

SACHEM'S WOOD:

A

SHORT POEM.

WITH NOTES

NEW HAVEN :

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1838

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

The sweet-blowing breezes of these regenerated times, have stimulated a before drooping fancy, (even in extremely warm weather! to the task of weaving a few rhymes; which, as they relate to local matters, I beg you to accept, as a testimony of renewed pleasure and pride in my native State.

New Haven, 30th July, 1838.

SACHEM'S-WOOD.

FAREWELL to "Highwood" name made dear
By lips we never more can hear!
That came, unsought for, as I lay,
Musing o'er landscapes far away;
Expressive just of what one sees,
The upland slope, the stately trees;
Oaks, prouder than beneath their shade
His lair the valiant Pequot made,
Whose name, whose gorgon look alone,
Turned timid hearts to demi-stone.

Within this green pavilion stood,
Oft, the dark princes of the wood,
Debating whether Philip's cause
Were paramount to nature's laws;---
Whether the tomahawk and knife
Should, at his bidding, smoke with life;---
Or pact endure, with guileless hands,
Pipes lit for peace, and paid-for lands,
With men, who slighted frowns from kinds,
Yet kept their faith in humblest things,
The "Pillars" of our infant state, (1)
Shafts, now, in Zion's upper gate.

How changed, how softened, since the trail
Suddenly turned the finer pale;
Since Highwood's dells, a tangled brake,
arbour'd the otter, deer, and snake;
Since to St. Ronan's sparkling brink,
The wolf and wild cat came to drink;
Since good our good sires in their old hall,
Met armed for combat, prayer, and all!
Now, from this bench, the gazer sees,
Towers and white steeples o'er the trees,
Mansions that peep from leafy bowers,
And villas blooming close by ours;
Hears the grave clocks, and classic bell,
Hours for the mind and body tell;
Or starts, and questions, as the gong
Bids urchins not disport too long.

A blended murmur minds the ear
That an embosom'd City's near.
See! how its guardian Giants tower,
Changing their aspects with the hour!--
There, *Sassacus*,* in shade or glow,
Hot with the noon, or white with snow,
Dark in the dawn, at evening red,
A type of grandeur ever stands,
From God's benignant, graceful hands!

Once, on his top the Pequot stood,
And gazed o'er all the world of wood,
Eyed the blue Sound, and scann'd the bays,
Distinct in evening's mellow rays,
For ships, pursuing on the main,
As Mason tracked him o'er the plain.
Like a green map, lay all below,
With glittering veins where rivers flow.
The Island loomed, in soft repose;---
No spire, no mast, no mansion rose;---
Smokes, here and there, from out the screen
Denoted still an Indian scene;
One, only, native roof he sees
Where Belmont now o'erlooks the trees (2)
The distance stretched in haze away,
As from his Mount by Mystic bay,

*East Rock

Whence, as the calumet went round,
His eyes could measure all the the Sound,
Or, in the boundless Ocean, find
Delight for his untutored mind.
Far eastward steals his glistening eye,
There, where his throne, his people lie,
Lie prostrate--subjects, children, power,
All, all extinguished in an hour. (3)
The heart-wrung savage turned aside---
But no tear stained aPequot's pride;
The dark hand spread upon his breast,
Only, the wampum grasped, and pressed;
He turned--he stopped--took one last view
And then, like Regulus, withdrew.
These mountains, rivers, woods, and plain,
Ne'er saw the Pequot King again;
The Mohawk sent him to his rest.
No pale-face boasted; none made bold
To touch that lock, till he was cold.

Shall no memorial in the land
Remain of Sassacus? Like sand
Beat by the sea, shall every trace
Of the great spirit of his race,
Be swept away?---No longer, tame
Mountains by an ignoble name.
Let Sassacus forever tower,
Changing his aspect by the hour!(4)

In the soft west, as day declines,
The REGICIDE,* his rival shines;
Whose noble outline on the sky
Draws, and detains, the enamoured eye,
For, floating there, the steeds of eve
Flakes from their ruddy nostrils leave.
In *his* wild solitudes, of old,
The patriot Outlaws kept their hold.
When foreign optics that way dart,
A thrill electric wakes the heart;
Imagination hurries o'er
Our early annals, and before;
Flits, and is gone, from that lone Rock,
To the sad pageant of the block.

