WM. WALLACE LEE.

BARKHAMSTED, CONN.,

AND ITS

CENTENNIAL

1879.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A HISTORICAL APPENDIX,

CONTAINING COPIES OF OLD LETTERS, ANTIQUARIAN, NAMES OF SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION. 1812, 1846 AND 1861; CIVIL OFFICERS, AND OTHER MATTER INTERESTING TO THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN.

MERIDEN:
Republican Steam Print.

1881.

PEOPLE OF BARKHAMSTED,

WHERE MY BOYHOOD DAYS WERE SPENT, WHERE FRIENDSHIPS WERE FORMED WHICH I FONDLY HOPE WILL EXTEND BEYOND THIS MORTAL LIFE; WHERE HE WHOSE NAME I BEAR, AND SHE WHO NURSED ME IN INFANCY, WERE YEARS AGO LAID TO REST, AND TO ALL ITS SONS AND DAUGHTERS, WHEREVER THEIR LOT MAY BE CAST,

This Little Book is Respectfully Dedicated

BY THE COMPILER.

PREFACE.

When the matter of an observance of the Centennial of our town was first agitated, and even after it was fully decided upon, I expected to bear no more part in it than could with propriety be expected of anyone who felt a deep interest in the project and desired its success. I had no doubt that among all the lawyers, doctors and ministers who had gone out from the town, plenty of men could be found who would do the historical and oratorical part of the celebration, and that with the others I should simply do the "looking on," and enjoy the occasion. The large and enthusiastic meetings which were held in May at Riverton, the Valley and the Hollow, were an assurance of the success of the undertaking, and it was evident that with such efficient committees as were appointed at those meetings, and all the townspeople united in the project, there was no such thing as failure, as was fully proven by the grand result of September 10th, 1879.

It was with great reluctance that I consented to attempt the historical address, and the summer was well advanced before I yielded to the request of the committee. My memory of the town as a whole did not go much farther back than 1840, when I was a boy of twelve, and as I left the town in 1845, and have never since been a resident of it, it will be readily seen that I labored under a great disadvantage, leaving my lack of qualifications for the work entirely out of the question. Circumstances beyond my control prevented my devoting more than two or three days to traveling about the town to obtain from the records and the older people the material for an address. It was all prepared and every word written within three weeks of the time it was delivered.

Being a native of the Valley, of course, I should be expected to know more about the western portion of the town than of the eastern, of which my knowledge is even now limited. I have found it necessary to revise some portions of the address by reason of information obtained since the celebration. I well know the address is not as complete as is desirable, (and perhaps it is in some respects inaccurate) but it is impossible to crowd into a two hours' address a full and complete history of even a small community for a hundred years, to say nothing of a large township like ours.

I had hoped some one could be found in the town, or near by, who

would compile this book and prepare it for publication, but thus far no one has been found. Feeling that it ought to be done, and fearing no one else would do it, I have concluded, in deference to the wishes of many interested friends, to make the attempt, but for the state and character of the work I offer no apology. It has been compiled during hours that should have been devoted to "rest and refreshment" from daily toil. I well know the kindly natures of the people of Barkhamsted and their feelings towards the boys and girls who have gone out from the town, and rest confident they will not criticise this work harshly.

In the compilation of the book I have been much assisted by my friend, Mr. Wm. F. Graham, editor of the *Meriden Republican*, whom I had invited to be present at our celebration, and who desired permission to insert in the book his tribute to our town and its people, from the standpoint of an impartial observer.

I am also under great obligations to Capt. Henry R. Jones, of New Hartford, who had taken a deep interest in our celebration, and who has devoted quite a deal of time and labor to obtaining historical information concerning our town. It was but natural he should thus feel, being a son of Henry Jones, grandson of Col. Israel Jones, who was a son of Capt. Israel Jones, the second settler in the town.

I am also indebted to many of the town people for "meat, drink and lodging," and assistance in various ways in my "search for knowledge." To name them all would extend the list to a great length; to name some and omit others would be to make invidious distinctions, which I am unwilling to do. I am sure all will accept the heartfelt thanks of him whom they knew as the boy,

WALLACE LEE.

INTRODUCTORY.

BY CAPT. HENRY R. JONES, NEW HARTFORD.

Early in the Spring of 1879 the celebration of Barkhamsted's one hundredth anniversary began to be talked of. Probably about the first suggestion which was made relative to it was at the time of the funeral of Rev. Geo. B Atwell, at Pleasant Valley, April 27th. The credit of its first proposal is universally conceded to Mr. Wm. Wallace Lee of Meriden, who, in his capacity as Past Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Connecticut, officiated at the funeral of the venerable elder.

The first definite steps taken towards the celebration were the calling of meetings to discuss the subject, which meetings were called for May 28th at the Episcopal church at Riverton, May 29th at the Methodist church in Pleasant Valley, and at the Universalist church in the Hollow May 30th. These meetings, at the request of those most interested were announced by the pastors of the different churches throughout the town. Mr. W. Wallace Lee and Judge Monroe E. Merrill of Hartford had promised to be present and deliver addresses. At first it was thought a sufficient interest to carry out the plan could not be enlisted, for the town is composed mostly of agricultural and quiet people, rather averse to any effort aside from the every day walk of life. As the time approached for these preliminary meetings, however, the subject of the Centennial grew more and more to be the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the home circle, and as neighbor met neighbor upon the road to and from the store, mill and church. When the time for the first meeting had actually arrived, the matter had warmed into a white heat, and a large turnout, to learn what others thought, was the result. At this meeting Mr. Lee, by his earnest appeals, aided and strengthened by the finished speaking, witty sayings and humorous anecdotes of Judge Merrill, succeeded in arousing the entire assemblage to an en-

thusiastic determination to push the thing through, and give the old town a birthday party which should be worthy of the honesty and industry of the early settlers and their posterity "to the last syllable of recorded time." The next evening at "the Valley" the speakers were greeted by a throng of eager listeners, who had gathered inspiration from those who drove down from Riverton to push the wheel along, and so at the Hollow upon the succeeding evening the enthusiasm had grown, until the entire population, male and female, old and young, had caught the spirit and were ready to give their strength and means to make the undertaking a success.

During these meetings a committee of arrangements had been appointed to perfect and carry out the plans as had been proposed by those who had taken active part. This committee was composed of ladies and gentlemen representing different localities, who were chosen at each of the three meetings in accordance with their residence.

At the meeting in Riverton and for that locality:

RIVERTON—H. C. Brown, Jas. Tiffany, Warren Alford, Rufus Cleveland, Mrs. L. C. Brown, Miss Carrie A. Goodwin, Mrs. Linsley, Mrs Geo. Vanostrem.

PLEASANT VALLEY—E. Dwight Cannon, J. B. Eggleston, Uriel Spencer, Bradley Marsh, Mrs. J. B. Eggleston, Mrs. John Howd, Mrs. L. Eno, Mrs. Chas. Cowles, Mrs. H. B. Stannard.

BARKHAMSTED CENTRE—Frank A. Case, Wm. Tiffany, Wallace Case, Sheldon Merrill, Wm. Payne, Correll Tiffany, Mrs. Horace Case, Mrs. Correll Tiffany, Mrs. Dwight Case, Mrs. Samuel Case, Mrs. Edwin P. Jones, Miss Abbie Case, Mrs. Alice Lane.

The committee immediately organized and elected E. Dwight Cannon Chairman, and Sheldon Merrill Secretary. They continued to meet from time to time at different localities in the town during the summer. During the month of June the following circular of invitation was printed and extensively circulated among the sons and daughters of Barkhamsted scattered over the Union, and published in the various newspapers throughout the State of Connecticut.

1779—ONE HUNDRED YEARS—1879.

BARKHAMSTED.

To.....

Organized amid the toils and sufferings incident to the revolutionary struggle, and settled largely by those who participated in it,

the men and women of Barkhamsted, feeling a just pride in its history, have voted to celebrate its Centennial by appropriate ceremonies. We desire that all should unite with us in this matter who are connected with the town either by birth, former residence, marriage, or ancestry, and as one of the number we address you. While we know that they are scattered far and wide, we feel sure that memory often fondly turns to the pleasant scenes of by-gone years. Acting in behalf of the old town, we invite you to join with us in our celebration. Come with your sons and your daughters; come with your husbands and your wives; come and see the old friends who have not forgotten you though years have passed since you left us: come and renew the friendship of youth; we promise you a cordial old-time welcome. Please inform us at an early day whether you will be with us. The Celebration will be at Barkhamsted Center, on September 10th.

Should you find it impossible to be with us, please send us a few lines, if no more, to show that you have not forgotten "the old folks at home."

From its organization until the celebration was over, and the multitudinous details were completed and settled, this committee continued to hold meetings and work for the cause. Nor was the labor confined to the active members of the committee; indeed it seemed as if the entire population had resolved itself into a "committee of the whole" with but the common end in view—to make the Centennial a success, and to provide quarters and food for the gathered sons and daughters when they should assemble under the "old roof tree." A real old New England Thanksgiving was in preparation; the relatives were all invited, and their name was legion. They must be made welcome and happy and proud of their ancestry and of their native town.

Town records, church records, old newspapers and almanacs were searched for facts and incidents which related to former years to make the coming day more interesting. The old men and women of the past century were sought out, consulted, interviewed and interrogated for reminiscences and anecdotes of the days gone by to tell to the uncles, the cousins and the aunts when they should come for their centennial visit home. Old garrets, lofts and crannies were ransacked for mementoes and relics of every description; spinning wheels, looms, hatchels, old saddles with pillions affixed; old bridles, gigs, chaises, carts and wagons; old bonnets, knee breeches, shoes and buckles, shawls, and every manner of garment worn by the grandparents were brought out, shaken and brushed for the boys and girls to wear in the procession, which was to be formed for the occasion. Thus was the preparation carried on.

As the day approached the more important officers were chosen as follows:

For President of the Day—Hon. HIRAM GOODWIN.
For the Address of Welcome—HIRAM C. BROWN, Esq.
For the Historical Address—WM. WALLACE LEE, Esq.
For Poet of the Day—MRS. EMMA CARTER LEE, of Oberlin, O.
For Orator—Ex-Judge MONROE E. MERRILL, of Hartford.
Musical Director—JOSEPH B. EGGLESTON.
Chief Marshal—FRANK A. CASE.
Commander of Escort—GEORGE T. CARTER.

How the arrangements were carried out we refer the reader to the coming pages, which embrace the addresses, poems, letters from absent sons and daughters, and reports from the several newspapers which were represented on the ground by special reporters.

Thus do we present to you, as well as circumstances will allow, an account of Barkhamsted's one hundredth anniversary, which perhaps will be read with interest not only by the present, but by future generations.

BARKHAMSTED.

THE IMPRESSIONS AN OUTSIDER RECEIVED FROM THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF 1879.

Having attended, in my capacity as a journalist, the Centennial celebration of the old town of Barkhamsted, in September, 1879, I was, of course, a disinterested spectator, entirely free from the patriotic emotions and local ties that gave the gathering an interest to those who belonged to the good old town, or were associated with it by ancestry or kindred. Being merely a cold chronicler of hard facts, the highest impulse urging me to the scene was that motive-power so common to newspaper men, to distance their competitors in giving the fullest and best report of the proceedings of any public gathering that would interest their readers. Having among the readers of the journal it is my privilege to conduct many "Barkhamsted boys," I went thither to cater to their literary wishes. But like many another, who sacrificed pleasure to duty, I lost sight of my special mission, and was soon involuntarily and almost unknown to myself, a ready participant in the patriotic proceedings that marked one grand day in the history of the State, and of the old town whose sons and daughters have helped to turn the Western prairies into metropolitan cities. Perhaps there were some reasons for the sudden transformation from the mechanical newspaper reporter to the patriotic participant in a celebration that belonged exclusively to those connected with the old town.

When I observed the hospitality of the residents, the ready and chivalrous welcome they gave the stranger within their gates; the great tax upon the few to entertain the many, deeming it a pleasure to do so; generously furnishing carriages, horses, bed and board, without money and without price, for all who came—it will not be surprising if I took more than a passing interest, and changed my mind regarding the misgivings I entertained, when, nine months before, I was consulted by my esteemed fellow townsman, Alderman Wm. Wallace Lee, who inaugurated the preliminaries for the cele-

bration, and indefatigably worked to awaken an interest in it, with that unbounded measure of success that is generally the reward of those who persevere in every good work, and are neither discouraged nor daunted by temporary obstacles.

When, as already said, I observed that fifty or sixty families of the old residents entertained in royal and princely style the five or six thousand who came from near and far, not only at their own firesides, but serving a collation at the town hall, for the noon-day meal, consisting of all that farm and garden and country-kitchen could produce, as well as furnishing bands of music, the most profuse decorations, (the town being in holiday attire) it will be no surprise that I heartily joined as one of the merry makers; and I rejoice at the opportunity this publication of the proceedings in book form affords me, to speak of the hospitality of the residents of Barkhamsted, which if not done by one not at all interested, would, from motives of delicacy, be omitted by the compiler of the book, and without which, I feel it would be incomplete. I therefore crave the privilege of telling what I know of the celebration and its preliminaries, and ask its publication in the volume—not from a desire to appear in print, (for that is no new experience to me) but because I feel that the work should not lack one of its most deserving chapters for lack of a chronicler. Therefore to my task:

When the new year of 1879 opened, it suggested to Alderman Wm. Wallace Lee, a native of Barkhamsted, but a resident of our city for eighteen years, that before the close of the year, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of his native town would have gone by, and he determined, if possible, to mark the Centennial natal day in a manner that would pass into history. The task was no light one, for those with whom he grew up in boyhood were scattered almost in every State of the Union, many occupying positions of honor and trust—on the bench, at the bar, in the legislative halls of their adopted States, and paying tribute to every honorable position of life. To interest all these was no light task, particularly as Mr. Lee has but few hours daily to himself, and those after he leaves the workshop at close of day, and on these hours are constant and imperative demands, from the important offices he holds in various organizations. But with that indomitable Yankee grit, characteristic of the New Englander, he was bound to try the experiment, having the experience of the National Centennial Celebration in 1876 in Meriden to aid him. He being then chairman of the committee of arrangements, most of the preliminary work depended upon him, and he prosecuted it to a successful close. He was,

therefore, no novice in the celebration business. For the Barkhamsted Centennial, he took the initiatory step by issuing the following

CIRCULAR OF ENQUIRY.

MERIDEN, Jan. 1, 1879.

To.....

Dear Sir:—Three years ago the American people, actuated by a common impulse. with glad hearts and voices celebrated the Centennial of the Nation. The feeling which prompts us to such observances is natural and right. It leads to deeds of lofty daring in defense of the nation's life and honor. Actuated by something of this feeling, it has been proposed to celebrate, in a becoming manner, the Centennial of Barkhamsted, which occurs the present year; and as a native or former resident of the old town, I address you.

The sons and daughters of Barkhamsted are scattered far and wide. Probably more people have removed from the town since the beginning of this 19th century than are now living within its borders. It is obvious that no celebration worthy of the town can be had without the co-operation and assistance of her sons and daughters who have found homes in other localities.

In order that we may secure concerted action with the people at home, it is necessary that we should know how each absent one feels. Now to this end, please to answer the following questions: "Yes" or "No."

1.—Are you in favor of the proposed celebration?
2.—Will you be present, if circumstances will permit?
3.—Will you assist in the matter as far as you can?

If you favor it, what time in the year do you think it best to have it; whether in the summer or fall; and where do you prefer it should be? at the Center, Pleasant Valley, or Riverton?

Please give an early attention to this matter,—not later than February 1st,—and send your answer to one who never was ashamed to say he was a Barkhamsted boy. WM. WALLACE LEE.

This was the initial step that culminated in one of the finest celebrations that ever marked a New England country town. About seventy five of the "Circular of Enquiry" were sent to all parts of the Union, and we can have but little appreciation of the time and trouble involved in finding the location and post office address of those intended to be reached by the circulars. But Friend Lee sat up nights at his work, and was finally successful. Once, we remarked to him, "Where are you going to raise the money to carry out your project?"

"Let the people of Barkhamsted become interested," said he, "and I will risk that all that is needed, and more, will be speedily forthcoming."

And, sure enough, it was. Mr. Lee knew the people he was corresponding with better than his querist did.

In due time, the responses to the Circular of Enquiry began to come, all approving of the proposed celebration, and ready to do whatever was necessary to make it a success.

I saw, from time to time, the letters received by Mr. Lee, and at his request, to keep the account of the proceedings in connected order, the names of the writers are inserted here:

ENCOURAGERS OF THE CELEBRATION.

Hon. James Phelps,	Essex, Connecticut.
Hon. Elisha Johnson,	Hartford, Connecticut.
Judge Monroe E. Merrill,	" "
Capt. Clayton H. Case,	" "
Eben C. Woodruff, Esq.,	Berlin, Connecticut.
Orville Jones, Jr., Esq.,	New Britain, Connecticut.
Lyman H. Beecher,	" "
Judge L. Myron Slade,	Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Erwin W. Webster, Esq.,	Ansonia, Connecticut.
Albert W. Webster, Esq.,	" "
Samuel M. Blair, Esq.,	" "
George B. Cleveland, Esq.,	Portland, Connecticut.
Mrs. Kate A. Radford, *nee* Burwell,	Seymour, Connecticut.
Mrs. Marion L. Spencer, *nee* Burwell,	" "
Rollin L. Beecher, Esq.,	Winsted, Connecticut.
Amos Beecher, Esq.,	" "
Edwin S. Beecher, Esq.,	" "
Philemon W. Jones, Esq.,	" "
Eugene A. Munson,	" "
George W. Eggleston, Esq.,	Canton, Connecticut.
Edward F. Eggleston, Esq.,	Windsor, Vermont.
Bela S. Squire, Esq.,	New York.
Lester P. Newell, Esq.,	"
Walter S. Carter, Esq.,	"
Rev. Lemuel Richardson,	Huntington, Long Island.
Rev. Luther H. Barber,	Bolton, Connecticut.
Sherman Burwell, Esq.,	Deep River, Connecticut.
Walter S. Stickney, Esq.,	Meriden, Connecticut.
Hart Doolittle, Esq.,	Clinton, Connecticut.
John W. Whiting, Esq.,	Bristol, Connecticut.
George P. Burwell, Esq.,	Cleveland, Ohio.
Mrs. Harriet Tuttle, *nee* Burwell,	Chicago, Illinois.
Dr. Joseph B. Whiting,	Janesville, Wisconsin.
Mrs. Mahitable H. Kenea, *nee* Lee	Madison, Wisconsin.
Mrs. Laura Kenea, *nee* Lee	Wolcott, Connecticut.
Mrs. Isabella Eggleston, *nee* Lee,	Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.
Prof. Virgil Corydon Taylor,	Des Moines, Iowa.
D. Bradley Lee, Esq.,	St. Louis, Missouri.
Editor John P. Kenea,	La Cygne, Kansas.
Grandison N. Wilder,	Painesville, Ohio.
Mrs. Annis C. Lee, *nee* Case,	Dansville, New York.
Mrs. Elsie McCurdy, *nee* Case,	" "
Anson J. Allen, Esq.,	New Hartford, Connecticut.

Others, in such personal interviews as were had, when some of the boys met, expressed themselves as heartily in favor of it.

Among these may be mentioned Henry Smith, Esq., of New Haven, Conn.; Wm. H. Tiffany, of Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Jas. L. Flint, *nee* Lee, New Britain, Conn.; Seth K. Priest, Esq., Capt. Henry R. Jones, and Austin Lee, Esq., of New Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Ann Maria Bailey, *nee* Foncher, Middlefield, Conn.

The enthusiasm manifested, and the patriotic feelings which were aroused by these letters and interviews left no doubt of the success of the celebration, if it depended upon those who years ago had left the old town to make their way in the world.

THE NEXT STEP.

Mr. Lee then decided to consult with Judge Munroe E. Merrill, of Hartford, a native of Barkhamsted, and the two at different times, during the month of May, went to Barkhamsted, and held public meetings in each quarter of the town, arousing an interest that they had hardly looked for, but which took the success of the celebration out of the realms of doubt. For a detailed account of these meetings, held at various times, the compiler's introduction, printed in the pages preceding, and penned at his request by Capt. Henry R. Jones, of New Hartford, must be consulted, as the writer was not present at them, but from the newspaper accounts, they were largely attended, the responses generous, and a general desire expressed that the celebration should be held.

Then began the active work of preparing for the celebration by the residents of Barkhamsted, and that they were eminently successful in their efforts, a thousand tongues will testify, judging by the magnificent parade and procession of fair women and honest men through Barkhamsted, on the cool and refreshing September morning of 1879, when the old town was bedecked in its gayest holiday attire; when thundering cannon echoed and re-echoed from hill to valley that the natal day had come; when old folks were young once more, and song and story, and the loud timbrel were sounded mid pæans of jubilation, to welcome the Centennial and its visitors—the whole forming a page of history, to be told and retold at future firesides, to children unborn, by gray-haired sires and aged matrons, who were boys and girls on the 10th of September, 1879. The memory of that pleasant day and the people who made it such will linger for life with

Daily Republican Office, WM. F. GRAHAM.
Meriden, Ct., May 1, 1881.

CENTENNIAL DAY AT LAST.

The foregoing chapters bring us up to the eve of the Centennial Day, and it was as pleasant a Fall sundown as history could well recall. The Italian sky, with its lines of crimson and blue, far oft behind the hills, was a grand sight, and the four quarters of the old town, usually quiet and staid, were alive with people; trains all coming heavily laden with living freight, transported from far and near, to be on hand for the morrow. Every house had its full quota of guests, who were hospitably entertained, and who, after supper, went from house to house in groups calling on neighbors of the past, visiting kinsmen, and talking over old times, in true country style, and all retired feeling happy and full of bright anticipations for

THE MORNING,

which was ushered in, at sunrise, with a volley of artillery, followed by the successive firing of cannon at intervals of thirty minutes, until the hour arrived for the forming of

THE VARIOUS PROCESSIONS,

previous to and during which trains from different directions brought citizens from surrounding towns and other States to New Hartford, from whence teams ran with heavy loads to the scene. Teams and vehicles of every description came pouring in from all portions of the town, concentrating at the Center, which had been fixed upon for the occasion. There was no stint of bunting, flags, and other evidences of rejoicing.

At 8 o'clock a procession formed at the Hollow, consisting of

The Marshal, Frank A. Case.
The Barkhamsted Drum. Corps.
Mounted escort of fifty men, commanded by Capt. Geo. T. Carter.
Carriage containing Judge Merrill and Capt. C. H. Case, of Hartford.
The Banner of 1779 and 1879.
Antiques and Horribles, mounted and on foot.
Ladies and gentlemen mounted on pillions, dressed in the costume of 1779.
Ornamented ox-wagons and carts, etc., etc.

In the western part of the town another procession was formed on the Green, consisting of

Assistant Marshals Will Young and Pease.
Twenty Special Constables, sworn in for the occasion.
The Nepaug Brass Band, Osborn, Leader.
The New Hartford Drum Corps, Woodruff, Leader.
William Wallace Lee, Historian; Wm. F. Graham, of the Meriden Republican; Hon. Hiram Goodwin, President of the day. Judge Daniel Youngs, H. C. Brown, Esq., and other town officials and citizens in carriages, and a long procession on horseback, in carriages and on foot.

The processions marched to the Centre amid the booming of cannon and the music of brass instruments, drum and fife.

THE ANCESTRAL CUSTOMS

of one hundred years were faithfully represented, and were well worth seeing. The equestrian exhibitions of ancient and modern times were a grand medley, being on the one hand a fine exhibition of horsemanship, and on the other, provokingly laughable. There were to be seen in the modern style of riding, Mr. Henry Wilcox, of New Hartford, and Miss Hattie Howd. Next followed, in ancient style of riding, Capt. Robt. Vosburg and Minnie Peffers and Clarence Fitch and Belle Wilcox. Captain Vosburg was captain of the old militia company of Barkhamsted, and is more than seventy years old, but he rode his large black as finely, and sitting as erect, as any young man in the mounted escort—Capt. Carter not even excepted. Minnie Peffers sat behind him on a pillion, and the two couples were indeed the observed of all observers; but we are not anxious to have pillion riding come into fashion. Next after this came the ox-wagon with the thirteen ladies bearing the banner of 1779, representing the thirteen original States; next two large wagons filled with antiques and now and then a horrible. The mounted horsemen, all townsmen, improvised very tasteful "uniforms" for the day. They wore faultless white shirts, white vests, with sashes of mosquito netting. None of the mounted men wore coats, and they presented a very neat appearance in this original costume. One feature of the procession was decidedly noticeable and antique. It was a column headed by two horsemen in the costume of a century ago, while seated behind each was a lady on a pillion, bringing one back to the genuine old fashioned times, when the old folks went to town and to church in that style—a man and a woman riding together on the same horse. Speaking of the pillion riding, suggests that Belle Wilcox wore a bonnet that came from England, and is known to be considerably more than a hundred years old. Mrs. Bliss, of Canton, had a wooden sugar bowl which she displayed, and she knew it to be one hundred

and thirty years old. Rollin Hart had a cane, handed down from his great-grandfather, made by himself, which was all of one hundred and thirty years old.

The two processions moved towards each other from different directions, having the same objective point, which was "The Centre," where the exercises were to be conducted. They met there, bands playing and cannon waking the echoes of the noble hills and valleys. They received a smiling welcome, for there was a profusion of decorations not only on the buildings about the grounds, but on every house along both lines of march.

The meeting of the processions was the signal for a round of cheers from five thousand people, and a waving of handkerchiefs and other outbursts of enthusiasm, that made the welking ring, and that proved a fitting prelude to the exercises that were now ready to open.

The church, in front of which, the musical and oratorical exercises were conducted, was handsomely trimmed with bunting and streamers. The pillars were festooned with the national colors, producing a pretty, patriotic effect. The word "Welcome," in evergreen, appeared on the portal, and two large American flags swung from the summit of the "meeting-house" to the opposite side of the street. At one side of the church a platform was raised, in front of which were rows of improvised benches, and over these was a large canvas stretched from the church to a row of pine trees. The front of the speakers' platform was transformed into an exotic garden, a solid phalanx of flowers and evergreens, doing duty as a railing between the audience and speakers, and making a beautiful appearance. The seats arranged for the audience were thoughtful on the part of the committee, and were highly appreciated by those who desired to hear the exercises.

Between 4,000 and 5,000 people were assembled, and the scene was one not often witnessed amid rustic surroundings. Tents pitched upon the ground for the sale of ice cream, hot oysters and refreshments of all kinds were numerous. Venders of every description in wagons, on foot, by the side of fences and stone walls, were plentiful. Liquor sellers, and even lager beer dispensers were auspiciously absent, though here and there might have been seen a youth or yeoman driving a prosperous trade in new cider. Ice water was free, and lemonade was cheap.

In the porch of the meeting-house was a large book, in which every one was requested to register their name, birthplace, age and present residence, to be preserved for inspection at the next Centennial.

FORMAL PROCEEDINGS

AT THE CENTER.

It was ten o'clock—the hour for the OFFICIAL CELEBRATION to begin. When the soft reverberations of the music had died out, President Hiram Goodwin, who had been unanimously chosen by the committee of arrangements to conduct the proceedings, and whose name was on every tongue for the measure of praise he so well earned by his efficiency, stepped forward, called the meeting to order, and spoke as follows:

PRESIDENT GOODWIN'S REMARKS.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—It is wise for nations, states, and lesser communities and municipalities at times to pause and review the past, brighten old memories, and rehearse reminiscences—to carefully examine the present, and with full purpose and renewed vigor press forward to the future.

The great cycle of time has fully rounded out its hundred years since this town received her act of incorporation from the state legislature, and ten decades have rolled round upon the dial plate of time since she began to enjoy the rights and discharge the duties of a corporation.

Born in the stirring times of the revolution, cradled amidst its rolling surges,—uniting in the great struggle for human liberty, pressed forward till independence was proclaimed and victory achieved.

Some querulous critic may perhaps suggest surprise that the speaker should have been selected to preside over this your jubilee on this occasion, not being a native of this town. Well, if not a native, I am a citizen by adoption beyond a doubt. I came here in

the fall of 1830, fifty years ago, less one, and this has been my residence ever since. Not long after I came, I brought to this place that young, cheery, chatty girl, my wife, who, thank God, is alive and here to-day. I have had your confidence, I have had your suffrages, I have shared in your joys and sorrows; here my children were born, and here, I have to say with many of you, my dead are buried. Having passed over the boundary line which limits human life, and my sun fast setting in the western horizon, yet I thank a kind Providence which permits me to meet you here to-day, and to participate in this centennial anniversary.

And now what more fitting than that we commemorate this hundredth year of the incorporation of this town. Here let us erect a memorial, so that when the children shall in the future enquire, "what mean these stories?" the cheering answer may come, "Hitherto the Lord hath brought us."

Generations have come and gone, the present generation will soon pass away, and future generations will come and go, and at the end of the next hundred years, who the historian, poet and orator will be, none of us can tell—we shall all have passed away; but we shall meet again, in that day when the great congregated host of a universe shall be gathered—the final record will be unfolded, and the great scroll of the history of nations and individuals will be unrolled and exhibited—may we find an approving record, made by a just and wise God.

The remarks of President Goodwin were frequently interrupted with applause, and at the close, the satisfaction they gave was shown in the generous cheers.

MUSIC AND SONG.

The band then discoursed a beautiful air, and was followed by that grand old song, "Coronation," so familiar in New England, three thousand voices joining the choir in the chorus, filling the air with melody. And here it is worth noting that in the choir was a musician who played a bass violin that was seventy five years old. It was an excellent state of preservation, and was handed down from sire to son.

THE DIVINE BLESSING

followed, being invoked by Rev. Mr. Holly of Bridgeport, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Riverton The words of the man of God were very appropriate to the occasion, and the thousands of bowed heads were no doubt in sympathy with him in his supplications to the Mercy Seat for a full measure of heavenly spirit and benediction on the exercises just opened. This was followed by the

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY HIRAM C. BROWN, Esq.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I do not intend, nor will you expect me to occupy much of your time on this occasion.

We have assembled here to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the town of Barkhamsted, and to listen to a history by one of her favorite sons of the many changes that have taken place since its organization, and to contemplate the results of the labor and untiring efforts of that little band of noble men and women, who were the pioneer settlers of the town. We come her to-day expecting to meet many of our friends who have gone out from among us in former years, who have not forgotten us, nor been forgotten, but who still cherish fond recollections of these grand old hills and valleys, and of the loved ones they left behind. Nor have we been disappointed. There are many of them with us to-day. They have come from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; from different states of the Union have they come to visit once more, and perhaps for the last time, the scenes of their childhood, and the graves of their ancestors; to renew the friendship of youth and the endearments of riper years, and to unite with us in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of their native town. This gathering resembles in some respects an old fashioned New England Thanksgiving occasion, where whole families, long separated it may be, gather around the old hearth-stone to renew their old loves, and to mourn and sympathize with each other as they recount the trials and afflictions through which they have passed during their separation, or to rejoice together over some grand success achieved by some one of their number since they last met under the old roof tree.

Former citizens of Barkamsted:—we bid you welcome to your native town; we thank you for your presence on this occasion, and extend to you, and to all, a happy greeting, and a cordial welcome. Tne history—the record of the town of Barkhamsted for an entire century—is fixed and unalterable. The past record of each of us as individuals, is fixed and unchangeable. That the record might have been better in every instance none will deny; how much better, God only knows.

Would lt not then be well for us all, old and young, to resolve here and now, that our future record shall be as much fairer, brighter and better than that of the past, as yonder luminary exceeds in brilliancy the pale brightness of the Queen of Night, remembering that the character of a town can never rise above the character of its inhabitants. Let me, in conclusion, say to the young men, upon whom will soon devolve public duties and responsibilities, guard well your reputation. Be careful never to give occasion to any one to doubt your integrity and question your honesty. Then, with that intelligence, which is the birthright and inheritance of every New Englander, you may play an important part in supplying material for the historic address on the occasion of Barkhamsted's second centennial celebration in 1979.

General applause was rendered at the close of the address, and before the sounds died out the brass band struck up a lively air, which received merited cheers.

Then came a beautiful feature of the choir, which rendered in fine style a new version of "America," suitable to the occasion. It was arranged by Rev. Carlos S. Linsley, rector of the Episcopal church of Riverton, and is as follows:

CENTENNIAL ODE.

Barkhamsted, 'tis of thee,
And thy first century,
  Of thee we sing.
Land where our fathers died,
Home of our joy and pride,
From valley and hillside
  Our songs shall ring.

Our rugged town we see,
Bark from the hemlock tree
  Gave thee thy name.
We'll read thy hist'ry o'er,
We'll count each "Case" and "Moore,"
We'll view thy "Lighthouse" shore
  And spread thy fame.

We'll trace each pedigree,
Each "Merrill" mark and "Lee,"
  And name them o'er.
From fairer climes and suns
We call our absent ones;
Fair daughters and brave sons
  Come home once more.

Thy children all for thee
A song of jubilee
  With joy shall raise.
They love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods, and vales, and hills;
Each heart with rapture thrills
  And joins in praise.

No feature of the proceedings elicited, up to the time of its being sung, such applause as the rendering of the "Centennial Ode." The choir threw their whole heart into the spirit of the song, and the eye of every one in the audience brightened with delight and pride.

There was then a pause of a moment, and President Goodwin rose, and in very handsome and flattering remarks, introduced "the Historian of the Day—Wm. Wallace Lee, a native of Barkhamsted, but now of Meriden."

Mr. Lee stepped forward, and was received with welcoming cheers, and when quiet was restored, he began the delivery of his address, which occupied nearly two hours, during which he received fixed attention, the only interruptions being the applause.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY WM. WALLACE LEE.

The man who attempts to write the history of a staid and sober community, going back one hundred years or more; giving detailed accounts of the lives and methods of those upon whose graves the grass has been growing for half a century and more, soon comes to realize the force and power of the saying: "A pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;" and this difficulty is still further enhanced, when, as in our case, a large proportion of the early settlers and all of their posterity have removed to other localities, and all trace of them and their descendants is lost. It is no easy matter at any time, to separate fact from fiction, truth from tradition, the reliable from rumor, and in my case the difficulty is increased by an absence of more than thirty years from the town. Some western traveller tells how in commencing his journey, he started upon a broad and much travelled road, but which, as he proceeded, grew narrower and more difficult, until it dwindled to a bridle path, then to a foot path, and ended by running up a tree. While this has not been exactly my experience, I have often found myself "up a stump," as the saying is, in my search after facts concerning our town and its people, especially of the last and early part of the present century.

We have met to-day to celebrate the centennial of a plain New England township. No classic ground is ours! None of the ancient sages ever dwelt among our mountain groves, or wandered with "slow dream-like tread" along our river banks! We boast of of neither art, poetry or culture. No Thermopylæs are ours! No battles have ever been fought within our borders, except those common to all civilized communities, where intoxicating liquors and two or more fools meet. No blood has flowed except from battered noses and cracked heads (the logical result of such battles), the record of which is usually made in some justice's court thus: "Judgement—guilty; fined, $7 and costs."

I can tell you no tales of hair breadth escapes from fire, and flood,

and pestilence; only the simple story of plain, every-day men and women, who won subsistence from rugged hillside and mountain top, and knew by experience the worth and dignity of true manhood and womanhood.

THE TOWN LIMITS.

Our town lies in what for more than one hundred years was known as the Greenwoods District, or Western Lands. Probably the name "Greenwoods" was used as significant of the large quantities of fir, pine, hemlock and other evergreens in its forest recesses. The Greenwoods District embraced within its limits what are now called Hartland, Colebrook, Winchester, Barkhamsted, New Hartford, Torrington and Harwinton. In the annals of our neighboring town of Winchester, by Hon. John Boyd, the story is told of the grants by the colonial legislature, and the layout of these townships with a minuteness of detail and particularity which shows a thorough knowledge of the subject, such only as can be acquired after much laborious investigation and extended research. To attempt to add to it would be folly on my part. I refer you to his book for full details.

It is an easy matter to lay out a township, or even a large district, on paper; so our town was laid out. You will see, by a reference to any good map of Connecticut, that our town is somewhat of a parallelogram in shape, being from a mile to two miles longer from east to west, than from north to south, and also that the north and south lines so called, are somewhat diagonal with the east and west lines. A reference to the old town map in the town clerk's office will show that the proprietors to whom the township was granted commenced on the east and west sides of the towns, by laying out lots east and west one-half mile in length, then a reservation was made of ten rods for a highway through the township north and south. On the west side four tiers of lots were laid out in this manner. Why the plan was not carried out through the town, I have never been able to ascertain. There were also cross highways laid out of varying width, as was deemed expedient. Some of these original lots were never set off to individuals, and very few of the original highways, or road reservations, were ever used for the purposes for which they were intended.

It is a comparatively easy matter to build two railroads through Satan's Kingdom, or to run a locomotive over Spaulding's summit, but I fancy the engineer who surveyed the railroad up Mount Washington would stand aghast at the idea of building a road up

the ledge of rocks which fronts the house where I was born, where one of these ten rods highways was laid out.

One reservation was made of a road upon each bank of Morgan river, the West and East Branches so-called, (I find no mention of Beaver Brook), and the West Branch, or Great River, is the only one shown on the old map of the town. This road reservation along the river was made, as I understand, so that all the people of the town could have access to the rivers, and float their timber and logs down to Windsor, or wherever a market could be found. You will remember that these rivers then ran unobstructed by dams, although it is probable that a large number of *dams* of another kind were caused by the rocks in the river's bed, before the timber reached its destination. I understand every citizen of the town has the right to this day. It was a wise provision, which it would have been well for some of the earlier Connecticut towns to have adopted.

WHY THE NAME WAS SELECTED.

I have never yet been able to ascertain why in selecting a name for the town the proprietors should have made choice of the one they did; certainly it is neither euphonious or descriptive of its scenery or soil. Like the words month and silver, it will rhyme with no other word in the English language.

It has been said by some that it was because of the large quantities of bark, which the numerous oaks afforded; while some say it was because some of the first settlers built their dwelling of bark—reasons hardly sufficient in view of the fact that there were more log houses than bark shanties.

At the first call for a proprietors meeting, December 7th, 1732, it is called Berkhamstead, and is so called in the minutes of the various meetings they held until the autumn of 1753, when it is spelled Barkhampstead, and so continues until about 1795, when the *p* and last *a* in the word are omitted, and has so continued until now. No doubt this is the correct way of spelling the name. Some have supposed that our town was so named as a compliment to a small town in Herfordshire, England, which hardly seems probable, because nearly, if not all the early settlers were natives of the Colony, and knew but little about the mother country, except from tradition. It seems singular that the three ranges of hills, wooded to the very summit, did not suggest either of the names Trimountain, Woodmont, or Highland, while an Indian and suggestive name could have been found in the broad and rapid "Tunxis," which in the

Indian language is said to signify beautiful river (some say, however, that rapid river is the correct rendering). In the pleasant summer time and genial autumn days it is a beautiful stream, but we, who have lived upon its banks, and seen the desolation wrought by it in fences, bridges, dams and mills when swollen to a mighty torrent, know by experience that it is not always a thing of beauty; and that it is not a joy forever, our town people well know, by the numerous and costly bridges they have built, which have been the victims of its destroying wrath and power. But our town is called Barkhamsted for the same reason that the placid Dutchman gave. Said he to his neighbor as they were enjoying their evening pipes while the "wee toddler" was playing near by: "Snyder, you knows what for I calls my poy Hans?" "Nix," responded Snyder. "Because dot ish hish name," said the father proudly. I cannot now understand why the early settlers took pains to obliterate all the Indian names, many of which were euphonious, easy of pronunciation, and certainly more suggestive than the long list of "tons," "fords," and "burys," which were brought from England. In 1645 the Colonial Legislature incorporated the plantation of Tunxis into a town, and called it "ffarmingtonne," and changed the name of the river Tunxis to Farmington. I think you will agree with me in the opinion that this change was no improvement. (A few years since something of a movement was made to change our town name. As one who has a right to a voice in this matter, I say if a change is to be made, I vote to make it Tunxis.)

To such an extent has this process of elimination and obliteration been carried, that in many of our large towns not an Indian name has been preserved; and such has been the case in our town, unless by a stretch of the imagination we consider Beaver Brook an Indian name.

