

DIARY of HIRAM HARVEY HURLBURT, Jr.

born March 5, 1827 in Ripton, Vt.

died Jan. 29, 1910 in Buffalo, N.Y.

# Chapter I.

My birth day was March 5<sup>th</sup> 1827. I have it before me recorded by my father in his well known hand to me, in a small testament on a blank leaf. This testament was of very small type-size, three inches by five and one half inches, less than half an inch thick. It was printed with the letter "s" like the Italic "f" they seem to be at variance in their placing, one of the ways was; as when the letters came together of any kind, one will be one fashion. The printer evidently to avoid confusion so placed them.

It is pencilled on the stinging margin to note many passages that are precious to my dear father, whose hand placed my birth day on the blank page at the close of the volume. Once more he wrote the name of a brother, that is W. Hurlburt June 30<sup>th</sup> 1829, whose death a few years later brought a cloud over the happy family. Then I was left alone, when my little playmate had passed to the company of kindred spirits where sickness and death do not enter.

I was not just rugged like some. Then I wanted some one to play with. I saw a little girl about my age across the street—and how I came to wander to her, I have no recollection, but that I did wander from the prescribed bounds. I well remember, as my mother made me feel it from a switch of currant bush—and that was enough! I did not disobey the parental order after war.

This is my only recollection of being punished in a corporal manner by parents. It was necessary that there should be a limit to my wandering, as the back of the house was founded on a precipice of Otter Creek with steep descent of at least thirty feet to the deep water, only three or four rods above the falls of thirteen feet which at times made great roaring.

When about three years of age my father bought a place across the pond a fine level of intervalle land and moved to it. This eased my mothers fears for my measure.

My mother took me over to this purchase before moving, to see the room the lady then resident had a small boy in her arms of two years, he interested me quite a good deal. his caretaker had been induced to bring him up as he had no mother living. His first name was the same as mine "Hiram", we were to be more or less mates as I was only one and half years his senior. After we had lived in this new purchase a few years, this calling acquaintance became quite frequent, until I heard my mother say, that she caught the lady in gossip that was highly embellished. So she acquainted the lady with the fact for reply. The lady said, "When I hear a story and it does not sound properly to me, I add to it, to make it sound right." This answer was give in open countenance, as if it was a virtue to be distinguished. As I grew older, this did not seem in my view to greatly lower the ladys reputation, I would hear the remark. Oh! that come from Mrs. Abbott, and, we must make some allowance.

Mrs. Abbott never makes a story out of whole cloth as - such a one can.

The word cloth was in frequent use, and I suppose why it was so common was that my father and his brother in law "John Robbins" were joint owners in a woolen factory for making broadcloth. This business was one of the necessary ones for this Quaker Village. It was quite in advance for the Times, in one particular manner it excelled all others far and near - it had an indigo blue dye, of which the sitting up and getting in proper shape cost one hundred and fifty dollars. The <sup>was</sup> a secret process, whereby the dye could be kept perpetually of which they <sup>had</sup> exclusive knowledge.

There had to be a large copper kettle set in an arch of brick arranged for a fire underneath that would hold one hundred gallons - then convenient to ladle out to a tank of wood that would hold the same amount. I remember well this tank of whose top was about four inches above my head, with a wooden reel above to run the cloth into the dye an almost endless job, as the pieces of cloth were attached together, so there could be an endless web of two hundred yards or more and its journeyings again and again. Then another reel over the copper in the arc for an immersion when the dye was properly heated.

This dyeing of cloth was almost a wizard business, the secret of preparation and keeping from year to year caused its reputation for durability of color to go far and wide - goods being sent from Troy and Whitehall N.Y. and north to the Canada Line.

There were three weavers employed - two English and one Welsh and their goods were well liked - having a ready sale.

In July 1830, a freshet occurred and swept away this four story factory there were fourteen lives lost, from a village called Beemans Hollow in the Town of New Haven, Vt., (Now Brooksville) eleven of the bodies were found when the water fell on some islands below Quaker Village. The jacks and mule and looms were found on those islands broken and worthless. The loss of the factory was complete except the blue dye tank and the arch and kettle.

My father and Uncle soon had another substantial wooden structure erected. They went at carding wool and the coloring and finishing up of the cloth spun and wove by the thrifty families about them.

One of the first things I found to be useful was to care to care for the rolls as they came from the cards. To grasp the proper quantity from the receptacle as they were combed off from the machine, give the bunch the proper twist as they were placed in the pile on the cotton bed sheet to be when finished nicely rolled up and fastened with thorns that were plentiful on some pasture grounds. In gathering these thorns was one of my occupations, I had a set price at ridiculous low figures, but which to me seemed a source of wealth.

## Chapter 2.

I think it is strange as I look back seventy years and renew my acquaintance with things long past, and practically forgotten only to be brought vividly present by going over the ground in my mind.

One Sunday when at 5 years of age my aunt led me to the Quaker Meeting House; it was a perfectly still day about the middle of June, we took our seats in front, back at the pulpit desk sat Uncle Samuel Meeker and by his side Aunt Miriam his wife, (all called those aged Quakers uncle and aunt) then were seated next to Uncle Samuel a brother in the church - next to Aunt Miriam a sister, and so on were the sexes seated. It was so still the stillness could be felt; just the eternal roaring of the falls and the buzzing of profane flies, probably I was never before so quiet in my life, not a whisper, it seemed to me in my agony that hours and hours were passing. Finally Uncle Samuel majestically rose up and at the same time Aunt Miriam his wife, they quietly shook hands, the other brethren and sisters the same, all quietly left the house, when we came home my aunt looked at the clock and said to my mother "The meeting was just an hour." I thought there was some mistake and I pledged myself silently that the next time I went, I would know by the clock the length of time, and even now I wonder if my aunt did not make a mistake of an hour at least. On my mothers inquiring farther about the service - her sister replied "That the Spirit did not move."

As I was quite forward in childrens studies, that fall there was a select school started in this meeting house by a Quakeress named Rebecca Weeks, among the scholars I was numbered. I had at home a Websters spelling book my parents were teaching me from; and the pronunciation was different from the Marshalls used by the Quakers. I was reading along and pronounced the word different from the Marshalls authority, the teacher had about the bluest of eyes - she gave me a look that was piercing telling me the correct way I said, "I won't! For mother says its so." Miss Weeks had a fine twig of birch just cut she brought it down on my neck and shoulders - and it hurt. My heart was broken, and how long I was in the wilderness of grief I have no recollection. As soon as I was free I went across the street where my grandmother lived, I must have carried my sobbing with me, for grandmother found out about the punishment. She found the horrid mark across the neck and shoulders as I only wore for a ves some thin cotton fabric. My grandmother doctored the long well and then took me over to Miss Rebecca to show her the mark of her punishment. Then Miss Rebecca was to explain the cause. My grandmother was the most capable woman with her tongue that I am sure I ever heard. I am sure she said to her language that was entirely appropriate to the occasion - at least she was so eloquent in her manner. That Miss Weeks was in tears - for we left her crying while my grandmother took me home. When my mother saw the mark and told the reason for it,



I can see how white she turned. My mother had a very delicate complexion white and red - when she came to get her voice and speak it was: "I will not send Hiram another day." This did not hinder me from advancing in my studies.

My father was a teacher of vocal music. In the long winter evenings he had a singschool and I use to attend and it seems to me that I did not hear a tune more than twice, when I would be familiar with the air or leading part. I remember of attending church and standing on the seat beside my father and accompany him in the words and music looking over with him in the words and tune book.

The winter after I was six years old was a season of theatrical exhibitions. They were called dialogues in which the actors would be resplendent in uniforms, swords and various trappings to designate the characters acted. I was told to learn two pieces for one occasion. One was: "Sarah went to Boston and saw a negro." The other was: "You scarce expect one of my age, to speak in public on the stage, Don't view me with a critics eye But pass my imperfections by." At the close of each piece the house was in a roar of cheering, to which I was in great wonder, But finally concluded not to be frightened, as I walked back timidly to my station I was chosen beside the chief violinist whose art had captivated my whole soul.

### Chapter 3.

As I grew older I can hardly tell, when I learned to read (?) about one of the first books, was the Embassy of Lord McCartney to China from England, The book in a dilapidated condition was a volume formerly belonging to Doctor Benjamin Bullard my grandfather who died when I was about seven months old. Now there was probably ever printed a more uninteresting book for a child seven or eight years old but it was combed over at all hours and the old fashion letter "s" mostly like an Italic "f" as I have mentioned in another chapter about a copy of the New Testament, and they were as familiar to me as the fire works that were produced by the Chinese encircling the whole horizon to strike dismay to the courageous embassy who were first in trying to find the Capital of the Celestial Empire.

The date of this embassy was 1793. I take one item, August 6<sup>th</sup> in the Yellow Sea, Ditto weather, (It had been moderate and cloudy) Adam Bradshaw a light dragoon, departed this life, and his body committed to the deep A.M. washed the lower and orlop decks, fumigated the ship with devils, washed the sides and beams with vinegar. No subsequent searching he ever brought to my knowledge a perfect under standing of the above

entry. One other item I had great reverence.

The Emperor of China in a long reign of sixty years, who had never ceased to watch over and increase the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. The following was called an affecting example.

A merchant of the City of Nankin had, with equal industry and integrity, acquired a considerable fortune, which awakened the rapacious spirit of the viceroy of that province; on the pretence, therefore, of its being too rapidly accumulated, he gave some intimations of his designs to make a seizure of it. The merchant, who had a numerous family, hoped to baffle the oppressive avarice that menaced him, by dividing his possessions among his children, and depending on them for support.

But the spirit of injustice, when strengthened by power, is not easily thwarted in its designs; the viceroy, sent the children to the army, seized on their property and left the father to beg his bread. His tears and humble petitions were fruitless; the tyrannical officer, this vile viceroy of a beneficent sovereign, disclaimed to bestow the smallest notice on the man he had reduced to ruin, so that, exasperated by the oppression of the minister, the merchant at length determined to throw himself at the feet of the sovereign, to obtain redress or die in his presence.

With this design he begged his way to Peking; and having surmounted all the difficulties of a long and painful journey, he at length arrived at the Imperial Residence; and, having prepared a petition that contained a faithful statement of his injuries, he waited with patience in an outer court till the Emperor should pass to attend the council. But the poverty of his appearance almost frustrated his hopes; and the attendant mandarin were about to chastise his intrusion, when the Emperor was attracted by the bustle which the poor man's resistance occasioned; at this moment he held forth a paper, which his Imperial Majesty ordered brought to his palanquin; and having perused its contents, commanded the petitioner to follow him. It so happened, that the Viceroy of Nankin was attending his annual duty in the council: the Emperor, therefore, charged him with the crime stated in the poor man's petition, and commanded him to make his defence: but conscious of his guilt, and amazed at the unexpected discovery, he agitation, his looks, and his silence condemned him. The Emperor then addressed the council on the subject of the viceroy's crime, and concluded his harangue with ordering the head of his tyrannical officer to be instantly brought him on the point of a sabre. The command was obeyed: and while the poor old man was wondering on his knees at the extraordinary event of the moment, the Emperor addressed him in the following manner: Look, said he, in the awful and bleeding example before you, and I now appoint you his successor, and name you Viceroy of the Province of Nankin, let his fate instruct you to fulfill the duties of your high and important office.

with justice and moderation. This method of acting justice seemed ~~seemed~~ to me at the age of seven to be perfect, although I had the impression that the Cinque were not the highest civilization.

## Chapter 4.

I am not college educated, but I was once the cause of a sensation in President Bates classroom in Middlebury College. It was at the time of my Uncle Ward Bullard's scholarship there. He had promised me repeatedly, if I came to Middlebury to call on him and he would show me around. I was past my sixth year.

It happened one day I was out to call with my grandmother Hurlburto my father's uncle Nathaniel Harvey. When I came there I was in great quest to see Middlebury College. My opinion of the institution were doubtless very extravagant. To my youth it was the position required. I had studied faithfully on the front page of Webster's Spelling Book a wood cut that gave to you a Greek temple also a man with a boy by the hand, this boy was looking up to the man, who was pointing to the temple, the lower sign to the sight was "Know Thyself." Then above this was the word "Knowledge". Then on a dome the highest elevation, the word "Fame".

I had arranged in my own mind that this College was the ultimate end I aspire to. Uncle Nathaniel's oldest son "Lafayette" was told to take me down there to see Uncle Ward. Lafayette understood all about the rooms and times of lessons, he was some three years older than myself, and had always lived in close acquaintance to the buildings and grounds. Lafayette took me first to Uncle Ward's room not finding him there, he went with me to the recitation room of the Senior Class whose teaching was presided over by the President. Lafayette pointed to the door and I opened and went in and to my surprise he did not follow.

The President was sitting there in black gown. And he inquired! "Who I wished to see?" Uncle Ward Bullard, I replied. There was a general shaking of laughter in the class, which occupied one side of the room! The President then said, "Mr Bullard, you may see what the young gentleman wishes". My Uncle showed me over the Museum and it was a wonderful hour of sight seeing, and, as I look at it now it was a break in the quietness of that recitation room when I made the abrupt call.

This Lafayette had peculiar qualities. Sometime after he came out to Quaker Village and stopped at John Robbins my uncle, where my grandmother Hurlburto lived. Then he came down to our house giving me an invitation to go in the creek and bathe, at the end of the street there, was the usual bathing ground for the village. We both went in the water, and I found that I was much more use to swimming and diving; swimming under water than Lafayette.

The evening following grandmother came down to our house, we were

there. grand mother was sure my parents knew nothing about my being in the water, so she questioned me, "When I learned to swim?" This I could not answer as it seem to me I had known how for a long time, and there was no time I could name when I art was learned.

There was considerable talk to father from grand mother and mother. I will explain: As many had comparatively been drowned in Otter Creek childr and grown up persons - it was complained that the water had peculiar strangling qualities; but I have ascertained since that the water is fairly average for purity to other streams in this State.

This winter a man came to our house and stayd several days, his business was to make all the shoes and boots for the coming year, as father had the leather from the tannery. The custom was to take the skins there, and they tanned for one half. This shoemakers name was Nathaniel Boyington. He went home Saturday nights, then came back Monday, as he commenced to drive the wooden pegs in the soles he broke them off on which he made a great "how-to-do". That we boys had been cracking butternuts with his hammer, Now nothing of the kind had happened so I concluded that he could tell things that were not so.

Some young men found he was visiting a house of ill repute; so as they were equal to any lark, went there in a dark night, one of them was rigged up to impersonate the great enemy of mankind, fitted out with horns and cloven feet, with a tail coiled and resting on his left arm. He walked in where Boyington was sitting by the fire place light. He spoke up: "Nathaniel Boyington I have come for you!" Boying tons reply was "Ready Ser." It was reported that he was reely frightened, and he stayed at his own domicill ever after

### Chapter 8.

The winter before I was seven years of age I attended district school with my aunt now in her eighty seventh year, (present date March 1st 1901.) at that time 19 years old. It was the old fashioned school about seventy scholars, and only one man to teach, and he seemed to know how to run the job. My class use to be call to take their places on the floor, and to toe a certain crack in the floor. The rule in this spelling class was for the one who left off at the head at last lesson for the day and woe to the one who missed and let some one go above him, but if he kept the head of the class through the day, he with much pride placed himself at the foot at the next mornings lesson. This was a great inducement to me, I remember the excitement I labored under, I know I would tremble when a missed word came to me.

Once at the word from the teacher, "The boys may go out." I had taken a doughnut from my dinner pail to eat when out, another boy knocked it out

of my hand, others with their feet kept it hustling on the floor, but when we were called in by rapping, the master called up those large boys-men, if they appeared to me, there was quite a row of them. Then the master commended the punishment with a ruler of hard wood on the inside of the outstretched hand. It was a quiet house, except some sobbing of the larger girls. I looked the performance in great surprise, comparing it in my own mind to the Emperor of China's punishment, this schoolmaster's punishment seemed large for so small an offence. Immediately after this happening on opening school there was not a ruler to be had all were broken up or were lost; the fair passed quietly until close of school when the master stated: That it was the duty of the scholars to bring rulers, as all writing was did on white paper the teacher ruling the lines at such distances apart with a lead plummet as his judgment suggested. The next day brought rulers; they seem to have been made in quantities, with a hole in one end, then strung on a cord, to my eyes there were hundreds of them, the teacher took no notice of the generous quantity.

When the day was bright the scholars made a ring and then was wrestled according to size and one must be found to take the place of the one thrown. At several throws I was hustled in to throw Sam May, this I had not looked for, and endeavored to escape. But that was not the rule. So Sam clinched me, and I was mad and did not work at any known rules of wrestling. But Sam pulled my hair some to get a good clinch, upon that I was entirely beside myself and knocked him over clinching my hands in his hair. There was a big yell from both sides to each favorite. Finally I was taken off from Sam with both hands full of Sam's flaxen hair. We were both in tears. I do not think I ever was so mad in my life. But they could never get Sam to tackle me again.

A year later when eight years there was a commotion in the school district there were so many scholars for the one school that finally a division of the district occurred, and we on our side of the Otter Creek had a new building, and it was called the Red School House. A woman teacher was provided and our school was more quiet. I recollect one teacher her name was Lucinda Lawrence; she had some faculty to punish without ferrule or beech rods. My next brother younger could not be kept in exact behavior, so Miss Lucinda found in her dress pocket a string or a cord, my brother Henry when he saw the cord. Wished to know if she was going to put horse? Yes, she said, and proceeded to tie him up to a convenient post in the room. This proved effective to maintain authority.

In the summer following a boy was admitted to the school one year my senior, he came from the larger district, brought the rough manners with him he considered it was his duty to run things at all recesses. After a day or two he went pushing and smashing the scholars generally, throwing a lighter weight boy of the name of Sylvester Harris against a writing desk knocking him senseless, immediately grabbed Richard Wadleigh which was his name, crowded him to the front door

and pushed him down the nine steps. He went off home limping, at an examination by the committee I was exonerated from all blame, and the boys father was notified the boy could not attend that school.

## Chapter 6.

In the autumn before I was nine, I was sent to some lady Tailoresses about one and a half miles to have a coat cut from cloth finished at my fathers and uncle's clothing works. These ladies names were Charity Bryant and Sylvia Drake. After I had obtained an entrance with my package to their apartment, Miss Bryant asked me "Whose boy are you?" I answered Hiram Hurlburt's boy. Then I was going to say something, but Miss Bryant pointing her finger at me, said "You will wait." Then she said, "Your mother was a Bullard, she came from Athol, Mass. Now what did you wish to say?" Then I had my tongue, Mother wished me to ask you, if I might dig some sweet flag root on your ground? Miss Bryant said Yes. But bring me a piece, measuring on her hand five or six inches long. I dug the root, which was milder in taste than usually found, not so pungent. When I gave the long piece to Miss Bryant she remarked "That I was the first boy that had ever asked permission to dig roots there, they come and dug as they had a mind to".

Miss Bryant was a short woman, her counter to cut on was quite high for her, but she had a foot stove to put charcoal in for comfort to her feet, and the article was double length so she could step off from over the coal division. The handles to her shear were wound with some dark material, which made me suppose, she used them a great deal. I was ordered there two or three times, and noticed Miss Bryant was the man, this I thought was perfectly proper, as Miss Bryant had all the advisory part of all business. Afterwards I heard it mentioned as if Miss Bryant and Miss Drake were married to each other. I always heard they got along pleasantly together. But after Miss Bryants death, Miss Drake went to live in her fathers house, near Beldens Falls, a brother-in-law carried on the place, and it was reported she made it very hard for that brother-in-law. "Fortes Shaw".

I now understand this Miss Charity Bryant was a liberal contributor to the Congregationalist Church, at the Silas Wright monument in Weybridge, and was aunt to Wm Cullen Bryant the poet, who came twice to visit her.

Above the falls on Otter Creek in Quaker Village was a pond raised by two dams as there is a rocky island that divides the stream, the west branch being the main channel of the stream, causes the east section to fill up with the water that comes down the creek. This winter I was nine years old. But first let me say that the spring before I had given me a fishing rig, and fished over the bank by a butternut tree for pickerel; and after much anxiety lost my hook and bait, of course, the bait were small fish I caught at the "Beave Brook" a mile away from home. Then a man "Otis Bean" that worked for my father gave me a

stronger one with a chain attached. I was now sure of getting the fish, for father had said, the way I lost my hook was, that it got caught on a root or some floodwood lying on the bottom; but I was sure of having a bite. While patiently waiting the outcome of this new rigging the bite came, and I like to lost my pole, first one way, then the other the large fish capered around, but finally when I thought he would pull the pole from my hands the line parted near the chain, upon looking I was wholly ruined for fishing, I did not wish to say much about it, for I remembered father's reason for losing my hook.

To continue a fish story: The dam to the falls was at the height so the water in the section that filled up with dirt in the freshets, would be about two to three feet in depth. It was the first of cold weather and the ice was about two inches thick, I was on skates that I made by taking a bit of three fourths of an inch birch board that would not split easily, sawing on one side a channel  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch deep, then taking an old barrel hoop of iron, and fitting by filing and grinding, then inserting in this groove, then by putting holes so to use strings, like wooden skates used, I could make considerable headway. As I was crossing the ice I looked through the clear bottom at water and saw as I supposed then, a round stick of wood, like floodwood, as there was more or less of these chunks lying on the bed of the pond. To make the boys come out to where I was; I hollered to come and see this big fish, and while they were coming I looked again when I saw the fins move. Then I skated with all my strength to get an axe we had that morning to break the ice for the cow to drink, then struck on the ice just over the fish's head. Away he went, but was easily followed. The water was perhaps from 18 to 30 inches deep; and wherever the fish went in this three fourths of an acre, there was a streak of oil, to track him by. Finally, after several strokes over his head he turned head down and tail up to the ice. A few blows with the axe, and he was taken out gasping on the ice. As he lay there opening and closing his mouth, one youth (Sam May mentioned in another chapter) stuck his boot into the fish's mouth the fish seemed to think there was something to live for, and so closed his jaws upon the boot, the teeth going through the upper leather and stocking to the bare foot. We at once got his foot out leaving stocking and boot in the pickerel's mouth the bare foot looked as if the cat had scratched the top of it. We discovered my fish hook and chain of the season before in the outer cartilage. This hook and chain had kept along with him in his travels in the pond without any apparent detriment to good living, as he appeared in perfect health weighing on the home steelyards ten pounds and eleven ounces.

## Chapter 7.

I had an experience one summer when I was about seven years old. I



was allowed to go off alone to walk down to grand mother Bullard's I was directed on the road in particular. I should say it was June. When I had gone about three fourths of a mile, there were some young cattle forward of me grazing side of the way, and as soon as I come up to them they would start and run ahead as if I was driving them. I tried my best to get by them, but no use they kept advance. We came to a log house, the door was open, and the floor of the house seemed to be the same height of the street; so into the door went two or three of these young cattle, probably yearlings, instantly an elderly lady came driving the out with a good deal of energy. Spying me she came up and wanted to know "Who boy I was?" Then she piled the words on to me, she would send word to my father, and driving cattle into her house. I kept moving along carefully expecting every moment she would pounce onto me, and whether she would give me the most extreme of punishment I had seen or read of or of a milder type - anyhow my happiness was getting very low ebb as I trudged along to my destination. Finally I succeeded in getting to the gate of the yard leading to the house, then I saw my Uncle Marcus one and a half year older than myself, as soon as I got to him I put my arm around him and the flood of tears, that had been kept in waiting broke loose, and when Mark inquired, "What was the matter?" I was perfectly unintelligible in my report.

Mark took me into his mothers room, my grandmother took me close her to find out what had happened, after I knew I was safe I told all, then she espoused my cause very strongly, she would see about old Mrs. Halsey, she would send Cullen up there and he would carry me home. Of course I had found friends, and the Terrors of the future punishment faded away. Mark and I went fishing down a brook that had quantities of horn dase and shiners, which grandmother served up for our dinner in fine style. So my visit came to a joyful end, being carried to my home by my kind Uncle the Doctor.

