Genealogical & Biographical Sketches of the Hildreth family, from the year 1652 down to the year 1840.

From dates obtained from the records of the Town & of Chelmsford, in Massachusetts, it appears that Richard Hildreth, was the great progenitor of all of the name of Hildreth, now living in the New England States, & probably of all in the United States. It does not state in what year he emigrated from England to America, but probably as early as the year 1656, for his name is found amongst a company of petitioners, twenty in number, from the towns of Concord & Woburn, applying to the general court, in the year 1652 "for a tract of land lying on the west of Concord or Musketaquid river, where the petitioners say they," do find a very comfortable place to accomodate a company of Gods people upon". This petition was grated, and the settlement founded, which proved to be a very prosperous one. The spot where his house stood is known to this day and from the date on a grave stone in the burying ground, which is said to be yet standing, it is ascertained that he was born in the year 1612. & was eight years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. & he removed to Chelmsford in the year 1654. Which is probably about the period of their taking possession of their newly acquired territory, he was then in his forty second year. He at that time must have been the father of several children, as we find his son James, married & the father of a daughter, named Margaret, in the year 1660. Old Richards wife was named Elisabeth & his son's wife was Margaret. I can learn nothing of our progenitors personal appearance, acquirements or pursuits, but he was doubtless a simple tiller of the earth, as there was little demand in those primitive days for anything beyond the absolute necessaries of life. The race of the Hildreths seems to have been a prolific one,

for we find by the record of births in the towns Chelmsford & Westford, that sons & daughters were multiplied unto them exceedingly — In the coure of half a century the descendents of Richard, were found in many of the adjoining towns, especially, Billerica, Dracutt, Westford & Chelmsford — In all these towns they were men of consideration especially in Dracutt, whose records I examined in the yeqr 1889, & find men of that name acting as town clerks & selectmen, for several years in the early days of the town — & more recently William Hildreth, held the office of Brigadier Gen. in the Militia of Middlesex County, and that of Sheriff — In the days of the Revolution he held a Lieutenants commission, when only 18 years old & served through the war — During the indian & old french War, several of the name acted as "Minutemen", as they were called, ready prepared to sally out at a minutes warning — If in the winter every man was equiped with snow shoes, as well as arms, for without them he could make but slow progress through the deep snows, which invariably covered all the northern States during winter — While with them he could walk rapidly on the surface of the snow, where it was three or four feet deep — They also used them in their hunting excursions, when in pursuit of the Moose, deer & Bear. From the record it appears that Richard was the father of Five sons & one daughter, viz: James, Ephraim, Joseph, Thomas & Isaac; the daughters name was Persis — It is probable he had other children born to him before he lived in Chelmsford, and whose names were not entered on that record; amongst these five branches off from the old trunk. I find that my family are descendents of Joseph. His wife was named abigail — Joseph was born the 16th

of April A. D. 1658, and was the father of nine children, four daughters & five sons— The sons were named Joseph, Richard, these two it seems were twin brothers; Joseph died young for in 1695, eleven years after he had another son also named Joseph— John & Ephraim— the last born in 1700— The daughters were named Hannah, Abigail, Elisabeth & Elisabeth again, the first having died previous to July 29, 1703— when the last Elisabeth was born— From these five branches our family descent is continued in the line of Richard, who bore the name of his grandfather— Richard the 2nd, was the father of Eight Children, by his wife Dorcas— The oldest named James was born in may 18— in the year 1701— He had seven sons & one daughter. The sons were named James, John, Benjamin, Thomas, Samuel, Jonas & Jonas again; the first having died between the years 1713 & 1716— The daughter was named Dorcas after her mother, amongst these seven sons our family branch is continued in that of James, whose first child was born in the year 1723— July 11th. He was named Oliver, and was my paternal grandfather. By his wife Dorothy Prescott, James became the father of eight children: Viz. Oliver born as above noted; Rebecca— march 21, 1726— Zecheriah Dec. 28. 1728— Dorothy 1732— another Dorothy in 1736— Amos in 1738— Lucy in 1742 & Samuel in 1744, Previous to the birth of Dorothy in 1732— he had removed from Chelmsford into the town of Westford or rather Westford had been set of into a town by itself, and taken from Chelmsford, from which record the few last births are transcribed— So it seems he was the father of four sons & four daughters— Oliver, my paternal grandfather married Anna Blaisdell, of Lindover, Massachusetts, Oct 26, 1744. and settled in Townsend, or Blasdale, not many years after it became inhabited, or incorporated in 1732— As my father was born in the year 1750— and there were two or three children older than him. By this marriage my grandfather, Oliver Hildreth became the father of fifteen children,

six sons & nine daughters— The sons were & named Oliver, Jonathan, Samuel, James, Seth & Abijah— The daughters, Molly. Rachel, Dolly. Lucy, Anna, Sarah, Rebecd, Joanna & Abagail, which last two were twins— All these children lived to manhood, married, and became the fathers & mothers of large families. As I have not had access to the record of Townsend, the date of the births of the children is not given, but doubtless might be procured from the town clerk— The daughters married & settled as follows, as far as I could ascertain from an old lady when I visited Townsend in June 1839, and lived on the farm which belonged to my grandfather— Molly, married Edmond Farbell— Rachel, married Edward Farbell & Anna married Samuel Farbell, & lived in Mason & part of them lived in Cavendish, V. H— Dolly, married Oliver Greene, of Ashburnham— Lucy, married a Mr Barnes & settled in Concord. Mass— Sarah, married Job Brooks of Stoddard, N. H. Rebeca, married b. Elliot, a baptist preacher, in Mason, Mass— Joanna, married Reuben Davis of Chelsea Vt. Abigail married Jabez Greene of Marlborough. The Brothers had issue as follows— Oliver had four sons & sevens daughters. Jonathan, had four sons & five daughters— Viz. Eunice— Benjamin, Warren, Andrew— Franklin, Nancy, George & two Elizas— Samuel, had five daughters and two sons— Viz. Susan. born in the year 1778, Abigail born in Feb. 26. 1779. Samuel Prescott, in Sept. 30. 1783— Mary in Oct. 1786— Nancy Oct 28. 1789— Harriet. 22 June 1796— James had a large family of children, the number I have not ascertained— Seth had nine children— two sons & seven daughters— The sons were named Oliver & Amos— the daughters were Sally. Polly, Susan, Betsy. Lucy. Polly & Nancy— Abijah had one son & three daughters, whose names are unknown

* Charles Farnsworth born 1798.

* At the time of my visit to Townsend in June 1839, I saw at the "Harbor," a wagon, drawn by 4 horses, on its way to Boston

to me— As to the children of the female branches of my grandfathers family, I have been unable to learn their names or numbers, they were widely scattered over that portion of New England, and as I lived when a boy, from forty to 100 miles from them. I never saw any of them but aunt Lucy Barnes, my uncle Oliver lived in Billerica, & followed the occupation of a blacksmith— Uncle Jonathan lived in Concord, Mass. and was engaged in various pursuits— farming, storekeeping & coopering, nearly all the brothers learned the trade when they were boys. Working on the farm in the summer & at coopering, or some handy craft in winter— The same course is pursued by the inhabitants of Townsend, & all that region of country to this day*— Their farms are generally small, and not very productive without great attention to the cultivator; requiring a heavy dressing of manure for all the grain crops, so that without the aid of some trade they would hardly be able to support their families, in a country where the winter months make up nearly half the year, my uncle Jonathan, by industry & frugality, at the time of his death, had become the possessor of a valuable estate & for that day was accounted rich. The other brothers only attained a mediocrity, so as to support their families comfortably; their education extending only to reading & writing, with a small smattering of arithmetic.

Brief notice of my ~~x~~ grandfather & ~~x~~ grandmother.

The last of June in the ylar 1859 I ~~went~~ visited Townsend for the express purpose of seeing the spot where my father was born and spent his youthful days. Having a good deal of imagination & poetic feeling in my temperament, it proved to be one of the most interesting in my life, and awakened feelings & thoughts of a kind which I never experienced before, until recently in a visit to the place of my own nativity. What rendered it the more impressive, was the fact of there being not one person of my own blood rela-

* At the time of my visit to Townsend in June 1859 I saw at the "Harbor," a wagon, drawn by 4 horses, on its way to Boston with a load of coopers ware, consisting of mail casks, numbering 1150 pieces, it formed quite a hillock of casks—

-tion, in the township with whom I could communicate. The old farm containing about one hundred acres is pleantly located near the center of an elevated tract of country called "Wallace's hill." It is probably about three miles long & two miles wide, and rises to the height of three or four hundred feet above the adjacent country, and especially a little village called the "Harbour", where I stoped for refreshment & to procure a guide. The farm is owned now by a Mr. Campbell, whose family treated me with great kindness, and from his grandmother who is more than eighty years old, & was intimatly acquainted with my grandfathers family I gathered many interesting particulars of their history. I also met with a Mr. Brooks, who lives on a farm a little north, and was intimately acquainted with my father, being only a few years younger. My grandfather was a plain honest farmer, who earned his living by the sweat of his brow, & must have been very frugal in his habits, as well as constantly industrious to furnish food & clothing for so large a family, on a small farm, where all were placed in the humbler walks of life, he stood as high as any of his neighbors, and I have no doubt was as happy a man with his few shillings & pence, as a modern congressman with his thousands. He lived to a good old age, and died about the year 1798, attaining to about 75 years. My grandmother lived a few years longer after his death and died in the year 1809, at about the same age. She was a woman of a large frame, tall and commanding in personal apperance. For the last few years of her life she became very corpulent & unwieldly, weighing no less than four hundred pounds. In passing through the doors from room to room, she had to turn sideways, as the breadth of her hips would not allow of a strait forward passage. If she

visited any of the neighbors, she was conveyed on a sled or cart drawn by a yoke of oxen — What is not a little curious one of her sisters, who married a Stedman & lived in Hollis N. H. was equally corpulent, weighing, as was told me by old Mrs Campbell, as much as my grandmother. After their death my father administered on the estate, settled the debts & paid of the heirs, becoming himself owner of the old homestead; after renting it a few years he sold it — During their ~~[illegible]~~ lifetime I remember he made them annual visits for many years in the autumn — I used to hail his return with much pleasure, as he always brought myself & Sisters his saddlebags full of chestnuts which I think were gathered in Ashby, a town a few miles farther west, but in plain view from Wallace's hill, where a favorite sister resided — I looked over the old farm with deep interest, while my heart was filled with tender recollections of my father & grandparents — The fields were before me where he had plowed up the soil & tilled the earth; the scenes of his boyish sports, & where he had laid the plans of his future life few of which were probably ever fulfilled — I plucked a twig of fresh leaves from an old pear tree which my grandfather planted, a fresh rose from a bush in the garden, &c & have preserved them in the leaves & of this memorial — After breaking a few minerals from the granite rocks in the stone wall, a kind of ~~[illegible]~~ fence common to all the New England States, I returned to "the Harbor" which is a little village on the borders of Squanacook, a stream passing through Townsend & falling ~~[illegible]~~ into the Concord river — It is a fine stream for mills, & several are now in operation at at this place & have been for many years — I could not learn the origin of its name, unless it might ~~[illegible]~~ in early times have been a place where the indians kept their canoes —

Curios flood from the emptying of a Pond —

Some where in the south part of the territory of Townsend

there was a ~~saw~~ small lake or freshwater pond of about 150 acres surface. It lay on elevated ground about half a mile from Squamicook river. There was no apparent outlet although some small streams ran into it from the adjacent uplands, but a large spring which broke out about 30 feet lower down than the surface of the pond at the foot of a slope & run in a shallow channel till it joined the Squamicook. About the year 1780, in the spring season, two boys or young men of 16 or 18 years old, named Maning & O'Neil, were idling away the Sabbath day, as is too often the case with country boys, by walking and amusing themselves along the margin of the pond. Late heavy rains had filled the pond to overflowing so that a small stream of water ran down the side of the declivity by the large spring. Maning with a bit of a stick, for amusement deepened this shallow channel for a few feet till the water began to run quite briskly. While they stood watching its progress, the earth, of a loose gravelly nature, began to give way, & worked up to the main body of water in the pond, which finding relief for its crowded state in that quarter, suddenly rushed with such rapidity to this outlet, deepening & widening the channel, with such fearful haste that the earth gave way under their feet as they retired from its borders, until it required their utmost exertions to keep themselves from being swallowed up in its gulph. The waters roared roared like thunder, trees of a hundred years growth were swallowed up like chaff in its course, & in a few hours the whole pond was emptied of its waters, cutting a channel many feet deep & ten rods wide to the river. The Squamicook unable to accomodate within its banks this unexpected contribution, overflowed its borders all the way to the Concord river, destroying several mills in its course drowning cattle & covering the meadows with thousands of loads of sand & rubish. The inhabitants along its borders were astonished above measure & thought a new deluge was coming over the earth. The two boys fled for their lives for their lives, but kept the real cause of the

dikater a secret for more than 30 years, when one of them told it to Mr. Jos. Holden of Marietta, who was living at the time 3 miles below the pond & whose father's farm was greatly ~~dam~~ damaged by the sand & gravel heaped on its surface it was supposed by the people to be caused by the overflowing of the pond from rains - and the only consolation the boys had for their unintentional mischief, was that the land laid bare by the ~~emptying~~ emptying of the pond was more than equal to that spoiled by the "avalanche" -

A short biographical sketch of my father
Dr. Samuel Hildreth -

Samuel Hildreth, was born in Townsend, in the year 1750 - Of his early boyhood I know but little, having heard him only narrate the events of his manhood, which were not very extraordinary, as the most of his life was spent in civil pursuits & in a private station - He was brought up to labor on the farm, and during his life retained a liking to agriculture, although his time was devoted to the study & practice of medicine & the care of a small store of groceries & day goods -
His education like the most of his class at that day, previous to the freedom of the colonies, consisted of the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic - Grammar was not taught, except to rare ones who received a college education -
His temperament was sanguine, disposed to be cheerfull, and when young found of dancing and sprightly conversation.
Having faithfully his father until he was twenty one years old, he determined on aquiring some profesion, which would, as he thought be less laborious than his pursuits thus far. Depending for his support entirely on his own labor, he wrought diligenty for two or three years at the occupation of coopering, in which time he earned money sufficient to board & clothe himself for two years, the time then alloted to fit a young man of tolerable parts for the practice of medicine. About the year 1774, he put

himself under the preceptorage of Dr. John Brown of Wilmington, Essex county, Massachusetts. Before he had fairly finished his studies, the war of the Revolution had commenced, & every able bodied man was expected to take part in it. In the year 1776. having fitted himself for the practice physic, he settled in the westerly end of the town of Methuen Essex county, Mass. not more than a mile or two from the easterly side of Dracut. Here he formed an acquaintance with my mother, Abigail Bodwell whose father lived on the Merrimack river, about half a mile above the falls, called "Bodwells falls." They were married the 21 May, 1776. He soon fell into quite an extensive practice, and acquired sufficient money to purchase a small tract of land & have a house & home of his own. In october 1777, he was called to act as surgeon of a regeiment of volunteers, or militia, who were ordered out to assist in the capture of Burgoyne's army, at Saratoga in New York. He was present on that memorable occasion & witnessed the surrender of that host, which had been the source of so much trouble and anxiety to the New England States. I well recollect when I was a boy several small articles which he received from one of the Hessian soldiers in return for some medical services. By this capture the war was removed to some distance from that part of the country where he lived, & his services in that line were not again needed. In 1778, he still continued successfully to practise medicine in Methuen & the adjoining town of Dracut. This year they had an addition to their little family circle in the the birth of my eldest sister, Susan. At her birth she seemed to have belonged to the race of pigmies, for she weighed but about three pounds; nevertheless she proved to be a healthy child, and grew to be a well formed woman; & at the time of her death in 1814, was the mother of 8 children — Privateering having become, about this time, quite a lucrative pursuit from

some of the eastern ports in Massachusetts, especially Salem & Marblehead. My father was induced to quit his peaceful avocation, & take the post surgeon a sixteen gun brig, from Marblehead, under the command of Capt. Conway. The cruise proved to be a fortunate one, and the prize money & goods which fell to my father's share amounted to about a thousand dollars. The merchandise, he sold to a Mr ———, a trader in Salem, on a credit, and the debt was unpaid when he embarked on his second cruise. At the close of the war there were many failures among business men, and this man was one of the unfortunates, so that the debt was entirely lost. It seems that towards the close of my father's captivity, which took place in the next voyage, my mother, who was a woman of great energy of character, had commenced a suit for the recovery of the debt, & her attorney had seized on property sufficient to pay it. But my father returning about this time, he was persuaded by the fair promises of the man to relinquish it. I have often heard my mother laugh & say, if he had staid in Canada only a few weeks longer she should have recovered the debt. When a boy I used to hear him relate many of the events of the cruise under the bold Capt. Conway; a man for whom he always entertained the highest respect, for his bravery & honorable bearing, one case displaying his intrepidity was as follows. During the cruise the privateer one day spoke an American vessel, of the same or larger size than her self, under a press of sail running away from another ship which was in full chase. From the flying vessel he learnt that the one in pursuit was a twenty gun ship of large size, for which she was no match. Old Conway swore he would give her a try, although his vessel carried only 16 guns,

and immediately run a long side of her, giving her his broadsides in such rapid sucession, & so well directed that after an action of 15 or 20 minutes she struck her colors, & proved to be a large letter of marque ship, carrying twenty guns and loaded with merchandise. During the ~~at~~ action, my father occasionally on the deck, said it it seemed to him as if the brig was shrouded in a sheet of fire, so rapid were the discharges from the great guns & small arms.
The Americans are noted for their activitiy in naval fights, & in well trained privateers where every man has a deep personal interest in the success of the engagement no doubt we see their energies fully displayed. From the success of this cruise, my father was led to believe that he could make more money by privateering, than by the slow and laborious pursuits of a country physician. But in this it seems he was mistaken; in as much as slow but honest gains of every day labour, though but little in amount, yet at the end of year rise to considerable sum, and are spent in an economical manner. While the more hasty gains of privateering are acquired so easily, that ~~are~~ ~~of~~ they are often spent without consideration, or wasted without doing much good to any one, besides the chace of captivity or loss of life attendant on all pursuits of this nature, not saying, anything of the manifest injustice of this kind of warfare. The next cruise in which my father engaged, was in the spring of the year 1780 — He sailed this time from salem, in a vessel of about same size commanded by Capt. Putnam Cleves. — Capt. Cleves, seems to have been a man of courage but lacked decision of character.
The fore part of their cruise was tolerably successfull, & they captured several prizes of but little value. One of them however a vessel from ~~Massachu~~ Malaga loaded with wines for the British troo-

Trois Rivières. A town named from three rivers that join here, and fall into the St. Lawrence.

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ps in America, and was one of a small convoy in charge of a fifty gun ship. The ship gave capt. Cleaves a close chase, but he escaped, as much from the timely aid of a thick fog, being on the banks New-foundland, as from his superior sailing. But having a high opinion of the fleetness of his ship, and pretending or saying that he was not satisfied as to the size & force of the enemy, he like a foolish man, put about his ship, & run directly for the course in which he thought her now to be sailing, thinking if he did not find her, he might find another of her convoy. The weather still continuing hazy, before he was aware of the proximity, he found himself directly under her guns, & so nigh that escape was impossible. So after little or no resistance the poor privateer captain struck his colors, & my father with the rest of the crew became prisoners to his Britanic Majesty. In a short time after, it so happened, that the prize, also fell into their hands, & Capt. Cleaves men were put on board their wine ship, with a British crew, ordered to accompany the 50 gun ship to Quebec. In going up the Saint Lawrence, the prisoners were kept below, and used to regale themselves every day, with as much wine as they wanted, which they contrived to suck through quills, from a hole made in one of the casks. On their arrival in Quebec the prisoners were put in close confinement & so kept until the following spring, when they were quartered out amongst the french inhabitants at the "Trois Rivers" (Rivières) or Three Rivers, an old settlement on the north side of the St. Lawrence about midway between Montreal & Quebec. Here they received kind treatment and plenty of the homely food used by the french canadians. Their wheaten bread however was very good, as well as their soups & ragouts. My father soon became pleased with them/

and was a great admirer, ever after of their lively friendly manners, cheerful habits, and family attachments. No people perhaps excell them in their domestic or blood relation affection; as it is no rare thing to find three or four geneations living under one roof and the descendents & branches by marriages of a hundred yeare production, all living on the same tract of land, within sight of each other & making a common field, the produce of which is divided equitably amongst them. In this way they commenced. Their first settlements in the country, for mutual protection, when surrounded by Indians. So sociable and fond of each others society, are they, that the pratice of living in communitis is now continued from choice. Almost every night in the week, and especially every sabbath evening, after attending the services of the chapel in the day, the whole village is seen engaged in cheerful dance; the grandmother & grand-daughter often footing it merrily together, to the sound of the violin, on which instrument, almost every Canadian was at that day an adept. My father in a short time acquired the use of their language, so as to converse readily with them. and being in the prime of manhood, and naturally of a lively disposition, joined cheerfuly with them in their amusements, and soon became a great favorite with young & old. He was called the bon American; and when they found out he was a physician & had been surgeon of the ship in which he was taken prisoner, they directly began to call upon him to practice the healing art amonst the sick. In the course of the first year he by degrees fell into quite a lucrative practice, extending into the adjacent settlements & villages in the region of the Trois rivières, as well as acrose the St Lawrence, along the southern shore of that broad expansion of the river known by the name of Lake St Peters.

On one of his medical trips to the southern shore of the lake, he had occasion to return alone in a small boat at a spot where it is two or three miles wide. The night set in more suddenly than he had anticipated, from the evening being cloudy. Before he accomplished one third of the voyage it became very dark & the wind arose, throwing the surface of the lake into tremendous waves & putting the safety of my father into great peril. Nevertheless his presence of mind did not forsake him, but plying himself stoutly to the paddle & doubtless calling on the "blessed Virgin Mary," with whom he had so long associated, for aid, and keeping the head of the little craft in the ~~right~~ right direction he after about an hour of hard struggling reached the shore in safety, & I have heard him say he considered this one of the narrowest escapes from death, that he ever encountered in his whole life. When not prevented by attendance on the sick he always visited the chapel on the sabbath crossing himself with the holy water, partaking of the consecrated wafer, offered to him although a ~~priest~~ protestant, by the french priest. Amongst the canadians, the priest is a companion, as well as confessor & teacher. He partakes in their amusements, attends at the family dance, & joins them in their lively "carryall" rides during the snows of winter. He is always greeted with smiles & a hearty welcome when he calls at their houses, and looked on as their best friend & social companion, as well as their spiritual guide. There is in short a kind of companionship, & feeling kept up between a canadian priest & his flock, which is wholly unknown amongst protestants, and never can be understood by any sect but those of the Catholic persuasion. They looked on my father with favorable eyes, and were doubtless the cause of introducing him to a considerable number of the patients that came under his charge during his residence amongst them. The second summer of his captivity proved to be very dry,

and threatened the destruction of the crops of grain & grass. In addition to the drouth, as evils seldom come singly, myriads of grasshoppers covered the country, devouring all before them & menacing with destruction the scanty remains of the drouth. In this distressing calamity the people applied to the priests for aid as is their custom in all public providential calamities, such as pestilence, famine &c. A procession was formed, the Host was elevated, & the Virgin Mary was invoked, by prayer, & and the sprinkling of the holy water over the meadows & fields crossed by the priests in their progress. The affrighted grasshoppers, dispersed on every side as the procession advanced, making way for the priests and in the course of a few days, only, father says, plentiful showers fell on the consecrated fields & in less than a week not a solitary grasshopper was seen in all that region.

This was considered by the simple hearted canadians, as amounting to a miracle wrought by the Virgin Mary, in answer to the prayers of the priests. My father supposes that the results of the procession was the effect of natural causes, which had been completed at or near that time when their existence was about to terminate, & which may be known to any one who closely observes the operations of nature. The lives of all insects that appear in large numbers, & simultaneously, must terminate nearly ~~together~~ together, & by noting their appearance, the time of their disappearance can be foretold. That of the cicada, or american locust, can be told with certainty within a few days, by any one who has observed progress in former periods. The priests had doubtless a previous & distinct knowledge of the habits of the grasshopper, were able so to time their operations as to appear to the to have a preternatural influence over them.

Amongst the numerous cases of disease treated by my father was that of a man whose knee joint had

been wounded, followed by inflamation with so extensive & free suppuration, that the ~~patella~~ patella, or knee-pan loosened from its hold on the tendons, and came entirely out. The diagnosis of such a case would usually be that the man would loose his leg, or compound for that with a stiff joint. My father however so skillfully managed the case that neither of these results took place, but he had the satisfaction of seeing his patient perfectly restored, with the free use of the knee joint of the diseased leg. This cure was viewed with much admiration by the canadians, & created a high opinion of his skill as a surgeon. Considerable fungus flesh appearing about the ulcer during the cure, & he had often to apply blue vitriol, which the patient not inaptly named in french the "Blue dog" from its biting sensation when applied to the flesh.

One of the sorest evils of this tedious captivity, was the difficulty attendant on a ~~co~~ correspondence by letters with their friends. Communications between Canada & the N. England states were ~~few~~ slow & far between. And the watchful ~~and~~ jealousy of our enemies lest any facts be communicated by the prisoners to the Americans, that might be injurious to them, made letter-writing still more difficult, being subject to the inspection of the British officers, if sent through them, as was usually the way, unless the poor prisoners was so fortunate as to meet with an opportunity of writing by ~~one~~ one of his own countrymen who was about to be ~~exchanged~~ exchanged. ~~Never~~ Nevertheless, letters were sometimes received so that my father was not totally ignorant of the condition of his wife & family, & they also sometimes heard from him.

In October 1781, ~~they~~ the army of Lord Cornwallis was captured by the united exertions of the French & American troops; soon after this, negotiations commenced between the beligerant nations for a general peace, but it was not fully consummated till the spring of 1783.

Hostilities by land had in a manner ceased, and the prisoners on both sides were anxiously looking for & expecting a general exchange, which should restore them to thier families & friends.

In the mean time the little band of prisoners about 30 in number, quartered at the "Trois Rivieres", had become very impatient, & restless under their present restraint, imagining that their masters the British had no wish to exchange them, but meant to keep them in Canada as long as they could. Men who are idle, & have nothing to do will always be devising some ~~foog~~ project to change, if not to better their condition; accordingly some of the more daring men projected a plan of quitting their comfortable quarters amongst the Canadian pesants, and making their way home through the wilderness & thick forests which for more than 150, or 200 miles seperated the frontiers of Canada frontiers from the nighest settlements in the state of New Hampshire. Their intended rout, which they had studied with all the scanty means in their power, it seems was to be up the St Fracis river to where its head waters approach the ~~Connecticut~~ Connecticut, & down that river to the nearest settlements, where they would find friends & their own countrymen. My father, was early apprised of the project for a long time opposed it, and was with great difficulty brought to join in their measures — He alledged many & substatial reasons. First the dishonor impropriety of breaking their parole of honor, given to their captors, when released from close confinement & quartered out amongst the Canadians. Secondly the difficulty of procuring sufficient food to support so large a number for 15, or 20 days, the time estimated for the journey, without alarming their enemies, and to procure it on the way from game, with their scanty supply of fire-arms, was too uncertain & precaribus. Thirdly, the probability, if not almost certainty, of their being pursued, recaptured & again returned to close

confinement. These reasons although weighty, were considered by most of the men as lighter than feathers, when put in competition with their chance for liberty, which the project afforded and they decided that they would go & leave my father behind if he did not choose to accompany them.—
Overcome by their ~~flatte~~ flattering prospects of success, & disliking to hold back from a plan in which all his fellow prisoners were embarked, he finally consented to join them in the attemp.— The period for their departure it was decided should be about the first of November, and for three or four weeks previous every preperation was made, & precaution taken that they thought would promote their success.—
My father immediatly proceeded to the collection of his yet unpaid dues for medical services, which amounted to a considerable sum, and with what he already had received, when added together made one hundred guineas, which he took the precation of quilting into a linen belt that he fastened round his ~~x~~ body under the shirt. Some of his other dues were converted into clothing amongst which ~~where~~ were two or three rich silk dresses intended as presents to my mother, probably procured from the Nunneries at Montreal.— Amongst other things he got hold of an old ~~comfo~~ compass which would serve to correct their course in stormy or cloudy weather.—
On various pretences the men had borrowed or gotten possesion of five or six muskets & shot guns with powder & balls with which to procure ~~x~~ game for for & to defend themselves from wolves & other wild beasts.— Finally, one night early in November 1781, they were so fortunate as to cross the Saint Lawrence river, at various points and unite their numbers into one body, at the place designated.— They immediately commenced their journey, and before daylight were beyond the settlements, which at that period were confined on the southern ~~x~~ shore to the vicinity of the margin of the river.—
For five or six days they pursued their route through the trackless forrest unmolested, and would probably have escaped the pursuit of the savages had they not been retard-

-ed for more than 24 hours by the sickness of one of the party, and whom the rest were ~~now~~ unwilling to leave behind— About the break of day on the sixth morning of their journey while the main body were yet sleeping around the camp fire, the sentinel was alarmed by the approach of several men; he immediately hailed, but receiving no answer snapped his gun, which fortunately missed fire— Before he could repeat the attempt, the enemy, who proved to be a party of Cochnewaga indians, were upon him, & ~~arrested~~ arresting the musket from his hands, took the whole of them prisoners, without any resistance— As none of the indians had been injured no violence was offered to their captives save that of plundering them of their best apparel, & ripping open their packs in search of plunder. The squaws who accompanied the party, were highly delighted with the contents of my fathers pack, & soon arrayed themselves in the silk dresses intended for my mother— For several days after they would talk to each other in the low indian dialect, when encamped round their fire at night, & laughing point at my father as the man who furnished these desirable articles to their scanty wardrobes— As no very strict personal search was made of the prisoners my father's rich belt escaped detection, & answered a valuable end in ~~this future~~ their future imprisonment— It was probably a fortunate circumstance to the party, although then deemed an evil, that they were captured by the indians for the season was so far advanced, and the chance for procuring food so small, with their ill accoutred arms, that it is more than probable a considerable number would have perished from famine & cold, before they could have reached the American settlements— Their progess, however so far had been rapid, and the Indians told them they had every night at their encampments, & would not have overtaken them had there been no delay for the sick man— The Indians were about thirty in number, and belonged to the Cochnewaga tribe, living in the vicinity of ~~three~~

the Three Rivers. They were detached by British, in whose employ they had been for many years, with orders to bring back the prisoners without bloodshed, if possible — The return of the captive party was slow, in comparison with their march out, and instead of finding themselves in their comfortable quarters with the honest Canadian peasants, they were sent up to Montreal, & put into close confinement. Here their rations were small & poor, and the blessed light of the Sun, & pure air, intended for the poorest of Gods creatures, denied to them. To add to their troubles, in the course of the winter several of the prisoners, were attacked with the Putrid or jail fever, of which some died — My father was brought near to death with this disease & ascribed his escape entirely to the assiduous & careful nursing he received from the sisters of Charity, an order of Nuns in Montreal, & other Catholic cities, whose whole lives are devoted to attendance on the sick — Their constant occupation in this ~~employment~~ employment would naturally make them familiar with the best modes of treating diseases, and form some some of the finest nurses in the world — My father often spoke their kind treatment to him & said, had they been his own sisters they could not have treated him more tenderly — In addition to the ravages of disease, the prisoners were annoyed with vermin, in countless multitudes, harassing & destroying the rest of the sick — During this confinement my father found full use for the guineas which had escaped the search of the indians & what with supplying his own wants, and lending to his destitute comrades, the whole sum was exhausted before they left Montreal — Late in the autumn of 1782, orders were given to send home all the prisoners. They accordingly embarked on board a transport, with many others at Quebec, and sailed early in November — As they were leaving the mouth of the St. Lawrence, in a sudden storm of snow & wind

the transport had a very narrow escape from being wrecked on the island of Anticosti — It is a spot on which more ships have been wrecked, than almost any other the American coast — Lying as it does near the mouth of the river, and filling or occupying almost half its widht, if the wind & tide are not favorable for passing its rocky shores, vessels are in great danger — The freqhent recurrence of such events, had induced the government at that early period to erect a number of huts, near the most exposed points, in which was placed a supply of fuel & cooking utensils for the use of the unfortunate mariners, who might chance to be cast on its rocky & barren shores — The transport, however escaped, and the prisoners, I think were landed in Boston, after having been in confinement & in their enemies hands two years & six months, it was a joyous day when they could again tread the shores of their native land, and be welcomed to embraces of their friends — My father hastened with all speed to his home where he found my mother in good health & overwhelmed with joy & gratitude at his safe return — He also found another smiling prattler, ready to greet him, in my sister Abigail, born a few months after he left home — My mother was a spirited, firm minded woman, & continued to keep house with the children, all alone excepting what aid she received from a married brother who lived near her, although often urged by her father to come & live with him —

While speaking of my mother's father, I may as well note down what I recollect of his family my mother, Abigail Bodwell, was born in the year 1755, in the town Methuen — Her father was Daniel Bodwell, born also in Methuen about the year 1720 —

And died at the age of 80. years — He married Abigail Ladd of Haverhill, who outlived him several years & died in 1816, aged 90 years — Born July 12, 1726 — They were the parents eight children, four sons and four daughters — Daniel, Parker, Alpheus, and John Ladd — Elisabeth, Abigail, Ruth and Lydia — These all lived to adult age and had families — Elisabeth, the oldest daughter married John Sargent, and lived in Methuen, at the falls of Spickett, where he owned a grist mill and carried on Fulling and dressing cloth — Ruth married Josiah Abbot of Andover, and died young leaving three children; one son and two daughters — ~~Lydia married Robert Chase, and lived in~~ The daughters were two Hannahs and one Betsy, two of these died quite young — Lydia married Robert Chase, and lived in Sandown, New Hamshire — Daniel and Parker lived on small farms a few miles west of my grandfather in Methuen — Alpheus, lived near his father, on a portion of the same farm — He had peculiar faculty for catching Salmon, and Pidgeons in nets, making both pursuits quite profitable, in favorable seasons. The pidgeons, after fattening them, were carried to the Boston Market, and the salmon also found there ready sale — He had four sons and three daughters — Samuel, Moses, Alpheus and Mason — Moses who was about my age, died when 10 years old from the bite of a mad dog — Samuel was lost at sea, when about 21 years old — Alpheus also died at sea — My uncle married Hannah Bodwell a full cousin — She was a cheerfull, kindhearted woman, whom, when a boy, I loved more than any other of my aunts — John studied medicine with my father, and followed the practice for many years — He married Dorcas Bodwell, the sister of Aunt Hannah, also a full cousin — My Grandfather's farm lay along the left bank of the Merimack,

coming down within a quarter of a mile of the falls, called Bodwell Falls, across which a bridge was built about the year 1796 — It was the second or third, in point of time built across the Merrimac — The turnpike road from Boston to Concord, N.H. passes over this bridge — Previous to the building of the bridge, for many years my grandfather kept a ferry, the main travel crosing by his house — It was known as "Bodwells ferry" — My grandfather was a plain farmer and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow — The "intervale" land on the river was productive in corn and grass — The upland rather thin — I remember, he never used tea or coffee with his food, but supplied their place with a mug of cider, which he took at every meal — He was always very healthy — My Grandmother was a large, fleshy wowaan, and seldom went from home since my recollection in her latter years, she became rather helpless, and being a pious woman spent the most of her time in her large arm chair, with the bible in her lap, or by her side on a small stand table —

After my father had recruited his flesh and strenght, he again commenced the practice of medicine; but everybody around him being as poor as himself from the effects of the war and the sudden depreciation of paper money, busines was at a stand; and when anything was earned, his patients had little to pay but the production of their farms — with this he could feed his family, but add little or nothing to his purse —

On the thirtieth (30th) September 1783, he

had a son born to him, which he named Samuel Prescott; being his own name and that of his paternal grandmother, who was a Prescott — The winter after this, or the winter of 1783–4, was long remembered all over New England, for the great depth of snow — It lay between five and six feet all over the face of the earth — Filling up wells — blocking up the doors of houses — &c — Near New Bedford a flock of sheep, lying under a high wall were so deeply covered, as as not to be found for four or five weeks after — They were all living but thin in flesh, and had gnawed a large portion of their fleecy covering from each other's backs — During the winter, for six or eight weeks my father visited his patients on snow-shoes — hauled all his wood on a hand-sled, and carried his grain to the mill in the same way — I have often seen them when a boy, hanging to the rafters of the old garret about seventyfive or one hundred years ago, snow shoes were in common use all over the middle and eastern states during the deep snows of winter — Their value in traveling over the snows was learned from the indians, who had been in the practice of using them for many ages before the whites came to America — In the soft snows, which often fell early in the winter to depth depth of three or four feet, traveling was rendered very laborious, if not impossible, for many weeks in succession; as when the country was covered with thick forrests of trees, the snow did not melt for several months and the weather was steadily cold — They were used by whites and indians in their winter hunts and in all their war excursions from Canada in the winter, the french as well as indians constantly used them — They were

of an eliptical shape coming to nearly a point at the hinder end— about three feet long and twelve or fourteen inches wide in the middle— The frame work was a bow of hickory or white oak nearly an inch thick and bent into this shape  . Across which was interwoven a net work made of the thongs of Buck or Moose skin, stretched very tight and fastened to the woodwork— In the centre was placed a large shoe or moccasin, with thongs for confining the foot— On these broad shoes an active naan, accustomed to their use, would walk from thirty to forty miles in a day—

In the year 1785, my father sold his small farm, and bought a larger one, near the center of of town, within a few rods of the Congregational meeting house— The dwelling house was a comfortable wooden building, of two stories high— Two rooms in front, with a kitchen back, and a bed room and entry, one on each end of the kitchen— The chimney was in the middle of the of house, with a huge fire place in the kitchen and an oven in the fire place near one jamb—

The front stairs went up by the front door along side of the chimney; under the stairs was a closet for rubbish, and dry kindling wood in the winter, into which the back of the oven projected— The chambers were arranged nearly in the same order as the lower rooms, with a capacious garret under the roof, where was kept the indian corn in the ear, spread on the floor, with rye, in casks— in the back chamber, over the kitchen, was a loom, where much of the common clothing of the family was manufactured for many years— Here also was placed the meal chest, with several divisions in

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it for disposition of the corn and rye meal – a stairway led from the kitchen into the cellar, which was dug under only half of the house – Here was stored, the cider, potatoes, garden vegetables, and what apples the few trees afforded – every winter, to prevent freezing, a bank of earth was raised all round the sides of house to the height of eighteen or twenty inches, secured by board and stakes to protect the cellar from frost – A well of good water had been dug a few feet from the kitchen door, and a comfortable barn stood about fifty feet from the house, a little back of a parallel line – Behind the house, the ground rose with a gradual slope into a broad hill of moderate elevation – on which, near the house, were a number of scattering Apple-trees – The ground at that day was covered with loose stones, but bore good crops of grass, being occupied for a pasture – In front of the barn was a piece, of an acre or more, a part of which was used for a garden and part for corn and potatoes – Directly in front of this was the road passing east and west by the house, and on a little rise of ground which lay open as a common stood the old meeting house – a plain wooden building, without porch or steeple – at this point there came in four public roads, so that it might be called a place of some note for travel – The common was of a triangular shape, and the roads either passed across it, or along the sides – On the west side, at the foot of the slope stood a little red school house, about twenty feet square – on the west side of the common between and bounded, by two of the

roads, my father owned a meadow of about eight acres — The center of which had been a white pine swamp and for many years after was covered with huge stumps, the roots of which spread over the surface of the ground like the legs of immense spiders. A little in front of the house, on the south and east he owned about fifty acres, in one body composed of pasture, wood land, tillage, meadow and cranberry swamp — It extended across the low lands on a small branch called "Bloody Brook," for half a mile, over to another road — A portion of this tract was called the "Chickering pasture," and another the "Spring pasture" — The tillage land did not occupy more than four or five acres, and was planted yearly with corn and potatoes, producing a good crop, if well manured — the pasture grounds were occasionally plowed and sowed with rye, for one crop — they were generally covered with sweet fern, scrub oak, and huckleberry bushes — The wood lands produced white and black oak, and yellow or pitch pine — the last of which was used chiefly for oven wood, and was always cut at the close of winter, before the frost had left the trees, so that the wood could be split much more easily than when unfrozen — near the meeting house, and a little to one side of the front of my father's house was the burying ground, along side the little common — within its quiet bounds slept many of the arly fathers of the town whose humble tomb stones and quaint epitaphs, bespoke the manners of age long since passed away — The little stream paſsing through the low grounds of the farm and called "Bloody-brook", was so named from a large herd of deer once slaughtered along its borders in the early settlement of the town. It is reported that after

a deep snow there fell a little rain, forming a thin crust into which the deer sunk and were entangled so that the hunters killed them with their tomahawks and knives in such numbers, that when the snows melted in the spring the water of the brook was deeply tinged with their blood —

Since that period, more than a hundred years, it has borne its present name —

Soon after taking possesion of the new purchase my father opened a tavern and a small store of dry goods, which for many years was kept in the little bed room at the end of the kitchen and was about twelve feet square — The location being a central one, and all the town, and public meetings held at the meeting house, made it a very good spot for a tavern, especially in as much as at that day the soberest part of the community partook freely of "Flip" in winter and "Punch" in summer without once being aware that they were doing wrong, or infringing the strictest rules of morality, so long as they drank not to the verge of intoxication — Even the Deacon and preachers of the gospel thought not of evil, when they partook of the cheerful bowl on public occasions. When everybody drank, the calling of the tavern-keeper, mingler of strong drinks was often a very profitable one — on such occasions very little was drank simple, or only mixed with water and a little sugar as in more modern times; but it was made into some palatable form — often into toddy, with a biscuit toasted and put into it, and eaten as the toddy was exhausted, technically called a "toad" — Flip, was made mostly in winter, with small beer — heated with a red hot iron called a "logger-head" and constantly kept in every public house for this express purpose, generally in

the fire, when not in the beer can — This drink was sweetened and spiced and made a very palatable beverage — Switchel - rum and molasses — Egg-nog, made by beating up eggs, and mixing them with rum, sugar and water, was also another New England drink — much in use at that day, especially in the spring of the year at elections — The habit of drinking strong liquors had greatly increased since the revolutionary war, and dissolute manners of the soldiers, too often followed by the citizens, amongst whom they had become amalgamated, after the close of the war — at the head of various kinds of choice drinks, stood the universal favorite Punch — It was composed of Rum - water, sugar, and the fresh juice of the Lemon — it was drank from large china bowls, if they had them, and was often partaken by the females, especially on the day of their grand national jubilee, the fourth of July — Wine, was a drink, comparatively two little used - The variety was mostly Malaga or some the sweet wines, and chiefly appropriated to the use of females, at dances, balls, quiltings and weddings — Cider was a drink in constant use at the table and especially with their dinners - so habitual was its employment by all clafees, that a store of four, up to twenty or more barrels, was regularly stowed away in the cellar, every autumn, as one of the real necefaries of house keeping; with the beef, pork, and potatoes — Very little, if any was used by the distillers of rum &c, in New England, although it had been so appropriated for several years, especially during the war, when foreign liquors were scarce, by the people of New-Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina &c — The national beverage, cider, was constantly drank by the laboring

classes at their work in the fields instead of water; and any farmer who furnished water in place of cider for his work hands was accounted a close fisted, nigardly man— Although very few of the farmers became drunkards from this habitual guzzling of stimulating drinks, yet their red noses, blotched cheeks and sore eyes betrayed the constitutional effects of their favorite beverage— Mixed with a little molasses and water, cider, with bread crumbled into it, was eaten by the children with a spoon from a bowl, or pewter porringer for their supper, at seasons when milk was scarce— Tea, at this early period of the republic, was viewed with rather a jealous eye, by a large portion of the people, although the females began pretty soon to have a hankering after it, and none the less so from its having been a prohibited article; like their progenitor Eve, whose appetite was greatly stimulated from the prohibition laid upon it in the Garden of Eden— However, the females from their influence on the hearts and minds of the men, soon overcame their reluctance, and tea became in a few years one of the most common drinks of the country— Chocolate or Cocoa, and shells the husk of the cocoa nut, was for many years after the was one of the most common of the foreign articles used as a dietetic beverage— —It was both palatable and nourishing— Coffee, came into more general use at a later day; not very generally before the year 1800— The trade of the eastern states with the West— India islands where they carried all kinds of lumber, cattle, horses, mules &c with fish and many articles of provisions, supplied the inhabitants with sugar and molasses; especially the latter articles which was used by all the laboring classes as a common sweetner for their drinks, and ginger bread— Very little

sugar was consumed, in comparison with molasses — Great quantities were also worked up in the distilleries of New England Rum, which was taken by those who could not afford to drink the more costly Jamaica, French brandy, or Holland's gin — Many families consumed a barrel or two of molasses in a year — giving it to the children, on rye and indian bread, hasty-pudding — boiled pudding &c — It was a wholesome article. The ground on which my fathers house stood, although not much elevated above the surrounding country, yet commanded a very extended view of that region — In clear weather, the mountains of the Monadnock range in the western part of the state, were distincly seen lifting their blue heads above the verge of the horizon at the distance of sixty miles — Farm houses, meeting houses, &c, were to be seen on clear days, for six or eight miles on every side, and a little south of us. From the top of a hill, could be seen the ocean; and by the aid of a glass the the ships as they passed in and out of the ports, although the distance in a direct line was about twenty miles — No portion of America which I have ever visited, possesses so clear an atmosphere and such extensive views as this part of New England It may be owing to the gradual rise of the country as it recedes from the ocean, and to regular distribution of low, broad hills of nearly equal elevation, all over it — The cutting away of the forrests, has also assisted much in the extension vision — For fine prospects of towns, villages and rural beauty, no part of the world can exceed the district ranged within thirty miles around Boston — The Theological buildings,

academy and meeting houses in Andover, with the manufacturing village at Spicket Falls, are all in plain view now from the old house— Mem. the city of Lawrence, has been built since this was written, and is in plain sight— at the new home my father continued the practice of medicine and conducted the operations of the farm— The labor was chiefly performed by men hired by the day, especially the more laborious parts— The proceeds furnished food for the family, and the stock needed for labor, meat, milk &c— He usually kept two or three horses— four cows a yoke of oxen— six or eight head of young cattle— twenty sheep, and six or eight hogs— with geese, and poultry— The crops consisted of Indian corn, Rye, Potatoes and Beans— Flax was raised every two years, or oftener, and was a very essential article in the clothing of a family, furnishing bedding— Sheets— Shirts— and much of the summer wear, all manufactured in the house from this valuable plant— at that period not a single cotton factory was built in the country, and the merchants had barely begun to import cotton muslins from the East-Indies— Even Great-Britain but recently commenced the manufactures, that at this time supply half the world with their clothing by day and their bedding at night—