Some of us have seen an empire, as it may be termed, grow up beyond what were almost considered the boundaries of civilization when we were young; and what was a wilderness where the savage roamed at will is now far advanced in art, science and culture, while great states and large and prosperous cities are found in regions about which we in childhood knew less than the school children of to-day know of the interior of Africa. Bearing in mind these great and rapid changes, it seems strange to us that for nearly a century after Hartford, Windsor, Simsbury, Enfield, Farmington and others were prosperous towns, this large Greenwoods District was almost unknown and untenanted by the white man. Yet such is the fact.

With one exception, our town was the last one incorporated from

the original colonial territory, Colebrook having been incorporated in 1786.

In the layout of their towns, the early settlers paid but little attention to the points of the compass, or parallels of latitude or longitude. The town boundaries ran in every direction (except straight lines), and the story told of Rufus Choate in describing a town boundary does not seem much of an extravaganza. From a hill to a log, thence to a rock, thence to a hemlock tree, thence to a stump, thence to a savin bush, thence to a hive of bees in swarming time, thence to three hundred foxes with fire brands tied to their tails. Later more attention was paid to such matters. and consequently the later organized towns have more appearance of uniformity.

TIMBER LANDS.

I think our territorial limits have never been changed since the town was incorporated. "Pease and Niles Gazeteer," published in 1819, credits us with thirty-two square miles, or about 20,580 acres. It was heavily timbered with pine, oak, maple, hemlock, chestnut, hickory, and other valuable woods. Shipbuilders came from Windsor, Hartford, and other towns, to obtain masts for the vessels they built.

Long before the town was incorporated it was being stripped of its timber in a wasteful and reckless manner, under which system its material wealth rapidly disappeared. Thousands of acres of land were cleared, which have never paid one per cent. on what it cost; the town would be richer to-day had such land been retained for the growing of wood and timber, and many cursings and much loss of temper would have been prevented, caused by vain attempts to plow and hoe land that stood edgewise and needed large quantities of rock to hold it together.

THE EARLY SETTLERS.

In Barber's Historical Collection of Connecticut, published in 1838, and also in Pease and Niles' Gazetter, Peletiah Allen of Windsor is credited with being the first white settler. I have no doubt they are correct. His father bore the same name, but never came here to reside. Allen, Jr., it is said, came here about 1746, and built a log house near the New Hartford line, on the farm, and just north of the house now occupied by Mr. Cruse. He owned several hundred acres extending from the west side of the Tunxis clear to East River. Here he lived alone for several years, but lived to see his log house expand into a prosperous town, which he often repre-

sented in the Connecticut Legislature, dying in 1815, and is buried in Center "burying ground." His three sons, Peletiah, Mathew, and Henry, removed to Ohio, between 1825 and 1840. I think none of his posterity are left in the town. There was another family named Allen in the eastern part of the town, of which Samuel and Anson Allen of New Hartford are descendants. I understand these families were not related.

The above quoted authorities say that Israel Jones from Enfield, Conn., was the second settler. There is no doubt that he came in 1761, and bought the farm in the northeastern portion of the town, where his great-grandson, Edwin P. Jones, now lives. This farm has never been out of the line of descent from Captain Israel Jones. His son Israel, long known as Colonel Jones, settled in the Hollow, where William Elbridge Howd now lives, subsequently owned by his son, Drayton Jones, who moved to Ohio about 1830. The sons of Captain Israel Jones were found to be valuable citizens in the varied walks of life. His son Colonel Israel commanded the militia for many years, and was for several years representative in the General Assembly, and wielded an extensive influence in this town. I am told by Edwin P. Jones that, so far as he has been able to trace the posterity, there has never been found an idiot or insane, a pauper, a criminal or a drunkard, and that a large majority have been consistent believers in and followers of Him whose life and death is the hope of the human race.

Stephen Richardson was an early settler. I am told he was from Wethersfield, Conn. His farm adjoined Peletiah Allen's on the north. I have been unable as yet to obtain the exact date. My father always maintained that Stephen Richardson was the second settler, as did James Eggleston, and several others of the old people. I give all the information I have been able to obtain, and like the boy in the menagerie, "you take your choice." Richardson owned a large tract, including a large portion of Pleasant Valley, east of the river, running over by the Beach Rock to East River. He is said to have owned two or three negro slaves, to have been somewhat pompous and lordly in his ways; and being of large frame, his powdered hair and knee breeches attracted much attention as he journeyed through this and neighboring towns. These traits of character have not been cultivated much among his posterity.

Stephen Richardson had four sons: Silas who went to Mississippi early in the present century. All trace of him is lost. Samuel lived in South Hollow, near the "Beach Rock." His sons Ral-

zemon and Rollin were famous as lumberman. Daniel lived east of the Green, in the Southwest District, and moved to Ohio about 1832. Lemuel lived on the old homestead until after 1840, living and dying in the second house this way of the Green, where Evits Carter lived many years. His son is now Rev. L. Richardson, of Huntington, Long Island, but to us, who were boys with him, he will always be "Lem."

OLD LAND DEEDS.

While Jones and Richardson (I class them together) may have been the second settlers who remained in the town, there can be no doubt that others beside Allen were here when they came. In a deed of land by Samuel Palmer to Stephen Chubb, dated February 2d, 1748, Chubb is said to be of this town; also in a quit claim deed from Jacob Gibbs to Chubb, January 13th, 1749, Chubb is said to be of Barkhamsted. I have been, I think, creditably informed that Chubb settled near the Green in the Southwest District. Timothy Waters, of Barkhamsted, October 26th, 1751, deeds land to Elijah Flower. John Palmer deeds land to Jehiel Palmer, of Barkhamsted, August 14th, 1752. September 15th, 1762, Simon Baxter deeds land to Thomas Goss, both of Barkhamsted. I understand this to be the place where Oscar Tiffany now lives. Goss afterward murdered his wife, and was hung for it at Litchfield in 1785. Simon Baxter at one time owned a large extent of land, and bought and sold many tracts. In a deed given in 1771 he is said to be of Alstead, New Hampshire. During the Revolution, Baxter was a a tory, and joined Burgoyne's army. Subsequently he went, with many other of the tories, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he died.

John Lawrence, of Barkhamsted, deeds land to Thomas Giddings in 1763. Bigelow Lawrence, of Barkhamsted, deeds lands to Thomas Giddings in 1764. Captain John Palmer deeds land in 1767 to James Merritt and Aaron Priest; all of Barkhamsted. Land is deeded to Darius Priest in 1767; to Seth Hayes in 1768; in 1769 to Philip Priest, all of this town. Jonathan King, of Enfield, bought land in 1768, and probably came here about that time. Amos Case, Jr., of Simsbury, bought land in 1771, and settled in the Hollow about a quarter of a mile from the Washington Hill road, on the left hand of the south road, where I am told the old house can still be traced. John Crane deeds land to his son Ebenezer Crane in 1771; same year Daniel Carter deeds land to Samuel Merritt. In January 1771, Moses and Joseph Shepard, Jr., deed land to their father; all these parties are of this town. About

this time the Shepards came and settled on Center Hill. In 1771, David Wooster of New Haven (Colonel Wooster was killed at Ridgefield after the sacking of Danbury, Conn.) sold land to John Ives, who came here in 1772, and settled on Center Hill, near where Chester Slade now lives. He was the grandfather of Esquire Jesse Ives, whom the older people remember well. In the same year Ephraim Tucker bought land in the town, and probably came here the same year. I suppose him to be the ancestor of the many Tuckers in the Bourbon District, but am not positive; but I am quite sure the famous Dan Tucker we used to sing so lustily about forty years ago, and tell him "you're too late to get your supper," was not one of them. In 1772, Robert and Foster Whitford buy land, and settled on Wallen's Hill. One of the Whitfords (Robert, I think,) is well remembered as Captain Whitford by the older people in that section. In 1772, Daniel Rexford, of New Haven, bought land and came here shortly after. I understand him to be the ancestor of the Rexfords on Center Hill. David Foster bought land and was living here as early as 1774—I suppose on East Mountain. Philip Lilley sells land, and Nathan Hatch (both of this town) buys land the same year. Richard Adams buys land in 1775, and probably came here about that time. Naomi Adams, now living in the Hollow, is his grandchild. About this time Joseph Wilder came from Haddam or Hadlyme, as it is now called, and settled on Center Hill. He was the ancestor of all who bear that name in this region. Mr. Wilder was the first magistrate, and for several years the only one; a man of extended power and influence, which was wisely exerted. There are now in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Shepard, one of his descendants, (on the Hill) in a good state of preservation, a large number of legal documents and other papers, which fully attest the careful and methodical manner in which he transacted the business entrusted to him. He left a numerous posterity, but I think there are none within our borders that bear the family name.

William Austin, Jr., bought land in 1772, and settled in North Hollow, I am told. King, Austin, Jones, and John Norton, who came about the same time, were from Enfield. Amos Case, and probably some others, came from Simsbury. It will be borne in mind that Simsbury then embraced in its territory all that is now called Granby down to 1786, and a great portion of what we call Canton until 1806. I have no information where the other settlers came from, except as I have mentioned.

It will be seen that many of these names mentioned are, and have been for many years, entirely lost in the town.

Stephen Chubb, after living here several years, moved to New Hartford. Of the others, I have not been able to find any trace. All new settlements have a similar experience. Mixed with the staid, sober class are restless, migratory spirits, who, like some horses, will jump over the fence from a good pasture into a poorer one, just for the sake of a change.

It is very probable that there were other settlers in the town than those I have enumerated, previous to the war of the revolution, but these are all I find in what few memoranda I have.

DURING THE REVOLUTION.

The progress of the town was very slow, and it is evidenced by the fact that although the military laws of the colony were very stringent, and every able-bodied man was compelled to perform military duty, so few were the settlers that they were not called out for such purpose until 1774.

Not only Connecticut, but all the other colonies, were in a disturbed condition. The irritation and alienation caused by the legislation of the home government (England) culminating at length in open rebellion and separation from the mother country, together with the fact that all active men were wanted for the army, greatly retarded the progress of this and all other new settlements.

After the sacking and burning of Danbury by the British in 1777, the feeling against the tories, (and they were quite numerous in all the colonies) was so intense that many of them removed from that vicinity and settled in remote localities, probably with the idea of being more secure from annoyance and molestation. Six of those tories came to this town and settled in the Valley, where at that time, I think, there was not a barn or shanty of any kind. One Gregory, who settled on the farm where Bela Squires lived; Jonas Weed on the Henry Lee place; one Taylor on the David Lee place; Abner Taylor where Marcus Burwell lives; John Wildman nearly opposite him, where the old cellar can still be traced, and one Baldwin near the place where Edar Taylor lived and died. (It is impossible to obtain any more definite information about the tories). After the close of war, a large proportion of the new comers had served in the army, and between these soldiers (and their sons as they grew to manhood) a very bitter feeling existed towards the tories. No indignities were too great to be heaped upon them. They would find their corn cut while it was in silk; potatoes pulled up while in blossom; trees mutilated; fences torn down; and every annoyance that could be devised was practiced toward them. Like

the black men, they were considered as having no rights that were entitled to respect. Appeals to the courts were in vain, and being in a hopeless minority resistance was useless. As the old people of the tories died, the younger removed to other localities, and of all their posterity only a few of the descendants of Abner Taylor remain in Connecticut. Edar Taylor and the Abner Taylor we remember were his sons. George Taylor, Esq., one of Winsted's most respected and useful citizens is a son of Edar Taylor.

LEARNING TOLERATION.

Making all due allowance for an exuberance of patriotism, we, who are descendants of the soldiers of the Revolution, must admit that their treatment of the tories cannot be justified by any code of ethics or morals. Every man who obeys the law is entitled to protection, no matter how obnoxious his opinions may be, while he harms no one.

We have learned something of toleration. We have seen the men who engaged in the mad attempt to divide the Union so that they might perpetuate human bondage, and whose lives were forfeited by the laws of every civilized nation, pardoned, restored to citizenship, and elected to help make laws for the victors in that contest, while they among us who sympathized with them are secure in life, liberty and property. Surely, good friends, this is better than to perpetuate animosities and hatreds from generation to generation.

Opinions do not make men criminal or virtuous. There is no church, party or sect which has a monopoly of honesty or goodness. The tories whom we in our childhood used to hear so soundly berated, were neither better nor worse than hundreds or thousands who were on the other side during the war, and probably acted according to the light they had. We know now what a rebellion against the government is, and after the lapse of one hundred years, the tories and their posterity should cease to be objects of scorn and reproach.

After the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, a portion of his army were marched through this town en route to Boston. It is said a large number of his soldiers deserted along the way, and remained in the country. Three, named Shaw, Thorn and Miller, settled on a byroad, leading off from the road which leads from George Kellogg's, over to Bourbon so called. This byroad leads off towards the right, going south about half way over to the Bourbon road. It is now closed up. Some seventy years ago it was called "Shawtown." This Shaw was the father of the John Shaw we remember. He had the reputation of being able to grind more scythes

and drink more liquor than any other man in this section of the country. His sons Jehilamon, Philander, Markham, Thomas, Addison, Levi and Andrew Jackson are remembered by many of our people. Thomas enlisted in the U. S. army, and died in the Mexican War. The other families left town sixty or more years ago, and I am unable to trace them.

INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN.

After the incorporation of the town at the October session of the Legislature in 1779, the prospect brightened. It was then evident that the colonies could not be conquered, and their independence must be recognized. After the war had closed, many who had been soldiers as boys and young men found here a better opportunity to get a start in the world than in the older towns. From Southington came Solomon Newell and Nathaniel Collins, and settled in North Hollow; Solomon Humphrey, of Simsbury, who settled in Ratlam (his son Heman was for a long time President of Amherst College); Ephraim Barber, from Simbury, who settled in the east part of the town. Mrs. Atwater, mother of Wolcott, who will be ninety-five next month, and whom I found washing clothes a few days since when I called upon her in my "pursuit of knowledge," is a daughter of Ephraim Barber. Samuel Rice settled in South Hollow. I have an idea there was more than one Rice family, but am not certain. Samuel Pike and his sons James and John settled in South Hollow, as did Nehemiah Andruss; Lieut. James Slade, and his son Abner, settled on Center Hill, near where his grandsons now live; Humphrey Case, of Simsbury, also on Center Hill; John Frazier, where Evits Carter lived for several years, in the Southwest District; Asa Gilbert, who settled in the Valley, a short distance from "Cannon's Forge," where Mr. Perry now lives; Wait and Medad Munson, Benjamin Parker, natives of Wallingford, settled in North Hollow; Hawkins Hart, of Wallingford, settled in North Hollow; Howkins Hart also, native of Southington, settled in the Southwest District; Lieut. Gideon Mills, from Simsbury, settled in the Southwest District, the first place east from the Green, where Mr. Cowles lives. Lieut. Mills' oldest daughter was the mother of John Brown, whose "soul is marching on," as our soldiers sang. Owen Brown (John's father) lived for a time in a small house just north of Mr. Cowles, on the opposite side of the road, (it is difficult now to locate it), and moved to Ohio in 1806. There are old people now who remember John as a school boy on the Green. I have no date by which I can give the order in which these settlers came. In 1856, Abiel Brown,

of Canton, brother of Owen Brown, compiled a book giving sketches of Canton families. He says that before 1790 Jacob and Abraham Barber settled in Ratlam, and a year or two later Simon and Isaac Messenger, Jr., moved into the southeast part of the town, and also that Jehiel and Philander Wilcox (brothers) came about the commencement of this century. Philander died here, but Jehiel moved to Ohio about 1808. I understand they settled in the Hollow.

EARLY DAYS OF THE TOWN.

It is said that in the early days of the town, three brothers named Shepard settled near the outlet of West Hill Pond, from which it took the name "Shepard's Pond." "Boyd's Annals" says that Zebulon Shepard was of Barkhamsted, 1774, in a deed of land. I suppose him to be of that family, but have no positive knowledge. In "Boyd's Annals" is an account of the organization of the church and society of Winsted. This was on Wallen's Hill, where the town lines run, and the name was taken from the two towns. A petition was presented to the General Assembly in 1777, asking to be incorporated into a society with the usual rights and privileges. Twenty-one names are appended thereto. Among them are Foster and Robert Whitford, Enoch Palmer and Jonas Weed, Jr., (I think he must have been a son of the tory Jonas Weed named above), but it is difficult to determine to which towns the petitioners belong.

In 1787 a petition was presented to the General Assembly for an incorporation of the town of Winsted, to embrace in its limits nearly all of that village and all of Barkhamsted lying west of Farmington River, but the project was unsuccessful and finally abandoned. The long story of the struggles of this society to build a house of worship, etc., is told in "Boyd's Annals," which renders any attempt on my part unnecessary. I refer you to that book for the full details.

In this book mention is made of several men as living in our town before the year 1800, viz: Samuel Hayden, three times elected a representative; his son Moses, a member of the General Assembly during seven sessions; Uzal Clark, Abijah Fuller, Eleazer Kellogg, Simeon Rogers, Solomon Palmer, Daniel White, George Frazier, all appear as of Barkhamsted prior to 1800. They probably lived on Wallen's Hill or vicinity. Rufus Cleveland (grandfather of the present Rufus), Reuben Palmer, Paul Roberts, who kept the first tavern on the old country road, all were on the Hill. I am told that there were more houses and more families residing on the Hill in 1800 than there are now. Before the war Consider Tiffany, of Lyme, Conn., came to Hartland, just over the line on Center Hill, and

settled. During the war he was a tory, but took no active part in the war, as I understand. He lived under surveilliance, and was not allowed to leave his farm, and after the war closed he would not. That he was an independent man, of more than average ability, who did his own thinking, is shown by the journal which he kept for several years, in which is recorded his opinions of men and things in general, which journal is carefully preserved by his posterity, and can be seen here to-day. He was the grandfather of Deacon Joel Tiffany, widely known for his skill as a builder of houses, bridges and mills. I understand that the first Consider Tiffany was the ancestor of all the numerous Tiffanys in this region. I am confident that no family has furnished a larger proportion of what may, in every sense of the term, be called good citizens, than the descendants of Consider Tiffany, tory though he was.

OTHER WELL KNOWN SETTLERS,

Thomas Giddings, a native of Lyme, settled in the eastern part of Hartland, just over the line, as early as 1764. I understand him to be the ancestor of all who bear that name in this vicinity. In the eastern part of the town several families by the name of Case settled. I have never yet found one of that name who could give the Case genealogy, and how can I? They obeyed the Scriptual injunction, and grew and multiplied exceedingly, but whether they would have replenished the earth is a matter of doubt. They were so numerous in Barkhamsted, Simsbury, Canton and Granby, that it was said to be safe for the traveler in that section to salute each alternate man with "How are you, Mr. Case." To attempt to obtain a list of them would be to repeat the experience of the man who attempted to take the census of the "Smith family." He entered upon his work with high hopes and confidence that he should succeed, and although somewhat staggered by the number of "Smiths," he kept on until he encountered the "Smith Manufacturing Company," when he abandoned the undertaking in despair, concluding that the Smiths could be manufactured faster than they could be counted. Many of the Cases have filled positions of trust and honor in town, county and state, and have proved useful citizens in the varied walks of life.*

John Merrill, 2d, of New Hartford, came to the town about 1785

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*Major Parmelee, of Collinsville, and first selectmen of Canton in 1871, told me that out of about 400 voters in that town, eighty-four have the name of Case, and this present year there are more than sixty taxpayers on the Barkhamsted list bearing that name.

and bought a large tract; his house stood a little north of where Mr. Goodwin recently died. Forty years and more since there was a tree on this old farm, which bore some of the best apples that boys ever stole. I speak from positive knowledge. This Merrill family has been one of note. George, "Esquire George," always called, small in stature, of great activity and free in speech, ready at all times to defend his faith, creed or town in the Legislature or elsewhere; Merlin, grave and sedate, served long and acceptable as Town Clerk and Probate Judge; Samuel and John, of wide spread fame as players on the bagpipes, and the wonder to the small boys was how two such little men, who, windbags and all, would hardly weigh as much as an average sized man, could make so much noise. John and his bagpipes are here to-day. Ashbael and Martin Moses settled in Ratlam, (they came from Simsbury), but whether before 1800 I cannot say. Benjamin Jones (father of Orville), of Southington, settled in Ratlam about 1787. I have heard that Benoroni Jones came with him, but have no positive proof. I understand that this Jones family, and that of Capt. Israel, are only remotely connected, if at all. Doctor Amos Beecher settled in the Hollow in 1798. The first settler in what we call Riverton was a Mentor. His son Watrous F. is remembered by the older citizens, but all trace of the family is lost. As in many other cases, to all my inquiries, "Went West long ago." The second settler in that section was Peletiah Ransom, who kept the first tavern there, on the ground where the last house on the left hand going up the Center Hill road now stands. His son Elisha is now living, the oldest person in that section of the town. Jude Roberts settled there, I think, in the last century. Abont 1793, Arba Alford of Simsbury, settled on the flat on the west side of the river, about a mile below the bridge. The old place can yet be located. The Alford family has been a prominent one in our town, filling many positions of honor and trust, and always in a manner satisfactory to their constituents. William Moore, about the same time, settled near the Still River bridge, on the south or west side. He was the ancestor of those who bear the name in this vicinity. The place just south of the village, where Mr. Cady now lives, was settled by an Andrews, (Samuel, I think, from Farmington). He was drowned in 1804, while floating logs down the river, by the boat in which he was running upon a huge granite boulder in the river, near where the large elm tree stood until a few years since, about one-fourth of a mile from his house. His body was found in Farmington several weeks afterward. In 1843 Russel Goodenow split up that huge boulder, and a

large quantity of posts, steps, underpinnings, etc., were gotten out of it. About a mile below, on the east side of the river, lived James Chaugham and his descendants, of whom I shall say more further on. Going south from Chaugham's a mile or more, there is on the left hand, just as you emerge from the woods, an old cellar, where, about 1800, lived a mulatto named Bristol, or Bristor, or Ambrister, —no one seems to be positive about the name. About one fourth of a mile to the south from this old cellar, and on the opposite side of the road, near two large oaks, stood the dwelling, or cabin, of Humphrey Quamino, a mulatto, who is well remembered by the old people. Peter Bennett lived and kept a tavern in the latter part of the last century where Bela Squire lived and died. It was afterwards owned by Saul Upson, who moved to Ohio about 1827. Just south of this place on the opposite side, just over the fence from the James Peters' place, was the old Foote house, so called, when erected I do not know, but it was very old as I remember it. From this house, as I am informed, Enoch Burwell moved to Ohio about 1825. A few rods south from my father's house, and before reaching his father's house, on the left hand, stood a slab hut, or shanty, where a De Forrest lived. In the Valley proper, near where stands the Methodist church, was a log house, where a Shepard lived On, or near the ground where Joseph Eggleston lives, was a small frame house; near where Case Alford lives was a log house, but I fail to learn who lived in them. About one-fourth of a mile north from the old Stephen Richardson place, a sharp ridge of rock crosses the road which was long known as Catlin Hill. On the east side, where it is now heavily overgrown with wood, eighty years or more since a Mr. Catlin lived with his father-in-law, a Mr. Mitchell, who was a weaver. All trace of them was lost more than fifty years ago. In 1785, Luke Loomis, a native of Vernon, Conn., came into the town and settled on East Mountain. He became a man of prominence among us, dying here in 1834. His sons, Lester and Loring, were also prominent men, and held many important offices, such as Selectman, Representative, etc. Lester died here in 1859. Loring died in New Hartford in 1873. Rev. Chauncey L. Loomis, now of Middletown, Conn., is a son of Lester Loomis. The Hayes families, Deacon Timothy and Ezekiel, came from Granby, and also became prominent men. They are of the same family stock as President Hayes. On the farm of Timothy Hayes was born Col. Philip C. Hayes, now member of Congress from the seventh district of Illinois. In the last century two families named Beach settled in South Hollow, near the large rock, hence the name Beach

Rock. I can learn nothing further of them or their posterity. About 1796 Jonathan Eggleston, of Windsor, settled in the Hollow. How long he remained in town, I cannot say, but he removed to the "Black River country," at the eastern end of Lake Ontario. He had a large number of sons, the oldest of whom James spent most of his life in this town. James Eggleston was no ordinary man—a great reader and thinker, as well as a born scientist and philosopher. No man in this region equalled him in a knowledge of Geology, Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, etc. He was also a skillful musician, and while "training days," were in vogue "Uncle Jim," as he was familiarly called, and his fife, were always in demand. He had a very retentive memory, and could give day and date in our town matters to a greater extent than any other man I have known. I am more indebted to him for what I know about the town than I am even to my father, who held office so many years in the town.

A MISTAKE IN THE BOOKS.

In a book compiled by Miss Sarah M. Lee, of Norwich, Conn., published in 1878, and entitled, "John Lee and his Descendants, of Farmington, Conn," it is stated that Thomas Lee (son of Captain Joseph) was a resident of Barkhamsted in the last century. I know the risk one runs in contradicting what is in the books, but I think it must be a mistake. I think it must refer to the Thomas Lee who kept a store at New Hartford (Northend) for a long period, and who is buried in Pine Meadow with his sons Richard and Henry. David Lee (my grandfather) was great-grandson of the original John, and the Thomas Lee mentioned above was a cousin of David. I never could find any trace of any Lee family in town aside from ours.

In 1783, Elisha Mallory came from New Haven, and settled just over the line in the Winsted Society, on Wallen's Hill. Not far from 1800 his oldest son, Amasa, moved down the hill and built a house, where the Greenwood Turnpike was subsequently built, which became the famous "Mallory Tavern," where he died in 1855, aged 93. He reared a large family, but most of them have joined the crowd and "gone West." Amasa's brother, Elisha, Jr., built about one-fourth of a mile west of him, where his son, the third Elisha, now lives, far advanced in years.

About 1800, Paul Roberts, Jr., moved down from Wallen's Hill, and built the house where his son, the third Paul Roberts, died a few years since.

A CENTENNARIAN.

As early as 1800, two brothers, Ezra and Cherdoalomer Griffing, had a grist mill at the outlet of Shepard's Pond, and lived there. Early in this century they removed to Ohio, where Cherdoalomer died last year, 114 years old. After he had passed his hundredth year, his claim to such great age was disputed, which led to an investigation, and it was published as found in the records of Simsbury, that Cherdoalomer Griffing (commonly known as Lomer Griffing) was born in 1764. Some of the facts about this remarkable man (for his great age would justify this appellation) were given me by Elisha Mallory, and some by General Samuel F. Carey, of Ohio, who visited Lomer Griffing when he was 112 years old, and conversed with him.

I have thus enumerated, so far as I have knowledge, all the families who were in town prior to 1800, and yet I am satisfied the list is sadly incomplete, for these old cellars, which can be seen along our roadsides, where the lilac, tansy and wormwood are growing around crumbling walls and falling chimneys, plainly prove that many, and in some cases, large families have disappeared, of whom, with my limited opportunities, I have not been able to obtain any trace.

In 1801, David Lee, a native of Farmington, came from Granby, bought the place of one Taylor, where he kept the gate so long, dying in 1842. He was a country blacksmith. His daughters are all living. The oldest is eighty-three, and the youngest seventy-three. The two oldest are here to-day. His oldest son, James, died in Ohio about 1854. The second, Henry, (my father) died in 1865, and is buried in the Valley. His sons you know, or ought to. A few years later came William Taylor, a native of Canton, and settled on the Green (Southwest District). He had been a soldier, and was in the battle of Monmouth. Taylor was a quick-tempered man, but a good citizen, long known and respected as Deacon. While in the army he incurred the displeasure of an officer, who abused Taylor beyond endurance, and in return Taylor gave him a sound thrashing. The penalty for military insubordination was death, which Taylor well knew, so he deserted to the British, but remained only long enough to be assured that his life would be spared and he be decently treated, when he returned to the American army, and served faithfully until the war closed. I mention this, because there is to this day an impression that William Taylor was a tory. It was the Taylor that came from Danbury who was the tory, as mentioned previously. William Taylor reared a large family, of which Emma, Mrs. Evits Carter, is the sole survivor. Some years later came

Noah Carter, and settled in the Southwest District. Between this family and the family of Willam Taylor a curious relationship exists. William Taylor had sons William, Virgil, Hector, and a daughter Emma; Noah Carter had sons Evits, Andruss, Hiram, Joseph, and a daughter Ann. Evits Carter married Emma Taylor; Hiram married a daughter of William Taylor, Jr.; Joseph married a daughter of Virgil Taylor; Hector Taylor married the sister of the Carters. Now, I doubt if there is a Barkhamsted boy or girl well enough educated to tell the exact degree of kin between the posterity, for all of these families reared children. The Burwells came from Milford after the war of 1812, I think. Daniel, the father of Joseph and Marcus; Enoch, the father of George P., of Cleveland, Ohio, (who has come to join in our celebration); John, of North Hollow, father of Fitch, and Dr. Jerry; Whitman, of North Hollow, and I think one Lyman, who lived near my father for a few years—perhaps there were others. The Burwells were of large frame, full eyes, prominent features, a hardy vigorous race, and of sterling worth. The Howds, of Center Hill, I am told, came from Southington. Of this stock was Colonel Salmon and William E., now Town Clerk.

I do not know where John Root and his family came from. He must have been here early in the present century, for Gideon Mills, Jr, sold him a portion of his farm some years before his removal, which was in 1814. Root had several sons and daughters, who are remembered by the older people. Some of his sons were famous woodsmen.

Where the Rust family came from, I do not know. Norman and Martin could swing an axe or drumstick with equal facility. Ralzemon was a famous chopper. Cyprian was killed at the battle of Antietam. Obed, a younger one, went West. No training day passed without the services of the Rusts and George Gains, and rub-a-dub-tup tup-Joe-Joe-Bunker was heard from early dawn until the day's sport and glory was over.

Eben Woodruff came from Berlin about 1814, and settled in the Valley, near where Case Alford lives, and built the sawmill, which he operated so many years. He built and lived in a small house, which, after many peregrinations and wanderings, finally anchored on the island, and, as I understand, is the one where John Merrill lives. Subsequently he built and lived in the large house at the west end of the bridge. Mr. Woodruff was a man of peculiar build, short of limb, long of body, and of great physical strength and endurance. It used to be said of him (though, of course, an exaggeration) that he was taller when sitting than standing. He was an excellent citizen,

a deeply religious man, and may with propriety be called the father of Methodism in Pleasant Valley. He had only one son, Eben C., now of Berlin, Conn., who is here to-day.

STARTING MANUFACTURING.

About 1818 came the Ives—Chauncey and Harley, (not relatives), and commenced the manufacture of bedsteads, lather boxes, and other articles of wood, in a small shop next to Woodruff's mill. Chauncey Ives lived in an old house, where Joseph Eggleston lives. As early as 1810 Elijah Cannon had come from Winsted, and settled at the upper end of "Mast Swamp," on Morgan River, where he commenced the manufacture of scythes, tools, bar iron, etc. He lived a useful life, beloved by all. As early as 1820 there was a Mr. Wood about half a mile above Cannon's, on the Greenwoods turnpike, who made cabinet ware. He died, and is buried on the knoll in the lot on the right hand of the cross road from the Valley over to the turnpike, where the stones could be seen a few years since—perhaps they can now. His family joined the great throng and went to Ohio.

In my boyhood days there was an old man named John Langdon, who lived on the farm where H. B. Stannard lives. I suppose he was here at an early day, but can learn nothing about him.

The Squire family years ago was one of prominence. The sons were Alvin, Curtiss and Bela, and a daughter Harriett (Mrs. Marcus Burwell). David Squire, the father, was a blacksmith, and operated the "Old Forge" in Robertsville, now called, just over the Colebrook line The Forge Shop stood on the left hand of the bridge, going west, where a Mr. Percival subsequently had a clothing and fulling mill. That Forge was one of the earliest manufactories in this region. In 1782–3, David Lee was an apprentice boy in Granby, and as such his employer often sent him on horseback over to the "Old Forge" for iron to use in his business. I have heard David Lee speak of his journeys through this town, and describe the town as it looked then. The road was better adapted to an ox cart than a wagon. There were no bridges, and the river was forded three times between Moose Plain and the "Old Forge." But to return from this digression. David Squire was a man of note for those days, but in later years met with reverses, and lost the larger portion of his property. The Squires were of small stature, light complexion, active temperament, and good at making bargains. The sons of Bela, as school boys, would trade jackknives, Jews harps, etc., and double their capital every time, but

good people and excellent neighbors. The posterity of Alvin and Curtiss I know but little about.

THE LIGHTHOUSE SETTLEMENT.

Thus with the exception of the "Lighthouse Settlement," I have enumerated all the different names of families of the town prior to 1820, of which I have any knowledge; yet, I presume, some one will say, "You have not more than half of them," and I answer, "Very likely. There is more about this town that I do not know of, than there is that I do." The ancient Israelites could, on a pinch, make bricks without straw, and perhaps I could, but I cannot make an historical address which shall embrace all the names of families in this town, without devoting to it more time than I have been able to devote to the preparation of this. I suppose that James Chaugham was the first permanent settler in the town. He was a Narragansett Indian, (not of pure Indian blood), born on Block Island. While yet a young man, he adopted the manners and customs of the whites, and had shifted about until he found himself living in Wethersfield, Conn. While living there, a certain young woman named Molly Barber, who had been disappointed by parental authority interfering to prevent a union with the man of her choice, gave out that she would marry the first man that offered himself, white or black. This came to the ears of Chaugham, who promptly accepted the offer, and they were privately married. I suppose this was not far from 1740. In the spring of 1866, the widow of Joseph Elwell, Sr., told me this story, a short time before her death. She was born about 1782, and was a daughter of Chaugham's third child, and it seems to me that this estimate cannot be far from correct. After the marriage, Chaugham and his wife left the town, crossed the Talcott Mountain, as it is now called, over to Farmington, and followed up the river to the Lighthouse Flat, where he doubtless considered himself safe from pursuit and molestation. Probably at that time the journey above what is now Unionville was through an unbroken forest. Here Chaugham made a clearing, built himself a cabin, and in due time reared a family of eight children. Chaugham lived to a good old age, respected by the people of the town, and died about 1800, or a little earlier. His widow died in 1820, understood to be 105 years old. The children were Samuel, married Miss Green of Sharon, Conn.; Mercy, married Isaac Jacklin, of Barkhamsted; Polly, married William Wilson, of Barkhamsted; Mary, married ——— Lawrence, of Barkhamsted: Hannah, married Reuben Barber, of

Barkhamsted; Solomon, married Miss Hayes, of Barkhamsted; Sally, died young, unmarried; Elizabeth, died 1854, unmarried, aged 80. Wilson lived near Chaugham's, and reared a family. The Mrs. Elwell quoted above was his daughter. She could give me but little information about the other branches of the Chaugham family. Jacklin removed to Winchester; the other families mentioned left this part of the country long ago. Where Wilson came from, I never could learn. He was a soldier of the Revolution, and was lame. I have heard that it was caused by a cannon shot in the battle of Monmouth. He was a sort of local preacher, independent, yet leaning to the Baptists, and I am told preached for some time in the old Hemlock meeting house in Colebrook; was considered to be a man of fair abilities, very enthusiastic and somewhat visionary. He was held in esteem by every one as a man of worth. He died about 1830.

SPEAKING FROM THE RECORD.

In this sketch of the Chaugham family, I have copied almost verbatim from the journal which was made by Jesse Ives, wherein he kept whatever he deemed worthy of being recorded. His grandfather, with his son John, (father of Jesse) came here in 1772, and settled on Center Hill, near the Slades, and not more than two miles from Chaugham's dwelling. In those days they would be near neighbors, and he would be apt to know all about the Chaugham family; and in this wise it is probable that Jesse Ives obtained the information which he has recorded in his journal. Chaugham was an average man, a good citizen, and lived a peaceful, honest and useful life. The talk about his being an Indian chief in war paint and nodding plume, with tomahawk and scalping knife, is all nonsense. While Chaugham and his children were poor, as were most of the early settlers, they were well treated and respected by all the town people. Concerning the third and fourth generations of his posterity, I have not time to give a detailed report. Joseph Elwell, who married Wilson's daughter, came from Southington, probably in the early part of the present century. Stephen Elwell was an older brother of Joseph, but his wife was not of the Chaugham family. Some of the Chaugham posterity have become civilized enough to try the old game of wrestling with a whiskey bottle, and with the same result—to get thrown—and they are not the only natives of this town who have seemed to try to see how poorly and meanly they could live, and had great success follow their efforts.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

We now turn to the story of the Lighthouse, and in this matter my authority is Uncle James Eggleston, as mentioned above As I have stated, in the early days there were no bridges above New Hartford. The river was forded at the left hand as one enters the woods near the old Bristol house, (below the deep hole so called), then opposite the lower end of the Lighthouse Flat, and again at the upper end near the old Arba Alford place. When the Greenwood turnpike was first operated its terminus was New Hartford, at the Widow Pike place so called, about a half a mile east of the Kingdom Bridge, and so remained for several years. Between 1790 and 1800 the Farmington River Turnpike Co. was chartered; leaving the Pike place it ran up the east side of the river past the Richards, on past where Sterling Driggs lives, over the green in the Southwest District, where it met the road from the Center, coming down to the river bank a little north of Abner Taylor's; continuing north it was worked through the woods north of the Bristol place past Chaugham's dwelling, which stood at the lower end of the flat, then to the north into Massachusetts, and so on to Albany. This new route was much more convenient and direct than the old devious County Road, and soon became the thoroughfare between Hartford and Albany. When it had been a few years in operation the Greenwoods Turnpike was extended on through New Hartford, Winsted, Colebrook, Norfolk, Canaan, and Sheffield, (Mass.) on to Albany; a more circuitous route than the Farmington Turnpike, but still a great improvement on the old County Road. The first toll gate on the Farmington River Turnpike was at the Richards place in New Hartford, east of Pine Meadow. After the extension of the Greenwoods Turnpike as mentioned, the Farmington River Turnpike below where it reached the river above the Valley was given up, and the road was run along by the river, crossing it at the Gilbert bridge so called, down the west side of the river to the Gilbert house; this they could do without expense, as they used the road reservation along the river bank. After reaching Gilbert's it became necessary to cross his land to reach the other pike at the Cannon place, for which Gilbert made the River Company pay one hundred dollars. The Greenwoods Turnpike at first ran down on the flat along the river, by the house where Joseph Carter lived for many years, thence direct to Cannon's Forge, directly over the hill in rear of the Gilbert place, coming down again to Morgan River, a little south of where Alonzo Williams lived for several years. Some years later the Greenwoods Turnpike was moved up on the hill-side, as we remem-

ber it forty years ago. After this change was made, the end of the Farmington River Turnpike route was changed to the Northend, so-called, of New Hartford. As the stage drivers were coming from the north, especially in the short days, they would readily recognize Chaugham's place by the light that shone through the crevices in his log-house, and it was the only place that could be so recognized in the thick woods that lined the road, and knowing then the distance to the end of the route, fell into the habit of saying, "Well, we are only five miles from port. There is the Lighthouse." A slang phrase is easily caught and carried, sure to be remembered and transmitted, as we have known of several instances in our own day.

THE STAGE DRIVERS.

So this phrase, originating with the stage-drivers, was taken up by the travelling public, as well as towns-people, and carried far and wide. A great deal has been said and written about this matter, with changes and variations to suit the fancy of either the repeater or listener. Thus I have given you the story of the Lighthouse substantially as I received it. I believe it to be correct. for it looks reasonable on the face. I have never heard any other version of the story that was not contradictory and absurd. You will remember that James Eggleston came to this town before the turnpike was built. As a boy he helped to make it. Here he spent most of his life, and knowing well his remarkably retentive memory, I have no hesitation in saying no better authority can be found. I had it from him during the last year of his life. A few years since I wrote this story substantially as I have given it to you. It was extensively copied in the state papers. I believe our older people will agree that it is correct in the main. Our people are tired of repeating the story, and are apt to answer all questions about it briefly. Every few years some city chap, with a pen behind his ear, comes out among these plain country people, puts on airs, shows off large, and in return gets badly sold; goes back to his paper, and forthwith is launched a new verson of the Lighthouse story, and doubtless this process will be repeated for years to come. I disliked to refer to this matter, for the story to me is old and stale. I could not ignore it entirely. To simply refer to it would leave the matter in as much doubt and fog as ever. I presume there are some here to whom this explanation of its origin is new. If it has wearied your patience to listen to it, it has severely taxed mine to tell it.