At another time cannot remember exact date but it was warm weather I had been up at the clothing works where my uncle finished cloth, when I looked out the window saw an old lady passing along knitting as she walked. It was mostly descending in the grade, after a bit I went towards home, pretty quick I saw some yarn on the ground moving slightly; and as far as I could see either direction was this yarn. Then I thought of the woman knitting, and as I knew the way she was passing, I ran to find her. She had passed through both bridges and was going up a hill and had just discovered that she had dropped her ball of yarn, as the rise of ground made more exertion to carry the thread she was working at. Then Aunt Hitty turned around and retraced her steps to recover her goods. As the two bridges were three hundred feet in length and the rocky island one hundred feet she must have unwound nearly four hundred feet!

There were several noticed this incident, and the quotation was often uttered "Aunt Hitty Sanford spinning street yarn." As I reflect am pretty sure from that circumstance which was noticed by several, before the yarn was finally recovered.



came the always not pleasant reminder. She was spinning street yarn.

On the Rocky Island when I was a boy were the ruins of several industries. For some reason when I was a small boy two old people told me some early history. My finding some stumps of timber imbedded in the ground below the clothing works. So I inquired of Enoch Sprague? To satisfy my curiosity he went with me to show

where such and such buildings stood. Afterwards Israel Marsh confirmed the fact. Just below the clothing works was a forge for hammering out iron. Then next a furnace for casting iron, next was a factory for making cut nails, as far as I can find out the first ever cut by a machine. They were cut out of the plate which was wide enough for the length of the nail; and the head of the nail was all on one side or rather the edge. In the old plank houses in Quaker Village these nails were used and in later years about 1869, I found the same pattern of nail in the Van Schaik house in Lansingburg, N.Y., as the roof from which I removed the shingles to replace with slate, the roof then showed that of the several roofs that had been placed. First the hand made nail, then the pattern from the Weybridge Mill.

Down the stream a little farther was the distillery. Where cider brandy was made, that would make the drinker forget their trouble, but when they recover their senses; their woes would look more unsurmountable.

This distillery was carried on by William Sanford and his wife Mahitable and I was told by an old resident in my youth that he had seen both husband and wife to far gone in the exhilarating influences of its products that no business could be done with them. This business of distilling was abandoned after a few years and Wm. Sanford made pearl ash "saleratus", from the ashes he gathered in the neighborhood. I can recollect the price per lb. when he brought the article to our house, fifteen cents but its strength was such that a pound lasted quite a while.

## Chapter 8.

I am thinking now as I have reached seventy four years (March 5<sup>th</sup> 1901) that it is an unhappy talent to have eyes whose perceptions are continually looking at things in hopes to find them orderly, that is, that when one sits down in a room to look a little. To find the doors cased awry. The casing at the top would in one instance a half inch out of square, would show that much if tried in the corner with a steel square, main part 24 inches arm 18 inches. Every time I went to get mother Bullard's her room door to the dining room was in this condition, the work was well done, good close joints, so I wondered how it came about, for if the house were racked about by wind or foundation giving out these joints would have shown it. So I asked, How the door happened so? grandmother said, "It was done by Knight Sprague a blind man, it was all done by feeling, that was his trade to doct rooms in houses, and when not otherwise engaged he made chests and plain buy and they were generally well made. But how I use to wonder he could do it.

I never saw him work. The greatest puzzle to me was, how he could drive a nail and not have them come out in sight at the point to disfigure the work, but his work was free from such faults, more so than a new house I painted inside at Butte Montana in the year 1900.

Another mechanic lived across the road from my fathers that made spinning wheels, reels for yarn, chairs and bedsteads. He, James Sawyer had a lathe made in such a way as this: There was a spring pole of springy timber stretched across through his shop over head, the large end made rigid, then a rope fastened on the smaller end, th came down to the piece of timber to be turned, wound around twice then down to the treadle fork foot to press down, when the chisel would tackle the object, then the spring would turn th stick the other way, then another pressure with the foot, when the chisel would renew the cutting; so half the time he was turning out the article, the other half to renew the power. This was called a spring lathe.

But the next trouble about my eyes was, to find out the color of other peoples eyes. There were two men that gave me a long study. I guess thirty years before I could accomplish the feat. One was Lauren Drake. When he spoke to you he just gave one quick as a flash look, then looked right around the other way. And when he asked another question the same fashion. Finally after my fathers death in California he asked me a question about it, and I was quite sensitive about it; and in trying to answer I came near breaking up. When he just gazed at me. So I found the color to be dark blue.

Another man gave me a hunt for a long time, it was Shubal Wales, he was cross-eyed and very quick motion. He always asked questions in a way that you was sure he was looking some where else. I caught at the color one day when he was hewing a stick of timber that was crooked. He had struck a white chalk line to hew by, an then when he got at the job, he said, He was not going to "Debble" around after th line! The expression amused me so much, and I laughed so heartily, that he stopped apparently astonished looking at me steadily as if to find out what I could laugh at. Then I caught the color of his eyes as dark grey.

In mentioning of this trait of recognizing people by the color of their eyes I will relate. There was a man I knew all my younger days in the Town of Ripton, Vt., Timothy Winter, one of his eyes were blue, and the other about one third brown and the other two thirds a blueish green. As I did not in those days say anything about my peculiar method of recognition, it was several years before I heard any one mention this peculiarity. The division in Mr. Winters were from the pupil out towards the white of the eye.

As I advanced in years this peculiar quality of observing made me considerable embarrassment. I would see a stranger and before thinking would be anxious to ascertain the color of their eyes; I would find myself so intruding before I realized that I was impertinent, before I considered that my forwardness might be taken as such.

## Chapter 9.

I could not have been more than seven years old when I went up to the four corners to school and then and there lost my heart for the time being to a lovely ace. What put me in the greatest agony was, my fear somebody would discover the predicament I was in. In the spelling class I was a proficient at that age, and a girl whose name was Minerva Ayres was a match to me in spelling; but I just worshipped her. I had my aunt who went to the same school for my care-taken and I suffered intensely for fear she would discover it. I think Minerva might have been at my age. She was small, slim, lady like very gentle and studious, and when she missed a word in spelling, if it had not been for my horrible telling lies I should have purposely misspelled so as not to pass above her; I had just committed the act when I noticed I was trembling with excitement. Then I noticed Minerva was trembling too. This surprised me, and when I reached home my aunt told my mother about the excitement in my spelling class. What Hiram and Minerva Ayres were all in a tremble when the class was through spelling. I can remember how the hot blood sprang to my cheeks when mother said, "We will have Hiram spell his lesson this evening in preparation for to-morrow." I worshipped this Minerva all through the season, or until a girl about the same age, only more tiny in appearance and a bird like voice, name of Brittell. She had come for a visit to her father's old home in Weybridge and she took to me at once, coming and taking my hand leading me a little separate by ourselves, while she told me of her folks out West, of finding a raccoon nest of a number of little ones, and her father brought them home for his daughters pets. She made this description very fascinating to me, so much so that my heart began to enlarge, and I felt more trease when near Miss Minerva. And I recollect that the trembling somehow ceased, and I could begin to look at this love episode as something that could be endured, but the pleasurable feeling was there - and if I kept patiently waiting I would find the one designed for me at last.

As Dante says: "Wherefore we see children desire exceedingly an apple and then proceeding further desire a bird; and further still a beautiful dress; and then a horse, and then a woman, and then riches not great, and then greater and then great as can be. And this happens because in none of them does she find that which she is seeking, and she trusts to find further on."

About three years more of living made me 10 years, then I could go to spelling schools in the evening, and go home with a girl! This brought happiness to a high pitch, rather doubtful if so much could be endured.

There was a little girl came out to her grand father's out nearest neighbor to stay while. Her grand father was a wheelwright, and he made his grandchild a set of wooden dishes, she had her playhouse close to the line fence of our respective yards, one day when she set her dishes ready for tea, a morsel of sugar and tiny pieces of

cake, she invited me ~~to~~ to come through the fence—the boards of which were placed far enough apart for me to crawl through. It was a case of love again, and I thought I was greatly favored, although she was my junior most one year, I put myself under her directions of which she seemed perfectly aware, and used her authority accordingly. I must sit in such a place, and must answer all questions, and particu-  
 to leave when she give timely notice, as my behavior was such, that I recollect my short visits at first grew to be longer ones, and when she went back to her home, the pleasantness of the summer days ceased to exist for me. All these heart-troubles I had bury in my own bosom, no one that I could say one word to.

There were two dark eyed girls just across the street that now took my attention, and we had a playhouse in which I did my best to make it pleasant, but some the feeling was not broken I had for the girl that came so seldom to her grand father "Silas Herendeen's".

## Chapter 10.

I think I was eleven years old when my father allowed me to take his smooth-b rifle gun to hunt with. It was made for him by a gunsmith named Ira Call at Woodstock, Vt. Ira Call a brother of Joe Call the strong man, who could take a crow bar across his knee and break it. Said to have taken two ordinary sized men that were quarreling one with each hand raise them from the ground, and rap their heads together. I had his son to work for me in putting up a frame barn, but he broke and bent so my crow-bars that after two weeks I dismissed him.

When my father went to get the finished article, Call took it out to try its quality of bringing down the game—and he took the swallows flying to do it, which he accomplished twice in succession. That fixed the credit of that piece of work. It was used for training having a bayonet fitted for that purpose, with cartridge box, contain all the requirements of militia training.

There was a boy about my age, Clark Stowe, his father David Stow permitted him to come to my house, and then each of us with loaded arms went to find game. We were generally successful in finding partridge or pigeons in the summer time but when we made a successful shot we generally returned to show our skill. It careful we were of our ammunition—so very careful not to throw away a shot.

About this time there was great amusement and real live excitement that came to us boys. It was the general muster of militia. One company from Cornwall had uniforms, red coats and white pants, they were to represent the British another company from Bridport with blue coats, they represented the Americans. Then a company called the Floodwood company, there were several companies. Also a tribe of Indians were represented. Orange Britzell was the chief. Some of the companies followed the Indians down by our house to the creek where the road ended, to take the Indians, but they were prepared to escape, as they had their canoes.

ready under the bushes, in which they jumped in and paddled away. The skunk along behind the houses, as the troops followed down the road was wonderfully exciting, and the way Britzell got away with his tribe was not to be beat. It made quite a talk for a time when the people were together at the store or mill. Britzell was dressed like an Indian Chief, and Col. Sardin Dodge, said to my father he did his best to capture him; and the Col. got so excited talking about this sham fight. That he said to father, "He wished the whole thing had been real!"

These June Trainings and musters of sixty five years ago were great days for us boys. They were anticipated before occurring with great anxiety and their memory afterwards were treasured for a long time.

I recollect father come home from a muster in Cornwall, Vt., and reported of two captains come into collision about electing officers, and they went at each other with swords, and they fought very skillfully, both excellent swordsmen, and the quarrel was ended by one cutting the others sword in two, and no blood spilt. Still each did their best to make serious work.

It was a little later that we Weybridge boys walked quite a ways toward Vergennes in 1840 to meet the Convention for Tippecanoe on its route to Middlebury. It had a long procession with a log cabin on wheels with hard cider. There was great excitement at Quaker Village. A family closed in with them in the procession by the name of Hardy Walker with his wife and two daughters, Josephine and Seraphine, the youngest Seraphine was entrancing in her beauty at quite a distance, on nearer view the spell was broken. Their carriage was covered, of ancient make, like the drawings of long ago and on each side in large letters was the name "New York". After all my boyish inquiries I could never ascertain the facts; only it was supposed Walker purchased in New York City, and the name had never been changed.

## Chapter II.

This year came to me as learning to work, to find an honorable way to get a living, or even a few shillings possible for a boy to possess. There was not much opening. I drove a cow to and from pasture quite faithful for one man a neighbor, and was to have the current ninepence "Spanish Coin" for the job, really it was twelve and a half cents counted out in the coin of the realm.

I probably bought in imagination more toys and useful to me things than one could store in a good sized room. When the cash was earned I just went for it but never one cent could I get; finally I was so persistent that the neighbor told me, I ever asked for it again he would slap me! I then gave up, and if I could found the Emperor of China. I should in great humbleness told my tale. I watched him after years, for I was sure he would take things that did not belong to him if the opportunity came—and sure enough he would. I had some lumber of white pine stored in a building, it was of unusual width clear and sound 24 inches wide; but

he broke in and took what he pleased and never made any report of his pilfering. I never but once lifted any thing that did not belong to me. That time I was going to school about seven years of age, and I wished a piece of white chalk to mark with. At my fathers saw-mill there was a mill wright at work in the yard, he had laid a small piece down not larger than a small walnut or chesnut. I carefully edged to it and pocketed it, and went on to school. But of all the fears, that afternoon were the worst I ever knew. I could not mark with it for others would see it and the constant expectation to be called for was terrible. But after school closed I made my way back to the same identical square stick of timber to replace that ill gotten trouble.

I recollect in September my father in regard to my industry said I could go with him a 17 mile ride to Goshen, this was a great treat, never been so far from home and the wather was beautiful. We passed the Leicester Pond. Father related what happened at one end. There was an iron ore mine found, what is called "Bog ore". The miners had been digging it for a number of years. One day they went to dinner and on their return the mine was full of water, and no one drowned. This Leicester pond or lake had burst in and the iron ore was irrecoverably lost. The twenty five wheel barrows and all other tools lay there, and no one can ever recover them.

My father was a preacher of the Christian Denomination and this was his appointment in Goshen. We stayed at a member of the church by the name of Justus Dart. Some way that evening I burned my hand, Mrs. Dart took me quietly and exorcised the fire out of it, by saying over a form, that must not be repeated in a loud voice, and the precious form is only learned by a man repeating to a woman one at a time and the believer a woman, may repeat to a man. I was told this mystery, and the burn was easier, whether the success was owing to the flour paste it was covered with or the exorcise; I have never been able to determine. I have given this way to the opposite sex sometimes with great caution, only such as I supposed could reverence the form.

At service the next day there was a full house and a waking interest influence was felt; at the close of the preaching the house seemed to be in tears, and when the invitation was given out for to rise, if they wished a change of heart. I made a move, as if I was forced to do it, appeared to me. Now was the time, I had been a Sunday School scholar a number of years and this training probably had been the reason of starting out in the new life. Age thirteen and six months, I immediately commenced to do right in my estimation. It seemed no trouble to get to the right path, but it was a watchful effort to keep there. I came back with father the Monday following pondering a portion of the journey on what Mrs. Dart told me the last thing, that I was made for a preacher! I wanted to ask father about that prophecy-but concluded to wait until I could understand the duties of such a calling.

When we came home Grandmother Hurlburt was informed that I had a change of heart. She was quite positive it was a wrong thing in one so young.

this grandmother was in every evening. One of my chores were to milk two cows; a job I had always protested more or less, but after this experience the disagreeable tax seemed to have disappeared, and one evening as I came in with the milk, grandmother made the remark, "I think Hiram is converted for he makes no fuss about milking. Then I discovered myself the irksomeness of the job had disappeared; even now when writing at the age of seventy four this has a strong argumentative force to convince me of God's word and the forgiveness of sin.

## Chapter 12.

A boy at 14 is a mystery. He is not old enough to have judgment of any value; at least his superiors in age look at it in that way as very liable to err in that respect.

In the saw-mill yard at Quaker Village stood a large butternut tree, and in the fall there was a great many nuts on it. This kind of nuts hang on to the tree generally until frost comes. This year the frost was late, I had been looking to get our share one half. I noticed young men would come there, and knock them off and crack and eat them until satisfied. I told father how many were being used up in that way; father said, at last, "We will have to morrow to see if we cannot have some. The next morning I went up there early, and how it was possible for anyone even if it was a moonlight night? had gathered every one, scarcely one left!

I went to the house and told father about it. He made no remark at all. As I look at it now, what was the use? It might have been ten days afterwards a young girl was sent to our house with a two quart tin measure full of butternut meats, very nicely taken from the nuts. Mother made a cake with them in it, also pies that were extremely rich, but as I remember proved to be of healthy living.

Somewhat later father started out with his span of horses lumber box wagon with two double chairs for seats, they were like the kitchen <sup>chairs</sup> of those days, bottoms of oak prepared and were very substantial. Two grown people or three children could sit in one of them. Father drove down about three miles where on the bank of Otter creek there were butternut and walnut trees and we spent the whole day, in gathering those nuts; we had for company on this trip my Uncle Robbins and aunt also their daughter Loeazer. It was a fine day. Such perfect happiness comes only a few times in one life. That is: According to Herbert Spencer, who says, "No one can be perfectly happy, until all are happy. At the time such experience comes to the young we neglect to appreciate them, we are anticipating something beyond that will outweigh the present, sometimes we get there, and find more or less reality, but sometimes we find disappointment."



# Chapter. 13.

The spring I was fifteen years old my father moved to Ripton, on the Green Mountains. He built a saw mill, it was thirty by forty feet. He finished off the part intended for a shingle mill and lived in it. The dam was built in range with the upper end of the mill; so the pond of water was near a slide or rather an inclined plane was from the floor of the mill into the water, and the logs were drawn from the water as was by the mill power of a sash saw mill. The lumber from the saw, made from the logs that came out of the water were excessively heavy, I remember to carry them away took my whole strength. When winter came the logs were brought to the mill in front on the logway.

As I attended to the mill a good deal, I kept a lever (handspike) made from a small spruce tree about two and a half inches thick, neatly shaved and convenient to handle than a neighbor by name of Martin Powers took this lever and used it in place of a skid to roll logs up on the pile front of the mill, and when he had used it I would find it broken. I made another and told Powers I did not wish him to use it for a skid. But Powers a wrestler and won at times at elections and raising of buildings. He was a married man, probably twenty three years old. The next day he came with a load of logs, came in the mill and grasped my lever. I took it away from him, father being present cautioned Powers to let me alone, for one of us would get hurt. But Powers climbed me side hold and I flung him to the floor as quick as thought! He was badly hurt. Anyway he kept running down. He sent for me one day and told the wrestling would end his life, and he told me I was not to blame, that he had wrestled with many and never one so quick as I was. I was a good deal affected to think he was going to die, so I went to father with the fact. Father said, "I was not to blame, Powers began by clinching first." But there has always been a feeling, like, I wish it had not happened. I noticed father and mother made quite a number of donations to the widow after his death.

The next winter I went to school to a lady teacher "Ann Maria Leavette", my senior by one year, she was an excellent teacher, and I went on in my studies of grammar and arithmetic to the end of the text books. The evening spelling schools were of great importance to us, there would be a houseful coming from other districts.

In my seat at school a young man two years older than myself sat with me. He became desperately in love with the teacher, and he studied the dictionary to find words he considered appropriate to compose a note to the teacher for her company to her boarding house. His name was Reuben A. Damon. He finally with much effort, made the following: "To Miss Leavette. May I have the superiority of going home with you from spelling school?" signed "Reuben A. Damon." This he showed me, and I supposed it was all proper. Reuben studied on it quite a while when he exerted himself again to improve it. This was the result. "Miss A.M. Leavette. May I have the exquisite felicity of going home with you from spelling school" signed "R.A. Damon!" I was completely astonished at this; for I was very bashful; still I just worshipped the beautiful Miss Leavette well knowing she was unreachable but very



careful not to let it be known. So Reuben had the whole field. Sometime in the recess at spelling school Miss Leavette came to me and whispered, "If I would kindly walk with her to Mr. Cook's where she boarded after spelling school." But how must I have looked? How my ears did burn for I was in a surprised state of earthy bliss! But I was punctual to be on hand at the moment wanted.

I never knew whether Miss Leavette was given the note, but I noticed that Reuben changed his love in a few weeks, as he came to me for advice. "He wished to know one to tell him which I thought would be the best girl for him of three," naming Miss Joe Fletcher, Miss Jane Downer or Miss Sorelle Smith?

In my youthful wisdom I surmised that Miss Fletcher being the first name would be the one, I named her, Damon visited her a number of times, with no result as known, perhaps he called on the others, but was never known to me. Damon several years after married Eunice Lovett, she died in a few years, when he married her sister Dolly Lovett, that account ends the history of R. A. Damon in this narration.

## Chapter. 14.

The winter I was 17 years old I went to school most two miles from where I lived, to Arnon A. Atwood. At that time it was called the "Hollow" There was the post office, tavern, town clerks office, gristmill and tannery. There was but few scholars. This school was kept in part of the tannery, and the scholars were the most quiet I ever remember of. Some young girls that were about my age, appearing very lady like, they put on no airs, seemed natural, and the studies, algebra philosophy, chemistry and geology were attended to. There was Sorelle Smith, Amelia Cook, Eliza Sanford, of boys of any size I can remember but one, B. Henry Baco. somewhat more than a year my senior. I did not make his acquaintance very quick it seemed to be several weeks before we saw fit to make approaches in that light. But we finally come to acquaintance that lasted without a break for ten years.

Henry really was the only boy or young man strictly acquaintance I ever had, after some months we became confidential all but in regard to the one girl I had placed my best thoughts on, the loveliest most bewitching creature, I worshiped at a distance, and continued in that manner, as by something Henry carelessly said one day, I was sure that this young lady was his intended. At what stage of courtship I could not know. He was a near neighbor, and perhaps more advanced than myself in art at appearing steeze in company of young lady. So I smothered all hopes, and kept my mind on my studies.

This young lady Miss Sorelle Smith was the only child of landlord Smith of the hotel. So this young lady had the opportunity of meeting tourists who traveled and stopped off at this tavern already a summer resort. She had been sent to the Middlebury Seminary several terms, and was especial

attractive young lady at balls, dances and parties; had made acquaintance at Middlebury with the "Jeweller" John Dyer only child "Hattie" also with Mary May, of a fine family. Miss Dyer afterwards married Sattler Phelps, son of Judge Phelps quite noted in Vermont.

Now really, as I had set my choicest thoughts on Miss Smith, I kept it all to myself, I seemed to have perception enough for that. The winter passed away and my acquaintance at school did not become any closer, though I was in studies, being somewhat advanced beyond all the rest either older or younger and the teacher "Atwood" who was an uncle of Miss Smith

seemed to acknowledge he carried me through our studies as far as he knew. I went after school was out, back to the saw-mill and kept studying ever while running the mill. Especially music, so I became familiar with many songs in use at that time. As I had but one object of adoration, I was living to improve all my abilities to become advanced; to be equal to the class of people I imagined Miss Smith belonged to. I attended the Congregational Church, was urged into the choir. I was then singing under a leader, name Norman Lewis, one of the deacons. But Lewis had a difference with Rev. Asa Hemenway, one of the finest gentlemen ever permitted to stay on this earth awhile.

Deacon Lewis undertook to drive the minister away, left the choir, so as to obstruct the service. But one member of the church with Mr. Hemenway came to see me, and to my great astonishment, wished me to take the leadership of the choir. It seemed to me I was not advanced enough, and I hesitated, but the two cleared all obstacles, I finally consented, and when the Rev gentlemen clasped with me at parting at father's saw-mill, the tears were coursing down his cheek.

I never knew just what the trouble was, but always concluded Dea. Lewis had been wasperating in his conduct, that Mr. Hemenway could not bear any more. Mr. Hemenway's last words at that time were: "I shall always remember this of you."

Mr. Hemenway came to Ripton to take charge of the church there from the City of Bangkok, Siam. Besides his labors there as missionary he taught the English language to the prince of Siam, and they were in correspondence at his time. I think that prince is now the present Emperor.

