Litchfield Hill.

There are several churches in Lausitz where Wendish services are held. At Burg the pastor, a Wend, holds two services each Sunday, one in his own language and one in German, and he preaches equally well in either. There are Bibles and hymn-books in Wendish, and at Cottbus a tiny missionary periodical is published.

It is an agreeable language when heard in conversation, and, in spite of the profusion of consonants, which would shock the ear of an Italian, it lends itself easily and successfully to vocal music. The Wends are understood by the Poles, the Servians, the Czecs of Bohemia, and, though with more difficulty, by the Russians. As a written language, however, it will soon disappear, and even in speech the German is slowly displacing it.

Physically the Wends are a powerful people, and resemble the American Indians. The men are tall, erect, and muscular; they are generally beardless, and, through exposure, their complexions acquire in summer a dark copper tint. The women work in the field with the men, and, as a rule, perform the hardest tasks. The heaviest burdens and the poorest tools are relinquished to them. This life tends, of course, to develop to a remarkable degree sinews which nature originally did not make too delicate. They are somewhat shorter than the men, and their massive limbs are the wonder of travelers. In *Saxon Studies* Julian Hawthorne describes the legs of the Dresden market-women. Far be it from me to question his statements. Any one who has had an opportunity of observing modestly the generous proportions of the Saxon will freely concede their claims. But the Wends are several degrees higher—or larger—in the scale of development. The limbs of a Wendish woman are to the limbs of the Saxon as the King's Alder is to a common sapling. This mammoth tree was saved from destruction by the late King of Prussia. His Majesty once made a tour through the Spreewald, and seeing this beautiful tree, redeemed it by a liberal sum from its owner, who was about to cut it down. Hence its name, "Die Königs Erle." It is held in great reverence by the peasantry, and they would resent the uses which, in the cause of physiological science, I was compelled to make of it.

THE KING'S ALDER.

## A FOOT-HOLD.

HARDLY a steamer that crosses the sea
But carries one traveler more,
For a little time, out on the shoreless sea,
Than she counted when leaving the shore.

Blown far away from his mate where she sings,
By the pitiless sea-bound gale,
Lost, and plying his patient wings
Till heart and courage fail;

Lost on the shoreless, unknown main,
Blinded with salt white spray,
Dazed with the endless, waving plain,
Scared by the lengthening way;

Lost on the sea, and no land in sight;
Through the heavy and misty air
Struggling on through the dark and the light
To terror and mute despair;

Till on the horizon a cloudy speck
Clears to the mast, like a tree,
Clears to the solid and ground-like deck,
And he follows it wearily,

And clings and crouches, a welcome guest,
An eager and tremulous bird,
With the green and blue on his neck and breast
By his heart's hard panting stirred.

Then come pity, and food and drink to the brim,
And shelter from wave and cold;
But the quick head droops, and the bright eyes dim,
And the story all is told!

Pitiful comfort, yet comfort still
Not to drop in the hungry sea,
Reeling down out of the empty height
To that terrible agony.

Bitter and hard to be driven to roam
Between the sea and the sky,
To find a foot-hold and warmth and home,
And then—only to die!

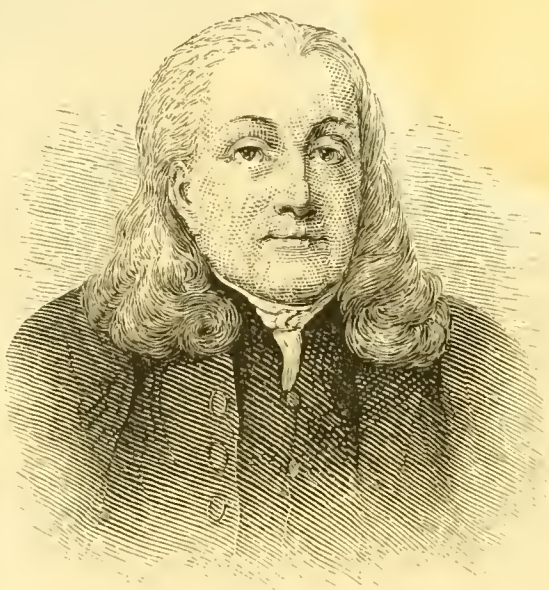
Yet it was harder, God He knows,
Who counts the sparrows that fall,
For the birds that were lost when the wild winds rose,
When the sea and the sky were all;

When the sky bent down to infold the sea,
And the sea reached up to the sky,
And between them only the wind blew free,
And never a ship went by!

