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SKETCHES

OF THE

EARLY SETTLEMENTS

OF THE

PLYMOUTH COLONY.

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL AND ANECDOTICAL.

BY EGBERT COWLES,

FARMINGTON, CONN.

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.:
PRESS OF ADKINS & COMPANY.

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TO MISS SARAH PORTER.

DEAR MADAME:—In dedicating the following work to you, I am only doing justice to our native town. The great labors in which you have so long and so successfully been employed, in educating the female mind, have resulted in such an improvement as that in the future every State and Territory within its control cannot but testify to your arduous labors; and will you permit me to hope that you may be long continued in those labors, and that posterity may be enabled to bless you for those needful and useful labors; and that in the end you will receive your reward, in the good accomplished, and in the thanks of a grateful country.



INTRODUCTION TO THE READER.

The motives which led to, and influenced the publication of the following sketches of the early settlements of the Plymouth Colony, by the followers of Pastor Robinson, from Holland, through the influence and lead of Miles Standish, and the late attempt by Massachusetts settlers to rob Connecticut's noble son of the honor of commanding the patriot army at Bunker Hill, needs only a simple statement of the facts connected with the history of these events weighed in the scales of even and exact justice, cannot but satisfy every candid mind that Miles Standish was the originator and prime mover of the settlement of New England, by the original English Colony from Holland, and that to his influence and foresight is America indebted for its early settlement and perhaps in a great measure to its free institutions, and to General Putnam it may said, to his bold and patriotic stand in favor and support of our free institutions, that no man ever displayed more energy of character, or perseverance and courage, in that support, than did this son of our country, and let the acts and lives of these true sons of liberty be weighed as they deserve to be in the even scales of justice, and the country will award to **them** the full measure of patriotism as ardent lovers of their country.



THE EARLY SETTLERS OF FARMINGTON.

It has been represented by many honest and candid men that religious bigotry gave the first impulse to encountering the perils of a new and untried land, but it seems to the writer that a simple statement of the facts connected with the early settlement of New England will exonerate the first settlers from this charge of bigoted religious feeling. That they were truly religious men, sincere believers in the gospel of Jesus, is much to their credit; but in all their conduct in their varied and eventful lives, sound reason and wise forethought seemed to have a predominating influence, and few people have ever exhibited in the crises they were called upon to meet more sound discretion or cool, deliberative wisdom in all the great questions they were called upon to decide. Even in the first settlement in Holland, under Rev. John Robinson, caused by religious persecution, our ancestry showed the same qualities they so eminently displayed in their after lives. Let their Dutch civil ruler testify in their behalf as they were about to embark for their new home. In a public address to his countrymen he said: "These Englishmen, who have resided among us for more than twelve years, have never once been arraigned for a breach of our laws, have led peaceable and quiet lives, always submitted quietly to law without dispute, and have never broken any known law. I wish as much could be said of you, my countrymen. Let their peaceable and quiet lives be an example to you. I am sorry to leave them." Surely there is no proof of religious bigotry here, and in their new home we can find but little evidence in all their lives to sustain or corroborate the charge.

To Miles Standish this country is more indebted than to any other for its early settlement. Yet, overlooking all his patriotic labors and a life spent for the good of this country, he is now better known for his unsuccessful courtship of the beautiful Miss Mullens and the ridicule attached to his name in consequence. But he deserves notice for the great good he has done, and posterity will hereafter bless him as the leader of the great enterprise. He was not of the first migrating to Holland, but he sympathized with them in their trials and

often visited them to counsel and advise, and his foresight soon saw that in the already over-populous communities of Holland the English colony would soon be lost—as Englishmen be swallowed up. He therefore turned his eyes to the newly discovered continent as a suitable place for Englishmen to occupy, and found perhaps an empire, and extend the just and liberal ideas of Anglo-Saxon freedom. To this end he visited Robinson's colony, showed the probability, nay, certainty, of their being swallowed up in the teeming population of Holland, and the glory of being the pioneers of an English empire on the new continent. Carver and the leading men of the colony soon became converts to his views, and even Robinson became convinced that his colony would soon become extinct in Holland, and though his age would prevent his participating, he approved the enterprise. Standish himself, a man of some property, offered to head it. His counsels prevailed, a Dutch vessel and master was hired, and one hundred emigrants started upon the project of founding a new empire, and late in December, 1620, they reached the American coast near what they called Plymouth. Ere they landed, they each and all signed an agreement, or system of laws, by which they agreed to be governed, and this became their constitution, to which Plymouth colony adhered for seventy-five years, at which period they became united to the Massachusetts colony, whose charter covered the Plymouth territory, as Connecticut's charter covered the New Haven colony.

Of Miles Standish's labors and his patriotic devotion to the welfare and prosperity of his Plymouth colony, I should be glad to speak, and the cause which led to his seeking the hand of Miss Mullens, and the ridicule attached to his name.

I now propose to give your readers the incidents connected with the first settlement of this ancient town.

A party of hunters, in pursuit of wild game, reached the heights overlooking the valley of the Tunxis, and they were delighted and surprise at the beauty and extent of the fair prospect, of its abundance of rich vegetation, its charming appearance, its deep verdure, abounding in all that was necessary for the full supply of the grazing animals of the forest, and on which were then seen the bounding deer with their young, cropping its verdure, and the temptation at once arose to enjoy its possession. The discovery was reported to friends at home, and party after party followed to enjoy the scene. The result was a company was organized to negotiate and purchase

of the Tunxis tribe a part or all of the valley. The owners, a peaceable tribe, had suffered from more warlike neighbors, and learning of the prowess of the new white settlers, they thought a near settlement of them would be a protection. The proposition was accepted and a purchase of all the land east of the great river Tunxis and the little river Pequabuck, extending south to the blue hills, north to Wetaug settlement, and east as far as the white settlers' purchase.

Political writers have claimed that the original owners of the soil were wronged in the sale of their land by the white purchasers, but so far as the Farmington purchase is concerned, the original owners received a fair equivalent. In the bargain of sale, the tribe reserved all the valuable lands in the Tunxis valley, and a good spot around their huts at the mouth of the Pequabuck for the planting of corn, which the chief himself was to fence off, and the use of all the lands sold for the only purpose for which they needed, viz: a cover for game, and a further reservation of all the fish in the stream and the right to capture them the best way they could on its banks. And as further evidence of the justness and fairness of the bargain, the tribe owning the land and living in the vicinity expressed no dissatisfaction as to the sale and always lived in peace with its neighbors. And in the calamities of the French war, while the Mokawk tribes were under the control of the French, they never failed to give notice of the approach of the hostile Indians, thus evincing the friendship with which they regarded their neighbors and friends. While neighboring tribes were committing depredations on the new comers, they remained peaceable and friendly, and after the main body of the tribe removed to the West, several families remained and spent their lives with those they deemed their best friends.

The new settlers having thus made their purchase, immediately prepared for its occupancy by a survey of the future town, first establishing a center for a house of worship where they might publicly meet and tender their thanks to the Great Being who thus far guided and protected them, and planted them in their new homes, and also a school-house, where their children might be taught their duties to their God, their parents and their future country. Near to this they located a lot to be given to the enterprising individual who would build a mill on the stream, that would supply their future wants. From that center they laid out narrow lots on the river extending east as far as their purchase would warrant. These lots were distributed by lottery, and the favored locations were permitted to be

held in fee or sold, as the fortunate possessor might choose. One street, originally an Indian foot path, was the only highway on which the future dwellings were located, and this extended north and south about three miles, as originally occupied, and the new comers immediately entered into possession by the erection of log cabins, such as some of your dainty female readers would deem unfit for the pigs, but prized by their occupants as a safe protection and covering from the severe winters formerly experienced by our country. The writer in his early days had some knowledge of these rude erections, as two were standing within his remembrance.

The active mind and keen foresight of Capt. Standish anticipated the need of providing the means for sustaining the settlers in their new home until by cultivating the soil they had raised a sufficiency for their support. The long voyage of the *Mayflower* had partially exhausted their supply of provisions and there was absolute necessity for a new supply from England to sustain the colony. Thus was Capt. Standish, after seeing huts erected to shelter the new settlers, compelled to return to England to supply their need. The news of the successful planting of a colony of Englishmen on the shores of the new continent spread like fire throughout the whole island, and their desire to follow the example thus set seemed to reach every hamlet. Wealthy and influential men sought to procure charters of extensive tracts in the new region for the settlement of other colonies there. Thus was obtained the location and right of settlement from the government there of the charters of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Haven, Rhode Island, and the influence of these proprietors was exerted to settle these proprietary grants by the hardy rural population of England, and it is more than probable that this influence was greatly strengthened in the minds of the liberty-loving free Anglo-Saxon race by the law of primogeniture, giving to the eldest male heir of every landed estate the fee in soil. Thence has arisen the great estates held by the titled heirs of such estates, and such is the cause why the bulk of her population, even in the cities, are merely tenants on the land they cultivate, removable at the pleasure of the lords of the soil. Hence the necessity for the younger sons to employ their talents and vigor in other employments, and which sends so many of her talented sons to seek employment and support in her army and Navy instead of more useful employment.

Standish returned to supply the needs of his colonists, and then spent his life in caring for and defending the colonies from the hostile

Indians, who for years sought the destruction of the new comers, and now there are but few left to appreciate their services, or award justice to the departed patriot.

The influence thus operating throughout England by the establishment and success of the New Plymouth Colony under Standish was undoubtedly strengthened by the persecution of the devoted leaders in the reformation by the established church in England. They were sincere, talented, devoted men; strong in the belief in the correctness of their opinion they could not but have many followers, and their sympathies with their suffering pastors were willing like Robinson's flock to follow where their teachers and pastors should lead. Thus, the Rev. Thomas Hooker led a large and devoted congregation to the American shores.

The London Merchants, too, learning of the valuable peltry of otters and beavers to be obtained of the natives of the country, soon organized a company and Massachusetts colony in 1627 followed by the settlement of Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield in 1635, New Haven in 1638, Milford in 1637, Rhode Island in 1643 and Farmington in 1640, these being part of the original flock headed by the talented Hooker. Thus was the new continent rapidly settled by flocks from the parent country. But the settlement on the Connecticut river had an earlier date than that given by the followers of Hooker as a trading post was established at the Tunxis (now Farmington river) two years previous in 1531 by an English colony although the Dutch claimed by former occupancy at Dutch point in Hartford, the English post was maintained until the three towns were occupied. But as my object is not to give a connected history but such incidents as led to the settlement of ancient Farmington, I have deemed it important to notice them.