The every day dress of the people was as simple as their manners, and made of cloth fabricated at home— The wool was all carded by hand, and made the labor of females far more ardous than it was after the invention of wool carding machines— My father's dress was a long skirted coat with broad metal buttons, Waistcoat with pocket flaps and skirts— Breeches or small

clothes, with silver knee-buckles — Worsted stockings reaching above the knee — Shoes, with broad straps and large silver plated buckles — In cold weather he wore boots reaching to the knee — Hair tied with a ribbon and long queue — Ear locks frizzled and hair powdered — My mother wore close bodied stays — high heeled shoes, thick quilted petticoat and short gown, for every day dress — On sundays, and visitings, a rich worsted stuff or brocade silk gown, full length, over the quilted petticoat — On the head "a craped cushion of hair", over which the natural hair was turned, and confined by long wire hair pins, with silver, or glass heads — The hair was turned up under a cap, or high turban behind, or if a young woman, it was suffered to fall down its full length over the shoulders, being confined from spreading too wide by clasps — made of thin steel plates about four inches long — at one period the bottoms of their dresses were kept extended by a light hoop, two or three feet in diameter — at a later period instead of the hoop, the dress was extended out into a long train of two or three feet, which dragged on the floor, or the ground — Some of the dress at this period were very rich, being ornamented with gold or silver lace — They were also fond of rich colors — The men wearing scarlet broadcloth cloaks, and the women short cloaks of the same material — When in full dress the men wore cocked, or broad brimmed hats, turned up at the sides and behind, so as to display three corners — these were kept in place by loops; and sometimes a brilliant ornamental button on the side — The hats were made of the richest beaver fur — As the country had at this period but just emerged from a seven years war, and the resources of the people at the lowest ebb, with a heavy

debt resting upon it, the utmost economy was necessarily studied in order to keep themselves from bankruptcy and ruin — Whatever could be manufactured at home, amongst themselves, was done so — Many of the household articles were made of wood — For plates, bowles &c, the Basswood and White Maple furnished a suitable material; and an old man whom I well remember when a boy, by the name of Flanders, used regularly to visit my father's and all that neighborhood, once or twice a year with a horse load of wooden dishes, carried in large bags — In exchange for these articles he took fat pork, meal, cheese, &c — With money when it could be procured — Pewter spoons and buttons were cast to order, by travelling tinkers, who traversed the country to mend kettles and other articles of culinary use — Many of the men had been soldiers during the war, and prefered a roving life to any steady pursuit would confine them to one spot — Nearly all the plates, basins, platters, and drinking vessels were made of pewter, and long rows of shining dishes decorated the cupboards and "dressers" in the kitchens of all the neat and tidy housekeepers of New England —

The females prided themselves greatly on the clean and shining appearance of their pewter dishes, not less so than modern females in their rich displays of silver plate — Every saturday they received a regular scourering and their sitting room and parlour floors a fresh sanding, with the finest and whitest sand that could be procured in the neighborhood — The patterns drawn on this with broom, were viewed with as much interest as the figures and colors of the carpets of these days — The doors and casings of the windows, of the rooms were scoured with sand, and soap, and water, displaying a purity and actual

neatness of appearance, far superior to that of oil paint— Carpets were never seen, except amongst the most wealthy, whose floors were sometimes decorated with these appendages of aristocracy— As late as the year 1800, scarcely a single pleasure carriage, even of two wheels was seen in the town where my father resided— Such a thing as a Chaise or a sulky, was not known in the country except in some of the richer and older setled towns— Nearly all the travelling was done on horseback— The farmers and mechanics took their wives behind them, seated on a broad pillion; which is in fact a large cushion, placed on the hips of the horse and attached to the animal— These were often very neatly made of woolen or worsted stuff, and on them a woman could ride comfortably and lovingly, with her right around the waist of companion— Equiped in this manner, my mother and myself, when a boy, had many pleasant rides on the old red mare, to visit my aunts, and grandfathers family— Much of the travelling was done on foot, and a walk of six or eight miles but little thought of—

In the fall of the year 1800, a man by the name of Mansige, who had been a seafaring personage and owned a dwelling house and some town lots in village of Haverhill, came to my father and persuaded him to exchange his farm for his property in town— Haverhill was at that time a place of consiberable trade, situated on the Merrimac river at the head tide water— Ship-building was carried on to some extent, and several wealthy men for those times were engaged in merchandise and shipping— At this place my father had purchased many of the goods he sold at his lit-

the store, giving in exchange country produce — Here he still continued to sell goods in a small way, and to practice medicine a little — But he missed the occupation of the farm, and the pleasing employment it afforded to his leisure hours — Besides he had many things to buy for the support of his family, such as wood, meal, meat &c, which all his lifetime heretofore, had been furnished by his farm, and of which he knew not the real value — He was now (50) Fifty years old, and had reached a period in the life of man, when changes are borne with more difficulty than at an earlier date — From these combined circumstances he became very unhappy in his new home, and no mountaineer ever bewailed seperation from his native hills, with more poignancy than my father bemoaned his removal from his beloved farm — Many sleepless nights, and sorrowful days were spent in dwelling on his folly, as he was pleased to call it, although in point of actual value there was but little difference in the farm, or the town property — However, time, the soother of many sorrows, finally softened his regrets, but he was never fairly reconciled to his new home to the day of his death — My mother was of a more firm and resolute temperament and could be contented in any place where she chose to be so — About this time he became a member of a masonic lodge and one or two evenings in a week were spent in laboring with his brother masons for the good of mankind — Political parties now carried their measures with a high hand, and every man was expected to be either a "Jeffersonian republican," or a "Washington Federalist" — My father belonged to the republican

party, and in discussing the affairs of the nation he often forgot his own troubles— His children had recieved good common school, or academic educations, and some of them had married— The oldest daughter, Susan, married John Nesmith of Derry, N.H. in 1796— Abigail, the second child, married Eonoch Bradley, a farmer of Haverhill West parish, in 1802— Nancy, married, Thomas Newcomb, a goldsmith, in 1814— Mary, married, Francis Eaton, a Lawyer of Haverhill in 1814— And Harriet, Captain John Day, a sea captain in the India trade in the year 1819— Charles F. Hildreth, married Mrs Elisabeth Elliot, in the year 1822, by whom he had only one living child, William, who died in his third year —

When the Ohio Company was formed in the 1787, my father became a member, and was the owner of two full shares of land, which he purchased through the agency of Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Mass— I well recollect that a part of the payment was made in cattle about the year 1793— Amongst them was a favorite pair of twin steers, which I saw driven away with great reluctance—

When his business did not go to suit him, my father used to talk of selling out his town property and moving on to some of his Ohio lands, but my mother being averse to going to a new country, he was easily persuaded to lay aside such resolutions, and finally about the year 1816. And previously disposed of all his Ohio lands; realising in the sales about the first cost and the interest on the money— In the year 1822— My mother who had been for many years in feeble

health, died at the age of 67 — She was a woman of strong powers of mind, very charitable and piously disposed — In any sudden emergency or danger her calmness never forsook her and for moral or physical courage she was superior to most men — She was so little disposed that melting and feminine manner common to most females, that she has been heard to say that she had never kissed one of her children, when infants or rocked them in a cradle; holding the latter to be a useless appendage to the nursery; and the former a mark of childish weakness — Nevertheless her children were treated with all due tenderness, and she possessed the hearty love and affection of them all from their earliest recollections to manhood — On the other hand my father, was much given to fondling the little ones, and when in the house and not employed had always one or two of them on his knee — Some of my earliest recollections are connected with setting on my fathers lap, by the morning fire, snugly evelloped in his ample worsted morning gown, rocking back and forth in the chair to the low hum of some french nursery air, which he had learned in Canada; for whose language and manners he ever retained the most favorable opinions to the day of his death — Nevertheless, the children, when they wanted any special favor always applied to my mother in preference to my father; as more certain of granting their wishes — —

My mothers health had been very delicate for several years previous to her death, which took place in November 29th, 1822 — She was naturally of a refecting, contemplative turn of mind; and in her latter years devoted a

good deal of time to religious reading, and charitable occupations, bestowing a considerable share of her good on the poor and needy inhabitants around her, thus obeying the command of the apostle, to do good and communicate —

In the spring of 1823, my father concluded to make a visit to Ohio, not only to see his son in Marietta, but also to view the rich vallies of the west, which had for many years excited his curiosity, highly raised by the extravagant tales of its fertility retailed in New England about the time of the formation of the Ohio Land Company — His journey out was performed very comfortably, in a small covered one horse wagon. The visit was very pleasant to him, and the time passed rapidly away, until the forepart of August, when the country became the seat of a violent epidemic fever — The year before had been very sickly, but this year it was still worse — While on a visit at Belpre, he was attacked with the epidemic and died at the house of my wifes mother after an illness of about a week, August 6th, 1823 — In the seventy third year his age — His health was generally firm and good, and but for this attack he might in all probability have lived a number of years — His remains were intered at Belpre, but were in 1825 removed to Marietta, laid in Mound Grave Yard — A plain stone monument marks the place of his repose —

A brief autobiography of S. P. Hildreth, written in 1840.

The writer of this simple memoir, was born on the 30th day of September 1783— At the time of my birth I was of a feeble weakly constitution, in part occasioned by a large abscess directly over the right parietal bone, or near the top of the head— It was thought to have been occasioned by a fall which my mother had down the cellar stairs a few weeks before her confinement— My father made a free incision into the abcess a day or two after my birth, which discharged considerable matter and so large a quantity of blood as nearly occasioned my death; and leaving me for many months a poor, pale sickly child, whom no one thought would arrive to manhood— A scar three inches long and nearly an inch wide remains this day, over which no hair has ever grown— When I was about a year old, and had in some measure recovered from this excessive depletion and had begun to ballance my body a little in a sitting posture on the floor, the nurse placed me in a chair before the kitchen fire and ran to the door to look at a funeral procession then passing— She had barely left me when I stumbled from the chair into a large bed of coals on the hearth— A violent scream brought her to my aid; but not in time to save me from a terrible scorching— My face and hands were burnt in a desperate manner, the scars of which remained for many years, and left a premature wrinkling of the skin, giving me when a young man the aspect of one several years older than I really was— With the exception of these two accidents my infancy paſsed away without anything very serious befalling me— Until I was three or four years old my mother generally kept a bowl of Spigelia, or Pink tea constantly in readineſs for me, and whenever I complained of pain a good drink of it was sure to follow— So accustomed had I become to its use, that the taste was not disagreeable to

me, especially as I knew it by the name Coffee—
When about three years old a little incident occured
that amused my mother considerably—I had seen
the men at their labour of mowing grass—in
imitation of them I picked up the branch of a
tree with a projecting shoot resembling a scythe—
with this I had been laboring on the side hill
near the house, until by an unlucky step
I fell and broke it—It being near I came in and stood
in the doorway of the sitting, swinging it too
and fro and staring at a traveller, who had called at
our tavern for his dinner—He seeing me thus em-
ployed asked "what is your name little boy"—I
directly answered "Samuel Prescott Abill, went up
the hill," to mowing grass, fell down and broke
his scythe"—Such a curious name amused the
man greatly, and the children for some time
called me "Samuel Prescott Abill"—When five
years I was sent to school, and set to the task of
learning the A. B. C. in the New England Primer—
A book at that time put into the hands of all
beginners in the road to science—I remember,
that in returning from the school house the first
day, at noon, which was not more than 20 rods
from my fathers over the little common in
front of the meeting house, I took a shorter route
across the small lot in front of the barn, that led me
by a favorite apple tree, and while busied with
laid down my primer, and went home without it—
However I soon mised it, and returning to the spot
was greatly rejoiced to find my lost treasure—
In the course of that summer I learned to read
pretty fluently in the Bible, which was considered
quite an achievement by the school mistress and
my mother—My teacher was a maiden lady,
about 40 (forty) years of age—She was nearly

four and a half feet high, with projection btween the shoulders of the size of a mans head— it was occasioned by a curvature of the spine, from the effects of a disease then called the "Rickets," but now known as that of the "spinal disease"— She was a perfect picture of Aesop in a female dress— Her features were small, but well shaped— Complexion pale, with a decided intellectual expresion of face— Her dress was always neat, but very plain— One article was a high crowned, white lawn cap, which added somewhat to her stature— A clean, triangular white handkerchief covered her neck and shoulders— With a gown of plain calico, over which, depending from her right side, hung a large pocket, ornamented with needle work— In this she carried her pen-knife, handkerchief, snuff-box, apparatus for knitting, sewing &c— She was quite an inveterate snuff taker, and generally carried some slight indications of the habit on her upper lip and about the corners of the nostrils, although she was very cleanly in her general appearance, and took great pains to remove all outward marks of the use of snuff— The boys, though many of them were taller than herself, all stood in fear of her frown; and still more in dread of the delicate birchen rods, which she was in the practice of applying with sparing hand around the ancles and shins of the refractory and idle ones, the bare feet and short trousers then common during the summer months affording every facility needed for this kind of punishment— When our conduct was deserving of praise, Mistress Sally Wood, for that was her name, never withheld it from us, but every one recieved his full share— By this course even-handed justice she won the good of all her scholars, as no one could say he was ever punished without a full and sufficient reason— As for myself, during the two or three summers spent under her tuition, she stood next to my mother in point of love and esteem; and

to this day I call up her remembrance with deep and never to be forgotten respect— Under her direction I made my first attempts in the art of writing— After writing out a copy on the top of the page, I distinctly remember she used to guide my fingers in the use of the pen, by placing her own over them, until I acquired the habit of moving them in the right manner— Her home was in the town of Boxford, a few miles South east from Methuen— At what period she died I do not know, as I did not see her again after she ceased to keep school in our district— Molly Ruff, was another of my female school teachers she kept in a small shoe makers shop, about ten feet square— It was situated half a mile east of our house, across, or beyond Bloody Brook, on a road which ran nearly parallel with that by my fathers— In the winter it was occupied by her brother, an old bachelor, for the manufacture of shoes; while in the summer he worked on his farm— This was a common practice amongst the frugal New England yeomanry— Mistress Molly had a very small school, and was but a poor teacher in comparison with Mistress Wood— My improvement under her care was but little— About ten or a dozen children, composed the whole— In going and returning from school we had to pass across the pastures and meadows by a foot path, and through several sets of rail fence or bars— One day in coming home I recollect I fell into some quarrel with a boy and girl two or three years older than myself by the name of David and Sally Pace, who lived near us— They both fell upon me at once and gave me a severe beating with small sticks, although I was more than a match for either of them singly— While walking along sulkily behind them, with my switch in my hand ready for revenge should a chance occur, I espied them trying to force their way between the bars of the fence instead of climbing over them— now I thought was my chance, rushing up unexpectedly, paid them off with full interest, before they could

through and out of reach— However, these little quarrels were soon forgotten, and in a day or two we were on friendly terms again— My father was very fond of fishing, and at leisure times during the summer months often amused himself in this way— The scene of his operations was the Spicket River a fine mill stream of about twenty yards in width, that flowed along through the low lands half a mile from our house— I had often expressed a desire to attend him, but had always been put off by saying I was too little yet— However one day when I was about six years old he consented to have me accompany him in one of his piscatorial excursions— Having dug the angle worms for bait and confined them in one of his large tin pill boxes, we shouldered our fishing rods and started for the shores of the Spicket— The rout to the stream lay most of the way across meadows and pasture grounds, thickly studded with low thorn bushes: as it was a wet drizzly day, by the time we reached the river, my clothes were pretty well sprinkled, but as I was bare footed it made but little difference— My father baited my hook and showed me how to cast it into the water, while he went a few rods further up the stream where he could have the benefit of a large tree to shelter him a little from the rain— The fish we caught were mostly spotted Perch, and ruffs, or sun-fish, with now and then a pickerel. The sport was however, sometimes interrupted by a school of Horn-pouts, or cat-fish, who would drive away the other fish and take the hooks to themselves. This is very annoying to the fisherman, as their flesh was considered as worthless and never eaten by the New-England people— My father had left me but a few minutes when I felt a tremendous bite at my hook, and the fish started off into the stream with line— I make every effort in my power to drag the monster to the shore, but the bank being wet and slippery as well as steep, my feet gave way and I was dragged into the water upto my knees— In this dilemma I shouted with all my might to my father

to hasten to my aid — He was soon at my side and seizing hold of the pole threw my antagonist on to the land — It proved to be a horn-pout of the largest class, and I considered myself as very fortunate in not having been dragged quite away, as I was too ambitious to let go the pole, when I found myself thus sliding into the water — This adventure amused my father considerably, and served as a joke for some time after, whenever I mentioned going a fishing — However we continued the sport, he remaining by me and baiting the hooks, until we had caught as many fine perch as he wished for that day; and I remember that more and larger fish, were taken from my hook, than from his — After this we had many pleasant trips to the Spicket for fish, which were usually fried with salt pork, and eaten with great relish, from the fine appetite acquired by this kind of exercise —

By the time I was seven or eight years old, the whole charge of driving the cows to pasture and bringing them home, with riding the horses to to water was put into my hands — A part of the season this was no small labor as the pasture was more than a mile distant near the little school house of Molly Ruff — Until I was familiar with the road, one of my older sisters used to with me, generally sister Abigail, who was about three years older — Our other pastures were nearer home — one of which was the "hill pasture" and lay directly back of the lot where I took my first lesson in Mowing — It was dotted with pine bushes — briers, and stones, so thick that only a small portion of them served to enclose the whole lot with a substantial stone wall — All the farms in this region were fenced in this manner. Another pasture was known by the name of the Chickering pasture — and lay south of the house towards the Spickel River, distant not more than thirty rods from the house — A part of this lot was covered with Huckleberry bushes and sweet fern — And in the summer afforded us

an abundance of fine fruit, to eat with our bread and milk, and to cook in rich indian puddings. The berries were generally gathered into baskets made of the bark of the White Birch, which grew in all the wet grounds, and could be peeled off in large sheets of the right size for sewing up into boxes or baskets. The outer surface was white, and as smooth as paper, and was often stained and ornamented with many curious devises — The indians of this region used it for making their canoes — Slips of it rolled up, and fired at one end burnt nearly as well as a candle, and was used for torches in their fishing at night — Another part of the pasture was covered with forrest trees of oak and pine, and furnished the family with their fuel — The whole lot contained about thirty acres, and many solitary rambles used to have amongst its labyrinths of bushes in search of the cows — Near the center of the more open part stood a single white pine of great size — The wind as it sighed and moaned through its thick deep green foliage, has often attracted my notice and excited my boyish wonder as something super-natural or connected with the sprits of the air — One other pasture lay near the center of the farm, and was called the "Spring-pasture" from a fine spring which broke out from under a gravelly bank, and run away across a low swampy piece of ground to unite its waters with those of "Bloody Brook" which ran meandering through our meadow — along the borders of this wet land, I used to regale myself with the roots of the "Brake" a variety of fern, and whose white, mucilaginous tuber made up of laminated folds used greatly to please the palates of the boys —

To all these pastures, the cows and young cattle were driven by turns during the summer months, so as always to have succession of fresh grass — In the winter nearly the same labor was to perform in driving them every morning about half a mile to

"Bloody Brook" for water, through the deep snow, with an ax on my shoulder to cut through the ice — The snow sometimes fell to the depth of three or four feet and when attended or followed by wind as it generally was the windward side of the road was lined with deep drifts, which as the wind whistled through or over the top of the stone wall was wreathed into all manner fantastic shapes, many of which would have afforded fine models for the sculptor in fashioning the capital of a Corinthian pillar — When it was very deep the whole neighborhood turned out with their ox teams, sleds and shovels to open the road to the schoolhouse, meeting house, mills &c — after the snow had become compact and sufficiently solid to bear the weight of a boy, we used to have fine sport in sliding down the hills, by moonshine, on our hand sleds —

By the time I was eight years old, I began to attend the winter schools, under the charge of a male teacher — The school house was not more than twenty rods from my fathers, and was a wooden building, about twenty feet square, painted on the outside with Spanish brown — The interior was conveniently arranged with seats and benches, and a huge open chimney for heating the room — The first winter school I attended, was kept by a young man, named Asa Messer who was preparing for college — He in after life became the the president of Brown Univerity, in Providence R.I. for a number of years — I recollect a novel mode he had of punishing the little boys, for whispering, from having myself been subjected to the operation, it was done by taking them up by the heels and thumping gently their heads on the floor; I remember it the more distinctly from the floor being at that time very wet with melted snow — The next winter, the teacher was cousin of mine named Asa Sargent — who was then studying medicine with my uncle Dr. Bodwell — soon after this he was appointed surgeonsmate to a sloop of war in U. S. service the Pickering — It was the

period of our disturbance with the French Republic—
The vessel and all the crew were lost at sea, probably in
a squall, as she was never heard off afterwards—He was
a fine looking man, and greatly lamented by all his relations
acquaintances—My next winter teacher was Phinehas
Meeser, a man rather past the middle age of life—He
was of a thin spare habit, sharp features, and a long thin
face, with generally an ominous frown on his brow—on
his left cheek was a large scar, with the flesh projecting as
if a knife had been run through about a third of an
inch of the skin, raising it up and leaving it in this
position—his right knee joint was stiff, with the limb
half bent, so that he walked with a stout heavy crutch—He was
by occupation a shoe-maker, and wrought at his trade
during that portion of the time not taken up with a school,
generally confined to the winter months—His temper
like his face, was crabbed and sour, and seldom so
much pleased as to create a smile—He kept on his table
a heavy ferule, made on purpose for punishing the boys,
which was often applied with no sparing hand. With
his stout crutch he was in the habit of making a
wide sweep amongst them, and hurling them to the
right and left when they crowded too thickly around the
morning fire—He was on the whole a faithful teacher,
and did his best to make the boys learn, but they would
have loved and obeyed him better could he have done it
with a more gracious manner—under him, until I
was ten or twelve years old, I learned to write, cypher,
read and spell—one of exercises in spelling, was
for two of the older and better scholars to choose sides
once a week, try their skill in spelling—Each scholar
selected a word from any book he chose, and wrote it out
on a slip of paper—they were generally taken from
the Bible—These were read by the master, and the
side which missed the fewest of them was con-
sidered the conqueror—In this way their wits

and ingenuity were exercised, if they were not improved, in useful spelling — Mr. Meser also added to his acquirements the art of singing — he was the parish choister, and in the winter evenings used to teach a class of boys and girls in this pleasant accomplishment — when about twelve years old I attended one winter under his tuition and learned to sing what was then called "Counter", but in these days it is known by that of the "Second" — on sundays his short thin pitch pipe was heard amongst the choir, sounding the note note which was to govern the cadence of the tune to be sung — He was on the whole a useful man, but not one to be loved — My sisters Susan and Abigail attended his school, and became very good singers — my last country, or common school teacher was Isaac Swan — when a young man, I think he had been attached to the Quarter-master's department in the Revolutionary army, and had acquired a habit of intemperance — He was about the middle age, and an old batchelor — he was a fine penman, and I learnt to write more and better under his instruction than from any of the other teachers — He was moreover a very kind and pleasant man in his manners, and all the boys were well pleased with him — He was generally quite sober during the school hours — under his teaching I completed my knowledge of Arithmetic, mastering nearly or quite all the rules in Dilworths and Pikes arithmetic —

Amongst the playmates of my early child-hood, were Christopher and Elijah Sargent — They lived about twenty rods west of our house, and in my visits there I had to pass across a small meadow, thinly planted with Apple trees and to climb over one pretty high stone wall — Their father was Deacon Elijah Sargent, and their grandfather the Reverend Christopher Sargent, and among the

ordained ministers in Methuen — His venerable figure is associated with my earliest recollections. He used to set by the fire in a large arm chair, clad in a full, loose woolen gown — a woolen cap on his head, shaped some what like a mitre, with standing tapels on the corners — The cap was used in place of a wig as more convenient, a number of the latter being hung up in the old garret, where we used to play, and amuse ourselves by putting them, with the deacons old cocked hat on our heads, and chasing each other around the great chimney which paked up through the middle of the attic. He was then superannuated, and a man by the name of Simon Williams was associated with him in the ministry — He however was dismisked in a short time for misdemeanor — I recollect the old man was a great smoker and the room, into which I seldom ventured smelt as strong of tobacco, as any bar room after an election — I used greatly to admire his long stemmed pipes, tipped with green, and the curious, little curved tobacco, or pipe tongs, which hung by a nail in the chimney corner, and were never applied to any other use than that of tightening his pipe — He was over ninety years old at the time of his death — The deacon was then a man about fifty years old, and as much addicted to chewing tobacco; as his father was to smoking — The juice of this facinating weed, was usually seen distilling from each corner of his mouth, and trickling through his long beard to the chin; while the corners and upper part of his waistcoat were stained with the spittle which fell on its way from his mouth to the ground, owing to his slovenly way of discharging it — He was the owner of a pretty large farm, and the work and appearance of every thing about it was much in the style of his own personal looks — By the time I was thirteen years old he had become involved in debt, obliged to sell his farm and move on to a much cheaper one in Windham a few miles north west of Methuen in New Hampshire, and died leaving

his family nearly destitute — all his misfortunes and trouble may be safely charged to his want of order and slovenly habits — The family consisted of Isaac - Susan - Lydia - Dorcas, Christopher and Elijah — Dorcas and Christopher were near my age — Isaac, Susan and Dorcas died of consumption when about eighteen or twenty years old — ~~Lydia~~, married my brotherinlaw John Nesmith of Derry, N.H. as his second wife and became the mother of two sons —

Attached to the old parsonage house was a huge kitchen, in which we used to have fine sport, playing "blind man's buff" and other games — on such occasions we used to light the room with the blaze of pine knots, which afforded a brilliant flame and saved the use of candles, which in those days were scarce and burned with much more economy than now — The deacon had a large number of apple trees on his farm and made an abundance of cider — with this, before it became too sour, we used to regale ourselves; drinking it from a pewter tankard, after we had warmed it on the coals — It is said to have much higher relish from a metalic vessel, than from glass, owing to a slight galvanic influence imparted to the tongue — The first peach I recollect of ever seeing, grew on a tree at the foot of the deacon's garden — It was the only one they had; I think, and was a clingstone of the largest size and richest deep red color. To my boyish imagination, it was the most desireable of all eatables, and Eves unholy longing for the forbidden fruit of Eden, was not more intense than ours for these peaches; and although they were forbidden to us by the deacon on the severe penalty of the rod, yet we used to seize every opportunity of knocking off one or two a piece, not daring to take more at a time lest they should be mised — these were eaten with a relish I have never found in any other peach since —

There was also a tree in the orchard near the

school house, which bore small apples, and which we used to visit daily, from the time when the apples were not bigger than an ounce ball, till they were all gone, which generally happened a long time before any of them were ripe — When I was a boy good eating fruit was a great rarity, and was seized with avidity, and sometimes without honesty — Common, natural fruit for cider was abundant. The old meetinghouse, a plain framed building, without any steeple stood on a small common only a few rods from my fathers and between our house and Deacon Sargent's. The little common around the house and the old horse sheds back of it afforded us a fine play ground — under the pulpit was small vacant room that never was applied to any use, which the little boys I know not how had become impressed with the belief, was a jail, or prison for confining the unruly boys on the Sabbath — The clapboards had been removed in part by time or by accident from the planking over this room, so that we could look through the crevices into the dark interior, and as we could distinguish nothing distinctly, our imaginations peopled it with a thousand terrors — I can remember with what fear and trembling I used to look into this dreaded room — During the summer evenings we used to have fine sport in watching the Bats, as they poured out in hundreds from the old cornice, and crannies of the crazy building, and knocking them down by throwing our hats, sticks and stones amongst them — The interior of the house was in strict keeping with the outside — The pulpit was an old fashioned kind of box, with an octagon sounding board attached to the wall, six or eight feet above the head of the minister — I recollect that for several years a number of kegs of gun powder, belonging to the town were kept on the top of this sounding board, as the safest place to be found for it until they built a powder house — In front of the deacon's seat, on each side of the broad aisle, were two long benches, where the elders or oldest men an women of

the town were seated* —— The old men took the right side, and the women the left, of the pulpit. Back of these were the pews, square shaped, with seats all round them — These seats were fastened with hinges and made a great clattering as lifted up and down at the beginning and ending of prayers — near the front door sat two tything men, or wardens, as they were called, with their canes of eight, or nine feet in length set up behind them as a terror to the mischievous boys — These were viewed with great dread, no boy dared to smile, or make any noise while they were in meeting — once a month we used to attend on Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of being examined in the Westminster Catechism, by the minister — we used to be very ambitious to give the answers correctly and without any mistakes — It was also the practice in some of the schools to teach the Catechism every saturday until the scholars had become masters of it — It was an excellent practice and children and young persons a more correct view of christianity and the moral law than could be taught in the same space in any other way — our parents also examined us in the same manner on sunday evenings — Sunday schools were not use till many years after this period — By the time I was eight or ten years old I was put to light labor on the farm, during those periods when not engaged in school, which was generally only a small part of the year — I learnt to ride on horseback when quite young — my first attempt was on the old red mare and as she took a fancy to go rather faster than I wished, instead of checking her by drawing the reins, I applied my whip quite lustily to her sides, and called out whoa, whoa, as loud as I could bawl; this treatment only served to increase her speed, what the result would have been I do not know, had not some one directed to quit

* When the hot weather of summer prevailed the bald-headed old men wore white linen caps, and in winter woolen ones — amongst them was a man named Ordway who had a wen the size of a hens egg in the centre of his forehead — another named Davis, had one nearly as large on one eyelid — these two men often attracted my notice —

whipping her, and to draw up the bridle reins — on this of mare I for many years did the milling for the family, lading her every other saturday with two bags, one containing a bushel of Indian Corn, the other a half bushel of Rye — From these articles were manufactured the bread of the family — Sometimes we had the rye bolted and from the flour made a very sweet light bread — our common Pie crust, drop cakes and dough nuts were made of the same, except on some special occasion, such as thanksgiving, Election day, or a great party, — when we were treated with articles made of wheat flour — Our flour was all brought from the Southern States, as wheat would not grow in our soil after it had been cultivated a few years, although when first cleared from the forrest it bore one or two very good crops — Various were the reasons assigned for this failure by the simple hearted farmers of New England, although it was generally attributed to the blighting effects of the farina from the blossoms of the Barberry bush, a plant which grew luxuriantly in the poorest kind of soils — The poor bushes although entirely innocent of the charge had to suffer the penalty of a bad name, and in many places were nearly exterminited — Modern Science has however discovered, that the source of the failure was a deficiency of lime or calcareous earth in the soil, and that by a judicious application of lime to their fields the farmers of Massachusetts can raise as good wheat as they do in Ohio — The mill to which I usually wended my way was owned by my Uncle John Sargent, and was about a mile from my father's — It was built at the falls of the Spickel, one of the most romantic and picturesque spots in all that region of country — The dam was thrown acrofs the stream directly at the head of the pitch so that the water as it fell over its face mingled with the foam of the falls — the descent was over thirty feet in about

two rods so that the whole face of the rock was one sheet of foam — A small island divided the river at the head of the falls, and a dam was connected with it on each side, affording sites for two mills — that on the left bank was an over-shot mill, while my uncles was an under-shot — When the river was pretty full in the spring of the year the spray filled the air for many rods around the the falls, while its roar was heard for a mile or more — during the severe cold of winter many curious columns, and fantastic arches were formed on the projecting rocks by the frozen spray, in which I used to gaze with wonder and delight — Before dams were thrown across the stream, it was filled with fish every spring — salmon, shad and alewives in thousands, and rare sport, the early settlers, and indians used to have in catching them as they lay in still water below, preparing to make the mighty effort of scaling the rocky barrier, through the flood of falling water — so great was the height to be scaled that repeated trials were often made before it could be accomplished — my uncle also carried on Cloth-dressing, his fulling mill stood near the top of the falls, while the grist mill stood lower down and were both supplied water from the same pen-stock — The moving of the great feet or hammers of the fulling mill used to excite my curiosity, as they moved so regularly that I could hardly divest myself of the belief they had animation and were directed in their movements by some living body — My visits to this mill were always seasons of joy, and merriment, as my Cousin Frederic two or three years older than myself, was always ready to join me in my sports — while the grist was grinding we used in the spring and summer to visit the quiet waters above the falls with our fish-ing rods, or if the water was warm by bathing

in its limpid bosom — and many nice messes of fish I carried home to frye for my supper — The stream for a mile or more above the mills flowed quietly along through wet meadows that abounded in cranberries which in the spring of the year were fully ripe and good eating — The Sarracenia, or sidesaddle-plant, also abounded; and from its purple, pitcher-shaped leaves we used to quench our thirst with the water of the Spicket — In the winter we used to amuse ourselves by sliding down the declivity which occasioned the falls of the river, into the valley of the stream — It was rapid descent and was enjoyed with great glee as we passed swiftly down, both seated on the same sled — My Aunt Elizabeth Sargent was a very kind pleasant woman and always treated me to a piece of pie or a slice of cake, while I chatted and romped with three or four female cousins a little older than myself — My Uncle was a man of refined talk, far above most men of his station and calling — dressed neatly and was a great reader — our Social Library was kept at his house — the company which owned it was formed about the year 1790, and he was the librarian — It contained four or five hundred volumes, and as saturday was the period for exchanging the books I generally took this opportunity of getting a new one — I was extravagantly fond of reading, and in the course of four or five years I had read nearly all it contained except the works on theology, one of the first I took out I recollect was Esop's Fables — it greatly delighted me and gave me new ideas of the faculties of birds and beasts so that I imagined they were endowed with minds and reasoning powers, some what similar to human beings — one day when I was returning from a visit to the old mill, leading the mare by the bridle, amusing myself by throwing

stones at various objects along the side of the road, a small bird called a snow bird, attracted my notice as it sat in a bush— a stone was at it with effect and it fell dead to the earth— I immediately picked it up and as its nerveless limbs and drooping head lay quivering in my hand, the thought struck me that I was murderer, and as it was the first sensitive being that had ever been deprived of life by my hands, feelings very similar to those of Cain came over me and I hastened to hide the object of my cruelty in a crevice of the stone wall by the side of road— not long as I was amusing myself by throwing apples at the swallows, whose nests were attached to the rafters of the barn, without any intention of harming them, one of them was struck as they were flying in crazy circles beneath the roof and an other death of an innocent bird was added to the account— I was for a moment quite confounded at the unexpected event, as I had been taught to believe that a very serious evil was sure to follow the killing of a swallow, no less than this, that the cows would give bloody milk. In this case the penalty that was to follow, struck me with more dread than the commission of the crime, and I hastened to hide the little harmless swallow, before any one should see it— For several days I watched carefully for the expected event, at every milking of the cows, but at the same time was careful to say nothing of the tranaction to any one— Time rolled on, and the milk still retained its purity, which I in some manner attributed to my keeping it secret; however I was careful not to endanger the lives of the swallows any more, but these two events left an impression on my mind which has never been entirely erased, and I cannot take the life of any animal, even a kitten or a chicken, without a return of some of the

feelings of my boyhood, nor stand by and see it done by another person— But to return to my reading— Amongst the books read, I recollect was Rollins Ancient History— Cook's Voyages— Brydone's Tour — Bruce's Travels — Hudibras — &c, &c — History, Voyages and Travels, were my favorites — and of these I never tired, but could leave my play at any time to feast upon the contents of a favorite book— About this period the war of the French Revolution was in full force, and I read with great gust the accounts of their various battles as published in the village newspaper printed at Haverhill once a week— The paper was left at a house nearly a mile from my father's and when the day arrived for its delivery no weather however, wet, cold, or stormy could hinder me from going there to get it— I well recollect of traveling through some of the stormiest days, and deepest snows of our turbulent winters, contrary to the advice and against the wishes of my mother, rather than forego the delight of reading the news for a single day— During the summer months, while resting an hour or two at noon from my labors on the farm, if the weather was pleasant I used to climb into the branches of a favorite elm tree that stood before the door, and seating myself in the forks, with my back resting against a stout limb, read some interesting book till called by my father to resume the work then in hand— Another source of enjoyment was derived from the oral relations of the day laborers who occasionally worked on the farm; several of whom had been soldiers in the Army of the Revolution, and the skirmishes and battles in which they had been engaged were yet fresh in their memories— Many of them were fond of relating their adventures; and no higher treat could be given to my ardent and romantic imagination, than the rehersal of the incidents of some battle in which they had taken a part. Amongst these old soldiers whom I remember as affording me the most entertainment was James Davis, Henry Bodwell, Thomas Pace and Daniel Jennings— Davis, was a poor, hardworking sober man,

and was a favorite laborer with my father, for his honesty, industry and temperate habits — He lived about half a mile from our house, and two of his children, Dudley and Miriam, who were twins used to go to the same school with me, and were near my own age — Frederic, was about two or three years younger — I recollect the family lived in a small house near their grandfathers, who had a daughter that was an idiot, then thirty or more years old — her odd motions and fantastic actions used to afford a good deal of amusement to us boys, while the old man her father, whom Dudley and Miriam called "Granf", being a short way of saying gaandfather used to scold us very heartily for our lively — at those periods when I drove the cows to the far pasture I passed by the house twice a day, and we had many opportunities for amusement — Henry Codwell was a distant relative of my mother, and although not more than thirty five years of age in 1793, when I was ten years old, yet he had served as a soldier in the Continental Army during the whole war — at the time of his entering the service, I have heard my parents say that he was considered not only one of the handsomest, but also one of the most promising young men in the town, to make a useful and valuable member of society — But the dissolute habits of the army and vicious practices of the young men, his associates, totally ruined him; so that he returned to his parents, a drunken, idle worthless fellow, with habits of vice so confirmed that he was never after of any use to his family or to society — He married an illegitimate daughter of the wife of Thomas Pace, of whom she became the mother some years before her marriage. From this man I used to hear many interesting stories of the war, but always so blended with oaths and profanity that I did not enjoy them with half the satisfaction I felt at the rehersals of honest James Davis —

Thomas Pace, was an Englishman by birth, and had served for many years as a sailor and marine in the British ~~Army~~ Navy, during the period of their wars with the French, previous to the American Revolution — a

short time before its commencement, or about the year 1770, he deserted from one of their seventy four gun ships while laying in the harbor of Boston — He pushed out into the country and kept concealed until after the sailing of the ship — when the war broke out, to show that he was sincerely attached to the Americans, he joined the army as a volunteer and was in the battle of Bunker Hill — many times have I heard him relate all the particulars of that eventful day, so far as he was concerned —

How many times he fired his musket before the "Red Coats" stormed the redout in which he was stationed, and how when they had taken possession, and were bayoneting all the Americans they could reach, he forced his way out from amongst them, and when only a few yards distant he turned round and discharged his piece, into the thickest of the British accompanied with a short farewell speech of "take that damn ye." After which he ran down the hill at full speed and across the neck of land, amidst the round and grape shot fired at the retreating Americans from the shipping that enfiladed this narrow pass — However he crossed it unharmed, while many others were either killed or wounded within a few feet of him. Like all British sailors he was fond of grog; and when animated with a dram or stout drink of cider, he used to sing for me some of his favorite sea songs of which he had a great store; or relate some battle adventure in which he had been engaged at sea, during the fifteen or twenty years of service, he had seen in the navy into which he had been impressed, when quite a young man — He was a short, thick set fellow, with rough coarse features, but of a lively, cheerful disposition; at that time he must have been over sixty years as his hair was quite grey — He was very fond of children and many a times, when not more than three or four years old have I set on his knee before the fire, while he sung to me some of his favorite songs — after I became older many a dram of New England rum, and mug of cider have I given him in return for his

songs and stories — He used to work a great deal for my father and when not at labor was often at our house, his home being only a quarter of a mile distant — For a sailor and a man used to rough companions a large portion of his life, he used very little profane language; his most common phrases were "faich my little fellow," or little short raise," when in good humor — His worst fault was a disposition to be rather quarrelsome when full of grog, and ready for a round at fisticuffs, with any one whom he thought had insulted him. He was quite an adept at boxing, which he had learned at sea, and used to take great pains to instruct me in the art, but I had so little relish for feats of this kind, that I profited but poorly from his lessons. He died, I think at nearly or quite eighty years old —

His wife, some years younger than himself, used to assist my mother in much of the heavy work, such as cleaning house and the labor that falls to females after killing hogs &c — She used to wear a man's woolen hat on her head, and when a fatigued would sit down by the kitchen fire and solace herself with the pipe, to which she was inveterately attached; on such occasions I used to stand by her when quite small, and watch the smoke as it curled slowly upward in gentle puffs from her mouth enveloping the old black hat and filling the kitchen with its fumes — It was the more interesting to me as none of our family were smokers — and although no smoker myself, yet from these early impressions, I have ever retained a relish for the smell of tobacco smoke, and especially if exhaled from a pipe ———

Mr. Jennings did not work much at our house, but was often there, as he found what all the old soldiers loved, a plenty of rum — He was at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and while stooping down to take a watch from the pocket of a man who was mortally wounded and wished to send it to his family by his friend Jennings, a musket ball struck him on the top of the

top of the left shoulder near the neck, and passing downward through the lungs and back of the stomach, came out near the opposite hip — I distinctly remember looking at the two deep scars with dread and astonishment — It was early in the fight, and he was taken off the ground to the heights in the rear, before retreat of the Americans — He recovered in a few months, from this deep and desperate wound, ~~deemed~~ deemed at the time entirely hopeless, as it were by a miracle — and yet after experienceing this striking and plain interposition of God in his behalf, he lived for many years, only to blaspheme his holy name for he was a most profane swearer, and very intemperate in his habits ——— ———

Joseph Morse, was another of the labouring men who occasionally worked for my father — He was a thin, spare man of medium height, between fifty and sixty years — had lost all his upper front teeth buttons, which projected forward so much as to rest on the under lip and be always in sight even when the mouth was closed — He usually wore a checked, woolen shirt, without any neck-cloth; a coat with long skirts, buck-skin breeches, with long stockings and shoes — The middle finger of his right hand was contracted and stif, from some wound of the tendon — His home was about a mile west of our house across the Spicket, where he owned a small farm of very poor land — In his manners he was mild and forbearing; of peaceable habits, and had never been in the army — at driving an ox team he was considered by my father as superior to any other man; and would entice that patient animal to draw loads, with his encouraging voice and the aid of a small stick not more than a foot or two long, with which he seldom touched them; that other men with a long goad and lash and all their bawling could hardly induce them to move — But that for which he was most remarkable, was his constant, yet perfectly controllable love of New-England rum as he never became intoxicated —

For several years this man was regular visitant every morning to my father's counter, for a gill of rum, which he invariably drank from the cup, without sugar or water—In the summer months, he brought a small lumps of green tansy leaves, prefsed up into a ball under the crooked finger, which he ate in small parcels, as he sipped the rum—when it was finished he returned directly home, unless he was to work at our house and drank no more that day—These visits were made before he took his breakfast, and on his rout which lay partly through the fields, he had to cross the Spicket on a pole or small log—and although each gill cost him but three coppers, yet at the end of the year it amounted to nearly a month's work and was uniformly paid in labor—as he grew older the habit I think encreased upon him and he died of consumption about the year 1800——

Another man who excited a good deal of curiosity amongst the boys was Thomas Barker—He was a very stout muscular man, of rough manners and uncultivated mind—at the period of my first recollections of him he must have been nearly forty years old—He lived about two miles from my father's, in a dilapidated, shackly house, near the borders of a Hemlock, and white birch swamp—a part of his occupation was making birch brooms; but being of a lazy indolent habit, they were generally split so coarsely that few chose to buy them—For several years he was affected with hypochondria, or partial mania—while under this disease he imagined that his under jaw had dropped off, and many times have I seen him before a looking glass, examining his face for several minutes, with both the hand and the eye, before he could be satisfied that it was really in its place—at such times he let his beard grow for several weeks without shaving—He used to work some for my father, but never more than a day or two at a time, and

then only when he had become nearly starved at home— His favorite dish was baked beans and pork; on this he would feed until he had swallowed a quantity that you would think sufficient for three or four men— He commenced eating by leaning forward over his plate; and continued at it till he was forced by fullness to set bolt upright— as he always wore a stout leather apron the strings of this had to be unloosed before he had finished the meal— He had quite a taste for music and played on the violin or fiddle as we then called it, with considerable skill— I well remember his huge burly person posted up in the corner of the room, and playing with all his might while he kept time with his bare foot, the leg of which ~~of which~~ was covered with a ragged stocking till it met the leather breeches above— He had some taste for poetry, one of his impromptus ran thus and was made on the deceased father of a Mr. Davis, whose son had offended him—

"Old father Davis ~~died~~ of late,
"~~Up~~ he went to Heaven's gate,
"Abraham met him with a club,
"And knock'd him back to Beelzebub—

He used to chop wood sometimes for us, but with an axe that did not weigh over two pounds, being too lazy to lift one of common size— my father persuaded him one day to sell it to him for my use, being then not more than eight or nine years old— with this axe I learned to chop wood, and when ten years old chopped a large portion of all the wood we burned in our winter fires—

For several years, when quite a small boy I used to assist my mother in the spring in whitening cloth, for in those days nearly all the sheeting, shirting, and summer dresses were made in the family of linen or tow and linen, cotton being but little if any used in domestic— The scene of this operation was on the grassy banks of Bloody Brook, a small pellucid stream which run through the low grounds about a third

of a mile east of our house — The pieces of linen, five or six in number had to be carried out by hand every morning in a basket, and returned every night, that they might be immersed in a weak ley of wood ashes — at this laborious portion of the work, one of my older sisters used to assist me — I carried my dinner in a little basket, and spent the day in sprinkling the linen with water dipped up from the brook, in a watering pot as often as it became dry — The time passed away very pleasantly, either in reading some book, building ovens of flat stones and mud in which to cook the small fish that I sometimes caught with a pin hook, in the deep holes of the brook — at other times I amused myself myself in tracing the course of the stream for half a mile or more to near its head, where it arose from springs, listening to the murmuring of the water as it poured over the various obstruction to its course from rocks, or the roots of some large tree, which grew on its brink, into the deep pools below — There were several of these expansions, for which I had names, and were favorite spots for bathing, or for angling for the small pickerel that delighted to pass their summers in these cool retreats —

As I had been reading Smellie's Natural Philosophy I examined with a curious eye the beetles and insects which abound near water courses, and especially that singular little worm (Tubicola rivalis) which having no defence of its own against the depredations of its enemies forms itself a coat of mail from bits of gravel and decayed fragments of wood, agglutinated together by a secretion from its skin, in such nice proportions as to be of the same specific gravity with the water in which it lives. Thus enabling it to move with ease from place to place in a domicil of its own fabrication — I have not language to express the delight afforded to me from the sight of rich colors, especially those of a small butterfly commonly seen on

the blossoms of the thistle.