# LITCHFIELD HILL.

ABOUT one hundred miles from New York city, perched among the hills of Northwestern Connecticut, at an elevation of more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, lies one of the most picturesque of New England's villages, now chiefly known to the people of the metropolis as a place of summer residence, but whose crown of glory is its connection with the past.

Though much of the modern prosperity of the Hill is due to its improved means of communication with the outer world, its ancient importance may be largely credited to its comparative isolation. On this account, probably, was it selected in the war of the Revolution as one of the chief dépôts for military stores, and for the safe-keeping of royalist prisoners. When New York fell into the hands of the British, the road from Hartford through Litchfield became the principal highway between New England and the West, and over it was hauled most of the provisions and munitions of war for the Continental forces beyond the Hudson. The village being far inland and away from any navigable river, it became the army head-quarters in Western Connecticut, and a place of considerable activity. Its workshops rang with the busy sounds of preparation, the lowing of beeves and the shouts of teamsters were often heard in its streets, and its taverns bristled with military importance. Nearly all of the general officers of the Revolution visited it at various times, and although it was never the scene of great events, it bore its share of the burdens of the struggle, and its hospitable roofs doubtless witnessed many a consultation which led to important results.



TAPPING REEVE.
[FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE CATLING.]

But great as were the glories of the Hill in the Revolutionary times, they were fairly eclipsed in the period succeeding them, when the celebrated law school, and the no less famous female seminary which existed contemporaneously with it, attracted pupils from every State in the Union. These accessions to its population contributed largely to a society already brilliant, and which included in its numbers a large proportion of highly educated men and women. It is no exaggeration to say that this isolated New England town was at that time the centre of a culture unexcelled, and in some respects unequaled, in its day. The Rev. Dan Huntington, who was called in 1798 from a tutorship in Yale College to the pastorate of the Congregational church, describes it as "a delightful village on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with its schools, both professional and scientific, and their accomplished teachers, with its venerable Governors and judges, with its learned lawyers, and Senators and Representatives both in the national and State departments, and with a population enlightened and respectable." Of the heads of families resident there at this time, seventeen were graduates of colleges, seven were captains in the Continental army, and four became general officers, four became members of Congress, two Chief Justices, and two Governors of the State. An anecdote of the same period shows that the women of the Hill were no less accomplished than their lords, and that they won admiration abroad as well as at home. Among the ladies at the national capital during the second administration of Washington, none was more noted for personal attractions than the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. Said Mr. Liston, the British minister, one day, to General Tracy, then United States Senator from Connecticut, "Your country-woman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James's." "Sir," replied General Tracy, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill."

It is no reflection on the intelligence of summer visitors to the Hill to say that there are probably some among them who never heard of its chief claim to distinction, and who pass by the simple head-stone that marks the grave of Reeve and the more ambitious monument that commemorates in Latin the virtues of Gould, unconscious that through their efforts Litchfield became better known throughout the Union than any other place of its population in the country. Yet in many a distant State their memory is still green, and the writer has often been questioned concerning the law

school, particularly in the South, by those whose fathers or grandfathers had enjoyed its benefits, yet who had never heard of its discontinuance.

It was in 1772 that Tapping Reeve, a young lawyer fresh from his studies, removed from Princeton, New Jersey, where he had for several years held a tutorship in the college, and began the practice of law upon the Hill, then a quiet country village, but already beginning to feel the leaven of the Revolution. With him came his newly married wife, born Sally Burr, daughter of the Rev. Aaron Burr, president of the College of New Jersey, and granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards. But a few years sufficed to give him a reputation for intellect and varied learning and a commanding position among the lawyers of the State. Mr. Reeve was a remarkable man in many respects. "He was," says Hollister, "a man of ardent temperament, tender sensibilities, and of a nature deeply religious.....He was the first eminent lawyer in this country who dared to arraign the common law of England for its severity and refined cruelty in cutting off the natural rights of married women, and placing their property as well as their persons at the mercy of their husbands, who might squander it or hoard it up at pleasure..... All the mitigating changes in our jurisprudence which have been made to redeem helpless woman from the barbarities of her legalized tyrant may fairly be traced to the author of the first American treatise on *The Domestic Relations*." He is described by one who sat under his teachings as "a most venerable man in character and appearance—his thick gray hair parted and falling in profusion upon his shoulders, his voice only a loud whisper, but distinctly heard by his earnestly attentive pupils." The accompanying portrait is from a pencil drawing by George Catlin, the celebrated Indian painter, who executed it while attending his lectures.

JAMES GOULD.—[FROM A PORTRAIT BY WALDO.]

