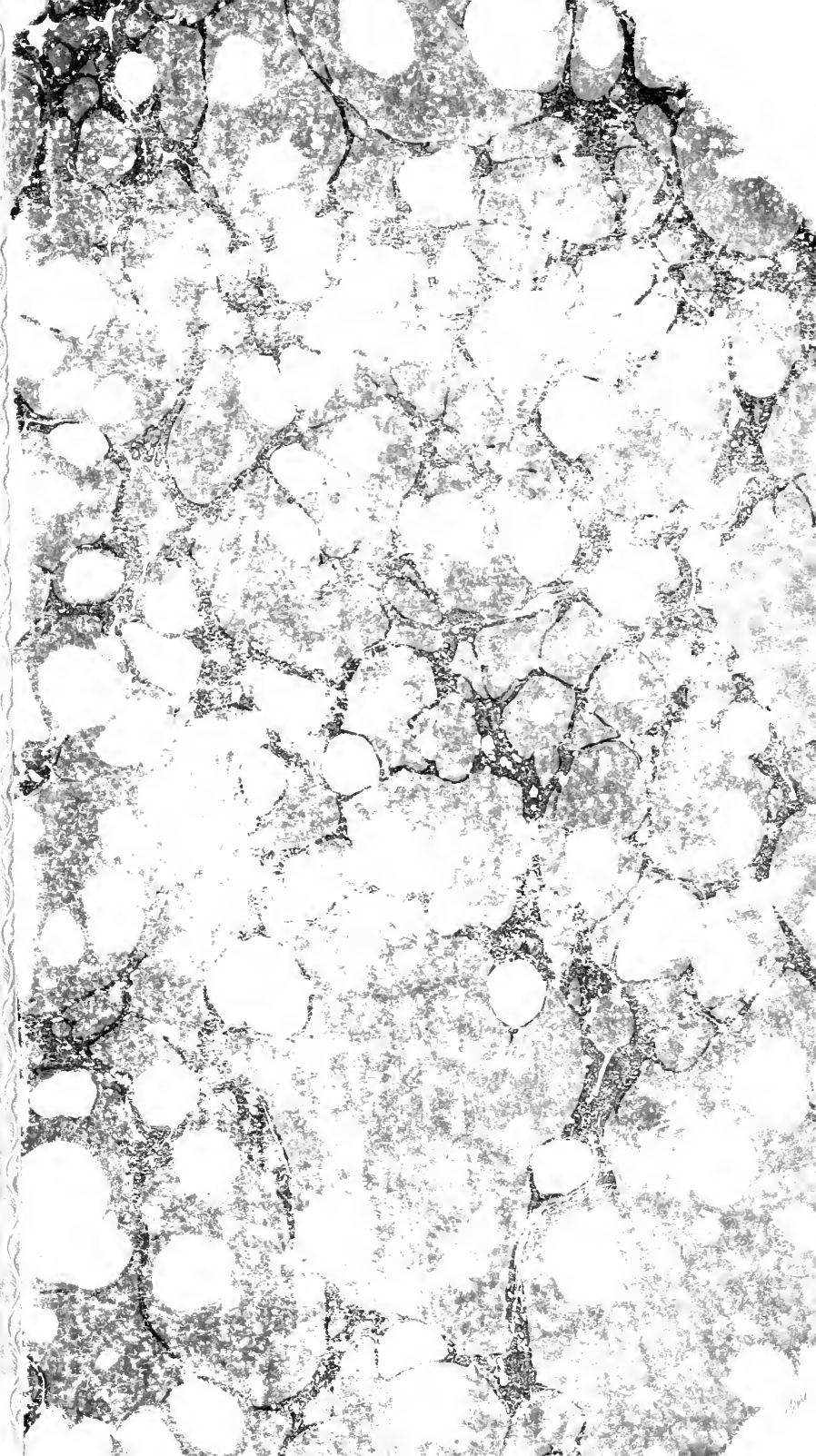


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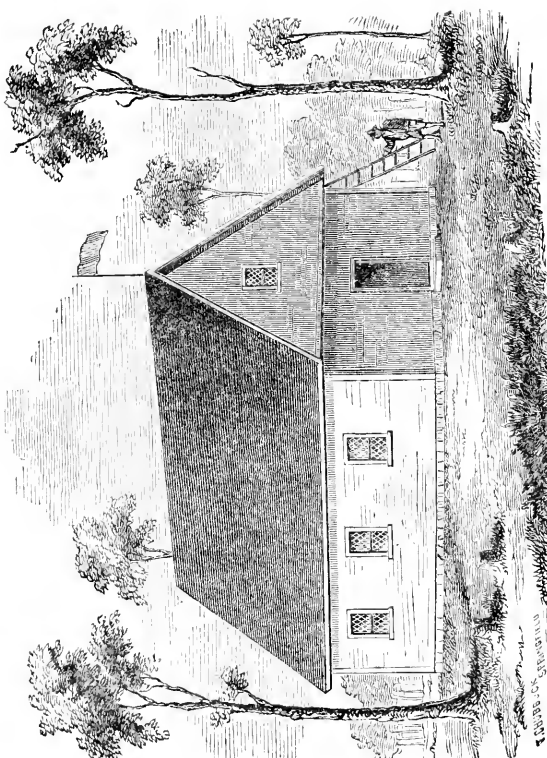


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



FIRST CHURCH ERECTED IN SUFFIELD.

ABOUT 1680.

Extract from the Town Records, April 6, 1685:—"That the Townsmen shall upon ye townes' cost procure a ladder and alsoe a red flagg to haue out for a signe that persons may know the time for assembling together."

PROCEEDINGS AT SUFFIELD,

SEPTEMBER 16, 1858,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE DECEASE OF THE

REV. BENJAMIN RUGGLES,

First Pastor of the First Congregational Church.



SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SAMUEL BOWLES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS.

1859.

PROCEEDINGS.

A HUNDRED and fifty years had nearly expired since the decease of the first Pastor of the First Congregational Church, and no monument or stone had been set to indicate to the passer-by his last resting-place. The idea was conceived of erecting a suitable monument to his memory; and on the 24th of May, 1858, the Church appointed Dea. HENRY A. SYKES, DANIEL W. NORTON and BYRON LOOMIS a Committee to Carry this into effect.

At a subsequent meeting of the Church, a Committee on Inscriptions was appointed, consisting of the following individuals: Rev. HENRY ROBINSON, Rev. JOEL MANX, Rev. A. C. WASHBURN and Rev. J. R. MILLER.

It was felt to be desirable also to observe, in connection with the above, the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of Mr. RUGGLES' decease; and a Committee of Arrangements was appointed to make suitable provision therefor. A Committee of Correspondence was also chosen; and the following is the Circular Letter which they issued:

SUFFIELD, Conn., July 27, 1858.

DEAR ———: The First Congregational Church in this town, having engaged in the enterprise of erecting a monument to the memory of the first Pastor of this Church—Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES,—and in connection therewith, of commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of his decease, September 16, 1858, N. S., have voted to

invite the Citizens generally, and the Sons and Daughters of Suffield abroad especially, to join with us in the celebration of the day.

The Committee of Correspondence, therefore, respectfully invite you and as many of your family as can make it convenient, to be present to participate in the exercises of the occasion.

DANIEL HEMENWAY,
DANIEL W. NORTON,
HORACE SHELDON, 2D.

The Anniversary fell on a very unpropitious day, yet its celebration was very successful.

The officers of the day were :—

PRESIDENT,
DEA. HORACE SHELDON, 2D.

VICE PRESIDENT,
ARTEMAS KING, Esq.

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION,
MESSRS. NELOND LOOMIS, GEORGE A. DOUGLAS,
DR. ARETUS RISING.

MARSHAL,
SIMON B. KENDALL, Esq.

FIRST DIVISION.

At 9 o'clock, the President called the people to order under the elm trees in front of the Ruggles and Devotion Parsonage Grounds, and as the morning was rainy, they adjourned into the tent which had been erected on said grounds, for the purpose of having a collation with which to close the services of the day, where the exercises were as follows :

Invocation by Rev. HENRY COOLEY.

Rev. A. C. WASHBURN read the following selected portions of Scripture :—

“ O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all. Our fathers trusted in thee : they trusted, and thou didst deliver them. We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have

told us, what work thou didst in their day, in the times of old. For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favor unto them. The Lord is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our King. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Hear this, ye old men, and give ear, all the inhabitants of the land. Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children to another generation. Know therefore this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord he is God in heaven above and upon the earth beneath: there is none else. Thou shalt keep therefore his statutes, and his commandments, which I command thee this day, that it may go well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days upon the earth, which the Lord thy God giveth thee. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us: that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Happy is the people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad, and sing for joy. O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

Rev. HENRY ROBINSON offered the following Prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we are assembled in thy providence, under circumstances of deep and solemn interest. We feel that the place where we stand is holy ground. Here was the dwelling of thy servant, under whose ministrations a church of Christ was first planted in this town. Here he gathered around him his beloved family and experienced the joys and sorrows of earth. Here he erected an altar to thy name, and prayed, and labored, and wept for the souls committed to his care. Here his successor in office passed through similar scenes of labor and trial; and from this consecrated spot, we doubt not, they went up to dwell with thee in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We thank thee for their holy and bright example. We thank thee for the good they accomplished during their lifetime, and for the good that has come to succeeding generations through their faithful labors. We thank thee that this day has been set apart by this church, for the purpose of calling to remem-

brance these, its early pastors, and others who have spoken to it the word of God, but have finished their earthly course. We beseech thee to grant thy assistance in all the exercises in which we may engage. Make the occasion one of blessing to the pastor and members of this church, and to all who may attend upon the services of the day. While called to review thy dealings with this beloved flock, and the manifestations of thy goodness in this town, may our hearts go forth to thee in devout gratitude and praise. And to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost be all the glory. Amen.

The following words were sung in the old style of lining :

“ What though the arm of conquering death,
 Does God's own house invade ?
 What though the prophet and the priest
 Are numbered with the dead ?
 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,—
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And mute the instructive tongue :—
 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart ;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.”

SECOND DIVISION.

A Procession was formed and proceeded to the Burial Ground, and formed a hollow square around the Monument, where were performed the following exercises :—

REPORT OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, TO THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SUFFIELD.

DEAR BRETHREN :—The undersigned appointed by your suffrage, an Executive Committee, for the erection of a monument to the memory of REV. BENJAMIN RUGGLES, first pastor of the church in this town, and his consort, respectfully report :—

Upon assuming the duties assigned them, the attention of your committee was directed toward the adoption of a suitable design for said

monument ; and the thought occurred to their minds that a model of the first house erected for public worship in this town, in which Mr. RUGGLES was ordained, would be well adapted for the purpose, and at the same time be an interesting memento of the humble house in which our fathers worshiped. Upon further consideration the idea was by them adopted ; and plans for such a monument were prepared, representing said house in its general form, as near as could be gathered from records concerning it, and by inference from the known architecture of that period.

The place of Mr. RUGGLES' sepulture has been a subject of investigation by your committee. It is well known that a dilapidated monument remained to mark the grave of Mrs. RUGGLES, but otherwise there was nothing visible to mark his grave. There is a record under date of September 22, 1708, seventeen days subsequent to Mr. RUGGLES' decease, that it was voted to allow JOHN RISING and SAMUEL SIKES a compensation " for their going to the Bay with y^e Rev. Mr. RUGGLES ; " and August 2, 1709, about one year later, it was " voted to set a decent tomb upon the grave of the Rev. Mr. BENJAMIN RUGGLES, deceased, upon the town's charge." The first of the above quoted votes shows that Mr. RUGGLES had journeyed to Roxbury, the place of his nativity, no great length of time previous, and as no tomb or monument marked his grave here, the question arose, " Did not his death occur while absent on a visit to his friends ? " To satisfy their minds with respect to this and also with respect to his birth, they have examined the records of Roxbury, his native place, and also of Braintree and Weymouth, where some of his kindred resided. By this investigation your committee were convinced that he died in Suffield, and that here was the place to look for his grave. Upon locating the monument and excavating for its foundation, the grave of Mrs. RUGGLES was very readily found, but nothing indicating the resting place of Mr. RUGGLES. Mrs. RUGGLES' grave was found to lie close to the east side of the Monument, and upon investigation by excavating on the east side of her grave, the place of Mr. RUGGLES' sepulture was found to be under the Avenue, four feet from the monument. Since this investigation your committee have also received testimony from Rev. SAMUEL RUGGLES of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, saying that his ancestor, Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES, died in this town, and was buried by the side of his wife.

Another subject for consideration was the disposition to be made of the stone slab which for one hundred and fifty years had marked the grave of Mrs. RUGGLES ; and your committee came to the conclusion to

deposit it in the ground over the graves of Mr. RUGGLES and his consort; and it has thus been deposited, extending east from the monument over both their graves.

Brethren, the monument is before you, bearing upon one side an inscription, to the memory of Mr. RUGGLES, a draft of which was presented to us, by the committee whom you appointed to prepare it; and on the other side is a *fac simile* of the inscription, with its accompanying quaint emblems, which the old monument has so long borne. The whole expense of the monument and fixtures has been some three hundred dollars. Through your munificence, aided by that of some of our fellow citizens and some of the sons and daughters of Suffield abroad, we have been enabled to accomplish this work.

In the days when our fathers assembled to worship God in the humble house of which this monument is both a model and a memento, "a red flag"* was hung out to notify them of the hour for meeting.

As a token of our offering this monument for your acceptance and to your care we now place upon it this little flag, which we present to the pastor of this church, as a memento of the transactions of this day, and of the days of his early predecessors in the pastoral office.

Yours in the Fellowship of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,

HENRY A. SYKES,
DANIEL W. NORTON,
BYRON LOOMIS,

Executive Committee.

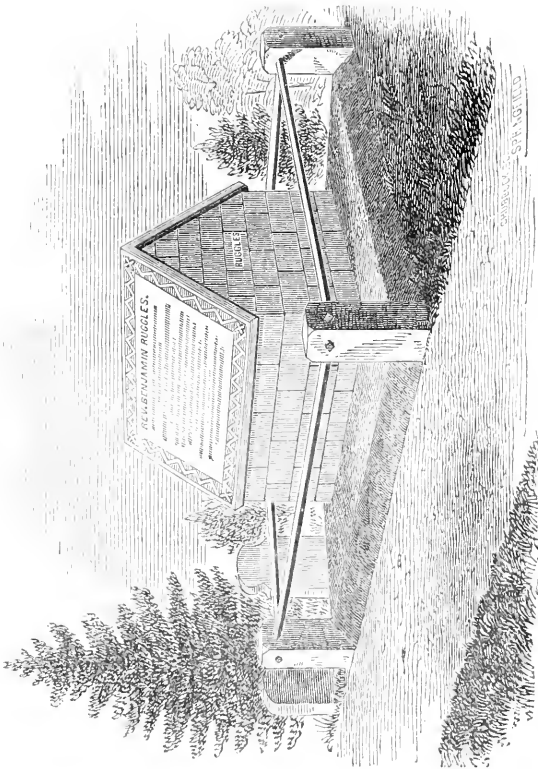
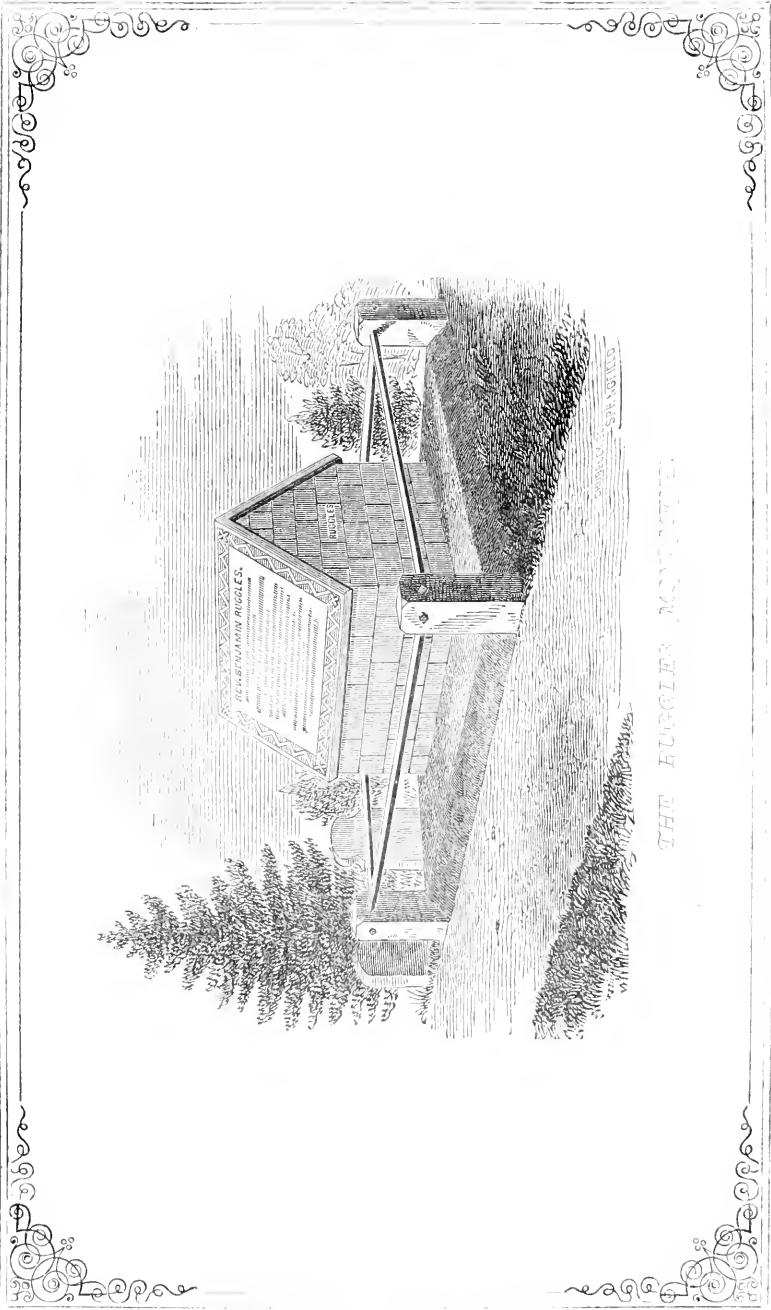
SUFFIELD, Ct., September 16, 1858.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON INSCRIPTIONS, TO THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SUFFIELD.

The committee appointed by the church to prepare an inscription for the monument of Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES, would present the following report:—

As the members of the committee were too distant from one another to render a personal interview convenient, they could accomplish the object of their appointment only by correspondence. They have given such attention to the matter as their situation and the shortness of the

* April 6, 1685. "Agreed and voted to begin the meeting on y^e Sabbath at nine of the clock in the morning and at halfe an houre after one of y^e clock in the afternoon—And that the Townsemen shall upon y^e townes' cost procure a ladder and alsoe a red flagg to hang out for a signe that persons may know the time for assembling together."—*Town Records.*



THE HUGGERS' PROVERBS.

1. A man who is not content with his own lot, will never find a better one.
2. It is better to be poor and honest than rich and dishonest.
3. A man who is not content with his own lot, will never find a better one.
4. It is better to be poor and honest than rich and dishonest.
5. A man who is not content with his own lot, will never find a better one.
6. It is better to be poor and honest than rich and dishonest.
7. A man who is not content with his own lot, will never find a better one.
8. It is better to be poor and honest than rich and dishonest.
9. A man who is not content with his own lot, will never find a better one.
10. It is better to be poor and honest than rich and dishonest.

THE HUGGERS' PROVERBS.

W. H. SPANGFIELD

time permitted. The principal facts embodied in the inscription were furnished by the kindness of Mr. HENRY A. SYKES, to whose thorough investigations at home and abroad, the committee would acknowledge themselves highly indebted.

The inscription is as follows :

“REV. BENJAMIN RUGGLES ;
 BORN IN ROXBURY, MASS., AUGUST 11, 1676, O. S.
 GRADUATED AT HARVARD, 1693 ;
 ORDAINED IN SUFFIELD, APRIL 26, 1698.
 DIED SEPTEMBER 5, 1708, AGED 32.

THE CHARACTER GIVEN HIM IN THE RECORD OF THE PAST, IS THAT
 OF A HUMBLE CHRISTIAN ; A TRUE PEACEMAKER ; AN EVAN-
 GELICAL PREACHER, AND A SUCCESSFUL PASTOR.

‘The Righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.’

ERECTED

BY THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN SUFFIELD, IN HONOR OF
 ITS FIRST PASTOR AND IN CONNEXION WITH THE ONE HUN-
 DRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DECEASE,
 COMMEMORATED SEPTEMBER 16, 1858, N. S.’

JOEL MANN,
 HENRY ROBINSON,
 ASAHEL C. WASHBURN,
 JOHN R. MILLER,

Committee on Inscriptions.

SUFFIELD, September 16, 1858.

RESPONSE OF REV. J. R. MILLER, PASTOR OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

MR. PRESIDENT :—A response is expected ; and it naturally devolves upon the pastor of the church, as chairman of its business meetings ; but it is with diffidence and yet with pleasure that I appear to perform this duty on an occasion like this.

The reports just made by the executive committee, and the committee on inscriptions point us to this MONUMENT as the object of our present thoughts, designed by its structure to be, in the language of the report, “AN INTERESTING MEMENTO OF THE HUMBLE HOUSE IN WHICH OUR FATHERS WORSHIPED.” Behold it ; mark its form ; read its inscriptions ; they carry us back in imagination a hundred and fifty years ;

and what monumental form could be more befitting the object we have aimed at in the erection of this ! Then the godly man, whose mortal remains have since been mouldering side by side with those of his beloved consort under this sacred sod, and in honor of whom this Monument has now been erected, had finished his earthly labors. He had sowed the seed that is gladdening us by its fruits to-day.

A hundred and fifty years ago ! That is far back in our country's history. You see by that inscription that the Rev. Mr. RUGGLES was born within fifty-six years of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock ; and that his death occurred within eighty-eight years of that time, ever memorable in the annals of New England. Ten years as pastor, and two years previously, he labored as a pioneer in laying the foundations of a religious society on this spot, blessed of God above most other places, both in beauty and fertility.

But could he descend to-day, would he recognize the scene of his earthly labors ?

Yon hills remain ; the general configuration of the land is the same ; the same sun, and moon, and stars shine down upon it : but time has wrought a mighty change. Not a house, I suppose, remains that was then standing, unless it has been so thoroughly remodeled as to be made over almost entirely new ; and few, if any, are the trees that were even saplings then. Those grand old forests that stood on these fields have all disappeared. And the fathers, where are they ? Gone ; all gone. Many of them sleep on this very spot. Their graves are HERE ; and the graves of many of their children ; yea, and of their childrens' children. A succession of pastors have here lived and labored. The monuments of some of them we behold, standing here where we now stand. Generations have here passed away. Many scenes and events have here transpired. How different from a hundred and fifty years ago all things here to-day !

