

Norwich Bulletin and Courier.

113 YEARS OLD.

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Norwich, Saturday, July 3, 1906.

HOW OLD FOURTHS WERE CELEBRATED.

The Bulletin, in its historical supplement today prints four reports of celebrations of Independence day, two at the close of the 18th century, and two in the 19th century—1845 and 1866—widely different in character and interest. These reports show that the early patriots were negligent of their opportunities, for 23 years after the Revolutionary war they were being praised for reviving the old spirit and the next year they had an exceptionally lively celebration and an address by a woman whose name should have been preserved for the honor and spirit she displayed in making a speech on Popper's hill to the women gathered there while the men were feasting and responding to toasts in Union hall.

THE HALF-CENTURY WE CELEBRATE.

The spirit which made the past half-century the most progressive and enterprising period in the history of Norwich had its birth in the half-century which ended in 1853.

These past half-century events each other as most human affairs in importance, interlace, and in business, in religious association, in civic growth, we cannot stand claiming achievements or applying to the past.

It was after the railroad was completed between Norwich and Worcester and the heart of Massachusetts had become our near neighbor instead of a city a full day's travel distant, that the merger of the two cities and industry of Norwich and the capitals of scholarship were imbued with the spirit which has led to our complete modernization as a city—the better and constant but declared.

The hard times of 1867 put a check upon business, but it could not quench the spirit of our predecessors, who, standing at the culmination of two centuries, became conscious of the achievements of Norwich and called distinguished sons and daughters home to celebrate them, and honored themselves and the town in ascribing to its founders the praise which was their due.

Dark days followed that celebration, but every city and hamlet in this land the flag was called upon to defend the flag and support the president of the union. We opened this half-century with a proud record, which will last as long as history endures.

Over a hundred men in twenty-five of the thirty first regiments—two of which were of this part of the state—the Eighteenth and Twenty-sixth—participated in thirty-three battles on land and sea. Here we developed a great governor—Buckingham—who upheld Lincoln, Lincoln as Trumbull had supported Washington, and a regiment of the bravest of men. Norwich had 138 officers in the navy, three generals, six colonels, seven lieutenants-colonels, eight majors, eight captains, seven surgeons, forty-five lieutenants and fifty lieutenants—she had men brevetted for their bravery and the sons at home were true to the sons facing the foe.

Norwich not only gave the flower of her manhood, and in excess of her quota, but poured out her treasures to the amount of \$300,000, and spared not the love and fidelity and patriotism of a single one of her daughters.

The civic unity and co-operation of those days form a noble history, and we are still cheering and contributing to the comfort of the boys in blue.

In 1866, when the war was over, the court house first opened to us a new opportunity, and the men at the door did not hear the knock at the door and did not foolishly thing when they selected the site for a commodious, new municipal building, but builded better than they knew.

Then the necessity for a water system was presented and Engineer Smith gave us a deep-water reservoir fed by springs among the hills of Norwich Town, which is known as Fairview, and which secures to us as good a water supply as is to be found in New England, and at this period we organized a police force in place of the old watch, and then we began the real modernization of Norwich in the development of a civic spirit. In a few years there sprang up in Union square and adjacent thoroughfares the Baptist church, the Masonic temple, the Y. M. C. A. building, the Broadway theater, the new telephone building, T. A. and B. hall and an addition to Otis library, which reflect-

ed credit upon our city and citizens, and as a transformation it was a gesture of what in another half-century those who may come after us may do for Franklin square.

The opening of a horse railroad service in 1876 which never became of adequate length or capacity to meet the necessities of the city and town, led the way to the first trolley system in eastern Connecticut, and the making of Norwich a trolley center, and has extended our trading zone, increased our pleasures and put "the Rose of New England" in hourly connection with all parts of New England.

Norwich has witnessed but the alarm in this half-century—the one-hour fire—which we refer to only to show how from destruction and suffering a new spirit may be born. On its ashes, was built a bigger and better institution, and the poor were given a better home and better care. Shortly after was organized the United Workers to rescue children, orphaned and worse than orphaned, and to carry comfort and care to the aged and the deserving poor. That through the influence, sympathy and liberality of one of our wealthy citizens the Rock Nook home for children, the Sheltering Arms for invalided women, were established, the City Mission trading school, the good work incorporated and given permanent headquarters, and then the work of endeavor began, and the constant bequests, which, through the generosity of the donors, should in another half-century be made adequate to make forever secure the noblest work in the city—a work which is conducted in the most liberal spirit and has the sustaining sympathy of all the people.

When we recall the fact that no one can make cakes like mother, we shall be able to discern why our selected representatives do not conduct a celebration as we would.

As one glance at the history of Norwich it becomes apparent that our generalists were the product of real war, not of a political system or the free-trade-distributing habit.

We have rummage sales galore, but why do we not have in our libraries collections of old letters reading with reminiscences and facts to aid future historians of the town.