In 1784 Mr. Reeve began the instruction of legal students, and met with such success that up to 1798 more than two hundred young men from his office had been admitted to the bar. In this year he was chosen a judge of the Superior Court, and he associated with himself in the conduct of the school James Gould, one of his own graduates, and who had previously held a tutorship in Yale College. Gould was a man of no less ability than Reeve, and perhaps a more profoundly philosophical lawyer. His treatise on *Pleading in Civil Actions* is remarkable for conciseness and logical reasoning, and is still a standard text-book in the best law schools of the country. It is but an epitome of the work originally planned by its author, but the publication of Chitty's great work while Gould was preparing materials for his own induced a change of plan. He too became a judge, in 1816.

Under the conduct of these two able men the school flourished until 1820—the same year which witnessed the founding of the Cambridge Law School—when Judge Reeve retired, three years before his decease. Judge Gould continued to instruct classes until 1833, when bodily infirmities obliged him to withdraw, and the Litchfield Law School was no more. It is, perhaps, necessary to explain that the school was never an incorporated institution, nor were any buildings ever erected for its use. The instructors lectured each in his own law office, and the students boarded in the houses of the village. The office of Judge Reeve, which stood in his own door-yard, was removed several years ago to West Street, and transformed into a cottage. Judge Gould's office, which also stood near his dwelling, is now a cottage without the village.

During the half century of the school's existence more than one thousand students were graduated, comprising among them the flower of the youth of the time. There might have been seen Calhoun of South Carolina, Woodbury of New Hampshire, Seymour of Vermont, Ellsworth and Hubbard of Connecticut, Clayton of Delaware, Mason of Virginia, Morton and Metcalf of Massachusetts, Cuthbert and Dawson of Georgia, Ashley and Hunt of New York, Woodbridge of Ohio, and many another whose name has become a part of the country's history. Of the graduates from 1798 to 1833, whose names

alone appear in the printed catalogue,* no register having been kept for the first fourteen years, sixteen became United States Senators, fifty members of Congress, forty judges of higher State courts, eight Chief Justices of States, two justices of the United States Supreme Court, ten Governors of States, five cabinet ministers, and several foreign ministers, while very many were distinguished at the bar.

OLIVER WOLCOTT.
[FROM A CRAYON SKETCH BY REMBRANDT PEALE.]

Like the law school, Miss Sarah Pierce's female seminary was the first institution of its kind in the United States, and, like it also, it was for many years pre-eminent in its sphere. It was begun in 1792, and during the nearly forty years of its existence more than fifteen hundred young ladies were educated in its halls, and fitted for the elevated positions which so many of them attained. Its fame still lives in the memory of many who shared its benefits; but the visitor curious in regard to its site is now pointed only to the great elms which once shaded its roof.

To those who have the time and the inclination to look them up, the Hill has many interesting local associations, and there are few American villages which possess more centenary houses. Yet Litchfield is comparatively a new town, even when measured in the scale of American antiquity, for it can boast of only a century and a half of civilization. Perhaps this may partly account for its flavor of the past. Its wooden dwellings, which in many of the older towns have succumbed to the tooth of time, have not yet reached their proper limit of decay. But it is also due in a measure to the conservatism of its people, who have guarded these relics of their forefathers with sacred care.

When so much has been preserved, it is somewhat singular that none of the old-time churches remain. The building made famous by the ministrations of Lyman Beecher long ago crumbled into dust, and the village liberty-pole now marks its site. The dwelling of Dr. Beecher, the birth-place of the most distinguished of his children, still exists, but, alas! torn from its ancient site, it now constitutes a wing of a private lunatic asylum. The church which succeeded Dr. Beecher's, diverted from sacred uses, is now a public hall, and the present Congregational church, a beautiful structure, but unfortunately of wood, is the growth of the present decade. The Episcopal church, St. Michael's, and those of the other denominations, are also of the present century.

Among the more interesting of the dwellings is the Wolcott house, on South Street, built in 1753 by Oliver Wolcott, afterward signer of the Declaration of Independence, major-general of the forces of Connecticut, and in his old age Governor of the State. Oliver Wolcott belonged to a race of statesmen. His father, Roger Wolcott, and his son, Oliver Wolcott, Jun., were also Governors of Connecticut. The historian of Litchfield calls attention to the singular fact that his sister, Ursula Wolcott, married Governor Matthew Griswold, and became the mother of Governor Roger Griswold; so that her father, brother, husband, son, and nephew were all Governors of Connecticut.