I never tired of looking at them — Even the shining backs of the small water tortoise, (Emys punctata,) with its bright yellow spots as it emerged from the brook and lay basking in the sun, has afforded me many moments of pleasure — I was however often interrupted in my lonely contemplations of nature by the visits of some of the neighboring boys — Amongst the most favorite ones, Daniel Rugg, an orphan boy who lived with an uncle, about as far east of Bloody Brook, as I lived west — He was near my age of a pleasant, agreeable countenance, active frame of body and with a temper of mind neither selfish or quarrelsome — A part of our amusement consisted in sailing small ships which we had built and rigged ourselves, and as our minds were full of the fights of the French and English, we one election day, in presence of a number of our companions, exhibited a mimic battle with our two ships — They were armed with leaden guns of our own casting, and loaded with powder and a ball of buck shot — I recollect, at the second or third broadside my ship set the sails of his in a blaze, and the victory was declared in my favor — We used to have many pleasant jaunts together, in hunting for the eggs of blackbirds, amongst the tussocks of tall grass that abounded in the wet meadows along the margin of Bloody Brook. These birds, with the wood-pecker, were considered as enemies to the farmer, and their eggs given up as legitimate plunder to the boys; while those of the Robin, Catbird, Pewee, Wren &c, were considered as harmless, and the taking of their eggs quite criminal — No one except a naturalist, or a painter, can imagine the delight I enjoyed in contemplating the curiously ornamented shell of the egg of the black-bird, especially of that species known as the Crow-blackbird — No painting or engraving at a more mature age has ever afforded me half the pleasure — The Bob of Lincoln, perched on the top of some bush or low tree, we viewed as the centinel of the blackbird tribe, and by his noisy chatterings, gave notice to the other birds of the approach of an enemy —

These eggs were laid carefully by, to be broken, at the sele-

bration of an annual festival, "called Election day" when the Governor elect was sworn into office, and took place on the last thursday in May, at which time, or previous, the corn-planting was finished although at this period and for many years past, it is not completed till the fore part or the middle June, owing to a more tardy approach of summer — The mode of enacting this sport, was to place one or more eggs on the ground, when a boy, who was blindfolded, marched up with a long switch in his hand four or five paces and struck at the egg by guess — some boys who calculated distance nicely, would break an egg at every stroke, while others would as certainly miss them — when all were broken we ended the day with some athletic sport of running, wrestling, or ball —

Even in the cheerless days of a New-England winter, I found many things to delight me in the simple operations of nature — While sliding on the early formed ice, in the pools and low grounds that had been overflowed from the autumnal rains, and had begun to dry away, leaving all kinds of curious forms on the under side of the thin ice by the ingress of the air, I have many times dropped the sport and, viewed these fantastic figures, imitating animals, birds, trees, and almost every thing the imagination can conceive, with intense delight —

The wreaths of snow drifts, imitating a great variety of carved work, the interstices of which, when the sun shone reflected the purest sky blue, often excited my admiration, while the delicate and variously formed crystals of the hoar frost, never failed to call forth my wonder — while picking the stones from the cultivated grounds an operation I had to perform every spring, until the skin was worn from my fingers, and piling them up in conical heaps, I used often to stop, gaze upon the hurry and confusion of the ants, who had chosen the shelter of a stone beneath which to construct their galleries and covered ways, and to rear their offspring — The distress and trouble of the poor ants, at this calamity of my creating, often excited my compassion, and the stone was again carefully

replaced— The rock formation of my native place was granitic and primitive, abounding in various colored Micas, shorl, hornblende &c— Our fences were constructed of these rocks generally boulders which lay thickly scattered over the surface, partially imbedded in the earth— The large ones were raised with iron bars and levers, the operation was called "digging rocks," which when loosed from the earth were hauled on drags, with oxen to the place where the wall was to be erected— My father had more or less of this kind of fence built every year on his farm— often when quite a small boy have I amused myself by looking at these curious crystals, which abounded in some of the rocks, and wondered what they could be— at that time mineralogy was unknown as a science in America, but since my acquaintance with minerals has been more enlarged, I have often thought that many of those which I then so much admired might have been valuable specimens for a cabinet— at this early period was the seed sown in my youthful mind which has since produced that love of natural science which has followed me all my days, and been a never failing source of enjoment amidst the perplexities of life—

After I was ten years old, during the spring and summer months my time devoted to the labors of the farm. There being no other boy in the family all the "chores" (a yankee phrase) and light work devolved on me— In the winter I had the cattle, horses, and sheep, to feed and water, and stables to clean— wood to chop at the door, for two fires, and sometimes to and haul from the woods besides going to school— when the spring opened the manure was to be hauled and spread on the corn ground, of which we usually occupied four acres— half an acre of potatoes, and about half that quantity of flax— Rye, we raised, generally only every other year— I assisted in the plowing, planting and hoeing the corn, which was regularly gone over three times, denominated weeding, moulding and hilling— after which it was not again disturbed till the period of cutting the stalks, or topping the corn— this took place as soon as the kernel was out of the milk or too hard for

roasting ears — Daniel Ruff and myself used to exchange work at this business, helping each other day about —

Some time in October the corn was ripe enough to be gathered — Many of the farmers, pulled off the ears and left the stalk standing in the field for the cattle to eat; but my father usually cut his up near the ground with a bush scythe, thus saving the whole to feed to the cattle in the winter, as more economical — While husking out the corn, he selected the best ears and especially those with two on a stalk, for seed, and carefully braided them into bunches by two or three husks left on each ear for that purpose; and hung them up in the garret till planting time again returned — Other fine ripe ears were braided up in the same way and hung up in the kitchen fire-place to dry, for the purpose of grinding into a coarse meal called "Samp" or hominy — This we took the earliest opportunity of sending to the mill; and when the hulls were seperated by washing, boiled into one of the most savory foods ever provided for man — The children generally ate it with milk, but my father always had his served up with butter, and more especially the morning after it had been boiled and set away to cool — I recollect he had a two quart pewter basin in which only it was allowed to be warmed on the coals and served up hot in the same dish for breakfast — * The rich relish of this food is still fresh in my memory — so much for the blessed days of republican simplicity and unsophisticated manners — * It was at this season also that we had the additional rich treat of baked pumkins — The variety then cultivated was hard shelled, and when ripe of the color of gold — nothing could look more rich and beautiful than a cornfield, where the ground all over, every few feet was covered with a crop of ripe pumpkins — at my fathers they were generally baked in the evening, preparation for which culinary operation was a scene of busy tumult amongst us children — The oven was heated very hot with the best of dry pine wood,

the splitting of which fell to my duty — while the fire was crackling and flaming from the mouth of the oven we were all busy in cleaning and preparing the pumpkins, which was done by cutting with a hatchet or axe, a slice about two inches thick across the stem end. The seeds and inside were then carefully scraped out with a spoon, and the slice which had been cut, fitted on for a cover — The oven being now well heated was made ready for baking and the pumpkins placed carefully in it side by side, by the aid of a broad long handled wooden shovel, called a "bread peeling," until it would hold no more — The oven lid was then filled in, and every crack around it closed tightly, with the wet membranous pulp from the inside of pumpkins, to prevent the escape of any heat — Here they remained all night — The next morning we young-sters were up betimes to watch the opening of the oven and ascertain the success of the baking — If well baked the meat was very sweet and rich tasted — a part of them were eaten with milk, often poured directly into the hard shell which served for a bowl — This was truly primitive mode and pleased my childish fancy very much — another portion was devoted to the construction of pumpkin pies, which with cream, ginger and molas-ses make one of the richest treats within the circle of rustic cookery — The shells when cleaned of their contents be-ing of a hard and durable quality were applied to various uses; such as holding a part of our small store of hickory nuts, or seed beans and peas —

In those days our food was very simple — The bread was made principally of Rye and corn meal, separated from the bran by sifting through a coarse hair sieve, and called "rye and Ind-ian" — The finer or nicer bread was made from rye meal alone, sifted through a fine hair, though some of the mills had bolts and made rye flour — When grown on sandy land some of the rye afforded a flour nearly as white as wheat, and a bread that is much sweeter — From this

rye flour the dough nuts, pan cakes and much of the sweet cake used in the family was made— It also afforded the pastry for pies— Our puddings were made indian meal both baked and boiled— In the summer it was common to boil them in a bag, with the meat potatoes &c, and serve up with molasses, or cream— In the winter for supper we often had what was called a "Johnny Cake"— It was made of indian meal, sweetened with molasses and baked on a board before the fire— Hasty pudding was also another rich and savory food afforded by the indian corn— How much the Americans are indebted to the aborigines, and especially the poor, for this invaluable grain; and yet seldom do they think of the poor Indians from whom they recieved it— When milk was scarce, during winter, the supper of the children was made on molasses and bread, or cider & water, with bread crumbled into it— Meat we seldom ate more than once a day, at our dinner; excepting we had laborers to feed, when the cold pork, beef, and potatoes were set on the table at supper; and after I was old enough to afsist in the labor of the farm, nothing could relish better than this kind of food; especially when stimulated by the example of two or three hungry men and the exercise of a hard days work— Cider was a common drink with the dinner, and we all drank it from the same vefsel which was usually a mug of brown earthen ware, though we sometimes used one of white greens ware— Glass tumblers, or "bickers" as they were called were not in general use, except for drinking spirit and water— The toddy, flip &c, was drank from mugs, while punch was invariably sipped from a large— so common was the practice of a number of persons drinking from the same vefsel that no one was offended; while in these days it would be thought very impolite to offer the tumbler to any one from which you had been drinking yourself— Tea and coffee were in use for breakfast and supper, but not so generally as they now are— Chocolate, was as much or more used than coffee, and a cheap

article formed from the husks, or shell of the cocoa was in considerable request by poor families, as a drink — Our forefathers, the puritans, being as simple in their manners and habits, as a people well could be and having suffered greatly from the persecutions of the Episcopalians in the mother country, still retained their dislike not only to the ceremonies and forms of that church but also to their feast days and festivals — Easter, Christmas &c, were banished from their observances, and in their place was instituted, the autumnal Thanksgiving and a vernal fast day — The former was the only day in the year which might properly be called a holiday, and being thus the only one was celebrated by all clases the more generally and heartily — For some weeks previous it was looked forward to by the young people and children with great interest, not only for the good cheer which was certain to attend, but also to the dances, parties and sleighrides which were sure to follow — For a week before the good housewives were occupied in busy preparation — Molasses, Sugar, raisins and spices were bought in such quantities as their means could afford, and every one purchased seven or fourteen pounds of fine wheat flour, to be worked up in the nicer pastry of mince or chicken pies — The reason for their purchasing by sevens, I suppose must have been that amount made even change, probably fifty cents or dollar for fourteen pounds, flour at that period selling for twelve or fourteen dollars per barrel & sometimes more, or it might have been from its being a fraction of a quarter of a hundred, gross weight — at other periods very little flour was used in the country towns, except as bought from the bakers in the form of bicuit, or gingerbread — all the good things of the season were devoted to the thanksgiving feast — Turkeys, geese, plum-puddings, chicken-pies, mince pies, pumpkin, custard, rice and apple pies all had their appropriate place on the board — The huge brick ovens were kept in steady occupation for nearly a week — and the poorest in the land fared sumptuously on that day, if he starved the of the year — In addition to the rich food there was no lack of good drink — Flip and hot toddy were

handed freely round by the head of the family, as soon as they returned from hearing the sermon, at which all were expected to attend; of provincial beverage we were allowed to partake freely, and their spirits and hearts warmed before they sat down to the good cheer which was spread out on the table before them — The young and maidens spent the evening in dancing, preparations for which had been made some days before and the fiddler engaged to enliven their motions with the music of his viol — The younger boys and girls assembled at some neighbors house and spent the evening in playing at "pawns", "blind mans buff", &c, or in dancing reels & jiggs to the music of their own voices, while the heads of the family either staid at home or assembled in little groups and regaled themselves with a mug of hot flip and in talking over the affairs of the New Republic or in rehearseing the incidents of the late war, in which nearly every man had been more or less personally engaged — The day after Thanksgiving it was common to have to have shooting matches generally got up by the keeper of grog-shop, or petty retailer, for the double purpose of selling his liquor and to make a few shillings from the poor marksmen — Eighteen or twenty rods was the usual distance, at which the turkey or goose was placed, and whoever wounded the bird so as to draw blood, claimed it as his own — so uncertain was the shot of the smooth barreled guns then in use, that three or four times the worth of the turkey was spent before a chance ball would touch it — one western rifleman would kill more game at one of these matches than ten of the smooth barreled marksmen — Saturday night put a stop to the festivities, and the boys and the girls resumed their seats in the winter schools, and the men returned to their accustomed avocations —

No public occasion called the people together again until the "March Meeting", which was a town meeting, when the inhabitants elected their township and state officers, such as "select-men", "representatives to the General Court", Governor &c — It was a day when all the male population

assembled who were entitled to a vote and many of the young men and older boys as lookers-on and to see the fun—It was held in the country towns in the meeting house, which served for an assembly room on all public occasions—at these meetings it was customary for several to attend with cakes, beer, cider, and stronger liquors, as the Meeting lasted all day. In the afternoon it was the practice amongst the young men to form a ring for wrestling, at which sport, the people of this region were celebrated and prided themselves on having a champion who could throw, or overcome any one from the adjoinning towns—So great was their ambition, that I recollect when I was a boy, about the year 1798, there was a contest this kind between the towns of Andover and Methuen—Andover contained more than double the population and of territory, yet it so happened that Methuen furnished the most athletic and vigorous men—The contest took place within the bounds of Andover near the bank of the Merrimac, which divides the two towns—six champions were selected on each side—The first trial was a drawn battle but in the second, which took place in a week after, the victory was decided for Methuen—I was present, at one, if not both the trials and was acquainted with all the Methuen men—Their names were Philip Morrill, Stephen Barker, John Swan, Jonathan Davis, ~~Kadwalader~~ Kadwalader Malloon and David Boynton—Morrill stood at the head of the list and was a man of herculean strength, combined with great activity—The victory was chiefly owing to him—Stephen Barker, was a man of ordinary size and strength but of wonderful skill and agility in art of wrestling at "arms end," as this mode was called—John, or "Dunk Swan," as he was generally named, it being common for nearly every one, to have a nick name, in addition to their proper one, and by which they were more generally known, was a giant in size and strength, but clumsy in his movements, Jonathan Davis was also of powerful frame and strength—Kad. Malloon, was small, but active as a cat, and as hard to be put on his back, David Boynton, I do not so

well recollect, but he was a powerful man— Of the Andover Champions I remember the name of only one, Stephen Holt— he was their principal reliance and was celebrated for a peculiar mode of wrestling, called the "trip and twitch", by which the best of wrestlers were placed on the ground, with their heels higher than their heads, with the quickness of thought. He was pitted against the gigantic Morrill, who with one of his inside locks brought him to the ground after a long and hard contested struggle— The others others were overcome by Morrill and his brother wrestlers, so as to leave the odds considerably in favor of Methuen——

Sports of this kind are much more common amongst a rude and warlike people, than a more civilized and refined one. The Americans having but recently emerged from a bloody contest with Great Britain, in which all their physical as well as mental powers were put in requisition, still retained a high relish for all kinds of athletic sports, such as wrestling, running, leaping and dancing, and had no very serious objections to a round at fisticuffs, when highly provoked— As my father kept a tavern and a small store of groceries and dry goods, within a few rods of the meeting house, scenes of confusion and riot were not uncommon after these gatherings, when the lovers of strong drink had become irritable and excited from the fumes of their deep potations— The favorite amusements of the boys, were all of the most athletic kind, such as wrestling, running, and leaping— By the time I was ten or twelve years old, I had become quite an adept at all these arts, and there were very few boys of my age, whom I could not not overcome in wrestling, out-leap, or out run at our different games— I could leap a line of fence, with ease on which I could place my chin—

The most fatiguing portion of any labour on the farm took place in July and August, in haymaking— The winters in the northern of Massachusetts are so long that a vast deal of time is expended in collecting

food for the cattle, sheep and horses, there being not less than than six or seven months in every, in which they require their support from the barn or stable; the earth being covered with snow, or the grass all killed by frost — so that nearly one half of the whole expence and labour in carrying on a farm is devoted to the support of the domestic animals, during the winter months — my father's main mowing lands lay nearly half a mile from the house along the margin Bloody-Brook; the grass was chiefly such as green in low wet grounds, called meadow or swamp grass, in contradistinction to that which grew on the uplands, and was denominated "English grass", composed of Herds-grass and Clover, and so called from its superior excellence, or from the fact of the seed having been brought from England — The meadow grass was given to the horned cattle, while the English grass was reserved for the horses and sheep, little or no grain being given to animals except oats, and then when engaged in work — Between the barn and this meadow there was a long steep hill up which all the hay was to be hauled, and many a strife and scuffle we used to have with old "Bright and Golden", the names of the oxen, in urging them up this ascent especially when a little over-loaded, as was sometimes the case when the distant thunder threatened us with a shower of rain — A part of the meadow was wet and boggy so as to shake when we passed over it, and into the soft peaty mass below a pole could be pushed twelve or fifteen feet, so that no team could visit this portion to haul off the hay, but it was carried by hand on poles to firmer ground — The site of the whole meadow was doubtless at some remote period occupied by a pond of water, and had been gradually filled up by the growth of plants and the wash from neighboring highlands — Near the center of it was about two acres of upland, which had once been an island, and now afforded rich english hay. When it was first cleared up my father planted it with Indian corn, the crop yielded fifty bushels to the acre which was considered very

wonderful, as our other corn land, when well manured produced only twenty or twenty five bushels — I was too small to use scythe, my labor consisted in spreading out the grass, from the swath, raking, loading, and stowing away the hay in the barn; at this work I used to get very weary and was heartily glad when the last load was housed. After the hay-making was finished, I was put to mowing bushes in the pasture grounds. These consisted of low scrub-oaks, huckleberry, sweetfern, and hazle-bushes and needed to be mowed every two or three years, as the granite soil, was much more productive of bushes than of grass — Then followed the pulling the flax and after the seed was beaten out, spreading it to rot on the grass land — Digging potatoes came next, and was a variety of work which pleased me, as the hidden treasures of the of the bursting hills were brought to light at every stroke of the hoe, and seemed like a fresh discovery — Besides I was very fond of the new potatoes roasted in the ashes, and took care to have some for my supper — During the Autumn I had to make one or two trips to the town of Haverhill, with the team loaded with Indian corn, flax-seed, rags &c, articles which had been recieved in exchanged for Merchandise at our little store and were again bartered for groceries with the traders of this village — It lies on the bank of the Merrimac near the head of tide water — Small schooners of twenty or thirty tons navigate it from Newbury-port, up a distance of twelve or fifteen miles — Ship-building was carried on there to a considerable extent and the vessels taken down by aid of the tides to the Ocean. The distance from our house was eight miles; and was traveled out and back again the same day — Being detained there several hours in delivering and recieving the loads, my journey home was the greater portion of it done after dark. While there I used to visit the little book store and spend all my spare cash in the purchase of

books. I recollect the first visit I made there was when I was about ten years old, and not knowing the best road for a carriage I took one in leaving the town that was only used by people on horse-back, or on foot, being too steep for teams. It directly on the bank of the River, about half a mile from the town, and near the top seemed to hang almost over the water. It rose at an angle of near forty degrees, and at the top was more than one hundred feet above the river. Having a stout yoke of oxen, I drove cheerily along, and made out with frequent halts, although loaded with near a ton weight, to reach within a rod or two of the top. Here they became discouraged and making a slight turn backed the cart from the narrow pathway to the brink of the precipitous descent to the River — by taxing all my skill in ox-craft, I succeeded in stopping them at this critical point, until a stout able-bodied man who lived at the bottom of the hill, and had been watching my progress, knowing the difficulty of the way came running to my relief — with his aid and exertions we succeeded in reaching the top of the hill, and made known to me my mistake in the road, the other lying a half mile to the east of this and easy of ascent. In my future journies I was careful to avoid "Frinks-borough hill," the name of a little collection of poor hovels that lay at its foot.

The neat, handsome white houses and door yards of Haverhill struck my childish imagination as grand and wonderful when contrasted with the plain dwellings of the country, while the large stores and ware houses filled with merchandise appeared to me to contain the wealth of a world. Our ideas of grandeur and riches are formed by comparison, an individual in those days who was worth eight or ten thousand dollars very rich, and rated higher in the scale of wealth than one now with ten times that sum. When I was about six or eight years old, one of my pleasantest amusements, was drawn from my own imagination, aided by an optical

illusion, from the mingling of light and darkness. It was practised while lying in bed in the morning at early dawn, or between break of day and sunrise – as the rays light began to dispel the darkness, I used to fancy long trains of tiny human figures, some in chariots others on horse back, and on foot decked in the richest colors marching slowly along the walls near the top of room and descending by the opposite corner, keeping up a succession of fresh figures until the encreasing light banished them from my view – sometimes brilliant chains of colors, like wheels in constant rotation, were mingled in the train – I could call them up, or banish them at pleasure by putting my head beneath, or withdrawing it from under, the bed-clothes. It was a source of great delight to my fanciful imagination – since the years of manhood I have been unable to recall this rich treat of fancy by any effort of the will, but once when laboring under an attack of fever, each paroxysm was attended with a similar illusion, representing rich chains of brilliant circles of light around the ceiling of the room and vanishing as the fever abated. These beautiful visions of childhood were extremely vivid and distinct, and no real exhibition, or paintion on canvas of the same objects could be seen more plainly, than they were by the eye of my imagination – some similar operation is probably going on in the mind of the poet or painter, while tracing the persons and incidents of an imaginary scene.

Some of the pleasantest recollections of my boyhood are associated with visits I made in company with my mother to my grandfather, and Uncle Alpheus Bodwell. The first one I made on the old red mare, riding behind my mother. There were two roads, which led there. One over a long elevated ridge of high ground called "Tower-hill," the over more to the south along the flat lands that bordered the Elicket and the Merrimac rivers – the distance by either was about two and a half miles – this I thought was a very long journey, and quite a feat to accomplish. When I grew larger and a few years older, I used to travel it on foot, sometimes in

company with one of my older sisters. My grandfather's farm lay on the banks of the Merrimac and my uncle lived on the same tract, with only the road between their houses. My grandfather's was an old fashioned frame house two stories high, with two rooms on the floor, one of which served for kitchen and eating room for the family, while the other was reserved for company or extra occasions. In this was one of those antiquated clocks, with a tall, black, gaunt case — On the face or dial of the clock was painted the face of a man, with large staring eyes which rolled to the right and left with each swing pendulum, with great regularity. It was to me a source of wonder, as I thought it must have life as well as motion. My grandmother was a large fleshy woman in the decline of life, but used to pat my head and treat me with great kindness — as my growth was rather slow and did not keep pace with my years, she used to complain loudly to my parents of their over working me, telling them they would "certainly kill Sammy", as she used to call me with hard labor. My grandfather was a tall slender man, of a spare frame, tough and hardy. Industrious and frugal in his habits; earning his bread by the sweat of his brow — often when he was plowing along the level intervales of the river, where the ground was free of stones, my cousins and myself used to ride sitting on the cross bars between the handles of the plow as he traced the long furrows from the upper to the lower end of the field; while he good-naturedly waited for us to jump out and get in at the end of each. (I remember one day, when he was hoeing corn in a field higher up the river, he was much amused at my getting lost, and so bewildered that I did not know him until he spoke to me, and called me by name). About eighty rods above the house, on the bank of the Merrimac there had once been an Indian village; and the hearths of their wigwams was still remaing, partly buried in the sand. A strip of several rods long and three or four wide, where the village stood — was entirely destitute of vegetation and a bed of sand, affording a striking emblem of the utter desolation and ruin that had

visited the poor Indians who once cultivated this spot with corn, and fished in the waters of the Merrimac. Every incident relating to Indians made a deep impression on my mind, (and I had visited this spot several times before with my cousins, Samuel and Moses, in search of arrow heads, broken pipes – earthenware &c.). This time I chanced to go alone, and in my intense curiosity, searching carefully in the sand with my head to the ground, I became entirely lost and bewildered, and when I passed my grandfather thought I was a long distance from the house – my entire bewilderment quite amused him and served for him to joke me about for a good while afterward. Another attraction belonging to the place, was a numerous colony of bank swallows (Hirundo riparia) who had chosen this desolate spot to excavate their Summer dwellings, in the abrupt face of the river bank where they could hatch and rear their young in security. The whole upper portion of the bank for several rods in extent was pierced with circular cells extending horizontally into the sandy earth, three or four feet, at the extremity of which was their nest filled with young or with eggs. The continual flight and chattering of the parent birds as they glided rapidly through the air in quest of food for their young afforded a scene of deep interest, to our boyish fancies. The whole swallow race were considered as sacred birds and no boy pretended to disturb their nests. The solitary kingfisher (Alcedo alcyon), also considered this retired placed as well suited to his employment; and from the branch of some decayed tree which projected over the river watched with his keen eye the scaly tribes as they pursued their avocations in the water below, until the sight of some careless individual came within striking distance of his stand, when with the rapidity of an arrow he would dart upon his prey, and rising to surface fly slowly to some quiet spot where he

could devour the struggling fish, or if he had a family of young to provide for, take it to their nest, which was also excavated in the sandy bank similar to that of the swallows, only it was of larger diameter, for the convenience of admitting the more bulky articles on which they fed; the swallow subsisting only on insects, and these were taken while on the wing. And as insects are far more abundant on water courses, than in any other situation, the instinct which causes them to choose these localities must be wisely and providentially directed. As the kingfisher was a robber and a tyrant, it was held to be right and proper to plunder his nest, whenever we could get at it, but this was a very difficult job, and not often attempted.

An other source amusement, while on these visits to grandfather and uncle, was the fishery carried on at Bodwells Falls, about half a mile below, for salmon, shad and alewives. The season for the annual migration of these fishes was in May and June, and considered the most abundant when the apple trees were in blossom. The appearance of a peculiar kind of winged insect, called by the old people "the Shad-fly," was an other indication of the presence, or the near approach of the fish. The fishery was conducted by a company of about eighteen or more individuals who owned the nets, boats &c, and took their regular turns, or watches for dragging the net. These were divided into three periods, each one [illegible] of twenty four hours continuance, and were pursued night and day, unless the night was very cloudy and dark. The reason for this was, that the law of the Commonwealth, forbade their dragging their nets, or taking fish, except on three days in the week, viz: Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The other days were called "unlawful," and "fish wardens" appointed in all the towns along the river to watch and see that the law was not violated — for which violation heavy fines were imposed and the forfeiture of

their net, if the warden could get posession of it. This law was founded on wise and merciful principles, as the incessant inroads on the fish in their annual ascent of the rivers to deposit their eggs, for a long period of time had nearly destroyed them, or diverted them to other streams. In the early settlments of the country the fish were in such abundance as to afford a large amount of food to the inhabitants and many towns derived a considerable revenue in farming out the right to take fish, to idividuals. "Bodwells Falls" are made by descent of six or eight feet, in the rocky bed of the river, in the distance of a few rods; down which the water rushes with great noise and tumult — near the foot of the rapid, on the Methuen side the fishermen had thrown up a wing dam, of loose rocks, when the water was low, nearly one third across the river, this checked the current and formed an eddy, of comparatively still water. In this eddy the fish were wont to congregate, before they attempted to ascend the rapid waters of the falls. A large wherry boat, about fifteen feet long and four feet wide, with a quarter deck in the stern was used from which to cast the net. It was provided with two stout men for rowers, and one man to cast the net as they rowed out from the eddy into tumultuous waters at the foot of the falls, and taking a hurried sweep down stream landed fifteen or twenty rods below. Strong ropes were attached to each end of the net, the upper one being held by three men on the shore opposite the point of departure, who as the current carried the net down stream slowly followed dragging the net to land. As soon as the boat landed, the men attached to it, seized the lower rope and commenced hauling in on the net, thus gradually approaching each other, leaving a broad curve, called the bag of the net, in which were enclosed the captive fishes. Now commenced a scene of lively interest; some wading in the water on the outer side

of the net, others pulling cautiously at the "lead line," careful to keep it close to bottom of the river, to prevent the escape of the fish beneath, while those in the water watched narrowly that the large salmon did not break the net or leap over the "cork line," as they sometimes did, when they were fairly to land there was a great flouncing and struggling amongst the fish, to regain their native element, but the fishermen seizing them with their hands, threw them in heaps into a kind of pen or enclosure made of planks to prevent their getting again into the water — us boys used to think it great privilege to be allowed to go out in the boat. It was a scene of wild uproar, as the little vessel breasted the foaming surges and was urged by the rowers into the descending sheet of water as it tumbled over the wing dam, so as sometimes to partly fill the boat and completely drench the adventurous boy who was seated in the bow with the falling spray. The shouts of the fishermen as they urged forward the boat, mingled with the roar of the falls, formed an exhilarating and romantic scene. When the men had pursued their avocation so long as to become fatigued and hungry, they retired to a rude hut they had built on the edge of the bank. It was constructed of slabs of pine logs, so as to form a roof, while the main part of the domicil was excavated in sandy earth, some what resembling a cellar, with a roof over it, and one side built up with planks. A rude chimney of slabs, served to carry of the smoke and afford a hearth for the fire at which they cooked their fish. Each man brought a piece of salt pork, and some bread. A large frying pan served all the purposes of cooking, table and dishes. In this they fried their fish, taken fresh from the water, mingled with the fat of the pork — when it was cooked they all sat down on the ground, or on a low bench and helped themselves with their large pocket, or Jack-knives, directly from the pan, washing down the savory food with huge drafts of cider, from a capacious keg. The Shad was usually taken for cooking on these occasions, and is one of the finest and most delicious meated fishes that the Ocean affords. Salmon, was too valuable to be eaten by

the fishermen, and usually sold to persons who took them to some of the large towns, as Boston or Salem. The Alewives were disposed of to the people living fifteen or twenty miles back in the country, especially to the inhabitants of Windham and Londonderry, in New Hampshire, who were Scotch and Irish. They were salted and then smoked, similar to to the Herring of Europe. When it was my uncles watch at the fishery I used sometimes to eat with them and thought the food tasted much better than it did at home. When the tour of any watch expired the money arising from the sales was equally divided, and what fish yet remained separated into as many parcels as there were owners, when a man turned his back to the heaps and an other pointing with a stick said "who shall have this?" He then named the one to whom it should fall, and so on till all were divided — over and above the sales, each generally salted up a barrel of Shad for his own family, with as many Alewives as they pleased. The latter used to sell from fifty to seventy five cents a hundred and the Shad at a dollar a score; Salmon about a shilling a pound. My Uncle used to take a great many of these fish, in what were then called "fly-nets". The net was hung loosely in the river at some head land, or outlet from an eddy, the salmon in endeavoring to pass through the net was taken by the gills. He visited the morning and evening and sometimes took out two or three fine fish. He was also greatly skilled in baiting the wild pidgeons, and taking them in nets, occasionally enclosing fifteen or twenty dozen at a single spring of the net. He often made use of one of his captive pidgeons as a decoy, fastening him by a string round his leg to one of the small dead trees set up by the stand — as a flock passed over he would rise and try to join them; but the string called him fluttering back again, which the others seeing would often alight beside him — and getting a taste of the rye spread on the pidgeon bed, were in a day or two caught themselves. My Aunt Hannah Bodwell, was one of the most cheerful pleas-

ant women I ever knew, and always made my visits very delightful, with her lively conversation and good cheer. Poor woman, she was very unfortunate in the fate of her children. Moses, who was about four years younger than myself died miserably, when ten years of age from the effects of the bite of a mad, or rabid dog. He was bitten on the face and in three weeks after was attacked with hydrophobia — he died in about a week. Two other sons, Samuel and Stephens, were lost at sea, or died of sickness when eighteen or twenty years. She has herself been dead about ten years, or in 1830 — previous to which however she was subject to short fits of partial insanity. My uncle, kind man was still living in 1840, at the old mansion, with his Daughter Hannah, who was married and kept his house, one son, Mason Bodwell, also lived with them.

When I was a boy, the martial spirit of the people, kindled by the events of the Revolutionary War, was still kept up, and militia trainings were held three or four times every year. They were divided into company, battalion, and regimental musters, the last of which took place in the Autumn. It was a very animating scene and called forth as spectators, a large proportion of all not engaged in the ranks. Tents and booths were erected in which were sold refreshments of all kinds with an abundance of strong drinks — so that many who came here with clear heads and a steady gait, went reeling home, with their minds greatly confused. It is doubtful whether any of these militia trainings were of any essential benefit to the country, while it is certain they were the means of engendering loose morals, and intemperate habits, amongst the people. I recollect of attending one very grand muster in the year 1796, at Concord, about twenty miles from my father's. The journey was made on horseback. Myself riding on a little pony, belonging to my Uncle Doctor John Bodwell, and my father on the old red mare, we went no further than Dracut, the first day, distant about eight miles, and passed the night with a cousin of my father, Brigadier General William Hildreth. His wife was also a cousin of my mother,

being Persis Bodwell, the children of whom, he had four, were therefore called cousins; two sons and two daughters. William and Frederic. Susan and Harriet. They were very sprightly; partaking largely of their father's temperament, who was one of the most active and cheerful men in all that region. He had served through the Revolutionary war as an Ensign and Lieutenant and was now the Commander of of one of the Brigades, to assemble on the morrow. His appearance on horseback, with his tall, portly frame, and showy uniform was very noble and imposing; few men excelling him in personal appearance. He was for many years, High Sheriff of Middlesex County. We crossed the Merrimac at "Pawtucket Falls," on the new bridge which had been recently built, under the direction of a Mr. Blodget, and was the first bridge ever built across that stream. The town Lowell, with twenty thousand inhabitants now stands on the Southern shore; the whole site of the present city was then a barren waste of sand and rocks, with not more one house in sight. We reached my Uncle Jonathan Hildreth's house that night, and was introduced to several cousins, some older, some younger than myself, whom I had never seen before. Benjamin Warren, was about my age, and we soon became quite familiar companions. My aunt was a most excellent woman, of pious habits, and fitted to instruct and bring up her children in they way they should go, for their best good in this world and in that to come. My uncle, was immersed deeply in business of Merchandise and Farming and had but little time to devote to the children, he was a wealthy man for that day. The next morning we were aroused by the sound of the morning gun of a company of artillery, from Groton, which had encamped near the house. It was was the first gun larger than a musket that I had ever heard, and sounded very grand, alarming me not a little. We were soon up and dressed, and witnessed the ceremony of the men drawing their rations, for breakfast

from the quartermaster; each one had a tin cup full Chocolate or Coffee and a small loaf of baker's bread. They had their baggage wagons and camp equipage, the same as in regular service. The morning was cloudy and threatened a rainy day; and by the time the troops were assembled in a large field near the center of the town, the rain began to pour down in torrents, being I think near the equinox in September. There was quite a little army of soldiers, amounting to eight regiments of Infantry, one of Cavalry and one of Artillery. Nearly every man was clad in a neat uniform. At this period of our history, there was quite a warlike spirit in the land, being the old leaven of the Revolution, put in a ferment by our altercation with the French Republic, these with the spectators must have numbered not less than eight or ten thousand men, women and children. The whole Militia of the County of Middlesex were on the ground. It was quite a grand spectacle, and had it been a sunshiny day would have also been a very joyous one. The muster of 1796 was such a complete failure that in 1797, the officers decided on trying it again. I was present at this Military display also. The weather was more favorable than in the past year, but it was such an expence of time and money to the Militia, that any further musters of this magnitude were given up.

While on this visit, it was concluded by the parents of my Cousin Warren, that he should join me in going to school at Phillips Academy, a celebrated Seminary in the town of Andover. Accordingly, at the Spring term of 1798, we commenced our academical career. I was now in my fifteenth year, but rather small for one of my age. The academy was six miles from our house; but such was the elevation of the ground, that it was in plain View, from my father's door. It was arranged, that we should leave every Monday morning, spend the week in Andover and return to our house every Saturday afternoon. This saved quite an expense in our board as our washing and mending could be done at home. We took an early breakfast on Monday, and walked

over the six miles by nine o'clock, the hour the opened, and on Saturdays were by the middle of the afternoon. This Summer I boarded with old Mr. Thomas Manning. He lived about half a mile South of the academy on the road to Wilmington. His family consisted of his wife and one son, also named Thomas, about twenty years of age. They were very simple, kind hearted people; and the old lady treated me with the tenderness of a mother. There were four other boys boarding with them, making six, in all. These were John White from Concord. Thomas and Isaac Hurd, brothers, from Charlestown, Mass. and Jacob Meek, from Marble-head. The first three were two or three years younger than myself. Jacob Meek, was a stout, robust boy, about my age, rough and rude in his manners, like the docks and people amongst which he was bred. The other boys, were mild, agreeable companions, and good scholars. While Jacob was always in some quarrel or adventure, and mastered his lessons badly. He attended but that Season and then went to Sea; the boys called him for his rudeness, the Marble-headed Monster. Mark Newman Esq, was the Preceptor, and Jonathan French, son of the Rev. Mr. French, of the South Parish, the tutor, or usher. Mr. Newman, was in stature a small man, but possessed great dignity of manners, and was respected and loved by his pupils. He invariably read a portion of Scripture, before morning prayer; and was the best and most ~~impressive~~ impressive reader that I have ever heard, in the course of my life. The school contained about sixty scholars, chiefly boys ten to eighteen years old, although there were some of twenty or twenty five years old. It generally furnished eight or ten students annually for the freshman class of Cambridge University, who were noted for the good scholarship and care with which they were prepared for entering the College. Amongst the fine scholars, were Samuel Farrar. S. Kirkland, and Daniel Poor, the latter was a native of Danvers, Mass, and was amongst the first set of Missionaries sent out

to Ceylon by the Board of Missions. There was a nephew of General Washington, who was a fine scholar. Henry Lightfoot Lee. I recollect, he boarded with Lieut. Gov. Phillips, whose house stood near the Common. There were two fine boys the Island of New Providence, Edward and Conrad Coakly, who boarded with Mr. Newman. They both, I think graduated at Cambridge. Our principal amusements, were plays at ball, and every Saturday there was a Military training of the boys, who all had neat wooden guns, and made quite a respectable appearance under the command of some of the young men. Cockades came into fashion this year, and those who called themselves Federalists, wore one made of black ribbon folded into the form of a rose, and fastened on to the side of the hat. Any one without this mark of party, was called a Republican. The academy was altogether under the patronage of this party, and a large portion of the students belonged to this class. Partly on this account a new academy was built in the North Parish of Andover the following year, under the direction of the leading Republicans, and called the Franklin Academy. Dr. Thomas Kittredge was one of principal men in its support and erection. In the course of this summer I commenced the study of Latin; committed the Grammar, and had just made preparation for translating Corderius, when in the month of September my Cousin Warren and myself were both attacked with fever. It was brought on by fording the Spicket, where it was very deep, in our return home one Saturday, instead of going round by the road over the bridge. It was a little nigher, but we paid dearly for our experiment. My Cousin came near losing his life, but finally recovered. My fever was of a milder type, but continued about thirty days. I recollect that during the first week or two, the Latin Grammar was continually running in my head, and was busily occupied declining nouns or conjugating verbs through all their modes and tenses. They were thus

committed practiced so perfectly that I did not forget them for many years after, on his covery, Cousin Warren returned to his home, and did not come back again, but was fitted for college at an academy in Billerica. He graduated in due time at Cambridge. Studied Medicine and settled in Marlborough Mass. The following Winter I attended the public school in Methuen, improving very much in writing and in studying the higher rules of Arithmetic. The next Spring returned to Phillips' Academy, and continued the study of Latin, English Grammar &c. This year I boarded with Captain Towne, who lived a few rods East of the Common. His wife was a very pious woman, and when her husband was absent, as he frequently was, being a Deputy Sheriff and house carpenter, she used to call on the boys to ask a blessing at the table. The older ones used to take it by rotation, and we got along very well with the duty. During this Summer Samuel Knapp, joined the school, he afterwards became quite celebrated as an orator, in public Lectures and as a writer. He boarded at the same house with me, and was one of the most awkward, uncouth boys, I have ever seen. He however ~~posses~~ possessed a fine memory and was soon distinguished for his scholarship. His brother was a tutor in Cambridge, and paid for his education, his parents were quite poor. This Summer I became acquainted with George Osgood, a son of Dr. Joseph Osgood of the North Parish of Andover, and Joseph Kittredge, a son of Dr. Thomas Kittredge, who were both at this school. They were for many years after, my dearest and most intimate friends. During this Summer and the past one I learned to swim, in the waters of the Shasherac Creek, we were allowed to bathe once a week, the larger boys and young men taking charge of the smaller ones, and showing them how to move their legs and arms in the water, and to dive.

Our holiday, which happened the last of May, called the

"Election day," we spent in part at a negro woman's house, called ~~Flora~~ Flora, who provided nice cakes for the boys, and very sweet, bottled ales. There was a small, but beautiful pond, near her house, on which we rowed and amused ourselves, in a little boat she kept for that purposed. Once a month Parson, or Doctor French, used to deliver a lecture to the boys in the academy, on morality and the keeping the decalogue. He was quite a vererable figure, between sixty and seventy years old. Short and very Corpulent, wearing a large white wig, with the side locks curled and resting on his shoulders. His cocked hat, great wig, and solemn gait, as he approched the desk, greatly excited the admiration of the ~~Boys~~ boys. Much attention was paid to the morals and religious instruction of the pupils. Every Monday morning the smaller ones repeated a hymn, which had been given out the Saturday previous, and committed to memory on the Sabbath, while the older ones and young men were examined in and recited a portion of Mason on "Self Knowledge." The Trustees and founders of the school were a pious people; and it held a high place in the opinion of the religious community. The winter of the year 1799. was pased at home and I was put under the care of our minister, the Rev. Mr. Pearley, who instructed me in Latin, while my leisure hours were spent in reading history and geography. Mr. Pearley, was a sound very plain preacher, but spent the larger portion of his time in some mechanical occupation, instead of in his study. His principal employment was in making wooden shovels and ~~ox~~ yokes, at which he was uncommonly skillful. During the Summer months, he cultivated a small farm which was owned by the Parish, and called the "Parsonage." He kept it in fine order and was a pattern for neatness and thrift to the farmers of the parish. Nevertheless they soon began to complain, and say hired him to preach, not to work. He however did not change his ways, and in a few years he was dismissed and a more studious man settled in his place. He however taught me very faithfully; and my

~~written so perfectly that I did not forget them~~
progress was considerable during the Winter. In the Spring of the year 1800 my father put me to school at the Franklin academy, in the North Parish of Andover. The distance from our house was a mile or two less, and I still came home on Saturday. The Merrimac was crossed at "Marston's Ferry," instead of the bridge at Bodwells Falls. I boarded in the family of Mrs. Hannah Osgood, her husband Peter Osgood, was yet living but had become so very intemperate as to be incapable of attending to any business. He had once been a leading man in public affairs, had a large store of goods, and a comfortable dwelling house and farm. But the love of strong drink had entirely ruined him. His eyes were red and inflamed, his body trembling and emaciated, he never abused his wife or children, but spent the most of his time in the old store, a long, red, frame building near the house, drinking New England rum, and looking over his old account books, he died the following winter. Mrs. Osgood's family consisted of four children, Samuel, a fine lad about fourteen years old. Harriet, a bright girl of twelve. Hannah, a very homely, but clever one of mine, and Peter, the picture of Hannah, with large grey eyes, of six years. Peter, afterwards recieved a finished education. Studied divinity, and settled in the Ministry over a parish in Massachusetts. Hannah I think remained single with her mother. Harriet, married Rev. Mr. Putnam of Danvers, who was settled over a parish in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. She died young of Consumption. Samuel, graduated at Hanover College, and studied Law in New York, where he settled under the patronage of his uncle Samuel Osgood, who was Mayor of the city, and a very celebrated and useful man in public affairs. Samuel, married a daughter of his uncle and settled there, but died while yet a young man, it was said a victim of strong drink. It seems as if the sins of the father are sometimes visited on, or in the children. Mrs.

Osgood was a woman of fine intellect and uncommon capacity for business. She was very agreeable in her manners, and exercised a happy control over the minds and actions of her boarders, especially the young females, of which class she had quite a large number for many years. We all called her "Aunt Osgood". She had a great regard for me, and I loved her nearly as well as I did my own mother. She had for boarders in the Summer of 1800. Eliza Brooks Waldron, from Dover, New Hampshire. Mary Symmes, from Woburn, Mass. These two were very intimate friends, Eliza having a married sister in Woburn, with whom she had lived a good deal. Eliza Lehman and Laura Watson from Boston, with Samuel Chadwick and Israel Putnam from Salem. Our boarding house was about three quarters of a mile from the academy building. A fine row of Button wood trees in front and road very pleasant all the way. The Preceptor's name was Micajah Stone, a very worthy man, (who afterwards settled in the ministary in South Brookfield, Mass. he died in 1852, at that place, acting as pastor over fifty years in the same church). The Preceptress was Miss, (name forgotten). They kept under the same roof, in two rooms, seperated by a hall. In the morning at prayers, we assembled in the female apartment. The chairs for the teachers stood near each other in the desk of the Preceptress. Mr. Stone when he entered was in the habit of pulling his chair away from the other before seating himself, this movement some of the mischievous girls had noticed, and thought it looked rather prudish. They took a string, one morning and tied them together, so that when he pulled his chair the other came with it. He gave them a severe reprimand, so that the girls thought best not to repeat the experiment. The female apartment generally contained forty or fifty students, and the boys about the same number. This Summer I made considerable progress in Latin and entered upon the study of Virgil and the Greek Grammar. Our class consisted, with some others, of George Os-

good, and Joseph his brother, older than George, Joseph Kittredge, and Myself. We passed the summer very pleasantly, we boys had our own athlectic amusements of running, jumping and wrestling, while many of evenings were spent in company with the girls at thier boarding houses, in dancing and playing at various games. I also paid considerable attention to drawing and painting in water colors. Amongst other things I painted several family coats of arms, every name of any note, in Old England having some device of heraldry attached to it, which could be found in the Herald Office in Boston. These devices were often painted on the panels of their coaches, but generally drawn on paper, put into a handsome frame and hung up in their parlours, as ornaments. The coat of Arms of the Kibbrethis, was three Roses and a Dove, under a Chevron, a very pacific emblem, as probably my ancestor was a quiet man, and a cultivator of a garden, or a grower of nice fowls.