INDIAN BURYING GROUNDS.

Upon the left hand bank, about thirty rods south of the Chaugham house site, and just where the road makes a sharp bend, is the old Indian burying-ground. Some ten years since I counted there fifty graves, which could be traced and defined. I suppose most of these were of Chaugham's descendants, either of the Elwells, Wilsons, Websters, or others. There are no tablets, only rough, unhewn stones to mark the graves. A fine grove of young pines then gave an air of quiet and seclusion to the spot, where rests, so far as we know, the last of the Naragansetts. All of his living descendants have departed to other fields of *uselessness*, other parties have become owners of the lands, and the famous Barkhamsted Lighthouse is a thing of the past.

It is very doubtful if any tribe of native Indians ever made a home within our town limits. Probably they hunted through these forests, and fished along these streams. I am told that flint arrow-heads and stone knives have been found along Beaver and Kettle Brooks, and a few in other portions of the town, but I have no evidence that council fires were ever held, or war-whoops sounded within our borders.

I am compelled, by want of time, to omit any mention of families that came into the town at a later date, only incidentally as I make mention of its business interests.

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

A township must have roads and bridges as a means of intercommunication. The first road in the township was the Old Country, or County, which ante-dated the existence of the town. Leaving New Hartford (Northend) it led square up the hill to the westward about half a mile, then turning more toward the north, directly through what are now pastures, and coming out where Uriel Spencer lives, then went toward Morgan River, where the Turnpike subsequently joined it, near Anson Wheeler's sawmill, crossing the river on the west of the Wheeler house, and running square up Wallen's Hill, near the barn on the Dudley Case place, then over the hill near the school-house, past that down the hill to Still River, near the Daniel Wilson place, thence on to Norfolk, as described in Boyd's Annals. Down this road a portion of Burgoyne's army was marched, after his surrender at Saratoga, *en route* to Boston, whence they sailed to England. On this march many of his soldiers deserted, remaining in the country and becoming American citizens. In addition to those already mentioned, were the ancestors of the

Barretts, of New Hartford, and the Bandels and Sugdens, of Canton. The first survey for a road by the town proprietors began at the south line of the town, near the Peletiah Allen place, intending to run due north, but as that brought them square into the ledge of rock on the south end of Ragged Mountain, it was abandoned, and and a new start was made near the East River town line, and a road laid out running due north, past Beach Rock, over Center Hill to the Hartland line. This was the first road built by the town. I am told that seventy-five years ago there were several families living on this road, south of where George Carter lives; now there is not one, and below that point the road has been abandoned. As has been stated, but very few of the original road reservations have been used for the purposes for which they were intended, for it is unprofitable to build a road up hill-sides where a pail of water, if set down, would tip over. Other roads were laid out and worked, as the growth of the town demanded, and many changes have been made from the original layout, as these old fields show to-day.

After the change in the Farmington River Turnpike was made so as to cross the river at the Valley, the toll-gate was removed from the Richards' place to where David Lee lived, who kept it until his death in 1842. After this it was kept at my father's place for a few years, and later at the little house just north where James Peters lived a few years since. After the road from the Valley to Riverton, on the west side of the river, was opened, about 1847, the Turnpike became unprofitable, and was abandoned, as was the Greenwoods Turnpike some fifteen or twenty years later.

Between 1815 and 1820, the present road from Pleasant Valley to Granby was laid out as a Turnpike, intending to connect with the Greenwoods Turnpike, and thus to secure a good road over which to carry iron from Canaan and Salisbury to the State Prison, which was then kept at the "Old Copper Mine." A few years later the State Prison was removed to Wethersfield, and this Turnpike, if such it may be called, was given up. The old road down Horse Hill was several rods to the north of the present one, and traces of it can even now be seen.

The first bridge across the Tunxis was built between 1790 and 1800, directly in the rear of the barn on my father's place. When I was a child, the old abutments and roadway near the river could be traced. The road crossed the flat above the barn near the large oak tree, which stood there until a few years since, and joining the other old road, just south of the Bela Squire place. This bridge was destroyed by the great Jeffersonian freshet in 1801. The site was

then abandoned, and a new one built in the Valley just north of the present one, and as Asa Gilbert was very active and efficient in the change and construction, his farm, extending up the river beyond where it was located, became known as the "Gilbert bridge." It was certainly more convenient than the first for the people in the western part of the town. Often destroyed or seriously damaged by furious freshets, and as often replaced, it has been a costly necessity, or luxury, whichever it may be termed. I have no data as to when the first bridge at Riverton was built. The first bridge across East River stood a few rods north of the present site, near the Beecher Dam. The road from Granby crossed the north and south road, near the Universalist church, thence direct to the bridge, and passed up under the hill or knoll on which the old meeting-house stood, to near the old George Merrill tavern, where Dwight Wheeler lives. When the "Moore bridge" across the Still River was built, I cannot say. The one across the same stream, near the Scythe Shop, was built when the road on the west bank of the river was worked, 1847 or 1848. When the other bridges in town were built, I have no knowledge. Bridges have been an article of great expense to this town, and will be until iron is substituted for wood, solid abutments for those made of cobble, and suspension for piers, which fill up the rivers and obstruct the passage for the rushing waters.

QUAINT, PECULIAR NAMES.

Like other towns, ours has quaint and peculiar names for its hills, streams and localities, the origin and significance of which it is somewhat difficult to trace. Wallen's Hill is said to be called from one of its original owners. Certain it is that Daniel Wallen, of New Hartford, owned a large tract of land there, for the deed is recorded. For more than seventy five years the section around the outlet of West Hill, or Shepard's Pond, has been called Bourbon. I have never found any person who could give any reason for it. Perhaps it was owing to the fondness of the early inhabitants for "Old Bourbon Whiskey," but a love for Bourbon whiskey, or Bourbon politics, is not confined to that section of the town. In the "proprietors' records," the flat below Cannon's is called "Mast Swamp." It was then covered with a heavy growth of pine, as were all the flats along the rivers, and ship-builders came from all directions to procure masts for their vessels; hence the name. Mention is also made of Sugar Meadow in the early records. I suppose this to be what was afterwards known as Woodruff's Island, on which was

a large grove of sugar maples. Some of them were of great size when I was a lad, though all, or nearly all of them have disappeared. Before Woodruff's Mill was built this was not an island, strictly speaking, but there was a water-course on the west side when the river was swollen by freshets, and this channel, or depression, was used as a canal when the mill was built. Around my father's place, and on towards the Lighthouse, was known as "Moose Plain," probably because moose had been seen there. The term Pleasant Valley dates from somewhere about 1830, when a post office was established, and is an appropriate name, as we all know. The sharp, rocky ridge, running north from the Valley to Riverton, fronting the Lighthouse, has long been known as Ragged Mountain, and I assure you, friends, if you had wandered over it, as I have, through driving snow storms in search of lost sheep, and tumbled off its rocky sides with bruised shins, damaged clothing, and loss of temper, you would say the name was both significant and proper. Riverton was first known as Hitchkockville, in compliment to Lambert Hitchkock, one of the principal founders of the village. I understand it was changed because the similarity of the name to Hotchkissville (a small village in Woodbury, Conn.,) led to confusion in the mails, often resulting in inconvenience and loss. Certainly the name Riverton is euphonious and appropriate. Center Hill, of course, is so-named because it is near the geographical center of the town The valley along the East River has long been known as the Hollow, north and south respectively, and explains itself, as does also the term East Mountain. In the old records, Washington Hill is called Horse Hill, said to have been so named because of a large natural pasturage near its summit, to which the horses of the early settlers when loosed were wont to hie for the good feeding and pure air of its elevated position. After the Methodist church on the hill was built, and the people became more refined and cultured, it was deemed vulgar, and the present name was adopted as being more high-toned; also as a compliment to Washington, but there is no evidence that he was ever there, or even owned land in the town. The rocky region, in the southern portion of the town, running over into Canton, has long been known as Ratlam. Its origin is obscure, but the most reasonable solution is this: In traveling along its rough roads, the stones and boulders would sorely try carts and wagons, and rattle 'em at a furious rate.

COINING A NAME.

From this corruption of language it was easy to coin the word Rat-

lam, and apply it to all that section. Whether this is correct, I know not, but I do know some of our best and truest men and women have been reared among those rocks and hills. In the early records the stream that joins the main river just below Cannon's Old Forge is called Morgan River. Why so called, I have never learned. I suppose it to be another case of the Dutchman's reason The main stream is called West River, West Branch and Great River, but now Tunxis or Farmington. A short distance north of Youngs' Mill a small stream comes down from Wallen's Hill. Before the Youngs came to the town it was a favorite fishing stream and called Trout Brook. A person journeying up Still River, from the scythe shop, and past the Old Forge to the "Falls" beyond, would think the name misapplied. From that point to Winsted his opinion might change somewhat, but beyond the clock shop to its source south of Burrville (formerly Rossiterville), he would say rightly named, as with a like experience he would say of Sandy Brook, which comes from Colebrook and joins Still River a little distance north of Moorsbridge, on that stream. No mention is made of Beaver Brook in the early records, but the tradition is that this was a favorite resort of the beavers. Early in the century one old beaver dam could be traced near where Wm. Tiffany lives, which flooded the meadows above. It was a favorite stream for fishing as late as 1840. Along this stream have been found many Indian relics, showing that they prized it for such purposes as well as the early settlers. East River comes from Granville down through Hartland, and joins the main river about a mile north of Satan's Kingdom in New Hartford. The reason for its name is obvious. Kettle Brook, which comes from Washington Hill, and joins East River near the Webster Merrill store, is said to be so named from a large rock or stone about half way up the hill, the top of which is kettle-shaped, and supposed to have been used by the Indians for pulverizing or pounding their corn before cooking it. Roaring Brook rises on East Mountain, and takes its name from the rocky bed down which it tumbles and roars, to where it joins East River a little below "Munson's Mill." There are several other small streams in the town, but I know of none which ever rose to the dignity of being christened and named.

INDUSTRIES OE THE TOWN.

In the early days of the town the lumber business was the predominant interest, and many mills were built, and other branches of industry received attention. It is difficult to give these in their chronological order, so I give them as convenience suggests.

As has been stated, Elijah Cannon came from Winsted as early as 1810, and built the old or lower forge near the mouth of Morgan River, which he operated many years. At the south end of the dam was a sawmill (I do not know who owned it), which was destroyed by a freshet and never rebuilt. This mill site is now the property of the Greenwoods Company. At the left hand of the bridge (south side) is the old cooper shop, built fully fifty years since, but long ago abandoned for that purpose. Cannon's present forge was built by Elijah C. Cannon, and is now occupied by his son Elijah D. Scythes, axes, crowbars, sleigh-shoes, edged-tools, and three generations of Cannons have been manufactured here. May these industries be long continued. Asa Gilbert built the first sawmill on the site where Root's mill stands. It was long known as the "Proprietors' Mill," because the site was leased by the town proprietors for that purpose. On the cross-roads above the Cannon place a shop was built for making tubs, pails, and such articles of wood. It was operated for a time by George W. Storer, or Storey, who died in New Britain, Conn., some years since. Subsequently carding machinery was operated for a short time. I am told all the buildings have gone to decay. Next above was the old Langdon sawmill, just in the rear of H. B. Stannard's. Who built it I have not been able to ascertain. It was in ruins when I was a small boy. Just above the next bridge on this stream was once a sawmill, run forty years ago by Alonzo Williams. He was a hard worker, and much timber was worked up there. On the east side of the sawmill was a building where clock plates were made by his brother John. The power is now unemployed, and the buildings have disappeared

DOWD WILL BE THERE.

A short distance up the stream is the old cabinet shop of Mr. Wood, as has been mentioned. After his death it came into possession of Chester Dowd, from New Hartford, who for many years made carriage and cart hubs successfully. Since his death the buildings are rotting down. Dowd was a man of good standing in the community. Being over six feet high and of good proportions, nearly all the people could look up to him. Dowd was blunt-spoken, kind-hearted and of ready wit. Many stories were current of his sharp sayings and ready retorts, one of which will bear repeating here. Dowd was a musician, good on a fife, but as a fiddler he was famous. I suppose the proper term now would be "artist," or "professor." His children were numerous and of all sizes, from the "wee toddler" to the man and woman grown. He lived then in the

house just below his shop, and it was his custom after his day's work was done to take his fiddle, gather his children around him on the stoop, and "drive dull care away." One night while thus engaged, the stage driver, who was passing, stopped his horses so that the passengers might listen. The presence of an audience always incited him to greater effort, and Dowd did his best. As he finished the strain he paused for a moment, when one lady who had been a very attentive listener exclaimed, "That is good music, I declare. I hope we shall have as good as that in heaven." Quick as thought, and at the same time drawing his bow, Dowd responded in that not to be disputed sort of a way, which those who knew him will readily recall, "You will, madam; I shall be there." About one-third of a mile further up the stream, is an old mill site. When first used, no one seems to know. Three different mills have been built there, and it is now owned by a son of Chauncey Tiffany.

SAWMILLS AND CARRIAGE MAKING.

A little above the bridge, on the Bourbon road, some timbers can be seen in the bed of the river, where, more than half a century since, some one, not heeding the Scriptural injunction, began to build a mill, but was not able to finish. Being covered by water, these timbers have been preserved all these years, and are now in fair condition. In the rear of the Amasa Mallory, Jr , place, where George Kellogg lives. can be seen the ruins of Amasa Mallory's second sawmill and an extensive tannery, which tannery, I am told, is where George Dudley, Esq., of Winsted (and whom we are glad to see here to-day), first began the business in which he has been so successful. May he live long to continue it. Mallory's first sawmill was built in the last century, a short distance above this site, but no trace of it exists. The gristmill of the Griffin brothers, at the outlet of Shepard Pond, has already been mentioned. On this same site, or near by, some sixty years ago, was a forging shop, similar to Cannon's, operated by Allen Jewett, late of Winsted (father of the New Hartford Jewetts). This old shop has disappeared, as has also a once busy sawmill which stood just below. I could not learn who owned or operated it. On the Tunxis, Peletiah Allen, Jr. (or 3d more properly), built a sawmill near his house (where subsequently Joseph Carter and Ruel White lived), but which, after his removal to Ohio in 1827, fell into decay. For more than thirty years all traces of the mill-dam and a portion of the roadway, have been submerged in the Greenwood Pond. In 1827–8, Virgil and Hector Taylor, with Henry Lee, built the sawmill at the east end of the

Gilbert bridge, which was kept in working order until my father's death. Since then this has disappeared. About 1832, the Doolittle brothers, from Wallingford, Seth, Hart, and Cornwall, settled in the Valley, and engaged in the manufacture of carriages; Lemuel, another brother, was a farmer, and settled in Ratlam. This was one of, if not the most prominent industries in the Valley. This business has declined, and Deacon Hart, now of Clinton, Conn., is the sole survivor. It is to be hoped that the new industry just starting may be more successful. The Doolittles were men of worth, and had great influence at one time. They were devoted Baptists, and it was owing largely to their efforts that a society was organized and a church built in the Valley. The Doolittles of Riverton are only remotely related, if at all. Mention has already been made of the Woodruff mill and the small turning shop that stood near by. Both have been superseded by Baker & Sons' sash and blind factory on the same site, established about 1850. They are well known, and the reputation of their goods shows that if they are blind makers they are not blind in business.

ACIDS FOR PRINT WORKS.

At the foot of the hill on the left-hand of the cross road from the Valley towards the Center stood, thirty-five years since, a distillery, or factory, for the manufacture of an acid (I do not know the technical name of it) from oakwood, which acid was largely used by the Wards of Riverton in their Print Works. This factory was operated by James Eggleston, and furnished a good market for surplus wood and the best hard-wood charcoal for two cents a bushel. Mr. Eggleston was a cooper, and his shop, which now stands on the bank near John Howd's residence, was a place where much of our oak timber was worked up for the West India market. In the rear of his house, on a small stream, about 1850, Warren Taylor built a small shop, where he made carriage parts, and other articles of wood. I am told he has so managed as to make money, and mutilate his hands badly.

In 1837 the Youngs families came here, and built the shop and mill which they have operated so successfully. Active, stirring and energetic men, they soon made their influence felt in the town, and have proved to be valuable citizens. All three of the brothers have represented our town in the General Assembly, besides filling nearly all the town offices at various times.

On Trout Brook, just above Youngs', near the top of the hill, can be seen the ruins of an old sawmill, built by the Treats, of Wallen's

Hill, many years since, but little lumber was ever gotten out there, for although it was a good mill site, it could not be run without water. On the flat above Youngs', a mile or more, can be seen some old locust trees. Near them, early in this century, Thomas Youngs, of Farmington, built a saw mill, or rather two mills, one at the east end of the dam. These were kept in operation for several years, but all trace of the dam, abutments and mills were swept away by a devastating flood more than fifty years since.

LATER INDUSTRIES.

In 1819, Lambert Hitchcock, a native of Cheshire, Conn., came to Riverton and established a cabinet and chair factory, which eventually became one of the leading industries of the town. At one time Arba, and perhaps others of the Alfords, were associated with him. Mr. Hitchcock was a leading citizen for many years. He removed to Unionville about 1842, and died there in 1852. For several years after his removal, the Alfords continued the business, and now the manufactory of D. H. Stephens & Co. occupies the old buildings, and utilizes the water privileges.

Stephens' rules have acquired a very extended reputation for their excellence, and, like the Golden Rule, are never known to vary from the standard of right.

Ezra Doolittle and Lent Benham, natives of Cheshire, came to Riverton as early as 1814, and settled, I think, just over the Hartland line. They built and operated a sawmill on the site whereabout 1836 John Ward and his sons, James and Michael, built a print works or calico factory, and operated the same until 1850, when it was abandoned, and the buildings fell into decay. The manufacture of paper has recently been commenced by Michael Ward, and I am sure you will join with me in the wish that his paper may stand A No. 1, both in the market and in the bank. In 1849, Chester Williams and Aaron Burbank came from Winsted and built the scythe shop near the mouth of Still River, which, after some changes, is now the Eagle Scythe Company, whose products always find a ready sale. The gristmill near by was established by Whitfield Munson, formerly of North Hollow, but is now operated by Joseph Gould, who years ago won a reputation in the famous Clifton Mills, of Winsted, as a miller who never took too much toll. Just across the Eagle Pond, on the small stream, during the war, drums were made, but now, happily, the war-drum beats no longer, so no more are wanted, and this industry has been abandoned. A sawmill has recently been built there, but as water is

necessary to run it, it is idle the greater part of the year. Forty or more years since, on Beaver Brook, near Sterling Driggs' house, was an old sawmill (I don't know who owned it), where the ring of the saw could be heard day and night. It used to be said of Ralzemon Richardson, who tended it, that he would commence before sunrise Monday morning and keep the mill running until Saturday night; sleeping as the log was feeding along, the stopping of the log would wake him, when he would run back the carriage, reset the log, and repeat the process; taking regularly his square meal of raw pork and rye bread, washed down with a certain allowance of cider, and this he would do month after month. I am told the old mill is now entirely unused and going to decay. In the rear of the Daniel Richardson place (lately owned by Mr. Stanclift), on Beaver Brook, fifty years ago, was an old sawmill, which I understood was the second one in the town, and was built by Stephen Richardson in the last century. In the lot near the brook, at the foot of Molly Hill, can be seen the basement wall and site where was built the first gristmill in the town, under the supervision of Peletiah Allen. I distinctly remember the old mill. A large wooden building, with a huge wheel (overshot, I think,) on the outside; the dam was about half-way up the hill, and the water was carried in a long flume to the top of the wheel. A Mr. Molly, or Morley, operated it, and hence the name, "Molly Hill." In the the early records this place is called the "Great Falls," and this power and mill site was leased by the proprietors in 1786, for 999 years, on condition that a gristmill should be maintained in good order during that time. At the north or west end of the dam, half way up the hill, was built the first sawmill in the town. About 1812 this mill had decayed to such a degree that it was torn down, and the mill-crank was used in the Woodruff mill, in the Valley. In 1840, Wm. Tiffany built a sawmill on the old site, and operated it for some years. This was destroyed in the October freshet in 1869. The old gristmill became unprofitable as better ones were built, and was but little, if any, used for milling purposes after 1820, but was used as a wood-turning shop as late as 1835, by Omri Segur, who, I think, was a descendant of Bennoni Segur, and came from New Hartford. He had a brother Homan, who lived in South Hollow many years, and moved to Canaan, Conn.

The mill near William Tiffany's residence has long been known as the Tiffany mill. I cannot learn when it was built, or by whom. I think it is the oldest of any now in use in our town. Truman Case, some sixty years or more since, built a sawmill near his house,

where Mr. Johnson lives, and kept it in operation for several years. All trace of it has disappeared. I am told that as far back as 1820, there was a shop further up the brook, near the brick house, for turning wooden bowls, trenchers, making cardboards, etc., of which no trace can be seen. Harlow Case informs me that above Beaver Pond, so-called, and in the vicinity of where the road crosses the brook above Chester Slade's, four sawmills have been built upon different sites, and two or three dish mills, all of which have gone to decay. On East River, near his house, Joel Bunnell had a sawmill forty years ago, where much lumber was gotten out. The old site can yet be traced. At the bend of the river, a quarter of a mile or so south of the East River bridge, in the Hollow, Jehiel Wilcox had a sawmill early in the present century It is difficult now to fix its location. Just north of this bridge was a cloth-dressing establishment. Who owned it I do not know. When I was a boy it was used for a wood-turning shop by Romanta Tuttle, and this has been abandoned. In North Hollow, near the second bridge, was Munson's sawmill, which has shared the fate of so many others. Just by, and on the same privilege, was built by Ephraim Munson, a native of Wallingford, what I suppose to have been the second grist mill in the town. Subsequently he, or his son Samuel, built a larger and better one on the south side of the road, which became of great prominence, and had a large patronage from this and the neighboring towns. The Munsons took to milling as naturally as ducks to water, and long were famous in their line of business, and are to-day. Whitfield Munson of Winsted. and Edward Munson of Central New York, are of this family. The Munsons were sterling men, and much respected. I think there are none in our town who bear the name, except Samuel, poet, musician, and dealer in flour and feed at Riverton. The grist mill which excited the wonder and admiration of so many of us as boys, ceased its clatter long ago. Subsequently the manufacture of wood planes was tried, but abandoned as unprofitable. I have not been there in many years, and of its present status know but little, but have been told that some kind of wood industry is carried on there by Wallace Case. Mr. Shepard, of Southington, father of Mrs. Lewis Burwell, came here (to Munson's old mill) in 1816, and manufactured wood buttons, which was continued only a few years. On Roaring Brook, I am told, two sawmills have been built, and long ago disappeared. More than sixty years ago, Humprey and Roswell Phelps owned and operated an iron foundry, which stood on the bank of Kettle Brook, nearly opposite the Webster Merrill store. A few brick and cinders

lying around are all there are by which to locate its site. Nearly opposite the Universalist church stood, forty years ago, the carriage factory of the Ransom brothers—Orsemus and Newton. Subsequently, I think, it was a chair factory. This, too, has disappeared. Near the old Ransom tavern stood Russell Munson's sawmill, operated on a high scale. The water was brought in a long flume on the hill side, and the outlet was higher than the roof of the mill. Some half a mile up the hill there was a small building, where carding machines were operated. About half way up Washington Hill stood the sawmill of Japhet Case, where the boys would look with astonishment to see a water-wheel stand on end and run backward. Of these thirty-two sawmills enumerated, only five are in existence to-day and used as mills. In additon to Mallory's tannery already mentioned, I am told there was one in the Hollow near the residence of Captain Robert Vosburgh, and still another on Center Hill, near the Luke Hayden place, and that the old vats can still be traced.

BRICK MAKING, ETC.

About 1815, Luke Hayden, a native of Torrington, came to town, settling on Center Hill. For many years he manufactured brick of a superior kind; but this old yard is no longer used. Most, if not all of his children have left this section. One of his sons—I think Julius—is a prominent citizen of Atlanta, Georgia. On Washington Hill a brick yard was in operation by some Case, I think Hiram, but it was just as likely to be some other one of the Cases. Near the residence of Bradley Marsh, in the Valley District, brickmaking at one time was carried on, but it is not now in operation. It will be seen that ours was once a busy town; but as the timber resources disappeared its manufacturing interests declined, and the men whose labor was for sale, of course, must seek a market elsewhere. In 1824, Mr. Samuel Collins came to this town to establish and build up a manufacturing interest. Along the Tunxis and the East River he tried in vain to purchase, at reasonable rates, a water power and land for his buildings, but he was compelled to locate in the narrow valley at the south end of Canton, where he built the thriving village of Collinsville. It would have been far better to have given him the best water power in the town, and all the land he wanted for buildings, for a New England town cannot thrive without diversified industrial interests, unless its people are wealthier than the pioneers of this town were, or most of their posterity are to-day.

THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE.

A large proportion of the pioneers of our town were of Puritan stock, descended from the earlier settlers of New England, and in such a community, of course, early attention would be given to its religious interests. As in the other settlements, meetings at first were holden in private houses or barns, as would best accommodate the people. When the town was but five years old, in 1784, the first meeting-house (I use the old-fashioned term) was raised. For so poor a community it was a large structure, forty by fifty feet, with twenty-four feet posts, and a high, sloping roof.* As I have been informed by my grandfather, there were not men enough in town to raise the frame, so, in response to their invitation, strong men came from Turkey Hills, New Hartford and other adjoining towns, to give a neighborly lift, and massive timbers of white oak (the best material) were soon in place. It is said that there was some controversy about where it should be located, and the "stake" was first set near where Wm. E. Howd lives, but that subsequently the "stake" was set by Nathaniel Collins, who was appointed for that purpose, where the house was built. I am told, on good authority (Mr. Orville Jones), that twenty thousand shingles were used on the roof, and that all these shingles, together with all the clapboards or outside covering, were cut from one immense pine tree, which stood upon the ground where the house was built; and further, that all the timber and lumber used in the building were cut on the grounds and the green, as we remember it, directly in front. It was used for religious purposes as soon as it was covered, but several years passed before it was finished inside. Mrs. Atwater (daughter of Ephraim Barber) remembers the house as it looked then. Loose boards or planks, placed on rude benches, were used for seats, and all other things corresponded. In such a place, and under such circumstances, the early settlers assembled to worship the God of their fathers. Of course it was the prevailing faith — congregational in government, and Calvanistic in doctrine. Predestination, free will, justification by faith, total depravity, and other knotty points of theology, were vigorously discussed. As the town prospered, more and better resources were at command, and eventually the house was finished in good style for the times, the pulpit and gallery front being ornamented by a coat of blue or lead-colored paint, doubtless considered by some a piece of extravagance. The

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*An engraving of this venerable structure, taken from a photograph, is given in the page following the close of the historical address.

house had three outer doors, known respectively as the east, south and west doors, although the building did not correspond to the points of the compass. From the south door a broad aisle led directly to the front of the pulpit; from the east and west doors branching aisles led each way, and met the broad aisle in front of the pulpit, and near the south or main entrance. On the north side (not a place of darkness in this case), and seemingly hitched to the wall, and nearly of the height of the gallery, was the pulpit, reached by a flight of steep winding stairs, and over the minister's head, like the sword of Damocles (only held by two threads instead of one), was the huge sounding-board, some eighteen or twenty feet in length and as many inches wide; and it was a wonder to us boys that it did not tumble down upon his head, for it seemed to us that the two iron rods that held it in place were only small strings. The body of the house was divided into twelve square pews (sheep-pens sometimes irreverently called), and there was also a row of square pews against the walls outside the branching aisles from the three doors, the whole being contrived so that one-half of the audience must sit with their backs to the minister. At the extreme corners from the pulpit were the gallery stairs, and under the gallery were the *nigger pews*, so called, where the few colored people who attended meeting might sit and hear the gospel of salvation preached by earnest men who could not, or would not, recognize the fact that all of the human race are children of a common Father, and entitled to all the rights which follow from such relationship. Two rows of slips or narrow seats with straight backs, where one must sit upright or slip off the seat, ran around the gallery on three sides of the house; directly in front of the pulpit was the singers' gallery, and in the rear of these slips, but higher up, was a row of square pews like those below, and over the gallery stairs were two more of the select "nigger pews." These gallery pews were favorite resorts for the small boys, and sometimes for the larger ones, for plotting mischief. No carving in ancient Nineveh, or among Aztec ruins, could rival in diversity and originality those made by the boys in those upper pews. It is possible for man to read the Assyrian manuscripts, and decipher the inscriptions found on the Pyramids of Egypt; but it would have puzzled the wisest scholar among them all to unravel the various inscriptions which could have been seen in those gallery pews forty years ago.

THE EARLY PREACHERS.

The first settled minister was the Rev. Ozias Eells. Long and faithful he served his people—preaching the Word, visiting the

sick, burying the dead, until he in turn was buried with them in 1813. He reared quite a family, but they all left the town more than sixty years ago, and although I have written many letters to various parties in different localities, I have been unable thus far to obtain any trace of them. Mr. Eells was succeeded by Rev. Elihu Mason in 1814, who only remained about two years. A Mr. Wait preached as a candidate for a short time after Mr. Mason's departure. In 1818 Rev. Ephraim T. Woodruff was called, but declined to settle on account of ill health. In November of the same year, Rev. Saul Clark was settled over the society, and remained until 1829. During his term a serious division arose in the society, and the feeling at one time was very bitter. I think he died in Meriden near thirty years ago. In 1830 Rev. Calvin Foote was called, but nothing ever came of it. In 1832 Rev. Wm. R. Gould was settled, and remained until 1838. I distinctly remember him as a pleasant, mild-mannered man, with a peculiar voice. Of course, I could not understand the knotty points of theology, but as a boy (although boys are not expected to know much) I could not help thinking that the most attractive feature of Mr. Gould's preaching, especially to the young men, was the presence of his family of fair and interesting daughters. Even in my boyish imagination they were about as fine specimens of the feminine gender as the town afforded. The family, I am informed, removed to Gallipolis, Ohio, and farther I have no trace of them. In 1840–41, Rev. John W. Alvord, of Winsted, was employed to preach, but I think was not regularly settled. Mr. Alvord was a man of great activity; had large descriptive powers, of great skill in word-painting, and terribly in earnest. He heard the thunders of Sinai, and saw the lightnings flash from Calvary's Mount. All the tropes and figures, all the types and symbols of the Bible were to him vivid and startling realities. I have never, in a somewhat extended experience, heard any one who could so vividly portray the torments of the damned or the anguish of the hopelessly lost as he could. I think few who were present will ever forget a sermon which he delivered one December Sunday in 1841. It was a gloomy winter day, such as is described in "Snow-Bound," when

> "A chill was in the frosty air—
> A chill no coat however stout
> Of homespun stuff could quite keep out
> A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
> That checked midway the circling race
> Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
> The coming of the snow-storm told."

By some mischance no fuel was to be had, and the old box-stoves that usually consumed so much of wood and time in vain attempts to

warm the old barn like edifice, were as cold and cheerless as the day. His text was Romans vi: 23. He said but little about the gifts of God, but the wages of sin were set forth in glowing colors. I can't say for others, but I *was warm* during the delivery of that sermon. A burning sun in a July hay-field could not surpass it. Although I have somewhat recovered from that fright, I shall never forget it, even though my years should exceed those of Lomer Griffing. During his term a powerful revival occurred, and a large number were added to the church. He had traveled extensively in the South, and had seen the horrors of slavery; and it was while he was here, I think, the first anti-slavery meetings were held in the old house. Little did we fancy then, as we listened to his eloquent language, in his burning zeal against that blot on our civilization, that the lives of the noblest and best, not only of our friends and brothers, but all over the land, must be the penalty paid for all the shame and injustice of our nation. During the war Mr. Alvord was very active in the Christian Commission, and also in behalf of the Freedmen, nor did he cease from his labors until the tired brain gave way, and the needed rest which he was too busy to allow himself to take was found in an insane asylum. Of late I have no knowledge of him, but I am sure that you who remember him will join with me in the wish that his last days may be peaceful and happy. After Mr. Alvord left the society the question of a new house and its location became a bone of contention, and the society divided, and the house where we now are was built about 1843–44. The Congregational Society in Riverton was organized in 1842. My father, who had for years been an active member of the old society, as society committee and choir leader, withdrew to help form the society at Riverton, of course taking his family with him, and thenceforward my knowledge of the old society is limited. I think it has had several different ministers, but none have remained more than from two to four years. Some, I can not say how many, withdrew from the old society, and for a short time had preaching in the Hollow, at the Universalist Church, but I think it was maintained for a short time only. The history of this old society is a part of the history of the town; in the old house our fathers were wont to gather to choose their Representatives to the Legislature; here their annual town business was transacted; here they came each recurring Sabbath to hear the truth preached in which they so sturdily believed, and in the ground adjoining they buried their dead. The memories of these older people to-day go back to that old house with tenderness and affection. Many of those who gathered there to worship

are seen no more; the voices that made such sweet music for our ears are stilled in death; eyes that looked lovingly and tenderly upon us are closed in their long, last sleep,

"While the names we loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

It was a great pity that the old house, with all its hallowed memories, could not have been preserved from decay and removal.

OTHER MEETING HOUSES.

The second meeting-house within the town limits was built in 1792–93, for the Winsted Society. It stood near to the town boundary line, and its location can be identified by most of the people living in the vicinity. The long story of the various struggles incident to its erection, destruction and removal, is told in "Boyd's Annals," and is really more a part of the history of Winsted than of our own town.

The church in the Hollow was commenced by the Episcopalians, early in this century. After being raised it stood for several years unfinished. The parish was small in numbers and poor in pocket, and was unable to complete the work. Eventually it passed into the hands of the Universalists, who finished it in good style for the times. I think there has never been a regularly settled minister over this society, although many different men have officiated in that pulpit, and all creeds and faiths have been set forth under its roof. Toleration to its fullest extent has been practiced if not preached there.

The Methodist Church on Washington Hill I know but little about. It is nearly or quite a half century old; being always a weak society, it has been able to maintain preaching only at intervals. The old people will remember Rev. John Parker, who more than forty years ago often officiated in this church. Mr. Parker now lives in Meriden, Conn., and although past three score and ten, still fondly cherishes the faith of his youth, and the large and handsome Methodist church in Meriden is largely the result of the labors and generosity of himself and his brother, Hon. Charles Parker.

The Episcopal Church in Riverton was built in 1829–30. It was a neat and tasty house for the time, bnt has always had a hard struggle to maintain itself.

The Methodist Church in Riverton was built, I am told, about 1835. This, too, struggled long against adverse circumstances, and is now rapidly going to decay.

The Congregational Church in Riverton was built in 1843. For

a time its prospects seemed bright, but death and removals have weakened it much, but regular services are still maintained. Its first, and for nearly a score of years the only pastor, was Rev. Luther H. Barbour, a native of Canton, now of Bolton, Conn., who has come to join in our celebration to-day.

The Baptist Church in the Valley was built in 1845. It was never a strong organization (in fact, poverty was the lot of all religious organizations in this town, however strong their faith that heaven was their home;) reduced in numbers by deaths and removals, it was deemed best, about fifteen years since, to remove the church edifice to New Hartford. Rev. George B., or, as more familiarly called, Elder Atwell, was its first, and I think the only, settled pastor He resigned his office about 1865, but the rest of his life was passed here; and that beautiful spring day, a few months since, we laid him to rest. For a generation his life was a benediction among us; his great heart embraced all the human race; his friendly ways, his witty sayings and wise proverbs, will long be remembered, and his memory fondly cherished.

In 1846 the Methodists built their little house in the Valley, and this, too, struggles for existence under adverse circumstances.

Of these eight distinct religious societies, I am told not one is self supporting to day, and each is compelled to ask for assistance outside of the town, plainly showing either that there are more churches than are needed, or that the people are sadly indifferent to their spiritual wants. In the early days of the town denominational preferences were very strong. By the leading denominations the Episcopalians were looked upon with disfavor; the fact that many of the Tories of the Revolution were of that religious faith was remembered, while the fact that large numbers of that same church were among the foremost champions of American nationality during all that struggle, was ignored or forgotten. I may say this with propriety, for you know my family training was of the Congregational order; and although my views have changed somewhat, I still have a fond regard for the faith and forms of that church with which so large a majority of the descendants of John Lee, of Farmington, Conn, have been connected. The Baptists, being more like the Congregationalists in their church government, and differing but little in faith, were better regarded socially. The Methodists were considered as good, clever people, but somewhat illiterate and visionary. A story used to be current of one of their early pioneer preachers who was arraigned by one of the regular order for his supposed heterodoxy, and was accused of opposing the "perseverance of the saints."

"You are greatly mistaken," responded the Methodist preacher; "it is the perseverance of the sinners I oppose."

Toward the Universalists the popular feeling was very strong. All the theological batteries were turned upon them; and on one occasion a member of the old church was arraigned before it, because he had attended a meeting, for one half day, at the Universalists. But they only had the experience which all parties, creeds and sects must have when in a hopeless minority. As in many other places, the stoutest champions of religious toleration were the fiercest in political intolerance, while those who strenuously advocated freedom for all politically were often sadly intolerant upon religious matters. Happily for us those days are passed; and I devoutly thank God that

The jarring discords of those times
In ours one hymn are swelling:
The wandering feet, the severed paths,
All seek one Father's dwelling.

For slowly learns the world this truth,
That makes us all its debtor:
That holy life is more than rite,
And spirit more than letter.

That those who differ pole-wide serve,
Perchance, one common Master;
And other sheep he hath than those
Who graze one narrow pasture.

THE MINISTERS.

With the exceptions of those already named I know of no ministers who have remained in the town long enough to become identified with it, as a part and parcel of its history; and yet, very likely, I may be incorrect in this. So far as I know, all of them have labored zealously for the good of their fellow men, and to day, I doubt not, all of us unite in hearty thanks to them for their zealous efforts to elevate and improve the race.

MASONIC LODGE.

In 1820 a Masonic Lodge was formed in the town, known as Northern Star, No. 58. The old charter bears the signature of Gov. Oliver Wolcott, who was then the Grand Master of the Order in this State. The lodge in a few years had enrolled in its membership a large proportion of the leading citizens of the town and vicinity. The first presiding officer was Dr. Amos Beecher; and Alvin Squire, Drayton Jones, Jabin Ford, who succeeded him in turn, are sufficient evidence of the standing of its members; and

yet, strange as it may appear, a hue and cry were raised against the order as unreasonable and almost as violent as was raised against the advocates of equal rights for all at a later day. No stories were too improbable to be believed, or too vile to be circulated concerning the Masons. At length the storm swept by, and the foolish clamor subsided In 1849 it was deemed best to remove the Lodge to New Hartford, where it still continues its work.

PHYSICIANS.

A Dr. Kincaid, I am told, was the first physician who came to town, but he remained only a short time. The first physician who settled in the town and remained, was Amos Beecher, a native of Wolcott, Conn. He came here in 1798, and soon become thoroughly identified with the town in various capacities, serving as representative and in various other offices, and having an extended practice in this and the neighboring towns for half a century or more, dying in 1849. Long will he be remembered as the wise counselor, benefactor and friend. His sons Amos and Rollin, and daughters, Mrs. Gorman and Mrs. Hart, are well known by all our people. The second physician was Oliver Mills. He settled in the Southwest District, and lived for a time where Mr. Cowles lives. I think he must have been a man of note, as he represented this town in the Constitutional Convention in 1818, and he delivered an oration at a Fourth of July celebration in this town in 1815. I have here a copy of it, which has been preserved all these sixty four years by my father's sister, Mrs. Laura Kenea, of Wolcott. I do not know that there is another copy in existence. Dr. Mills removed to Ohio in 1818 or 1819, where so many of our town people have found a home. Dr. Saul Upson lived for some years on the Bela Squire place. I know but little about him He went to Fabius, in the State of New York. Dr. De Wolf, from Colebrook, settled in Riverton at an early period of its history. I know but little about him, but distinctly remember when I was a lad of six years his setting a badly broken arm, and that I made a great deal more noise about it than he did. He delivered a Fourth of July oration in Riverton at the half century celebration (1826). I am told that he is living in a hale old age in Chester, Mass. Dr. Flavel B. Graham succeeded him in that village, and practiced for several years successfully. In the sunny South he sought in vain the health his skill gave to others, and died in San Antonio, Texas, in 1854. In 1833, Dr. Launcelot Phelps of Colebrook, came to Riverton, but I think never practiced here. At one time he was engaged in mercantile business, and in 1835

was elected to Congress, and again in 1837, and consequently had an extensive influence in the town. He removed to Colebrook in 1849, and died there some fifteen or twenty years later. His son, William H , was subsequently known as the noted banker of Winsted. He died in 1864. James settled in Essex, and is now, and has been for some years, member of Congress from the second Connecticut District. John became a merchant in Herkimer County, New York, where he died some twelve years since. Dr. Marcus Brockway, from Winsted, settled in the Valley about 1842, and practiced for some years quite successfully under the Botanic system, so-called. I am told he is now living in New Britain, Conn. I presume there have been others here who have followed the healing art, but I am unfamiliar with them.

