
For, when thy skies have smiled, and wept, and scowled,
And thy winds cut, and sighed, and swept, and howled,
And they have borne the various buffeting,
They've had to bear,—they can stand any thing.
So has it been since first the race began ;
So must it be :—the character of man,
Objects around, in nature or in art,
Do much in moulding—each performs its part.

Mountain, lake, forest, waterfall, the sea,
The high or low land where his home may be,
His home itself,—a palace or a shed,—
The air, he breathes, the soil that gives him bread,
The stock he springs from, whether weak or strong,
His early training, whether right or wrong,
His native climate, rigorous or kind,
More or less work, of muscle or of mind,
The state, the church, together or alone,
The ballot-box, the altar and the throne,
All help, the *character* of man to frame,
Yet leave his *nature*, as from God it came.

New England's air, her bleak and rocky hills,
Her crystal springs, cold wells, and babbling rills,
Her soil, that drives her children to their work,
By this most Christian order,—“Starve the shirk,”*
Have not done every thing, but have gone far,
To make New England's children what they are.
Her keen north-western force the oxygen,
Fresh and condensed, into her growing men ;
Her unshod boys, at day-break, are astir,
To pick up chestnuts, beaten from the bur
By those north-westerns ; and when falls the snow,
And they, no longer, can nut-gathering go,
They, in the snow find exercise and sport ;
The snow-ball missile, and the snow-ball fort :
And, as the battle rages, and cold shot
Fly through the air innocuous, let us not

* “If any man will not work, neither let him eat.”—ST. PAUL.

These mimic battles of the boys condemn ;
They make the snow-balls, and the snow-balls them.

These forming powers produce a race of men,
Not seen before, nor to be seen again,
On the round world ; a stirring, hardy race,
Keen, careful, daring, ready to embrace
Peril for profit,—in each form, or all
The forms encountered by the Apostle Paul.
Perils, that press around the pioneer,—
The fearful antlers of the hunted deer,
The ambushed Indian's arrow, or his slug,
The panther's leap, or Bruin's hearty hug ;
Perils that round the full-packed pedler press,
Origin the city or the wilderness ;
Perils of robbers, perils on the seas,
Perils from heathens, Tartar or Tongese,
Perils of waters, such as those assail,
Who board an ice-berg, or harpoon a whale,
Perils that throng the Amazon or Nile—
The anaconda or the crocodile ;
Perils from famine, perils to his neck,
From Lynch's law or the marauder's deck ;
Perils from thieves, while trading at Loo-Choo,
Of getting lost in finding Timbuctoo ;
By the Spokanes, of having his head flatted,
By the Typees, of being kept and fatted,
Or, by the Feejees to a jelly beaten,
Or, by New Zealanders, baked crisp and eaten ;
Perils by flood and fire ; and perils then,
Worse than all these—from his own countrymen :—

These perils *all*, the Yankee will despise,
When he has—"speculation in his eyes."

'T were hard, indeed, exactly to define
The Yankee nation, by a boundary line ;
But, draw one north, that on the west shall run,
Of Fairfield, Litchfield, Berkshire, Bennington,
On, towards the polar Bear, till you arrive
At the north parallel of forty-five ;
Thence towards the rising sun, until you tread
On the last rock fallen off from Quoddy Head ;
Between those limits, and th' indented shore,
Among whose crags th' Atlantic billows roar,
The region lies, of which, if e'er bereft,
The Yankee nation will have little left.
Here dwells a people—by their leave I speak—
Peculiar, homogeneous, and unique,
With eyes wide open, and a ready ear,
Whate'er is going on to see and hear ;
Nay, they do say, the genuine Yankee keeps
One eye half open, when he soundest sleeps—
Industrious, careful how he spends his cash—
(Though when he pleases he can "cut a dash")—
Quick at his business, in the field or shop,
He'll traffic with you,—buy, or sell, or "swap ;"
And, if you get the better in the "trade,"
You earn your money, and your fortune's made.
Think you to joke him, as you cross his track ?
The chance is with him, that he'll joke you back ;
And, if your shaft goes nearer to the spot,
Than his, we'll dub you an accomplished shot.

Or, in this wordy war, should it ensue,
That the laugh rests not upon him, but you,
And, feeling galled that, in a bout at wit,
He's given, and you have got, the harder hit,
Should you, in wrath, attempt to tweak his nose,
Or with your boot-heel grind his *bootless* toes ;
Or should you, rather, in your fight enlist
A single barrel, than a double fist,
For either job,—a battle or a spat,
The Yankee's ready—if it comes to that.

He loves his labor, as he loves his life ;
He loves his neighbor, and he loves his wife :
And why not love her ? Was she not the pearl
Above all price, while yet she was a girl ?
And, has she not increased in value since,
Till, in her love, he's richer than a prince ?
Not love a Yankee wife ! what, under *Heaven*,
Shall he love, then, and hope to be forgiven !
So fair, so faithful, so intent to please,
A "help" so "meet" in health or in disease,
A counselor, at once so true and wise,
Bound to his heart by so endearing ties,
The cheerful sharer of his earthly lot,
Whether his home's a palace or a cot,
Whether she glides her Turkish carpet o'er,
Or sweeps, bare-footed, her own earthen floor ;
The guardian angel, who shall hold him up,
While passing near the Tempter's couch or cup !—
Not love his wife, so constant, and so true !
Of all unfaithful wives, how very few

Are there, or have there been, who made their bed,
' Twixt Byram River's *mouth*, and Quoddy's *head*!

And then, such house-wives as these Yankees make;
What can't they do? Bread, pudding, pastry, cake,
Biscuit, and buns, can they mould, roll, and bake.
All they o'er see; their babes, their singing birds,
Parlor and kitchen, company and curds,
Daughters and dairy, linens, and the lunch
For out-door laborers,—instead of punch—
The balls of butter, kept so sweet and cool,
All the boys' heads, before they go to school,
Their books, their clothes, their lesson, and the ball,
That she has wound and covered for them—all,
All is o'erseen!—o'erseen!—Nay it is *done*,
By these same Yankee wives:—If you have run
Thus far without one, towards your setting sun,
Lose no more time, my friend,—go home and speak for one!

The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no *stone* unturned, till he can whet it:
And, in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.
Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,

His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone,
That murmurs from his pumpkin-leaf trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel that turns upon a pin ;
Or if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, " beam-ends " upon the floor,
Full-rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.
Thus by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Ee're long he'll solve you any problem given ;—
Make any gim-craek, musical or mute,
A plow, a coach, an organ or a flute,
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating doek,
Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block ;—
Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a Seventy-four :—
Make *it*, said I ?—Ay, when he undertakes it .
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.
And, when the thing is made,—whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea,
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or, upon land, to roll, revolve, or slide,
Whether to whirl, or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,

Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass ;—
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know,
That there's *go* in it, and he'll make it go.

See, what has come of this mercurial cast
Of Yankee mind, within a century past ;
Nay, within half that time ;—come, go with me,
To such a farm-house as we used to see,
Or may see yet, on any of the hills,
That, with his sons, the Litchfield farmer tills.
No wave of wizard's wand, we need to throw
Ourselves back, half a century ago—
Let us go in, then, friend—sit you down there,
On that board stool, or splinter-bottomed chair ;—
Beside the blazing fire of hissing logs,
Kept from the hearth-stone by cast iron dogs.—
There, on her lowly seat, the housewife see,
A pair of hand-cards pressed upon her knee ;—
“Persall and Pell,” upon the back displayed,
Informs the world by whom those cards were made ;—
A heap of cotton, lying by her side ;—
Cotton that her own hands have washed and dried ;
And, as her busy hands their task perform,
White as a snow-wreath, in a Christmas storm,
The pile of rolls swells slowly, as the day,
Wasting her patient spirit wears away.
Then, when, at last, her weary labor o'er,
The raw material taken from the floor,
On her left hand, and by her magic sleight
Laid loosely in the basket on her right,—

Then comes the thought—who doth not with her feel ?
“ These rolls must now be spun upon the wheel ! ”
The spinning wheel ! ne’er was that monster dumb !
Early and late, you heard its doleful hum ;
E’en from the rising to the setting sun,
Early and late, the weary woman spun,
With only this, to help her bear the curse—
“ A fearful looking for ” of something worse.
Yes :—for although you may have held it hard,
Day in and out, that cotton thus to card ;—
Though you might almost hold it as a sin,
Day in and out that cotton thus to spin ;—
We must insist upon it, with your leave,
’T were worse, that cotton in a loom to weave.
And could that woman, as she sat so meek,
Carding her white rolls,—or as, week by week,
Her spindle’s dull, premonitory hums
Were heard, have failed to think of spools, and thrums ?
Have failed to see, amid the gathering gloom,
The reed and treadles of the approaching loom ?
Let us be just. That true devoted dame—
We need not name her here, nor fear to name
Her labor lay in no ignoble line :
She may have been your mother ;—she *was* mine—
Let us be just ;—that faithful woman had
One thought, amidst her toils, to make her glad.
Her mother’s lot, compared with hers, was hard :—
Her mother *had* no cotton wool, to card ;
And, to her mother’s lot it never fell,
To use the cards, made by Persall and Pell.

Her mother's wheel—it may have been as big
As was her own,—it was not, yet, so trig :—
She'd seen such progress, in the arts of life,
As much to aid the mother and the wife,
Where'er the husband or the child might roam,
In making, for them both, a happy home.

O, had that house-wife as, fatigued with toil,
She sat and watched to see the kettle boil,
For evening tea, observed the iron crown
Of her tea-kettle bobble up and down,
And seen the vapor, as it issued out,
Snow-white, and hissing, from the heated snout ;
Wreath it up, all spirit-like and warm,
Into the semblance of an angel form ;
Seen it unfold its wings, and heard it say—
“ Woman, fear not, for thou shalt see the day,
“ When I, yes I, the vapor that I seem,
“ Of fire and water born, and baptized *Steam*,
“ Will save you all this labor : I will gin
“ Your cotton first,—then will I card and spin,
“ Reel, wash, dry, spool the filling, size the warp ;
“ Nay if with both your eyes you look out sharp,
“ You'll see me fling it so that both your eyes
“ Shall fail to see the shuttle, as it flies.
“ And, as the shuttle shoots, the reed shall strike :—
“ I'll drive them both, and drive them both alike,
“ And, when the web is through the loom, by dint
“ Of my own power, I'll calender and print !
“ Ay, madam, through these labors will I go,
“ And give your daughters printed calico,

“ For less than half the money, by the yard,
“ Now paid, per pound, for cotton, that you card.
“ Nay, ma’am, that boy, who, as I tell you this,
“ Hears, in my voice nought but the kettle’s hiss,—
“ That boy,—by spinning, from his towy head,
“ And reeling off lines about cotton thread,
“ Shall buy more cotton shirting, in one even,
“ Than you can card and spin, this side of heaven ” :—

Had the Steam Spirit then and thus addressed
Her who loved me,—whom I loved first and best,
Would she not, starting up, have “ screamed a scream,”
And cried—“ I know thee, thou foul spirit of steam !
“ I see thou risest from the fires below :—
“ Both who thou art, and what thou wouldst I know ;
“ I know thou liest ! I’ll have no part with thee !
“ Devil, avaunt !—I will not taste thy TEA !”

Yet, have we seen the Power that we suppose,
To have spoken thus from the tea-kettle’s nose,
More than make good what, first, appeared to be
At once a boastful and false prophecy.

The wings of Time, who ne’er suspends his flight,
Will not allow, although your patience might,
Your bard to note the multitude of things,
That Time has brought us, on those sweeping wings,
From Yankee genius, industry and skill,
Since Justice took her seat upon this hill :—
Innumerable things, contrived as means
Of saving labor :—multiform machines,

Impelled by wind, by water and by steam,
By sheep, by horses, by the tardier team
Of bullocks,—nay, for labors very nice,
Mills and machinery that are worked by mice!—
A lathe, that turns, out of a wooden block,
A last, an ax-helve, or a musket-stock,
Nay—if you'll stand so, that it can get at you,
It will turn *you* into a marble statue!*—
A printing press, that, by hot water power,
Prints twenty thousand volumes in an hour!
A car, that, if you wish to run away,
Will carry you three hundred miles a day!
But, think not, that, when in that car, you've fled, you
Are “off” so fast that nothing else can “head” you.
If so you've thought, without your host you've reckoned ;
The news shall run a thousand miles a second,
Along a wire, by Yankee genius given,
To make a tell-tale of the fire from heaven ;
And, if your friends are anxious to restore you,
The lightning starts next day, and gets there long before you !

'Tis not my purpose to appropriate
All that is clever to our native State :—
The children of her sister states, our cousins,
Present their claims :—allow them—though by dozens ;—
We're not like dogs, all fighting for a bone,
And every snarler growling o'er his own :—
Not like the runners that enrolled their names
For wreaths of laurel in the Pythian games ;

* This is no fiction :—it is strictly true ;
'Twill turn a marble 'duplicate' of you.

For, there, though all ran well, who ran the best,
Alone bore off the crown from all the rest.
We would be just, and, so, divide the bays ;—
The wit is common—common be the praise.
But, when we've weighed them, in a balance true,
And given our cousins *all* that is their due,
Will not themselves acknowledge that the weight
Inclines in favor of "the Nutmeg State"?
That, true and fine as is their razor set,
Ours has an edge a "*leetle*" finer yet;—
That, though theirs leaves the visage very sleek,
Ours hugs, a trifle closer, to the cheek?
So that, in all that gives the Yankee place
In the front rank of the whole human race,—
Among her sisters,—"when all's said and done,"
Our little Mother must rank, Number One.

What if her faith, to which she clings as true,
Appears, to some eyes, slightly tinged with *blue*?
With blue *as* blue, aside from any *ism*,
We find no fault;—the spectrum of a prism,
The rainbow, and the flowers-de-luce, that look,
At their own beauty, in the glassy brook,
Show us a blue, that never fails to please;
So does yon lake, when rippled by a breeze;
In morning glories blue looks very well,
And in the little flower, they call "blue bell."
No better color is there for the sky,
Or, as *I* think, for a blonde beauty's eye.
It's very pretty for a lady's bonnet,
Or for the ribbon that she puts upon it;

But in her faith, as also in her face,
Some will insist that blue is out of place ;
As all agree it would be in the rose,
She wears, and, peradventure, in—*her hose*.

Still, for her shrewdness, must the “Nutmeg State” |
As Number One, among her sisters rate ;
And which, of all *her* counties, will compare,
For size or strength, for water, soil or air,
With our good mother county ?—Which has sown
Her children, broad-cast, o’er a wider zone,
Around the globe ? And has she not, by far,
Out-done the rest, in giving, to the bar,
And to the bench,—for half of all her years—
The brightest names of half the hemispheres ?
Nor have “Creation’s *lords*” engrossed her care ;
Creation’s *ladies* have received their share :—
For, when to Reeve and Gould the former came,
To Pierce the latter :—Pierce, an honored name !
Yea, thrice and four times honored, when it stands
Beside *his* name, who comes, with bloody hands,
From fields of battle ; though the applauding shout
From myriad mouths—and muskets—call it out ;
Though by him, armies were to victory led,
And groves of laurel grow upon his head !

Bloodless the honors that to Pierce are paid :
Bloodless the garlands on her temples laid.
To them, reproachful, no poor widow turns ;
No sister’s heart bleeds, and no mother mourns
To see them flourish. Ne’er shall they be torn
From off her honored brows. Long be they worn,

To show the world how a good Teacher's name
Out-weighs, in real worth, the proudest warrior's fame !—

Our mother county ! never shalt thou boast
Of mighty cities, or a sea-washed coast.
Not thine the marts, where Commerce spreads her wings,
And to her wharves the wealth of India brings :
No field of thine has e'er been given to fame,
Or stamped, by History, with a hero's name ;
For, on no field of thine was e'er displayed
A hostile host, or drawn a battle blade.
The better honors thine, that wait on Peace.
Thy *names* are chosen, not from martial Greece,
Whose bloody laurels by the sword were won,—
Platea, Salamis, and Marathon ;—
But from the pastoral people, strong and free,
Whose hills looked down upon the Midland sea,—
The Holy Land. Thy *Carmel* lifts his head
Over thy *Bethlehem*,—thy “ house of bread ”—
Not Egypt's land of *Goshen* equaled thine,
For wealth of pasture, or “ well-favored kine ; ”
While many a streamlet through thy *Canaan* flows,
And in thy *Sharon* blushes many a rose.

But, mother Litchfield, thou hast stronger claims
To be called holy, than thy holy names
Can give thee.—Reckon as thy jewels, then,
Thy saintly women, and thy holy men.
Scarce have thine early birds from sleep awoke,
And up thy hill-sides curls the cottage smoke,
When rises with it, on the morning air,
The voice of household worship and of prayer ;

And when the night-bird sinks upon her nest
To warm her fledglings with her downy breast,
In reverent posture, many a father stands,
And, o'er his children, lifting holy hands,
Gives them to God, the Guardian of their sleep ;
While, round their beds, their nightly vigils keep
Those Angel ministers of heavenly grace,
Who " always do behold their Father's face."
And, when the day returns for toil to cease,
With the disciples of the Prince of Peace,
The voice responsive of thy village bells,
From hill and valley, on the clear air swells,
And up thy hills, and down thy valleys go
Thy sons and daughters, reverently slow,
To eat the bread of life, their pastor brings,
And pay their homage to the King of kings.

Land of my birth, thou *art* a holy land !
Strong in thy virtue may'st thou ever stand,
As in thy soil and mountains thou art strong !
And, as thy mountain echoes now prolong
The cadence of thy water-falls,—forever
Be the voice lifted up of Time's broad river,
As on it rushes to the eternal sea,
Sounding the praises of thy sons and Thee !



SECOND DAY.

At half past ten, A. M., a procession was formed in the same order as the first day, and marched to the Tent, escorted by the "Bacon Guards."

The exercises were then opened by vocal music from the County Musical Association, singing the following hymn to the tune of China; the audience uniting: The fine effect of which, from thousands of voices, can be better imagined than described.

1.

O LORD, thy covenant is sure
To all who fear thy name;
Thy mercies age on age endure,
Eternally the same.

2.

In Thee our fathers put their trust;
Thy ways they humbly trod;
Honored and sacred is their dust,
And still they live to God.

3.

Heirs to their faith, their hopes, their prayers,
We the same path pursue;
Entail the blessing to our heirs;
Lord! show thy promise true.

A prayer was then offered by the Rev. RUFUS BABCOCK, D.D., of Philadelphia, a native of Colebrook.

PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father, beneath the opening skies, we, Thy not ungrateful children, would devoutly bow before Thee in this solemn and joyous hour, recognizing that parental love and care which Thou hast exerted towards us, and calling upon our souls, and all within us, to praise, and bless, and honor Thee, our Maker, our Preserver, and our gracious Benefactor, for the bestowment of infinite, varied, and constant bounties, ever since we had a being.

We rejoice in Thee, as the source of every good and every perfect gift. With humble and adoring thankfulness, we recognize Thee as our fathers' God. Thou didst lead them to this waste, howling wilderness. Thou didst cast out various impediments from before them, and grant them the enjoyment of this favored land, where, in the exercise of a hardy industry, they were enabled to "provide things honest in the sight of all men" for themselves and their households, and not only to see growing up around them, as plants of righteousness, their own favored offspring, but Thou didst enable them to send off to the right hand and to the left, many a promising offshoot, on whom Thy favor has also rested. In their wide dispersion, Thou hast led them like a flock, and multiplied and blessed them; and many of them are now uniting with us in heart, though not in presence, in sending up ascriptions of praise to that All Gracious Benefactor, by whose kind guardianship we and our fathers have been established, directed and blessed.

