

the bishops process down Chapel Street under full sail. What a pity old Ezra Stiles was no longer about to chronicle this unique event.

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The uncomfortable days of animosity between Yale College and Trinity had long since subsided into tolerance and eventual affection. The Church had been responsible to no small degree for the fundamental changes that had taken place in the college. Yale had successfully bridged the gulf that exists between parochial and liberal education, settling down to the business of acquiring and dispensing knowledge in the arts and sciences. In a landmark gesture of reconciliation, in 1804 Rev. Bela Hubbard was made a Doctor of Divinity by the Yale College Corporation. Good Doctor Johnson must have smiled quietly from whatever far Valhalla was by now his home.

Life for Dr. Hubbard was at last becoming tranquil and ordered. His church was growing daily more sure of itself and his own financial woes were at an end. His salary had been raised in 1803 to \$520; in 1806 to \$650; in 1807 it went to \$700. Creature comfort was now sought for the church and it took the form of the audacious suggestion that a stove be installed in the building.

The Puritans had long worshiped without the benefit of any heat in their meeting houses, no doubt accounting for the sobriquet "Bluenoses." They sat snug in the conviction that true salvation lay in bodily discomfort. They were not too far removed from those earlier zealots who sought God through mortification of the flesh. Actually, of course, it would have been a prohibitively expensive task to heat those drafty public buildings. Discomfort became a necessity and necessity a virtue; so that even after prosperity touched the faithful they continued those marathon Sabbath services with neither heat nor light, save that which radiated in superabundance from the pulpit. I mention this simply that we may more fully savor the derring-do of those vestrymen who, on October 20, 1806, voted to authorize the erection of a stove in the church "provided it should be done free of expense to the Society." One can fairly hear the indignant whispers across the Green. Was there no end to this flaunted opulence? This Episcopal *dolce vita*?

That same year saw the end of the arrangement with West Haven, and Mr. Hubbard resumed his position as full-time rector of Trinity.

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In 1807 the top part of the steeple had to be replaced. Probably the burden of the bell had proven too much for the old structure, first such in the town. A cupola was erected in its stead. The same meeting that authorized this change also authorized the wardens to "purchase the two front pews next to those they now hold on each side of the gallery for the use of the singers." This morsel of information tells us that Trinity not only had a choir by then; but that it was growing and that it poured forth its inspirational tunes from the loft, for this was before the Oxford Movement was around to suggest that choirs should sing in the Choir of the church.

We learn from a Vestry meeting in April 1807 that Trinitarians were nothing, if not fair. It seems that a Mr. German was a tenant in the Glebe House and, some years previous, had been allowed some contiguous land for a small garden. It later became necessary for the parish to use the garden land for income and so it was voted "that during the succeeding year Mr. German be charged only \$200 rent for the Glebe House we having taken away his garden from him."

In 1807, at Dr. Hubbard's request, the parish secured the services of Rev. Solomon Wheaton as assistant minister, Trinity's first. Mr. Hubbard's salary was accordingly reduced from \$700 to \$650 and the new man taken on at \$200 per annum. He stayed only three years. The wardens and vestry then extended a call to the Rev. Henry Whitlock, of Norwalk, to be assistant minister at Trinity at a salary of \$800. The astute reader will immediately perceive a discrepancy here twixt rector and assistant in the matter of money. The fact is that Mr. Hubbard's health was not good. The parish was well aware that it was really hiring a rector, not simply an assistant. Mr. Whitlock accepted the call and began his duties in New Haven.

And so the good Dr. Hubbard had seen the ship safely over the bar. He came as a missionary to a colonial church; he weathered a revolution and the birth of a great new nation; guided his beloved Trinity from obscurity to prominence, and did so with love and understanding. He died on December 6, 1812, at the age of 72, in the forty-fifth year of his ministry at New Haven as missionary and rector. An obituary said of him:

Dr. Hubbard possessed great vivacity of intellect and genuine goodness of heart. His education, his sentiments

and his manners were liberal. His conversation and deportment were easy and unaffected . . . courteous and kind. With habits strongly social, he was an excellent companion, a warm friend, a kind brother, a tender parent and an affectionate husband.

His wife was Grace Hill of Fairfield. In a private letter his grandson, Rev. T.C. Pitkin writes, "He was used to say that though he could not subscribe to the five points of Calvinism as a whole, yet he had always held . . . turning toward his wife . . . to Irresistible Grace."

