LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

VOL. XX. LITCHFIELD, (CONN.,) THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1845. No. 23. WHOLE No. 1011.

Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

TERMS.—To village and single mail subscribers two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months. To companies of six or more $1.50 per year, or $1.25 if paid in advance. The subscriber of course pays the mail or stage charge for transportation. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.

ADVERTISING.—One square, three insertions, $1, and the same proportion for more than a square.—Half a square, 75 cents. Continuance over three weeks 20 per cent. per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued 6 or 12 months.

Administrators' and Executors' Notices, $1.00
Commissioners' Notices, 1.25
All communications must be POST PAID.

FRANCIS BACON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

HAS resumed the practice of his profession in Litchfield, and respectfully offers his services to the Public.

Office over Dr. Buel's Store, next door north of the County House.

Litchfield, July 9, 1845. 7

HENRY B. GRAVES,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Plymouth, Conn.

S. E. HARTWELL,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

WOODBURY, CONN.

All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention. [2m16

DENTIST.

R B. MERRIMAN

OFFERS his services in Setting, Plugging, Cleaning and Extracting Teeth, at his Office North Street, five doors north of the Bank.

HATS!

THE subscribers have received the spring Fashions for Hats, and are now ready to furnish their customers on reasonable terms at their new shop half a mile west of the Court House.

KILBORN & BRAMAN.

N. B. Cash paid for Fox, Mink, and Muskrat skins.

Railroad Line to New York, via New Milford.

Fare through to N. York, $2 25.

LEAVES Litchfield Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at 5 o'clock For passage, apply at G. Bolles' Hotel, or at the Mansion House.

Litchfield, Sept. 16, 1845. 17

TO PRINTERS.

Type Foundery and Printer's Furnishing Ware House.

THE Subscribers have opened a new Type Foundery in the city of New York, where they are ready to supply orders to any extent, for any kind of Job or Fancy Type, Ink, Paper, Cases, Galleys, Brass Rule, STEEL COLUMN RULE, Composing Sticks, Chases, and every article necessary for a Printing Office.

The Type, which are cast in new moulds, from an entirely new set of matrixes, with deep counters, are warranted to be unsurpassed by any, and will be sold at prices to suit the times. All the type furnished by us is 'hand cast.'

Printing Presses furnished, and also Steam Engines of the most approved patterns.

N. B.—A Machinist is constantly in attendance to repair Presses and do light work.

COMPOSITION ROLLERS CAST FOR PRINTERS.

Editors of newspapers, who will buy three times as much Type as their bills amount to, may give the above six months insertion in their papers, and send their papers containing it, to the subscribers.

COCKFORT & OVEREND, 68 Ann-st.

New York, Sept. 8, 1845. 16

LITCHFIELD MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company has been in operation Ten Years ending July 7h, 1845, an have issued 2242 Policies.

Amount of property insured		1,995,030
The whole amount of Cash premium paid into the Treasury, since the commencement, being 1-5 of the premium charged, is		9,439.98
To interest received on loans		854.90
		$10,294.88
The whole amount of losses is	$5983.83	
To amount paid to Agents	806.50	
To amount paid for Insurance, Plates, Books, Stationery, and for renewal of Policies,	1188.69	—7,989.02
Leaving a balance in the Treasury of		2,305-86
Add to the above balance, the premium charged on the books the last five years		20,371.66
Present capital or funds of the Company, from which future losses are to be paid,		$22,677.52

Officers of the Company.

WILLIAM BEEBE, *President,*
OLIVER GOODWIN, *Treasurer,*
JASON WHITING, *Secretary.*

Directors.

William Beebe, Origen S. Seymour,
Oliver Goodwin, Wm. H. Thompson,
Josiah G. Beckwith, David C. Sanford,
Jason Whiting, Leman W. Cutler,
George C. Woodruff.

Agents for the Company.