We thank Thee that the religion of Jesus Christ imbued the mind and heart of those parents, making them what they were to us and the world. Oh, let not their favored children cast away that entire dependence on Almighty God, that humble, grateful recognition of his gracious Providence, which characterized those who have gone before. Oh, let us remember that it will fare ill with us, if we cast aside a dutiful regard of the God

of our fathers ; if we seek from any other source, blessings that can come from Him only.

We rejoice that among the appropriate exercises of this occasion, we are met here to-day, as our fathers were wont to meet before their Heavenly Father, to give heed to the instructions of Thy most holy word. May Thy rich blessing rest on the speaker and hearers, that we may be instructed, as well as delighted, on this occasion ; and that our hearts may be drawn forth in grateful adoration for Thy guardian providence, which has so watched over and prospered and blessed us, and by whose favor we are gathered at this time, and from whom we have been permitted to receive so many gracious tokens of parental care and love, while we trust Thee for thy future care and love.

May the like blessings which have so richly distinguished us, be extended throughout our State, and throughout our States, that each community, on appropriate and fitting occasions, may have an opportunity to meet as we are met, rejoicing in peace and universal prosperity. May we rejoice always in true humility before God ; and while praising and blessing Thee for Thy favors, may we humble ourselves because of the ill-requital which has been made for the bestowment of such mercies. In deep humility, it becomes us to confess this day, that we have erred and strayed from Thy ways. Oh, Lord, be merciful and heal all our backslidings, turn us from our perverse ways, and establish us in Thy truth. May the Holy Scriptures be still our blessed guide, and may they instruct us in the duties of industry, frugality, integrity, and benevolence : may they prompt us to extend a helping hand to the needy throughout the length and breadth of the land. Wherever the sons and daughters of this County have gone forth, there may streams of salvation, as from the purest fountain, extend to every parched and desolate place, so that one song may break forth throughout the land : and to the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, we will ascribe praises everlasting. Amen !

THE REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, of Hartford, a native of Litchfield County, then delivered the following Discourse.



The Age of Homespun.

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT LITCHFIELD, CONN.,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, 1851.

BY

HORACE BUSHNELL.



DISCOURSE.

It has often occurred to others, I presume, as to me, to wish that, for once, it were possible, in some of our historic celebrations, to gather up the unwritten part, also, of the history celebrated; thus to make some fit account of the private virtues and unrecorded struggles, in whose silent commonalty, we doubt not, are included all the deepest possibilities of social advancement and historic distinction. On this account, since the Historical Address of yesterday presented us, in a manner so complete and so impressive to the feeling of us all, the principal events and names of honor by which our County has been distinguished, I am the more willing to come after as a gleaner, in the stubble-ground that is left; nor any the less so, if, in gathering up the fallen straws of grain, I may chance to catch, in my rake, some of those native violets that love so well to hide their blue in the grass, and shed their fragrance undiscovered. I think you will agree with me, also, that nothing is more appropriate to a Sermon, (which is the form of my appointment,) than to offer some fit remembrance of that which heaven only keeps in charge, the un-historic deeds of common life, and the silent, undistinguished good whose names are written only in heaven. In this view, I propose a discourse on the words of King Lemuel's mother:—

PROV. 31 : 28. “*Her children arise up and call her blessed.*”

This Lemuel, who is called a king, is supposed by some to have been a Chaldee chief, or head of a clan; a kind of Arcadian prince, like Job and Jethro. And this last chapter of the Proverbs is an eastern poem, called a “prophecy,” that versifies,

in form, the advice which his honored and wise mother gave to her son. She dwells, in particular, on the ideal picture of a fine woman, such as he may fitly seek for his wife, or queen; drawing the picture, doubtless, in great part, from herself and her own practical character. "She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are covered with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Omitting other points of the picture, she is a frugal, faithful, pious housewife; clothing her family in garments prepared by her industry, and the more beautiful honors of a well-kept, well-mannered house. She, therefore, it is, who makes the center of a happy domestic life, and becomes a mark of reverence to her children:—"Her children arise up and call her blessed."

A very homely and rather common picture, some of you may fancy, for a queen, or chief woman; but, as you view the subject more historically, it will become a picture even of dignity and polite culture. The rudest and most primitive stage of society has its most remarkable distinction in the dress of skins; as in ancient Scythia, and in many other parts of the world, even at the present day. The preparing of fabrics, by spinning and weaving, marks a great social transition, or advance; one that was slowly made and is not even yet absolutely perfected. Accordingly, the art of spinning and weaving was, for long ages, looked upon as a kind of polite distinction; much as needle work is now. Thus, when Moses directed in the preparation of curtains for the tabernacle, we are told that "all the women that were *wise-hearted* did spin with their hands." That is, that the accomplished ladies who understood this fine art, (as few of the women did) executed his order. Accordingly, it is represented that the most distinguished queens of the ancient time excelled in the art of spinning; and the poets sing of distaffs and looms, as the choicest symbols of princely women. Thus, Homer describes the present of Alcandra to Helen:

"Alcandra, consort of his high command,
A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;

And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
Which, heaped with wool, the beauteous Philo brought,
The silken fleece, impurpled for the loom,
Recalled the hyacinth in vernal bloom."

So, also, Theocritus, when he is going to give a present to his friend's bride, couples it with verse:—

"O distaff! friend to warp and woof,
Minerva's gift in man's behoof,
Whom careful housewives still retain,
And gather to their household gain,
Thee, ivory distaff! I provide,
A present for his blooming bride.
With her thou wilt sweet toil partake,
And aid her various vestes to make."

If I rightly remember, it is even said of Augustus, himself, at the height of the Roman splendor, that he wore a robe which was made for him by Livia, his wife.

You perceive, in this manner, that Lemuel's mother has any but rustic ideas of what a wife should be. She describes, in fact, a lady of the highest accomplishments; whose harpsichord is the distaff, whose piano is the loom, and who is able thus, by the fine art she is mistress of, to make her husband conspicuous among the elders of the land. Still, you will understand that what we call the old spinning-wheel, a great factory improvement, was not invented till long ages after this; being, in fact, a comparatively modern, I believe a German or Saxon, improvement. The distaff, in the times of my text, was held in one hand or under one arm, and the spindle, hanging by the thread, was occasionally hit and twirled by the other. The weaving process was equally rude and simple.

These references to the domestic economy of the more ancient times, have started recollections, doubtless, in many of you, that are characteristic, in a similar way, of our own primitive history. You have remembered the wheel and the loom. You have recalled the fact, that our Litchfield County people, down to a

period comparatively recent, have been a people clothed in homespun fabrics—not wholly, or in all cases, but so generally that the exceptions may be fairly disregarded. In this fact I find my subject. As it is sometimes said that the history of iron is the history of the world, or the history of roads a true record, always, of commercial and social progress, so it has occurred to me that I may give the most effective and truest impression of Litchfield County, and especially of the unhistoric causes included in a true estimate of the century now past, under this article of *homespun*; describing this first century as the Homespun Age of our people.

The subject is homely, as it should be; but I think we shall find enough of dignity in it, as we proceed, even to content our highest ambition—the more, that I do not propose to confine myself rigidly to the single matter of spinning and weaving, but to gather round this feature of domestic life, taken as a symbol, or central type of expression, whatever is most characteristic in the living picture of the times we commemorate, and the simple, godly virtues, we delight to honor.

What we call History, considered as giving a record of notable events, or transactions, under names and dates, and so a really just and true exhibition of the causes that construct a social state, I conceive to be commonly very much of a fiction. True worth is, for the most part, unhistoric, and so of all the beneficent causes and powers included in the lives of simply worthy men; causes most fundamental and efficient, as regards the well being and public name of communities. They are such as flow in silence, like the great powers of nature. Indeed, we say of history, and say rightly, that it is a record of *e-vents*—that is, of turnings out, points where the silence is broken by something apparently not in the regular flow of common life; just as electricity, piercing the world in its silent equilibrium, holding all atoms to their places, and quickening even the life of our bodies, becomes historic only when it thunders; though it does nothing more, in its thunder, than simply to notify us, by so great a noise, of the breach of its connections and the disturbance of its silent work. Besides, in our historic pictures, we are obliged to sink particulars in generals, and so to gather, under the name of a prominent few, what is really done by nameless multitudes. These, we say, led out the colonies, these raised up the states and

communities, these fought the battles. And so we make a vicious inversion, not seldom, of the truth ; representing as causes, those who, after all, are not so much causes as effects, not so much powers as instruments, in the occasions signalized by their names—caps only of foam, that roll conspicuous in the sun, lifted, still, by the deep under-swell of waters hid from the eye.

Therefore, if you ask, who made this Litchfield County of ours, it will be no sufficient answer that you get, however instructive and useful, when you have gathered up the names that appear in our public records, and recited the events that have found an honorable place in the history of the County, or the republic. You must not go into the burial places, and look about only for the tall monuments and the titled names. It is not the starred epitaphs of the Doctors of Divinity, the Generals, the Judges, the Honorables, the Governors, or even of the village notables called Esquires, that mark the springs of our successes and the sources of our distinction. These are rather effects than causes ; the spinning wheels have done a great deal more than these. Around the honored few, here a Bellamy, or a Day, sleeping in the midst of his flock ; here a Wolcott, or a Smith ; an Allen, or a Tracy ; a Reeve, or a Gould ; all names of honor—round about these few, and others like them, are lying multitudes of worthy men and women, under their humbler monuments, or in graves that are hidden by the monumental green that loves to freshen over their forgotten resting place ; and in these, the humble but good many, we are to say are the deepest, truest causes of our happy history. Here lie the sturdy kings of Homespun, who climbed among these hills, with their axes, to cut away room for their cabins and for family prayers, and so for the good future to come. Here lie their sons, who foddered their cattle on the snows, and built stone fence while the corn was sprouting in the hills, getting ready, in that way, to send a boy or two to college. Here lie the good housewives that made coats, every year, like Hannah, for their childrens' bodies, and lined their memory with catechism. Here the millers, that took honest toll of the rye ; the smiths and coopers, that superintended two hands and got a little revenue of honest bread and schooling from their small joint stock of two-handed investment. Here the district committees and school mistresses ; the religious society founders and church deacons ; and,

withal, a great many sensible, wise-headed men, who read a weekly newspaper, loved George Washington and their country, and had never a thought of going to the General Assembly! These are the men and women that made Litchfield County. Who they are, by name, we can not tell—no matter who they are—we should be none the wiser if we could name them; they themselves none the more honorable. Enough that they are the king Lemuels and their queens, of the good old time gone by—kings and queens of Homespun, out of whom we draw our royal lineage.

I have spoken of the great advance in human society, indicated by a transition from the dress of skins to that of cloth—an advance of so great dignity, that spinning and weaving were looked upon as a kind of fine art, or polite accomplishment. Another advance, and one that is equally remarkable, is indicated by the transition from a dress of homespun to a dress of factory cloths, produced by machinery and obtained by the exchanges of commerce, at home or abroad. This transition we are now making, or rather, I should say, it is already so far made that the very terms, "*domestic manufacture*," have quite lost their meaning; being applied to that which is neither domestic, as being made in the house, nor manufacture, as being made by the hands.

This transition from mother and daughter power, to water and steam power, is a great one, greater by far than many have as yet begun to conceive—one that is to carry with it a complete revolution of domestic life and social manners. If, in this transition, there is something to regret, there is more, I trust, to desire. If it carries away the old simplicity, it must also open higher possibilities of culture and social ornament. The principal danger is, that, in removing the rough necessities of the homespun age, it may take away, also, the severe virtues and the homely but deep and true piety by which, in their blessed fruits, as we are all here testifying, that age is so honorably distinguished. Be the issue what it may, good or bad, hopeful or unhopeful, it has come; it is already a fact, and the consequences must follow.

If our sons and daughters should assemble, a hundred years hence, to hold another celebration like this, they will scarcely be able to imagine the Arcadian pictures now so fresh in the memory

of many of us, though to the younger part already matters of hearsay more than of personal knowledge or remembrance. Every thing that was most distinctive of the old homespun mode of life will then have passed away. The spinning wheels of wool and flax, that used to buzz so familiarly in the childish ears of some of us, will be heard no more forever—seen no more, in fact, save in the halls of the Antiquarian Societies, where the delicate daughters will be asking, what these strange machines are, and how they were made to go? The huge, hewn-timber looms, that used to occupy a room by themselves, in the farm houses, will be gone, cut up for cord wood, and their heavy thwack, beating up the woof, will be heard no more by the passer by—not even the Antiquarian Halls will find room to harbor a specimen. The long strips of linen, bleaching on the grass, and tended by a sturdy maiden, sprinkling them, each hour, from her water-can, under a broiling sun—thus to prepare the Sunday linen for her brothers and her own wedding outfit, will have disappeared, save as they return to fill a picture in some novel or ballad of the old time. The tables will be spread with some cunning, water-power Silesia not yet invented, or perchance with some meaner fabric from the cotton mills. The heavy Sunday coats, that grew on sheep individually remembered, more comfortably carried, in warm weather, on the arm, and the specially fine-striped, blue and white pantaloons, of linen just from the loom, will no longer be conspicuous in processions of footmen going to meeting, but will have given place to showy carriages, filled with gentlemen in broadcloth, festooned with chains of California gold, and delicate ladies holding perfumed sun shades. The churches, too, that used to be simple brown meeting houses, covered with rived clapboards of oak, will have come down, mostly, from the bleak hill tops into the close villages and populous towns, that crowd the waterfalls and the rail roads; and the old burial places, where the fathers sleep, will be left to their lonely altitude—token, shall we say, of an age that lived as much nearer to heaven and as much less under the world. The change will be complete. Would that we might raise some worthy monument to a state which is then to be so far passed by, so worthy, in all future time, to be held in the dearest reverence.

It may have seemed extravagant, or fantastic, to some of you, that I should think to give a character of the century now past, under the one article of homespun. It certainly is not the only, or in itself the chief article of distinction ; and yet we shall find it to be a distinction that runs through all others, and gives a color to the whole economy of life and character, in the times of which we speak.

Thus, if the clothing is to be manufactured in the house, then flax will be grown in the plowed land, and sheep will be raised in the pasture, and the measure of the flax ground, and the number of the flock, will correspond with the measure of the home market, the number of the sons and daughters to be clothed, so that the agriculture out of doors will map the family in doors. Then as there is no thought of obtaining the articles of clothing, or dress, by exchange ; as there is little passing of money, and the habit of exchange is feebly developed, the family will be fed on home grown products, buckwheat, Indian, rye, or whatever the soil will yield. And as carriages are a luxury introduced only with exchanges, the lads will be going back and forth to the mill on horseback, astride the fresh grists, to keep the mouths in supply. The meat market will be equally domestic, a kind of quarter-master slaughter and supply, laid up in the cellar, at fit times in the year. The daughters that, in factory days, would go abroad to join the female conscription of the cotton mill, will be kept in the home factory, or in that of some other family, and so in the retreats of domestic life. And so it will be seen, that a form of life which includes almost every point of economy, centers round the article of homespun dress, and is by that determined. Given the fact that a people spin their own dress, and you have in that fact a whole volume of characteristics. They may be shepherds dwelling in tents, or they may build them fixed habitations, but the distinction given will show them to be a people who are not in trade, whose life centers in the family, home-bred in their manners, primitive and simple in their character, inflexible in their piety, hospitable without show, intelligent without refinement. And so it will be seen that our homespun fathers and mothers made a Puritan Arcadia among these hills, answering to the picture which Polybius, himself an Arcadian, gave of his countrymen, when he said that they had,

“throughout Greece, a high and honorable reputation ; not only on account of their hospitality to strangers, and their benevolence towards all men, but especially on account of their piety towards the Divine Being.”

Thus, if we speak of what, in the polite world, is called society, our homespun age had just none of it—and perhaps the more of society for that reason ; because what they had was separate from all the polite fictions and empty conventionalities of the world. I speak not here of the rude and promiscuous gatherings connected so often with low and vulgar excesses ; the military trainings, the huskings, the raisings, commonly ended with a wrestling match. These were their dissipations, and perhaps they were about as good as any. The apple-pearing and quilting frolics, you may set down, if you will, as the polka-dances and masquerades of homespun. If they undertook a formal entertainment of any kind, it was commonly stiff and quite unsuccessful. But when some two queens of the spindle, specially fond of each other, instead of calling back and forth with a card case in their hand, agreed to “join works,” as it was called, for a week or two, in spinning, enlivening their talk by the rival buzz of their wheels and, when the two skeins were done, spending the rest of the day in such kind of recreation as pleased them, this to them was real society, and, so far, a good type of all the society they had. It was the society not of the Nominalists, but of the Realists ; society in or after work ; spontaneously gathered, for the most part, in terms of elective affinity—foot excursions of young people, or excursions on horseback, after the haying, to the tops of the neighboring mountains ; boatings, on the river or the lake, by moonlight, filling the wooded shores and the recesses of the hills with lively echoes ; evening schools of sacred music, in which the music is not so much sacred as preparing to be ; evening circles of young persons, falling together, as they imagine, by accident, round some village queen of song, and chasing away the time in ballads and glees so much faster than they wish, that just such another accident is like to happen soon ; neighbors called in to meet the minister and talk of both worlds together, and, if he is limber enough to suffer it, in such happy mixtures, that both are melted into one.

But most of all to be remembered, are those friendly circles, gathered so often round the winter's fire—not the stove, but the fire, the brightly blazing, hospitable fire. In the early dusk, the home circle is drawn more closely and quietly round it; but a good neighbor and his wife drop in shortly, from over the way, and the circle begins to spread. Next, a few young folk from the other end of the village, entering in brisker mood, find as many more chairs set in as wedges into the periphery to receive them also. And then a friendly sleigh full of old and young, that have come down from the hill to spend an hour or two, spread the circle again, moving it still farther back from the fire; and the fire blazes just as much higher and more brightly, having a new stick added for every guest. There is no restraint, certainly no affectation of style. They tell stories, they laugh, they sing. They are serious and gay by turns, or the young folks go on with some play, while the fathers and mothers are discussing some hard point of theology in the minister's last sermon; or perhaps the great danger coming to sound morals from the multiplication of turnpikes and newspapers! Meantime, the good housewife brings out her choice stock of home grown exotics, gathered from three realms, doughnuts from the pantry, hickory nuts from the chamber, and the nicest, smoothest apples from the cellar; all which, including, I suppose I must add, the rather unpoetic beverage that gave its acid smack to the ancient hospitality, are discussed as freely, with no fear of consequences. And then, as the tall clock in the corner of the room ticks on majestically towards nine, the conversation takes, it may be, a little more serious turn, and it is suggested that a very happy evening may fitly be ended with a prayer. Whereupon the circle breaks up with a reverent, congratulative look on every face, which is itself the truest language of a social nature blessed in human fellowship.

Such, in general, was the society of the homespun age. It was not that society that puts one in connection with the great world of letters, or fashion, or power, raising as much the level of his consciousness and the scale and style of his action; but it was society back of the world, in the sacred retreats of natural feeling, truth and piety.