The period following Dr. Hubbard's death was something of an interregnum, in terms of the rectorate. Mr. Whitlock took over as rector. He was a pleasant enough man, chiefly remembered for his eloquent eulogy at Mr. Hubbard's funeral. The ordinary happenings of parish life continued to happen: William Kilby was voted \$5 for "superintending the singing school"; the jobs of sexton and bellman were combined at a salary of \$35, "provided he take care of the boys on Sundays in and about the doors of the church." Another man was assigned the job "to superintend the boys in the gallery during services." The problem of keeping the boys quiet was an early and lasting one. Each year a man was named to handle this task. The organist was rehired at a salary of \$150 and a committee named to expand the organ loft. The weekly collection for the poor became bi-monthly, then monthly and, finally, thrice yearly as Trinity became increasingly preoccupied with itself. The Episcopal Office, on the other hand, came in for considerably more attention. The parish meeting in August 1813 issued a very strong statement expressing the parish's belief in the importance of that office. This belief manifested itself by the parish voting to advance "toward the support of the Bishop the sum of about \$40 per annum and have contributed towards the Bishop's Fund the sum of \$250." The same meeting voted that as soon as the amount of the Bishop's Fund reached \$7000, paid in or secured, Trinity would raise and pay to the Fund \$750. This was a strong vote of support for the Episcopal Office and gave Trinity an early lead in the Great Episcopal Steeplechase.

During the last few years of Bela Hubbard's life the parish acquired a particularly distinguished parishioner: none other than the second Bishop of Connecticut, Abraham Jarvis. He moved his family from Middletown in 1803 and took up residence at 155 Elm Street in the house that is now the Graduate Club. Mr. Jarvis and Bela Hubbard had long been good friends. They had traveled to England together for ordination in 1763 and were both ordained by Charles Lytelton, Bishop of Carlisle, on February 19, 1764. Mr. Hubbard had been a strong advocate of a broadly supported Episcopate and his lesson was well learned at Trinity. Bishop Jarvis died in the house on Elm Street in May 1813, attended by his wife, son and Mr. Whitlock. He was buried, as was his wish, beneath the altar of Trinity Church after a brief respite in the town cemetery on Grove Street.

I have made mention several times of the choir and its increasing importance in the services. We owe more than we can guess to the happy fact that choir singing was nourished so at Trinity. In the very early pre-choir days singing consisted of a sort of general bellowing. There were two schools of thought on the matter of singing in church: one faction wanted lines and notes, or, "singing by rule." The other, more fundamentalist in outlook, fumed that "singing by rule would be followed by praying by rule and preaching by rule; and then comes popery!" Fortunately for us all, lines and notes won the day.

Mr. Whitlock, alas, was not a well man and was frequently absent. In September 1814 he sought a cure for his maladies in southern climes, the parish advancing him \$300 for a trip in that direction. In October of the same year he wrote to the wardens and vestry proposing to retire from the rectorate. The vestry generously voted to accept his resignation and granted a stipend of \$250 per year for the ensuing four years. He died in December of that year. But a curious footnote appends to this very short story of Mr. Whitlock. Seventy-five years later, the rector of Trinity received a letter from a gentleman in Fayetteville, North Carolina with the information that there was, in an old cemetery in that city, a long neglected and overgrown grave in which the writer thought Trinity Church might have some interest.

The inscription on the stone was as follows:

Here lies interred the mortal remains of the Rev. Henry Whitlock, late Rector of Trinity Church in the city of New Haven, state of Connecticut, who in the pursuit of fugitive health, when every source of hope had failed, left all that his soul held most dear on earth, and here, in a land of strangers, alas, though cheered by every comfort which the land of hospitality could offer, fell victim to the ravages of a consumption on the 25th day of December, in the 38th year of his age.

The first recorded mention of a new church was at a Vestry meeting held October 20, 1810, at the home of Mr. John Jacocks. The cornerstone was laid two years later and the new edifice ready for consecration in another two years. The story of its building, however, is really a con-



tinuing story since the great pile of granite and wood seems almost a living organism. It has been continually built upon, revised, renewed right into the present decade. The story of this building, therefore, appears in its own chapter within the appendix, for it is its own history. We should know here, though, that the church which the new rector took upon the departure of Mr. Whitlock was a marvel, the likes of which had not been seen in New Haven. It was the most authentic Gothic Revival attempt to date and was, architecturally, a milestone. But it also embodied much of the Romantic Movement. The architect's own detailed description appears in the appendix and in it we note his reasons for his choice of the particular stone he selected. William Pierson, in a soon-to-be-published work on Church architecture has this to say of Ithiel Town's masterpiece:

For Town to find aesthetic pleasure in the irregularity, roughness and richness was a direct contradiction of the prevailing attitudes which still reveled in the logical geometry of the clean unbroken wall and in the sharp pristine clarity of white paint; and to justify his point of view the architect found sanction in the past. Such an attitude was not only romantic, it was also the root of eclecticism, and Trinity together with the churches next to it, one of them built by Town himself and starkly in contrast to Trinity, could nevertheless be acceptable to the same people, at the same time and in the same place. Both the Gothic Revival and Romantic Eclecticism, therefore, were first unequivocally expressed in America in Town's work on the New Haven Green.

Rev. Henry Whitlock  
b. ca 1776 d. Dec. 25, 1814  
age 38 years  
Buried Fayetteville, N.C.  
of Consumption.  
Son of John Whitlock  
1745-1828 and wife (unknown)