We should strive to make the spirit of Norwich like the Rooseveltian spirit, so permeating that our visitors will have to wring out their clothes to reduce it to the minimum.

Norwich always accords to the patriot with a rifle—the term of hero; but the patriot who has to supply food, arms and ammunition has more of a stunt, if less of a perk.

Happy thought for today: Our forefathers builded well—they were the accidents and all who find asylums here, and their spirit and like them build better than they know.

The first guns of our 250th anniversary will be fired Sunday, and on Monday we shall indulge in the grand melee! May we have a season of complete joy marred by no fatalities.

Norwich looks beautiful in its gala day dress, and from such displays as these the people learn of the industry of beauty. Norwich may have permanent moral decorations, yet.

Norwich has established the fact that there is such a thing as good Indians, if the wild and woolly west did originate the living lie that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

The price of peace is always high, but for two and a half centuries Norwich has been able to pay the price and to have a balance of ability, genius and self-sacrifice to retain her.

There is to be a great crowd in Norwich Monday. Have a smile and a glad hand for all, and a little crack-crack for the visitors who did not get around till the cupboard was dry.

Since Norwich has raised a dozen college presidents and professors—some of the most eminent in the country—it is not a vain claim that through their work she may have made many.

The right kind of a history of Norwich has never been written, yet, but some future scholar of means may write one for love, as it could never be anything more than a crazy speculation if done for money.

The bespot which held the beans which gave "The Hill" its name, has been found, and sometime Norwich may find the old bell which for more than one century announced 9 o'clock to the residents of the old town plot.

Only a few men have had the courage to stand as apologists for Benedict Arnold, but the devil would not be guilty of judging him to be as per and the historians who assail his character pretend to. He sold out his country—some people sell out their God.

It has been stated by the press within the past few days that the first airplane ever constructed was found in some Norwich attic?

Been Studying the Tariff. A New York man is charged with bigamy because he talked in his sleep of other countries' names than his wife's. Perhaps he had a nightmare vision of the world's sister Max and mini.—Washington Post.

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Teddy Looks at Them. The young lion is, who holds the beast while Kermit makes the photograph.—Atlanta Journal.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

Two hundred and fifty years puts Norwich among the ancients of this great republic. While this is a truth and is so real to us it makes us smile and Rome wink its eye. America is the infant among nations, if it is a giant that has accomplished more in two and a half centuries than they did in many ages—it is only a child to them. Norwich was born before all the Pilgrims stepped ashore, and it harks back to the creaking sail and the footsteps on Plymouth rock like "the manor born." The blood and veins which sustained that famous band of pioneers has influenced all who came after them. The whole map of the new world has since Mason selected this beauty spot for his home and the nations have been liberalized, the people made freer and happier and the tyrant put under restraint. Two and a half centuries ago Charles II had just come to the throne and since then England has had twelve sovereigns. It is a span of time in which six generations of people have passed from the earth and the seventh has only just begun to stay. In 1639 New England was a wilderness and Hadley, Mass., was an outpost between New England and Canada.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

You know how good it seems to be home after a long absence. That is the way our visiting sons and daughters are feeling today.

The old residents of Norwich have the lamp of recollection lit and are giving a view of things which happened from 70 to 90 years ago.

The history of Norwich comes pretty near being the history of Connecticut, and the history of Connecticut runs parallel with the history of the country.

This is no time for criticism, but the fact is patent enough that some of our people on this occasion are draping dirt with flags instead of removing it.

New London owns a share in our City hall, and we want her to come and bear witness that we have not slighted her part in making a fairy temple of it.

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Praise of Norwich by Her Sons and Visitors

All in Good Taste—Not a Word Too Much

We have taken occasion to copy from the Norwich Jubilee book of 1859 a few of the pleasant things said of this city at that time. They were deserved then and we still are conscious of their fitness:

One of Dan Tyler's bon-mots:—These little spinning wheels were the pioneers of 1776, but with only two keys: the one was touched at 6 o'clock a. m., and the other at 9 p. m., and yet our grandmothers were such skillful performers as to make the very best kind of music; and the reason was that they kept their wheels constantly humming the same tune "from rosy rosy rosy eve."

Daniel Colt Gilman in '59:—Long live old Norwich! and when the last of us shall lie beneath the sod, when the deeds of the present shall furnish chapters in the history of the future, may it be the lot of a future chronicler, scanning the memorials of our day, to record with truth that we were worthy of the precious heritage which we now enjoy.

Daniel Tyler in '59:—The sons and the daughters of this old municipality, as she today gathers them beneath her wings, have the right and the privilege as grateful, obedient and affectionate children, to look up and exclaim: "God bless you, and smile upon you, and prosper you, our dear, old mother!"

Ex-Governor Washburn of Massachusetts, celebration of '59:—Why, sir, let a man come here, and its utterly impossible that he should not want to tell his brother or sister, it is utterly impossible to go away from here without entertaining sentiments of tenderness and affection.

