AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE CITIZENS OF HARTFORD, ON THE 9TH OF NOVEMBER, 1835. THE CLOSE OF THE SECOND CENTURY, FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE CITY

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An Address Delivered at the Request of the Citizens of Hartford, on the 9th of November, 1835. The close of the second Century, from the first Settlement of the City by Joel Hawes

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JOEL HAWES

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Trieste

The Hon. T. Lee — With the respects of Yr J. P. Brock

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST

OF THE

CITIZENS OF HARTFORD,

ON THE

9TH OF NOVEMBER, 1835.

THE CLOSE

OF

THE SECOND CENTURY,

FROM THE

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE CITY.

BY JOEL HAWES, D. D.
PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN HARTFORD.

HARTFORD.
BELKNAP & HAMERSLEY.
1835.

HARTFORD, Nov 10th, 1835.

REV. DR. HAWES,

Dear Sir,

The undersigned, a Committee appointed by the Citizens of the Town of Hartford, to superintend the Centennial Celebration of the 9th inst., respectfully request a copy of the very appropriate and acceptable address, delivered by you upon the occasion, in order that the same may be published, for the eye of the public.

We have the honor to be,

Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

CYPRIAN NICHOLS,
JOSEPH TRUMBULL,
JARED GRISWOLD,
RODERICK TERRY,
D. F. ROBINSON,
ALBERT DAY,
E. W. BULL.

ADDRESS.

How changed is the scene around us, from what our fathers beheld, when, two hundred years ago, they came and fixed here the place of their habitation and began the settlement of our state? The river that skirts our city rolls on in its accustomed channel; the hills and the valleys remain, and the general aspect of nature. But all else, how changed! The dark, unbroken forests have disappeared; the wild beasts that roamed those forests are gone; and the numerous tribes of Indians that inhabited these hills and valleys, and kindled here their council fires and shouted the war song, have passed away and are gone like the leaves of their native woods.

Where, two centuries ago, naught was to be seen but a "waste, howling wilderness," we now behold flourishing towns and villages, the busy mart, and the crowded city, with all the accompaniments of a free, enlightened and Christian population. Instead of a wide, barren desert, we behold cultivated fields and smiling gardens; instead of savage tribes, we behold communities of civilized men; instead of the murky Indian hut, we behold comfortable houses and splendid public edifices; instead of the Indian canoe, silently darting along our river, in pursuit of the beaver and the otter, we behold the steamboat and the ship, proudly floating on its bosom, laden with the products of every clime; instead of the warwhoop and the cry of savage cruelty, we hear, on every side, the voice of peace and of comfort, and listen to the song of thanksgiving and praise, ascending from thousands of grateful hearts to the throne of the living God. We are not met, as were our fathers in 1635, in fear and want and gloomy bodings, to offer our wor-

ship under the spreading trees of the wood, beneath a wintry sky. The armed men, appointed to guard the place of their meeting against the attack of savages, are not here. We are met in the enjoyment of peace and plenty and bright visions of the future; in the temple of Jehovah; surrounded with all that makes society sweet and life happy. We are not few and feeble and defenceless, as they were, dwelling alone in a vast wilderness, and separated by the distance of an hundred miles of trackless forests, from every abode of civilized man. The three little towns that were planted on our river in 1635, have been multiplied to one hundred and thirty-three. The little company of weary exiles, that came here, and with infinite toil and suffering, felled the forests and cleared the fields, and laid the foundations of our state, have been augmented to three hundred thousand, forming a constituent and happy part of a great nation,—a nation of more than twelve millions of people, blessed with intelligence, with liberty, with religion and general happiness beyond any other nation on earth.

When we contemplate this scene and survey the mighty changes that have taken place within the period referred to, we are instinctively prompted to inquire for the cause. We wish to trace back to their source, those events which we feel have had so important an influence in moulding our destiny and deciding the condition in which we are to pass the brief period alloted us on earth. We feel an interest to know who were the agents in effecting this mighty transformation; what motives brought them to this field of their toils; what principles guided them in laying the foundation of those civil and religious institutions which distinguish our lot; what fortunes attended them during their sojourn on earth; how they lived, how they died and where is the place of their graves. Our interest is greatly increased in the inquiry, when we learn that the men, from whom we have received our goodly heritage, were our fathers, our own venerated ancestors; that their blood runs in our veins; that we hear and repeat their names, eve-