Daniel B. Brinsmade, Washington,
David C. Sanford, New Milford,
Rufus Fuller, Jr. Kent,
Richard Smith, Sharon,
Frederick Kellogg, Cornwall,
Nelson Brewster, Goshen,
William M. Burrall, Canaan,
Daniel S. Clapp, Salisbury,
Augustus Royce & John Dewell, } Norfolk,
Roger H. Mills, New Hartford,
George D. Wadhams, Torrington,
Lewis Smith, Harwinton,
Elisha Johnson, Plymouth.
John C. Ambler, Bethlem,
Leman W. Cutler, Watertown,
John Abernethy, Woodbury,
David C. Whittlesey, New Preston,
George P. Tallmadge, Warren.

Persons wishing to get their Buildings Insured can apply to either of the Agents, or to the Secretary.

WILLIAM BEEBE, *President.*
JASON WHITING, *Secretary.*

Litchfield, July 7. 1amly

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Lone trembling one!
Last of a summer's race, withered and sear,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thy work is done!
Thou hast seen all
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb;
And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall!

Why dost thou cling
Fondly to the rough sapless tree?
Has then existence aught like charm for thee?
Thou faded thing!
The voice of Spring,
Which woke thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee, nor the gentle summer rain
New verdure bring.

The zephyr's breath
No more will wake for thee its melody;
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
Thy hymn of death.
Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the autumn storm;
And the strained eye, to catch thy trembling form,
In vain may gaze.

Pale autumn leaf!
An emblem thou of man's mortality!
The broken heart, once young and fresh like thee,
Withered by grief:
Whose hopes are fled,
Whose loved ones all have drooped and died away,
Still clings to life—and, lingering, loves to stay
About the dead!
But list!—e'en now
I hear the gathering of the summer blast:
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it is past!
And thou art low!

CLAY'S WIFE AND MOTHER.

"Every one of these handbills was dictated by me to an amenuensis, whilst my hands and head were continually bathed with cold water, to keep the fever down to a point below delirium. Every relative believed I would be murdered on Monday, and *all but my wife and mother* advised me to yield up the liberty of the press; but I preferred rather to die."—*C. M. Clay's Appeal.*

Blessed be that wife and mother!
Woman's words are still the oil
For the torch, when fails another,
In the night of bitter toil.

Woman's words are "half the battle,"
When the strife grows fierce and strong!
Heard, as music, 'mid the rattle
Of the crucifying throng.

"Give me," cried the gallant sailor,
"Thy sweet name, my lady fair!
It shall stir to deeds of valor
For some victim of despair."

Let the thunders of the million
Break from clouds of pent up wrath!
Underneath love's broad pavilion,
Smiles will greet the lightning's path.

Blessed be that wife and mother
By the couch of Freedom's son!
Thou art strong, heroic brother!
Be thy cry, "On, Stanley, on!"

THE GRAVE OF HARRISON.

The editor of the Southern Christian Advocate has given a pleasing sketch of his journey from Charleston to attend the Convention at Louisville. Passing over the former part of his journey, we will accompany him on the trip from Cincinnati to Louisville, on the mail route—the only object to attract the traveler's attention being the grave of Harrison. He says of that spot:

"I was little inclined to sight seeing on the passage to Louisville. One object I desired to see.—It was the residence and grave of Harrison—they are one in interest at least. To accomplish this object with more certainty, I ascended the upper deck at once, and waited with eager interest, our approach to the melancholy place in which were buried the hopes of a great multitude, whose suffrages had raised him to the most exalted station of honor and responsibility known among men.

As we neared the place, dear to so many hearts, and rendered sacred by so many associations, there was a striking manifestation of a very common and prevading interest—and, the grave—the house—passed from every lip as these objects broke on the sight of the earnest spectators. Silently the crowd of travelers had gathered to those parts of the boat from which the first, least obstructed and latest views of the home and last resting place of the honored man might be had. The stillness of a deep and absorbing sentiment seemed to prevade every bosom—they gazed in silence or spoke in whispers. In descending the river, the grave stands prominently in view, as it does until the whole scene is lost to the sight in the winding of the river. The house stands on a much lower spot than the grave, and is not fairly seen until right abreast of it. It is a fair and comely mansion, not splendid, but sufficient for one whose true residence is in the hearts of his countrymen. The grave stands on an elevated summit of a lofty hill within a small enclosure. I may not attempt to describe this scene, or the feelings it inspired in my own and the breast of others. I bared my head to the vehement sun and fierce wind while passing the grave of the lamented Harrison, and thought of the strange providence that called him home at a period so full of interest to the destiny of this great and growing nation. God is just; all his works are done in righteousness and truth. I felt this; and turned from the scene I have so faintly described; satisfied that submission to God is no less the duty of the Christian than it is of the politician."