Descending from the topic of society in general to one more delicate, that of marriage and the tender passion and the domestic felicities of the homespun age, the main distinction here to be noted is, that marriages were commonly contracted at a much earlier period in life than now. Not because the habit of the time was more romantic or less prudential, but because a principle more primitive and closer to the beautiful simplicity of nature is yet in vogue, viz., that women are given by the Almighty, not so much to help their husbands spend a living, as to help them get one. Accordingly, the ministers were always very emphatic, as I remember, in their marriage ceremonies, on the ancient idea, that the woman was given to the man to be a help, meet for him. Had they supposed, on the contrary, what many appear in our day to assume, that the woman is given to the man to enjoy his living, I am not sure that a certain way they had of adhering always to the reason of things, would not have set them at feud with the custom that requires the fee of the man, insisting that it go to the charge of the other party, where, in such a case, it properly belongs. Now exactly this notion of theirs, I confess, appears to me to be the most sentimental and really the most romantic notion possible of marriage. What more beautiful embodiment is there, on this earth, of true sentiment, than the young wife who has given herself to a man in his weakness, to make him strong; to enter into the hard battle of his life and bear the brunt of it with him; to go down with him in disaster, if he fails, and cling to him for what he is; to rise with him, if he rises, and share a two-fold joy with him in the competence achieved; remembering, both of them, how it grew, by little and little, and by what methods of frugal industry it was nourished; having it also, not as his, but theirs, the reward of their common perseverance, and the token of their consolidated love. And if this be the most heroic sentiment in the woman, it certainly was no fault in the man of homespun to look for it. And, in this view, the picture given of his suit, by a favorite poetess of our own, is as much deeper in poetry as it is closer to the simplicity of nature.

“ Behold,

The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel.

While by her side the rustic lover sits,

Perchance his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins that, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought
(For men have wiser minds than women, sure,)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make."

Do not accuse our rustic here too hastily, in the rather homely picture he makes ; for sometimes it is the way of homely things, that their poetry is not seen, only because it is deepest. The main distinction between him and the more plausible romantic class of suitors, is, that his passion has penetrated beyond the fancy, into the reason, and made the sober sense itself a captive. Do you say that a man has not a heart because it is shut up in the casement of his body and is not seen, beating on the skin ? As little reason have you, here, to blame a fault of passion, because it throbs under the strong, defensive ribs of prudence. It is the froth of passion that makes a show so romantic, on the soul's surfaces—the truth of it, that pierces inmost realities. So, I suppose, our poetess would say that her young gentleman of homespun thinks of a wife, not of a holiday partner who may come into his living in a contract of expenditure. He believes in woman according to God's own idea, looks to her as an angel of help, who may join herself to him, and go down the rough way of life as it is, to strengthen him in it by her sympathy, and gild its darkness, if dark it must be, by the light of her patience and the constancy of her devotion. The main difference is, that the romance comes out at the end and was not all expended at the beginning.

The close necessities of these more primitive days connected many homely incidents with marriage, which, however, rather heighten the picturesque simplicity than disparage the beauty of its attractions. The question of the outfit, the question of ways and means, the homely prudence pulling back the heroics of faith and passion, only to make them more heroic at last ; all these you will readily imagine.

I suppose many of my audience may have heard of the distinguished Christian minister, still living in the embers of extreme old age, who came to the point, not of a flight in the winter, but

of marriage, and partly by reason of the Revolution then in progress, could find no way to obtain the necessary wedding suit. Whereupon, the young woman's benevolent mother had some of her sheep sheared and sewed up in blankets to keep them from perishing with cold, that the much required felicity might be consummated.

But the schools,—we must not pass by these, if we are to form a truthful and sufficient picture of the homespun days. The school-master did not exactly go round the district to fit out the children's minds with learning, as the shoe-maker often did to fit their feet with shoes, or the tailors to measure and cut for their bodies ; but, to come as near it as possible, he boarded round (a custom not yet gone by,) and the wood for the common fire, was supplied in a way equally primitive, viz. : by a contribution of loads from the several families, according to their several quantities of childhood. The children were all clothed alike in homespun ; and the only signs of aristocracy were, that some were clean and some a degree less so, some in fine white and striped linen, some in brown tow crash ; and, in particular, as I remember, with a certain feeling of quality I do not like to express, the good fathers of some testified the opinion they had of their children, by bringing fine round loads of hickory wood to warm them, while some others, I regret to say, brought only scanty, scraggy, ill-looking heaps of green oak, white birch, and hemlock. Indeed, about all the bickerings of quality among the children, centered in the quality of the wood pile. There was no complaint, in those days, of the want of ventilation ; for the large open fire-place held a considerable fraction of a cord of wood, and the windows took in just enough air to supply the combustion. Besides, the bigger lads were occasionally ventilated, by being sent out to cut wood enough to keep the fire in action. The seats were made of the outer slabs from the saw-mill, supported by slant legs driven into and a proper distance through augur holes, and planed smooth on the top by the rather tardy process of friction. But the spelling went on bravely, and we ciphered away again and again, always till we got through Loss and Gain. The more advanced of us, too, made light work of Lindley Murray, and went on to the parsing, finally, of

extracts from Shakspeare and Milton, till some of us began to think we had mastered their tough sentences in a more consequential sense of the term than was exactly true. O, I remember, (about the remotest thing I can remember,) that low seat, too high, nevertheless, to allow the feet to touch the floor, and that friendly teacher who had the address to start a first feeling of enthusiasm and awaken the first sense of power. He is living still, and whenever I think of him, he rises up to me in the far back ground of memory, as bright as if he had worn the seven stars in his hair. (I said he is living; yes, he is here to day, God bless him!) How many others of you that are here assembled, recall these little primitive universities of homespun, where your mind was born, with a similar feeling of reverence and homely satisfaction. Perhaps you remember, too, with a pleasure not less genuine, that you received the classic discipline of the university proper, under a dress of homespun, to be graduated, at the close, in the joint honors of broadcloth and the parchment.

Passing from the school to the church, or rather I should say, to the meeting-house—good translation, whether meant or not, of what is older and more venerable than *church*, viz., *synagogue*—here, again, you meet the picture of a sturdy homespun worship. Probably it stands on some hill, midway between three or four valleys, whither the tribes go up to worship, and, when the snow-drifts are deepest, go literally from strength to strength. There is no furnace or stove, save the foot-stoves that are filled from the fires of the neighboring houses, and brought in partly as a rather formal compliment to the delicacy of the tender sex, and sometimes because they are really wanted. The dress of the assembly is mostly homespun, indicating only slight distinctions of quality in the worshippers. They are seated according to age, the old king Lemuels and their queens in front, near the pulpit, and the younger Lemuels farther back, enclosed in pews, sitting back to back, impounded, all, for deep thought and spiritual digestion; only the deacons, sitting close under the pulpit, by themselves, to receive, as their distinctive honor, the more perpendicular droppings of the word. Clean round the front of the gallery is drawn a single row of choir, headed by the key-pipe, in the centre. The pulpit is overhung

by an august wooden canopy, called a sounding-board—study general, of course, and first lesson of mystery to the eyes of the children, until what time their ears are opened to understand the spoken mysteries.

There is no affectation of seriousness in the assembly, no mannerism of worship; some would say too little of the manner of worship. They think of nothing, in fact, save what meets their intelligence and enters into them by that method. They appear like men who have a digestion for strong meat, and have no conception that trifles more delicate can be of any account to feed the system. Nothing is dull that has the matter in it, nothing long that has not exhausted the matter. If the minister speaks in his great coat and thick gloves or mittens, if the howling blasts of winter blow in across the assembly fresh streams of ventilation that move the hair upon their heads, they are none the less content, if only he gives them good strong exercise. Under their hard and, as some would say, stolid faces, great thoughts are brewing, and these keep them warm. Free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute, trinity, redemption, special grace, eternity—give them any thing high enough, and the tough muscle of their inward man will be climbing sturdily into it; and if they go away having something to think of, they have had a good day. A perceptible glow will kindle in their hard faces, only when some one of the chief apostles, a Day, a Smith, or a Bellamy, has come to lead them up some higher pinnacle of thought, or pile upon their sturdy mind some heavier weight of argument—fainting never under any weight, even that which, to the foreign critics of the discourses preached by them and others of their day, it seems impossible for any, the most cultivated audience in the world, to have supported. O, these royal men of homespun, how great a thing to them was religion! The district school was there, the great Bellamy is here, among the highest peaks and solitudes of divine government, and between is close living and hard work, and they are kings alike in all!

True there was a rigor in their piety, a want of gentle feeling; their Christian graces were cast-iron shapes, answering with a hard metallic ring. But they stood the rough wear of life none the less durably for the excessive hardness of their temperament, kept their families and communities none the less truly, though

it may be less benignly, under the sense of God and religion. If we find something to modify, or soften, in their over-rigid notions of Christian living, it is yet something to know that what we are they have made us, and that, when we have done better for the ages that come after us, we shall have a more certain right to blame their austerities.

View them as we may, there is yet, and always will be, something magnificent, in their stern, practical fidelity to their principles. If they believed it to be more scriptural and Christian to begin their Sunday, not with the western, but with the Jewish and other eastern nations, at the sunset on Saturday, their practice did not part company with their principles—it was sun down at sun down, not somewhere between that time and the next morning. Thus I remember being dispatched, when a lad, one Saturday afternoon, in the winter, to bring home a few bushels of apples engaged of a farmer a mile distant; how the careful, exact man looked first at the clock, then out the window at the sun, and turning to me said, “I can not measure out the apples in time for you to get home before sundown, you must come again Monday;” then how I went home, venting my boyish impatience in words not exactly respectful, assisted by the sun light playing still upon the eastern hills, and got for my comfort a very unaccountably small amount of specially silent sympathy.

I have never yet ascertained whether that refusal was exactly justified by the patriarchal authorities appealed to, or not. Be that as it may, have what opinion of it you will, I confess to you, for one, that I recall the honest, faithful days of homespun represented in it, days when men’s lives went by their consciences, as their clocks did by the sun, with a feeling of profoundest reverence. It is more than respectable—it is sublime. If we find a more liberal way, and think we are safe in it, or if we are actually so, we can never yet break loose from a willing respect to this inflexible, majestic paternity of truth and godliness.

Regarding, now, the homespun age as represented in these pictures of the social and religious life, we need, in order to a full understanding, or conception of the powers and the possibilities of success embodied in it, to go a step farther; to descend into the practical struggle of common life, and see how the muscle of energy and victory is developed, under its close necessities.

The sons and daughters grew up, all, as you will perceive, in the closest habits of industry. The keen jockey way of whittling out a living by small bargains sharply turned, which many suppose to be an essential characteristic of the Yankee race, is yet no proper inbred distinction, but only a casual result, or incident, that pertains to the transition period between the small, stringent way of life in the previous times of home-production, and the new age of trade. In these olden times, these genuine days of homespun, they supposed, in their simplicity, that thrift represented work, and looked about seldom for any more delicate and sharper way of getting on. They did not call a man's property his *fortune*, but they spoke of one or another as being *worth* so much; conceiving that he had it laid up as the reward or fruit of his deservings. The house was a factory on the farm, the farm a grower and producer for the house. The exchanges went on briskly enough, but required neither money, nor trade. No affectation of polite living, no languishing airs of delicacy and softness in doors, had begun to make the fathers and sons impatient of hard work out of doors, and set them at contriving some easier and more plausible way of living. Their very dress represented work, and they went out as men whom the wives and daughters had dressed for work; facing all weather, cold and hot, wet and dry, wrestling with the plow on the stony-sided hills, digging out the rocks by hard lifting and a good many very practical experiments in mechanics, dressing the flax, threshing the rye, dragging home, in the deep snows, the great wood pile of the year's consumption; and then, when the day is ended, having no loose money to spend in taverns, taking their recreation, all together, in reading, or singing, or happy talk, or silent looking in the fire, and finally in sleep—to rise again, with the sun, and pray over the family Bible for just such another good day as the last. And so they lived, working out, each year, a little advance of thrift, just within the line of comfort.

The picture still holds, in part, though greatly modified by the softened manner of in-door life, and the multiplied agencies of emigration, travel, trade and machinery. It is, on the whole, a hard and over-severe picture, and yet a picture that embodies the highest points of merit, connects the noblest results of character. Out of it, in one view, come all the successes we commemorate on this festive occasion.

No mode of life was ever more expensive ; it was life, at the expense of labor too stringent to allow the highest culture and the most proper enjoyment. Even the dress of it was more expensive than we shall ever see again. Still it was a life of honesty and simple content and sturdy victory. Immoralities, that rot down the vigor and humble the consciousness of families, were as much less frequent, as they had less thought of adventure, less to do with travel, and trade, and money, and were closer to nature and the simple life of home.

If they were sometimes drudged by their over-intense labor, still they were kept by it in a generally rugged state, both of body and mind. They kept a good digestion, which is itself no small part of a character. The mothers spent their nervous impulse on their muscles, and had so much less need of keeping down the excess, or calming the unspent lightning, by doses of anodyne. In the play of the wheel, they spun fibre too, within, and in the weaving, wove it close and firm. They realized, to the full, the poet's picture of the maiden, who made a robust, happy life of peace, by the industry of her hands.

“ She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease ;
Her homespun dress, in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs ;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.”

Be it true, as it may, that the mothers of the homespun age had a severe limit on their culture and accomplishments. Be it true that we demand a delicacy and elegance of manners impossible to them, under the rugged necessities they bore. Still there is, after all, something very respectable in good health, and a great many graces play in its look that we love to study, even if there be a little of “per-durable toughness” in their charms. How much is there, too, in the sublime motherhood of health ! Hence come, not always, I know, but oftenest, the heroes and the great minds gifted with volume and power and balanced for

the manly virtues of truth, courage, persistency, and all sorts of victory.

It was also a great point, in this homespun mode of life, that it imparted exactly what many speak of only with contempt, a closely girded habit of economy. Harnessed, all together, into the producing process, young and old, male and female, from the boy that rode the plough-horse, to the grandmother knitting under her spectacles, they had no conception of squandering lightly what they all had been at work, thread by thread, and grain by grain, to produce. They knew too exactly what every thing cost, even small things, not to husband them carefully. Men of patri-mony in the great world, therefore, noticing their small way in trade, or expenditure, are ready, as we often see, to charge them with meanness—simply because they knew things only in the small; or, what is not far different, because they were too simple and rustic, to have any conception of the big operations, by which other men are wont to get their money without earning it, and lavish the more freely because it was not earned. Still this knowing life only in the small, it will be found, is really any thing but meanness.

Probably enough the man who is heard threshing in his barn of a winter evening, by the light of a lantern, (I knew such an example,) will be seen driving his team next day, the coldest day of the year, through the deep snow to a distant wood lot, to draw a load for a present to his minister. So the housewife that higgles for a half hour with the merchant over some small trade, is yet one that will keep watch, not unlikely, when the school-master, boarding round the district, comes to some hard quarter, and commence asking him to dinner, then to tea, then to stay over night, and literally boarding him, till the hard quarter is passed. Who now, in the great world of money, will do, not to say the same, as much, proportionally as much, in any of the pure hospitalities of life?

Besides, what sufficiently disproves any real meanness, it will be found that children brought up, in this way, to know things in the small, what they cost, and what is their value, have, in just that fact, one of the best securities of character and most certain elements of power and success in life. Because they expect to get on by small advances followed up and saved by others, not

by sudden leaps of fortune that despise the slow but surer methods of industry and merit. When the hard, wiry-looking patriarch of homespun, for example, sets off for Hartford, or Bridgeport, to exchange the little surplus of his year's production, carrying his provision with him and the fodder of his team, and taking his boy along to show him the great world, you may laugh at the simplicity, or pity, if you will, the sordid look of the picture ; but, five or ten years hence, this boy will like enough be found in College, digging out the cent's worths of his father's money in hard study ; and some twenty years later, he will be returning, in his honors, as the celebrated Judge, or Governor, or Senator and public orator, from some one of the great States of the republic, to bless the sight once more of that venerated pair who shaped his beginnings, and planted the small seeds of his future success. Small seeds, you may have thought, of meanness ; but now they have grown up and blossomed into a large-minded life, a generous public devotion, and a free benevolence to mankind.

And just here, I am persuaded, is the secret, in no small degree, of the very peculiar success that has distinguished the sons of Connecticut and, not least, those of Litchfield County, in their migration to other States. It is because they have gone out in the wise economy of a simple, homespun training, expecting to get on in the world by merit and patience, and by a careful husbanding of small advances ; secured in their virtue, by just that which makes their perseverance successful. For the men who see the great in the small, and go on to build the great by small increments, will commonly have an exact conscience too that beholds great principles in small things, and so will from a character of integrity, before both God and man, as solid and massive as the outward successes they conquer. The great men who think to be great in general, having yet nothing great in particular, are a much more windy affair.

It is time now that I should draw my discourse, already too far protracted, to a close. Some of you, I suppose, will hardly call it a Sermon. I only think it very faithfully answers to the text, or rather to the whole chapter from which the text is taken ; and that sometimes we get the purest and most wholesome lessons of Christian fidelity ; by going a little way back from matters of

spiritual experience, carrying the wise Proverbs with us, to look on the prudentials of the world of prudence and watch the colors that play upon the outer surfaces of life and its common affairs.

I have wished, in particular, to bring out an impression of the unrecorded history of the times gone by. We must not think on such an occasion as this, that the great men have made the history. Rather is it the history that has made the men. It is the homespun many, the simple Christian men and women of the century gone by, who bore their life-struggle faithfully, in these vallies and among these hills, and who now are sleeping in the untitled graves of Christian worth and piety. These are they whom we are most especially to honor, and it is good for us all to see and know, in their example, how nobly fruitful and beneficent that virtue may be, which is too common to be distinguished, and is thought of only as the worth of unhistoric men. Worth indeed it is, that worth which, being common, is the substructure and the prime condition of a happy, social state, and of all the honors that dignify its history—worth, not of men only, but quite as much of women; for you have seen, at every turn of my subject, how the age gone by receives a distinctive character from the queens of the distaff and the loom, and their princely motherhood. Let no woman, imagine that she is without consequence, or motive to excellence, because she is not conspicuous. Oh, it is the greatness of woman that she is so much like the great powers of nature, back of the noise and clatter of the world's affairs, tempering all things with her benign influence only the more certainly because of her silence, greatest in her beneficence because most remote from ambition, most forgetful of herself and fame; a better nature in the world that only waits to bless it, and refuses to be known save in the successes of others, whom she makes conspicuous; satisfied most, in the honors that come not to her, that "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land."