The sefsion of the Summer of 1800 was closed with a grand exhibition of speaking, single orations and farcical dialogues by the boys and young men, the girls took no part in these, the building occupied for these feats, was the Congregational Meeting House of which the ~~venerable~~ venerable Mr. Baymmes was pastor, he was still more venerable in his personal appearance than Mr. French and must have been at least seventy years of age. These displays of wit and oratory went off with great éclat, and were much admired by the honest country people, who always attended in throngs, at some of these I acted quite conspicuous part and thought my name would certainly be immortalized as a famous speaker. In the Autumn of this year my father exchanged his nice little farm in Methuen for a house and some lots in Haverhill, and moved the family there in November. That winter being in my eighteenth year, I engaged to teach a school for three months in New Salem, one of the border towns of New Hampshire, distant about five miles from

Haverhill. It was in the midst of a raw country people, very ignorant but honest and simple hearted. I boarded with a family named Petty, the house was small, only two rooms on a floor, the old man, his wife and son occupied one of these, and a married son and wife the other. I slept in the loft under the roof, where there was no windows, open and cold, the single son, a lad of sixteen, slept with me. I recollect we were scant of bed clothes, and in cold nights, he used ~~to~~ get an old pillion of his mother's, and lay on top of the clothes over him, to keep himself comfortable, being very healthy and vigorous myself I did not suffer from the cold. The old woman amongst her other domestic fowls, kept a pair of Guinea hens, one very cold night froze to death on the roost, being the branch of apple tree, and dropped down into the snow. The old lady thinking them too valuable to be lost had them served up for dinner. They were a little the blackest and toughest morsel I ever tasted of the feathered race. My school consisted of about forty scholars of all sizes, ages and sexes, there was one young woman who was blind, she used to bring her knitting work, and set and listen to the reading classes, and when they ~~all~~ stood up to spell, she used to join them and from her knowledge of the alphabet and sound of the words could spell very well, there were several young men older than myself, we however got along very quietly and without any difficulty, my patrons were much pleased with the master, and the master satisfied with them, my wages amounted to forty eight dollars, which my father applied towards ~~a~~ my expenses at the academy in the past ~~year~~, so I was well satisfied if I could aid him, in paying for my education. In the Summer of 1804, I again returned to the Franklin academy, and boarded at Mrs. Osgood's. This year we had a new set of boarders. It was 1803, when these girls attended the academy, with Miranda Southgate, a cousin, all nieces of Rufus King. There was Sally Leland and Mary Storer, from

Saco, in Maine. Abigail Cleves, the daughter old Captain Cleves, with whom my father sailed in the privateering Business. She was a fine, open hearted, good girl, and afterwards married a Mr. Putnam of Danvers. Betsy Upton, of Danvers, an agreeable, pleasant girl, a year or two older than myself, with whom I afterwards carried on a friendly intercourse by letters for several years, till she married. Miss Mary Varnum, of Andover, aged about twenty four years, we used to call her Aunt Mary, with which she was well pleased, She was unconmonly corpulent, weighing, nearly or quite one hundred and eighty pounds though rather low of stature, she was an excellent girl, always cheerful and pleasant, and as fond of a frolic as the most active of us. Serena Johnson, was another of the students, but she boarded at her father's house about half a mile South East of Aunt Osgoods, on the road to Salem, she was a fine scholar and one of our most lively and active girls, she afterwards married Dr. Ebenezer Dale, and settled at Gloucester. I saw her in 1839, in Boston, she was then a widow, but still full of life and animation. I now passed the whole of my time in Andover, not going home as heretofore on Saturday. This gave us many leisure hours, which were spent more delightfully, in walking parties, or excursions with the girls to "Wier's Hill." "Long Pond," &c. noted places in the vicinity, gathering wild flowers, grapes, &c. or in fishing and sailing on the pond. Sometimes we danced by moonlight, under the trees on "Wier's Hill," sang or romped just as pleased our fancy, or some leading spirit of the party should propose, we were all of one mind and one heart, enjoying life with a zest, that few ever feel in these days. Even to this period of my life, I occasionally have visions of those elysian hours in my sleep, and see the same bright faces, that then smiled upon me me in all the freshness of youth and beauty; with the same lovely views and scenery. This sweet vision leaves a calm and melancholy impression on my mind for several days

thereafter. Before retiring for the night we often-times assembled in Aunt Osgood's pantry, and regaled ourselves with the good always found there. Generally the girls chose some of the cold meats, with a slice of bread and butter, while myself and the other boys, ate a little bread and milk or a piece of apple pie, as better suited to our appetites, we then retired quietly to our beds about ten o'clock. Samuel Osgood, with whom I slept and roomed, was full of little amusing feats to alarm the girls. The house was a large building, with an extensive garret over the sleeping chambers of the females, one of his feats was to roll a six pound cannon ball, over this floor early in the morning, to rouse the girls from their slumbers, the noise of the ball resembled distant thunder, and there was but little sleeping done after it had traversed the whole length of the attic, two or three times. His mother often chided him for his roguery, but she was about as fond of mischief as any of the younger ones, and was rather pleased to have the girls roused early to their studies and to breakfast.

Several of my classmates entered college in this or the following year, amongst them was G. Washington Frye. Joseph Adams. I. O. Osgood &c. as for myself, after consulting my father it was concluded that my knowledge of Latin and Greek was sufficient to enable me to study Medicine profitably. I was now eighteen years old, and a college course of four years would bring me to twenty two, add to this three years for study of a profession I should be twenty five when ready to begin the world for myself. These four years then seemed a great while, to look ahead, longer than ten years seem now. Besides my father's pecuniary affairs were such that he thought he could not afford the expense without great inconvenience. Never-the-less, had I been very anxious for a college course myself I have no doubt the means could have been found. I have sometimes regretted that I did not complete my education, and then perhaps I have been full as useful in the world, as it is, my deficiences ~~etc~~

requiring the greater exertions of my own powers to put me on a par with those who have been more fully educated. The sefion closed with the usual public exhibition of speaking orations and dialogues, and the whole was closed with a grand ball as we thought. I had learned to dance in the winter of 1799, in Methuen, under the tuition of Mr. Muzzey, and thought myself equal to almost anyone in the exercise of the heels. I was pafsionately fond of the amusement, and indulged myself at every fitting opportunity. Where not carried to excefs, it is doubtlefs a very healthy exercise, adding strenght to the body, and grace to the ~~movements~~ of the limbs. The young people of that day were greatly more healthy than they are now, no curved spines, or dyspepsias, and few consumptions. I have no doubt that their exemption from these modern pests of our young females, was owing to their more athletic amusements, and exercises in the open air. Their cheeks were ruddy, their limbs strong and active and their capability for bearing fatigue fifty per cent greater than the females of 1840. It was the same with the young men, all their amusements were of the athletic kind. But every generation has its fashions as well as its phases of diseases. At our regular balls we had very fine music. There lived in one of the adjoining towns, a family of negroes by the name of Lien. They were three brothers who played in company, for a district of country, thirty or forty miles in extent, and made quite a lucrative business of their calling, charging from fifteen to twenty dollars a night. Their names were Jadoc, Erie and Peter, Jadoc the eldest was a very corpulent man of about thirty years, and played on the Bafsoon, elevated on a high seat, with his distended cheeks, and rotund body, he looked like a Carthaginian Bachus, playing on an ancient pipe. Erie the second son, was a stout, athletic man and played the Clarionet, with great power and effect. Peter, the third son, was a small slender fellow and played on the Violin with taste and skill, all combined

they animated our youthful hearts with such life and spirit as made even the heaviest feet light. The expence of these balls to each young man was from two to three dollars a piece, but as we had but two or three of them in a year, they were not very burdensome, considering we always had a supper, and wine in abundance, at our private, neighborly dances in an evening we had an old black fellow named Daniel, who answered very well for us to dance after, and lived near us, at these balls there were always more or less company from the neighboring towns, especially Salem, and Newbury-port. They were managed with great decorum and order, and broke up at two or three o'clock in the morning, The next day we suffered a little from fatigue, but made all right again with one night of sound sleep. The winter of 1801-2 I spent in Andover and was employed in teaching a district school, near the academy and boarded still at Mrs. Osgoods. I received sixteen dollars, a month for four months and had my expenses paid. That year, or in the Spring of 1802, I began the study of Medicine, under the care of my father. During the year I read a work on Anatomy by Keill. It was an old, dry treatise, but gave me a correct view of the human frame, after that Cheselden, which was a better. In 1804, a work just published by C. Bell, gave me new views of the subject, and from the frequent exhibition of Comparative anatomy and physiology, made it as interesting as a novel. During 1802, I read the whole of Boerhaave's great work, with Van Swieten's Commentaries, making in all about twenty four volumes, these works were then classed with the most approved writers, but are now never seen except in the Libraries of some very ancient physcian. Darwin and Brown about this period brought forth as new stars in the constellation of medicine, followed by Cullen, with his spasmodic action on the extreme vefsels, instead of the Lentor and virility

of Boerhaave, and the latter sunk into total neglect; so that his theory and practice, which once filled the medical world is now only known to the curious researchers of legendenary lore. Doubtless many improvements have been made in the healing art, during the last fifty years, but no practitioner, has been more successful in curing diseases than Sydenham, his theory and practice were founded on observation, made by experiment on the sick, and those experiments based on his remarks made on the symptons of the disease. His practice now, after all the theories and vagaries of modern teachers in medicine, I fully believe would cure a greater number of sick, than that of any in vogue at the present time. During this year I paid considerable attention to drawing, chiefly with India ink, in lines similar to engraving. In this way was copied several of the plates Cheselden's Anatomy, of particular portions of the human frame and Viscera, impreſsing them more deeply in my memory; a number of these I have yet. I also copied for my mother a set of six plates of the "Prodigal Son," which she kept during her life time, hung up in neat frames in the sitting room. I had always quite a taste for romances and novels, and read a number of these. They filled my mind with imaginary conditions and prospects of my future life, and many an hour was spent in picturing out to myself some romantic adventure in which I passed through many scenes and finally settled down in life with a rich fortune in company with the chosen one of my heart who was an actual acquaintance in real life. I formed this Summer intimacies with many youths of my own age, male and female. Amongst them was Charles Harrod of Haverhill a pleasant, cheerful youth, we used to swim together in Merrimac, which ran at the foot of my father's garden. Joseph,

his brother was a few years older. They have lived for many years in New Orleans, and Charles was cashier of one of the Banks there for a long time. Captain Moses Merrill, an old revolutionary officer lived about half a mile North of us, he had two fine daughters, who I often visited in company with my Sister Mary, who was next to me in age, my two older sisters Susan and Abigail were both married. Mary and Hannah Woodbury, the daughters of a widow lady, who kept an apothecary shop, used to visit with us. Harriet Atwood, so celebrated afterward as a Missionary in India, was an acquaintance, but a little younger than us. In Bradford opposite and in sight of our house I had many young friends. Eliphalet Kimball, was a modest, worthy young man, with two interesting sisters. Betsy Allen, the daughter of the pastor of that parish, was a very lively, sensible girl, an only child, and much indulged and beloved of her father, who was a homely, but kind, good man. She married Rev. Mr. Merrill, of Middlebury Vt. has been dead about twelve years. Rebecca Frask, was also another beautiful, interesting girl, who I esteemed very highly, and the more so as I was the means of rescuing her from the wiles of a debauchee, by my timely advice and giveing her notice of his true character. For this friendly service, she ever after felt very grateful and ranked me amongst her best friends. She married Judge Minot, soon after, and made a most lovely and exemplary wife and mother, she died about ten years since, leaving two or three children. Elisabeth Haseltine, afterwards Mrs. Judson, was a very interesting girl, and became a remarkable woman by her trials as a missionary in India. Perhaps no American female ever endured more hardships, or displayed a more christian and heroic disposition than this woman during her captivity amongst the Burmese, about this period there was a female academy erected at

Bradford and became quite famous for the number of missionary young women educated there. The first of May 1803, my father placed me under the care of Doctor Thomas Kittredge, of Andover, to finish my medical studies. I boarded for a while in the family of a Mr. Osgood, who lived about a quarter of a mile North of the Doctor's on the road to Haverhill. I recollect that the apple trees were in full bloom on the fourth of the month and that there fell a snow of three or four inches deep while they were in this state. It was more remarkable, as I learnt some years after, when living in Ohio, that the same storm extended into that state and at Marietta, on the morning of the third of May a hard frost destroyed all the fruit, apples being then as large as musket balls. It extended from Ohio across Pennsylvania and New York. Dr. Kittredge was a very popular physician and much celebrated as a surgeon. Traveling over a wide range of country, in performing operations. He had also many patients under his care boarding in the vicinity with the farmers. He was also famous for curing insanity and had numerous patients of this class, boarding at certain houses, whose owners were well fitted for managing people with this disease. The doctor was about fifty five or sixty years old, but smart and active. In person he was above the common size, tall and portly with an intelligent and commanding countenance, face rather long than round, wore his hair powdered, and tied up with a black ribbon, silk stockings, and small clothes, with silver buckles in his shoes. He was a perfect model, in dress and manners, of a New England gentleman of that day. His wife a very tall, plain woman, and so extremely deaf that it was with great difficulty she could be made to hear at all, and conversed with her daughters, more by signs and the motion of the lips, than with the voice, she was an excellent and kind woman. The Doctor's family consisted at that time of four daughters and one

son, with a married son who lived in Gloucester. Susan the oldest, was about thirty years old, and had passed into the list of what we then called old maids, she was an excellent girl and remain single. Martha, was about twenty six, but more fair and sprightly, she married Samuel LeBarron, in a year or two after, Catherine, a lively brunette of sixteen years, and Maria, a very fair, beautiful girl of twelve years. Catherine married a lawyer named Cummings of Salem, Mass. died young and Maria was married to the same man, who has been dead, I think some time leaving her a widow. Joseph, was about my age, and was preparing to enter college, which he did in that Autumn and graduated at Hanover. He studied medicine and supplied his father's place after his decease and posessed the old homestead, he died in 1848, leaving a number of children. John, the oldest son, was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, before I commenced study he had finished his education and was settled in Gloucester, Mass as a physician. In 1803 he had an attack of Homoptysis, and was thought to be in a consumption. He however recovered, and attributed his cure to the use of cucumbers, on which vegetable he wholly subsisted for several months, he felt a special desire for them, and from their cooling mucilaginous qualities, the febrile action was subdued, and he restored to health. At the time I commenced my pupilage there were five other young men under the care of the Doctor, Viz. Samuel Le Baron, from Rochester Mass. William McFerson, from New Boston, New Hampshire, Brown, from Rye, New Hampshire. Gideon Barstow, Rochester, Mass. and William Gordon from Newburyport, Mass.

The two first had nearly completed their studies and went into practice the next year. Le Baron at Roxbury, Mass. and McFerson, at a place called Booth's Bay, near Cape Ann. He afterwards recieved the appointment of Secretary to the collector of the port of Gloucester, and re-

moved to that place. De Barron, subject to fits of mental derangement, and lived and died a kind of misanthrope, he was a fellow of brilliant talents, and would have made a celebrated man but for this calamity. Barstow, settled in Salem and married a Miss Forrester, worth a large fortune, he was once in Congress; and became deeply engaged in commerce. Gordon, settled in Hingham, Mass. and was celebrated in Obstetrics. In 1839, he removed to Boston, where one of his sons was already settled in the practice of medicine. Brown, returned to Rye, and practiced in company with his father. Among my other fe- companions of 1803 and 4, Paulina and Isabella Porter, daughters of Dr. Porter of Portland, they boarded with Aunt Osgood, added to the charms our little circle of friends, Paulina married a Mr. Jones of Bath, who died in the West Indies, leaving her with three children. Isabella married Mr Holms of Boston, and had several children. Paulina, died in 1843. Peter G. Robbins, of Plymouth, Mass. came to study with Dr. Kittredge, in 1804 and boarded with me at Chandler's, we soon became intimate friends and we continued to be correspondent to the day of his death, in 1852, he married a Miss Daws in 1807, and settled in Lynn, after that he lived in Roxbury, Mass. My time fully occupied in reading the Medical and Surgical books of that period, and seeing the cases that daily presented themselves in the Doctor's office, generally chronic complaints and surgical operations. I had also to write out many of the prescriptions, and directions for the patients. Persons came from a great distance to consult him, and get the benefit of his long experience.

We had also to prepare all the pills, tinctures, and ointments for the shop, which was no small labour. I generally read about ten hours every day. The last year of the pupilage, we were allowed to ride with the Doctor, in his practice, our journies extending into all the neighboring towns, especially in surgical op-

erations, we also had some cases, that were not very bad, under our own care and management. The winter of 1803 and 4 was passed in teaching a school in Bradford, at which I was occupied six months, there were no less than one hundred and twenty names on my list scholars of which from sixty to eighty attended daily. It was a severe task, nevertheless, I went through with it, entirely to the satisfaction of my employer, and my school was noted for its quiet and good order, and for the improvement of the scholars. I also kept up with my classmates, in the study of medicine, reding six hours, every day. To do this I had to rise at fours o'clock, and read by candlelight, besides what I could do in the evening. This severe application, reduced my flesh and strength, very much, and I became quite nervous before the school closed, with twitchings in the muscles of my limbs, and a lack of sleep at night, for which I had to take opium and asafoetida. During that Fall, the school began in October. I had one of the Doctor's patients under my care, who had been caught in the machinery of a mill, and had all the flesh torn loose from his knee to the ancle. I had the credit of curing him entirely, and very soundly. The winter was passed pleasantly, in my school and in visiting parties, in Bradford, whose young folks were very sociable. In the Spring, I returned to my studies in Andover, passed the larger portion of the Summer in seeing the practice and visiting the patients of my preceptor. In the Autumn of the year 1804, I attended a course of Lectures at Cambridge College, in company with George Osgood, Gideon Barstow and William Gordon, we boarded at a private house about a mile from the college kept by two maiden sisters and an old bachelor brother, named frost. He carried milk to market in Boston; and I recollect that nearly, or quite all the meat at our table, was the hearts of

beeves, which he bought at a cheap rate from the butchers. The course of Lectures was then short, lasting only about eight weeks, we however had a very pleasant time, visiting Boston nearly every day or two, several times attended the theatre, which was then at its greatest celebrity and in high credit with the public. It was the only time, in my life when I have visited these places. Romeo and Juliet, was one of the tragedies, and took deep hold of my sensibilities. "Speed the Plough," and "Raising the Wind," were among the comedies and much delighted my fancy. In February, following, with Barstow and Gordon, I was examined by the Censors of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and recieved a Diploma, to practice Physic and Surgery.

The following winter was spent Dr. Kittredge's family. I having previously boarded with a Mr. Chandler, and a Mr. Johnson, near the Doctor's. The following Spring I was to leave dear Andover, where I had spent so many years of pleasure and happiness, and to cast my lot amongst strangers. I knew not where. It was a most distressing thought, for I supposed I could be happy no where else, and that my days of comfort on earth were ended, we used often to say to each other that in a certain number of years, we would all again assemble at dear Andover and relate our various fortunes, but that day never came. I had many and dear friends, both of males and female associates. In the last year Daniel Berry, had become a student, he was a lively cheerful fellow, and married Susan Varnum, of Andover, they settled in Tennessee, and for many years taught a female boarding school, and became both respectable and wealthy. Ebenezer Dale, was another choice spirit, and great favorite, and for many years a correspondent after I came to

Ohio, he married Serena Johnson, and settled in Gloucester, as a physician, where he was greatly esteemed, he died early, of Consumption. Samuel Frye, was another, of nature's noblemen, in mind and person, he followed me out to to Ohio, after reading Law, in 1807, spent a few months with me in Belpre and then went down to Port Gibson, on the Mississippi, he soon acquired a fine practice, and would have made, had he lived, one of the most prominent men in that Territory. But he fell in a duel, which he espoused for a friend to whom he was a second, the man to whom he carried the challenge, said he would not fight the principal, as he was a scoundrel, but he would fight the second, Mr. Frye, he like a foolish man, espoused a quarrel, in which he had no interest, and fell at the first fire. He was engaged to be married to my sister Mary, and was much esteemed by our family. Two of my sisters were now married. Susan, the oldest married John Nesmith of Londonderry, New Hampshire in 1796. and Abigail married Enoch Bradley of Haverhill, West-Parish, both these men were farmers, in easy circumstances, and became the parents of numerous families of childrens.

In the Spring of the year 1805, being then in my twenty second year, I commenced looking out for a suitable place to begin the practice of medicine. This was no easy task, as the profession, was ~~even at that~~ day fully supplied with adepts in the healing art. I first examined the prospect in Danvers, taking a letter of introduction to the Rev. M. Wadsworth, then quite advanced in life. He thought the opening in Danvers not very desirable, and advised, as I was a young man to seek my fortune in some of the New States in the West, saying that as the Country grew, I should grow with it. I next visited Dedham, and had a letter to old Dr. Ames of that town, who was far advanced in life, and by his infirmities quite unfitted for the active duties of physician, he

was not at home, but the old lady his wife read, and put her veto upon any attempt of mine to settle there, saying it was like taking the bread out of other people's mouths. My next visit was to Chelmsford, where I had several school acquaintances I took a letter to Dr. Spalding, a young man of considerable talent, who had been in Edinburgh, and was rising in the estimation of the public, he was about removing to Amherst N.H. a more populous town, so that his place in Chelmsford would be vacant. His only objection to me was, that I was not a Federalist, and he could not recommend me on that account to his patients. At that time the scite where Lowell now stands, was a barren sand field, with here and there a pile of rocks. The Canal, was just finished, but not a single mill, or factory was at time built, after calling on one or two of my old Andover associates, I returned to my father's in Haverhill. Finally it was concluded I had better try my fortune in Hampstead, N.H. a country town, six miles North of Haverhill. As my father had no money to spare, to fit me out with medicines and instruments and books, and to pay my boarding bills, till I could earn money by my practice, the sum of seventy dollars ($70.00) was borrowed of Rebecca Smith, the daughter of the former Baptist clergyman of Haverhill, on an interest of six per cent, to be paid as soon as I found it convenient, my father being my security on the note. It was some time in the month of May, I think that I left my father's house, and entered the wide world on my own account. Hampstead was a small country town with a population of about six hundred. There was already one physician, Dr. Knight, who had lived there several years, and did a considerable part of business; but the larger portion was done by physicians from the adjoining towns, as Dr. Knight was not a man of much talent. Dr. Morse of Londonderry, came into all

the West part of the town and Dr. Cogswell, of Atkinson, came into the South part, so that with all these competitors, it left but a small portion of the practice for me. However I soon obtained a share of the business, and did enough the first year to pay my board. It was a very healthy location, and I could not expect to do a great deal. The minister Mr. Kelly, and the deacon, Mr. Little, were my employers, and I should probably, in the end have secured the whole parish, had I been contented, and waited patiently for the fruits of my labors. But business came in slowly, and I often got discouraged, wishing I had learnt the trade of a joiner or cabinet maker, instead of that of a physician, thinking my occupation the poorest of all. I boarded in in a very pleasant kindhearted family. It was composed of John True Esq. aged about fifty, an old bachelor. He kept a store of dry goods, and had a small farm, two maiden sisters Mary, about thirtyfive years, and Hannah, about fiftyfour, with their mother, the widow of the former pastor of the parish, aged about seventyfive, the old lady was very pious, and spent a great part of her time in reading the folio volumes in her departed husband's library, especially the works of good Mr. Flavel, who was her main favorite, at night she slept but little, and having a bed room on the lower floor, always got out of bed two or three times in the night, and visited the ~~room~~ rooms, where there had been any fire to see if all was safe, she said she did not want to sleep more than three or four hours. It used to amuse me to see her wash in the morning; after wetting her hands, she would dip her fore finger in the water, and barely wet her eyes, never applying any to her face. She was very conscientious and was much grieved when her son Henry, who was there on a visit, and myself, played a game of checkers, or draughts in the evening. Henry, however thought very differently of the matter, although a settled preacher in Maine, and we continued to play on occasion-

ally, I believe she was glad when his visit was ended, that he might be no longer exposed to this sin. John was a social, kind hearted man, free from all bigotry, and ready to enjoy the innocent comforts of life. I was much struck, and pleased with a motto on the tombstone old Parson True. It was this, "He made Revelation his guide, Reason its companion". It seemed to be so appropiate for a minister of the Gospel. John True had a brother, living in Marietta, Ohio who was a physician, from whom he occasionally recieved letters. He spoke very favorably of the country, and of Marietta as a growing town and a good location for the practice of medicine. He finally invited me to come out there and he would assist me in getting into business. Ever since I was a boy, and my father became a share holder in the Ohio Company, I had felt a desire to see that rich land so much extolled by travellers and geographers. I had now been in Hampstead a year and three months, my business had increased, but it came in too slowly for my ardent imagination; and the people, I thought were too prone to send out of town for aid, when they could have full as good at their own door. It is not to me, now, surprising that they did so, the people were of steady habits and had for many years been acquainted with their old doctors, while I was but young and inexperienced. In September, or rather August I had fully made up my mind to leave the land of my father's and seek a new home in the Western Wilderness. I set about collecting my dues, and was able to gather up one hundred and twenty dollars ($120.00), as the fruits of my fifteen months labor, this sum after paying my board bill, but I still owed the seventy dollars ($70.00), to Rebecca Smith, so that I was worth only fifty dollars, ($50.00), after paying off debt to her. In addition to this I had a horse, and as many clothes as I could

pack into a portmanteau and carry on my journey. Miss. Smith agreed to wait on me, with the same security; and my father being accountable for the annual interest money, amounting to four dollars and twenty cents ($4.20). I left in the hands Esq. True, and forty or fifty dollars ($40.00 or $50.00) in accounts for him to collect, but little, if any of it was ever realised. My parents were willing I should try my fortune in Ohio, and my mother bid me adieu, with much cheerfulness, being a woman of great fortitude, and I parted from her with her smiles and her blessing.

A rude kind of journal was kept of my progress, from which I shall transcribe some of the daily incidents.

Journal on the way to Ohio.

Tuesday, Sept. 9. 1806.

Left Haverhill at 9. A.M. reached Jaquiths Tavern in Wilmington at 12. M. and arrived at Boston that evening, put up at Palmer's. Here I was joined by Joseph (Isaac?) Hovey, an old classmate at Andover, who was journeying westward as far as Connecticut.

10th. Before starting, bought a brace of pocket pistols for nine dollars and fifty cents ($9.50), thinking I might need them on the road. Reached Weston, at noon and took dinner Green's, nothing worthy of note occured, except that in Sudbury, Mr. Hovey enquired of an old lady we met, the name of a river we were about to cross, "La, Sir, said she, why it is the river." On further enquiry found it was Concord River. Just at sunset we reached Munroe's tavern in Marlborough, where we passed the night, twenty-eight miles from Boston.

11th. At 7. A.M. Mounted our horses and rode to Shrewsbury ten miles and breakfasted at Buells, roads fine and nice orchards by the wayside. Reached Worcester at 12. took a view of the town,

the Court house is an elegant brick building, situated on an eminence, commanding an extensive view of the adjacent country. It is a very pleasant village forty five miles West of Boston. Went into the Book Store Isaih Thomas, and bought two plays, to amuse myself in a rainy day. "Raising the Wind," and "the Deliquent," cost forty three cents ($0.43). Took horse at One o'clock, arrived in Leicester at half past two, the road leads over a succession of hills, six miles from Worcester. It has a handsome Meeting house adorned with a clock and bell. A large academy building, neatly finished. It stands on a hill. Left Leicester at four o'clock, passed through Spencer to Brookfield, eleven miles at seven o'clock, put up at Avery's tavern.

12th. Started at seven A.M. arrived at Western, half past nine, breakfasted at Blair's the country pleasant, many handsome seats. The weather dull and rainy. Stopped at Wilbraham ten miles, raining hard, at four o'clock. Left for Springfield in the rain, got as wet "as drowned rats," arrived at half six, and passed the night [illegible]

13th. In the morning a violent thunder storm, after the shower went to look at the U. S. Arsenal and Armory, there are seventy men employed, in making muskets, working on different portions, some on the locks, stocks, &c. There are now about fifty thousand, finished, strong and handsome pieces. At ten o'clock, proceeded on our way, crossing the Connecticut River on a bridge into West Springfield, passed through Suffield, ten miles. and at three o'clock, P.M. in Windsor, reached Hartford at six P.M. and put up at Norton's tavern. This town is pleasantly situated on Connecticut River, has a handsome convention house, and other public buildings.

The streets are wide and cross at right angles.

Sunday 14th September. Started at 7. o'clock, and reached Farmington at 9, took breakfast at Wardsworth's. Visited the graveyard and saw many handsome toombs of white marble, with a great variety epitaphs. Left Farmington just as the Meeting commenced, the church being in sight of the tavern, we took this opportunity to avoid being stopped by the tything man, for travelling on the Sabbath, the people of this part of the State being very strict in that respect, suffering no unnecessary traveling on that day. (A good and commendable custom). Here I parted with my friend Hovey, after bidding each other a sincere and deep felt farewell. In the afternoon, overtook an honest old plowjogger, on his sorrel mare, going he said to Litchfield, to visit a grandchild, lying at the point of death. Stopped at two o'clock, at Harwinton, and rested during the remainder of the day, while here saw a funeral procession, the burying ground being near the house, some of the company went in wagons, some followed in the good old custom of two, man and wife, on one horse. The grave yard was a rude country ground, the tomb stones of dark slate, with many quaint and curious epitaphs, which interested me in reading.

Monday, 15th, Started in the morning, passing through the center of the Village of Litchfield, road very hilly, went on four miles beyond and stopped at a house kept by a Mr. Brown, Making twelve miles before breakfast. Mrs. Brown, has something of the tartar, in her temperament: given to the "silent fretful," poor fare and no coffee, after eating stepped into a store close by, and saw a man I little expected to meet. David Hemphill, who had absconded from Haverhill the year before, on account of debts. He was a nail cutter by trade. David at first, when accosted, pretended not to know me, but finally agreed

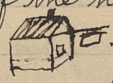
that it was himself, as I was not going to return to Haverhill. he felt more easy, and thought himself still safe. Proceeded on my journey, solitary and alone and croped the line into the State of New York before sun set. Stopped at a house kept by a widow Reasoner, but I found her one of the most unreasonable women I ever saw. In paying the bill in the morning, she found fault with my money, of the U. S. Bank, and nothing but silver or "York" would do for her, we parted in very ill humor. I hoping to meet no more widow innkeepers, and she, with customers, whose money better suited her.

17th. Started at Nine o'clock, proceeding over a very rough, rocky, and mountainous road to Deanstown, twelve miles, stopped at a decent house and in a pleasant country, rode eight miles further to Robinson's Inn, ten miles from the North River, at Fishkill, weather very warm, almost suffocating, at my lodging place last night, heard for the notes of the "Kata-did". Its music seemed very strange and monotonus. In after life I became more familiar with this lively industrious insect, and learned better to appreciate its solitary music. At two o'clock, pased through the town of Fishkill, it is but a small village and has two meeting houses houses in the gothic style. The road from here to the ferry is very pleasant, on the left is a range of mountains clothed with forrest to their tops, between them and the road are handsomely cultivated fields of corn and meadows, on the right the country is nicely cultivated, at five o'clock reached the ferry and paked this noble river in a sail boat, at this point the stream is one and a half mile wide. Seated at the door of the Inn in Newburgh, I have a most romantic view before me, Hudson rolls its majestic waters

in silent grandeur, while pleasure boats stretch their white sails to the gentle breeze, on the right the ridges of "the highlands" rise into lofty peaks, between which the winds its way, on the left are ware houses, vessels and wharves. The town is but a small village, but appears to do considerable business.

Wednesday 18th. Started at seven A. M. and attempted to get to Bethlehem, Pa. by the old road, but lost my way and was obliged to ride back to Windsor and take the turnpike. Person travelling to Ohio ought to cross at the lower ferry, land at New Windsor and take the turnpike. Arrived at a little place called "Blooming Grove" at ten oclock took breakfast and rode on, the day was excessively hot, the sun scalds like the mouth of a furnace, at this moment my shirt, waist coat, pantaloons and back of my woolen coat are wet with sweat. My horse, poor creature, is also dripping wet. Stopped in the village of Warwick at four P. M. the next stage being eleven miles, and I too much wearied to go any further, put up at the house of an old Irish man, who was very kind to me, and frank in his communications. Learning from me that I was a physician on my way to Ohio, he was very desirous to have me stop and settle in his little village, promising me all the aid in his power to get into business. He had at the time a son very sick in the house, in the last stages of the dropsy, he was about my age, and had been living in the city of New York, where he had contracted disease, that had brought him near to death's door, the old man showed me the medicine he was taking and said the doctors called it the "Tincture of the foxes gloves". I shall never forget his name of the remedy. The old man slept in his bar room and kept at the head of his bed a stout oak cudgel, and a drawn sword, hanging on a nail where he could reach it without rising,

these he said were for defense against robbers.

Thursday, 19th. After a tolerable nights rest, started in the morning at half past six o'clock. It extremely foggy, wetting my clothes equal to a light rain, rode till eight o'clock. Stopped in Vernon and took breakfast, rode through Hamburg to Hardiston, eleven miles by twelve o'clock, the weather not so hot as yesterday, but quite uncomfortably warm; at two, mounted my nag, and arrived in Sufsex, a little after four, it is the county town of the same name. Has a court house, built of of stone, as are also many of the dwelling houses. A meeting house and about a dozen private dwellings compose the town. The taverns in New Jersey, thus far generally very poor. Their signs are hung in this manner —  while in New York there is a little pole stuck out from the end of the house with the sign dangling to it thus —  — Started again at five, and reached a place called "Sog Jail," at seven P.M. making forty miles for my days ride, Landlord, named Stimson.

Friday 20th. In the morning, after having a having a shoe replaced on my horse, by a very bungling blacksmith, proceeded on to Hope, and there took a wrong road and went four miles out of the way, and so was obliged to put about again, stopped however, a little past nine at a place called Oxford, eleven miles from where I spent the night. Breakfasted on a portion of an oxes neck, fried by an honest talkative old woman, rode eight miles and stopped at twelve M. for two hours, then rode on to the town of Easton by five oclock, P.M. Here is a handsome bridge, acrofs the Delaware River, but at present the stream is paſsed by flat boats at the ferry. Took supper in Easton and after eating

rode six miles further and put up for the night at the house of an honest Dutchman. The people here are nearly all Germans and speak that language, universally, amongst themselves, thirtynine miles today.

Saturday 21st— In the morning, mounted my horse at six and a half A.M. and rode to Bethlehem. It is a handsome town, buildings mostly of stone. There is a new church in the place built of stone and stuccoed, the handsomest I have ever seen. It is inhabited by Moravians and has a celebrated school, for young females. Here I was shaved by the barber, and was decieved by an old fellow who keeps the bridge across the River Lehigh, he for the sake of the toll directed me to Allentown, by a road which nobody travels and is not only three miles further, but the worst, I ever saw, it is a poor specimen of Moravian honesty, reached Allentown about eleven A.M. tried to find a boarding house for a few days, on account of my horse whose back is very sore, under the pad which sustains my great coat, but could find no one to do it for less than twentyfive cents a meal, which is the regular tavern price, so I kept on my way, and reached ~~Kootztown~~ (Kutztown) at five P.M. Put up at the house of a German. He said the inhabitants of that town were all Germans, excepting one Englishman, and that he was born in Ireland.

Sunday 22nd— Started in the morning and rode eleven miles before breakfast, having in the first place shipped my on before the saddle, to ease my poor beasts chafed back, which has grown very sore, passed through Reading at twelve o'clock fording the Schuylkill, there is a bridge commenced with stone arches, but is not yet completed. Stopped about one o'clock, eight miles from where I took breakfast. The weather is very warm, and this day the Sabbath in

New England, though it seems like some other here. In the afternoon, went on to Wormeledorf paſsed the night at the house of an honest German, he was the first man I found willing to board me a few days, but his family family was so situated that he could not do it.

Monday 23rd — In the morning rode a mile and finding a Smith's shop, had the shoe reset, which had given him trouble since I came into Pennsylvania. It evidently gave some relief to his travelling, rode ten miles and took breakfast, when, soon after it began to rain and continued till twelve, stopped at half past one, thirteen miles from breakfast, found an old Scotchman drunk, and left him lying on his back, in the shed. Saw four Connecticut tin pedlers, with their wagons, who had been fined three dollars ($3.00), each, for travelling on the Sabbath. This is the first I ever saw a Connecticut pedler outwitted. After riding fifteen miles through the mud and some rain, reached Harrisburgh at seven o'clock, making about forty miles for my days ride.

Tuesday 24th — Put up at a tavern opposite the ferry, sign of the Bell. Here all things were comfortable but the bed, that was not only very poor but stocked with bugs, they made such a disturbance, that Morpheus hardly looked on me. In the morning crosed the Susquehannah River, fording it at the ferry, the bottom is rocky, but water is shallow, the river is here one mile wide. Amongst the adventures of yesterday, the most curious to me was a woman, riding on the bare back of a horse, a leg of a side, she dashed off at full gallop through the mud as independent as a boy, I am told it is not uncommon for females to ride in this manner on the Susquehanna. Rode ten miles and took breakfast, paſsed through the town of Carlisle, it is quite a handsome place, with a market house, and is the

seat of the Old United States Barracks, for soldiers and prisoners, in the war of Independence. Took by advice, a wrong road and went through the woods from left to right, and right to left about ten miles, at least three out the way, arrived in Shippensburgh at eight o'clock, forty one miles ride this day. Saw a man enquiring for one who had left his wife and child and took his wife's sister in their place, a very sad affair surely, the woman being nearly fifty years old. Spent the night, at a good tavern in the center of the town, and parted with the remainder of my Connecticut money which had been rather troublesome to pass for the few last days.

Wednesday 25th In the morning rode to Strawsburgh, ten miles to breakfast, at ten o'clock, begun to ascend the North Mountain, found it very steep and difficult to cross, the road being poor, and full of loose stones. Passed several families of men, women and children from Vermont. The day being cloudy, when I reached the top, it rained considerably, while at the foot it rained none, on the top of the larger mountain I met the pursuers of the runaway, noticed yesterday, they had been unsuccessfull in the chase and had given up the pursuit as hopeless, rode to the foot of "Sideling Hill," thirty five miles, through the most dreary country I ever saw. Stopped by seven o'clock at the house of an old widower, he being from home I had the company of his handsome and accomplished daughters, which was very pleasant, as they were the first I had seen, since leaving Massachusetts, who had any of the lady about them.

Thursday 26th. In the morning, mounted my beast, and commenced the ascent of the "Sideling Mountain," and accomplished the task by ten o'clock and took breakfast in a place called Providence, at the sign of the Green Tree. Rode ten miles further

to the sign of the Harp, left this and rode eleven miles in the rain, stopped before night at the forks of the "Glade Road", and to conclude the adventures of the day the landlady brought me a hot gin sling in a cup and saucer, which I think a good invention. This place is four miles Bedford, pafsed the night in the dirtiest house I ever saw, the bed most wretched and sheets very black.

Friday 27th. — In the morning proceeded on my journey, glad to leave the filthy place, although it rained very steadily. Rode over the "dry ridge" seventeen miles to a very comfortable house to breakfast, pafsed through Somerset at five o'clock went on five miles further to the "Red House", making a ride of forty miles, over the mountain range, pafsed the Alleghany at two oclock, the road all this day being most wretched, found at the "Red House" very comfortable quarters.

Saturday 28th — Started at half past six, crofsed the Laurel Mountain, twelve miles, morning some rain and the road very muddy. Pafsed through Mount Pleasant, to within eight miles of Birds Ferry, making thirty miles for the days ride, during the day overtook, an elderly gentleman, whose home was in Kentucky, nearly opposite the mouth of the Big Miami River, he was on his return from a visit to Maryland, his native place, his name was Nathaniel Smith, a Major, and had seen much hard fighting in the War of the Revolution, belonging to the "Maryland Line". He was one of the most cheerful, amusing companions I ever met with, and setting aside his profanity, a very desirable comrade on the road, he was the more acceptable, as I had been the last two weeks on the way entirely alone.

Sunday 29th. In the morning, before Aurora streaked the East with red, started with my new

companion and arrived in Williamsport, after fording the Youghiogheny and Monongahela, at 11 A.M. after breakfast or rather dinner, my companion, found on enquiry that an old Maryland friend, named Nels Coombs, lived within a short distance of this place. Smith, concluded to make him a visit and pass the Sabbath, at his house, insisting that I should go with him, and share his old friend's hospitality, accordingly we set forth, and after passing through several by paths and cross roads, the country being but thinly settled, we found the place. Nels Coombs, gave his old friend a hearty welcome, extending the same kindness to me on his account. With this cheerful old fellow we remained until Tuesday morning the 30th September, feasting on the homely, but substantial viands of a back woods farm house. Sunday night was spent in great glee, by these two old cronies, over a bottle of old Monongahela whiskey. It was perfectly astonishing to me to see what a quantity they could drink, without being intoxicated, every fifteen or twenty minutes each of them a drink of a half a gill or more, mixed with a little water, but no sugar, filling up the interval with tales of their former days adventures, this was kept up till ten or eleven o'clock, when they retired to bed apparently as sober as when they sat down to the bowl. I had for my bedfellow an old Irishman, who was the school master for this neighborhood, he was a bachelor, and followed teaching for a living, I afterward found that this class of men had for many years been the schoolmasters on the waters of the Monongahela, during the evening he took his glass with the others, without any apparent effect on his brain. I drank once or twice, but dared not take more lest I should be drunken, the first whiskey, I ever tasted was from Major Smith's

flask, the day before. I had with me a large phial of "Tincture of bark", which I procured in Carlisle, to guard gainst agues. This I took a little off every morning, with water. My friend Smith, liked it very well, for a morning dram, mingled with his whiskey, and used to persuade me to take some with him.

Mr. Nel. Comb, has a fine farm, well ~~stocked~~ stocked with cattle and horses, and the nicest orchards of apples and peaches that I have ever seen, much of the fruit was then in perfection, tho rather late for peaches.

Tuesday, September 30th.

We left the domicil of the friend of Major Smith, early this morning after many hearty adieaus and good wishes, and rode to Washington, eighteen miles to breakfast, this was my birthday, being twenty three years old, during the day my companion entertained me with many of his youthful adventures in the army, and incidents which befell him in the early settlement of Kentucky, where it seems he was an adventurer soon after the close of the war. He was in the battle of Camden, S. C. where General Gates was defeated by Cornwallis. In the early part of the action the fight was in favor of the Americans, and the regiment of Marylanders, to which Smith belonged drove all before them with the bayonet, at daylight the field where they fought was strewed with red coats, the uniforms of the British. The Major with an oath, said it was the prettiest sight he ever saw, being a sincere hater of the English. The fortunes of the day soon changed and the Marylanders were driven, with great loss, from the field. It was an exciting theme for the old soldier; he said he was the father seven sons, and if we ever fell into a war again with England, everyone of them should turn out, or he would disown them.

In the war of 1813, they did turn out, a part of them, as volunteers, and two or three lost their lives at the battle of the river Raisin, as I was informed by one acquainted with Smith soon after. He was very urgent for me to go home with him and settle in Kentucky, promising all the aid in his power, to get me into business as a physician in his country. Just at evening we

~~October 3rd Friday — In the morning rode fifteen miles before breakfast. Made our meal on fried hogs head and tea without sugar, while at supper the night before we had tea without cream, the fare of the backwoods men being such as they can conveniently get hold of. Mounted our horses and rode sixteen miles, to Newport, and put up at the house of John Green, the road all the way is in the woods, no bridges across the creeks and only here and there a clearing, with log cabin and a small patch of corn, at Newport the clearings are larger and some of the them have small meadows of English grass &c~~

reached a little straggling village called "Hard-scrabble," from the up and down difficulties of the hills which surround it, here we passed the night, and we had for supper nice venison steaks and hot short biscuit, it was the finest venison I ever tasted, and I thought the best supper I ever made.

Wednesday October 1. 1806.

We left the town of Haidscrabble, and I thought it was rightly named, early in the morning. This place, afterward, became the Gretna Green of Pennsylvania lovers who could not, by reason of some impediment, get married in their own state, travelled to this spot, where many marriages were perpetrated, but whether by a blacksmith, I do not know, travelled eleven miles and took breakfast, reaching Wheeling at twelve o'clock. Here I

first saw the beautiful Ohio, as we ascended the top of Wheeling Hill, where we had a fine view of its charming waters, and the Island. It seemed smaller than I expected, but it arose in part from the division of the stream by Zane's Island. At Wheeling we took dinner, and prepared to bid each other adieu, as our roads now parted, the Major following that through Zanesville, and State of Ohio, while I pursued the route on the banks of the river to Marietta. Here mine ancient friend was put into a strange quandary from the loss of a twenty dollar bill ($20.00). all the money he had to finish the journey. He searched all his pockets, swore a little, but could not light upon the missing bill, finally as a last resort he emptied his saddlbags, pulling out his clothes and two pair of plated bits, and double reined bridles, a present to his wife, from some relative in Maryland, at lenght in a piece of brown paper, safely ensconced in one corner of the bags he found the truant bill greatly to his relief, as well as myself; for I thought if he should not find it, he might suspect me of plundering it, we bid each other a sincere and hearty farewell, and I never saw him again, after parting with the Major, I proceeded in quite a melancholy mood on my journey down the Ohio, and reached Grave creek that evening, twelve miles, my horse's back has become very sore and much swollen, but I hope in a day or two more to reach the end of my journey, staid that night at the house, or cabin of one Collins. Here I slept on the floor, on account of bed bugs, and paid the highest bill, I have done for many days, with poor fare.

Thursday - 2nd

In the morning found my horses back more

swollen and tender than before, so turning him loose before me, walked sixteen miles before breakfast to Fish Creek, at my breakfast place I was so fortunate as to meet a man from New Jersey, moving west, he had put his family and wagon into a Kentucky boat and was driving his horses by land to Marietta. He being a kind hearted man, allowed me to ride one of his horses, and drive my own with his, before us, we crosed the Ohio River, forty miles below Wheeling, just before sunset, and rode through the woods, ten miles in the dark, we came at last, much to our joy, to a small log cabin in a new clearing, where they kept travellers, but not a tavern, slept again on the floor, the place was owned by a very large, athletic man, of middle age, named Scott, he had but one leg, having the other amputated above the knee, Dr. Forsyth of Wheeling, a short time before, the Dr. had no regular amputating instruments, so he used a hunter's knife for cutting the muscles, and a joiners tenant saw for the bone, the arteries were taken up with an awl and tied, the main artery was compressed by a narrow saddle girth and pad, twisted with a stick. The wound healed nicely and did as well as if performed by London instruments.

October 3rd. Friday. In the morning rode fifteen before breakfast. Made our meal on fried hogs head and tea without sugar, while at supper the night before we had tea without cream, the fare of the back-woods men being such as they can most conveniently get hold of. Mounted our horses and rode sixteen miles to Newport, and put up at the house of John Green, the road all the way, is in the woods, no bridges acros the creeks and only here and there a clearing, with a log cabin and a small

patch of corn, ~~and~~ Newport the clearings are larger and some of them have small meadows of English grass. Mr. Green gave us a nice supper of milk, bread and butter and cheese, and I slept in a good bed.

Saturday October 4— 0

Rose early, but did not start till nine o'clock, after breakfast, having a journey of only sixteen miles before me, to Marietta. The country, most of the way is a wilderness, there being but few clearings, between Newport and the mouth of Little Muskingum, crossed this stream in a flat boat, a nice bridge of one arch has been thrown over the stream, but it is not yet finished. Passed Duck creek, also on a new bridge, both built this year at the expence of the township, which shows no lack of public spirit in the citizens of Marietta, below Little Muskingum, the clearings are thicker and the land mostly occupied by settlers. Reached Marietta, at three o'clock P M, and stopped and got dinner at a large, new, brick, tavern house, at the upper end of the town, kept by an old English man, named John Brough. He had for his sign, the British lion, painted on a board, over the portico of his front door, that evening moved my lodgings to a tavern kept by Lewis Munsell, near the river, in the center of the town, called on Dr. True, for whom I had letters, he was not at home, but returned in the evening and called on me.

Sunday October 5— Went to meeting with Dr. True, service held in the academy, building, preacher Mr Robbins, a Massachusetts man, from Old Plymouth, and brother to

my friend and fellow student Dr. Peter G. Robbins. He ~~had~~ had been settled here but a few months, and preached a part of the time at Belpre, (Belpre) having both churches under his care.

Tuesday, eighth October.

Having met with Captain P. Howe of Belpre, at Dr. True's, he invited me to ride to with him to that settlement, and see how I liked it, as they were destitute of a Doctor, their old one, Dr. Jewett, having moved to Athens. Found it a very fine settlement, much more highly cultivated than any place I had yet seen west of the Mountains, good, frame dwelling houses, nice orchards of apple and peach trees, and the inhabitants, well bred and intelligent, being made up, chiefly ~~of~~ of Old Revolutionary officers, who had come out here to settle, at an early day. Nearly every man bore the title of captain, major, or colonel, pasised the night with Captain Howe, and the next day returned to Marietta, not fully determined yet whether to stay there or go to Belpre, there was a fair opening in Marietta, no physicians but Doctor True and Dr. Hart, both in the wane of life. Dr. True wished me to remain here, and offered me all the aid in his power to asist in getting me into business. The town then contained about six hundred inhabitants, ship building was carried on quite largely for so small a place, there being no less than six vessels on the stocks, ships, brigs, gun boats &c, two of which were on Fort Harmer side of Muskingum. The country about Marietta, was much of it yet in a wilderness state, there were not more than four or five clearings between Marietta and Belpre and no bridges across the creeks, they were pasised by fording, and when there

was much of a rise in the Ohio, they had to be "headed", or followed up into the hills before they could be crossed. It was the same in travelling up the Muskingum, and the first time I had a call up that river to visit a patient, I was lost in the woods, recovered the right track with considerable difficulty. It was however just at dark, I was misled by a road made for hawling timber. It was at a house on the upper end of Captain Devol's farm, and the first time I saw his floating grist mill, the wheels and stones made a great clattering in the calm still evening, while the pine torch lights in the head of the boat, looked quite romantic, gleaming on to the quiet waters of the Muskingum. I got back again that night without much trouble, after my return from Belprie I boarded with Moses McFarland, who was a Haverhill man, and aquainted with my father, his wife was an Andover woman, named Bradly and her sister well known to me, she had a small family, two fine children, Maria, about six years old, and Eliza, two years old, she was the most beautiful child I ever saw, and I soon became attached to her.

