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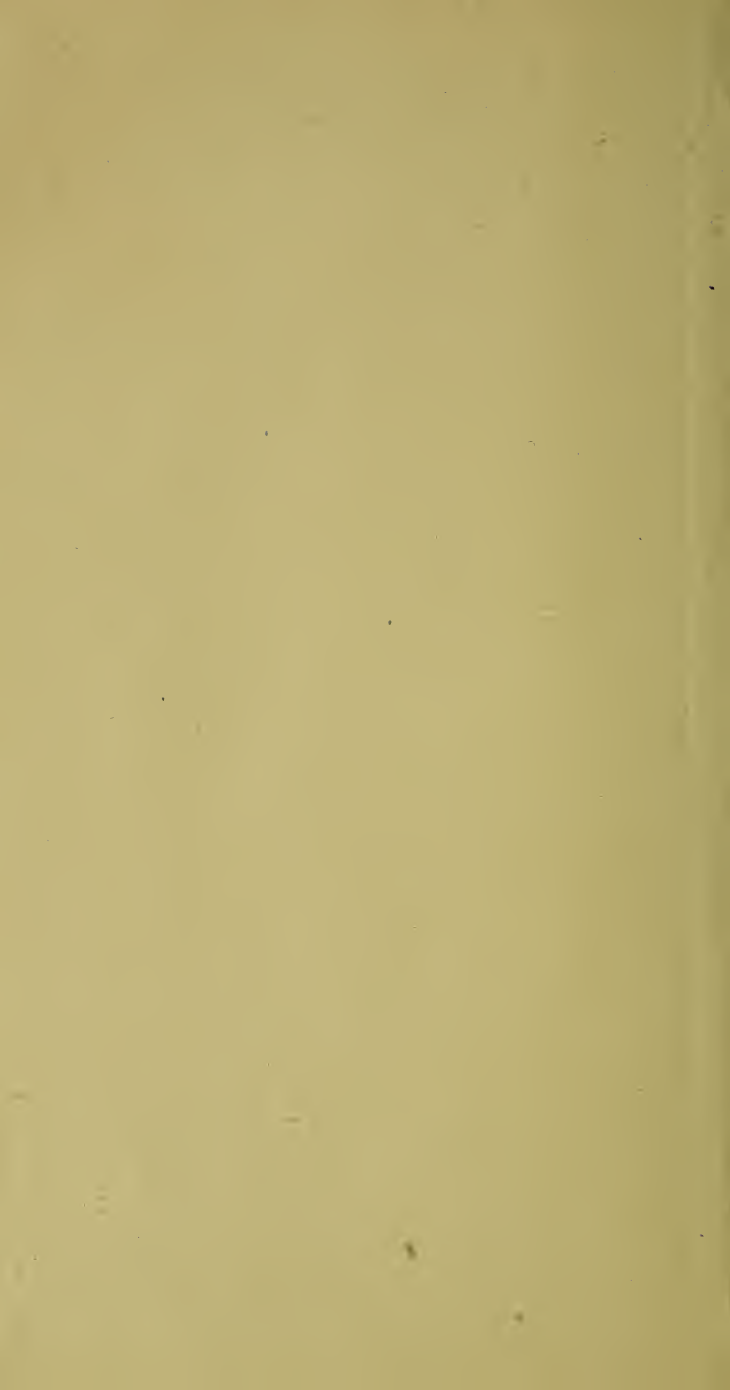
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THE

CONNECTICUT EMIGRANT.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

HENRY—AN INTENDED EMIGRANT.

MARY—HIS WIFE.

HEZEKIAH—HIS FATHER.

HEPZIBAH—HIS MOTHER.

GEORGE—HIS SON.

ALSO—

A SONG,

*For the Anniversary of the Connecticut Agricultural
Societies, Cattle Shows, Fairs, and Exhibitions
of Domestic Manufactures,
for 1822.*

“With all thy faults I love thee still”—CONNECTICUT.