Dr. Anson Chester of Buffalo, in '59:—I have hanging in my study a beautiful picture of the town—it is one of many shrines. . . I have always a prayer with it: I came from Norwich. I am now convinced that there is one thing better to say than this, and that is—"I am a resident of Norwich."

William Cothren, the historian of Woodbury, gave this toast in '59:—Norwich and Woodbury—twin sisters of 1859. The morning and evening stars of Connecticut beautiful in their infancy—brilliant in their nativity—a crown of glory will surely adorn their old age.

Charles W. Rockwell in '59:—In speaking of the "Fair Town of Norwich," may I not say a word of the fair of the town of Norwich? What has been the prominent distinguishing characteristics of the people of Norwich? The answer is:—from the time that the besting nation was closely besieged and near starvation down to this grand jubilee, this town has been conspicuous for its whole-souled liberality and benevolence.

Dr. Woodward of Franklin, in '59:—We proudly trace our lineage to the pioneers who two centuries ago rescued from barbarism these fair fields, which have already yielded an abundant harvest of the choicest fruits of civilization.

Raise your voices in thanksgiving, 'tis mother's natal day! Not a wrinkle mars her forehead, not a single lock is gray, Tho' 250 years have fled, with their glory and their shame, Since our good old English fathers gave her "Norwich" for her name.

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In the days of the founding of Norwich all men were equal in their interests were common and they stood together in the land for mutual protection, but as the population increased and the land holdings varied and occupations varied the most important and those of least account became more and more separated. The leader and the minister were the ones looked up to in the earliest times, and it was many years before the triumvirate of the village got to be the ruler, the doctor and the judge of property, or the old popular divisions of the de-wells and the people. The cultured and the uncultured, the sectarian and non-sectarian, the rich and the poor, the desiring and undeserving were classed off as people. We have hundreds of them with the elite on top and the degenerates at the bottom and the good people sandwiched in between. The degenerates in everything which made for manhood and womanhood—for honesty and honor—in industry and in their character and their descendants have lost much that they had and gained material things which they do not value.

The fact that Lafayette visited Norwich every time is a matter of history, and it is a pity incident in the history of this dear old town, but it is a little trying to find that Norwich was the first city to be established after it was founded to be entitled to the name of the Marquis de Chastellux, while New London and Lebanon and Plainfield and Windham, and even Colchester, were and Stoughton and old Point Jude were there, too, and this occasion gives us a very poor opinion of the accuracy of Mr. Deatree, the engineer of the French army who made the map of Chastellux's army, and he may have just rode down to the Rose of New England with Gov. Trumbull. He was escorted from New-London by a Rhode Island regiment, the greatest part of whom were negroes or mulattoes—strong, robust men who made a very good appearance. He is a citizen of at least 100 houses, scattered and distant from each other more than 400 or 500 paces.

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An Irish fellow citizen who was disappointed at not seeing the flag of Ireland upon the strings of flags representing all nations, stopped a professional gentleman and inquired if he could tell why the Irish flag was not among them. He said he could. The national flag represents organized government, and the Irish flag represents anarchy. He said he could. The national flag represents organized government, and the Irish flag represents anarchy.

In the days of the founding of Norwich all men were equal in their interests were common and they stood together in the land for mutual protection, but as the population increased and the land holdings varied and occupations varied the most important and those of least account became more and more separated. The leader and the minister were the ones looked up to in the earliest times, and it was many years before the triumvirate of the village got to be the ruler, the doctor and the judge of property, or the old popular divisions of the de-wells and the people. The cultured and the uncultured, the sectarian and non-sectarian, the rich and the poor, the desiring and undeserving were classed off as people. We have hundreds of them with the elite on top and the degenerates at the bottom and the good people sandwiched in between. The degenerates in everything which made for manhood and womanhood—for honesty and honor—in industry and in their character and their descendants have lost much that they had and gained material things which they do not value.

The fact that Lafayette visited Norwich every time is a matter of history, and it is a pity incident in the history of this dear old town, but it is a little trying to find that Norwich was the first city to be established after it was founded to be entitled to the name of the Marquis de Chastellux, while New London and Lebanon and Plainfield and Windham, and even Colchester, were and Stoughton and old Point Jude were there, too, and this occasion gives us a very poor opinion of the accuracy of Mr. Deatree, the engineer of the French army who made the map of Chastellux's army, and he may have just rode down to the Rose of New England with Gov. Trumbull. He was escorted from New-London by a Rhode Island regiment, the greatest part of whom were negroes or mulattoes—strong, robust men who made a very good appearance. He is a citizen of at least 100 houses, scattered and distant from each other more than 400 or 500 paces.

When Napoleon said to his soldiers in Egypt as they camped near the pyramids, "I wish I could look down upon you," he uttered a sentiment which is ringing through the ages, and which has prompted thousands to travel to Egypt to witness the works of man. We go to great expense and travel a long way to see the works of art, while the marvelous works of God at our own doors do not speak till I say what I am sure you must know that there is not in America—God bless her—a more loyal man than I.

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