As a consequence of the faith of the early settlers of Farmington, in the doctrine of that religion taught by its Divine teacher, Jesus, after providing for their immediate wants, building houses and clearing lands for food, they turned their attention to building a house for the worship of that Being who is the Author and Ruler of all events. Thus provided they sought a teacher that their children might be instructed in the knowledge of those duties on which depend the destiny of man in the life to come. In the second year of the settlement of the town, Roger Newton was enstalled as teacher and pastor of the religious society then formed, and remained as such for nine years. For some cause, probably for want of sufficient support, he removed

to Milford and Samnel Hooker, son of the famous Thomas Hooker, who led a colony from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and settled Hartford, succeeded him. This son was an approved minister and although not possessing the talent, power and eloquence of his great father, was yet an able teacher of the doctrines of the Gospel, and as such gave good satisfaction to the society, and was eminently useful during the forty years he served in that capacity. Samuel Whitman followed in the same line as teacher. He was considered a sound and able divene and although plain and without pretense, yet served with approbation in that capacity for forty-five years, honored and respected by all. One of the most expensive monument of their day, now stands in the old cemetery of the town recording his age, office and memory. The next that followed in that capacity was the Rev. Timothy Pitkin, in a service of thirty-three years. Mr. Pitkin was a warm hearted man, genial in spirit, social with all, zealous in the cause of his Master, and probably without an enemy on the earth; yet his over-sensitive nature led him to believe he had lived beyond his usefulness, and perhaps a tincture of pride led to the suspicion of failure of popularity (for he had been idolized) and he asked for a dismission from the pastorate. This the society refused, a full evidence of the estimation in which he was held. But from the urgency of a second application, the society finally granted the application. An anecdote will perhaps best illustrate the feeling of the society, and the over-sensitive nature of the pastor. At a public discussion on the subject it was asserted that he was exempt from many of the frailties common to human nature as evidence for future usefulness. Dr. Thomas Horner dryly remarked that these propensities of our nature were probably overcome by a strong exercise of will for the sake of popularity, and that these frailties, under temptation, would be exhibited before the public. This was strongly denied and the doctor dared to the trial, which he accepted, and knowing the habits of Mr. Pitkin of early walking each morning, he contrived to meet the good man at one of the most public places on the street. After the usual salutations of Mr. Pitkin, the Doctor replied in a sober, serious way that it was not well with himself, he had not had a patient for a month, and that there was danger of his family starving, and unless there was more sickness abroad and he had more patients, his family must suffer, and as it was the duty of the good pastor of a flock to pray for the prosperity of all classes of society, he wished the benevolent man to pray for the community that his family might not suffer.

The astonished pastor enquired what he meant by asking him to pray for calamity on his flock. The Doctor replied he supported his family by administering to the suffering, and unless he had patients they must suffer. He had had only one patient for a long time, and he was most grievously tempted to keep that patient sick for the sake of the fees. The astonished pastor expressed indignation at such sentiments and anxiously enquired if he himself should be sick, if he, the Doctor, would be thus tempted. The Doctor replied that he liked to hear the good man preach and no temptation would prevent his using his best skill for his speedy cure, but if his wife was the patient, he should have no compunctions of conscience, (the Doctor knew of the strong affection of the pastor for his wife). Mr. Pitkin was at once aroused, and exclaimed, "What, you keep my wife sick for gain! I shall never ask you to enter my house again. I will send to Hartford, to New Haven, nay, to New York before I ever employ you again." The spectators gathered around to see the humble Christian pastor in such an unwonted plight, and the wily Doctor, holding his sides to prevent an outburst of laughter, hastily turned away and departed. The good pastor, slowly recovering, found himself a subject of astonishment, but in the course of the day he sought the abode of the factious Doctor to apologize and explain. The Doctor frankly explained and apologized for the deception and the pastor himself acknowledged his frailty, and the people did not abate their love for their aged pastor. Thus he lived honored and respected during his after years, and died among them loved and mourned.

The early settlers of the town were somewhat distinguished, as compared with their fellow emigrants from the mother country, for their energy of character, their perseverance, and resolute industry; and I propose to give you anecdotes illustrative of these traits of individuals without a connected historical sketch of their progress in locating themselves for life. Their isolated situation, ten miles from navigable water, will show the disadvantages they had to labor under; and, added to this the inferior quality of the soil compared with the rich Connecticut valley occupied by their fellow emigrants, all tended to show the necessity of extra exertion to compete with their more fortunate neighbors. But they seemed equal to the task, and set about it resolutely and successfully; and after providing well for their immediate families, they found a surplus of the products of their industry on hand to exchange for the luxuries of other lands, and this they disposed of in trade with the West Indies. The products

of the sugar house afforded what they deemed a sufficient supply, and which they could readily obtain for their kiln-dried corn meal, horses and beef-cattle, and a brisk trade soon arose. The active inhabitants of the town soon built and employed vessels in this trade, and four or five were owned by the merchants of the place, and the profits of this trade in after years became a source of wealth to its people. But along with this prosperity there was one draw back. One deleterious consequence we were possibly to experience, viz.: the appetite for strong drink. Among the products of this trade was the spirit manufactured from the sugar plant, and in after years such was the perversion of appetite that every farmer found it necessary at the ingathering of his harvest to provide a ten-gallon keg of rum to sustain the labor, and the larger ones more frequently provided a thirty-gallon cask, and this hardly sufficed for the occasion. We have now learned to appreciate its disastrous effects, but we have yet to learn whether we can stay its progress by that God-given power, reason.

An incident illustrative of the power of appetite over reason I give on the authority of Dr. Eli Todd, whose name and reputation is sufficient authority for its truthfulness. The report was made some months after the event occurred, and some of the incidents were known to the writer. Coral Case, a son of the early merchant John Case, was an active hat manufacturer, and employed a number of workmen; and to dispose of the products of the business he was necessitated to travel much. As his meals were taken irregularly he supplied the need by the stimulant of strong drink, and thus acquired a habit which destroyed his health eventually and laid him on a bed of sickness. Dr. Todd was called upon for professional services, and soon discovered the cause of his prostration. He faithfully reported to his patient the only remedy. The only hope of cure was in abstaining from strong drink. The patient pleaded that in his weak, reduced state it was necessary to sustain; but the physician assured him that this was the sole cause of his illness, and there was no other hope of recovery but an abandonment of its use. The reply was, he must take time to reflect, and he would give the doctor the conclusion at the next visit. On the doctor's return he was saluted with the report that the patient had accepted the advice, and as proof and to avoid temptation, had emptied every drop of liquor in his possession on the earth—had broken every vessel containing the liquor, broken every glass proper for its use, and was now ready to follow his advice, the doctor vigorously exerting his skill. At the

end of six months he saw his patient recovered and apparently enjoying vigorous health. When his old patient again sent for him, whom he found completely prostrated, the strong minded man, with intellect unimpaired, thus addressed him: "Doctor, you find me in this condition and you need not enquire the cause, for you cannot but know it. I cannot control this cursed appetite; it is stronger than reason, than judgment, than conscience, and I cannot resist it. I know it will destroy my life, but I am helpless. I now have two requests to make—one, that you will say nothing to me as to the cause of my prostration, for it will be useless; the other that you will exert your skill to prolong my life for my family need my care, and my protection and watchfulness, and thus you will do good."

The kind-hearted physician, struck with this exhibition of the power of intellect, resolved to make another effort to save the despairing man from ruin, and addressed him in language to the following effect: "Mr. Case, you have a mind vigorous and strong, and, if properly cultivated, capable of accomplishing great things, much beyond the mere rank of your fellows. If you will it you may stand at the head of the leading men of town; nay, if you will prepare yourself and conduct yourself as you ought, you may become a leading man in the state. Nature has fitted you for great things, and why should you throw away such powers of mind and become a blank in society. I entreat you to exert yourself and become what nature designed you to become, a leader among great men." The reply was: "Alas! I know my powers; I have felt what man could accomplish was within my reach, but appetite is stronger than will, and every propensity for good, every feeling of ambition, every struggle for improvement, is overcome by this pernicious appetite. Let me go to the drunkard's grave, despised, forgotten." The good man abandoned the task, and tears followed the recital. Some six or eight months after this sad event he died, and now a moss-grown stone records the death of Coral Case at the age of thirty-seven years, and an epitaph selected by himself reads thus:

"My days are ended; my purposes are broken off; even the thoughts of my heart."

Thus died a great man, fitted by nature for great usefulness, who by his folly threw away all capabilities and became a disgrace to his family and a spectacle of sorrow and regret at the sacrifice of exalted abilities.

The next business was to erect buildings, to shelter and to protect themselves and families from the inclemency of the northern winters

of the new county. For this object the only available means within their reach were the straight trunks of the lofty forest trees, laid upon one another as the children of the present day build cob houses, probably partitioned from what they have learned of these original dwellings. They were such as necessity compelled them to erect and consequently temporary dwellings. Perhaps a description of one of them will serve to gratify the curious enquiries and possibly to allay the discontent of some of your fair readers in not having more conveniences, such as dormer windows in their dwellings.

The writer in his youthful days had an opportunity of knowing something of these structures, although it was said that they were a great improvement on the structures first occupied by the original settlers. There were two remaining, one occupied by the last Indian family remaining residents of their ancient home, and one occupied by one of the descendants of the early settlers. The writer, somewhat after the example of *Don Quixotte* and his man, *Sancho Panza*, was intent upon an equally impracticable exploit, viz., the capture of the young of the wild deer in his lair, was induced to spend a night with his companion in one of these dwellings. The matron rather proud of her home proposed to show the conveniences to the visitor. The erection was of logs laid flat upon each other, dovetailed or locked at the corners with logs flattened and laid upon the ground for flooring, and not so neatly matched together as not to prevent the dirt accumulating by sweeping to pass between the logs. On one end was a huge fireplace composed of stone, in the corner a large doorway for an entrance, so large as to admit the family horse, often employed to draw in the back log, for a great fire was necessary for the family in the winter season, and this seemed to be the common room for all the occupants and for all necessary work. It had one window, shapely a board hung with leather hinges to be opened when the weather would permit, and when too cold, shut, the large fire giving light enough for all necessary purposes. The entrance to the next room seemed to be of coarse canvas, strung on wire, that could be easily slid back and forth, wide enough for an entrance into what seemed the better or company room. Here some chairs—I think they were not mahogany or of other costly material—and a table neatly covered and at one corner what was termed a beaufet, containing the choice crockery and table furniture for lady visitors and the afternoon group; one single window, diamond-shaped glass, frame partly of lead, gave the light necessary for the company, and this was the