This country was not free, but under British rule when our first pastor labored here. He came to this place during the time embraced in what is known as King William's war. The tragedy of Deerfield Mass., in which the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS and all his family were taken captive by the Indians, occurred during the latter part of his ministry. Since then we have grown into an independent Republic. The wars of the revolution have been fought ; a succession of Presidents have been elected to office, and retired ; population has multiplied ; education has advanced ; the arts have been cultivated ; religion has spread ; schools, colleges, churches, and cities have thickened in the land ; the

events of a great and growing nation have transpired ; a net-work of railways and telegraph wires have made this wide-spread country as a neighborhood ; and recently the two continents have been bound together by a CABLE through which there is said to be free communication of thought and intelligence—words like lightning leap to and fro through their mighty course along the ocean's bed. Standing here to-day how difficult to conceive the difference between now, and then. The place has changed ; the country has changed ; the times are changed.

But the erection of this Monument, and the gathering of this assembly prove that the seed sown by our first pastor has not been lost, but that there are here to-day, those who hold a sympathy with the man, and with his christian work. Instead of the fathers are the children. A like spirit animates them. And they will not suffer the fathers to be forgotten, No. They have copied from the good old Bible, and engraved on this tablet as their sentiment,

“ The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

The transactions of this day say loudly, “ Let the righteous in our memory live, and let their righteous deeds be recorded.” It is right. It is beneficial. We owe it to them. We owe it to ourselves, and our children, and coming posterity. We owe it to God. And why to God? Because in every church there is a history, and the dealings of God are to be traced in that history. Therefore the erection of this Monument is a noble and praise-worthy undertaking. It is important in its historic bearings. The facts that will be thus rescued from oblivion are important. They will be gathered up, and handed down as items first and important in the history of God's gracious dealings with his church in this place.

This movement is attended with some cost of thought, and labor, and money. But we would have none of that narrow-minded, parsimonious, selfish, mean, Judas-like spirit, that would say, “ Wherefore is this waste, for this Monument might have been spared, and the THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS given to the poor.” No. And it is not those who care most for the poor, that would say this.

Would there were more of this philanthropy. It opens the heart, and makes broader and deeper the christian sentiment.

Therefore, Mr. President, I will here introduce a short episode, and speaking as a citizen of Suffield, make a suggestion. Back of Mr. RUGGLES, there was a minister here—the Rev. JOHN YOUNGLOVE. He

was pre-eminently the minister of the town. He is buried on this spot, but no stone marks the place of his grave. Now would it not be noble in us as a town to do for his memory as the first minister, what the first church has done for the memory of its first pastor?

This is an age of sentiment; and sentiment as well as law has its authority and its sanctions: the one presides in the Forum, the other in the Cemetery; the one essays to protect the rights of the living, the other the ashes of the dead. The last resting-place of man is a strifeless resting-place. No rivalries agitate the bosom, and no alarms disturb the slumbers of the dead. Even the sight of the grave of a fallen foe changes resentment into reverence, and transforms hatred into love. The grave is sacred; it is inviolate, even though it be an humble one. In all ages and among all nations it has proved a defense to the sacred deposit committed to its trust. The rude hand is palsied here. None but a wretch will violate the sanctuary of the grave.

And should it not be so?

Who has not friends in the dark domain of the dead? And towards that dark domain a resistless power is bearing us all onward. To die is the common doom. There is no escape. Redeemed dust must lie imprisoned its appointed time. But the time of release will come. How long soever these slumbers shall continue, the earth and sea shall ultimately give up the dead that are in them; then, O death, where will be thy sting; O grave, where thy victory.

Singing by the Choir, 673d Hymn, (Church Psalmody.)

“ Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims

For all the pious dead!

Sweet is the savor of their names,

And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;

How kind their slumbers are!

From suffering and from sin released,

They're freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,

They're present with the Lord;

The labors of their mortal life

End in a large reward.”

THIRD DIVISION.

The procession then proceeded to the church, which had been appropriately and tastefully decked, by the young ladies, with wreaths of evergreen. Upon the wall over the pulpit, hung a banner encircled with a wreath of evergreen, bearing these inviting words :



At the church there were the following exercises:—
Singing by the Congregation, 654th Hymn, (Church Psalmody.)

“ Great God ! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth’s extended kingdoms lie ;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them and they fall ;—

We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own ;
Yet, cherished by the milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

Thy kindness to our fathers shown
 Their children's children long shall own ;
 To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
 The tribute of exulting praise.

Led on by thine unerring aid,
 Secure the paths of life we tread ;
 And, freely as the vital air,
 Thy first and noblest bounties share.

Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend !
 Oh still thy sheltering arm extend ;
 Preserved by thee for ages past,
 For ages let thy kindness last !”

Prayer by Rev. DANIEL WALDO.

Almighty and most merciful Father ; may our minds be deeply solemnized while we celebrate the memory of thy long departed servant. May we all be imbued with the spirit that animated him ; and fulfill our mission as he did, be it longer or shorter.

Give, we beseech thee, to all who perform parts on this occasion, the influences of thy Holy Spirit, that the hearers may receive a new impulse in discharging their duty with greater fidelity to their Master, being instrumental in turning many from darkness to light ; and that we all may receive the plaudit of the Judge—Well done thou good and faithful servant ; enter into the joy of thy Lord. Amen.

Then followed an Address by Rev. ARATUS KENT.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF SUFFIELD :—We are assembled here this day to take note of the flight of time, to revive early friendship, and to call up recollections of former years before they have escaped from our grasp.

One hundred and fifty years have passed away since a mourning church were gathered in yonder grave-yard to pay the last tribute of respect to their revered and affectionate pastor. I shall not attempt to depict the burial scene, for there is no record left of the transaction.

Human life is reduced to a brief period, and the burdened memory of advanced years falters and forgets most of the innumerable events which have crowded along its lengthened pathway, and yet I can look back more than fifty years and call to mind facts and incidents that

were indelibly written upon my memory. And as "the interest and value of history depends upon details," I need no apology for giving some of my personal recollections.

It is more than half a century since I used to pass the house and watch the slow tread of old Captain HITCHCOCK, then more than ninety, as he walked out and leaning upon the top of his staff, bent down to extract the last bunch of May-weed that ventured to take root in front of his domicile. I remember the school-house which stood on the Green, as it was brilliantly illuminated, when the choice of JEFFERSON to the presidency was announced; and I remember the gloomy forebodings of the Federalists on that occasion. I remember some fifty years ago when GIDEON GRANGER, Postmaster-General, used to come home from Washington City, portly, polite, and his head powdered according to the fashion of the times; and I remember the fact stated by my father, that he was born on the very site where I was afterwards cradled. I have a dim and hazy recollection of the Hon. OLIVER PHELPS, once the proprietor of the mansion next south of the Old Parsonage, where we were just now convened. He was famous for his agency in the settlement of the Holland Purchase and the immense wealth he was supposed at that time to possess. He removed to Canandaigua in eighteen hundred and two. I have a more distinct recollection of his son LIESESTER, and of the humorous story told when he went to France, that if he liked it, his father would buy it for him. I have had a more recent acquaintance with his grandson, Judge OLIVER PHELPS, who was conspicuous among those who carved a road for the Erie canal through the mountain rock at Lockport, and it is but five days since in passing through Canada I traveled with his great grandson, who resides in the province near Suspension Bridge. He is reported to be largely opulent, and he certainly was largely gray-headed. Fifty years ago I was a school-boy here, who with my mates used to race over the play-ground, and fish in the ponds, and bathe in the creek; and once I recollect that a bottle of spirits was in attendance: I do not remember which boy it was that carried the bottle; but I do remember many who have been slain by it; AND WHY WAS NOT I? It is about fifty years since I looked into the grave of a lad of my own age, and thought of death, and the necessity of a speedy preparation. It is not far from half a century since, in passing down the road towards our pasture, I met a lad of my age coming towards me, and I went round on the hill to avoid him, for it was reported that he had become a christian, and I feared to encounter the young convert.

Fifty years have registered their changes on me. I cannot conceal them if I would, and I would not if I could.

What changes in my early associates! Most of them are dead. And how altered the appearance of those that still live! Once young and blithe as the morning songster, and sprightly as the deer, their eyes sparkled with animation. Their countenances were ruddy with health, and their spirits were buoyant with hope. But old time has written decay upon their wrinkled brow. Gray hairs are multiplying, and the next generation are anticipating their speedy removal.

In the town these changes are everywhere visible. It is true some things remain as they were. Some houses are still standing, but their inmates are changed. Some trees that my neighbor LOOMIS planted and watered are still there; and I rejoice that he still lives to enjoy their shade. May he partake richly of the fruit of the tree of life, whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations. And those venerable spreading elms, which I used to admire, which hung so gracefully over the parson's door, and under whose shadow we this day convened, are yet standing as monuments of the taste of their proprietors.

The old homestead (the present parsonage) where my parents toiled and prayed and died, still remains very much as it was. But its present occupants know not JOSEPH. Strange voices there greet my ears. The furniture is changed, and the pictures that childish scrutiny painted on the memory are gone. The old aunt has ceased to knit, and the old clock to tick, as they were wont to do fifty years ago.

The brook still flows as when I ran along the banks and traced its obliquities and dropped my fishing line into its deep pools; but the brook seems smaller, since I have encountered so many broad rivers in my peregrinations. Mount Tom still lifts its heavy head to the spectator's gaze. It was once to me an other name for NORTH. I remember how pleasantly the church bell of Enfield and others responded to each other on the sabbath morning over the waters of Connecticut River, little dreaming then that I should live to witness Europe and America ringing changes to each other UNDER the waters of the ocean.

So if we take a hasty glance at the state, the whole confederacy, or the world at large, what changes has half a century wrought in society and public sentiment. What improvements have obtained in husbandry, in science and in the arts.

My honored father when he stood with sickle on his shoulder, his hands resting on his tired hips, and the perspiration pouring off his furrowed cheeks, could not easily have anticipated that his grandson, a

lad of sixteen should with two horses and a reaper, and without previous experience or fatigue, cut down three acres of heavy wheat in as many hours.

There are many before me who remember the measured pace and slow progress of Dr. PEASE, who in his professional duties traveled constantly over this town for half a century, until his coming down the road was almost as much a matter of course as the return of the morning. Suppose that by some magic art, the Doctor could have exchanged his meek animal for the iron horse—his plain vehicle for a cushioned and curtained rail-car—his exposures to cold and storm for a warm and parlor-like coach, and his three mile gait for thirty miles an hour. Would not the change have disturbed his equanimity, and would he not have repeated with nervous agitation what he was wont to say with his accustomed pleasantry, "There is no use in hurrying through the world." Dr. Franklin would hardly have believed what is quite familiar now, that we in this age should so far TAME HIS FIERY STEED, the lightning, that it should come and go at our bidding—that in place of ranging at will among the clouds, he should submissively follow our leading line along the bottom of the sea, and should carry messages QUICK AS THOUGHT TO FRIENDS ON THE EASTERN CONTINENT.

There is however, no one thing that more impressively reminds me of the changes of half a century than to come into your sanctuary, where I was taught and trained to be present every sabbath, (and I bless God for such a training.) The congregation is changed, and there are but few whom I know, and other few whom I recognize by a strong family likeness to those with whom I was once associated. The fathers where are they, and the prophets do they live forever. There were 'Squire HATHEWAY, and 'Squire LEAVITT, and 'Squire GAY, Dr. ALDEN and JOSIAH KING always at church; Dea. TAYLOR always at funerals; Col. KENT with pitch-pipe in hand always in his place to lead the choir. There were Mr. FULLER, SETH KING, NATHANIEL RISING, Dea. HALE and SHADRACH TRUMBOL, and many others. I see them no more. There were many honorable women, Mothers in Israel. I name them not, except Mrs. GAY, wife of our pastor. She was always in her seat. Their places are now vacant, but their record is on high. But not alone the congregation, the house itself is changed. The sounding-board is taken down; the foot-stoves have all been laid aside; and the old square pews are gone. The high pews in the gallery, where I and other lads were turned loose to lie and tempt each other to sin, are gone. There is no safe place for children

on the sabbath but by the side of their parents. Dr. BACON says, "The congregation ought to present themselves in the house of God by families."

But it is time to put a check upon these dreams of memory which I have indulged in, not to be egotistic, but only from a wish to say something for the entertainment of those who have met on this special occasion. I will however, allude to one additional incident which belongs to the list of personal recollections. It is more than fifty years since I used to run across the grave-yard and leave my little foot-prints on the broad and moss-covered tablet of the wife of that honored ancestor whose demise we this day commemorate. And this will very naturally introduce you to my subject which is, **THE INESTIMABLE VALUE OF AN EDUCATED AND EVANGELICAL MINISTRY.**

The Christian Ministry aside from its relations to our eternity is vastly important for its influence upon society, for it is that mainly which lifts us to an elevation such as Paganism never could obtain. But educated minds will always maintain the ascendancy, and therefore uneducated clergymen fail to mould public sentiment because they cannot reach the leading minds.

But ministers may be educated and yet fail of success because they are not Evangelical, i. e., they do not EMBRACE and teach those great truths of the Gospel, and those soul-humbling doctrines which the spirit of God employs to arouse the slumbering conscience, and to turn the heart's warm affections from self aggrandisement to the promotion of God's glory. Hence, I say, by way of discrimination that an educated Evangelical Ministry possesses a value that no arithmetic can estimate, in its influence on society. Such a Ministry should be highly valued for the morality it inculcates and the power it exerts to enforce it.

The Holy Scriptures "show unto us the WAY OF SALVATION," but my object now is not so much to treat of a future state as to prove that they inculcate the only reliable morality. I say then that every minister who would improve society by his preaching, must base his instructions upon the great principles imbedded in the ten Commandments. Human fingers never wrote out a code of laws that will compare with that great compendium of morality written on two tables of stone by the finger of God.

The visionary theories of Heathen Philosophy as well as the teachings of Free Thinkers—the code of honor (a great misnomer) and all the infidel speculations, have utterly FAILED to reform mankind, because

they have neither a solid basis nor a divine sanction. And when these worldly wise men attempt to put down divine revelation and put forth their own fancies in place of it, they deserve no more respect than the vagabond Jews obtained when the man in whom the evil spirit was, leaped upon them and overcame them, saying, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"

But the morality of the Bible is adapted to man's nature, and approved by his conscience. This is so true that the libertine and the murderer and every other transgressor however reckless cannot call it in question. While the worldling's morality, like Lord Chesterfield's politeness, is but a silver coating to conceal the rottenness within, the morality we commend assumes to regulate the heart, and erects her censorship over the hidden motives and secret thoughts.

MARK ALSO THE POWER THEY WIELD.

It may be a matter of surprise to some, that ministers should possess the power to enforce a morality imposing such restraints upon the appetites and passions of selfish men—To a superficial observer it is unaccountable, that a modest man, who like his divine Master makes no parade of his learning or authority, and never puts himself forward but as his official duties push him into public view—that such an one should be able to recommend and establish a morality so uncongenial to the taste and so crossing to the habits of society.

Let us look at this, and perhaps we may discover the secret of their power. It is the power of truth over error; and this by frequent repetition has gradually wrought a settled conviction which silences their cavil: if it does not more, for there are but few men so hardened as to be willing to engage against the convictions of their own conscience, and however much they may dislike its DOCTRINES there are but few who care to inveigh against the morality of the Bible, even when it infringes upon their own conduct.

The power of the preacher is increased by the fact that a PORTION OF TIME is set apart for the public exhibition of those truths, when a great variety of motives combine to induce people to attend upon his instructions. Consider too, that his lectures are not didactic and dry, as fitted only for philosophers, but delivered in popular discourses, level to the capacities of his audience, and coming from a heart fully alive to their importance. It serves deeply to rivet the impression that they are repeated every sabbath day. Thus by a constant attendance the hearer secures a course of fifty-two lectures in a year, and although the instructions

are as diversified as the number of the sabbaths and the endless variety of subjects on which he treats, yet in so far as MORALITY is concerned, every sabbath-service is but deepening the impression of all the previous lectures.

You will remark also, the AUTHORITY with which they are clothed for the administration of a wholesome discipline. The Lord Jesus is the source of all power in heaven and on earth, and he has delegated the power of discipline to the minister and his church. "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." On this passage, Dr. MASON made this comment, "discipline is as much a mean of grace as prayer or preaching, and no church can flourish where it is neglected."

The general acquaintance of the minister with his people which he has acquired by pastoral visitation, and the high reputation of moral excellence which he sustains, serves to extend the sphere of his influence, and to enforce the teachings of the pulpit. If books are to him what tools are to the mechanic, it is no less true that character is to him what capital is to the merchant. As the one cannot do business without a certain amount of stock in trade, so the other cannot sway the public mind, nor mould public sentiment on the basis of scriptural morality if his own reputation is tarnished. But if he is known only to be loved and revered, then will he command respect when he urges truth and duty upon others.

Again, this unrivaled moral power of the pulpit is in no small measure the effect of those HIGHER MOTIVES which the preacher employs. Wicked men may be checked somewhat by pride of character, the influence of pious parents, and of an early education, and the fear of losing caste. But all these motives are no better than a flaxen cord to bind a man when exposed to the flames of excited passions. It is then that he needs the restraints imposed by the fear of God, the terrors of a future retribution, and above all by the constraining power of Christ's love. These are the only motives which will sustain that elevated and rectified morality essential to refined and Christian society. Finally, the power of the Christian minister depends very much upon his possessing the unction of his subject. If his most labored efforts are cold as a moon-beam, he will have no power at all; but if he is himself moved by love and gratitude to God, he will then possess the power to move his audience as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind.

Now let this analysis of the influence of the ministry be gathered

into a brief synopsis. The intrinsic power of truth; the time set apart for the investigation; the weekly repetition of the same great principles; the power of a righteous discipline; the extensive acquaintance and the high character of the administrator; the far reaching motives he employs; the tender concern of the pastor, and the soul stirring inspiration of his subject. Let all these be combined, and the influence of such a preacher must be powerful, salutary, and permanent. But if we would do justice to the subject we must consider the amount of labor he performs. His weekly preparations are a severe tax upon his mental energies. The sabbath service exhausts him by its crushing responsibilities, and then he is called to perform a vast amount of pastoral duty. He solemnizes weddings. He conducts funerals. His presence is anticipated in the sick-room. His visits to the afflicted are soothing as oil—to the mourners they are cheering as a cordial to the perishing. He instructs the children. He rebukes the wayward youth, midway between boyhood and manhood, and persuades him to submit patiently to parental restraint; while intemperance, lewdness, sabbath breaking and profane language are sure to meet a timely reproof at every new development. And is not such a reformer worthy of patronage if there were no other life but this? Such a man we may presume was Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES, though I know little of him but the honorable record of his graduation and death in the Triennial Catalogue of Harvard College; and is it any wonder that his people should weep when he ceases from his work and lays him down to die. Is it any wonder that those he has trained to usefulness should rise up and call him blessed, or that unborn generations should build anew his sepulture. This is in sweet accordance with that scripture which we have just now read upon his tomb-stone. "THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE:" and that other scripture, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

But I must hasten my farewell to the scenes of childhood that I loved so well. Farewell to the church and the school-house. Farewell to this broad and pleasant common on which I built snow-forts on a winter's night, and ran races during the twilight of a summer's evening. Farewell to the companions of my youth. Our last race will soon be run. It matters not whether we meet again on earth, if we do but enter Paradise together. It matters not whether we go sooner or later, so that we go the right way. It matters little with me

whether I find a grave by the side of my parents, in the valley of the Connecticut River, or by the side of my children in the Mississippi Valley. Again I say, farewell until we meet before the great white throne; and it should be a great motive to hasten our preparation that Behold the Judge standeth at the door.

Singing by the Choir, 100th Psalm, 3d part (Church Psalmody.)

“ Before Jehovah’s awful throne,
 Ye Nations, bow with sacred joy :
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and formed us men ;
 And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people—we his care—
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We’ll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
 High, as the Heaven, our voices raise ;
 And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide—as the world—is thy command ;
 Vast—as eternity—thy love ;
 Firm—as a rock—thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.”

Historical Address by HENRY A. SYKES, A. M.

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT, FRIENDS, AND FELLOW CITIZENS :

LIVING, as we do, at the close of a cycle of time, reminding us of one who, in the Providence of God, was appointed to be a prominent instrument in establishing the privileges and ordinances of the Gospel of Jesus Christ among our ancestors ; and, assembled as we are, to commemorate the close of his pastoral labors, and his departure to his reward ; it is well to recall to mind transactions of the past, and trace the dealings of God with those who have gone before us, whose places we now occupy, whom we must soon follow, and render account of the manner in which we improve the privileges transmitted to us.

The study of Divine Providence as revealed in the history of man, either in his individual, social, or civil relations, is a duty, replete with interest and profit to all who bring to it hearts purified from that morbid spirit of self-love, which, in its own estimation, can derive good only from that which in its earth-born wisdom, it conceives to be calculated to promote its own narrow purposes of self-aggrandizement.

Says Bishop Meade,* “It is a useful employment for societies, as well as individuals, to look back through their past history, and mark the dealings of a kind Providence towards them.” Another writer† remarks that “The ways of Providence are the noblest study of man.” And when the inspired Lawgiver of God’s chosen people, in the last solemn, closing scene of his commission, addresses them in language like this: “Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father, and he will shew thee; thy elders and they will tell thee.”‡ Does it not become us—is it not wise for us—to consider our past history, to mark the dealings of God in his Providence with us, as individuals, as families, and as a community? Nay!—it is folly, it is ingratitude, a sin of a deep and dark dye, to neglect to do it, yet, how often do we hear remarks of a contemptuous nature, respecting an inquiry, or a knowledge of what has occurred in past time in a community like ours. Such things, in the minds of some, seem to be, in their estimation, beneath their dignity, and as of too small consequence to merit their notice. They can inquire, perhaps, respecting the doings of statesmen and warriors; can read and discuss the price current of stocks, merchandise, produce, horses &c. They can tell you of the pedigree of this or that man’s cattle and sheep; and of the number and quality of their acres of land;—and perhaps they may tell you the address to some gift enterprise, where you may invest a dollar and obtain Robinson Cru-

* Old Churches and Families of Virginia. † Rev. Geo. Croly. ‡ Deut. xxxii, 7.

soe, or a beautiful gilt annual, and even a Bible,—and O! such prizes of nice jewelry.

Another class have such piety they can find no time to inquire of the years of the past; they are so zealous in doing God service, they cannot obey his precepts. They will hold up their hands in wondrous admiration of the lessons of wisdom drawn by others from such researches, but they themselves must be engaged in more important business. All these people are in the habit of declaring, with an air of self-complacency, that they neither know nor care what was transacted in the community, nor by whom it was done a hundred years ago. Perhaps they will give you the intelligence that they hardly know what was the name of their grandfather. Can it be said of such, that they “remember the days of old,” and “consider the years of many generations?” Can it be said of them that they obey the Divine command? which says: “Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” Are they like their Heavenly Father? of whom we are taught that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice?