## Chapter 15.

You will please understand at a little past eighteen years I was called on to take charge of a choir and look up the material, I obtained four ladies who could sing the soprano, two to sing alto and my friend B. H. Bacon came in with four others to take the base, the tenor I reserved for myself. My friend's father, "Benjamin Bacon", being a fine player on the clarionet offered his services, Mr. Bacon

played mostly the soprano, but if I wished and alto absent he would play that. The choir was a success. Our choir seats were conspicuous being at one side, and at right angles with the pulpit. The floor of the house was level only <sup>rais</sup> at the pulpit. As I went to take my seat which was the outer end to the congregation, only one seat left for me, the soprano occupying the balance, the ladies had insisted that Miss Smith should be seated next me "the leader". This close sitting with myself and Miss Smith in a short time familiar as far as the business of the choir was concerned.

It to me was a position of care, anxious to have good music, sung with reverence, proper time, try to express the language of each line and verse, giving quick movement when called for - then medium to slow as require to express the grandeur of "Watts" Hymns, which were marked in the Congregational Hymnal.

When winter set in I was requested to have a singing school and Miss Smith intimated to me that I might stop for <sup>her</sup> which willing act naturally gave me a chance to return with her, and somehow I was requested to rehearse a tune, that might be improved, so a little time was spent at her home. I had a fine sounding melodeon that could be placed on a stand and furnish the wind with the left elbow, which came finally to be left there on which was practiced many pieces, evidently we enjoyed each others society when together; but occasionally some of these stylish people from Middlebury would be present; when I knew that my room was better than my company. I assure you I was not in the way.

I will now tell of one instance of embarrassment that occurred the first summer that I lead the choir. It was a fine summer day, I think we had sung the first hymn, when two girls walked in, there being no usher, they came up to the singers seats, as the soprano were not all present and I somehow had left a little vacancy, one of them seated herself in my usual seat. She was probably nineteen years old, the other took a seat in front that scarcely seated any one except a child, they were dressed in some gorgeous print, the one next to me was large probably one hundred and fifty pounds. Their name as far as I ever knew were Mial Hier's daughters, blue eyes very red cheeks, said to be Dutch. The one next to me had a large bunch of caraw in her hand, and it was not long before she proffered me a sprigg, I fixed my eye on the communion table in front of the pulpit! she made several attempts to induce me to accept which I ignored. Mind you the whole congregation could observe every movement. Mrs. Smith, Sorelle's mother set where she could observe all. When she had a chance she spoke to me about it, saying, "my cheeks looked like the blood would burst through." But said, "I acted like a gentleman".

These girls had walked up the mountain more than two miles, probably had never attended church anywhere but a few times. But you put yourself in my place - for after singing the second time as I took my seat, on the girl sitting down I was nearly covered with the stiff new print!

To continue the account of the love or friendship with Miss Smith this state of things went on for quite a while. I considered that I had no just grounds for and when I was at Weybridge one day found a select school for advanced scholars to be opened for three months made arrangement to attend, I was half past nine years, not quite heart broken, but I had endeavored to sift out my thoughts and where I stood, then when school commenced dropped all this romantic imagery and try my best to improve in learning. The teacher Edwin Everts had been several years in the South teaching advanced scholars. He advised me on text books, says he, "Take studies being used here and Mental Philosophy. It was a success, I became stronger minded, little things worthless to worry over disappeared, and I was ready for what n. happen.

A Miss Mary Foot came to this school with her sister younger, they drove their own team, a one horse rig, a young man Alfred Sturtevant perhaps two years or senior pushed himself forward, taking Mary's horse to its hitching place, and exerting himself disagreeably in being first to get the team at close of afternoon. Miss Foote was well known to my cousin Loazer Robbins, and confided to her, that she did not want Alfred to meddle with her horse, and wished Loazer would intimate to me to get it. Well I guess! When anything of this kind came across my pathway, I was on hand, I just made it my business - and no one made any protest. The boys had found by experience that I was hard to handle. There were some of the older young men joked Alfred, that he was cut by that Green Mountain chap; Alfred was very sullen in his looks. I mistrusted him but how or when he would pitch on I could not tell.

But one day we were playing base ball - and the rule was, to knock the ball over the fence, the side that got it first was to take the game. One day it was knocked over the fence in quite a plot of Canada thistles well grown, I was nearest and I sprang for it. I got the ball when Alfred jumped on to me to take it away, he was the heavier weight, and he bore me to the ground, but I turned him down, and held him down till he begged to be let up. The rail fence was lined with the scholars seeing the fracas. But I guess his black suit looked as if it was aged in a short time. Alfred made no more attempts - and the years have come and gone, and we have never met.

## Chapter. 16.

When I returned to Ripton we had an uncommon winter for a amusement I did not wish to teach the singing school as father had given me my time, and I had taken Bacons shingle mill to run on shares with Henry of his father, but I proposed to the singers we have Trueman Parkill of Cornwall, Vt, for teacher. We had pleasant times. Miss Smith and myself practiced several pieces some were to be

acted. One that would bring bring the house down every time, was Fanny Gra. The verses were responsive, one verse in particular was broken in response.

(She sings:) Put up your hat, don't take your stick. oh prithee Charles do stay. You never come to see me now, but you long to run away.

(He says:) Good bye, (She sings:) Good bye, You'll come again (He sings:) Yes. <sup>fine day.</sup> One of these,

(She sings:) He's turned the street, I knew he would, He's gone to Fanny Grays!

They would call us back, but we never repeated it the same evening I would answer the calls with the The Old Daken Bucket, The Indian's Lament, Woodman spars that Tree, &c. &c.

That winter the singing Teacher from Bristol, Vt. name of Crane had a school in Weybridge, they wanted to close out the school with an exhibition, and Crane joined a petition with several others, wrote for me to help them out. I sang my favorite songs, every thing went nicely; But there was one thing happened, never heard the like! A four part song "Ball Brandon", that I was familiar with, was played on the piano by Samantha Wright. Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler took the soprano, Mason Harrington the base, do not remember the alto, myself the Tenor, and the first verse Mrs. Tyler fell half a tone, I whispered and pointed on the notes, to Samantha, she took the cue, and struck the piece half a tone lower, and was capable to do it, and the four verses were rendered lowering the music half a tone each verse, After we were through, Crane came to me, says he, "Hurlburt you managed that well, but I was terribly frightened." He was bald headed and the drops of perspiration were all over. I understood afterwards, Mrs. was not aware of her failure at the time, and there was hardly any one in the house noticed it.

The day I was twenty one was town meeting 5<sup>m</sup> of March 1848. So I left the shingle mill to take the freemans oath, and have the voting privileges of an American Citizen, soon after taking the oath, the authority composed of the select men and Justices of the Peace, came to me to let them vote for me for constable and Collector. At first I was astonished, then as they kept urging, with the venturesomeness of youth I gave consent, I was unanimously elected, but after the meeting the authority told, I must get bail, mentioning my father would be sufficient. I went to father, but he positively refused to do it, saying, a boy just twenty one going that risk. In a town where it was comparatively new, property constantly changing ownership. The inhabitants many of them disorderly. So I gave up, for I would not call on any one else.

Hon. Daniel Chipman a lawyer, a man of note he heard of the case, and sent for me to come and see him. Then he and I went to father. But father would not yield. I remember what father said to Chipman, "That it was a very bad beginning for a young man". Chipman's answer was "A bad beginning makes a good ending." On my return with Chipman to his house, Chipman proposed to me to become my bail for \$1000, as the law required. Chipman

said to me. "I will exact one promise. When you come to a question in law you do not understand come to me?" To which I willingly agreed. Now there was no law but what Chipman was good authority, and his advice has been a life long help. I gave Mr. Chipman no trouble in my two years service.

I hardly know how much of my experience in this office I should relate but I will give a sample. I became a deputy sheriff, had quite a business, my friend Henry Bacon attended the shingle business until the first year closed. When we dissolved, and what time was spared from the office work was devoted to millwright-work, or to look up lines on wild land for non residents.

One day I drove down to Smiths Tavern and there was quite a crowd, men and women. The town grand juror "James Peirce" was just coming after me to serve a warrant on Charles Adams, who had early that morning threatened his sisters life. After Mr Peirce obtained papers, then, he told me "That I would risk <sup>my</sup> to go for Adams, as he had gone into the woods a couple of miles to his sugar camp to boil sap for maple sugar, he had taken a heavy rifle he had made for himself, his bugle and a quantity of rum, and would shoot the first man that came near," continuing advice "That I had better go to Middlebury and get Da Church the High Sheriff of the county". Then some women came and told me I would certainly be shot, just at this time Sorelle's mother "Mrs Smith" came and said to me, "Sorelle did not want I should go". At this time this was more than I had ever hoped for. So I told Mrs. Smith I was well acquainted with Adams, and to say to Sorelle, I was no coward, for I at this moment made up my mind, to know how I stood in regard to winning her.

Now I will say I had exchanged work with Adams, he was a very skillful blacksmith had worked some days to help at ironing sleighs and shoeing oxen when he had been hindered with work. I went up with horse and sleigh, when I got near the fire of his kettle I hitched my horse to a tree, and went a foot, as I got in sight he took his bugle and blew it. I then hailed him, the first he saw me, as soon as I got in speaking distance, he hurried out and took his rifle and said "He knew what I come for, and I am not going!" I told him, I knew I could force him, but I had taken the papers to serve, and had been advised to get help, but concluded that he would be better suited for to see me come alone. Well let me hear the papers read. He became different at once, left out the curse words most, only when he clinched the promise "By G... I'll go!"

So he packed up his things, fixed his kettle to boil down the usual way - the pot was hung on, was so balanced that it would rise up higher away from the fire as the sap evaporated. Then took him down and delivered him up to the court. Then wanted me to go to Middlebury eight miles after Lawyer Julius Beck with to care for his case.

Adams paid fees willingly, and he brought witnesses to prove his sister was mistaken, and the case was thrown up no cause of action.

Afterwards, about two years, Adams went on a bear hunt. The manner was of surrounding a tract of woods, drawing closer together, until the game is cornered.

and shot. He had just blown his bugle, when others in hearing heard the report of his rifle - supposed to have placed the rifle against a tree to blow his bugle, when the lock struck the tree, sending a heavy <sup>charge</sup> through his heart. I was appointed foreman in the coroners jury by the justice, and we brought in a verdict according to the above.

## Chapter 17.

I suppose when one starts out in life the best way is to get in the right path and then keep there. But what a study it is, sometimes we get a little off the correct. Then stop, and meditate, until the mists clear away.

I wrote a note to Miss Smith, This was it. Miss Sorelle Smith: I have admired and loved you a long time. May I hope to win you for my wife? very respectfully. Hiram H Hurlburt. I left this at the house, with Mrs. Smith, who answered my rap. That evening was sent to me the following: Hiram. Your feelings for me have been noticed for a long time. Will you come and see me, any time? Sorelle. When I went to see her, she was alone. She came and put her arms around me, and the contract was sealed I suppose in the usual way in such cases. My life seemed to grasp all that I could ask for. Sorelle did not as yet refer me to papa; but by his appearance and Mrs. Smith every thing was apparently favorable. After some weeks. I generally managed to see her each week through the summer season. At one of my visits. I asked the privilege of speaking to Sorelle's father. But she said: Ma had told pa, and pa says Sorelle may have who she wishes, and further more they had talked it over and would advise me to travel for one year, while she would be getting ready for our marriage.

Now I was astonished! There I was in office for the town, besides being constable and collector, I was appointed assistant town clerk, my acquaintance with nonresident lands made me of value.

I was saving some money. How could I break away from it all? But who ever knew of a man who tried to succeed, and win his way in life. But what would find a way to accomplish his desires? I understood what it meant clearly - It was for me to attain more polish of manner, to overcome the roughness of country life. At the election in September for 1849 I was standing at the voting place, and as officer of the day was taking the votes, I had the box for town representative to the assembly. A townsman came and slyly handed me a county court writ against a Mr. W. a citizen of our town. I glanced at it, saw the parties names, to set up. Seven hundred dollars. Pretty soon, within half an hour, the man "Mr. W." came and voted. I noticed he appeared unnatural, he was a man probably forty five years of age. I felt then there was some trick being played on me but they were continually voting to the legal hour 3-P.M. and the parties voted to would expect my honest efforts to see that no votes were taken of a doubtful



character I kept my post.

Just as soon as boxes were turned and I was free about 6 P.M. I went to my horse and rig, and went to Mr. W. house, but he was gone, and Mrs. W. could or would not say which way he went. Whether over the mountain to Hancock, down the mountain to Shoreham on Lake Champlain. Then I went at once for Nathan McQuirey who brought me the papers to serve. I was so earnest with him he became frightened and owned up he was in debt to Mr. W. and would do what was right! It was then about nine P.M. and I wanted to know which way Mr. W. went so McQuirey apparently willing, went with me to Mr. W.'s house. It was dark night but the family were up. McQuirey knew the house and took me to a spot out-side where I might possibly hear what the family might talk about. Finally I caught on to enough to satisfy me he had gone to Shoreham, then I left. Whether McQuirey heard what I did I never knew, but I left immediately in the darkness for Larabee's Point in Shoreham on Lake Champlain. I knew the road and kept traveling the twenty seven miles, as I was nearing the lake I hitched my horse this side of the landing, and went on a foot towards the shore. It was now daylight. I went shy, keeping bushes that grew on the east cove, in the land from the lake before the steamboat landing is reached from the north.

Now to explain a little, I was familiar with Larabee's Point having boarded the steamer, but when younger had carted lumber from father's mill to this place, in my mind Mr. W. was without doubt on foot, he would intend to reach here and keep out of sight until the advertised hour for a steamboat and then get aboard.

As I stood by a rail fence I saw a man trying to cross the cove, this cove was a ditch that would go up in the land from the lake, when the water in the lake falls there would be but little water. I went immediately further inland and hurried to the site next the landing. There I found Mr. W. cleaning the clay mud off his boots, as I walked up to him, I told him I had papers for him, he came towards me as if to strike me. I had my right hand in my overcoat pocket hold of my revolver, but as I am both handed, as he bent towards me I struck him under the ear, and knocked him down, when he came to he found his hand cuffed him, and pretty soon we tried to settle the affair. Then I discovered he had put a knife into my thigh. The scar now is eight inches above the knee, one and a quarter inches long, and half an inch wide in largest place; the gash is nearly up and down my thigh while standing, so no large veins were severed. It bled in my boots some, but I put a handkerchief around it, and it made me no more trouble. Mr. W. wished to go on. He told me where I could secure the debt for the plaintiff, I thought of the consequences to him, his family would come on the town, I finally took an amount of cash, and left him to take the "Francis Saltus" steamer that was whistling for the landing.

I have meditated sometimes, whether I did right? But my judgment concludes that I did, every time, and the secret has been kept until here was



out January 10<sup>th</sup> 1902. Except John Capen of Goshen, Vt. got hold of some fact I do not know how, nor how much. He told me some things, I did not respond, he was friendly and respected my silence. For I had nominated him for Censor in the Addison County Convention at Middlebury a few weeks before. He was elected and served in that body, which were appointed once in seven years. It was the last assembling of that body in Vermont, as the law was repealed.

Immediately that day after horse and self were refreshed properly without a sleep, I drove to lawyer Prout's office in Salisbury, Vt. and after telling them Mr. W. was not to be found - told them where property could be found enough nearly to answer their claim, Prout made out the papers and gave me; then I cornered both lawyer and plaintiff "Mr. Huntley", that they had sent the writ and made it known Mr. W., so he could dodge me, and their object was to fasten the claim on me and my bail. As they could prove Mr. W. came to me after I had the papers, and I had neglected my duty in not making service! They would not own up, but looked guilty, tried to conciliate me that I was a good officer, diligent and careful. I think they gave me when settling the costs afterwards, seven and a half dollars. Prout saying for extra service! more likely for me to keep quiet and not expose them.

## Chapter 18.

I must now get ready to leave Ripton - But have to wait until non resident sale of land for taxes. I had the year before did some, what they call, good work, straightening out records, that were in a muss. For instance to give an example: Lot No 87 right John Hawley - set in list Orlando Wooster. (Who lived in Rutland) Then same lot set in list to Hiram Rider. (Lives in Bristol) still the same lot set in list to David Olmsted (Lived in East Middlebury). These mistakes had been made by ignorant collectors who had auctioned them off to these men, then when the redemption year was finished given the men a deed, while at the same time the first had redeemed, even put on record in town clerk's office, but collector had neglected to look it up.

For to find some proofs had to go to the County Clerk in Middlebury to find records when town first organized. The clerk "Dugald Stewart" would help me or then take notes to Mr. Chipman. for right decision. What they call in Vermont a "Kendue Sale" gives the best title to land obtained.

There were several of these errors, which I ferreted out, and the select men were so pleased, John R. New. Wm. Codman, Noble C. King. that they were to have a correct sale, that they sent word out about it. Now Pope, Peake and Holley. They first lived in Lincoln, Vt. the other two in Bristol, Vt. they had twenty four hundred acres of undivided land of Ripton, all in one body, never divided into 100 acre lots like the rest of the town, which had been drawn by lot when town was first organized to original proprietors from Massachusetts and Connecticut, except this which Pope, Peake and Holley claimed in one plot, and paid the price made by the

State of Vermont. Well, Pope seemed to be the main one to do anything about this individual part; and he came to the sale. He was a man I should judge well over sixty years; would weigh two hundred, he had an old appearance had been a Free Will Baptist preacher. He took snuff, carrying loose in his right vest pocket, and it showed plainly on his vest from his pocket in direction to his nose. He had some times come through from Lincoln to the Hollow, the road leading by father and always stopped at father's for the night. I suppose because father was a preacher and had preached more or less in Lincoln, Elder Ziba's Pope's home.

When the name was called out to bidders, Pope, Peake and Holley, land on which the taxes were between nine and ten dollars, it was struck off to the Elder for the whole section - no one offering to take the payment for a less number of acres.

My sales ran up that day to near two hundred dollars. This tax of Pope, Peake and Holley was the largest on my list.

After closing the sale I went to my room to count up the money and see if any mistake, as I had done everything myself keeping an accurate list of persons struck off. Looking over the money found a one hundred dollar bill on Middlebury Bank. I remembered no such bill. Where could I have got it? I thought of Elder Pope and he must be the man, then I remembered of his taking out one bill from the left side pocket of his vest the other side was his snuff trail. When my papers were arranged I drove up to father's where I staid nights some of the time, expecting to find Elder Pope there, they were just through supper. I went and spoke to the Elder. If he had missed any money he felt in his left vest pocket and took out five and ten dollar bills. He said, no. His money all right. Then I told him he must be mistaken, for I had found too much money in my hands, and some one had paid me a one hundred dollar bill. Pope looked bewildered. He put his head in his hands and thought awhile. When he spoke up. I have it. I was down to Bristol last week settling up, and there was due me from a man some money, and the man gave me a one hundred dollar bill on Middlebury Bank. As I had not mentioned the name of the bank, I was satisfied, and gave him the bill, and he paid the tax with a ten dollar bill. He then spoke to father he might be proud of such a son.

I spent the night there, and Elder Pope told of a great religious revival in the section where he lived before coming to Lincoln, Vt., from Connecticut. It was quite wonderful to hear him tell it, while the tears coursed down his cheeks.

In the morning after breakfast, he spoke about family prayer and referred to my act of the day before, and when I think of it, it has always encouraged me to look to keep in the right path.

I did not want this told of, for I thought it looked blundering in me to take a one hundred dollar bill for a ten dollar one, but it got out some way and Miss Smith's father said to me, it might happen to any one as the Middlebury Bank bill was most liable to mistakes, the way it was executed. This compliment from Mr Smith was the year after I proposed for his daughter, but I call it one "straw that shows which way the wind blows."

I attended this annual sale in 1849 made every thing correct, joined the Lake Dunmore Lodge of Odd Fellows in Middlebury, went down to Albany, N. Y. to find a job. I stopped a while on Jay Street with Edgar Barber a cousin of mine, but his wife was peculiar wished me to take her to a theater three or four times a week which cost for each time one dollar for us two, I seemed to have no help to meet this expense. So I got boarded at the Mansion House on Broadway near State Street for two dollars and a half a week.

I finally found a chance to sell receipt-books, just published and was working over the the places of Albany and Troy. When I met a friend I had known in East Middlebury, Carlos Billings who introduced me to an English book concern. 26 Paternoster Row, London, England. New York Office 26 John Street. It was not steady work. The books would not be received in New York to fill orders. I once in the summer of 1850 had a vacation at Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y., but made myself useful in copying in Westbrook and Kenyon law office.

Went to the Episcopal Church Sabbaths-introduced to George F. Root who had charge of the music. He invited after trying my voice, to take the tenor which I did several Sabbaths. Professor Root afterwards became celebrated in composing and publishing music in Chicago, Illinois.

## Chapter 19.

About the first of August 1850, I had been working for the George Virtue Company, Newberg, N. Y. delivering numbers of "The Life of Christ." Where I boarded "Thomas Patton's." Found the colored cook a woman that did not look so very old, on my list, I gave her one, she said, Her daughter not so very far away, one block, was looking for her number. I found her. Then a young colored woman came in who addressed the other as mother, she wanted one, then came in a grown colored girl and wanted her number! her grandme then explained, and said, "Her mother was cook at Thomas Patton's boarding house." Four generations. I wish I had asked the age of the great grand mother.

I had a spare day, and went across the Hudson to Fishkill with a Mr. Green an artist who had been studying under Vanderlyn at Kingston. Green and myself climbed up the Highlands to "Solomons Barracks". A most wonderful collection of large squares or nearly square stone. They would be from four to six foot square, from eight to ten feet in length, mostly in a horizontal position, one side was so nicely fitted as if they were placed by human skill.

Green gave me a line to Vanderlyn to give him when I went back to Kingston did so. Vanderlyn was copying a couple of portraits, that looked as if centuries had aged them. I hardly spoke as he resumed work. I studied the paintings in his studio, some of them very choice, worth the time spent looking. When I was going out quiet as possible, he turned and spoke, "Come in again." I did when tired

fooling the streets. When I went in I received a smiling nod, and afterwards be- satisfied by another study, on going out he would say "Come again. You do not disturb me. When I was in Westbrook's law office, I was telling Champlin, How pleasant Vanderlyn was to me, Westbrook spoke up. "That Vanderlyn was the most bristly man on the river!" Vanderlyn's face was the nearest Martin Van Buren for looks.

Now if any of my children or grand children when reading this cannot see, in following relation, how foolish a young can be, I am mistaken.

In Westbrook and Kenyon's law office was a clerk Stephen Champlin just re- ferred to above. He wanted I should go across the Hudson to Rhinebeck to see his Un- by the name of Champlin. He was a farmer, after supper he took me out to show me where he could sell me some building lots, the railroad was being made by the side his meadow. The Hudson River R.R. was then up to Poughkeepsie. Mr. Champlin so the lots were fifty by one hundred and twenty five feet deep. price forty dollars a lot, he would sell me three lots for a hundred dollars. And I could not see a thing in it I had nearly the price of the three lots in my pocket. What a foolish thing I could see their value? But look here! When I came from Newberg I found in the Kings- post office a letter from an Odd Fellow in Vermont-I must never divulge his name. The had the contents. How my "wildly bewitching" Sorelle was corresponding with a ma- "Stephen Remele" at Danville, Kentucky! This Remele was a student at Middlebury- lege, had graduated about one year before I left Vermont. Had been to see Sorelle once o- twice. Then when he left college, had this opportunity to teach in a family of three o- four daughters of a planter in Danville.

That will excuse me some in not seeing value in building lots. I do not thin it was 3 years before these same lots were worth six hundred dollars each. lasty (1901) I was told by a man acquainted with locations there, that they were worth more than two thousand dollars each. But that low price that Champlin offered was more than fifty years ago.

My correspondence with Sorelle continued though I discovered a coolness in letters, But I made no complaint. Not a word of what I had heard, finally accidental I sent a letter and left off the "Miss". When I was brought up sharp! she expected the next letter would be superscribed "Sorelle Smith Esq.". This closed nearly our corres- dence, as I heard Remele was to return by people at home.