His brother James, older than Moses, occupied a part of the same house, as a nail factory, making cut nails, by a hand machine, his son James, then about fourteen years old was occupied at this business, he was a great reader and all his spare time was passed with his books, he afterward became wealthy and one of the first men, in Charleston, Kenawha County, Virginia

Dr. True, introduced me to all the principal inhabitants, and it soon became known that a new Doctor had come to Marietta. My journey

out had cost me about forty dollars ($40.00) I had seventy dollars ($70.00), on hand, to begin the world with, and a good substantial Northern horse, worth about forty dollars ($40.00). I still owed Rebecca Smith, seventy dollars ($70.00), so that I was worth nothing but my horse, a scanty supply of clothing when I commenced business in Ohio. I bought a small stock of medicine of Major Joseph Lincoln, out of a part of the money and kept the balance to pay my board, till I could earn a living by the practice of the healing art. I soon had a considerable share of business, in the country as well as in the town. Toward the last of October I had a call to visit a patient, thirty miles from Marietta in Virginia, on the road to Clarksburgh. The man had been long ill with the dropsy, and had started to come to Marietta for aid, but failed on the road. It was just at night when myself and guide crossed the Ohio River, and the journey was made by star light, there were but one or two settlers on the whole route, we reached the house where the poor man lay, about midnight, he was in Articulo Mortis, and died in about an hour hour. I laid down a short time, but there was so much talking and noise in the cabin, that I could not sleep, and concluded to rise, and commence my journey back again in the night. I started all alone, the first portion of the road was on a ridge, called "Dry Ridge" sixteen miles in length without a settlement or inhabitant. It was a clear frosty night, the wolves made a terrible howling along the sides of the road, causing my horse to prick up his ears, and hasten his pace along the solitary path, but they did not molest me. At early dawn I reached a cabin at the foot of the ridge, where I

procured some food for myself and horse. It was on the place afterward owned by Mr. Schultz, on the waters of Bull Creek, from this spot the path branched off to the right, and came out on the Ohio at the mouth of Cow Creek, on the farm afterwards occupied by Alexander Henderson, on the opposite side of the Ohio River, I had two patients I wished to visit, and hired a black man to set me over in a large canoe, when I had to walk a mile or more to my patients, I returned the same way, and reached Marietta, in the afternoon, I went to bed greatly fatigued, having been without sleep for two nights, the former one being passed at a ball, in the house of John Brough, where I had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Blennerhasset and her husband, he did not dance; but she was quite the most attrative figure, and active dancer on the floor. I had just fallen into a soundsleep, when I was roused about ten o'clock to visit a man at the "Stockade", Simeon Goodwin, who was ill ~~th~~ with the cholic, he was afterwards my patient for several years, after relieving him, I was allowed to rest the remainder of the night in peace.

Having recieved several invitations to settle in Belpre, where there ~~was~~ was no Doctor, early in December the sixth I concluded to move my goods and chattels to that place, having previously engaged boarding at the widow Rhoda Cooke's, a New England lady, with a small family, who had recently moved to Ohio. My business through the Winter was not much, but in the following Spring and Summer, an epidemic fever prevailed and I had as much practice as I could possibly attend to, over a hundred cases of fever fell under my care, of which I lost only two or three by death, being very remarkable for its success, while in Marietta, where the same fever prevailed, there were

fifty or sixty deaths. I wrote a history of this epidemic, which was published in the eleventh volume of the Medical Repository in New York. My charges for the year amounted to over fourteen hundred dollars, and chiefly in debts that could be collected, as the larger part of my patients were in substantial farmer's families. In the month of August 1807 I was married August 19, 1807 to Miss Rhoda Cook, the second daughter of my hostess. Samuel Frye, an old friend, joined me in Belfast, in June and remained till October, when he went by water to Nashville, and afterwards to Gibson Post on the Mississipi, he was a lawyer, and a very able and excellent man, but lost his life in a duel in 1809, I think, he was affianced to my sister Mary, who, poor girl, was greatly grieved at his loss, [redacted] were all his friends, and more especially to be cut off in so sudden and miserable a manner. In November, I was attacked with an inflamation of the joint of my right hip, causing severe pain especially at night, and a filling up of the socket, so as to push outward the head of the thigh bone forcing the trochanter, more than an inch from its natural [redacted] posture. Having purchased six volumes of the Medical Repository, at a sale of Blennerhaset's library, in July, 1807, I there found a similar case cured by a large issue over the joint, as it was difficult to keep the dressings on an issue, I [redacted] inserted a large seton, but as my business required daily exercise on horseback, it was soon torn out, to relieve myself in the painful attitude of riding I rested one hand on the neck of my horse, just forward of the saddle; and so constant was this, that in a few weeks the hair was all worn off, as large as my hand, I finally put on a vegetable caustic the size of half a dollar, eat out a deep cavity and kept it discharging by a waxen teat, coated with cantharides, I also applied blisters

above and below the issue, keeping them running freely, at night took a large pill of opium to procure a sleep, had to increase the quantity gradually to eight or ten grains, this course followed regulary for four months arrested the disease and prevented suppuration, but it was about eight months before could walk uprightly, or without a cane. It has once or twice partially returned since, but was soon checked by a blister.

Since my marriage, we had lived with my wife's mother, but during the winter began to make arrangements, for housekeeping, in some town, where practice would be less laborious than in the country, we talked some of moving to Cincinnati, then not much larger than Marietta, but Mother Cook, was opposed to it, and we finally concluded to settle in Marietta. In March, we moved up by water, carrying our household goods in a keel boat, it being very difficult to get along with a wagon, the roads and bridges were so poor and bad, we hired a house belonging to Thomas G. Prentiss, a young Merchant from New Hampshire. It stands, near the new Congregational Church, and was built and owned by Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, the first Sherrif of Washington County and one of the first settlers of Marietta in 1788.

It was a comfortable house, and we paid a rent of seventy dollars ($70.00). a year, to assist in paying this we took Mr Prentiss to board with us at two dollars ($2.00). a week, which made it easier than to pay the money. In May 1808, our first child was born, which we Mary Ann, after two of my sisters Mary and Nancy, I had now become a father and felt that new responsibilities had fallen upon me, it also strengthened the bond of union between me and my wife, making it still more tender, and endearing. Two physicians had moved into Ma-

rietta since I left in December 1806. Viz: Dr J. B. Regnier and Dr Thomas Jett. The former I became first acquainted with in the fall of 1806, he then lived on Duck Creek, ten miles from Marietta on a farm, he was about thirtyfive years of age, his dress was a short cotton jane coat, striped cotton pantaloons, a white fur hat, much the worse for wear, and short boots that came up over the pantaloons, he was of a very pleasant countenance, affable and polite in his address and treated me with much courtesy, I did not see him again until I saw him in Marietta, in the spring of 1808. He was not regulary educated as a physician, but well instructed in Mechanics, and was intended for an architect or designer of buildings. He had attended a course of lectures on Medicine in Paris, and emigrated to America, in 1790, with the French Colony, who had purchased lands of the Scioto Company in France, and finally settled at Gallipolis, he staid with them one season and worked at clearing lands, being dissatisfied with his situation, he went back to New York and recieved employment as a land agent, to one of the large land companies in that city, and was located at Unadilla in the interior of the state, here there was no physician and his slight knowledge of Medicine was called into use by the neccessities of the settlers, from wounds, fevers &c, at this place he married, procuring some French books on Medicines, soon informed himself so as to treat diseases very succesfully. His fine intellect naturally led him to see at once into their nature, in 1802, or 3, he moved into Ohio, and settled on a new farm ten miles from Marietta (however) here the wants of the people soon called him out into the practice of physic, his great succes and his bland affable manners, gained for him an extensive

practice, he was very poor at this time, and not a-
ble to purchase a horse, the first year, his practice, a-
mongst the hills, and scattered settlements of Duck
Creek, was done on foot, walking six or eight miles,
with ease and rapidity, the next he bought a horse,
and being rather a sickly one, his rides were extended
to Marietta, and to Waterford a distance of ten to twenty
miles, a brother from Paris, joined him in 1807, and
persuaded him to enter into partnership with
him in Merchandise and to move to Marietta he
did so, and when I came up in March, found
him selling goods, practicing Medicine, he re-
ciesved me with cordiality and was ever after
one of my warmest and best friends, recom-
mending me on all occasions and introducing
me to many more patients than I should other-
wise have had, soon after I arrived we attended to-
gether a very desperate case of fever, of forty days
continuance, in John Miller, an industrious la-
boring man, much esteemed by the people, we
treated the disease successfully, taking him
from the hands of one Dr. Herron, who had
managed the case badly, and great applause for our skill.
Dr. Jett, the other physician was an ignorant itinerant
from Virginia, who had lived at Newport, or Parkersburgh,
during the sickly season 1807, but was often called to Ma-
rietta during that year on account of some success he had
in fevers at Warren, and from his bold purgative
practice in Calomel and Jalap, followed by tonics and
stimulants, had gained considerable credit, the dis-
ease, being quite fatal in Marietta, under the treat-
ment of Drs. True, Hart and Herron. This induced
him to move to Marietta. In competition with the
skilful practice of Dr. Regnier, his celebrity soon failed
him, he never after rose to any eminence. ~~The~~
The year, 1808, was a healthy period, and my

business only amounted about four hundred dollars ($400.00). In 1809, it increased to five hundred dollars ($500.00). In 1810 to nine hundred dollars $900.00). Dr. Evans, an English doctor, came to Marietta, and opened an apothecary's shop. He was quite an accomplished surgeon, and persuaded Dr. Regnier to enter into partnership with him in the practice of physic. He was not an honorable man, but took every advantage to act the Quack, saying his object was to make money, and that he could get more thus than by an honorable course, after about two or three years, Dr. Regnier became disgusted with the man, and the dissolved; soon after which he, Evans, moved to Janesville, and finally to the City of New York, where he lived for many years, practicing as a charlatan, in venereal disease.

In the spring of the year 1809, I purchased a small two story brick, and a one story frame house of Mr Timothy Gates, It was near the Court House and in a central part of the town, It cost six hundred dollars ($600.00). which with a little aid from my father of fifty dollars ($50.00) I was able to pay in a year or more from my earnings in Belpre. It was unfinished, and by the time it was completed, cost about one thousand dollars ($1000.00). I assisted at leisure hours, to do considerable of the work myself, such as nailing on the lathes for ~~plastering~~ plaistering, mixing up the mortar &c. I was much rejoiced to have a ~~house~~ home of my own, and my wife was equally well pleased. This year in April, some of my Republican friends, nominated and elected me as township clerk, It was ~~a~~ not a lucrative office, but was worth from twenty to twenty five dollars ($20.00) to ($25.00) a year and aided me considerably,

I retained it till the year 1815, when I was absent on a visit to my parents in Massachusetts, and some one else got the office. Marietta then embraced a large territory, including what is now Warren, Union, Fearing, Lawrence and a large part of Newport. John Sharp, Esq. who lived on Little Muskingum six miles from Marietta, was a leading man in the Republican party, and was a staunch friend and so remained till his death in 1823. He was a senator and representative after 1812 and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at the time of his death. I had a large practice in his neighborhood and was his family physician for ten fifteen years. My rides extended on all sides to the distance twenty and twenty five, or more miles, there being but few physicians in the country, none nearer than Waterford and Belpre, west, north for thirty or forty miles, and up the Ohio as far, and in Virginia, no nearer than Parkersburgh, for many years the roads were very wretched, few or no bridges across the creeks, and where there was a canoe, the horse had to swim over and be towed by the side of the boat.

In the Autumn of 1810 my friends placed me on the ticket, as Representative of Washington and Athens, to the State Legislature, these two Counties were entitled to one senator and two representatives in the lower house Mr. R. Putnam and myself were chosen, and Doctor Jewett, was the senator from Athens. We, that is Mr. Putnam and myself boarded together with Mr. Brookes. R. J. Meigs, was then Governor of the State, and boarded at the same place, Mrs. Brooks was an elegant and accomplished lady, the daughter of Moses Dillon Esq. who had the credit of building and putting in operation the first furnace for smelting iron in the State of Ohio. Brooks, himself, was a drunken, idle man, had once been a respectable merchant in Baltimore, but failed in business. We passed a very pleasant winter, and I formed many valuable acquain-

tances in various parts of the State. I was the youngest member in the house being only twenty seven years old. During the winter I drafted and procured the passage of an act, regulating the practice of Medicine in Ohio, the State was divided into six districts, embracing the same territory as the non resident collectors districts, being a convenient mode of dividing the State, three censors or ~~examiners~~ examiners of applicants for the practice were appointed in each District, who met with the society, twice a year. It continued in force some years, was modified and altered, and was finally repealed about the year 1820. It was of great service to the Medical profession, making them acquainted with each other and their modes of practice and Dissertations on diseases were read at each meeting, for this District, the meetings were held at Athens and were generally well attended. The sesion of our assemblies in those days were short, compared with modern ones, lasting only about eight weeks. I was at home, I find by day book, on the second day of February 1811.

In April, of this year, ~~xx~~ my wife became the mother of a son, ~~whose~~ whom we ~~xx~~ named Charles Cook, after my only brother Charles and her maiden name, Cook. The season was spent in the practice of Medicine, to which I added the inoculation of kine pock, to considerable profit, I was the first to introduce it into this part of Ohio, and in December of 1809, inoculated about one hundred and fifty children in Waterford, I was invited to come up by Judge Devol, Mr Dana and some of the first men of the town, more especially on account of the small pox, which had been introduced by Dr Bordy, and a pest house opened by him, much against the will of ~~many~~ many of the inhabitants. They had suffered much from this disease in the early settlement of Waterford, and had a great dread of it. Judge Devol went with me to a large number of families, and introduced me very cordially, he also treated me with great kindness and hospitality at his house. In a few days a stop was put to the further

progress of the small pox, had it not been for this timely introduction of this blessed remedy, a large portion of the inhabitants, would have been obliged to inoculate with the small pox, in their own defence, or to prevent taking it in the natural way, the friends of the small pox inoculation, pretended to say that the kine pox, was worthless and no protection, two of my patients went into the pest house, staid all night amongst the sick, and escaped without any symptom of contagion, this fact, soon spread amongst the people and established the credit of the kine pox, beyond all dispute.

From this source, I recieved nearly enough to build me a new stable, twenty four by eighteen feet, the lumber being paid for, by orders on my employers to be paid in produce.

In 1811. I was again chosen to be a representative, this year my colleague was Colonel Jehiel Gregory, of Athens, the senator was William Woodbridge, then a young lawyer of Marietta. This winter, we boarded at Captain Burnham's, one of the early settlers of Marietta, and kept a tavern on Point Harmer, when I came to that place. In December, I had a return of the disease of the hip joint, but checked it by timely blistering. The winter was passed very pleasantly, amongst the members, were William Creighton, Henry Brush of Ross County, distinguished lawyer, John Pollock, an excentric man, often speaker of the house, J.P.R. Bureau of Gallia County, G.W. Campbell of Adams, Thomas Morris, Peter Hitchcock, a young lawyer from Geauga, for many years one of the supreme Judges of Ohio. Major Todd of Trumbull, was another active member of the Senate, he was soon after appointed one of the supreme Judges of Ohio, and served as such for a number of years. Colonel George Jackson, was a member of the House and warm friend of mine, Peter Bell and Colonel Jones of Hamilton County were also members. Doctor Edwards of Dayton, Mr. Sterrell, of

Ross County. I believe there were more men of talent and respectability in this assembly, than there has ever been since. During the session there was an impeachment of one of the supreme judges named Thompson, the trial was held in the Senate chamber, and the House attended as spectators, as no business of legislating could be done while it lasted. Mr Baldwin, a celebrated Lawyer of Pittsburgh and Lewis Cass Esqr. acted as councillors. Mr. Cass was then in the prime of life and had not yet began the political career, since prosecuted so successfully. The Judge was finally acquitted.

During this session there arose a misunderstanding between the collectors of non resident taxes, and the Legislature as to their compensation, the collectors claiming their percentage on the whole amount of their duplicates, while the Legislature said they were entitled to it only on the sum collected. It happened that the defalcations were large and it made a difference of nearly one hundred per cent in the amount. The collectors, however held on to the whole, and were all dismissed from office. This left a number of vacancies, and my friends offered to elect me to that of the Third District, where I resided. I was accordingly, chosen at the end of the sesion, and the saldary fixed by law, so that there should be no more misunderstanding as to the compensation. The Third District was set at the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars ($250.00) a year, while before under Mr. Skinner, it used to be considerably more, and the last year, or 1811, amounted to six hundred dollars. It was during this winter that the whole Western Valley was shaken to its center by earthquakes. In December and January, shocks were frequent, some were slight, but others were so strong as to shake the bricks from the tops of many chimnies and to crack the walls of poorly built brick houses. It was so in Marietta where the shocks rather stronger than in Zanesville. The most severe generally took place in the night. I recollect, there was one hard one

in the day time, while the Legislature were sitting. The house shook so strongly that nearly every member left his seat and rushed out into the open air. They lasted but a few seconds. In the night these shocks sometimes gave rise to quite ludicrous occurrences, at that time large numbers of friendly indians, of the Shawanese and Delawares, tribes had come into the interior of Ohio for their winter hunt; partly to get rid of the importunities of the other tribes, friendly to the English, urging them to join them in the war on the eve of breaking out between the United States and Great Britain, a band of forty or fifty, were near Marietta, and came in to town often with bear and Skins for sale, in exchange for meal, salt, powder &c. A neighbor of mine, Joab Jones, was awakened one night, with a terrible rattling of his doors and windows, and once concieved it must be the indians trying to break into his house. He instantly sprang from bed, seized his axe and placed himself by the door, ~~red~~ ready to cut down the first indian who entered. The occasional slight jars of the door, kept him at his post, till he was nearly frozen, as in his haste he had not put on his clothes. He finally retired to bed and was not aware of the cause of his alarm, until all his neighbors, the next morning complained of the same disturbance. He then concluded it must be an earthquake. The fall preceding, a huge comet had visited our region, and went far to strengthen the theory of Noah Webster, that comets and earthquakes often accompany each other. The next season, war broke out, and confirmed the belief of many visionary people, that comets, are certainly the precusors of war. My political course terminated with this session, and I returned to my domestic concerns and private life, fully satisfied with my trial to become a noted public character. I never had any talent for oratory,

and without this accomplishment no man can become celebrated in a public body. The embargo which had preceeded the declaration of war, had put a stop to commerce, and thus closed and embarrassed all our agricultural interests, we had no manufacturers to use up our surplus produce, and when our foreign market was destroyed, business of all kinds was at a stands. The citizens of Marietta, since the year 1800, had been deeply engaged in ship building, several large rope walks had risen up with branch, and the cultivation of Hemp had greatly ~~adds~~ added to the wealth and comfort of our farmers. ~~Various~~ Various other branches, connected with ship building, had sprung up and the whole country was benefited by the operation. The embargo, and the war which followed put a stop to all these occupations and the country became deeply embarrassed. Town property, as well as farms, sunk in value. A stop was put to improvements in building, and Marietta, the oldest town in the state retrograded as fast as it had ever advanced.

During the last Legislature, my friend Gregory, had me appointed to the office of Trustee, of the Ohio University at Athens, this post I held till the year 1819, when I resigned it; as being too troublesome, if faithfully performed; and this I endeavored to do, by attending, twice a year the meetings of the Board. At the proper period, I forgot to mention, that during the winters of the years 1808 and 1809, several of the young men of Marietta, formed a chemical society, David Wallace, who kept an ~~a~~pothecary, was our principal lecturer, or ~~opator~~ operator, although we all did more or less of it. We had a very convenient apparatus, and exhibited nearly all the experiments shown in our colleges, especially with the gasses. A regular Journal was kept, in which the Secretary entered every evening's lecture, with the theory of the facts exhibited. We had an engraved seal, and issued diplomas of membership to

all the fellows of the society. Dr. Regnier, old Dr. Hart, Dr. Wallace, a young man named Davidson, who was spending the winter here, since Col. Davidson of Newark, Robert Harrison, an ingenious goldsmith who engraved our seal, Dr. Jonas Moore, and myself, with a number of others whose names I have forgotten, were members of the society, it was continued for two winters, two evenings in a week. It was a very useful school and gave all the members a tolable knowledge of the subject.

My employment, as collector, ~~interfered~~ interfered but little with my professional business, the money was all paid in to the office by agents and the sheriff of the county, who then acted as resident collector where he lived. It was done mostly in December and I was absent at the seat of government about ten days, to settle up the duplicate tax list and to pay over the money, so that the sum recieved as salary was so much clear gain added to my other revenue. This amount I continued to lay up yearly, investing it in Bank stock, or in lands. In the latter I dealt considerably, but not always to profit. I held the office till the year 1819, when the whole system of collections was changed and the office of non resident collector abolished. The profits of the office was about two thousand dollars.

In 1810, through the agency of my friends John Sharp and Cornelius Rougland, then two of the "Trustees for managing lands granted for religious purposes in Washington County," I was appointed their clerk, and have continued to hold the office ever since, a period of thirty three years. It was not worth much, but has averaged about thirty dollars a year.

In November 1812, my wife became the mother of another son, which we named George Osgood, after an old friend of mine Dr. Osgood of Dan-

vers Massachusetts.

Dr. Regnier and myself, still continued to monopolize a large share of the practice of Medicine. Dr. Evans had moved to Zanesville and Dr. True was becoming rather infirm. I had many influential friends, besides the connections and relations of my wife, who all patronized me, especially Judge Fearing, Col. Barber and Cap. Jonathan Devol. In whose families I always found a welcome and all the employment they could give. Gov. Meigs, was also a generous and very useful friend, assisting me at all times with his advice, and sometimes with his purse, when it was needed. He was now Postmaster General, and away from Marietta a part of the year, although during the first years of the war he was Governor of Ohio, and Commander in Chief of the Militia. His services in calling out Volunteers, and exposing himself to many hardships on the frontiers, was the cause of his being appointed to the responsible part of head of that department, by the Senate and President, Mr. Madison.

In 1810, I bought of Stephen ~~Shepard~~ Shepherd, four city lots for eighty dollars, or twenty dollars apiece, on a part of these I put out an orchard in 1811, of about thirty apple trees. The balance was laid down in meadow. The trees were bought of Judge Fearing, who kept a small nursery and was a man of great taste and judgement in gardening and cultivation of all kinds, the trees grew finely and have furnished nearly all our winter apples for twenty five years. In 1811&12, I bought eight more city lots of Edwin Putnam, lying near my first purchase, for these I paid two hundred and twenty dollars. Viz: four pasture lots at twenty five dollars each, and four mowing lots at thirty dollars each, the latter were fine lands, being formerly the scite of a

pond and swamp, the bottom of which was covered with rich black mould, for many years the crop averaged a ton hay to each lot, or three tons to an acre, I thus had a plenty of hay for my horse and cows in winter and pasturage in summer. I began to pay considerable attention to gardening, although my ground was small being only half a city lot on which stood my house and barn. I also kept honey Bees, and for many years took not less than a hundred pounds of honey annually, they were arranged in colonies or seperate divisions, in the structure of the hives, so that I could take the honey without destroying the bees, Peter Taylor, an old Englishman, for several years gardener to Blennerhassett, used to assist me about the garden, and instructed me much as to the habits of Bees. In the winter of 1813, we had the first great flood in the Ohio River, the water rising three or four feet higher than any other since the bottoms were settled, it covered nearly all the bottom ground in Marietta, except a little strip from old court house, over to the new Congregation Church, my cellar was filled, and the fire in my kitchen hearth extinguished. It did much damage to fences, and drowned a great many cattle and sheep, as the weather was cold and much ice formed over the still water in the bottoms. On Point Harmer several families left their houses and camped out on the side of the hill back of the town.

In February 1815, just at the close of the war, I left my little family, on a visit to my father and mother in Haverhill. Haverhill Mass. It was a miserable season to journey over the mountains, on horseback. It was chosen as one when I could best leave my professional business, and also on account of the company of Dr. William Person, an old Andover friend, who had come

our ~~West~~ West during the war to find a new home, he had been for several years engaged as secretary in the Collectors department, of customs, in Gloucester, Mass, but the war had closed that business and threw him out of a living as it did many others in our seaport towns, he had chosen Columbus for a residence, and was returning to bring out his family in the spring, he did so; but after a years residence, he was invited back to his old post, and returned to Gloucester. I suffered many hardships in my journey over the mountains, "by flood and by cold", endangering my my life, in fording creeks, especially Wheeling Creek, between Grave Creek and Washington Pennsylvania, I did not find my company at Washington, as I expected he being thrown off from his route by ice, floating in the Ohio, forcing him to cross higher up than Wheeling. We passed through Philadelphia, where we spent two or three days, finding several friends there from Marietta, who were purchasing Merchandise for their stores. The news of Peace, was proclaimed while I was on the road to Wheeling, and there was great rejoicing in all our cities; at Philadelphia I attended ~~ended~~ some book auctions, And purchased quite a number of Books. Amongst them was a large family bible, which we retain to this day. These were packed and sent out with the goods of Col. Barber and Mr. Skinner to my wife. From Philadelphia we passed up the Delaware, crossing New Jersey, and over the Hudson at Newburgh, as on my journey out, from thence through Litchfield and Springfield to Wooster. At Springfield my friend Ferson left me to New Boston in New Hampshire on account of a man, who had come on with him from Ohio, and was partially insane, returning to his friends. From Worcester I passed through Concord, and struck the Merrimac River at the bridge over Bodwells Falls. Visited my grandmother, and Uncle Alpheus Bodwell, took dinner and started for Haverhill, eight miles in a snow storm, I reached my father's house just at

dusk, went in and asked if I could stay the night with them, not one of the family recognised me, not thinking of my being nearer to them than Marietta, as I had not written to notify them of my visit, my father said there was a tavern not far off, and that they did not entertain travellers now, as he used to do when he lived in Methuen, I replied, that it was so stormy I disliked going out again and thought they had better keep me. He then asked where I was from, I said from Ohio, Sir, I have a son there living in Marietta. I replied I knew him well, and began to smile at the curious blind play going on, this smile recalled some slight recognition of who it might be, and mother said it must be Cousin Warren Hildreth, whom I resembled, and who they thought was thus amusing himself at their expense, at length my father said it must be their Son "Sam", but mother thought I looked too old and dark complexioned for him, the snow and sun had tanned my face very much and made me several shades darker than usual. At length, to settle all doubts, my mother said if it was "Sam", I must have a large scar on the top of my head, on which there was no hair. I submitted my head to her inspection and she soon found the mark of recognition, indelibly stamped and as fresh as when I left home nine years before, At the sight of this, all doubts vanished and I was heartily welcomed to the bosom of the rejoicing family, and gladly allowed to pass the night. This scene served for a frequent subject of amusement, during my visit at Haverhill.

It was very curious to notice the different powers of recollection, possessed by different people, some of my old acquaintance could recognise my features at first view, while others did not know me at all, and could not recall my look till after two or three interviews. My

old friend Robbins recollected me the most readily of any one, I was sitting by his fireside in Lynn, he being out when I came to his house, he had only a side view of my face as he entered the room, but he at once exclaimed, "why Hildreth, is that you. I spent about four weeks in visiting my parents and other relations in Massachusetts. My sister Mary was married to Mr Francis Eaton, a lawyer, and lived near my parents, she was ~~confined~~ just confined of her first child. My sister Nancy, was married to I. Newcomb, a goldsmith and lived in Boston, I spent with her about a week, she was a very pious, excellent woman, and from her I recieved my first religious impresions. While in Haverhill I purchased of my father the balance of his Ohio lands, amounting to about fifteen hundred acres at seventyfive cents ($0.75) per acre, having a credit of four years to pay for it. I had before bought one of his one hundred acre lots, at three dollars ~~per~~ per acre, and the other one he had given to me, the payment for this was now closed, and my note to Miss Rebecca Smith, had been paid off in the year 1812, out of ~~first~~ the first of my collectors salary. Near the close of my visit at home, my brother Charles, then in his seventeenth year, concluded to come out to Ohio with me, stay till he twentyone years old and study medicine with me. He was a cheerful, sprightly lad, of good habits and interesting manners and appearances. It was a great sacrifice on the part of my parents, he was their only son, who was left to them, and had become greatly endeared to them, my mother however gave him up with her usual resignation, thinking it would be the best for him. We left Haverhill early in April, pass through Boston and spent a day or two with my sister, from there we went to Fair-Haven and the Long Plain to visit my wifes relations, and to see Captain John Bennett and wife,

who had returned back from Ohio to that place during the war. We had a pleasant visit and they recieved us very kindly. But I had become impatient to see my wife and children, and was actually "homesick". We left Fair Haven, about the eighth of April. Passing through Fall River and Providence on to Hartford Ct. From there our route, to Ohio was the same as that I travelled in 1806. Near the foot of the mountains my horse failed, probably from sickness, and had to ~~exchan~~ exchange ~~horses~~, twice on the road, each time at a loss of fifteen or tweenty dollars. When we reached Brownsville, we learned that there had been a great flood in the Ohio River, early in April and that it would be difficult travelling down its banks, we therefore turned off to the left going through Morgantown and Clarksburg, making the distance fifty or sixty miles further and more hilly road, we reached Marietta, the seventh ~~of~~ day of May, I think, and found the family all well and greatly rejoiced to see me and my brother. About the year 1817, I commenced collecting materials, connected with the early history, and the climate of Ohio, which were published in the Journal of Science, from time to time. In 1824, began a regular Meteorological Journal, which has been kept up to this day. Connected with it was kept a history of the diseases of each year and their treatment.

In 1827, I ~~described~~ described and gave figures of a number of fresh water shells. In 1832 published a history of the Salt, manufactured, in the Valley of the Ohio. In 1835, published a description, Topographical and Geological of the coal region and iron ore, of the Valley of the Ohio. The diary of a Naturalist, was published in 1836. And before either of these an article called "ten days" in Ohio, being a Topographical and Geological description of the country passed over in a

journey, from Marietta, by Zanesville to Circleville and Chillicothe. While the "diary of a naturalist", was written on a journey from Marietta to Beaver, Pa. thence to Trumbull County, by Cuyahoga Falls, down the canal and Muskingum River, to Marietta.

In 1822 and 1823, the country along the Ohio was visited by an epidemic fever, very fatal and destructive. Marietta suffered greatly, loosing as many as two hundred and fifty persons, in the two years.

A full account of it was written by me and published in the American Journal of Medicine in 1824 at Philadelphia. In the first year I attended more than six hundred patients and lost but about thirty of this number. I was employed employed from sixteen to eighteen hours, every day for four months. Charges that year five thousand dollars, the next year three thousand and five hundred dollars.

My father made me a visit in May 1823.

In August, he was attacked with the epidemic fever and died at Belpre, aged seventy three. My mother had died the year before, at Haverhill. My brother Charles had commenced business in Methuen, Massachusetts, and was with my ~~father~~ mother when she died. She was an excellent woman and much lamented by the poor of her neighborhood, to whom she was very charitable and kind. My father always treated me with great affection and did all he could to promote my welfare. In the year 1825, I removed his remains from Belpre and placed them in the burying ground at Marietta.

My brother Charles married and settled, finally in Boston, he greatly resembled his mother in person and more especially in his charity to the poor, for whom he had an especial regard, his name

will be long remembered by them in Boston. In 1824, I commenced building a new dwelling house. It was of brick and three stories. I was led to this, from the need of more room for my enlarged family, now amounting to five children, and from the numerous ~~debts~~ debts due to me from Mechanics. It was completed in the year 1825. My two oldest sons, Charles, thirteen, and George, eleven years, being much advanced in their studies were sent to college in Athens, where they entered in 1826, and passed through with credit to themselves as good scholars, and of the best moral habits. They both read medicine as a profesion and recieved as good an education as the country afforded in lectures at Cincinati and Lexington.

From the year 1828 to 1838, I paid a good deal of attention, in time and money to the collection of a cabinet of Natural History. For this purpose I made exchanges with Eastern naturalists, giving Western fossils, shells, insects, ores, &c. for minerals and sea shells. In 1833, I collected from our rivers, about five thousand shells, put them up in neat boxes of two, or three hundred specimens, labelled and clafsed. Some of these I sold at twenty dollars a box, others were exchanged, or given to colleges and Natural ~~Hist~~ History Societies. The money recieved was paid out for books, on Natural History, and for suits of Medals in Sulphur and Plaister. I became a member of a number of Learned Societies, and passed all my leisure time in the study and writing on Natural History. In 1837, the State of Ohio undertook a Geological Survey of its territory and I was employed in the work, the reports on this subject were published, but when the Survey was about half completed the State

abandoned it, being so deeply involved in debt by the canals &c that they thought they could not afford the money previous to this, however I had resigned my appointment as interfering too much with my practice of physic, and without this aid. I could not support my family.

During this period I had also greatly enlarged the number of flowering shrubs, bulbs &c in my garden, partly by exchanges of Ohio indigenous plants with Eastern garders, and partly by purchase, so that my collection was superior to any one in this part of Ohio.

My family was enlarged to six children, Samuel Prescott, born in 1819, Rhoda Maria in 1822 and Harriet Eliza in 1826.

In the the spring of the year 1839, Mrs Hildreth and myself concluded to make a journey East of the Mountains and visit our relations, she had not been there since her moving to Ohio in 1804, and I had not been there since 1815, a period of twenty four years. The following ~~Journal~~ journal of our daily progress and observations, on the places we visited, was kept by me and is as follows.

Journal of a Visit to Boston &c. 1839.

May sixth. Left Marietta, at one P.M. in a private carriage hired for the purpose of taking us to Zanesville, Mrs. the wife of W. R. Putnam Jr. a very pleasant and agreeable woman rode with us, being also on the journey to visit her friends in Connecticut. Reached Hills Tavern at seven o'clock, distant twenty three miles, without accident, roads fine and weather pleasant.

May seventh, continued our journey over a very picturesque country, being the ridge road between the East and West branches of Meigs Creek, in Morgan County.

country generally cultivated, when only a few years since it was covered with a dense forest, and I have rode along here a number of times when it was twelve miles or more without a clearing or a cabin on some of the elevated ridges between the heads of Salt Creek and Meigs Creek, we had extensive views of the adjacent ~~regions~~ regions, embracing a horizon of twenty or twenty five miles we found a great scarcity of water on the ridges, which has been felt since the drouth of last summer and autumn, nearly all the wells are dry, when in common years they are partly filled with water. It was with difficulty enough was procured for our horses. The families are supplied from small springs at the base of the ridges, some distance from the road side. It was most severe from Olive-Green Creek to Salt Creek, in Muskingum County. The Cornus-florida, has been in bloom the last of April and is now fading. The crabapple blosom is in perfection, and gave out its delightful perfume by the road side. Reached Zanesville at six P.M. all well, and put up at the house of my son Dr. C. C. Hildreth.

May Eight.

Visited some of my old friends in Zanesville and looked at the Fossils in the cabinet of the Athen[illegible] Mr. I. W. Foster has a fine private collection made in this state. Zanesville, now contains about seven thousand inhabitants and is increasing rapidly, when I first knew it, there were not more than as many hundreds.

May Ninth.

Took passage in the steamboat Muskingum for Dresden at eight A.M. ~~(fare fifty cents)~~ quite fare fifty cents, quite a number of passengers. Amongst others, were Mr. L. Whipple and wife, on their way to New England. David Putnam and daughter Elizabeth, on their way to New York. Views on the river ~~[illegible]~~ confined but rather picturesque, passed two salt works, one only in operation. The first lock on the ~~Muskingum~~ river from

Muskingum slack water is ten miles above Janesville takes fifteen minutes to pass through it. Reached Dresden, consisting only of a few ware houses and a tavern at evening, took supper, and at seven P.M. shipped on board the canal Packet, Antelope, Captain Hecock. The passage money is five cents per mile, with board included. The boat was much crowded with passengers. Seven dollars and fifty cents to Cleveland.

May tenth.

Early this morning, we passed the scite of the Massacre of the Moravian indians at Gnadenhutten by the white savages from Wheeling, under Col. Williamson, in March 1782. The country along the borders of the canal is very picturesque and fertile. Weather fine, we passed in the night the towns Roscoe and Coshocton, at the forks of Muskingum. In the middle of the day passed by the town of Zoar, inhabited by a colony of "United Brethren" from Germany, every thing around them wears an air of neatness, recently they have built a large and beautiful flouring mill, standing on each side of the canal, so that boats pass directly under it, and deliver wheat or take in flour from the mill. The hills about Zoar contain rich deposits of iron ore, large heaps of which are seen on the sides of the canal for several miles. It is principally sold to the furnaces, at and near to Akron, fifty miles Northerly, at two dollars and twenty five cents ($2.\frac{2}{5}$). per ton, on the bank of the canal. Three miles above Zoar, on the west bank of the Tuscarawas, is the scite of of Fort Laurens. The ditch and parapet wall of earth are still distinctly seen, the latter four or five feet high. It embraced about half an acre of ground, on an elevated plain, perhaps thirty or forty feet above the bottom land of the river, at the time of its erection, the plain was destitute of trees of any size, and is now clothed with a growth of small scrubby oaks, about three hundred and fifty yards from the fort the ground rises into

moderate hills clothed with timber, soon after the fort was built and manned by the troops under General McIntosh, it was invested by the indians and their supplies of provision cut off. During the course of the siege, an indian took post in the top of a tall oak tree, which stood on a low hill about three hundred and fifty yards from the fort, which gave him an elevation of one hundred feet above the fort. From this height he could view the interior of the garrison, and daily annoyed them with his long shot, wounding several of the men.

The distance was so great and the elevation so much above the garrison, that it was thought to be useless to return his fire, at length one of the soldiers from near Wheeling, who had a rifle that carried an extra large ball, loaded his gun with as big charge as he thought it would bear without bursting and elevating the piece so as to aim a little above him fired, and luckily shot him through the breast. He instantly lost his hold in the tree, and fell dead to the ground. The tree is still standing, from which he was shot, and was pointed out to me by a gentleman from Bolivar, a little above the fort and the spot where he was buried is marked out by a stone set at the head of the grave, after his fall no indian vetured to take posession of his airy post. Plains similar to the one on which the fort stood are common in this part of the State, in the borders of the Tuscarawas, and other large creeks, and are probably the effects of currents of water in a remote period. The soil of these plains is sandy, easily cultivated and produces good crops of wheat.

May ~~tenth~~ eleventh.

At one o'clock A.M. pafsed through the village of Akron it is situated on the summit as it is called, or on the table land between the waters running into Lake Erie, on the North, and into the Ohio, South. There are twenty locks at this place, as

you descend to the lake. The Cuyahoga River passes near and in the distances of four miles, is said to have a fall of two hundred feet, cutting itself a deep channel in the conglomerate and other rocks, which underlie the coal measures. The Cuyahoga is here about twenty yards in width, and in its way to the Lake runs a very tortuous course, at one spot a bend in the river of two miles circuit, approaches within the distance of six rods, a man has taken advantage of the turn and cut a channel across the isthmus, affording a fall of a number of feet, for a mill, now in operation. The deposits of coal, which are abundant along the whole course of the Muskingum to the head waters of the Tuscarawas, cease near the falls of Cuyahoga, and rocks below the coals measures come to the surface from thence to the Lake, as soon as we had crossed the summit and began the descent towards Cleveland, a very perceptible change is seen in the state of vegetation. The oak is barely beginning to put out leaves and the apple tree is yet in blossom, while a few miles South the leaves are full, and the blom of the apple fallen. The valley of the Cuyahoga is not over half a mile wide, but affords fine rich alluvions for cultivation. It was on the bottoms of this stream that the Moravian Indians in the year 1785, under the care of the devoted Missionaries Heckewelder and Zeisberger, on their return from the vicinity of Detroit, began a settlement a few miles from the mouth. They planted a crop of corn, but were forced to abandon it by the pagan portion of the tribe of Delewares, under the direction of their war chief Captain Pipes, and to settle at a point several miles up the Lake, above the mouth of the river. During their passage by water they stopped at the mouth of the Cuyahoga and spent a short time in fishing. The fish were in great abundance and of the finest quality, being called by the indians Muskallunge, which name is still retained by the whites. At the mouth of this stream,

where it joins Lake Erie, which then had floated but few vessels larger than the canoe of the indians, are now seen steam boats of the largest class and numerous schooners for the navigation of the Lake; on the elevated plain, below the outlet, stands the town Cleveland, with its eight or ten thousand inhabitants and buildings equal in splendor to those of any other city of its size in America; an immense amount of commercial business is transacted at its wharves, which swarm with all the life and bustle of an active seaport. Here terminates the Ohio Canal, with all the numerous boats which float upon its narrow waters.

In the short space of fifty five years the gloom and silence of the wilderness has given place to civilization, with the arts of Agriculture and Commerce which follow in its train. Not less than fifty steam boats now navigate the lake and business of the country is only in its infancy. &c

To a person unacquainted with the grandeur of the sea, the first view of the Lake, has a sublime and imposing appearance, the wind blew strongly from the North East and a heavy surf, was breaking on the shore, with all the tumult of an ocean. The white foam of the curling waters, glancing on the sunbeams, were seen as far as the eye could reach. At the "break-water," in the mouth harbor, which is formed by two parallel walls, carried forty or fifty rods into the Lake, the surf is often thrown thirty or forty feet high. A large steam boat came in while we were admiring the scene, riding with great majesty on the surging waves.

They all carry a foremast, with a large sail, to be used in case of accidents to the engine. In gales of wind, they are useful in steadying the boat. They are strongly built, and stand the surf and storms of the Lake as well as a ship. The waters of this lake are subject to sudden storms, and the calm and placid surface of the morning, is often fretted into angry billows before the middle

of the day. And although so far inland, its navigation is considered to be far more difficult and dangerous that that of the Atlantic Ocean. It has but few good harbors, and that at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, is thought to be one of its best. They are all liable to be blocked up by the shifting sands after a hard gale. This defect is partly remedied by running out long piers into the Lake. The commerce is rapidly increasing and now employs about three hundred schooners, with a few ships and brigs, in addition to the steam boats which are stout built vessels, varying in size from two hundred to seven or eight hundred tons.

May twelfth.

This being the sabbath, we rested from our labors, and attended worship in Mr Aikens Church, he is an able preacher. The house is large, built of lime stone and beautifully finished. The music was fine, a splendid organ and charming female voices to accompany it.

May thirteenth.

Spent the day in looking at the town and the Lake. In the evening were invited to take tea with Mr. Pease and wife. He is the son in law of my friend Dr. Kirtland, who at present is staying at his house. The Doctor is actively engaged in collecting, drawing, and describing the Fishes of Lake Erie and those of the State. They differ very materially from those which inhabit the Ohio River, being many of them not only of different species, but also of genera. The Doctor proposes publishing descriptions of all the fishes in the Western waters, and more especially those within the State of Ohio, which will make a very valuable addition to our Natural History. He has already collected nearly all the Birds of Ohio, stuffed and prepared their skins, and put in nice glass eyes of his own manufacture.

May fourteenth.

This day attended the Medical Convention of Ohio,

assembled at this place; of which I am at present the President. About fifty physicians were present from different parts of the State, but chiefly from the Northern portion. In the afternoon I delivered an address, the subject of which was the diseases of Ohio, and the history of Medicine in the early settlement of the State. It was published by the Convention and is bound up with the transactions of that meeting.

May fifteenth.

In company with Mr. Putnam ~~and~~ daughter, old lady Linsley, and Mrs. Putnam and my ~~son~~ wife, we shipped on board the Steam Boat Erie, at nine o'clock, A.M. for Buffalo, passage & fare ten dollars. She was a fine boat, running fourteen miles an hour and passed the Vermillion with ease, although an hour ahead of her. Reached the mouth of Grand River, a little after twelve o'clock, distance thirty miles, we also stopped a few minutes at Ashtabula and Conneaut. Arrived at the harbor of Erie at seven P.M. the town at some distance from the harbor, which is made by running out piers of hewed timber and filled with stone, some distance into the Lake, two parallel walls of eighty or one hundred rods in length. A large island defends the mouth of the harbor from storms, and has been formed within a few years by the force of the winds and the waves cutting a channel across a peninsula or head land that made out into the Lake, as soon as the channel is sufficiently deepened it will afford a passage for steam boats, schooners now pass through it, we left Erie at nine P.M. and arrived at Buffalo, at five o'clock, the next morning. Buffalo is a town of great importance in a commercial point of view, seated at the outlet of the Erie Canal. And at the foot on navigation on the Lake, being a point from which all steam boats take their departure in voyages ~~on~~ the Lake. Goods are here shipped and emigrants take passage ~~for~~ for the western country. The port is enlivened with all the bustle of a great commercial city. The town contains many splendid public buildings, especially churches, amongst these a Babtist Church is one of great beauty, the population is now about twenty thousand. Vegetation is here quite back-

ward compared with that of the mouth of the Muskingum in Ohio. The apple tree is now in blossom.

May sixteenth.

We left Buffalo, at nine A.M. in the railroad cars for Niagara, reached the Falls at ten thirty. The country over which we passed is quite level and for the first few miles we have a fine view of the Canada Shore, which appears to be well settled, but not so thickly as the U.S. side, as we approached the Falls the noise of "many waters", was heard in awful majesty. the view of the cataracts is fully equal to all that has been said of them. That on the Canada side of the River is the largest. Goat Island is a beautiful spot and divides the River into two unequal branches. A bridge has been thrown across the rapids on the New York side, under which the water roars and foams with great fury. The rapids above will furnish an immense amount of water power without much injuring the grandeur of the falls, but I expect the time will come when the ~~floating~~ plodding Yankee, will get posession here, and divert the whole of the stream for the purposes of manufatures, and spoil the beauty of these grandest of all grand water falls as they have diverted and ruined the falls of my own dear little native Spickell, in Methuen. There is yet but a small village at Nigara, owing it is said to the high prices put upon the lots, the lands on which the town is built, and those adjacent being owned by one family.

May ~~seventeenth~~ seventeenth.

I took passage in the rail road cars for Lockport, at six and a half A.M. for one dollar and seventy five cents. The track passes through a level, rich country of land until near its termination. From the great number of stumps of trees it seems to have been but recently put under cultivation. Fruit trees look well and the apple, pear, peach and plum are all in bloom. Apples bear when only four or five years old, and I saw many

trees in blossom not more than five or six feet high. Reached Lockport at eight o'clock, running twenty four miles in one and a half hours. Visited the deep cut, a mile above the town; many Irish men at work, blasting the lime rocks, for the widening and deepning the canal, which here passes through the solid rock. The rock in which those fine crystallized spar is found is a grey crystaline lime stone. Above, and resting on the lime is a dark, slaty deposit, containing Trilobites and Terebratulas. Lockport contains many beautiful, private dwellings, and from the amount of water power, will ultimately become a manufacturing town of importance.