THE LAWYERS.

About 1830 a lawyer came to the town. Knowing the peaceful nature of the people, and probably with an eye to a larger field, he located near the corner of the four towns—Hartland, Colebrook, Winchester and Barkhamsted, and hung out his sign. Business came to him, and in due time the lawyers, addressed him thus: "May it please your honor,"—and then men called him Judge. Other years passed, and he presided over the Senate of our State, and then men called him Honorable, but the old people prefer the old title—Esquire Goodwin. Long may he live, and *good win* with each succeeding year.

THE MILITARY.

Until about thirty years since the military laws of the state were very strict; every able-bodied man between eighteen and forty five was enrolled as a military subject, and duly notified that he must perform military duty or pay a fine Military rank gave social position also. Every officer or ex-officer had the handle on his name, and Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns and Sergeants appear frequently in the old records. This town was within the limits of the twenty-first regiment, but the annual musters were usually, though not always, held in Winsted. As no soldier was paid for service by the State, and each must furnish his own equipments, the old military companies were composed mostly of those who took no pride in the service, either in drill or general appearance, while the independent companies, so called, had showy uniforms, were well drilled and took pride in military service; hence

the aspiring young man who desired to be well thought of, sought to join one of these companies, and as they were limited to sixty-four in membership, they could take their choice among the applicants, and the ranks were always full. Those who were considered undesirable associates, were referred not to the "little church around the corner," but to the Barkhamsted militia. Four such companies were attached to the Twenty-first Regiment. The Rifle Company, of Winsted, with black, drooping plume, which glistened in the sunlight, had some members in the western part of this town. The Grenadiers, of New Hartford, with white drooping plume, which waved in the breeze, had some members in the south part of this town. The Light Guard, of Riverton, with nodding plume of red and black, and with showy uniform, its membership being almost entirely of that village. Few companies could surpass it in drill and discipline, going through the whole manual of arms and the school of the soldier at the tap of the drum with a precision and exactness that could only be surpassed by machinery. Only one of all its Captains, so far as I know, survives, Justin Hodge, (they call him Colonel now), who served as such for several years, and it was largely owing to his zeal and efficiency that the company attained its high standard. The old militia company had most of its members in the eastern part of the town. Of its long list of Captains I know of only one survivor, Robert Vosburgh, now of the Hollow, who is here to-day, hearty and vigorous, although past three-score and ten. The Artillery Company was mostly in the southern and central portion of the town, with some members in New Hartford. A white drooping plume tipped with blue, blue frock coats, white pants and glistening swords, of course, looked well on good-looking, fair-sized men. It won the admiration of the small boys, and the approval of the ladies. To us youngsters, that Captain was a "bigger man than old Grant," and we had no doubt of the ability of that company with that "six pounder cannon" to capture any fortress, no matter how strongly it was built. Of its long list of Captains I know of only four who survive: Amos Beecher, now of Winsted, Russell B. Perkins, now of Meriden, Joseph G. Goodwin, of New Hartford, and Grandison N. Wilder, now of Painesville, Ohio. The first three named are here to-day to join in our celebration. Of its Lieutenants I know but two now living: Eben C. Woodruff, now of Berlin, Conn., who is here to-day, and William Tiffany, who, with his old bass viol, gives us here the rich, full tones of forty years ago. The members of these companies will meet no more on life's parade, for the great majority have been mustered out. The

few survivors are oftener called "Grandpa" than "Father," and whitened hair and beard are the fashion among them. "General training," as the field day was called, was a general holiday. Among the boys Fourth of July was a good invention, but not to be compared to "general training" Do not think I exaggerate when I say that no barnyard cock in spring time ever led forth his speckled harem with a prouder air than that artillery Captain as he led his company to their position on the right of the long regimental line. Then came the question as to the precedence of the other independent companies. Sometimes one could have it; then another. Usually some Scotch blessings were forcibly uttered before the question was finally settled. After them were the regular militia companies, whose principal uniform was an utter want of uniformity, and a total disregard of drill and tactics. As I have said, it was the holiday of the year. From all quarters and directions came the old and the young, in all sorts of vehicles, except wheel-barrows; on horseback and on foot, by turnpike, highways, byways and across lots; everybody with his wife and children; venders of gingerbread, hot oysters, peanuts, maple sugar, watermelons, small beer, and sometimes "red eye" and "tangle-foot" whiskey could be found; but time would fail me to detail all the ludicrous and comic scenes of training day.

AN EPISODE.

On one occasion, one of our Valley boys, returning from training, took the Torringford road at the Gideon Hall place, and found about sunset, when he should have been at home, that he was somewhere else. A citizen saw the strange boy wandering aimlessly along, and accosted him The boy told his story, and was kindly taken in and cared for during the night. Next morning, having got outside of a good breakfast and received proper directions, the boy started for home. Great was the wonder and uneasiness at home because the boy did not return. A sleepless night was passed, and early next morning an older brother, who belonged to the Artillery Company, was started out to search for the lost boy, and met him near the Jesse Clark place, trudging homeward with a card of gingerbread under his arm, which he had bought with his hard earned pennies as a treat for the younger children at home who could not "go to training" That boy may live long enough to forget the part he took in the Barkhamsted Centennial, but he will never forget his first visit to Torringford on his way home from "general

training." If you doubt the truth of this story ask our Musical Director; he knows more about it than I do.

SCHOOLS.

In a community of limited means, and where the grand struggle is for the necessaries of life, no high standard of scholarship can be maintained; yet in education as in matters of religious interest, our ancestors did the best their circumstances would permit. Whatever deficiencies existed were in a great degree owing to ideas then largely prevalent. "Spare the rod and you spoil the child" was a favorite maxim with many of the teachers, as well as of the parents, and many of them took good care that we were not spoiled. They were conscientious, but experience has shown that theirs was not the best plan I recall in memory one female teacher who could extract more sting from an appletree sprout than a good sized man. Her tired little body was laid to rest years ago. There was another who had a wonderful talent for pulling hair, and the way she exercised it often astonished the shock-headed youngsters of the Southwest District. Her home has been elsewhere for many years, and children call her grandmother now. Still another I recall, whose gentle, loving ways won the affections of those turbulent boys, and drew them as submissively to her wishes as the steel is drawn by the magnet Blessings on her as she journeys down the hill of life towards the setting sun. I recall one of our male teachers, who, with the strength of a giant, as it seemed to us, ruled with the ferule and rod. I was frequently the victim of his anger, innocently so, and often vowed that when I grew to be a man we would have a settlement, and that he should receive all that was his due with interest. Now, "weighing 175" and standing "five feet ten," I believe I could do it; but time and absence have mollified my wrath, and although I have not seen him for more than thirty years, I should be glad to meet him, and "shake hands across the bloody chasm." I recall another, whose method was of an entirely different nature—

> "He banished both the rule and the rod—
> He taught us the value of knowledge,
> And taught us the goodness of God"

He is an old man now, but always respected and beloved by his scholars, wherever they are found. I mention these as an illustration of the different systems that prevailed in other towns as well as ours. I find no fault with the methods of our parents, but for one am devoutly thankful that there are better facilities for education

than when we were young. Our ancestors could not sustain High schools or academies, but they strove to inculcate honesty, sobriety, virtue, and all the correct principles which underlie the staid, sober manhood of a New England town, without which principles society is not stable or liberty secure, and the rights respected which belong to us, not because enacted in constitutions and codes of law, but because God made us men and women.

A PURE DEMOCRACY.

In a community where all are equally poor, there can be but little of aristocracy, so called. I think but few towns can be found where the people mingled more freely, notwithstanding their political and religious differences. The fact of being descended from revolutionary ancestry was the only thing of which any one could boast, but in this it must be confessed there was something of a degree of pride. I know that some of our boys would speak of it in something of the manner of the small boy who boasted among his playmates that his father "had a mortgage on his house." During the long winter evenings visits of families were frequent, for all the towns-people were neighbors, and these old, capacious farm-houses, where huge back-logs gave out a ruddy glow from the fire place, resounded with story telling, laughter and song. It has sometimes seemed to me that Whittier, the sweet New England poet, must have had in mind our Barkhamsted homes, as he tells us in "Snow Bound":

> "Where for the winter fireside meet
> Between the andirons straddling feet,
> The mug of cider simmered slow,
> The apples sputtered in a row;
> And near at hand the basket stood,
> With nuts from brown October's wood."

TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS.

As has been said, our people were almost without exception of colonial ancestry, and in such a community the early customs of New England would be preserved. The Sabbath was rigidly observed, commencing at sunset on Saturday and ending at the same time Sunday. To the great majority Christmas and Easter were unknown, but the New England Thanksgiving was universally observed. The holidays were few in number during the year, but were hugely enjoyed. The amusements consisted in pitching quoits, hunting, fishing, and wicket ball, now superseded by base ball and baser methods. For the benefit of the young I will de-

scribe it briefly. A level piece of ground was selected, and "a run" of from twenty to forty feet, as agreed upon, was laid out; at each end of the run was a light stick, some eight or ten feet long, placed directly across the run upon two bricks, or blocks of wood, so that, like a velocipede, it would tumble down easily. In front of each stick stood a player armed with a huge bat, heavy enough to fell an ox. when swung by brawny arms. The ball was of woolen yarn, from six to ten inches in diameter, and propelled by a bowler toward the opposite wicket from his stand-point, and the batman must defend his wicket—that is, prevent its being knocked off its supports by the ball—and he might knock the ball in any direction; then the batman must cross to the opposite wicket, each run so made counting as one point in the game, and the side or party making the most runs of course being the winner, the losing side paying for the supper, or "standing treat," as had been agreed upon. It was a healthy, enjoyable game, but that huge ball, hurled with almost giant strength, often caused stomach sickness and terrible contortions of body among the bystanders on such occasions. In each of the three sections of the town there were famous players, and matches for friendly trials of skill were frequent, and also with the neighboring towns.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

Notwithstanding the emigration to the West had commenced at an early day, the town increased in wealth and population, and in 1810 it had more than 1500 in population. It surpassed in this respect all the neighboring towns (Granby possibly excepted) and continued to increase, until in 1830 it had more than 1,700 inhabitants. The woodman's ax could be heard all through its forests, and the sharp ring of the saw in its numerous mills often resounded far into the night. From 1830 to 1840 was the culmination of its prosperity. The resources of the town were exhausted as the forests disappeared, and the young men, even before Horace Greeley—that grand and noble man—was heard of, took his advice and went West. Whole families disappeared with all their kith and kin. Family names, which had been borne upon the records of the town in various capacities from its earliest days became extinct, and this process has continued almost uninterrupted until the present time. While a spirit of emigration has some hopeful aspects, it is not an indication of prosperity in a town to see its young people leave it, even to improve their own condition. The wealth of a township consists in its men and women who know the value of money by

hard productive labor, and are willing to earn it. Oliver Goldsmith more than one hundred years ago in his "Deserted Village" wrote:

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

FRIENDLY CRITICISM.

This is true to-day. It is not an indication of prosperity to see large tracts of land owned by a few individuals, either at the South, West, or in New England. The people of New Hartford and Winchester were wiser than the people of this town. As their timber disappeared, they turned their attention to manufacturing, thus not only retaining their sons and daughters at home, but also attracting many of our townspeople to such a degree that a large proportion of their leading men in town and business matters are of Barkhamsted birth. Their natural resources were no greater than ours, but their methods were different, and so our boys who had an inclination for mechanical pursuits found opportunities in these manufacturing villages for their gratification which did not exist at home. This town can never, taken as a whole, be a profitable farming community; there is too much rock and too many steep hill-sides. If anything is to be hoped for in the future, it is in utilizing the large amount of water power within our borders. The Lighthouse Flat is an excellent site for a manufacturing village. There is another one on the opposite side of the river, a mile or so below. An immense power, surpassing the Greenwoods Company, at less expense, can be secured by building a dam just above Youngs' Mill, where the high bank is, on the east side, and no better site can be found for mills and houses than through the Bela Squire's farm, even down to my father's old place. Three large reservoirs, at least, can be formed on Beaver Brook; two large ones on Morgan River, while Shepard's Pond could be used to great advantage along its outlet. The natural meadows and power along East River, in some towns, should have been occupied long ago. Perhaps you think I am enthusiastic, and overrate the capacity of our town in this line, but could you go with me through Eastern Connecticut, along the Hockanum, Hop River, Shetucket, Yantic, Quinnibaug, Moosup and Oxoboxo, and see how small streams not equal in capacity to ours are utilized, you would not think I overstate the matter. But to secure this, encouragement must be offered to those who are disposed to come here and encounter the vexations and annoyances which are inseparable from new industries. These clear, running streams are peculiarly adapted to the

manufacture of paper, a business that will be stable to a greater degree than almost any other industry, for books will be made and newspapers printed (although some of them ought not to be) more and more as civilization advances.

MISTAKEN POLICY.

It would be far better policy to give away these mill sites, and thereby add to the wealth of the town, than to see the young men and women as they grow up forced to leave town in order to find a market for their labor Another mistake has been made in this town, growing out of the desire which some men have to own all the land which lies adjoining their premises. It leads to slovenly, if not wasteful farming. Better a farm of fifty acres well cultivated, with fences in good condition, than one of 300 acres where the fences are down, grass in the meadows so scattered that it seems like swinging a scythe in the air to cut it, and bushes growing where tall grass should be. But it may be said these remarks are out of place on an occasion like this. Perhaps so, but the fact remains that this town has largely declined in population, and consequently in influence, since I was a lad It is well to profit by the mistakes of the past I have mentioned some of the instances of this mistaken policy, and could tell others. A rural population must have a market near by for the consumption of the surplus of what is raised. Had you such a market as manufacturing along these streams would afford, every spare dozen of eggs, every peck of apples; yes, every stick of timber in your woods would have an additional value. I say these things because I love my native town, and desire its prosperity, and because I believe in the direction I have pointed out lies its only hope of growth in the future: It has been the custom for several years for stale wittlings and small penny a-liners to cast slurs upon and speak disparagingly of our town and its people. I heard one in the Connecticut House of Representatives, a little seven-by-nine lawyer, from an old town whose population is like a hill of potatoes, (the best part under ground), fling out in a contemptuous tone about Barkhamsted. The town representatives were present, but said not a word. Had George Merrill been there, that little lawyer would have heard from Barkhamsted.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

From our town have gone forth some noble men and women. They can be found in almost every western state, and are even now thinking of us as we are here holding pleasant intercourse. To call

the roll would be to prolong our meeting far into the night. We have sent out law-makers and law-breakers; doctors and those who need doctoring; ministers and those who needed a minister (if an ordinary minister could make any impression); teachers and those who needed teaching; mechanics who could make anything, from an old-fashioned cider-tap to a steam engine; merchants who could sell anything, from a tin jews-harp to a threshing machine, and make money every time; farmers who know good land when they see it, and how to use it to advantage. Our women—well, no better stock was ever raised and put upon the market. I know some of them who became famous teachers (our poetess to day is one of them), and I am told, by those who profess to know, that they make excellent wives. Mine is of New Haven manufacture, and truth compels me to say, after more than a quarter of a century's trial, I rather like that kind. But seriously, friends, I never can forget how some of these loving and lovely women befriended those little boys, who, on a dreary winter's day, more than forty years ago, looked down into the open grave where their mother was laid. I, the sole survivor of that family circle, may with propriety use the language of the author of that stirring lyric, "The Sword of Bunker Hill."

'Blessings on the hand of woman,
Angels guard her strength and grace,
In the cottage, hall, or palace,
Oh, no matter where the place,
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever more were curled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

'Infancy 's the tender fountain,
Power may thence with beauty grow,
Mother first to guide the streamlet,
From them souls unresting go.
Go on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

'Oh woman! holy is your mission.
Here upon your native sod
Keep oh! the young heart open
Always to the breath of God.
All true trophies of the angels
Are from mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

" Blessings on the hand of woman,
Fathers, sons and brothers cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the chorus of the sky.
Mingles where no tempest darkens,—
Rainbows evermore are curled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world."

TOWN LAWYERS.

Our town has been prolific of lawyers (some fifteen or more), and as a rule they have understood the fundamental principles of practice, *i. e.*, to collect the fees in advance. I call the names of such as have been brought to my knowledge: Steuben Rexford, of Center Hill, who died many years ago in Granville, Mass.; Joel Tiffany,, Jr., now of Chicago, long law reporter of the Court of Appeals of New York—also a lecturer, inventor, and humanitarian generally; L. Myron Slade, son of Joel Slade, long Judge of Probate in Bridgeport, Ct.; Monroe E. Merrill, son of Merlin, long Judge of Reprobates, (*i. e.*, Police Court), Hartford, Ct.; Lester Newell, son of Rollin, of New York, like a valuable article, done up in a small package; Elisha Johnson, of Hartford, who can always beat any Republican. Some of us remember him as

" Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the Southwest school,"

and hope to see the Judge handle on his name yet. John Allen, son of Matthew, who went west many years ago; Walter S. Carter, son of Evits, whom everybody knows, and who knows everybody; D. Bradley Lee, son of Henry, who has grown in purse and person in St. Louis, Missouri; James Phelps, son of Dr. Launcelot, now of Essex, Conn., long Judge of our Superior Court, and now member of Congress from the Second District. As one of his constituents, and a radical Republican from the rise of the party down to this hour, I am proud to say that in all of his twenty years and more of public life, the good name of James Phelps has been preserved with no scandal attached to it. Chester Dwight Cleveland, son of Rufus, who has found a home among the Wolverines of Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Charles Baldwin, son of Chauncey, of Princeton, Illinois, who has served in various official capacities, and two or more terms in the Legislature; Wm E. Ransom, son of Elisha, commonly known as " Let," who has long been clerk of the Superior Court at Litchfield, Ct.; Timothy C. Ransom, a brother, who has found a home in Forrest City, Iowa; Frederick Truman Wallace, now of Cleveland, Ohio, although not a native of this town,

was a young man here for many years, and may with propriety be considered one of our lawyer boys; Daniel Alford, son of Alfred, located in Kansas, and perhaps there are others, but surely here are enough to do the legislating for a large state, and keep a whole county by the ears.

TOWN CLERGYMEN.

The eastern part of the town was famous for raising ministers. I give a list as far as I know of them; The first minister, Rev. Ozias Eells had a son Sheldon, who became a Congregational minister and settled in Ohio. I am unable to obtain any trace of him. He must be a very old man, if living. Rev. Elisha C. Jones was a son of Elijah Jones, and grandson of Capt. Israel, on East Mountain. He settled in Southington. Conn., and for forty years and more he was a noted man of wide and extended influence, out of the pulpit as well as in it. He died about fifteen years since, leaving a stainless record. One of his sons is now a Congregational minister in Franklin, Conn. Phinehas Foster, of East Mountain, had two sons, who became ministers of the Congregational order. Lewis, who settled in what is now Clinton, Conn., and died there in 1833, after a ministry of one year. Lemuel Foster was for a time a colleague of Rev. Dr. Strong, of Hartford, Conn. Eventually he became a missionary in the West, when the country was thinly settled, and labored with unflagging zeal, dying at Blue Island, Illinois, after a ministry of forty-three years. Anson G. Tuttle was a son of Deacon Isaiah Tuttle. He is well remembered by the older people, as he preached on many different occasions in the old meeting-house. I am told he is now living in Ohio, quite advanced in years. Rev. Chauncey L. Loomis, son of Lester Loomis, on East Mountain, was for many years a missionary on the west coast of Africa among the Benga people. His home is now Middletown, Conn. More than a half century since there was a Methodist minister, named Timothy Merritt, son of James, on Washington Hill. I can learn nothing of him, and presume he died years since. Solomon Humphrey, of Ratlam, had two sons, ministers of the Congregational faith. Heman became, and was for many years, President of Amherst College, and died ~~in~~ Pittsfield, Mass, in 1861. Luther removed to Ohio many years since, and if living, must be well advanced in years. Deacon Lovell Parker, son of Benjamin, removed to Astabula County, Ohio, in 1816. His son Rufus became a Methodist minister. I know but little about him. In 1872 he came here to see again his boyhood home, and the few remaining friends of his youth. He died in Ohio in 1873. Rev. Lemuel Richardson, son of Lemuel, now of Hunt-

ington, Long Island, is a Methodist minister, and is here to-day, large enough to speak for himself. H. Wilbert Bushnell is a son of Hiram, who for several years owned the old Peletiah Allen place. He is now located in Eu Clare, Wisconsin, as a Methodist minister. I know but little about him, but remember him as a small boy. Rev. George A. Parkington, now a Methodist clergyman in New Haven, Conn , is a native of Riverton. As a minister, as a soldier, or as a simple citizen, he is one whom to know is to love. Rev. Clarence H. Barber, son of Deacon Gaylord Barber, is the youngest of our ministers, having recently graduated. Rev. William B. Ashley, now somewhere in Wisconsin, is, I think, a native of Riverton; certainly he was there for several years as a boy, and I think at one time was the rector of the Episcopal church in that village. All of these clergymen have, so far as I know, been of stainless life, and faithfully served the Master, whose servants they are. May those who survive be spared yet many years in which to serve God and their fellow men.

TOWN DOCTORS.

Our town has also been prolific of doctors, and here again I call names: Philemon Jones, son of Benjamin, of Ratlam, who died while yet a young man in Granby, Conn.; Richard Eells, youngest son of Rev Ozias, settled somewhere in Ohio many years ago; Milo Jones, son of Colonel Israel, now living well along in years at Dix, Illinois; Saul Upson, who removed to Fabius, N. Y.; James T. Gorman, who went to Pennsylvania, and died there some twenty years since; Russell Tiffany, long of Collinsville, now of Hartford, Conn.; Jerry Burwell, son of John, of North Hollow, now of New Hartford, where he has an extensive practice; Charles R. Gorman, grandson of Dr. Beecher, located in Pittston, Penn., became a prominent citizen as well as physican, a member of the State Legislature, and prominent in the Masonic and Odd Fellow fraternities. He died April 4th last, aged sixty two years. Joseph B. Whiting, of North Hollow, son of John, who preaches Democracy and practices medicine in Janesville, Wisconsin; Albert E. Merrill, son of Merlin, now Judge of Probate in Sandusky, Ohio. I suppose in his case law and medicine agree. Josiah H. Beecher, son of Amos, Jr., settled in Fair Haven, Conn., and died there in 1873; James R. Cummings, of Riverton, son of Alexander, now of Bridgeport, Conn.; Theodore Brockway, son of Dr. Marcus, now of New Hartford, Conn.; Elbridge G. Snow, of the Valley, long of Waterbury, now of New Haven, Conn.; Orville

Williams, from the Valley—the genial, witty, fun loving "Orv."—long of Ansonia, Conn., who died in New Hampshire several years since; his son Frank H., now in practice in Bristol, Conn.; E. M. Ripley, son of William, now in practice in Unionville, Ct.; Valorous W. Griswold, son of Chauncey, who located in Plymouth, Conn., for years. I know not where he is now, if living. I am not able to say to what school of practice these all belonged, but have understood that all were reasonably successful, although doubtless much of the medicine they have administered was of a *spew*rious nature. But there is another of our doctors who is entitled to the highest place upon our roll of honor. He went where the northern man is looked upon with suspicion, unless he happens to be of the dominant political faith, that he might help to stay the ravages of disease in the plague-stricken Crescent City on the Mississippi. Soon, ah! too soon, he fell a victim to his philanthropy, and far from friends and home he was laid in a stranger's grave. Tell your children the story, and tell them how nobly and manfully died our Barkhamsted boy—George W. Kibbee.

OTHERS OF OUR BOYS.

In music something has been accomplished by one of our Barkhamsted boys. In his far Western home his heart is in unison with ours on this joyous occasion. Many hearts in sadness have been cheered, and all of us have been deeply moved by the tender melodies of Virgil Corydon Taylor. One of our Valley boys, John P. Kenea, has wandered far, and become one of that unreliable class—"a newspaper man"—and now edits *The La Cygne Journal*, in Southeastern Kansas.

Our dentists are Daniel Jones, son of Orville, who died in Killingly, Conn., some fifteen years since; William Henry Sage, son of Josiah, now of New Haven, Conn. I presume they did their part towards setting people's teeth on edge.

Among our jewelers are Captain Clayton H. Case and Calvin Tiffany, of Hartford, Conn.; the Squire brothers—Bela S., Seth P. and Horatio N., of New York; Truman Case, Jr., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Some of our merchants are Seth K. Priest, Anson J. Allen, William Tiffany, Jr, of New Hartford; Albert Webster, of Ansonia, and his brother Erwin; Geo. Alford, Winsted; Giles H. Alford, Willimantic; Orville Jones, Jr., New Britain, Conn.; Geo. P. Burwell, Cleveland, Ohio; Hiram Talmadge, Toledo, Ohio.

Among our mechanics I mention Austin Hart, son of Aaron, who

went to Buffalo, where he died several years since. He was the inventor of the percussion cap, so-called. Ozias C. Healey, of Winnebago City, Wisconsin; Henry Smith, of New Haven, Conn.; Sherman Burwell, of Deep River, Conn.; Edwin R. Lee and myself —all are machinists by trade; Joel T. Case, of Bristol, Conn., a famous builder. Of many of our boys who have followed mechanical industries, I have lost all trace. To call the names of all who are worthy of notice would extend this address to a great length, and tax your patience beyond endurance.

I have not mentioned these because they are better than others. I would like to extend the list, but time will not permit. The merchant is no better than the machinist, the lawyer than the laborer, the minister than the mechanic, only as he lives purer and nobler.

One other of our boys must not be forgotten: He of the wide and varied experience, who wandered in many lands, and saw all phases of life; abandoning an unseaworthy vessel at the Sandwich Islands, thence working his passage to Valparaiso, Chili; carried into Peru as a prisoner of war, there becoming an officer in its armies, then superintendent of public works; lying in prison for several years as a victim of a revolution in the government; at different times with wealth at his command, then plunged into the depths of poverty, and dying in the autumn of 1875. I have in my possession what I think is the last letter he wrote to relatives at home, dated July 4th, 1875. I doubt if any novel has within its plot a more varied experience than that of James Watson Eggleston.

OUR SOLDIERS

As most of the early settlers were soldiers of the Revolution, it was but natural that they should teach to their children, and even to their children's children, the fundamental principles of our government—full, free and fair discussion upon all matters pertaining to the public welfare, and a cheerful acquiescence in the will of the majority, when lawfully expressed. So trained and educated, the sons of those sires responded to the nation's call in 1812 and 1814, as did their grandsons when the long roll sounded in 1861. You will, I know, pardon the seeming egotism if I mention those who bore my family name. You older people knew them as boys Lieutenant Henry B. Lee was killed in battle at Deep Bottom, Virginia, August 16th, 1864. Where his grave is I know not. He is one of the vast number

> "Who in mountain and hillside and dell,
> Rest where they wearied and lie where they fell."

Captain Edwin R. Lee was killed in battle at Newbern, North Carolina, March 14th, 1862. You remember, friends, that beautiful spring day, you came out in such numbers to bury him in the Valley. I felt then to thank you for that tribute of respect as I do to day. George W. Burwell, Sergeant Alfred Cecil Alford, Franklin J. Atwater, Elijah White, Cyprian Rust, Lowel M. Case, Henry A. Rexford, Franklin Andruss, William A. Smith, and perhaps there are others who died in the service, but their names have not come to my knowledge. It is a sad fact, but none the less a fact, that every liberty we enjoy has been purchased by the life of some one to whom life was as sweet and dear as it is to us. Human blood has ever been the price of human advancement. The outcome of it all is a higher civilization and a diviner life. So as we here call the names of our loved ones, let us devoutly thank God that such men have lived—men who were willing to peril all that makes life dear, and counted no sacrifice too great to preserve the heritage bequeathed to us—the refuge of the oppressed of all lands, as the abode of union, liberty and law. As we were taught to reverence the men who made the nation in 1776, so teach your children to reverence the men whose sacrifices saved the nation's life in 1861. A partial list of those who had important business in Canada, and who feared exposure in the "draft," has been furnished me, but I forbear to read it. I presume by this time they feel like the young couple, when, as the story goes, "her feller" had escorted her home for the first time, both sharing the awkward feeling that all married people so well know is the result of such an exercise. Said he as they separated, "Now, Susan, don't you tell anybody I came home with you." "I never shall tell of it, John," she replied. "I am just as much ashamed of it as you are." I have no doubt that the men I have indicated are even more ashamed of it than those are who served so nobly. A quarter of a century hence their children will have a deeper sense of shame for such conduct. We are proud of our revolutionary ancestry. Fifty years hence men will be equally proud that their ancestors served as soldiers during the slaveholders' great rebellion.

I know full well, friends, how incomplete is this effort of mine. I shall be poorly satisfied unless it results in a more full and complete history of our town. Some one should do for Barkhamsted what John Boyd has done for Winchester. The undertaking should be commenced at once, and pushed vigorously forward to its completion. The further we recede from the early days the more difficult the task becomes. Some one ought to do it—must do it.

I appeal to the young men of our town to commence at once. Were I living near by where I could have access to the early records, I would attempt it. Certainly we, whose homes are elsewhere, have a right to ask this of you who remain at home.

CONCLUSION.

I offer no apology, friends, for this production, or its method. The older people remember the little weather-beaten building in the Southwest district where I graduated nearly forty years ago, and the Waterwheel Seminary in the Valley, now gone to decay, where I took my highest degrees. A few brief hours and our pleasant gathering will be over. We shall separate to meet no more, as we are assembled here to-day; some to shops and mills, others to the noise and bustle of city life; some to stores and offices, some to quiet New England homes, while others will journey far toward the setting sun We have stood by the graves of those we loved long ago; have rambled again among familiar scenes, and I trust we shall carry with us a deeper love for these dear friends of our youth. Some of us as we depart will have looked upon these hills and valleys for the last time. Each succeeding year will call some of us to join the unnumbered throng that have once lived and are seen of men no more. When next the centennial occurs, none of us, and few of our children's children will be here to share in it. We are not ashamed of our ancestors; then let us so live that they who observe the next centennial shall do it with as much of pride and satisfaction as we observe our first centennial to-day.

"Though far from our home and surrounded by strangers,
Our thoughts shall recall the gay pleasures of youth.
Though life's storms occur and threaten with dangers,
Our souls shall repose in the sunshine of truth.
While streams to their own native ocean are tending,
And forest oaks swept by the tempest are bending,
Our souls shall exult while proudly defending,
The graves of our sires and the land of our birth."

A RECESS.

It was one o'clock when the delivery of the Historical Address closed, and a recess of an hour or more was had before the afternoon ceremonies were resumed. The time was happily spent in feasting, chatting, strolling, &c., many walking to places referred to in the Address, a number lingering at the spot where the old Meeting House stood, an accurate engraving and brief description of which is given herewith.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

As has been said, the old Meeting House was raised in 1784, and used for religious purposes until about 1843 or 1844, and also for town purposes. It was used but little, if any, after the new house was built, and being neglected, of course, rapidly fell into decay. After some changes in ownership, it eventually came into the possession of George Merrill and his sons, Charles and Sheldon, and was finally sold to the Greenwoods Company of New Hartford, and by them taken down in 1865, and part of it used in the buildings at the west end of the Greenwoods Company's dam, near the Scythe Shop. The large stone steps at the east door were used by Bela Tiffany; those at the south door by Charles Merrill; those at the west door by Sheldon Merrill, as steps for their residences respectively. Some

pictures of the house were taken about 1861 or 1862, but many of them were of an inferior style and finish. It has been a serious question whether one could be found good enough to copy from, and it was greatly feared that the book must be issued without one. At my earnest solicitation, Captain Jones, to whom I am under many obligations, took hold of the matter, and found one in the possession of Mr. Doughty, the artist of Winsted, who willingly attempted the task of making a picture, better even than the original, and by their efforts we are enabled to present our readers with a very fair representation of the "old meeting house." Mr. Doughty's generous labors in a matter in which he can have no personal interest, merits and should receive the thanks of all our people.

The view is taken from the southwest, toward the "Merrill tavern; the right hand door as shown in the cut was the south or main entrance. Bearing this in mind when reading the description as found on page 54, one will be enabled to obtain a very good idea of this venerable structure. Directly in the rear, on the north side, is the "old burying ground," where nearly all the pioneers of the town are buried, with many of their posterity.

"The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their last repose·
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

THE COLLATION.

As already said, when the Historical Address was finished the president announced that a recess would be taken until two o'clock, and invited all present to make themselves the guests of the townspeople, who had provided an ample meal for all. Town Hall was used as the depot for supplies, and the building was admirably adapted for the purpose, as it contained a number of low windows all round the building, which were just what were needed for passing out the plates of refreshments. Inside a number of ladies were stationed at the long improvised tables, which groaned with the weight of poultry and cold meats, biscuit, and all the accompaniments, cooked and prepared in the best home-made style. The audience—numbering from 5,000 to 6,000—filed orderly to the windows, and were in turn supplied on new chip plates, the cleanliness of which made the food more palatable. These plates brought one back to our grandfather's days, when wooden dishes were in vogue. The guests returned to get their plates replenished in accordance with their appetites, and the fair girls of Barkhamsted promptly filled them until every one was satisfied. On the lawn, beneath the shelter of the gigantic trees, tables were ranged for the invited guests and their ladies, and as many others as the seats would accommodate, and these were promptly waited on by sturdy girls, with rosy cheeks that indicated full health, to say nothing of beauty. Their dexterity in waiting on the table showed that their mothers deemed the art of housekeeping an accomplishment. The supplies were evidence that if the sweet and toothsome cooking of plain farmers was more popular in the metropolitan hotels, there would be less dyspeptics and French cooks. Altogether, the meal was a credit to the generosity and hospitality of the residents, and it was appreciated by those who had been getting up an appetite from early morning, and who perhaps only expected the conventional sandwich and glass of picnic lemonade. But in this all were pleasantly disappointed, for they were feasted with a royal dinner, well prepared and better served. The praise of the ladies who had charge of the refreshments was on every tongue, but their enterprise did not surprise me at all, for I knew them long and well.

THE AFTERNOON PROCEEDINGS.

AT THE STAND AGAIN.

It being two o'clock, the people began to wend their way toward the stand, where the exercises were to be resumed. One would have supposed that the tedium of the morning would have thinned the ranks, and that many would say they had had enough of oratory for one day. But such was not the case. Those who were compelled to leave on the afternoon trains, by reason of previous arrangements, did so with regret, for they now just began to enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. Every seat was occupied, and the band began discoursing pleasing music; and, looking over the sea of pleasant faces and the long line of teams hitched to the fences, trees and elsewhere, it looked as if really fresh accessions had been received to the morning audience. When the seats were occupied, and the applause that followed the music subsided, President Goodwin announced that the hour for resuming the exercises had arrived, and he would introduce Prof. Samuel Henry Lee, of Oberlin College, Ohio,* who would read a poem, written for the occasion by his wife, Mrs. Emma Carter Lee, a daughter of Barkhamsted, who was born in Pleasant Valley, and who was with them to-day, participating in the celebration. This announcement by the president was received with cheers, and Prof. Lee stepped forward, when the cheers were repeated. He prefaced the reading of the poem by pleasantly remarking that although he was not a native of Barkhamsted, he felt a strong attachment to some who were; that he had been ordered to read the Poem, and as in duty bound he must obey. He said that many years before, he had heard a poem by the same authoress, and it impressed him to such a degree that he went soundly to sleep, but, he added *naively*, "It was the only time; I have been kept wide awake ever since." The smooth, faultless rhythm of the poem was deeply appreciated by the audience, as was fully shown by the earnest attention, and the applause which frequently followed the local hits made, which were keenly relished by those who understood their significance.

*Prof. Samuel Henry Lee is a native of Lisbon, Conn., and is supposed to be a descendant of the Thomas Lee who settled in Saybrook, Conn. The Barkhamsted Lees are descended from John Lee of Farmington, Conn. It is not known that these families are in any degree connected.

CENTENNIAL POEM.

By Mrs. EMMA CARTER LEE, Oberlin, O.

READ BY HER HUSBAND, PROF. SAMUEL H. LEE.

Sweet Tunxis, singing through the vale these hundred years,
We come to thee to aid our song to-day;
We come with faltering steps and crowding fears;
Accompany these words with tuneful lay,
So all may feel God's blessing by the way.

Only a little span of time, these hundred years,
To thee, fair river and eternal hills;
But oh! to us who live in smiles and tears,
The way seems long; each spirit thrills
As the strange distance all our vision fills.

As once a cross was placed by waysides, here and there,
For travelers to rest awhile and pray,
So we, far up this road of history, drop our care
And pause to look, to worship, while we say
Thank God for birthright in this town to-day.

We come from far and near: four generations here
Touch hands, and yet not one of all the throng
Broke soil, or felled a tree in that lone natal year;
Not one saw heaven's pure light, or heard the song
Of waters swelling through deep woods along.

On yonder hill, on mossy stones their names we trace;
Good names — the aged here to-day will tell
Of father brave and strong, of mother's gentle grace,
How some were soldiers, serving country well,
Those long, dark years that o'er the new homes fell.

Oh! let us read it o'er, that old historic page,
Count on the flag the thirteen stars again,
Our morning stars, whose light flashed down the nation's age,
Illumining the way for Freedom's reign;
Our grandsires bought sweet peace by strife and pain.

A blest inheritance of liberty they gave,
Which children's children sacredly have kept,
Not without cost; we mourn afresh to-day our brave
Who quickly shouldered arms, when treason swept
The old flag down, and o'er it foully crept.

One moment only; yet to plant it firm and high
Took years of bloodshed, and we gave our best,
Who throwing hopes away, for country went to die,
A sacrifice upon her altar blest;
No more the stain, or cry of the oppressed.

The dear old flag, whose stars now shine from sea to sea
Around that central group — a glorious host —
It waved a hundred years ago for people free;
It waves to-day, and 't is no idle boast,
Our flag in all the world is honored most.

A hundred years ago, the world in darkness lay,
Great spaces intervened, and ways were few;
Crowned Science brings the far-off near to-day:
The Master's words are showing sweet and true;
Go teach all nations, love as I love you.

Our grandsires felt these words in Whitfield's burning zeal,
And Wesley, too, apostle to the poor;
Now 't is an age of missions, service is the seal
Of true nobility, and riches moor
In Christian channels, where the good is sure.

But now from larger things we turn our eyes
To native hills, to mounts that touched the skies
We thought as children, to these azure streams
Whose music haunts us oft in midnight dreams
And steals a soothing note, where hurrying feet
And weary hearts press down the crowded street,
And you and I, with temples whitening fast,
Burdened with cares, look back upon the past
And say 't was well, that childhood fresh and free,
'Mid vales and upland, where each chestnut tree
Held more of promise than our banks to-day,—
'T was well to climb the rocks, through woods to stray,
Study the miracles of Nature's way,
Gather the berries, mingling work with play.

'T was well we found such golden fruit and fair
Upon the tree of knowledge, spreading where
The river flowed, or on the hillside green ;
Oh! gladsome school days, like a silvery sheen
Of cloud, the faces long forgot float by,
And names come back ; our teacher's eye
Again seems on us — teachers kind and true —
Able, " they builded better than they knew."
Those gentle ladies in the summer time,
And noble men, in winter's frosty rime,
When all young life beat quick, and rushed to school
With such a tide of frolic, every rule
Swept down, until a firm and patient hand
Uplifted, guided all the noisy band
In ways of duty, till the task was done,
And o'er the old rude seats the lowering sun
Sent floods of light ; then forth with song and shout
We thronged all ways, proclaiming school was out.