After the Mr. Champlin offer of lots, I think the next week, I was at Kingston we- ing. A Mr. Smith had bought-down towards Kingston Point; where we went to take ferry for Rhinebeck, a beautiful grove of the whispering white pine. They were some trees three to five inches thick six inches from the ground and so thick together y- could hardly get between them. Smith had plotted it out for a cemetery, and he wo- sell that week for five dollars a reasonable sized lot. I could not see anything then. But before I left in the fall they were bringing twenty dollars a lot, another case of- nancial blindness.

I must confess I was not very ambitious, the future not colored deeply with

pleasant shades. I think if I could been at home at mothers, where I could have put my head in her lap face down, mind you and gave way to my feelings like I did when younger—the aching feeling would have eased up sooner.

I do not doubt but what others could sympathize with me, had some time like experience, but I had to enjoy all this alone. Time has something to do with these things.

## Chapter 20.

I think it was in August 1850. I went to New York to get stock to deliver at places up the river, and had to wait until the English Packet "sailship" should arrive. So I crossed what they called then Upper New York. I boarded at the Pacific Hotel, it was kept by a man named Flower. Three dollars a week. This Hotel was near City Hall Park.

I was coming down Broadway on East side walk, at that time it was called the fifty cent side, the other side was called the dollar side, as properly would rent be double price, on account of the sun shining to take off snow and wet. When I reached Walker Street at the corner, a man came from that street and met a man just back of me, they had just one word, when one out with his revolver fired, ball went apparently near my head, they both kept firing. It seemed to me in one minute there were more than one hundred around me closed up, two or three policeman. I did not want to be arrested as a witness, so I just crawled over the legs of the man shot down on my hands and knees through the mob and got out. My white pants were soiled. On getting to hotel, I told Flower how I got out of a muss, my pants showed the hard usage. Flower said I was lucky that I did not get shot. And if a person is supposed to be a witness of such an affair, he is arrested, and if he cant get bail, he is jailed until after trial, so your time would be practically lost. Your fees only thirty five cents a day besides board. At present a witness gets some advance from that price.

One of these men died, the other was thought to be crippled for life. When I arrived at Kingston on this trip a curious thing occurred.

The first visit I made this city I found board with William Davidson a justice of the peace for Ulster County. He lived in a stone house and his father on the opposite side of the street lived in one of a similar appearance.

These two houses in the Revolutionary War were called "forts," and was at the time I was there in 1850, by all the old people. These houses had been in the Davidson family for a long time. The old gentleman was about eighty years old. He appeared to make a living by keeping a small counter on the same side of the street of his house. The room could not be over eight by twelve feet, just room for his counter, and for his customers to get to the front of it and pass each other. He had to sell some pies and furnished nice boiled eggs with home made crackers. Any one would suppose his income would just support him and his aged wife.

The old gentleman had another son besides this William who lived in Troy, N.Y. in some mercantile business.

This son in Troy while I was there in July came down to see his parents and he had his boy with him a lad I think he was fourteen years old, and when his father went back to Troy, he left him with his grand parents to make a longer visit. After staying a week or so the boy returned to Troy. He had not been home more than a day or two, before he purchased something, and paid a Spanish doubloon for it. The man he let have the money was suspicious of the boy at once, and went to the father about it; then the lad was called to explain about it. He owned right up. His grand parents had told him that some day the place might be his; and he thought when he found the money, he had a right to it. He had been looking around in the cellar, and he had dug down in one place and found this "crock" what we call a stone jar that would hold two gallons, made much heavier than modern ware.

The grand father not going to the crock often had not missed any money. The son in Troy took what the boy had, mostly doubloons, not one hundred dollars and came down to Kingston. I don't know how they fixed it.

The justice William Davidson where I boarded was a chess player, always seemed to be ready to play if I dropped in to his office. He asked me to play a game and as we played, got his game all snarled up; his habit was in such an emergency to tap his forehead with his finger, saying, "Six from four you can't." Then went on and told what I have written above. "He claimed he and his brother knew nothing of this money but father had been saving all his life time. Why father owns this office." It was close to his lunch room. "And makes me pay promptly the rent, and owns where I live, and the rent must be met on time" He concluded. "That he and his brother had took a little spec and carried to New York for safe keeping at fathers request."

It got out somehow what the boy did in his grand fathers cellar, and when I was in Westbrook's office Westbrook made the remark. "He would venture to say, that there were a good many families in Kingston, that had more specie, that they could lay their hands on, than one could find in a bank. Westbrook was of a Dutch family, as well as Davidson and they the Dutch are supposed to be of very thrifty habits.

One day, some of the last of my visits there, Westbrook came to me, I was copying some law papers that day for him. Says he; "Hurlburt. Stop here in the office two years, and I will have you admitted to the bar in Albany when the two years are up." But I told him honestly I could not. For father had gone to California, and I had promised father to go back home when my year was up, and see to things, for I was the oldest in my fathers family. Westbrook put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You do as your father wants you should." In a few minutes he said, "well, I will ask you to my sisters wedding", giving date. This was the finest collection of people I suppose I ever met. I have never seen such a display of jewelry, in every conceivable fashion, before or since, Champlin said, It is reported that there bracelets, necklaces and rings here that are more than a thousand years old.

These happenings to me when I was feeling sore and sad over my fortune cheered me a good deal. Time has a great deal to do with disappointments

if you will only let it.

## Chapter 21.

I think it was in September, the Virtue Company sent me to Middletown, N.Y. on the Erie Rail Road. As I was delivering and canvassing. I went into a house where two elderly ladies lived. They had been paying in numbers for Fetchers Devotions. They once commenced to inquire of me. "I thought was right? (I surmised at once that one was probably of one mind, while the other was opposite) in the Presbyterian Church, The Old School or the New School? It would be all Greek to me. I had been brought up to read the Bible, especially the New Testament. My father having the opinion that the New Testament was guide enough. Now it was best to be careful as no salesman or agent canvassing should have any particular belief either in religion or politics. So I just mentioned, I was more acquainted with the Congregational Church and belief, living in Vermont, than Presbyterian. Then one of them commenced to ask questions, "What town I was from?" Answer, Ripton. "Did I know anything about the wild lands there?" Answer. Yes. For I had been an officer there, and at such a time, had a public sale of certain indent lands there. "Do you know anything about a lot. Original Right, Diadamia Sayeres?" Answer. Yes. For I sold out my half of it to B. Henry Bacon. It was a two hundred acre lot Coshen part of Ripton. "How long ago?" Two years ago. Bacon and myself paid a lawyer in Middlebury, Peter Star one payment of fifty dollars before I sold. Then one of the ladies spoke up. "I am Miss Diadamia Sayeres. Mercy sakes alive!" I am Diadamia Sayeres. And her sister echoed the words, "Mercy sakes alive!" And Mr. Star never let us know that the lot was sold. Miss Diadamia to explain said he father drew the number in her name. They at that time lived in Connecticut.

So I never committed myself on the question, about the old school and the New. And on inquiring to find out its true definition, the arguments are so fine and misty, that my memory which is good, fails to retain it.

I was at a preparatory service at the Congregationalist Church in Ripton. A young man who had lately joined, "David Kenyon" arose and asked the question? "If we do all we can on our part, and God does all he can on his part. Then if we die and go to hell and be damned! Who be to blame, be we or be God?" Mr. Kenyon was the minister got up and tried to explain to David, but I could not follow his argument close enough. I suppose because. I am not clear on foreordination.

In returning from Middletown on the Erie Rail Road. I stopped off at Coshen N.Y. as requested by Mr. Roberts. When most finished in looking at the chance for canvassing. I noticed a new barn like structure boards vertical, and a man near a counter or work bench at harness work. I stepped in then saw the family lived there. Curtains and bed quilts hung up to partitions, three or four children. I was showing him the numbers of the Life of Christ, O'Halloran's history of Ireland, and several other works. And he called his wife to look at them. Then he said, "You are a New



York City man, I can tell pretty well, have lived there, and know the way they talk?" No, says I, Am from Vermont. "Do you know anything about Addison County Yes. My native town is Weybridge. There he said. "He use to have an uncle there, when I was a boy. His uncle was lame, and he had a son "Alonzo Cook". Then I remarked your name is Cook? "Yes" Well that lame uncle of yours lives in Ripton, and is running the Smith Hotel there, His son Alonzo is main man there. Then went on and told him how Alonzo Cook married Columbus Smith sister of Salisbury, Vt., And Columbus Smith is a great lawyer now, and practices before the Queens Bench in London, England, and they are about getting a legacy from the Cook estate in England. Well he went for his wife, and told her, and he certainly kissed her six times, then he told me; "he knew nothing of this; he had heard his father talk about it; the Cook estate, and his father said, there was more danger of being struck by lightning than getting any money from England!" I left after he took address, where Alonzo Cook lived, so he would know when the legacy would be received. About one year from that fall they were paid off. Alonzo told me that his cousin wrote him all about my coming there, and it was the first they knew. Asked, How much they received? Something over four thousand dollars. I always was sure I left one happy family at Goshen N.Y.

## Chapter. 22.

I might have returned to Vermont now, but for the news I had from a friend that I was generally known, Sorelle was to be married to Remele, and there was to be a wedding tour. I have a little grip, and I was bound not to appear in that town of Ripton until after Remele arrived. So on returning to New York - Mr. Roberts wanted I should take a young Englishman, just come over, and show him about canvassing over in Jersey City. I did for a week; then Roberts wanted I should go back on the Erie Rail Road and look the ground over, and return by stage from Middletown through Montgomery to Newberg. There at Newberg was the last time I ever saw Carlos Billings. He wanted I should deliver to O.S. Fowler some books at Fishkill. The carpet bag would weigh near fifty pounds! I asked Billings, if he would continue in this business? He said, Yes. Then I told him, he would not live two years, and follow it! He laughed at me. Told me of his wife lately married and lived in Albany.

Billings was a tall thin framed man, I knew in all probability he could not stand the hard usage. Take forty or fifty pounds of books, and occasionally would the necessity of walking one to ten miles hurrying to make connections at steam-boat landings, all at a "rush" I know I traveled on foot that season both sides of the Hudson River, from Cold Spring opposite West Point, to Hudson city opposite Ather. Carlos Billings lived about one and a half years, and died of consumption. There always had it impressed on me, that there is a limit to human endurance.



I went to Fishkill to O.S. Fowler, "Plirenologist". He was building a new house never saw the like of it! About thirty feet diameter, eight square, or eight sided, we will call it octagonal. Necessarily some rooms were a triangle. After the basement was built of stone, the walls and partitions were carried up by strips of lumber one inch by three inches, and every other strip four inches by one inch. First lay one width and nail it; then the other wide and nail it, all laid horizontal. Then the walls ready for plaster. It is a very substantial way of building. The house standing near the Fishkill River, next the river appeared three stories. A part of the basement was reserved for the professor's horse and cow. This struck me as a novel way, and I suggested to Mr. Fowler. I saw an economy in roofing to which he agreed.

I was to have a letter from home when I came to Rutland, Vt, as the Vermont Central had finally opened to carry passengers. I will say at that time, it was the roughest road I ever rode on.

When I came to Rutland found the letter that Remele had not come, so I went to work there with receipt books for one week, doing quite well, sold all out, and was ready for another job. When a letter came that Remele had arrived.

At Ripton found plenty to do. My folks were glad to see me. I had concluded to go to my trade of millwright work in the town. After a couple of weeks Miss Smith sent for me to come and see her. Had heard wedding cards were out.

After seeing her, and a hand clasp, nothing further in familiarity. We made talk on various subjects. Finally Sorelle said I had changed in language and appearance. She seemed to be astonished at the metamorphosis in my case. I had a new suit of clothes in New York City style, perhaps this had something to do with my looks.

I will say here, I had always held women as beings to be highly respected, I placed her on a high pedestal, and to my mind to day I would fain keep her there. In date January 20-1902. Butte, Montana. I have never took advantage of her frailty. If I surmised they appeared, kept myself blind in that respect.

Miss Smith left me a few minutes, then brought out the gold watch <sup>and chain</sup> I had given her also gold locket and gave me, said she would return them. I had almost forgotten them at that time, my mind had been so wrought up on other things. She also said, to bring her letters and she would return mine. Then she told me of her near marriage, but she said, she could not invite me to the wedding.

This decision of Sorelle hurt me, for I thought of her marrying Remele, who was and whose family Congregationalist! Says I. Sorelle did not go to write me soon after I went away, that you had been confirmed at St Stephens Church at Middlebury, and for all the world, I had the book of Common Prayer in my coat pocket. I took it out and told her, I had read that a great deal since I left her. It was a long time before Sorelle could speak, and when she could her voice was broken to relate to me some poetry I composed at Kingston, N.Y., about the baptism of a child, and that Mrs. Nathan Wood of Middlebury said they ought to be published.

In my opinion just at that time no greater agony could be experienced by two human beings than Sorelle and myself.

I was about to leave when Mrs. Smith came into the room where we were and said, Mr. Smith wanted to see me. I went out and shook hands with him and sat down near him by the kitchen stove as he was smoking his pipe. Well, Hurlburt says he. You have changed in appearance in a year! I answered, I was the same person, and was not aware of any change. Smith coughed and spit. He said, "Sorelle is going to marry Remele." Concluding, "I don't know!" Then spitting quite often. I answered that I thought Mr. Remele a nice man. "Yes," he answered, "Stephen is a nice man." Smith spit most every word, and then concluded "Hire you are a fine man to." He could but just speak. Then I said, I hope Sorelle will get the one she loves best. My saying that broke him all up! He could not speak and myself in sympathy. If a question were asked, it would have been difficult to reply. But I swallowed hard, and see the situation was embarrassing, and I took his hand, and bade him, good night. Then went back to Sorelle to bid her good night. She clung to my hand, finally her arm was around my neck, and not a word uttered. Her mother came and rapped on the door, when we stood apart I took my hat and left. I heard afterwards on good authority (Mrs. Smith told my Aunt, Now Mrs. G.B. Webb) that Mr. and Mrs. Smith worked over Sorelle to bring her to for a long time, immediately after I left. And that Smith started several times to call me back.

I know I walked home saying to myself. What kind of a world is this anyway? It seemed to me at that time, as if I would remain single to the end of my days!

### Chapter. 23.

My experience with Mrs. Smith Remele was more or less talked about in Ripton, and other places, where we were both known. When the winter was passed, and the town meeting in March was held, I was surprised by the town making me first lister of the three. Also was put in the jury list, so I was about among people a good deal. Mr. Hemenway had left town, and the Congregational Church had preaching only half the time, and the choir and church had asked me back. Now I was with the young again, and I flattered myself that my skill in vocal music had improved.

The Universalist of East Middlebury had a new church, but no choir, they had a fine man for a minister. A Mr. Miller. They came after me to lead their choir the alternate Sunday, as Mr. Miller preached only once in two weeks. My time was all taken up. I remember the price at East Middlebury was one dollar and a half each Sabbath, punctually paid by Mr. Luman Hyde. Thus you observe I did not go mourning all my days. Only once in a while some friend happened to introduce to me the put-away history that I did not care to

dwell upon.

Occasionally I visited mother who had left Ripton and returned to Weybridge, and I would be in touch with young people there. I went to see my grand mother Bullard—though old she was pretty good company.

I recollect one day I was reading a paper cover novel. She came and took the book out of my hand, looked at the title and remarked "Hiram that book aint fit to read" Why Grandmother. How do you know? answer. "Have read it myself!" she said that with her peculiar look, that I remembered so well all through my younger days.

I had a cousin there she was fifteen then (sixteen in September 1851) that use to come and sit near me, and seemed to be still nearer my thoughts. She was really the sweetest disposition girl I ever knew. She really had an angel face, one could not find any change to improve it, her hair most black, with a reddish tinge, her eyes but dark, a great contrast in her complexion, white with rosy cheeks and lips, somehow we became quite intimate, her mind was peculiarly penetrating, and her judgment very clear for one so young. She was a devoted Christian, and really there was not one endowment to be added to the graces she was clothed with.

One day that summer her father "Doctor Bullard" was building a new house. Sarah invited me to go up with her, and she would show me the plan of it, as she had me by the arm she spoke "How sober I had grown". I did not use to be so." I answered, That I had had enough to make me sober. Somehow she brought up about Mrs. Smith Remele. she asked me to tell her just how it was? I did so, and wound up with what Aunt Cardua had told mother as a sequel to the whole affair. Sarah just broke down at this, come and set on my knee and cried as if her heart would break. She finally put her arms around my neck and told me, "she liked me better than any one else in the whole world." I could not help to be in sympathy with her. "And she was sorry for Sorelle, for she believed Sorelle would never forget the mistake she had made". I told my cousin Sarah, she was the sweetest girl I ever knew, and I hoped Watson Ayres loved her as well as I did. (I knew Watson had paid her attention and did not know how much Sarah thought of him) She wiped her eyes, and looking at me sharply, said "she did not love Watson Ayres, no one but me" and was in tears again. Saying, we were cousins, and not best to be nearer related; for her part she should live and be an old maid. I seconded that remark that I should be an old bachelor. Now truly we believed both of us at that time. That the case was closed up, verdict rendered, and we were both happy: We believed one another. We each saw in each other what we liked, and truly for me there was something to live for. That we would pass through life with these loving thoughts of one another.

Well after this most honest disclosure of one another's feelings, time passed on with glad wings; I strictly to my business, and seeing to mother, brothers

and sister. I would go away from Weybridge, and earn perhaps near one hundred dollars, and return, paying taxes, debts, provisions and other needed wants, finally father in San Francisco sent mother a one hundred dollar check. With this the next winter circumstances improved, and as part of mother's home was not finished, I went at it and finished it up; and though I would not see Sarah for a month or two months, our hearts seemed to grow together stronger and stronger.

This was in 1852, about the time of gathering apples. I had been picking a favorite tree of the doctors, so they would keep, and Sarah for helper, and grandmother was our company. We had a nice time.

After the work was completed, I was in grandmother's room, when I had the courage to ask grandmother. Why Sarah and I could not be husband and wife? "Well," says she. "That's curious, (Sarah who was a great favorite of grandmother) ask me the same question, and I made her this answer. That I thought it would be all well enough. You and Sarah do not look a mite alike. She is dark, and you are light. Closing with this remark. "Hiram if I was you, I would have a talk with Cullen."

## Chapter 24.

I believe love is of a Divine nature, when it is simply sought and returned in honest purity of purpose. I believe every tear shed either in joy or grief for (there are tears of joy) the Recording Angel jots down to the credit of that soul that feels and sheds them.

It was but a day or two. When the Doctor harnessed up to go to see his patients, the I asked him to ride too?

Now the Doctor had habits. There was a long strip of road from the Chalker residence to the Beaver Brook bridge, about half a mile, when it was muddy it was slow traveling. As you were going south at the right hand stood in line with the stump fence three quite good size pine trees, large enough to cut for timber, no other trees to be ficed. They happened to divide this distance in equal parts, four sections, Now, when it was slow traveling in the clay mud, the Doctor would comfort himself in speaking out "First pine tree". Then after reaching the next it would be "Second pine tree."

After we had left the Chalker house, I told him of the predicament I was in. That I had a strong affection for his daughter, my cousin Sarah, and at the same time I was aware of his intelligence about cousins marrying, and I had hesitate about saying anything about it. I plead my case only as one in deep earnestness can. I represented to him how I had taken care of the family since father went away, I was clear of debt, and had done the best I could. I seemed to have the whole floor, finally we reached the first land mark, He spoke. "First pine tree." I did not know but what my case was hopeless, but I still kept pleading. When I looked to see his face, the tears were coursing down his face! I kept silent. After awhile, he asked me if I had talked with Sarah about it? "I told him I had not in the way of marriage

For I was positive there might be objections, but I said, We are quite sure of a strong attachment for one another. Then he said, "Have you spoken to your aunt 'his wife' Wealthy about it?" I replied, No. But I had suggested to grandmother. "What did she say?" She advised me to talk with the Doctor.

Then he got to the second pine tree, and remarked, "Second pine tree" Then he said, "Your aunt and I have seen how this has been going on, and we don't see but what it is proper, and according to what I know, you are not alike. You are light, Sarah is dark hair and eyes. You know your aunt is part French, her grand father. Aubrey was French and Sarah resembles that side."

Then he said "Grievous!" (A word he used at times as an exclamation) "But Hiram. Do you know that Sarah has a frail constitution? Her sister Wealthy naturally much the stronger, went with the consumption? I did not answer, and the Doctor could not say any more then. After awhile he said, "Grievous". "Guess I'm growing childish" But concluded that if we kept of that mind he saw no objection, better wait one year, then Sarah will be eighteen.

I wrote Sarah a letter, and related what my success was in a few words, and when we saw one another again, we both seemed to see a happy future. There were no obstacles now, Sarah told me, that pa said Hiram was very manly. I saw grandmother, she beckoned me into her room, and said, "You saw Cullen?" Yes, I replied. That was all, the old lady was looking happy, as if it did her good to see others happy!

I could not help when it would come to my mind of the affair with Sorelle, and that I forgave her, all the grief that came to me. I wanted every one to enjoy life. I was sure I had a girl that knew her own mind. Probably there was never a happier couple than Sarah and myself, when we went to Salisbury to my Brother Henry's wedding. Married to Esther Boardman, although Henry was my junior by five and a half years. I was pleased to see him get the girl of his choice.

In the winter I took a circular saw mill to build for Drake and Twitchell (of Way bridge) in Ripton. I kept preparing, by finding proper material and have it ready to setup when spring opened.

I was successful in getting the contract along and when the wedding day came, Sarah set the day in September three or four days before she was eighteen) Her car came from Waterbury, Vt., and united us as husband and wife.

Next morning Sarah's brother Benjamin carried us to Basin Harbor where we took the steamboat to go the popular route up Lake Champlain, through Lake George and rail to New York. Then steamboat to New York City, to stop with Sarah's Uncle Harvey Aubrey, visited the Crystal Palace Exhibition. Mr. Aubrey handed me tickets to Barnum's Museum one evening. Before this he had introduced me to a Captain Leonard of the Police, when he was in uniform. When we were at the play the evening at Barnum's, as the recess between the acts occurred, I rose up to look around, as I turned a man behind me was standing facing me. Says I. Good evening Captain Leonard, He seemed surprised that I knew him. Saying,

"How did you recognize me?" Answer. By the color and expression of your eyes. The Captain was dressed in citizens clothes. The next day we visited Greenwood and the Captain was along for company. He came to me when there was opportunity, and said, "Wish you on our force. I have talked with the Chief. We want you on the detective list. Take your time to consider. But Sarah did not favor it, and the Doctor was not favorable, and the more I thought of it. I joined with them in their opinion."

## Chapter 25.

Uncle Aubrey went with us to the Hudson River R. R. Station. We were going by rail. When we came in the passenger room, there was no one at the ticket office window but there were several men in the room, and, I had noticed warnings up in the office "Beware of pick pockets!" Then when I went to get my tickets, the whole of the spectators walked up too! Uncle Aubrey was standing in the outer door where we came and saw the whole performance. He looked for a policeman, but none in sight. As they all seemed anxious to get tickets, I turned about facing them, and looking at the one I thought the leader - I remember his eyes were of a greenish hazel color. I said, "I can wait gentlemen!" They all seemed to take the hint and sort of melted away greatly to Uncle Harvey's relief. When I got my tickets, Uncle said, "Hire I was sure you would be robbed." Repeating the worn remark. "Never can find a place when you want him!" continuing, "Never saw a more bold piece of work! It will well you know something about the city, and he should report to Leonard before night!"

We made no acquaintance on our trip to Middlebury only the Congregationalist minister Rev. Mr. Clark came with us from Troy. He had a bookstore at Middlebury and preached in Ripton every other Sabbath, and I was leader of the choir there when possible. He made considerable fun for Sarah, telling that anecdote about Hon. Daniel Chipman's writing. In relation to his publishing the memoirs of El Allen and Seth Warner, how I translated the letter when Chipman could not.