Assembled here, now, as we are, from all parts of this great country, most of us strangers heretofore to each other, it is yet our common joy and pride that so many of you return from stations of honor, which are the tokens of your success, appearing among us in names to which you have added weight and luster

abroad, and so reflected praise on the home of your nativity and nurture. Our welcome to you is none the less hearty, none the less grateful I am sure to you, that we give you not all the credit of your successes. We distinguish in you still the seeds you carried away. We congratulate you, we honor those who made you what you are. Or if we say that we honor you, we bow our heads in reverence to those fathers and mothers less distinguished in name, it may be, and those virtues of common life and industry which have yielded us both you and all the social honors we rejoice in, on this festive occasion. In this latter sentiment I think you will join me, wishing, if possible, to escape the remembrance of yourselves, and pay some fit honors to the majesty of worth, in a parentage ennobled in yourselves and sanctified by the silence of the places where they are resting from their labors. It will be strange, too, when your minds are softened by these tender remembrances, if your thoughts do not recur instinctively, to what is the tenderest of all sentiments, that which remembers the lessons and the gentle cares of a faithful motherhood. Then let this voice of nature speak, and let the inward testimony of our hearts' feeling hail the witness of the concourse here assembled, as a welcome and sublime fulfillment of the word—"Her children arise up and call her blessed." Or if we exult, as we must, in reviewing the honors that have crowned the one century of our simple history as a people, let our joy be a filial sentiment, saying still, in the triumphant words that close our song—"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own, works praise her in the gates"!

Men and women of Litchfield County, such has been the past; a good and honorable past! We give it over to you—the future is with you. It must, we know, be different, and it will be what you make it. Be faithful to the sacred trust God is this day placing in your hands.

One thing, at least, I hope; that, in these illustrations I have made some just impression on you all of the dignity of work. How magnificent an honor it is, for the times gone by, that when so many schemes are on foot, as now, to raise the weak; when the friends of the dejected classes of the world are proposing even to reorganize society itself for their benefit, trying to humanize punishments, to kindle hope in disability, and nurse

depravity into a condition of comfort—a distinction how magnificent!—that our fathers and mothers of the century past had, in truth, no dejected classes, no disability, only here and there a drone of idleness, or a sporadic case of vice and poverty; excelling, in the picture of social comfort and well-being actually realized, the most romantic visions of our new seers. They want a reorganization of society!—something better than the Christian gospel and the Christian family state!—some community in hollow-square, to protect them and coax them up into a life of respect, and help them to be men! No, they did not even so much as want the patronage of a bank of savings, to encourage them and take the wardship of their cause. They knew how to make their money, and how to invest it, and take care of it, and make it productive; how to build, and plant, and make sterility fruitful, and conquer all the hard weather of life. Their producing process took everything at a disadvantage; for they had no capital, no machinery, no distribution of labor, nothing but wild forest and rock; but they had mettle enough in their character to conquer their defects of outfit and advantage. They sucked honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock. Nay, they even seemed to want something a little harder than nature in her softer moods could yield them. Their ideal of a Goshen they sought out, not in the rich alluvion of some fertile Nile, but upon the crest of the world, somewhere between the second and third heaven where Providence itself grows cold, and there, making warmth by their exercise and their prayers, they prepared a happier state of competence and wealth, than the Goshen of the sunny Nile ever saw. Your condition will hereafter be softened, and your comforts multiplied. Let your culture be as much advanced. But let no delicate spirit that despises work, grow up in your sons and daughters. Make these rocky hills smooth their faces and smile under your industry. Let no absurd ambition tempt you to imitate the manners of the great world of fashion, and rob you thus of the respect and dignity that pertain to manners properly your own. Maintain, above all, your religious exactness. Think what is true, and then respect yourselves in living exactly what you think. Fear God and keep his commandments, as your godly fathers and mothers

did before you, and found, as we have seen, to be the beginning of wisdom. As their graves are with you, so be that faith in God which ennobled their lives and glorified their death, an inheritance in you, and a legacy transmitted by you to your children.



LETTERS,
ADDRESSES, SPEECHES,
AND
Concluding Exercises.



LETTERS, & C.

AFTER Music from the Band, the following letters of apology for non-attendance, from gentlemen residing in other States, natives of the County, addressed to the Central Committee, were read to the audience by George C. Woodruff, Esq.

From Junius Smith, Esq., LL. D., of Greenville, South Carolina, the original projector of Atlantic Steam Navigation—a native of Plymouth:—

GREENVILLE, S. C., July 22d, 1851.

Gentlemen:—

I received yesterday, the Litchfield Circular of March 22d, you were kind enough to send me. I have not seen a single Connecticut newspaper since I have resided in South Carolina, and therefore could have no knowledge that any such meeting was in contemplation. It would afford me singular pleasure to be present at the celebration proposed, but my Tea labors, at this season of the year, will not admit of my absence, and I am, with great reluctance, compelled to forego the gratification.

Pray remember me kindly to those who survive the vicissitudes of nearly half a century.

Your obedient servant,

JUNIUS SMITH.

Seth P. Beers, Esq., and others of the Central Committee of the Centennial Celebration of the County of Litchfield, Connecticut.

From Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, Comptroller of the Treasury Department, Washington—a native of Washington in this County.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, COMPTROLLER'S }
OFFICE, August 7th, 1851. }

Gentlemen:—

Your Circular of March 22d, giving notice that a Centennial Celebration of the County of Litchfield would be held at Litchfield, on the 13th and 14th of this month, was duly received.

Until recently, I intended to have been present, and during my visit, to have entered for the last time the house in New Preston, in which I was born; to have sought for the associates of my childhood, if any survive; to have visited the graves of my ancestors and relatives there, at Salisbury, and in other parts of the State; to have seen again my surviving sister and brother, and other dear relatives and friends; to have listened to the address of Judge Church, the poem of the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Bushnell—which will be worthy of the occasion, and of the gentlemen selected. But circumstances, beyond my control, deny me the enjoyment of my anticipations.

Fidelity—unyielding fidelity in all business, and in every trust, was enjoined upon me by my parents, in early childhood, and by that eminent divine and Christian, Jeremiah Day. I can not leave here, to attend the Centennial Celebration, to which, by your kindness, I am invited, without violating what I deem to be my duty to the public. I say this with the deepest regret, for I had fondly cherished the hope, I should add one to the number of the assemblage.

Most sincerely and respectfully yours,

ELISHA WHITTLESEY.

Messrs. Seth P. Beers, &c.

From Hon. George B. Holt, late Judge of the Circuit Court of Ohio, and State Senator—formerly of Norfolk, Connecticut.

DAYTON, OHIO, August 6th, 1851.

Gentlemen:—

I received your letter of invitation to attend your Centennial Celebration, to be held on the 13th and 14th inst.; and anticipated, with some hope, until to-day, the pleasure of being with

you on the occasion; more especially, as I have a venerable father, rising four score and ten years, also brothers, sisters, and other relatives, still living in your County. My desire to visit my native State and County, is strengthened by the super-added invitation of several valued friends, from whom I have received letters of a complimentary character.

Gentlemen, for any respectability which may have attached to my name, and for any usefulness of which I may have been instrumental, I am indebted to the institutions of New England, as they exist in Litchfield County; instruction in childhood by one of the pious mothers of that land, followed by such advantages as were afforded by the common school, and a professional education in the Law School at Litchfield, when under the direction of Judges Reeve and Gould, now deceased.

It may, perhaps, be supposed, that during a period of more than twenty years in public life, eighteen of those years in the Legislative and Judicial departments of the government, followed by a membership in the Convention which formed the constitution of civil government lately adopted in Ohio, I may have "made my mark," as we say in the west—left some impress of New England institutions upon the character, morals, and manners of the mixed population with whom I have resided for more than thirty years. So far as I may have done so, I feel that I have done some good in my day and generation.

Gentlemen, I am among the sons of New England, proud of the *genuine* Yankee character, proud of their industrious habits, their honesty, their intelligence, their enterprise, and that controlling sense of religious obligation, which make up the character of New Englanders.

I pray you, gentlemen, to accept, for yourselves and those whom you represent, my sincere thanks for your kind invitation, and let me take leave of you by expressing a wish, deep from the heart, for your prosperity and happiness.

Truly yours,

GEO. B. HOLT.

Hon. Seth P. Beers, and others, Committee.

From Hon. Julius Rockwell, of Pittsfield, Mass., late member of Congress—a native of Colebrook.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., August 11th, 1851.

My Dear Sir :—

I have received the Circular of the Committee, informing the native citizens of the good County of Litchfield, of the preparations for the Centennial Anniversary. I have cherished the hope, until now, of being present, but circumstances which I can not control, will prevent my attendance.

The fact, that I am a native of that County, is a source of an honest pride and gratification to me. It would give me the greatest pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion, to listen to the sentiments of the eminent men who are to address the citizens, and emigrants from the County, to enjoy the society of my relatives and friends, and to make new acquaintances.

I can only express a sincere and ardent hope, that every circumstance attending your celebration may be propitious, and that to all present, the occasion may be full of interest and enjoyment.

Those of us, who are compelled to be absent, will look with great interest for the published accounts of the proceedings. We shall be with you in spirit, upon the occasion, and will not fail, as long as we live, to cherish sentiments of affectionate respect for the noble County of our nativity.

With my best respects to yourself and your associates upon the Committee,

I am, very truly yours,

JULIUS ROCKWELL.

William Beebe, Esq., Litchfield, Ct.

From Orsamus Bushnell, of New York—a native of Salisbury.

NEW YORK, August 12th, 1851.

Dear Sir :—

I have received a kind invitation to attend the celebration at Litchfield, on the 13th and 14th inst., and had made my arrangements to attend, and am at the last moment sadly disappointed by the occurrence of professional business which will prevent my attendance. I should rejoice to be with you, but as I can not,

permit me to forward a sentiment—to be used, or not, as you may please.

My native State.—If the people do not, *may Heaven* preserve it from a “Code of Procedure,” and its Judiciary from the Polls.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

ORSAMUS BUSHNELL.

Hon. Samuel Church.

From Charles J. Hill, Esq., of Rochester, former Mayor of that City—a native of Bethlem.

CITY OF ROCHESTER, Aug: 4th, 1851.

Gentlemen:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration of Litchfield County. I exceedingly regret that my onerous business engagements must prevent my attendance; but, although “absent in *body*, I shall be present in *spirit*,” and when the day arrives, shall find my soul fired with a thousand recollections of the localities and scenes of my childhood.

It is now thirty-five years since I commenced my permanent residence in this city, an adventurer from my native Litchfield County. At that time, this *city*, now numbering over *forty thousand* inhabitants, contained *three hundred* souls. *No* churches, no public buildings—except one school-house of very diminutive dimensions, in which was the only meeting on the Sabbath—no *brick* or *stone* dwellings, nor the luxury of *paint* yet applied to any of the few crude wooden dwellings. But a few young *New Englanders* had *marked* the spot, and their indomitable enterprise gave significant indications of the future importance of Rochester.

Among the early *Pioneers* of Rochester, the sons of Litchfield County were not only respectable in *numbers*, but in point of *enterprise and moral worth*, they were generally men of whom their native County need not be ashamed, and are now enjoying the highest esteem of their fellow citizens.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES J. HILL.

Hon. Seth P. Beers, Jonathan Lee, and others, Central Com.

From Augustin Averill, of New York—a native of Washington.

NEW YORK, August 9th, 1851. 4

Gentlemen :—

I have received the Circular forwarded some time since, and it was my intention, had circumstances permitted, to have attended the Centennial Celebration at Litchfield, on the 13th and 14th inst., but finding it impossible to do so in person, I will, through your Committee, in writing, join my sympathies and good feelings with my friends, relatives, and other inhabitants of my loved native County, and unite with them in congratulations on the auspicious event; very much regretting my inability to meet, rejoice, and give thanks with them on this very interesting occasion.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

AUGUSTIN AVERILL.

Hon. Seth P. Beers, Jonathan Lee, and others, Central Com.

From Gen. James R. Lawrence, of Syracuse, United States Attorney, for the Northern District of New York, a native of Norfolk.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., August 11th, 1851.

Dear Sir :—

I received your letter of the 31st July, by due course of mail, and have delayed an answer till this time, in the hope that I should be able to attend the Centennial celebration at Litchfield, to which you, as one of the Committee, have so kindly invited me. I now find that my duties as United States Attorney, for this District, will prevent my attendance, which I very much regret.

It always give me pleasure to visit my native State, and and especially the town (old Norfolk) and County where I was born, but that pleasure would be greatly enhanced could I unite with the sons of that time honor'd County, many of whom are now scattered over the different States of the Union, on the occasion referred to.

I shall be with you in spirit. I can easily imagine the happy state of feeling which such an occasion will call forth among such

a generation of men ; born and brought up in such a place, many of whom, I trust, inherit the sterling virtues of their ancestors. Methinks I can also anticipate some of the topics which will there be discussed. The first emotion should be that of devout thankfulness, for that preserving mercy which has spared the lives and health of so many, and enabled them, from various parts of the country, to revisit their native County, the land of their fathers' sepulchres, on such an occasion.

Gratitude for the intellectual, moral and physical training, which our fathers gave us in our childhood and youth, will doubtless be felt by all.

The prominent characteristics of our ancestors, were economy, frugality, industry, and energy ; and these, they taught their children, which laid the foundation, in the first place, for good physical constitutions, without which, little can be accomplished. And most favorably, I apprehend, will the hardy sons of Litchfield County, compare with any other race of men in this respect.

I almost tremble sometimes, when I see so many young men at this day, growing up in luxury, extravagance, and indolence, and as a natural consequence, with impaired health and weak intellects ;—better a thousand fold, go back to the simplicity of former times, when every man lived within his income, and taught his children that labor was not only necessary, but honorable for all.

The interests of our common country, cannot fail to be a subject for serious reflection on the occasion. One hundred years ago, your County was incorporated. What wonderful changes have taken place in that time, and what trying scenes did our ancestors pass through ! Their energy and patriotism, however, were equal to the occasion, and nobly did they sustain the best interests of their country ;—lovers of law and lovers of order : always to be relied upon, under all circumstances.

However much they may have differed as to questions of policy in the administration of the Government, yet ever true to the best interests of the whole country,—ready to sustain the arm of the government in maintaining the rights and honor of the nation. It cannot be disguised that our country, within a short period, has passed a crisis, which, at one time, was full of danger. Questions of a most delicate character, and about which men,

and even wise men, differed in opinion, were discussed with great freedom, and sometimes with much bitterness; yet we may now congratulate ourselves on a settlement of these exciting questions, without impairing our glorious Constitution, and without injustice to any portion of our country: and although we may not all think that every thing has been done as we could wish, yet we have great reason to rejoice in the restoration of that fraternal feeling among the great mass of our people in all parts of our beloved country, which has resulted from the recent measures of our national government.

Already do we feel their tranquilizing effect, and if faithfully carried out, we may still look for long years of continued prosperity and happiness as a nation, under our glorious Constitution. I hold it to be the first duty of every good citizen, to obey the laws of the government. Why should he not? every man is a part of that government in this country, where all power is vested in the people. I think we may rely with confidence upon the staid men of old Litchfield, wherever they are, to maintain the laws—whenever the time shall come, when the laws of the land are set at defiance by the people, we shall have no government at all. All will be anarchy and confusion.

In this connection I cannot refrain from alluding to an honored son of old Litchfield, who will be with you at your Jubilee. I refer to the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson of this State. I know him well; have been associated with him in the Legislature of this State; and although we have always differed politically, yet it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to his integrity, talents, and patriotism: and when I speak of his patriotism, I speak of it in that enlarged sense which embraces the whole Union, and consists in a zealous support and defence of it and its interests. I have seen him on great occasions shake off the shackles of party, and come to the rescue of his country, regardless of all personal considerations. In what I have said of him, I feel that I am only doing simple justice to a political opponent.

I should like to indulge in referring to some of the individuals of other times, who have lived and died in your good old County, but who have now gone to their rest and their reward, not, however, without leaving their impress upon the institutions where they lived, and upon the character of those they left behind;

this, however, can be better done by those who have had better opportunity to know their worth and excellence than I have.

Old Litchfield, I love thee! What other County in the whole Union has produced abler divines, lawyers, patriots, or statesmen? What county has produced a hardier or more intelligent race of farmers? It has indeed been a nursery from which have been scattered broadcast through the Union, men who, carrying with them the energy they inherited, the industry they learned to practice, and the morality of their sires, have been useful citizens and done honor to the place of their birth. Inhabitants of old Litchfield, you have not yet fulfilled your destiny; go on in the walks of usefulness, keep steadily in view the example of your ancestors; let their piety, their intelligence, their energy, their patriotism, their temperance, their sterling virtues, be your guide and example, and when another Centennial Jubilee shall occur, may our posterity have the same reasons for gratitude which we now have, and less to regret. So may it be. *Esto perpetua.* I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES R. LAWRENCE.

R. Battell, Esq.

From Theron R. Strong, Esq., of Palmyra, New York, late member of Congress—a native of Salisbury.

PALMYRA, August 8th, 1851.

Gentlemen :—

I regret to have to inform you that the severe illness of my children renders it imperative upon me to relinquish my purpose of attending the Centennial Celebration, at Litchfield, on the 13th and 14th inst. Until within a few days past I have confidently expected to attend, and had nearly completed my arrangements for so doing. No ordinary circumstances would have been allowed to defeat my intention, but I must yield to the Providential interposition named.

The celebration has been looked forward to, by me, with very great interest. I have desired to embrace the opportunity to testify, by my presence and participation in its proceedings, my continued affection for the Town, County, and State of my birth,—

that neither time nor distance nor new attachments have been able to sever my love from the place of my origin and the home of my childhood. I have anticipated, on that occasion, the rich pleasure of meeting again some of my kindred, many of the associates of my early years, many valued friends and acquaintances, and reviving and meeting some of the most interesting associations and recollections of my youth. I have also anticipated, what will no doubt be there afforded, a rich intellectual as well as social entertainment ; one calculated to improve the minds as well as gladden the hearts of all present.

Nothing could be more proper than this celebration. It will be but a just tribute of respect and regard for the County—a suitable acknowledgement for the virtue, intelligence, good order, prosperity and happiness which have there always prevailed. No community has been more largely blessed in those respects, none has ever existed, whose history in those particulars is more bright or honorable. Even in New England, to which our country is so largely indebted for its renown ;—it occupies a proud position and enjoys an honorable fame. It is right to stop at this point in its progress—the termination of the first and the commencement of the second century of its existence, and take a survey of it in the past, to review its leading features and events—to render appropriate honors to those who participated in them, and indulge in the congratulations which such a survey is calculated to inspire.

In such a retrospect, abundant cause for gratitude and praise on the part of those who reside, or were reared there, will at every step be brought to view. Providence has most highly favored the County. Its early settlers were remarkable men. Like their brethren, who, associated with them, founded New England and gave it all the elements of its greatness, they were men of strong moral and religious principle—men of cultivated minds—men of industrious and frugal habits—full of enterprise and perseverance. They established and set in motion and gave direction to a state of society, singularly perfect. Their own character they impressed upon their descendants. The result has been that the County has long been the happy home of a large population, intelligent, virtuous, refined, possessing in an unusual degree, pecuniary independence, and all the privileges, social,

moral, educational, and religious, which can promote the benefit and happiness of a community. Amid its magnificent scenery, surrounded by happy influences, and enjoying the advantages there afforded, have been trained numerous sons and daughters, who have emigrated to other portions of the country, most of whom have been prosperous and successful in whatever business they engaged. Many of them have attained high distinction and great usefulness. Go where you may over this extended Union, and we rarely fail to find some of them occupying respectable positions and bearing prominent parts in society.

It is to their early education, and those influences and advantages that these emigrants are largely indebted for whatever they have accomplished. A broad foundation was thereby laid for their prosperity, usefulness and honor. This, in respect to most of them, constituted their sole inheritance, and their career has illustrated that such an inheritance is immeasurably superior to any other.