May eighteenth.

We left Lockport at four P.M. on the canal, and reached Rochester at five A.M. the eigteenth. This is the great flour manufacturing town, where they make annually six hundred and seventy thousand barrels, and on the Genesee River, near there, as much more. The manufacture of flour is here said to be carried to perfection, and the mills and machinery constructed with the greatest nicety. Villages and towns are scattered along the canal every few miles, and the face of the country beautifully variegated with hill and dale, and neatly cultivated, all these towns have been built since the construction of the canal. Reached Syracuse at five A.M. Sunday morning.

May nineteenth. This being the Sabbath, we rested, and attended the Presbyterian Church, under the care of Rev. Mr. Adams. He is an able man in point of intellect and a sound preacher. Syracuse is a thriving town, with a population of four or five thousand inhabitants. It stands near the Onondaga Lake, a place celebrated from the early settlements of Western New York, for its rich salt springs. Several towns have sprung up around the borders of the Lake, all engaged in the salt manufacture. The brine is very strong, forty gallons making fifty pounds of salt. The well are from eighty to one hundred deep, bored into the rock. From the abundance of Gypsum found around the Lake in the hills, and in sinking wells, there is a strong probability that the brine is derived from a deposit of fossil or rock salt, a

large proportion of the salt is made by solar evaporation of the brine in broad shallow wooden vats. The quantity made exceeds two millions of bushels annually.

The old town of Onondago, stands on a hill, two miles South West of Syracuse and grew up from the salt manufacture. The country around is beautifully diversified with hill and dale, affording many picturesque views.

The Lake of Onondaga is a fine sheet of water, about two miles wide and six long. The shores are marshy, which much injures its beauty. The Seneca Canal, here puts out from the Erie, and opens an intercourse with Lake Ontario, for the salt, and other merchandise shipped on these waters. Syacuse is destined to become a city of great importance from its connection with the salines and the rich country around it.

May twentieth. —

Left Syacuse on Monday at five A.M. in the Canal Packet, for Utica, observed as we passed along, for a few miles East of the town, large heaps of plaister or Gypsum, lying near the canal, for transport to the plaister mills. It is worth here about seventy five cents per ton, when ground three dollars. It is of a dark brown color and chiefly used for agricultural purposes. The main deposit of this mineral is found in the townships of Manlius and De Witt, in Oneida County, embracing a territory of about ten miles square. It is not a regular, continuous deposit, like limestone, but is found in detached, pyramidal masses in the earth, some of which contains a thousand or more tons; others are small. It seems to have been formed by aggregation, like argillaceous iron ores, by molecular attraction. The masses when found are coated with marl, and are not seen in any quantity, West of Onondaga Lake. This mineral is geologically connected with the salt rocks. The country along the borders of the canal, from Syracuse to Utica, is swampy, especially on the North side, a large portion of it is probably made from the recession of the waters of Lake Oneida, and what is now swampy and covered with a growth of white cedar, ash, elm &c., was once covered with the water of the Lake. The South side is partly bordered with uplands, which are generally well cultivated. Many beautiful vil-

lages are scattered along the margin of the canal, all of which appear to be thriving. At Rome, we fall upon the waters of the Mohawk. It is a beautiful stream, and associated with many interesting events in the early history of the country. Arrived at Utica, at six P.M. It is a very active business like place, containing many beautiful churches and about twelve thousand inhabitants. The streets are well paved and the retail stores ~~quite~~ quite showy. It is seated in the midst of a rich country and was formerly deeply engaged in the Potash trade, the source of much of the wealth in this part of the State.

May twentyfirst.

Left Utica at nine A.M. in the rail road cars for Albany, a part of the way, travelled at the rate of thirty miles an hour, or a mile in two minutes, a little like flying. The country over which we pased is in the valley of the Mohawk. The bottoms or ~~flatts~~ flatts are wide in some parts of the valley, in others narrow. The land is not very rich, except in the vicinity of Schenectady, where are located the celebrated "German Flatts", noted for their fertility. At the "Little Falls", we pass over Greywacke Rocks, of a slaty structure, which rock forms the falls or rapids. Fine crystals of quarty are found here which the the boys collect and ~~sell~~ sell to the passengers in the rail cars, or other travellers. I bought a few, but they were rather small. We pased through Herkimer, Amsterdam, and Schenectady, all old Dutch towns, settled in early times. Between the latter town and Albany the country is composed of a sandy soil covered with pitch pine; and in the low wet grounds, white birch. Near Albany, the industrious farmers are reclaiming these barren sands by cultivation; especially Judge Buell, whose Nursery, Garden and Farm, is seated in this district, and which he has made rich and productive by a proper course of cultivation. Albany, the favorite town of the early Dutch fur-traders, yet contains some few of the ancient, high peaked roof edifices of the first inhabitants, one of which I entered and examined. ~~The lofty~~

The lofty peaked roof, small windows, yellow bricks said to be brought from Holland, stout heavy timbers that support

the chamber floors, are strikingly characteristic of the style of building in that early day. A horse shoe is still nailed over the door placed there by the builder, or early propietor, as a charm against the evil devices of spooks or witches who used terribly to ~~haraſs~~ charaſs the early settlers of New Amsterdam, and Albany. In the potency of this charm the early Dutch settlers, were firm believers. The present owner of this house is a ~~ba~~ baker, and having occasion to put on a new roof, the old one having become leaky, after the lapse of a hundred years. It was composed of cedar shingles, five feet long and six inches wide. The timbers of the roof are yet sound, and may last another century.

I also visited the Museum, which contains a great number of rare and valuable specimens in Natural History, and some Oil Paintings. The State House, now building of white Marble from "Sing Sing" and the blocks wrought by the convicts in the State Prison, will be when finished, a noble structure. It however looses much of its effect from standing too near the street. If placed on the ground occupied by the present Capitol, with spacious grounds round it, the appearance would have been greatly more beautiful. The city contains several splendid churches, especially the Baptist and Catholic. It is a place of great business, being, being the mart at which the products of the canal, and the goods for the Western States are shipped

May twenty-second—

At seven A.M. took passage on the Hudson River, in Steam Boat, Troy, for New York. The views along the shores of the river are very beautiful ~~variegated~~ variegated with sloping hill sides, fine country seats and charming water scenery. The numerous ships, sloops and steam boats, which navigate this noble river add greatly to its natural beauty. The passage through the highlands, and view of West Point is very grand. The mountains however, do not look so high as I had expected, nor so precipitous and rocky. The passage of Haverstraw and Tappan Sea, brought to mind some of the happiest imaginings and sketches of

Washington Irving, in his legend of Sleepy Hollow and Dolph Heileger. The scene of Adres captures and treason of Arnold are places deeply interesting to the mind of every native American. At the lower outlet of the Tappan Sea, we passed the house of Washington Irving. It is beautifully situated in view of the river, in West Chester County, amidst the scenes of the early adventures, which he delighted to picture, and embellish with his fruitful imagination. The Pallisadoes, begin just below on the right bank of the river, and have the appearance of basaltic rocks shooting up into columns of one hundred and fifty high, and from their resemblance to immense pallisades of timber, recieved their present name. The rock is serpentine or sienite, and as it annually separates into blocks, by the action of frozen rain and snow in the crevices of the columns, it falls down the slope, and rolls nearly to the waters edge. Large quantities of this debris, are boated to the City of New York, and used for filling into the wharves and low grounds. We arrived at the steam boat landing, about six P.M, having run the distance of one hundred and sixty miles in eleven hours.

May ~~twenthird~~ twenty-third.

We put up at the United States Hotel, formerly known as "Holts Hotel." It is an immense pile, seven stories high and extending from Fulton to Pearl street, more than one hundred feet, the basement is occupied for stores. New York is a great city and does a large commercial business; far more than any other city in America. Broadway, and Bond Street, abound in splendid buildings. The city Banks, for convenience ~~in business~~, are ~~located~~ chiefly located near each other in Wall Street, which street is proverbial in money transactions. The Bank buildings are generally splendid structures. Made of granite or marble, several new ones are now building. The continual noise and confusion of the streets is

very striking and annoying to strangers, ~~objects~~ especially to those from the back woods. The streets being paved with round stones, the rattling of the carriage wheels, is like the roaring of a cataract, and it requires some exertion and attention to converse on the side walks. Experiments are now making in paving with blocks of ~~wood~~ wood, which will, effectually relieve all the noise of the wheels, if carried into execution. The city is four miles long and in a few years will cover the whole island. Brooklyn, on Long Island, lies opposite the old city and is the third town in the State for size. A steam ferry boat, crosses the river, every five or ten minutes, night and day, for the convenience of travelers, and for the people going to market with provisions. The Fish Market is a great curiosity, and is said to furnish the best of fish, and in as great variety as any other in the world.

May twentyfourth

At seven o'clock this morning took passage in Steam Boat "Splendid," for New-Haven, Ct. the voyage down the Narrows & Sound is very pleasant, abounding in fine scenery. "Hell-Gate," and "Spuyten-Duyvil", have lost nearly all their terrors in these degerate days, although so much dreaded by the early Dutch navigators, in the times of Peter the testy. Steam Boats pass them at any, and at all times of tide, and sloops and schooners when the wind is fair, whereas in the olden time, the ~~negabe~~ navigator used to wait for wind and tide both to be favorable, when ever they passed these dreaded whirlpools. We reached New-Haven at three P.M. This city is noted for its beauty of location and classic neatness of its buildings, especially many of its private dwellings. Quite a number of individuals from the ~~large~~ large cities have chosen this place for a home, on account of the facilities for education and the quiet repose which pervades its broad avenues of noble

Elms. No town in America being more bountifully provided with shade trees than that of New Haven. The Graveyard, or Cemetery, is a model of neatness, and death looses half its terrors when we reflect that our bodies are to be laid quietly, in such a beautiful spot, until the day of resurrection, when these vile tabernacles of flesh are to be clothed anew, with an immotal and brighter covering. Many nice monuments are seen, built of marble, granite, or sandstone, which display much clasic beauty and tasteful design. The State house makes a grand appearance, although only of stucco, and three churches, in front, near the center of the spacious public grounds, have a noble and imposing aspect. The college buildings are erected on the back side of the common and extend entirely across it, affording ample quarters for four or five hundred students. My friend Mr. B. Silliman, called on us at our lodgings, and with we visited the the cemetery, and spent the evening at his house, looking at some of his rare books on Natural history and curious articles sent to him by his friends. Amongst the latter is a beautiful table, the top of which is made from the roots of an Olive tree, which grew on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem, and the shaft and feet from the cedar wood of Mount Lebanon. The venerable Colonel Trumbull, Uncle to Mrs. Silliman, is now living in Mr. Silliman's family, at the age of eighty six years. A number of his paintings decorate their parlour. A family piece was shown us of Mrs. Silliman's oldest daughter, husband and child, painted last year, which is said to be very correct, showing that "his eye is not yet dim, nor his natural force abated". He is a very interesting man, and the only officer now living, who was attached to General Washington's family, in the early part of the revolution. He is at present engaged in wri-

~~tenty~~ ting a sketch of his life and times, which must be very interesting to us of these modern days.

Professor Silliman is one of the most affable and amiable of men, as well as the most learned. He is very happy in his wife, and family of lovely children, forming a beautiful model of domestic enjoyment.

May twenty fifth.

Mr. Silliman, very kindly invited us to spend the time at his house, while we remained in New Haven. His family is now composed of his wife, two daughters and a son, with Colonel Trumbull, a little ~~community~~ community in which is blended love, piety and happiness. The grounds around his house are tastefully arranged and located in a retired part of the city, in the midst of gentlemen's seats. His library occupies a distinct building, attached to house, and is very large; embracing many of the scientific periodicals of Europe as well as America. We spent a part of the day in examining the Trumbull Gallery of paintings, kept in a building erected for their reception and constructed in the most favorable manner for the distribution of light. It is very rich in historical paintings of scenes in the Revolutionary War; and that which adds greatly to their value, is the fact that all the principal figures, in these pieces are accurate portraits of the men, taken by Colonel Trumbull, during and soon after the war. For these paintings, which are given to the College, he recieves one thousand dollars a year, from the Trustees, during his remaining life. All the avails of the exhibitions of this gallery, go to the support of indigent students in the College, so that the labors of his pencil will continue to bless and to charm mankind for ages after his death.

The collection of Minerals attached to Yale, is very great and very excellent, superior to that of any other in America. It was collected by Colonel Gibbs, a number of years since, at an expence of nearly twenty thousand dollars. Dr. Hooker, professor of Anatomy, politely showed us the Anatomical colletion of the Med-

ical College; and also the birds, sent from China by Dr. Parker, a missionary, they are exceedingly rare and beautiful.

May twentysixth.

This day being the Sabbath, we attended church at the Chapel of the College, about three hundred and fifty students were present. Professor Silliman and family uniformly attend worship here. In the evening paid my respects to the venerable Noah Webster, by calling with Mr. Silliman at his house, he is now eightyfour years old, but active in body and nearly as brilliant in mind as he ever was, I consider this man as first in American literature and as having done more for the enduring fame of the Country in letters, than any other person.

Monday May twentyseventh.

We bid adieu to our kind friends this morning and took seats in the stage coach for Hartford. The country over which we pased is beautiful to the eye, but the soil is not rich. The [redacted] Farmington Canal, is in sight of the road, for a considerable portion of the way, and ranges of trap rock mountains are seen a few miles west to within a short distance of Hartford. The day was fine in the A. M. but showery in the P. M, arrived at Hartford at four P. M. distance forty miles.

May twentyeight.

The City of Hartford lies on the West bank of Connecticut River, and is a beautiful town of about twelve thousand inhabitants. For its size, it is said to contain as much wealth, as any other in the Union. There are many splendid churches. The State house is a fine building and the Legislature are now in sefsion; sitting here and at New-Haven, alternately. Called on Dr. Comstock, the author of many useful compilations, of elementary books, for schools. He is a very sprightly, intelligent and agreeable man. Sloops and schooners navigate the river to Hartford and far above. A Steam Boat, also, carries passengers, and is intended to run this Summer to

Springfield. At seven A.M. left Hartford in the coach for Worcester, crosing the river in a horse power ferry boat. The road passes up the valley of the river, sixteen miles, through a highly cultivated and rich region of lands, with beautiful villages every few miles, after leaving the valley, the road crosses East range of trap rock hills, here are found the apple tree just shedding its blossoms. And the canker worm, not seen in the trees as it is in the lower country, especially at New Haven, where this hateful and destructive insect has stripped of their foliage many of the fine elm trees, on the commons, and appeard in countless millions along the walks, and even on the Sabbath, entered the chapel and ascended the stairs to the upper story of the house. The district of country passed over today, from the river lands till we reach Brimfield in the State of Massachusetts is very rocky and meerably poor, with few villages. Stamford is the only one of size. Here there is a fine stream of water, with falls, that are duly occupied with factories of cotton, woolen and so forth. Many ponds and small lakes of water are seen as we pass along, and add mucky to the beauty of the region. After entering Massachusetts the road passes through Brimfield, Brookfield, Spencer and Leicester. The lands are highly cultivated and the aspect of the country fine. I noticed that the lands along the road side were unfenced, and the fields not enclosed, this probably arose from the prohibition of the running at large of any cattle or hogs. It looked quite curious, but must make a great saving of expence in fencing. The rock formation along the road today, is graywacke slate, some granite and sienite, with indications of iron ores, especially in Stafford, Connecticut. From the miserable state of the turnpike road and the slow driving of the coaches, we did not reach Worcester, till half past nine o'clock. Put up at the Temperance House.

Twentyninth of May.

Having a letter of introduction from Professor Silliman to Dr. Woodard, the Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane, I visited that institution and was much gratified with the neatness and order which pervaded every part of it. It is conducted on the most approved modern principles and the treatment is very successful. Amongst the inmates, I met with an old acquaintance Mrs. once Nancy Kimball of Bradford, Massachusetts. She was dressed very neatly, but rather fancifully, looked in good health, she recognized me at once, calling me by name, although it is more than thirty years since I saw her, she appears sane on all subjects, but one, and that is the one of appropriating to her own use, every little article that comes within her reach, or an inveterate habit of stealing. The inmates generally, seemed to be very happy, and were treated as respectfully as if they were in their right and sound reason.

By the aid of Judge Paine and Mr Jennison, cashier of the Worcester Bank, we were admitted to view the interior of the Antiquarian Hall, built by that noble minded man Isaiah Thomas, the patron of American printers. It contains a vast collection of books, pictures, prints and some antique furniture, all relating to the first settlement of the country. The grounds around are richly ornamented with evergreen trees and shrubs, as they are also around the Hospital. Both of them are noble buildings for the uses to which they are devoted. Worcester is distinguished for its many beautiful private dwellings, especially on the rising ground a little back of the main street, richly embellished with garden, and shrubbery. The prospect from this elevation, is one of the finest I have ever seen, embracing a view of the whole city and of the picturesque country for many miles around, in every direction. The adjacent region is finely cultivated and is diversified with hills and vales, with here and there woodlands and small lakes. The town contains seven thousand inhabitants and has been the place of residence for many years of some of first men in

the State. We left Worcester for Boston in the rail road cars at four P.M. The track passes through several pretty villages, and in Newton by Kenrick's and Winship's gardens. It enters the suburbs of Boston, over the marshes on Roxbury Neck. We arrived at seven P.M. I found my brother Charles and his wife in good health. Our journey has been attended with no accident, or loss by the way, but the kind hand of Our Heavenly Father, has guided and directed us in all our journeys; for which we would desire to be grateful and to acknowledge his mercies with all humility and thankfulness.

May ~~thirtieth~~ thirty first thirtieth.

After delivering my letters, and writing five others to my sisters, home &c, called on Dr. Bass at the Athenæum. Had time to look at but few of the many interesting things in that institution. In the ~~afternoon~~ afternoon went over to Roxbury to visit Walker's collection of Tulips and Pansies. They are very superb, extending to nearly three hundred varieties. Met with the H. Enoch Bartlett of Roxbury, formerly of Haverhill, who owns a beautiful seat, with many rare fruit trees and shrubbery. He took me over his grounds. ~~Roxbury~~ Roxbury contains a large number of gardens and show residences, owned many of them by gentlemen from Boston.

May thirty first.

In the forenoon visited the Massachusetts Hospital, by invitation of Dr. J. C. Warren and saw Doctor Jarvis remove a large ~~tumor~~ tumor from the inner portion of the thigh of a female patient, weighing more than a pound. Doctor Warren, sounded a young man for stone in the bladder but found it only an indurated thickening. Saw a fracture treated with starched rollers, very neatly applied and quite successfully. In the afternoon, after dining in company with Doctor Storer and Doctor Jackson, at my brother's, went over to Winship's garden, in Newton. It is a splendid place, and gives constant employ to about twenty laborers.

June first.

I spent the early portion of the morning in visiting the

Quincy Market. It is a noble building constructed of Granite, at an expence of several hundred thousand dollars, while Josiah Quincy, the President of Harvard Univerity, was Mayor of Boston, several years since. The stalls are kept in the neatest posible condition and are filled with nicest articles of food, both of fish, flesh and vegetable. In the forenoon examined the collection in the Boston Natural History Society's rooms, which are quite ~~extensive~~ extensive and very interesting and valuable. It contains many shells, all the fish and reptiles of Massachusetts, with fosils &c. Doctor Storer, Doctor Binny, with many others have been active in establishing it. In the afternoon visited the Boston Athenæum, examined some rare books in Natural History, prints &c. Amongst them is a copy of Audubon's great work on American Ornithology costing about eight hundred dollars a sett, there are said to be more than twenty copies of this grand work, owned in Boston, a larger number than in any other city in America, and goes to show the wealth, literary and scientific taste of the Bostonians. Doctor Bass the Librarian, treated me with great politeness.

June second.

Sabbath day, attended church in A.M. at the Park Street Chapel, in the P.M. at the Boylstone Chapel, Baptist Society, M. Lincoln preacher. Music fine and conducted great ~~Spirit~~ spirit. Spirit.

June third.

In the A.M. Visited the cemetery at Mount Auburne. It is a most interesting spot containing about seventy acres, variegated with hill and dale and neat pools or small ponds of water. It is laid out into lots. With avenues and graveled walks, leading from point to point, and covered with wood of the native growth and many evergreens from other parts of the country. Numerous monuments ~~are~~ are already erected, by the owners of the lots and enclosed with neat cast iron railings, and

planted with flowering shrubs, some of these monuments are beautiful & models of sculpture and do credit to American Artists, Many of the lots are bordered with flowering plants, which are kept very neat and clean from weeds, and by the beauty and sweetness of their flowers, dispel much of of the gloom which accompanies the sight of the dwelling place of the dead. Here it is a relief to the mind when it reflects that the body after death, will repose amidst so much that is pleasant and delightful. The views from several of hill tops is very fine, but will soon be obstructed by the annual growth of the trees, unless the axe and the pruning knife are more freely applied. Even now much of the affect and beauty of the foliage is destroyed by the crowed condition of the trees. Every tree should have room to expand throw out its branches, or its symetry and graceful appearance is ruined. This is especially the case with evergreens, and now many of the cedars and pines are in a sickly state of decay, from suffering too many to grow in small space. The consequence is that they thin out themselves by natural decay, instead of the axe of the forester. The superintendent Mr Rufel, appears to be a man of skill and correct taste in woodcraft, and ornamental gardening and might be safely trusted to manage the pruning and cultivating the trees, shrubs and vines, which decorated this beautiful place. The pools and small lakes of fresh water, which dot and embellish the grounds, would be much more ornamental if they were occupied by a variety of aquatic plants, such as Nymphea Odorata, Nelumbium rubrum, &c, which if not found in New England, are natives of the West and would flourish in this climate. The situation of the cemetery is unique and will in a few years be the wonder and admiration of strangers and approved memorial of the classic taste of the citizens of Boston. My brother Charles is the owner of one of the lots and has here deposited the remains of his only child, his dear little "Willie", who only three years old, he has erected a neat and chaste monument to his memory, and will here direct his own body to be placed at his death.

Made a call at the room of Profeser Harris, Librarian of

the Cambridge University. He showed us some very antique manuscripts of the Bible, superbly illuminated, and beautifully written. Also Denon's great work on Egypt, a single copy of which cost one thousand dollars, and few only were printed by order of the great Napoleon. They have a fine cabinet of shells, amongst which I noticed a suit of our Western shells presented by myself to the Univerity in 1835. We visited Hovey's garden in Cambridge-port, he has a fine collection of green-house plants and rare flowers. His name is becoming quite famous for a very large new variety of strawberry, originated by himself.

June fourth.

Visited Winship's and Kenrick's gardens at Brighton and Newton. Was treated treated with much politeness by Mr. Winship, but did not find Mr. Kenrick at home, his sister however recieved us very kindly and showed us the beauties of his collection, returned back through the village of Brighton, the cattle market, saw Mr. Pomeroys now of Pomeroy, Ohio. former dwelling place, where he used to raise fruits and vegetables for Boston Market. It abounds with numerous rural seats, cottages, and Summer residences, highly beautiful and creditable to the taste of the Bostonians.

June fifth.

Visited again the Athenæum, examined the Books, and prints, many of which are rare and valuable, also viewed the picture gallery, owned by the Athenæum, the avails of which go to the support of this establishment. There were also a number exhibited owned by Mr. Hayward, some of these paintings are master-pieces of Art, especially a fruit piece by and, the grapes look as if they were translucent, and that the very living fruit was before you.

June sixth.

Looked into Warren's and Drake's Antiquarian Bookstores for early writers on the Western Country.

Found a copy of Imlay's travels and an odd volume of Doctor Bradt's History of Florida. ~~Also Also~~ Also a copy of Bartram's Travels in Florida a rare work, and copy of Bernal ~~Dian~~ Diaz's, History of the Conquest of Mexico, also a rare work, until it was reprinted in Salem, in 1802. These with a few other travels, I ~~purcha~~ chased and will add considerably to my collection old writers. Saw a copy ~~of~~ of Dampier's Voyages, printed in 1700, which I also purchased afterwards.

June seventh.

Took passage in the rail road cars for Salem, and ~~from~~ from thence by stage to Portland, we took this route by land, in preference to that by water, on account of sea sickness. At Salem and along the road to Portland found the apple and quince still in blossom. Indian corn was up and ready for the first hoeing. Grass was quite forward in the meadows and pastures. The narrow leaved ~~Kalmia~~ Kalmia was also in bloom in the town of Wells, it reminded me of the days of boyhood, as did also the Alder and Birch along the low grounds, which plants are unknown on the Ohio. Our road led us through Newbury-port, ~~Portsmouth~~ Portsmouth, Kennebunk and Saco, reached Portland at ten P.M. considerably wearied after a ride of one hundred and fifteen miles, the road on the borders of New-Hampshire and Maine is rocky and rough much of the way across swamps and low wet grounds, the cultivations is rather poor as the soil is so barren they little to encourage their industry. The native growth of the forest is composed of Pine, Hemlocke, Spruce and many Silver Firs, with occasional patches of Beech. A part of the road in Wells lies in sight of the ocean, for a ~~many~~ number of miles. The declining Sun cast its rays on the white sails of several vessels in the distance and added ~~much~~ much to the beauty of the deep blue of the water.

Portland is a place considerable commerce, is beautifully located on a deep bay, dotted with islands. It has many fine

dwelling houses, indeed so many as to be called a city of palaces. It is a splendid town and has a population of about fifteen thousand.

June eighth.

Paped the day in looking at the town in company with Captain Day my brother in law. It is located on a peninsula nearly an island, two or three bridges and ferries connect it with the main, and with Cape Elizabeth. The citizens are building a townhouse for commercial purposes, town business &c. the material is a beautiful sienitic granite.

June ninth, Sunday.

Attended the Baptist Church in A.M in the afternoon attended at the Unitarian, the latter is an elegantly finished building, with an organ, there are nine or ten churches in the town.

June the tenth.

We rode round the environs of the city with the Captain and Sister Day, there are some fine promenades on the margin of the bay, ornamented with trees. Many beautiful views of the bay and harbor are seen from different points of the uplands. Took tea with Mrs Wood a daughter of old Deacon Sargent of Methuen, by a second wife, her husband is Captain of a ship in the West India trade and was not then at home, we had a very pleasant visit, talking of old friends and acquaintances.

June eleventh.

Took a very pleasant ride over to Cape Elizabeth, distant about six miles, with our friends. It is a long point of land projecting into the South of ~~Portsmouth~~ Portland. It affords some good farming lands: the natural growth is chiefly spruce and fir trees. The rocks are granite, trap, talcose slate &c. some dark mass of which have led the owners to think there was bituminous and anthracite coal to be found, a search was made by boring to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet, but no coal was dis-

covered. The position of the rocks is nearly vertical, and if there was any coal it would be exposed at their out cropping edges, so that any hope of finding it by boring is vain.

June twelfth and thirteenth.

Spent these two days in visiting our relatives and taking tea ~~a~~ with some kind neighbors, M. J. Dow and M. Shaw who married a daughter of my sister Bradley. Also rode out with Doctor Wood, to visit the land slide, a curious slip on a small river near the bay. Many fossil shells are found here, of a species that are now extinct on this coast, one is Nucula Portlandica, collected several specimens of these shells.

June fourteenth.

We left Portland for Haverhill by way of Portsmouth, Exeter and Plaistow. Some of the way is over a beautiful country finely cultivated. Passed the night in Portsmouth it is quite a pleasant city and is the main sea port of New Hampshire.

June fifteenth.

Reached Haverhill at twelve M. passing through the the ancient and beautiful village of Exeter. Here is located one of the Oldest and best endowed academies in New England. Many of our most able men, recieved their primary education at this school. We found our friends sister Newcomb and family all well. The town of Haverhill has greatly improved in appearance in the last twenty four years, but still ~~miserably~~ miserably deficient in side walks and public embellishments. Rail roads are all the rage, now in Massachusetts and one is constructing from this place to Portsmouth by way of Dover.

Sunday ~~sixteenth June~~ sixteenth June.

Attended the Baptist Church, with Mr. Newcomb's family and in the P.M. the Unitarian, with ~~Enoch~~ brother Enoch Bradley and sister Abigail, who live three miles West, and came down to see us. My sister is very fleshy and healthy, has nine children, all grown, and

some of them married.

June ~~seventeenth~~ seventeenth.

Wrote to D. Putnam, as to the time of our meeting him in New York, and enjoying the company of sister Newcomb and her children, consisting of two daughters and a son the two ~~oldest~~ oldest sons being away from home, her children are very ~~int~~ interesting, but the ~~de~~ daughters have very delicate health, inclined to dyspepsia, which is no doubt in great part owing to a lack of out door exercise.

June eighteenth.

Looked about the village, to see the changes which had taken place since I left it, called on Mrs. Smith, the daughter of old Captain White of Methuen, and was once my school mate; she was much rejoiced to see me. In the afternoon, brother Bradly called and took us up to his house in his carriage, found them all well and the old house looking much as it used to do. He has a very fine farm, nicely cultivated, and a mill for grinding grain, the products of the mill he sells in the Haverhill Market. His great object all his life has been to make money and to grow rich; he has accomplished it by unceasing diligence and great frugality.

June nineteenth.

I made a visit to Methuen, the place of my birth, in company with sister Bradley's youngest son, Joseph, while my wife remained at her house house. The old house, which is a plain two story ~~building~~ building of wood, remains in much the state it was, forty years ago. The barn is still standing and reminded me of many of my childish adventures. Examined with much interest the room in which I was born, and the one where I slept, when a boy, for many years. The scenery around is much changed, where there was a small woodland, it is now pasturage, and the hill pasture is changed partly ~~woodland and~~ woodland, by the spontaneous growth of pitch

pines, which have sprung up, like Mushrooms in a night. The ~~M~~ meeting house, which stood a few rods from our door ~~from~~ has been removed ~~a from~~ about a mile, and the little red ~~schoolhouse~~ schoolhouse where I first learnt to read, under the care of old Sally Wood, has followed it. Our old house is now occupied James Frye, a native of Methuen and his wife is Betsey Hall, also one of my old schoolmates and sister to Moses, who was one of my boyish companions. After looking about for an hour or two, visiting burrying ground, which was close to the meeting house, and examining the tombstones covered with names once familiar to my mind, many curious and melancholy musings came over me. Here once my kind mother lived, with all my sisters and play mates of childhood, where are they now? they are nearly of them in their graves, and I am rapidly hastening after them; while in the grave yard, met with old John Rufs, a former neighlor, and uncle to the boy, I most loved when quite in my childhood, he was much pleased to see me and asked many qrestions as to my welfare. I also met at M. Frye's, with David Pace, son of the old sailor who used to sing me so many songs, when I was a boy. David looked old, and rather shabby in his appearance, and had difficulty in recognizing my face. From here ~~we~~ we rode over to the farm of my uncle Alpheus Bodwell, and the former homestead of my grandfather Bodwell. It lies on the bank of the Merrimac River, half a mile above the bridge. This spot is less changed than any other I have seen. My uncle Alpheus is eighty years old, but looks healthy and very much as he used to do, forty years ago. Aunt Hannah has been dead for some years, and all my cousins but two. Hannah the youngest daughter, is married and lives with her father. She gave me for dinner one of those nice shad fresh from the river, that I asked to eat when a boy and cooked in the same way; and one of the rich custard pies that Aunt Hannah used to treat me too, when I visited her

in the days of my youth, She was my favorite aunt, and I loved her more than any of the others, from her cheerful affectionate manners, and kind attention to all my little wants could I have seen her yet alive, and at the table my joy would have been complete. My uncle is a stout Universalist and urged me strongly to read one or two of his favorite authors, saying they would soon convert me to his way of belief. My grandmother was a very pious, strict woman in her views and firmly attached to the faith of the old Puritans and had she been alive would have been greatly grieved at her son's Universalian notions. I asked him what his mother would say to him, if she was living oh as to that, he said she would have been of the same way of thinking if she had read his books. My uncle was a very pleasant, and excellent man but is sadly led away, in his old age, after dinner we visited the falls of the Spickett, pasing over a high hill, called "Tower hill", from the top of which I had a fine view of Andover, the place where I had spent seven of the happiest years of my life. It was along a part of this road, that my mother and myself used to travel on the back of the red mare, in our visits to her old home, at grandfather Bodwell's at the falls of the Spickett, there is now quite a large manufacturing town sprung up, within a few years, formerly there was only two or three dwelling houses here, and two grist mills, one on each side of the falls. Here my uncle John Sargent lived, and when a boy I used to carry corn and rye here to be ground, on the back of the old mare. Now there are several large cotton factories here, and a village of more than fifteen hundred inhabitants. Visited the spot, a little above the falls, where I used to go a fishing with my cousin Frederic while the grist was grinding at the mill, in the mead-

ows along the banks of the Spicket we used to gather cranberries and drink water flower cups of the Sarracenia, or side-saddle plant that grew along the margin. To make the remembrance of the past the more vivid, I again pulled some of side-saddle cups and quenched my thirst from the limpid waters of this beautiful stream. In my return to Mr Bradley's, passed many of the houses of my old neighbors, now owned by others, and the playmates of my youth dead or scattered abroad, so passes away, and continually changes all earthly things, On our way came across several patches of ripe strawberries, by the side of the road.

June twenty first.

In company with Mr. Bradley and wife, made a visit to Derry in New Hampshire, distant about eight miles, to Mr. John Nesmith, who married my sister Susan Hildreth. She was our eldest sister and first born child of my mother. She was married in the year 1797, and had eight children, four sons and four daughters. She has now been dead twenty five years. The children are all married or scattered abroad except Mary the third daughter, who is quite an invalid being lame in one knee and remains at home with her father and stepmother, who is a very kind woman and respected by the children. Before marriage she was ~~Lidia~~ Lydia Sargent, the daughter of the old deacon, our neighbor, noticed in the early part of memoirs. Mr. Nesmith is now seventy two years old and much debilitated and broken by age, as well as by a shock of the palsy. In my boyhood this was a favorite place, for me to visit, often spending a week or more with my sister, at that time old Mr. Nesmith, the father John was living, he was one of the most unaffectedly pious men I ever saw, and in his family devotions morning and evening, exhibited more of the true spirit of prayer, in the tones of his voice and language, than I ever heard in any other person. No one could listen to his affecting

appeals, without rising from his knees a better man. He was of Scotch descent, and his father was one of the early Scotch adventurers, who settled Londonderry. For many years after their settlement and when I was a boy, they used to hold annually in October, a fair, after the manner of their country. It continued for three or four days, and at it were exhibited for exchange, various kinds of cloth, especially linen, cattle, sheep, horses &c. The original intention of the fair was useful, but as stores increased in the country and regular trade was carried on, this mode of exchange and barter gradually fell into disuse, and it was for many years only attended by horse jockies, gamblers, show-men &c. and was a scene of dissipation, so that finally it was several years ago entirely abolished. The country is very much improved in appearance, within the last thirty years and the farms better cultivated. The roads are much smoother, but the soil is naturally poor being composed of disintegrated granite rocks. On our return we passed through the place where I first kept school in the winter of 1800, we also visited the falls of Spicket, a favorite spot in my boyhood. My uncle John Sargent, owned one of the grist mills, and a fulling mill formerly erected here. There is a of thirty feet, over solid mica slate, which when the river is full banks, made a grand and romantic appearance, throwing the water into a sheet of foam and filling the air with the spray like a dense fog. The fall is now shorn of its beauty, nearly all the water is diverted from its bed to turn the machinery of several cotton factories that have sprung up at this place; and with a numerous population have supplanted the old grist mills which for so many years, added to the charm of this romantic place. The change is no doubt for the best, in this utilitarian age. The old mills are gone, and the exact spot where they stood is difficult to be ascertained,

so completely covered is the margin of the falls with walls and buildings. Two or three of my female cousins, yet linger around the place of their ~~birth~~ birth, but the home of their father, is passed into other hands. We took tea with a daughter of my uncle Doctor John Bodwell, who is married and lives here, her husband ~~being~~ Mr. Waldo being engaged in the factories, we passed in our return, and made a short call at the old house of my father, the little Elm trees, where I used to set in the forks of the branches and read some interesting book, during the heat of the day, have grown to be of great size and beauty. We crossed Bloody Brook where I used to bleach linen cloth, and take so much comfort with Daniel Ruff, in sailing our mimic ships, with a deep sigh, and the fondest regret, we passed down the old road by Mitchell's Falls, on the route I used to travel when driving my ox team on the journies to Haverhill, for merchandise to sell in our little store at Methuen. Happy, happy days, never again to return; but more or less appreciated and understood by every one who has arrived at the years of manhood. We reached Mr. Bradley's, just at dark much gratified with our days adventures.

June twenty first.

Returned this morning to Haverhill village. Visited the garden of Mr. ~~Harmen~~ Harman; it is very neatly cultivated and contains four large houses for the growing of foreign grapes. They are filled with fine vines loaded with fruit. He also cultivates several varieties of plums.

June twenty second.

In the afternoon took leave of my sister and family, with many kind adieus. She is an excellent woman, very pious, but does not enjoy good health and is the mother of six children, three sons and three daughters. Her husband is a worthy man, and has from his regular business habits laid up a competency for his family. My other sister, Abigal Bradley, is now fifty nine years old is

of a very ~~industrious~~ industrious turn, and quite unobtrusive manners. She is married to a bustling, thrifty, saving man who thinks that this world and all its beautiful productions was made only to be turned into money, and anything which cannot be converted into dollars and cents is of no account. They have nine children. In our journey of this day to Lowell we passed through the "West parish" of Haverhill, into Methuen. Our route lay by the falls of the Spickett, the scene of many of my youthful gambols. This spot is so changed by the ~~inteference~~ interference of man that I could hardly recognize it. The country around is greatly improved in its agricultural aspect. The numerous cotton factories and other improvements in the arts, have created a demand for and enhanced the price of the products of the soil greatly benefitting the farmer. From "the falls," we passed through the Western part of Methuen, into Dracutt, near the spot where my father first commenced the practice of medicine and the arduous duties of the head of a family in the year 1777. Here my two eldest were born, we also passed the Hemlock Swamp where old Tommy Barker, gathered his white Birch stocks for Brooms, and near which he lived. From Dracutt, we crossed over the Merrimack River at the falls of Pawtuckett on a bridge into the town Lowell, now the largest manufacturing town in America. It numbers twenty thousand inhabitants, we were cordially received by our friend Dr. E. Huntington and family. The Dr. is not only highly esteemed as a man and as a physician but is also Mayor of the city

June twenty third.

This being the Sabbath, we attended the Episcopal Church with the family of Doctor Huntington. The service of this Church is always impressive and with the tones of a fine organ made the day a very interesting one. In the evening went out the Doctor, in his carriage to visit some of his patients,

who resided in the suburbs.

June twentyfourth.

This day, made an excursion in the stage coach, to Townsend, distant twentyfour miles. It was the birthplace of my father, where he resided until he was twentyone years old, working on the farm of his parents in the Summer months and at the trade or art of coopering in the Winter. It is a calling in which nearly all the ~~inhabitants~~ inhabitants of the town are to this day engaged, except when occupied with the work of their farms. In my journey there passed through the towns of Dunstable and Pepperell. In Townsend, a place called "the Harbor", seated on Squanacook River, was formerly the main spot for business, having a mill, a store, and a tavern. It is now a village of fifteen or twenty houses. Several such villages are built up in the township. My grandfather's farm was located on "Wallace's Hill", a broad, elevated range of country, three miles North of "the Harbor", and near the line of New Hampshire. After ascending the slope of the hill the eye of the traveller is greeted with one of the broadest and grandest views, I have seene in any part of my journey. The range of the Monadnock Mountain bounds the view to the West, stretching like the walls of a vast amphitheatre from the North to the South, the distance of more than seventy miles. The Wachusett, the Amonoosack &c. are amongst the most prominent of the peaks. Between Wallace's Hill and this range of mountains the country looks like a deep valley, dotted with villages and the spires of many country churches scattered over a space of fifteen or twenty miles in width, by thirty or forty in length. The farm of my grandfather contained about one hundred acres, on which he lived; but he owned an other tract of about one hundred and fifty acres, chiefly of woodland in a distant part of the town. The homestead was composed of fine farming land for this part of the country and contained many fruit trees of his planting. I collected

memorials of my attachment and respect for the old place, by breaking small portions from the granite rocks, laid up in the stone wall, near the house, and cut a twig from an ancient pear tree, near the door. From an aged woman, Mrs. Campbell whom I found at the humble dwelling of my father's it is only a small, low house, of one story high, I learned many interesting facts in the history of the family, she having lived on the adjoining farm all her life-time. She says my grandfather was only a moderate sized man, but that my grandmother was not only tall, but very corpulent, weighing nearly or quite three hundred and fifty pounds. She had a married sister who was still larger than herself. My grandfather died first, about the year 1795, and my grandmother, a year or two later. The farm was for some time owned by my father, who sold it to a Mr. Campbell, the son of the old lady my informant. Mr. Brooks, an other old neighbor, also told me many things as to the marriges of my aunts, nine in number. I left the place with hallowed recollections, and tender impresions of the simple habits, and homely manners of my ancestors, in the early days of the country.

June twenty fifth.

We pased the day in visiting some of the numerous factories of cotton, woolen, especially blankets and carpetings, which are now made here in great perfection. Thomas and John Nesmith, old acquaintances of my boyhood were very polite and attentive to us, and we pased the larger part of the day at their house. In the evening visited the Dioramic exhibition of the battle of Bunker hill and the burning of Charleston. All the figures of men, animals &c. have the motions of life, the illusion is very perfect especially that of the conflagration. A thunderstorm is

also exhibited with great effect and accuracy.

June twensixth.

We bid adieu to our kind friends at Lowell, and took ~~passage~~ passage at seven A.M. in the carrs for Boston, arrived at ten o'clock, and found my brother and wife well. Went out and examined the antiquarian Book stores, found several rare old books of voyages and travels which I purchased.

June twentyseventh.

My brother took us out to visit the garden and ~~grou~~ grounds of Mr. Cushing at Watertown. He is a rich ~~chin~~ China merchant, who has retired from business with a fortune of several millions. Mr. Hagerstow, the head gardener, was very kind and polite showing us the establishment, which under his care is kept in the nicest and most magnificent order of any place we visited. The greenhouse plants are in a healthy state and the conservatory full of vines, with grapes now ripe, and weighing four pounds to the bunch. Chiefly Black Hamburgh and Shaselas (Chasselas). The establishment is very nicely fitted up in all its parts and is warmed in Winter by hot water circulated in iron pipes. Saw three hundred varieties of hardy ~~roses~~, but the foliage is much injured by the slugworm, and the Plum, of which there varieties, damaged by the Curculio. In the afternoon visited a conservatory owned by a company of gentlemen in Boston, who are constructing a large public garden at the foot of the Common, near the water. The plants are beautifully arranged ~~in~~ in an immense dome shaped building, of glass frames, with many birds, confined by wire lattice work to small rooms back of the flowers. They build their nests here, breed their young, and appear to be very happy and contented. There were a vast variety of monthly and other roses, with Peonies, Pansies and many herbaceous

plants in flower. It afforded a fine opportunity for the selection of choice varieties and accordingly I filled my note book with the names of such plants as appeared to me desireable. The camellias, of which they several hundred in pots, were out of blom. It was an exhibition day, and many flowers were brought in by cultivators not connected with the establishment. There was a great collection of Ladies, and many gentlemen, so that we were nearly as much entertained with the view of them in their showy dresses, as we were with the flowers. It was on the whole the most interesting place we visited, while in Boston, or vicinity.

June twentyeighth.

I made a trip to Salem, in the rail road cars. Visited the great East India Museum, collected by Masters of Vessels who have doubled either Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope. It is shown in a large room and contains many rare articles not seen in any other collection. Had a letter to Captain Delano, who treated me with great politeness. Saw John Chadwick, and some others of my schoolday associates in Andover. Samuel Chadwick, also an old and especial favorite, was away South Carolina. Mrs J. Chadwick has has a large collection of marine shells, one of the fine finest private collections I have seen. Salem is an old Commercial place, nearly as old as Boston, and has many rich inhabitants, who are engaged in the East India trade. There are many fine private gardens, where nice fruits are cultivated. Mr. Manning the great Pomologist lives here he has done more in collecting and describing new and rare fruits than any other man, the day was very rainy or I should have visited his Nurseries and garden. Doctor Gideon Barstow, one of my fellow students Medicine with Doctor Kittredge of

Andover, also lives here, but he was from home, on a visit to a sick son in Kentucky. Found sister Harriet at Captain Deland's, who returned with me to Boston.

June twenty-ninth.

Visited Doctor P. G. Robbins at ~~Roxbury~~ Roxbury, and Doctor William Gordon of Boston, both old friends and companions in my studies at Andover. Doctor Robbins took me in his chaise to Chelsea, and to visit the Bunkerhill Monument. It is yet unfinished, but is a noble ~~tro~~ trophy to the memory of the bold achievements of our forefathers. From the top we have a splendid view of the harbor and adjacent country, which richly pays for the trouble of the ascent, by a spiral stairway, laid within the walls of the tower. Doctor Robbins is very pleasantly situated in ~~Roxbury~~ Roxbury, owns a fine house and garden in the center of Roxbury. He is married to a second wife, who was very rich with eighty or one hundred thousand dollars. His two sons by the first wife are both settled in the ministry, and one of them is much celebrated as an eloquent and forcible preacher. In my first interview with the Doctor, whom I had not seen for twenty four years, I represented myself as a person who wished for his advice in the case of my wife, troubled with Neuralgia. I carried on the joke for several minutes, until he seeing me smile, exclaimed, "what my old friend Hildreth"! and recognized me at once, he was much amused at the joke, and soon introduced me to his wife. A part of the day was pased in attending the exhibition of the Horticultural Society at their rooms. Saw a great many fine flowers and large strawberries, learnt the names of the best varieties and noted many fine flowers, for my collection. Mr. Enoch ~~Bartlett~~ Bartlett, a member of the Society, selected from their extra numbers, a sett Sett of the Societies publications and presented them to me, as I was in fact entitled to them from my be-

ing an honory member for some years.

I also visited, with my brother the Boston Gafs works where the gafs is prepared for lighting the streets. Mr. Towne is the superintendent of the works and politely showed me the procefs of making it, the material is Bituminous Coal and Rozin. The instrument for measuring the quantity made is quite curious. Mr. Towne has the finest collection of Cape of Good Hope plants in the country, Ericas and Fuchsias. Erica, is considered to be a very troublesome plant to cultivate, but he grows them in great perfection without any difficulty. The art consists in potting the plants in a soil composed of leaf mould and fine sand, in rather small pots, next in never allowing the outsides of the pots to become dried in the sun, for if they do so, the tender delicate roots of the plant, which lie along the sides of of the pot, perish. They must be kept moist, either by setting the ~~potting~~ pot in the earth, or planting it in, a larger pot surrounded with soil, they require a moist atmosphere, or else to be often sprinkled in dry weather, the heat of a warm parlour, a common greenhouse is, sufficient for their healthy growth. When on the return from Mr. Cushing's garden, the other day, we called on Mr. Douse in Chelsea, and looked at his library and collection of paintings. He has many rare books not found in common libraries. Amongst them noticed a copy of Marco Paulo's travels in China. His collection of paintings is also very fine. Mr. Douse was bred to the leather busineſs, especially that branch of it devoted to Sheep and Goat Skins. In this busineſs he has acquired a large fortune. He has always had a taste for readings, a few years since the library and paintings of a gentleman in London, who had failed in busineſs, was put up to sale in shares, after the manner of a raffle. Mr. Douse purchased one these tickets, and

happened to draw the whole collection.