“Speed to the Plough, the Wheel, the Shuttle and the
Hammer.”

BY A DESCENDANT OF THE CONNECTICUT
PILGRIMS.

HARTFORD :

PRINTED FOR THE PURCHASERS.

1822.

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CONNECTICUT EMIGRANT.

A DIALOGUE, &c.

HENRY.

Come, *Mary*, we've six children now,
Dear pledges of our marriage vow,
As *they* are *ours'* we must be *theirs'*,
And "*manage well our own affairs*
In our own way." I think I'll show,
What's best for all of us to do.

Our neighbor CHARLES, some years ago,
Steer'd for the *West*, as well you know,
He "took up" farms and lands around,
No matter where they lay or bound,
Since he has got them, and can tell,
To those, to whom he wants to sell,
He's sold to many of our friends,
And still assistance freely lends,
To those who wish to emigrate,
To "*try their fortune,*" or their fate.
Could you but only take a walk
With Charles, and hear him "tell and talk"
About new countries, vales and rivers,
About the *Indians'* bows and quivers,
About wigwams and Indian corn,
The largest since the world was born,
About mill-seats where saw-mills run,
And turn out lumber, all for fun ;
About wild *Turkies*, *Wolves*, and *Bears*, }
And *Buffaloes* as big as mares, }
Polecats, *Woodchucks*, *Minks* and *Hares*, }
About the *Pot.* and the *Pearl-ashes*,
With which the Speculator dashes—
How folks there live just as they please,
While some cut down, some haul the trees ;
Some build log huts, of bass and oak,
With notch in roof, to let through smoke,
With here and there, a hole about,
To let wind in and let heads out.
With table made of logs well split,
As good as cherry ev'ry bit.
With chairs made quick of shingle bolts,

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To hold the children—strong as colts.
 With *beds* made soft of *leaves* and *grass*,
 On which the howling night to pass,
 And hear the *serenade* without,
 'Twixt *Owls* and *Wolves*, which hold a rout.
 The goblin *Turkies*, in high mood,
 Make *echoes* sweet around the wood.
 Our neighbour Charles has got a map,
 So big 'twould cover all your lap.
 'Tis colour'd o'er with *red* and *blue*,
 With *green*, and *black*, and *yellow* too.
 'Twill tell where *hills* and *vallies* stand,
 And where a swamp is near at hand,
 And where you'll find the "*best of land*" }
 'Twill tell *whence rivers* run, and *where*,
 A fine *mill-seat* would flourish there.
 'Twill tell where *Court-House* will be built,
 And where the *jail* will punish guilt.
 'Twill tell where *Tavern-House* will stand,
 With *sign* and *stable* all so grand ;
 In short, 'twould take the *live-long day*,
 To tell you all that he *could* say.

Now Mary, will you frankly tell
 Is it not best for me to sell,
 Our *farm*, and *stock*, and *tools* and *all*,
 And take our children, young and small,
 And to the *Westward* straightway drive,
 And there to live—*can't we contrive* ?

MARY.

Henry ! I am to you a wife,
 And you to me the staff of life.
 We wed in early years together,
 And through all winds and through all weather
 We've travell'd on through peace and plenty,
 Nor ever found our cup-board empty.
 When first we join'd, we both were wild,
 Yet we've produc'd a lovely child,
 Once in *two* years, and still though young
 We have contriv'd to "*get along*."
 Our farm has fed and cloth'd us well,
 As we and all our friends can tell ;
 And 'tis improving ev'ry day,
 As they will also frankly say ;
 And without any pain or trouble,
 It now produces more than double,
 What then it did, when I began,