Seldom, a real scene you see
So full of sweet variety;
The distant, flowing, bold, and grand.
I've seen the world, from side to side,
Walked in the ways of human pride,
Mused in palaces of kings,
And know what wealth to grandeur brings;
The spot for *me*, of all the earth,
Is this, the dear one of my birth.
Go, search the page of Grecian lore,
Scan all the men, and deeds, of yore,

*West Rock

Read *how* the Kingless Power grew great,
And note how wolf-cubs found a state;
Go, quaff with robbers in their cave;
Try, what distinction reason's eye,
Twixt towers and caverns can espy.
Then mark how our "Seven Pillars" rise,
Built up, like those which prop the skies,
On Justice, Truth, and Peace and Love,
With Grace cemented from Above!
Where is the violence or wrong,
Done to the weak, as we grew strong?
Where is the record of disgrace
We blush, or ought to blush, to face?
What landless Indian could declare
Our shameful arts to peel him bare?
Or, justly change, if armed with powers,
A mete or landmark claimed as ours?
The spot most *blameless* of the earth
Is this, the sweet one of my birth;
This, and the land where virtuous Pen
Followed his Saviour out, with men.

Vicarious agency, we know,
Is Heaven's proceeding here below.
Thro' other men's faith, in others' stead,
Mercies find access to our head.
Our fathers' noble self-denial
Purchased a treasure we've had *on trial*;

Which low ambition, avarice, crimes,
May turn to dross in after times.
They, who, in Newman's barn, laid down
Scripture "foundations" for the town; (5)
The men, I say, whose practis mind
Left Locke and Plato far behind,
They drank the cup, they bore the pain,
And see! what crowns our native plain!

So, by another's taste and toil,
Highwood was snatched from common soil,
Its oaks preserved, and we placed here,
With thanks to crown the circling year.
Ah! What a race by him was run,
Whose day began before the sun;
Who, at the sultry hour of noon,
Felt action, action still a boon;
Who, at the weary shut of eve,
No respite needed, no reprieve;
But, in those hours when others rest,
Kept public care upon his breast!
Need we demand a cherished thought,
For one whose lavish labours brought
Health, comfort, value, praise, and grace,
(Even for our bones, a resting place,
To the lov'd spot for which he stood,
When the neighbour townsmen gasped in blood?--
But Heaven leaves not to human praise
The recompense of well-spent days.

The cheerful morn, the short, sweet night,
The mind, as sunshine, ever bright,
Approving conscience, growing store,
(For tho' God took, he gave back more;)
A breast, like Hector's, of such a space,
That strength and sweetness could embrace;
Power to endure, and soul to feel
No hardship such, for other's weal;
Ardour, that logic could not shake;
Resource, the nonplus ne'er to take;
A filial love of mother *earth*
That made keen labour sweet as mirth;--
All, brought him to his age so green,
Stamped him so reverend, so serene,
A stranger cried, (half turning round,)
"That face is worth a thousand pound!"
Urged by simple antique zeal,
Which *spoils*-men are too wise to feel,
He traversed States like stents for boys;(6)
Huge forests pierced o'er *corduroys*;--
Now, grain by grain, the folios sifted,
Thro' which some Proteus title shifted;--
Now, o'er deep fords, by night, as day,
O'er mountain ledges, pick'd his way;
Here, on his path, the savage glaring,
There, savage whites his gray head daring;--
Still--rain, or snow, or mirk, or mire--
Tracks were the token of the sire!