furnishing of the company room. The entrance to the next, or bed chamber, seemed to be like the former, save of finer material and white in appearance, but strung on wires, easily slid back and forth. The furniture was two or three beds, well furnished and to all appearance very comfortable; and instead of carpets, which are a much later luxury, beside each bed was a mat, a compound of soft material, about twenty inches in diameter, sufficient to stand upon while in preparation for repose. This luxury was probably in use in the mother country. Were it not for its better substitute we should not like to dispense with it. A small looking-glass occupied this as well as the adjoining room. These luxuries Adam and his sons might have dispensed with, but Eve would tell us they were absolutely necessary and we must acquiesce in that conclusion. But it was necessary for me to have some rest, and the host bade me follow him up the ladder from the common room to the bedchamber. At its top a door was swung open, admitting us, and the guide bade me follow. There seemed to be impassable obstructions. I could hear the voice of my leader at a distance calling me to advance; I used my hands parting the darkness, but I made little progress until I received aid from my man, and I had never before felt the darkness. The bed was a blanket and straw. My man was soon sound asleep, but the sharp knots of the flooring were penetrating my body, and thus I passed the night, with one consoling reflection. The mosquitoes I heard by their music. I felt sure they could not find their way through to reach me, and when the glad morning was announced by the birds without, I tried to grope my way to the trap-door which was to admit me to the light of day. I confess I did not covet a residence in a log cabin. That the residences thus built were only temporary, the results proved, for before a saw-mill was erected within the limits of the town a frame dwelling was built by a supposed son of one of the first settlers of the town, Robert Porter, and the covering was of rived timber, smoothed by hand labor and the jack plane and secured by nails wrought singly by hand. This building is still occupied and comfortable. We have no data to ascertain the time of its erection, but the first saw-mill was erected, with a grist-mill, within five years of the settlement of the town. Samuel Deming, erected the saw-mill within six years of the first settlement of the town, thus supplying the wants of the people for bread and building interests. Thus the first saw-mill was built by Deming as early as 1646, but as the Porter house was built previous to that date, we may justly claim this dwell-

ing to be one of the oldest residences in the country. The antiquaries of New Haven county claim the dwelling house built for the first clergyman in Guilford to be the oldest dwelling in the country. Now, although I am not disposed to dispute that claim, yet a few facts may show its uncertainty. St. Augustine was the earliest settlement of our country, and some of the adobe houses built by the first settlers from its lasting material may still be habitable. It is said some of the dwellings are still in existence and still habitable ; but there is no certainty as to the fact. As regards Guilford, the site of the town was purchased from the natives in the month of September, 1639, but it is believed not occupied by the purchasers until the following spring, 1640, the same year that Farmington was settled. As the Guilford settlers were under the same necessity of building log huts, and as they could not bear the expense of building a stone dwelling for Whitfield, their pastor, until some years after, it is therefore more than probable that the Whitfield house has not an earlier date than the Porter house, nor within five years from the settlement of the town. But ancient Farmington does not rest its reputation on its dwellings, although they have many comfortable ones, but on their general character as industrious, persevering, frugal people, faithful to their country, their families, and to their God.

An attachment to the place of one's birth, and love of home, is the characteristic common to all men ; but that this propensity was peculiarly strong in the minds of the early settlers of this town is proved by their after acts as well as in their efforts in behalf of their mother country in the wars occurring between France and England. It was the great object of the government of England to drive France from the possession of Canada, that they might be the sole possessors of the new continent ; and this motive was the operating cause of the frequent wars between the two countries. The sympathy of the settlers in behalf of the mother country (and through this all the aid within their power to bestow), was given to the English. The expedition for the capture of Louisburg was carried on mainly at the expense of the colonies, and the preparation for the capture of the strongholds held by France in Canada was mainly sustained by New England, and its full share of this expense was sustained by this industrious colony. The Six Nations of the Mohawk tribe were under control of the French, and this warlike tribe were in the constant habit of raiding on the frontier settlers of the English colonies ; and from the location of Farmington she was first to meet these expedi-

tions, consequently there was a necessity for constant vigilance and care. Every inhabitant of adult age carried his weapon of defence ready for action. Pethuz, the chief of the Tunxis, a wise and prudent man, reported to the authorities of the town that emissaries from the Mohawks were plotting with his warriors to capture and ransack the settlement in the aid of the French, or induce the tribe to join the warrior Mohawks. The result of the conference was that the Tunxis warriors were compelled each to answer to his name once each day until the trouble was over. The time was early morning and the chief and his followers, in Indian file, appeared and answered to his name, and then was dismissed for the day. The agent with his roll of names, and his daughter, an only child, kept the check-book and thus were the doubtful kept in subjection. The early appearance of the individuals caused the improvident ones to meet hungry, and the kind-hearted girl was thus induced to feed such each day. The indulgent parent gratified his child's desire at much pecuniary expense, and the result was, as the chief afterwards reported, that the white squaw had more influence with his warriors than he himself had; that her word was law with them; and that each day brought presents from the gratified, and thus was preserved the faith and good conduct of the tribe during the perilous times of the French war. Pethuz, the chief, expressed a strong desire to have this girl become a teacher of the white man's religion; "to tell his people of the Great Being, who was all eyes; could see all things, and could tell even the thoughts; and of the pure white beings with wings, who could go everywhere and were exempt from bad thoughts." "Me wonder he no have him pink on he cheek like white squaw." The reply of the girl was that this was evidence of a sinful nature. Angels had no sinful nature and no bad thoughts. These were marks of sin—of evil thoughts—and Indians had the marks of sin, and white men had these marks also, and all must try to wipe them away. He replied: "White squaw fibs; she all good. The pink cheek no tell truth." She replied that the minister could better teach. He shook his head, saying: "The minister use long big words; no understand him; no good." She finally replied "if he would bring the boy warriors every Sabbath day she would teach them the white man's religion;" and on the next Sabbath commenced the first Sabbath school ever taught in our country. How well that succeeded can only be known in the future. This much is known, that among the individuals of that tribe there were those that exhibited traits of character that gave evidence of

Christian principle and that purity of conduct as only taught by the Bible. Okum, one of the tribe, became a preacher, and one of his sermons gave so full and clear expositions of its doctrines as to prove its orthodoxy. The last resident in the town of the tribe, Mossuc by name, and his wife, were regular attendants of a preached gospel under the Rev. Mr. Pitkin's teachings for years, and by their exemplary conduct gave evidence of its influence upon their lives.

The history of the Mohawk raids may serve to show the trials and perils of the settlers in these early days, learned through the report of Pethuz, who visited these tribes after the peace. One hostile party consisted of five, armed with muskets, tomahawks, knives, and other implements of war, and their report was corroborated by the recollection of facts by some of the actors in the scene described. This party of Mohawks came upon an individual near Round Hill, in the vicinity of the Tunxis. His dog gave notice of the danger and probably stimulated him to extra vigilance and care. His employment was planting his corn crop. His vigilance caused him to lay his musket down and plant a few hills, and then bring up his weapon to the spot his labor had reached, and thus be ready for its use. The enemy could easily kill and scalp the victim, but their object was prisoners. The reward for such was large, but for scalps simply nominal. If they advanced upon him it would be at the sacrifice of one of their own lives, and this was too great a price for a worthless white man, and he must be taken unawares. But the vigilance of the planter could not be overcome. He shot a partridge flying over, but his object was to re-load with buckshot, and moved not from his tracks until he re-loaded. His enemies expecting him to go after his game were much disappointed. After waiting all day and finding no opportunity to take him alive, they followed him to the river, expecting him to relax his vigilance in crossing. But his prudence baffled their expectations. They crossed the river during the night, and for two days secreted themselves, expecting to seize some unwary herdsman watching his cows. But every person was found armed, ready to meet any foe. One raider boldly came to the mill for flour. On being questioned he claimed to be a Narragansett, but on paying for the flour the money proved to be French coin, which he explained by saying he had been a prisoner. After two days' watching without success, they discovered a smoke arising among the forest trees, and making for it, found it a dwelling on the New Britain road, occupied, as they judged, by a single family, all of which they planned to

capture during the night, and thus make a profitable raid. When night came they made full preparation for the haul. The good man was about closing the day with his ordinary devotions, and leaning upon his chair began his customary address; but his two dogs had scented the danger and anticipated the proceedings by their loud clamor and thus awakened the head, and in his agitation he spoke loudly, stamped and moved the chairs, rattled the table, and thus awakened the fears of the enemy. They, hearing the noise, came to the conclusion the house was full of men preparing for action. The poor man, distracted by fear and bewildered in judgment, seized a brand of fire instead of his weapon, opened his door, the dogs sprang forth, and at the top of his voice he called for assistance. The frightened Mohawks being thus attacked, with a raging maniac at their heels, fled to save their lives, nor stopped until they reached the high grounds on Bristol mountain. Thus did the distracting fear of the good man save himself and family from the grasp of the Indians as he supposed. On the next day they discovered a lone man cultivating a spot for a habitation. He, having unwisely laid his gun out of reach, was captured without hazard and having gagged him to prevent discovery, they started for their northern home, satisfied that the vigilance of the settlers would prevent further success. The prisoner reluctantly accompanied his captors a mile or two, but dreading a long captivity among the Indians, refused to travel further. The captors, using all humane means within their power to induce him to proceed, and failing, fearing discovery, put him to death, and having scalped him and secreted him with brush, fled for safety. Hunters discovered and identified his body, and the school district of Scott's Swamp took its name from him, the unfortunate prisoner's name being Scott.

Although the early descendants of the first settlers were distinguished for their industry and vigor in the cultivation of the virgin soil of the newly acquired country, yet they appreciated the value of the cultivation of the mind as the necessary means for the full enjoyment of that liberty which the first settlers struggled so hard and sacrificed so much to obtain, and they determined that their children should be so taught as to enable them to fully appreciate the necessity of such an education as to fit them for the enjoyment of all the rights of freemen. To this end their attention was first called to the best means for educating the children of the rising community; and the best means to accomplish this end was to establish neighborhood

schools where every child of the poor as well as all others should be taught the rudiments of an education which would fit them to stand on equal terms with the rich and more favored ones in the land. To this end the settlements were divided into what were termed school districts where every child of proper age could attend and acquire the necessary knowledge to fit each to pass through life decently and respectably. The parents of each district selected some individual to take charge of such school, and then a man in the winter season and a female in the summer as more suitable for the ages of the different parts of the year, and thus were the youth of the land early taught to fit them as heads of families in the coming adult years.

