

**NEW HAVEN, A  
RURAL HISTORICAL  
TOWN OF VERMONT**

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New Haven, a Rural Historical Town of Vermont by J. B. Grinnell

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# NEW HAVEN

A RURAL HISTORICAL TOWN  
OF VERMONT

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ORATION BY

HON. J. B. GRINNELL

AND ADDRESSES

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PRINTED BY REQUEST.

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*Bright fund*

CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

HISTORICAL DAY AND ADDRESS AT NEW HAVEN.

NEW HAVEN, Vt., Aug. 20, 1887.

HON. J. B. GRINNELL :

*Dear Sir:* While you are east and setting up a memorial for ancestors in New Haven, your birth-place, permit us to request that you will consent to make an address upon the history of your town and give us such information as you may possess with regard to those who have gone out of it. Will you please name a day?

Respectfully yours,

W. P. NASH,  
W. B. HAGUE,  
E. A. DODD,  
E. B. HOOKER,  
H. C. ROSSOR,  
M. J. LANDON.

ROCKPORT, Mass., Aug. 26, 1887.

HON. WM. P. NASH, M. J. LANDON, REV. W. B. HAGUE, and others :

*Gentlemen*—Here, with my family by the ocean, I have received your complimentary invitation to address the people of New Haven, my native town. Near a half century passed has not diminished my love for the old home, nor has a busy life lessened my admiration for the sterling distinguished men who have gone from our town. I cheerfully comply with your request, and leave to you the day, suggesting the 5th day of September next.

Very truly yours,

J. B. GRINNELL.

At the conclusion of the address Hon. M. J. Landon offered the following. Adopted :

*Resolved*, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Hon. J. B. Grinnell by the people of New Haven, and visitors, for the pleasure afforded them in listening to his interesting and instructive address. May it stimulate us that are left, on whom the mantle falls to greater activity in maintaining all interests that our fathers loved best.

*Resolved*, That the committee of invitation request of Mr. Grinnell a copy of his address, and procure its publication.

## COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES.

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The day was auspicious and a large assembly, including well known persons from the towns about, were present in the Congregational Church. The New Haven Brass Band volunteered fine music, and Hon. E. A. Doud, chosen to preside, called on Rev. W. B. Hague, who led in prayer.

Judge Doud said on introducing Mr. Grinnell: "By chance a few weeks since I met a prominent lawyer\* of Chicago, himself a grandson of a chief executive of this State, a gentleman well versed in Vermont matters and in the history of Vermont men. Among other suggestive things he said was this: Not long previous an eastern man said to him: 'Do Vermonters have much influence in Chicago?' I replied, 'More than all the rest of New England. They are everywhere and at the front. The attorney who caught and caged the Anarchists is a Vermonter. A large percentage of the Judges of Chicago are Vermont born and Vermont educated; and so in all departments.'" "And," continued the chairman, "what is true of Vermont in regard to Chicago, I suppose is true of all the great region we dominate 'the West.' And what is true of Vermont in general, is true of New Haven as a part thereof. Many have gone out from here who have left their impress upon those communities where they had lived. Occasionally they come back to us, to view the graves of their ancestors, perchance to renew the friendships of their childhood and see if the place of their birth keeps pace with the world at large. We have such one here to-day, and I take pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. J. B. Grinnell of Grinnell, Iowa, who will now address you."

\*Hon. John Mattocks.



## ADDRESS OF HON. J. B. GRINNELL.

MR. PRESIDENT :

In the request to address the people of my native town, I acknowledge a pleasing compliment. To this home of my childhood, the graves of my fathers and filial devotion have made me an occasional pilgrim for near half a century, yet never have I met you under brighter skies, nor to find more affluent hospitality, which I seek to requite with more than formal compliments or with doubtful legends.

Were there ever fairer clouds hovering over the valleys, gilding the mountains, and distilling ample showers on the paths of the ploughmen, dropping fatness, maturing the oaten sheaves and golden corn, refreshing the meadows, crowding hay barns, enriching pastures from which come up with sweet breath, gentle kine and playful prancing steeds, seeming to shout, Aha! Aha! in the challenge of high blood. It is only a reflection of the skill and care of their masters, the famed breeders and gallant yeomanry of Vermont. I look out on wonderful pear trees, loaded and suppliant, asking relief from their burdens, and the grape clusters and apples peep out from dense foliage to be tinted and mellowed with Autumn smiles in a profusion rarely equalled since the Goddesses presided over this picturesque valley of Lake Champlain.