Tracks of a minim called Young Gin,
His sulky *that* you see me in!
The patient sparkle in his eye,
Said he would *yet* sup Jordan dry.(7)
Fancy oft bids affection mark
His little, onward-toiling mark
Like some dark speck, on some hill's breast,
Climbing, to vanish in the West;
And asks, what thoughts sustained and cheer'd,
What were his hopes, and what he feared?
I aught he feared, 'twas not that Eye,
Certain the upright to descry,
That watched thro' houseless wilds his way,
Kept him in darkness safe as day,
And, doubtless, soothed his journeyings lone,
As that meek Servant's of his own.
Like a ripe ear, at last he bends
Close on the brink, that trial ends.
None saw *his* spirit in decay,
Or marked his vigor ebb away.
Grace bade him lay his own white head,
For the last time, on his own bed,
Then, as to spare the gloom of death,
Took, at a draft, the *Sachem's* breath.(8)

But other Highwoods meet the ear,
Making our home scarce ours appear.
Something uncommon, something wild,
Peculiar to the Forest child,

Would please me more than any other name
To which another can lay claim.
So farewell Highwood! -- "Highwood-Park"
O'ersteps the democratic mark:
We never gave it or desired,
We never owned it, or admired.
A Yankee--Whig--and gentleman,
Should be a plain republican--
Proud he may be (some *honest* pride
Would do no harm on t'other side,)
Proud *for* his country, but not full
Of puffy names, like Mr. Bull;
Proud of his good old Federal stock;
Ready to give for't word or knock;
Fouling no nest in which he grew,
As many modern patriots do;
Flinching from no man's sneer or ire;
Sticking to truth, through print and fire;
Dead against demagogues, and tricks;
Staunch as the Whig of seventy-six,
What grass-grown remnants, yonder, feel
More genuine warmth for human weal,
Than all the "crib-fed" knaves and drones,
That praise and pick us to the bones.

Ancestral woods! must we forego
An epithet we love and know,
For some new title, and proclaim
That *steady folk* have changed their *name*.

'Twere ominous--It should no be--
It looks like *turning*--Hold! let's see--
The name, I swear, I won by wit,
I poached on no man--stole not it--
'Twas branded on my rakes and hoes,
Before the other Highwood rose.
Yet legends say that Geoffrey Crayon,
Cruising round Weehawk one play day on,
(For where "auld Hornie!" has no he
Spook'd twixt the prairies and the sea?).(9)
There, where your eye, at once, controls
Sails from the tropics and the poles,
The belted city, glorious bay,
And, northward, God's and Clinton's way,
Down which, an empire's harvests ride, (10)
And Fulton's smoking chariots glide;
Christened the trees that then peeped o'er
The bastions of that haughty shore,
Highwood--Pray how could I
Know, or suspect a thing so sly?--
And were *that* Highwood now the den (11)
Of foxes, or that kind of men,
Egad! I'd hurl the name so far,
It ne'er my tympanum could jar.
But when we reason something higher,
Observe, there, people we admire;
Of *proven* worth, urbane and true;
Keeping the line their fathers drew;

A graceful vine, a noble shoot,
Each from a venerated root; (12)
Good stock, good nurture, and a tone,
I hope, as *Federal* as mine own--
I feel-----I blush to own the pain--
And half am tempted to refrain.--
But memory's glass is at mine eye;--
And shadows pass of things gone by.
The *Sachem's* day is o'er, is o'er!
His hatchet (buried oft before,) (13)
In earnest rusts; while he has found,
Far off, a choicer hunting ground.
Here, where in life's aspiring stage,
He planned a wigwam for his age,
Vowing the woodman's murderous steel,
These noble trunks should never feel;
Here, where the objects of his care,
Waved grateful o'er his silver hair;
Here, where as silent moons roll by,
We think of him beyond the sky,
Resting among the Wise and Good,
Our hearts decide for SACHEM'S-WOOD.

Sachem's-Wood, 30th July, 1838.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

The "Pillars" of our infant state.--p. 6.

Seven in number, with John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton at their head, the founders of New Haven, then a separate jurisdiction. (See Professor Kingsley's Historical Discourse on the two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of New Haven.)

NOTE II.

Where Belmont now o'erlooks the trees.--p. 7.

The name by which its former owners designated the eminence on which Henry Whitney, Esq. is now erecting a seat--in full and near view from the top of Sassacus. The time alluded to, was the year 1637. New Haven was founded in 1638.

NOTE III.

All, all extinguished in an hour.--p. 8.