Among the most worthy and respected descendants of the first settlers was John Treadwell. He was early sent to the best schools of the country and graduated with the honors of the college as being a learned student and as being a profound lawyer. He opened an office in his native town, his first case being a criminal one, the improper use of intoxicating liquor, in which he very clearly set forth the breach of law. His antagonist, without one tithe of the knowledge of law, but by ridicule, so dashed the young lawyer that he could hardly utter a word in reply and the audience approved the ridicule because it sustained the argument for the use of strong drink. But the just magistrate sustained the exposition of law and approved the case as a clear breach of law, and committed the young man. The young lawyer was disgusted with this ridicule, so contrary to his feelings of right, so repulsive to his honest moral nature, so contrary to a just exposition of law, but his just views, his profound knowledge of law, led the active counselors throughout the state, to consult with him on the most abstruse and difficult points connected with their practice, and his opinion was quoted as being the best and fairest, and his reputation as a wise counselor was high throughout the state. He was soon elected to the council of the state, and continued a member until chosen Lieutenant Governor and finally its Chief Magistrate. His views on all moral and religious subjects were profound and weighty. In the subject of education he took a leading part. Through his recommendation small district schools were established in his native town. By frequent visits, he found that sometimes incompetent and improper teachers were employed. To remedy this evil he devised a plan for the appointment of school visitors, whose duty it was to examine such teachers, with authority to reject such as in their opinion were found incompetent or immoral. This plan was

adopted by a public vote and its good effects were visible in the improvement of the schools throughout the town. So good were its practical effects, that the same plan was adopted throughout the state, mainly through the influence of Governor Treadwell in the Legislature. But the influence of this man did not end here. His strong belief in the doctrines of the Bible dictated to him the duties of doing good to the rising generation. To this end he made it a regular practice to visit all the schools within the limits of the town, and by his counsel and advice to aid the young in the attainment of knowledge, and this without fee or reward save the luxury of doing good. Now, by a law of the state, such visitors are allowed a fair compensation for the time spent in such visitations of the schools. But the labors of the good man did not end here. A strong believer in the doctrines of the Bible, and the propensity of our natures to evil tendencies, he gave all the aid within his power to bestow to assist the religious teacher, for the time being, in his arduous labors to counteract this evil tendency of our nature. He was always the right-hand man, the counselor, the aid, in trials the staff on which to lean, in the many trials which the teacher has to meet in his conflict with our sinful nature. It is not too much to say, that his advice was always sound, wise, and most conducive to peace and harmony. His ruling motive of action seemed to be, "Love to God and good will to men." The tendency of all his acts seemed to be a desire to improve the fallen condition of man.

The great event of his life, and that perhaps on which his mind was most strongly fixed, was the organization of a Foreign Missionary Society. To this end, he thought and labored much with influential men in all the New England States. He prevailed upon a large number of such individuals to meet and organize into a society called the "Foreign Missionary Society." The initial steps were taken by this ardent, efficient man, to call together the friends of the Gospel to advise and adopt a plan to extend its influence through all lands. It is within the bounds of truth to say, that John Treadwell was the instrument by which this great end was to be attained. The call was answered by a personal attendance of a large number of influential men from all the prominent parts of New England, to meet at Farmington for this purpose. The number is unknown, but the village seemed filled with strangers and the result was that such an organization was effected here, the result of which can only be known at the last great day. But the belief is, that the heart of the good man

will be greeted with the "Welcome" from the Master. Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful and true in the care of a few things, I will entrust thee with the care of many.

Among the vigorous and active men of Farmington was Fisher Gay. He was not among the early settlers, but belonged to the second generation. He was a native of Sharon, in Connecticut. Educated at Yale College, he finished his studies with approbation at the age of twenty-one years. His father upon his return home thus addressed him: "I have done all I can for you pecuniarily; you have capacity and a good education. If you use the means within your reach, you may become a useful and respected member of society. I now give you an English guinea and a parent's blessing and bid you go forth and carve your way in future life."

He came to Farmington as a school teacher and for two or three years followed that employment. But his active mind sought for more expansion and he took up merchandizing as more profitable and affording greater opportunity for energy of mind. He soon exhibited traits of character superior to his fellows. Trade had now chiefly centered in New York in preference to Boston, and the practice of these in business was thus to perform the journey—mount a horse at home and ride to New Haven and thence take a sail boat to New York, thus having to depend upon fair winds to reach the point of destination. The amount of trade often required two or more such journeys each year. The uncertainty of this mode of travel did not suit the exactness of Mr. Gay's estimate of the value of time and he chose for himself this rule for the time to spend to and from the mart of trade. As the roads then were, with the ferries necessary to cross, it required two whole days of diligent travel to accomplish the journey. But Mr. Gay's plan was to save one-fourth of the time and this he thought practicable. He possessed a horse of a peculiar breed, remarkable for fleetness and endurance (this breed is now extinct), and so highly valued that no man save himself had ever been permitted to mount him. With this animal he endeavored to complete the journey within the given time, and in point of fact this he always accomplished, and at one time with the same animal he performed the journey from the rising of the sun to nine o'clock at evening, reaching his home from New York. This energy and exactness were characteristic of the man in all his business transactions.

While the active and energetic mind of Gay pondered upon the arbitrary acts of the English government, his free spirit was aroused

to resist what was so contrary to their chartered rights, so galling to freemen. In all the acts and deliberations of the assembled freemen of the town on public affairs, he took a firm and active part. Some of the boldest and most decided resolutions were known to emanate from his pen.

Although never employed in any military capacity, yet his talents, his zeal and his sound judgment all pointed him out as a worthy leader in any contingency that might arise requiring sound judgment and undoubted courage. He was therefore made a Brigadier General of the state militia. The confidence of his fellow citizens was not misplaced. Almost the first act in that capacity was in preparation for the conflict, which he foresaw must inevitably come. The battle of Lexington aroused the thoughtful to a sense of danger, but Gay was ready for the emergency. He was at Hartford on private business when the news of the conflict reached the place. He at once decided what was duty. He mounted his trusty horse, returned toward home, and met and consulted with his friend Gad Stanley on the proper course of action. This seemed to him best, that he should immediately start for Boston, and that Stanley and Peter Curtis should at once organize a company for the conflict. He would consult with the leading men of Boston relative to the course of action for the patriots to pursue and would return and lead the recruits to active service.

At early dawn, next day saw the ardent patriot on his way to the scene of conflict. Whether he or Putnam first reached the scene of action is uncertain. But as Putnam had to consult with Gov. Trumbull as to a plan of action for the state, it is believed that Gay first reached the scene. In his first consultation with Warren and other leaders there, his first inquiry was, are the munitions of war lost at Lexington replaced? To his surprise he found that no effectual steps had been taken to replace them. He remarked that the patriots flocking there from all directions would be useless without powder and ball. He strongly urged that immediate steps be taken to produce them. This wise advice was at once acted upon and the energetic Gay was selected as the most active man for the performance of the duty that had been thus neglected.

He immediately wrote to Col. Stanley to send on the men at once. In the performance of this self imposed and laborious duty, he visited every town in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, where such material had been or was manufactured. Day and night were thus employed.

On Tuesday, before the battle of Bunker Hill, he returned with a large supply. From thence he went to his work and we may award to his foresight and labor the success of that conflict and the crippling of the British army.

This duty, although less likely to attract public approbation, was absolutely necessary to ensure success. He continued thus employed until the arrival of Gen. Washington to take command of the army. In the reorganization of that army and in preparation for the great conflict that was to ensue, his sound judgment led him to weigh the character and talents of Gay at their real worth. Through his influence, Gay was appointed to the command of the First Regiment organized as the real Continental army. In that command he continued in active service until his death.

Among the incidents arising during the siege of Boston, General Washington had seized a height commanding the harbor and had commenced fortifying the post. It was foreseen that the British must either recapture the post or evacuate the city. The sagacity of the commander decided that while the enemy was divided, it would be a favorable time to enter the city. He, therefore, prepared for the enterprise. While the enemy were attempting to retake the post thus seized, 4,000 men were placed under Putnam, with Gay, Stark, Green, and Prescott, as assistant commanders. The hope was entertained that the veteran enemy might be overcome and driven from the city. It was a well-formed plan and promised favorable results but it was a desperate enterprise, to bring these unskilled undisciplined, raw soldiers to combat with an army prepared by long experience to combat with the disciplined armies of Europe. But with such officers and such a band of resolute and patriotic men, confidence was inspired. Everything was prepared, even the boats secured along shore and the men ready for embarkment, when such a furious storm arose as made it impossible to embark or the boats to move on the troubled waters. It could not but be seen that the hand of Providence was there and the lives of these valuable men were to be preserved and their services retained for future conflicts. Bennington and Yorktown needed these leaders. Providence emphatically said: "Not now the sacrifice, their country needs their services." Before the storm abated, the seized post was so fortified the enemy deemed it hazardous to make an attack upon it, and immediately prepared to evacuate the city.

Their next move was to occupy New York. Gay, with his regiment, was ordered there to aid in its defense. Worn and broken in

body, but strong and vigorous in spirit, patriotism sustained him; on the march he reached his home and spent the night with the endeared ones and was strongly urged to stay and recruit his worn body. But duty demanded his service, his regiment his care, and possibly the safety of New York might depend upon him, and he must be faithful to the leader, Washington. The early morning saw him depart and if successful he hoped to see them again. But while starting his regiment, the presentiment came upon him that in the coming conflict his life must be sacrificed. So strong was this impression upon him that he turned back to take a final leave of his family. He told the loved one of the risks of battle, that his life was to be sacrificed, that God's will was that he must die for his country's sake and that she, too, must be willing, for the future good of their family; that now he came back to commend them to the kind care of Him who does all things well. While he was to fall in battle, his family would be cared for through life—thus he left them in the full belief and with more than Abraham's faith, that it was himself that was to be sacrificed for his country's good.

With these devotional sentiments in his heart, he led his command to the scene of the conflict, and there, within the hearing of the booming of cannon and the noise of battle, his spirit took its flight heavenward, leaving his worn and exhausted body to be cared for by friends. He was buried in Trinity Church yard. The battle was lost, the American army was driven from the city. Years afterward, when the success of the Americans recovered the place, the hundreds of interments had so filled the cemetery, that his friends found it impossible to find the spot where his ashes rested. Now nothing remains of his earthly existence but the sword he wore in his last conflict with the enemies of his loved country.

Now a few words to the memory of his friend and compatriot and I have done. Peter Curtiss, at Gay's request, was active in raising the company to avenge the massacre at Lexington. He accompanied the recruits to that battlefield and participated in the Bunker Hill fight behind the rail fence. He accompanied Gay to the New York conflict. He was in every battle during the seven years' war, where Washington commanded, and participated in storming the redoubt before Yorktown, which action closed the war. These services had broken down his robust frame, but his mind was still vigorous. His grateful state gave him an office which it was hoped would give him a comfortable support through life. But this he was obliged to relin-

quish from infirmity of body and returned to his home, noted since as the Whitman Tavern. His early life commenced as a blacksmith. The implements of his early trade remained in the family and after his decease were sold at public auction. Among these was an iron bar with the initials of his name, "P. C.," which were declared to have been imprinted by his own hand in years before the war. I looked upon these emblems with an almost reverential curiosity and determined to possess them. I bid the instrument off at an enhanced valuation. Age and use had worn away these insignia of his early work. But as often as I take this implement in my hand, I recall the name of the gallant former owner and the noble life devoted to the service of his country.