A ROUGH BED FELLOW.

The Temperance Herald vouches for the following; In a town in Arkansas, a man had been drinking until a late hour at night, before he started for home. Honest folks had gone to bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. He came across a shed, staggered in, and stretched himself upon the ground. For a long time he lay in all the unconsciousness of drunken sleep, and the night being cold, he would undoubtedly have frozen, had not others less insensible than himself been around him. This shed happened to be a favorite rendezvous for hogs. Shortly after the comer arrived, they huddled around and over him, thus protecting him from the cold. Towards morning he awoke, and finding himself comfortable, and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodations of a tavern, in company with other 'gentlemen' like himself. He stretched out his hands, and catching hold of the bristles of a hog, exclaimed, "Hallo! mister—*when did you shave last?*"

A pleasant and cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife is like a thunder cloud charged with electric fluid. At such a time a man will keep clear if possible, in order to avoid a shock.

INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY.

The Albany Cultivator, for October, contains the following communication from the late Hon. *Calvin Butler*, of Plymouth:

L. TUCKER, Esq.—Several years ago, on a cold raw day in November, public business called me to the house and farm of Mr. Dudley Chase, then and still residing in the town of Winchester, in this state. I was so highly pleased with the amount of labor performed in doors and out, with the help employed, that I then made memorandums of the same in writing, and think it worthy of a place in your very worthy agricultural journal. I have no doubt of the truth of what I state, although it may seem extraordinary. The work was none of it slighted, but was all, in doors and out, done in an excellent manner, and in due season.

They then lived in an old inconvenient house in the middle of their farm, and had no public road to the house, but have now a good convenient house, and a good road passing by it. Mr. C. was, as might be expected, a subscriber to the New England Farmer, published at Boston, perhaps the only agricultural periodical then published hereabouts. He had that year kept and milked 16 cows, and made 6,500 lbs. cheese. 450 lbs. butter, and fatted 2,700 lbs. pork, to aid in doing which, he bought a load of bran and 70 bushels of corn.

Mrs. Chase and a hired girl did the work in the house. They had three children, the oldest then four years old, and the youngest born the preceding August.

Mr. C., with the help of a boy 16 years old, had done all the work on the farm, raised 3 acres of corn and potatoes, made 16 rods of stone wall, got out his manure, made and got in his hay, collected materials for a large and convenient farm-house, and his year's wood; made 575 lbs. of maple sugar of which he saved for his own use 30 lbs., and cleared on the rest over expenses of transportation, $59,-20, and 2 galls. of molasses sold for $2,50. Sold 5,400 lbs. of his cheese for 8 cents a pound, and his calf-skins for $9,28. Collected the apples for 25 barrels of cider, carried them more than a mile to the mill and brought back the cider.

His team consisted of a single horse and no more, and he used no other during the year, except to break up one acre of sward land for planting. And with that same horse he went to market in trips from 7 to 53 miles out, each, amounting in the whole to 428 miles, and he thinks about the same distance in shorter trips.

He bought his farm on credit, but by the industry and economy, not parsimony, above described, had been enabled to pay for his farm, and furnish himself and family with all the comforts of life. My daughter drank tea at his house a few days ago, and informed me that every thing is managed as well as when I was there.

Lest it should be thought I have some interest in puffing a particular friend or connection, I can say, and say truly, that I never saw or heard of the man or any of his family, till the occasion first mentioned, nor have I now any connection with them or any more friendship for them than for any others, that by industry and good management, make themselves comfortable and respectable.—Such folks I wish to encourage, and as far as in my power, present to others for example, and therefore hope you will not refuse this a place in the cultivator. C. BUTLER.