"Thus," (at the taking of Mytic Fort,) "parents and children, the sannup and squaw, the old man and the babe, perished in promiscuous ruin."--Trumb, vol. 1. p. 86.

NOTE IV.

*Let Sassacus forever tower,
Changing his aspect with the hour!--p. 8.*

Sassacus was the great prince of the nation.--"When the English began their settlements at Connecticut," (a previous affair to the establishment of New Haven,) he had "twenty-six sachems under him."--"His principal fort was on a commanding and most beautiful eminence, in the town of Groton, a few miles easterly from Fort Griswold. It commanded one of the finest prospects of the Sound, and the adjacent country, which is to be found on the voast. He had another near Mystic river, a few miles to the eastward of this, called the Mystic Fort. This was also erected on a beautiful hill or eminence, gradually descending to the south and southeast."--"The Pequots, Mohegans, and Nehantics, could doubtless muster a thousand bowmen."--"The Narragansets said of Sassacus, that he "was all one God; no man could kill him."--Trumb. vol i. p. 41, 42, 43.

The lock of his scalp, was carried to Boston by Mr. Ludlow, "as a rare sight, and sure demonstration of the death of their mortal enemy."--Ib. 92.

Of this formidable individual, Roger Wolcott, one of the old governors of Connecticut, says

"Great was his glory, greater still his pride,
Much by himself, and others, magnified!"

NOTE V.

*They, who, in Newman's barn, laid down
Scripture "foundations" for the town.--p. 11.*

See Kingley's Discourses; also Bacon's Historical Sermons, now in progress; which, we trust, will find their way to us through the press, in due time.

NOTE VI.

He traversed States like stents for boys.--p. 12

Stints is the proper word.

NOTE VII.

Said he would yet sup Jordan dry.--p. 13.

"He trusteth that he can draw Jordan into his mouth;
his nose pierceth through snares."--Job, of Behemoth.

NOTE VIII.

Took, at a draft, the Sachem's breath.--p. 14.

The sobriquet by which James Hillhouse was know in

Congress and elsewhere.--The result of his labours in behalf of the Connecticut School Fund, alluded to in some of the foregoing lines, may be taken in the words of a scrupulous and well-informed narrator, it having been previously stated that its affairs had fallen into an entangled condition--"The best friends of that fund, and those most acquainted with its history, have said that they would have been happy to have realized from it, at that time, eight hundred thousand dollars. After fifteen years management, he left it increased to one million seven hundred thousand dollars of solid property. The difference was to be ascribed to his skill, his fidelity, his accuracy, his patience, and his wonderful and indefatigable industry. While that fund shall be perpetuated, and shall continue to carry thorough all the streets of our cities, and every rude, secluded hamlet among our hills, the blessings of instruction, it will stand a monument to his faithful and disinterested patriotism."--The toils he underwent, (for the property consisted chiefly in lands scattered in five states, some parts of them, then, very difficult of access,) and the expedients he resorted to, in accomplishing his great objects, cannot even be shadowed here. They were highly curious and interesting. He was literally "in journeyings often--in watchings often--in hunger and thirst--in perils and robbers--in perils in the wilderness"--to say nothing of his perils nearer home, "among false brethren." Once, he was frost-bitten; losing, in consequence during the greater part of a winter, and far from his family, the use of one eye: but I have been assured that he did not, even then, spare the other. Once he was arrested as a criminal, by an enraged debtor, who, in his own neighborhood,

exercised a party influence, and but just escaped the indignity of a prison. Twice he was brought to death's door, by fevers taken in the unsettled and unwholesome regions he was obliged to visit. When persuaded, with some difficulty, that the public welfare required him at this arduous post, in the same spirit in which Mr. Jay, yielding to the arguments of Washington, undertook the ungracious task of the British treaty; he flung up his third term in the Senate of the United States, then just commencing,* and entered on a series of exertions, in which he displayed a fortitude, a perserverance, and a practical sagacity, that have never failed to excite surprise. The power of bodily endurance would have been nothing without the infinite tact in business; skill would have been fallen short of its objects, without miraculous patience and perserverance; and nothing would have disarmed opposition, but that natural spring of sweetness in his disposition, which perpetually well-ed out in the midst of appalling labors, and converted in many, many instances, the suspicious and intractable, into sincere and zealous friends. The astonishing little animal he drove for six or eight of the first years, sometimes took the