∴ I took Sarah to Ripton where I was finishing Drake and Twitchell mill being with my brother Henry awhile. I was calculating to make a strike for a hour and as I had some reputation as a millwright I went to Centre Rutland, to Win. Ripley. It was about the first of January 1854.

I saw Mr. Ripley, who said, "He had heard of me", but his work was all stopped till spring. Then he would commence quite a mill in Mendon, and I could have chance at that."

I came back in the evening, the cars got to Middlebury 1/2 past 7-P.M. I walked into Nathan Woods store: it was pretty cold, and sit down by the stove. Mr. Wood came and sat by my side. His first remark was, as my boots were in sight "Hurry you ought to have a larger foot" (I wore number seven) "a man of your weight" (which



was near one hundred and eighty pounds.) I understood him some what, he could toller when he felt like it. Then he changed the subject "I have been talking with Mr. Philo Jewett of Weybridge. Jewett has got a little money, and he and I, propose have you go up to Rip-ton, to the old Sam Hendrick saw mill, and build all new, pick our own help, and we both will see that you are reasonably paid." He put on his ston mile, saying "Do you think you will be secure of your pay?" Says I. Yes. Just as good as Middlebury Bank! Then Wood proceeded to find out my price? I said, Have just been to Wm G. Ripley of Centre Rutland. Who says, He will give me one dollar and seventy five cents a day, and board, but I can't get to work until March.

Wood said. Hiram, you better go right up there and see what you want for your work, and plan how you want it, leave all to you, then you take a week to make drawings and fetch them out. Your pay will begin when you start for Rip-ton to see what you want. I did not feel the cold on the walk out to Weybridge. I was studying Wood and Jewett's mill.

I went immediately up to the place. Looked how I would have the mill stand; where I would place the shingle-mill, also cut-off works for slabs and for lathe and pickets.

Then back to Weybridge and made the plan on paper, with every piece in the frame, even to the braces, and estimated lumber to be required. Then to Middlebury where plan was accepted. Wood carrying me himself to the job with my new axe weight three and three quarter pounds.

I boarded with a family by name of King, and had the sons for helpers, George, Yorman and John King. Sarah thought we had better keep house. So when spring was fairly come, we moved into a house I had owned for some four years. David Sherman had occupied it paying a low rent. The first story was cellar back, but finished up in front, the second story not finished, only ready to plaster.

But for us it was a palace, our wants were few and we had means to meet them. July 8<sup>th</sup> we had a daughter come to us, I obtained a girl. And she was so afraid to touch the little doll! It was in a hurring time, and I had to work pretty hard. I remember of coming home several evenings, and the little Ellen would cry, and nothing would do or satisfy, only to walk the room with her, and if I should write how little sleep I had would scarcely be credited. But the clouds all passed off in a short time; and Sarah wanted I should give her the money to pay the girl, for she did not want her. Which was done. Then for help I had Mrs. Ardenne Phillips to help Sarah when she wished.

I finished the mill. And Wood and Jewett came up and wanted to talk, they wanted I should take the mill by the piece, on every thing, so much a thousand feet on lumber and a price on shingles and lathe,

I wrote a contract in duplicate, but did not put, but did not put in the time it should run. When Wood read it over, says he: "I have not mentioned the time it should extend."



Now Wood when I was at Bacon's shingle mill, (as related in a former chap had dealing with us. We Henry Bacon and myself had bought at beginning of co weather some goods to keep at the mill, to buy shingle logs with and to pay in shingles; but it came on excessive cold weather and the mill wheel froze up; the river in the river shrank, and we just could not meet the date of payment with shing So without any warning had a writ served on us. The amount was sixty two dollars I found my half, Henry his half, and I went down and settled it.

I know the cost was one dollar and thirty cents - my half sixty five cents. Dan Church the sheriff asked Wood (so Church told me) What he wanted to sue those ye men for? "Oh! To stir them up, it will do them good.

So when Wood asked me How long the contract might run? I told hi just long enough to get out of you one dollar and thirty cents, cost and interest you made Henry Bacon and myself. That pleased him, and he had to tell Jewell the ste And I told Jewell how we were frozen up. Wood laughed and said "Did 'em good".

### Chapter 26.

"Well, now about the time for the lease urged Wood, Says I What do you propose: Ninty nine years!" He turned to Jewell, and said, "Hurburt, can keep account straight so you can understand it. When his father was here, I tried him to let me have the be but his father would not consent." We set the lease for three years.

Marshall Cloyes had a shingle mill right below this mill of Wood and Jewell's with a tidy house and two acres of land and a fine barn. Cloyes had a fever to go Kansas and wanted to trade with me for my place in the Hollow. He kept at hi-fers of lowering his price until I closed with him. So we changed places.

Now I want to make a statement that I was never really twenty one in busine until I was forty two years of age, for I was still caring for mother. Father had hired girl before he left Ripton several years, Miss Jane McQuivey. She did take up all her wages, but left one hundred dollars on interest taking father note. This spring that we moved up there Miss McQuivey who had gone wes with her brother Nathan; ordered him to come to Ripton and collect the no I did not get the cash quick enough, and McQuivey had a county court sued or thers real estate.

I had things to meet of my own, so to meet the debt I worked all day s round the mill, then half the night sawing shingles until the amount was earn and carried the account to Wood, got the cash and took the case out of court.

It took just about two and a half months to earn this extra but it w accomplished.

This year we had such a call for lumber, and a large stock of log. that I run the mill night and day. I had my brother Henry on one trip a

Charles Damon for the other trip. Furnishing them house rent that belonged to the mill.

Damon was one of that kind of men, that was true as the sun to rise and set. I learned Henry to file the circular saw's and it was a source of income to him, as he went west, finally got a position as saw filer in the Eau Claire Lumber Company's mill. Some of the last years of his working there he had one hundred dollars a month.

Damon's wife was sick and died and he was in grief. I had paid him his wages up along as due and he come to me for funeral expenses, for which he wanted twenty dollars in cash. I had kept my books posted with Wood, so I knew every week my due. I gave Charles Damon an order of twenty dollars on Wood, and Charley went to Middlebury on foot nine miles. Somehow I felt as if Wood might object to paying, have some excuse, and so I made some excuse for business and went down. As I got to the bridge over the railroad I met Charlie. He could hardly speak, but finally got out, that Wood said, "No money to day". Says I Charlie, just come back with me. We went into the store. Wood was behind his desk. I said, Mr Wood. Do you protest my order to Damon? He just looked at me. Then said, to his confidential clerk, "Billy pay Mr. Damon twenty dollars". Some time after I was in the store, and Billy had a chance to speak to me, and said, "You brought Uncle Nathan to terms? Yes I said, I never overdraw my account under any circumstances and you have here a duplicate all the time. Yes Wood said to me, "Hurlburt was mad!" Concluding, "I think he would have sued me if I had not paid him!"

Wood had the name of gruffness, as long ago as the merchants went to Boston by stage route to buy their goods once a year. Wood had made an uncommon large purchase at a wholesale house, and he stood in the street, while two young clerks were letting down by tackle a pile of boxes. One of them seemed to be astonished at the quantity; so he spoke to Mr. Wood saying, "You have two stores in Vermont haven't you?" Wood answered, None of your sauce there boys! Down with the boxes!

Hon Daniel Chipman's widow took quite a liking to my Sarah. I was in there one day, Ellen was a year and a half old, and the old lady wanted to tell me, that Mrs. Hurlburt was fine looking, and wished me to bring her down there for an afternoon. Now Mrs. Chipman was a cripple and could not leave home, she had fell some time and broke her hip, had to have two crutches. She was somewhat tall and slim, stately appearing. When I saw her she was sitting in a chair very straight. It was but a Sabbath or two after Sarah's visit that we went to church, and we waited some minutes and the minister from Middlebury did not come the old lady sit in her accustomed pew she beckoned to Deacon Cook. Cook went out and soon back from her house which was nigh the church, with a volume of sermons; then beckoned to me, I went to her pew, and she had the book open to a sermon, then she had selected a hymn, then wished me to stand behind the communion table and read the sermon! All which I accomplished to her sat-

-isfaction. After the meeting she spoke to Sarah, to wish her to let me help her home which I did. She always had some one to lean on when going to and from church using one crutch. She had to inform me. I read much more distinct than Deacon Lewis, and she should ask me again if the circumstances occurred like to day. As we came to the house, she said, Mrs. Hurlburt had better blood than generally for her daughter shows it.

Mrs. Chipman asked us again there to tea one day, and the table was furnished with a set of China ware with her name made in the ware. This was quite a curiosity to us. Mrs. Chipman relating how Mr. Chipman ordered it from China when he was Representative in Congress.

Mrs. Chipman was a congregationalist of the most aristocratic type; Fix exactly at 6 P.M. Sundays she would have her knitting work in her hands, and especially as particular would she observe 6 P.M. Saturdays. Mrs. Chipman was the only place Sarah cared to go, except an acquaintance afterwards made.

## Chapter. 27.

Mr. Wood took a contract to furnish two hundred thousand feet of one inch market boards, nine and one half inches wide, for Heywood of Boston. Heywood was stripping the whole of Addison County of oak timber to put into "shooks"; these nine and one half inch boards were for the heads, which called for a diameter of nineteen inches. As I had heard a good deal about Heywood, how sharp he was; and that he had three sail vessels plying between Boston and the West Indies with these shooks for barrels; returning with sugar, molasses and rum. I thought a good deal about the responsibility, and if there should be any discrepancy in keeping account of measurement, I would be long after. So when Wood was at the mill one day, I asked about his contract with Heywood. He said, "It was not finished yet." Then I told him to be sure and have the lumber taken from the saw or board way; as if piled up to season it would shrink; how much I had kept to myself, as my contract with Wood and Jewell was by the thousand feet taken from the saw.

When I was in Albany at the Fountain Inn, boarding, in the year 1850 I had been employed while the civil engineer was sick to look after some lumber being unloaded from canal boats, and had directions from the officer how to do in inspecting lumber; giving me a small book with rules. If lumber was green. It was to call for 2,000 feet pine or whitewood to make 20,000 feet and of spruce there must be 17,000 feet to make 16,000 feet of spruce seasoned.

The lumber was carefully measured taken from the board-way and carted East Middlebury, and piled up in square piles the usual way. When it had been seasoned it was measured again by Almon Tupper, when it was found to fall short some six thousand feet in one hundred thousand feet. Wood came up when Heywood told him of the short

age; I told Wood what the law was in New York State, but Heywood was crabbed and they finally left it to arbitration; the true facts in the drying of lumber was ascertained; and Heywood acknowledged the Yankees in Vermont were equal to those in his native state Massachusetts.

Wood had closed the contract of heading with Heywood. I had measured the last load, and was wondering if there was not a respite from driving work. I was at the house looking for some forgotten bill to correct. When I looked down the road; I saw a horse and buggy coming up the grade; as he came nearer, I saw it was an elderly man, heavily built, and after looking a minute or two until I could make out the high crown silk hat, the hat gave a nod for ward; then, when another rod was passed, another quick nod.

"That man" said I to myself is Wm. Wilson of Brooksville, Vt., That nod was familiar to me; for years before he had had the grass scythe forming under the trip hammer; the nod was the token for the helper to let up on the gate handle, which shut off the power from the water wheel that carried the hammer. I walked down to the highway to this old acquaintance, wondering what could have induced him at the age of seventy five years, to climb the Green Mountains, and such a distance from home.

After the usual salutations; he immediately let me know his business. saying "I have come to get you to build me a sash sawmill at Brooksville. That dam you built here for Hiram Rider several years ago has never been put to any practical use, and I am going to have a sawmill at my end." There was an occasional nod to have the gate partly shut. This habit he could not avoid; but it never annoyed me, for he did not appear to know that he made it. The outcome of this journey of Mr. Wilson was, that before 4 o'clock P.M. April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1855, a bargain was made for me to furnish every thing, and put up a mill twenty two by forty four feet in a good and substantial workmen like manner, and have everything in readiness to saw lumber the fifteenth of September following. Mr. Wilson on his part, was to prepare the place for a flume by blasting or cutting out the rock in a suitable manner; his part of the contract to be finished by the 1<sup>st</sup> of July next.

Now this Mr. Wilson was of a stern disposition. His ideas of contracts was that they must be kept; and woe to the contractor who failed to be on time! I had heard his past history of a law suit with a brother, in regard to a contract, that was continued in court for years; until finally, Providence seemingly took the suit in its own hands and sent a July freshet that swept away nearly <sup>all</sup> possessions of both parties; and there was nothing left for either party to lay claim to.

Immediately after making the bargain, I made active preparations to do the work. The place where I lived was sixteen miles from the mill site, and this was the way I arranged: I made out my plan for the building, had the lumber all prepared, the carpenter work completed where I lived, the frame ready to set up on its arrival, the teamsters delivering it on the spot. Then I appeared at the place, with suitable help, ready for operations. Very soon, the frame was up and covered; but the 1<sup>st</sup> of July came and went, without Mr. Wilson having the water way prepared. Uncom-

monly wet weather, causing high water, kept the men that were blasting and cutting rock from doing that part of the contract; and a delay of three weeks hindered my progress, but I still kept getting ready, so that when the way was clear I could hurry up the job.

About the first of September the owners of the pine timber in the mill yard corner around and notified Mr. Wilson that the wood worms were working their way through the pine logs. They could be heard, where a log lay up from the ground on skids, with their z-z-z, z-z-z as steady as the tick of a farmers clock, making their industrious headway through the valuable pine, without any regard to the owners loss. Mr. Wilson had agreed to have the mill ready to work by the time my contract expired. There was not much conversation between us; but I kept steadily at the work, planning every reasonable way to secure the completion of the job as soon as possible.

I wish to leave this account, and write of something that took my attention, and sort of lightened up the care at this time.

Mrs. Sylvester Fisher of Ripton who had purchased the Chipman farm and lived in the large two story house in the Hollow, had fenced off the grounds with some shade trees, that had been from time past used as a place to hitch the horses of the people who came to the Congregational Church, this act of Mr. Fishers was not taken pleasantly by Ripton people who came on Sabbath to worship; as I was at church one Sabbath while waiting for Mr. Wilson to remove the rocks so as to place the flume. I stood at noon talking with John R. New about this inconvenience. I looked at Mr. Fishers house and said "If I had done that thing, I should be afraid somebody would do something to me. He said New "They would take one of Fishers big cart wheels and carry to the top of his house;" Some of my men must have heard it; for two of them were standing near; the next day (Monday) Fisher was hunting all over the Hollow for one of his cart wheels. Finally, some one driving on the street looked up and there was the wheel with hub stuck in the high chimney, above the roof at least seven feet, how they accomplished such a feat considering the height; and the weight of the six foot wheel was all not to disturb any one in the house. Fisher had to get a number of men to get them out and down. Mr. Fisher removed the fence right away; so the church goers could have the trees for a shade. I could never find out who accomplished the act. But to return.

The second day of October found the work finished; the first log was rolled on the carriage and made into boards at 2-P.M.

Mr. Wilson seemed pleased with the work done and said, "We would go to his house and settle." This was soon done, and the balance due of several hundred dollars was to be paid according to contract. I was waiting to receive it. When Mr. Wilsons "The mill must be warranted for one year, before any payments would be made."

Now we were on good terms and had had no hard words at any time of our acquaintance. So I was prepared to act.

Some three weeks previous to this time, I was at Middlebury settling with Jaso Davenport's hardware store for castings, when his head clerk Martin Dorrance inquired

about my building a mill for Wilson, and Porrance being well versed in Mr. Wilson's former history, he told me in consideration of my youthful experience in dealing with people of all kinds. To keep cool, keep the bars up in my bargain with Mr. Wilson, and not get frightened; but keep ready for anything that might turn up."

After Mr. Wilson had made the remarkable assertion of warrant (in our contract not a word about a warrant) I was silent probably five minutes. It seemed longer to me, and I was trying to choke down my anger and control my voice, when I said, "Mr. Wilson, I will go out to my tool chest there in the mill, which contains a good padlock with three feet of strong iron chain; and I will lock the gate that admits the water to the wheel to move the saw; and that gate must stay shut, until the warrant you ask for has expired."

Now was the time for Mr. Wilson to be silent. No doubt another five minutes or more passed, while he took into consideration his contract with the owners of the logs, and the harm they were taking. At last his head gave that familiar nod, and he said, "We will close up the contract at once." which was done with no further argument.

## Chapter 28.

In December there was two hundred dollars due from Mr. Wm., Wilson according to contract. Mr. Wilson had sawed out a lot of custom lumber, but it was slow collecting saw bills. But as I had a team and carriage he wished me to go with him to some of the wealthy farmers in New Haven to see what could be done. First he called upon Walter Barton. We found him in his house, waiting on Mrs. Barton, who had been an invalid several years. Mr. Barton was in no mood to produce money, and Mr. Wilson wished me to drive on to New Haven street where a Mr. Meacham who married Col. Hoyt's daughter, they were of note and supposed to always have cash; on calling for Mr. Meacham, found he was absent, but Col. Hoyt was aware of the saw bill due, but the Colonel had no cash in sight.

We were in the drawing room seated - both Col. Hoyt and Wilson were somewhat deaf with age. They were seated about six feet apart, and the Colonel was anxious to make known to Wilson the sad degeneracy in finances of the time; the excessive prodigality of the present generation. Why they take the tallow that would make candles and carry it to Vergennes, and sell it for six cents a pound and buy and pay ten cents a pound for candles! These two men leaned towards each other until to me they looked as if they might with the least exertion tumble towards each other on the floor; so earnest were they in talking and hearing.

On Mr. Wilson's resuming his seat in the carriage he was led to tell me his thoughts, "Barton in the house a nice fair day, in his shirt sleeves caring for his wife! and the wealthy Col. Hoyt with no money in sight." Continuing, "It is reported the Col. Hoyt was known to have under his pillow money every night." Bringing the nod to have the gate shut with energy.



"Well, Well! Hurlburt I know sure who has the cash. We will drive down to General Nash and see how the land lies." We were soon there at the Generals. He was just come home from Middlebury. And he had to calmly remove some of his coats with peculiar slowness, but at last invited myself and Wilson into his office; Mr. Wilson known his wants, when Nash said, I have no cash on hand; perhaps a little balance Middlebury Bank. (He was at the time president of that institution) but after much thought and reflection he seemed to see a way to accommodate; as he knew parties had money, and, Mr. Wilson must expect to pay a small gratuity for the accommodation Mr. Wilson mentioned. "There was quite a bill for sawing." Nash promptly answering that would be met by the sale of wool; or from dividends from the Bank Jan, 1st. They had some more earnest talk about the cost of trouble. When Nash took his check book and gave out the amount.

This experience of Mr. Wilson's seemed to stir him up a great amount. And the remarks he made appeared to be a new lesson to him, in his old age. "Why," says Wilson, "I have always known Hoyt. Many years ago he raised hemp and he had it stacked out in the field; but he could not get the price he thought he ought to. So sent a hired man down to the stacks and set fire to them, all burned up! Col. Hoyt got none. Why he had money, more than he knew what to do with. Why Hurlburt: You can see that he had money to burn!" Of which statement I could well believe.

In 1857 Aristarchus Mobbs came to Ripton to live, first I heard of it Alexander Kenyon came to my house and wanted to buy me out, house, shingle mill barn and few acres of land and I was not satisfied with the surroundings, so I gave him a price which he accepted. The writings were drawn and four hundred dollars in twenty dollar gold pieces were paid down. Mobbs had paid down in gold that he had drawn from a bank in the north part of Vermont.

I had in my mind for some time looking in some way to purchase the C. J. Atwood property in the Hollow; which was composed of two dwellings, two choice pieces of garden of more than an acre, and a bark mill for tannery, also a building partly framed 30 by 80 feet, which had lain most three years.

Atwood had left it nearly finished, also in the bark mill a seventeen foot over shot water wheel partly out to put together with the water brought in a round tube and a bulk head from the pond. Mr. Atwood left all this owing to a "gold fever" for California. But as fortune or misfortune would make it. He was taken with that country fever, was out of his mind a good deal. One day requested his wife to bring his revolver, she knew no better, and as she stepped out of the room shot himself dead instantly! His brother in Ripton was appointed executor.

I went to Mr. Atwood to see if a bargain could be made which he considered favorable; and I paid most of the gold toward the first payment. Then moved into the largest house. Now my daughter could attend school.

I continued to run Wood and Jewett's mill, but was contriving to pick up the threads Charles B. Atwood had unwound; but on figuring up the cost found



needed too much capital to carry out the enterprise.

A young man Levi Lewis came to me with his father "Deacon Lewis" and offered to buy out half the water privilege; we traded and then we were in earnest to carry out Wood's plans putting up the building and placing in it a rotary saw mill.

About this time Sylvester Fisher had made a contract with Selden of Brandon to furnish four hundred cord of white birch for pill boxes, and persistently endeavored to give me contract to saw the timber, I would not take the contract, I saw too much risk, so Mr. Fisher and Levi Lewis secured Deacon Lewis to buy out my half so they could work the contract.

At this time I was desirous of leaving the town, I found by being Justice of the Peace a number of years, that there was an element in the town not desirable to live among. I had an acquaintance Jonathan Funnell whom to know was to find a true man; who would not flinch in ferreting out crime. His death at this time was singularly mysterious. He was the Grand Juror of Ripton, and things had transpired of which he had the knowledge, and he was sure to bring the facts before the Grand Jury of Addison at the June term of Court.

One day he had set his brush afire to burn a "fallow" for spring sowing of grain. I went to see about it, the fire running into some valuable timber. This was the last seen of him alive. The atmosphere being in condition to make the smoke low to the ground. Finally after the fire had burned low; he was, on a <sup>found</sup> pile of brush burned to a blackness. At the inquest I was one of the jury, and put my hands under the burnt body to remove to a hearse, to carry it on, I felt something in my hands, after laying the body on the hearse, in my hands were part of his pants with purse of it twenty four twenty five cent pieces of silver, six dollars; every particle of clothing was burned except these two hand fulls.

At a post-mortem it was ascertained a tree must have fallen, a limb striking his breast causing instant death. But how come the body several feet from the track lying on his back where he never moved as shown by the clothing found in my two hands?

After the funeral and burial, it looked so much like foul play, that Addison was in much excitement, one of the Judges of the County came up to Ripton with officers and surgeons, the coffin was exhumed and another post-mortem was thoroughly held; but no trace of new evidence was obtained only a man known there in town was missing; and after a most thorough search of the woods for miles around no trace could ever be found. The verdict of the jury was, "The death by an unknown cause!"

## Chapter 29.

Levi Lewis married, before I sold to his father, a fine young lady

living in Salisbury by the name of Laura Wooster: Sarah and this lady became close friends, but after a few months she became sick and under the doctors care; Mrs. Lewis confided to Sarah her confidence and Sarah was sure I ought to caution Lewis in his behavior, which I promptly did; but he asserted his innocence. Finally the physician came to me and complained; and I as readily before told Lewis of the complaints. The young wife kept running down and Mrs. Lewis was in such sympathy with her that I was fearful it would undermine her health. I offered to take her to her father's in New Haven, but she would not be so to it as she was so much attached to Mrs. Lewis. The end came to this lovely woman and there confidences of terrible wrong that can only be explained by those most intimate, and as soon as the funeral had passed, Sarah did not wish to remain in Ripton another week. As soon as possible Sarah went to Weybridge; while she stayed several months to finish up the machinery for sawing pill-box timber, when I left for good to make a home somewhere else.

I thought then and often since that the Atwood property was the opportunity of a life in finance; but there was a class of inhabitants that would apparently commit any crime if they chose to, my conscience would not allow me to join passively in their nefarious acts - and if I held aloof, they would come down on me with the burning of buildings or some other way to ruin my prospects in making a home. I had a talk with John W. Stewart of Middlebury afterwards governor of Vermont he gave his advice not to remain. Also Rev. D. P. Hulburt the minister at our wedding he making the same.