To act the *wife*, and you the *man* ;
 And we may double it again
 In twelve years more—O ! what a gain,
 Our growing children prattle round,
 And bless us with the charming sound
 Of innocence, and health, and joy,
 And lighten labour's calm employ.
 We here enjoy a fertile soil,
 And near forget our gentle toil,
 In the rich harvests from our ground,
 Which now with *flocks* and *fruits* abound,
 While you with health and jocund mirth,
 Go forth to *till the teeming earth*,
 I *turn my wheel* with pure delight,
 And give you "*welcome home*" at night.
 Our parents near—advanc'd in age,
 Delighted, see us both engage
 In travelling the rounds they've pass'd,
 And witness, e'en *their* joys surpass'd,
 When *they* began the path of life,
 Which they have trod without a strife.
 Our early friends oft greet us here,
 And at our board with joy appear ;
 Their kindness we reciprocate,
 And at the early hour or late,
 We meet with friendship, peace and love,
 An emblem of the joys above.
 Then why should we now *emigrate*,
 "TO TRY OUR FORTUNE—OR OUR FATE ?"

HENRY.

Right "*Yankee trick*"—I ask'd a plain
 And simple question—you again
 Ask me the same. But have not I
 Explain'd the *wherefore* and the *why* ?
 That we should leave this *antient* state,
 To *try our fortune and our fate*."
 Why *Mary*, this is not the way !
 We sha'nt, get through this talk to day. }

HEZEKIAH.

You've talk'd enough—so I should say. }

HENRY.

Why, Father ! must I hold my tongue,
 Nor speak a word because I'm young ?

HEZEKIAH.

'Tis better, Son, to set as mute

As yonder dog, your list'ning *Bute*,
 Than to run on as you've began,
 About your wild and frantic plan,
 Why, Henry!—are you not a man? }
 Or are you an untutor'd child
 Who would by *sharpers* be beguill'd?
 As 'tis a *father's* duty clear,
 To *give advice*, and *son's to hear*;
 I will attempt, in language plain,
 To ease my bosom of the pain,
 Which now I feel 'pon your account,
 Who seemeth not the "*cost to count*."

For *sixty-seven* years of life
 With her, your mother, and my wife,
 I've liv'd in harmony and peace—
 Have seen my substance much increase,
 Upon this *charming piece of land*,
 My *children's children* round me stand.
 Here my *Grand-father* first began,
 The works of *civilized man*.
 Here,—on this *fertile, tilled spot*,
 My honour'd father was begot.
 The yelling savage then did roam
 Around this *civilized home*.
 Here years of labour were endur'd
 By men, to hardships long enur'd.
 They toil'd and labour'd—struggled hard,
 And heav'n their labours, did reward.
 My aged grand-sire, bow'd with years,
 Then left this world, and lost his fears.
 My *Father* then, with care pursued,
 Improvements in the forest rude,
 His labours too, were richly bless'd;
 And here I was by him caress'd.
 When he his earthly course had ran,
 I'd reach'd the age that's called *MAN*.
 A duty then devolv'd on me,
 Nor did I from that duty flee.
 These fields have I enlarg'd and till'd,
 And now you see them amply fill'd,
 With herds and flocks, around the hills,
 And plenteous forage near the rills.
 The *corn*, and *barley*, *rye* and *wheat*.
 Each way the raptur'd eye will meet;
 And here, my *HENRY*, you were born,