* He came into the Senate in 1796, in the place either of Chief Justice Ellsworth, or of Governor Trumbull, who both went out the same year; served the remainder of his predecessor's term, went through two terms of his own, and had commenced on the third, when his resignation took place in 1810--having been 14 years in the Senate, and five in the House of Representatives. He was three times elected to Congress under the Old Confederation; but declined taking his seat. The foregoing dates are from the American Almanac, for 1834.

Sachem seventy miles in a day. On one occasion, he pushed her thirty miles after twilight, *without stopping*; having been dogged by two ruffians, in a desolate part of the country, who attempted to deprive him of his trunk. It contained, unknown to them, twenty thousand dollars of the public money. After putting them to flight, he thought it prudent to make as many tracks as possible. Her subsequent blindness, he ascribed to the severe drive of that memorable evening. Her "going like a gray-hound," as she descended the Onondaga hollow, was described to me, there, years after she was as stiff as the steeds of Rhesus. -- As a friend once said of the business letters of Mr. Astor, every word weighs a pound; or, as the leaves of the Sybil, which, though light enough for the wind, were full of ponderous meaning--so, reader, couldst thou peruse these flimsy verses through my spectacles, thou wouldst find in some of them more "than meets the ear." As an illustration of the words,

"Now, o'er deep fords, by night, as day,"

take the following: --After half a day's solitary traveling, the *Sachem* once came to a stream, apparently swollen with rain, to an unusual depth. It was necessary to cross it, or be frustrated of his objects, besides measuring back a weary way. He undressed himself, strapped his trunk of clothes, papers &c., on the top of his sulky; and reached the opposite bank with no other inconvenience than an unseasonable bath.--Stranger, imagine not this *Portrait* to be a figment, or even an embellishment of the imagination. It is addressed to those who knew the man, and to those who knew him

best, I appeal for fidelity. Every line and epithet applied to him, could be substantiated by apposite anecdotes. -- Though, perhaps, *jam satis*, I will add one more.

On one of his school-fund journeys, nearly thirty years ago, traversing a forest in Ohio, which, for many a long mile, had seemed as undisturbed by human occupants, as on the day of creation, there suddenly glided up the path an Indian, armed with a gun or rifle. The apparition was rather startling. The *Sachem* nodded, however, to his compatriot, and kept jogging on, as if unconcerned. The Indian surveyed him earnestly, from time to time; --but whether Young Gin quickened, or slackened her pace, he still kept at the wheel. After about six miles, the sulky drew up, and a four-pence-ha'penny was handed to the perservering attendant. The Redskin received it with a grunt, or nod of thanks, turned off into the woods, and was seen no more. If any evil purpose was harboured, perhaps the donor owed something, on this occasion, to those indisputable *sachem marks*, which distinguished both his person and his aspect.

I wish it had been possible, consistently with brevity, to throw in a few more of the traits which made even his children smile at the simplicity of his feelings, while they stood amazed at his power, and adored his goodness. His memorable relations (memorable at least to the family) with the Connecticut School Fund, might be *summed* in the quaint address of Eliot, the spiritual friend of the Indian, to Robert Boyle:--"*Right honorable, charitable, indefatigable, nursing father!*" The words are singularly applicable to his exertions in behalf of the public interest. For fifty years he was the Treasurer of Yale College; and during

the first thirty, he may be said to have been the Ways and Means of the Corporation:--by which I intend, that in all their pecuniary difficulties, and in their collisions with the State, (for there were Anti-Grammaticals in those days, as well as these,) their main reliance was on his commanding influence, his resource and ingenuity, and on his single-hearted attachment to their interests. In such a state of despondency in 1791-92, that he was called home from Congress to advise in the threatening aspect of their affairs. His counsel was--unreservedly to open the whole condition of the Institution to the recently appointed, and the very able Committee of the Legislature, (composed, however, of individuals supposed to be desirous of some changes,) and the result was a Report favorable and honourable to the College. About this time he *conceived the idea* of obtaining a grant in its favor, of certain outstanding taxes, the nature of which will be found explained below, in the words of the Hon. Mr. Pitkin.* By unflinching zeal

* "Before the establishment of the present constitution, the State of Connecticut had, at various times, laid taxes, which were payable in certain evidences of debt against the State; for the purpose of paing the interest and part of the principal of this debt.

