

AMOS MORRIS COLLINS.

WAS born in Litchfield, March 30, 1788; son of William Collins. He began business in Blanford, Mass., in 1810, but removed to Hartford in 1819, and opened a store for the sale of dry goods on the south corner of Main and Temple streets. He was one of the first to engage in the wholesale dry goods commission business, establishing one of the largest houses in the city. Mr. Collins early identified himself with the business interests and charitable and religious institutions of Hartford. He was chosen one of the deacons of the North Church at the time of its organization, in 1824, and retained the office until his death. He was a director in the Hartford Bank for over twenty-five years; a trustee of the Society for Savings; a director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and from 1842 to 1854 he held office in the Retreat for the Insane, as director, auditor and manager. He was elected mayor of Hartford in 1843, re-elected in 1845, and declined the nomination for a third term offered him in 1847.

His wife was Mary Lyman, daughter of Col. Moses Lyman, of Goshen. She was a queenly and most womanly woman. It was a rare gift of God that he was blessed with so noble a woman for a wife. Her wisdom, gentleness, strength, faith and love made for him a home which realized the christian ideal of domestic happiness.

He was a ready and effective speaker. He was a strong advocate of temperance and interested in all social reforms. The writer remembers well after an interval of forty-five years the impression of an impromptu speech made by him, following his pastor, Doctor Bushnell, on Thanksgiving day.

He was a man of great vigor and vitality. He enjoyed driving fine horses. The dignity and soberness of mature years did not quench in him the fires and vivacity of youth. The writer well recalls the profound admiration with which he saw him put his hand on the ends of two palings and with a spring, bound over a picket fence. This was long ago when he visited his father and two sisters in Collinsville. There are still in the family one or two little red leather-bound Testaments, on the fly leaf of which is his signature, indicating the nephew or niece to whom the gift was given.

Doctor Bushnell wrote of him: "There is almost nothing here that has not somehow felt his power, nothing good which has not somehow profited by his beneficence. Banks, savings institutions, railroads, the singular anomaly of a large wholesale dry-goods trade which distinguished Hartford as an inland city, the city councils and improvements, the city missions and Sunday Schools, the Asylum for the Dumb, the Retreat for the Insane, the high school, the almshouse, three at least of the churches, almost everything public, in fact, has his counsel, impulse, character, beneficence, and, what is more, if possible, his real work incorporated in it."

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.
Then, in due time, the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.