Twenty-five years have now elapsed since I emigrated from the town of Salisbury, where I was born, during which period I have been a resident of the State of New York. Although proud to be a citizen of the Empire State, and deeply attached to its honor and prosperity, and having reason to be grateful for favors I have experienced in the community where I reside, I am also proud of the State of my nativity, and especially of the County and town of my birth, and bear towards them a regard and affection which will last through my life. With my native town, are identified many of the most interesting remembrances and associations of the past. It is still the residence of some of my early friends, and of a few of my beloved kindred. There are the graves of my parents, and of many friends and relatives.

In connection with this reference to my native town, I must, in justice to my own feelings, briefly allude to two valued friends, now in their graves, who emigrated from it shortly previous to myself, who were long inhabitants with me of the County where I reside, pursuing like myself the practice of the law;—Graham H. Chapin and John M. Holley. They were men of talent, of education, of many noble and excellent qualities, and an ornament to their profession and society. I shall ever cherish their memories with affection and pride.

Again expressing my regret that I cannot be present at the celebration, and tendering my acknowledgments for the honor of the invitation which has been extended to me, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

T. R. STRONG.

To Rev. Jonathan Lee and others, Committee of Salisbury.

From Ebenezer W. Bolles, of Delphi, Ind., a native of Litchfield.

DELPHI, IA., August 8th, 1851.

To the Committee of the Town of Litchfield:—

Happening by chance to see the circular addressed to all who had emigrated from the County of Litchfield, to attend a Centennial meeting at its County seat, and some remarks thereon, my heart warmed to be with you, to see and hear you relate what our fathers were and what they have done for us, their children; to again bring up before our eyes those honorable fathers who bequeathed to us, their children, all they had that was of real value. What was it they left us? was it riches? It has vanished away. Was it poverty? It has turned into riches, to again vanish.—Was it honor? was it liberty? was it love of country? was it love of our religious institutions, and its privileges? was it love of our God? Yes, that which our fathers received from their fathers—that which God in his mercy gave them, and enabled them to keep—that which is better than riches, than gold or silver—that which the more it is used, the greater it grows—that which extends its influence from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and bids fair to still spread, by the blessing of God, throughout the world:—it was that which proceeds from Him—that which He enabled our fathers to defend—that which they cherished as their best gift, and that which I hope their sons, wherever they are, will ever remember to keep and transmit to their descendants.

Methinks I see that old man, with cocked hat, breeches, knee buckles, shoe buckles broad as my hand, with staff in hand; and now I see that old lady, with large calash-bonnet, red cloak, high-heeled shoes, stays, etc.;—now she is on horseback, behind her husband, with a large velvet pillion; now, there are all the little

boys, hats off, ready to bow to age and honor ; there, the little girls have stepped out of the path, ready with a courtesy :—there goes that old man and woman—they are *town poor* ; they, too, are honored, and their descendants are as likely to be as honorable as the rich man's. The blood that goes from the heart goes through all the members from the head to the foot, and from the foot again to the head, and then again through the heart ;—all are honorable members in their place, and all contribute more or less to keep and continue that love of those institutions which they have received from Him who first gave it to our fathers. It may degenerate and grow sickly in some members, but it is again renovated, and now flourishes. May all those who have descended from such noble stock, never forget their birthright, but wherever they are, still cherish and keep it pure. May the memory of our fathers ever be blessed.

E. W. BOLLES.

P. S. Oh, what a crowd there is of those same old people ; they are without number ; like Jacob's ladder they extend from earth to heaven !

From Amos Seward, of Tallmadge, Ohio,—a native of Warren ; enclosing a list of the names of sixty-one persons, natives of Litchfield County, now living in the town of Tallmadge.

TALLMADGE, OHIO, August 5th, 1851.

Gentlemen :—

I shall make no apology for addressing you on the present occasion. Your century celebration, about the middle of the present month, will be interesting to all that may meet with you. Presuming that you would be gratified to know the number who, by birth, were citizens of Litchfield County, and are now located in every State of the Union, I have, at some pains, collected the names, together with the date of their birth and date of their leaving your County, of those now living in this township, *Tallmadge*—named after one of your prominent citizens, Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, late of your place. The township is five miles square, and was first settled by Rev. David Bacon, father of Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., in the year 1806. Possibly there may

be some inaccuracy in the date of their birth, and of their leaving the County.

Should any one say, that none of this list have shone conspicuous in science, military or politics, I would reply that, neither have we in crime. Our criminal courts have never been troubled with those from your County, settled in this township. We aim to be an industrious and law-abiding people.

I close by giving the following sentiment.

The citizens of Litchfield County in the coming century; may they faithfully copy the virtues, and carefully shun the errors of their predecessors.

The enclosed list contains the names of sixty-one persons, all *natives* of Litchfield County, now residing in the *single township* of Tallmadge, Ohio.

Respectfully yours,

AMOS SEWARD.

Committee of Arrangements for the Century Celebration in Litchfield County.

MEETING AT RICHLAND.

PROCEEDINGS of a meeting of residents of the town of Richland, in the County of Kalamazoo, Michigan, who emigrated from Litchfield County, were next read:—

At a meeting of those citizens of the township of Richland, in the County of Kalamazoo, and State of Michigan, who emigrated from the County of Litchfield, in the State of Connecticut, held at Richland, the 8th of August, 1851, for the purpose of preparing a statement to be presented at the Centennial Celebration, to be held in Litchfield, on the 13th and 14th of August:

On motion, Samuel Woodruff was chosen Chairman, and Eli R. Miller, Secretary.

Whereupon, the following 49 persons, heads of families, citizens of the town of Richland, and emigrants from said County of Litchfield, were found now to reside in this place; together with their 98 children and 109 grand-children.*

* The list of names are omitted.

On motion,

Resolved, That we would ardently desire personally to attend the Jubilee, to be held on the 13th and 14th, in the land of our fathers and County of our birth, and that we do hereby appoint and constitute E. R. Miller, Esq., our representative in said convention.

SAMUEL WOODRUFF, *Moderator*.

E. R. MILLER, *Secretary*.

RICHLAND, August 8th, 1851.



SPEECH OF HON. D. S. DICKINSON.

THE President then introduced the Hon. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, late Senator in Congress from New York, a native of Goshen, who addressed the audience as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN :—

FEW recollections, indeed, are of deeper or holier interest, than those associated with the home of our childhood. When the mind, like the Patriarch's dove, seeks repose from its wanderings, and returns to the place of its nativity, how many emotions rise up where pleasing, painful memories struggle for the empire of the heart ! How is the perilous journey of life, from its cloudless morning, with its joys and sorrows, its lights and shadows, its smiles and tears, made to pass in rapid yet serene review before us. The parts we have severally been called to act upon the great theatre of life,—the relations we have formed and the bereavements we have experienced, all rush in with their attending joys and sorrows and swell the heart too full for utterance. I am proud to boast myself a native of the town of Goshen, in this County, though removed to another state by the varying currents of fortune, while still a child. Yet, by the favor of Him, “ who doeth all things well,” I have been permitted, after forty-four years absence, to stand upon the threshold of what was once my happy home, and to realize the imaginings of poetic beauty in—

“ The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every lov'd scene, which my infancy knew.”

The emotion which the occasion inspired, deepened by peculiar circumstances, are too sacred to pass beyond the heart where

they were so painfully felt, and the fragment of the little domestic circle who lived and loved upon that cherished spot, and are yet of earth.* We have assembled here, my friends, in obedience to one of the strongest laws of our nature,—one of the best and loftiest impulses of the human heart. When we have attained the meridian of life, and see age approaching, though yet in the distance—when the passions and impulses are subdued and chastened—when we cease to believe that the “deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by to-morrow,” and Hope, that terrestrial charmer, no longer promises her after-growth of joy, we turn with a feeling of devotion which the heart has never before experienced, to cherish that holy love of home which God, for benevolent purposes, has established in the deep well-springs of the heart,—to repose our head, throbbing with the busy cares of life, upon which time, perchance, has written his untimely furrows, like a wayward child, upon that pure and holy altar of domestic love—a mother’s knee—saying in the language of a native poet—

“ Oft from life’s withered bower,
In sad communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower,
In memory’s urn.”

The children of New England, of which this State, and especially this County, has furnished her full and honorable share, have been thrown broad-cast upon the great battle-field of life, where they have been pre-eminently distinguished for their practice of the sterner virtues of manhood, and their disregard of ease, indolence, and sensual enjoyment. Though proverbial for religious veneration, and their devotion to religious observances, they have never been idle waiters upon Providence, but have acted upon the suggestion of Frederick the Great, who declared that, *Heaven always favored the course of the best disciplined troops!* But the excellencies of our common mother, have been too truthfully portrayed by others, to permit one further word of eulogy. Her sterling virtues have been traced in sober narrative, and her brow garlanded with the choicest

* Mr. Dickinson received intelligence at the celebration that an elder brother was dying.

specimens of poetry and eloquence, which modern times can furnish. All that is left me, is to cast my humble chaplet at her feet, and to declare that, though she has many sons who can bring her choicer offerings, she has none who love her more.

From the life-like delineations of the New England character, in the inimitable productions to which we have listened, we have seen that it is no extravagance to say that her sons have virtually climbed every hill-side, threaded every mountain-pass, explored every valley, fathomed every cave, analyzed every mineral, classed every plant and shrub, and "wrung their shy, retiring virtues out," passed over every lake and river, and navigated every sea; they lasso the wild horse of the Pacific border with the Indian hunter, gallop by the side of the natives upon the ponies of the Pampas, and are first and last in the mines of California. Nor is their enterprise confined to one element alone, but they pursue with success the monsters of the deep, and achieve that which in the days of the patient but afflicted Idumean was regarded so formidable, and *draw out leviathan with a hook*. In short, such is their manly independence and characteristic self-reliance, that if cast naked and helpless upon the banks of the Ganges, instead of becoming objects of charity or commiseration, they would be sure to gain a livelihood and accumulate wealth, by furnishing fuel for the Hindoo Suttees by contract. And what, it may well be enquired, is the secret power by which they move the moral, and change the face of the natural world? It is knowledge,—knowledge, industry, and virtue. What enables one hundred thousand Englishmen, in India, to cast down the temples, overthrow the idols, uproot the heathenism, and play the tyrant and tax-gatherer over seventy millions of savage black-heads, glittering in barbaric wealth, abounding in all the terrible elements of war, and burning with wild ferocity to expel the intruders from their soil? Alas! with all their natural elements of power the answer is given in this :—

" But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er reveal."

Connecticut has sent forth her children, armed with a good common school education, which, like the battle blade of Fitz

James, the Saxon, has been both "sword and shield," and carved out for them success wherever it has pleased Providence to cast their lot. But it is not to the success of ordinary temporal enterprise, or the accumulation of material wealth alone, that its benefits have been limited. Its teachers and those who minister in holy things, have been forth upon their mission of light throughout the habitable globe. It has gone down to the cottage of the lowly and abject, and led its humble inmates, if deserving, to the most distinguished stations. It has triumphed in the halls of legislation, and shed a lustre upon the pathway of the most illustrious of its votaries. By its light our mothers, sisters, and daughters have fixed their gentle yet mighty impress upon our social structure, as noiseless as the dews of evening fall upon the vegetable world, and have adorned it with all that is virtuous, refined, and elevated. It has served to bind together, in ties of amity and interest, in singleness of heart and sympathy of soul, a great family of states, whose hearts throb responsive to the pulsations of liberty throughout the world,—glowing, like beacon lights upon the mountain, to warn mankind of the dangers of ambition and despotism, and to beckon them onward, through liberty and intelligence to the temple gates of happiness and peace.

The sons of New England who have participated in this system of popular beneficence, comprise a large class in the Empire State, which has generously adopted them as her own, and cast her choicest laurels upon some of the most humble; they mingle numerously with the staid and sturdy yeomanry of the Keystone; they brush the earliest dew-drops from the vast prairies of the West, and mingle their voices with the hum of the Pacific's waves. In the sunny South they stand "like men"—high minded men—like men who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain, invoking the constitution as the ark of their political safety, and guarding their own institutions, as the vestals preserved the sacred fire. And they all, whether from the north, the south, the east, or the west, love, with the deep, pure, gushing love of sinless childhood, their dear native New England still;—love to gaze upon her cloud-cap'd hills, her fadeless sky, her sunny slopes, her smiling vales, her laughing streams; and to contemplate, with filial reverence, the condition of her refined, joyous, and

happy people. But the institutions from which these blessings, under a beneficent Providence, spring, are not ours to sport with, jeopard, or destroy. We hold them in sacred trust, during the pleasure of Him who conferred it, for the benefit of those who shall come after us, to guard and preserve at the cost of life, fortune, and honor. The states of this confederacy were united to "form a more perfect union,—establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and ensure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." In a few years, we who are assembled here shall all be laid in the dust. When we go hence, we shall separate, many of us for years—most of us forever; but the same blue heavens and beauteous earth will be here; the same rugged hills will remain, and the same streams will dance along as merrily as now, at the music of their own rippling. Our children and children's children will be here, too, for weal or for woe,—basking in the sun-light of our heaven-favored freedom, invigorated, perfected, and beautified by the tests of time and experience, or torn by the conflicts of rival states, and despoiled by domestic violence.

Oh! what modern Erostratus shall seek to hand down an execrable name to undying infamy, by raising his parricidal hand against institutions such as these. Are we not all brethren of one tie upon this great question, which so deeply concerns our integrity and being? Let us, then, by all the bright memories of the past, by the present fruition, by hope of the future, by the spirits of just patriots made perfect, invoke all to preserve, entire, a fountain from which so much goodness flows.

SPEECH OF HON. A. J. PARKER.

HON. AMASA J. PARKER, of Albany, Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, a native of Sharon, was next called upon, and addressed the meeting.

MR. PRESIDENT :—

WE have come from afar, to revisit the graves of our fathers and the homes of our childhood. The sentiment that prompts us lies deep in the human heart. It is akin to that which impels the faithful mussulman to visit the tomb of the Prophet, and urges the pious pilgrim on his way to the Holy Sepulchre. We stand among the weather-beaten tombs of the Puritans. Our memories recall their stern virtues, their devoted patriotism, their indomitable perseverance. Who is not proud of such an ancestry? We are indeed upon sacred ground. Our tongues refuse to give utterance to the emotions that swell our hearts, and to the recollections that crowd our memories.

We have been wanderers from our early homes. In the great living tide of emigration, we have been borne onward to other States and other lands, seeking our fortunes among strangers, mingling in all the exciting and busy and various scenes of life; and now, after many—many long years of absence, we turn our faces once more towards the place of our birth. We come to greet with delight those so long separated from us,—to gather around the ancient hearth-stone,—to rejoice in the remembrance of early associations,—to recount the various adventures of our lives, and to pay a sad tribute of respect to the memory of the departed. Can any pilgrimage be more sacred than this?

The homes of our childhood! Our hearts throb at the mention of it. Among all the labors, successes and reverses of life, it has been a green spot in our memories. It was the proof-impres-

sion of early life—ever distinct—ever bright—ineffaceable. We think of it with love and gratitude, and with a feeling of reverence that belongs only to sacred things. The home of our childhood !

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee.”

We think of it—we dream of it—we return to it. It is still home—in miniature. The fields, the buildings, the rooms, seemed much larger to our childish vision, and we recollect them as they seemed to us then. That was then our world, and of course it seemed large to us. We gaze at them, and their proportions change. Yes—they are indeed the same. They are old friends, silent but true—immoveable at least. That old stone-wall has grown a little more gray and moss-covered. It was my early friend,—my defense,—my fortification in my boyish sports and contests. It has stood, many a time, between me and harm. It looks as if it would like to speak to me now ; but it is eloquent, even in its silence. And that tree, too, near by, that I climbed so often in my boyhood, and whose spreading branches furnished me a grateful shade in summer, and pockets full of chestnuts in the autumn, who will say that it is not a kind hearted old tree still ? Though hollow, I am sure it is not false ; and that is more than we can say of all the world. If time has made some inroads on the house, it has only kept pace with myself in that respect.

And there is the dear old hearth-stone, around which we were all gathered, as soon as it was sundown, on Saturday night ; for in those days the Sabbath, with commendable promptness, was made to begin thus early. From around that hearth, ascended the morning and evening prayer : instruction, admonition, advice, affection, kindness and hope—all were centered there.

If the sons of Litchfield, who emigrated to other lands, have generally been successful in the battle of life, the reasons are obvious. While the pure atmosphere of these rugged hills, and their simple and active habits of life, gave them vigorous constitutions and physical strength, there were implanted in their hearts a high toned morality, a respect for religion and a love of good order, such as could be no where better taught than in the New

England homes of their childhood. The effect of this teaching has been felt throughout the Union:—its influence will last for ages to come.

The young man of New England,

“indocilis pauperiem pati,”

tempted by the more dazzling prospects in newer States, with a sad heart, but full of hope, leaves the comfortable roof of his father, and turns his face westward. He bears with him a good education, habits of industry and frugality, and an energy and firmness of purpose characteristic of his race. In whatever pursuit he engages, he never doubts, and rarely fails of success. Educated in the practical science of self-government, he is ready to draft constitutions and enact laws; and new States spring up along his pathway. He never forgets the institutions of his early home; and churches and common schools and colleges cluster around him. New England morals and character, though somewhat modified by a change of circumstances, are thus transmitted to the prairies and forests of the west and south. While the emigrant loses none of his attachment to the place of his birth, and none of his allegiance to his native State, he loves too the State of his adoption, and glories in the growing prosperity of the Union. With him it is no sectional feeling, but all is absorbed in his love of country. The stars and the stripes are his banner, and under them he is ready to do battle against the world. He sheds his blood freely in their defense, whether it be on the plains of Mexico or the heights of Bunker Hill. The New England emigrant is ubiquitous. You find him in every State of the confederacy, upholding the principles, the constitution and the flag of the Union, and ready, if needs be, to die in their defense. Can a Union, so bound together, be severed? Never! never! The New England emigrant has already reached the shores of the Pacific, and is looking out for a foothold beyond it; and it is certain he will be satisfied with no resting place till he has planted on it the flag of his native land. Astronomers have discovered several new planets within the last few years, but unless they rub up their glasses and keep busily employed in their observations, Jonathan will beat them in adding stars to our national galaxy.

But, ladies and gentlemen, I should do great injustice to my own feelings, if I failed to speak of Litchfield as it now is. I know that no one has gone out from this County, who does not feel most deeply his obligations to Litchfield; and every returning emigrant, who has traveled, as I have done for the last few days, in different parts of the County, looking at the monuments of the past, enjoying the beautiful prospect every where presented to the eye, and admiring the beneficent changes that enterprise and industry have accomplished, must feel that he has much more reason to be proud of you than you have of him. For I believe there is not to be found, any where within the same extent of country, more real happiness and true comfort, than in the County of Litchfield. The neat looking farm-houses, the well cultivated farms, the beautiful stock scattered upon the hill-side, the mountains cultivated to their very tops, and the vallies vocal with the hum of industry, present a picture so beautiful, that it seems the realization of a poet's dream. The very streams dance gaily along, as if rejoicing in their successful labors at the water-wheel. Here property seems to be enjoyed by its possessor—not squandered in extravagance—nor its use denied by parsimony. Here are neither the extremes of wealth or poverty; but competence, health, thrift and happiness; the just and sure reward of industry and virtue every where abound. And then, to pass from these scenes into the presence of such an assemblage of intellect and intelligence as I see before me, I may well ask, where else on the habitable globe, except among such a population, can so much happiness be found?