The individual who enters upon the stage of active life, without some knowledge of what has transpired in time that has passed, especially in his own country, is but poorly prepared to act his part in the duties of a citizen of an enlightened community. Indeed, such an one cannot appreciate and enjoy the high privileges and advantages which a position, in such a community, is calculated to

impart to one fitted for it. He occupies, as it were an isolated position in the midst of his compeers. He may be compared to an islet standing in the midst of rushing rapids, alone and inaccessible to the improvements and beauties of the surrounding landscape; remaining

“Alike unknowing and unknown.”*

But history, as presented by its writers, too often gives an account only of rulers, statesmen and generals; while the people are practically considered as mere vassals, and slaves, unworthy of any particular attention, otherwise than as instruments which have been used for accomplishing the ambitious purposes of those whom the world call great. Their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, their trials and sufferings, are not considered worth the trouble of commemorating on its page. Yet he that would study Divine Providence, as revealed in the history of man, should not confine his research merely to the doings of rulers, the debates of statesmen, nor the devastations of generals; but should make himself acquainted with the doings of the people, in their more private walks. He should inquire into their moral character and learn the motives by which they were influenced, in doing as they did. He should, if possible, make himself familiar with the springs of action which have been the motive power that has accomplished whatever may have been done among them. Unless he does this, he can hardly be said to be deriving advantage from his studies. He may indeed amuse

* Watts.

himself with accounts of the overthrow of states and empires, the intrigues of legislators, and the death of kings;—he may revel in the detail of the strange work of battles, where men have destroyed their fellow men, where,

“By torch and trumpet fast array’d,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh’d
To join the dreadful revelry.”*

But he will fail to lay up those rich stores of the knowledge of man which he might derive from an acquaintance with the character, feelings, motives and actions of those who have lived before him in the humble walks of private life.

True indeed, it may be difficult to gather up the information derived from the oblivion of the past; so true is it that man lives and dies, and the places that knew him, know him no more forever. In a very short time, the transactions of a private individual pass from the recollection of a community in which he may have lived, and are, as relates to this world,—except in their effects,—forever lost. And what is true of an individual, is also true, in the ordinary course of events, of communities, so far as regards the transactions of private life. Yet it cannot be said that the life of any individual, however obscure, has had no effect, either for good or for evil, on the community of which he may have formed a part.

In reviewing the history of this town, we are met at

* Campbell's "Hohenlinden."

have access to public records and documents, from which we learn when, and by whom, its settlement was commenced and accomplished. But the means of learning their character and motives of action, their trials and sufferings in the accomplishment of their purposes, are very limited.

The last half century, in passing, has carried with it many a living oracle who might have been consulted, and many an interesting incident to enlighten us on this point, have been saved from oblivion. But they are gone! and it now remains for us to rescue what may yet be found. Should the present brief review of our history stimulate to more diligent and combined action toward the accomplishment of this, we believe our efforts of this day will not have been made in vain.

In detailing the history of Suffield, there are no accounts to give of hair breadth escapes from ruthless foes, nor of battle fields drenched in blood, by which to awaken an interest in the hearts of those whose attention can be arrested only by the thrilling scenes of war and its attendant horrors;—we have no fields whose story tells of—

“—Sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war,”

Nor have we legends telling—

“Where human fiends, on midnight errands walk’d,
And bath’d in brains the murderous tomahawk.”*

* Campbell.

Our history relates the more common occurrences of ordinary life, where, in the peaceful pursuits of industry, our ancestors have subdued the sturdy forest that once covered this domain, and transmitted to us their successors, the rich inheritance of beautiful landscape and fruitful fields, together with the civil and religious privileges which we are permitted by an overruling Providence to enjoy at this day.

“The farmer here, with honest pleasure, sees
 The orchards blushing to the fervid breeze ;
 The ripening fields, for joyous harvest drest,
 And the white spire that points a world of rest.”

In a very short time after our fathers had commenced their settlements around the Massachusetts Bay, their attention was turned toward the valley of the Quonnecticut. Within sixteen years from the arrival of the May Flower in Plymouth harbor, HOOKER, WAREHAM, and PYNCHON, with their worthy associates and compeers, had become the pioneers of Wethersfield, Hartford, Windsor and Springfield. Yet although geographically located in the midst of those towns, and the route of communication passed through this territory, Stony-brook, as it was then called, remained a wild unbroken forest, for half a century after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock.

To a casual observer it may appear somewhat singular, that so fertile and beautiful a region as this now is, should have been so long passed by and neglected; and probably it will appear still more strange, when informed that its

fertility, and what now contributes to its attractions and beauty were the very causes of its neglect at that day.

Geologically considered, Suffield is found to be situated on an elevation of sand-stone which divides the lower valley of the Connecticut into an upper and lower basin. This elevation, forming those beautiful undulations so characteristic of its surface, and impinging upon the river, deprive it of the alluvial interval lands which form an interesting feature in those towns, and which being comparatively easily subdued and cultivated, were, no doubt, the objects of attraction to the early settlers in this valley. But the hills and dales of this town were overlaid with a rich, tenacious and retentive soil, producing a dense and heavy forest, thus rendering it, as our ancestors emphatically expressed it, "a very woody place, and difficult to winne."

It may perhaps be interesting to take a brief retrospective view of this region, and endeavor to picture to our minds its aspect at that day. Entering near its north-east corner, from the borders of Springfield, we find a lonely pathway winding along through the forest, following the summit of the ridges of high ground that it may avoid the dark and miry swamps intervening, as it passes in a south-westerly direction until it reaches the spot which, at a later day, was called Meeting-house Hill. Thence, in a more southern course, to Stony-brook, which it crosses, it continues onward till it enters upon Windsor Plain. This was the Springfield road, and is substantially the route

now followed in passing through Crooked-Lane, High and South Streets. Again returning to the place where we first set out, we find another pathway diverging to the left of the first, and passing east of the hill in that corner of the town, following near or upon the bank of the river, until it comes to the place now known as the Old Ferry Landing,—thence turning to the right, and continuing in a westerly direction till it intersects with the first, in the southern part of what is now called Crooked Lane,—and we have traced another branch of the Springfield road, a part of which has long been disused and forgotten. Going now to the north-westerly part of that portion of the town lying east of the mountain, we find another pathway coming from the north, and passing southerly over the hill where the First Baptist meeting house now stands, thence onward over and west of Muddy-Brook to Stony-Brook, and soon after crossing it, intersecting the Springfield road, near the north end of what is now South Street. This was the Northampton road, and through these pathways was the intercourse between the upper and lower towns, carried on upon this side of the river. Passing along these pathways, we are every where surrounded by a dark and heavy forest. The sturdy oak and majestic elm reach their strong arms high over our heads, while the deep foliage of the maple and its kindred trees shut out the genial rays of the sun, and enclose us beneath their umbrage. As we ascend some of the higher points of ground, we may perhaps through the interstices of the forest catch a glimpse of

some lofty pine as it sighs to the breeze. Looking down the gentle slopes of the hill sides toward the lower grounds, our vision is intercepted by a chaos, composed of the ruins of more primeval trees which have been laid prostrate by the storms of past ages and now are mouldering beneath the dank herbage of the forest, which draws its sustenance from their decay. Go now to those low grounds; enveloped in a labyrinth of murky shrubbery, and sinking in the miry soil, you will soon be glad to beat a retreat to a more genial region.

Such was Suffield two centuries ago. But a change was to come. Pampunkshat and Mishnoasqus with their tawny associates, were destined by an overruling Providence, to give place to the white man;—the dark forest to the cultivated fields; and the sighing of the pine, to the voices of rural life and the song of praise from human lips in the house of God.

About that period, Capt. JOHN PYNCHON of Springfield, in behalf of the people, purchased of the Indians Pampunkshat and Mishnoasqus—alias Margery—those districts called by them, Lacowsic, Squotuc, Mayawaug, We cups, Ashawalas and Wonococomaug.* These were embraced in what was by the English called Stony-brook. The consideration paid them “to their satisfaction,” was thirty pounds sterling (about one hundred and fifty dollars), which was, most likely, really a gratuity, the lands for all practical purposes probably, being of as much service to them

* Pynchon's deed to proprietors of Suffield.

after, as before their relinquishment of title to them. But thus quietly and peaceably was their title legally extinguished, and the red man—he is gone! Peace to his ashes. No collision causing the shedding of blood, either of the white, or the red man on the soil of Suffield, is known to have taken place; though fears of such a catastrophe were sometimes entertained, particularly in the time of Philip's war in 1675.

In the winter of 1669–70, SAMUEL and JOSEPH HARMON, having perhaps previously noted the tract of land lying west of the Northampton road, near the present center of the town, with some others, petitioned the selectmen of Springfield for grants of land at Stony-Brook,* which were conditionally given them. It is supposed that the HARMONS came here the next ensuing summer, and that to them must be given the honor of being the pioneers of the town. None of the other persons who had grants from the authority of Springfield, ever settled here. A petition for a grant of a plantation, or a township, at Stony-Brook, was presented to the General Court of Massachusetts Colony at their session, held at Boston, May 1670; and some action was taken respecting it at that time. At their next session, held October 12, the same year, the Court passed an act or grant, authorizing the settlement of a township at this place, defining its extent, limiting the amount of individual grants, requiring the maintenance of

* Springfield Town Records.

a Gospel Ministry, with some other minor details, and appointing a committee of six persons to grant lands to settlers, and conduct the public affairs of the plantation. The persons comprising this committee were, Capt. JOHN PYNCHON, Capt. ELIZUR HOLYOKE, Lieutenant THOMAS COOPER, Quartermaster GEORGE COLTON, ENSIGN BENJAMIN COOLEY, and ROWLAND THOMAS.*

This committee met for the first time in their official capacity, January 12, 1670-1, and drew up an Instrument, by which they were to be governed in attending to the duties of their commission.† At this time it was determined to settle eighty families in the place. Afterwards the number was increased to one hundred. During the year 1671, lands were granted to nine persons who became settlers here. In May of this year, the committee determined that there should be a division of allotments or grants west of the Northampton road; another, comprising two ranges of lots upon the central street which they named High Street; and a third division of a single range, on the west side of Feather Street, having the ground in front, between the street and the river, for a common. They afterward made divisions on South Street, Crooked Lane, and at the river near the Ferry. The streets between the divisions were laid out from sixteen to twenty rods wide, and those passing across the divisions from east to west, were from eight to twelve

* Massachusetts Colonial Records.

† Suffield Town Records.

rods wide. Where are those broad streets now? The spirit of enterprise for straightning them, which has been indulged for the last thirty or forty years, will, if continued, give to future generations, streets like those of oriental cities, so strait that a loaded mule may sweep both sides at once.

In 1672 the committee set out the ground for the meeting-house and for a public common. This was some forty rods wide. They also at the same time set apart a ministry grant, and an allotment for the first minister that should settle in the place. This was at a subsequent period given to Mr. JOHN YOUNGLOVE. During the year 1672 no additions were made to the number of grantees, In the winter following, some alterations were made in the terms or tenure of Grants, more favorable to settlers. In 1673 it was determined that four pence per acre should be paid by grantees for their first grants to remunerate Mr. Pynchon his expenses on extinguishing the Indian title. Nine grants were made this year; two of them were to Mr. Pynchon—one in consideration of his having built a saw-mill in the place, and the other to him as petitioner at the General Court for the plantation. The saw-mill was built upon Stony-Brook in the vicinity of the great river.

In 1674 the plantation was named Suffield, an abbreviation of Southfield.* At the same time the General Court

* Massachusetts Colonial Records, Vol. V.

confirmed the bounds of the plantation according with a survey, extending six miles from north to south, and seven and a half miles from the river west. It was at this time that the Court were petitioned to grant this plantation seven years freedom from country rates it being "a very woody place and difficult to winne." Four years abatement were granted. Twenty grants of land were made during the year, one, together with the privileges of Stony and Muddy Brooks to Mr. Pynchon in consideration of his having built a "Corne Mill."*

The war with the Indians, commonly called Philip's War, breaking out in 1675, the settlement was temporarily broken up, and the inhabitants sought places of supposed greater security. At this time some thirty-five families were settled or about to settle here; and after the war was closed some thirty of them returned to the place and resumed their residence here. No grants were made for nearly two and a half years, but in 1677, settlers again began to come in, and during that year, thirteen new names appear as grantees in the place. It was determined in view of the experience of the late war with the Indians, to settle more compact than had hitherto been done, and the Harmons and others from the west division were accommodated with house-lots on High Street. Twelve new inhabitants appeared in 1678: five of them settled by the river, near where the Ferry now is, between Suffield and Thompsonville.

* Suffield Town Records.

In 1679 fourteen allotments were granted, five of them were to sons of previous settlers, and one was to Mr. JOHN Younglove, who had been invited to come and settle here in the ministry. The homestead pertaining to Mr. Younglove's grant, containing thirty acres, was land now owned and occupied by the second Baptist Society. November 17th of that year, the inhabitants met and voted to build a house for Mr. Younglove, forty feet long by twenty feet wide and ten feet high. It is probable that this house was built near the ground where the second Baptist meeting-house now stands.

In 1680, nineteen persons had grants of allotments, nine of them north of High Street, on the west side of the Springfield road, and another portion of them were the next summer located in the vicinity of the sawmill, south of it, on the continuation of Feather Street.

In 1681, the committee made six allotments to individuals, and one for school purposes. Their last official meeting previous to their resignation, was held January 2, 1681-2. At this meeting they made sundry grants of land to individual settlers increasing their previous grants, or special allotments for their sons; also to several other persons who never settled here. Having at a previous period set apart four hundred acres of land for a compensation for their services, they at this time reduced the appropriation to three hundred acres, dividing it into specified grants to each of the survivors of the committee, and to the heirs of those deceased. Lieut. Thomas Cooper

one of the committee was slain by the Indians, October 5, 1675, the day they burnt Springfield; and Capt. Elizur Holyoke died February 6, 1675 - 6.*

These first grants consisted of allotments (as they were termed) of land of from forty, fifty, sixty, or eighty acres, according to the rank or condition of the grantees. One acre of meadow or good swamp land to ten acres of upland were allowed in addition to each man's grant. These were then considered the choice land of the township, the scarcity of which made the place, proverbially, "poor Stony-Brook." These grantees, their heirs and assigns, became, by virtue of these grants, the proprietors of the entire township, and the residue of the lands were, at a later period, from time to time, distributed among them.

On the ninth of March, 1681 - 2, a general town meeting was convened in accordance with an order of the General Court passed at their session, held October 12, 1681, to organize the town, make choice of municipal officers, and discharge the committee, they being present. At this meeting, the first board of selectmen in Suffield, was chosen. The members of it were: Lieut. Anthony Austin, Sergeant Samuel Kent, Thomas Remington, senior, and Joseph Harmon.

Lieut. Austin was chosen Town Clerk. He was afterward annually re-elected to this office till his death, August 22, 1708, with the exception of the year 1688, when he was chosen Commissioner. He was the first who is

* Springfield Records.

known to have taught a public school in this town. A humble monument remains to mark the place of his sepulture. Long may it be cherished with respect, as sacred to the memory of one who appears to have been honored by his compeers of that day.

From the first organization of the town to the present time, there has been a regular annual succession of municipal officers elected to conduct its prudential and civil affairs. The original grant for the plantation specified its limits to be six miles square; but upon surveying the boundaries, it was found that Westfield extended into the north-west part of this territory; and to remedy this the northern line, after bending to the southern extremity of Westfield, was, together with the southern line, extended west from the river seven and one half miles:

In a few years, conflicting claims arose between Suffield on the one part, and Windsor and Simsbury on the other, with respect to the southern line of this town. This contention was carried on with a considerable degree of acrimony. In the mean time it was discovered that Suffield lay within the chartered limits of Connecticut, and thence arose a matter for adjustment between the colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. In 1711 commissioners were appointed by the two colonies for that purpose. In consideration of the town of Suffield, together with Enfield and Woodstock, having been settled under Massachusetts authority, they were continued under the jurisdiction of that colony, an equivalent of an equal amount of wild

lands being granted to Connecticut. These lands were mainly comprised within the present towns of Belchertown and Pelham in Massachusetts. They were sold by Connecticut in 1727 and the avails bestowed toward the endowment of Yale College. The commissioners allowed the claim of Simsbury, thus dismembering the southwest corner of this town. The proprietors of Suffield believing they had been wronged by this decision, soon began to call upon the General Court for redress, and persevered in presenting their claim until 1732, when a tract of land six miles square was granted them, as an equivalent. This tract comprised a large portion of the present town of Blandford in Massachusetts. It was sold by the proprietors of Suffield in 1735 to Christopher Jacob Lawton, a son of John Lawton, one of the first settlers in this town.

Notwithstanding Suffield had been settled under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, the inhabitants do not appear to have been satisfied with the decision which continued them there. As early as 1720, they voted to adopt measures to come under the jurisdiction of Connecticut, and with the towns of Enfield, Somers, and Woodstock, continued their exertions from time to time until it was effected in 1749. This has been called the revolt of the Massachusetts towns in Connecticut. A late writer of the history of Western Massachusetts has stated that these towns had remained contented under the Massachusetts government, until the peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748 found Massachusetts burdened with taxes and a large debt, while Con-

necient was comparatively easy in these respects, and ascribes this as the motive of their "revolt." Had he examined our records he must have been convinced that it was a powerful cause indeed which could have influenced a community to such an extent, as to awaken them to take measures to escape its consequences some thirty years previous to its existence! It must at least, be conceded that the people of this town, at that day, possessed an unusual degree of foresight. But when we consider the difference of civil rights and privileges enjoyed by the two colonies, together with the local position of those towns, we believe we have a more substantial motive for their action than the taxes even of Massachusetts.

It has been observed that the committee set apart an allotment of land for school purposes at an early day; but it does not appear that anything further was done toward establishing such a privilege, until the organization of the town, when it was voted to invite a Mr. Trowbridge to teach school in Suffield, and to allow him ten pounds per annum for five years, besides the legal allowance from the scholars. There is no evidence that he came here, nor that anything further was done to establish a public school, until August, 1693, when they voted "to use their utmost endeavour to procure a schoolmaster to teach children and youth to read, write and cypher." In January, 1693-4 it was "voted to set up a free school for the education of children and youth," and that "ye school be

kept in the most convenient place in High Street." "Anthony Austin senior, was chosen to be schoolmaster," and thirty pounds per annum were voted for his salary. In August, 1695, a renewal of this vote was made; at the same time there are intimations, that no school had then been commenced. In March 1695-6, action was again had toward setting up a school, and Anthony Austin senior, at this time expresses his reluctant acceptance of the office of teacher "soe far as to experiment for one year," and to commence on the first of May next ensuing. It is probable that the first public school ever opened in Suffield, was that commenced on the first of May 1696, with Anthony Austin senior for its principal.

In 1702 a school-house was commenced. This was sixteen by twenty feet, with walls six feet high. It was voted to have it fit for use by the last of October. After this, provision was made from time to time, for the maintenance of a school, and though votes for that purpose were often modified and rescinded, it is certain that one was irregularly, at least sustained. The principle of taxing property, for the support of schools, was then maintained, though, as now, opposed by some. This was the beginning of school privileges in this place. Children and youth of Suffield, think of that little school-room, sixteen feet by twenty feet, for the whole town, and the one instructor in reading, writing, and cyphering; and compare

the privileges of that day, with those of the present time which you enjoy.

We have previously stated that in 1679, Mr. John Younglove was invited to come and settle here in the ministry. The Act of the General Court authorizing a plantation here, required the settlement and maintenance of a minister of the Gospel in the place: but it does not appear that anything had been done, or at least, nothing effectual toward the accomplishment of this object, until this time. Mr. Younglove came here sometime during that year, or early in 1680. He was the first minister in the town, though perhaps never ordained, as no church was organized here until sometime after his decease. He had preached at Quabaog (Brookfield, Massachusetts,) for sometime previous to Philip's War. After the destruction of that settlement by the Indians in 1675, he went to Hadley and taught the town or grammar school, till he was invited to Suffield. He continued here until his decease June 3, 1690. Of him as a minister, little is known; he was no doubt an educated man, though it is not known that he was a graduate of any college, his name not being among those of the graduates of Harvard, then the only college in America. Mr. Younglove left a widow and seven children, four sons and three daughters; one daughter had died previous to his decease. His descendants are among us to this day, though the family name has not been represented here for a long time, Mrs. Sarah Younglove,

widow of Mr. Younglove survived him near twenty years ; she died January 17, 1709 – 10. Their remains were deposited—where ? Perhaps beneath our feet, at least near this hallowed spot.* No monument exists to remind us and our children of the first minister of the town. Citizens of Suffield, how long shall it be, that this may be said ?

In May, 1690, one week before Mr. Younglove's decease, it was voted by the inhabitants of the town to invite a Mr. Stevens, then a schoolmaster in Northampton, to come here to engage in the work of the ministry. At this time they speak of their unhappy dissensions, and of their need of being again united "together in peace and love." These dissensions had arisen during Mr. Younglove's ministry, and as early as 1687 it had been thought expedient, in order to put an end to them, to employ him in the ministry no longer than till the expiration of his year, which would take place in the next ensuing May. He however was continued until May preceding his death in 1690. But his removal, as the sequel will show, did not prove to be an effectual remedy ; the disease lay too deep to be eradicated by such outward applications.

It does not appear that Mr. Stevens accepted their invitation ; but Mr. George Phillips, son of Rev. Samuel Phillips of Rowley, Massachusetts, came here sometime during that year, and preached until the spring of 1692.

* The present meeting-house stands in part upon the old burying-place, covering a number of graves.

Mr. Phillips afterward settled in Brookhaven on Long Island. It is said of him, "though a good man, it is thought that he was too much addicted to facetiousness and wit."*

July 8, 1692, it was voted to invite Rev. Messrs. Stoddard of Northampton, Taylor of Westfield, Mather of Windsor, and Brewer of Springfield, to give "their advice and counsell who they shall judge may be a likely and suitable person to dispence the word of God to us, and after our bitterly to be lamented differences, to be a repairer and healer of our breaches, and instrumental to unite us and bring us againe into one." Mr. Stephen Mix of New Haven was invited and came here in the spring of 1693, but did not remain long. August 1, 1693, the people voted an invitation to Rev. Nathaniel Clap to settle with them in the ministry, "promising by God's assistance to carry towards him in all respects becoming christians, and to submit themselves to him as their minister according to the rules of the Gospell." They also voted to give him a salary of sixty pounds per annum and his firewood; and for his settlement, "a dwelling house with a porch, the house containing about forty and two foot in length, twenty foot in breadth, and fourteen foot between joynts," together with a home lot of twenty acres of land, on which were "about two acres planted to an orchard." Also eighty acres of land elsewhere. This call

*Allen's American Biographical Dictionary.

to Mr. Clap was renewed in October 1693, and in April, 1694, and again in February 1694 – 5. But notwithstanding thus earnestly and repeatedly called, Mr. Clap did not respond to their wishes,* and the inhabitants of Suffield were under the necessity of seeking a pastor elsewhere.