In calling to recollection incidents in the lives of the prominent men in active life in the second generation of the early settlers of the town, I have found no one who so fully presented the leading trait of character exhibited by the majority of the early settlers of the town, viz., energy in the pursuit of life, as did Mr. John Mix, belonging to that class called the second generation. Among the followers of the energetic Hooker, who led a colony from England to Boston and from thence through the wilderness to Hartford, and there settled, was the ancestor of John Mix. Of him little is known save that he was a man of great energy of character, of decidedly religious tendencies and diligent in caring for the welfare of his family. His eldest son, John, was educated at Yale. At the close of his college course he came to Farmington to reside and soon married there. But inheriting the family trait and being full of ambition, he chose a military life. As commissary, he led a most active career in the Northern army under its various commanders. During the reverses which preceded and followed the attempt of Burgoyne to sever the confederated states, after the capture of the British army, he took charge of the captured artillery and other captured property, brought and stored the same at Farmington for safe keeping, and there most of the materials remained until it was needed for the capture of Yorktown. At the close of the war, Mr Mix returned to the duties of civil life. In return for long military services and for his marked ability, the citizens gave him the best gift within their reach, viz., "Town Clerk of the Corporation," which office he retained by annual appointment some twenty years. He was also appointed a magistrate, and for long years was arbiter to decide all the quarrels and differences arising between the conflicting parties of the town. Such

was the justness and uprightness of his decisions as generally to give full satisfaction to the parties. Such also was his reputation for capacity and sound judgment, that for more than twenty years he was elected as first Representative to the General Assembly of the State, while he had as colleagues, at different times, such able and popular men as Ichabod Norton, John Treadwell, Gad Stanley, Solomon Cowles, Timothy Pitken, Jr., and others of the best men of the town. Among this host of worthy men, such was the estimation in which he was held by the people, he always stood as first Representative. An incident is in point as illustrative of the character of the man. Solomon Langdon, an inhabitant of Unionville, came to Mr. Mix for advice. Having no children and possessing a large property, he wished to dispose of it where it would do the most good, and commiserating the condition of Rev. Dr. Porter, who was spending his life with an inadequate salary, wished to help him, and sought advice of Mr. Mix. Stating his wishes, he was told it needed reflection, but was told to come to him a week afterwards and he would then respond. At the appointed time Mr. Langdon came and instead of giving directly, as Mr. Langdon preferred, the advice was to give to the Society *three thousand dollars*, on condition that the Society would increase it to *ten thousand dollars* to constitute a fund for the support of the gospel ministry according to the *Orthodox* faith, and thus aid Dr. Porter through that fund. Mr. Langdon was afraid the Society would not dispense aid sufficient to supply Dr. Porter's needs and demurred, but finally thought if the Doctor would be satisfied with the interest on this amount, he would make the donation. The reverend Doctor was sent for and the case stated. The good Doctor most generously consented, almost against the wishes of Mr. Langdon. The donation was made, the conditions fulfilled and thus was constituted the fund, at present fourteen thousand dollars, and this mainly through the agency of Mr. Mix. His ashes now rest in the old cemetery and his name will be revered by many of the descendants of the early settlers of Farmington.

After the dismissal of Mr. Pitkin from the pastorate of the religious society in the town, Mr. Edward D. Griffin came as a candidate for the vacant pastorate, and becoming acceptable to the society, a council was called as a preliminary to the sttlement. But an unexpected opposition arising, the council, after long deliberation, advised the calling of a second council, and this unusual course excited a strong feeling throughout the community. At the meeting of the

second council the excitement was so great that almost every individual of the town attended to hear the result. It is probable that the ancient church was never before or since so filled as on that occasion. It seemed that the very existence of the society depended upon the result. The ablest counsel for and against the candidate were employed, and a whole day was spent in the hearing. To the disappointment of a large portion of the society, the council advised a non-settlement of the candidate. The charge was immoral conduct. The proof was that in a passage from New York to New Haven in a small sail vessel, crowded with passengers, without any convenience for sleeping and amid the jollity and sociability of merry talk to keep from falling asleep, the said candidate kissed one or more of the lady passengers. It was proved that these ladies were of an irreproachable character, above suspicion or reproach, and nothing else passed but what might be considered innocent mirth, caused by their novel situation. Such was the strength of feeling exhibited by a portion of the society, that it was strongly urged to install the candidate without the aid of the council. But wiser thought prevailed, and Mr. Griffin was afterward settled in a neighboring society and became a very useful and respected minister of the doctrines of the Bible.

After the bad and excited feeling of the society had settled down into quietness and peace, the hope prevailed that the best interest of the rising generation would be best promoted by harmonizing on the settlement of a minister, and Mr. Allen Alcott was called and settled in that office. Although an able student in theology, his services were not acceptable to the society, and, after four years of service, he was dismissed, to the mutual satisfaction both of people and pastor.

After this dismissal the people harmoniously united in calling Mr. Joseph Washburn to the pastorate of the society. Mr. Washburn was a man of most genial manners, a strong believer in the pure doctrines of the gospel, an ardent follower of the Leader and promulgator of these doctrines, an example in all moral conduct and rather fascinating in conversation. He drew around him the young of both sexes, and although not a great man in intellect, yet by his gifts he became a man of power with the rising generation, and it is within the bounds of truth to say that during the years of his ministry there was a constant arousing and awakening of the people to a preparation for a future state. It was interesting to witness the weekly

gathering at his dwelling of the youth of his charge, to hear the words of wisdom from his lips, and learn the road that leads to a better world. Thus he passed his days without perhaps being aware it was destined to be so short and yet so useful. Disease overtook him in the midst of his labors. His physician warned him that he could not endure the rigors of a northern winter, and that he must seek a more genial clime during the cold season. He acquiesced in the advice and prepared a parting sermon to the people of his charge, and the next Sabbath this was communicated to them. It was sudden and unexpected. It seemed by its tenor to be a farewell sermon to earth. He warned them that this might be his last counsel, that their next meeting would be at the bar of God, that his whole ministry had aimed to fit them for that event, and that they must bear testimony to the truth of the aim of these labors on their behalf. The evidence of the sincerity of his utterance and the hope that still glimmered on his countenance was visible, but the pallid face, the sunken eye, the whispering voice, the feeble step, all told the tale of sorrow—that they would see his face no more on earth. The morrow saw him depart with his wife for New York, where he embarked in a sailing vessel for Charleston. Off Cape Hatteras they were overtaken by a furious storm, and amid the tumult of the storm his spirit left its frail abode. During a lull preparations were made to cast the body into the deep. Of this the stricken widow was informed, and arousing herself from the depth of her sorrow, she besought the captain in her agony to spare the body for a Christian burial. But she pleaded in vain against the sailor's bigoted belief that a dead body on board during a storm would prove fatal both to vessel and crew, and the body must be cast off. The preparation must proceed. The helpless widow, without a single earthly friend to help her bear this heavy load of sorrow, had to witness this to her new way of disposing of the remains of departed friends. The body was enclosed in an old sail, with a weight attached to the feet, and then placed on a tilting plank with two sailors at the head, and at a given signal the body was precipitated into the boiling waters. The grief-stricken widow tottered to the cabin, there to ponder upon her lot, and a strong faith enabled her to endure until she could recall the consoling and sustaining promises of the Gospel. Yet, that body, devoured by the monsters of the deep, shall live again, clothed with new life and new beauty, ready for the summons of its Maker, and when the name of Joseph Washburn shall be called, the response

will be, "Here am I, and the flock thou gavest me in charge," and who of the witnesses of that life of the pastor, can doubt of the kind reception from the Giver of all good in the language of the Bible, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

When the news of the sudden death of their pastor, Mr. Washburn, reached the society, they assembled together to mourn over the calamity which had befallen them, and to express their sorrow by a public vote; also to confer upon the subject of filling the vacant pulpit. The committee of the society were to seek for such an one as was the equal in capacity to the one they had lost, and in the interval to procure one for a temporary supply. A youth of the town who had been educated at Yale College, although but little known, as he had lived mostly a retired and studious life, they thought would answer for a temporary supply, and he was obtained. The committee at the appointed time reported that they could find no candidate answering to the requirements sought for, and they were again sent forth with instructions to use more diligence, and not to abate in the qualifications required. In the interval the young man employed had begun to make favorable impressions, and although extremely modest in behaviour, his discourses evinced much vigor, depth of thought, learning, and soundness of intellect. The committee again reported that the requirements were of too high a standard. Candidates were plenty, but none would come up to the mark. Governor Treadwell, a man of great influence in the society, and who had become thoroughly acquainted with the young man employed, remarked to the assembled members that all the qualifications sought for by the society would be found in the young man employed by them until they could find one of greater reputation, but if they would give the modest young man on trial a thorough opportunity to develop his talents, they would find him all they asked for. In compliance with that advice they agreed to give him a thorough trial, and after the ordeal a proposition was made to invite the candidate to become a settled pastor of the society, and in that large assemblage of more than one hundred individuals not one opposed the invitation.

Mr. Porter was the son of a plain, humble, worthy member of the society, living in an obscure part of the town, and but little noticed or known, save as a constant, regular attendant on public worship on the Sabbath. The minister was sedate and quiet in manner, not at

all inclined to boyish sports, but thoughtful in appearance and character. He gave evidence of capacious intellect which his after life corroborated. His sermons showed deep thought, sound reasoning, and occasional eloquence, beyond the reach of most men.

It was through the advice of Mr. Washburn that he became a student of theology, and it is within the bounds of truth to say that but few men possessed a more thorough knowledge of the true doctrines of the Bible than did Dr. Porter. His life was given to study; he seemed to have no pleasure in the ordinary joys of life; the midnight lamp often illumined his study, and the morning sun has often found him preparing his Sabbath discourses. The old custom required two labored sermons for each Sabbath. In his later years a friend besought him to write but one sermon for each Sabbath, and depend upon extemporizing for the afternoon service. His reply was, "I never practiced it in my younger days for fear I might use terms or words that might be construed as meaning what I did not intend, and now it is too late and I must labor on while I last." That the good man's labors were disinterested the following facts will prove. A parishioner wishing to aid the pastor by a pecuniary gift, sought a friend for advice (the pastor had spent his patrimony for his necessary expenses). The friend advised that instead of giving direct, he should pledge the amount he intended to give the pastor, to the society for a fund for the support of the gospel ministry, conditioned that members of the society would raise the fund to ten thousand dollars. The gentleman demurred, but finally agreed, if Dr. Porter would consent (he having been notified previously that he was to be the recipient of the gift). The Doctor was sent for and the terms stated. He disinterestedly relinquished the gifts against the real wishes of the donor. The salary of the Doctor was five hundred dollars and the use of the parsonage, estimated at one hundred dollars. But the use of the same parsonage by the previous pastor had brought him in debt by repeated loss of fences by freshets. The salary of the Doctor was increased at long intervals by sums of one hundred dollars, but the greatest amount he ever received for one year was seven hundred dollars.

The good man left a large family, and they, profiting by his bright example and wise counsels, have become useful members of society. One has become eminent as president of Yale College, celebrated as a learned man, and admired for great purity of character. But for soundness of intellect we shall look in vain to find a superior to the

aged pastor of the ancient church of Farmington. He was a great man in the best sense of the word, and it will be long before we shall look upon his like again.