Though the New England emigrant marries abroad, his influence is still felt in forming our national character. But he more frequently comes back and takes a New England wife to his home in the West. Who can estimate the value, to the community in which she lives, of such a wife and such a mother? I have no occasion here, in this assemblage, to enlarge upon the virtues and graces of the women of New England.

I have often had reason to be proud of the emigrant sons of Connecticut, and never to blush for them. A few years ago, a Page came to all the members of the National House of Representatives at Washington, and asked them to write down their names, and ages, and the places of their birth. I was gratified to find

that nine of the members from the State of New York, were born in Connecticut. I have had a right, sir, to be proud of the sons of Connecticut when I have found them every where distinguished as much for their integrity and industry, as for their intelligence and success in life. They are prominent alike in the cabinet and in the field,—in arts and in commerce,—in the halls of science, and in the various departments of literature.

But, Mr. President, while I speak thus proudly and truly of Litchfield—of Connecticut—of New England,—let me say a kind word for the State of my adoption. We love our native State with a feeling like our love for parents; it is mixed with profound respect and veneration. But the love for the State of our adoption is like that we feel for our wives and our children. We are part of it, and our highest pleasure is to advance its progress and promote its interests. Sir, I have a right to be proud of the great State of New York,—first in population, in wealth, in commerce, in means of internal communication, and in all the elements of greatness. She may well claim the distinguished appellation of the “Empire State.” But while she moves majestically on, under her glorious motto, “*excelsior*,” and looks confidently forward to the high destiny in store for her country and her race, she seeks for no glory, she will rejoice in no elevation that is not shared by her sisters of the confederacy.

SPEECH OF HON. F. A. TALLMADGE.

HON. FREDERICK A. TALLMADGE, Recorder of the City of New York, a native of Litchfield, being next called, addressed the audience as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN :—

HAVING but just arrived in the village of my nativity, I did not anticipate being called upon to address you, and I assure you that I should much have preferred being a silent listener, to being a speaker upon this occasion.

But, sir, since I have been placed upon the stand by the kind partiality of my fellow citizens, it appears to be expected that I should say something to you ; and indeed how could I be silent when amidst the hills and valleys that surround the place of my nativity ?

The very trees that adorn your streets, and the residences of our fathers, appear like old friends, and recall the pleasures and sports of childhood. I see myself surrounded by many who in my youth, I thought venerable, and I thank God that they are still spared to participate in the festivities of this day, and as evidences of the salubrity of your climate.

Gentlemen who have preceded me have spoken with just enthusiasm of the political institutions of good old Connecticut, and of the laws applicable to our common schools ; they no doubt deserve all the laudation that they have received ; but, Mr. President, when I cast my eye at that old school house where I was taught my alphabet, when in a warm afternoon I sat upon a bench without any support to my back, with one eye almost closed with fatigue, and my intellect was aroused and brightened by the application of my master's ratan, I confess that my reminiscences are not of any agreeable character ; and when I come to Litch-

field and cast my eye at that old school house, I look upon it with any other feeling than that of pleasure. I am the more impressed with this feeling when I see upon this stand, that Rev. gentleman, (Rev. Dr. Robbins,) who taught me my Latin and Greek, and whose exhortations to me, when I had been derelict in my studies, are quite fresh in my recollection. I look upon him indeed with veneration for his patient efforts to instruct me, and reverence him as the last of the "white tops."—(Referring to the white top boots worn by the Rev. Dr.)—Laughter.

But I have no doubt that the public schools have been useful, and so have been many such gentlemen as Dr. Robbins, who have prepared us to be placed under the care of the distinguished President of Yale College who has honored this occasion by his presence.

But, Mr. Chairman, why have we not reason to be proud of a County which has presented the great State of New York some of its most distinguished sons; which has, indeed, sent its children into every State of this glorious Union, and thereby diffused those principles of honor and morality, which our forefathers instilled into their youthful bosoms? Proud am I that the distinguished Senator from New York, Mr. Dickinson, whom I am proud to call my friend—imbibed his first principles, and received the first rudiments of his education amongst the hills of Litchfield; and I have no doubt, Mr. President, that the enviable elevation that he has attained, has been attributable to your common schools, and especially to the free use of the birch and ratan, that he experienced in his youthful days.

[MR. DICKINSON. I had a fair chance afterwards, when I was a teacher, and I paid off the old score.] Laughter.

MR. TALLMADGE. I have no doubt of that, but to recur to Litchfield and its sons.

I see with pride and pleasure on your platform, another distinguished son of our County, the Hon. A. J. Parker, who, with *three* others, natives of this County, occupy seats upon the bench of the Supreme Court, of your sister State, New York.

Sir, how could it be otherwise, when they sprung from the soil that is consecrated by the memories of the Wolcotts, a Kirby, a Reeves, a Tracy, a Gould, an Allen, and many others equally distinguished, whose names and whose characters would afford

me a delightful theme for remark—gentlemen whose influence was not limited to our native State, but whose wisdom and characters aided much in controlling the destinies of our common country, and in establishing that happy government under which this nation is attaining such an enviable position among the nations of the earth. But, Mr. Chairman, when alluding to some of those individuals who have been so much distinguished in the history of our County, it will not be regarded as invidious if I allude to one who will be remembered by some of you, and whose excellence of character must be known to all : I allude to the Rev. Mr. Champion, whose venerable appearance is deeply impressed upon my youthful recollection ; short in stature, with a head adorned by a massive wig, a countenance that indicated that sincerity and purity of purpose, that characterized his clerical conduct in life ; during the revolutionary war, this venerable pastor presided over the flock that worshiped in yonder church, and I shall be pardoned in relating an incident which was given to me by my venerable father, (Col. Tallmadge,) illustrative of that fervent zeal and stirring patriotism, that characterized the clergy of Connecticut, during that momentous struggle.

It was at that period of the revolution, when the whole country was in a state of great alarm, in anticipation of the arrival of Cornwallis, with a formidable army upon our shores, my father was passing through Litchfield with a regiment of Cavalry ; they attended church on the Sabbath, when the reverend divine addressed the God of battles thus : “ Oh Lord, we view with terror and dismay, the approach of the enemies of thy holy religion ; wilt thou send storm and tempest, and scatter them to the uttermost parts of the earth ; but, peradventure, should any escape thy vengeance, collect them together again, Oh Lord, as in the hollow of thy hand, and let thy lightnings play upon them.”

This was the patriotic feeling that inspired our forefathers, and this spirit, which the Clergy of New England breathed from their pulpits, contributed largely to secure that independence which we now so richly enjoy :—blessed be their memories !

Mr. Chairman,—while participating in the festivities of this day, while recurring to the scenes of our youth, and while many

of us, who have strayed far from our native hills, are permitted to recall those scenes, and look upon those hills again, it is pleasurable indeed, but that pleasure is commingled with some sad thoughts. In the meridian of life, I return to you almost a stranger here. When I cast my eyes about this vast assembly, how little am I known to you, and how few of you are known to me ; although born but a short distance from this very spot, I look about, and enquire, where are the ashes of my ancestry, and family connexions whom I left here ? all deposited in yonder churchyard. Where are those distinguished citizens and excellent neighbors, that constituted a society in this County, of which their descendants can ever speak with pride and pleasure ? They, too, are in the silent tomb. It is pleasant to refer to their memories. It is sad to know that we cannot recall them.

I will close, Mr. Chairman, with the expression of the hope, that, while the canvas that covers us this day will soon decay, may *we* meet again at the next Centennial Celebration, and that you may preside over us.

SPEECH OF DAVID BUELL, ESQ.

MR. BUELL, of Troy, N. Y., a native of Litchfield, was requested by the Chair to address the audience, and made a few remarks to the following effect.

MR. PRESIDENT :—

I feel much embarrassed at your unexpected call upon me to address this assembly at so late an hour, and after the topics most appropriate to the occasion have been effectually used up by the series of addresses which have enchained the attention of this assembly for the last two days. What can he do, who comes after the King? Indeed, I find myself too much affected in my spirits by what I have witnessed since I came here, and by the recollections of my earlier years, to attempt to interest you by any thing which I could say.

Standing within a few rods of the spot where I was born, after having been a truant from the village of my nativity for fifty-four years, and surrounded by natives of the same town and County, I find myself amidst strange faces;—men and women of Litchfield, but of another generation. I look around this large assembly, to find some of the countenances which were once so familiar, and whose looks are so vividly impressed on my memory. I have recognized but two individuals, among the present residents of Litchfield, who resided here in 1797, when my father's family removed from this town. Many of the descendants of those who then resided here, still occupy these hills, and many objects remain, which forcibly recall the scenes of childhood to my recollection.

Most of the dwellings of the families who resided in the village at the period of my removal, yet remain, and bring to my remem-

brance the names and looks and characters of those who then occupied them.

At the head of the North street stands the mansion then occupied by the Catlin family. A few rods south, and on the west side of the street, stands the mansion which belonged to Andrew Adams, then Chief Justice of the Superior Court. The dwelling next south, was the residence of Lynde Lord, who long filled the office of Sheriff of the County. The next dwelling south of Sheriff Lord's, was the residence of the Misses Pierce—still the abode of the venerable and much respected lady who founded the Litchfield Female Seminary, which, although one of the earliest institutions for the education of females, was long and widely celebrated. Few, if any female seminaries, have been better conducted, and more successful in elevating the standard of female education in our country. I doubt not that many ladies in this assembly could bear their testimony to the excellence of this pioneer seminary. Next south, stands the dwelling in which Dr. Daniel Sheldon resided, who long held a very high rank among the physicians of this State. A few rods further south, I recognize the mansion of Gen. Uriah Tracy, and which, at a later period, became the residence of the late Judge Gould. Of the eminence of the former as a lawyer and statesman, and of the latter as a profound jurist, it can not be necessary to speak in this place. The next house south, was the residence of Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and long an influential Representative in Congress. Nearly opposite to the mansion of Col. Tallmadge, was that of Julius Deming, for many years a successful and honorable merchant. The house next south of the Square, on the west side of the street, was the residence of Major Seymour, another veteran of the Revolution. A few rods further south, stands the venerable mansion, long occupied by Tapping Reeve, a great and good man, the founder of the Litchfield Law School, long celebrated through our land. Nearly opposite to the mansion of Judge Reeve, was that of the Wolcotts, father and son; and a few rods below, was that of Ephraim Kirby.

The names of all whom I have mentioned must be familiar to a Litchfield audience, even of another generation. I confine my remarks to reminiscences of the village, then called, "*Town Hill*."

I left the County at too early an age, to have been much acquainted in other towns. Town Hill always charmed all who beheld it, by its beautiful native scenery, and was greatly distinguished for the high intellectual and moral character of its inhabitants.

The admirable Addresses and Poem to which this gratified assembly have been listening, have brought to the recollection of the old, and the knowledge of the young, the names of many, both in the village and through the County, whose memory will be cherished by the generations who will occupy these hills when other centuries shall have rolled away. But, Mr. President, I forbear to trespass further upon ground already so well occupied.

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SPEECH OF EDWARD TOMPKINS, ESQ.

THE President next introduced EDWARD TOMPKINS, Esq., of Binghamton, N. Y., whose parents were natives of Watertown.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

I NEED not say to any business man here, that there can be no greater embarrassment in life, than to be unexpectedly, and with empty pockets, called upon with a *sight*-draft. That happens to be my case now ; and the embarrassment which the draft now made upon me causes, is aggravated beyond measure by the fact, that, sitting here since yesterday morning, I have learned that I can neither beg nor borrow any thing with which to pay it. Every thing that would be appropriate here, has been already spread before you. Would I go for incidents to the history of Litchfield County ? The distinguished jurist who, yesterday, so eloquently bound us, has told us all, and I must repeat, not half so well, a twice-told tale. Would I seek with wit, or fancy, to amuse and instruct you ? The brilliant Poet, whom we honor and revere with every fibre of our Litchfield hearts, has exhausted the language, and the whole vocabulary of wit was here used up by him forever ! (Laughter.) Would I go further on ; and in the domestic relations, so dear to our hearts, so fondly prized, find aught with which, for a moment, I could hope to enlist your attention ? The truthful, courageous, heroic divine, who has this morning illustrated them here so well, has again made me bankrupt, and the draft which I would so wish to honor, must yet be protested, unless I can find some claim upon your indulgence that will induce you to release me now. I think I have found it.

Each of the gentlemen who have addressed you, is a *son* of Litchfield: and while the relation is a very dear one, let me tell you that good old mother Litchfield, as they affectionately call her, has yet a dearer. It is a principle in human nature, which we all discover very early in life, and which, as our children grow up around us, we usually see developed in a still more striking manner, that however stern parents may be with their own children, they are, invariably, quite indulgent enough to their grand-children. Applying that principle here, I incur no hazard in assuming, that however severe old Litchfield may have been with her children, yet when she comes to her grand-children, she will spoil them, every one. That is my position now; I am one of, and speak for *the grandchildren*; and I claim here, and now, the fullest measure of indulgence, which our good old grandmother can bestow. The principle upon which I now rely so confidently, was taught me when on my first visit, in childhood, to my Litchfield grandmother; she sweetened the new milk she gave me, when had it been for her own children, she would have churned it before she would have let them taste it; and the lesson I then learned, has stood me in good stead this day.

I would not, willingly, disturb the harmony that prevails here, by any personal grief, yet there has been one occurrence of which I am compelled to complain. I listened yesterday afternoon, with as broad and open-mouthed an interest as any one of you here; and how was I, beyond measure, astonished, when the reverend gentleman—he who has filled the earth with melodies which we could almost fancy, would be sung in heaven—who has shown us that he, like the divine alluded to this morning, can unite two worlds on earth, who charmed us by his brilliant wit, and melted us with his eloquence; when he, a stranger as I supposed to me and to my household, actually painted, at full length before you, and before all Litchfield, feature by feature—even to the color of her hair and of her eyes—saying nothing of the unpardonable allusion to the *color of a portion of her dress*, upon which none but the most heterodox of divines would ever have ventured;—my own Yankee wife. (Laughter.) Think of my surprise—three hundred miles from home, thus unexpectedly to encounter such

a picture! Would the gentleman tell me that it was only a general picture? That is the way Clergymen always escape, when their *general* sketches become so personal, that every body applies them! (Laughter.) I had not supposed the reverend gentleman was acquainted with her; and I should have been proud beyond measure, if he had come *openly, when I was at home*, to have welcomed him there. *It may be*, he has never been there; (Laughter.) Yet an idea suggests itself to me which, I am afraid, will convince you and *me* that there is, at least, *some* doubt about it. There are no two persons, it is said, who look *exactly* alike. If this be true, it follows that no one description will *exactly* describe them, and inasmuch as I know that this is true, in every line and letter, the reverend gentleman stands convicted beyond the hope of escape, of having resorted to personalities in the portrait he has painted before you. (Great laughter.) I can only say that I am not, naturally, distrustful, or suspicious; and I hope, in the ways of Providence, *if all is right*, (laughter,) that the reverend Gentleman may yet be led to cross my threshold, and that I may have the pleasure, and the honor, of introducing to him the original of the portrait he has so brightly and beautifully drawn.

But, ladies and gentlemen, this is not the tone in which I should address you now. Thoughts of too much moment press upon us,—interests as extensive as our lives. We all feel deeply, that while we have listened, till we can afford to spare the repetition, to eulogiums upon our lofty hills and bracing atmosphere, we have not heard enough, even, to satisfy our cravings of the domestic relations, the rich social worth which has made Litchfield County what it is. It has been said, over and over, and cannot be too often repeated, that it is these that have made the great men of Litchfield; these that have sent her sons abroad to be crowned with honors and to fill the high places of our land, to explore every recess of creation and return laden with the trophies of their peaceful victories, only to lay them in triumph at the feet of their common mother. But when we look around us to determine—and our attention has been already called to it—what it is to which Litchfield County owes the great results her sons have accomplished, we find we must go back to the dead to seek it; and it becomes us, not sadly—not sorrowfully—but triumphantly, to

keep them ever before us, and to recall them from the graves where they are buried. The dead of Litchfield County! That mighty army! Oh think of it, of the host innumerable that would be called forth here and now, if the graves where the sons of Litchfield lie buried could give up their dead. Oh think of the mighty lessons they have taught—the mighty labors they have wrought! The dead of Litchfield! Lost, yet found forever,—absent, yet present now and always,—dead, but living in that glorious life, which, commencing on the confines of time, spreads onward and ever onward, through the endless ages of eternity.

SPEECH OF GEORGE W. HOLLEY, ESQ.

GEORGE W. HOLLEY, Esq., of Niagara Falls, a native of Salisbury, was introduced to the meeting and said :—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN :—

IF the gentleman who last addressed you was in danger of bankruptcy, on account of being compelled to repeat a twice told tale,—if he was a *two story*, I am a *three story* bankrupt; for there is nothing to be said, appropriate to the occasion, which has not already been *well* said. But before proceeding to address you, in a more serious strain, permit me to follow the high example already set, and relate to you an anecdote. When I was a boy I went to see a menagerie. The whole menagerie consisted of an elephant, who was exhibited upon a barn floor. Among those who came to see him, was a tall, lean, wiry, six foot Yankee, who soon became particularly interested in the animal. After walking around him with his hands in his pantaloons pockets, and scrutinizing him closely, and remarking that he was “the curioustest critter that ever he seen,” he began to ply the keeper with questions about him. After getting through with his color, his thick hide, his big legs, and his “queer feet,” which “didn’t have shoes on ’em like a hos,” and “wasn’t split up like a cow’s,” he came at last to the *trunk*, which the keeper told him he used mainly as a weapon of defence. “Weapon!” said Jonathan; “weapon! I shouldn’t think it was good for any thing for sich use. Why, it’s a limber thing, he can’t du any thing with it.” The result of the parley was, that Jonathan wanted to *hold the elephant* by the trunk, and the keeper was willing he should try the experiment. Accordingly, the keeper

kept the elephant quiet, while Jonathan got his trunk under his left arm, seized his own coat collar with his left hand, and put his right arm around the big post next to the "big bay." After Jonathan got himself fairly fixed and settled in his hold, he told the keeper to "let his critter go." After getting the spectators all into one corner of the barn, the keeper stepped aside and told the elephant to take care of himself:—whereupon, he proceeded to give his trunk a twist and a jerk, and Jonathan went across the barn—as a big boy near me said—"all sorts of ends fust-wards." But with one particular end he struck the little barn-door, knocked it off the hinges and rolled nearly across the barn-yard. Being, fortunately, but little hurt, he got up, and while brushing off the straw and dirt from his vest and pants, (for his coat was all torn off him,) he exclaimed: "Well, I swow, *he is putty stout!*"

There is nothing, from *holding an elephant* to counterfeiting nutmegs and cucumber seeds, that some Yankees will not undertake.

Mr. President,—as an immigrant from this County, I have the honor to be one of those who represent that portion of it included within the limits of the town of Salisbury. That town, through her material and inanimate representatives, has, heretofore, often been heard on public occasions, speaking for herself in tones of thunder;* and the effects of her shots have been often seen and felt in the wasting ranks and sinking ships of her country's enemies. But roaring cannon and booming shot are entirely alien to the voice with which she would address you on this most interesting occasion. She would mingle her warm congratulations, her warmer sympathies, her warmest welcome, with those of her sister towns, on this day. She would unite with them in coming up, with filial pride, affection, and respect, to offer new homage to their common mother, to weave new wreaths for her brows, to lay fresh garlands upon her altars, to sing new praises to her honored name, to exchange heart-felt greetings with others of her children gathered here, to talk of the past and to pray for the future. This occasion is full of interest to every one who hails from Litchfield County.