Our feet may wander through cathedral aisles,
In statued halls, and glorious pictured miles,
And bring some little treasures home to keep,
Which thief may take, or fire may o'er them sweep ;
But, oh! these pictures wrought into the heart
Like tapestries, are ours ; a royal part
Of life itself, that naught can take away ;
And as we give the hand-shake here to-day
And look into the faces, light will fall,
Renewing light, and we shall see them all,
Each in its setting of the golden years,
Some shrined as marbles veiled in misty tears,
But everywhere God's loving work appears.

The old church of the century! picture rare
Among our treasures, do you see it there
Spireless upon the hill ? with spreading oaks
Upon the sloping green, where all the folks
In summer Sabbath noons talk staid and low,
While groups of children wander to and fro,
Wishing their good clothes were for Monday too,
Or they could sit up-stairs as singers do
Close to the viol, or those pews so high
By upper windows, watch the clouds go by,
Or hear the birds, for sermons were too long,
And e'en the deacons' heads seemed far from strong ;
Uplooking to that pulpit quaint, above,
Where stood a saintly one with father's love
For all the flock, who came from miles around
There to be fed, no calling bell to sound ;
Oft cold, but crowded every square-fenced pew,
Whose paneled sides Time's painting only knew.

God's tabernacle! Do you remember how
The chrism of baptism fell upon your brow
Down by the altar, when the feast was spread,
The solemn hush o'er all in breaking bread;
The aged group, the poor beneath the stair
So crushed in spirit, while the song and prayer
Closed o'er the whole as incense on the air?
Oh! let us linger by the sacred place;
Here souls were born, and blessed showers of grace
Came down and watered all the thirsty land;
While anthems swelled and hallelujahs grand
Filled all the house, with grateful, glad acclaim
To Him who sent the Pentecostal flame.
Here, too, close by, they laid their dead away
In mother Earth, till resurrection day;
So "beautiful for situation," see
The valley's grace, the great hills' majesty.
Here in this presence still your hurried feet,
Take soulful rest, and gather strength to meet
The coming days that hasten on so fleet.

We cannot trace the changes time has made:
Things have their rise and fall; 't is first the blade
And then the ear, then in the ear full corn;
Fulfilling well the promise of the morn;
And yet not all fulfilled, till scattered wide
Impelling other growths; so here beside
The dear old hearthstones, — planted long ago, —
We miss the young and strong: they 're gone to sow
By other waters: crowded pews no more,
Though sweet bells call to worship o'er and o'er,
In newer temples; altar fires are dim:
But blessed all who stand and wait with Him,
Who stand and wait, thrice blessed wait with prayer
For loved ones on the toiling fields, out where
The need is sorest; count no loss to-day
If of this old town's children you can say
Good men and women striving for the right,
No matter whether here or there, God's sight
Is not like ours. He sees the ripened grain
Upon its thousand fields, and guides the wain
Home to its garner with a glad well done,
For you who gave the seed. The town begun
A hundred years ago in lonely wild,
Where roamed the deer and lurked the forest child,
Grew strong and full upon the granite hills,
Nerved with a vigor like her gushing rills,
And overflowed, until to-day her bound
Is not by mount or stream. We look around
And see her children — men and women all,

Who 've come with joy as to a mother's call.
Is not the old town large as measured, so
May we not keep it ours where'er we go?
And link our work with those who 've gone before,
Who sing the "Harvest Home" on heavenly shore,
Their toil all ended, rest forevermore?

A hundred years! we stand before the serried line
And see how small a space we have to fill;
No room for pride — the stars long ages shine
And rivers flow — this mortal life grows still
And leaves of dust a handful on the hill.

So small are we, and yet God's greatest work we know:
The years are for us, all the good of earth;
In His own image made, this life, so brief below,
Grows into fullness of immortal birth —
Heir to a royal crown of priceless worth.

The children of these hills, we bow our heads to-day
With gratitude for all the century's light;
The children of a King, we lift our hearts and pray.
While the last moments take their silent flight,
And the new century opens on our sight.

Oh! may the blessings of the hundred years gone by
Fall like a mantle on the years to be;
Our children better live, while we beyond the sky
Find native air, a childhood full and free,
A sinless home through all eternity.

The conclusion of the Poem was the signal for enthusiastic cheers, which continued for a long time.

THE ORATION.

BY HON. MONROE E. MERRILL, of Hartford.

President Goodwin, when silence was restored, introduced, in a few pleasant words, the Orator of the Day, Hon. Monroe E. Merrill, of Hartford, formerly of "The Hollow," who was, he said, perhaps as well known to the audience as any Barkhamsted boy who stood before him. Judge Merrill then stepped to the front, and received a warm greeting. He delivered the following oration:

THEN! NOW! HEREAFTER!

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:

Can I mention three words more suggestive of thought than are these three? They at once bring before the mind all the glories and all the shame; all the strength and all the weakness; all the virtues and all the vices; all the victories and all the defeats of the great remorseless, cruel past; and as we look upon these past events they seem to ask us in the cold and pitiless tones of history, "Have you, men and women of this century, examined us carefully; profited by our virtues; avoided our mistakes; increased the talents that we left in your charge; and will the generations that are yet to live, bless and honor you, even as you are bound to bless and honor the heroes of the years gone past?"

"Experience is the guide and teacher of the wise men," says the Proverb. If this is true of men, so must it be of nations and communities. Hence a careful study of the manners and habits of our ancestors ought to be ever profitable to us as a teacher and a guide, not only for present, but also for future action. Bear with me, then, a little as I roll back the curtain, and try to group together our men and women of a century gone past—compare their manners and their morals with those of the present day; and then with that longing yearning of the human soul to guess at futurity, venture to pre-

dict what may occur in this our pleasant and highly favored land in the hundred years that are yet to come.

As I can only touch upon the most general of topics, I shall venture in speaking of the "Then," to embrace a period of about twenty five years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and before I venture to speak particularly of our own town, let me mention briefly a few words of well known history.

The infant Republic had in this period just emerged from a long, bitter and destructive war, with a nation that in fairer hours she had been pleased to call by the sacred name of *Mother*. Bloody, fierce and terrible had the struggle been for seven long and weary years. Not only had kindness and humanity seemed to have deserted the almost proverbially humane and gallant British soldier, but the Home Government had arrayed against her children the tomahawk, scalping-knife and torture of the savage, and even this was not the worst. As is ever certain to follow an attempt to preserve by arms the right of self-government, so was it with our ancestors. Many persons sided with the power they believed to be the stronger—perhaps the power they believed to be right—and brother had fought against brother; neighborhoods were divided in opinion, embittered in feeling, and rancorous in mutual hate. A debt of $40,000,000 hung over the infant Republic, and it seemed impossible to find means for its payment. Towns had been destroyed; farms ruined; seaports destroyed; churches changed into barracks, hospitals and stables. Of wealth there was very little, and the people of the different states were most unlike in all matters of religion. morals and habits of daily life. War had brought what war always brings in its train to a people—a lax morality among all classes of men. A worthless currency and consequent commercial distress had made it impossible for honest persons to pay honest debts, until it had ceased to be considered a disgrace not to pay what one owed his neighbor. A peck of paper money bought a pound of meat, and even then the seller parted with his meat reluctantly. All over the world was a dark and terrible unrest. In the quarter of a century of which I speak, a nation of generous and chivalric Frenchmen, goaded to desperation by centuries of evil government and priestly villainy, had risen in their wrath; the head of a weak minded, kind hearted king had rolled from the guillotine, and fair France was deluged in a torrent of blood, much of it, alas! the blood of her wisest and fairest and best beloved children. England, Austria, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Portugal, the Two Sicilies, the Roman States, Sardinia and Piedmont had formed their first coalition against France;

the armies of the world were in motion, and now war and desolation seemed to brood over all nations, and it almost seemed as if God, weary of blessing His children, had left them all to run riot with sin and with their evil passions. Russia had declared that there was no longer either a kingdom or a republic of Poland; the nations of the old world replied not; the despotism which assumes to make a mere human creature the absolute ruler of millions of his fellow men, and next to God, in all his power and his attributes, had triumphed for the time; poor, brave, patriotic Poland died as a nation, and might almost have been said to have been buried in the blood of her fairest and best beloved children. And yet no thunderbolt reached the czar in his palace. The vengeance, even like the love of God, might almost have seemed to be sleeping. England, foiled in her attempt to enslave her American colonies, still clung to the bigoted opinions of George the Third, that king who could desire, in his own words, that "decrepitude or death might put an end to the trumpet of sedition, in the person of one of England's greatest sons—the elder Pitt. Another baleful star was arising in France—that star that arose in blood and victory, and set in gloomy loneliness at St Helena; for I cannot, I *will* not, allow myself to ally—even in ties of blood, with the great warrior that man of modern times misnamed Bonaparte—~~he~~ who not only stole his name, but stole the liberties of a great and generous nation; placed himself in power by a most hideous massacre of unarmed people; carried out a reign of fraud, and sin, and vice, and crime, and villainy, and went down, together with his corrupt and rotten and damnable empire, at Sedan, before the advancing bayonets of a decent German civilization Neither, more, do I honor or respect him, the hair-brained boy of yesterday, who likewise claimed to be a Bonaparte, who, fighting against a people who had never wronged him, at least, lost his life at the hands of a naked savage, whom he pretended to despise Verily the veriest savage on all God's earth is a nobler being when fighting for his home and his freedom, "for the ashes of his fathers and the altars of his gods," than is the proudest scion of any race, when trying to take human life that he may destroy human freedom. And I venture to make one prediction here: that the peoples of all lands, unless degenerate, will in the year 1979 think higher and better of the Zulu savage, who rid the world of a spurious prince in defending his own country, and will more revere his memory than they will think of or revere the memory of that weak and vain glorious boaster, who desired, to use his own words, that he might be "assagaied a little," was most fully accommodated,

who did not even die "with his face to the foe," but who now sleeps among the honored dead of Old England. I pay my compliments to the Zulu warrior fighting for his home. Let him who chooses toady to the memory of the buried, spurious Bonaparte.—But this is a digression, and I return to my subject. Such was then the condition of the world into which the new Republic was born; such briefly her own condition as a nation. Could any person, then speaking of her future, venture to predict aught but a weak and divided people, existing, perhaps, for a time, and then crumbling to pieces, the prey of every greedy despot and of every cunning adventurer? With a large sea coast and no navy; with hardly what could be called one large town; with a heavy debt—a worthless currency; no real bond of union; foes, or, at least, not friends, on all sides of them; a vindictive and blood-thirsty race of savages in their midst; a disbanded army unpaid—what could have been in the eyes of the prophet of that day as he looked to the future, but disaster, gloom and misery? But it was not all dark. At the head of the people was a man singularly combining in his person all that goes to make up the character of a great and good man. It has been said of him that he was really great in no one particular. If we admit for a moment that this is true, still it must ever be allowed that as a grand and perfect entirety his character stands alone on the historic page. A brave soldier, a fair general, a wise statesman, speaking and writing well, whose patriotism no man ever even dared to question; of incorruptible honesty, perfect integrity, absolute truthfulness, reverent piety; devoting his life to the service of his country without reward, he stands before all the world a glory to his race, an honor to his country, the grand central figure among all men, who must ever revere while virtue lives, the name and character of Washington.

Around this grand central figure was grouped a host of patriots from every state in the Union, whom I cannot even name for want of time, but all of whom most ably seconded their chief in all that pertained to the well being of the young Republic.

Another intensely strong element in its favor was the immense amount of territory belonging to the government, and only awaiting cultivation and labor to open all of its then unknown wealth to the world. The deep, dark forests, heavy with the timbered growth of centuries; the broad prairies, now the great grain gardens of the world; the river-valleys, rich with the alluvial deposits of the ages; mountains, streams, hills and vales, all alike were holding immense stores of wealth within their bosoms, and only waiting for honest

industry to send it forth to all the world. The people whom God had blessed with such a land did not just then care to stop and fight among themselves Other causes favorable to the young Republic grew out of the habits and character of the people, and to these I must now allude.

I think I shali not be accused of boasting when I say that all history tells us of no class of people more capable of self-government then were the people of Connecticut at the period of which I am speaking. In fact, from the days of Hooker and of Davenport they had always governed themselves, and the entire power of the British crown could neither tear from our stern old Puritan fathers either their charter, or the persons of the three men who had dared to put a king upon trial for his life.

As a type of nearly all the inhabitants of Connecticut at this period I select our own town, and ask your attention for a few moments to the character and traits of our ancestors. A thoroughly hardy and self-reliant race, yet strictly and orthodoxly pious, believing that God did all things, yet never neglecting their part of the hard labor, they might have been said to always carry out the celebrated order of Cromwell, "To always trust in God, but always keep their power dry." Having settled in a wilderness to be cleared, with an absolute necessity for hard labor at all times and strict economy, they yet ever carried with them the school-house and the church; ever devoted their rigorous seventh day to religion; ever gave to their little ones all of the education that their limited means would afford. The large fire place not only afforded warmth and cooking facilities, but, to save expense, the good man read his Bible, and the good wife pursued her evening labor by its flickering light, while the little ones, stretched upon the floor before it, conned as best they might, the school lessons of the coming day. The busy housewife—and she was always busy—and her daughters, washed and cooked, and brewed and baked, and wove and spun, and the hum of your grandmother's spinning wheel seemed to play an accompaniment to the echoing blows of the axe swung by the father of her children.

Laziness was at once a sin and a crime, and he who indulged therein did it on peril of the pillory and the stocks. There was but little communication with the outer world Letters were few and far between. Probably if they had been written, in most instances the result would have been like that of a young friend of mine when first he found himself in love, and "would a wooing go," was accustomed to spend his day in writing a love letter, and carrying it

to his lady love at night and reading it to her, for in most instances if our grandsires wrote letters they would have been obliged to deliver them in person.

Game and fish were plenty, and a full abundance of good and wholesome food was in the house of the poorest settler.

In religion he was most strict, and ever looked more to the dark and stormy threatenings of Divine anger found in the Old Testament than he did to the sweet love and gentle teachings of the new revelation. He persuaded by the "terror of the law"; he restrained sinners more by appeals to their fears of hell than he did by pointing to them the glories of Heaven. He commenced his Sabbath on sundown of Saturday, and ended it with the going down of the sun on Sunday.

Woe to the present happiness of that miserable boy whose natural depravity led him to express an audible desire for any more cheerful reading than "Saints' Rest," "A Call to the Unconverted," or "The Doleful State of the Damned," during these sacred hours. He most certainly would have experienced forthwith a foretaste of that "doleful state," even in the flesh. Please do not mistake me. The man was better than his gloomy preaching. Unconsciously almost, perhaps, the gentler teachings of the Nazarene had permeated all his being, and although he might still preach and teach the doctrine of "Praise God Barebones," yet in his daily life he was a loving husband, a tender father, an obedient son, an honest, upright, God-fearing man. He made death horrible, and added to the ordinary tortures of every funeral. When, as he verily believed, a good man had gone to heaven, and was free from sin and pain and death forever, he yet dressed his coffin and his hearse, his wife and children even, in hideous dismal black; he preached a sermon of an hour over his senseless corpse, and then, as if determined to fill the cup of the mourner's bitterness to the brim, he wailed over the open grave that most soul-torturing, heart-breaking tune ever sung by mortal lips, "Old China;" yet he succored the widow, he aided the fatherless, he dwelt long and tenderly on every virtue of the dead man. and in his secret heart was ever dwelling on that sacred promise of the Master: "I am the resurrection and the life." Almost all riding was on horseback, and when going to church, if able to afford but one horse, the wife and little ones must ride, even if he walked. An honored friend tells me of her husband's father, Mr. Josiah H. Hart, starting for church, his wife riding on the saddle, the daughter next the wife, and a son behind, holding on to his mother's dress to keep himself on the horse, and on to his sister's dress to keep her on,

while the God-fearing, sin-hating old patriarch walked by the side of his horse, supported only by his cane. A pail, hung on the horn of the saddle, carried the dinner, which was eaten in the interval of two good long old-time sermons, by the side of the old spring below the church, for no man deemed it meet or proper then to go home for his dinner. A strongly religious man he, not even allowing himself to partake of the food he loved the best, if prepared upon the day he devoted to his God. Even Fast Days were kept sacred by him, and once having forgotten, when years were on him and the silver cord was beginning to loosen and the wheel turn slowly at the cistern, that it was Fast Day, he went into his garden with a hoe. The ringing of the church bell reminded him of his forgetfulness, when he at once retired to his room, and spent the rest of the day in fasting and in prayer. You may smile at this simple faith, but no man or woman who honors honest manhood can but stop to pay a graceful tribute to an honest, earnest, God-fearing man. But many of our ancestors could not indulge in the luxury of a horse; neither did it take very many Saratoga trunks to carry all the wardrobe of the greatest belle among them. Many had to walk to church, and that, too, a distance of several miles. Sunday shoes and stockings were expensive luxuries, so the old shoes and socks were worn to the foot of the hill below the old church, where by the side of the bubbling brook, with its pure, clear water for a mirror, the old goods were laid aside until after church, and the new ones donned. The rosy beauty gazed into the sparkling brook for a moment, to look upon a round and healthy and happy looking face, and a little body dressed in short gown and petticoat, all, even to the spinning and weaving, the work of her own hands—then, if she had for a moment thought with a pardonable pride of the beauty of her smiling face, she started and turned pale with the sin she had committed on God's Holy Day, and then passed on to the old church and the graves beside it. Ah! dear old grandmothers of yours and of mine; sweet faced, sweet-voiced and beautiful in the long ago, but dust and ashes now, how did you suffer from the tortures of a neuralgic conscience! God never meant that one of His creatures should ever cease to love and admire the beautiful, whether seen in tree or flower, or in the "human form divine." Sleep on in your quiet slumbers in the old yard yonder. This day, of all other days of life. will we remember and praise and bless you for the gentle virtues, the sweet and loving care, the faithful, never-tiring solicitude with which you watched over all that God had given you.

In the days of which I speak, horses were all taught to carry

double, and the swain who would invite his lady love to an evening party, rode to her house, she came out with her riding blanket, this was placed upon the animal by her cavalier, she took her place behind him, and away went horse and beau and belle together. And here I know right well that my young friends will expect a few words about the manner and style of the old-time courtships. It is really too bad, but history is most provokingly silent on this subject. It is whispered to me, however, that the old, old story, first told in Eden's garden, is always new, and always about the same.

"The story of love's miracle,
The giving that is gaining."

I have no doubt, my dear young friends sitting there together so cosily to-day, and making me wish that I was young again, that your great-grandfathers and great grandmothers went through the usual process of mating about as you are now doing. The man who would face a cannon's mouth without a tremor, trembled in the presence of the lady of his love; he who could cheer on a regiment, or lead a forlorn hope at the head of his column, blushed and stammered, and acted foolish when seated by the old fire-place near his beloved; the soft sweet voice of girlhood thrilled him more than did the tread of armies, and he would have given worlds if, like Plymouth's ancient captain, he could have popped the question at the hands, or rather the mouth of his friend. But the momentous question came at last; the gentle, timid answer; and then that sweetest, purest, holiest time in human life, when two human souls each thought only of its beloved. Then came that terrible publication of the banns in church. Did our sires do this to punish themselves for a few days of happiness? I know not, but if man could invent a more purely diabolical torment for an innocent youth and maiden than to have cried out before the entire congregation the words: "Increase Sumner and Wealthy Averill contemplate marriage," I fail to know what that torment could be. But after this came the holy ceremony (a sacrament with them) that bound two human beings together for better or for worse, and then the young husband, in almost every instance, might have sung to his bride in the words of the poet of his own generation:

"What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors;
And to be noble we'll be good."

"What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess."

"Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the ONLY life to live."

"And when with envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys."

I would fain linger here, for the theme is very pleasant, but time is relentless, and I must hurry on.

Not without humor were our ancestors. The first clergyman would induce his dearly beloved wife to keep up a fire all day to boil what she supposed to be sap into maple sugar, and then at night tell her he dipped up the sap from the spring, after she had began to wonder why it did not grow sweet. Their town poet made curious rhymes, and once sent in his entire list in poetry, and I am in possession of a mass of curious anecdotes which time will not allow me to repeat. For twenty-six years was Rev. Ozias Eels the beloved pastor of this people, and he was at last gathered to his rest among them, dying with his harness on, among the families he had loved, in whose homes he had been at funeral gloom and wedding festivity, whom he had known and loved and blessed for the long years of an honest and faithful life.

In almost every home was the familiar face of Dr. Beecher known and welcomed. Riding on horseback, saddlebags behind him—jolly, hearty, healthy, genial man, with a good story or a joke for a friend, a word of sympathy for the suffering—he was perhaps the most called on and best known of any man in town. And not only did he have to deal with disease in its various forms, but also with the superstitions, and in many instances the ignorance of his patients. One was bewitched, and her blood must be burned by the Doctor, while the husband, club in hand, stood ready to kill the witch or devil when he made his appearance; another insisted that he had twelve pounds of lead in his stomach. In short, stories of this kind in the Doctor's long and busy life would make a volume well worth reading, and would be full as pleasant in the sick room as was the medicine of the Doctor—at least to take.

The old time tavern was in its glory in those days. No wretched inn or hotel, but the good old-fashioned tavern. There gathered of an evening all of the good men of the place, and smoked their evening pipe, and sipped, in friendly sociability, that cruelly murdered, buried, and almost forgotten beverage—the mug of flip. There, once a week, came the post-boy with his meagre budget, his only

paper, the *Connecticut Courant*, then about a tenth of its present size, the wild notes of his horn heralding his approach long before he appeared in sight. There in yonder old tavern met the troop commanded by Capt. John Merrill, the landlord, and having for a band the brave old Scottish Highlander, Peter Stuart, who was captured at the surrender of Burgoyne, and remained in this country ever after. Solid and substantial was the food obtained in those old houses—food cooked by the wife and daughter; guests waited upon by the ever attentive landlord; beer of home brewing; liquors, if desired, that had never dreamed of vile adulterations; the quiet pipe, the pleasant, chatty evening; the last warm swallow of the flip, heated by the red-hot iron; the kind, good night; the great feather bed in which one went into out of sight, warmed by the heated pan, and then the wind might howl and the snow might fly, but the happy traveller could smile at their vain efforts to disturb his sweet repose. Oh, for one more day and night in such a place and at such a time, and then hurrah for a grand bonfire to sweep all modern abominations called inns and hotels, with all their attendant dirt, filth and discomfort, out of all creation. I linger still over our ancestors. They were a brave, honest, God fearing, hospitable, generous, economical, laborious, shrewd and earnest people. They believed in their religion, and meant to make every one else believe in it. Let it not, however, be forgotten, that even in their bigotry was a large element of love, as they most honestly thought there was but one way to get to heaven. They were well educated for the age in which they lived. I doubt whether any American citizen ever lived from his birth to the age of twelve years in Barkhamsted who could not read and write. Through the kindness of Mr John Watson, of Hartford, I have been shown an order, written by the town's first settler, Pelatiah Allen. It is written in a remarkably full, round hand, of which no one at the present day need be ashamed, and what is somewhat singular. his handwriting is almost an exact facsimile of the writing of a descendant of his, bearing the same name, and now living in Ohio. The descendant who never saw his ancestor is his great-grandson, and the signatures are so almost exactly alike that one would readily be taken for the other. May it be that the old men live in their descendants of the years that follow, and that life is never a straight line, but only a circle, constantly turning? If this is so, we can only work to improve the circle, and hope to even make it better in the days to come than it has ever been in the days that have gone past.

Fain would I linger much longer on the past, but the present calls

for my attention, and I must speak of the "Now" for a few moments. And in speaking of the "Now" of America, I speak of the "Now" of nearly all the entire world of to-day. The latest poem, the latest play, the latest work of art of any kind in England of to-day, belongs to us to-morrow. Whatever America can produce in any form, England can claim as the labor of her children; and the citizens of America will ever claim an honest pride in all that pertains to the honor of the mother land. Speaking, therefore, of the England of to-day, I might say that her kingly government is a matter of the past. Nay, I might almost add that the American Revolution, acting on the reign of George the Third, did as much for English as it did for American freedom. England, to-day, is in the control of her House of Commons. Her House of Commons is the exact representation of her people, and the throne, the queen and the palace, have but little real influence in the management of English government. France, rudely awakened from the apathy that an empire of sin, weakness, perfidy and ignorance had produced, has entered upon her third Republic. Never, to all human appearances, was she so truly great and so truly prosperous as now; never more powerful; never more respected among all the nations of the earth. In all her territory education is universal, thought is free, and liberty untrammeled. Her future I dare not predict, but her present glory no man can deny; and let you and me, and all men agree, that she owes more to day to the lofty genius, steadfast patriotism, unbending integrity, and life-long services of Adolph Theirs, first President of her present Republic, than she does to all the kings and emperors, together with their children and their children's children, who have crushed and cursed her for the past five hundred years. Even despotic Russia trembles to-day with the throes of modern thought, and the light of human freedom is slowly penetrating even to the palaces of the czars. The record of human achievements for a century past seems almost like a fairy tale. We have discarded the old-time stage coach, "bound the earth with an iron rail," and ride at the rate of sixty miles an hour—eating, drinking and sleeping on the train, moved by the simple power of steam, a power known through all the ages, but never made man's blind, unreasoning slave until our own. We cross the oceans in floating palaces, supplied with every convenience, every comfort and every luxury of life. We send messages of love, affection and of business almost instantly, over mountain chains, the hills and the vales; aye, even across old ocean itself, and to-day the New World communicates with the Old as quickly as a hundred years ago a Barkhamsted man did with his nearest

neighbor. Nay, the very words and tones of the human voice are now transmitted over the wires, and we can actually box up in a machine, words uttered by any person, and reproduce them when we choose. At a recent celebration a song sung by Mr. Sankey was laid away in the Phonograph to keep for a hundred years to come, when the instrument is to be set to work to reproduce the song. Mr. Sankey will be gone, and all there, now living, gone with him, to the "undiscovered country," but the voice that charmed thousands of persons in 1879 will be heard again by those who listen in the year that marks another century completed, or in 1979. Who shall ever again call "bottled up eloquence" a misnomer? In war, the change from the bow and arrow to the ancient flint-lock gun is as nothing compared to the change from the flint lock to the weapons of to-day.

In poetry, literature, music and art, we have made vast strides, although I must confess that a wide field is here open to the future. The gentle arts are never the production of a young nation, battling for its daily living. It is only when wealth has brought ease, rest and quiet, and leisure, without necessity of daily toil to earn daily bread, that poets, singers, musicians, sculptors and painters flourish. All history teaches this truth, and although we need not even now be ashamed, yet to the future must we look for more glorious results than we have yet accomplished.

Among other most remarkable developments of our country, I must not pass by one more potent for good and for evil than that produced by any age preceding ours—perhaps more powerful than will ever be produced in the ages that are yet to come. I refer to the public Press, as exemplified in the journal and the paper. More powerful than the orator at the tribune, the lawyer at the court, the judge upon the bench, the clergyman in his pulpit, the physician in the sick room, the statesman in council, the President in his mansion, congress and legislatures in the halls where wisdom is supposed to assemble, the laborer at his daily toil—it is without a peer in the influence it carries over our entire land. It penetrates into nearly every dwelling, reaches nearly every home, is read by nearly every man, woman and child, educated enough to read at all. Through its editors and armies of correspondents it treats, even to minutiæ, all of the details of the life of every day. It carries to its hosts of readers the story of the solemn scenes of the bed of death, and the joyous laughter of the wedding feast; of the high toned gayety and resplendent wealth of the mansions of the rich; of the fearful squalor and misery of the hovels of the poor, the guilty shame of the brothel, the purity of

sweet domestic life, the den of the gambler, the cell of the devotee, the sermon of the Sabbath morning in the magnificent cathedral, the midnight carousal following thereafter in the gilded saloon; the murderer's confession, his last dying words and agonies, together with the history of his life and that of the victim of his crime. Its correspondent stands amid the roar of battle, note book in hand, writes every detail of the surging fight, tranquil and unconcerned, amid the hissing bullet and the shrieking shell, and all the other horrors and hells of war, writes a full account of the engagement, and usually winds up by assuring the outside world that affairs would have terminated very differently, if he had only managed that little affair; and the evening paper, fairly snatching his words from the clicking telegraph, sends them on the wings of the mind to its thousands of expectant readers.

A single journal, wielding to-day a power almost gigantic—I might, with all propriety, call it the "Napoleon of American papers"—sends out a correspondent who follows in the track of an advancing army; exposes himself to a thousand dangers in crossing over a wild and inhospitable country, made savage by the march of war; defies all orders of governments, all regulations of military commanders, and at last, his work done, his report written, his labor accomplished, he takes, as well he might take, the highest compliment that one of the ablest of Russian generals could express in the Russian language to him The same journal sends an expedition across the heart of Africa, explores rivers, deserts and wildernesses heretofore unknown, fights scores of battles with an unknown number of African kings and their subjects, adds page after page to the history and geography of the world, and then throws all of this history, with its astonishiug surroundings, broadcast to all the world in a daily paper. Not satisfied with this achievement, which would once have been thought an immense work for the powers of almost any government on the then existing earth, the same journal fits out a vessel, equips it in the best manner known on earth, furnishes it with all supplies of comfort, convenience, necessity, and luxury even, and sends it, with the everlasting correspondent on board, to find the North Pole.

I do not believe that I am exaggerating when I say that the full record of the achievements of Stanley and of the journals that aided him, stand out to day fully as difficult, and in all of the possible benefits to humanity immeasurably of more worth to mankind than any one of the military campaigns of Darius, Xerxes, or Alexander. Everywhere now is a newspaper correspondent. No man is safe

from an interviewer; no person too humble for a newspaper paragraph. Shameless almost—at least, in the vast majority of human events—the press seems to respect none of the sanctities, few even of the decencies, of every-day life. Bold, aggressive, courageous, it fears not to attack either the rich and the great, or the lowly and the poor. It plays with human heart-strings, as if they could never quiver with anguish, nor suffer from the rudeness of the touch of hands unskilled. Merciless as death, pitiless as fate, universal as humanity, fearless as a god, restless as the ocean, tireless as the sun; numbering among its laborers all amounts of wit, wisdom, folly, strength, patriotism, purity, clannishness, ability, statesmanship and learning, it is to day the great leader of modern thought, and modern intelligence and improvement, and to my thinking carries in its train more of weal or of woe to the future of this country, and I might add to the future of all the world, than almost all other influences and causes combined. "I am the destroyer of despotism," might the old printing press with truth declare, for no single tyrant can govern a country which supports a free press. The danger here lies in the other extreme—in the creation and existence of that liberty which is the worst of all tyrannies; the liberty, or rather the despotism of anarchy; the claim of every man to have the right to do as he chooses, irrespective of any law. For in our land no single tyrant can ever be one-half as dangerous as the class of ranting demagogues which is ever ready to feed a people's folly to obtain a people's vote—that class which would disgrace an honest nation by refusing to pay a nation's honest debts, and would sully the glorious record of her past by driving from her shores the people of a friendly power to please the rabble, the froth and the scum of men. A corrupt press, unrestrained by law, may do much mischief by helping these low panderers to vice to power, and however much we may hope from the influence of better contemporaries, yet let not this influence be underrated, but let it be watched and studied carefully by all those who wish their country well.

Of the morality of our land, as compared with a hundred years ago, I feel called upon to say a few words, and without any desire to boast, and with some grains of doubt, I yet feel myself obliged to say that I believe the entire world, our own land included, is more moral to-day than it has ever been before since peopled with human beings. I do not now speak of single communities, but of great and general results. Bear in mind that the manners of no age are a necessary result of its morals. The men of old, who made long prayers and boasted of their holiness, even by their daily attire,

were not considered the purest of men by the Teacher of nearly nineteen centuries ago. That virtue which is obliged to stand guard over itself, lest it should fall asleep upon its post, is at best a very doubtful virtue. I query much, my friends, whether the bright faced boy of a century ago, who, on a bright and balmy and beautiful Sabbath morning, was *driven* into his stiff, unnatural Sunday's suit of clothing, his disobedient locks of hair fastened to his head by the free use of a tallow candle, was taken to the church where he listened to the soporific sermon of good old Father Eels, struggled, with the aid of dill and fennel, the snappings of his mother's thimble, and his father's pinchings and ear twistings, to keep awake, was a much better boy, after all, than the boys of the present day. Ah me, I know I must be very wicked even now, but never, as a boy, could I be made to understand why it was that no one but an unregenerate sinner of a boy could enjoy this beautiful world upon the holy Sabbath.

Again, of the crimes committed a hundred years ago, but few were heard of one hundred miles away from the place where they occurred, while at the present time the papers carry the full record of all criminal acts for thousands of miles around to all their readers. But carefully examine the criminal records of a century ago, and compare them with our own, make all fair allowances for increase of population, mixture of people of different nationalities, and other causes relating to crime, and you will find the people of to-day, albeit "no better than they should be," will yet compare very favorably with their ancestors. I believe but one person from Barkhamsted was ever hung, and it is something of a comment on what I have already said to add that no jury would convict, or judge sentence such a one to be hung at the present day, so manifestly was he insane.

Witchcraft (save as it yet lingers in young maidens) has passed away, and a host of petty things that would once have been called crimes, are so no longer. The original laws of Connecticut inflicted the penalty of death for ten different offences. In two of these a child could be put to death on complaint of its parents, while nearly every action of the human daily life was subject to the order of the magistrates, and the slightest breach of these orders was a crime. And yet, with all this severity, all this supervision of the men in authority, the olden time was prolific of these graver crimes which men ever dread and fear, and the age of our ancestors was by no means the golden age. Two truths may well be remembered here, that "the State governs best that governs least," and that the more you educate a people, the higher will be the moral standard of that people.

A great change has not only taken place in human governments,

but also in the parental management of children, both at home and in the school-room. "Not to spare the rod" was in the olden time the oft repeated maxim of that wise monarch, who could not have given each of all his numerous family of children a good old-fashioned New England flogging once in five years, even if he had worked at that cheerful, pleasant business all of his time. I am one of those who believe in the ready obedience of the child at all times. A half a dozen headstrong, wild and disobedient children will make me long for the reign of King Herod in a moment. I am not, therefore, quite prepared to say that physical punishment may not at times be needed, but in the vast majority of cases I believe the great law of human kindness and love sufficient for the government of the child. At any rate, no one of the present time will even attempt to justify the absolute brutality of many of the school tyrants of the olden time. It was whip first, investigate afterwards, if at all; and if investigation did follow, it was sure almost to carry another flogging in its train, for the first beating was morally certain to be given to the wrong boy. This came down even to more modern times. I probably received my fair proportion of the application of Solomon's non spoiling child remedy (as a boy I always thought that man was almost, if not quite, a fool), and I can only recall one single instance of punishment where I had been guilty. It is quite possible that I was guilty of enough that I was not punished for to balance the account. I recall one instance when four of us were well thrashed for crossing the ice while on the way to school, and when the brute of a teacher learned, when she was tired of her pleasant amusement, that the bridge was down, and we could not get to school without crossing on the ice, comforted herself, if she did not the four smarting little bodies before her, with the remark that "she knew well enough we had been on the ice some time when forbidden that we had not been whipped for; and if we hadn't in the past, she knew we should in the future." Your speaker easily obtained a repetition of Solomon's child curing process, by simply saying that "he'd see to it that the latter part of her remark came true." That such human brutes could ever have taught our public schools is no credit to our ancestors. I have never believed that human pain was essential to human virtue. I could never be a better man by torturing or starving my body. Never did the Bountiful Master desire His child to suffer pain or fast from food to make him better. Flagellations and fasting may answer for an ignorant age and an ignorant people; education and civilization do not need either. Not one of this old style of teachers could now teach in Connecticut an hour. To throw

a rule at a child's head, to box his ears until he was giddy, to shake and thump and pound without judgment, discrimination, or decency, and that, too, in the height of passion and of anger, will never again be tolerated amid an educated and civilized people. Let every one who has to manage the plastic mind of the child committed to human care, remember that

"He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its smile and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievious, moral wrong.
Give it play, and never fear it.
Active life is no defect,
Never, never, break its spirit,
Curb it only to direct.
Would you dam the mighty river,
Thinking thus to stop its flow?
Onward must it go forever,
Better teach it where to go."

And now a few words of the great "Hereafter." What will it be? One thing is *certain;* the future fate of our country is linked with the future destinies of all the nations of the world. We cannot stand alone either for evil or for good. Will the year 1979 show the same comparative growth from this century that this has shown from the hundred years ago? Will war be ended? Will peace be universal? Will people ride in ships of air? Will a foot of telegraphic wire be an object of curiosity in some museum of antiquity? Will education become universal? Will the oppression of man by his fellow man have ceased from off the earth? Will palaces of kings no longer stand as evidences of human oppression and of human weakness? Will universal brotherhood have found its reign, and the time have at last arrived when the last

"War drum has been muffled
And last battle flag been furled
In the parliament of men—
The federation of the world?"

Who can tell? Who can ever predict? A few things, however, I think we may be certain of. If our country and our country's institutions survive for a hundred years to come, education of the masses will become universal, and will be compulsory, if necessary. Every man will be compelled to educate his children. It should be so now. Every State has the right to protect itself, and no State, no nation, having universal suffrage for the corner-stone of its government, can live a century unless it educates its people. Full and free education will make a government free from tyrants on the one side and demagogues on the other.

I speak of the education of the future in its fullest and widest and

broadest sense—not perhaps the ability to read dead languages, for all men are not natural linguists, but an education that is universal in all that is useful in the concerns of every-day life; an education that shall fit all men and all women for the active duties that come upon them every hour; an education that will not be called immodest because it teaches, in the home and in the school room, all that relates to the human system—to differences of sex, to the sweet and holy duties of motherhood, the responsibilities that are to come upon the father of his future children; an education that is modest because it is virtuous, is virtuous because it is useful, and useful because it deals with all of the common and daily events of human life.

And now I perhaps ought to stop here by simply saying that I believe in the great growth, the great future prosperity of our country. I have no fears of her coming century, or of the wreck of her government, and her freedom in the years to come Could I deem it possible that all of the evil influences that can ever be brought against her institutions could act at once, and that America, as known by the name of the "United States," should seem to have forgotten all her traditions of liberty—all of her heroic history, all of the memory of her heroes and martyrs—I cannot but believe that some future hero, a second Washington perhaps, would wake her again to life and action, even by the words of the English poet, slightly changed, this second hero simply crying:—

"Freedom awake! we are wailing aloud for thee;
Awake! awake! they are bringing the shroud for thee;
They will bury thee quick, for thy pulse is cold;
Oh, God! to be sleeping, with thy children weeping,
And the lightning leaping round form and fold.
Dark rolls the motion of heaven and ocean—
Why is the Freedom of nations cold?

"Hush! for I have a charm to move her;
I will move her glories in times long fled;
Now that the doom is dark above her,
Come all that love her, and over and over,
Let the mighty sum of her deeds be said.
Freedom, awake! we wail wet-eyed for thee;
By the sons that have toiled, the sons that have died for thee.

"She hears! She remembers! She is not dead!
Oh, hearts cease aching, the dawn is breaking;
Freedom is waking—she lifts her head.
Her lips shall thunder; the world shall wonder,
That Freedom in nations is never dead."

Judge Merrill then resumed his seat, and was warmly congratulated by those around him on the Speaker's stand, and the lusty cheers of the audience was proof that his oration gave satisfaction.

FOUND AT LAST.

BY ELISHA W. JONES.

The following touching poetical tribute was written for the Celebration, and read by the author. Mr. Elisha W. Jones, of Winsted, son of Deacon Edwin P. Jones, and is well worthy the space it occupies:

Life is but a spreading ocean,
Ages—waves which roll along,
God—the power which gives it motion,
And events its ceaseless song.

"Time is fleeting" is the burden
Of that never ceasing song,
Though the present seems enduring
To earth's hurrying, restless throng.

Yet sometimes we love to linger
Mid this ceaseless tide of years,
And glance backward o'er the story
Which on History's page appears.

And from here and homes far parted,
Toiling hard for fame or gain,
We, by common ties united,
Here would reunite again.

Welcome! Brothers—friendly greeting
To each one we would extend,
Glad we are each other meeting—
Glad each one to greet a friend.

Is it all of life to live—
To exist the best of living,
By ourselves and for ourselves,
Taking nothing—nothing giving;

By ourselves to bear the shadows
When 'neath clouds our pathway lies,
Or alone to catch the sunshine
When we walk 'neath sunny skies?

No! we'll find in helping others
We ourselves shall be more blest,
And by bearing friendly burdens
Sweeter far shall be our rest.