But the old home as I knew it and left it, is not here in primal rural aspect. Time's effacing fingers have smoothed the stumpy pastures, the powder blast and toil have moved or buried the rocks, to give a welcome to the mowing machine. Axmen have denuded the hills of the beechen trees, so alluring to truant boys in search of nuts and squirrels for game, despoiling, too, the sugar orchards, the scene of festivity and many a moonlight frolic. Only your limpid streams still smooth and sweep their beds, dashing on to their mothers; but with the fresher memories of the father of waters and the roar of the Oregon sweeping on to the ocean these rills are like the plaintive lullabys of our mothers over the

cradle of infancy. Your hills and mountains, infinite barriers to our child's vision, so steep and vast, seem with contracting areas and fraternal loves nodding salutations with coquetting smiles on their hoary brows, moving near to each other under the fitting shadows, alas! to remind,

"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

But, "the fathers, where are they?" Their children, with whom we played, and bade our adieus, launching out on the current of life? It is not an illusion of the inverted lens; a gloomy fancy; rather a sad reflection—they are not here; their race is run. I walk the streets where, a half century ago, I knew every man, boisterous boy and coy maiden, now to meet the curious stare, without mutual recognition, and only in your cemeteries, far outnumbering in the dead the roll of the living, do I recall on the tombstone the endeared, and commune with spirits that once spoke from mortal clay. They shall never be forgotten, who under the kind ministries of school, church and home, many of the number finding early graves, festooned with flowers and moistened with the tears of affection, as they entered on that last journey, buoyant with immortal hope.

It was here my heart leaped up when I beheld a rainbow in the sky, tinted and gorgeous as in no other lands. "So was it when a child." So is it now a man, and who but a dullard, alien to romance, devoid of filial affection, finds no pleasure in the study of the native grandeur of his old home, its history, growth and sons. Our pioneer fathers banished solitudes, the wilderness was glad for their presence, sweeping the rude harp of minstrelsy for their children in fond memories and moving to gratitude for exemption from their severe toil and great privations known to our fathers, the New Haven pioneers of nearly one hundred years ago. Let us blend the memories of youth, the struggles begotten of courage and high devotion, with the story of our time. We shall find it rich in contributions to State pride and grand National epochs, as our mountain streamlets have swelled the classic Hudson in its flow and deepened the waters of

Lake Champlain, ever historic in the blending memories of our ancestry, who voyaged with the pleasures of gondoliers, and for our homes won the prowess of sailors and the fame of patriots.

#### WHAT OF OUR NEW HAVEN ?

It was a well chosen grant of about twenty-five thousand acres, from Gov. Wentworth of New Hampshire, obtained by John Evarts and others of Salisbury, Connecticut, that noted home of two of our earlier governors, Galusha and Chittenden, also Chipman, our first chief justice. It was one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and its territory has been curtailed to make a city of Vergennes, to give a slice to Weybridge, and even more, that Waltham might become a town. I knew not the civil engineer competent to its exact survey, for I remember as a boy carrying the chain to find "lost pitches" in the swamps. It has a leg in shape, a notch, a gore, mountain cliff and an ever-changing, meandering river boundary, but not hindering its growth of men ; stalwarts who immigrated near a century ago, from Connecticut and Massachusetts, with electric affinities, born of education and principle, worthy founders of society and defenders of right, exemplars of religion, whereof they may boast who would make more lustrous the fame of their ancestry.

This was a stately forest, and a long remove from lake or waterfall, where this street was laid, and there came isolation and privations, gaunt wolves howling ; and only the skill of the fisherman and fine aim of the hunter brought food, on meagre crops of wheat and corn raised from the narrow clearing. Then these lands awakened the cupidity of foes to be met and circumvented, more formidable than the reptiles from the rocks, the scourges of flocks, or the black bears stealthily shouldering a pig or a calf, ready for a hug on provocation by a pursuer.

It is no figure of speech, "as the mountains were round about Jerusalem," so were they round about our New Haven home. Look out on Bristol bold rocks, Lincoln steeps ; the classic Hog's Back, Buck and Snake, all mountains suggestive