Perhaps there are no facts more illustrative of the energy of character displayed by the early settlers of Farmington than some incidents in the life of Chauncey Hills, as related by himself in after years, and which are of such interest that they seem to the writer worth relating. His statement commences thus: "I went to Chauncey Deming, a moneyed man, and related my destitute condition, saying, 'I am twenty-three years of age; I have just married one a little younger than myself, equally destitute, both possessing vigorous health, and each determined to earn a living by industry. My brother owns and offers a farm of seventy acres, with a house and barn, at a price below its real value, because of debt. I wish to purchase it, but have not the means. Believing that with prudence and industry I can redeem and pay for the property, I propose to bargain for it, and mortgage the same until I can pay the debt. Now will you loan me the money and take the mortgage until I can pay the debt?' Mr. Deming quietly heard my statement without a single word in reply, and after a steadfast gaze at me for at least fifteen minutes (I thought it an hour), opened his lips and said, 'I wonder what any young woman could see in you that could induce her to marry you, rough looking and unpolished as you are, and clad in garments of the coarsest texture. But they are befitting your condition and as good as you ought to wear under the circumstances, and I commend your prudence. The farm is worth more than the price named and is ample security for the price asked. I will loan you the money on these conditions: You are to bring me the Town Clerk's certificate of the property's being unencumbered, and you and your brother are to appear at my store at 9 o'clock to-morrow. I will have a magistrate here, your brother is to give you a deed of the property and you are to give me a note and a mortgage deed of the same with annual interest, and payable annually at the end of each year, with the expectation that if there is any failure in the conditions, legal measures are to be taken to oust you from possession.' These rigid conditions were what I expected and were complied with to the letter; nay, at the end of the first year I had paid some of the principal, and for forty years I have not been out of debt." It was remarked to him this was not very wise; his reply was, 'It is both wise and prudent and I can demonstrate it. Six months ago my wife said to me,

‘My dress is faded, and pride says I must have a new one. My neighbors when at church, with new dresses, look at and despise me. I know we are better able to appear in public well dressed than most of them, and it makes me feel uncomfortable.’ To this I replied that she was a good wife and deserved to be gratified, and if she insisted upon it I would borrow the money to purchase a new dress. But if these neighbors, who so despised her, should meet with any pecuniary calamity, they would solicit aid from her. I had felt something as she had, and had looked upon my faded Sunday suit and thought I deserved a better, but had come to the conclusion to wait until I had cleared away my debt, which I hoped soon to do, and then to indulge in a new coat. But I reiterated that if she decided to have a new dress she should be gratified. Thus we separated, but at the evening sitting she informed me she had concluded to wait and both have new garments together, and thus I demonstrate my course of economy.”

Among the incidents of these early days of the settlement of our country there is none more illustrative of the resolute, persevering industry of the early settlers of Farmington than the establishment of a turnpike road from its center to New Haven. A charter was obtained through the influence of the merchants and a company formed with authority to establish two toll gates, and the company gave notice that they should establish one within the bounds of the town. The citizens were aroused and a public meeting was called, at which the selectmen were authorized to make said road to the southern limits of the town rather than subject its citizens to the payment of toll, provided said company would not erect a toll gate within five miles of its border. With the assent of the company to this, the selectmen issued proposals for the building of the road, pledging their acceptance of one on condition that it was reasonable, from the lowest bidder. There were some twenty bidders, offering to make said road at prices from one dollar to thirty-five cents per rod. Among these bidders was Chauncey Hills, then over sixty years of age, offering to build at thirty-five cents. The selectmen were satisfied that the road could be built for less, and offered Mr. Hills this alternative—to work two days with his help and then accept twenty-five cents per rod for the whole distance, or receive thirty-five cents for the work done, and leave the job. After the trial Mr. Hills accepted the selectmen’s price and completed the work, thus evincing what an old, worn man could accomplish, and proving the energy

and persevering industry of the early settlers of the town. This industrious, frugal farmer became the owner of more than one thousand acres of the best land in Plainville, and the annual product of his farm was in the various grains. He sold from ten to twelve hundred bushels yearly, and one year produced fifteen hundred bushels. This was the reward of his persevering industry, and his descendants are now among the most prosperous and thrifty dwellers of Plainville.

The excitement and the patriotic feeling aroused by the removal of the battle flags to their last resting-place in the new Capitol, by the soldiers surviving the War of the Rebellion aroused anew the strong feeling so universally exhibited through the country during its continuance, and calls to recollection the leading incidents recorded of the War of the Revolution, which separated us from the Mother Country. It is a most pleasing thought that the Roman patriotism so strongly exhibited by our fathers, is still existing in the minds of their descendants, ready, if need be, to call forth their personal services in the call of their country. There are many facts but imperfectly known concerning the self-sacrificing patriotism of that worthy ancestry, which might be recorded to their credit, and to the profit of the rising generation. After the lead of the patriot Gay, Noadiah Hooker led a company of nearly one hundred of the citizens of Farmington to the siege of Boston. The slaughter at Lexington by the British soldiers had aroused the whole of Connecticut, in common with her sister States, to action, and in point of number, a great army was assembled in front of Boston to revenge the slaughter of their brethren at Lexington. The patriot cry throughout the whole country was "Vengeance on the murderers." Washington, on assuming command of the patriot army, organized a regiment of volunteers to serve the country during the war. Of this regiment Fisher Gay was the first commander or colonel, and a large number of Captain Hooker's Farmington boys enlisted for permanent service. Among them was Peter Curtiss, and through all the war of seven years' duration, he served in various capacities, from flag-bearer up to major, and at the capture of Cornwallis, of Yorktown, he led the assault on the formidable redoubt, which was the main defense of the British army, and on its capture the British army surrendered, and thus ended the war. Captain Hooker commanded a regiment of militia for several years, and did eminent service in the Northern army and was present at the capture of Burgoyne. Amer Wadsworth was the standard-bearer in Captain Hooker's company, and was a most gallant officer.

In a letter to his brother at home he gives an account of a successful raid upon the enemy, and as it is well worth the recital for its boldness and gallantry, I will give it mostly in his own language :

“The British commissary department had collected a store of beef cattle and placed them for safe keeping on an island in the vicinity of Boston. The Americans determined to secure them for their own use, and a large number of boats were provided and brought to one point, and it was a wonder what was to be done with them. The party, mainly volunteers, embarked without knowing their destination, landed on the island, and collected their prey. But discovery was made, and an armed vessel was dispatched to drive off the raiders. But the vessel in the attempt ran aground. The American party discovered the disaster and determined to take advantage of it, and all the boats left for the new enterprise. The vessel was surrounded and overpowered by numbers, the crew taken prisoners, and the vessel burnt. The party returned to their original purpose, and with prisoners and cattle returned to the mainland in safety. Among the prisoners was a Boston damsel, married to the pilot captain, and in her fear asked what they were going to do with her. The gallant Wadsworth told her she might accompany her husband, or they would send her back under a flag of truce to Boston, for they did not war with women. She preferred not to live among rebels. The raid was thoroughly successful.”

In the operation of the army under Washington they secured a height which commanded the harbor of Boston, and which was immediately fortified, and the naval commander informed the British General that it was no longer safe for the fleet to remain there. The British General was reduced to the alternative of evacuating Boston or drive the American army from their position. But the lesson of Bunker Hill had taught the commander that the lives of the soldiery had better be preserved for other fields, and a better chance of life ; and orders were immediately given to embark the army on board the vessels, and thus ended the siege of Boston.

Miss Mullins, in giving the reasons why she was not ready to accept the proffers of marriage from Captain Standish, said that her mother had charged her never to think of that matter until her chest of linen was filled. Whether this sage advice had become the rule of action for the young women of this ancient town it is not for the writer to say, but certain it is, that class of the early settlers were equally conspicuous as their male companions for their industry in preparing the

materials which were to be theirs in the future allotments for life. In those early days the making of linen was a family business, wholly carried on by the labor of hands, without the aid of machinery, and principally by females, save that the labor of weaving in the heavy looms of those days required the strength of men to perform the labor. The spinning wheels as then used, and all the apparatus of the kind, are now stowed away as useless lumber in all the ancient dwellings of the land. The use of these required much patient practice, but most of the women became experts in spinning. Carding was a slower process. The cards were small, four inches by eight, and the most expert could turn off only short rolls at the rate of about one per minute; now by machinery or water power, one large, long roll can be turned off in less than one second, and in spinning, a single young woman can attend upon one hundred spindles with only the labor of mending broken threads. In the early months of the year the buzz of the wheel could be heard from every dwelling, in most instances accompanied by the voice of the spinner, as if she delighted in the labor, and indicating very cheerful preparation for the coveted store that was to be laid up for future use; and when the process of weaving had resulted in long yards of linen, the process of bleaching was to finish the labor of preparation. And this was to be accomplished during the clear, hot sun of July, and upon the clean, grassy sward adjoining the dwelling the long pieces were spread ready for the sprinkling process, and this as fast as dried was to be renewed. The young women were the actors in this process, and the writer is compelled to acknowledge that he was often tempted to turn aside from his cruel employment of robbing birds' nests by the bright faces and charming company of these bleachers to aid in transporting the water-pot. Thus were the young women necessarily employed in the preparation and manufacture of clothing for themselves and to supply the needs of the families to which they belonged. Some of your readers may be tempted to say the females thus busily employed must have been deprived of that cultivation of mind which would fit them to become companions for that other and better educated class. To this I reply that in some future article I shall give examples of individuals thus reared and thus employed, who became ornaments not only to their own sex, but fitting examples for our own to follow.

The cotton plant had not yet become acclimated in our country. The first importation of its product was in the shape of a coarse,

slazy article from China, called "humbum," fit only for wrappers; but finding it could be made into a finer and better article, and perhaps be a substitute for flax, and possibly wool, the experiment was made of planting its seed and trying it at the South, that being a congenial climate. The experiment succeeded beyond expectation in the sea islands of the Carolinas. It grew and produced most luxuriantly, and soon supplanted the use of flax, because it could be raised at one-half the cost, and of finer texture, besides being easily manufactured. In fact, it supplied the place of wool to such an extent as in its early use to receive the cognomen of "cotton wool"; and such was the facility of its production and the extent of its culture that it has become the principal material in all our goods used for clothing, except silk goods, which are expected to remain pure and uncontaminated.