June thirtieth.

Sabbath, attended the Baptist Church, in the room over the Boylston Market. It is a new society, which my brother, was one of the principal movers in forming. The preacher was a Scotchman, whom the society desire to settle over them as pastor. It is strange there should be many clergymen who are foreigners in Boston and vicinity, when we have to send our own sons and brothers to foreign countries as Missionaries.

July first.

We this morning bid farewell to my brother, ~~he died in March, 1843 whom~~ whom it is probable I may never see again in this world. He died in March 1843, aged forty five years, may God of his infinite mercy grant, that we may meet in another and better world, even in Heaven. Took seats in the rail car for Taunton at eight A.M. reached that place at ten o'clock. Called on Mr. Maltby the pastor of a society in this place. He formerly preached in Marietta, for six or eight months, were recieved with great kindness, but could only spend an hour with him. Taunton is a pleasantly located town, with six, or eight thousand inhabitants. Its situation on the river of that name, affords fine scites for water power, several cotton factories are in operation. It is also a noted ~~plated~~ place for Herrings, much of the of the town was formerly from this fishery, the arrival of these fish in the Spring of the year was an absorbing topic with the people, so much so that one year, when their arrival had been delayed for several days beyond the usual time, so great was the joy of the persons on the watch for their first appearance, that although it was on the Sabbath, and the ~~master~~ minister in the midst of the service yet the happy messenger, who bore the good news of their arrival, rushed up the broad aisle, crying at the top of his voice, "Fish has come", "Fish has come". So delighted were the audience,

that one all rushed out of the house and down to the river, to witness with their own eyes the sight of the welcome visitors. The poor minister was left with the emty pews, and walking down from the pulpit, hasted to join his parishioners and share in the joy of the occasion.

In the afternoon took passage in the stage coach for Fair Haven, as the railroad terminates at Taunton, but will soon be continued on to New-bedford. We passed some fine ponds in Middlebury, the Indian names of which were Quitticus and Little Quitticus; also one called at present Long-pond. Into these ponds, the Herrings and shad used formerly to run every Spring, in countless numbers, affording a rich supply of food for the Indians, from the earliest ages, until they were driven out from their birthright by the encroachments of the whites. They also profited largely for many years from this bountiful source, until the numerous dams erected along the river, for mills and various machinery have finally put a stop to the ascent of the finny tribes. In these ponds they used to cast their spawn, and from their immense progeny fresh swarms were raised to supply the waste of former years. So that without the aid of man and no labour but the trouble of taking them out of the water in nets, they afforded the richest of food, in quantities so great that we of this day would hardly credit the account, as given by some of the aged men, who yet linger in the vicinity of these waters. Our route led us across the "Long-plain", a long level tract in the northerly part of Fair-Haven where my wife was born, and lived for a number of years, we arrived at the village about four o'clock P.M. and passed the night at Mrs. Dolly Tabor's, one of her old friends and neighbors. Here we met with Isaac Barker and his wife Abigail, the elder sister of Mrs. Hildreth, who had also come on from Athens

Ohio, to visit the place of their nativity, Mr. Barker as well as his wife, being born at the Long-plain, and lived there till he was ten years old his fathers family emigrated to Marietta, in 1789. He had never been back since that period, and was now to renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his childhood, and with such of his old comrades as remained alive after a period of just half a century.

July second.

We visited the "Long-plain", in company with Mr. and Mrs. Barker, many were the stories and events of their child hood, called to mind by a view of this place and the sight of their companions and neighbors who were yet alive. Amongst other spots, familiar with their child hood, was the mill pond and mill of old Uncle Joseph Severance, who for many years occupied this spot, but was now dead. Isaac and myself procured a small boat and rowed out into the little pond to gather some of the white, fragrant Lillies which decorated its surface and were now in perfection. They were the first I had seen for thirty three years, nothing brings to mind so forcibly the ~~recollection~~ recollection of former days as the sight of a favorite flower. This above all others was the delight of my youth, we gathered a fine parcel of the sweet scented Nymphia Odorata, or pond Lily, some of which were prosed and dried and brought home with us to Ohio. The old mill is still standing and is in operation, but he and his clever old wife, who used to make this spot as interesting, have departed to their long home, several years ago. The graceful lily still annually decorates the silent surface of the pond, and will continue to do so as long as these waters remain.

My wife is highly gratified with the visit,

and recognises many of the scenes of her childhood, but little changed by the lapse of thirty five years. It is quite curious that the value of real estate, should have remained with so little change, in this place, during the ~~space~~ space of nearly forty years. The farm or Homestead occupied by my wife's father, Captain Pardon Cook sold in the year 1804 for three thousand ~~three~~ hundred dollars, it was sold ~~recently~~ a few ~~months~~ months since for three thousand five hundred dollars, although a few acres perhaps twenty were added to ~~those~~ the farm by Mr. Davis in whose family it remained till 1839. The population is but little changed, the same named occupy the lists and the lands owned by the grandfather now belongs to the grandson, when the number is too great for the farm to support, some of the younger sons emigrate, or follow the seas for a living. In the afternoon, took tea, and spent a few hours very pleasantly at the house of Nicholas Davis, an old friend and neighbor of my wife's mother. They are Quakers, and recieved us with the simple manners and hearty welcome of that honest sect. We passed the night at Mrs. ~~Anna~~ Anna Tripps, or Simmons, an old playmate of Mrs. Hildreth's, and near her former home. It was very pleasant to see and hear their reminiscences of the days of their childhood. This farm once belonged to Mrs. Hildreth's grandfather Cook.

July third.

The morning was stormy, with hard rain all night. In nearly every house we find, fine collections of Marine Shells, as some member of the family or some of relations are engaged in whaling voyages, and gather up these shells in the islands of the Pacific, for sale, or as presents to their friends. In the afternoon, we visited the ~~Misses~~ Misses Alden Spooner's; old playmates of my wife, but now in the list of ar-

cient spinsters, they are very intelligent, sensible ladies, living with their father, a very aged man, nearly or quite ninety years old. The old house and every thing around it remains much as it was forty years ago. In this quiet, out of the way part of the country, where there is no water power for new setlers, we have the satisfaction of seeing a spot not subject to those never ending, and unceasing changes, so common to the whole Anglo-American race.

July fourth.

Day of American independence, we bid adieu to our kind friends at the Long-plain, and took passage in a covered wagon of one of the neighbors for New Haven. Mr. Barker and wife remained for a day or two not having finished their visit. We put up at the house of Captain Wood, a former acquaintance and whose wife was a daughter of one of the old neighbors of the family Batimus Tabor. The Captain recieved us very kindly and politely. He has built him a fine large house, has a few acres of land just out of the village, and having quit the sea is turning his attention to raising fruit and cultivating the ground. In the afternoon, Captain Wood and myself went over to New Bedford, little was doing in honor of the day, with the exception of the display of flags from the shipping in the port, and the firing a salute from the Revenue Cutter, a small party from the town, had a clambake, as they call it, after the manner of the Indian inhabitants, on a small island in the river near Captain Wood's. A hole is made in the ground, lined with stones, a fire kindled in it, when the are red hot, the live clams are put in, covered with wet sea weed, and are soon roasted, they are said to eat sweeter after this primitive manner of cooking than by any other.

July fifth.

Paſed the day, chiefly in making calls on the old friends of my wife, we also visited the garden of Mr. Jenny, who has just ~~commace~~ commenced a very fine one, in Fair Haven. We dined and supped at the house of Mrs. Dolly Tabors. She is a woman of much energy of character, and fine sense, lives on a small farm, just back of the village, with two or three daughters. After tea we went over to Mr. Seth Alden's who with his wife was at Mrs. Tabor's, he taking us in his carriage, here we paſed the night, he has a small farm, about a mile from the village which he cultivates with great nicety and very succeſsfully, his wife was Thankfull Bennet, a sister of Captain John Bennet, former husband of the present Mrs Barker, and an old school and play mate of my wife. Seth was also one of her old associates; and they had multitude of incidents of their youthful and by-gone days to rehearse, calling up some mirthful and some melancholy feelings.

July sixth.

In the morning Captain Wood called for us and took us in his carriage to New-Bedford, before leaving Fair-Haven, called on several of the old neighbors especially Mr. Bartimus Tabor who owns one of those windmills, which variegate and add so much beauty to the scenery around this pleasant place. Mr. Tabor was very kind to us, accompaning us with his cart and horse, ~~carring~~ carrying our trunks for us in the most kind and friendly manner, he is the father of Mrs. Wood, and won much of my heart by his unaffected manners, and kind, old fashioned way of recieving us, he paſed a large part of the day with me on the Fourth of July at Captain Wood's, talking of the days, and events

that had long passed away connected with family of my wife. He was a near neighbor of Captain Cook, for a number of years, and now occupies the house in which he lived, after he left the Long-Plain, and settled in Fair-Haven. While in New-Bedford, we staid with Mr Sears who married a cousin of my wife and treated us with much cordiality and kindness. Doctor Paul Spooner, an old friend of my wife, and a man of great affability and pleasing address was very polite and attentive to us. He went with me to see a cabinet of shells, belonging to a Mrs Coffin. It is very numerous, arranged in neat drawers and is composed of the finest and most perfect shells I have ever seen. We also visited the garden of Mr. Arnold; he is very rich and his house and grounds are arranged and kept in the most ~~prince~~ princely style. There is a capacious greenhouse attached to the garden, filled with ~~choice~~ choice plants, and a grapery. Saw a number of Dahlias in bloom that had been brought forward in a hot bed, and now placed in the open ground. The garden occupies an acre or two, laid out in fine order, filled with hardy shrubs and flowering plants, with serpentine gravel walks, and rustic arbors. One of the most interesting sights is an artificial grotto of shell work, it ~~repres~~ resembles a natural grotto in rude rocks, whose sides and roof are coated over with shells, set in mortar, after a very ingenious manner. We also visited the garden of Mr. William Rodman, a Quaker gentleman, his garden was not so grand as Mr. Arnolds, but was very neat and beautiful, with many choice flowers I noted quite a variety, not less than four different colours of the Dracocephalus, or dragons-head all in flower. In the afternoon, Doctor Spooner took us in his carriage to look at the environs of New Bedford on the elevated ground which overlooks the harbor. This street is occupied with gentlemen's seats;

large and splendid dwelling houses, with three of four acres of ground to each, laid out in the most tasteful manner, with shrubbery, walks and shade trees.
The dwellings of Rodman, Parkman and Morgan cost eighty thousand dollars, or more each, and are models of beauty and fine architecture, the money for these edifices was all acquired from the whale fishery, they are by far, the most grand, and showy seats ~~large and splendid houses, with three or four acres of ground to each, laid out in the most tasteful manner, with shrubbery, and~~ I have yet seen in the course of my journey.
July seventh.
In the ~~forenoon~~ afternoon attended the meeting of the Quakers, who are the most numerous class of religious people, in this city, and were the original settlers of the place. The house, is in the plainest style of architecture and divided by a low partition, into two portions, for the male and female members. ~~One~~ One of the speakers was a woman, who spoke with a good deal of freedom and fluency, the other was a man, who was not so eloquent as his companion. It was the first time I ever attended a meeting of this sect, and was pleased at the hearty and kind manners in which they shook hands with each other at the close of the meeting. In the afternoon we attended worship, in the Unitarian Church, with our friend Doctor Spooner. It is a new and splendid building constructed of granite. The interior is finished with arches overhead, springing from light airy pillars, after the manner of an ancient cathedral. The pews are all lined and cushioned with rich crimson stuff and finished with mahogony. It is said to be the finest church in New England and cost thirty thousand dollars after meeting we called a few minutes, at the house of an old ac-

quaintance of my wife Mr. Abraham Barker who lived with them at the Long Plain, when he was a boy, being a distant relation. He has become quite wealthy. In his garden we found a new variety Raspberry, it appears to be a seedling of the Red Antwerp, but is now of a deep purple and larger than that fruit usually is (N.B Mr. Isaac Barker brought home with him some of the seeds, and planted that Fall in his garden, after two years the plants, eight or ten in number produced fruit, a portion of them proved to be purple, like the parent; but the larger number produced a straw colored or red fruit, like the common Antwerp). In the evening we took tea with Doctor Spooner and then met a brother of his N. S. Spooner an old schoolmate of my wife and now lives at the "head of the river" and practices law.

July eighth, 1839.

This morning we bid adieu to our kind friends in New ~~Bedford~~ Bedford and took passage in the stage coach for Newport, in ~~R~~ Rhode Island, distant twenty eight miles. For a portion of the distance, or nine miles from New Bedford, the country is nicely cultivated and affords many fine farms. I noticed that the cherry trees which are numerous by the sides of road, were nearly all dead, or in a perishing state, from the effects of some disease. From the appearance of the trees it was was the black canker, as they had black knots, or excrescences on their branches and trunks. The trees are very numerous along the way for several miles and when in health must have furnished a valuable supply of fruit to the owners. The same sickly aspect was apparent in all the trees of this class, until we arrived within a few miles of Newport, when they assumed a more healthy look either from greater attention by their owners, or else the disease had not reached thus far.

For six miles East of "Howland's ferry" or bridge, the country is very rocky and only cultivated in wood or forest

~~lands~~ lands, and is owned by the people on the island, where the soil is too valuable to be kept in wood. Howland's Bridge, is fourteen miles from New Bedford. It crosses a narrow sheet of water, about forty rods in width, which divides the island from the main land and was formerly a noted ferry, a few rods from the ferry, formerly lived Captain Jonathan Devoll, an uncle of my wife, during the stormy period of the Revolutionary War, this was his home and that of his wife, Mrs. Nancy Barker, whose family lived on the island. It was ~~also~~ also ~~the birth~~ birth ~~place~~ place place of Cousin Charles and Barker Devoll, and the spot always retained a warm place in the heart of Uncle Devoll, from the time of his leaving it for Ohio in the year 1788, to the day of his death. The old house in which he lived is still standing. "Mount Phillip" is in sight, on the main land near Bristol and was the favorite dwelling place of Phillip, Chief sagamore of the Narragansetts.

There was once a wooden bridge across this inlet but it was destoyed by the noted September gale in 1815. It is replaced by a stone causeway, with a draw bridge in the center, for the passage of small vessels up into the bay. I saw the the spot ~~where~~ the Devoll family lived, and that of his ~~friend~~ friend Tilsonan Amy, on the island opposite. The old farm is still owned and occupied by his son who married a cousin of Mrs. Hildreth, Rhoda Fish, we were very sorry we could not stop, and make her a visit, but our time for being in New York was limited and we passed her house with great regret. The farmers in the vicinity use an uncommon kind of article for manure to enrich their lands. A species of fish called the Menhaden, abound, in these waters and is taken in nets, in vast numbers. These are thrown broadcast on the surface of the earth amongst the growing corn, and exhale a most disgusting and offensive odour to those unaccustomed to the smell, but which is said not to disturb persons who are used to it. The Indian women, from whom the practice was learned by the

whites, used a much neater mode, they buried one or two fish, in each hill of corn at the time of planting, which in this poor sandy soil greatly enriched it and brought forth a nice crop, without that disgusting smell which attends the modern practice, seaweed is an other article used for ~~manure~~ manure, and we saw it raked up in heaps near the edge of the water, ready to be called on to their fields, and between them both the land is rendered very productive in grass and grain, so much so that the island has long been called the Garden of New England. The soil however on the island is naturally better than on ~~main~~ the main. About two miles from the bridge on the road to Newport, we passed a spot where diggings had been made for coal and some found; but the work was now abandoned. At Cumberland, on the island, ~~it~~ it is procured in considerable quantity, of the Anthracite family. Slate is the predominant rock, of a hard quality; it splits readily into convenient shapes for laying up into walls, and is used for the building of fences by the farmers. It makes a very neat wall, and their small enclosure of six or eight acres look prettily when surrounded with these fences. The lands on the road near the town are highly cultivated and ornamented with many fine country seats, and fruit trees — As we approach the harbour, the scene is rendered very romantic and picturesque by the great number of windmills, that stand on the high ground, tossing and turning their long arms and white sails, in the sea breeze, which pretty constantly blows on the coast. A lofty monument, just back of the town, erected to the memory of the gallant ~~Commod~~ Commodore Perry, adds also very much to the beauty and ~~cult~~ interest of the Spot. Here there are no streams of water and the wind is used for milling purposes and the turning of machinery. Newport contains about twelve thousand inhabitants and ~~once~~ was once a port of extensive commercial business, so much so, that sixty or eighty years ago, the traders from

New York went there to buy good. Their shipping is now chiefly engage in whaling ~~fishery~~ fishery. The town is very ancient, with narrow streets, but well paved. Near the house where we stopped, we met George Turner, attorney at law and formerly a resident of Marietta. He was much rejoiced at seeing us, and strongly urged us to spend a few days with him, but our engagements to be in New York by such a day, forbade any delay, we therefore took passage in the steamboat Massachusetts, at four P.M. In passing round "Point Judith", a noted promontory of Rhode Island, on the main on which is is a light house, the wind was quite brisk, and we so rough a sea as to cause considerable tolding of the boat. This soon created sea sickness amongst the passengers, my wife sympathized with her female companions and was so sick as to be unable to eat anything till we reached New York, at ten o'clock next morning. The Boat touched at Stonington where the rail road from Boston terminates, and recieved about two hundred and fifty passengers so that she had more than five hundred souls on board, with much freight.

The views along the shores of the are beautiful and constantly afford new scenery from the deck of the boat. We passed through "Hell Gate", without any trouble or commotion, as the tide was flood and nearly at its height. This pass was greatly dreaded by the early Dutch navigators, and has been the source of as many wonderfull legends as the "Scylly and Charybdis" of Virgil. We arrived at the house of my nephew J. P. Nesmith, son of my eldest sister Susan, at eleven A. M. and were kindly welcomed by the family. Mr. Nesmith has for many years been a commission merchant, in New York for domestic fabrics, and has acquired a very handsome estate.

July ninth.

We did but little this day, beside resting ourselves, after the sea sickness and broken slumbers of the past night. ~~the dinner~~ Mr Nesmith took us in his carriage, and rode out into the country a few miles back of the city. Streets and lots are laid out for the distance of three or four miles, and the city is rapidly enlarging itself in that direction and in a few years more will occupy the whole peninsula.

July tenth.

Called at the house of Doctor Jay, and left my card, he being absent in the country. He had been a correspondent of mine, and we have made several exchanges of shells, he is one of the most devoted naturalists in this branch and has described and published a number of new ones. He has also procured for me a number of books from London, in Natural history, not to be had in America. Called on Doctor Beck, who politely took me in his carriage to see Doctor Torrey, he was absent in the country, we then visited the New York Lyceum of Natural history, and was introduced to Doctor Kay, Zoologist to the State, found him busily engaged, in one of the rooms describing the fishes, birds, fosil bones &c. He is about forty five years old, full, robust habit; thick set and short in person has a fine full and broad forehead, and is a man of great learning and skill in fosil osteology, as well Zoology generally. It was a very warm day, and we found the doctor, stripped to the shirt and pantaloons collar open and feet bare, trying to be as comfortable as he could. He is a man of great frankness and plainess of manner, and recieved me in his dishabille with unaffected ease and good humor. He has quit the practice of Medicine and lives with his family on a farm on Long Island, thirty miles below the city, at a place called Oyster Bay. He showed me a number of drawings of the objects to be described in his branch of history, which were

very beautiful. The whole Natural history of the State, when completed in every branch, will be a noble and grand monument of the munificence of the rulers of that republic. Mr. Cosens, the Librarian, was very polite and offered to shew me any article in the cabinet or book in the Library. The latter contains a number of rare works in Natural history and the cabinet is a large one. Doctor S. L. Mitchel one of the earliest promoters of Natural history in New York, was also the principal founder of the Lyceum. Called on Mr. Redfield, the writer on Storms, and left my card, he returned my call in the evening. He is a modest, sensible man, of much merrit. His facts and communications in relation to the Storms of the Atlantic, are recieving deserved notice and attention in Europe and have procured him just applause. He presented me with of several of his articles and one on Steam Engines.

July eleventh.

This morning visited Catlin's "Indian Gallery" which is a collection of portraits, of ~~celebrated chiefs~~ celebrated chiefs of the Western Tribes and Views of curious scenery on the Missouri, hunting scenes, and their dances with actual specimens of their dresses, war implements, pipes &c. all of which forms a very interesting exhibition, filling a large room. The paintings were taken by Mr. Catlin himself, in the course of several years, spent in travelling amongst the tribes of the far West, the rest day was passed in examining the Cabinet and Library of the Lyceum of Natural History.

July twelft.

In the morning, visited the American or Scudder's Museum. It contains many curious articles; especially some relics from the ruins of

a very Ancient city at the South Western extremity of the Gulf of Mexico. In the afternoon visited the Library and Halls of the New York Historical Society. Found many rare books on the early history of America and took the titles of a number. In the evening visited Niblo's Public Garden, a noted place of resort for the citizens who want amusement. It consists of alcoves, and gravel walks, with a fountain of pure water, the walks are bordered with flowering plants in pots, and at night the whole is illuminated with six thousand lamps, some with various colored lights. He has lately added theatricals and pantomime to the exhibition. The garden and plants are worth seeing, but the other exhibitions of pantomime and so forth are a waste of time and money, productive of only evil.

July thirteenth.

Visited the Battery, a celebrated promenade for city belles and showy gentlemen. From this place there is a fine view of the harbor, the forts and islands, with the shipping, which are always numerous. In the afternoon visited the Book stores for old authors on the early history of the Western States, travels and so forth, but could ~~find~~ find none.

July fourteenth.

Sabbath. In the morning we attended the Roman Catholic Cathedral, to which church Mrs. Nesmith belongs. The interior is very beautiful, roof supported by arches and pillars, fine singing and organ. The service is conducted with great pomp and ceremony and the people are very devout. There was a sermon in English that might well be called Catholic. In the afternoon attended the Episcopal service of which Mr. is the pastor. It is a fine building. New York abounds in noble churches, many of which

have been built by the revenues of old societies that are rich in the funds arising from the ground rents of city lots, belonging to them, given at an early day, the funds and property of one of these is said to amount to nearly a million of dollars.

July fifteenth.

We bid adieu to our hospitable relatives, and took passage in the Steam Boat Independence, connected with the Amboy and Bordentown railroad, for the City of Philadelphia. The passage up the Raritan River is very picturesque, shores decorated with villages and country seats, indicative of thrift and wealth. We landed at Amboy, and took the rail cars, the track passes across rather a sandy and barren portion of New Jersey, with here and there some good farming lands. The growth is composed of pine trees, when not improved, as we approached the Deleware we passed through many large orchards of Peach trees, which are grown extensively for the New York and Philadelphia Markets. The land amongst the trees is kept under cultivation, richly manured and the trees kept low, for the convenience of gathering the fruit. The owner expects only three or four crops from a tree when it is replaced by a fresh one, this keeps them in a healthy state of growth and the fruit is much larger and finer, some farmers are said to realise several thousand dollars a year from the sale of peaches, the purchaser taking them from the orchard, giving him little trouble. At Bordentown, the noted residence of Joseph Buonaparte, we entered the Steam boat, passing down the beautifull Delaware to Philadelphia, and landed at two P.M. Here we took a coach and rode to Doctor S. G. Morton's, where we were cordially recieved by the Doctor and lady. In the afternoon the Doctor took me to visit the rooms of the

Academy of Natural History. They have the largest library on Natural History in America, nearly all of which were the Munificent gift of William McClure, a noted patron of the Sciences. The society are now building a fire proof house for their cabinet and library, towards which Mr. McClure had given twenty thousand dollars, and will give more if it is needed.

July sixteenth.

Spent the forenoon in shopping with Mrs Hildreth purchasing various articles for presents our use. In the afternoon Visited the City Library. It contain a vast collection of books, for the use of the public, on paying a small sum. ~~Called in~~ Called in with the Doctor to see the Artist ~~X~~ who is striking off the lithographic prints of American and other Crania, for his great work on heads. We also visited the Chineese Museum of Mr. Dunn. This curious collection of the arts amongst the Chineese, embraces their out of doors utensils for ~~Agriculture~~ agriculture and gardening, as well as articles for domestic use, dresses, rich specimens of silks, curious old vases of Porcelain, carved work, ships, boats, and in short samples of allmost everything used by these unique people. The collection cost more than forty thousand dollars and required twenty years to gather it. All the articles are very perfect and in the nicest order. It is said to be the only museum of the kind ever formed by any one. It fills a room one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. In the evening attended a meeting of the ~~Natural Hist~~ Nat. Hist. Society of which I have been a member, ~~of which I have been a member for several years~~, for several years, only fifteen present, nothing new

read by the members.

July 17. seventeenth.

Rose early this morning and visited the Market. The building, which is a light structure of wood, extends for a mile in length, occupying the middle of the street. The quantity of Vegetables, of the finest kinds, is very astonishing, with fruits in great variety, especially Peaches, Apricots, Pears, Apples, Cherries, Blackberries and so forth, Cucumbers sold, three for a cent. Fish plenty, fresh meats scarce and very dear. Doctor Morton and wife, accompanied us to view the waterworks, at Fair Mount, on the Schuylkill, which supply the city with water, a dam is thrown across the river, by which a range of wheels are turned and the water raised by force pumps, to the height of one hundred feet, and discharged into three reservoirs, of the size of an acre or more. From thence it is sent down to the city in cast iron pipes. It is a beautiful as well a valuable work. Near the works is a fine fountain, throwing up a large column of water and adorned with statues of Neptune, Nymphs and so forth. The natural moral cliffs, clothed with ivy, add greatly to the beauty of the scene. From Fair Mount we went to the Girard, orphans college. It is a splendid structure, erected by the princely munificence of Mons. Girard. The college is built of white marble and ornamented by a portico of columns, thirty-six in number, being nine on each side. They are seven feet in diameter, and fifty four feet high, fluted, and crowned with magnificent Corinthian capitals, the cost of each column is estimated at fourteen thousand dollars and the building, with two large houses for boarding the orphans, will cost two hundred thousand. The whole when finished, will

exceed in splendor, any other establishment of the kind in America. In the afternoon, called on Mr. Witherell, a noted Druggist and chemist, and a member of the academy. Also on Isaac Lea, the great fresh water Conchologist. Witnefsed a fire in the West Liberty and admired the fine appearance and activity of the well trained fire men of the city.

July eighteenth.

We bid adieau to our polite hosts, and took seats in the rail road cars for Harrisburgh at six and a half A.M. The ~~c~~country over which we pafsed is rich and finely cultivated especially a Lancaster, we arrived at Harrisburgh at three P.M. here we were transfered to the canal boats, which are very comfortable conveyances, and when not crowed with pafsengers afford a delightful mode of travelling; especially in fine weather, as we have so good an opportunity to see the rich scenery on the Susquehannah and Juniata rivers, our stop at Harrisburgh was so brief that we did not go in to the city; but is said to be quite a beautiful town. Sixteen miles above Harrisburgh the canal boats crofs the river, the horses going on a bridge, which answers for a tow path as well as other travel. The Juniata comes in to join the Susquehannah just below the brigdge and the whole forms one of the most picturesque scenes that can be found in any country. The river is here about half a mile wide, shortly after crofsing this river, the canal pafses over the Juniata, in an aqueduct, and then ascends along the banks of the latter stream to near its head in the mountains. The valley is narrow but affords numerous rich views of mountain scenery. The hills are clothed with forest trees Amongst which the ~~Chestnut~~ Chesnut, now in full blofsom holds

a conspicuous place. The hill sides are very abrupt, and in many places are covered with loose masses of transition sand stones, amidst which the trees have taken root and hide their sterility from the eye of the observer, very few of them can ever be cultivated, but must remain as nurseries for timber and wood

July nineteenth.

Continued travelling up the valley of the Juniata and occasionally passing a small village on the banks of the canal. Huntingdon, the seat of justice for a county of this name was passed early in the evening of yesterday. In the afternoon, several of the passengers, left the boat and walked across a narrow neck of land, or isthmus of three ~~fourths~~ fourths of a mile, while it is six miles round it, we reached the spot where the boat was to take us up one hour before she arrived in her travel round the bend, as we approach the mountains, the views become more wild and beautiful, along the shores of the Juniata, at Lewistown in the County of Mifflin, the hills are twelve thousand feet high. The sides of ~~many~~ many of the mountains are covered to the depth of many feet, with loose rubble stones composed of broken fragments of slaty sand stone which in many places prevent all vegetation, and the hill side is a mass of fragments of all sizes, from that of ~~that of~~ the fist, to a ton or more. The Northern Turnpike from Pittsburgh to Harrisburgh, passes along the valley of the Juniata, near the canal and in many places is seen clinging to the sides of the mountains, amidst this rolling mass of stones at a fearful elevation above the river. The canal terminates at Hollidaysburgh, at the foot of the Alleghany Range. This village ~~suffer~~ suffered from a frightful ~~del~~ deluge in July 1838. The rain fell in such torrents from a mass ~~or~~ of con-

gregated clouds on the brow of the mountain, that from eleven o'clock at evening to four the next morning, the water filled the valley in which the town stands from hill to hill, driving the inhabitants from the first floor of their houses to their chambers, many of the smaller houses were carried off by the flood and several of the inhabitants drowned, twenty miles of the canal were washed away, and the river in the narrow passes rose to the height of thirty feet in a short time. This catastrophe was much like the avalanche in the White Mountains and from a similar cause.

July twentieth.

Reached the Allegheny at ten A.M. in a carr, drawn by a locomotive, here we were drawn up an inclined plane by a stationary engine and a huge cable of hemp. This operation of drawing up is repeated five times by as many engines, before reaching the summit of the Allegheny Mountain on the levels, between the inclined planes, the carrs are drawn by horses, except one level of four miles when a steam car is used. The mountain scenery, at this season of the year is fine. The Chesnut is in full bloom, and is very abandant interspersed at intervals, where there is much moisture, with patches of Hemlock and Spruce Pine. The road side is richly ornamented with large patches of the Rhododendron Maximum, both of the pink colored and white varieties, now in full bloom. The white is far the most abundant, and the pink only seen in certain situations. Near the top of the Allegheny, there are several beds of Bituminous Coal, which are worked, the rock strata here are nearly horizontal, or slightly inclined to the West, while East of this range the rocks are nearly vertical, or highly inclined, distorted

and bent in various directions, on the summit of the Alleghenny the cars stop at a tavern for dinner. Here it is said to rain more or less, nearly every day during the Summer months, so that it is difficult to save their rops of oats and barley, or dry their hay. It was raining while we were here. In descending the Western slope of this range, it requires the same number of inclined planes as on the Eastern side, with a level of fourteen miles on the waters of the Conemaugh Creek, a branch of the Kiskiminetas, falling into the Alleghenny River, [redacted] miles above Pittsburgh. Coal beds become more frequent, and we greet the waters of our own happy valley, of the Ohio. On this stream the cars pass through a tunnel of five hundred feet in length. The rail road terminates at Johnstown. A village of some importance, and we again embark on the canal. The whole length of the rail road is thirtyeight miles and occupied five hours in passing. Johnstown lies on the Conemaugh, is a neat village, distant by canal one hundred and three miles from Pittsburgh, we here embarked in the canal packet, John Hancock. Captain Vanderbett, commander.

July twentyfirst.

Sabbath day, we had intended to have lain by on this day at some town on the canal, but finding none until nearly noon, Free-port, on the Alleghenny River we thought it better to pass quietly along, and read the Bible and such books as the cabin afforded, a set of the Evangelical Library, than to to stop in a place where there might be no preaching. After leaving Johnstown the scenery on the Conemaugh is very wild and picturesque both sides of the stream being lined with high hills. The river has cut itself a passage through both the Laurel and Chesnut ridges of mountains, along the me-

anderings of which the canal finds a ready passage. Just ~~before~~ before the Conemaugh unites with the ~~Loyalhanna~~ Loyalhanna, to form the Kiskiminetas, the canal passes through a ridge or promontory of three hundred feet in height, by a tunnel, while the river pursues its course around this obstruction for three miles, and comes back within three hundred yards of the same spot. The tunnel is nine hundred and eight feet in length, blasted out of the solid rock, and of a width sufficient for the canal and tow path. The canal crosses the Ligonier Valley, a rich tract of land lying between the Laurel and Chestnut ranges, and extending up Southerly to the Youghiogheny River, one of the main branches of the Monongahela. It was early occupied by the whites and was the scene of many a bloody adventure, with the Indians, in the first settlement of this region. This morning we passed quite a number of salt making furnaces, scattered along the borders of the Kiskiminetas, in Armstrong County. There are a few in Indiana County, which lies East of this, next to Cambria. The wells are from five hundred to seven hundred feet in depth, and the water abundant requiring from eighty to one hundred gallons, to make fifty pounds of salt. Bituminous Coal is used for fuel, and is found in great abundance in all the river hills, near to the furnaces, in beds of three and four feet in thickness. Farther South, in Westmoreland County the beds of coal are said to be fourteen, or fifteen thick. A few miles West of the Allegheny River, above the crossing of the canal, thick beds of cannel coal are found of a fine quality. The canal is carried over the Allegheny River in an aqueduct, a little above the village of Freeport, and continues down Allegheny Town on the West bank of the river and there re crosses to Pittsburgh.

The bottom lands are not wide on the Allegheny, but the hills or uplands are rich and abound in fine farms. We reached Pittsburgh at 6½ six and a half (six thirty) half past six P.M. and put up at the Enchange Coffee-house.

July twentysecond.

Morning cloudy and rainy, walked out with my wife a shopping, bought some paper hangings for our parlour, eleven rolls and three of bordering for twelve dollars and twelve cents, called on D. T. Morgan, absent at Marietta, bought a German Dictionary for George. Pittsburgh is a very dirty, smoky town, especially in a rainy day, but one of great manufacturing and commercial importance, the streets are filthy and badly paved. The Ohio River is low and the charge for a passenger to Marietta is ten dollars, we concluded to travel by land to Wheeling for four dollars. Took passage in the stage coach at two P.M. by the way of Washington Pa. crossed the Monongahela by a fine bridge, from the opposite shore have a splendid view of the city, and the forty steam boats now lying along the wharves. The hills in the vicinity are high not less than three hundred feet, and afford picturesque views. In travelling down the Ohio River for a mile or more, before the road ascends through a ravine to the adjacent upland we have a sight of many fine seats on the hills opposite. The most conspicuous is the Thealogical Seminary for Presbyterians, on the hill, and the Roman Catholic ~~Nunery at the foot~~, Nunnery at the foot, on the second bottom. Several fine country seats adorn the borders of the river for some miles below. After the road ascends on to the uplands, it passes over a rich and highly cultivated region, between Pittsburgh and Washington. Many beautiful scenes are continually presenting themselves to the eye of the traveller. The broad hill sides are loaded with luxuriant

crops of grain and grass, which the farmer is now busily engaged in harvesting. Seven miles North of Washington, which is thirty from Pittsburgh, we pass through Cannonsburgh, the seat of Jefferson College, a flourishing institution; now containing two hundred and forty students. A mile East of this is a building ~~Theological~~ for Theological students, of the sect of Seceders from the Church of ~~Scotl~~ Scotland. Their board is procured by working two hours, each day on a farm attached to the college, and called "Tusculum", so that they can live for seventyfive cents a week, in the village at private houses, the board is two dollars and twentyfive cents.

At Washington, the seat of justice for this county, a town nearly as old as Pittsburgh, there is another college; at present it is not quite flourishing as Cannonsburgh, though in a thriving state. We passed the night at this place, it is a small town of inhabitants, on the National Road, thirtyone miles from Wheeling.

July twenthird.

We left Washington, at seven A. M. passing over a highly cultivated country, but not so beautiful as that of yesterday. The agricultural staples of this country, are wool and wheat, of the former large quantities are grown and of a quality ~~eq~~ equal to any West of the mountains. It is also celebrated for fine cattle, of the new or imported breeds, indicating an intelligent population. The farmers of this region are said to be very rich. Near the line of Virginia, fifteen miles from the Town of Wheeling we passed through the village of Alexandria, or "Hardscrabble", a place of some note as the spot where runaway matches are consummated, and much frequented by lovers from Ohio and Virginia. It is nestled in a little valley amidst a most hilly and broken region of country, from which it derived its most appropiate and early name of "Hard-scrabble".

Soon after leaving this "Gretna Green" of Pennsylvania, we fall upon the waters of Wheeling Creek, and follow it down, to within a mile of Wheeling town, when the road ascends the river hill and passes down a beautiful slope in to the streets of the city. Along the borders of the creek are many fine farms, and some of the heaviest crops of grain we have seen any where on the road, reached Wheeling at twelve thirty P.M, and put up with our friend E. B. Swearingen.

July twenthird.

The afternoon and evening of yesterday were spent in looking at the collections of minerals, shells, plants &c. of Doctors Todd and Townsend. The former has quite a nice taste in gardening. This morning I went out Doctors Todd and Morton, to examine the geology of the hills about the town. From the deposit of Limerock over the coal and also below it. I am of the opinion that the coal at this place is identicle with the limerock and coal on the Muskingum River at Mc Connellsville and Waterford, Ohio, here it is six feet thick, there it is only four feet. The limestone is destitute of organic remains in both places, and is from forty to fifty feet in thickness, a similar layer of slaty shale, divides the bed of coal, near the top of the deposit, and is here left for a roof to the mine with a foot of coal above it, when the geology of Ohio and Virginia is completed, no doubt the identity of the deposit will be established. In Washington County Pennsylvania twenty miles East, the lime becomes thiner and a lower bed comes to the surface of the hills, which contains fossils. A few years since a boring was made, at the margin of the Ohio, at the upper end of the town to the depth of nine hundred feet in search of salt water, without finding brine, which is an additional proof of the identity of the strata, as the Salt rock on the Muskingum

um lies at more than a thousand feet below this bed of coal in the hills back of McConnelsville. (N.B. since this time Mr. Briggs, in the employ of Virginia has traced this bed from the Mus Kingum to Wheeling across the intermediate country and proved them to be the same at both places).

The afternoon was passed in visiting the family of Our Cousin Ezekiel Hildreth. The evening at Mr. Swearingens with Doctor Todd and Doctor Clemons. The latter gave me a description of the opening of the great mound at Grave Creek, twelve miles below, lately accomplished by its owner, Mr. Tomlinson. Many curious and interesting relics were found, a description of which was published in the papers.

July twentyfourth.

We bid farewell to our friends and took passage in the Steam boat "Excell", for Marietta, at eight A.M, price of passage three dollars. Our trip down was quite pleasant, the many beautiful views in the bends of the river affording rich specimens of Ohio scenery. We arrived at our home at eight P. M, after an absence of eleven weeks. We found the family all well, and rejoiced to see us after again after so long an absence. Our hearts rejoicing in the goodness of God, who has safely guided and protected us, through the perils of the journey; suffering no accident or evil to befall us, from the day of our departure, to the day of our return. Blessed be his great and glorious name forever

A brief genealogy of the ancestors of Mrs Rhoda Hildreth.

Captain Isaac Barker, the grandfather of Rhoda Hildreth, was born on Rhode Island, about the year 1720. He was bred to the sea, and after he became the commander of a vessel, sailed for many years from Newport in the West India trade. He married Elizabeth Howland, and became the father of nine children. After having acquired a moderate fortune by his maritime employment, he purchased a farm on the road from Newport to Howland's Ferry, about two miles from the latter place. Here he located himself as he thought for the remainder of his days, having quit the occupation of a sailor and assumed that of a cultivator of the earth. In the year 1764 there was a great scarcity of salt in the market and it bore a high price. From this circumstance, in an evil hour he was ~~tempted~~ tempted by some of his old Newport employers to assume the command of a vessel and make a voyage to the Isle of May for a load of salt. His oldest son, Michael, then in his fifteenth year entreated his father to take him with him, he was quite unwilling to do so, but finally consented. On their return, with a full cargo, in a storm the vessel was lost and all on board perished. His loss was deeply lamented by all his acquaintance, as he was a man who was greatly esteemed for his many excellencies of character. His wife was left with a family of eight young children, and in daily expectation of giving birth to another. She finally moved from the Island and purchased a farm near her father, Isaac Howland, at the Long plain, in the Township of New-Bedford, Massachusetts. She owned at that time three slaves, a negro man and woman and an Indian boy, twelve or fourteen years old, bought by Captain Barker, in one of his South American or West India Voyages. He was called

a "Buck Indian", probably from his having been owned or sold by the Buccaniers. The two Negro slaves she sold, but retained the Indian to ~~assither~~ assist her in cultivating the farm. He ~~proved a~~ proved to be a faithful and affectionate servant, treating her with respect and the children with great kindness, after living a few years on her farm, she was induced to marry Benjamin Aiken Esqr. a man who had held many public offices, but was too indolent to look after his own affairs, while with him she resided at a place called "Punnagansett", after, three or four years, she returned to her own farm near her father, after all her children were married, she lived with her daughter Rhoda Cook, and died at the age of nearly ninety years. Her children were married as follows, Viz: Bathsheba, married Robert Fish. Rebecca married John Rouse. Mary to John Gray. Isaac to Rhoda Cook, sister of Joseph. Elizabeth to Joseph Cook. Nancy to Jonathan Devoll. Rhoda to Pardon Cook. Ruth to Obed Cushman, she was the youngest and born soon after the death of her father, Captain Barker.

Captain Pardon Cook, the father of my wife Rhoda was born in the year 1746, in the North Eeastern part of the Town of New-Bedford, called "the Long-Plain". He was the son of Joseph Cook and the twin brother of Captain Paul Cook, there were six brothers, Job, Robert, Thomas, ~~Paul~~ Paul, Pardon and Joseph, and four sisters, Meribah, Anna, Lydia and Rhoda. Pardon Cook, was bred to the seas from a boy. During the Revolutionary War he kept a Store of groceries &c. at the Long-Plain. In September 1780 he married Miss Rhoda Barker, by whom he had four children,

Abigail, Rhoda, Elizabeth and Pardon. After the close of the war he commanded a ship and sailed from Boston in the European trade. In the year 1788. he commenced a voyage to the East Indies and was absent three years, returning 1791. It was successful, and enabled him to retire from the sea, on to a farm, which he purchased from Mrs. Aiken, the mother of his wife. In 1798. he made a journey to the State of Ohio, to visit his brother Joseph, and see how he might be pleased with the country, intending to move there, should he think it best, the wild and uncultivated condition in which he found it, led him to think it would be to great a sacrifice of comfort to his wife and children to attempt it, till the country was more thickly settled. Bennet Cook, his nephew and son of his brother Joseph, then in his twenty first year accompanied him, he being at sea when his father moved to Ohio, after his return from this journey, he remained on his farm until the year 1800, when he removed his family to Fair-Haven, a small port on the Eastern shore of the harbour of New-Bedford, and opened a tavern, for which his wife was admirably fitted. The ~~pricipal~~ principal reason for this removal, was the opportunity there afforded for educating his children, at an academy recently opened in that place. He was a man of strong intellect, and refined views of what was right and proper in the culture of children, and his intercourse, with his fellow men. He died suddenly, on the tenth of September 1803, with apoplexy, greatly ~~mently~~ lamented by his friends and neighbors.
In 1804, his widow, went to Ohio on horseback, in company with his brother, Joseph Cook, who was on a visit to the family. She purchased a farm in Belpre of ~~Gadd~~ Colonel Israel Putnam, and did not

return. In the Fall of that year, she sent for her children and they came out in November and December with Bennet Cook. The grandfather of my wife. Rhoda ~~Cook~~, was Joseph Cook, and married Mary Bennet. He ~~was the~~ father of ten children. Viz: Robert, Job, Thomas, ~~Pardon, (the latter were twins), and Joseph~~ Pardon, Paul, (the latter were twins), and Joseph. Daughters, Meribah, Amy, Lydia and Rhoda.

The children of Job. and who they married, I have not ascertained.

Thomas had six children. Viz: Thomas, Job, and Timothy. Daughters, Meriby, Hannah and Lydia.

Paul was married three times, by first wife had three, Paul, Anna and Elizabeth. Paul died at an early day, when Captain of a ship and was a very promising young man. Elizabeth married a Mr. Fayette Sherman and had only one son, Fayette, who came to Ohio, with his grandfather, and mother, in 1816, studied Law, and died young. Anna, married a Captain Burgess, seaman, her descendents live in New Bedford.

Pardon, as is before stated, was a seaman, married Rhoda Barker, and had four children, Viz: Abigail, Rhoda, and Elizabeth, with one son, Pardon. Abigail was born 29 October 1782. Rhoda, born 25 August 1785. Elizabeth, 30th July 1787, died June 8, 1858 at Clinton, Iowa, with her daughter Caroline Aylesworth, aged seventy one. Pardon, 8 August 178[illegible]. Abigail married John Bennet, a sea captain in October 1803, had two children, Abigail, and John Cook. Captain Bennet died in 1819. In March 1838, she married to Honorable Isaac Barker, of Athens, Ohio, a cousin, and died 15 March 1856, aged ~~seventy~~ seventy four years. Rhoda, married 2nd Samuel Prescott Hildreth, 19 August 1807, and was the mother of six children, three sons and three daughters. ~~Pardon, remained unmarried, with his~~

Elizabeth, married Doctor Erastus Webb. Pardon, remained unmarried, with his mother, who died 8th. March 1856, aged ninetyeight years.

Joseph Cook, the youngest of the brothers married Elizabeth Barker and was the father of twelve children. He moved ~~the~~ to the Ohio in the year 1796, and settled in Wood County Virginia, twelve miles below Marietta, on a farm which he cleared from the wilderness.

The children were named Bennet, John, Joseph, Barker, Filnus and Pardon. Phebe, Nancy, Sally, Elizabeth, Bathsheba, and Prudence.

Bennet married Mrs. Hannah Johnson, a young widow, whose maiden name was James; and had three sons, Bennet, Paul & James, one daughter, who died young. Bennet married Julia Devol grand daughter of Captain Jonathan Devol. Paul and James married sisters, named Kinchels of Wood County Virginia.

John married Peggy Prattsman and had six or eight children.

Joseph married Clarissa Devol daughter of Gilbert Devol and had three children Charles, Maria and Elizabeth, he died when young, settled in Belpre.

Barker, married, Miss. Nel. Lantick and had sons and daughters. Seven children, four sons and three daughters.

Filnus, married Elizabeth Russel and had four sons and four daughters, Ann Eliza, Caroline Horace, Spencer, Augusta and Joanna and Filnus

Pardon, married Sally Rufsel, a sister, and had three sons, Selden Spencer, Pardon, and Russel

Phebe, married Moses Hewitt. Nancy, married John James. Bathsheba, married James Foley. Elizabeth, married Mr. Darling. Sally, married Levi Johnson, and Prudence, married Selden Spencer, a son of Doctor Spencer of Vienna, Wood County, Vir-

ginia.

All these daughters, had large families and were nearly as ~~faithful as their mother.~~ fruitful as their mother. The Cooks and Barkers may well be called a prolific race.