Nor have you seen one day forlorn.
 Your labours here have been repaid,
 And well your table has been laid.
 Your fields have furnish'd wholesome food,
 Your flocks, with raiment neat and good,
 You have been bless'd with offsprings fair,
 Now objects of your tender care.
 Look o'er our bound'ries—look my son,
 And see how much may yet be done
 By gentle industry and toil,
 To better much this fertile soil.
 See yonder charming swelling hill,
 See 'pon its sides the forest still,—
 But yet few little spots are seen
 Where *cows and sheep on pastures green*,
 Afford you *food and clothing too*,
 And might for *years and cent'ries through*,
 To your *posterity untold*,
 When all its treasures shall unfold,
 By *cultivation*, and by *skill*,
 And *arts*—by which the earth we till.
 See yonder rill, through yonder vale,
 From springs which never dry or fail ;
 See spreading meadows on its bank,
 Behold the sapplings wild and rank,
 See withered oaks, which long have stood,
 'Gainst storms, and winds, and washing flood.
 See shallow ponds, with reptiles fill'd,
 Which flee or die, where lands are till'd,
 How soon these meadows might be clear'd,
 And corn and grass be quickly rear'd—
 Where hissing snakes and croaking frogs,
 Hold sole dominion o'er the bogs.
 You've read in VIRGIL's polish'd strains,
 How Roman's made the lovely plains
 Of *Italy* with riches flow.
 And on the hills, the vineyards grow.
 You've read of *China's* vast domain,
 Where "*acres five*," on hill or plain,
 Is *land enough*—when till'd with care,
 For family—and some to spare,
 To *Emperor* and *Mandarin*,
 Who in a splendid *palanquin*,
 Must roll around in gorgeous state,
 The Empire's "*Casts*" to regulate.

You've *read* of Europe's peasants too,
 (God grant *experience* ne'er may shew
 To our dear countrymen, or you)—
 How *much* from *little land* they raise,
 And give to pamper'd lords the praise,
 For suff'ring them to *toil for food*,
 And take the rest for "public good!"
 The land *you* till is all your own,
 You *reap yourself* what *you have sown*.
 No lordly landlond with his train,
 Of *stewards*, robs you of your gain,
 No *prowling priest*, with Tything Book,
 Is grouping round for *tithes* to look;
 No *Excise-man*, with odious pow'r
 Attempts your substance to devour.
 The mod'rate takes that you pay,
 Are not like those that's flung away,
 To pamper sinecures and lords.
 And "summer soldiers" with their swords.
 No thieving vagrants wander round
 To rob your dwelling or your ground.
 The best society and friend
 The best of comforts daily lend,
 In this refined, *settled* land,
 You may the purest joys command.
 Our early ancestors, my son,
 Who have their temp'ral labours done,
 Were not thus bless'd—through toil and sweat,
 Their hard-earn'd living did they get.
 'Midst savages and dangers round,
 For years they struggled on this ground,
 And left it for us—what a prize—
 None greater, sure below the skies.
 Let those who *can't these blessings share*,
 Forth to the *wilderness* repair.
 Let Europe's wretched peasants come,
 Driven from comforts and from home;
 And find some spot in *nature's state*,
 And these *new regions* cultivate.
 Let *us* enjoy what we have got,
 And bless kind heaven for our lot.

Now, Henry, let your anxious sire
 Point to yon church and lofty spire.
 Upon that *consecrated* ground,
 Where savage yells once echoed round,

A church has stood, one stands there now,
 Where man to heav'n may pay his vow.
 There vows and pray'rs have e'er been made,
 Since first its corner stone was laid,
 There *you* have worshipp'd in the seat,
 Where our *grand-sires* were wont to meet.
 Where, in the wilderness remote,
 Can you the day of rest devote,
 'Midst kneeling throngs of praying soul,
 Whence pray's, and praise and anthems roll.

That *School-house* too, upon the green,
 Where you in early life was seen,
 With your companions by your side,
 In useful knowledge taking pride.
 There you obtain'd as useful knowledge,
 As ever yet was gain'd in college.
 'Tis there your children now repair,
 Morals and learning to acquire.
 Such privilege, in countries new,
 Can be enjoy'd but by the few.
 In this beloved growing state,
 You can your children educate,
 In *science* and in *useful arts*.
 That they may all "*act well their part,s*"
 As they advance along in life,
 As *Son*, as *Daughter*, *Husband*, *Wife*.
 I'll add once more, tis here around
 Your early friends, and mates are found,
 And if experience is a guide,
 You sure will find a diff'rence wide,
 'Twixt *early friends* and friends *late made*,
 As you will find 'twixt *light* and *shade*.
 Each blessing that we want below
 Kind Heav'n on us doth *here* bestow.
 Why then. my son, fix you your thought
 On distant lands and goods unbought ?
 But should you now this counsel scorn
 And leave the land where you was born,
 May you and yours be richly bless'd
 And in old age find peace and rest.