In the spring of 1859 the body of Wm. T. Bentley was found drowned in the pond to the mill I sold the Lewis's. This was another act that could only be guessed at - whether criminal or not. As Bentley was a hard drinker; it was passed by as an accident. Deacon Lewis undertook to keep along. He had a carcass of beef hanging in his locked barn that was stolen. His endeavoring to find out who had done the deed was so near a success that his saw mill was burned down. All this transpired I became satisfied that I had done for the best. I was trying to keep my wife. But she seemed to be fading away. Her teeth were poor and I made several attempts to have them extracted with small success.

I did not know but what Sarah would improve in health if she were back on the mountain in Ripton; so I took a house in 1860 to build for Washington Cook, and I finally succeeded in having her board there at Cooks with Belle Two months or so she improved in health some; but I was sadly aware that it would be only a matter of time when my darling would leave me. Once I mentioned my fears to her but she cheered me, that she did mean to live a while longer.

In the year 1861 it was my main thought all the year to do for her so she would not leave me; I knew what others thought, for I had it hinted to me. She kept me sweet company through 1862 and 1863; and I really began to think we might travel life's journey together.

In 1864 my Grandmother Olive Harvey Hurlburt died, in January. Sarah wanted to attend the funeral. The weather was fine, with a good team and warm buffalo robes I was sure no harm could come. But the cold increased to a low temperature the next day on our return; and with all I could do to prevent Sarah became chilled; and on reaching home in Weybridge there were hours before she could recover from the chills. I trembled then and I tremble now when I think of it. I seemed then to be made aware that a death sentence was passed. My mother who lived with me did not seem to fear fatal results; but Sarah's life gradually passed away from the 7<sup>th</sup> of January, closing this life April 12<sup>th</sup> 1864.

The last two weeks of her life I did not lay down to sleep, all the sleep was just to lay my head on the bed when sitting in a chair and sleep, Sarah's whispers would arouse me. She would not have watchers, just myself to watch with her. She would say, "Hiram, We will not be long together and I want you with me all the time." In the morning of the 12<sup>th</sup> I was sent for by James Cole whose wife had died, to go as one of the bearers to the funeral. I asked Sarah, "If I should go?" "Yes," she said. "But come back as soon as you can." She passed from earth at 8 P.M. Her last words were as she beckoned with her hand. Meet me in Heaven.

My four little girls were in good health when Sarah left me; but in twenty four hours my second daughter dark-eyed Olive was taken with spinal meningitis, and in forty hours was no more. I was stunned with grief. Perfectly willing to follow my dear ones. But my cup of sorrow could be increased. On the 29<sup>th</sup> my third daughter was taken with the same sickness, in two and a half days she left me to join her mother and sister in the silent tomb.

Now why should I wish to live any longer? But I had the eldest Nellie, and the baby Kate. And they want me, and then my mother. I was her oldest son. And could it be possible for me to stay in this world for I wanted to meet Sarah in Heaven! I had gone without sleep so much that Doctor Bullard said, I would never get over it, for I would drop off to sleep when hardly aware of it. This bothered me for some months but finally my strong constitution recovered its usual tone and life began to be tinged with possibilities. I could earn money some way for my two girls; I could see duties to my mother. I drove into labor with all my might. I wanted something to employ my mind away from this great loss. George Smith of Middlebury came for me to take charge of work at Thomas Shackells, a cattle drover. I went and had charge some of the time of eleven men; as I was put in control of the men, so of the manner of the work - my mind became occupied.

## Chapter. 30.

About the time Sarah was approaching the shadow that we could not avoid yet hoping to be passed through and stay with us awhile longer; a lady came through the Rebel lines at Chattanooga, Georgia, to reach her northern home, from which she

had been absent several years. When we were children we had played together when older we had attended school together, I was her senior most a year in age yet she was older in the ways of the world, had married Dr. Edward Smith of Western, N.Y. but had buried him. He had consumption. Then she studied and graduated at Fort Plain, N.Y., and excelled in music, painting and the French language. Then an opportunity came for her to teach in Holstein Conference College at Asheville, N.C. She retained her position there until the institution stopped on account of the civil war. Then she went home with some of her girl students to South Carolina, and became a teacher-governess for some time. But the war grew more desperate, and there was no other course than to get north; as she had some extra pupils; she went home with one by the name of Dawse to Chattanooga, Tennessee. It happened soon after her arrival there; that General Grant had laid siege to that city. The family where she stopped were obliged to go in the basement, as shot and shell had passed through the dwelling. Mrs. Smith nee Herendeen made application to Gen. Grant. When Grant found a northern lady wished to get home to the north; he took her in a box car travelling all night alone with him; only when aids came to the General for orders. In the morning they reached Nashville, Tennessee. Here she changed her Confederate money for greenbacks receiving one dollar of greenbacks for ten of the Confederate. She had to use economy to reach her deceased husband's friends at Western N.Y. After a short stay, she came to her mother's Mrs. Eliza Herendeen at Weybridge.

Mrs. Smith was very much affected at the condition she saw me, being in use to the disease she could see where I must suffer; her whole heart was called out to baby Kate as well as to the eldest Nellie; and when Sarah had left, the baby clung close to her, and the baby's love was met as strongly by Mrs. Smith. I did not realize for some time what a possible <sup>help</sup> she was to me in lightening the load of grief; but after some months I became aware what a friend I had. I had heard her mention she must soon be making exertion to find her work again as teacher somewhere.

When I sensed this situation, her going away, What should I do? What could I do for her? To invite her to join with me to make a home again a home to my little ones. For her to take such a place, to leave her cherished work on which she had expended so much time and money; it seemed to me absurd to think of such a thing, and it would be extremely selfish on my part to entertain such thoughts, and I tried to press back such an unwise contemplation.

But what will not a good woman undertake when her sympathies are called into action. I have always considered my baby Kate, won for me a splendid woman, a woman who could repose perfect confidence in the one she had devoted herself to love. I am not a poet, not even a rhymster, never could find the plan of rhyming without bungling. But I was in such a state of mind one day that I must pen something.

Some rhymes I would make, without any haste  
Of a lady, I know of beautiful taste;

An eye that is dark of language divine;  
A hand that a prince would most certainly pine.

This angel one's name, ah! shall I relate;  
It dwells on my lips with feelings so great,  
Sweet Helen! Dear Helen, I long for the day,  
When I shall be with you, no more for to stray.

The thirteenth of September, is destined to be,  
A sweet pleasant time for you and for me;  
If Providence willing our hearts we'll unite,  
And love one another by day and by night.

Sweet Helen you've taken much care on your mind;  
An Ellen and Kate, I hope they'll be kind,  
A dear loving mother I am sure they need  
For which I will love you, so truly indeed.

These lines I will finish and leave in the "till";  
Where we have some keys, that fit it will,  
So now my dear Helen I bid you good bye;  
In hopes that your pen to me will reply.

At this time the acquaintance of these parties had passed to a firm understanding of each others feelings; we could, <sup>look</sup> to childhood, remembering of one another's actions at school and parties, all of which acquaintance was pleasant to dwell upon.

Where we went to stay some days, having Kate with us, at Amsterdam, N.Y. Delta and Western, N.Y. Fort Plain and Chattenango, it was remarked that we appeared like old married people.

When our first son Carl came to bless our union we both felt the responsibility to do our best to make a home; we both had experience that made us sometimes grave.

I am going to have the privilege now of explaining why I did not make more advancement in getting dollars together so as to have a home of my own earlier in life.

My father Hiram H. Hurlburt, Senior, went <sup>to</sup> San Francisco, Cal., in 1849. He was injured by his horse in the Spring of 1861. His driver was sick, and he went himself to the city with his meat to furnish his customers. The horse not well bro-  
runaway injuring his stomach; it was claimed by his physician that the outlet to his stomach grew up, that no food could pass. When he found the end was near he made his will. I was appointed executor here. He sold his ranch to a Doctor

Treadwell taking cash \$1,000, the balance on mortgage at 12 per cent.

Soon after his death Dr. Treadwell sold to a party; then after a short time this party wishing to cover up his property from his creditors sold again to another person. After this other party had his affairs arranged he claimed the property back; but the last purchaser did not remember any such agreement; word brought out their revolvers, each fired, one died in ten minutes the other lived until the next morning. This happened on the corner of Stockton and Sacramento Streets, San Francisco. Immediately both these families went to law to see which should own the real estate.

This was in law over seven years. But was settled and the heirs had their portion divided to them in June 13<sup>th</sup> 1868. So one can readily see that I was not really twenty one until over forty one years of age; my life had been spent in making payments, in taxes and livings for two families, and, it appeared to me the right thing to do under the circumstances. The check for each heir was one thousand nine dollars and 30 c.

## Chapter 31.

My sister Arlie having married Gordon H. Spigg; my mother was inclined live with them; her only daughter, and as my wife Helen had some government land, or hundred and sixty acres in the town of Sheridan, Powsheik County, Iowa. We thought pack up and move to that state.

For one thing I must keep from mill work, I was repeatedly attacked with lumbago in right hip and back; and the physician I consulted advised me to keep away from the water, especially the building of dams.

I reduced the household goods to such condition they could be boxed. Helen went to Delta, N.Y. and I started to see what was best, and where to locate. We had ascertained that Sheridan was settled principally by Holland Dutch. We doubted the policy of trying our fortunes there.

I left Weybridge April 20<sup>th</sup> 1869 with horse and buggy; there were deep drifts of snow, neither pleasant traveling with wheels or runners. The 23<sup>d</sup> I reached Poultney, no snow, the place looked pleasant in the morning sunlight. I looked around the Grand St. Station; saw <sup>new</sup> a building on blocks; as if to move some where. Then looked down a new street and saw what appeared to be vacant lots. Inquired for the owner of the property; and before 6 o'clock P.M. bought a lot of Gardner Parker for one hundred and fifty dollars, and the new building on blocks, of Merritt Clark for one hundred and seventy five dollars; then went to report to Helen at Delta N.Y.

I came back and shipped boxes to Poultney from Middlebury and the 6<sup>th</sup> of May borrowed some square timber of Mr. Willard of East Poultney and had one sixteen year old boy "To Maxsa" with a steady horse, bull wheel and rope, some rollers put the rollers under the building which was eighteen by twenty two feet.



Of course being a stranger I was observed by the station men. When I got ready to start the horse to turn the wheel the station agent Ben Rice remarked to the baggage master Derby. "Does the D-n fool think he can move that alone?" I spoke to Jo to start the horse and as the ground was about level the building moved half its length; then Rice spoke again to Derby. "By G-d, I guess he will!" and indeed I was fortunate the next day in getting it to the cellar just dug with horses and scraper, and was soon laying a wall under the building.

Our house was just opposite the freight house; so I could roll a barrel with my foot into the yard in front of my house. We were soon initiated into society taking a pew in church and the children a chance at school.

I studied what I should do, was watching slate roofing, and the shiftless way some did the work; so I put an addition on my house, and did the slate roofing myself. I was soon in demand at that business as slaters were scarce.

The 5<sup>th</sup> of July following I was in charge of a job for George Gunnison at Crown Point, N.Y. quite a large structure for a hotel.

January 8<sup>th</sup> 1870 I went to Saratoga to help slate the roofs on the Grand Union Hotel. It was being largely rebuilt by A.T. Stewart of N.Y. city. I was in the basement fitting slate for the Mansard Roofs, and I noticed the architect Jehuathan R. Beers was observing my work. After working one week, I was called to the office, and was told that the slating was to be under my supervision entirely; to see about material, if the help were not expert and careful I was to dismiss and they would furnish the help I wanted.

My wages were advanced from \$10.00 a week to \$15.00 a week and board. The work on the French Roof was very trying to one's health, especially on the North side - it was the seventh story ninety eight feet from the side walk. There were several days in February when the mercury was below zero.

It was while on this hotel that an experience comes to me of peculiar import it made a subject of meditation, through all subsequent years. I must confess that it brings a comfort to me that common things cannot do.

It was Sunday morning February 8<sup>th</sup> 1870. Though to be exact I can point to the hour half past nine o'clock A.M. I had been living in Saratoga N.Y. from January 5<sup>th</sup> boarding at Dr. Hamilton's Medical Institute, Sundays found me at the Methodist church. The Society was in need of a new edifice, and in the effort to get a subscription raised, to build what they thought best with the majority caused some friction, some thinking that extravagance was aimed at. A brother Harvey though quite wealthy was quite sure they were going much to far with their estimate, and when Professor Wilson, Dr. Hamilton and Dr. Strong put against their names five thousand dollars each - Harvey would not put down anything. This subscription dragged through January and the new structure was expected to wait awhile. I noticed at prayer meeting that the



subject brought a coolness to the spiritual feeling; and brother and sister Carpenter, steward and stewardess at this Institute were sure the subscription was blocking the the efforts of the Church.

I remember the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> of February; it was cold and snowy and I was not sure it was duty that called me to the love feast set at half past 9-A.M. but as it had been a precious season to me many times I went.

The room when we arrived was full quite, and soon after we were seated the Pastor opened service by singing; then passed the bread and water followed by prayer offered by an aged minister. There was at this moment no particular manifestation. When almost instantly there seemed to come to every one a powerful thrill!

A sister was speaking in her usual way and manner when she could not speak any longer, and took her seat. It appeared to me that, of the about one hundred present there was not a dry eye in the house; handkerchiefs were used all about me; and there was silence that could be felt! After several minutes of silence a gray haired minister rose up and with tearful language said: "Brethren and sisters. I have been in the way of the Cross to more than fifty years, I have read about the Holy Ghost and have tried to know the Comforter, and preached the Holy Ghost. But now I have seen and believed.

It was a season of the shortest testimonies, there were tears and smiles of joy in every face, and what was so strange to me; the stillest Love Feast I ever attended. After the close of the service there was a look of wonder in every one's face when you took their hand and spoke with them. And weeks after, this meeting was mentioned with sincere reverence.

The last of April more than two months after this love feast I was there again, and when I mentioned to Brother Carpenter, and inquired how the building subscription progressed answered by referring to the wonderful Love Feast, and that every one present was shown their duty.

## Chapter. 32.

The 22<sup>nd</sup> day of April I had the roofs of the Grand Union finished about as they are today January 18<sup>th</sup> 1903. The Seward, "Mr. Chapman" in answer to my inquiries of How many rooms? said there were two thousand, the largest Hotel in the world!"

The last thing was to measure the roofs, then get the number of squares. The civil engineer of Saratoga had been with me some two hours when he left saying "My figures were correct, two hundred and twenty eight squares of Mansard Roofing. I was measuring the Central Tower for the "Steward" to make a statement to the landlord Warren Leland. A man stepped up to me introducing himself by name, as, Abner Doble of San Francisco, California. The first thing he wished to know was, What kind of tooth and how inserted in a circular saw plate used by old Mr. Holden in Rippon, Vermont in the year 1844? I took a nail from my pocket and marked on the slated roof where

we stood a section of the saw, placing two teeth together, making a showing of how of how these teeth were put in the saw plate with the rivets that held them in place. Then Mr. Doble said I must go with him to New York City. That he had been in Ripon to find me, then Weybridge, next Poultney in Vermont, finally Saratoga. I said, no. I was going home to Poultney. Mr. Doble explained to me how that the Spaulding Brothers had improved the inserted teeth, had it patented, and the Emerson Circular Saw Co, of New Jersey, were infringing on the Spauldings patent, now claiming this saw used by Holden had the same round tooth for years before Spauldings patent, concluding that if I would go and state what I knew he would pay me ten dollars a day and all expenses there and back to Poultney.

I saw the case like this. Doble could get a paper from some office in Saratoga and compel me any way; so I in courteous manner accepted his offer. When we came aboard the night boat at Albany we found that the boat was held some two hours by Albanians making their attentions to the President Gen. Grant and his daughter Nellie. It seemed to me then and it does now as if they overdid the thing. I took a seat on the second deck and waited until the boat started, when I went down and just took hold of the general's hand. Oh! How it was swollen and puffed up from so many hundred shakings.

When I reached New York the next day and put up at my usual Hotel "French's" I found the Messrs. Spauldings lawyer Mr. Wheaton of San Francisco, and when he was informed that I was somewhat familiar with the city, he wished me to take charge of all their witnesses adding to my present pay twenty dollars for one week.

The court was held in the fine rooms of New York City's Patent Office Attorney Mr. Clifford in White Street. It was just to take testimony to carry to Sacramento, California, to use before the United States Circuit Court to be held in that city.

After some reflection I acquainted Mr. Wheaton that Benjamin Bacon of Egin Illinois, knew the same facts I knew; also a Mr. Thompson of Montreal, Canada. Then I was commissioned to send telegrams for both these parties. I wired to Bacon if he could come? He answered "Yes." Then asked him "What train?" He told me. And I gave him the hour to meet him at the Astor House.

According to arrangement I met him on the steps to the Astor House I supposed the telegraph was sacred and to be trusted. I spoke low to Mr. Bacon and took him quietly to the office to register. Then said I would come for him in the morning. When I come to him the next day. He told me. "A man stepped up to him as soon as I left." Saying "This is Mr. Bacon? Are you intending to stop long in the city?" Bacon answered "He did not know". "When do you leave the city? and Where do you intend to journey next?" Bacon. I am thinking to see my brother in Philadelphia,

Then in a very gentlemanly manner took from his pocket a one hundred dollar "Greenback" and proposed to Mr. Bacon that it was his if he would take the night train for Philadelphia. Bacon was too old to be caught; but when his testimony was taken this fact was brought out. We had each days testimony

printed in pamphlet form for next morning's perusal. This trying to make witness see different from what they knew to be true; instead of a square plate inserted in the saw plate. To remember it was round or circular form.

One witness in my case from New Hampshire went to the barber shop in this hotel for a hair cut he had a little work done they call shampooing and when they offered to pay, they told him the price was five dollars. He refused, they flared up in the barber shop and was apparently going for a policeman! When the man paid the five dollars; he came in the reading room, and, instead as usual extra talkative, he was very quiet. Finally he came to me and wanted a private talk, to which I consented. He told me of the robbery, then I asked him to come with me into the shop; after some hesitation he consented. I walked up to the boss barber and in a gentle manner asked him if one dollar was not a reasonable compensation for his services for that man, pointing to the one he had robbed. He brushed up inquiring "Who be you?" I pleasantly said He would find out. "Ah! You are the officer in charge of witnesses - after a little thought, no more words, he took out of his till four dollars and handed to me.

This New Hampshire man appeared much more quiet, evidently he reflected that he could on returning to his home, relate one fact of New York City life.

It became pretty tiresome to listen to direct and cross examination of witnesses. Every question and answer had to be taken down as uttered by two shorthand clerks. When Mr. Bacon was called upon, the cross examination questions numbered fifty nine. As I grew more tired and saw that I would be called nearly last on account of care of the rest; I planned in my own mind how to make my idea clear to the court. I took a sheet of paper and with my pen and a string I drew as follows. I said nothing to Mr. Wheaton (Spaulding's lawyer) about it, perhaps I should, but I was thinking of having myself understood. So told no one. Next to the last day a Mr. Israel Enos of East Middlebury, Vermont, as I was passing through the outer room, called me to speak privately. Enos took from his pocket book a fifty dollar green back and offered me, and the only consideration he asked was "That when my evidence was taken to tell the truth!" At first I could not see the point, but recovering myself I said to Mr. Enos, That I did not need pay for telling the truth. He urged in vain some more, saying, I had been very officious in having charge of witnesses.

The last day when I came on the stand, I was asked to tell the court the way the feet were put in the saw? I drew the plan from my pocket I had made, saying: I had drawn a plan just as I knew they were placed in the saw. Well. What a commotion it made! The court called me to the table, asking, "Who told you to draw this?" Answer. No one. Then he furnished me with a sheet of drawing paper and I was then and there to draw a duplicate of what I had presented the whole room looking on to see me do it.

The drawing was reproduced the next morning with the testimonies. Wheaton was quite eloquent about it; wondering how I came to think of it, my answer was.

that it seemed so hard for them to understand how the teeth were inserted in the saw plate. I was questioned if I had been offered cash, which I stated just as it was naming the person who offered it. This was in my evidence.

Before I left, Mr. Wheaton and Doble went out on Broadway and purchased on Broadway a walking stick and gave me as a present. Saying that when the case was tried at Sacramento they would give me the decision. Which they did. There was an injunction put on the Emerson saw factory to make no more saws like the Spaulding patent. But what I never could see the justice, was, that every owner of saws made by Emerson saw company would be liable to a fine collected by the Spauldings of one dollar on every thousand feet of lumber manufactured. I understand since, that the Spauldings have never meddled with any party to collect such fine on the East side of the Rocky Mountains. I noticed in a few months the plant in New Jersey was destroyed by fire, but was heavily insured.

From Messrs Wheaton and Doble I learned that my fathers property that he sold before his death had been in the market and brought over two hundred thousand dollars.

### Chapter. 33.

In the autumn of the year 1873, I took the slate roofing to the Columbian Paper Mill at Chatham Four Corners, N.Y. It was a new stone building. As I had roofed two houses that season. Beckley and Adams at Chatham Four Corners and one for Frederick Miles at Copake, N.Y. This paper mill would finish up the year for the section.

As there had been some failures in business, I went to the Bank at Chatham Four Corners to inquire about the solidity of the Columbia Paper Company. Mr. Robinson the President of the Bank said, "The company always met their paper." So I went on with the work. I noticed there were some queer doings at their quite elaborate office and I was not satisfied with the appearance of some things, still they flattered me, saying, they had more work for me in the spring to renew roof on the old part, and my material was all on the ground. It was an extension making a large building. The whole plant was a large one, two large paper machines, and a pulp machine. They were at this time making paper from pin wood. They also had a farm of three hundred acres. The man who put up the stone building, was a Mr. Benedict of Troy, New York. He had some twelve men with him, so I supposed really the company would prove good.

The boarding house where we stopped had at least fifty boarders, one morning after breakfast, the keeper called my attention to rather an amusing circumstance. Saying, "That my men were all one could expect; but one of Benedict's men that morning had eaten seventy six pancakes for his wife had kept count, also it was a losing business to him." I mentioned to him that the person might get filled up which would sicken his appetite; the fact got out among the boarders

and the man had to leave, as the jokes were more than he could endure.

When I was through with the roofing I obtained cash to pay freight on slate and cartage, and board bill; and the balance \$500, took a three months note. This was in March. In April I moved to Centre Bennington. When the note became due it was protested at the Chatham Bank and at First National Bank in Bennington and at once the Columbia Paper Co., went into bankruptcy. I was down at Chatham June 21<sup>st</sup> and the Company was all right then. Settled with Beckley and Adams taking their check to balance; on the Chatham Bank for seven hundred and fifty dollars. When I presented it to the Chatham Bank; they wished me to wait until the next week; but as I was leaving for Bennington I urged payment; they covered with other drafts and part cash, all of which proved good at First National in Bennington.

When the Columbia's note was protested I was down at Chatham, Mr. Beckley was quite anxious to know if I collected his check? He said he was thankful; for he had only eleven dollars left in the Bank, and the Bank had failed! The Columbia Paper Co., owing the Bank between sixty and seventy thousand dollars.

We were all notified to appear at Hudson July 21<sup>st</sup>. There were something over one hundred creditors present. Mr. Benedict of Troy was there with two lawyers and he had placed a mechanics lien on the property. The company owing him over two thousand dollars, and to meet his expenses and pay his help Mr. Benedict had mortgaged his residence to the Troy City Bank. Well, we talked over the affair with one another, and there was a general expression, that we would get seventy five per cent on our claims. But I saw no chance; still I did not mention my doubts as they would all be against me. But I had no regrets in not making a lien on the property. Somehow I had no faith in it.

The bankrupt court gave all the privileges possible to make a good sale, to when after the bidding in Wall Street, New York City, only reached fifteen thousand dollars; they allowed the assignee Mr. Robinson of Broadway, N.Y. to advertise again for three months, when it was bid in at seventeen thousand five hundred dollars.