And when you, with memory helping,
Backward turn Life's pages o'er,
You will find the sweetest memories
Group around the friends of yore.

So to-day as here we've gathered,
And from far or near have come,
Memories of the past have proven
Strongest ties to draw us home.

If the years have held much pleasure
In the past and much success,
Then be thankful for the favor
Of good fortune's kind caress.

Or if shadows with the sunshine
Often have your pathway crossed,
Only sunshine casts a shadow
So your sun's not wholly lost.

And as we gather here to day,
When Life's sunshine brightens o'er us,
We'll forget the shadows past
And the ones which are before us,

And in gratitude enjoying
Peace in town and peace in life,
We will thank our honored fathers
That they bore for us the strife.

That they, by their prayers and blood,
Saved the nation and the state —
For in those war days was born
The day we celebrate.

Firm, fearless for the right they stood
That glorious honored band,
With trust in God that He in love
Would save and keep their land.

And then through years of bloody strife
They fought and bled and died,
To keep this land which we, their sons,
Still call our own with pride.

An hundred years have passed and they
Long since from earth have passed,
But their true principles shall stay
Long as our land shall last.

Shall we not in love and duty
Spotless keep our country's name,
And preserve this land of beauty
Free from all disgrace and shame?

Shall we leave our father's God?
Be less noble, true than they?
In the century that's before us
Much depends on us to-day.

For to-day we reap the blessings
Of those noble lives long past,
And *our* characters, if worthy,
Through the century ahead shall last.

So be worthy sons and daughters
Of Barkhamsted's noble sires,
And around the shrines they builded
Keep alive their altar fires.

How great the changes here have been
Since one hundred years ago,
And if we now could paint those scenes,
How strange would be the show.

The manners queer and costumes quaint
Were all quite proper then,
Barkhamsted's maidens used no paint,
To captivate the men

They wore the home spun wool and flax,
For light used tallow dips;
No costly garments touched their backs,
Nor silver forks their lips,

Their chairs, like this, were not raw silk;
Their wagons had no springs,
And maidens won were *then* content
With *gold*, not *diamond* rings.

They did not "sail the ocean blue,"
Nor cross the land by steam,
But sailed the lovely Farmington,
Cheered by the "Lighthouse" gleam.

We hardly think the boys had rings,
Nor wore our style of collar,
But we presume on "loury" days
They "pitched *quates*" in the "Holler."

I know the farms here tilled are rough,
And rocks are thick, but then
The hardships bring a good result,
There's *granite* in its men.

And forth from old Barkhamsted Hills
Have gone men strong and true,
To bear life's burden well,
Whate'er they found to do.

Shall we be weaker than our sires,
Less honest, true, than they,
Or shall we strive to make ourselves
Still better, if we may?

All honor to the well-known names
  So many of you bear;
For you to bear them is no shame,
  God help you *keep* them fair.

Long may your children here remain
  A sturdy, honored race,
And old Barkhamsted keep the names
  Of Brown and Young and Case.

But there's many a one that sadly
  Thinks to-day, with cheeks not dry,
Of loved ones who would be with us
  But for days not long gone by.

Days of parting—days of waiting—
  Days when men went out to die—
Days when, with the shouts of freedmen,
  Rose the wives and orphans' cry.

Bravely they went, while God alone
  Knew what their fate would be,
As with their hearts' best blood they strove
  To make our brothers free

And ever through the coming years
  Our heroes' names shall live
In honor, with the peace which they
  A heritage did give.

Through the years gone by God kept us,
  And to Him we humbly pray
That His care, which hath never left us,
  May protect us day by day.
And, O Father, by Thy hand
Wilt Thou guide our native land.

Guide us to a nobler freedom
  From all slavery of sin;
Make us honest, true and noble;
  Help the good and right to win.
Soon may wrong and evil cease,
Make our town a land of peace.

And through the years which are to roll
  O'er old Barkhamsted dear,
May God's kind mercies make the whole
  A season of good cheer.
Another century wilt Thou prove
What Thou hast been—a God of love.

READING A LETTER.

From SAMUEL JONES, Esq., of Wayne, Ashtabula County, Ohio.

At the conclusion of the reading of the Poem, Capt. H. R. Jones, by request of the committee of arrangements, read a letter received from Samuel Jones, Esq., a native of Barkhamsted, but then of Wayne, Ashtabula County, Ohio. As the author of the letter has since died, a few words regarding him will not be inappropriate. He was a grandson of the pioneer settler of Barkhamsted, and was 98 years old when he penned the letter for the celebration. He was, so far as known, the oldest living native of Barkhamsted. He died May 16, 1880, eight months after the celebration, and was 98 years 10 months and 17 days old, and the Jefferson (O.) *Gazette* gave an extended obituary notice of him, from which the following is condensed:

"The deceased was born in Barkhamsted, Ct., June 29th, 1781, and removed to Wayne in 1811, with a family of five small children, and has been a resident of Wayne ever since. He has been a member of the Congregational church ever since its organization, and has always lived an exemplary life; was not an active politician, but believed it the duty of every citizen to exercise the right of suffrage, which he almost always did, having voted at every presidential election since he was 21 years of age During the rebellion he took a deep interest in the success of the Union army, and only desired to see the close of the war and the abolition of slavery. It may be said of him that he was a true friend to the poor, and a great peacemaker, being often called to act as a mediator between contending parties."

Few tributes to a departed patriarch were ever better earned, for deceased was a worthy citizen in the best sense of the term, and although his death was to have been expected before long, he having rounded the period allotted to man, by more than a generation, yet it very tenderly reminds us of what had been said by various of the speakers at the celebration—that few of us would seldom meet again, and that the roll would be daily called, to which all must answer. Let us, as we drop a tear of regret for the old man's death, in reverence to his memory, be constantly reminded that we must soon follow; and see to it that our lives will be such as to merit tributes similar to those paid to him.

CONTRIBUTION.

By ELIPHALET CASE, Belvidere, Ill.

The following Poetical Contribution, written by Eliphalet Case, Esq., a native of Barkhamsted, but now of Belvidere, Ill., was received by the Centennial Committee, and Mr. W Wallace Lee was requested to read it, and it received merited applause:-

Ye people of Barkhamsted, come!
Let's have a mighty rally;
So come from every mountain top,
From every hill and valley.

Come, rally 'round our century tree,
By loving impulse led;
Oh sacred place! made so by names
Long numbered with the dead.

Our sires were men of brains and nerve,
All ready for their work;
They plowed and sowed, and reaped and mowed,
And never tried to shirk.

Our mothers bore their burdens well
That duty on them laid;
They spun and wove, and knit and sewed,
And all their garments made.

And in their one religious creed
They wished their children led;
And once in every week at school
Would have the catechism said.

They were pious men and women then,
Of such there was no lack;
There were Elder Eels and Elder Clark,
Deacons Parker and Mack.

Taylor, Allen, Tiffany, Whiting,
Ives, Loomis, Jones and Howd;
Lee, Slade, Hayes, Hart, Beecher, Merrill,
And the famous fiddler Dowd.

Squire, Hayden, Munson, Collins, Pike,
Cannon, Johnson and Rose,
And Cases, too—the names of them
There's no one living knows.

Cleveland, Mallory, Gilbert, Burwell,
Atwater, Paine and Mills;
Brave, hardy men, who made their homes
Among these rocks and hills.

Rexford, Wilder, Alford, Barber,
Richardson, Shepard, Moore,
Newell and Phelps; but time's too short
To call the long list o'er.

'Tis just one hundred years ago—
It was the people's choice
To make their town a separate one,
With no dissenting voice.

They gathered on one autumn day
To hear their by-laws read,
And while the people stood around
The Moderator said:

"We'll 'corporate our town to-day:
Now all of you stand by,
And when we come to vote thereon,
Let every man say aye!"

So said, so done, and here to-day,
The event we celebrate,
Which made our town a corporate part
Of the "little Nutmeg State."

My native town! I love thee well,
With all thy brooks and rills;
With all thy hard and flinty rocks,
With all thy woods and hills.

My heart e'en fondly turns to thee,
The cradle of my youth;
Fair sons and daughters thou hast reared
And taught them ways of truth.

And may we ever strive to heed
The good instruction given;
Live useful, quiet, happy lives,
And then unite in heaven.

IMPROMPTU REMARKS.

After the close of the formal exercises, the people seemed loth to leave until some of the boys of a generation since had been heard from. Loud calls were heard for

WALTER S. CARTER, of New York,

who after being repeatedly cheered, was briefly introduced to the audience, and when the cheering subsided, delivered the following remarks:

Mr. President and Fellow Townsmen:

I'm afraid if I should make a speech now, I might find such a state of things as Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes is said once to have found. A man arose in the middle of his lecture and walked out; but upon dissecting him, he was found to be so full he couldn't hold any more. However, I presume you'll not expect much of a speech from me. Orators and poets are not found in one small family. So you'll be content, I've no doubt, if I have merely an off-hand talk about old times with you.

It has been suggested that I speak for New York, Illinois and Wisconsin. I'm sorry for those states if I am to be the only spokesman they have on this occasion, though I have lived in them all. My life, by the way, has been something like that of the young lady who was asked where she was born? "I wasn't born any where," said she, "my father was a Methodist minister." I didn't stay long, however, in Illinois or Wisconsin; they were well enough, but they labored under one great disadvantage — they were too far from Barkhamsted. Accordingly I removed to New York, which is more fortunate. There I am content to abide.

And first of all let me say, I'm glad to be here, to join with you in celebrating the foremost event in the history of the town which gave us birth. It was not an easy thing for me to come; important interests claimed me elsewhere; but I said to myself, lawsuits can — as they generally do — wait; the Barkhamsted Centennial I am afraid can't. So I came, and I repeat, I find it exceedingly good to be here.

And now there's so much to be said, I hardly know where to be-

gin. I think I'll lay down this fundamental proposition to start with: Barkhamsted is a good town to be born in. It may occur to you that this is not a particularly new idea; that if I've nothing else to say, I might have stayed at home and attended to that lawsuit; but still I want to say it, right here and now. Suppose some one, who was able to live where he pleased, was looking for a place of residence, where would he naturally go? Somewhere, of course, where there was pure air and water, fertile soil, running streams, lovely valley, rugged mountains, good schools and churches, and an intelligent and industrious population; and haven't you all these? I've been to Minnesota for its air, but I never found purer air than I breathed for seventeen years upon your hill-sides. I've drank Apollinaris and German seltzer, but I never drank as good water as I used to drink at a spring that formed the source of the little brook that ran through my father's farm. I've fished in many waters, but I've never seen finer trout than I've caught in Beaver Brook, nor more slippery eels than I've pulled out of Farmington River. I've seen pleasant valleys, but the only one worth the name to me is the little village over between the mountains yonder. I've scaled many a high mountain, but I never felt so much up in the world as I did one day in 1844, when we fired a cannon from the top of the mountain there, over the election of Polk and Dallas, to the profound disgust of my uncle, Deacon Virgil Taylor. I was once a member of the Board of Education in the city where I lived, but I never saw a better school than the old "Green" school in the days when Elisha Johnson, whom I see, and Seymour Cornish, whom I'd like to see, kept it. I ought, at any rate, to speak well of it; it has been the educational bridge that has carried me safely until now. In my law firm in New York we have four graduates; two of Yale, one of Princeton and one of Barkhamsted. I've had Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Wesleyan graduates for my clerks, but never one from Barkhamsted — partnerships we keep for those. I was once invited to attend a meeting of the *alumni* of Wesleyan University. I couldn't go, but sent a telegraphic regret somewhat as follows: "Present my compliments and regrets to President Foss, and assure him of my cordial appreciation of Wesleyan University, though myself a graduate of that more renowned institution of learning, Barkhamsted College for both sexes." I've heard many eloquent sermons, but the most eloquent one I ever heard was by Elder Creagh, at a five o'clock meeting down in the "Valley" school-house. I've been much interested in Sunday schools, but I was never so interested as I was the day I attended my first one, down in the old

church by the burying-ground yonder. I recollect I went home and ran bawling around the house:

Amos Beecher
Is my teacher.

I suspected then that there was a good deal of undiscovered and undeveloped poetry lying around loose in our family, but I never felt quite sure of it until to-day. I've heard much good singing, but it seems to me the best chorus I have ever heard was the day "Priest" Hazen, as we used to call him, was installed. There was James Tiffany, with his bass, and William Tiffany, with his bass-viol. I recognize the latter now, though the player has grown old faster than the instrument, these thirty five years. And there was Hannah Tiffany, and I don't know how many other Tiffanys, and Warren Taylor, and Grandison Wilder, and many others whose names (but not whose voices) have gone from my recollection. Corydon Taylor's tune, "Louvan," is sung in every land under the sun, and will be sung forever. I've seen fertile soil, but that of Barkhamsted, for some crops, is easily the best in the world. It certainly has raised more lawyers to the square acre than any I have ever heard of Twenty-five years ago, also, it produced better watermelons than any place I have ever known. Those raised by Deacon Hart Doolittle were especially excellent. Indeed, I greatly preferred them to those grown by his neighbor, Mr. Evits Carter. I wish I could say as much for Deacon Doolittle's pumpkins. The watermelons, I repeat, taken internally, were very good; the pumpkins, on the contrary, taken externally — applied as I once knew one to be — forciby to the pit of one's stomach, were very bad. Our Butler was an unfaithful servant that time. I ought to say, just here, that I've always felt a trifle unkindly towards the Deacon, that once, when I was seeking to test the quality of his melons — simply that I might intelligently testify to their excellence on this Centennial occasion—he should have assailed me as he did, chasing me through the Farmington River at the imminent peril of my health. But the spirit of forgiveness has been growing on me meanwhile. I have forgiven Deacon Doolittle. I hope he has done the like by me.

We have with us to-day—a sort of son-in-law of the town—a distinguished Professor of Political Science in one of the great colleges of the country. I venture to say, however, that if he could have been here twenty-five or thirty years ago, when sundry of our fellow-citizens, of somewhat mixed descent, were impounded, over the Sunday before the Spring election, in a Hitchcockville ball room, preparatory to

being escorted to the polls on Monday, he would have learned some things in political science that he never acquired at Yale, has never taught at Oberlin, nor found in any of the books on that subject. Professors Reuben Pinney, Cornwell Doolittle, and Lyman Hart could have taught him a few things, I'm sure.

A distinguished statesman predicting, recently, the early revival of business, said he expected to see such prosperity ere long, that even inland towns would aspire to become seaports. I congratulate you in advance. When that time comes how can it be otherwise than that you become a great commercial center? You have a light house, more widely known than that of Eddystone, already built. Let Barkhamsted's most distinguished son, the representative of your Second District in Congress and a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, not forget the possible increase of government revenue from this source.

As it was difficult, there were so many good things that could be said, to know where to begin, so now I find it equally difficult to know where to stop. But I see around me many from whom you will want to hear, and for them I gladly make way. My last words to my native town on this her Centennial day, shall be those of Rip Van Winkle in the play: "Here's to your good health and that of your family. May they live long and prosper."

Hon. ELISHA JOHNSON, of Hartford,

was called for, but he declined to occupy the time, to the great disappointment of many of his old scholars and townsmen.

Rev. LUTHER H. BARBOUR, of Bolton,

a native of Canton, the first and for nearly twenty years the only pastor of the Congregational church in Riverton, in response to repeated calls, came forward and, in well-chosen words, expressed his gratification at the success of the celebration, relating some of his experience in the town, and how much he had enjoyed the occasion. His remarks were well received, but we are unable to present even a synopsis of them, Mr. Barbour, with his well-known modesty, although repeatedly requested, declining to furnish any report thereof, saying they were not worthy of publication in the book.

JOHN W. WHITING, of Bristol, Ct.

responded to repeated calls as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies, Gentlemen and Friends:

I came not here to-day, to enjoy with you the pleasures arising from this gathering, as a native of this town, the Centennial of which we have gathered here to celebrate, but as a representative of one who came here while the town was in its *infancy*, and who now is sleeping with his family in yonder cemetery just down the hill. I refer to my dearly beloved grandfather, Deacon John Whiting, who came to reside here on the 14th day of May, 1814, myself then a child of four years. But, coming here thus early in life, I feel like a native born boy. The days of my childhood and youth were all spent here, and my thoughts are continually running back to Barkhamsted as the place of all others the most dear and sacred to me—the place where I received my moral, religious and scholastic education. But time passed on with me until I was brought to manhood and "forced from home and all its pleasures," to endure the trials of life under other conditions. I now stand before you as the only one who bears the family name, except my brother, and he not privileged with being here, Dr. Joseph B. Whiting, of Janesville, Wisconsin. He wished to be remembered, through me, to and by the people and friends, as a native born boy of this town, and that his pride increased with his years, that he can refer back in his history and say, "I am a native of Barkhamsted."

I am glad to be here and take by the hand and look upon the face of so many friends and acquaintance. With the conviction that I shall never meet but very few, if any, of the friends here again, I bid you a good-bye.

Rev. LEMUEL RICHARDSON'S (of Huntington, L. I.)

portly form attracted attention, and in response to the loud, repeated and vigorous calls for "Lem.," he spoke as follows:

Mr. President:

An ancient philosopher has said that one great step to fame was to be born in a famous community, and as I look upon the faces of those who were reared among the verdant hills and vales of this my native town; when I consider that her representatives are abroad in

the land, blessing communities, giving character and shape to coming generations, I feel constrained to say, thank God for a birth in the famous old town of Barkhamsted. Let me be ashamed of many things, but never of this, the place of my birth Her hills and vales, her brooks and springs, and her homes—they all look as as pleasant to-day as ever. And as we gather from the east, west, north and south, to celebrate the Centennial of our birthplace, and to greet those from whom we have been separated so long, and shake the school-boy hand, it makes the youthful blood tingle anew in our veins. Thanking a kind Providence that has permitted us to belong to this day and generation, and to celebrate this Centennial together; and, I say, like Moses of old, blot my name out, but never the name and history of Barkhamsted, from the record.

Every child has a right to be well born; and if so, then every child has a right to be well trained, and while receiving many other blessings, the birth and the training have been our lot to share. We can judge from the appearance of the present generation of the one preceding, and I say to you, old schoolmates and friends, that we are not to be ashamed of our fathers and mothers, and the day in which they lived, deprived of many of the blessings that we enjoy. They gave us something better—a good, upright, religious training, sandwiched in with ayes and no, and a birch and a witch-hazel sprout, which never did us harm, but we grew better and straighter, and to-day we are blessed with a stronger backbone for the outward application we received when in our youthful days. I judge from the appearance of the sons and daughters present to-day, that we were well born and well bred

A little way from this, some of us have laid our fathers and mothers Oh, that grave! It buries every error; defects are all covered with sweet memories; we drop the tear and linger around the hallowed spot, and in a few moments live our lives over. From the pleasant scenes and surroundings of this day we must pass, carrying with us an increased love and veneration for our native soil and for our fathers and mothers, who sleep beneath its sod. God help us to fill up life in such a manner as shall give credit to our sires and bring glory to our God.

WM. WALLACE LEE

was loudly called for, and after a little time, came forward and said:

Mr. Chairman and Friends:

I have already occupied a great portion of your time to-day, and

I feel that I ought not to trespass any further upon your patience. (Cries of "go on! go on! we are not tired; we want to hear from you.") "Well," said he, "if you insist upon it I will occupy your time a few moments."

For several months I have looked forward to this day with joyous anticipations, and must say they have been fully realized. I knew we could have a celebration if we really determined to do so, and I am sure you must all feel proud of the successful manner in which it has been conducted.

I have not been so extensive a traveler as many others, yet I have seen gems of beauty and loveliness which please the eye and delight the senses. From the heights of Montreal mountain I have looked down upon the St. Lawrence valley, bathed in the soft and mellow light of a lovely summer day; I have stood upon Table Rock, and listened to Niagara's mighty roar, and at the Whirlpool Rapids I have gazed upon that boiling, seething torrent, whose angry depths no plummet has ever sounded; I have seen the sun in its morning glory on the "green old hills of Alleghany," and its sunset rays as they kissed the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay; on "old Bunker's lonely height" I have recited that famous oration of Daniel Webster's, with which every Barkhamsted schoolboy is familiar; and from Powder Horn Hill I have seen the spires and domes of Boston, and its nine neighboring cities, glistening in the morning sunlight; from Mountjoy tower in Portland (Maine) I have looked upon the broad expanse of Casco Bay, holding within its bosom its more than three hundred islands, as gems of verdure and beauty; I have stood on "Forefather's Rock," where tender and patriotic emotions are wakened by the memory of the "Pilgrim Fathers;" from the dome of the capitol at Washington I have looked down upon the city which, redeemed from the curse and shame of slavery, is the pride and glory of every American citizen; at the tomb of Washington I have been thrilled by the emotions which, it seems to me, every one must feel while standing there, who traces his ancestry to the men of the Revolution; and, among the thousands of our "soldier dead" in Arlington cemetery, I have learned something of the great price that was paid to keep our nation one; but not all these, with many other entrancing scenes I have looked upon, can awaken such emotions as are felt when I stand upon some of these grand hill tops and among these quiet valleys, and gaze upon the scenes of my youth. Towards these my heart turns in all my wanderings, as the flower turns to the sunlight, and here among my kindred, when life's toil and labors are over, would I be laid to rest. The thought of

many kind friends in distant homes are turned hither to-day, and the chords of memory are swept by sweet and tender melodies. Our lives will be better and sweeter by this day's experience, and I trust we shall cherish the memory thereof until our lives shall fade away into the brightness of the "Better Land."

THE FINAL CLOSE.

At the close of Mr. Lee's remarks, as the day was so far advanced, it was deemed best to dissolve the meeting, many having already departed, and the throng rapidly dispersed. It was to many a source of regret that others could not be heard. The hand-shakings, the many queries and congratulations were more pleasant even than the formal exercises. It was hoped to have a few words from Eben C. Woodruff, of Berlin, also from George P. Burwell, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the best of the Barkhamsted boys, Lester Newell, Esq., of New York, Levi Tiffany, of Blanford, Mass., Orville Jones, of New Britain, Erwin Webster, of Ansonia, and many others, whom it would be pleasant to hear from, but as there was no Joshua at hand to stay the rapidly declining sun, it must perforce be omitted. The quiet of an autumn night soon settled upon the spot where for a few short hours had been thousands of joyous happy hearts, and thus passed into history Barkhamsted's first Centennial. May the next Centennial as far surpass this one as this one did the ceremonies attending the organization of the town, is the wish of the compiler.

LETTERS ON THE CELEBRATION.

Appended will be found letters selected for publication from a large number received by the Centennial committee and the compiler. Some were in response to the "Circular of Enquiry;" others approving the celebration; and others regretting their inability, while desiring, to attend. There are also a few voluntary letters from "Our Boys." who saw accounts of the "Centennial" in the press after the celebration. As these letters contain considerable of a general and personal nature that will interest the reader and add to the value of the report of the Proceedings, of which they are properly a part, they are worthy of a place in the volume, and as each letter explain itself, without further comment, they are presented, as follows:

From Henry L. R. Jones.

OSAGE MISSION, Neosho Co., Kas., Aug. 14, 1879.

Centennial Committee, Barkhamsted, Conn.:

GENTLEMEN:—A recent mail brought me a clipping from an unknown paper, reading as follows: "Barkhamsted, Litchfield County, Connecticut, will celebrate the centennial birthday of her settlement, on the 10th of September of this year. Everybody in the United States, or among the rest of mankind, connected with the town by birth, former residence, marriage, or ancestry, are invited to come, with all their kith and kin, and join in the celebration. And if they cannot come, they must send a letter to the committee at Barkhamsted Center, to show who and where they are, and that they have not forgotten 'the old folks at home.'"

Gentlemen: My wife and myself are entitled to a participation in that celebration by each and all of the above qualifying conditions. Born there, resided there, connected with the town by marriage, and our ancestors lived there, and their bones rest in the old church-yard.

That announcement struck a responsive chord within us. It recalls the scenes of our childhood—the rocks, the hills, the tumbling brooks and noisy cataracts, the winding roads, the school-house and church, and old church-yard. It recalls the old militia trainings, the

firing of the two old six-pounders, and the shattering glass in the old church. I think again of Saul Clark, as he stood in the old pulpit, his numerous family seated in their pew beneath, while he expounded the five points of Calvinism to all the dwellers there congregated from among the hills and valleys around; of Orville Howd and his peculiar style of marking the time as he led the choir in the old three-sided gallery, and Joseph Wilder, with ear so sensitive to harmony that discord would call forth cursings, if anything could, standing as his right hand support. Aye, it was grand old music that Barkhamsted choir made. Though I was but a child when I listened to it for the last time, I hazard my judgment, and let the "old folks" who will celebrate on the 10th, decide if I am wrong.

Perhaps I have allowed my youthful ardor to run away with me, (I am the most youthful man, in spirit, in Kansas,) and should sooner have informed you of my ancestry.

My father, Drayton Jones; my grand-father, Israel Jones, who represented the town many years in the legislature, and whose tombstone marked the spot of his resting place, to the left, just within the old church-yard, as we entered from the east side the old "meeting-house," as in those days it was called.

I was born September 5th, 1820. My wife's father, Daniel Richardson, lived southwest of the old meeting-house. My father removed with his family to Ohio in 1830; hers in 1832 You may already have observed that, like other Connecticut boys, I was not oblivious of my surroundings the first ten years of life. Scenes and incidents are crowding upon my memory, which might be told without effort, but to write them would be tedious. But I have never forgotten my birthplace, nor have I ever been ashamed to say I was born in Barkhamsted. almost under the shadow of "Barkhamsted Lighthouse," and I have often met those who had heard of the old beacon house that stood stark and lone upon that old hillside, overlooking the river, as if to warn the screeching gulls of danger. But none who "had heard of the Lighthouse" knew what was meant by it until told, and, of course, a smile repaid the information.

It has been our wish and expectation to visit the dear old homes of our birth and childhood; and this coming celebration is, of all the appropriate times to do so, the fittest. We can only assure you of our regrets; we cannot make the necessary expense, and this letter to the committee must answer instead.

Let me enquire, is there a vestige of the old house in which I was born yet remaining—a board, shingle, or one of the wrought nails (for that was the only kind used in those days) with which its

weather-boards were fastened? If so, please ask some kind-hearted boy or girl who is being educated for future greatness in the same school where I gained my rudimental education, to secure some simple relic, and forward by mail. and if they so desire, we will open a correspondence, the result of which none may now foretell

I shall mail, addressed to the Centennial Committee, as a present to Barkhamsted, Vol. 6, Biennial Report of the State Board of Agriculture of the State of Kansas. Should any who remember me or my family desire to open correspondence for old friendship's sake, or for purposes of information outside of that contained in the Report, they are invited, as part of the Barkhamsted family, to make free with me.

Whatever of published proceedings may be made of *our* Celebration, please, remember, gentlemen townsmen, we shall, hope to be favored with it. It is awkward to write to a committee, and be obliged to assume so much style, just because I do not know who I am addressing. When I am informed, it will be easy to appear more as an acquaintance. We shall remember the day, September 10th, and have a grand jubilee at our own home, and will close *our* celebration by singing—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak a' cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

"Old folks at home," pray excuse my ardor. Remember I was once a boy in your midst, and if there is any one thing I am especially thankful for, it is that I am still a boy, spite of my gray head; and when the last night shadows shall have hidden our forms from the sight of mortals, we may again renew our friendships together.

I confidently expect a glorious reunion for you on the 10th, and my joy shall span the thousand miles of space between us, and seem all as one. Unquestionably your friend,

HENRY L. R. JONES.

From Hon. James Phelps.

ESSEX, Conn., September 8, 1879.

W. W. Lee, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I find professional engagements are likely to deprive me of the pleasure of attending, on the 10th instant,

the Centennial anniversary of the first settlement of the town of Barkhamsted, and that I shall probably be unable to fulfil the promise I some time since made you, to participate in its ceremonies.

I regret this, because it would give me great satisfaction to meet with old friends, renew old associations, and listen to those who will relate the interesting reminiscences of the occasion.

There are many towns in the commonwealth more prosperous and wealthy, whose citizens reside in costlier mansions and support a higher style, but none that excel her people in the more modest and enduring ornaments of character, such as industry, sobriety, intelligence and virtue In these most becoming graces she is the peer of any of her sisters. If her sons have not trodden the highest paths of distinction, they have acted well their part in the drama of life, and her daughters have been "as the polished corners of the temple." If none of the pages of her history are luminous with great events, there is not one of them which contains a recital that the most sensitive of her children can lament.

During the time which has elapsed since I resided there, I have continued to cherish a deep and undiminished interest in her people, and have carefully noticed the vicissitudes which have attended them. In that period, covering a third of a century, great changes have, of course, occurred. The child has grown to middle age and those who were the active men and women of the town, have been steadily borne along by the ceaseless current of time, one by one falling out of the ranks of the living and being gathered to their fathers, until but a skeleton of the former number remains.

But I will not pursue this sad side of the subject, and dismiss it with the hope that the celebration will be all yourself and others interested desire, and repeating my regrets that I shall not be able to be present, I am

Very truly yours,

JAMES PHELPS.

From Prof. Virgil Corydon Taylor.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 7, 1879.

Wm. Wallace Lee, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Your circular letter reached me to-day, sent by

Chamberlain, Carter & Eaton, New York, or by Walter Carter, as I suppose.

I am decidedly in favor of observing the Centennial of our native town, Barkhamsted, but cannot now say that I can be present. I shall, however, if I can possibly shape my affairs to admit of it. As to time, it seems to me that the first week of September would be the most favorable. Of place (native of the valley though I am), I should say by all means the "Centre," and on the site of the old church that *was*. I am among the oldest who have gone out from the town who have a vivid recollection of how nearly and thoroughly this spot is identified with the associations of the early history of the town. Here, on the north, are the sleeping ashes of two-thirds of our forefathers; here, in the old church, our fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers, brothers and sisters, all gathered with each returning Sabbath to worship and praise, and as often as memory reverts to our departed relations, it instinctively traces them to the old "burying ground." Cemetery was not in vogue when this old repository of the dead was spoken of; it was always "the burying ground." Your mother was buried on the old homestead, in the "Weed" burying ground. Your father, I do not know where he was buried, being away at the time, but suppose in the same ground. Your grandfather, "Uncle David Lee," was buried, if I recollect rightly, with your grandmother, in the old yard at the Centre. Your mother, *nee* Julia Summers, I recollect well, even before she was married to your father. She was tall, straight, and was queenly in her demeanor. She was another Queen Elizabeth, in appearance and disposition—all but in station.

But the Centennial. I have a pencil sketch of the old church at the Centre, drawn from memory. It is correct, too, I think, in its general details. It was originally painted red, and then white, the white coming off, so as to show plainly the under red color. After stoves were introduced in it (about the year 1823) there was a pipe flue in the centre of the ridge, in the form of a T.

With all success to the contemplated enterprise, I am

Your fellow townsman,

V. C. TAYLOR.

P. S.—Quoting the close of your circular, if you will consult either Allison's Dictionary of Authors, or Duke's or Johnson's Encyclopediæ, you will find that the writer, too, was not ashamed to say he was a Barkhamsted boy. V. C. T.

From L. Myron Slade.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 8, 1879.

Hiram Goodwin, Esq., President Centennial Day:

DEAR SIR:—It had been my expectation to attend the Centennial Celebration of Barkhamsted, which is to take place the 10th inst., at the Center. It looks now as though business matters will deprive me of the pleasure of meeting there many of my old friends and relatives, who reside in the town.

I regret; for it would be a pleasant return to my old home, where I spent the greater part of my boyhood days; beside, I have, and shall always have, a deep interest in the welfare of the town. My grandfather, Slade, gave up seven years of his young life to maintain the liberty and freedom we have enjoyed since the Revolutionary War. He was a brave soldier, who fought in many of the bloodiest battles of that fearful struggle. He lived the life of a good man, died at a ripe old age, and was buried in the old cemetery at the Center, where lie sleeping my dear father and mother, and other near relatives.

On this account, if for none other, I shall always maintain a deep interest in the good old town of Barkhamsted. God bless the people who live there. They are an honest, industrious and hard-working people, and the old town is deserving of a much better historic record than has ever been written. I trust the occasion will bring out many interesting facts worthy of print, and when so collected we may have the benefit in pamphlet form. The orator and historian are personal friends of mine, and I regret that I cannot be present to listen to their addresses.

May this Centennial Day be the epoch from which to date new and even greater enterprise in all departments of industry, in schools and churches, and in the social life of the people.

I am respectfully and truly,

L. M. SLADE.

From Rev. A. McLoud.

TOPSFIELD, Mass., Sept. 3, 1879.

To the Committee of the Centennial, Barkhamsted, Conn.:

MY ESTEEMED FRIENDS:—Accept my grateful acknowledgements of the invitation to attend your Centennial Celebration. The state

of my health would not quite warrant my following a strong inclination to be present on that occasion. Not only was my early life spent in sight of the hills and forests of Barkhamsted, but the people who attended religious service on the Sabbath in Hartland from "Barkhamsted Corner" were the most grave, intelligent and respectable portion of the congregation And then such adepts in the musical expression of sacred song as Wilder and Howd, (Barkhamsted men,) trained and drilled the young men and maidens of Hartland, season after season, for the service of worship in the sanctuary.

According to my boyish memory, no preacher who came into the Hartland pulpit was more attentively listened to, or left a deeper impression upon the minds of the hearers, than the Rev. Mr. Clarke. The Rev. Mr. Gould carried to every one with whom he came in contact, in whatever relation, a conviction of his large-heartedness and his sincere purpose to do good.

After I entered upon the work of my profession in Eastern Massachusetts, forty years ago, I knew very little about Barkhamsted in any respect, till at the invitation of the committee of the Ecclesiastical Society in 1871, I was invited to supply the pulpit of the Congregational church, beginning some time in September. A three months' residence brought me in contact with most of the people living there—awakened an interest in them and a sincere respect for them. As now they enter upon the second century of their existence as a community—a corporation—I could wish in their behalf that the comprehensiveness of view and large-heartedness may prevail, which, leading to discard everything merely sectional, shall enable the people to carry on in the best style whatsoever appertains to religious, social, moral and literary interests.

Thanking you for your invitation, which I regret that I cannot accept, to be present at your commemoration, I remain,

Very truly yours,

A. McLOUD.

From Abner Rose, a Soldier of 1812, Since Died in 1880.

WILLIAMSFIELD, O., Sept. 2, 1879.

FRIENDS OF BARKHAMSTED:—I address you as the son of Daniel Rose and brother of Marquis Rose, who died in your place. I was 90 years of age the 16th of last April. Was out soldiering at New London in the war of 1812.

I was born in Granville township, Massachusetts. My father

moved to Barkhamsted eighty four years ago. I was married October 19, 1815, to Cynthia Ann Simons, who was brought up by Esquire Pelatiah Allen.

We do not forget the place of our young associations, and often talk them over, which brings to remembrance those who were boys and girls with us, many who have laid aside the care and trials of life by passing from the shores of time.

My wife is still living. She is 83 years of age. There were nine children of us, and but two of us are living—Parker Rose, who is now 86 years of age, and myself. I came to this place in 1818. Were it possible I would be much pleased to be with you on your anniversary, but of this I must not think, but send my best wishes.

Seeing it published as the wish of your committee to hear from those raised in that place, I endeavor to comply, through the agency of my youngest son, Sheridan W. Rose.

ABNER ROSE.

P. S.—I now live in Williamsfield, Ashtabula County, Ohio.

From Barnabas J. Knapp.

LESLIE, O., August 17, 1879.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Barkhamsted Centennial Committee:

Your polite and highly prized invitation to attend your Centennial Celebration was received last evening, and gave me a thrill of pleasure which nothing but the reality of being with you could excel, but circumstances will not allow it.

Permit me to express my admiration of the idea that gave it birth, and the ardor with which I would join you in celebrating the Centennial of glorious old Barkhamsted. It was there I had my first consciousness of existence; it was there I first attended a district school, taught by a Miss Sukie Mills. The first day I attended, I thought it rather dull, and I would enliven it a little by entering into conversation with the schoolmarm; so I said to her in all my childish simplicity, "Miss Sukie, did you ever find a yellow bird's nest?" I could not imagine what made the scholars laugh so.

Another incident in my life in old Barkhamsted: I was married to Miss Ruby Slade in November, when I was three years old the next January, by Uncle Nathaniel Phelps, by jumping over the broomstick; but she kicked my shins, and, of course, a separation followed,

or perhaps I would be in Barkhamsted yet. Wishing you all the pleasure the occasion may suggest, I remain

Your fellow-townsman, in spirit truly,

B. J. KNAPP.

From R. H. Knight.

AKRON, Ohio, August 31, 1879.

To the Committee of Arrangements Barkhamsted Centennial Celebration:

DEAR FRIENDS:—It would afford me the greatest pleasure to attend the celebration to which I received an invitation some time since, but I find that it will be impossible for me to do so.

I was born in Barkhamsted on the 11th of November, 1813, and resided there until the autumn of 1831, when I emigrated with my father to Ohio, which has been my home ever since.

During the forty-eight years of my absence, I have only once revisited the scenes "of my childhood," and that, made in 1876, was one of the pleasantest experiences of my life. To repeat it next month would give me the utmost satisfaction, and though prevented by circumstances from doing so, be assured that I will be with you in thought and feeling at that time.

With kindest wishes for the happiness and prosperity of all who are in any way connected with the old town, and hoping your celebration will prove a complete success, I subscribe

Yours fraternally,

R. H. KNIGHT.

From William W. Jones, Mayor of Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Sept. 6, 1879.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Committee of Arrangements, Barkhamsted, Conn.:

I have received your circular letter inviting me to be present at the Centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the town, September 10, 1879, and very much regret that circumstances will prevent my being present on that interesting occasion.

I was born in Smyrna, N. Y., in 1819, one year after the emigration of my father (Marquis Jones) and my mother (Elizabeth Merrill) from Barkhamsted. A sister, who is fifteen years older than

myself, Mrs. Elsia Curtis, widow of John Curtis, late of Sherburn, N. Y., lives in this city. Her recollections of your town, as it appeared seventy years ago, are still vivid, and she has just expressed her regrets that she will be unable to recall old scenes and associations by being present at your reunion.

My grandfather, Capt. Israel Jones, took up his residence in Barkhamsted (as I am informed) in 1759, the second person who settled in the place. On the maternal side, John Merrill was a resident before the Revolution, in which they both bore an honorable part.

Had it been possible, it would have given me great satisfaction to have joined with you and "the old folks at home" in the commemoration of the scenes, struggles and sacrifices of a common ancestry that perhaps have done more to enstamp their impress upon the civilization of the great West than any like number of any community on the globe.

With my best wishes for the happiness of "the old folks at home," and that your reunion may be pleasant and profitable, I am very sincerely Your obedient servant,

W. W. JONES.

From Herman L. Loomis.

MEDINA, O., Sept. 4, 1879.

To the Committee of Arrangements:

DEAR FRIENDS:—When I learned from the circular you so kindly sent me, that the good old town of my nativity was to be honored by a Centennial celebration, I felt like bidding the enterprise a hearty Godspeed.

I feel that those of us to whom Barkhamsted has given our birth, or at any time a residence, may take a just pride in the fact that so many possessing all those sterling qualities requisite to true man and womanhood have gone forth to be a blessing and an honor to other towns and states, to say nothing of those still remaining in Barkhamsted. In answer to the oft-repeated inquiry here at the West as to my nativity, I am always proud to say I was born and reared in Barkhamsted, Litchfield County, Connecticut. Have always said, and still say, it is a good place in which to be born and brought up. Oft do I live over again the scenes of my childhood and youth. Was always a home boy, and nothing but the force of circumstances would ever have induced me to leave my native town. Have, however, on the whole, never regretted it. Dearly should I love to be

with you on the eventful occasion did circumstances permit, and clasp the hand of those I learned to love and esteem many years gone by. There is a warm nook away down in my heart for all my old friends. But as my mind runs over the list of those whom I should probably meet could I be there, I also think of another list (and oh, how numerous it is) of dear friends and relatives—my own parents, a sister, uncles, aunts and cousins, among others, whose faces will not be seen there. They are where all of us shall be when the next centennial of the town is celebrated—in eternity. That we may all be prepared to spend it in glory is my humble prayer.