* Most of the cannon and shot for the Revolutionary War were made in this town.

The rattling thunder in her rocky hills ;
The silver music of her gushing rills ;
The cold and piercing wintry winds wild wail ;
The sweeping cadences of the rushing gale ;
The green hill-sides' cool, refreshing shade ;
The tinkling cow-bell in the wooded glade ;
The bleating flocks and the lowing herds ;
The hum of insects and the songs of birds ;
The solemn tunes he sung at singing school ;
The school house, where he taught the man a fool
Who taught, and questioned much his right to rule ;
The merry *dance*, in merry ranks arrayed,
Which still he danced as still the fiddle play'd,
When sleep had settled on his drowsy head ;
The boat in which the tugging oar he plied ;
The snow-clad hill down which he used to slide ;
The gleeful music which the sleigh-bells made,
While the sleigh-shoes, a running octave play'd ;
The impressive sound of the old church bell
In the joyous peal or the solemn knell ;
The house of God—the good man's prayer,
The good man's warning which impressed him there.

It is pleasant to look again on these familiar scenes, which are daguerreotyped on all our hearts ; it is music to our ears to hear again these familiar sounds and voices—it is gladness to our hearts to mingle again with the kindred and friends of life's early day.

But, my friends, you have heard enough of this. Permit me to recall to your attention the closing paragraph of the excellent address to which you listened on yesterday. It referred to the *Union*. And if *my* voice can not have the weight of admonition, let it at least have the force of entreaty, while I pray you to look upon the federal Union of these States as your political ark of the covenant, sacred in your eyes, dear to your hearts, and to be defended and sustained with all your strength. Let not water drown, let not fire burn, let not cart ropes nor chains strangle nor draw out of you ; let not principalities nor powers, nor anything else under heaven, take from you your conviction of its necessity, your faith in its efficacy, nor your *determination* that

it *shall be* perpetuated. Let us believe that America is, politically speaking, God's present Israel. And though disputes may arise, though local interests may lead to dissensions, though nullification or secession may rear their horrid front, though foul treason may plot to betray us, though unholy factionists, and more unholy fanatics, may seek to embroil us, still let us cling with the tenacity of an unyielding grasp to the faith that our *Union* shall be saved at every hazard—that our institutions shall be preserved through every trial—that the spirit of American freedom shall emerge brighter and purer, from every conflict—that still the chosen Israel shall pass unharmed the troubled Jordan, and pitch its tents in the land of promise and of peace!

MR. GOULD'S REMARKS.

GEORGE GOULD, Esq., of Troy, N. Y., a native of Litchfield, was next called upon by the President, and spoke as follows.

MR. PRESIDENT :—

Apologies and themes have all been touched on ; and little is left to be said by any one that comes forward now. But twenty years ago I carried away with me a Litchfield *heart*, and I have brought it back to-day : and I will answer to a Litchfield County call, whenever and wherever made.

It has ever been said that those who are born and reared among high hills, have strong local attachments. It should be as truly said, that those reared where high moral principles prevail, likewise have strong *moral* attachments. For me, I profess to nothing above what is common ; I claim nothing fabulous ; and I trust I am not earth-born,—an Antaeus. But I have this resemblance to the fabled giant ;—whenever my feet touch my native soil, I gather new vigor from the contact. Never do I approach these hills, without feeling the exhilaration of a school boy. We, in the valleys and by the river sides, know nothing of your clear atmosphere. You breathe a stronger, purer air ; you feel better, live nearer heaven—feel as near heaven as every one of us thought himself, when a boy. Your climate has been objected to ; and it is, in winter, dreary and cold. But your State's best poet has said,

— “ the wing

Of Life's best angel, HEALTH, is on your gales
Through sun and snow ; and in the Autumn time
Earth has no purer, and no lovelier clime.”

This is a sentiment to which every one here will respond, and which has been responded to, by those coming from Connecticut, the world over ; and no one of them forgets it. The whole air around you is full of every thing beautiful, and bright, and great. Such is your land.

But the *moral* influence, spread abroad in this community, is the great source of its power. One hundred years since, you were organized as a County. And they who composed the County so organized, had come from, been part of, a colony, whose members, at its first organization, were resolved to be governed by the laws of God, till they could make better.

[The speaker was here interrupted by the Rev. Dr. Robbins, who sat on the platform, with "Oh, no ; not so !" —the reverend gentleman supposing the speaker to assert,—as has often been jocosely said,—that the founders of the colony at Hartford adopted as part of their municipal code, a *formal resolution* of a purport similar to the words used by the speaker. The speaker continued ; first addressing Dr. Robbins.]

You misunderstand me, sir. I did not say that they passed any such formal resolution : though if I did, (as I do not pretend to *remember* the time,) I should but "tell the story as 'twas told to me." Yet "multitude of years should teach wisdom ;" and I might be content to be corrected by the lips of age. I said, merely, and mean to say, that at any rate, (whether or not any formal resolution, such, or similar, was passed,) such *was the spirit of the men*. And you stand here, to-day, what you are, as the *result of that spirit*. Governed by those principles and laws, (resolved, or unresolved,) as they are seen to exist throughout this land, and founded on such a moral and religious basis, we see the source of the influence and the honors, of both the homespun and the elegant age.

A people that makes *the Bible* a text-book in schools ; that makes that creed and that code the foundation of its political and moral teachings, must ever exert great influence on all within their reach. Among them, a sense "of *duty, God-commanded*, over-canopies all life. It penetrates to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart. There is an inspiration in such a people : one may say, in a more special sense, 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.'"

As the result of such teachings, years and years ago, Litchfield County was prominent in all those noble enterprises for the benefit of mankind, which have extended their blessed influences over the wide world. I can not better illustrate this, than by the fact, (which I remember to have heard many years ago,) that once, when the great enterprise for civilizing and Christianizing foreign and barbarous nations was halting for want of means, and its wheels had almost stopped, the auxiliaries of Litchfield County sent in a liberal, large supply, and the work moved on. The reverend men of those days, who had charge of the work, then said they "*had reason to bless God for Litchfield County.*" And I have always felt,—as every one here has,—as every one bred where such principles are instilled, and where they remain, must feel,—that we, at least, have always and every where "*reason to bless God for Litchfield County.*"

SPEECH OF HENRY DUTTON, ESQ.

HENRY DUTTON, Esq., of New Haven, Professor in the Yale Law School, a native of Watertown, was next introduced, and said :—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN :—

I shall make no excuse or apology for appearing before you at this time, notwithstanding the displays of eloquence which you have already heard, for I hold that the man who can not say something on such an occasion as this, can have no soul. I never in my life have spent two such days of pleasure and profit, as these, which you, as well as I, have enjoyed. On coming to this place, I passed by the place of my birth, by the hill on which my eyes first opened on the prospect around me ; and O, what a prospect ! It was no level plain upon which my eyes first opened ; but it was a broader horizon than the inhabitants of a plain can ever witness in their lives. And every thing that I have seen, the hills and the valleys, the streams and the wood-lands, have reminded me of the days of my childhood ; and especially here have I been presented with a perfect panorama of what passed from the days of my birth to the time that I entered upon the active duties of life. When we come together here, it is highly important that we should feel gratitude to our common mother ; and I have been disposed to look and inquire, what are those things for which I should feel individually grateful. Of these, one is, that I had my birth here, and that in my youth I was one of the farmers of Litchfield County. That gave me strength and vigor, which have enabled me to endure a great amount of labor, both of body and of mind, and I have often thought since, and I presume others have concurred with me in opinion, that it would have been better had I again become one of the “princes

of the land." But on returning here and looking at the improvements which have been made, and seeing how much the science of agriculture has gone forward, I have become discouraged from any personal attempts ; for I find myself far behind the age ;—so I have made up my mind that I will never try to be a farmer again.

This is not the only benefit I derived from being brought up in the County of Litchfield. My first impressions of female beauty and female character are connected with Litchfield County. My ideas of beauty of countenance are associated with the fresh glow of health, which has been heightened by the cool breezes of the north-west, that sweep over these hills ; and my impressions of female character are also associated with my recollections of the young ladies of this County. I have had opportunities, since, of seeing grace of motion in a great variety of forms. I have seen ladies move with grace in the dance, in the waltz, and in the polka ; but, for real grace of motion, as well as grace of the heart, " O, leeze me on the spinning wheel."

We have been referred to days that are past, and our attention has been directed to those who heretofore have done honor to the County of Litchfield ; but I think it may be well to cast a glance, at least, to the present, to see whether the present generation will be able to bear the burthen laid upon them by their ancestors. We have been referred to the bar, and we have been told of the men,—but we need not have been told, for their praises have always rung in our ears,—who distinguished the bar and the bench in this County. Now, I will admit that they raised temples to justice ; but I thank God, that at the present day we have at least a Church, and if not quite so large, it is, at all events, quite as well furnished. The days that are past were distinguished for theologians ; but we have theologians still. We have had men who were doctors of divinity, who are now laid in their graves ; but there are men of the present day, too, who bear that distinguished honor, and although heretofore, in the century that has passed, it has been customary for theologians to go on a pilgrimage to the Lake of Geneva, I think, in the century to come, there will be pilgrimages to Lake Raumaug.

So it is in the political field. It will be recollected, that a short time since there was a general alarm felt, that the Union

was in danger, and it became a common question, and a matter of common interest, that the State of Connecticut should be able to do something, and send some man to the seat of government who would be able to render aid in forging chains which would bind the Union together. And when her citizens looked around for the proper person, and searched every other County in the State, they could not find a man who was accustomed to give hard blows enough, until attention was turned to the workshops of Litchfield County, and there they found a Smith; and if the Smiths of Litchfield can not give hard blows, I should like to know who can? The same feeling pervaded every quarter of the State. This was particularly true a few years ago of the western district, comprising the counties of Fairfield and Litchfield. These two counties had a man in Congress in whom they put implicit confidence, and who was every way worthy of that confidence;—one who had managed their affairs well. Every body said he was as good a Butler as had existed since the days of Pharaoh. But here was an alarm about the Union, again, and they wanted somebody to stand guard; they did not care so much about a man to take care of their affairs, but they wanted one who could see danger from afar, and they turned their attention to Litchfield County, and got a man who had always lived on the top of one of the highest hills, and had been looking and looking till he had almost looked his eyes out. He had been accustomed to look so long that many called him *See More*, (Seymour.) And now, so long as we have a Smith to forge chains to bind us together, and a Seymour to stand guard, I think the Union will be safe. (Laughter.)

Mr. President, Litchfield County has done something in another matter. This County was not very much distinguished in its earlier days for poetry; the people then cared more about the realities of life than mere imaginary existences. But at length it was thought desirable that poetry should be brought over from the other side of the Atlantic, and the great question was how it should be done. Here was the sea intervening, and it was feared that before poetry could be got over, it would be lost in the ocean. But they looked for aid to Litchfield County, and she erected a bridge across the ocean, a regular *Pierre-pont*, over which the genius of poetry passed, and brought with her the sweet "Airs of

Palestine." Litchfield County has done something, too, in the way of the mechanical arts. I should be glad to know how the world could get along, even at the present day, without the aid of Litchfield County clocks? The men might know when to get up in the morning, and go to bed at night; but how in the world would their wives know when to get dinner, if it were not for Litchfield County clocks? Then, again, I suppose the world could have got along as it always had done in years gone by, without those means of communication which exist at the present period. But railroads have come to be a sort of necessity, and I should like to know how we could have had railroads if it had not been for the iron mines in Litchfield County? And after the rails were provided, if one of the sons of that County had not kindly consented to be the President of one Railroad Company, the Secretary of another, and a Director of the rest, so that he might be called the *bear-all* (Burrall,) of the whole concern,—we might have had to travel in wagons still, and instead of there being such a number of sons and daughters gathered here from all parts of the world, there would have been so few here on this occasion, that our friends would have had no reason to spread such a broad tent as this for our accommodation. So we see that our very enjoyments, as well as reminiscences, are owing to our good old mother Litchfield.

Mr. President, the present occasion is not only one of joyousness, but one of seriousness also. We ought not only to look and see to what we are indebted for the present, but we should remember that we stand upon the commencement of another century; we ought to realize and feel that of whatever advantage Litchfield County has been to us, whatever it has made us, there is the higher weight of responsibility resting upon us that when another Centennial is celebrated, our descendants and our successors may come together here and recount with honor and with pride what has been done during another century. If Litchfield County, beginning as we have heard a century ago, a mere waste, a howling wilderness, with here and there a few bright spots, a few settlers in one place and another, has done so much, what ought we to do, and what ought Litchfield County to do in the century, upon which we have entered, starting as we do from where they left off, and commencing with all these advantages

thus gathered together and placed at our disposal? Nor is this the only consideration which should weigh upon our minds. We must recollect that the arts, within the last half century, have made man a different being from what he was before. The telegraph and railroads have given man a species of ubiquity; he can speak and his voice will be heard for thousands of miles. The very speeches which these distinguished gentlemen have been making here to-day, will probably be read in St. Louis or New Orleans, to-morrow. Man has now a power to speak to a much greater number of men than ever before, and can exercise an influence upon a far greater number of individuals; and this throws upon him a responsibility, which nothing but the training which Litchfield County has given to her sons would ever enable him to pass through with credit. Let every son of Litchfield County, while he recounts with gratitude what has been done by the County for him, while he recalls with pride what has been done by his forefathers, remember that we who are here now are commencing a new career; and let us so conduct and so exert ourselves in whatever situations we may be placed, that the next century will have more deeds to recount, and the next Centennial will be held with a greater degree of satisfaction and pride.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket I had been sitting under. I looked up at the sky, which was a pale, hazy blue. The air was crisp and clean, a welcome change from the stuffy atmosphere of the car. I took a deep breath, feeling the cool air fill my lungs. The sun was just beginning to rise, casting a soft, golden glow over the landscape. The trees were bare, their branches reaching out like skeletal fingers against the sky. The ground was covered in a thin layer of frost, glistening in the early morning light. I walked slowly, my boots crunching on the ice. The silence was profound, broken only by the occasional rustle of leaves or the distant chirp of a bird. I felt a sense of peace and solitude, a moment of quiet reflection in the midst of a new day. The world was so still, so quiet, that I could hear my own thoughts. I thought of the journey that had brought me here, of the challenges I had faced and the triumphs I had achieved. I felt a sense of accomplishment, a feeling of having come through a storm and emerged on the other side. The cold was no longer a nuisance, but a companion, a reminder of the resilience I had shown. I walked on, my heart full of hope and my mind at ease. The day was just beginning, and I was ready for whatever it had in store.

I continued my walk, the cold air still clinging to my skin. The landscape was a mix of open fields and clusters of trees. In the distance, a small town was visible, its buildings huddled together for warmth. The air was so clear that I could see the details of the landscape with ease. The sun had risen higher now, its light more pronounced. The frost on the ground was melting in some places, leaving behind a wet sheen. I stopped for a moment, looking back over my shoulder. The path I had taken was now a trail of footprints in the snow. I felt a sense of accomplishment, a feeling of having made it through the night. The cold was no longer a nuisance, but a companion, a reminder of the resilience I had shown. I walked on, my heart full of hope and my mind at ease. The day was just beginning, and I was ready for whatever it had in store.

SONG.

AULD LANG'SYNE was then admirably sung ;—the stanzas by the choir, and the chorus by the audience ;—in the following words, prepared for the occasion, by the REV. H. GOODWIN, of Canaan.

1

“ Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne ?
For Auld Lang Syne my friends,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll join the hand of kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

2

Our Fathers here their dwellings reared,
In social state combined,
These swelling fields their labors cleared,
For Auld Lang Syne.

“ For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

3

Those ancient homes they guarded well,
And stood by freedom's shrine ;

And many a fearless warrior fell,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

4

And we were nursed amid these hills,
And in these vales reclined ;
But we have wandered far away
Since days of Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

5

We’ve roamed across the prairie wild,
The mountain pass have climbed,
And placed the school-house in the wild,
Since days of Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

6

We’ve cleared and reaped the fields of toil ;
We’ve bid the church-bells chime ;
And raised the halls of learning high,
Since days of Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

7

We’ve mingled in the city’s strife,
We’ve delved within the mine,
And braved the ocean’s stormy waves,
Since days of Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

8

Hope lured us onward in our course,
While joy around us shined ;
But many a cloud of care hath pass'd,
Since days of Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

9

The sturdy men of yore have gone,
And brothers in their prime ;
The lov'd and good have disappeared,
Since days of Auld Lang Syne,

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

10

We part again to distant scenes,
And leave this hallowed shrine ;
But oft we'll think with grateful praise,
Of days of Auld Lang Syne.

“For Auld Lang Syne,” &c.

P R A Y E R .

The following Prayer was then offered by Rev. FOSDICK HARRISON, now of Bethany :—

GOD of our fathers, we rejoice that we may recognize Thee as our God ; that Thou hast kindly brought us together under circumstances of so much interest, and surrounded us with so many testimonials of Thy loving kindness, and that Thou art calling upon us to render our united tribute of gratitude to Thee, the Author and Giver of all our mercies. It becomes us, as descendants of a puritan ancestry, to render thanks to Thy name, for all the mercy manifested to our fathers in days that are past ; that Thou didst mercifully sustain them in their days of trial, darkness and peril ; that Thou didst enable them to lay broad and deep the foundations of all those institutions, civil and religious, with which we have been blessed. We thank Thee that it was their first care to erect churches, and to provide, by common schools, for the education of the rising generation. We bless Thee, our Heavenly Father, that we had fathers and mothers who early took us by the hand and led us up to the house of prayer, and placed upon us the broad seal of Thine own everlasting covenant, and taught us to remember the Sabbath and reverence the sanctuary. We thank Thee for all the hallowed influences which, through their instrumentality, have come down to us, their descendants, and we bless Thee that from distant parts of this widely extended land, so many sons of this beloved section of our country have been permitted to assemble here, and mingle their congratulations, and repeat their testimonials of respect for each other and their native land. We thank Thee for all the interesting scenes we have enjoyed, and now, our Father, as the hour of separation has arrived, as we part to meet no more on earth, under circumstances like the present, let a deep solemnity pervade every mind ; and while we feel duly grateful for all Thy loving kindness manifested to our fathers in their days, and until the

present time, may we humble ourselves for our departures from Thee, and humbly pray for the pardon of our multiplied rebellions against Thee. O give us hearts to appreciate and improve the privileges we enjoy, that it may not be for our greater condemnation that we have been thus exalted in point of privilege ; and we pray that Thou wouldst go with us in our various ways, to our several homes. Grant Thy continued care, and smile on the inhabitants of this County in coming time. O let our sons and daughters preserve the principles they have been taught, and let a holy influence descend upon them, and let a wider influence go forth from these hills, combining to bless our widely extended land. And O, make us mindful, our Heavenly Father, that though our present meeting must terminate forever, we are hastening onward to the day when we shall meet in a more august assembly, when the fathers of the generations past, and those of the present, and the multitudes that shall come after us, shall meet before the tribunal of the Judge of all the earth, to render an account for the deeds done in the body. So help us to improve our privileges, that when the summons comes, we may give up our account with joy, and hear the welcome invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." And now, to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be undivided honors, world without end. Amen.