The last meeting of the creditors in court in bankruptcy of the Columbia Paper Company was called December 18<sup>th</sup> 1874. Mr. Robinson the assignee, quoted as being a millionaire was sick unable to be present. In his place a young attorney. After Court was opened he proceeded to explain. (I will say that when we came to the Court room at Hudson there was only eleven of the creditors present.) "They had sold the property for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. They had rented the paper mill to a Boston party for such a sum, who had made paper out of white cedar bark. The horses, oxen and farming tools together with rents of tenements amounted to such a sum. And the dam on Kinderhook Creek had one end washed out, that expense of repair was mentioned. There had been paid to each employee fifty dollars according to the law requiring of cases in bankruptcy; and to day is Mr.

Benedict of Troy who had made a lien on the estate of between two and three thousand dollars amounting to a sum of some much with ten per cent interest added. Finally upon striking a balance on receiving and paying out, there was only four hundred dollars." There was a delay as the young man came to this point. When I spoke up and said: "Would it please the Court. We might draw cuts for this small amount to meet the demands of nearly one hundred thousand dollars? I expected to be called to order! but the remark was taken as intended like a joke causing quite a ripple of laughter. But the young lawyer hurried to explain in great earnestness. "That could not be! Mr. Robinson the Assignee had not been allowed a dollar!" Then turning to the Court he said. "Quite likely this Court will give this sum not paid out to Mr. Robinson to help a little on his great expenses."

Well now, How did this come out? Mr. Robinson was not worth anything, his bail was no better. Consequently Mr. Benedict who had mortgaged his residence in Troy to the Troy City bank, lost his home. The Bank of Chatham was broke never able to pay depositors but fifty seven cents on a dollar. One of the largest merchants told me: "If a fire had gone through the place it could not have been so destructive." As the merchants had made it their bank of deposit.

I have never been able to see how I could have avoided this loss and do business in what is termed, "Business manner." I had inquired at their own bank, and supposed I had been reasonably careful to be secure.

## Chapter 34.

In 1876 I was slate roofing in Schaghticoke. I had finished the Graded School Building and was doing several other buildings. I came there the 10<sup>th</sup> of February to collect the balance due me from Mr. William F. Thompson the contractor. I had settled with him, and found four hundred dollars due me. Mr. Thompson said he could not pay me until the next week, it was Saturday and I wanted to get to Bennington to care for work there. Mr. Thompson said he would send me a check the next week.

I went to the Hotel of Johnny Downs and set by the fire, it was a cold night out, thinking I would take the 7 o'clock P.M. Train from East Schaghticoke Station. Then something seemed to come to me, that I would need that cash certainly the next week on my return to Bennington; finally I let the stage go without me and made up my mind not to leave until I had the cash, so I called at Lory Baker's a clothing merchant as he was one of the committee. Mr. Baker was cutting out a pair of pants when he saw me. He asked. "If Thompson had paid me up?" I said no. Says the committee has not paid, but expects it next week. Mr. Baker looked at me and squinting one eye seemed to be in a study.

I went back to the Down Hotel and set down again studying the situation



I says to myself I won't leave here until this is paid. As it was after 8 o'clock I walked up to Mr. Thompson's residence to call upon him. He came to the door when I rapped and seeing who it was slammed the door back but my foot was in the aperture so he gave that up and let me in. He seemed to be intoxicated some and was walking the room. I spoke and said, Mr. Thompson, I have concluded not to go back to Bennington until I get the cash due me, as I must meet obligations.

Mr. Thompson flared right up, saying, "I was a G-d D-n Red Cent Yankee and that I agreed to wait until the next week; when he would have sent me a check I answered. That we would argue the case. So as he was walking the floor with his coat off, he did most of the talking. His niece who was his house keeper looked scarce. Thompson went on with extravagant language showing he was a good deal under the influence of liquor. Finally as the clock struck nine he looked at it, saying, Mr. Congdon, the Post Master had got home from the post office, and he would go with me to his house and see what he could do for me.

As expected Mr. Congdon was there, and the two went into another room and after some time Mr. Thompson came out with a check of Mr. Congdon's on the Troy City Bank for the amount due me.

Probably there never was a person walked the mile, and a half from Schenectady to Valley Falls with lighter foot than I did, to take the mid night train to Bennington.

Some five weeks after I was on the train going to Troy, when Thomas Lape of Valley Falls came on the train. He came and seized himself by me, and after the first salutation observed, "When he heard I had lost four hundred dollars by Thompson here sorry for me!" Then I was surprized! saying to Mr. Lape that was a mistake as Mr. Thompson had paid me in full. Lape replied "Do tell." Why says Mr. Lape, Mr. Thompson went away that very night you mention, and no one knows where he is and that he is owing money at Albany and Mechanicsville for the lumber and it was told that I had lost the amount due me.

I had promised myself for two years if possible, to take in the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. My wife Helen had been willing to take this trip I had lost so much by unexpected ways that cash was not very plenty. But I was sure of one thing that this National Show would never occur again in my day.

I waited until October 17<sup>th</sup> 1876. When board could be obtained much less than the first opening. The journey down there by night boat on the Hudson from Troy was delightful. We found company that was pleasant, and we should have been in Philadelphia in good season the next day; but a hot box on one of the cars hindered some three hours, but finally at the close of the day we found our previously engaged boarding house not very desirable, some ten more persons to sleep in the same room first night.

I was careful not to have this occur again. I had begun to discover these great collections of people were to make money. Why, The mistres - a widow



told me she had earned most two thousand dollars, and as soon as the close of the Exhibition she should go to Paris in France to spend the winter.

I went out the next morning before breakfast to procure some luncheon to suit Helen. I laid the luncheon on a mantelpiece in the sitting room; but when through breakfast found the luncheon gone. I think that was the first time I ever had anything stolen I could not account for. So I kept silent! The first day at the exposition was splendid. We saw a great many things. But what to me appeared the most attractive was Sweden and Norway. In figures of nearly life size. One was a young man had secured the love of a young girl and was pleading his case with the fair one by his side with the parents(?) The mother seemed to be willing; but the father who was working at the family timepiece, looked unwilling to grant his consent, as he was in the minority, of course he could not finally object.

The next was the first-born at a paternal home visit, all were in pleasant countenance, and there was the sweet-glad some look of happiness that no other circumstance could produce. Then next to this was the death of one of the little ones in after years; when there were three little ones. It was really affecting. The grandparents were looking older, the husband and wife more matured, and this sorrow came to them deeply; though the young wife clung with one arm to her lawful protector, while each had in hand a living child to still live for.

We were rather late leaving the grounds, hurrying along when we passed an Arab in Mahomedan costume, he had a black traveling bag that looked heavy loaded and just as we came opposite the bottom burst out, and what a lot of foreign gold coin rattled on the hard ground! And what a scared look he gave us as he tried with his clothes to cover from our sight. But an officer of the grounds went to his relief as it was getting twilight.

We stood this immense examination of every thing for four days, when on the fifth day I was worn out, I ached all over, all that I could endure was to find a seat and sit down in the largest building and listen to the music and notice the many different natives of other countries passing to and fro.

When we came back to Bennington we found in our absence that my eldest girl Nellie was having an anxious time with sick ones, nearly diphtheria, and I promised myself that I would not again leave my dear ones to battle against sickness as I had my Nellie for any such prolonged recreation. I have not taken in any more of those oft recurring expositions.

## Chapter 35.

As I had secured but little of this world's goods and was getting along in years I was on the watch for a chance to make some money. I was well aware that this last trade of state roofing if I was permitted to live to old age

would be outlived; no one should work at slate roofing when becoming old and have stiff joints, if he insists on it sooner or later he will get a tumble, and at least be crippled up.

One day when painting tin roofs or what we call flat roofs, I could see an improvement to hold paint brushes with a handle long enough to work in a standing position on a roof, so I had a model made with drawings to send to Patent Office at Washington, D.C. After close examination I was allowed a patent.

Then I discovered there would be cash wanted to introduce it. First I went to Boston and tried to sell to parties who asked to buy by mail, but they were careful only to advertise for me, to make sales to parties who might wish to manufacture for consumers to use.

When sometime elapsed and no sale made I went to New York City and particularly to Spuyten Duyvel to a factory that were in the business of making up patent inventions. "Isaac Johnson". I now found out the only course to put my invention on the market was to manufacture them; then place in hardware stores for sale. This would cost some hundreds of dollars, and I had not the means, so the dreams of profit were never realized. This was in 1881 the patent to run seventeen years; of course I used them myself, and were a help, making it easier for the laborer. But 1898 the patent expired, and what money I spent in trying to introduce is in the items of profit and loss! Now April 6th 1903, it is mostly forgotten, except a casual look at my diary some item calls it to mind.

July 5th 1880 found meat work slate roofing the largest barn I ever saw. This was for Frank Barton who married my cousin Sorelle Bullard, it was at Waltham, Vt. It was built like the letter "T." the top of the "T." was a building 98 feet by 50 feet with 42 feet in height. The upright part of the "T." was 120 feet by 40 feet, it has two drive ways to carry in the hay and grain. It was calculated for five hundred sheep in the upright part of the "T." basement, there was a cellar for a thousand bushels of roots for feed. A fine room in the main part or top of "T." 98 x 50 for fifty Jersey cows, it would have bays for hay to store three hundred tons and storage bins for two thousand bushels of grain.

The building called for 500,000 feet of lumber. I wrote up this description for the Bennington Banner, and closed with the question. Where was the larger barn? It was copied in the "New England Farmer" with the question asked, then went to the "New York Tribune". No one claimed a larger, but I suppose it has been matched and perhaps beaten.

Barton had a farm at that time of seven hundred acres on Otter Creek, he raised sheep, some buyers from Australia came there and paid him \$13,000 for seven sheep bucks in gold. He was raising a head strong breed of horses, strong to endure hard usage but somewhat vicious, hard to break to be gentle and kind. After some years one of them bit his arm crushing the bones causing his death.

One day while slating his barn, it was at the noon meal in presence of about twenty, I begged to tell a story that I had heard related. That Barton had fifty

acres of meadow on the creek. He had made of it a cornfield, putting on a good deal of fertilizer, then he stocked it down to timothy grass and red clover, the timothy much of it grew to the height of five feet, there was such a yield it had to wait for harvest until the seed began to shell as there would be no room spread for drying, there was heads of timothy which I measured at the time were eleven inches in length, it was cut and stacked, and when baled for market there were weighed out two hundred tons from the fifty acres.

Barton saying the statement was correct, and he sold most of it to Bonnet of New York City proprietor of the "Ledger." Then Barton added that he could raise five ton to the acre on the same ground. But would have to take two crops in one season.

The last day of May 1877 I commenced the repair of the spire to the 2nd Congregational Church of Bennington. The winds of the previous season had loosened the wood frame of the spire on the brick foundation. The spliced main timbers had drawn apart on the east part loosening at least one thousand brick; it had torn the wood work of the cornice just above the brick walls, and the worst feature was the finial at the top whose main iron at top was two inches square of iron twenty feet in length, and let into centre piece of wood at top of spire eight feet; this solid iron projected above the wood work twelve feet, and to which was added to of screw work in iron so that it was called half a ton weight; this finial had been blown by the wind so much that the extreme top was bent to the west, between two and three feet.

The Congregational Society, had met to consider the damage, and, had voted to remove the finial; the height of the whole spire, was two hundred and three feet from the ground. Now it appeared that voting did not take it down. It made some talk around and special remarks by some Rev. Mr. Luther the Baptist clergyman; That one could claim property as high in the atmosphere of this earth as high as they chose if they did not attempt to occupy.

In the mean time I had been studying the subject, and when Mr. H. G. Root the committee to repair had come to me to talk I was ready to make a proposition I was to have some castings to be made and bolted on the spliced timbers, then by bolts draw the splices back to place. Then I was to have some southern pine eight by sixteen inches let into the stone foundation of that size across the north east and south east corners near the bottom in the basement. Then Mr. Root was to get some one and a quarter inch rods of iron to go from these corners up to the rafters of the spire. And there was to be two couplings with right and left hand screws to each rod made so a bar of iron could be placed in them and screw the rods rigid; then the repair of the wood-work. I would undertake the work for forty cents an hour and no hurrying. I informed Root the rods could be found and made ready at St. Albans Vt. where they fitted out steam boats for Lake Champlain. After getting the splices in proper shape and the brick and wood work repaired, I went up inside the spire one hundred and fifty feet where an octagonal wheel had been

placed to receive the rafters of the spire, this wheel was eight feet across, here with lantern I succeeded in making an aperture in the east section, taking in the slate and removing the sheathing, getting a doorway three feet in width by five and a half feet in height. I had been provided with three hundred feet of  $\frac{5}{8}$  Manila rope, now the next thing was to get this rope around the spire.

I had my helper stand at one edge of the opening, while I took a cane fish pole of twenty <sup>feet</sup> tie on a chalk line and after many efforts and with help of wind succeeded in getting the rope around the twenty five feet; Next to build a scaffold up to the top with 2x3 inch lumber and boards five and a half feet at each upward throwing around the rope at each section - then tying in such a way as to continue to the next

Then rigged a snatch block and let down the iron work, twelve feet of the center piece I drilled off with a ratchet drill, leaving ten inches to hold up the lightning rod point. When I came down and took in my scaffolding I made a door to fit the aperture ready slated placing in proper place; and you can see no difference in the seven sections corresponding.

## Chapter. 36.

This chapter I have attempted to commence for several months. Some one in noticing dilatory ways said: "He who would not when he may, When he will shall have pay." Now, What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from trouble to trouble and from side to side? To button one cause of vexation and unbutton another? That was what one of Carlyle's chum students wrote to him. Just think of it, a young man student, in Edinburg College, Scotland!

It was in 1878. I had as I claimed by right living; health returned. I was past 57 years. Had struck 12-o'clock in the years of age-begun to descend in the chart of life. I notice by my records the cost of living one year was \$686.51. The benevolence per was \$65. These records were kept by my oldest daughter Nellie.

A. F. Aubrey came to visit us in September 13<sup>th</sup>. It was at the close of the real warm weather of the month, that the writer and this aged friend of Brooklyn N. chose to visit the observatory on Mount Anthony, to see the surroundings of our beautiful village, which was pointed out to us by the gentlemanly proprietor of the observatory Mr. Robinson.

The wind was blowing freshley giving that wonderful vivacity to all the senses, especially sight and feeling. Little showers of rain were frisking by us first to one hand and then to the other; When all at once the sun came out with wonderful clearness, making a rainbow of surpassing beauty beneath us! The sun being near the meridian, or more strictly speaking two thirds of a circle was formed to come about under us. The dimensions were somewhat more than the whole of Pleasant Valley - one and a half miles across in its widest diameter.

My aged friend could hardly control his feelings - and really we all shared

his feelings in his delight as the beauty of the picture being far beyond anything that had been witnessed by him in all his sight-seeing of which he had enjoyed a goodly share.

The bow or two thirds of a circle, as the eye followed its course to take in a maple or an elm, clothing it in one instance with a beautiful orange shade, and then again violet, then another shade; if the color division came in the proper place two shades: Such a picture can never be forgotten!

The length of time we had to take in these pictures were far beyond our expectations. It seemed to be several minutes, possibly the time appeared longer, for we expected every instant to see the field just harvested, the trees, stone walls and all within our vision, resume its midday appearance.

1881 found me usually well. The business of life gliding along. My youngest girl Kate was to graduate at High School, there was to me a very aggravating decision. Not to have graduation exercises which my youngest daughter had amply qualified for. I being one of the trustees had fought fearlessly. The strongest language was between me and Major Valentine, and carried my point so strong that Valentine gave up and withdrew his decision, saying: "I was a hard fighter and ought to have been in the Civil War." I had several consultations and won every time! Finding I was going to be personally conspicuous, I withdrew my point. Lawyer Harmon said, I had won my case.

My girl Kate had studied well, her mind was very superior in its persistency to attain. One day at dinner I noticed her hands trembled, says I, Kate. What makes your hands tremble so? "Why father I am so tired!" I don't think there was ever a father thought more of his children than I do. And the agony I went through while she was helpless still with true grit fighting the inflammatory rheumatism is only known by some that have experienced the like. When Kate became convalescent, she did not come back to her usual health. I went to the doctor we had. He Dr. Partridge wanted to have a talk? He was plain in his remarks. And here I must say, I had great confidence in his skill and opinion. He had been in a dispensary in New York City, where his observance of diseases would be more in three years, than for several life times in a country village.

The doctor admitted that Kate did not improve, her great ambition to do was much more than her strength to carry it out. The doctor gave me to understand, that he had given the case his best thoughts and he had come to the conclusion that I must if possible have her make a change of climate. Says I, "Can she live?" answer, Yes. "If you do not wait too long!"

So August 3<sup>d</sup> 1881 found us started for my Brother Henry's in Eau Claire Wisconsin. This was quite a trip for me, the first time West. Things happened when we left New York by way of the Erie Rail Road. We had a saloon in sleeper. Luncheon was not always palatable. I would not advise a traveler to buy corned beef as a general thing, and when crossing Detroit River tie on your pants



-a hat, or take it off when crossing, or keep inside the car while you are toted over on steam ferry. I failed to understand these necessities until too late, causing me to purchase a head covering as soon as we landed in Detroit.

But with continued progress found us Sunday August 6<sup>th</sup> passing through Devils Lake to get to our destination. Going through Devils Lake for miles, occasionally a big boulder sticking out of the water, then again an islet with a small tree desolate on it. All the time going north, away from the southern sun. One might readily conjure up with such weird surroundings we might be approaching the jumping place of this world's limits. But we finally after 12-o'clock noon found Eau Claire City with its wooden side walks, its immense slab wharfs on the Eau Claire River and my brother's family.

One day I visited the Eau Claire's Co's mill to cut up logs 13 feet in length into board a log was put on to saw up after siding down to 12 inches then turned, the head man asked me "to time for one minute the cutting" I did so then looked at the super. He asked "How many?" I told him seven boards! He spoke "We have cut ten!" Such rapid work to me seems impossible!

After staying ten days getting in that time quite initiated in many western customs and peculiar facts. One manner took my attention as entirely new.

There are many Swedes and Danes. I was riding on the highway with my Brother Henry, when we passed a boundary line fence, when I noticed two fences sixteen feet apart, each put up in tidy manner. I asked Henry. What that meant? That is the law here in line fences. We have a law here to use, if two owners of land adjoining wish a line fence to notify the other party so many days to build their portion of fence, if they neglect, then the first party can erect and compel the other party to pay for one half. This law with these Scandinavians creates trouble. Their ways brought from their nationalities creates strife, and the party feeling aggrieved will burn buildings and create a dispute that will extend to future generations. So the government of Wisconsin has borrowed from the old country like this. When one wants a line fence and the other party is not willing to help. The first party makes his fence eight feet within the line. Nothing more said. Now when the last party wants a line, then the first wants remuneration, and when they cannot agree the last party has to build his own line fence. And must be placed eight feet inside the correct line fence leaving sixteen to go to waste. Comforting himself that he had his own way, and the old custom smooths over the act, and perhaps the children of each party will regulate the fence in its proper place and neighborly friendship will be preserved.

I now left my youngest girl for home. Reaching Chicago, there was great strife in cutting prices for fares east. I finally secured a ticket for \$15, to Boston and to be redeemed in gold on arrival. All which happened exactly as promised.

In my return after reaching Lansing, Michigan. We had a hold up a few miles out, we came to a lake, the railroad went across an arm of it, and just previous to our arrival a freight train had gone down in the lake railroad track and all! We could



see down in the clear water the freight cars in every position. The farmers were drawing hay for ballast. One of them told me this had happened two years before and there had been timber off from more than two hundred acres first growth placed in this sink to secure the track. We could see the immense amount in the water where it would be everlastingly preserved.

In our six hours wait the subject was agitated to overcome this uncertain trouble. One passenger a builder proposed a suspension bridge! He was soon called upon to locate a pier that would be substantial to sustain the wires, it was concluded that to find such a foundation, it would be necessary to build outside the State of Michigan!

This journey I paid out \$121.43. But there was rebate of \$27.34 leaving net \$94.09.

## Chapter. 37.

It appears to me that at the present time of progress and the strenuous living to make a mark in the world, calls for deep meditation for a parent to know what is the best way to do for his children. I am aware myself if I had had a different starting point the outcome of life's results would have been different. Integrity a rigid truthfulness is foremost to be desired in ones children. Then if possible to add experience in this way and that way, what appears feasible? Why not take advantage of them?

My oldest son had passed his nineteenth year, I had been turning over in my own mind about giving him a look at New York City life, really it had been hinted at as an uncertain undertaking, so I did not mention until the morning of February 1st 1884. Carl had been one of the best sons, ever ready to do his part, had without seeming reluctance left his studies, in the Graded School to be with his Uncle "Henry Bowdish" of Weybridge staying by him until his death. Some of these happenings that come to parents for their decision are very severe, that is, to know how to decide(?)

We were off on first train A.M. for a, as it proved to be a eleven day trip. Our stay in New York City was pleasant. A visit at Millburn, New Jersey, gave us a chance to see how a man with a successful patent could benefit himself and others, as the patent roller for window shades "Mr. Hartshorn," had accomplished at Short Hills, New Jersey. This successful man had built the village. A stone Episcopalian Church of fine appearance. A theatre for exhibitions that looked in dimensions for a much larger community. He had also a station on the railroad of tidy appearance to be with the rest of the village, then houses to rent placed in every conceivable angle among these peculiar short hills, making a place of rural beauty, one dwelling was first story of stone, second story of brick, third of wood. Another comely looking dwelling of wood painted to resemble moonlight on the lake! It was a peculiar shading of the color from the cornice to the base.

After an active looking over the several places in New York City, we took the Steam boat for Newport, Rhode Island. When leaving New York, Carl seemed to be well satisfied with sight seeing, except one thing. He had not seen a fire? When just as we were well

on our way on the East River to enter Long Island Sound a very brilliant and seeming great conflagration occurred on the Brooklyn side close to the river; where we could see the fire boats throwing the water to extinguish it, which appeared impossible from explosions that the petroleum on the water of the river with its darting blazes. We found afterwards it was a refinery for coal oil products and was confined to this one plant which destroyed.

At Mansfield, Mass., we stopped at my brother-in-law M. E. Harrington who showed us the populous surroundings and New England manners of church and week days. We would pass a buggy or carriage on the roads whose length of axle tree would be six inches wider than common length. This manner would necessitate a careful driving to not come in collision, the driver of those vehicles appeared to be in a sulky pleasure to have you notice their carriage of extreme width, and they were very careful not to give one but a niggardly half of the highway. I undertook in my own mind to make a reason for continuing these ancient methods of building a carriage, so took particular notice at church, if the people were built of larger proportions than Vermonters thereby necessitating more length of seat to produce greater comfort to the two sitting side by side, but I could not find the excuse there, as they seemed of lighter build. I have had to give up the decision, but can imagine the young people of the present date may not object to come in closer contact when driving for pleasure, sitting side by side.

We took all this eleven days experience arriving home well refreshed in health for the sum of \$47.90.

The 22nd of May 1884 came to me with a new problem to solve. My youngest girl he found one that she was willing to try life's journey. This would be son-in-law had written to a manly letter, giving me his wishes and his means to go in life in such a way I was forced to take his word as sure of value as a twenty dollar gold piece, when you have entire session. My daughter and myself had a five days much needed rest just previous to a divorce date. In waiting upon the United States District Court at Windsor, Vt., to help sustain our country's much respected laws for stern justice moderated with clemency sometimes unexpected, my daughter being cognizant at the Post Office in Bennington, to certain facts and irregularities. That had left her for several weeks the only guard of the post office. This peculiar trust she had accomplished with perfect satisfaction.