Accordingly, under date of August 1, 1695, just two years after the first, and about six months after the last call to Mr. Clap, we find that the people in town meeting assembled, adopted the following preamble and resolution:—“It having pleased God in his Providence to incline the heart of Mr. BENJAMIN RUGGLES to come and give us a visit; soe that we for some sabbaths past have had a taste of his labours and proof of his abilities and accomplishment for the work of the ministry to the good likeing, satisfaction, and content of us his auditours. We therefore the inhabitants of Suffield being legally warned and orderly convened or assembled together the first of August 1695, have joyntly and unanimously agreed (and by a full and clear vote manifested the same) to give Mr. Benjamin Ruggles a call to returne and dispencc the things of God to us, and that in order to his continuance and settlement amongst us in due time may it please the Lord to encline his heart to embrace the same.”

To Mr. Ruggles for his salary &c., was made essentially the same proposalls as had been previously offered to Mr. Clap. This call was renewed in May 1697, and March 1,

* He settled in Newport, R. I. (Allen's Biographical Dictionary.)

1697 – 8, Mr. Ruggles having made some proposals to the town in order to his settlement, they were “after some debate” accepted.

At this time the Court of Quarter Sessions addressed the following communication to the people of Suffield:

SPRINGFIELD, MARCH 1, 1698.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOWN OF SUFFIELD.

Gentlemen:—The Quarter Sessions of the Peace, now sitting at Springfield, having an intimation of some differences and dissatisfactions among yourselves referring to the full settling of the Rev. Mr. BENJAMIN RUGGLES as your minister to dispense the word of God to you and to carry on the work of Christ in that great and weighty affair and concern, which hath a great influence unto the welfare benefit and advantage of your place and all the inhabitants thereof, both in temporal and spiritual respects, and therefore ought to be well weighed and seriously considered with humble, sensible and penitent application to God for guidance and direction; and inasmuch as the law of this Province gives a particular advice and conclusion in your case as it is circumstanced you having no settled church of Christ in your town, the law is express that the major part of such a town, agreeing, taking or obtaining the advice of three orthodox ministers pointing and directing to a man most suitable, such one to be the minister for such a place, and such a town engaged to attend and maintain him, and although some particular persons in the town may have some objections as to circumstances of qualifications or otherwise, which we judge ought at this juncture to be overlooked and laid by, and all persons readily and willingly comply and unanimously agree to renew your addresses unto Mr. Ruggles, fully to settle him with you in that great work; as also that you endeavor to obtain the help and direction of the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Brewer, and such others as you may see meet to call and invite to meet at your place to advise and persuade Mr. Ruggles, as also to advise the people to a full settlement of this so great an affair which this court do earnestly advise to. Such an opportunity of advantage once lost, may not easily be recovered again. And therefore being very desirous of your welfare and good settlement in this weighty matter, and that the blessing and pres-

ence of the Great Shepherd of Israel may be with and increase you in all respects, that God may be glorified by you, and you may find increase in grace, knowledge, love, peace, and that the God of peace may settle, stablish and unite you and all things to his glory and your welfare, is the desire and prayer of this court to which,

We subscribe, this 2nd of March, 1698,

PER JOHN PYNCHON, CLERK.

In accordance with the advice of the Court, Rev. Messrs. Stoddard, Taylor, Williams, Brewer and Mather were invited to meet in the place the last Tuesday in April, 1698, as council for ordination and settlement of Mr. Ruggles in the ministry here. Although the record of the organization of the first church in Suffield is lost, yet it is evident that this transaction was carried into effect at the same time Mr. Ruggles was ordained. The first incipient step we know of toward the accomplishment of such a purpose was taken March 20, 1693-4, when, in accordance with the advice of Rev. Messrs. Taylor and Mather, a day of "humiliation" was observed with reference to "embodying together in a church way." But it appears that this purpose was not then effected, for the letter from the Court of Quarter Sessions, dated March 1, 1698, expressly informs us that no church then existed in the town; but within two years after this last date, we learn from the records of the first church in Westfield that there was then a church existing here. We therefore arrive at this conclusion:—that the first Congregational Church in Suffield was organized, and Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES ordained and constituted its first pastor, by the council convened here for

that purpose on Tuesday, April 26, 1698. Thus, after a period of some twenty-eight years after the commencement of the settlement of the town, was the Church of Christ and the regular ministration of the privileges and ordinances of the Gospel established here.

Mr. Ruggles was a native of Roxbury, Massachusetts. He was son of John and Sarah Ruggles, of Roxbury, and grandson of John and Barbara Ruggles, who emigrated from England in 1635. Of his grandfather it is said that he was a son of a "godly father," that "he joined the church soon after his coming," and that "he was a lively Christian, known to many of the church in Old England, when they met socially together." Mr. Ruggles was born August 11, 1676, graduated at Harvard College 1693, came to Suffield in 1695 when he was but nineteen years of age, and was ordained before the completion of his twenty-second year. He departed this life September 5, 1708, O. S., at thirty-two years of age. His pilgrimage on earth was short, his years in the ministry few, yet if we measure his life and his ministry by its usefulness, and good accomplished, we are constrained to say of him that his is a long life, and his ministry is full of years. We believe that the teachings of Providence, as learned from records of the past, call upon us as churches, and as a people, to render thanksgiving to the Great Shepherd of Israel that, at that time, he did send the youthful Benjamin, armed with the sling of faith, and the "smooth stones" of Gospel truth, to go forth in the name of the

“ Lord of hosts ” and slay the Goliath of dissension, and anarchy that had crept in among our fathers threatening for a time, the destruction of that fair inheritance which has been transmitted to us. So effectually was the spirit of discord and contention laid and kept in subjection afterward, through the blessing of God upon His preached word, that we hear little more of it in this town for nearly half a century.

Mr. Ruggles married with Mercy Woodbridge, November 19, 1696 :—She was a daughter of Rev. John and Mrs. Abigail Woodbridge of Wethersfield, and a grand daughter of Gov. William Leete. Mrs. Ruggles died June 28, 1707, leaving seven children, one an infant of six days. From them have arisen a numerous posterity, many of whom have filled places of usefulness and honor both in State and in the church. Two were among the first company of missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, who sailed from Boston October 23, 1819. “ The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

It is not known from actual direct record who were the persons who constituted the membership of the church at its formation and during the period of Mr. Ruggles’ ministry. From evidence drawn from various sources, we have reason to believe, that in proportion to the population of the town, its membership was large.

Rev. Ebenezer Devotion successor to Mr. Ruggles, in the pastoral office, came to Suffield sometime in June or July 1709, and was ordained June 28, 1710. Mr. Devo-

tion it is supposed was a native of Dorchester, Massachusetts; he graduated at Harvard College in 1707. He continued in the discharge of the pastoral duties of this church until his decease, April 11, 1741, at the age of fifty-seven years, and in the thirty-first year of his ministry. During this ministry, three hundred and thirty-four persons were admitted to the communion of the church, three hundred and seven by profession; one hundred and twenty of which were admitted in the year 1735. But one year of his ministry (1717) passed without some additions to the church.

Mr. Devotion appears to have been a fervent christian; and a faithful, beloved and successful Pastor. He was thrice married; first, October 4, 1710 with Hannah Breck, daughter of Capt. John Breck of Dorchester, Massachusetts. Mrs. Hannah Devotion died March 23, 1719, aged thirty-two years, leaving three children a son and two daughters. Mr. Devotion married a second time June 4, 1720, with Naomi Taylor daughter of Rev. Edward and Mrs. Ruth Taylor of Westfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Naomi Devotion died August 6, 1739, aged forty-four years, leaving six children, one son and five daughters. Mr. Devotion married a third time October 27, 1740 with Mrs. Sarah Hebard who survived him. His sons both entered the ministry, and were of considerable eminence. The eldest, Ebenezer, settled in Scotland, a parish in Windham, Connecticut, and the youngest, John, settled in the third parish in Saybrook, Connecticut.

Ecclesiastical affairs of a secular nature relating to ministers' salaries, building houses for public worship, &c., were conducted by the town until 1740, when it was divided into two parishes, and since that time such affairs have been conducted by the several Ecclesiastical societies.

What has been called the great awakening of the eighteenth century, occurred just at the close of Mr. Devotion's ministry, resulting in the gathering into this church of more than two hundred persons.

Rev. Ebenezer Gay, D. D., successor to Mr. Devotion, came to Suffield in 1741, and preached here the first time August 9th of that year. He was ordained January 13, 1742, nine months subsequent to Mr. Devotion's decease.

The division of the town into two parishes, became the cause of dissension in the church which began to develop itself soon after Mr. Gay's settlement. It was respecting the right of the members of the church residing in the west Parish to act in church affairs, some acknowledging such a right, while others contended against it. A question, which at the present day would present no difficulty of solution; but then produced discord which could not be allayed until an arrangement was made by which the organization of the second Congregational Church was effected, November 10, 1743.

Beside this difficulty, which was thus disposed of, another element of discord began its development in this church about this time. It has been observed, that over two hundred persons had been gathered into the church as the

fruits of the great revival. It can readily be perceived, that among this number, together with the previous membership there must have been a great variety of natural temperament, ability, and christian attainment. While there were those, who were strong in faith, yet humble in spirit; there were also the weak, the unstable, and yet others, who like Diotrephes loved the pre-eminence. Added to this, the Davenport School, so called, had then developed itself over the land: its followers claiming what they termed, freedom to exercise gifts, or in other words, the freedom of all classes and both sexes, to speak at all times in public worship, as they thought the Spirit moved them; and these exercises accompanied with responses, groanings, hallooings and grotesque gesturings. These practices began to be advocated to some extent by members in this church. The result was, the members soon began to be arrayed into parties; Dr. Gay with the major part of the church taking the strong conservative ground of the Cambridge School, while quite a number in the minority under the head of Joseph Hastings, afterward the first pastor of the Separates, advocated the opposite or Davenport principle. Thus originated that schism which resulted in constituting the Separate Church in this town. As early as October 10, 1742, at the close of public worship on the sabbath, Joseph Hastings arose and expressed himself in a loud voice in words of this import, "Come forth you Nicodemuses, you ministers and magistrates, you bloody persecutors." For this and for expressing a wish

that "the church was broke all to pieces," he was brought under the discipline of the church. For his expressions on the sabbath, the church by vote reprov'd him. To his remarks with respect to the church; he made an explanatory statement, that he had said "y^t he tho^t y^e divisions among us were made or occasioned by y^e spirit of God; and if he so wish'd they were greater." The church accepted this explanation, and the second charge was overlooked. In 1747 Mr. Hastings with a number of the members withdrew in an irregular manner, and set up meeting by themselves. They were requested by the church to give their reasons in writing for so doing; this they refused to do. They were then permitted to do it verbally, but their reasons not being satisfactory to the church, it was by vote declared March 9, 1748, "that this church are of opinion that they are no longer properly members of this church."

Dr. Gay continued the acting pastor until March 6, 1793, when his son Rev. Ebenezer Gay, Junior, was ordained. Dr. Gay died March 7, 1796 in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and fifty-fifth of his ministry.

Rev. Ebenezer Gay, Junior, continued the acting pastor until December 13, 1826, and senior pastor until his decease January 1, 1837, in the seventy-first year of his age, and forty-fourth of his ministry.

Rev. Joel Mann was installed pastor December 13, 1826, and dismissed at his request, December 1, 1829. Rev. Henry Robinson was installed June 1, 1831, dismissed

April 18, 1837. Rev. Asahel C. Washburn was installed January 3, 1838, dismissed July 23, 1851. Rev. John R. Miller, the present pastor, was installed December 28, 1853. All these are now living, and by the good Providence of God are permitted to be present to join with us in the exercises of this day.

There has been several periods as indicated by our records when God has appeared to bless this church with the more special presence of His Holy Spirit. In 1721, fourteen persons were received by the church on their profession of faith; in 1728, thirty-six; in 1735, one hundred and twenty; in 1741, one hundred and seventy-six; in 1742, thirty-one; in 1798, ten; in 1822, sixty-five.

Since that time, these periods have been still more frequent until the present: fifty-seven have been received into the fellowship of the church the current year. The whole number admitted since Mr. Devotion's ordination is about one thousand two hundred and fifty. The present number of members is about two hundred and fifty.

The second Congregational Church was organized November 10, 1743. Their first pastor was Rev. John Graham, who was ordained October 22, 1746. Mr. Graham was succeeded by Rev. Daniel Waldo, the venerable man whom God has given strength to continue, and be present with us this day, in the ninety-seventh year of his age. Mr. Waldo was ordained May 23, 1792. Rev. J. Mix succeeded him. Frequent changes have since been made of incumbents of the pastoral office in that church.

It has been stated that Joseph Hastings and others, withdrew from the first church in 1747. They were organized into what was called the Separate Church, and Joseph Hastings was ordained their first pastor, April 18, 1750. They built a house for public worship in 1762.* Mr. Hastings having either withdrawn from them or been dismissed, Rev. Israel Holley was ordained and became their pastor June 29, 1763. This church and society was dissolved about 1784. Mr. Holley was afterward approbated by the Hartford North Association and preached a few years in Granby, Connecticut, and in Cornwall. He then returned to Suffield where he died June 28, 1809, aged eighty-two years.

A number of persons who for a time were connected with the Separates, were about the year 1769, constituted the first Baptist Church, with Rev. Joseph Hastings, pastor. He was succeeded by his son Rev. John Hastings, in 1775. Mr. Joseph Hastings died November 4, 1785, aged eighty-two years. Mr. John Hastings died March 17, 1811, aged sixty-eight. He was succeeded by Rev. Asabel Morse, who died June 10, 1838, aged sixty-six. Since that time, some ten different persons have officiated in the pastoral relation to this church. Its present membership is ninety.

The second Baptist Church was constituted in 1805. Its pastors have been numerous, none having continued but a few years, except its present one, Rev. Dwight Ives,

* This house was removed to Agawam, and is yet occupied by the Congregational Church in the East Parish.

D. D., who entered upon those duties in connection with this church in 1839. Its entire membership has been about fifteen hundred. During the time its present pastor has been with them eight hundred have been added to it. "The present number after a thorough revision of the list is six hundred and fifteen."*

There is a small Methodist Episcopal Society in the West Parish, but of their history we can give no particular account.

The first birth, and the first death which occurred in Suffield, according to the Hampshire County Records were in the family of Judah and Mary Trumble. John, born March 5, 1674, and Ebenezer died September 23, 1675. The first marriage was that of Thomas Taylor and Abigail Roe, June 15, 1678. The family cognomen of Trumble and Taylor, as descending from Judah Trumble and Thomas Taylor, has become extinct, in this town.

It might be interesting to take a brief retrospective view of the history of the original families of the town, but our time will not permit.

Our ancient burial place claims, at least a passing notice. The first mention of it in our records, incidentally occurs under date of March 6, 1682-3. In April 1684, it was "voted to fence in y^e burying place." This was the beautiful portion of ground, to which our steps have this day been directed. Beneath the turf, our feet has pressed; under this sacred house, in which we are now assembled;

* Statement by Dr. Ives.

have long since been deposited the mortal remains of those who first encountered, and began the subjugation of the forest that once waved in unbroken grandeur over these hills and dales. A few humble monuments remain to remind us of them; let those dilapidated, moss covered stones be cherished as mementos of the past, and as we tread the soil that rests upon the unmarked graves of others, let us listen to the silent voice that calls upon us for reflection.

“Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
 In still small accents whispering from the ground,
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace.”*

But those are not all whose remains have here been deposited. Their children, and their children’s children unto the sixth and seventh generation, together with the stranger that has come within their gates, and humble African, once held in bondage under their roofs; here, have rested from their labors, and together await a resurrection day.

“The breezy call of incense breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw built shed,
 The cock’s shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.”*

Too much has this sacred spot been neglected. Generation after generation have here been laid in the dust, and it would have seemed, that survivors would have cherished it, with deep respect. But how has it been? There are many here who can well remember the time, when the

* Gray.

best method that was devised to take care of it, was to convert it into a sheep pasture ; and it is of but very recent date that a man would be lost from sight amid the wild, unsightly shrubbery that was allowed to flourish upon some portions of it. The original ground had become filled with graves, to the extent that the sexton's spade in preparing a resting place for those recently departed, often disturbed the remains of those who had gone before. But thanks : improvement has been made : sheep can now find pasture elsewhere : unsightly bushes, have in a measure given place to ornamental trees, and through public and private enterprise, the area of the enclosure, has been enlarged. Still there is scope for further exertion : public opinion should be directed with strong reprobation against the desecration of those grounds, by the reckless pranks, of the thoughtless ; the hand of cultivated taste, should be employed to improve and protect those precincts, until it becomes a place where true, enlightened, christian refinement, may in sacred, cheerful, contemplation, recall to mind memories of those who have gone before, consider the bourne, to which we are all hastening, and lifting up the eye of faith look with unwavering confidence, toward the eternal rest of the pure in heart, exclaiming, in fullness of joy,

“ O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God ;
 And flesh, and sin, no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.”*

* Watts.

When the town was organized, there were about eighty proprietors settled in the place some sixty of them, with families; one half of the names of those families are now extinct in this town.* At the time of Mr. Ruggles' ordination, the number of families had increased to about seventy-five or eighty. This increase was mainly from families of first proprietors, but very few having come, or been admitted from other places. A large proportion of the first proprietors were children of the first emigrants from

* Heads of families in Suffield, at its organization in 1682. Those surnames with an asterisk (*) attached are now extinct in Suffield.

Edward Allen, senior, deceased in 1696,	* John Lawton, deceased 1690,
John Allen, moved to Deerfield,	Samuel Lane, " —
Capt. Anthony Austin, deceased 1708,	* John Millington, " —
* James Barker, moved to Springfield,	* John Mighill, senior, " —
* James Barlow, deceased 1690,	Edmund Marshall, " 1732,
* Thomas Barber, " —	Capt. George Norton, " 1696,
* John Barber, " 1690,	Robert Old, " 1728,
John Burbank, senior, " 1709,	Timothy Palmer, " 1696,
* Edward Burleson, " 1698,	* Thomas Parsons, " 1701,
* Samuel Bushe, moved to Westfield,	* John Pengilly, " 1735,
* Isaac Cokebread, deceased —	* William Pritchard, " —
* Thomas Copley, " 1712,	Thomas Remington, " 1721,
* Abraham Dibble, " 1690,	James Rising, senior, " 1688,
* Joseph Eastman, " 1692,	Hughe Roe, " 1689,
* Zerubbabel Tyler, " —	* John Scot, " 1689,
* John Filley, " ab't 1688,	* Joseph Segars, " 1740,
* David Froe, " 1710,	* John Severans, " —
Launcelot Granger, " 1689,	Thomas Spencer, " 1689,
Timothy Hale, " 1689,	Victory Sykes, " 1708,
Joseph Harmon, " 1729,	Stephen Taylor, " —
Dea. Thos. Hanchet, " 1686,	Thomas Taylor, " 1741,
Thos. Hanchet, Jr., moved to Westfield,	James Taylor, " —
John Hanchet, deceased, 1744,	Jonathan Taylor, Jr., " 1726,
Walter Halladay, " 1709,	* Judah Trumble, " 1692,
* John Hodge, " —	* Joseph Trumble, " 1684,
* Thomas Huscley, " 1721,	* Michael Towsley, " 1712,
* John Huggins, " —	* Jonathan Winchill, " 1715,
* George Jeffery, " 1683,	* David Winchill, " 1723,
Serg't Samuel Kent, " —	* Richard Woolworth, " 1696,
James King, senior, " 1722,	* John Younglove, " 1690.

England, who had settled in the neighboring towns of Hartford, Windsor and Springfield, and the more eastern towns of Rowley, Ipswich and Newbury, in Massachusetts. But few, if any of them were born in the old country, and all had grown up, amid the trials and deprivations of a pioneer life in a wild unshaded wilderness, separated from the civilized world, by the dark waves of the broad Atlantic. No steamships then, made their ten day voyages across the stormy ocean, conveying their precious freight of human beings, from continent to continent. No telegraphic cable lay beneath those wild waves, stretched from shore to shore, to conduct the magnetic flash freighted with intelligence of the transactions of either clime. The transports of those days, required weeks, and months to convey intelligence between transatlantic harbors. The wilderness around them was peopled with wild savage tribes, with whom they sometime had friendly intercourse, and then again were engaged in deadly conflict.

Thus situated what must have been their physical, intellectual, and moral characters. Some perhaps may imagine, that separated as they were from the luxuries, and the concomitant temptations of civilized life, and having grown up under the influence of the strict religious training of their puritan fathers and mothers, that the sons and daughters of that generation, must have been from their youth a godly race. But are there no moral dangers in a life of deprivation, as well as in a life of plenty, or even luxury? Is man anything but an erring, sinful creature,

in any situation, yet without the grace of God, the living vital principle, of true piety in the heart?

Subjected to toil and hardship, the children of the emigrants, who survived the dangers of early life, under their circumstances, mostly no doubt, grew up a hardy, robust generation. Isolated as it were from mankind they imbibed a self-reliant, independent spirit; but deprived of thorough educational privileges, their minds were not developed by the broad principles of true christian refinement. Trained under the strict discipline, and teachings of their puritan fathers, the seed of the word of truth was implanted in their hearts, but it needed the waterings of the Holy Spirit, and the effulgent vivifying beams of the Sun of Righteousness, to cause it to bring forth its legitimate fruit. This work not having been developed in their hearts, to the casting out of that spirit of the world which seeks its own: and to the engrafting in of the spirit of faith, and charity which seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, they were not, like their fathers, prepared to, or rather did not appreciate the importance of establishing the ordinances of the Gospel at the very outset or commencement of their settlement in a new place. Hence we find a material difference in the history of many, at least, of the later, from that of the earlier towns of New England.

With the puritan emigrants the church and pastor, accompanied by the school and the teacher, were the primary object sought; through the instrumentality of which,

they expected to establish civil, and religious liberty ; and receive the blessing of God, for themselves, and their posterity. Hence we find them established simultaneously with their settlement.

But after the settlement of this town, a quarter of a century passes, ere the church with its pastor, sheds its genial influence over those who had here made their homes. The fathers of this town, did not, like the patriarch Abraham, at the first pitching of their tents, build there an altar unto the Lord. In this they erred, and for this, they suffered. Infidelity may scoff at this idea ; but it needs no argument, to prove to the true christian, that the living church of Christ is "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world."

Perhaps it will be said by some, that our fathers were poor. True indeed they were ; and were not theirs before them ? had they not suffered loss of worldly ease, that they might enjoy Christ's ordinances ? And does it require the riches, or even a competency of this world's goods, to enable man to obey the Divine command, "Do this in remembrance of me." The truth is, those who truly cherish the spirit of Christ in their hearts, are ever ready to co-operate in setting up the Temple of God, wherever He may cast their lot ; which temple they are.

But the good seed sown in the hearts of our fathers, was not to be lost, though choked for a time. The thorny cares of the world, were, by the dealings of an overruling Providence to be subdued, that the good seed might take

root in their hearts, and produce an abundant harvest. The divine precept "seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," must be obeyed, God must be honored, his church established, his ordinances cherished, and the way is prepared for the concomitant blessing, that what is needed of this world "shall be added unto you."

Thus has God in his Providence dealt with our fathers. He has guided, watched over, and protected them; and when they erred, like a kind father he corrected them; when they trusted in themselves, He reminded them of their dependance upon Him. When they looked unto Him, He blessed them; and the inheritance has been transmitted to us. The church has come down to us with increased strength; though clouds have at times arisen, and enveloped its beauties in darkness. Still the good Shepherd has watched over it, His beams have dispelled the darkness, and He has watered it from time to time, with the heavenly dews of his grace.