"Congress, in 1790, assumed State debts to the amount of \$21,000,000, and the amount assumed for Connecticut, was \$1,600,000, and was to be funded, on certain terms, by those who held certain evidences of this debt. At the time of the assumption, a large balance of those taxes was due from the various collectors through the State, and was payable in the same evidences of State debt, as were assumed and authorized to be funded, under The act of Congress. If these balances should be paid into the

he carried the measure, contrary to the hopes of many equally sincere, but less sanguine friends. *This grant laid anew the corner stone of Yale College.* When he assumed his

State Treasury, in those evidences of debts, they must, of course, Be cancelled, or considered as paid.

“In this situation, James Hillhouse, Esq., then, and long after, Treasurer of Yale College, and ever attentive and active in its pecuniary concerns, conceived the idea of having these balances transferred to that institution, and funded, under the assumption act, for its benefit. With this view, he introduced an application, on the part of the College, to be made to the Legislature of the State, and he was acting manager in pursuing the application.

“To induce the Legislature to make the grant of these balances to the College, which were then unascertained, he proposed that the grant be made on the condition, that one half of the sum, which should be paid over to the College, and funded, should be transferred to the State by the Institution, for the use and benefit of the State itself.

“On these terms, Mr. Hillhouse, by his usual perserverance and untiring exertions, at last obtained the grant. He had great difficulties, and strong prejudices, to encounter, which no one but himself could have overcome. Some of the most intelligent members of the assembly, professional men, on whom he had relied for support, deemed it an impracticable scheme, and, at first, almost refused him their aid, in attempting to carry it into effect. He then applied to another class of the Legislature, to the substantial farmers, and urged upon them the great importance of doing something for a College, which was the pride of the State, and explained to them his plan, by which not only the College, but the State itself, would be greatly benefited. He interested this class Of men, strongly in favour of his plan, and it was through their Influence, that the measure was finally carried through the Legislature.

office, in 1782, one of those shadowy White Wigs, which then rendered the Corporation illustrious, said to him :---
 “Young man, you are taking upon you an important trust. Remember! In the discharge of business, you must never Serve the Devil;--- but you may make the Devil serve you.” Whether that venerable and honourable Body ascribe the rescue of their institution from a state of want and decay, and its exaltation to its present pitch of usefulness, to any agency less orthodox than the divine blessing on disinterested human efforts, we have not inquired.

The subject of this note, and that late illustrious President, Who came into office in 1795, were co-workers and brothers,--yea, more than brothers,--in all that tended to the enduring prosperity of this favorite object of their care.

NOTE IX.

Spook'd twixt the prairies and the sea.---p. 15

To spook---to saunter about inquisitively.---*Nursery.*

“The amount of the balance of these taxes was larger than was apprehended, and the College received greater pecuniary benefit from this grant, than from all others, except the late donation by individuals.”

Professor Kingsley observes---“The honor of originating this Measure, and of securing its passage through the Legislature, belongs to the Treasurer, Mr. Hillhouse. No one had pretended, that without him, any thing would have been, or could have been done, on the subject.”---*Sketch of the History of Yale College*, p. 26.

NOTE X.

Down which, an empire's harvest's ride.---p. 15.

For their *prospective* magnitude, see the interesting report of Mr. Ruggles, to the New York Legislature, during the Last session.---One's imagination can hardly advert to the North River, without thought of steamboats, western wheat, &c.; so I leave this couplet as it is, though it rings in my ear as if I had heard its like somewhere. I cannot possibly remember. If I have stumbled upon any other person's words or thoughts, they are much at his service.

NOTE XI.

And were that Highwood.---p. 15.