Plymouth, Conn., June 16, 1845.

FOLIAGE OF OUR FORESTS.

English travellers often speak of the beauty of the American forests in autumn, representing that the old world has nothing equal to them in the variety and comingling of colors. Some of the lovers of nature go into our woods, and gathering the prettiest leaves, press them for preservation. Soon after Mr. Everett, our present minister to St. James, went to England, his lady and daughter went to a party consisting of the nobility, wearing a wreath of our forest leaves in a fine state of preservation.

The wreaths attracted the admiration of all, and so strong was the admiration of them, that Mrs. Everett was asked where she procured the wreath. She replied that it was made of American leaves in their natural state. The English could not credit this statement, but asserted that the leaves were artificial. To convince them of the actual state of the leaves, Mrs. E. sent to Boston, and the next fall, the most variegated of our forest leaves were sent to England, as presents to Mrs. E's incredulous friends.

Anecdote of the late Benjamin Russel.—The worthy Editor of the Columbian Centinel was always a model of enterprise and industry. For years after he commenced the publication of that paper, he not only acted as sole editor, and reporter, but also worked considerably at case, in setting type, and performed a goodly share of the press-work. It is related of him, that once having published an article which was considered personal and highly offensive by a certain individual of high standing in the community, the aggrieved person visited the unfortunate printer, armed with a cowskin, and fully determined to give him a sound threshing. According to the custom of the time, he was arrayed in white kerseymere small clothes, white silk stockings, and white vest.—Mr. Russel was at the time busily engaged, with his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up, in handling the press balls for distributing ink—*rollers* were not known in those days—and his astonishment may be easily imagined when he saw a well dressed gentleman enter the office abruptly, in a towering passion, and aim a blow at him with a cowskin! The printer fronted his antagonist and very naturally made a pass at him with his press balls, which took effect, one on his snowy vest, and the other on his left cheek and forehead. Another blow with the cowskin—another thrust with the balls—which served admirably well the purpose of both sword and shield.

In a few minutes the advocate of Lynch law, who, when he entered the office, looked as neat and trim as if he had just been taken from a bandbox, was covered with ink—printer's ink—black and oily, from head to foot—his hat was knocked off in the meelee—his gay costume into a suit of mourning, and his face was as black and glossy as a native citizen of Tombuctoo. He soon found he was playing a losing game, and beat a retreat, followed by the printer, who had now got his hand in, and gave his assailant a last furious push between his shoulders, as he sprang into the street, mentally resolving never again to molest a printer when engaged in his calling.—*Boston Journal.*

Dying Words of Distinguished Men.—The Pittsburg Commercial gives the following account of the dying words of some of the most distinguished men that, per haps, ever lived:—'Head of the Army'—Napoleon. 'I must sleep now'—Byron. 'It matters little how the head lyeth'—Sir Walter Raleigh. 'Kiss me, Hardy,'—Nelson. 'Don't give up the ship'—Lawrence 'I'm d—d if I don't believe I'm dying'—Chancellor Thurlow. 'Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave'—Burns.

Schiller asked, when he spoke last, that he might be raised up so that he could see the sun, which, glorious as the poet's fame, was slowly declining beyond the hills of the Rhine.

Perfection of Misery.—A day or two since we saw, says the N. Y. True Sun, an able bodied man sitting upon the dilapidated and filthy steps of a low grog shop on Five Points, tearing the raw meat from a beef joint, which he had probably stolen from the dogs, with a voracity known only to starvation. His tattered garments, his bloodshot eyes and trembling frame, proclaimed him a slave to King Alchohol—doomed to an early and disgraceful death.

ELOQUENCE OF HENRY CLAY.