HENRY.

Well mother, since this talk's begun,
 You see we stand just *two to one*,
Father and *Wife*, in their discourse
 Have us'd their skill and all their force, }
 To urge me from my wished course, }

Now be so kind, my *Mother* dear,
To give your counsel while I hear.

HEPZIPAH.

I *seldom* doubt and ne'er oppose,
What counsel from your Father flows ;
As 'tis my pleasure to obey,
Whate'er he has a right to say.
But you are *thirty-five* years old.
And may not like what may be told,
By *Father, Mother, Wife, and Friend,*
Who their best offices would lend,
But as you ask, I'll freely give
My best advice "*as I do live.*"

Your Father's life is almost spent,
And I with care and age am bent :
The grave will soon our prospects close,
And call our bodies to repose ;
We've liv'd for you, and yours my son,
E'er since your days were first begun.
Will you desert us in our age,
In projects distant to engage ?
When *competence* is at your hand
In this most favor'd lovely land ?
Why should you *certain prospects* cross
"*A rolling stone collects no moss*"
Has not kind heaven o'er and o'er
"*Bless'd you in basket and in store ?*"
With patient industry and health,
You've sure *enough*, you *may get wealth*,
But what is *wealth*, without *content*,
When your own life, like mine is spent ?
When you're descending to the grave
In distant wilds, who will you have
To drop the sympathizing tear,
For you and for your offspring dear ?
From early friends your're far remov'd,
And those, from youth, you much have lov'd,
Cannot assuage your load of grief,
Or *tendre* friendship's calm relief.
Pray then, my son, remain at *home*,
Nor think to distant *wilds* to roam,
You know *how many* have *return'd*,
Who prudent counsel proudly spurn'd,
Poor and dishearten'd and neglected,

Because good counsel they rejected.
 They cast a longing wishful look
 'Pon *house* and *farm* they once forsook,
 And which a *speculator* took,
 For land unseen, unsought, untried,
 Upon some *barren mountain's* side,
 Or in a *morass* stretching wide.
 Let not the speculator's froth
Cheat you of home—then drive you forth
 From competence, to want and sorrow,
 In which you'll spend your latest morrow.

GEORGE.

Father since you this talk begun,
 I've listen'd as a loving son,
 To all that's said. with open ears,
 And oft my eyes have swam in tears.
 My *grand-pa* there, and *grand-ma* too,
 Have wonder'd what you're going to do.
 Must we our house and garden leave,
 Our farm and flocks? O! how I grieve,
 My brothers and my sisters young,
 Who scarce can utter with the tongue,
 What grief they feel—yet by the *eye*,
 The artless *sob*, and mournful *sigh*,
 They speak a language clear and plain.
 While my dear *Mother* feels their pain.
 Stay then, O! stay, my *Father* dear,
 And we shall have nothing to fear.

HENRY.

Well, since 'tis so, I may as well,
 Resist the torrent at its swell.
 I find if I should emigrate,
 "TO TRY MY FORTUNE—OF MY FATE."
 I must a lonely wand'rer be,
 Unless I *force* my own to flee,
 Where I have *dream'd* of happiness,
 And ev'ry kind of earthly bliss.
 Should I continue thus to *dream*,
 I'll make REALITY my theme.
 Here will I stay where I began,
 The course which heav'n allotted man.
 Yes, MARY, thou best friend, and wife,
 Thou dearest blessing of my life
 My little ones—my growing joys,
 My smiling daughters—heartly boys,
 Here will we stay 'midst friends and peace,

And may our blessings still increase,
 From year to year, as life rolls on,
 And when our days on earth are gone,
 May we with our forefathers rest,
 Whose souls have gone to regions blest.