The thinking men now began to ponder upon improvements to aid the labor of hands and facilitate the means to satisfy the wants and artificial devices of a rising community. The reputation of the prosperity of the farmers of Farmington had so spread that mechanics of all kinds flocked there to participate in their prosperity. These acquisitions helped to increase its popularity, and this may account in part for the stand it took, compared with its sister towns, and particularly with Hartford. A reference to the Colonial records of the State will show the standing of Farmington compared with its sister towns. So late as 1775 the grand levy stood thus: New Haven, \$73,200; Norwich, \$68,678; Farmington, \$66,571; Guilford, \$38,406; New London, \$35,328; Wethersfield, \$33,695; Hartford, \$28,120; Windsor, \$24,625. Thus stands the record, and the population will nearly compare with the list. Considering the unfavorable location of Farmington compared with the towns named, all within the reach of navigable waters, these facts must speak favorably for the industry and enterprise of its people. But even here the active mind of its people began to ponder upon the practicability of machinery to aid in the manufacture of clothing. One of the earliest settlers of the town, Brownon by name, built the first mill, for the manufacture of flour, within the limits of the purchase. This was located on the side of the mountain, half a mile south of the meeting-house, on a brook sustained by surface water from the swamp, to retain which a dam was built of granite, laid in cement, and now it seems so incapable of decay that from present appearance it will last until time shall be no longer. A son of this man, a mechanical genius, a dyer, a spin-

ner, a weaver, an adept at all trades, first introduced the spring shuttle and other improvements in weaving, and finally went to England to compare and watch the acquirements of genius there, and on his return his varied employments kept his active mind in full employ until the juice of the sugar cane checked all his improvements. In a quarrel with his wife he threw her into the great dye kettle, fortunately not so hot as to scald, yet so warm as to impress the coloring material into her skin, and she was compelled to absent herself from public gaze for several months. As an indication of the mirth caused by this incident among the people, a school girl offered to a male companion to write his epitaph, provided he would paste it upon Mr. Brownon's door. The arrangement made, the epitaph read thus:

"Here lies one, and he was human,
He lived a man, but dyed a woman."

This was paraphrased to read thus:

"Here lives one, and he was human,
He lives as a business man, but dyes women."

The wits of the town called upon Mr. Brownon to know when he could take in their women to dye, under pretense that they each had one to operate upon. Mr. B. became impatient and swore vengeance could he find the perpetrator, and the poor boy had to keep shy of the wrath of the mortified sufferer.

In estimating the character of the early settlers of the town, and in treating of the female portion of that community, it is but justice to bring into the estimate the necessity of that class, not only of preparing the food for the family, but in preparing and furnishing clothing to protect them from the winter's cold, and, like our first mother, to provide material (although of different texture) for modesty and necessity. This made it necessary for almost constant and never-ending labor. While their companions of the sterner class, had seasons of rest, for the cultivation of the mind, there was no opportunity for such relaxation to improve theirs by similar thoughts and employment. Still, under these privations, we have seen them rise to an equal standing with the more fortunate class. In the common schools, with opportunity for fair competition, we have seen them excel their competitors of the prouder sex. In adult years we often find them taking the lead in benevolent projects having for their object the amelioration and improvement of the condition of our fallen race. It was a well known fact that in former years the amount annually contributed for missionary and benevolent pur-

poses was larger than from most places in the State of equal wealth and population; but it is not as well known that the larger share of these contributions came through female hands. Another fact is also well known, that in some of the most wealthy families the female head was the sole contributor to these great objects, and even now, reduced in population and wealth as she is, the statistics of contributions for the same objects for the last thirty years, as the treasurer's books will show, the amount annually contributed averaged \$1344.75 for each year, and these contributions are independent of private charities, which the writer estimated from observation to double that amount. By these and like facts we may estimate the real worth of "God's last, best gift to man," not for their personal attractions, not for their accomplishments, but for that kindness of heart which caused the poor widow to bestow her last mite in objects of charity. But we are not without an example of that class excelling ours even in literatur and fine writing.

The ancient cemetery had become so filled as to make it necessary to provide a new one, and its committee was directed to report a suitable location for it. The report recommended a plot, which legend said, was once occupied by the red man for the same purpose, with the further recommendation that a monument be erected to commemorate that fact. This was accepted, and a native artist employed to furnish one from the native soil and a writer sought for a suitable memorial. Lydia Huntley, reared in the Wadsworth family, and often residing with one of its branches in Farmington, was thought of, but was adjudged not sufficiently skilled as a writer, and application made to a poetic writer, a resident of New Haven. He received the application with much satisfaction, apparently, and agreed to furnish it at a given time. When called upon his reply was, "I have attempted to write a suitable memorial for the lost race, and, after three separate attempts, have given it up in despair. The truth is, inspiration would not come, and I applied to my friend, Miss Huntley, to aid me, and after a whole night spent in the labor, she presented me the following memorial, in commemoration of the fact of its former occupation." This we accepted, and is a portion of that memorial. Miss Huntley's epitaph gracing the memorial stone is as follows:

Chieftains of a banished race,
In your ancient burial place
By your Father's ashes blest,
Here in peace securely rest.

Since on life you looked your last,
 Changes o'er your land have passed;
 Strangers came with iron sway,
 And your tribes have passed away.

But your fate shall treasured be
 In the strangers' memory,
 And virtue long her watch shall keep,
 Where the Red Man's ashes sleep.

The writer of this memorial afterwards married Mr. Sigourney, and her name became somewhat celebrated for her writing and genius. But other natives of this town gave evidence of genius and skill in composition. Mrs. Lowrey, without other education than what she obtained in a common district school, and though overwhelmed in the cares of a large, rising family, yet found time to write, while others slept, much that is worthy of perusal. Among other productions, she composed a poetic description of the beauties of the Tuxis valley, connected with its river, which gave it the name, a production far more worthy of publication than many others which have found their way into print. But an epitaph which she wrote is worthy of particular notice. A youth of the town said, to his weeping friends, "Do not weep, for God is with me." Her epitaph reads thus: "Yes! He was with him as life ebbed away, and peace was given, as in that hour of nature's agony, he passed to heaven." There are but few epitaphs more appropriate or more beautiful. But I pass to recollections of my earlier day. In pursuing my daily avocations in the not commendable pursuit of robbing birds' nests, I met a middle aged woman with no personal attractions, but most scrupulously neat in her plain attire. There was a dignity in her mein, and a benevolence in her countenance, which attracted me. I saw her enter the abode of poverty and wretchedness. I knew she did not belong there, and I enquired her out. They told me she was a widow, left, for those times, with a considerable fortune which she was spending among the poor, and as they said, unworthy, but I could not but commend her benevolence. After a time she sickened and sent for an amanuensis, to whom she dictated her will. The property left was to constitute a perpetual fund, the interest of which was to be applied to the following named uses. *First*, To aid youths in striving to get an education, fitting them to become preachers of the gospel; *Second*, To aid poor female members of the church who were needy; *Third*, To aid poor destitute widows with a flock of children, without other means of support than the labor of a des-

stitute mother. The officers of the church, for the time being, were made the trustees of the fund. } Thus far, it is the full belief that that trust has been faithfully executed. It is well known that two at least and probably three, have been thus aided in completing their education, and have become eminent in their profession as teachers of gospel doctrines, and that worthy destitute female professors of gospel doctrines, have been aided in the thorny path of life. If the successors in office as trustees shall be as faithful to this trust as their predecessors have been, ages hence some poor and destitute widow, with children around her crying for bread, on receiving aid from this fund, will bless the name of Anna Smith, its founder.

The following letter, first published in 1840, is so illustrative of the character of ancient settlers of the old town, cannot fail to interest the descendants of those worthies. In it are facts of such worth that by repetition will not lose their value. It is a letter written by Rev. Ada Packard, of Lancaster, Mass., to his grandson, at school at Farmington. "In 1777, while I was passing through Farmington, on returning from the army and New York, to my parents at Bridgewater, I was taken sick. The wound I had received in battle, was not healed, the ball troubled me and is still an affliction. I could not walk without an arm to lean upon; I could not rise from the floor without assistance, I could travel only a few miles in a day. On a Sabbath morning, as snow lay upon the ground, I was in Farmington village, leaning on my friend, who led me. Striking something with my foot, I fell. Bursting into tears, I said I could go no further, I will die here." His counsel and entreaties were lost. I persisted in refusing to go further. "Well," said he, "there is a tavern, we will go there." "No," said I, "I will die here." "You cannot get in at a private house," was his reply. Standing, and leaning upon him, I looked around upon houses in sight and selected a neat, snug looking one-story house, not painted, and standing back from the road, then said, "I will try here." A Mr. Thomas Cowles was the owner. We went in. The venerable man had his great Bible before him on a small table near the fire. His plain dress, blue stockings, and small-clothes I well remember. I was spokesman. I told my sufferings and wishes. He said "he could not take me in; his daughter, who took the care of him, was feeble and sickly and unable to bear additional labor." I was in tears, as I am now. "Sir," says I, or similar words, "my parents are living and are respectable people, and if you had a son situated as I am, and should make a similar request of them, as

I do of you, they would not turn him away; you must let me stay until I am better." At this time the daughter came into the room (she was some forty or fifty years old). I do not remember all her kind, commiserating words, but she consented to my staying there and never was greater kindness shown to a poor, sick sufferer than was shown to me. How long I was confined there I cannot say, but I was delirious at times and very ill. I know an elderly physician attended me. When my brother came to my relief, both Mr. Cowles and the physician refused to take compensation for their services. I wrote to Mr. Cowles often and he answered me, and having a direct opportunity, I sent him two books, in which I wrote him the grateful feelings of my heart. "I was a stranger and ye took me in." If then any of his descendants are living, they ought to know of this benevolence shown to a stranger, worthy of a Christian. May I meet him in a better world.

While recalling historical facts regarding the female portion of the early settlers of the ancient town, I feel constrained to relate one or two anecdotes of the descendants of those worthies, whose good deeds we delight to recall. The writer had occasion to test the character of these in point of benevolent feeling towards those who had no claim on their charities as residents of their neighborhood. The claimants were English peasantry, with only a temporary home, with a large family of children without clothing to protect them from the winter's cold, then approaching, and having no claim on public charity by a fixed residence. Application was made to over twenty individuals to aid in clothing these suffering little ones, and among the whole number thus called upon there were but two individuals who refused to respond to the modest call for cast-off clothing. The readiness to respond to this call will best illustrate the kind-heartedness of this portion of the descendants of the early settlers. The female head of a family to whom the application was made promptly responded, "These children must be clothed for winter. I will spare an overcoat for the eldest son, that he may attend school, and here are remnants of flannel that will make under-garments for the little ones. Will they be made up by the mother?" The kind donor was assured it should be done, and if she chanced to read this her heart will be gratified with the assurance that the mother of the suffering little ones showed the writer the garments made from these gifts. A lady, to whom application was made, responded, "The poor around me are expecting all I can spare in the way of cast-off garments, and

I scrimp myself for their sakes; but sit down, let me search and see if I cannot spare something for the suffering ones." After a time spent in searching, she returned with two pair of stockings with the apology that they wanted some darning; and a pair of men's boots, with the remark that she feared her husband, from infirmity, would not need them more; if he should be able to go abroad he could buy more, while the father of the suffering family, wearing these, would be better able to provide for the little ones. I accepted the gift and the thought passed my mind, where shall I find the woman who will exhibit the same forethought and kindness of heart? The writer is constrained to acknowledge the feeling of pride and exultation that no proof of degeneracy was found in the descendants of those worthy ancestors whom we delight to honor.