And this has been accompanied with His temporal blessings. Family, educational, and civil privileges, have been continued and increased unto us. The wilderness has been changed to fruitful fields. These lonely pathways, with others of later date, are made cheerful with the presence of the homes of the happy and the free, and all may enjoy the privileges, of social, civil, and religious liberty. What was once proverbially "poor mean Stony-Brook," has become, as noted, for its wealth, fertility, and beauty.

To accomplish this, it has required the instrumentality

of the toil of fathers and mothers, followed by that of their sons and daughters, through succeeding generations. Our ancestors encountered and in a measure overcome, that wilderness which once overspread this now fair domain. The sons, aided by the encouraging, and co-operating hand of the daughters, took up the work, and carried it onward. And when the savage foe, urged on, to accomplish the ambitious designs of princes and their abettors, invaded the land; then they stood up with their fellow citizens in its defence, and the shores of Lakes George and Champlain witnessed their valor. When the liberties of their country called for defence against the encroachments of a fratricidal foe, Dorchester,* and Brookline Heights, Saratoga, and Oriskany; Chippewa and Lundy's Lane received the trust of the sacrifice of their blood. Nor have the sons of Suffield been found wanting in the more peaceful scenes of usefulness. The whole country from the Canadas, to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been a field for their enterprise. The councils of state, and of justice, have witnessed their ability and felt its influence. Nor has the pulpit been altogether neglected by them, but many have stood up in it, and proclaimed the word of life.

And now fellow citizens, perhaps it may be thought that we are going beyond the proper sphere of remark for this occasion; but may we not have your candid indulgence, and patient attention, while we call upon you to be

* It may appear somewhat singular to some, to refer to Dorchester Heights in this connection; but our records and history justify this reference.

mindful to improve this inheritance which you enjoy: not merely for your own selfish purposes of acquisition, or indulgence and ease; but to remember that “unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required,” and that “he that watereth, shall be watered also himself.” To do this it is necessary, first to cultivate the man; not a part merely, but the whole man, in all his faculties, physical, intellectual, and moral; the body and the soul. Man with his physical nature only developed, is but a brute, with his physical and intellectual only, he sinks into practical infidelity, and with his moral nature cultivated alone, he becomes an enthusiast; thus in either case, failing of coming to those pure and satisfying enjoyments, which our Heavenly Father has prepared for the pure in heart.

There are some things among us, as a community, which stand in the way and hinder the full development of the man, and therefore need reformation or removal. We will just refer to some of them. One is, we labor too much, or rather our labor is too much misapplied. Industry is a noble virtue, and when directed in proper channels, and applied to right objects, by that wisdom which is from above, it becomes conducive to the development of all the faculties of man, both of body and soul. But industry, when prostituted to be subservient to the mere love of gain, or the gratification of the appetite for ambition, luxury, and show, becomes an evil, sinking ourselves by it, and others with us, to the condition of slaves; do-

ing this we “labor for that which satisfyeth not.” Some perhaps, will say, they must toil incessantly to support their families. But is not this plea, too often made to cover the sin of covetousness, or some other evil, and at the most favorable view is it not practical infidelity, an entire distrust of the teachings of our Lord.

Another evil among us is, that idea of utility, prevailing to a great extent, which can discover nothing valuable, in any enterprise, having in view the development of true cultivated taste. The beautiful is practically despised. We boast, and that not without reason, of our beautiful town; but what do we do, to enhance its beauties; look for example at our naturally beautiful common; made a gymnasium of at one end, and a gravel pit at the other, while throughout its length it is traversed with pathways at every one’s fancied convenience, and not a tree or a shrub, to decorate its naked bosom, or cast a cooling shade from summer’s burning sun. Enough is expended upon our residences, to make them homes to be cherished in the memories of our children, and admired by the stranger, were they not so destitute of the lineaments, and the surroundings, of true taste. It would not perhaps cost five hundred dollars to make a duplicate of the most truly tasteful home in our town. It is not the pecuniary means that is wanting, but the cultivation of those faculties of the soul which would lead us to discover beauties, worthy of our attention in all the works of God, whether accomplished

by his direct agency, or through the instrumentality of the cultivated taste of man.

Another evil is our religion ; start not, brother, we say our religion ; not the pure self-denying religion which is of God ; but that which seeks to satisfy conscience, with an outward observance of duty in formal worship and ordinances, while the heart is given to the world.

Fellow Citizens, be not offended though we speak in plain language. It is not the true friend that flattereth with his lips ; but he that is a friend indeed, will speak the words of truth and soberness, though they be not smooth words. And may we not hope, yea, may we not see a reformation from some of these evils.

Let not incessant toil so wear down your physical natures, and benumb the finer faculties of the soul, as to disqualify you for high, and pure enjoyments of domestic and social life. Let not the love of gain so blind your moral vision, that you cannot find happiness for yourself, in the welfare of your fellow man. Cherish the love of the beautiful in your hearts. Manifest it in your fields, in your homes, and on your person ; not by imitating the gandy display of fashion and luxury, but be guided by the aspirations of a pure and cultivated mind. Form associations for the development of these qualities in your social relations, let them improve your public grounds with decorations of nature and of art. Seek gravel elsewhere than on your public Common, it is useful but there is an abundance of it in your hill-sides. Boys should play, it is delightful,

and healthful for them to play, but there is a place, as well as a time for that exercise ; that place is not the most prominent of our public grounds. Let those public grounds be adorned with trees, that when a few years hence you may assemble to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of this town, you may have before you the promise of future beauty, and when your children's children may assemble to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary, they may rise up and call you blessed.

Above all, cherish piety in the heart, that pure, and holy principle, which elevates the soul in heavenward aspirations, of supreme devotion to God, and good will to man. Then you will be truly prepared, to enjoy the blessings, which our Heavenly Father showers upon us here, and look forward in joyful anticipation, to that rest which he has prepared for those who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb."

The following words were sung by the choir :

“ The Lord is great ! ye hosts of Heaven adore him,
 And ye who tread this earthly ball ;
 In holy songs rejoice aloud before him,
 And shout his praise who made you all.

The Lord is great—his majesty how glorious !
 Resound his praise from shore to shore ;
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious,
 He rules and reigns forevermore.

The Lord is great—his mercy how abounding !
 Ye angels strike your golden chords !
 Oh praise our God ! with voice and harp resounding,
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords !”

Benediction by Rev. D. Ives, D. D.

FOURTH DIVISION.

The storm increased to such a degree that the idea of holding the collation in the tent was given up ; and the vestry of the Second Baptist Church having been kindly offered for the purpose, the procession was formed, and proceeded to that place, where provision, the best that circumstances would allow, had been made ; the tables were tastefully decorated with flowers, and bountifully loaded with “ creature comforts.”

The President of the day called on Rev. J. R. MILLER, the present pastor of the church, to invoke the blessing of God, which he did in the following words :—

HOLY AND ETERNAL FATHER, we adore Thee for Thy greatness and glory ; and we love Thee for Thy condescension and grace. We acknowledge with gratitude Thy great mercies to us, in granting us so goodly an heritage ; in securing to us civil and religious liberty, wholesome laws, and institutions of learning ; and in giving us that blessed hope through Thy dear Son, which adds to all our other blessings the prospects of a blissful immortality. We thank Thee for the good of past years, and for the prospect of good in years to come. We thank Thee for this day, and these interesting services and friendly greetings. Let Thy blessing rest upon us, and upon the provision here made for our temporal wants. May this day be crowned with Thy rich benediction, be greatly promotive of true religion in us, and abundantly conducive to Thine honor and glory, which we ask in the worthy name of Christ our Lord. AMEN.

After the collation, the President said :

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES :—My position to-day renders it proper that I should say a few words in behalf of the First Congregational Church, and of the people generally of Suffield. A few months since, a lady, a descendant of Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES, met a gentleman of this place, accidentally, in the grave-yard. She made to him the proffer of twenty-five dollars toward a monument for her male ancestor, and the repair of that of his wife. This fact was communicated to the church, and very cordially entertained. A committee was appointed to carry the project into effect. Hence the noble monument which adorns our cemetery to-day.

It has long been in contemplation to revive the early history of this church and town, for many years very nearly identical. The gentleman who has given us the historical address to-day was appointed to collect the scattered fragments, recorded and traditional, into a connected form. This occasion seemed a fitting one to present to his fellow townsmen the result of his investigations. The invitation was given to the sons and daughters of Suffield, who have gone out from us, to return and participate in this celebration. We rejoice that so large a number have found it convenient with their other engagements to respond to this invitation. We are happy to see so many from abroad present to-day.

In behalf of this church and of the citizens of Suffield, I tender you a hearty welcome. We welcome you to your native town. We welcome you to this occasion. And we cordially welcome you to our homes and to our most cheerful hospitalities. Specially invited guests, who have honored us with your presence, you too we bid a cordial welcome. Welcome all.

As I am wholly unaccustomed to public speaking, it will not be expected I shall trespass on your patience. Nor does it devolve upon me to-day to make speeches, but to call out others to make them. There are those present to follow who will both please and instruct.

The President then presented the name of Rev. JOHN YOUNGLOVE; the first minister of Suffield.

Mr. MOSES C. YOUNGLOVE of Cleveland, Ohio, responded as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—Being an entire stranger among you, and a stranger to the scenes around me, I have no personal sympathies

or local recollections of which I can speak. But being a son of the Pilgrims, and standing here among their children, I can speak of *them* and of *their* deeds, and hope for a response from every heart. But I should say to you that public speaking is not my vocation, and even if it were so, I am unused to such a presence as this—these gray heads, these venerable forms! These admonish me that *here* I should keep silence—that it is far more becoming for me to stand among you an humble listener, than to occupy this place as a speaker. But this to me is a most interesting occasion; my heart is full of it, and impels me to add my humble testimony to the accumulated evidence of the sterling virtues of the Puritans.

In other places, and on other occasions, I have felt called upon to defend their memories from aspersion. But here, standing among their children, with my feet mingling in their sacred dust, it would be an insult to their memories, and to you, even to suppose that such a necessity could exist.

Now if you will travel back with me through the long vista of years, to the time when our fathers stood on the ground which we now occupy, and inaugurated the events we meet here to commemorate, we can talk as friends, face to face. One hundred and fifty years ago, this church was organized. It then first took the form of a *visible* institution. It is true that the good seed had before been planted, and had begun to germinate and strike its tender roots into the genial soil around—and the upward shoots, too, had begun to drink in the genial rays of God's love. But not till *then* and *here*, did our fathers begin *mutually* and *collectively* to recognize that which was already a *living fact* in their own hearts. Not till then did they begin to dig around it, and to nourish it with their sympathies, and to strengthen it with their prayers.

For a moment let us contrast the scenes which surrounded them, as they stood on this ground one hundred and fifty years ago, and took upon themselves their covenant vows and pledged themselves to each other and to God, to live in accordance with those vows—with the scenes that surround us here to-day. They were here in the midst of a wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts and savage men. These fields now so productive and beautiful, were then covered with their native forests. These roads now so indurate and perfect, were but "trails through the woods." Log huts, or at best, dwellings of the most humble class, occupied the sites of your beautiful and well-furnished

houses. No steam whistle broke the silence of their forest homes ; no cheerful church bell from some neighboring and friendly village, awoke the echoes of their silent valleys. The lightning had not yet been chained, and no electric telegraph flashed living thoughts from afar, to tell them of the world beyond their own quiet homes. But here they stood alone,—with God for their God ; with the blue firmament for their temple, and pledged themselves to build this church on that Rock, on which if a man build, his building shall stand.

But this was not so strange a thing for our fathers to do ! It was just what they were in the habit of doing, indeed I may say, “ it was just like them.” Wherever they went, there they built a church, and close by, nestling under its friendly shadow, the school-house soon found a place. And these two formed the broad, deep and strong foundation, on which our institutions so firmly stand.

And now, I hope these Reverend gentlemen, and my venerable friends here present, will not charge me with sacrilege, when I assure them that there is a very striking resemblance, between our puritan fathers, and the Abrahamic branch of the holy family. It will be remembered that the sacred historian gives us only the salient points in Abraham’s history, or only so much as was necessary to give a connected, complete, and correct history of the church. Now if we will occupy the same stand-point, and look at the same class of events, in the history of our pilgrim fathers, we shall see that there is a very close parallel between them. Abraham was a dweller in Mesopotamia, a country where his religion was aspersed, and where he was not permitted to worship after the dictates of his own conscience ; and the Lord, in his own good time, determined to take him out from among those heathen nations, and to establish through him, the worship of the true God. And He said unto Abraham, “ Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will shew thee.” And Abraham gathered together his household and all their substance, and into the land of Canaan they came, unto the place of Sichem, and there *built an altar unto the Lord*. And from thence he passed on to “ Bethel,” and there, too, he *built an altar unto the Lord*, “ and called upon the name of the Lord.” And in the course of time he came to the plain of Mamre, and *built there an altar to the Lord* ; and wherever Abraham dwelt, his first public act was to build an altar to the Most High God, and renew his covenant vows with the Lord. And if you will pursue this history a

little further, you will see that it has a sequel full of instruction. May we not listen to-day to its teachings ?

Many long years after Abraham had built the altar in Bethel, Jacob, fleeing through the wilderness, from before the wrathful face of his brother, came to this very place, and while he slept he dreamed, and beheld a ladder reaching from earth to heaven and the angels of God ascending and descending on it. This ladder was a beautiful figure of the mediatorial office of Christ. And the figure will appear still more beautiful if we will adopt a more correct reading of the passage, which should be thus,—“ And Jacob saw a way cast up, a high-way of the Lord—reaching from earth to heaven, and angels passing to and fro thereon.”

Now may not we, the sons and daughters of the pilgrim fathers, gathered from afar around this altar built by them, may not we, I say, perceive in our hearts and souls, this day, that glorious high-way of the Lord east up for our salvation—even Christ Jesus ?

But to return to the pilgrims. They were dwellers in a land where their religion was held in contempt, and where they were not permitted to worship God after the dictates of their own consciences. And God determined in his own good time to take them out from among their revilers and persecutors, and to place them in a land free and fresh from his own hand, untrod by the oppressor's foot, and unstained by the martyr's blood. And he said to their hearts, get thee out of this land, from thy father's house and from thy kindred, into a land that I will show thee. And they gathered together their wives, their little ones, and their scanty substance, and they came into the land. And now mark the history. Their first act was to *build an altar to the Lord*, and there on the bleak rocks, they renewed their covenant vows, and pledged themselves and theirs to the Lord's service ; and wherever they moved in the land and fixed their dwellings, there they *built an altar to the Lord*. And when, in the course of time, they came to this spot, here too, they *built an altar to the Most High God* ; and this day around that altar we stand.

Our pilgrim fathers were rather a remarkable race of men, as compared with the men of the present day. They were higher-law men—stern and uncompromising in matters of principle—no political party had their consciences in keeping. They took the Lord for their God, and his law for their law. Their religion was an every day religion. It bore exportation and transportation ; whether tossed on the billows

of the Atlantic or wandering in the wilderness of America, it was the same. They were wise, far-seeing men, and lived not for themselves and their generation alone—as the beautiful villages of New England, with their broad streets and their wide spreading trees, bear ample testimony. Their provisions for a religious and common school education, are also evidences of their far seeing beneficence. Their laws were simple, just and equitable; having God's word—not merely in theory *but in fact*—for their model. In short, whatever they did, was done for the establishing and building up of the nation which they had planted.

But you will expect me to say something of your first ministers.

Of Mr. Ruggles, of course, I can say nothing, as I know nothing of his history. And of my paternal ancestor I know but little. Yet that he was a puritan minister, and lived and died here, I do know. That he had *preceding* generations, we have no *written* testimony, but that he had *succeeding* generations, I stand here before you to-day a living witness. The time of his settlement, and his death; the births, names and deaths of his children, are found in your town and church records.

But of the puritan ministers generally, I can say truly, that they were a noble race of men. They were God's noblemen; knighted by no earthly king, but by the King of kings. And perhaps I cannot better convey to you my estimation of their worth than to tell you what I wrote to a kinsman who said he had traced our ancestors to a puritan minister, and was pushing his enquiries into England, to learn where in that realm they came from. I begged him to desist, fearing that he might run us into some noble house. As for me, I was satisfied with being descended from a puritan minister. That was nobility enough.

The President next presented the name of Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES; first pastor of the first church in Suffield, and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of whose death we were commemorating. Rev. ARATUS KENT of Galena, Illinois, who was expected to respond, being under the necessity of leaving before this time, no response was made. The President next presented the name of Rev. EBENEZER DEVOTION; second pastor of this church.

Col. JOHN L. DEVOTION of Norwich, Connecticut, responded as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—It has seldom, and, I think I may safely say, never been my lot to be present on an occasion more truly interesting, than the one which has brought me among you to participate in the inauguration of a monument to the memory of the Rev. BENJAMIN RUGGLES. And here allow me to thank you for the invitation which your Committee extended to me, and since the receipt of which, I have experienced not a little of that wild delight which children feel in looking forward to the arrival of some cherished holiday.

The name of your beautiful town is associated with my earliest recollections ; and I have long desired that an opportunity might be presented which would enable me to view the resting place of a worthy progenitor. The erection of a monument to commemorate your first pastor is a noble enterprise ; one which I would like to see imitated by other towns, until all our cemeteries shall have such endearing memorials of the departed. In yonder cemetery are deposited the ashes of a venerable ancestor. More than a century has passed since many of your ancestors stood around his grave, to pay the last tribute of affection to their departed pastor. To you is entrusted the guardianship of those sacred remains ; let no ruthless hand desecrate his grave, or disturb his quiet repose. As we turn from the interesting exercises of the day, let us not forget to invoke the blessing of God on the work, and ask that his watchful care and guidance may be continued over us to our lives' end.

The President next gave the name of Rev. EBENEZER GAY, D. D. ; third pastor of the church, and the name of Rev. EBENEZER GAY, Jr., his colleague, and afterward his successor to the pastoral office.

Rev. HENRY ROBINSON made the following response :

No male descendant of Dr. Gay, bearing the family name, is living to respond to the call now made. There are among you, female descendants, retaining the name ; but as they defer to the gentlemen in the matter of public speaking, it seems to devolve on some of us, who do not bear the name, but have borne away those who did, to say something on the present occasion.

My impressions of Dr. Gay are taken chiefly from his friend, Rev.

Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield, who says, in a sermon preached at his funeral, "Dr. Gay was an able and learned divine; a scribe well instructed into the kingdom of God. The doctrines of grace were conspicuous in his discourses. He preached them abundantly, and preached them in the apostolic manner. He was a wise and judicious counsellor. In conversation he was pleasant and instructive, and sometimes agreeably facetious and innocently humorous." Some anecdotes, illustrative of this last trait in his character, have come down to us, one of which may here be given.

It seems that candidates for settlement in the ministry were subjected to a rigid scrutiny from the people in Dr. Gay's time, as they have been ever since. None of them were exactly right. They were too long or too short, too thick or too thin. This last was the objection against Dr. Gay. Though in latter years he was rather corpulent, in early life he was very slender. It began to be whispered among the people, that the candidate was too spare—his legs were too small—there was not enough of him to answer their purpose. Finding which way things were tending in the parish, and not being quite willing to "go by weight," he came out with a sermon from the text, "*He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.*" It proved a sermon for the times. The disturbance was quieted. The candidate was harmoniously settled, and enjoyed, in the main, a prosperous ministry.

Rev. Ebenezer Gay, Jr., my honored father-in-law, was a fine scholar, having graduated at Yale in 1787, with the first honors of his class, and having been two years tutor in the college. He studied theology chiefly with Dr. Dana of New Haven, and his cotemporaries testify, that in his youth, he was a very popular preacher. From 1793 to 1826 he had charge of the Congregational Church here; the first three years as colleague with his father. The pastorates of father and son extended through a period of eighty-four years.

Mr. Gay did much for the cause of education, preparing young men for college and for the various departments of business. He was a warm friend of his country, and earnestly sought its welfare. He was given to hospitality. His heart was full of sympathy for the distressed and his hand was ever open for their relief. He was social in his feelings, and instructive and entertaining in conversation. In the domestic relations he was kind and exemplary. The closing scene with him was calm and peaceful, and he left the world with a hope full of immortality.

William Gay, Esq., the younger son of Dr. Gay, after graduating at Yale, settled in this town as a lawyer. Here he passed a long and useful life, filling several important offices with honor to himself and benefit to the community.* The religion of Christ crowned his later years, and sustained him in the final conflict. His two sons were called away before him; one in childhood, the other, William C. Gay, Esq., in early manhood, to the great sorrow of relatives and friends.

The two daughters of Dr. Gay were married; one to Timothy Swan Esq., of Northfield, Mass., the other, successively to David Bronson, Esq., of Suffield, and Benjamin Swan, Esq., of Woodstock, Vt.† Their descendants are somewhat numerous and occupy important places in society.

A word in reference to the past and present of Suffield, and I have done. I have spoken of the efforts of Rev. Ebenezer Gay, Jr., in the cause of education, and in teaching a select school for the benefit of the youth of his time. Now the CONNECTICUT LITERARY INSTITUTE adorns your beautiful town, furnishing in its spacious buildings, its able corps of teachers and its various appliances, distinguished facilities for the education of youth; and which during the quarter of a century of its existence, has trained great numbers for a collegiate course, and for professional and business life.

We have been told in the historical discourse, that Rev. John Younglove, who first preached the gospel in this town, had his habitation on or near the place where we are met. It is enough to invest the spot with a character of sacredness, that a faithful minister of Christ here lived, and labored, and committed his departing spirit into the hands of his Savior. But here is now a house of God, where assembles from Sabbath to Sabbath, one of the largest churches in the state, consisting of more than six hundred members, and where have been witnessed remarkable displays of divine power and grace in the conversion of souls.

In these and other evidences of progress in matters of the highest moment, and of the favor of God toward this town, I sincerely rejoice. I can never cease to feel a deep interest in Suffield. The scenes through which I passed, during the six years of my pastorate in the Congregational Church are indelibly stamped on my heart. The re-

* He was postmaster in Suffield 36 years.

† Mr. Benjamin Swan was Treasurer of Vermont 32 years, and Clerk of the Courts 42 years.

unions and reminiscences of this day have only rendered those scenes more fresh and vivid, the recollection of which will never fade from my memory.

The President gave several sentiments, which follow, with the responses given :

SENTIMENT.

“ While we commemorate the virtues, and honor the memory of the distinguished dead, we cherish with unabated affection their living successors in the pastoral office of this church, all of whom have done us the honor to be present on this occasion.”

Response of Rev. JOEL MANN.

The present commemorative occasion is both a pleasing and a saddening one. Such in fact is the nature of almost all retrospections of the past, both in regard to ourselves and others. It is pleasing to stand among those for whose spiritual welfare I performed a brief ministry, some of whom continue to the present. It is delightful to look upon their faces, and exchange greetings with them after the lapse of nearly thirty years. But it is saddening to call to mind those with whom we have taken sweet counsel, who have finished their labors and passed away from the earth. Their removal from the world gives a monitory lesson to us and impresses our minds with the brevity of life, and the transitoriness of all earthly things.