The Wolcott house has witnessed many a notable gathering beneath its roof. Thither often came Brother Jonathan—as Washington loved to call Governor Trumbull—to talk over public affairs with its hospitable owner, and the father of his country was himself once its guest. Thither, too, were brought the remains of the leaden statue of King George III. which the Sons of Liberty pulled down from its pedestal in the Bowling Green in New York, and which the daughters of the Governor, assisted by divers of the village ladies, moulded into bullets for the use of the Continental army. Some of the cartridges made from it were sent to General Putnam on the Hudson, and some distributed to the troops who opposed Tryon's invasion; and so it came to pass, in the words

* There are 805 names of students in this catalogue, distributed among the States as follows: Connecticut, 206; New York, 125; Massachusetts, 90; Georgia, 67; South Carolina, 45; Maryland, 36; Pennsylvania, 30; Vermont, 26; Rhode Island, 22; New Hampshire, 21; Virginia, 21; North Carolina, 21; Delaware, 15; New Jersey, 11; Kentucky, 9; and the remainder in smaller numbers from other States. Of the whole number more than 150 had previously been graduated at Yale College, and many others at other colleges.

of a facetious writer of the day, that the king's troops had melted majesty fired at them.

South of the Wolcott house stands the former residence of Reynold Marvin, king's attorney in the reign of George III. It was built in 1773, but it now occupies a new site, and is altered beyond recognition. On the opposite side of the street is the home of Tapping Reeve, built in the same year, and in which the great lawyer lived and died. This, too, was the home of Aaron Burr at the outbreak of the Revolution. Burr, who was graduated at Princeton in 1772, went in the autumn of the following year to Dr. Joseph Bellamy's, in what is now the town of Bethlehem, about seven and a half miles south of Litchfield, with a half-formed purpose of studying theology. A few months' study sufficed to satisfy him that he could not accede to the Gospel according to Jonathan Edwards, and in May, 1774, he removed to his brother-in-law's in Litchfield, with the intention of studying law. But if we may judge from his letters, written principally to his friend Matthias Ogden, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, afterward Colonel Ogden of the Revolution, his time here was principally spent in desultory reading, hunting, and flirting. He makes frequent mention in his letters of the ladies, and in the spring of 1775 we find Ogden writing to him: "I read with pleasure your love intrigues." But no traditions of an attachment to any particular person linger about this scene of his early gallantries.

But his active mind required stronger stimulant than that afforded by the mere pursuit of pleasure, and he soon found it in the exciting questions then agitating the country. Mr. Reeve was an ardent Whig, and although in after-years a supporter of the Hamiltonian school of politics, and a bitter opponent of the party with which Burr cast his fortunes, at this time he and his brother-in-law were in full accord. Burr watched the premonitions of the coming struggle with an absorbing interest, and when the tidings came from Bunker Hill, he hastened to join Washington's forces at Cambridge, whence he soon after went as a volunteer with Arnold's expedition to Canada. A few years ago some interesting letters to his sister, descriptive of the march through the wilderness, were disinterred from the chaos of the garret—letters unknown to Burr's biographers, and which shed a new light on his movements at the time. In the summer of 1781 Theodosia Prevost, widow of Colonel Prevost of the British army, and then Burr's affianced wife, spent several months here as the guest of Mrs. Reeve. Among many other distinguished visitors at this hospitable house was General Lafayette, who spent a night there during the war while on his way to the Hudson with a train of stores for the French army. A characteristic anecdote of him has been handed down. Feeling thirsty in the night, and fearful, if he called a servant, of disturbing Mrs. Reeve, who had long been an invalid, the gallant Frenchman went down stairs in his stockings, and drew water from the well with his own hands.

The Tallmadge house, in North Street, was for more than fifty years the residence of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge, conspicuous in the Revolution as major of Sheldon's Light Dragoons—a regiment greatly favored by Washington. The house was built in 1775 by Thomas Sheldon, brother of Colonel Sheldon, and was purchased in 1782 by Colonel Tallmadge, about a year before he retired from the service. Colonel Tallmadge participated in several of the principal battles of the Revolution, and received the thanks of Washington and of Congress in 1780 for a successful expedition across Long Island Sound, in which he captured Fort George, on the south side of Long Island, and destroyed many buildings, much shipping, and a large quantity of stores.

COLONEL BENJAMIN TALLMADGE.
[FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY COLONEL JOHN TRUMBULL.]