As I am debarred the privilege of greeting you in person, will send the same on paper, which please accept as coming from a warm heart that has not forgotten the "old folks at home." As ever,

Lovingly yours,

HERMAN L. LOOMIS.

From Franklin C. Jones.

FRANKLIN, Conn., August 30, 1879.

To the Committee of Arrangements, Barkhamsted:

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your invitation to be present at the celebration of the Centennial anniversary of the settlement of Barkhamsted, and regret that circumstances oblige me to decline it. If it were possible for me to attend, I should feel a keen interest in the public exercises and social festivities of the occasion. I am happy to be counted in as, indirectly, one of the sons of Barkhamsted, who sympathizes heartily with the spirit which prompts to the observance of this anniversary. It cannot fail to benefit us to revive the memory of those brave, patient and reverent men and women who laid the foundations of society in our New England towns.

Amid the multiplied comforts and refinements of to day, there is danger lest we may forget the grand virtues of our fathers We cannot do our work well without the same qualities which made them successful.

A reunion in the old home of those who have been scattered far and wide may well awaken in them a spirit of gratitude to God; of mutual sympathy and helpfulness, and of greater courage and fidelity in the duties of life.

Wishing you abundant good cheer in your approaching celebration, I remain Respectfully yours,

F. C. JONES.

From Timothy C. Ransom.

FOREST CITY, Winnebago Co., Ia., July 25, 1879.

To H. C. Brown, James Tiffany, Warren Alford and others, Committee of Arrangements:

FRIENDS:—Your kind invitation to be present with you on the 10th day of September, 1879, and take part in the celebration by the old residents of the town of Barkhamsted since its organization, has been duly received, and with thanks.

I regret very much that the distance is so far, and that my business is such, that I am compelled to abandon the thought of being present, for nothing would afford me more pleasure.

Such an organization brings to mind many of the early incidents of former days, and many of the old time honored residents of the town, who, in my boyhood days, I knew, but who since have gone to their spiritual home, and cannot now mingle with you in this celebration in the flesh, but can celebrate with you in the spiritual body. Some others are still alive, but old and infirm, who still can call to mind many incidents that have taken place during their recollections, which are of interest to many.

It is with pleasure to me that I can look back and call to mind many things which took place in the good old town of Barkhamsted. But I regret it the more that I cannot be with you on that day. Thanking you again for the kind invitation to be with you, I remain Very truly yours,

T. C. RANSOM.

From Rev. H. Wilbert Bushnell.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Aug. 1, 1879.

To the Committee Centennial Celebration of Barkhamsted:

I am interested to learn of that Centennial for old Barkhamsted. It will no doubt be an interesting occasion. I have (to me) the best authority,—(*your word*, my mother;)—that I was born in Barkhamsted.

I recall many of the old settlers, and their seamed old faces are photographed upon my recollection: Peleg Shepherd, Chester Slade, on the Hill; Anson Priest, Squire, George Merrill and Tiffany, at the Center; Newton Ransom in the Hollow, and the Cases of Washington Hill. Then in the Farmington Valley I see a Lee—short

and stout. A little further up, Bela Squire, who always seemed to have a warm side for the boys.

The first five dollar gold piece I ever saw, Uncle Bela gave my father for a calf.

I remember Elijah Cannon, who I used to see running a trip-hammer in a shop in the lower part of Pleasant Valley. I remember Sanford Webster, who lived on the Green.

And that Beaver Brook! Its waters had a charm for me—for bathing purposes—more potent than Schoolmarm Ryder's mandate—"the boys mustn't go in swimming"— but I danced a jig to pay for it, to an orchestra of one piece—a cedar switch applied to my bare feet and ankles. As that switch cut the air, I made a very unmusical accompaniment to its sharp music.

Referring to Squire Merrill reminds me of a little story. Once while the Squire was "in the service of the State" as a Representative—Shad-eaters, I believe they were called—a bill was before the House for the protection of game, and prominent among the game-birds enumerated were woodcock. The Squire, not being much of a sporting character, was not familiar with woodcock; but supposed that what are commonly known as red-headed wood-peckers were meant, and made his characteristic speech accordingly, denouncing the folly of legislating to protect such birds. "Why," said he, "the tarnal critters destroy more timber than their necks are worth, and when their red heads and long bills get agoin' some mornin' before a rain, they make such an amazin' racket in the airly mornin' a a fellow can't sleep," all of which, of course, brought down the house.

I will not attempt to bring up all localities in the famous town of Barkhamsted, or bring up further the honored old names. The roll call from the beginning would have the majority to answer only in phantom voices. Their resting places are widely scattered, but the last trumpet's call shall waken every one.

Much might be hoped from the posterity of those who struggled with the perverse soil and among the granite rocks near a century ago, and won success to that degree that paupers were few and far between, and the hope has been fully realized.

The second and third generations have made their record, and in the light of it we stand to-day. Who says we are degenerating? If one of the old fathers of the first quarter of the century, tolerate him as one unable to take in the situation. If one of the present generation, put him in communication with a gorilla, and let them exchange photographs of Darwin's descent of man.

Cordially yours, H. W. BUSHNELL.

From George C. Doolittle.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 6, 1879.

To H. C. Brown, James Tiffany, Warren Alford, Rufus Cleavland, Miss Carrie Goodwin, with others on Committee of Arrangements:

I had intended to be with you at the celebration of Barkhamsted's one hundredth anniversary, but having just returned from an extended tour through Lake Superior, Minnesota, Dakota and West Wisconsin, am unable to leave pressing business, and while I have a pride and great pleasure in visiting my old native home, Barkhamsted, (so near the Lighthouse), can only say I regret I cannot be with you. Am very grateful for your kind remembrance of me so long (thirty-one years), since I left you for busy life in our vast and rich Western country Only wish I could come with my Berkshire County, Massachusetts wife, with our two sons, their wives and four children, and our two daughters. Many of you will remember my sad experience, last winter, in the loss of my mother and sickness of my father. Again thanking you for kind remembrances, and trusting we may many of us live to meet again, I would subscribe myself to you, one and all,

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE C. DOOLITTLE.

From Ozias C. Healy.

WINNEBAGO CITY, Minn., August 25, 1879.

To the Committee of the Barkhamsted Centennial:

Your circular addressed to me thankfully received. It reminds me of my younger days, when I used to roam over the hills and mountains of old Barkhamsted. I regret very much that I cannot meet with you on the 10th of September next. Hoping that I may be informed of the proceedings, I remain

Your friend,

O. C. HEALY.

From Claudius Lovel Parker.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., October 25, 1879.

Wm. Wallace Lee, Esq., Meriden, Conn.

DEAR SIR:—I have just learned that a Centennial celebration has recently been held in the town of Barkhamsted, Conn., in which, I am informed, you took an active part, reviewing the history of the town.

I feel deeply interested in this place, and will deem it a great pleasure if you will advise me where, if at all, I can obtain an account of the proceedings of the day, and especially a copy of the historical address. And, that you may understand why I claim an interest in matters relating to Barkhamsted, I will, with your permission, introduce myself.

Benjamin Parker and his wife, Mercy Atwater, (my great grandparents,) were born in Wallingford, Conn. Their families had lived at Wallingford and New Haven from the first settlement of the country. They removed first to Simsbury, then to Barkhamsted, where they purchased a farm, July 13th, 1778, of Oliver Spelman. Benjamin Parker was a blacksmith by trade, and though blind during his last years, he continued work at the forge, making horse-shoe nails principally, guided in his work by a recess worn in the face of his anvil, by the sense of feeling, and by the skill which follows years of practice.

Both these parents are buried in Barkhamsted, and a simple stone tells a short story of lives that were once active and useful in shaping the early character of the place Their children were Abigail, Olive, Sarah, Lovel, Benjamin, Joel and Eunice. The daughters married, and settled in Connecticut and New York. Benjamin, the youngest son, died in early manhood. Joel married Abigail, daughter of Hawkins and Abigail Hart, and lived on the "North farm," (the one first purchased). Lovel (my grandfather) married Hannah Hart, an elder sister of Abigail, and they lived about one mile south of the first homestead, on a farm purchased June 24th, 1797, of Seth Leonard.

This "old home in Barkhamsted," as we were taught to call it, was a little east of, and facing a dam in the river, which turned the water to some mills below.

Lovel Parker was also a blacksmith by trade, though the farm contributed to the family support. He and his wife were well-known in the community, and are doubtless remembered by some of their former neighbors now living. Their children were Noyes, Benjamin, Linus, Lovel Elon (my father), David Rufus and Orpha.

Playmates and schoolmates of these children are still living in Barkhamsted, or recently were. All the sacred asssociations of childhood were connected with this home, and as years passed by, these memories ripened into a most tender attachment for the people and home they had left.

August 8th, 1816, the two brothers, Lovel and Joel, with their families, started on what was then a long journey for Ohio, (New Connecticut). Lovel settled in Kinsman, Trumbull County, Ohio, and with his sons built and carried on an extensive shop for a new country, manufacturing axes, scythes, hoes and similar implements.

Death and time have reaped their harvest, and but two of this family, Noyes and Orpha, are left to tell of busy lives, which began their course among the people of old Barkhamsted.

My father, Lovel Elon Parker, was a carpenter and joiner by trade. He settled in Wayne, a few miles from his father's home in Kinsman. He was sixteen years of age when he left Barkhamsted, and during all the long years that followed, the companions and scenes of his childhood were ever present. He died January 2d, 1879. Just before his death he told me that on closing his eyes all the surroundings of his early home seemed to pass before him constantly—the house, the river, the shop and the school-house—and he seemed to be living over again that summer's day more than half a century before, when they bade farewell forever to the most sacred spot the heart can cherish, and to the many friends who gathered to bid them God speed on their journey to a new and distant home.

Such themes were often in mind. and stories of those people and those places form an important part of the recollections of my own childhood; for in the vivid reality of a child's imagination, I have romped with him and his mates over the fields of old Barkhamsted, coasted on her hills, fished in her streams, and sat by her firesides, until with him I feel that it is *my home*, and that her people are *my people*. And surely, many of them are my kindred.

My Cousin Mary Hart kindly honored me with an invitation to attend your Centennial, but for some cause it never reached me, and I knew nothing of your intended gathering until after it had taken place.

I shall ever regret my loss, but trust that I may soon see the old home so dear to my father, and to me, and that I may renew the friendship with kindred and with people who live where my father lived so many years ago.

Very respectfully,

CLAUDIUS LOVEL PARKER.

From P. R. Strong.

COLCHESTER, Conn., Sept. 16, 1879.

W. W. Lee:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I have been very much interested in reading the account of the celebration in Barkhamsted last week. I did not know that such a celebration was to be held until too late to change my plans, or I should have been there. The history of my ancestors, who lie buried there, has probably faded from the memory of the present inhabitants. My grandmother, Hannah Kilbourn, daughter of Benjamin Kilbourn, who was born about the year 1760, (I don't know where she was born, or the exact date,) who with her father's family emigrated with some forty other families from the Connecticut colonies to Wyoming, Pa., where she resided at the time of the Wyoming Massacre of July 8th, 1778. Her father lived two miles from the fort, where they fled for safety on the approach of the British and Indians, who burned their houses and destroyed their crops. The whole family, as far as I know, escaped, and returned to Connecticut, to or near Barkhamsted, where about the year 1794 Hannah Kilbourn married Phinehas (he spelled his name that way) Foster, by whom she had six children. The oldest, Electa, married E. E. Strong, of Bolton, and died at Bloomington, Ill. The second, Lemuel, graduated at Yale College, and died at Blue Island, Ill, after a ministry of forty-three years. The third, Chester, married Elvira Cornish, of Simsbury, and died near Columbus, Ohio. The fourth, Lucy, now living in Iowa. The fifth, Lewis, a graduate of Yale, Class of 1831, was settled over a church in what was called Killingworth, (and now Clinton,) where he died in 1833, after a ministry of one year. The sixth, Hannah, married Baxter Gillette, of Bloomfield. She died in Meriden. I think, about 1855. All except the second son left children.

The mother, Hannah Mills, (she, after the death of her first husband, Phinehas Foster, married Ammi Mills, of Bloomfield, who lived but a few years,) died in Meriden about the year 1853, where she had been living a year or two with her son-in-law, Baxter Gillette. He lived and kept a small grocery store on what is now Colony street, about one-half mile north of the depot. She was, as far as was known, the last survivor of the Wyoming Massacre. She was buried beside her first husband, in Barkhamsted, who died about 1812.

I was very sorry not to have known of the Celebration till too late to be there, as I wish very much to see the graves of my ancestors,

as I never had been there. Thinking you might be interested in the history of the town, I have taken the liberty to send you the above, feeling somewhat acquainted, having met you in the Grand Lodge every year for the last five years or so.

Yours fraternally,

P. R. STRONG.

From Hon. Charles Baldwin, Princeton, Ill.

[The following letter is selected from a number, the result of a personal correspondence, and is given as a matter of interesting information, without its author's permission. because it was feared that if his permission to publish it was asked, he would not grant it.—W. W. L.]

PRINCETON, Ill., Sept. 24, 1879.

W. W. Lee, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 20th inst. has just come to hand. I will pay five dollars toward printing the proceedings of the Centennial, or if gotten up in book, as you would like to have it, I will give ten dollars. I was in Connecticut from about July 1st until the 22d of August. Should have stayed and attended the Centennial if possible, but had to be at home Sept. 1st. I did not know of the Centennial when I left home. If I had, I should have made my arrangements to have stayed. I left the town when only thirteen years old, and have seen it but seldom since.

My father's name was Chauncey Baldwin. I was born near West Hill Pond, just south of the Albany and Hartford turnpike, I attended school in the Mallory District, the same district as Elisha Johnson. I have attended meetings many times in the school-house at the Valley. Remember your family name, the Doolittles, Squires, Youngs, and others. As I have before written, I read law with Hon. Elisha Johnson; was admitted to the bar in Hartford, July 18, 1856, Judge Waldo holding Court when I was admitted I came West in the fall of 1856 and went direct to Keokuk, Iowa, and came from there here in the spring of 1858, and have lived here ever since. I have been reasonably successful in business, having been able to command as much business as I could attend to for the last eighteen

years, and, besides attending to my business, I have been a member of the Board of Education for the last eight years; have been four years member of the Town Council and three years president of the same, and for twelve years a director in the First National Bank here. I have represented this county in the State Legislature, and been chairman of the Committee on Municipal Affairs, and member of the Judiciary Committee, and member of the Committee on Education. I have been in Connecticut a part of each of the last five summers, spending the most of my time while there in Clinton, and shall probably be there again next summer. I have not been able as yet to learn what your business is, (I presume lawyer or minister) nor whether you have been long a resident of Meriden or not, but I have the impression that you at some time have lived West. Excuse me for writing so much about myself, for I assure you that I dislike very much to talk or write about myself. I shall be very glad to hear from you again. I hope you may have success in putting the history of our old native town into good and favorable shape.

For twenty-five years I had not seen Winsted nor Barkhamsted until last year, and a strange feeling of pleasure and delight came over me as I visited those towns and my birth-place. Though I have been West for twenty-three years—and I like Illinois; my interests are here, and I expect to remain here as long as I live—I love my dear old native state, and I sometimes think with each succeeding year my love for her increases. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Yours truly,

CHAS. BALDWIN.

From Linus H. Jones.

[The following is the letter which was read at the celebration by Captain H. R. Jones, as mentioned on page 109 It was received at too late a day for insertion in the regular order.]

LINDENVILLE, Ohio, Sept. 2, 1879.

E. P. Jones, Esq.:

DEAR COUSIN:—Your letter was an agreeable surprise, and the notice it contained is regarded with much interest here by many who formerly hailed from Barkhamsted. I can anticipate somewhat the interest felt by you and your townsmen in stirring up rec-

ollections of former days in order to contribute to the interest upon the observance of your Centennial.

I have shown your invitation to several, and the mind seems at once to fly back on memory's wing to the land of their birth, and in imagination to participate with you in the mingled emotions consequent upon a review of the past.

Father would rejoice were I to be with you at the anniversary, and many would be the inquiries upon my return. He likes to see others happy, but thinks there is very little pleasure in living at his time of life. Aged people live much in the past.

We left Connecticut September 10th, 1811—East Hartland, one-half mile west of the meeting-house. I was born in Barkhamsted, February 5th, 1805. Your father and Mr. Perkins came with us to Coneaut. They each had a horse in the team, which they then took, and came through on horse back about thirty miles, (do not know how far by the zigzag) to the cabin of Uncle Titus Hayes. He came with an ox team to take us through, with the aid of our horses. This was a journey of three days—two days in unbroken forest, camping in the woods. The wolves gave us a rousing serenade. No wish was expressed on our part to have them draw nearer. The second night we found shelter in the cabin of an earlier settler, and on the third day, as the sun was getting low, we emerged into the opening which surrounded the cabin of Uncle Hayes This part of Ohio was then called New Connecticut. You probably know why. Uncle Elam came here a few years before us. He lived in Hartford. Father was born in Barkhamsted, June 29th, 1781; married Deborah Hayes, May 11th, 1803, and lived in Barkhamsted about four years, then moved to Hartland, and from thence to Ohio. I must be one of Barkhamsted's oldest grandsons —that is, one born of parents who were born within your century —and father, perhaps, her oldest son now living. Father and mother started for Connecticut September 10th, 1821—just ten years from the day of leaving Connecticut, and singularly enough on the anniversary of the birthday of the town. We find no date of his last visit. An incident in mind makes its forty-two years ago—possibly an error, but must be near the time

Father will be with you in mind, if life should last. If present, his greeting, judging from his expressions, would be about this: "Barkhamsted—dear to memory in recollections of childhood, youth and early manhood."

Perhaps without egotism I might utter the following: "Barkhamsted—I love thee as the cradle of my infancy, and honor thee as the

home of my ancestors May thy genial shadow never grow less, nor thy honor tarnish."

I shall expect to hear from you as soon as convenient after the 10th. Yours truly,

L. H. JONES.

From Bradley D. Lee.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 17, 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER WALLACE:—I received the papers you sent me containing an account of your celebration, and think you must have had a royal time. I greatly regretted that my business affairs were in such shape that I could not remain and unite with you in the celebration.

I hope you will have the proceedings published in good shape, they are certainly worthy of it As a son of Barkhamsted, I am willing to bear my full share of the expense. Do not let the matter rest until all interest is lost, but "push things" at once.

Yours, in haste,

B. D. LEE.

"OLD BARKHAMSTED."

By S. A. MUNSON, of Riverton, Conn.

[The accompanying poem was written in honor of the Centennial birthday of his native town, Barkhamsted, by Mr. S. A. Munson of Riverton, who is referred to in the Historical Address, as poet, musician, etc. The poem was published in the *Hartford Times*, on September 10, 1879, the day that the celebration was in progress. Being written some time before, Mr. Munson had no idea of how impressive the "olden time" pageant would be, as he explains in a foot-note The poem, the compiler rests assured, will be read with interest. Its historical merit and tribute to the "old folks gone to rest," entitle it to a place in this volume.]

The day, at last, breaks on us here,
'Neath old Barkhamsted's skies,
Whose mountains, hills, and valleys deep
Are mirrored in our eyes.
Familiar are the scenes of yore,
Of youth so bright and gay,
While here we are to celebrate
Our first Centennial Day.

We meet the friends of other days,
Whose feet have wandered long,
With welcome true to render them
In story and in song.
Though "Time" has stamped upon their brow
His seal of age and care,
Yet we are glad to have them all
In this Centennial share.

With one accord we all enjoy
This anniversary day,
It wakens in our memories
Bright hours long pass'd away.

We see again the dear old cot,
The cot where we were born,
Where first our eyes beheld the light
Which woke our childhood's morn.

We see the wood, the hill and dell,
The brook that ripples by,
The landscape in its loveliness,
Its coverlet the sky.
The moss-clad rock beside the road
Remains there yet alone,
While in the dell, where wild birds sing,
How all is overgrown.

But while we muse on days gone by,
On days forever o'er,
Another scene comes looming up
From memory's hoarded store.
The gray old church has pass'd away,
That stood so grand and tall,
How few would know the place again,
So changed is round it all.*

And where was once a race far known,
We see no "Lighthouse" now,
No curling smoke from hovel roofs
'Neath "Ragged Mountain's" brow.
The lights are gone that shone out there,
On nights all dark and cold,†
But famed fore'er that spot shall be
In name and story old.

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*The poem, at this point has reference to the "old meeting-house," that stood adjoining the "Center burying-ground," and whose stately edifice now only remains impictured in our memory of days we shall know no more.

†A story is told, and there is considerable truth to it, unquestionably, that some of the original dwellers of the Barkhamsted "Lighthouse" had skins nailed into the windows of their ill-constructed hovels. Through these skins, in which the light of day dimly found its way within, small holes were burnt, which, in the night time, gave forth from the crackling fire-wood on the hearth, more or less light, rendering to the belated traveler, following up or down

That lonely river road,

perchance, at dead of winter time, the cheery apprise that,

Beneath old "Ragged Mountain's" brow,

there was indeed a habitation of the living.

The old, old folks have gone to rest,
Who first were dwellers here,
But kindly still we think of them
Through every changing year.
We think of how they built their homes,
How woods were cleared away,
How fields sprang up so fair and green
Robed out in summer gay.

The lords of all the hills were they,
The lords of every shore,
Where rivers run that never cease
Their everlasting roar.
From east to west, from north to south,
All, all to them was dear,
While well they knew their first best place
Was round them ever here.

And so, to-day, from near and far,
We come in numbers great,
'Midst cannon's roar, and bugle's notes,
And horsemen all in state.‡
And years will come, and years will go,
And time will slip away,
And yet we all will think of this,
This our Centennial Day.

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‡ The author, when this poem was sent to press, did not know that there was to be an array of footmen, or wagon load after wagon load of men, women and children, appareled in the garments of "ye olden times." Thus that part of the most imposing spectacle presented at the opening of the ceremonies of the Barkhamsted Centennial,— the whole fo ming one grand moving panorama not easily to be forgotten,— escaped the notice of the writer, who, on the contrary, would duly have endeavored to have given it an appropriate account.

THE PRESS ON THE CENTENNIAL.

It is befitting, as the labors of the compiler is closing, to acknowledge in this public manner, the obligations of the people of Barkhamsted, the committee of arrangements, and the writer, to the press of the State, and, indeed, of New England, for the material aid rendered, in "spreading the news far and wide" of the celebration. Its generosity and willingness in this respect is worthy of "honorable mention"—all that the compiler can now tender. He fully recognizes and appreciates the valuable aid to success given by the press, not only in bringing the celebration to the notice of the public, but arousing a general interest in it. The debt of gratitude is the greater to the large number of journals that gave extended reports of the proceedings, both by special reporters and otherwise, some at considerable inconvenience, the duties being made doubly arduous by the fact that a dedication of the soldiers' monument at Torrington—a neighboring town—took place on the same day as our celebration, and severely taxed the staff and columns of the state papers, which were represented at both.

That what the Press thought of the celebration may be seen by all, particularly those at a distance from Connecticut, some extracts from a few of the state papers are re-produced here:

Hartford (Conn.) Courant, Sept. 11, 1879.

The town of Barkhamsted, away back among the Litchfield county hills and valleys, sparsely settled, and little known to fame except for its lighthouse, astonished the world or that part of it which ever heard of Barkhamsted, by the announcement some time ago of an intention to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the town.

Wednesday, September 10th, was the day. The weather proved all that could be desired, and the people poured in in teams from an early hour. The early trains brought many from surrounding towns and the cities of the state, to New Hartford, whence teams ran with heavy loads to the scene.

At eight o'clock a procession formed at Barkhamsted Hollow,

consisting of the marshal, Frank A. Case; the Granby drum corps; mounted escort, one hundred strong; carriage containing Judge Merrill and C. H. Case, of Hartford, and the banner of 1879; antiques and horribles, ladies dressed in the costume of 1779, in ornamented ox-wagons, etc.

In the western part of the town a procession formed on the green, consisting of Assistant Marshals Pease and Young, the Bakerville brass band, W. W. Lee and Judge Goodwin in carriage, miscellaneous procession, New Hartford drum corps. The two bodies proceeded to the Center in martial array, bands playing and a cannon waking the echoes of the noble hills and vales.

The church was decked with bunting; the word "Welcome," in evergreen appeared on the portal, and a large flag swung across the street. At one side of the church a platform was raised, in front of which were rows of improvised benches, and over these was a large canvas stretched from the church to a row of pine trees. A crowd of about 3,000 people was on hand, and the scene was full of variety.

At ten o'clock the exercises at the stand began. After music by the band, Judge H. Goodwin of Riverton, president of the day, made an address; singing, "Coronation"; prayer by the Rev. P. T. Holley of Bridgeport; singing; address of welcome by H. C. Brown; music by the band; singing, "My Country 'tis of Thee"; historical address by William Wallace Lee of Meriden.

The historical address was a long, carefully-prepared and exhaustive history of Barkhamsted, and was listened to intently.

[Here the *Courant* gives a lengthy summary of the Historical Address, the Oration, Poem, &c., and then goes on to say:]

For the collation a long table had been spread under the pines, and it looked very tempting to the hungry multitude with its appetizing array of meats, pies, cake, fruit, etc., set off by numerous bouquets.

There were very many natives of the town, now residing elsewhere present, besides other distinguished people. Among those noticed were the Rev. Lemuel Richardson, of Huntington, L. I., the Rev. Mr. Adams of New Hartford, the Rev. L. H. Barbour of Bolton, the Rev. J. P. Hawley of Chester, the Rev. Peffers, pastor of the church at the Center, Dr. Russell Tiffany, Elisha Johnson, C. H. Case, Lent B. Merriam, John L. Hitchcock, O. P. Case of Hartford; Rose Terry Cooke of Winsted, the Rev. Mr. Ogden of New Haven, Walter S. Carter and E. H. Eno of New York.

The celebration was an unqualified success, and was thoroughly enjoyed. When the next Centennial is celebrated "may we be there to see."

Hartford Post, September 11th, 1879.

Barkhamsted lies twenty-six miles northwest from Hartford, being a part of the famous tract long known as the "Green woods," and noted for its excellent pine timber. The first settler, and for ten or twelve years the only inhabitant, was Pelatiah Allen, who came from Windsor, and began farming near the northern boundary of New Hartford, in 1746. Others joined him, making twenty families in 1771. The town was incorporated in 1779, and the one hundredth anniversary was celebrated on the 10th of September. At sunrise the bells were rung and a salute of one hundred guns was fired from the top of Center Hill, whose echoes resounded among the hills and reached the ears of the people in adjoining towns. From every hamlet the streams of travel soon began flowing to the meeting house. The Bakerville Cornet Band and the New Hartford Drum Corps made their rendezvous near the junction of the roads approaching from New Hartford and Riverton and Pleasant Valley, and pealed their merry notes, while waiting orders. In the valley below the Deputy Marshal halted the long line of carriages till nearly 10 o'clock, much to the disgust of non residents, "native and to the manor born," who had business at the front and could not see by what "military necessity" Luman Pease was authorized to block the public highway against the free travel of invited guests, and compel them to reach the place on foot or miss the privilege.

The Town Hall was one vast side-board, filled with rations abundant for a brigade, good enough for a thanksgiving, which the fair ladies served out at mid-day to guests seated comfortably outside, understood to be without price. The plates were gossamer trenches stamped from thin veneering, the native product of the place, and eagerly bought up as souvenirs at a cent each. The pillars of the church were twined with red, white and blue in spirals, and over the entrance, in letters of beautiful green, the legend, "Welcome." A broad regimental flag floated over the road, and smaller colors gleamed all about. The platform was built on the west side of the church, and over this and the seats of plank, on solid bolts of wood, was extended the canvass of two large tents, spread out, from the eaves to a line of parallel poles in the branches of a row of dense pines, twenty yards distant, forming a most grateful shade, and the open windows gave hearing to a multitude in the pews within. Ample accommodations for reporters call for thanks. Some thanks to others missed their aim on account of inability to see and hear the speakers through standing bodies having intervened.

The roll of drums were heard in the Hollow, and soon appeared, superbly mounted, Field Marshal Frank Case, followed by the mounted escort in shirt-sleeves, with red sash, a goodly array, led by their Colonel, a soldierly officer. These moved west toward Beaver Brook, and, turning by the left, flanked the halted column, and all escorted Esquire Goodwin to the stand, with music and banners. From out of the Hollow came also riders on horses. Men in saddle with women "pillioned" behind, holding on, and dressed *a la* hundred years ago. Then pairs of single riders, and wagons embowered in evergreens, half concealing youths and maidens, and dames too old to ride in such carts, in our day. There were remnants of Continental batallions in varied uniforms, a brave old Narragansett red man from his reservation two miles northwest, some "horse marines," and a mounted lancer in black, with mouth of fire, and pushing horns, and "leer malign." The people swarmed in, from South Hollow and North Hollow; from West Center and Wallen's Hill, from East and West Mountain and from Barkhamsted Corner; from the "Devil's Gap" and "Satan's Kingdom," of which last the horned lancer is believed to be a sample yeoman, and as the slogan of John Merrill's bag-pipe was called into action and the cannon's peal shook the hills, the audience must have accumulated to five thousand, and the area before the stand was a compact mass of human forms, whose stout hearts beat loyal pulsations of love for the dear memories of the old mountain town

The Cornet Band, led by Mr. Osborne, opened with choice music, and their service all through the day was of the very best. They were posted at the right, on the stage On the left were seated the members of the Centennial Choir, under the direction of Joseph Eggleston, who "kept the pitch" with his silver flute as the ancient singing men and women rendered the delightful tunes as did their ancestors. Their first piece was "Coronation."

The *Post* then gives an extended report of the doings of the day.

Meriden (Conn.) Republican, Sept. 11, 1879.

Wednesday, September 10, 1879, will be long and favorably remembered by the quiet people of Barkhamsted, who celebrated in the most elaborate style the centennial anniversary of the quaint old town. The affair will leave a more lasting impression, because the Barkhamsted people are almost isolated from communities where public celebrations and gala days are common. But the quaint old

folks of this famous town determined that when they did have a celebration, it should be one worth remembering, and that they were entirely successful, the three thousand or four thousand visitors to the village will gladly testify. To William Wallace Lee, a Barkhamsted boy, much of the credit of the celebration is due, as he, as early as last winter, inaugurated the project of a centennial celebration, and made several visits to the old town to interest the citizens. He also wrote letters to various "Barkhamsted boys," holding prominent positions all over the Union. He met with great encouragement, and his efforts were crowned with success. The sleepy old town, that an impartial critic, no matter how friendly, visiting it for the first time, would pronounce "away behind the times." was thoroughly aroused, and between three thousand and four thousand gathered from the various villages comprising the township, which include Pleasant Valley, Riverton, "The Hollow" (so called), and Barkhamsted Center, the celebration being held in the last named place, it being the first settlement of the town

On the evening of Tuesday, the night before the celebration, every house in each of the villages had guests, most of them being relatives, who had not met before in years, and neighbors who had not greeted each other for a quarter of a century. There was, too, a fair quota of judges, business men, and perhaps persons of influence in their adopted cities, who had left Barkhamsted, years and years ago, as obscure villagers. They had now returned as noted men to join in the grand jubilee. It was in reality a mammoth reunion of all the old settlers of Barkhamsted. Apprehensions of rain, which were aroused, Tuesday evening, by the threatening aspect of the clouds, were dispelled with the "dawn of the morrow," the morning being a beautiful one. As the time arrived for the parade, showery looking clouds came up, but kindly withheld their aqueous fluid, and nothing occurred to mar the demonstration. People flocked to the Center from every direction, and in teams of all description. Every farmer had his wagon out, nothing to which a horse could be hitched being left without being called into requisition. As early as eight o'clock, the church grounds and vicinity, where the celebration was held, were alive with people, who shook hands, congratulated, and talked over old times, with a joyful fullness that showed the pleasure each felt. Long before this hour, at sunrise, the cannon belched forth its thunder, and announced the centennial birth of the historical old town. The church bell rang at intervals, and everywhere, and in all things, a spirit of enthusiasm prevailed, well befitting the auspicious day.

The *Republican* continues to the extent of four columns its report, speaking all through in the highest terms of the celebration.

Winsted (Conn.) Herald, Sept. 19th, 1879.

[By its Resident Correspondent.]

Since our last issue, the great birthdav of our good old town of Barkhamsted has been celebrated, and now as we look back we are filled with pride, for surely it was a grand success, and far beyond our most sanguine expectations. As the sunlight came creeping up the eastern sky, tinging the western hills in glory and splendor, the bells rang out glad, joyful peals, and the boom of the cannon echoed and re-echoed from the distant mountain sides, and the morning of old Barkhamsted's celebration had dawned. The hearts of her children were filled with praise and thanksgivings unto the great Ruler whose hand created even the rocks and hills of this far-famed town and pronounced them all good,—that He should so smile upon us and bless us with the beautiful sunlight.

Much credit is due not only to the committee of arrangements, but also to Marshal Frank A. Case, who filled his high office with dignity and acceptance to all; to George T. Carter for the fine appearance and excellent drill of the mounted escort (and, by the way, since Carter has had the title of "captain" affixed to his name he reminds us of Lieut. Col. Skinner, whose fine figure and gentlemanly appearance I need not mention). Much credit is also due Mrs. Dwight Case for the perseverence which she displayed in gathering the garments worn by our parents, grandparents and great-grandparents, that the day might prove one worthy of the occasion and its object. To Mrs. Edwin Jones of the northeast district belongs the honor of the "speakers' table," as she was the first one to propose it, and therefore to her and her assitants would we render the praise for the beauty and arrangement of the table of which every person in the town must have been proud; and no wonder the people gathered to see the many tempting dishes beneath which the very table groaned. The "maids and matrons" are much obliged to your reporter for the praise of their cookery, but it does not make them one bit vain, as they knew they could make pie and cake before.

Our thanks are due to Hon. M. E. Merrill of Hartford for his eloquent oration, of which all speak in words of praise; to William Wallace Lee, of Meriden, for his fine historical address; to Captain

C. H. Case, of Hartford, for the assistance shown his native town; to — but we must stop -- we cannot speak of each separately, and to whoever we are indebted let them receive the thanks to which they are entitled.

The Historical Address was delivered by William Wallace Lee, of Meriden, a native of Barkhamsted. It was a carefully-prepared history of the town, which must have taken years of research and familiarity with the persons, things and localities described. It abounded in anecdote, humorous and pathetic, and occupied in its delivery an hour and forty minutes, during which time the audience attentively listened, the speaker being frequently interrupted by applause.

After the historical address the audience were invited to a bountiful collation. A long table had been spread under the pines, and it looked very tempting to the hungry multitude with its appetizing array of meats, pies, cake, fruit, etc., set off by numerous bouquets. The table could not, of course, accommodate all present, and there was a sort of picnic indulged in, people resorting to the church, to wagons, and to shady places on the grass. Three thousand thin wood plates were distributed and filled, and replenished by the stores of good things from the town hall adjacent to the church. The resources of that hall, into which none went but the fair sex, those always generous providers, were equal to the demands. It goes without saying that the reputation of the Barkhamsted maids and matrons for good cookery stood the test, and was even added to. No one went without, and large amounts of food remained after repeated onslaughts. It was a splendid collation, and liberally and gracefully served.

After music by the band and the drum corps, the people reassembled under the canvas. The number had been increased since the morning, and careful judges estimated the attendance to be at least four thousand. The first exercise was the reading of a poem, written by Mrs. Emma Carter Lee, better known in Barkhamsted as Chloe Carter. It was read by her husband, Prof. Lee, of Oberlin College. Its graceful reference to the scenery and history of the author's native town, and high poetic flavor marked it as one of the few successful attempts to produce an appropriate poem for such an occasion.

After music by the band, Hon. M. E. Merrill, for many years Judge of the Police Court in Hartford, a native of Barkhamsted, delivered the oration. It was an eloquent effort, delivered with grace and energy, and elicited frequent applause. Its subject was "The Then, the Now and the Hereafter," and occupied about an hour and fifteen minutes.

After the oration came remarks by different natives of Barkhamsted, who came forward as they were called upon.

A poem was read by Mr. E. W. Jones, of Winsted, a son of Deacon Edwin P. Jones, of Barkhamsted — which was received with much applause Deacon Jones lives on East Mountain, upon the farm which was purchased more than a hundred years ago by his great grandfather, Captain Israel Jones, of Enfield, the pioneer settler who, according to Trumbull's History, was the second white man who made settlement in Barkhamsted. This farm has descended from father to son to the present day.

Communications were read from different natives of the town in remote parts of the country.

A register was open in the porch of the church, where about one thousand of those present recorded their names, date of birth and residence, etc. Many relics of the past were on exhibiton in the church, among which we noticed the old pulpit taken from the first meeting house built in the town, now owned by Mr. Sheldon Merrill; an old foot-stove; an old chair carved and made with a jack-knive in 1798 by Consider Tiffany; an old wooden mug found in the house formerly occupied by Stephen Merrill, near West Hill Pond; a cane presented to George Merrill, Esq , by the members of the Connecticut Legislature in 1853 for his sharp retort to a young member from New Haven; an old tavern sign marked "P. Roberts' INN, 1798." This tavern was kept on Wallen's Hill at the date specified.

During all this day of festivity, not a drunken man was to be seen, and the good people of Barkhamsted are to be heartily congratulated for the splendid success which attended their well-arranged plans for the celebration of the hundredth birthday of the grand old town.

Other Papers.

The Hartford Times, New Haven Register, New Haven Palladium, Bridgeport Standard, Bridgeport Farmer, Litchfield Enquirer, Springfield (Mass.) Republican, and many other papers, gave extended reports of the celebration, and it is a matter of regret that copies of these papers are not at hand, that extracts from what they said might be given here. However, the quotations from the papers selected are a fair average sample of all, so that the reader can get from them a tolerably fair idea of the "opinions of the press" on our celebration.

IN MEMORIAM.

And now before the pen is dropped that finishes the record of Barkhamsted's Centennial celebration, tiresome and laborious as the task of compilation has been, I feel it my sad duty to mark by a feeble tribute, a few events, caused by the unerring hand of death, that is sure to be laid upon us all, that have transpired since we gathered at the Center. Short as that time has been, the circle has been broken, verifying and bearing solemn witness of the statement in the close of the Historical Address, that "each succeeding year would call some one of us to join the unnumbered throng that once lived and are seen of men no more." This has been vividly brought to mind frequently since the celebration. Among the most active and zealous of the ladies on the committee of arrangements was

Miss CARRIE GOODWIN, of Riverton,

and none shared in a greater degree in the pleasure of the occasion. In September last, as one of a social party, she went to the Still River Falls, so called, just over the Colebrook line, a short distance above the "Old Forge," and while standing on the edge of the gorge, was seized with a fit of giddiness, and fell over the banks, striking upon the rocks below, and survived her injuries only a few days. She was a lady of rare worth and accomplishments, and the last child of Hon. Hiram Goodwin, the President of the Centennial Day.

Mrs. CARRIE LEWIS,

daughter of Miles Hawley, of New Boston, Mass., was another of our town girls who was present at our gathering, and has since died.

Mrs. FLORA DUTTON, of Winsted,

daughter of Bela Squires, who was also present, died during the past year.

Miss MELVINA CASE, of North Canton,

was another of the happy hearts now still in death.

ARBA ALFORD, of Riverton,

one of the Vice-Presidents of the day; a native and life-long resident and leading citizen; during the past year has "passed to the great beyond."

GEORGE DUDLEY, of Winsted,

mentioned on page 48, one of the most honored and esteemed of its citizens, died in the autumn of 1880.

GEORGE TAYLOR, of Winsted,

mentioned on page 28, died in January of the present year.

SETH K. PRIEST,

whose name appears on page 74, was present at the celebration, but in feeble health, and died in the autumn of last year.

Rev. J. W. ALVORD,

mentioned on pages 56 and 57, died in Colorado in the spring of 1880, whither he had gone in the vain attempt to recruit his health. His remains were brought to Winsted, I have been told, and the faithful minister, the zealous servant of the Master, found rest for the tired, weary body in his boyhood home.

Rev. GEORGE A. PARKINGTON,

(name found on page 73), after a long illness died in New Haven in January last, greatly lamented and beloved by his church, his associates of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Masonic fraternity

ARE THERE OTHERS?

It may be that there are others whose names should be included in this list, but they have not been brought to my knowledge.

With the implicit trust in the mercy of Him who was the God of our fathers, we may hope to meet them again,

"Where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal.