It was my privilege to be associated in the pastorate here with a venerable servant of God who had long been a watchman on this portion of Zion, the second Mr. Gay ; a man of genial spirit, given to hospitality, a man of faith and prayer. His love to the people of his charge led him to make large sacrifices for their good ; and I doubt not that this people cherish his memory with affection, and that his children are loved for the father's sake as well as for their own. The seed of the righteous is blessed.

Though my ministry was short, extending to about three years, and though it was in various respects defective, it was attended with saving results to some. A precious visitation of the Holy Spirit at one time, wrought, as it was believed, the conversion of about thirty, some of whom still live to pray and labor for the holy cause, which is dear to the hearts of those who love Christ.

That was a kind of transition period from the staid, uniform, quiet

mode of operation both by ministers and churches, to the adoption of what were called new measures, and with these the putting forth of greater efforts,—the multiplication of religious meetings, and extra means for the conversion of men. Protracted services like those of the Sabbath were soon after introduced, continuing for several successive days and even weeks. Christians awoke to a greater sense of responsibility to God and men, and to greater prayerfulness and zeal. They consecrated themselves anew to the service of Christ—shook off their formality, and commenced a course of action more accordant with their vows. Many were alarmed by these new measures, and augured disastrous effects to the cause of religion, and the purity of the churches. Many were unwilling to admit that sinners could be soundly converted so suddenly; and that such large numbers could be safely added to the churches by such a summary process. They thought that the old way of coming along into religion by degrees, was a safer way. Well, it has been shown, that the Lord knows how to do his own work, and it is not best for us to be over anxious to steady the ark, but commit the keeping of it to his care. It should be observed, however, that the conservatism of those to whom I have alluded, was caused by their love to the church, and their desire for its welfare. The law of progress was not so fully comprehended by them perhaps as by those who have come after them.

We seem to have come to the commencement of another era, which is unfolding more clearly the duties of ministers and churches in regard to the kingdom of Christ. The dispensations of divine grace are teaching us new lessons; and are showing that every member of the household of faith has much to do for its prosperity at home and abroad.

Here the speaker alluded to the recent revivals, and the daily prayer meetings, which had been a chief instrumentality in beginning them and carrying them on. He alluded also to his ancestry, and remarked that he was descended from Richard Mann, who came in the *May Flower*, and was one of those who landed on Plymouth Rock. Having expressed his reverence for the good and great who have gone to their eternal reward, he exhorted all to be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

Response of Rev. A. C. WASHBURN.

MR. PRESIDENT, it is impossible for me fully to express my feelings on this present occasion. Nor need I make the attempt. For in connection with this sumptuous feast there has been such an overflowing of rich thought, and of varied and appropriate sentiment that surely this audience must be well nigh surfeited, and perhaps would long since have cried "enough" had not the benevolent Creator bestowed upon them in large measure, physical and mental power. Yet I ask their indulgence while I briefly reciprocate the kind and affectionate sentiments you have uttered, as their organ, in relation to former pastors of this church.

I thank you for the opportunity of expressing the pleasure I feel in recalling scenes of thrilling interest through which I have here passed. Here I found, and still find, friends whose friendship it is no sin for a mortal creature to covet. Alas! many, O how many, we meet here no more. It was my happiness to labor here during four seasons of special revival, and during the fourteen years of my pastorate more than two hundred were added to the church. It was also my privilege to be instrumental in promoting the happiness of many in matters somewhat less spiritual, but not less talked of in most circles. During my ministry here, I joined in marriage one hundred and seventy couple, and I know not that in any instance the knot has slipped, or that any one of that happy number ever desired to break the bond. Not a few I see here to-day, who are competent witnesses in this matter.

In recalling the friendships of by-gone days, I love to dwell on that brotherly union and christian affection ever manifested towards me here, by ministers of other denominations. And happy am I to learn, that this brotherly feeling still exists, so that when the rain was coming down this morning in torrents, and your arrangements for meeting in a great tent were likely to be frustrated, the pastor of the Baptist Church, with the cordial approbation of his people, promptly offered the use of this spacious room, their vestry, where we are comfortably sheltered from the pelting storm. God grant that this christian union may never be sundered!

I rejoice to find the people of my former charge so happily united in my successor. And in this connection permit me, sir, to recall a thought of great practical value, brought out to-day in the historical

address, viz., *The dismissal of ministers does not always settle difficulties in churches. There is a better way.*

Some gentlemen have alluded in very appropriate terms to their honorable ancestry. Ancestors are all honorable men, and I presume mine were equal to the best of them, though my acquaintance with them is somewhat limited. I do not know that any of them ever fell from a platform and broke their neck, when addressing a multitude. Perhaps some of them have deserved that fate, though I have never known one, bearing my name, ever sent to prison. And I do know that many of that name, which is becoming quite common in our country, have made good ministers, lawyers, doctors, judges, congressmen, and governors; and if there are not some of the same sort left, I presume there will be many in due time. But, sir, I will stop lest you mistake my design, and think I am trying to make a speech.

Permit me to renew my thanks for the affectionate reception I have met here to-day, and which I always meet among this beloved people. And, sir, if you and they enjoy the Divine Benediction, and prosper according to the sincere desire of my heart, this will evermore be indeed a *happy people*.

Response of Rev. J. R. MILLER.

MR. PRESIDENT, the sentiment has effected, what I suppose was designed, to bring out the former surviving pastors who had not spoken in the proceedings of this day. A few words from the present pastor, for himself and people, seem in place. We rejoice to meet here to-day those who have occupied our places before us, to greet them, and hear their voices. We are made glad by the presence of those who have left this their native home to seek their fortunes and serve their God elsewhere. We cannot yield to any in the interest taken in this day's transactions. For we assure them that while others come excited by old scenes and recollections and associations, we feel animated by the present realities; while the past was theirs, the present is ours; its joys, its anxieties, and its responsibilities. For this day we have planned, and labored, and provided, and prayed, and felt solicitude. We have done what we could. And now our hearts are full. Nor can we yield to any in our attachment to Suffield. Its beauties are to us, not the beauties of a place we have left for other attractions, but those of a place to which we have still fondly clung as dear above all,

or for which we have left other scenes that we might adopt it as our own. We call it our home. We look out upon its broad and pleasant fields, and rejoice in them as the heritage in which our lot is cast, and feel that our lines are fallen in pleasant places. Its history is dear, and we will seek to perpetuate it. Its interests are dear, and we will strive to preserve them. And now as we stand in the light which this day casts upon it, and consider the worthies that have here lived and labored before us, a new sense of responsibility is felt. Surely, we have something to do, and strive for, in emulation of their virtues.

We will not speak of our past works, except, for the information of others, to say, that the results, through the blessing of God, will not compare unfavorably with any who have preceded us. We stand to-day united and strong. And while we think we stand we would mind the admonition to take heed lest we fall. Our hope and trust is in God. He is able to keep us from falling. But left of him, our pride, or self-will, or folly would soon cast us down. The Lord has blessed us greatly, and is blessing us still; and our earnest prayer is that we may so labor and be faithful unto the end, that men may be ever able to adopt concerning us the language of the last sentiment.

SENTIMENT.

“THE Fathers in the Christian Ministry, the pioneers in planting churches, schools, academies, and colleges; where are they? They have their living representatives here to-day.”

Response of Rev. DANIEL WALDO, in his ninety-seventh year.

To give all the reminiscences of ninety years would fill a folio. A few will suffice. The churches were often taught within my memory by those who knew less than their hearers; and schools were taught by those who made two syllables of tongue. Dilworth's grammar and spelling-book were the only ones in use. The immortal Noah Webster soon dispelled the darkness that brooded over the land. At the close of the Revolution many sought a liberal education; and science soon began to be sown broadcast over our land. Common schools began to have competent teachers, for all business and social intercourse. Academies were established in all our villages of note. Colleges have become almost as numerous as common schools a hundred and fifty

years ago. As science increased, the Bible was more highly esteemed, not only for its pure morality, but as the best book to make the *best* reader. Could Dr. Mathews' Bible and Civil Government, and his Connection of Science and Religion be universally read by all persons of intelligence, this world of bloody wickedness would soon be paradise regained.

SENTIMENT.

“THE city of Hartford—distinguished for its fine churches, and eloquent preachers, its humane institutions, its antiquaries, and its orators; has honored us by the presence of some of its distinguished representatives on this occasion.”

Mr. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY responded.

SENTIMENT.

“THE Great West—the adopted home of many of the sons and daughters of Suffield, is honorably represented here to-day, by our own son—the orator of the day.”

Not responded to.

SENTIMENT.

“THE parson and the poet—an honored son of West Suffield—the author of the original hymn for the occasion.”

Not responded to.

SENTIMENT.

“THE CONNECTICUT LITERARY INSTITUTE, as an ornament to the town, and a hand-maid to the christian church—may it fully answer the desire of its friends—that our sons may be as plants grown in their youth, and that our daughters may be polished after the similitude of a palace.”

DR. IVES, pastor of the Second Baptist Church said, that since the President of the day had alluded to the offer made of the vestry, in which to have the collation, on account of the storm, he wished to say, it was voluntarily and cordially offered. As it respected the institution, Mr. PRATT, the Principal, was present and could speak for that. It was an object dear to his heart. He felt that its influence had been good, and wished its future advancement.

It was in a flourishing condition—had an able and efficient board of instructors—and efforts were being made to relieve it of an embarrassing debt, which he felt would be successful.

He said, that this was a day in which he had taken great interest; he might say, that it was one of the happiest of his life. He felt proud of the *historian* of the day. He could but admire the manner in which he handled those exceedingly delicate matters pertaining to the separation of the church. In speaking of those things, (as fidelity required him to speak of them,) it was truly gratifying to see with what candor and impartiality they were treated. He felt that a noble example was given for the imitation of other historians, who had not always exhibited the like unbiased and unprejudiced feelings toward those of another name.

MR. PRATT, Principal of the institution, said, that he had not expected to be called upon for a speech. As it respected the sentiment, he would express his thanks; and as the Doctor had spoken a few words relative to the institution, perhaps that would do for the response. He would say however, that he felt the influence of the institution upon the town to be good. He thought its influence in time past had been good. It formed a band of union. The young people of both societies were educated there; and so a common interest was felt in its welfare and prosperity. And those feeling an interest in the same object, are likely to have kinder feelings towards each other. He had been much interested in the services of the day, and felt that they would have a beneficial influence.

REV. DANIEL HEMENWAY, spoke in confirmation of what the two preceding speakers had said. He regarded the influence of the institution as salutary. He desired to see it prosper even beyond its present prosperity. He regretted that it was burdened with so great a debt. He felt that there were those who were abundantly able to relieve it,

and he hoped and trusted that the earnest effort would be made, and prove successful.

SENTIMENT.

“THE ladies of Suffield—though not represented on this occasion by speakers, have represented themselves by *works* which cost more and taste sweeter than words.”

An opportunity being given for voluntary addresses, Judge HUNTINGTON, of Washington, said :

WHEN I received the invitation of the Committee to attend here to-day, I felt that official duties at Washington would render my compliance with that invitation impossible. But so strong was my desire to be present upon this occasion, that official duties, however pressing, have been postponed, and I have traveled some four hundred miles or more, for the sole object of uniting with some of the associates of my boyhood, and the present inhabitants of my native town in this interesting commemoration.

It is a praise-worthy object which has brought us together ; and allow me here in the outset to remark, that whatever diversity of religious creeds may prevail among us at the present day, we stand here to a certain extent as the representatives of our ancestors in their religious character. And as they were all congregationalists, we therefore, for the occasion, should ourselves, be congregationalists. In commemorating the erection of a monument to the memory of their first pastor, upon this one hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his death, we do as they would have done, could they have carried out their wishes at the time ; and thus all are acting for them, and by respecting their sentiments, we honor their memories and thus bring ourselves within the benefit of the “ first commandment with promise.”

It is an occasion too, on which we can, with propriety, indulge in that peculiar pleasure which arises from a revival of our earliest recollections. The scenes—the hopes and the joys—the little trials and disappointments—all that make up the history of our childhood are engraven deeply on our hearts—they are written indelibly there. The events of our maturer or declining years often pass off with the day of their occurrence ; the incidents of yesterday are forgotten to-day ; and those of to-day will pass into oblivion to-morrow. Mingled as they are with the strife, the emulation and the rivalry of business—the tur-

moil and the contention of life—we are willing to forget them. Not so with our early life. Its history is interwoven with our purest, our warmest, our holiest affections—with the love for our parents, for our brothers and sisters—with the attachment to our playmates, and with all these hallowed memories which cluster around the unbroken family circle ; and therefore it is, that we love to revisit the scenes and to recall the events of that history.

With my school-mate, to whose sermon we have listened to-day, with so much interest and satisfaction, my memory runs back some fifty years or more ; more than forty-five years ago I parted with him—a ruddy, handsome, bright-eyed youth—and have not seen him since, until I entered the church this morning and saw the venerable preacher in your pulpit. The incidents, and the old men of his childhood, alluded to by him, are quite distinct in my memory. I well recollect, too, the “ Old Porch House,”—the first parsonage—on the site of which, this day’s exercises were commenced. I believe I am the only living person born in that house,—the only tie, therefore, between it and the living successors of those who erected it. It had of course, ceased to be the parsonage when my parents occupied it at the commencement of their married life. It stood a rod or two back from the highway—two stories high—the upper projecting perhaps a foot or so, over the lower—with a large porch in front, also two stories high, and what was called a “ lean-to ” in the rear. I remember well an old pear tree—the old fashioned bell-pear—standing a few rods back from the house, within what was probably once the garden of the parsonage. And as it was quite an old tree in appearance when I was a child, it was doubtless originally planted there by the hand of one of the good men who occupied the house as a parsonage. A pear from that tree was a choice acquisition. The tree is gone ; but the old elms, probably planted by the same hand, still stand in front ; and long may they remain to mark the site of the dwelling place of holy men of old.

From this house, my memory naturally turns to the old “ Meeting House,” on the hill ; the site of which is occupied by the house in which a portion of our exercises have this day taken place. The exterior appearance and the internal arrangement were similar to what might, fifty years ago, have been seen in almost every town in New England. The posts were cased inside, so that their size was obvious to the eye. Running up the tower-stairs to the belfry, as we boys were in the habit of doing very often, we could see the massive frame-

work of the roof. Judging from what I recollect of its appearance, it might now have been standing, but for that unfortunate trait of our character—all aversion to everything old. The belfry was surmounted by a handsome spire of, I think, very fortunate proportions, indicating that they who designed it, retained the taste and impressions derived from similar objects in our father-land.

The square, unpainted, high pews—with their uncushioned seats and bare floors—the pulpit large enough to accommodate an ordinary convocation of the clergy—the immense sounding board, with its elaborate paneled and carved work—which always excited my boyish fears for the personal safety of Mr. Gay—for since I could discover no adequate means for its suspension, it was in my opinion inevitably destined to fall—the wide galleries on three sides, with the long seats back of them, and the high pews against the wall, are all most clearly interwoven with my earliest recollections of public worship.

These galleries served as a sort of play-ground for the boys, and I remember well an honest, simple man, who lived, I think, with Mr. Joseph Pease, and who seemed to imagine that he was earning a certain passport to heaven by rapping the boys on the head to keep them still, but greatly increasing the disturbance.

No deep toned organ then aided the service. The rational taste in church music had not then overcome the aversion of our puritan ancestors to the becoming usages of the English Church, and I doubt if a church organ could have been found in a single congregational house of worship in this State, during the first quarter of the present century.

The singers, or choir, were then arranged in four parts, occupying the entire front of the gallery on three sides, and my uncle, Elihu Kent—the father of my cousin Horace Kent, from Virginia, whom I have the happiness of meeting here to-day—was the leader. In the language of the day, he “set the psalm;” and that “pitch pipe,” with which he gave what I believe is termed the “key note,” was to me a most mysterious instrument.

There were no means for warming the building. Foot stoves were common—carried by the boys for the comfort of their grandmothers; and the transfer of these from one pew to another, over the high divisions, was considered a mark of singular benevolence on the part of the more aristocratic elderly ladies towards their less favored neighbors. Whether the greater warmth of the piety of our ancestors supplied the heat of stoves and furnaces of modern days, is perhaps a

question to be solved. Of one thing, however, I am certain, that notwithstanding the absence of cushions and carpets and anthracite furnaces, the attendance in those days at the places of public worship was little affected by the variations of the thermometer, and was more general and uniform than at the present day. The change in the arrangement of the building, the good taste and comforts of its furniture as seen in the present structure, the improvement of the music by the introduction of the choir and organ, point significantly to a wholesome change in public sentiment, not only as to the mode of conducting public worship, but as to the proper and appropriate uses of church buildings.

The English Church, followed by the Episcopal Church in this country, separated by a solemn form of consecration, their churches "from all unhallowed, worldly or common use;" and therefore their churches were held exclusively for the worship of Almighty God. Our puritan ancestors thinking they saw in this proper and becoming practice, a tendency to superstition and a blind reverence for mere objects of sense, went too far the other way, and degraded the house of God to the most common, not to say profane, uses. The controlling influence of this feeling was most manifest, within my recollection. The town and freemen's meetings, as they were termed, were always held in the "Meeting House." Theatrical exhibitions were sometimes got up in it; and I well remember, upon one of these occasions, the "star" of the performance was a Miss Sheldon—I think a daughter of Col. Thomas Sheldon of the West Society. If it happened to rain on "training day," the company was marched into the "Meeting House," and the manual exercise was gone through with, there.

As I have remarked, more rational and consistent views now prevail; and I presume no one in this beautiful village associates other duties with the church than the public worship of his Maker.

Mr. Gay was the first and the last congregational minister to whom I ever listened. My parents, during my childhood, became connected with the Baptist communion; but their place of worship was so far distant that their children lingered at the old house to a great extent, until the erection of the Baptist meeting house, just south of where Mr. Thomas Archer now resides. This took place a year or two before my parents removed from the town. Since that time, my brothers and myself have *strayed*, as you may think, into the Episcopal Church. But whether *strayed* or not—I found peace, and quiet, and comfort there, and I trust a hope sure and steadfast, of final rest in heaven,

through the merits of our blessed Redeemer. From the old "Meeting House" my memory naturally turns to the school house. In my day it stood nearly in front of the "Meeting House," on "the green," as it was called—in the middle of your beautiful broad street. My earliest recollections of it are when it was new. The old school house—its predecessor—I know by tradition, stood down the hill, at the opening of the road leading to West Suffield. I do not remember the building, but I do remember the traces of its foundation and the fragments of bricks left there after its demolition. My recollections of first attending school are in the new school house, standing where I have described it. The house was new and freshly painted white; and it left upon my childish imagination an impression of magnificence and grandeur of architecture far surpassing anything I have since seen. I have been abroad—have viewed with admiration Westminster Abbey and the new Parliament House opposite—many of the grand old cathedrals—many of the royal and noble castles and palaces of England and of the continent. But none of them made, at the time, an impression surpassing that which I now recall as left upon my boyish fancy by the new school-house. Improved taste, or better judgment, has removed the building from the highway to adjoining land, formerly a part of the farm of Col. Luther Loomis; and there it now stands—a plain and simple structure of no great dimensions—a monument, convincing me of the marvelous changes wrought in our ideas by the flight of fifty years. Not only the school-house, but the hills, down which I used to slide on my sled—the brook on which I skated in the winter, and in which I bathed almost daily in the summer—have all dwindled into most unaccountably contracted dimensions.

The various experiences of my early school days, and the names and persons of my school mates are vivid in my memory. The Grangers—the Peases—the Kents—the Loomises—the Kings—the Hathaways—the Austins—the Remingtons—the Sheldons—the Phelps, the Hitchcocks, and others that I might name—now as I stand on the ground where I knew them so long ago, come up in my memory with all their personal peculiarities. The simple beauty of the girls, and the athletic feats, the skill at ball, the manliness, and in some instances the clownishness, of the boys, are distinctly recalled.

Of the experiences of my school days, I could recount many, which might show that I was to say the least, unfortunate. Among the teachers, I remember a master Sykes—Lott Sykes was his name.

Whether our historian of to-day is of his family, I know not. I recollect he combed his hair in precisely the same, somewhat peculiar manner. Goldsmith's description of his country school master, was in one respect applicable to him :—

“ A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.”

He was a good teacher, and maintained excellent discipline in a school of fifty or sixty unruly boys—to say nothing of the girls. His hand-writing was like copper-plate. He feruled me once, for tripping down in school an awkward school-mate, while he was going to the fire to warm his feet. I doubtless deserved the punishment, though the offence arose from no “ malice aforethought.”

From the district school, I ascended to a classical school, in the upper west room, first taught, I think, by Mr. Gaylord Welles, and afterwards by Mr. Roswell Bailey, a very unfit man, for I have not forgotten the aid he afforded me in deceiving the Committee at a public examination. From the school-house, I was transferred to Mr. Gay's school in his house—in the chamber over the kitchen ; and in the small south chamber adjoining was kept the town library. Mr. Gay was not only a good man, but a good teacher. I remember well having committed Murray's Grammar to memory most thoroughly, without the slightest comprehension of the principles of English Grammar, until I came under his tuition, when his clear and simple illustrations in one or two lessons revealed the whole subject to my mind.

Among my school-fellows, there were William C. Gay and Anthony Hathaway. They were both good scholars. The fluency with which they translated Virgil, excited on my part mingled feelings of admiration and boyish envy. The first was a year before me in college. He sustained a good reputation for scholarship there, and gave fair promise of success in his profession afterwards, but was carried to comparatively an early grave by, I believe, some chronic affection of the brain. The second was in the same class—but alas ! never attained to graduation. Not many years since he was called to his final rest ; but, although his life was thus prolonged, his precocious faculties, to the sore disappointment of the justly high expectations of his friends, sank into a premature decay. The last recollection I have of him, is that of hearing him recite in the college chapel a ludicrous parody of Cato's soliloquy on the immortality of the soul. Strange coincidence ! that his

after life should have seemed to be a practical contradiction of that same soliloquy! But to those who knew him, as I did, in his bright boyhood, it will be gratifying to learn that on the eve of his departure for a better and brighter world, the cloud which had so long darkened his intellect passed off, and he seemed, from his quotations from Latin authors, to be entering the immortal world from a point in his early life where his mind was active and occupied in the study of the classics. Mr. Gay was cheerful and kindly in his intercourse with his school-boys, and yet he always commanded their love and respect. His salary as a clergyman was small, and he was obliged to supply its deficiency by school teaching and active labor on his farm. He was hospitable in his house, and, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, kind and charitable, though unostentatious. My recollection of many incidents justifies me in saying that the few poor of that day had cause to be thankful to him, and, could they speak now, would bless his memory.