BENEDICTION.

THE REV. THOMAS ROBBINS, D. D., of Hartford, a native of Norfolk, pronounced the Benediction, as follows :—

MAY the God of peace, who brought our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead, the Great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

POEMS.

SEVERAL Poems were prepared by different individuals for the occasion, and forwarded to the Committee, among which were the following :

INVITATION TO LITCHFIELD COUNTY JUBILEE.

BY P. K. KILBOURNE.

LONG dreaming where "the seat of empire" lay,
Westward the Sons of Litchfield take their way,
And in the regions of the setting sun
Their proudest, noblest victories are won !
They build their cabins on the rushing rills,
Their spires point heaven-ward from a thousand hills,
The wild beast's howl yields to the hammer's clang,
Their songs go up where once the war-whoop rang ;
They start the eagle in his mountain eyrie,
Follow the war-path o'er the trackless prairie ;
They wander where the cold Nebraska roars,
They plant our standard on Pacific shores,
And in their wake, beneath congenial skies,
New States extend their sway, new cities rise.
And there are orbs of milder light than they,
Radiant with love and gentle as the day,

Waking responsive joys in kindred souls
In some far cot where the Missouri rolls !

Still, truants from our households tho' they be,
Their spirits wing their way o'er land and sea,
And, freed from mortal weariness, in dreams
They climb our hills and wander by our streams—
Revisit each fair scene they loved of yore,
And greet in fancy's realm those they may meet no more !

Oh, all of these, from Life's diverging track,
To their old homes we fain would welcome back,
To share the festive scenes, the joy, the glee,
The life and soul of our great Jubilee !
Come home, ye searchers after fame, come home
From scenes and friends like these why should ye roam ?—
Lawyers and statesmen, farmers, merchants, teachers,
Doctors, dealers in stocks, tin pedlers, preachers—
Come, from 'mid northern snows and tropic flowers,
From prairie-land, and blooming orange-bowers,
From California's realm of gold and graves,
From mountain land, and from the mountain-waves ;—
Men, matrons, maidens, children—come ye all,
And share the glorious BANTAM FESTIVAL !

A CALL TO THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BY A NATIVE OF WOODBURY.

BROTHERS ! from each laughing valley,
From our hill-sides, rough and bold,
Round our common center rally,
Like the Jewish tribes of old !

Fathers, come ! your locks will whiten—
Mothers ! ye are young no more ;
But your fading hopes will brighten,
With the memories of yore !

Come ye sons, so sturdy, growing,
Strong and tall, as freemen should ;—
Bring your sisters, fluttering, glowing,
Like rose-laurels in a wood.

We will tell you, if you listen,
How an hundred years ago,
Pilgrims saw our waters glisten
In the valley, far below ;

Where the forest, grand and lonely,
In primeval beauty stood,
And the wandering red men, only
Knew the windings through the wood ;

Where our household fires are burning,
Wild deer bounded, far and free,

Streams, our busy mill-wheels turning
Idly, sang a song of glee ;

Where our fathers sat beside them,
After travel long and sore—
Fearing nought that could betide them,
Might they find a *home* once more !

For a home, they fronted danger—
Wrought with rifle lying near :
To all luxury a stranger,
Was each dauntless Pioneer.

Noble Fathers ! silent lying
In your grave rest, stern and cold,
Still ye preach, with voice undying,
To your children, from the mould !

And ye tell us, " Love each other ; "
" Guard the homes, we toiled to win,
Let no hatred of your brother,
Doubt or malice, enter in ! "

" Chiefly, on each household altar,
Keep devotion burning bright,
Then, ye will not pause or falter
In the doing of the *right* ! "

" Firm in purpose and endeavor—
Tireless, till the goal be won,
Men shall know you, wheresoever
There is labor to be done. "

Ye are freemen ! Ye may glory,
In your union, firm and strong ;—
Let *no future* tell a story,
Of dissension, or of wrong.

Look into each others faces—
Ye will meet again no more !
Then depart and fill ye places
Better than you did before.

FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

BY REV. J. LEE.

I.

UPON our hills no moss-clad castles rise,
No massive towers and turrets pierce the skies,
To tell of lordly chiefs of ancient fame,
Their fallen power and greatness to proclaim,
And call our thoughts to distant ages fled,
To wars of kings and mighty princes dead :
No dark monastic walls and gloomy cells,
Here show the seats where superstition dwells,
Where sweet domestic ties are burst in twain,
And joys of home will ne'er be known again.

II.

Green fields, and flocks, and herds, and harvests fair,
And fallows furrow'd by the burnish'd share,
And forests waving on each mountain height,
Dear memories wake, and scenes of pure delight,
In by-gone days, while yet these hearts were young,
And all their chords to nature's joys were strung,
When near the sacred fane the school-house stood,
Where first our minds to learning's paths were woo'd,
And from each spire rang clear the Sabbath bell,
To call our thoughts on themes divine to dwell

III.

No triple crown here wields the sword of state,
To doom our conscience to the felon's fate,
To shut the book of God from vulgar eyes,
And guard the holy portals of the skies ;
The open page of truth divine we scan,
And learn the grace that saves apostate man,
The gospel for the poor, of price untold,
With pardons full, unbought with bribing gold—
For boons so rich we humbly bow the knee,
And bless the hand divine that made us free.

IV.

Religion, here, has shone with purest ray,
To guide our footsteps in the "narrow way,"
And righteous law o'er loyal subjects reigned,
Our hearths protected and our rights maintained—
For this fair heritage, so dearly bought,
With tears and toils and bloody battles fought,
Thy name, our fathers' God, alone we praise ;—
To Thee with one accord loud anthems raise ;
And when our dust with dust ancestral lies,
O bless our HOMES, till suns no more shall rise.

THE CENTENNIAL.

BY H. WARD.

A century's flight hath marked the age,
Since Justice with her sword and scales,
First took her seat, with counsel sage,
Amid these quiet hills and vales.

Through that long vista o'er the stream
Of Time, that flows with rapid tide,
What visions in the distance gleam,
To tell how vain is human pride !

The blast of war—the clang of arms,
Have oft resounded loud and long :
And warriors, fired by Freedom's charms,
Have listened to her thrilling song.

They fought and bled ;—Columbia rose
Sublime above the stormy vale,
The joy of friends, the dread of foes,
With glory that can never fail.

And far beyond the ocean's waves,
Contending nations have gone down ;
The ivy twines around their graves,
Where perish sceptre, throne and crown.

These quiet hills, these gentle vales,
Now richly clothed in summer's green,
Have smiled as now, when balmy gales
Swept o'er the undulating scene.

No rude alarms of hostile foes
Have echoed 'mid these green retreats !
But calm as yon bright lake's repose,
Peace reigned o'er all these rural seats.

Heaven bless the friends of early years,
And all who meet once more in joy,
Where Friendship here her altar rears,
To greet her sons without alloy.

THE FLAG.

BY J. L. WADSWORTH.

Fling out the flag of Liberty !

The summer winds should play
With its unfolded stars and stripes,
Upon this festal day.

Our fathers cared not for their lives,
So it might freely wave ;—
Tis meet that it should float above,
The children of the brave.

The banner of Saint George's cross,
Was wont its shade to throw
Upon the pilgrim's refuge land,
A hundred years ago ;
But praises to the pilgrim's God,
A freer banner now,
Floats o'er the land where rests in peace
The weary pilgrim's brow.

Still be its stars for the oppressed
A cheering, guiding light,
Its stripes, the bond of brotherhood
That freemen still unite.
And, till the centuries cease to roll,
Still fluttering on the sky,
Be it the standard of a race
Whose freedom ne'er shall die !

A CALL TO THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

BY J. L. WADSWORTH.

From northern homes, from southern climes,
From mart and lonely mead,
From where the red man fades away
Before the white man's tread;
Who wanders from his native land,
Who loves this highland shore,
We bid you gather here again;
Come to your home once more!

The graves are green ye left behind,
And many a later mound,
Within the field of sepulchres,
Those ancient graves surround;
But none will e'er return again,
Those gloomy portals through;
So come to us and shed a tear
Upon the old and new.

We cannot say, to win you back,
That we are growing great;
We cannot boast of mighty deeds,
Of pomp, or show, or state.
But we dwell among those green old hills,
A quiet, noiseless band,
And from your olden haunts we call—
Come to your father land!

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY J. L. WADSWORTH.

GATHERED amid the scenes of yore,
The honored and ancestral hills,
Where hope's young pinion, wont to soar,
Did triumph o'er life's future ills ;
We come from forests of the west,
Or where Atlantic billows flow,
From homes our fathers footsteps pressed,
Pilgrims, an hundred years ago.

Glad greetings for the olden friends
Of childhood's free and joyous hour !
Fond memories for each tree that bends,
Each home-like bird, each home-like flower !
But worship, to the shrines we bring,
Where erst our sires, in homage low,
Were wont their hymns of praise to sing
To God, an hundred years ago.

The wing of time, with tireless might,
Hath borne the century day by day,—
Unequal to the ceaseless flight,
Wearied, we soon shall sink away.
Then let us choose the truth as those
Who humbly walked with God below,
And from these hills, we trust, arose
To heaven, an hundred years ago.

EPISTLE TO POSTERITY.

ADDRESSED to those who shall meet to celebrate the *Second Centennial Anniversary of Litchfield County*, August 14th, 1951.

BY P. KENYON KILBOURNE.

OUR Jubilee is over! Far and wide,
Through lane and turnpike, pour the living tide;
Each homeward hies, with pleasure-beaming eye,
And heart all redolent with purpose high.
Erewhile, another race, in strange array,
Will welcome to the world your festive-day;
O, when it dawns, "may I be there to see,"
Though strown through every land my dust may be!

Hail, unborn brothers! from these heights of time,
I fain would greet you with the voice of rhyme,
And send my greeting down the vale of tears,
Through the long windings of an hundred years.
Think not my toast a lifeless thing, even though
It cometh from the grave of long ago:
"A health to each, and joy be with you all,
Who gather here at your great Festival!"

O, could the bard but claim the prophet's eye,
And read for you a glorious destiny,
What pride would mingle in his cup of bliss,
To be your Poet on a day like this!

'Twere more than fame, if down through storms and tears,
These lines shall reach you in the far-off years,
For other hands must weave your civic crown—
New names must grace your ensigns of renown.

Conjecture all! No glass can penetrate
The unknown void that hides the scroll of fate;
No still small voice, no charioteer of flame,
Hath told us of your glory, or your shame.
Perhaps, as ye shall read of us, ye'll boast
Your parents were of "that enlightened host;"
Perhaps in sackcloth mourn, that ye must trace
Your lineage to our wild barbarian race!

It may be yours to seal'your faith in blood,
Martyrs for God, or for your country's good;—
Soldiers in that dread war of death with life,
When Gog and Magog mingle in the strife.
It may be yours to hail that promised day,
When truth shall hold her universal sway—
When war, and want, and wrong, and crime, shall cease,
And nations own thy sway, O, Prince of Peace!

If true, as hath been said by saint and sage,
The world shall grow in wisdom as in age,
Ye, who have soar'd to heights we cannot see,
Will need no teachings from such worms as we.
If you, like us, must tread life's weary way,
Where clouds and storms may close the fairest day—
Where friends must die—where love's bright chain must sever
In weal—in woe—God be your guide forever!

However MAN may change for good or ill,
The years will roll, their cycles to fulfil;
Tired nature sleeps but to revive again;—
These hills, and streams, and mountains, will remain;
Bold *Prospect* still will lift his brazen brow,
Mount Tom will frown majestic then as now,—
The *Bantam* waters roll their silver tide,
Nor heed the generations that have died.

LITCHFIELD, Thursday Eve., Aug. 14th, 1851.

P O R T R A I T S .

AGREEABLY to the request of the Central Committee, in their Circular of the 22d of March, and in conformity to a vote of the Central and Town Committees, at their meeting on the 19th of July, repeating the request, the following Portraits were forwarded to the Committee and arranged in the Court-room, where they were open to the inspection of visitors, and attracted much attention through the days of the Celebration, viz :—

A Bust of Oliver Wolcott, Governor of this State from 1817 to 1827 ; by Clerenger.

An elegant full length portrait of Hon. Frederick Wolcott, of Litchfield, Clerk of the Courts for forty years ; taken by Waldo & Jewett.

Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, of Litchfield, for many years member of Congress ; by Stuart.

Col. Wm. F. Tallmadge, son of Benjamin T., and an officer in the War of 1812.

Hon. James Gould, of Litchfield, Judge of the Superior Court and Court of Errors ; by Waldo.

Wife of Hon. James Gould, taken when 19 years old, and four years after her marriage ; by Waldo.

Major Moses Seymour, of Litchfield, taken in the uniform which he wore at Burgoyne's defeat ; by Ralph Earle, in 1789.

Mrs. Moses Seymour, and son Epaphro ; by Earle.

Moses Seymour, Jr., son of Major Moses S. ; miniature.

Wife of Moses Seymour, Jr. ; miniature.

Ozias Seymour, Esq., for many years Sheriff of Litchfield County ; by Snyder.

Rev. Truman Marsh ; by Earle, in 1789.

do. by Snyder, about 1842.

Mrs. Truman Marsh ; by Earle, in 1789.

Nathaniel Church, of Salisbury, father of Chief Justice Church.

Nathaniel Smith, of Woodbury, Judge of the Superior and Supreme Courts.

Mrs. Nathaniel Smith.

Rev. Noah Benedict, of Woodbury, father of Mrs. N. Smith.

Dr. John S. Wolcott, son of Gov. Wolcott ; by Snyder.

Daniel N. Brinsmade, of Washington, Judge of the County Court.

Rev. Ammi R. Robbins, of Norfolk.

William Battell, Esq., of Torrington.

Hon. Augustus Pettibone, of Norfolk, Chief Judge of County Court.

Samuel Forbes, of Canaan.

Alpha Rockwell, the first person born in Colebrook.

Mrs. Rockwell, mother of the above.

Gen. Morris Woodruff, of Litchfield ; by A. Dickinson.

Col. Perry Averill, of New Preston.

Rev. N. W. Taylor, Professor in Yale College.

David Bellamy, Esq., of Bethlem, son of Rev. Dr. Bellamy.

Hon. Joseph H. Bellamy, grandson of Rev. Dr. B.

Daniel Bacon, Esq., of Woodbury.

Gen. Chauncey Crafts, of Woodbury.

Rev. Azel Backus, Pastor of Church in Bethlem, President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

Gen. David Bird, of Bethlem.

Dr. Daniel Sheldon, of Litchfield ; by George Catlin.

Rev. Isaac Jones, of Litchfield ; by Snyder.

Mrs. Uriel Holmes, of Litchfield, daughter of Judge Austin, New Hartford.

Major General Francis Bacon, of Litchfield.

Lieut. Frederick Bacon, of U. S. Navy, lost in the "Sea Gull."

E. C. Bacon, Esq., of Litchfield.

Upon which the editors of the New Haven Register remarked, that "one of the most interesting features of this festival, was the display of family portraits at the Court House. We were

struck with their resemblance to the children of the third and fourth generation."

The editor of the New Haven Journal observed, that "among the most interesting exhibitions, at the Litchfield Jubilee, was the gallery of pictures at the Court House, where the sons and daughters of the County assembled to celebrate its birth-day, could look upon the portraits of their fathers and mothers of the 'homespun age,' whose wisdom, purity and virtue, contributed so much to the glory of the place of their nativity. There were pictures in every style of art, from the highest excellence to the daub of the traveling painter. Many of them were taken in the latter part of the last century, by Earle; and the quaint dresses of many of the ladies, represented to our eye something more of the aristocracy of the Court, than the simplicity of Dr. Bushnell's 'Kings and Queens of Homespun.' There were the old illustrious names of the County, looking down upon their descendants from the walls of the ancient Court House, where many of them had been wont to assemble during life, when its bar and bench possessed a greater array of talent than any other in the land, and where were their children looking with honest pride, on the noble and intellectual faces of their ancestors."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

AN attempt was made to keep a Register of the names of all who attended the celebration, with a view to publication. And for that purpose, books were lodged at the several Hotels, and at the entrance of the Tent, and a request announced through the village papers, and in handbills, and from the platform, that every person in attendance, would enter his, or her, name, place of residence, and birth. But, owing to the immense crowd, and to the fact that nearly every moment was occupied with the public exercises, very few complied with the request, so that the Register was too imperfect to be published.

Among those in attendance, besides those already named, we noticed Lieut. Gov. Kendrick, of Waterbury; President Woolsey, of Yale College; Col. Amasa Parker, of Delhi, N. Y., a native of Sharon; Wm. Rockwell, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., a native of Sharon; Gamaliel H. Barstow, late Treasurer of the State of New York; Thomas Day, Esq., late Secretary of this State, a native of Washington; David Prentice, late Professor of Mathematics in Geneva College, a native of Bethlem; Hon. D. B. St. John, Superintendent of the New York Banking Department, Albany, a native of Sharon; Lawrence Hull, of Angelica, N. Y., a native of Bethlem; Dr. John Peck, of Vermont, a native of Woodbury; Dr. Goodsell, of Utica, a native of Washington, and E. D. Mansfield, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio. Also the following natives of Litchfield, viz. : Hon. Jno. W. Allen, late member of Congress from the Cleveland district, Ohio; Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Utica; Hon. John A. Collier, late Comptroller of New York; Hon. Robert Pierpont, Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont; J. Huntington Wolcott, of Boston;

H. F. Tallmadge, U. S. Marshal, New York ; Jno. Kilbourn, Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, Canada ; Wm. M. Clark, Esq., of New York ; Hon. Wm. V. Peck, of Portsmouth, Ohio, Judge of the Circuit Court ; Guy, Theodore, and Ashbel Catlin, of Vermont.

Among the venerable men of other days, we noticed on the platform, Daniel Lamson, of Litchfield, aged 97 ; also, Elisha Mason, of the same town, aged 94—both heroes of the Revolution ; also Ebenezer Landon, of Lyons, N. Y., aged 91—having traveled over 300 miles to attend the celebration, accompanied by his son and daughter, and had been absent from Litchfield 46 years.

The early and efficient arrangements of the Central Committee for providing strangers with accommodations, for the preservation of good order, and protection of property, were thoroughly carried out and executed. The Sheriff of the County and his Deputies were constantly patrolling the streets throughout the day, and the detachment from the "Bacon Guards" were constantly on duty through the night. No pocket was picked, no property stolen or injured, no fighting, wrangling or noise, no person intoxicated ; indeed, perfect quiet reigned throughout the whole period of the celebration. We have heard of no occurrence which marred the happiness of the Jubilee, or which cast the least cloud over any part of the exercises. Indeed it was a general remark, that on no similar occasion, was a greater degree of good order and harmony observed, than was witnessed here throughout the whole celebration. According to the estimates made by those conversant with large assemblages, there were probably from eight to nine thousand persons present. More than one thousand visitors were lodged in the village the first night, and within seven or eight miles around the village, nearly two thousand more found comfortable lodgings. Every dwelling was stowed with cheerful and happy guests. We have not yet heard of a person who was unprovided with comfortable accommodations.



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