The following interesting passage occurs in COLTON's forth-coming book, "*The Life and Times of Henry Clay.*" It is a graphic sketch of one of the very many able and eloquent speeches of Mr. CLAY which have never been published:

Among the best speeches of Mr. Clay, the memory of which lives while they who heard them live, and the thought of which awakens to new life the feelings they produced, was one delivered at Lexington, as late as May 1843, the occasion and history of which are as follows: After Mr. Clay had retired from the Senate of the United States, in 1842, till the next year, during which time it was expected he would be nominated for President in 1844, great efforts were made in Kentucky, and throughout the Union, not only to villify him, but to bring into odium the twenty-seventh Congress, which was the last in which Mr. Clay had a seat as Senator, and the endeavors of which were chiefly directed to establish the policy and measures called for by the political revolution of 1840. Mr. Clay was virulently traduced by some base persons in Lexington and that neighborhood. As a perpetual dropping wears a stone, so these incessant attacks, though false and foul, and known to be such, if unnoticed and unrepelled, might produce injurious effects on the common mind. He therefore resolved, and caused a notice to be published, that he would meet his fellow citizens of Fayette and the adjoining counties at Lexington, on a day specified, to repel these charges. His friends, whom on this occasion he had consulted, regretted the step as being unnecessary. They thought these attacks unworthy of notice. This difference of opinion was painful to Mr. Clay, and no doubt contributed not a little to that depth and power of feeling which he manifested on that occasion. The notice brought together a great concourse of people, whom no place but the public square could accommodate. The patriarch statesman was to appear before his old friends and neighbors of forty years standing *once more and for the last time*, in that capacity in which he had not been heard for many years, and in which no one ever expected to hear him again. And it was the vile tongue of calumny that was to be encountered.

The following account of this address was furnished for the author by a highly respectable fellow-citizen of Mr. Clay, and the words of the opening, as quoted, are exact. When Mr. Clay rose he was evidently much excited. He commenced by saying, with marked emphasis—"Fellow citizens: I am now an *old man—quite* an old man." Here he bent himself downward "But yet, it will be found, I am not too old to vindicate my principles, to stand by my friends, or to defend myself"—raising his voice, louder and louder, at each successive member of the sentence, and elavating his person in a most impressive manner. He then proceeded:—

"It so happens, that I have again located myself in the practice of my profession, in an office within a few rods of the one which I occupied, when more than forty years ago, I first came among you, an orphan and a stranger, and your fathers took me by the hand and made me what I am. I feel like an old stag, who has long been coursed by the hunters and the hounds, through brakes and briars and o'er distant plains, and has at last returned to an ancient lair to lay down and die. As yet the vile curs of party are barking at my heels and the bloodhounds of personal malignity are aiming at my throat. *I scorn and defy them, as I ever did!*"

When he uttered these last words, he raised himself to his most erect posture, and elevated his hands and arms, wide extended above his head, seeming to have doubled the height of his full person. The effect was overwhelming—indescribable.

To have any approximate idea of the effect of this speech, which continued for hours, fully sustained throughout in vindication of the 27th Congress, of Whig policy and principles, and in defence of the orator himself, against the calumniators, one should have a view of all the attributes of eloquence ascribed to Mr. Clay in this chapter, the use of scarcely one of which was wanting on that occasion. Nor should it be forgotten, that he was then sixty-six years old. It may be asked, if any orator can be named in all history, who ever produced such an effect, in so few words, and those the mere exordium of his oration? They all *knew* that what he said was *true*. "I am an old man."—Didn't they know that? And the moment he said it they began to weep. When he pointed to his present office, and the place of the old one, a few rods distant, they all knew *that*. "I came here 40 years ago, an orphan and a stranger." They knew *that*. "Your fathers took me by the hand and made me what I am." It is impossible to conceive the effect of this. They wept like children, and only wished they could do as much. They could at least stand by him. "I feel like an old stag."—Now he is speaking to Kentucky hunters. Their ears are all erect for what is coming. And by the time he had gone through with the figure, and its application, the struggle between the sympathy which streamed from the eyes of some, and the indignation which clenched the fists of others, of that vast multitude—all knowing it was all true, every word of it—was like the throes of a mountain in agony.