CONCLUSION

CONNECTICUT ! O ! charming land,
 Upon thy soil a people stand,
 Who long have stood—and long may grow,
 'Midst ev'ry blessing wish'd below.
 The *Vine* that first was *planted* here,
 Which patient labour first did rear,
 Has been *sustain'd* by heav'n above,
 Which granted it in peace and love.
 O ! may his grace and love extend
 To men unborn—and may he blend
 With their existence ev'ry blessing,
 Which here on earth is worth possessing.
 May JUSTICE here the balance hold ;
 May PRUDENCE here its wealth unfold ;
 May FORTITUDE, our rights sustain ;
 May TEMPERANCE expel each pain.

SONG,

*At the ANNIVERSARY of the CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURAL
 SOCIETIES, for CATTLE SHOWS, FAIRS, and EXHIBI-
 TIONS of Domestic Manufactures, for 1822.*

TUNE—"THE FARMER."

- I. See Fathers and Sons, and see Mothers and Daughters,
 Come forward to grace this occasion ;
 All's cheerful and lively, no *sluggard* now loiters,
 Nor even do *drones* need persuasion.
 A holiday charming—in honour of Farming,
 No pompous parade, or commotion ;
 Each object is pleasing, and no one is teasing,
 For *office*, for *rank* or *promotion*.
- II. The roads are enliven'd with *Swine* and with *Cattle*,
 The *Sheep* and the *Lambs* are all bleating ;
 The proud neighing *Steed* fit for *service* or *battle*,
 And neighbours each other are greeting.
 The Farmers now sally, from *hill* and from *valley*,
 To exhibit the fruits of their labour ;
 With just emulation, to fill a good station,
 With the farmers around, and his neighbour.
- III. The well-fatten'd *Oxen*, the *Swine* and the *Wethers*,
 The charming *rich Cheese* and sweet *Butter*,

Shew clearly *good farmers*, make use of no *tethers*,
To make the nice epicure mutter.

Here's *Beef*, and here's *Mutton*—here's *Pork* for
the glutton,

Here's *Butter* and *Cheese* for the *Ladies* ;

Here's *fruit* and here's *flour* to furnish each hour,

Some "*nice things*" for *dandies* and *babies*.

IV. The *Matrons* and *Daughters*, with *Rugs* and with
Carpets,

With *Shirting* and *Sheeting* and *Bonnet* ;

With *Diapers*, *Flannels*, and *Linens* for market,

And every one asks—" *Who has done it ?*"

The rosy-cheek'd maiden, with industry laden,

Comes forward in bloom now to claim it ;

With modesty shows it—her mother well knows it,

Now, gentlemen, please you to blame it ?

V. "*The Judges*" now march off to *thick-penned pasture*,

Where *animals' owners* are waiting ;

They talk of *manures* and rich *Paris Plaster*,

While wise folks are gravely debating.

The *Buck* and the *Boar* - the *Bull* make a roar,

The *Ewe* and the *Sow* and the *Heifer*,

The *Stud* makes a rumpuss, and boxes the compass

How *Sires* and *Breeders* will differ !!

VI. The throng now repair, to the place well appointed,

Where *praise* and where *premiums* are granted ;

No matter *who* wins them—no *one's* disappointed

Though *both* are by *ev'ry one* wanted.

With pride and with pleasure, some bear off their
treasure,

In *silver cups* rich—and in *dollars*,

With *cash* in the pocket, some round about knock it,

Some hang their *rich cups* on their collars.

VII. Sing—" *Speed to the PLOUGH, the WHEEL, SHUTTLE*
and *HAMMAR*,"

To genius, and honest industry ;

Let "*PEACE, HEALTH and PLENTY*," without any
clamour

Be the motto of *YEOMANRY* trusty.

And may we thus yearly, with prospects most
cheerly,

Keep advancing in wealth and in glory ;

May each act the neighbour, to those who shall
labour,

And harmony e'er be the story





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