Genealogy of the Hildreth family.

Oliver Hildreth, was the son of James Hildreth, of Westford Massachusetts, born in 1723, and married Anna Blaisdel of Andover; resided in Townsend, and followed the occupation of a farmer.

He was the father of fifteen children, six sons and nine daughters. Viz: Jonathan, James, Samuel, Oliver, Abijah and Seth. The daughters were named Molly, Dolly, Lucy, Anna, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Joanna and Abigail, twins. Molly, Rachel and Anna all married brothers by the name of Farbell and lived in Cavendish, New Hampshire. Dolly married Oliver Greene, of Ashburnham. Lucy married a Mr. Barns, of Concord Massachusetts. Sarah married Job Brooks, of Stoddard, New Hampshire. Rebecca married Charles Elliot, a Baptist preacher of Mason. Joanna to Reuben Davis, of Chesea Vermont. Abigail to Jabez Green of ~~Hardwick~~ Marlborough. ~~All these~~ all these had considerable families of children.

The brothers married and had families.

Jonathan Hildreth lived in Concord, Massachusetts and carried on farming, coopering and merchandise, he became a man of wealth, had four sons and five daughters. Viz: Benjamin Warren, Andrew, Franklin and George. Eunice, Nancy, two Elizas and

Oliver Hildreth had four sons and seven daughters

Seth Hildreth had two sons and seven daughters. Viz: Oliver

Hildreth genealogy continued

and two, daughters Sally, Polly, Susan, Betsy, Lucy, Dolly & and Nancy

James Hildreth, had sons and daughters and lived in Billerica.

Abijah Hildreth, had a family, sons and daughters and lived in Henekah (Hennicker) New Hampshire.

Samuel Hildreth, married Abigail Bodwell, he was born in 1750, and married 21 May 1776. his wife Abigail was born 16 December 1755. He settled in Methuen, Massachusetts, and practiced medicine, having studied with Doctor John Brown of Wilmington, Massachusetts. He was the father of two sons and five daughters. Viz: ~~Samuel Prescott and Charles Trueworth.~~ Susan, Abigail, Nancy, Mary and Harriet Warren. Samuel Prescott and Charles Trueworth. Susan born in 1777 died in 1813. Abigail in 1779 Feb. 26 twenty six. Samuel Prescott 30 September 1783. Mary in October seventh 1786. ~~Nancy twenty-eighth 1789. Harriet Warren in 22 June 1796. Charles Trueworth.~~ Nancy twentyeight October 1789. Harriet Warren in 22 June 1796. Charles Trueworth in 12 January 1798. Susan was married to John Nesmith of Derry, New Hampshire in 1796. and had issue as follows. Viz:

I

John Prescott, born 16th November 1797.
~~Isabbe~~ Isabella Abigail, born 16th November ~~1797~~ 1799.
Susan Hildreth, born 29nth September 1801.
Samuel Hildreth, 24th August 1803.
James Pinkerton, born 29th September 1805, died 21st April 1834.
Mary, born 10th April 1808
Thomas born 21st July 1811
Elizabeth born 22nd September 1813

1 John Prescott Nesmith, married Mary Josephine Dillon, of New York City the day of May 1837.
Had issue as follows.

Nesmith family

Robert Dillon born 9th November 1838
Frazeir born 30th December 1840, died in March 1842.
Gerhard born 6th January 1842. died April 1843.
Francis Edward born 12 September 1848.

2 Isabella Abigail Nesmith, married David Steel or Steil 9th October 1838. Children, John, born 4th November, 1839.
James Nesmith, born, 5th June 1842.

3 Susan Hildreth Nesmith, married Hazen Pressy, 3rd July 1835, no children

4 Samuel Hildreth Nesmith, married Priscilla Brown of Circleville, Ohio, in 1832 = children
John Wellington Nesmith, born 4th January 1834.
James Brown Nesmith, born 5th February 1837.
Ellen Mary Nesmith, 7th August 1840.
Alice Nesmith, born January 1843, died October 1850.
Thomas Nesmith, born 29th March 1846, died September 1850.
Mrs. Priscilla B. Nesmith, died April 1851 and Samuel H. married Caroline H. Rush, March 1852 and by her had children
Julia Nesmith, born March 1853
Samuel Hubert Nesmith, born January 1856.

5 James Pinkerton Nesmith, died unmarried at Matanzas, Cuba, 21st April 1834.

6 Thomas Nesmith, married Maria Antoinette Gale, October 1840.
Children, ~~John Wadsworth Nesmith, born March 1844~~ 1844.
" John Wadsworth Nesmith, born January 1843, died March 1844.
" Anthony Rutgers, born September 1845
" Henrietta Erenger Hudson Nesmith, born 7th October 1848.
" Otto Andrea and Loring Callender, twins born 6th March 1852.

7 Elizabeth Nesmith, married James W. Barker, May, 1839
Children, Mariah born 3rd September 1840.

Nesmith family continued

Charles N. P. or R. born 19 May 1843.

8 Mary Nesmith, remained unmarried.

Brief notices of the Nesmith family.

The grandfather of John Nesmith, emigrated with a company of settlers from near Londonderry in the North of Ireland, before the Revolutionary war, in the year 1719, and purchased a large tract of land in New Hampshire, which they named Londonderry, and divided up into farms. John, inherited the old homestead and conducted the farming operations, none of his sons favored this occupation, but rather that of merchandise.

John P. commenced his training in this branch under David Howe of Haverhill, a noted man in trade, when about eighteen years old or in 1815, from thence he went to Boston and soon after to the City of New York, where he opened a commission house, with his brother James, for domestic manufactures chiefly cotton goods, consigned to him from Boston and vicinity. His business became extensive and lucrative, yielding a large revenue. Having a taste for literature and the fine arts, he made several visits to Europe and purchased many valuable oil pictures, pieces of Statuary and books, ~~which~~ with which he adorned his residence on Staten Island, where he owned a large farm in the center of the Island. James having died in 1834, his ~~brother~~ brother Thomas took his place in the firm and owned half of the lands, which they embellished and ornamented with homes, fruit trees and shrubbery.

Thomas' health being feeble after several European trips and a residence of several years in France with his family, finally, about the year 1858, settled in "San Antonio," Texas. Samuel H. Nesmith, was raised on the farm, had a good academical education, and studied Law, about the year 182~~7~~, he came to Ohio, kept a school at Marrietta, then went to Circleville Ohio, where he married, in 1833, he purchased a large cattle farm near

Nesmith family continued

Pittsfield, Illinois, where he settled after a few years sold his land, and went into merchandise, and is now in 1860, living in Missouri, town of Canton, trading.

Elizabeth Nesmith, after marriage with J. W. Barker, a shoe dealer lived a few years in Rhode Island. Her husband beating her badly she left him and with ~~her~~ children came out to her relatives in Illinois, where she supported herself by teaching school. Her husband died about 1854, and she is now living in Toledo, Iowa.

Isabella is living in Goffstown, New Hampshire, her husband is a of talents and high standing, in the law and public business.

Susan, with her husband, Hazen Pressey, removed out to Illinois, about the year 1840, and first lived on a farm near Samuel, he was by occupation a farmer and house joiner, & since 1854, they have resided in Pittsfield, Illinois.

Mary remained single, and after the death of her father, lived with her step mother Lydia Sargent Nesmith, and kept house in Derry village New Hampshire, since the death of her ~~step~~ ~~Notice of~~ ~~mother~~ stepmother, in 1857, has spent most of the time with her married sisters.

Notice of the Bradley family

N I I. Abigail Hildreth, second child of Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell, was married to Enoch Bradley of Haverhill, the 31st October 1802. Mr. Bradley was born 29 April 1778, and died 6 April 1855, aged seventyseven years, his wife Abigail Hildreth was born February 26, 1779 and died 1 May 1856, aged seventyseven years.

— 6 children —

1 ~~George Albert~~, born November 1803, died when a few days old
2 Mary Lowe ~~b. 11 October 1804~~, d. 15 August 1815
3 Enoch Lowe, b. 21 Nov. 1806

Bradley family

1 George Albert Bradley, b. Nov. 1803, d. when a few days old
2 Mary Lowe Bradley, b. 11 Oct. 1804, d. 15 Aug. 1815
3 Enoch Lowe Bradley, b. 21 Nov. 1806, d. March 189 who died in March 1893, was married to Sarah Ann Shaw of Portland, Maine 1 September 1836, and had issue as follows
~~1 George Albert Bradley, b. in Haverhill~~
~~1 Ann Eliza Bradley~~
1. Ann Eliza Bradley, b. in Haverhill, June 11th 1837
2. Abby Louisa Bradley, b. April 1, 1839, d. Sep. 19, 1839.
3. Enoch Moody Bradley, b. August 22, 1840.
4. Sarah Lowe Brabley, b. Oct. 12, 1843.
5. Margaret Lovejoy Bradley, April 23, 1847.
6. Charles William Bradley, b. June 22, 1850
7. Joseph Lowe Bradley, b. May 31, 1854.
4 Eliza Ann Bradley, b. 13 or 18 August 1808 in Haverhill, was married to Josiah Keely, a Baptist minister, the 23 March 1830, and had issue as follows,
1. Elizabeth Parker Keely, b. 25 Feb. 1831, d. 19 Feb. 1847.
~~2. George Bradley~~
2. George Keely, b. 14 Oct. 1833, in Haverhill, Mass. d. Mar. 1834
~~3. Mary Louisa~~
3. Mary Louisa Keely, b. 30 Oct. 1834, "
4. Abby Hildreth Keely, b. 25 July 1837, in Haverhill
5. George Keely, b. 14 August 1839, Haverhill
6. William Keely, b. 29 September 1842 Haverhill
~~7. Harriet Madeline Keely, June 18, 1846, on~~
7. Harriet Madeline Keely, b. 18 June 1846, on Wenham, (Mass or N.Y.)

5 Margaret Bowers Bradley, b. 12 April 1810, married to John Gilman Lovejoy. Cashier of the Bank in Rockland, Maine 11 October 1836, and had issue as follows viz:
1. George Gilman Lovejoy, b. 3 Oct 1840.
2. Abby Arvia Lovejoy, b. 8 May 1842, d. 31 Aug. 1843.
3. Joseph Bradley Lovejoy, b. 22 July 1842.
4. Charles Horace Lovejoy, b. 2nd July 1854

6 Samuel Prescott Bradley, sixth child of Enoch Bradley, born 17 March 1812, and married to Emmeline Bartlett, of Boston, ~~and had issue as follows~~ (He died 24 November 1891: in Haverhill, Massachusetts. aged seventy nine years of Pneumonia). ~~And issue as follows~~ And had issue as follows

1. Henry Prescott Bradley, b. 23 July 1838.
2. Maria Gilbert Bradley, b. 17 August 1843.
   Lived in Haverhill and carried on merchandise

7 Louisa Bradley, seventh child of Enoch Bradley b. 3 January 1814, married to William Henry Shaw of Portland, Maine, 1 October 1835, and had issue

1. Henry Bradley Shaw, b. 16 October 1837,
   Living in Portland

8 Mary Lowe Bradley, eighth child of Enoch Bradley, was born 19 March 1816, and married to James Chadborne the 19 September 1837.
Mr. Chadborne was born in Portland, 20 June 1816
by this marriage had issue as follows.

1. Mary Elizabeth Chadborne, b. 27 July 1838, in Lewiston, Maine
2. Enoch Bradley Chadborne, b. 6 February ~~1840~~ 1840 in Lewiston, Maine.
3. Charles Prescott Chadborne, b. 23 July 1842 in Portland, Maine
4. Charles William Crocker Chadborne, b. 23 April 1844 in Brooklyn, L. I.
5. James Chadborne, Jr. b. 9 August 1845 in Brooklyn, L. I.
6. ~~Edward Tappan b. 17 April 1848 in Brooklyn, L. I.~~ Edward Tappan Chadborne, b. 17 April 1848 in Brooklyn, L. I.
7. ~~Abbie Hildreth~~

~~6. Edward Tappan~~

6. Edward Tappan Chadborne, b. 17 April 1848 in Brooklyn, L. I.
7. Abbie Hildreth Chadborne, b. 19 March 1850 in Brooklyn, L. I.

Deaths.

Charles Prescott Chadborne, died 23 August 1843.
Abbie Hildreth Chadborne, died 26 March 1850
Mrs Mary L. Chadborne, died 5 August 1858, aged 42 years.

Bradley – continued

9 Charles Trueworth Bradley, b. 5 January 1818. and married to Edwarda Walker, of Worcester, Massachusetts 15 November 1851, no ifsue, lives in Milwaukie, Wisconsin, engaged in merchandise. – "The late Charles T. Bradley, of Milwaukee, who left an estate valued at one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gave it all to his wife, and made her sole executrix of his will." 19 Feb. 1893."

10 Abigail Ayers Bradley, b. 25 March 1820, married to Avery Augustus Bromley, of Middleton N. Y. 7 November 1849. No ifsue. Mr Bromley is a merchant, in Middleton

11 Joseph Hildreth Bradley, b. probably 1823, married to Lydia Ann Bowler, of Boston, 31 August 1850
Had ifsue, as follows
~~1. Hellen Blanche Bradley, b. 29 May 1851, d. 1 March 1853.~~

1. Hellen Blanche Bradley, b. 29 May 1851, d. 1st March 1853.
2. Anna Josephine Bradley, b. 1 Feb. 1854, d. 5 Feb. 1854.
3. Grace Bradley, b. 23 Oct. 1856.

N.B. These records made in 1859 —— Lawyer.

Short notice of the Bradleys

Enoch Bradley was the son of Enoch Bradley an old inhabitant of the West Parish of Haverhill, he had three brothers, which rhimed thus, Enoch and Lowe, Brischel and Jo. The family seem to have been husbandmen and tillers of the soil. Mr Bradley was noted for his industry and thrift, and taught all his eleven children to labor with their own hands, in such work as was required on a farm in the early part of the present century.

The oldest son Enoch Lowe, inherits the homestead, on which is a grist mill, worked by Lowe for many years, sel-

ling the meal and flour in the village of Haverhill.

The daughters all married respectably and made excellent wives and mothers, which we should expect from so good and exemplary a mother. The youngest son Joseph H. was educated at Hanover college, and studied Law, settling in Boston, his brothers are mostly engaged in trade and manufactures.

III. Samuel Prescott Hildreth, the third child of Doctor Samuel Hildreth, was born 30 September 1783, and married to Rhoda Cook of Belprie Ohio, 18 August 1807, who was born 25 August 1785, at New Bedford, or "Long plaine", Massachusetts. By this marriage had ifsue as follows — Viz:

1. Mary Ann Hildreth, b. 13 May 1808, d. 24 Oct. 1842.
2. Charles Cook Hildreth, b. 28 April 1811,
3. George Osgood Hildreth, b. 17 Nov. 1812,
4. Samuel Prescott Hildreth, b. 19 Dec. 1819,
5. Rhoda Maria Hildreth, 20 Nov. 1822, d. 20 Feb. 1854
6. Harriet Eliza Hildreth, b. 14 Sep. 1826. d. 13 March 1895.

1 Mary Ann Hildreth, was married to Douglas Putnam of Harmer, Ohio, 17 February 1831, and had ifsue as follows. Viz:

1. Benjamin Perkins Putnam, b. 4 May 1832,
2. Samuel Hildreth Putnam, b. 19 June 1835,
3. Douglas Putnam Jr. b. 21 August 1838,
4. Harriet Day Putnam, b. 19 Sep. 1840, d. 20 Nov. 1842.
5. John Day Putnam, b. 17 Oct. 1842, d. 30 March 1845.

Benjamin Perkins Putnam, son of Douglas and Mary Ann Putnam, was married to Lydia A. Edgerton, of Newport, Ohio, the 14 Feb. 1860, and had ifsue:

1. Douglas Putnam, b. 19 Nov. 1860,
2. Elizabeth Edgerton Putnam, b. 3 July 1865,

1 Douglas Putnam, son of ~~Benjamin~~ Benjamin P. and Lydia Putnam

~~2 Charles Corbett Hildreth, 4th Putnam~~

2. Samuel Hildreth Putnam, ~~son of Douglas~~ second child of Douglas and Mary Ann Putnam, was married to

3. Douglas Putnam, Jr. third child of Douglas and Mary Ann Putnam, was born 21 August 1838, and was married to

2 ~~Charles Cook Hildreth, second child of Samuel P. and Rhoda Hildreth, was married~~

Charles Cook Hildreth, M.D. was married, to Sarah Swearingen, of Wheeling, Virginia, 24 March 1836, no issue. Lived in Janesville, Ohio.

3. George Osgood Hildreth, M. D. third child of Samuel P. and Rhoda Hildreth,

4 Rev. Samuel Prescott Hildreth, Jr. was married to Mrs Sophia Adams of Dresden, Ohio, 3 August 1852, and had issue as follows

1. Mary Cafe Hildreth, b. 1 March 1856,

2. Rhoda Maria Hildreth, b. 19 May 1858,

5 Rhoda Maria Hildreth, was married to Andrew ~~R~~ Ross, of Boston, Massachusetts, 1 June 1847, and had issue

1. Mary Hildreth Ross, b. 2 July 1850, was married to James W. Edgerton, at Marietta, Ohio, 3 June 1874

2. Samuel Hildreth Ross, b. 9 February 1854.

6 Harriet Eliza Hildreth, was married to Elisha Douglas Perkins, 11th April 1848, and had issue,

~~Albert~~ Albert Douglas Perkins, b. 14 April 1849, d. 6 August 1849.

Elisha Douglas Perkins, died at Sacramento in California, 17 December 1852, Aged twenty seven years.

Harriet Eliza Perkins, was again married to John Means, of Catlettsburg, Kentucky, 25 October 1854, and had issue as follows, Viz:

1. Thomas Hildreth Means, b. Monday 1 December 1856, in Catlettsburg, Ky. at 3½ or ¼ A.M.

2. Eliza Isabella Means, born Sunday 8 August 1858, in Ashland, Ky. 8 A.M.

3. Lilian Means, born Saturday 25 February 1860 at 4 A.M.
4. Rozalia Means, born Saturday 25 February 1860 at 5 A.M.
in Ashland, ~~Ky~~ Ky.

5. Harold Means, born Monday 19 May 1862, in Ashland, Ky. at 10 A.M.

6. Ellison Cooke Means, born Friday 16 December 1864
in Ashland, Ky. at 4 A.M.

1. Thomas Hildreth Means, son of John and Harriet Eliza (Hildreth) Means,

2. Eliza Isabella Means, daughter of John and Harriet Eliza Means, was married to William Biggs Seaton, ~~Thursday 17 Septe~~ ~~ber 1885. Thursday 17 September 1885, at 8 P.M. at the First Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. W. C. Condit, in Ashland, Ky. and had~~ of Charleston West Virginia. Thursday 17 September 1885, at 8 P.M. at the First Presbyterian Church, by Rev. W. C. Condit, in Ashland, Ky. and had issue as follows, Viz:

1. Harriet Hildreth Seaton, born Friday 18 June 1886 ~~in Charleston, West Virginia~~, at 4 A.M. 6½ lbs

2. Isabella Seaton, born Thursday 17 May 1888, in Bellefonte Furnace, Ky. at 1 A.M.

3. John Means Seaton, born Saturday 25 April 1891, in Bellefonte Furnace, Greenup County, Ky. at A.M.

4. Kendall Seaton, born Sunday 26 February 1893, in Bellefonte Furnace, Greenup County, Ky. at 4.20 [illegible] 10 lbs

5. Edward William Seaton, born ~~Seaton~~ Sunday 15 April 1894, in Ashland, Ky. at 9lbs

3. Lilian Means, daughter of John and Harriet Eliza (Hildreth) Means, was married to William Edwin Maynard, of Woodhaven, N. Y. at Ashland Ky. Thursday 15 June 1882, in the First Presbyterian Church, at 8 P.M. by Rev. W. C. Condit

4. Rosalie Means, daughter of John and Harriet Eliza (Hildreth) Means, was married to Ernest Luther Bullard, M.D. of Waukesha, Wisconsin, Wednesday 24 November 1896, at 8 P.M. by Rev. A.B. Leonard, at residence of John Means, Ashland, Ky.,

and had issue as follows

1. Dexter Means Bullard, born Sunday 14 August 1898, in Waukesha, Wisconsin,

5. Harold Means, son of John and Harriet Eliza (Hildreth) Means, was married to Mary Edith Bagley Wednesday 12 June 1901. By Rev. Charles W. Sutton, at residence of William H. Bagley, Ashland, Ky.

and had issue as follows

son stillborn Tuesday 24 March 1903, 10.30 P.M.

6. Ellison Cooke Means, son of John and Harriet Eliza (Hildreth) Means, was married to Ruby Ringo, Wednesday 5 October 1892, by Rev. Jolly, at residence of Willis L. Ringo, Ashland, Ky. and had issue as follows:

1. Harriet Evelyn Means, born Thursday 14 March 1895, in Ashland, Ky. at 11.35 PM. 8½ lbs

2. John Ringo Means, born Saturday 21 April 1900, in Ashland, Ky. at 10.30

IIII Mary Hildreth, the fourth child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth, and Abigail Bodwell of Methuen, Mass. was married to Francis Eaton, a lawyer of Haverhill in the year 1814 and issue as follows (She died 15 Feb. 1817 - Æ 31).

1. Francis Eaton, Jr. born in April 4 or 5th 1815.
2. Mary Eaton, b. 5 Feb. 1817, d. 13 March 1843.

Mr. Eaton died in two or three years after his wife.

2. Mary Eaton, ~~dau~~ was married to Andrew Ross, of Boston 21 August 1840 and died 13 March 1843 leaving one child, Francis Andrew Ross, born 17 Nov. 1841, who came to Ohio with his father in 1849, and is now 8 January 1861, living in Henry County, Iowa.

V Nancy Hildreth, the fifth child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell, was born in Methuen 28 October 1789 and married to Thomas Newcomb, of Boston, 17 January 1815. Mr. Newcomb, was born in Quincy, Mass. 4 August 1786.
~~And~~ had issue as follows. Viz:

1. Henry Newcomb, born 22 October 1815, died 22 Oct. 1843.
2. Sarah Ann Newcomb, b. 20 June 1817, d. 5 July 1849
3. Charles Hildreth Newcomb, b. 26 Sep. 1818.
4. Caroline Elizabeth Newcomb, b. 13 June 1821, d. 15 Sep. 1844
5. John Day Newcomb, b. 11th Sep. 1823.
6. Harriet Day Newcomb, b. 27 Nov. 1827

2. Sarah Ann Newcomb, was married to Benjamin Fabens of Salem, Mass. 21 Sep. 1841, and had issue one son,
1. Benjamin Lewis Fabens, born in Sep. 1846

3. Charle Hildreth Newcomb, was married to Sarah Morse of Derry N. H. 23 January 1846, she died Sep. 1858

5. John Day Newcomb, was married to Sarah A. Maynard, of Haverhill, January 1859.

Thomas Newcomb was bred to the art of a goldsmith and worked several years in Boston, but after a time entered into merchandise, which was pursued successfully in Haverhill, Mass. where he resided and brought up his family, acquiring a very comfortable fortune for their support

VI Harriet Warren Hildreth, the sixth child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth and Abigail Bodwell, was born in Methuen, the 22 June 1796, and was married to John Day of Salem the of in the year 1819. By this marriage there was no issue. Captain Day was bred to the sea, and while a boy served as a midshipman in one of the United States frigates during the war of 1812. In manhood had command of a ship and sailed from Salem and Boston in the European commerce. Having acquired a handsome estate about the year 1835, he entered into merchandise in Portland, in connection with speculations in the wild lands of Maine, and by reverses lost all he possessed in 1837. In 1840, came to Ohio, and finally gained the command of a ship in New Orleans, and by a few years at sea obtained a

competence and settled in Salem

VII. Charles Trueworth Hildreth, the seventh child of Dr. Samuel Hildreth, and Abigail Bodwell, was born in Methuen the 12 of ~~Feary~~ January, 1798, and was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Denton of Boston in 1822, by this marriage had only one child, William, who died ~~on~~ in his third year and was buried in the cemetery at Mount Auburn, where his father owned a lot. In the spring of the year 1815, Charles T. Hildreth came to Marietta, Ohio, with his brother, where he lived three years and studied medicine, in 1818 returned to his fathers house in Boston. In 1819, he returned to the Valley of the Ohio, with the intention of settling for life, after examining many places he finally selected ~~Edwardsville~~ Edwardsville, ~~on~~ in the south part of the State of Illinois. The country was partially settled, and very unhealthy, he was attacked with chills and fever and had to return to Ohio in the beginning of winter, and remained at Marietta until the Summer of 1820, when he was attacked with typhoid fever, at Belpre and hardly escaped with life. Late in the fall of 1820, he returned to his ~~h~~ fathers in Haverhill, and concluded to remain in New England, after trying several places to practice medicine, he finally settled in Boston, married and obtained a remunerating business chiefly from the Baptists, which church he had joined, after twenty years of practice his health gradually declined and he died in the full and blessed consolations of the gospel of Christ, in March 1843, aged forty five years.
His wife died in September 1858, aged sixty eight years, she was several older than himself.

Doctor ~~Samuel~~ Samuel Hildreth, came to Marietta, on a visit to his son in May 1823. In August following, while on a visit to Belpre, he was attacked with the Epidemic fever which then prevailed and died at the house of Mrs Rhoda Cook on the ~~sixth~~ of August, 1823, aged seventythree years. In 1825 his remains were brought to Marietta and buried in the "Mound grave yard".

The Bodwell family and ancestors of my mother.

John Ladd and Mary Merrill, of Haverhill, were married the seventeenth of October 1717, and had nine children, Abigail the fifth child, the parent of my mother was born on 12 of July 1726 and married to Daniel Bodwell Jr. of Methuen in 1745, by Rev. Christopher Sargent, pastor of the first church in Methuen, (the day of the month is omitted.) He died about the year 1800, an old man of eighty years and she died in 1816, aged ninety years.

They had issue by this marriage, nine children, Viz:

I. ~~1. Elizabeth b. 1 January 1746-7, she probably died young.~~

~~2.~~

1. Elizabeth Bodwell, b. Jan. 1746-7. she probably died yound.
2. Daniel Ladd Bodwell, b. 14 Oct. 1748.
3. Parker Bodwell, b. 29 Oct. 1750.
4. Elizabeth Bodwell, b. 23 Dec. 1752.
5. Abigail Bodwell, b. 16 Dec. 1755.
6. Lydia Bodwell, b. 15 March 1757.
7. Alpheus Bodwell, b. 29 Feb. 1759.
8. Ruth Bodwell, b. 17 April 1761.

The Bodwells continued

9. John Ladd Bodwell, b. 26 Sep. 1763.

The farm and residence of Daniel Bodwell was on the bank of the Merrimac River, half a mile above the great dam at Lawrence. In 1844 the farm was sold to the proprietors of that city, and is now covered with city lots and buildings, especially the lower end of it. The dam stands on "Bodwells Falls."

2. Daniel Bodwell, the third, was married to Alice Meser of Methuen in Nov. 1771, and had issue as follows = Viz:

1. Elizabeth Bodwell, b. 3 June 1773.
2. Elizabeth Bodwell, the first E. being dead, b. 7 Sept. 1774.
3. William Meser Bodwell, b. 7 Sept. 1777.
4. Daniel Bodwell, b. 20 June 1780.
5. Alice Bodwell, b. 4 January 1782
6. Lydia Bodwell, b. 17 Oct. 1784

8. Frederick Bodwell, b. 8 April 1787.
9. John Bodwell, b. 24 June 1792
10. Persis Bodwell, b. 24 January 1795.

---

3 Parker Bodwell was married to Hannah Abbott of Andover, Mass. date unknown, and had several children, one named Parker Ladd Bodwell, who ~~married~~ married Betsy Merrill and had several children, one son named Herman Bodwell, who suffered much from a caries of the thigh bone about four years, older than myself = with others that I do not know their names.

4 Elizabeth Bodwell, fourth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was born 23 December 1752, and mar-

ried John Sargent of Methuen 22 September 1771, and had issue

1. Betsey – b. } NB. Their oldest child was Asa,
2. Abigail – b. } who studied physic with Dr. J. Bodwell became
3. Frederic – b. } surgeon's mate of the U. S. sloop of war "Pickering," and
4. Sally – b. } was lost at sea, no tidings of vessel were ever obtained, in 1796,

The dates of their births I have not as yet obtained. The daughters all married and settled in Methuen. Frederic settled in Albany State of New York, as a clothier.

John Sargent was a very sensible and well educated man. He owned the mill seat on the West side of the falls of the Spicket River, and a grist mill and fulling mill, working at the trade of a clothier, when the Methuen "Social Library" was established about the years 1793, he was the Librarian and kept the books in his dwelling house.

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5 Abigail Bodwell the fifth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married to Dr Samuel Hildreth of Methuen, 21 May 1776. and had issue as follows, Viz:

1. Susan, – b. 1778. d. 1814.
2. Abigail, b. Feb. 26. 1779. d. April 6, 1855. aged 76 years
3. Samuel Prescott, b. Sep. 30th 1783.
4. Mary b. Oct. 7, 1786, ~~Feb. 15,~~ & d. Feb. 15, 1817. aged 30 years
5. Nancy, b. Oct. 28, 1789.
6. Harriet Warren, b. June 22, 1796.
7. Charles Trueworth, b. Jan. 12, 1798. d. 1843. Æ. 45.

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6 Lydia Bodwell, the sixth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married to Robert Chase Sandown N. H. or Newbury, Dec. 7, 1780. and had issue as follows.

1. Mary } I have not the date of their births or death.
2. Ruth } Their father Robert Chase, was a very pious, hard
3. Robert } working farmer and in Sandown N. H. which town was properly named, as the soil was sandy and very poor, when a boy of ten years I visited ~~was~~ there once with my mother she riding behind me on horseback, it was a

noted region for producing chestnuts.

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7 Alpheus Bodwell the seventh child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married Hannah Bodwell, his cousin, and daughter of Major Samuel Bodwell of Methuen the 1st of May 1786. and had issue as follows

1. Samuel – b. July 8, 1786. d. died at sea.
2. Moses, b. Oct. 3, 1787. d. about 1796. by ~~the~~ bite of a mad dog.
3. Alpheus, b. Oct. 3. 1788. died young.
4. Alpheus, 2d. b. Feb. 13, 1790, died at sea in his 19th year.
5. Eliza, b. Aug. 7, 1793.
6. Frederic, b. March 31, 1795.
7. Hannah, b. April 12, 1796.
8. Moses 2d. b. Nov. 30, 1798.
9. Albert Mason, b. Sept. 8, 1804, died at sea
10. Samuel 2d, b. April 2, 1806.

none of these children married but Hannah and she left no issue, they all died in youth or early manhood, their mother for the last few years of her ~~life~~ life was subject to attacks of insanity, not lasting very long, but very harassing to the family at this time January 9, 1861, they are all dead, a more full description of my uncle is given in my autobiography.

she died in Aug. 1835

---

8 Ruth Bodwell, the eighth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, married Josiah Abbott, of Andover, Mass. May 14, 1784, and had issue.

1. Charles, } have not the date of their births, but are all living in
2. Ruth, } ~~Limington~~ Livington N.H. in 1873 where Mr Abbott
3. Fanny } but moved as early as 1803 or 4.

I used to see them often before their mothers death, she married a 2d wife, by whom she had 9 children

Bodwells continued

9 Dr. John Ladd Bodwell, the ninth child of Daniel Bodwell and Abigail Ladd, was married to Dorcas Bodwell of Methuen, his cousin, and daughter of Major Samuel Bodwell Janry 17, 1795, and had issue as follows,

1. Edward, b. became an engineer on R. Roads, and moved to Ohio in 1857 or 8, had a family and in 1859 to Memphis in Tennessee.
2. Persis — lived in Manchester N.H. a teacher of schools
3. Dorcas — married Mr. Waldo, and lived at the Falls village, Methuen
4. Augustus L. an apothecary, lived in Manchester, N.H.

Dr. John Bodwell practiced medicine many years in Methuen, 40 or more, then moved to Manchester N.H. where he died.

Genealogy of the Ancestors of Rhoda Cooke Hildreth.

Capt. Thomas Cooke, and his wife Mary, were born in England, between A.D. 1600 and 1605, about the close of Elizabeth's reign. They had four children, Thos. Jr. John, Sarah

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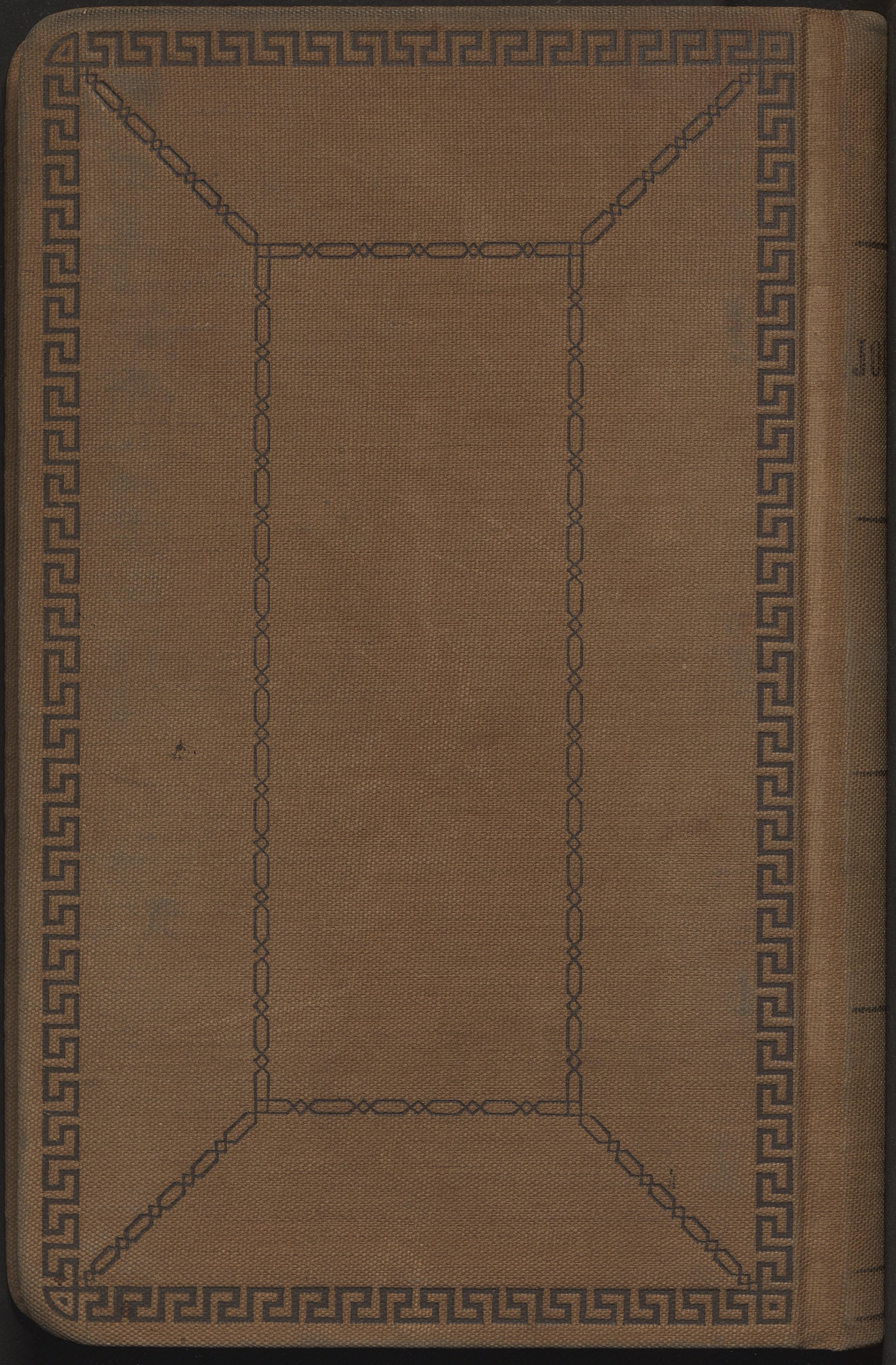

JOURNAL

Robert A. Mayo died in 1872, and W. S. P. Mayo in 1873. Peter H. Mayo continued the business, and in 1890 converted it into a joint stock company known as The P. H. Mayo & Bro., incorporated, with P. H. Mayo, president, and it is to-day one of the largest and most successful institutions of its kind in this country.

Mr. Mayo was never in politics but served the city of Richmond over six years in a non-political office without pay, being twice elected, and for over twenty-five years he has been a director in several of the leading banks and other large corporations of Richmond. He is a vestryman of Monumental and All Saints' Protestant Episcopal churches, chairman of many building and other committees, public and charitable, and is a member of the board of governors of the two leading social clubs of Richmond, the Westmoreland and Commonwealth. He has been twice in Europe, and has travelled over the largest portion of the United States.

Mr. Mayo's wife is Miss Isabella D. Burwell, daughter of the late George H. Burwell, of Carter Hall, Clarke county, Va., and his surviving children are Mrs. Bennehan Cameron, of North Carolina, and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Carter, of Richmond.

JOHN MEANS, manufacturer, Ashland, Ky., born Sept. 21, 1829, in West Union, O., is a son of the late Thomas Williamson and Sarah Ellison Means, the former a native South Carolinian and manufacturer of charcoal pig iron in Ohio and Kentucky. John Means, of Scotch-Irish descent, grandfather of the present Means, moved to Adams county, O., in 1819, taking his slaves and freeing them there, and was one of the builders, 1826–27, of Union Furnace, Lawrence county, O., and a pioneer charcoal iron maker of the Hanging Rock region.

The subject of this sketch grew up in the iron business, beginning, in 1849, as clerk for Sinton & Means at Ohio Furnace, Scioto county, O., and during his busy life became an incorporator of The Kentucky Iron, Coal & Manufacturing Co., which, in 1854, founded the city of Ashland, being its president for twenty-five years, an organizer and director of The Cincinnati, Big Sandy & Pomeroy Packet Co.; long an officer and president, 1870–91, of The Lexington & Big Sandy Railroad; treasurer until 1890 of The Norton Iron Works; president of The Low Moor Iron Co., 1873–90, and yet a director; long a director and, since 1885, president of The Ashland National Bank; treasurer of The Scioto Valley Railroad; director of The Eureka (Iron) Co. of Alabama; and partner in Means, Kyle & Co.

Mr. Means was elected in 1860 a trustee of Ashland, and in that office and as member of the City Council served thirty years, then declining further service. During a great[illegible] part of this time, he acted ex-officio as Mayor of the city. In 1874, when nominated by the Republicans for Congress, he declined to canvass the district, but received the full vote of the party, and carried his own, a Democratic county. In 1872, Governor Leslie appointed him one of five commissioners from Kentucky, to confer with commissioners from six other States and urge upon Congress the improvement of the Ohio river and its tributaries. This commission has performed a valuable work.

Oct. 25, 1854, Mr. Means married in Marietta, O., Mrs. Harriet E. Perkins, daughter of Samuel Prescott Hildreth, M.D., LL.D., one of the most learned and eminent men in his profession in that State. Mrs. Means died, March 13, 1895, in Brunswick, Ga. Their children are Thomas Hildreth Means; Eliza Isabella, married to William B. Seaton; Lilian, married to Wm. E. Maynard of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rosalie; Harold, and Ellison C. Means.

Please save this and return to me
John Means

WILLIAM G. MEANS, manufacturer, Boston, Mass, born in Amherst, N. H., who died Jan. 4, 1894, was a sterling man of great merit and equal modesty, who achieved fortune by diligent labor and in his day and generation accomplished much good for his fellow man, without, however, attracting the attention he deserved. He was for thirty years treasurer of The Salmon Falls Manufacturing Co. and president for twelve years. From 1854 until his death, he was treasurer of The Manchester Locomotive Works in New Hamphire and long a director of The New England Bank. He invested much of his savings in real estate and gained a fortune of about $2,000,000. Five children survived him, Robert L., Anne M., Mary McG., Charles T., and James Means.

NATHAN MEARS, lumberman, Chicago, Ill., is one of the practical men to whose energy the wonderful growth of the West is due. Born in Billerica, Mass., Dec. 30, 1815, he removed, while a young man, to Michigan, and bore a part in lumber operations in the woods, until he had the money with which to go into business on his own account. In 1850, he settled in Chicago, and there, as member of the lumber firms of Mears, Bates & Co. and the later firm of Nathan & Charles H. Mears, formed in 1881, made his fortune. After the fire in 1871, the firm did a large business. He is part owner and a director of The Bay de Noquet Co. of Nahma, Mich., and The Oconto Co. of Oconto, Wis. He retired, in 1891, to be succeeded by his son. Mr. Mears is a sound and worthy man. He spends every Winter now in Pasadena, Cala.—His son, **CHARLES H. MEARS,** lumberman, born in Chicago, Dec. 27, 1851, had the advantage of beginning life in an established business. This means much to a young man. Taken into partnership in Mears, Bates & Co. at an early age, he has since been a member of their successors, Nathan & Charles H. Mears and Charles H. Mears & Co., of which latter, formed in 1891, he is the head. A good merchant at every stage of his progress, he has had excellent success. The main yard in Chicago is on a large tract of land on Goose Island, in which Mr. Mears has an interest with his father, and there are big planing mills at Lake View. Mr. Mears kept a residence in Chicago until 1890, when he bought a home in the pleasant suburbs of Evanston.

JOSEPH MEDILL, proprietor of *The Chicago Tribune*, born April 6, 1823, is of Scotch-Irish descent and a native of St. Johns, N. B. In 1831, his family moved to a small farm near Massillon, O. THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE was a regular visitor in this family, and Joseph raised clubs of subscribers for the paper. He also read every one of the books in the library of a neighbor, A. C. Wales, a Quaker. At the age of fourteen, he was transferred to a large, hilly farm in Pike township, Stark county, and there he toiled for seven years, meanwhile teaching school. For a few months, he attended the Massillon academy and for years continued his studies without a teacher. Admitted to the bar in 1846, he practiced law in New Philadelphia in partnership with George W. McIlvaine, afterward Chief Justice of Ohio.

In 1849, Mr. Medill bought *The Coshocton Whig*, which he renamed *The Republican*, but in 1852 started *The Forest City*, a daily, in Cleveland, O. This paper was consolidated in 1853 with a free soil newspaper, called *The Free Democrat*, as *The Leader*. Mr. Medill was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Ohio in the Spring of 1854. In the Winter of 1854–55, he sold his Cleveland paper to Edwin Cowles and bought a large interest in *The Chicago Tribune*, and this newspaper, then bankrupt, was placed by the new owners upon a paying basis. In 1874, Mr. Medill

One of the Greatest Works of the Century. . .

AMERICA'S SUCCESSFUL MEN.

An Encyclopedia of Contemporaneous Biography.

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TWO LARGE VOLUMES, ROYAL OCTAVO. BOUND IN HALF MOROCCO. HANDSOMELY PRINTED ON HEAVY PAPER, WITH MARBLED EDGES, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS STEEL AND OTHER PORTRAITS. EDITED BY HENRY HALL. PRICE, $20.00 PER SET.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE has published, in two large volumes, a work of great importance and merit, which should be placed in every public and private library, because it relates to the master spirits of finance and affairs in America, all of whom, under a great diversity of circumstances and with different methods, and all striving for the same end, have been in a marked degree successful. It is an encyclopedia of biography of "America's Successful Men of Affairs." This is the only work of its class ever published. Thoroughly national, covering every part of the United States, it presents sketches of the lives of the most conspicuous of those Americans, who have been active in business since the Civil War and have attained the most marked success. While nearly all of the men, whose biographies appear in these volumes are, or have been, persons of large possessions, they have not been included solely because of their wealth. Works of American biography have in the past dealt mainly with the lives of government officials, clergymen, poets, teachers, soldiers, editors, authors, explorers, and other members of professions, who, while accomplishing a great work and exercising a useful influence, have done comparatively little directly for the material welfare of their fellow men or the actual development of their country. It is a singular fact that these biographies have, with a single exception, almost absolutely ignored the business men of the country, whether living or dead.

It would seem, however, as if the lives of the great pioneers, merchants, manufacturers, railroad builders and other practical men of a nation like America, constituted a most important part of the country's history. In the field of purely material effort, it is these men who have brought the wild lands under cultivation, utilized the mines and forests, built the railroads, steamboat lines and canals, set afloat and managed the shipping, organized the great corporations, and introduced the telegraph, the telephone, the other applications of electricity and yet other new processes in science and mechanics. They have dotted the surface of nearly every State with manufactories and provided employment, wages and homes for millions of their countrymen. The great cities are largely

their creation. In the realm of education, religion, science and art, these men are the pillars upon which the whole structure rests. It is by them that the colleges, schools, churches, and philanthropic institutions are built and maintained. They have founded the great museums, provided the means for monuments, statues, libraries, reading rooms, and researches in science, published the books, bought the paintings, paid the larger part of the taxes, carried on the political campaigns, and in general provided the subsistence and a stage for the activities of the whole aggregation of other men, to whose lives existing works of biography are generally devoted.

The failure to consider the lives of noted business men as of historical importance is a strange oversight in many otherwise excellent volumes of biography. It is to remedy, in a measure, this serious omission in the literature of the times that this compilation has been undertaken.

The majority of men whose lives are presented in this work are yet active in affairs. These volumes are therefore almost wholly devoted to contemporary biography. In this respect, they are unique. When John F. Slater, Daniel Hand and Seth Low each gave a million dollars to the cause of education and John D. Rockefeller and Daniel B. Fayerweather gave yet larger sums, the then existing works could be searched in vain for the story of their lives. From time to time, the attention and gratitude of the people of America are powerfully awakened by the princely gift, personal achievement or public spirited labors of some fellow citizen, whose name may possibly be known outside the circle of his immediate acquaintance but of whose career there is no public record. The lesson of his life and the story of how he has been able to accomplish so much good for mankind are entirely lost. A laudable curiosity is felt, in such a case, concerning the new benefactor of his race. It is hoped that the present work will meet in this respect an actual public want.

The biographies of prominent business men are of general interest. All are full of instruction, some are replete with romance. One fact to which they call renewed attention is that the vast majority of successful men have made their own way in life, beginning with no capital beyond their own good health, sound common sense, integrity, will force on which to build a strong character, and weekly wages in the store, shop, mine or mill, or on the farm or railroad. They illustrate the encouraging fact that America is a land in which a man can start from the lowest level of poverty and obscurity, and rise, honestly, by his own exertions, to influence and fortune, if he is capable of self sacrifice, untiring labor and intelligent effort. Men born upon the farm or in the country village, orphaned when young, compelled to face the hardships of existence while not yet of age, and forced into the arena with no other education than that of the country school, have been able to educate themselves, to initiate great movements, found institutions of learning and charity, exercise a beneficent influence in the highest social circles, and sway the destinies of a people by their talents in the field of practical affairs. These biographies should teach a lesson of courage and hope to all young men who are starting in life under inauspicious circumstances.

No one has been placed in the list of America's successful men in these volumes, unless, so far as known, he is a man of good character, and the whole work will prove not only deeply interesting to all now or hereafter active in affairs, but, to young men, an inspiration and an object lesson of the highest value.

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Published by THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.



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78 Duane Street,

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John Means, Esq.,

Ashland, Ky.,

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