A part of the sublimity of the spectacle consisted in a concern, what might be the fruit of such a passion; for some of his defamers were present. But when Mr. Clay rose in all the majesty of his own loftiness, threw his arms on high, and his voice into the heavens—he stood under its canopy, and said, "I *scorn and defy them now, as I ever did*," they dashed away their tears, and resolved to be stout of heart as he, and to vindicate his honor. A reply was expected; but prudence got the better of the purpose.

GREEK LITERATURE.

The following letter was received at the Albany Post Office 'a day or two since.'

August the two, New Orleans, 1845.

My Daer Margery,

I comminced this letter yesterday. If it don'nt come to hand, you may conclude that I've gone to Mexico. Tell Barney Steward that his brother's family is all dead intirely, except the cow. I'd write you more but as there is no means of sinding this, I will jist let it go as it is.

Remimber me in your prayrs, and also to all the Immits.

No more at prisent, from your loving husband, if alive. Felix McGraw. And if dead, God rest his soul.

P. S. If this lether don't reach you, you must not wait for another, but write me immediately, and let me know how you ar coming on.

N. B. I've concluded not to sind this lether after all, so you can jist answer it or not at all, at all, as it plases you. Give my love to the childer. No more at present.

A Truth.—The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way that he would train up the child.

Troy, N. Y. bells may be found in every civilized country on the face of the globe. They are now casting bells for three churches in Alvarado, Mexico, and one has just been shipped for the Mendi Mission in West Africa.

A part of the Bonaparte estate at Bordentown was to be sold on the 25th inst., the young Prince, his nephew, retaining the park and house for himself, which cover about seven hundred acres of land. There are, says the Newark Daily, several lots to be sold, and as the property is very desirable, it will doubtless command a good price.

From the New Haven Courier.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV DAVID AUSTIN.

In mentioning the men of distinction who have been either natives, or inhabitants, or immigrants from New Haven, the accurate, inquisitive and learned Professor Kingsley, of Yale, in his "Historical Discourse, delivered by request before the citizens of New Haven, April 25, 1838, being the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the First Settlement of the Town and Colony," has omitted the entire mention of of this noblemen of nature—than whom, none ever born in it, moved to it, or went from it, claims a fairer place in the Temple of Memory.—His name, and the splendor of his character, will long be remembered in that beautiful and interesting portion of his native country where he first drew his vital breath.

The Rev. David Austin, A. M., son of Dea. David and Mrs. Mary Austin, of New Haven, was born March 19, 1759. His father was a Collector of Customs for several years, a respectable merchant, and Deacon of the Second Congregational Church of that city. He was the eldest of ten children, all of whom sustained a good name. In early youth, he devoted himself to the study of the Greek and Latin languages, entered Yale College, and graduated in 1779. After his graduation, he commenced the study of Divinity with Dr. Bellamy, of Bethlem, a celebrated Congregational Divine in his day, and soon after became a licensed candidate for the Gospel Ministry. He was greatly admired as a preacher, and received several invitations to become a Pastor, but declined them all, however pleasing and advantageous on his acceptance. Having resolved to visit Europe, he left his native land, spent a considerable time in foreign travel, and returned with a more ardent desire than ever, for the interesting employment of the sacred ministry. He was married to Miss Lydia Lathrop, a daughter of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, of the city of Norwich, a gentleman of great wealth, piety and respectability, in 1788, and soon after, Sept. 9th, of the same year, he was ordained and installed Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Elizabethtown, in New Jersey.

From the commencement of his settlement, he performed the duties of his pastoral office in that place, and remained, greatly admired, beloved and respected, until the close of 1795 In this extraordinary man a certain degree of eccentricity was blended with the most extensive benevolence. He had not the least tincture of avarice in his nature. His ample fortune empowered him to give it full exercise, and greatly served to augment the number of his friends. In the year 1795, he was violently attacked with the scarlet fever. A considerable time elapsed before he recovered, and the effect produced on his mind was serious. Before his health was sufficiently established he devoted his whole attention to the study of inspired prophecy, and went into a state of mental derangement, from which it was believed by several that he was never entirely recovered. On the renewal of his pastoral duties, he selected the 60th chapter of Isaiah, taught the doctrines of Christ's personal reign, that the time was near at hand, and that his second advent would commence on the fourth Sabbath of May, 1796. The attention of the people of the town was aroused; there was an astonishing excitement; multitudes rushed from the adjacent towns, and the Church, on the Lord's day, could not hold the assembled congregation.