When Major John André was captured by Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, he was brought to the head-quarters of the Light Dragoons, then stationed at North Castle, and but for the earnest remonstrances of Major Tallmadge, would have been sent back to Arnold. He was with the prisoner almost continuously, and was

led to suspect his military character from his walk as he paced the floor of his room. When André saw that his disguise had been penetrated, he wrote the letter to Washington acknowledging his rank, and handed it, open, to Major Tallmadge, who read it with emotions which he could not conceal. On the day of the execution he walked with the prisoner to the scaffold. In after-years, says Kilbourne, he wrote: "I became so deeply attached to Major André that I can remember no instance where my affections were so fully absorbed in any man. When I saw him swinging under the gibbet, it seemed for a time as if I could not support it. All the spectators seemed to be overwhelmed by the affecting spectacle, and the eyes of many were suffused with tears." Colonel Tallmadge was elected in 1801 to Congress, where he served for sixteen successive years. His residence is still in the possession of his descendants.

Hard by the Tallmadge place is the Gould mansion, a remarkably well-preserved specimen of the square gambrel-roofed house, covered with shingles. It was erected in 1760 by the Hon. Elisha Sheldon, father of Colonel Sheldon of the famous dragoon regiment. It passed in 1802 into the hands of Judge Gould, who occupied it until his decease. Like several other houses in the village, it too claims to have entertained the father of his country.

The old Seymour house, the birth-place of so many distinguished men of the name, was demolished in 1855, when considerably more than a century old, to make room for a more pretentious successor. Major Moses Seymour, who occupied it during the Revolution, served throughout the war as captain in the Fifth Regiment of Connecticut cavalry. During the greater part of the time he was stationed in Litchfield as commissary of supplies for the army. In 1776 David Matthews, the royalist Mayor of New York, was arrested for treasonable designs, and sent to Litchfield, where Captain Seymour kept him under surveillance in his own house for several months. He was allowed the privileges of the village, but under certain restrictions. It appears from his own letters that he was suspected of being concerned in a plot "to assassinate General Washington, and to blow up the magazine in New York." He seems to have entertained an idea that his life was in jeopardy, and he expresses a fear that he may be "fired at from behind a barn or stone fence." In another letter he says: "They insist I can blow up this town. O, that I could! I would soon leave them to themselves." Tradition says that, although he did not accomplish his incendiary desires, he did "leave them to themselves," for while taking his customary walk for exercise one day, he forgot to return. A pleasure carriage, the first ever brought into the town, was presented by him to Mrs. Seymour, and was in use as late as 1812. The Mayor's traveling trunk, left behind in his flight, is still in possession of the Seymour family, and was exhibited in the collection of Revolutionary relics shown in the village on the centennial Fourth of July.

Among other prisoners sent to the Hill for safe-keeping during the war was William Franklin, son of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and royalist Governor of New Jersey from 1763 to 1776. In the latter year Congress recommended the convention of New Jersey to imprison him somewhere out of the State, and he was accordingly sent to Connecticut, and confined for a time at Wallingford and Middletown. In 1777 a resolution was passed that Governor Trumbull be informed that it had undoubted information that Governor Franklin was employing himself in distributing "the protections of Lord Howe and General Howe, styled the king's commissioners of granting pardons," and recommending that he be put into close confinement and prohibited the use of pen, ink, and paper. He was removed under guard to Litchfield, and confined in the jail there until 1778, the year that his father was sent as minister to France, when he was exchanged for Mr. M'Kinley, President of Delaware. He afterward lived in New York until 1782, when he went to England, and spent there the remainder of his life, a pensioner of the British government.

The Hill boasts other centenary buildings, and a few of even greater antiquity. It claims, too, to have been the birth-place of more noted men and women than any other place of its population in the country. Both the east and the west burial-grounds are rich in the tombs of those who have been prominent in both civil and political life, but they are too numerous to permit even the bare mention of their names. We may be pardoned, however, for giving in full the inscription from the head-stone of one of the ancient mothers of Litchfield, who still lives in many distinguished descendants:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary, wife of Dea. John Buel, Esq. She died November 4, 1768, aged 90—having had 13 Children, 101 Grand-Children, 247 Great-Grand-Children, and 49 Great-Great-Grand-Children; total 410. Three hundred and thirty-six survived her."

## SELF-RECOMPENSED.

Love me not best, O tender heart and true!
I am not good or great enough to be
God's ultimate and perfect gift to thee;
Yet thine I am, thus sealèd through and through,
And I will love thee in a way half new
To this poor world, where love is seldom free;
Not with a love which thou must share with me,
But as the ministering angels do.
Love me not best, for I am not thy mate,
Yet I am all as rich with lesser gain;
Thou canst not give me, dear, a gift so small
But that my glory in it shall be great.
Oh, never be it said that love was vain!
What if it hath not, when itself is all!