The residence of James G. King, Esq., opposite the city of New York.

NOTE XII.

Each from a venerated root.---p. 16.

Namely, from Archibald Gracie, and Rufus King.

NOTES XIII.

His hatchet, (buried oft before.)---p. 16.

His favourite toast among old friends, uttered with a beam-

ing of the eye, which, showed that no bitter reminiscence could be harboured in his heart, was—“*Let us bury the hatchet.*” It embodied the spirit of his life. ---It used to be said in the Senate Chamber, that he kept one of these implements, under the pages and red tape, in his desk ; which he had been known to take out and lay carelessly by the side of his inkstand, when the debate waxed personal. No bad idea, by the bye. He, at any vote, averted many a *desagrement*, by pleasantly threatening to “*take the tree.*” ---His father, William Hillhouse, of Montville, who, in the days of steady habits, came up on his Narraganset pacer, and took his seat in one hundred and six Legislatures, (then semi-annual,) was a tall, spare man, as dark as the Black Douglas himself, and did not particularly fancy being hit, upon his reputed Mohegan *cross*. Being the Patriarch of the eastern section of the State, and with a relish of wit, he usually had a circle round him, at his lodgings. On a certain occasion, the *Sachem*, who had often in the State Legislature, been opposed in argument to his father, but was then a young member of Congress, happened to call on the old gentleman during the Hartford session, at a moment when he was reading with great glee to the whole *mess*, a squib upon the Congress Men, from a Philadelphia newspaper. It was at the time a Library was talked of for the Congress. The gist of the pleasantry lay in the adaptation of a Book to the private history of each of the prominent Members. The old man read on, chuckling, for some time : at last, looking up, he said, dryly : “Why, Jemmy, they don’t notice you at all.” ---“Read on, father.” He did so ; and soon came to the volume to be ordered for his son, namely, a *History of the Aborigines*, to aid him

In tracing his pedigree! For a rarity, the old gentleman was floored. Venerable image, of the elder day! well do I remember those stupendous shoe-buckles, that long, gold-headed cane, (kept in Madam, they Sister's best closet, for thy sole annual use,) that steel watch chain, and silver pendants, yea, and the streak of holland, like the slash in an antique doublet, commonly seen betwixt thy waistcoat and small clothes, as thou passed'st daily at 9 o'clock, A.M., during the autumnal session!--One of his little grand-daughters took it into her head to watch for her dear "Black Grandpapa," and insist on kissing him in the street, as he passed. He condescended, once or twice, to stoop for her salute ; but, anon, we missed him. He passed us no more ; having adopted Church street, instead of Temple street, on his way to the Council Chamber. This I consider as a decisive aboriginal trait! One of the earliest recollections of our boyhood, is the appearance of that Council Chamber, as we used to peep into it. Trumbull sat facing the door---*clarum et venerabile nomen!*---there lay his awful sword and cocked hat---and round the table, besides His Excellency and his Honour, were twelve noble looking men, whom our juvenile eyes regarded as scarcely inferior to gods. And, compared with many who floated up, afterwards, on the spume of party, not a man of them but was a Capiitolinus. As the oldest Counselor---at the Governor's right hand---sat, ever, the Patriarch of Montville, (a study for Spagnoletto,) with half his body, in addition to his legs, under the table, a huge pair of depending eyebrows, concealing all the eyes he had, till called upon for an opinion, when he lifted them up long enough to speak briefly ; and then they imme-

diately relapsed. He resigned his seat at the age of eighty, in the full possession of his mental powers. The language of the letter before me is : "He has withdrawn from public life with cheerfulness and dignity." He was able, at that age, to ride his Narraganset from New Haven to New London in a day ; abhorring "wheel carriages." At his leave-taking, I have been told, there was not a dry eye at the Council Board.

It might not be becoming to treat further of familiar things ; as these notes are designed to equal in dignity the occasion which calls them forth! What we have already communicated, is less for thy satisfaction, dear contemporary, than for our own, and that of thy grand-children, and one *Mrs. Veritas*, all which persons we are habitually more solicitous to please, than thy respected self.