To the leading men of Suffield and their political affinities, fifty years ago, allusion has already been made. Thaddeus Leavitt, Asahel Hathaway, William Gay, Esquires, Captain John Kent, the father of the preacher to-day, and Deacon Taylor, were among the known and decided Federalists, as they were called. Mr. Granger, Postmaster General, Mr. Seth Pease, Assistant Postmaster General, and afterwards Surveyor General of the United States, Col. Luther Loomis, Capt. Timothy Phelps and my father, were among the leading men of the Democratic party.

Esquire Leavitt and Esquire Hathaway, as they were generally designated, were the principal Justices of the Peace of the town. My father's professional practice as a lawyer led him to send me to them frequently on business errands. I remember well the awe and fear with which I used to enter their presence. Esquire Leavitt was tall in his person, always neat in his apparel, moved with a dignified aristocratic air, and, to my young eyes, venerable in his appearance, with an exceedingly mild and benevolent expression of countenance. Esquire Hathaway was in his personal appearance rather the reverse of Esquire Leavitt. The sobriquet of "Bishop" was often attached to his name. The origin of this high ecclesiastical title, as given to him, I have never learned. He was an educated man—of strong good sense, united with an occasional flash of homely, but pungent wit. He was one of the deacons of the church.

Capt. John Kent was remarkable for order and system in all his af-

fairs ; of rather strong political prejudices, but most consistent and exemplary in life. His fences were always good—his farm well cultivated, his boys well trained and dressed, which contrasted rather strongly with my father's premises and boys, especially as they were on the opposite sides of the same road. I am justified, perhaps, in adding as an apology, that my father's professional duties called him much from home, so that the charge of all these matters devolved upon my mother.

Of Postmaster General Granger it is unnecessary to say much, as he was a man of national reputation. I have always understood that he was a leader of the Hartford County bar. As a member of the State Legislature, the people of Connecticut owe him a vast debt of gratitude ; since by his efforts, more than by those of any other individual, were the avails of the Western Reserve directed to the support of common schools ; and from which arose our magnificent school Fund, affording to every child of our state, the means of obtaining a respectable education. In his person Mr. Granger was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His son Francis Granger, who was also Postmaster General under President Harrison, is, according to my recollection, almost a *fac simile* of his father.

Col. Loomis was an active, energetic and most industrious man. Though somewhat corpulent, he moved with a quiet and business step. He often represented the town in the State Legislature, and was generally a successful man in the conduct of his affairs. He, with Esquire Leavitt, Capt. Kent, and at a somewhat later day, Mr. Thomas Archer, were the merchants of the town.

Captain Timothy Phelps was a reading man—fond of social intercourse, ready in conversation, as his mind was well stored with historical information. Mr. Pease the assistant Postmaster General was a rare man in his day. He was a man of science. As a surveyor, astronomer, and geographer, he was greatly in advance of the age in which he lived.

My father, Hezekiah Huntington, was a soldier in the revolution, and was at one time, for several months, confined in the infamous Jersey prison ship. He acquired his professional education after the close of the war, and settled in this town. In 1813 he removed to Hartford. He was appointed District Attorney by Mr. Jefferson, and held the office more than twenty-five years. He was also State Attorney for Hartford County many years.

William Gay, Esquire, I pass over as he has been appropriately mentioned by another who knew him well.

I hope to be pardoned for alluding in this connection to one of an earlier generation than these of whom I have spoken, and who survived within my recollection. I refer to my maternal grandfather, Elihu Kent—Major Kent as he was commonly called. He was born, I believe, and lived and died in a house that stood where Mr. Hezekiah Spencer's house now stands. My recollections of the venerable man undoubtedly derive their coloring in some measure, from that affectionate reverence which a grandson necessarily feels for a kind and indulgent grand-parent. But my reason can draw conclusions from *facts* which I do remember as *such*, however much they may be mingled with the fiction of the peculiar relative to which I have alluded. From these I can say with confidence that he was a man of great frankness of character, of independence and firmness in his opinions, consistent and exemplary in his life. With an iron constitution he possessed an untiring energy. Patriotism was a leading and controlling trait of his character. He was an officer in what was called the French war, which resulted in the conquest from the French by the English and the Colonies, of the country northwest of the Ohio and of the Canadas, and was finally terminated by the treaty of Paris in 1763.

At the breaking out of the revolution, with his characteristic energy and promptitude he raised a company of one hundred and twenty men, on what was called the "Lexington alarm," and as their commander, marched with them to the "relief of Boston." At the expiration of the term for which the company engaged, he returned home, and during the continuance of the war, sent his three or four sons, with I believe, two negro slaves to many surrounding campaigns—he himself remaining at home to conduct the operations of his farm. His surplus of grain—of pork and beef, I have often heard my mother say, was carried to the army for which he freely received in payment, continental money, for the sake of sustaining the credit of the only currency within the command of the government. I remember well seeing in the garret of his house, large quantities of this worthless paper money. He always rode on horse-back, and at a galloping or cantering gait. In the latter years of his life he was so feeble as to require assistance to mount his horse, and yet he would persist in that mode of riding, and when mounted he would move with the same gait. He died, I think, in 1814, in the eighty-third year of his age.

I have reserved Deacon Taylor's name for the last, as he naturally leads me to another subject upon which I wish to say a few words before closing these remarks. Deacon Taylor was the blacksmith of the village, and none the less respected on that account. His dwelling house stood where the church, in which we are now assembled, stands. His shop, a long, low, unpainted building, stood a few rods south. In his life and conversation he was very exemplary. He was a hard working man, employing many journeymen and apprentices in his shop. A village blacksmith's shop, in those days, was a very different affair from what it is at present. Now the business of it is almost wholly confined to shoeing our horses and oxen. Then, as in Deacon Taylor's—not only our horses and oxen were shod, but all our agricultural implements were manufactured—our scythes—our ploughshares—hoes—pitchforks—spades—hammers—axes—many of our household utensils—our gridirons—toasting-irons—andirons and fire shovels and tongs. And so it was with almost every other article of household furniture, and wearing apparel—they were of domestic manufacture. Mr. Fitch Parsons was the cabinet maker. A Mr. Hathaway, I think, who lived in what was called Christian Street, was the hatter; Messrs. Jones and Gabriel and Mr. Brown the shoemakers; Mr. Bestor the tailor; all of whom, I remember well, were very much hurried just before thanksgiving, that being the time when the boys assumed their new winter suits: and what labor, and care, and vexation attended the preparation of these suits. I can remember when the wool was carded by hand. Afterwards the great improvement of carding machines was introduced. The manufacture began early in the summer; the wool was carded as I have intimated, then spun upon what was called a large wheel, by the daughters of the family, or by a person hired for that special purpose, carried to the weaver's, and thence to the clothier's, and then brought home, a good, warm, substantial, butternut brown cloth usually, ready for the tailoress, who in many cases came to the house to cut and make it into suits. So with the summer clothes; the flax was spun in the winter, whitened on the early spring grass, a part colored blue, and then woven into blue stripes or checks; and such fabrics made garments which lasted quite as long as the wearers desired.

I mention these things as illustrating the progress made in our domestic civilization within the past fifty years. The labors of the females of a family, in a vast majority of instances, at the period I speak

of, left little time or opportunity to obtain an education to qualify them for the important station they necessarily fill in society.

The improvement in the particulars to which I have referred, as well as in many other respects, leave to our wives and daughters, time to fit themselves for their appropriate spheres, to cultivate and enlarge their minds, to acquire the knowledge which enables them to control and influence public opinion, to purify and elevate public sentiment, to become the educators of our younger children, to cheer with their smiles and to lighten with their love, the increased labors of man.

I have thus hastily sketched from my memory, some of the things, the incidents, and the men of Suffield, of fifty years ago. I must conclude with expressing the earnest hope that my native town, so beautiful in its natural scenery, so rich in men, who have here concentrated so much of the means of human happiness, or gone forth to make their mark in other towns and states, will upon some other and early fitting occasion find a historian, who will fill up and give the true coloring to the picture, of which I have drawn but a very imperfect outline.

Remarks by HENRY A. SYKES.

MR. PRESIDENT :—The gentleman who has so kindly entertained us with reminiscences of his early years in this place, in the course of his remarks respecting those who had the “*task to teach*” his “*young idea how to shoot*,” alludes to one Sykes, as one of those who enjoyed so “*delightful*” a privilege ; and seems to infer, from the cut of the hair, that he was an ancestor of mine. Now sir, it is not my wish to leave any one laboring under an error of such *magnitude* ; and will therefore inform him, that while the individual he alludes to, and my humble self, have a common origin in one Victory, who favored this plantation with his aegis in 1680 ; it was his Lot, to originate from two Jonathans, results of that Victory ; while I claim a paternity in an Alexander’s two Victory’s, by Samuel, another consequence of the first Victory.*

* Explanation. Victory Sykes settled in Suffield, in 1680, had sons—

Jonathan, born 1675 ;	Samuel, born 1680 ;	Victory, born 1689.
Jonathan, born 1708 ;	Victory, born 1712.	
Lot, born 1739 ;	Victory, born 1758.	
Lot, the teacher, bn. 1774 ;		Alexander, born 1786.
Henry Alexander, the speaker.		

But enough, let thus much suffice on this point ; I will now ask this audience to transport themselves, in imagination, back in time, to the commencement of the *reign of our sovereign Lady Queen Anne*, and we will endeavor to picture to our minds the appearance of some of the prominent features of this neighborhood, and perhaps introduce ourselves to some of the people in their homes of that day.

And first let us look at High Street itself. We have before us a broad avenue, twenty rods in breadth, extending more than two miles, in a straight line, from north to south, bearing about twenty degrees west. We are not however, to imagine it to be flanked on either hand, with painted fences, protecting enclosures filled with fruit and ornamental trees ; on the contrary, the forest still stands upon its borders, in some portions of its extent, and in some parts occupies its surface ; while the roadway is but a mere path, meandering among the stumps and bushes that still encumber the soil. Log fences inclose some of the cleared fields that present themselves to view, and many of those fields are thickly studded with the huge stumps of trees that have recently been fallen, and not altogether removed. Our prospect is limited by the forest yet remaining, the borders of which present to our vision, serried ranks of trees, bare of foliage except at their very summit. A marsh covered with alders and other swamp bushes encroaching far upon the street, presents its unsightly aspect, and holds the center of its sway near the place where now stands the spacious mansion lately owned and occupied by William Gay, Esq., deceased. Along the borders of the street, in irregular positions stand the dwellings of the pioneers of the town, entirely guiltless of paint, or other coloring, except what they take from their material, and the subdued tints of time. Some of them aspire to the aristocratic form of two stories, with two rooms in each story, and a lean-to back for the convenience of culinary, and laundry operations.

Sloping away to the east, north and south, for some forty rods from the summit of the elevated ground, before the burial place, lies a broad common, upon which since the destruction of the forest, has sprung up a luxuriant growth of shrubs. At the summit aforesaid is the Meeting House, an unique building, which if standing at the present time would be an object of curiosity. It was erected in the reign of King William (Prince of Orange) about two years previous to his demise, and consequently has not yet received the bronzing tints of age. Let us picture to our minds this edifice in which our fathers

worshipped for about fifty years, where Mr. Ruggles preached, and Mr. Devotion and Dr. Gay were ordained. It is a building forty feet square and some twenty feet high to the eaves. The roof is in the form of an Egyptian pyramid, truncated at the top, around which there is a railing inclosing the flat. On each of the four sides of the roof stands a high, pointed gable of about twenty feet span at the base. There is a door at each of the three sides facing to the east, north, and south, and four windows in each of the four sides of the edifice, beside one in the center of the west side for the pulpit, and one in each of the four gables. The windows are glazed with quarries set in lead. Entering the house at the eastern door, we have before us an aisle, leading to the pulpit, at the west side, over which hangs in threatening aspect, a sounding board, bearing no very distant resemblance in its general outline, to the top of a Britannia tea-pot. At the right and left of the pulpit is a row of "flanker seats" so called, facing toward the north and south according to their relative position with respect to the pulpit. On each side of the central aisle, is a row of seats facing to the west, and an aisle at their outer ends, next the north and south walls of the room. Looking up, we find a gallery extending over about three fourths of the area of the house. Above this, at the level of the eaves of the edifice, we find a second gallery, which is lighted by the windows in the gables. The open area, in front of the galleries permits us to look far up the interior, and study the heavy carpentry of the roof.

In the rear of the Meeting House are several grassy mounds, marking the resting places of those whose labors here are ended. Among them is one covering the remains of Mr. John Younglove, and there, may also be seen those round-topped stones inscribed to the memory of John Lawton and his wife Benedick; Esther, late wife of Captain Anthony Austin; and Sarah, late wife of Thomas Stevens, all of which are still remaining.

Now let us imagine a beautiful Sabbath morn in the early autumn of 1702, one hundred and fifty-six years ago. The looked for "red flag" is floating to the breeze from the top of the Church, notifying the people that the hour to assemble for worship has come, and they are beginning to appear along the street, bending their way towards the house of God. No wheel carriages are seen among the groups approaching, mostly on foot, but a few of the proprietors from the more distant grants are mounted on horseback, with their loving spouses

on pillions behind, while their sturdy children trudge along on foot beside them. They are mostly clad in home manufactured fabrics, (literally so.) The males in small clothes and hose, with long waist-coats, over which is thrown a loose tunic or coat, and wide brimmed hats to protect their heads. The females appear in substantial homespun linsey-woolseys and checks; but although then, as now, hoops bore sway at the Courts of Europe, we believe few will be found here.

As the groups approach, we see among them Lieut. John Pengilley with his wife Mary, Ebenezer Burbank and his wife Rebecca, and Jacob Adams with his wife Anna, accompanied by their sons and daughters; from the ferry. Another group from Feather street arrives, and among them we see John Trumble and his wife Elizabeth, Walter Halladay and John Burbank Sen., with his son John Jr., and their wives Mehitabel and Mary. From the west comes Lieut. Joseph Harmon and his brother Nathaniel, with their wives Hannah and Mary, and their sons and daughters, a goodly number. From the north comes David Froe, Jonathan Taylor and his brother Samuel; and from the south Capt. Anthony Austin, Edmund Marshall and John Rising with their families; while approaching from the more immediate vicinity, among others, may be seen James King, Peter Roe, John Hanchet, Thomas Remington, Thomas and Samuel Granger, Samuel Kent, David and Jonathan Winchell, Mrs. Younglove, Corporal Joseph Pumrey, Thomas Copley, George Norton, Samuel and William Spencer, Thomas Huxley and Robert Old. Finally with grave but cheerful demeanor, the beloved pastor appears leading by the hand his child, Mercy, who bids fair to be a counterpart of her mother Mercy, whom the cares of a fast increasing, and rising family, will not permit often to accompany her husband to the house of public worship. As he enters the pulpit, the congregation are hushed in silence, and stand in reverential deportment while the blessing of Almighty God is invoked upon their assembling. A psalm is given out to be sung from the version set to meter by Sternhold and Hopkins, and *Goodman* Sykes rises, sets the tune, reads a line and the congregation join in singing it, then another line is read and then sung; thus they make melody in their hearts unto the Lord. Then their pastor leads them to the throne of grace, that they may feed in heavenly pastures, and draw water from the wells of salvation. After the singing of another of the songs of Zion, he opens the Word of God, and breaks unto them the Bread of Life, endeavoring, in the Spirit to

divide unto each his portion in due season. The services of the morning are closed with the benediction, and the people retire, many to their homes accompanied by some of their distant neighbors, while others gather in groups; perhaps converse upon the merits of their new sovereign,* and discuss the probable results of the impending war with France, which soon became noted for the battle of Blenheim, in Europe, but caused anxiety and sorrow in the hearts of many here, at the destruction of Deerfield and the captivity and massacre of most of its inhabitants.

We will now allow the wheels of time to move forward some two and a half years. The fierce winds of March are careering over the snow clad fields, and ringing out their strong base in the neighboring forest. In a low brown house nearly opposite the Meeting House is assembled a group consisting of a matronly appearing lady, somewhat advanced in the downhill of life, a man of about thirty-six years of age, and a robust young man of twenty-two years. These are Mrs. Sarah Younglove, the widow of Mr. John Younglove, and John, and Joseph, her first and last born sons. Her other sons, Samuel and James, and her surviving daughters, Mary, Hannah and Lydia, have all married, and are settled around her, in the neighborhood, while she and the two first named occupy the house built by the people of the town, for her husband, when he first came to be their minister. They are conversing upon the rumors of threatened disturbances from the northern Indians, when Sergeant Joseph Sheldon their next door neighbor comes in and informs them that news has just arrived, that the Indians, under the lead of a Frenchman, have attacked and destroyed Deerfield; that they have killed and scalped a number of the inhabitants, and carried off in captivity nearly all the rest, among them young Joseph Eastman; and that his kinsman's house is the only one left in the place, which was saved by timely discovery of the enemy, and the desperate bravery of its inmates, though Mrs. Sheldon was shot upon her bed. After the first shock which this information produced has in a measure subsided, and some remarks of commiseration for poor Joseph and his bereaved mother, Mrs. Younglove begins to relate reminiscences of her experience of Indian warfare at Brookfield in 1675.

Leaving them we will proceed up the street some three-fourths of a

* Queen Anne.

mile from the meeting-house. On the east side of the way stands a house with its sharp-peaked gable facing toward the west. It is about twenty-eight feet long by twenty feet wide. The second story juts over the lower toward the street, some eighteen inches, and the gable projects over the second story. At each end of the lower projection hangs a curiously carved pendant. A chimney of ample proportions stands at the east end, and a door at the south side gives access to an entry, in which we find a stairway by the side of the chimney leading to the chambers. At the left hand is a door through which we pass to the only room on the first floor, but it is none of your six by eight boxes, to viciate the pure air and poison its inmates; on the contrary there is room for the old folks to be at home by the ample fireside, and leave full scope for the young to play at hide and seek, or blind man's buff. The ceiling over our heads is constructed of huge moulded beams supporting lighter joists over which is laid a sheathing of boards forming both the ceiling of the room, and the floor of the chambers above. Time will not permit me to point out specifically the furniture, nor the contents of the china closet at the north side of the chimney. But let me introduce you to Goodman Sykes, the architect, builder and proprietor of the mansion; he has just entered upon the fifty-sixth year of his age. This good lady is Mary, his third wife, and he is her second husband. These two young men are his sons Jonathan and Samuel, by his first wife Elizabeth (Burt); they were natives of Springfield, but were transplanted into the wilds of Suffield in their infancy. They have not yet entered upon a wedded life, but the fair Mary Lane who lives across the street has entrapped the heart of Jonathan, and Samuel frequently finds it convenient to stop at the house of Goodman Hanchet which stands upon the knoll north of the alder swamp, where the blooming Mabel alias Mehitabel Hanchet may be found. This youth of fifteen is Victory Jr., the only surviving child of Goodman Sykes, by his second wife, Elizabeth (Granger); and the young maiden so engaged at her spinning is Mary Trumble, a daughter of Goody Sykes by her first husband, Judah Trumble; and here is neighbor Quinton Stockwell, who resides at the opposite side of the way. Having heard the news of the disasters at Deerfield, he has come in to relate it, which having done, he as a matter of course in sympathetic feeling has been led into a narration of his own captivity at that place in 1677, and his adventures among the Indians in Canada; and here, we must leave them, for time forbids our tarry; we must obey its mandate and hasten

onward. Goodman Stockwell has long since closed the relation of his adventures. Goodman Sykes continued some four years after the events just adverted to, and was gathered to his fathers. His sons, and the maidens of their choice, joining hands, hearts, and fortunes, walked along the journey of life, reared their families, and passed away. But the old homestead! It remained on that spot until about thirty years since, when the sacrilegious hand of modern improvement was laid upon it, and it was removed thence, and degraded to the ignoble office of a cattle shed, which office it still occupies at the homestead of Capt. Seth King, in North street, one of Suffield's independent farmers. The house of Mrs. Younglove has long since disappeared, nor left "a wreck behind."

The Meeting House survived some alterations, many repairs and resolutions to build a successor, until the 25th of April, 1749, when it was laid prostrate. On the Sabbath following, (April 30,) public worship was held in the open air, the congregation seating themselves "on y^e Timber," and the next Sabbath, worship was held at the house of Major (afterward Gen.) Phineas Lyman. The sills for a new Meeting House were laid May 8th, and the raising commenced the next day; "y^e Steeple" was raised the 22d of August following. This house was forty feet wide and fifty-seven feet long, extending from north to south parallel with the front of the burial ground. Its interior arrangement was similar to its predecessor, except that it had but one tier of galleries; and the audience room had a ceiling instead of being open up to the roof. The steeple stood on the top of the house, at the north end. It was taken down in 1786, and was replaced with a tower and spire built from the ground, whose combined height was about one hundred and thirty feet. It was designed, and built by Joseph Howard of Suffield, and was of beautiful proportions and thoroughly built. It might and ought to have been preserved, but the old house having become somewhat rickety, it was decided in 1835 to rebuild; and spires being at that time unpopular, this was involved in ruin with the house. It was thrown down March 16th, 1835, and the tower and house were demolished soon after. Its successor, the present house, was raised in June of that year. These three houses for public worship, the first erected in 1700, the second in 1749, and the present one in 1835, have successively occupied the same site. The first Meeting House erected in the town (of which the monument, this day inaugurated is a model, in its general outline,)

stood upon the Common, southeast of the site of its successors. It probably was built about 1680 and was removed in 1701.

In 1685, a "red flag" was procured to hang out to notify the people of the hour for assembling. In 1710 a drum was purchased to use for that purpose, and in 1760, the Society voted to purchase a bell, which was brought into the town November 18th, 1761.

This brings to remembrance the "black knight" of the bell, Ti,* with a brief notice of whom I will close. He was one of those whose fortune it was to be born in bondage, in the house of Dr. Gay, yet knew nothing of the galling chains of slavery. There are many here, who can remember his glistening countenance, as he tolled the bell, with measured stroke, to the step of the good parson Gay; and his care to ring the last peal as Mr. Gay entered the pulpit door. With many will arise memories of loved ones, by whose open graves he stood, and carefully covered their coffins with earth, and then uncovered his head, a signal for the closing funeral ceremony. But he, too is gone, his remains have been laid in the ground with those for whom he had performed this last sad office. May they rest in peace, and his memory be cherished among the mementos of the past.

The following original Hymn by S. DRYDEN PHELPS, D. D., of New Haven, a native of Suffield, was sung in the tune of Old Hundred:—

“Sweet, holy memories thron’d to-day
 The place where we rejoicing stand,
 Where lovely prospects stretch away
 O’er hill and vale on every hand.
 Not such in olden time the view,
 When first God’s servants gathered here,
 The field and forest to subdue,
 And home, and church, and school to rear.
 Nobly they wrought—those stalwart men,
 Led on by him whose worthy name
 And earnest zeal, revived again,
 We give afresh to sacred fame.

* Titus Kent.

Blest was the Pastor's early toil,
 Blest is the memory of the just ;
 Let sculptured column crown the soil
 Where sleeps serene, his honored dust.

Virtue and faith survive the dead,
 Their fruits to wide results expand ;
 Sons of the sires have risen and spread
 Their leavening power throughout the land.

Hither to-day these children come,
 To greet the scenes of other years,
 To taste again the joys of home,
 At loved ones' graves to drop their tears.