Among the incidents arising from and connected with the settlement of the ancient town, perhaps there are none more illustrative of the energetic character of these men than the occupancy of the great swamp, as it was termed, as a place of residence.

This is a broad valley, lying between the villages of Kensington and Worthington, now constituting the town of Berlin. This valley, rich in soil and tempting to the agriculturist, is nine miles from the ancient settlement, the road to which, crossing the mountain, was the resort of hostile savages and occupied by beasts of prey and venomous serpents, yet the hardy settlers were willing to risk these perils to occupy so tempting a situation.

Some four years ago a project was broached to carry the Western Railroad through Farmington to New Britain, and in an examination to locate said road, the writer spent some time to find the most eligible line to locate the same, and, to his surprise, he found plain and visible marks of the ancient road, across a spur of the mountain so often traversed by these enterprising men, and having learned much of the punctual habits of these men in attending religious service, through an aged ancestor, and more particularly the method of travel, imagination led me to contemplate the scene of such travel, as had been so often witnessed and described to me by this venerable ancestor. I leaned up on a rock and the illustration seemed perfect. The cavalcade was led by a woman mounted upon the family steed with two daughters behind her, seated upon a stuffed seat called a pillion, steadying themselves by holding fast by the mother. Walking beside the horse was the careful husband with his musket upon his shoulder, ready for any risk or danger or hostility presenting, and thus to

ensure the safety of his family. Close behind him were three boys following their parents to the place of worship, and as the way was long and the little ones hungry, each of their pockets was stuffed with food to satisfy the cravings of appetite, but each of these little ones instinctively filled the opposite pocket with smooth, round pebbles to cast at the small animals and birds on their wearisome way to church, and with these pebbles were stuffed the wild fruits as gathered on their way, and occasionally as a pebble flew at a bird and an exclamation followed, the strict parent would warn the boy it was the Sabbath or Holy time; the excuse was ready "it's a big snake," and thus mollify the indulgent parent. Next followed a mother, similarly mounted, with an infant in her arms, with her eldest daughter seated on a pillion and clinging to her mother for safety, the anxious father by her side, carefully guarding the precious charge, and as it was a day to administer the rite of baptism, each member of the family must be present, as was then the custom, to see the performance of the ceremony; the pride, or rather the sense of propriety, caused the mother to insist that the two boys accompanying them should appear decently clothed, with shoes on their feet: the boys were thus equipped for the occasion, but they, not used to the incumbrance, complained loudly, their feet were hurt, the skin was rubbed off, and they were limping on the way, and the pitying father consented to the removal and carrying in the hand of this cause of trouble, while the mother remonstrated, saying it was a disgrace to have her boys appear before the whole congregation with dirty feet, but the matter was compromised by arranging that the boys should walk without shoes until they reached the last run of water near the church, where they were to wash and then resume their shoes; and thus was the pride of apprehension of the good woman satisfied for the occasion.

The next party in the procession was an aged man on his long-used faithful horse, gentle and kind and ready for any service, with his loving wife seated behind him, with his African slave carefully guarding by his side; he, on being questioned, said his master was good and kind, had fed and clothed him when a boy, and when he now was old and infirm and needed care, he felt that he must repay that kindness, and now he was caring for both master and mistress. He helped them on and off their horse, took good care of the animal when they were at church, and when they were through helped them to mount and carefully guarded them home.

Thus each separate family were mounted on their family horse, with each head of a family carefully guarding and caring for its safety. There were fourteen families in the new settlement and so constant were they in attendance on the instruction thus dispensed, that, unless sickness prevented, each and all thus labored and toiled to obtain a knowledge of the duty they owed to God and their fellow men.

Southington is now so populous and so prosperous as to look upon the ancient home as but an insignificant hamlet, yet for years its scattered population had no place of public worship save the rude log church of the old town, and the source and foundation of that prosperity may reasonably be traced to the persevering and sagacious industry of its ancestry of the old town.

Of the first church of the ancient town we only know it was of the rudest structure, built of logs, and if it had seats they must have been of the plainest, simplest kind, but it is more than probable that the early devotional exercises of our ancestry were performed standing.

Of the second church we knew something. It was a framed building, decent in appearance, and had low seats of the kind, but were comfortable. The only exception was a box or raised seat near the door for the guard to occupy, always provided to watch and guard against surprise. The common seats were supposed to be comfortable without raised backs, but some ladies, claiming to be infirm, petitioned the society to build at their own expense, a few seats with raised backs to lean upon during the long services they sometimes had to endure. This petition the authorities received and pondered upon and finally rejected. The grounds of refusal were that the grant might be a source of envy and discontent among the female members of the flock, and the motives of the applicants might be construed into a love for distinction, or perhaps the pride of wealth and thus cause discord in the church, and they therefore besought the petitioners to be content with the seat the society had provided, and perhaps, now, it may be a profitable enquiry whether the costly and extravagantly furnished seating of modern churches may not be a hindrance rather than aid to the spread of the gospel, and by possibility a bar to the exercise of true love to the Redeemer.

The claim advanced by Massachusetts writers, and repeated by Bancroft in his history, has been so clearly refuted by facts substantially proved, that the claim was believed to be abandoned, viz :

that Prescott was the commander of Bunker Hill. The memorial monument now about to be erected on the site of the conflict, has given rise to a renewal of the claim that Col. Prescott was the actual commander on that occasion.

Now it seems to the writer that a single statement of the facts as they occurred, during the conflict, will place the question at rest, now and forever.

The authorities of the Massachusetts colony in selecting a spot commanding the Boston harbor, sent a force under Col. Prescott, on the evening previous to the battle, to raise up and erect works to annoy and command the harbor of Boston. With this command Putnam was selected to fix upon the spot, where, by military works, they could best annoy the enemy, now occupying Boston. Putnam was with that party, as by his experience they could best annoy and drive away the enemy. The light of day found the colonists in such a commanding position that the city must be evacuated or the American army driven from the commanding posts now in the hands of the Americans, and the British army was ordered to retake the height and Prescott was ordered to fortify and maintain the post and Putnam, with the Connecticut troops, extended the line of defence from Prescott's post by a line of double fence lined with hay, and when Starke appeared with his New Hampshire troops he was directed to extend the line to the river; this order was given to Starke by Putnam in the hearing of Lewis, a subordinate officer of the Connecticut troops, and immediately obeyed. A large supply of intrenching tools in the hands of Prescott's men were ordered to be removed for other points by Putnam. To this Prescott objected as the enemy was approaching and he could not spare them. To this Putnam replied "the men should return" and he wanted the tools at another point, and the tools were so removed. Putnam was the only man on horseback during the day: he was seen in every part of the field mounted; he was seen so mounted; repeatedly swept by the British canon.

The narrow neck of land connecting Bunker and Breed's Hill he directed Captain Charter, of Wethersfield, to let his men cross the exposed spot in single file, so as not to expose his men needlessly; he directed Knowlton and Starke to caution their men to reserve their fire until they could see the bright buttons on the enemy, and at every exposed point he was seen encouraging the men to manfully meet the foe. The gallant Warren had but lately been elected Major General by the legislator of Massachusetts, and he came into the field

armed and equipped for service. Putnam cautiously saluted him and asked him to take the command for the day.

"I came as a volunteer, assign me a post where I can be of service to our country." Col. Small of the British army in after years reported that he owed his life to the noble act of Putnam; while leading his men close up to the breastworks of Prescott's command and his men nearly stricken down he saw the muskets of two or three pointed at him, but at the instant he saw his old friend Putnam knock up the leveled muskets saying, "save the life of my old friend Small." And when the ammunition was expended and the clubbed musket was of no avail, and the enemy leaping the breastworks, Prescott gave the order to evacuate the works then Putnam was seen mounted upon his horse, leading the Connecticut troops, and covering the retreating Prescott men, and repelling the advancing British soldiers, and in a vain effort to stay the advancing enemy, he made every effort to stay the advancing enemy, on the other hill where he had begun works of defence and there was he seen using every effort that human courage could employ to the enemy. All that a bold and skillful commander could perform was exhibited in that disastrous retreat. The writer would not detract from the merits of Prescott; what man could do was performed by that gallant soldier, and during the three murderous assaults he maintained his post with unflinching resolution, and, until his ammunition gave out, successfully; but while living he never claimed to be more than a commander of his redoubt, and were he alive now, he would claim no higher honor. And now Connecticut is unwilling that her sister state shall rob her of the honor so justly due to her gallant son, the commander of the American army at the battle of Bunker Hill.

HYMN BY REV. ROYAL ROBBINS, OF KENSINGTON.

O'er these fair plains the years have rolled
 'Till twice, an age, its tale has told,
 Since first our sires, Heaven's favored race,
 Sought here their home and resting place.
 The ages pass, but God remains,—
 We'll praise him in our grateful strains.

The day and scene, in history's page,
 Afresh, our hearts, and thoughts engage,
 When on this spot, the Pilgrim band
 In faith to each gave each his hand.
 The ages pass, but God remains,—
 Our Saviour God, o'er earth he reigns.

Four-score and four our fathers were,—
 A little flock,—but strong in prayer;
 Bright beamed their eye, of faith and love,
 As fixed its gaze on things above.
 The ages pass, but God remains,
 Our fathers' God, o'er heaven he reigns.

Now grown in numbers to a host,
 Whilst circling towns their parent boast,
 We own, with grateful hearts, the care
 Which saved the flock from every snare.
 The ages pass, but God remains,—
 Our God and theirs, o'er time he reigns.

Sweet plains, with peace and plenty crowned!
 Once the wild natives' hunting ground!
 No trace ye bear of savage foes—
 So changed, save where their bones repose.
 The ages pass, but God remains,
 Who works all changes, or restrains.

Reap we the fruit of all their toil,—
 Our cheerful homes, our fertile soil,
 Our dear, domestic altars, where
 We pour affection's hallowed prayer.
 The ages pass, but God remains,—
 Whom grace selects, his power maintains.

Here freedom, laws, and justice live,
 Here schools their blest instruction give;
 The Sabbath's holy rest is here,
 And temple throngs to God draw near.
 The ages pass, but God remains,—
 Whom he transfers, he, too, sustains.*

Then will we hold in solemn trust
 Their chartered rights, as honored dust,
 And best their virtues shall proclaim,
 As on our hearts we bind the same
 The ages pass, but God remains,—
 We'll give him praise in endless strains.

Time bears on to where they rest
 In the long slumber of the blest;
 There may our dust in peace be found
 When the last trump shall rend the ground.
 The ages pass, but God remains,—
 O'er his eternity he reigns

EXTRACT FROM WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land.
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go mark him well,
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

* Allusion to the motto of the State.

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