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams, from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal!
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of ours
Into those pastures vernal."

HISTORICAL APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

COPIES OF OLD LETTERS,

ANTIQUARIAN DOCUMENTS,

NAMES OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION, 1812, 1846, AND 1861; CIVIL OFFICERS, AND OTHER MATTERS INTERESTING TO THE TOWN;

ALSO AN ENGRAVING OF THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TOWN NOW USED AS A RESIDENCE, SO FAR AS IS KNOWN.

PREPARED BY

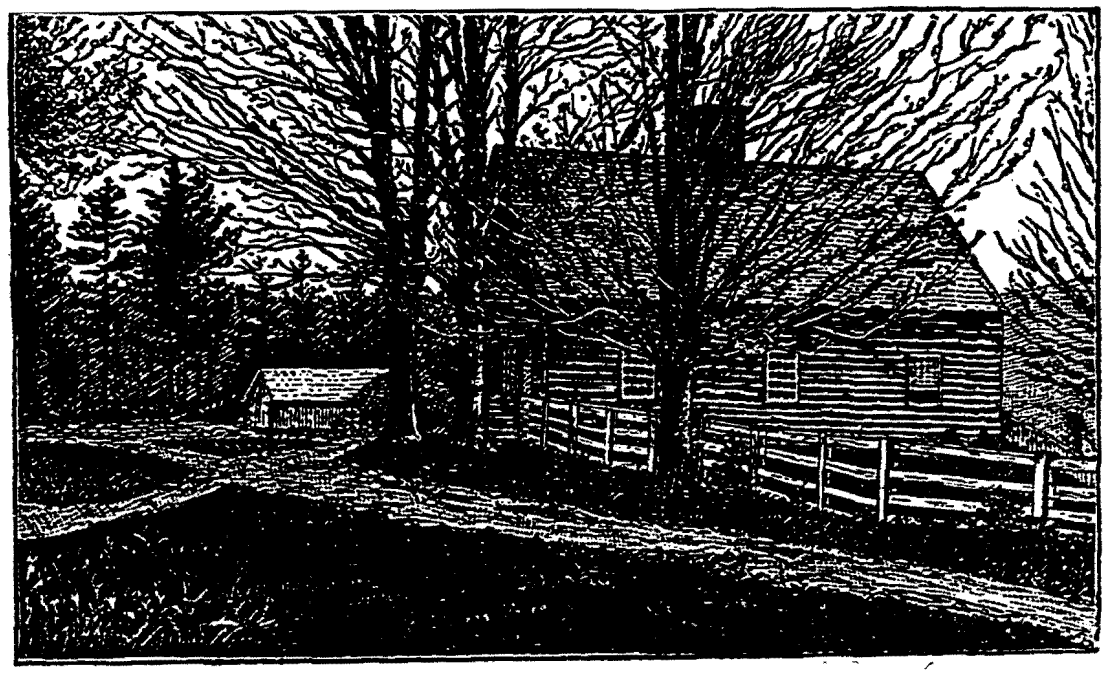
HENRY R. JONES,

NEW HARTFORD, CONN.

AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMPILER.

PREFACE TO APPENDIX.

The material for this Appendix has been collected, prepared and compiled mainly by Capt. Jones. With the exception of the lists of soldiers of the Revolution, of the "last war with England," or 1812, of the Mexican war, 1846, and the list of our boys "who stood in the front" from other towns and states, it is entirely his production. Some of the material he had obtained in his antiquarian researches, and at my request arranged it for the book, thus giving it an additional value, and laying me under renewed obligations to him, for without his valuable assistance it would have been impossible for me to have prepared the book in the manner in which I should have been willing to place it before the public. W. W. L.



THE COL. ISRAEL JONES HOMESTEAD.

The house which stands about half a mile north of the Universalist church is supposed to be the oldest building in Barkhamsted now occupied as a residence. It was probably built by Simon Baxter, a short time before the year 1771, when he leased the farm for nine hundred and ninety years to Captain Israel Jones, together with the "Mantion House" thereon standing. It was owned and occupied by Colonel Israel Jones, Jr., from about 1778 until his death in 1812, and in here his twelve children were born. For many years Colonel Jones was Justice of the Peace, and in this house many cases, civil, criminal, and perhaps military, have been tried. From 1790 to 1811 the town records were kept here, its owner having been Town Clerk during that period. After the death of Colonel Jones the place was owned and occupied by his son Drayton until his emigration to Ohio in 1830. From 1872 to 1881 the present owner, Mr. William E. Howd was Town Clerk, and during those years the old house was again the depository of the town records. An historical interest centers around this ancient edifices, and its picture will give an added interest to this work.

APPENDIX.

This appendix contains certain old documents pertaining to the earliest history of Barkhamsted, copied through the courtesy of Mr. Charles J. Hoadley, State Librarian, and Mr. Addison Van Name, Assistant Librarian of Yale College; the names of the Probate Judges of the district of Barkhamsted; also a catalogue of Representatives from Barkhamsted to the General Assembly, from 1796 when the town was first represented to 1881; and a list of Barkhamsted soldiers who served in the United States service during the wars of the Revolution, of 1812, the Mexican and the Southern Rebellion. This list is as complete as it was practicable to make it. Some names which might with propriety appear are undoubtedly omitted, owing to the impossibility of obtaining the record of Barkhamsted men who enlisted in other towns and states, and are credited thereto in the State Catalogue of Connecticut Volunteers: which has been used in preparing the accompanying list.

THE FIRST MEMORIAL.

Israel Jones, whose name heads the first memorial, was the second white man who made settlement in Barkhamsted. He was a grandson of Benjamin Jones, the first settler of Somers, and came from Enfield in 1759, fixing his home on East Mountain upon a farm, which for the first ten years he rented or leased. This farm is now, by regular descent, the property of his great grandson, Deacon Edwin P. Jones.

This Israel Jones (Captain) was the father of Samuel and Thomas Jones, whose names appear among the signers of the memorial, and of Colonel Israel Jones, who was the first Town Clerk, and for many years Justice of the Peace, and in whose handwriting the memorial is drawn. Many other of the twenty three names signed to the memorial were prominent in their day, their descendants continuing to dwell in the town. As this memorial was negatived by both houses of the General Assembly, and Barkhamsted was incor-

porated five years later, there may have been another petition to the legislature, though a search among the records does not bring it to light.

THE DOCUMENT.

To the Honorable, the General Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut, to be holden at Hartford on the twelvth day of January, instant.

The memorial of Israel Jones and other inhabitants of the Town of Berkhamstead, in the town of Berkhamstead, in the county of Litchfield, humbly shows, That whereas we, the inhabitants of Berkhamstead, not being incorporated, and not having town privileges, as the election of town officers, &c., we are subjected to various inconveniences and disadvantages, as for instance: We cannot in our present situation give proper encouragement for the support of ye Gospel Ministry among us; as also schools and the education of our children is too much neglected, and Public Highways not properly regarded, which if attended to would prove advantageous to strangers and commodious to ourselves, nor is it under our circumstances possible to duly promote morality and justice, and suppress vice and immorality, all with which many more ill consequences, we humbly conceive, attends our not being incorporated and having privileges as aforesaid. And as the number of persons that are heads of families are about forty, besides sundry young men that are Freeholders that reside among us, we therefore humbly request that your honors would take our case under your wise consideration, and that you enact that we should be incorporated and have Town Privileges, and have power to elect Town Officers and be enabled to make such orders, rules and constitution as may legally concern the welfare of said Town. If your honors comply with our request, we imagine we have good grounds to hope that it will much conduce to our advantage and emolument and prove detrimental to no individual; and we, the subscribers, memorialists, as in duty bound shall ever pray.

Dated at Berkhamstead the 10th day of January, Anno Domini, 1774.

We, ye subscribers are inhabitants of ye Town of Berkhamstead and subscribe and annex our names to ye within memorial and request.

Phillip Lilly,	Thomas Jones,	Joshua Elwell,
Samuel Merrill,	John Ja. Ives,	William Austin, jr,
Aaron Swift, jr,	Charles Lewis,	Nathaniel Collins,
John Merrill,	Elijah Case,	James Austin,
Phillip Priest,	Abner Case,	Job Larkson,
William Austin,	John Norton,	George Shepard,
Jonathan King,	Benoni Jones,	Israel Jones.
Samuel Jones,	Stephen Richardson,	

In the Upper House the prayer of this memorial is unanimously negatived. Test—GEORGE WYLLYS, Secy.

In the Lower House the prayer of this memorial is unanimously negatived. Test—WM. WILLIAMS, Clerk.

AN ANCIENT DOCUMENT.

The following document will be interesting to the present generation, as showing the difficulties with which the early settlers had to contend a hundred years ago. Joseph Wilder, who as agent of the town, presented the memorial, was the first justice of the peace, and is the subject of extended mention in Mr. Lee's address.

To ye Honorable General Assembly, Now Sitting:

The memorialists of ye inhabitants of Barkhampstead humbly showeth, that your memorialists have been called upon by order of your honors to make return of their lists.

Whereas they beg leave to observe that said Town has been but lately and is now but thinly settled, that ye inhabitants are in general very poor and low and many of them have neither land or stock of their own, but live entirely upon hire, both as to land and cattle, which yet they are obliged to put into ye list. That said land is very rough and heavy timbered; that ye whole amount of their list is but small, a very considerable part of which arises from wild land. That said Town (with a small part of Winchester) is constituted into two distinct societies in which, by reason of ye poverty of the inhabitants, there is neither minister, meeting house nor school house. That they are now about to build meeting houses, &c., and settling ministers. That they have been and still are at great expense in purchasing and making necessary highways. The most of said inhabitants are in ye younger part of life and have numerous families of small children which is as much as they can possibly do to support. That there is not more than one man in said Town who can be said with truth to be aforehand and he is greatly burdened by liberally relieving ye necessities of ye needy and distressed. That the circumstances of said inhabitants are such that they are not only unable to bear part of ye public taxes but even to pay their own internal taxes without distressing their families and especially as there is not nor ever has been a sufficient quantity of grain raised in said Town for ye use of ye inhabitants. Wherefore they humbly pray your honors to excuse them from ye payment of any state taxes for ye present or in some other way grant them relief and they, as in duty bound, shall pray, &c.

Dated at Hartford this 24th day of October, 1780.

Joseph Wilder, Agent.

In the Lower House—The prayer of this memorial is granted and liberty of a bill in form &c.

Test—W. Williams, Clerk.

Concurred in the Upper House.

Test—George Wyllys, Sec'y.

POLLS AND ESTATE.

Accompanying this was a true list of the Polls and Estate of the inhabitants of the Town.

Total of residents, ...	£3100 1d 7
" " non-residents, ...	250 2d 0
Sum total for foregoing list, ...	£3351 00 7

Test { JAMES WEED, JUN., ELI HOLCOMB, } Listers.

Resolution passed both Houses, excusing them, Oct., 1780.

AN OLD SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

An old subscription list which was circulated among the inhabitants of this town, to raise means with which to complete the meeting house, will be read with interest by many. The church was commenced about 1784, and completed about 1792:

"Whereas our meeting house in Barkhamsted society, not being at this present time as yet not comfortable to meet in for divine worship, and it being in the minds of some of the inhabitants to forward the furtherance towards the completion of said house by subscription. Therefore we, whose names are hereunto set down with the number, quantity or measure of each particular specie annexed to his name—weatherboards, clapboards, window frames, glass, nails, hinges. It is always to be understood the timber to be taken from the minister's lot, so called, on which the house standeth. And we and each of us, as our names are set down with the specie annexed, there to do, upon the truth, fidelity and trust of a faithful mind, promise to deliver the particular specie, as annexed to our names, at the said meeting house, to the satisfaction of the committee appointed for that purpose, by the first day of July next coming.

Dated at *Barkhamsted, Nov.* 12, A. D. 1792.

Israel Jones, Jr., 4 pound 10 shillings; Solomon Newell, 4 pounds 10 shillings; Pelatiah Allen, 2 pound 10 shillings (in boards) Ephraim Munson, 2 pound 10 shillings (in boards); Asa Jones, 2 pound; Josiah H. Hart, 2 pound 10 shillings (in sashes); Joel Rexford, 2 pound 10 shillings (in boards); Benjamin Jones, 2 pound (in boards); Aaron Hart, 1 pound 10 shillings (in boards); John Merrell, 2 pound (hooks, nails, etc); Jonathan Wilder, 1 pound (in labor); Caleb Hough, 1 pound 10 shillings (in labor); Jehial Wilcox, 10 shillings (labor); Richard Adams, 10 shillings (labor); Amos Allen, 4 pounds 10 shillings (labor); John Rockwell, 6 shillings (labor); Wait Munson, 3 pounds (in team work); Nathaniel Collins, 1 pound (in labor); Charles Preston, 3 pounds (in sawing);

Charles Tuttle, 1 pound (in labor); Jonathan Johnson, 1 pound (in labor); John Ives, 2 pounds (in neat cattle); Levi Tiffany, 2 pounds (in team work); Ezra Case, 2 pounds.

AN HISTORICAL LETTER.

The following letter from Rev. Ozias Eells, the first minister of the Gospel in Barkhamsted, and who preached there from 1787 until his death in 1813, was written at the request of Dr. Trumbell, the historian, who in the preparation of his History of Connecticut depended for town sketches wholly upon the information which he could obtain by correspondence with ministers and other intelligent gentlemen, who would spend their time to make inquiries of the old people relative to their recollections, and the traditions of the earliest local events. That this letter was written after careful inquiry and thought is evident from the length of time taken (more than two months,) and the minuteness of detail with which the facts are given. Dr. Trumbull made use of but little of the information contained in the letter, upon which he endorsed the following:—"This does not come within the ——— embraced by my history." He must have received information concerning Barkhamsted from other sources, as he gives facts not mentioned in this letter. Pelatiah Allyn, who Mr. Eells states came to Barkhamsted from Old Windsor in 1748 or '49, was a resident of New Hartford several years before he made his home in Barkhamsted, as the tax list of 1743 shows that he paid a tax on "one head," in that town, and from that time to 1755 he paid poll and land taxes in New Hartford, where he married Sarah Moody, May 23, 1750.

BARKHAMSTED, Dec. 30, 1805.

REVEREND SIR:—Sickness in my family has prevented me from so speedily attending to your letter, dated October 22d, as I could have wished. I have made the most important inquiries, and am able to transmit to you, I believe, a correct account of most of the inquiries to which you desire an answer.

The first man that came into this town to make a settlement was Pelatiah Allyn, Jr., from Old Windsor. His father was Pelatiah Allyn of that place, who was descended from Matthew Allyn, the first of the family that came into this country from England. This Pelatiah Allyn, Jr. settled in the southwest part of the society called Barkhamsted, contiguous to New Hartford, in the year 1748 or 1749. At the time of his settlement there was considerable disturbance from the Indians, then residing in New Hartford and other

places around, few having ever gained much settlement in this town. The alarm was so great that at the north end of New Hartford they had a house that was Forted in, and all of the inhabitants, with their families, lodged in the Fort for some time, and went in companies with their arms when they went to their fields. This Mr. Allyn went and lodged with them several times, but found he must be alone in the day time, or leave his place, he concluded to secure himself as well as he could. He had built him a House with one large Room and a small Room for his bed. Just before the door that led into his Bed room, about one small stip, he had a trap door y^{t} led into into his cellar. At night he used to lay things around his outside door that a noise might be made if any one came to get into the house, and then shutt his bed room, and raised his Trap Door, w opened from the bed room door, that if they entered there they must fall into the cellar. And in this manner he lived for some years, unmarried, and never met with any disturbance from the Indians.

There were several came into this part of the town, but gained no residence for any considerable time. The Chief Residents were Israel Jones, from Enfield, who settled in the North East part of the town. A Mr. William Austin, from Suffield, Amos Case, from Simsbury, John Ives, from North Haven, and Daniel Rexford and his two brothers, William and Gad, from New Haven. These all settled in a few years of one another, in the North part of the town called Centre Hill. The other inhabitants came from Southington, Wallingford and Northford. They were thinly scattered, and but few, for some years. In the North East part of the Town there was built a Stone house, a part of which remains to this day, by some some Huntfmen that used to frequent the Town, to secure them from wolves and Bears in the night.

It was not before the year 1774 they had gained such a settlement as to be called upon for military duty. The first military company was formed October 1774, and Mr. Pelatiah Allyn was chosen Captain and Israel Jones Lieut. This was before the town was incorporated. The incorporation of the town took place in October 1779. When the Society was formed I can find no proper and correct account.

There is but one society in the town—about half of Winsted society, and about a mile and a half or two miles square set off to East Hartland Society. The first church that was formed in the town was in Barkhamstead. That was April 20, 1781.

The first minister that was ordained in the town was myself, January 24th, 1787. There has been no Sectaries ever ordained in this town. The Church of Christ in Winsted was formed in the winter 1783 The Revd. Aaron Woodworth was ordained to the Pastoral charge of that Church in January 8th, 1792, and in six years from that Day he was dismissed, and preached his Farwell sermon. They were mutually agreed in the dismission, and the cause assigned was they were not able to support him.

There is in Barkhamstead society 155 Heads of families, or rateable persons, as taken from the list, who are Congregationalists, 37

Churchmen, 10 Methodists, and 5 Baptists. There is but one Meeting House. In Winstead there are the same denominations, but quite a few Churchmen—more Methodists and Baptists. The exact number of either I am not able to learn from my informant. But there are more in this than in any other part of the town.

There is a publick Library in Barkhamstead, consisting of 75 volumns, and formed in the year 1797. There is another in Winstead society, but as that belongs to Winchester society, I thought it must probably come into the account for Winchester.

There are ten school districts in the town, and part of two more: one in East Hartland part, 2 and 2 halves in Winstead part, and 7 in Barkhamstead.

There is no academy in the town. One or two Indians remain, but there were never but a few here.

I am informed a Mr. Beach, a candidate for the ministry from Torrington, is to be ordained in Winstead society the first day of January next, 1806. I believe now that I have answered your chief inquiries as far as I am able to ascertain them. Wishing, sir, success to your design and blessing to yourself and family, I take pleasure to subscribe myself your affectionate Friend and humble servant.

OZIAS EELLS,

REVD. BENJAMIN TRUMBULL, D. D.,
North Haven.

THE COURT OF PROBATE.

In 1779 the town of Barkhamsted, then being a part of Farmington District, was annexed to Simsbury Probate District. In the year 1825 the towns of New Hartford and Barkhamsted were taken from the Simsbury Probate District, and constituted the Probate District of New Hartford.

Barkhamsted became a separate Probate District in 1833. By direction of the General Assembly of 1834, the records of the Probate District of New Hartford; for the period when this district comprised New Hartford and Barkhamsted, viz., from 1825 to 1833 inclusive; are to be kept in the Probate office for the District of Barkhamsted.

Since this town has constituted a Probate District, the following Judges have presided over its Court, viz., all inclusive:

From 1833 to 1835, Launcelot Phelps.
From 1836 to 1837, Amos Beecher, Jr.
From 1838 to 1845, Jesse Ives.
For 1846, Amos Beecher 2d.
For 1847, Hiram Goodwin.
From 1848 to 1849, Lester Loomis.
For 1850, Amos Beecher.
From 1851 to 1853, James Eggleston.
From 1854 to 1859. George Merrill.
From 1857 to 1860, Daniel Youngs.
From 1861 to 1862, James Tiffany.
For 1863, Daniel Youngs.
From 1864 to 1865, Merlin Merrill.
From 1866 to 1869, Edward J. Youngs.
From 1870 to present time, 1881, Daniel Youngs.

OUR LAW MAKERS.

Dr. Launcelot Phelps, of Riverton, represented the Fourth Connecticut District in Congress from 1835 to 1839 inclusive.

The Fifteenth Senatorial District of Connecticut has been represented by Barkhamsted men as follows:

Hon. Lambert Hitchcock, 1840, 1841.

Hon. Warren Phelps, 1852.

Hon. Hiram Goodwin, 1860, 1862.

Hon. Henry Jones (son of Colonel Israel), 1861.

Barkhamsted was first represented in the General Assembly in 1796, October term, when the representatives were Mr. Israel Jones, Jr., and Mr. Pelatiah Allyn.

	MAY SESSION.	*OCTOBER SESSION.*
1797	Israel Jones, Jr., Pelatiah Allyn,	Joseph Mills, Samuel Hayden,
1798	Joseph Wilde , Pelatiah Allyn,	Israel Jones, Pelatiah Allyn.
1799	Israel Jones, Pelatiah Allyn,	Israel Jones, Pelatiah Allyn.
1800	Israel Jones, Ephriam Munson,	Israel Jones, Ephraim Munson,
1801	Ephriam Munson, Pelatiah Allyn,	Pelatiah Allyn, Calvin Cone,
1802	Israel Jones, Pelatiah Allyn,	Ephraim Munson, Israel Jones,
1803	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones,	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones,
1804	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones,	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones,
1805	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones,	John Merrill, Israel Jones,
1806	Israel Jones, Pelatiah Allyn,	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones.
1807	Pelatiah Allyn, Robert Willcox.	Robert Willcox, Robert Whitford,
1808	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones,	Pelatiah Allyn, Israel Jones,
1809	Pelatiah Allyn, Medad Munson,	Pelatiah Allyn, Medad Munson,
1810	Robert Willcox, Pelatiah Allyn,	Robert Willcox, Gideon Mills, Jr.,
1811	Robt. Willcox, Gideon Mills, Jr.,	Robert Willcox, Samuel Munson,
1812	John Merrill, Moses Hayden,	John Merrill, Moses Hayden,
1813	John Merrill, Josiah H. Hart,	John Merrill, Moses Hayden,
1814	Pelatiah Allyn, Moses Hayden.	John Merrill, William Taylor,
1815	Luke Loomis, Moses Hayden,	Oliver Mills, Samuel Hayden,
1816	Josiah H. Hart, John Merrill,	Moses Hayden, Oliver Mills,
1817	Moses Hayden, Oliver Mills,	Samuel Munson, Amos Beecher.
1818	John Merrill, Oliver Mills,	Zopher Case, Salmon Howd.
1819	Zophar Case, Salmon Howd.	

After the adoption of the Constitution in 1819, the regular October session was dispensed with.

[List of Representatives from Barkhamsted Continued.]

1820	John Merrill, Josiah Smith,	1824	Jesse Ives, Elijah Jones,
1821	John Merrill, Elijah Jones,	1825	Jesse Ives, Elijah Jones,
1822	Salmon Howd, Samuel Munson,	1826	Samuel Munson, Zophar Case,
1823	Samuel Munson, Elijah Jones,	1827	Jesse Ives, Amos Beecher,

1828 Henry Allen, Lester Loomis,
1829 Elijah Jones, Matthew Allen,
1830 Matthew Allen, George Merrill,
1831 Matthew Allen, George Merrill,
1832 Lester Loomis, Joel Tiffany,
1833 Matthew Allen, Joel Tiffany,
1834 Matthew Allen, Lambert Hitchcock,
1835 Elijah Jones, Chester Wentworth,
1836 Hiram Goodwin, Elijah Jones,
1837 Hiram Goodwin, Daniel Sanford,
1838 Daniel Sanford, Merlin Merrill,
1839 Merlin Merrill, Garry Upson,
1840 Garry Upson, George Cornish,
1841 Alex. Cleaveland, Timothy Hayes,
1842 Jehiel Case, Anson Wheeler,
1843 Warren Phelps, Rich'd A. Doolittle,
1844 Warren Phelps, Daniel Youngs,
1845 (Not Represented),
1846 Sanford Allen, Hiram Burnham,
1847 Samuel W. Pine, Linus Bliss,
1848 Edward Camp, Salmon Howd,
1849 Alex. P. Cleaveland, Abiel Case,
1850 Hira Case, Arba Alford,
1851 Orville Jones, Ezekiel Hayes,
1852 Constant Youngs, Alfred Alford,
1853 George Merrill, James Tiffany,
1854 Lauren Smith, Emerson S. Cornish,
1855 Edward J. Youngs, George Kellogg,
1856 Cornwall Doolittle, E. N. Ransom,
1857 Benj. W. Johnson, Horace Case,
1858 Abner Slade, Geo. Webster Merrill,
1859 Chester Dowd, Owen Case,
1860 Hart Doolittle, Philemon Perry,
1861 Ruel O. White, Watson Giddings,
1862 Rufus Cleaveland, M. Hoyt Hayes,
1863 Jesse Dutton, Asa L. Deming,
1864 Geo. D. Deming, J. W. Atwater,
1865 Rev. H. N Gates, Lem'l Richardson,
1866 Lauren Smith, Ruel S. Rice,
1867 Chas. B. Stevens, Edwin P. Jones,
1868 Albert Baker, Sheldon Merrill,
1869 Dr. A. E. Merrill, Calvin Aldrich,
1870 Harvey B. Stannard, Wm. H Payne,
1871 Lemuel Hurlbut, Hiram C. Brown,
1872 Dwight S. Case, Abram Kilbourn,
1873 Augustus Smith, Samuel H. Case,
1874 Elisha Payne, Monroe Hart,
1875 Delos H. Stephens, Frank A. Case,
1876 Ruel S. Rice, Frank M. Butler,
1877 William E. Howd, Edwin E. Case,
1878 William Tiffany, Byron O. Hawley,
1879 Arba Alford, Frank A. Case,
1880 Correll U. Tiffany, Henry P. Lane,
1881 Leander Plant, George O. Clark.

TOWN CLERKS.

At the first called meeting of the Proprietors of Barkhamsted, held in Winsdor, January 1st, 1732-3, Henry Allyn was chosen clerk, and although the records of subsequent meetings do not announce the clerk by name, the handwriting indicates tha the continued in that capacity until 1795, when Matthew Allyn apparently succeeded to the office. The first record of a Town Clerk was in 1790, when Israel Jones, Jr. was chosen, and continued until 1811, having died the following year.

1811 to 1824, John Merrill.
1824 to 1830, Joseph Wilder.
1830 to 1835, Amos Beecher.
1835 to 1851, Merlin Merrill.
1851 to 1853, E. N. Ransom.
1853 to 1855, James Tiffany.
1855 to 1860, E. N. Ransom.
1860 to 1868, Sheldon Merrill.
1869 to 1872, Dwight S. Case.
1872 to 1880, Wm. E. Howd.
For 1881, now in office, Sheldon Merrill.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS.

The following is a list of Barkhamsted men who served in the war of the Rebellion, so far as it has been possible to obtain them. It is not claimed that all these should be credited to Barkhamsted. The town probably had very few soldiers in the service, because there were but few to serve, owing to its limited population, but as has been stated after the close of the war, many of the new comers had been soldiers, and the names are here given as a part of our town history. Probably the list is incomplete, and very likely some names are omitted that should be included.

So many years have passed since the "last revolutioner" passed away, and so many of their posterity have removed from this vicinity, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain a correct list of all in our town who helped by service in the field, to make us a Nation. For the same reason it is very difficult to ascertain the length of time they served, or where, or in what battles they participated. So far as any credible information has been received of these details, they are appended to the names.

IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

Lieut. Gideon Mills, probably served from Simsbury.

Lieut. James S. Slade, served in the old French and Indian war.

Abner Slade, his son, probably from Ellington.

Lieut. Abiel Hoskins, probably from Simsbury.

Solomon Humphrey, probably from Simsbury.

Ephraim Barber, probably from Simsbury.

William Taylor, probably from Simsbury, was in the battle of Monmouth.

Martin Moses, probably from Simsbury.

Ashbel Moses, probably from Simsbury.

Humphrey Case, probably from Simsbury.

Solomon Newell, probably from Southington.

Nathaniel Collins. probably from Southington.

David Lee, from Farmington, stood guard over the spy Andre.

Amasa Mallory, from Hamden, at the defence of New Haven when captured by the British, 1779.

Asa Gilbert, probably served from New Hartford.

John Frazier, at the battle of Saratoga and surrender of Burgoyne.

Daniel Burwell, probably served from Milford.

Nehemiah Andruss.

Samuel Pike, }
James Pike, } Father and sons.
John Pike, }

Thomas Wilder, probably from Barkhamsted.

John Ives, probably from Barkhamsted.

Judah Roberts.

David Squire.

Wait Munson, probably from Wallingford.

Medad Munson, probably from Wallingford.

Samuel Rice.

Humphrey Quamino, a mulatto.

William Wilson, in the battle of Monmouth.

IN THE WAR OF 1812--'14.

In the war of 1812–14, Barkhamsted was also well represented, but no complete list has been obtained, and I have been compelled to rely largely upon oral information for the list which is appended below. It is almost certain that this is not a complete list, from the fact that at that time this was relatively a populous country town, having in 1810 more than 1500 inhabitants.

Jesse Ives, served at New London.

Edar Taylor, served at New London.

Elijah Cannon, served at New London.

Abner Rose, served at New London.

Enoch Burwell, probably from Milford, served at New London.

Joseph Burwell, probably from Milford, served at New London.

James Eggleston, played the fife at the battle of Sacket's Harbor, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario.

Jesse Markham

Stephen A. French.

Newberry Merrill.

IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

The town had but few soldiers in the Mexican war, so-called, in 1846. The general sentiment of the town was averse to it. It was

looked upon generally as causelesslv provoked and carried on in the interests of human slavery—an opinion sincerely held, and which we can see, as we read our nation's history by the lurid light of the Rebellion, was correct. We give the names of all such as have been obtainable:

Captain Justin Hodge.

Alvin Ford.

Thomas Shaw, died in Mexico.

George Betts, of Center Hill, often known as "George Hayward," enlisted in the United States army, and, as we have been informed, was killed in one of the Indian wars on the frontier.

THE REBELLION OF 1861--'65.

Justin Hodge, R. Q. M., First Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted April 23, 1861, promoted Q. M.—Lieut. Col.

John White. Co. B, Second Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted May 7, 1861.

George W. Burwell, son of Lewis, served in Harris Light Cavalry, New York, died in service, buried at Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C. Number of his grave 3657.

Jerome Manchester, Co. A, First Squadron Cavalry, enlisted Aug. 12, 1861.

Albert E. Merrill, Co. A, First Cavalry, enlisted Aug. 8, 1861.

Lyman Doolittle, Co. K, First Cavalry, enlisted Dec. 29, 1863.

Charles Behr, Co. B, First Cavalry, enlisted Oct. 1, 1864.

Benjamin T. Chatfield, Co. E, First Cavalry, enlisted October 7, 1864.

Peter Karr, Co. M, First Cavalry, enlisted Nov. 14, 1864.

William Allen, — First Cavalry, enlisted Nov. 17, 1864 — unassigned recruit.

Thomas O'Neil, — First Cavalry, enlisted Nov. 26, 1864 — not taken upon rolls.

William Stuart, — First Cavalary, enlisted Nov. 1, 1864 — not taken upon rolls.

Henry Smith, — First Cavalry, enlisted Nov. 30, 1864 — not taken upon rolls.

Thomas White, — First Cavalry, enlisted Oct. 6, 1864 — not taken upon rolls.

Robert Nelson, — First Cavalry, enlisted Nov. 23, 1864 — not taken upon rolls.

John King, Co A, First Artillery, enlisted Oct. 6, 1864.

George Illmenser, Co. B, First Artillery, enlisted Sept. 1862.

Daniel McGrath, Co. D, First Artillery, enlisted Oct. 4, 1864.

James Marshall, Co. F, First Artillery, enlisted October 4, 1864.

George A. Root, Co. K, First Artillery, enlisted May 23, 1861.

Sheldon L. Rice, Co. K, First Artillery, enlisted May 23, 1861.

Winthrop H. Phelps, Chaplain, Second Artillery, appointed May 4, 1863.

George C. Curtis, Co. C, Second Artillery, enlisted Dec. 19, 1862.

Chester Dwight Cleveland, Co. E, Second Artillery, enlisted Aug. 1, 1862 — Promoted Major.

Edwin S. Beecher, Co. E, Second Artillery, enlisted Aug. 1, 1862.

Anthony B. Guernsey, Co. E, Second Artillery, enlisted July 29, 1862.

Charles A. Hart, Co. E, Second Artillery, enlisted Aug. 9, 1862.

Henry A. Rexford, Co. E, Second Artillery, enlisted August 21, 1862 — killed at Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864.

Ruel S. Rice, Co F, Second Artillery, enlisted Aug. 14, 1862.

Watson H. Deming, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted August 13, 1862.

Henry H. Griffin, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted Aug. 18, 1862.

Alfred C. Alford, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted May 7. 1861, and re-enlisted July 28, 1862 — killed in action Sept. 19, 1864, at Winchester, Va.; buried in Riverton.

Charles Burr, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted August 7, 1862.

William Burke, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted Sept. 2, 1862.

Wayne B. Castle, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted Aug. 15, 1862.

William H. Tiffany, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted August 9, 1862.

Orville B. Tiffany, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted August 20, 1862—promoted second lieutenant.

Timothy B. Cannon, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted January 5, 1864.

Franklin Andruss, Co. K, Second Artillery, enlisted July 30, 1862—killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864.

Noah Hart, Co. L, Second Artillery, enlisted January 21, 1864.

Timothy O'Connor, Co. —, Second Artillery, enlisted October 7, 1864.

Richard Norton, Co A, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted August 18, 1863.

William H. Baker, Co. C, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted November 18, 1864.

John H. Ward, Co. C, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted August 27, 1863.

Henry Watts, Co. C, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted November 18, 1864.

Jeremiah Jennings, Co I, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted July 22, 1861 — minor, discharged February 19, 1862.

Franklin J. Atwater, Co. B, Sixth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 12, 1861 — died August 19, 1862, of wounds received at Fort Wayne.

James Dunn, Co. B, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted November 15, 1864.

Joel W. Oakes, Co. H, Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted February 16, 1864.

Perlin F. Rust, Co. C, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted October 7, 1861.

James E. Pelton, Co C, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 25, 1861 — wounded at Antietam.

Elijah White, Co. C, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September, 25, 1861 — killed at Antietam.

John Wilson, Co. D, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 1, 1863.

William A. Smith, Co. E, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers. enlisted September 1, 1863 — killed at Chapin's Farm, Sept. 29, 1864.

George W. Olds, Co. F, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 4, 1863.

George Baker, Co. —, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted October 5, 1864 — not taken upon rolls.

Clayton H. Case, Band, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted October 26, 1861.

John Murphy, Co E, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 30, 1861.

Henry B. F. Root, Co. E, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 30, 1861.

Henry B. Lee, Sergeant, Co. F, Seventh Regiment, enlisted September 9, 1861; re enlisted as a veteran; promoted Second Lieutenant March 1, 1864 — killed Angust 16, 1864, at Deep Bottom, Va. Buried on the field.

William Wallace Lee, Co. F, Second Artillery, enlisted August 15, 1862—rejected by surgeon on account of disability.

Edwin R. Lee, Captain Co. D, Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted November 27, 1861 — killed at Newbern, N. C., March 14, 1862. I was conversing with him the morning of the battle. He was killed about 9 o'clock A. M. I was present at his burial, on the bank of the Neuse River, the day after the battle. He was afterwards brought North and buried at Pleasant Valley. He was a young man of talent, and a gallant soldier.—H. R. J.

Bradley D. Lee, Q. M., Second Artillery, enlisted Aug. 1, 1862 —Appointed Captain and A. C. S., March 22, 1864.

Francis Roze, Co. E, Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted November 14, 1864.

Salvator Sardini, Co. E, Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted November 4, 1864.

Isaac Elwell, Co. I, Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted February 24, 1864.

Joseph Elwell, Co. I, Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted February 24, 1864.— died December, 1864.

Theron Barber, Co. D, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted December 30, 1861.

Orville A. Root, Co. D, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted December 30, 1861

William H. Tucker, Co. D, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted January 7, 1862 — died December 6, 1865.

Ellsworth Case, Co. E, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted February 27, 1862.

William Kinsella, Co. K, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 29, 1864.

Andrew Walter, Co. K, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 24, 1864.

Julius F. Searle, Co. E, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted August 26, 1863 — died February 23, 1864.

Elisha S. Booth, Co. F, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted July 24, 1862 — died January 5, 1863, of wounds.

Charles O'Neal, Co. —, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted, November 15, 1864.

Franklin B. Davis, Co. A, Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted, August 14, 1862.

Thomas Murray, Co. I, Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted November 23, 1864.

Abel P. Beers, Co. K, Twenty-fifth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted, August 20, 1862.

Nathan Coe, Co. G, Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 10, 1862.

Augustus Eggleston, Co. G, Twenty seventh Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted September 10, 1862

Henry C Cleveland, Co. F, Twenty-eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted August 23, 1862.

James W. Stannis, Co. F, Twenty-eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted August 28, 1862.

George H. Goodwin, Co. F, Twenty-eighth Connecticnt Volunteers, enlisted August 29, 1862.

Myron N. Hubbard, Co. F, Twenty-eighth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted August 25, 1862 — died May 6, 1863, Barrancas, Florida.

George A. Brown, (colored) — Twenty-ninth Connecticut Volunteers, enlisted Oct 7, 1864.

OUR SOLDIER BOYS IN OTHER STATES.

A large number of our boys, as in many other country towns, had left the old home and residing elsewhere, served loyally and faithfully in the army, but are not credited to our town for obvious reasons, nor were they claimed as a part of our quota. So far as it has been possible to obtain the list, it is here given, not only as a matter of history, but for information to our sons and daughters abroad. It is the result of much painstaking and correspondence, even if it be incomplete.—W. W. L.

James R. Cummings, son of Alexander, Surgeon, Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers.

Wilbur D. Fisk, son of Carlisle A., Lieut., Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, badly wounded at Antietam.

George H. Clark, son of George H. in the Valley, Colonel of a Regiment from Rochester, N. Y

Phillip C. Hayes, Colonel of an Illinois Regiment, born on the Timothy Hayes farm.

Henry Wood, son of the cabinet maker, mentioned on page 47, Colonel of an Ohio Regiment.

Samuel Woodruff, son of Eben C., Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, died in service, buried in Berlin, Connecticut.

Lowell M. Case, son of Eliphalet, Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, died in the service, buried in Canton, Connecticut.

George W. Eggleston, son of James, Twelfth Connecticut Vols.

Aurelius Burwell, Egbert Burwell, } sons of Marcus, { served in an Ohio Reg't. served in a Mass. Reg't.

Hiram F. Squire, son of Bela, served in a Connecticut Regiment.

Ruel W. Perkins, as a boy lived several years with Medad Munson, Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, killed at Cold Harbor June 4, 1864. Buried on the field.

Sheldon Case, son of Truman, served in a Pennsylvania regiment, died at Racine, Wis.

Fayette Alford, son of Lora, served three years in First Colorado Regiment.

George A. Parkington, Sixth Connecticut Volunteers.

Samuel M. Blair, James Blair, } sons of Sherman, { Twenty-third Conn. Vols. United States Army.

Charles H. Pine, son of Samuel, Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

George Ransom, son of George, at Riverton, Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers, I think.

Anson B. Cook, Albert T. Cook, } sons of James H, { served in a N. Y. Regt. served in an Ohio Regt.

Cyprian Rust, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, killed at Antietam.

Marcus Brockway, } sons of } Served in an O. Reg.
Theodore Brockway, } Dr. Marcus, } Eighth Conn. Vols.

Elias Case, son of Dudley, in Twelfth or Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

Frank Austin, son of William, Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, volunteered as one of the forlorn hope at Fort Hudson.

Orlow Root, son of Orrin, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers.

Kosky Hodge, son of Colonel Justin, Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, I think.

George T. Carter, son of Hiram, served in Thirty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment, afterwards Second Lieutenant United States colored troops.

Joseph Warren Carter, son of Joseph, served in a three-months regiment, and in Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers.

This closes the record—perhaps incomplete—of the loyalty and devotion of the sons of Barkhamsted — a record which any son of the town may read with pride — a record which shall shine with brighter lustre as the years go by. We, at the close of the first century of our existence as a town, rehearse with patriotic fervor the deeds of our ancestry who, by their great sacrifices, made us a nation. May our posterity at the next Centennial, with an equal measure of patriotic love and devotion, call this roll, as they tell the story how their ancestry saved the nation in the time of the "Great Rebellion."

"On fields of blood they nobly fell,
In prisons foul they moaned and died,
And freedom's hosts their deeds shall tell,
While ebbs and flows the human tide."