The evening preceding this Sabbath was devoted to prayer and preparation in the Methodist Church, crowded to overflowing. The history of the Ninevites, and their repentance at the preaching of Jonah, were the theme of the Rev. orator: and they were pressed with all the fervor of enthusiasm to imitate their example. In every part of the assembly there was weeping and lamentation.

However, on the succeeding day, the sun rose with an uncommon splendor, and a numerous congregation surrounded the House and filled it. But no remarkable occurrence distinguished the day, and several of his followers concluded that they were under a delusion, as well as himself. His friends were induced to believe that such a disappointment would restore him to a right mind, and the Session remonstrated with him: but every thing of this nature was ineffectual—"reason, guardian angel and his God," was dethroned; in his estimation, there were reasons for the Lord's delay; and his enthusiasm became more ardent and intense as in imagination he conceived the day of the Lord drawing nigh. The Session, and the Members of the Church that were his opponents, were charged with the sin and guilt of Uzziah, and that it was of the Lord's mercies that they did not meet with the same signal punishment.

Amid this phrenzied attitude of delusion, he assumed the van of a Nazarite, and dispensed what he judged to be the word of life incessantly; sometimes three times in a day, in this portion of the American country. Wherever he went he was surrounded by crowds, attracted by the glare and parade of godliness, fascinated with the enunciation of the orator, and enraptured with the splendor of his eloquence; excitement went with him, and it is with good reason believed, that it was rendered subservient under the control of unerring Wisdom, to the eternal salvation of many souls—The grand theme of this Christian orator, was the new and second advent of the Redeemer upon the earth; and that as Joshua conducted the chosen tribes of Israel to the promised land, and as John was the Saviour's herald to prepare the way before him, so that Saviour was now to come, to commence the millennial reign of holiness over earth's widely extended regions.

His congregation being greatly agitated by this novel procedure, and the announcement of a new church about to be established upon the earth, a meeting was called, and a committee of eleven was chosen to wait upon him. A statement was made of their grievances, some questions were asked respecting his future proceedigs, and a written answer was demanded in reply.

Mr. Austin complied with their request. The declaration of his sentiments was clear and express. He was an honest man. He had no concealments. His determination was "to set up a new order of things in ecclesiastical concerns, independent of Presbytery or of the General Assembly." And as the warrant for his procedure, he referred them to the fifth and sixth chapters of Zechariah, and to several passages in the Sacred Volume which predict those things, and in relation to these days.

On receiving his answer twelve days after, a petition was sent from the Church in Elizabethtown, to the Presbytery of New York, with which that Church was then connected, imploring a dissolution of the pastoral relation, which was granted.

After his removal, the Rev. Mr. Austin continued to preach in the surrounding country, and then returned to New Haven. Being firm in the faith, literally, that the Jews would return to the Holy Land; that the Redeemer would commence his millennial reign in New Haven; and that they were to take their departure from this place for that purpose, he caused, for their accommodation, a number of buildings to be erected upon Long Wharf, which were destroyed, many years since, by fire.

The range of wooden buildings contiguous to the corner of Water and Meadow streets, since known as "Prescott's Buildings," were also reared for the same end, and it was said that he had provided a large assortment of tow cloth, from which gowns were made for the accommodation of the Jewish multitude that might be in immediate want. In the wanderings of his soul, and in the rapture of his imagination, New Haven was the most beautifully selected spot for the Redeemer to commence his millennial reign. When he had recovered his reason, he was asked by a friend, "Has the millennium commenced in this City of Elms?" He answered, "It has not; I have been deceived in relation to this beautiful portion of earth's abode."