O God ! from Thee our treasures flow,
 From Thee, the present and the past ;
 A parting blessing now bestow,
 And may we meet in Heaven at last !"

THE BENEDICTION was pronounced by Rev. HENRY COOLEY.

It is an interesting fact, that the tune (Old China), in which the opening hymn was sung, and the closing hymn, were each composed by a son of Suffield.*

* Timothy Swan.

LETTERS

OF PERSONS NOT PRESENT, IN REPLY TO INVITATIONS FROM THE
COMMITTEE.

FORT ATKINSON, September 4, 1858.

MR. NORTON—VERY DEAR SIR :—Your favor of the 27th ult., was received on Wednesday evening, but as I was in a neighboring town attending a convention of ministers, I have not seen it till this evening. I hasten to reply very briefly.

I rejoice exceedingly to learn of your purposes and plans in the erection of a respectable monument to the memory of our honored ancestor, who served the church and his generation so faithfully, and in so godly a manner, during his short pilgrimage on the earth, and who has now been a glorified saint in heaven for a hundred and fifty years. I most sincerely thank you for your invitation to be present with you on the 16th of the present month. Nothing of an earthly nature would be so gratifying to my feelings as to be able to comply with your request; and nothing but the want of means prevents me from turning my face Suffield-ward without delay. But I am a superannuated missionary of very small means, and cannot command a sufficient sum of money to take me there, and return me back. My thoughts, my heart, my soul, will be with you, and it is hard to feel reconciled that my body will have to remain behind. I shall try, however, to say, not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done.

Some eight years since I set about tracing back the genealogy of the Ruggles' family as far as I could, and was successful beyond my expectations. I will state in few words my line of descent from my great, great, great grandfather, which I am satisfied is perfectly correct.

John Ruggles, a native of Nasing, Essexshire, England, with his wife Barbarie, left their country and kindred for the sake of freedom of conscience, and came to this, then new world, in the year 1634, in the same ship with Elliott, the missionary, to the Indians. They had then one child two years old, named John. They settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Benjamin Ruggles of Suffield was the son of this

second John. Benjamin was educated at Cambridge, and graduated honorably when seventeen years of age. This was considered very young at that time; but he was thought an uncommon youth. He was ordained in Suffield at the age of twenty-two, I think. I have the record, but it is at present loaned, I think, however, he was thirty-two when he died. He died in Suffield, greatly lamented, as he had been greatly beloved. He was undoubtedly buried by the side of his wife, Mercy, who died about a year and three months previous to him. They left seven children, five daughters and two sons—Mary, Benjamin, Joseph, Abigail, Ruth, Aphia, Tryphena. The mother died six days after the birth of Tryphena. Joseph was my grandfather. He was born in the year 1701, and died in 1791, aged just ninety years. He had fifteen children. My father, Samuel, was his youngest son, and lived and died at the homestead of his father in Brookfield, Connecticut. He left nine children, of whom I am the youngest, and was just eight days old when my father died. He died at the age of forty-four, March 17, 1795. I am sixty-three years old, have four children, two sons and two daughters.

I obtained my information partly from tradition, but mostly from church and town records, wills, deeds, &c., &c., in Boston, Roxbury, Cambridgeport, and Suffield. My Suffield informants are probably dead, as they were quite old when they gave the information. I could give more particulars of the two Johns, and of Thomas, an elder brother of John the first, who came over two years after, in 1636, but as I said, my documents are not by me at present.

Please make my kind regards and love to all the descendants of my great grandsire, Benjamin Ruggles, who may gather at your place, and tell them, it would rejoice me greatly to mingle with them on the 16th. Should an account of your meeting be published, I would request that a copy may be sent me, or if it should not be published, will you be so kind as to inform me of its results.

I am most sincerely yours, &c.

SAMUEL RUGGLES.

BROOKFIELD, August 15, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter to Eli Ruggles came to my hands last evening. He has been dead eleven years, and most of his family have

left this place, or are deceased. I married his youngest sister some twenty years since. She was one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, the wife of doctor Holman, who staid at the Islands some two years, and died in Bridgeport, some two or three years after his return.

I am nearly eighty-two years old, and I remember Joseph Ruggles, the first of the name who came to this place, and I believe the first of three or four persons who settled here. As nearly as I remember, he died not far from the beginning of this century, aged I believe, ninety years. He was the son of the Rev. Benjamin Ruggles of Suffield—was deacon of the Presbyterian Church here for many years—was the father of fifteen children, by three wives, all of whom are now dead.

Names of the children of Joseph Ruggles :

Sarah,	married	David Smith.	Benjamin,	married	Sarah Seely.
Lois,	"	Oliver Warner.	Joseph,	"	Sarah Dunning.
Rachel,	"	John Bishop.	Lazarus,	"	Hannah Bostwick.
Mercy,	"	Edmund Bostwick.	Timothy,	"	Sybil Wooden.
Mabel,	"	Reuben Bostwick.	Ashbel,	"	Rebecca Bostwick.
Lucy,	"	Jonathan Starr.	Elizabeth,	"	Eli Segur.
Anna,	"	William Phelps.	Mary,	"	Nathan Merwin.
Samuel, married Huldah Waklee.					

Eli Ruggles to whom your letter was directed, was the eldest son of Samuel Ruggles, who was the youngest son of Deacon Joseph Ruggles.

Samuel B. Ruggles of New York, (canal commissioner of the Erie canal,) is the grandson of Lazarus Ruggles, who was the third son of Deacon Joseph Ruggles—he can probably give some information relative to the Ruggles race.

Samuel Ruggles, father of my wife, was his youngest son, who died over sixty years since ; his son Samuel, who was, with my wife, one of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, is now residing at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. He has, I am informed, all the documents required, or that can be obtained from any of the descendants of Deacon Ruggles. His brother, Rev. Isaac W. Ruggles, who died a year or two since, and who resided at Pontiac, Michigan, had taken much pains to obtain the genealogy of the Ruggles family, and Samuel can probably obtain all the documents.

The above is all I think of at present that can be interesting to you.

Yours, &c.,

DANIEL TOMLINSON.

DANIEL W. NORTON, Esq.

BUFFALO, Sep'tember 13, 1858.

DANIEL W. NORTON, Esq.—Sir :—Your favor of August 28, together with a circular inviting me to attend your celebration on the 16th of September, was duly received. I immediately wrote to several of the Youngloves, but have not been able to write since until today. Some of the Younglove family will be with you on the 16th,—but my own bad health, and the condition of my family, will deprive me of the pleasure of mingling with the multitude which will undoubtedly attend.

My mother was a Younglove ; a great grand daughter of the Rev. John Younglove of whom you speak. The love which I bare her induced me to learn as much as possible about her ancestors, and the collateral branches of her family. Had my health been spared, I should have written for you something about the Youngloves, which would probably have been interesting to all of that name or lineage ; but I have not been able to do it, I will, however, simply remark that I have often referred to that family as a proof that the influence of pious ancestors, who not only *profess* religion, but *live* it, will be felt by their descendants for many generations.

Very respectfully,

Yours, &c.,

W. K. SCOTT.

HARTFORD, September 7, 1858.

SIR :—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 29th ult., inviting me to be present at Suffield on Thursday the 16th inst., and to join with you in the celebration. I should have noticed your polite invitation before, had I not been absent from home for the last ten days.

It would give me much pleasure to meet you and my other friends in Suffield on that occasion. I had partially engaged to be at New Haven on Thursday the 16th, and if I can excuse myself from going there, as I now think I can, I will do myself the pleasure of accepting the kind invitation of your Committee. I will go up in the nine

o'clock morning train to Windsor Locks, and there take the stage to your place.

I am with great respect,
Your obedient servant,

JULIUS CATLIN.

S. B. KENDALL, Esq.

NORWICH, September 4, 1858.

S. B. KENDALL, Esq.—DEAR SIR :—Your favor of the 27th of August, was duly received, inviting me and my staff to participate in the exercises connected with the commemoration of the death of the first pastor of the Congregational Church in Suffield.

I should be very happy to meet your citizens, as well as the sons and daughters of Suffield, who will then gather from all parts of our country, on an occasion of so much interest ; but I have an engagement for that and the following day which must deprive me of that pleasure.

I am very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.

HARTFORD, September 7, 1758.

S. B. KENDALL, Esq.—DEAR SIR :—Your kind invitation to attend your approaching celebration on the 16th inst., is received.

I regret to say I shall not be able to attend, as the term of the supreme court commences here on the 14th inst.

Accept my thanks.

Yours with sincere respect,

WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, September 16, 1858.

REV. J. R. MILLER—MY DEAR SIR :—I have just received your special invitation to be present at the public exercises in Suffield to-day.

It was a happy thought on the part of the good people in Suffield to signalize this sixteenth day of September, 1858, in the manner set forth by your Committee of arrangements. Respecting the life and character of Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, the first pastor of your church, I have little knowledge, but the tribute about to be paid to his memory, by an intelligent Christian people, is a warrant for the strong impression which I have of his ministerial worth. Who can estimate aright the influence transmitted to successive generations in Suffield by the man of God whose virtues and toils are now gratefully recalled? And what an incentive does this thought supply to us, entrusted as we are in our several spheres, with a work which borrows most of its significance from the distant future!

I regret that my associates, Drs. Vernilye and Lawrence, are out of the State at this time, and that it is impracticable for me to witness the joyful and instructive solemnity which the sons and daughters of Suffield will never forget. May the God of their fathers be their God! May those evangelical doctrines and institutions to which Connecticut and New England are so deeply indebted for all their solid advantages be maintained evermore in the favored town where your lot is cast!

With a grateful acknowledgement of the kind invitation extended to me by the Committee and yourself,

I am yours sincerely,

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

PATERSON, N. J., August 31, 1858.

MR. DANIEL W. NORTON.—DEAR SIR:—I have just returned home after an absence of some days with my family, which must excuse the delay in my answer to your note of last week. It will afford me great pleasure to attend the interesting ceremonies in Suffield on the 16th of September next, and I shall esteem it an honor to take an active part in them.

There is some uncertainty whether I can gratify my wish to be with you. The time happens to be exceedingly inconvenient for me. But I will make every effort, and if not disappointed will, in company with my wife and two sons, unite with you in the celebration of the day.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. HORNBLLOWER.

UTICA, N. Y., August 26, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—Your circular and letter, conveying to me the information of your intended commemoration of the anniversary of the decease of your first pastor, has been duly received. The observance of that day will give favorable opportunity for a rare gathering of the scattered sons and daughters of old Suffield; and they will without doubt avail themselves of it, and come bringing many a liberal offering both in mind and money, to aid in the accomplishment of your praiseworthy monumental enterprise—with many an eloquent word of pleasant memories of “days of yore,” to contribute to the interest of the occasion.

I do deeply regret that circumstances will prevent my acceptance of your very polite and cordial invitation to attend, and mingle with you in the exercises and pleasures of the celebration. I can only tender to you my best wishes for the success of your efforts, and the hope that there may be a glorious reunion of friends and citizens from far and near to participate in the observances of the anniversary.

With respectful regard, your obedient servant,

JOHN YOUNGLOVE.

D. W. NORTON, Esq.

NORTH BENNINGTON, VT., September 7, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—I received yours of August 29th, a day or two since, and hasten to thank you for your kind invitation to be present with you on the 16th. I am sorry that my engagements will not allow me to do so, as we have engaged to spend the next two or three weeks with our friends at Saratoga, and other places. We should feel much pleased in being with you on that occasion, if we could do so.

I hope you will succeed in your enterprise of erecting a monument to the memory of Rev. Benjamin Ruggles. I shall be happy to hear of your success.

Respectfully yours,

J. Y. BRECKENRIDGE.

MR. D. W. NORTON.

CINCINNATI, August 29, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:—Owing to my absence for some weeks past, your kind letter of the 13th inst. did not come to my possession until this

morning. I am very thankful for the invitation it contains, to be present in my native town, on the interesting occasion mentioned in your letter, as also for the polite manner of its communication.

For many years past it has been my settled purpose to visit the place of my birth, and look at the mouldering grave-stones of my ancestors ; but heretofore circumstances have intervened to prevent it.

It could not be otherwise than interesting to me to visit the place where I was born. I dare not now say that I can be present on the occasion to which you refer. But for my recent protracted absence from home I would promise without hesitation to be with you on the 16th proximo ; but under existing circumstances, it is doubtful if I shall be able to enjoy that pleasure. If however, I can so arrange my business as to leave home I shall most gladly comply with your kind invitation.

Hoping I may hear from you again, and often,

I am truly yours,

H. H. LEAVITT.

WM. L. LOOMIS, Esq.

NEW YORK, August 24, 1858.

DEAR SIR :—Your favor of the 24th inst. containing enclosures for Messrs. Watt, Wright, and John I. Sherman, was duly received, and the notes delivered as you requested. Our legal vacation closes on the 1st September proximo, and my business engagements, which are just now somewhat urgent, will, much to my regret prevent my attending the commemoration alluded to in your circular.

You will however, please present the thanks of myself and wife to the gentlemen comprising the Committee of correspondence for the compliment of their invitation, and also accept our acknowledgments personally for your courtesy and politeness.

With our regards to yourself and family, I remain,

Very respectfully and sincerely yours,

C. A. SHERMAN,

REV. D. HEMENWAY.

NEW HAVEN, September 9, 1858.

DEAR SIR :—I herewith send you the ode I have written for the celebration next week. I am sorry not to have sent it sooner, but circumstances prevented my doing so. It is longer than I intended it to be. The last verse but one may be left out if thought best. I have sent a copy of this ode to Mr. C. F. Loomis, who is to conduct the singing. He proposed that it be adapted to "Old Hundred," and I have written it for that tune.

I hope I *shall* be able to attend the celebration.

Yours truly,

S. D. PHELPS.

D. W. NORTON, Esq.

HARTFORD, September 9th, 1858.

REV. MR. MILLER—DEAR SIR :—It would afford me great pleasure to be with you on the occasion mentioned in your kind note just received; but there is to be a special meeting of the corporation of Yale College on that day for the transaction of important business, and my duty will require me to meet with them. The programme of exercises interests me much, and if well carried out, you cannot fail to have an interesting and profitable occasion. So may it be.

Yours in Christ,

J. HAWES.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 6, 1858.

GENTLEMEN :—I have received your circular of invitation to attend the celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the death of the first pastor of the First Congregational Church in Suffield, Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, which is to take place on the 16th of September, 1858.

I regret to say, that engagements, which I can neither perform in

advance nor postpone, will deprive me of the great pleasure of being with you on that interesting occasion ; but, Providence permitting, Mrs. Sizer will be there to join with the sons and daughters of Suffield in those sacred festivities, and also to point out to our little son the graves of our ancestors, the Hales, the Nortons and the Remingtons, some of whom labored with, and most of whom now sleep by the side of the illustrious dead whose virtues you meet to celebrate, and over whose remains you purpose to embody your filial and pious affection in the form of a cenotaph.

The settlements of New England were peculiar. Neither mineral wealth, commercial prosperity, nor ambition to wield a political scepter, tempted her pioneers to those rocky shores. They came to enjoy a free gospel and an equality of civil rights. Hence the *minister* and the *teacher*, the *church* and the *school-house* were made radical, central, and indispensable institutions in the framework of the new society. These constituted the focus and heart of the community, and to this day, not only in New England, but among New Englanders, who are scattered as noble pioneers for good all over the world, the family, the school, and the church—purity, education and piety, are paramount in their characters and prominent elements in the institutions which they planted.

It is fitting, therefore, to meet for the purposes which call you together, to commemorate the virtues, and to build a monument over the ashes of Benjamin Ruggles, the eminent New England minister and pioneer of liberty and law in the wilderness.

God bless you, and prosper your laudable work !

Yours truly,

NELSON SIZER.

REV. D. HEMENWAY, and others.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, August 26, 1858.

DEAR SIR :—I have received your kind invitation to be present at the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the decease of the Rev. Benjamin Ruggles. If it is possible I shall be present. Few will be present whose recollections can extend back farther than mine. I can distinctly remember the father of the late Rev. Ebenezer Gay in the

pulpit of the old church, with his great white wig, about the year 1794 being born myself August 24, 1788.

It would give me great satisfaction to once more visit "Old Suffield," and the graves of my parents. Remember me with sincere regard to all that remember me.

Accept my sincere regard,

CHAUNCEY BESTOR.

DANIEL W. NORTON, Esq.

HUDSON, OHIO, September 13, 1858.

GENTLEMEN :—I am honored with an invitation through your circular of the 27th of July last, accompanied with a polite request from my worthy friend Daniel W. Norton, Esq., to be present at Suffield on the 16th inst., to join you in celebrating the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the decease of the Rev. Benjamin Ruggles ; and though I regret to say that business relations will deprive me of that satisfaction, yet be assured that nothing would give me or my wife, who is a daughter of Suffield, greater pleasure than to participate in the festivities of that occasion.

Suffield had her full share in the early struggles and privations incident to a new settlement, has maintained a healthy progress in all the elements of civilization and christianity, and commended herself to the favorable consideration of enlightened men everywhere, by giving, in the persons of her children, the riches of her experience, enterprise and knowledge to almost every locality in the union. Little as I am versed in her history, I know that Ohio still remembers with just pride a chief justice of our own supreme court, and a United States senator, (the latter, if I mistake not, being a descendant of the very person whose demise you commemorate,) together with many other distinguished men who trace their nativity to Suffield ; and well may she point to her children in distant states and climes, and without arrogance or ostentation challenge competition.

The enterprise in which your church is engaged, is a noble one, and worthy of Suffield, and you have the united aspirations of myself and wife that it will meet with entire success ; and that your festival and its results may become in the hearts of residents and distant children new incentives to noble deeds, and additional instrumentalities in the

hands of Providence of a deeper and more lasting attachment to the land of their origin.

Be pleased to accept my highest esteem.

VAN. B. HUMPHREY.

REV. DANIEL HEMENWAY, and others.

DAYTON, O., September 9, 1858.

GENTLEMEN :—Your invitation to be present at Suffield on the 16th inst., at the commemoration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the decease of the Rev. Benjamin Ruggles, the first pastor of the First Congregational Church, I received this morning.

As a descendant, as you please to say, "of one of old Suffield's best sons, and also of the Rev. Mr. Devotion, who succeeded Mr. Ruggles in the ministry" one hundred and fifty years ago, I should be rejoiced were it in my power to be with you on the very interesting occasion of the proposed commemoration.

I admire and appreciate the attachment of the people of Suffield to the memories of their forefathers, their careful preservation of the history of their ancient town, and their far-reaching interest displayed in following over the earth as it were, those descendants of her early citizens, whose lot in life is not cast upon the pleasant banks of the Connecticut, and to whom the time-honored tombs of Suffield are but a solemn yet pleasing remembrance.

You attach us to you by links of sympathy, bearing from you to us, and back to you again, the kindest, indeed I may say the most fraternal feeling. I am daily reminded that "old Suffield" was the home of my American ancestors on the paternal side. My grandfather, Eliphalet King's two military commissions, one under "King George," signed before the breaking out of the Revolution, but the other dated January 1st, 1776, from the Continental Congress and signed by John Hancock, are framed with a silhouette likeness of grandfather in the upper portion, and adorn the walls of our parlor. On the fourth of July last, as they will be on each succeeding anniversary, they were encircled with beautiful evergreens and wreaths by the willing hands of my wife and daughter. I have also in my possession grandfather's revolutionary musket, (officers at the time of that period carried muskets) of

English manufacture, the lock bearing date, "June 1762." It was captured from the British at the commencement of the Revolution, and is now in a good state of preservation.

My father, Augustus King, as you are aware, was born in Suffield. He died on the 19th of September, 1856, aged seventy-two years. He was all that a man, a husband, a father, a good citizen and a christian should be. A son can say no more. I enclose an account of his death, "written by his son-in-law to Mr. Putnam:"

ACCOUNT.

DEAR FRIEND:—Caroline has just reminded me of a duty which ought to have been performed a few days ago, a mournful and yet delightful task. Your old friend, father King, has moved away from among us. He has gone to another world. For over fifty years he has been studying the history, and tracing the maps of a "brighter world." He became dissatisfied with this world of diurnal darkness and light, of pain and of death; and for more than fifty years he has led a nomadic life, daily seeking for green pastures; but alas! they were nowhere to be found upon earth. He had lived out the allotted days of man upon earth, with three years "grace." He left us on his birth-day, being exactly seventy-three years old.

As he was about leaving he told us with feelings of enraptured delight, that he had found another, yea, a heavenly world. The old man was young again. He smiled and rejoiced like a child, as he drew near his journey's end. "Oh!" said he, "what a lovely Savior I have found; He is very near."

Father King had been afflicted with bronchitis for a year, which finally terminated his life here. He was confined to his bed for three weeks, the last two he had to have some one with him all the time. Caroline stood by him unremittingly nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, the whole time, none of us could prevent her. On the night of the 19th we saw that he must soon leave us. At nine P. M., we all gathered around his bed. He was bolstered up straight; calmly he looked around upon us; not a word was said; not a movement made; all was calm and quiet as night. Here was a scene for Raphael; his immortal pencil could not desire a grander scene. There sat the white-haired old man transformed into an angel. At the head on one side stood the sympathizing doctor; near him Edward sat, leaning on the bed; in the middle sat Rufus on the bed-side holding his father's

hand ; I leaned on the post at the foot ; at the other foot-post stood Edward's wife ; in the middle on the other side sat Caroline with her father's other hand in hers ; at the other head-post leaned an old friend, who had been with him several days. Stillness reigned supreme. We know the angels are here among us ; we know their errand ; we treat them with reverence. The old saint is the first to move. He withdraws his hand, and *looks* an invitation for me to come and bid him a long farewell. In like manner he withdrew his hand from mine, and so on till I thought all had parted with him. He looked for others : I thought of our two faithful servant girls that have been with us for several years. I sent for them ; they in like manner bid him a long farewell, still not a word was spoken. He then shut his eyes and breathed less and less. I took his hand and looked at him closely. Not a muscle moved ; not a sigh, or an inhalation to disturb the beauty of the scene. Less and less became the movement of his breast, until all was still ! The angels stole him away when my eyes, when all eyes were fixed upon him, and we knew not the moment that he departed with them. Never did a babe go more quietly to sleep on its mother's bosom, than did father King on the bosom of his Savior.

We laid him, in the same vault by his wife. She had been there thirteen winters waiting for him. They now sleep together on earth. They now sing together in heaven. Your Friend, ——.

Please accept my acknowledgements for your kind invitation, and think of me as one who never forgets his Suffield descent, and who is always deeply interested in all that concerns " Old Suffield " and its people. In your midst, for almost hundreds of years, have reposed the remains of my ancestors, and I recur to the fact with an almost Indian-like feeling of regard for the spot where they lie. That the people of Suffield may always be what the people of Suffield have always been—Christian, loving, generous and patriotic, fit guardians of their honored dead, and fit tutors and exemplars to their children, is my earnest wish in their behalf.

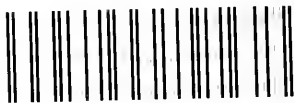
Very truly yours,

EDWARD A. KING.

REV. DANIEL HEMENWAY, and others.



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