So at high noon of May 22nd with a most respectable attendance at St. Peter's Church I gave her away with a dutiful reluctance. Hard to have her leave us, yet knowing truly that she had chosen truly and wisely a dear and loving partner. As I was coming out of the church I overheard a true lady say who had watched the marriage ceremony: "That the bride looked just like what she thought an angel looked." I looked at the lady and the tears were coursing down her cheeks.

The years have come and gone and no regrets appear, now March 5th 1905 I have five grandchildren. Three grandsons and two granddaughters fifteen miles over the Great Divide; all of them being educated in learning and society, so to be initiated into the struggles and hurrying life so sure to us all, if we venture

To step in and join the ranks.

This nation is regulating their laws to make a happy people, gives religion vast opportunities for each individual to choose their own belief. They were not to be tied down to any known sect but can take their choice. This serves to keep harmonious many, very many circles of acquaintance. And when my youngest daughter ordained in her own mind to take the vows of the Episcopal Church, I was truly willing to pray to God, Speed the right. And my daughter marrying, the service was by the Episcopal Rector of St. Peter's in Bennington was of the greatest pleasure to me. And each of my children has my most heartfelt assurance to make their choice in religious distinction.

I have come to these conclusions by actual knowledge, in seeing other families with rigid persistency make sad havoc in the harmony that might have existed with different admonitions.

## Chapter 38.

It was June 24<sup>th</sup> 1885. I was at work for Elijah D. Fillmore in west part of Bennington, I was carrying about forty pounds of slate up a ladder in my right hand. I supposed the ladder was sound and safe. When up about twenty feet the rung broke from under me, and my whole weight with the slate came on my left arm and hand. But I did not fall to the ground nor drop the slate. I suppose there was at least 210 pounds weight came on my left arm. The rung broke so sudden that my shins struck as I dropped to the next rung below and took the skin off from both of them. I felt something give way in my breast. I found the next day I was injured so that I went to Doctor H. J. Potter. He examined me bathed my side, gave me some liniment and advised to keep quiet.

I found that when I went to hurry in walking, I would have heart ache and left arm painful, so it would affect me to breathe. I would have to stop against a post or fence and raising my arm as high as possible, as I felt lack of breath. After a few minutes I could breathe better when I would go on. About this time I heard of E. P. Roe the "Author." He had hurt his side and left arm and was troubled in breathing, and cautioned by his physician. But Roe did not mind it much, and in two or three weeks dropped dead while working in his vine yard. The above I read in the New York Tribune.

As I did not get relief I saw Dr. H. J. Potter jun., and told him about E. P. Roe and requested him to correspond with Roe's doctor at Newberg, N. Y. as there E. P. Roe's doctor lived. But never as Potter said got any reply. Rev. E. P. Roe lived at Cornwall, below Newberg.

I waited some time and then went to Dr. Morgan in Bennington, and he examined me, and said, I had strained the muscles around the heart, and it would be thought wear off, and not to do things to make it worse. Doctor Morgan died soon

after of a apoplexy.

I would get better and think the trouble had left me, when all of a sudden it would return; generally if I tried to walk fast after eating a full meal.

We had a minister in Bennington named McLaughlin educated in medicine at Edinburg, Scotland, and practiced two years in London, England, I had heard that he had been called skillful. So went and told him how I was. He said, I had strained the muscle around the heart, and I would never get over it, but what it would return, saying, he had known a similar case, a Trooper in the Queen's Guards. But I need not be fearful, but the trouble would always remain.

I must pause here for reflection. I was now past fifty nine years of age, I had no one to depend on, and it was made plain to me that I must do something. This heart trouble was to me similar to Democles when Dionysius had arranged that naked sword hung with a single hair over his head! I concluded to say as little as possible. People as I looked at it, would not as a general thing care for a man clombering over their buildings liable to pass out of life before their eyes.

To go back a little in the years. In 1887, I had been appointed Deputy Sheriff of Bennington County and Sheriff of the village of Bennington, I had worked to serve papers without fear or favor. Really had some experience at that time quite effective in some cases.

There was a law and order league at North Bennington. One of the officers we sent over to me with four search warrants to serve in liquor cases, one was on John Maher one at John Haley's, another at North Bennington House and one at the Paran Creek House. I told the officer I would only catch one of them (!) "Oh! They had all fixed. Just you go and take John Maher he is the worst, and we will watch the others ourselves." So I went at John Mahers and found the unlawful goods. But when I come to the other warrant no liquor to be found. Mr. White of the North Bennington House had gone to White Creek N.Y., Mr. Haley was absent at the State Line, and Mr. Wright of the Paran Creek House was reported at Hoosick Falls! So I was requested to repair to the rooms of the good Templars and we would consult. After some preliminary talk, Mr. Welling wished to know, "What could be done? And wanted to know my advice?" So I proposed to keep quiet two or three months; then if they found them transgressing the law, to find as many reliable men to be appointed to serve as there were warrants, and turning to Mr. Spafford the Station Agent: You come to my house in Bennington on the midnight train, and ring the bell, and we will fix the hour and minute. Well, In about three months Spafford came over on the midnight; we compared watches, set the time at thirty minutes past nine o'clock the next day. There was an immense quantity taken, all that the two horse cartage team belonging to the paper mill could carry supposed to be \$2000 worth, which was condemned and destroyed. This effort caused North Bennington to go dry for several years.

Another occasion I was given a search warrant against Daniel Guiltinan. He had had several search warrants served, but never anything found. Well, I searched the house through, took especial pains with the cellar, finally I began to examine oil cloth o

the floor, and discovered a place in the main hall not properly nailed, as my eye rested on it; Mrs. Guiltinan walked to it and stood on it; I requested her to step off which she did after some hesitation, when I discovered after raising the oil cloth a trap door and a room nicely walled up, about six by seven feet, in which was stored up brandy and whiskey. A fine was imposed on Guiltinan of forty dollars, first offense, the liquors were confiscated and spilled.

One other occurrence I will mention, I served a set of papers for the Eagle Syc Co, of South Shaftsbury on the real estate of certain debtors in the Towns of Dorset, Manchester, Arlington and Sandgate. When I came to the town clerk's office of Sandgate the town clerk's wife was there to make a record of the service. After she had looked me over carefully, she observed that she had seen me before and "Wished to know if I remembered when?" I reflected. Then said. I had served papers there in 1848, forty three years previous before this service. She then recorded the notice and took the copy, observing that we were both older. Which remark was quite true.

In 1844, I made another attempt to find something that would pay to go into. So I bought out seven twelfths of a paint mine from the original proprietors for \$23300, This property had been discovered fifty years before. The article had been in use many years, and for a preservative paint none better, and had quite a reputation. One of the owners that had a twelfth of it was living near it. He was quite successful in getting it out for market. But is now deceased.

Myself and wife Helen went up to this paint mine September 26<sup>th</sup> 1885. Helen was not well, she had trouble with her stomach, caused as she thought by diphtheria when she lived in South Carolina, this trip was to be as we thought beneficial to her health. I stopped at Troy for a book to have her peruse, written by W.D. Howells, title, The Rise of Silas Lapham. We had a very pleasant time, the people we met were agreeable, and for myself I felt encouraged in spite of this heart trouble, I would try to make heaven in life. This outing to Johnsburg, N.Y. of four days cost \$23.11. I have always been glad of taking this short tour, for my wife Helen enjoyed it. The book bought was a source of enjoyment as the theme in the story was in harmony with the errand I was about. "A Paint-Mine".

It appeared to me at this time, that I must be doing for the best possible as my days might close any time. My fears were not published, still my Helen was aware of my fears somewhat, and we consulted together, that I had some business in New York city, and had better take Donald with me. So on the morning of January 19<sup>th</sup> 1886, we started. It was a nine days trip. I and Don interviewed the Isaac Johnson firm for manufacture of patents at Spuyten Duyval, where I became satisfied that I could not handle the patent I had procured.

I left Donald at friend Aubrey's in Brooklyn to visit the Flag Paper Company of Camden, New Jersey., On the Sabbath we attended Trinity Church, heard the eloquent Dr. Dix. A.M. and P.M. Rev. H.W. Beecher.

We tried for a stopping place, First. The Grand Union, Then we tried the



Astor House, finally wound up the last two days at Leggett's, where I had been accustomed to the proprietor "Mr. Storms" for many years. Taking it all into consideration, had an interesting time, and it cost \$50.87. Of which amount I paid in Troy \$16.00 for a suit of clothes for Donald.

## Chapter. 39.

I have been deliberating for several years about the autobiographical part of the literature of the world; I have come to the conclusion after years of meditating that it should be the best branch of literature. It appears to me that every one that has the use of a pen might at convenience write down what seems to be pleasant or of moment to themselves. For instance two persons start out on lifes journey as man and wife. They must have a story, they may make new acquaintance. Why not arrange on paper what they consider interesting? it will be honest to arrange. It can be put in trust like this: Some one asked a husband "can you keep a secret? My wife and I can keep a secret. I am not allowed to have any for myself!" And in after days they can call up by referring to its pages of those precious hours. Instead of this they are filling the memory with unreal novels and in time memorys shelves are full, no room to crowd it more; and if they want to call up the past, which may be the gilt edge of their lives it is impossible; the mist has become so thick with age and neglect, that only uncertain events can possibly be reached.

When I look for a book to peruse at a leisure moment, how good to take up David Copperfield. Why? We know it was a memory of Dickens. The same with Eudymion. Dissee His experience. For sake of short argument we will state, that our imaginary wants are a great many more and expensive than our real ones.

I well remember a Mr. Babcock at work for my father when he had a sash saw mill in Weybridge. The man was firm in the belief, that only one iron mill bar was necessary for the mill. The use of to drive the dog into the log. It could be conveyed from one end to the other, which often would be more than twenty feet. And this economy had been used for many years - lugging ten pounds of iron, for to his mind two mill bars would have been superfluous.

This mans home was in the thrifty town of Pomfret, Vt., I recollect of an old lady that was living at Doctor Gallups in Woodstock Vt., told me that one Sunday morning when at breakfast a tall sawky boy of Pomfret burst in upon them with the direful news, that the cows were in the corn, the hogs in the garden and "Dad" was dead! His mother had sent for the Doctor as her troubles had overpowered her.

The iron bar was not an imaginary want to a person that did not rely upon brute strength. But the sending for the doctor after the death had occurred was truly an imaginary want - this last occurrence was one that might shake the reason. Then it would be excusable, but the first was of long premeditated hardship.



I cannot understand why people of common ability will spend quite a sum in some reasonable manner, and their enjoyment would be of a worthy character; but as soon as enjoyed, all the fine points of happiness are laid in memory's shelves boarded up securely - and a personal effort made to rid the memory as soon as possible of what would be of ten times more value in after years, than all the books of novel untruthfulness that could be piled before them.

O what a beautiful History! Think what temptations we passed!

Each one more cruelly trying. More tempting, indeed than the last.

And what a lesson it teaches; No passion from evils exempted -

Whilst admiring the morals it preaches, It makes you quite long to be tempted.

The 15th of August 1886, the Prohibitionist party of Bennington sent a committee to me to get my consent to have my name for representative on their ticket for the Town, after some reflection I consented. It appeared to me that there was not the least chance of being elected. I did not realize there would be any strife. But there was. The two old parties Republicans and Democrats were in such force that the Prohibition party of perhaps fifty or sixty held the election in that way no majority after several ballots could be declared.

I stayed at the election as long as possible. I had once used tobacco, from the age of twenty to thirty two years. When I left off one day - the Monday before Thanksgiving in 1859; 27 years nearly had passed that even a pinch of snuff. When I left to go home it was about 9 P.M. The election room in Free Library was filled with tobacco smoke - so one could not see readily across the room, my stomach would not bear any more, I was in a staggering condition when I reached the outdoor air, and the ache in my head was hard to endure. About 11 P.M. the head members of the Prohibition party sent up for me to come down, as they wished me to resign as there was no chance for election, and the town would be without an officer of the assembly. I went down and saw the committee, then I took pains to see the condition of things. It was disgraceful, there were many in a maudlin condition of drunkenness. The atmosphere in the room was indescribable. I could not but look with horror on the scene! Finally by the advice of the committee mounted the platform and resigned in favor of the republican candidate. It was the only course to take. If my system had been saturated with the narcotic, I might have waited a while, but it was utterly impossible for me to stay at the place, and the fear of heart trouble that was always present gave me ample warning to retire from the strife.

When the months rolled around to the 14th of November 1888. It was necessary to visit New York City again. There were errands to do and I wished my youngest Earl Benjamin should see the city. The young man was nearly 18 years old what they called man grown. It appeared to me if I could have had a look at the greatest city in the world in many respects, at that age, it would have had of lasting benefit that no after experience would have dissipated.

We went to have a pleasant trip. A state room on the night boat from Troy which found us the next morning well rested and slept. I had noticed the "Add" Hotel Bradford, which we tried, but it seemed to be out of order the way to

reach, so we exchanged to Leggett's as the best for our convenience. I never enjoy a short-outing more. It was only of eight days but they were well occupied. One day November 19<sup>th</sup> we took dinner at Mr. Jowett's, New Jersey, a manufacturer of Jarred paper. A fine visit with Edwin Barber and wife cousins of mine. Our coming there relieved him of the blues! His age was hindering him from doing as he wished. I could have sympathized with him, but considering the effect it might produce, I did not make the attempt; but cheered him up to look at the best side.

On the Sabbath we went to hear Talmadge in Brooklyn A.M. and P.M. took St-Paul, where the music was well rendered. I called Earl's attention to the music the next day on our way to New Providence, New Jersey to find Mr. Jowett; but Earl was not satisfied with the rendering; but considered the organist at Talmadge's quite superior. In our efforts to find Mrs. Pattigrew we were much more successful than I and Donald in a former attempt, but it seems she was unfortunate in her money affair in Brooklyn, and her health was in some <sup>way</sup> helplessly ruined.

Some of the days it rained, but we both appeared not to mind the inconvenience and after walking several miles with umbrellas on returning to Leggett's had the amusement of repairing the bottom of the legs to our pants that the dampness had unglued. That manner of building pants in gluing the seams at the bottom of the legs might be done away with as far as I am concerned; but for rigid economy it is well to remember and pack for instant use needles and threads to meet emergencies that are sure to occur. I can recollect on several occasions it has brought some anxiety, but I now look at it as an amusement and helps to keep the hand in the use of needle and thread to have these breakdowns occur!

We both came home in fine health, and the eight-days expense was \$36.38. We had a very satisfactory return for money spent.

I must say here that I notified all parties concerned that I had made the last attempt with the children to see New York City. But in future I would not object to their thoughtfulness in reciprocating which they have been careful to observe.

## Chapter 40.

Life looked so uncertain that I hardly knew which way to turn. These spells at times being painful; so many dropping out of life so suddenly, and the winter was exceedingly dull, and my wife Helen was in trouble with her stomach. Our physician Dr. H.J. Potter tried at various times to find something for her relief. Well, truly the world looked pretty somber.

It was the 29<sup>th</sup> of January 1889. I had been on the roof to the Woolen Mill, and was worried much from vertigo. Now I did not want to admit to myself there was a serious side to my case. I would say to myself, stick to what you have to do to the last minute. I could realize that I was at the eleventh hour of life. When appetite was dead, and love was fled, and disease lays on its grip, and reminds one that it is time to go to that

bed, which no balance at the bank can unfortunately make neither warm nor soft. Really in that condition that expects to be expected to be ashamed of.

When I came home at 3 P.M. there was a telegram from H.W. Johns Mfg. Co. 87 Maiden Lane, N.Y. The import was. They wished me to call at their office the 31<sup>st</sup> instant. As early in the day as possible. So I went down there presenting myself at 3 P.M. When I was informed that Mr. Brainard of Sandy Hill, N.Y. was sick, and they wished me to take his place on the road. To see their customers. I was to have one hundred dollars a month and expenses. I was to go at the work the next Monday, February 4<sup>th</sup> 1889. I was provided with a set of books one for each week to be kept in duplicate sending in one of them on Saturday, stating where I could be wired each day of the following week, not only the place but the time of place <sup>day</sup> and night. Very rigid rules. I commenced in Columbia County N.Y. It was quite embarrassing in several ways. The railroads were on the winter time table - many of the trains were taken off, several routes had only one train a day. There was given me to work eight counties in the State of N.Y. and seven in Vermont. And I was expected to see the ninety two regular customers once a month! Well now this was perfectly impossible. After I had looked the problem over carefully, I saw there was but one way to do. Call on the largest places the first month, and then the second month find the smaller dealers. It was an active business, but the lack of regular sleep, so as to make connections with what I had sent to office, I had frequently to take night trains. This tried my health.

In working through the Ogdensburgh Railroad I had to make great exertion the second month. One day at Norwood, St. Lawrence County, N.Y. had to walk 3 1/2 miles no railroad or livery to be had, and only a limited time to do the work. I reached the place, secured the order, but on my return over a level track for teams, I had an attack of sun and side - that I had to sit down side of the way; a ditch of water each side of the trail as far as the eye could see; no team or any one in sight. I was quite sure my time was finished in this life. But after some minutes went on again and came to Norwood though late got aboard and went on. My fortune that time, although too late according to time table, but the train was late. When I came to reflect when there was time for reflection, I came to the conclusion. A man is not dead until he dies!

I was much interested in the sight displayed in traveling by livery from Chateaugay to Cherubusco, Clinton County, N.Y. a distance of five miles. This tract of country was formerly a fine timber section of pine spruce and hemlock, the timber was finally all cut off of value for lumber; then a fire got in one dry season and burned a up, even the soil which was vegetable mould leaving a sandstone formation which strata that I saw of horizontal appearance.

The stone left after this fire had done its work, lay on its surface like bricks of different sizes, though some stones might be three by five feet and six inches thick. The fire had not left soil enough to gravel a wagon trail. To build a road gravel had to be carted miles for that purpose.

A traveling man meets peculiar conditions. One day I walked into a customer at Fort Ann, N.Y., Messrs Finch and company & I noticed as mi

ny as six traveling salesmen already in possession. I supposed the chance for talking paint to get an order quite uncertain. I inquired of one of the clerks for Mr. Finch. He said, "That he had gone to his house." I called at his house - he was in his vegetable garden working with a hoe, I introduced myself, no reply. I noticed another hoe leaning on a wall then permitted myself to take it and went at the hoeing of potatoes and corn. Really I worked until I was willing to dispense with my coat, probably a long half hour, being careful to do my work in good shape like his pattern set me. At last Mr. Finch stopped and looked pleased and said, "I guess we will go over to the store. I think I want some of your goods" and with a peculiar look on his face, suggested the idea, "That most of those other salesmen had left."

It is quite difficult to know just how to approach a man you never met. You may have his name where you can consult the formation of the word. For instance, W.S. May Underhill, Chittenden County, Vt., I studied the name, it was N-a-y. I looked in the directory at the Hotel, found was Doctor May. Then ventured to call at his store. Told he was in the garden. Called and introduced myself. He was at his currant bushes. He very pleasantly informed me "He did not wish to give any order." I joined in his work, after noticing how he did it. I was in no hurry for I could not leave until night, so I just worked at the job he was doing. After we had the work finished. The doctor remarked "That he had been trying a long time to find opportunity to do what we had accomplished." I was just leaving when his little daughter came and called him to come into tea. So he invited me to partake with him and would not take a negative after a pleasant meal, his clerk reminded him, that he was out of some goods, which we more added made a respectable order.

I was not aware previous to being on the road as salesman, there were so many in business. I was in consultation with a salesman one morning going from Burlington, to Essex Junction. This man was a salesman for pickles. The firm had met with great success. He penned his name only "Bud Long" on the Hotel registers. We counted up the passengers on one car for this morning train, and there was 41 aboard. I was anxious to know how many <sup>men</sup> there were? Bud Long said they were nearly all of that class, so he went at it as he was a traveler. There were forty salesmen and one lady - finally it turned out that she was a saleswoman for a millinery house.

When we came to St. Albans, Vt., I was wondering if it might be nearly useless trying the place as many of these men got off there. I walked into Clark and Hatch. Their large salesroom was embarrassing; a counter running both sides. I counted five men snatch bags on one side and four on the other. I made ten! I continued to the rear, and when I gave my card to the bookkeeper, saying, I supposed there was no time to talk. He did not answer. I walked back and was going out, when a boy came running to me saying, I was wanted at the office. I again reflected: This was a strenuous life, just everlastingly keep at it.

## Chapter 41.

I came to Richmond, Chittenden County, Vt., and called on the Seyles, Brother

They looked me over pretty sharp, saying, "John's man was here last week, we did not want anything then." I could not quite make it out, but took their order, and in a day or two I was at Stillwater, N.Y. and called on W.L. Schermerhorn. He called me a new man, said he was notified that he would appear the next week. But said he could not wait, so gave me an order, sent in to New York. Soon as possible I had a reply: That they wished to know what business I had at Richmond, Vt, and Stillwater, N.Y.? I immediately wrote that the places were on my list and inquired in a respectful way, what I was going to do about it? They wrote immediately to keep on doing. That there was a mistake in their office.

Sometimes one meets an extra puzzle. I called at Port Henry, N.Y. I do not recollect his name, but as soon as I presented my card. He ordered me to get out of his store! Well I guess not, I said, I see this is a public place. He turned very white and wished to know if I would go out peaceably, or should he get help? I said I would not go until I got ready. He went back to his desk, and after I had stood several minutes he quieted down, and beckoned me up to his desk and made complaint. It appeared he had been the depot for John's paint and asbestos goods, but the great Iron Co., of Mineville, Port Henry, Crown Point and Iron Mountain had sent their buyer to New York and purchased in large quantities to use at their different plants. I thanked him for the information, and said I would report to the office in New York, I did so making an interesting letter. When I heard from the office. I was cheered, they had not had occasion to laugh for a long time like unto it.

I suppose people call me a rigid Temperance man, or Teetotaler. I had never drunk a glass of liquor in my life.

One Sabbath I stopped over at Pottsdam, N.Y., It was in March. I had been to the morning service and returned to the hotel. It was sunshiny but quite cold. But the hotel faced the south and the warm rays of the sun made it passable to sit out on the piazza. I was occupying a chair by the side of the landlord, who it seemed just then to be free of his duties at his bar. Not long before a large poorly dressed man came to the steps, and beckoned to the landlord to go inside? and when the landlord spoke up and said, "What do you want?" The man replied "Some rye" He was waited on. As he was leaving, a little girl of perhaps seven years with nothing on but a dress and an apron over her head, bare feet came to take her father's hand to lead him home. She was so frail, but pretty looking, I could hardly bear the sight.

The landlord was feeling embarrassed too, and with a feeble voice said, "It was a sorry sight but comforting himself that he could not refuse. "But that man's family needed every cent to live in" says I, "Could you not deny him?" No says she. "The man has a very ugly disposition, and would hesitate to burn me out!"

May 22<sup>nd</sup> 1889. After supper I was asking the landlord in the hotel at Bolton, N.Y. if there was a livery to furnish a conveyance to Horicon, N.Y. fourteen miles over the mountain? "Certainly." was the reply. At once introducing me to a Mr. Stewart a young man standing by my side. On inquiring price? said he would take me over the hill for two dollars, and start as early as I wished. I named half past 6-A.M., and he answered. "The rig would be ready."

The next morning was cool and a little frosty for May. But at the time mentioned

the team was ready. But instead of the young man, it was an elderly man, a Mr. Stewart called for me and away we went for Horicon.

My carrier was very silent, not a word. And if I asked a question the answer was a monosyllable of the shortest. After quite a while I said, That stage drivers and livery men that carried me about, knew in regard to places, their location, the business and standing of business men a good deal, and, really what they did not know was not worth knowing. My companion looked at me after I said this as if he understood my meaning. Saying, "He did not wish to talk". I was silent then. As I did not consider it courtesey for one to irritate another by trying to make one sociable when they do not want to be.

After a little he said, "He was angry this morning to think his son was such a fool as to carry me over to Horicon for two dollars, for it was worth \$2.50, every time". I answered that I should not have paid it; would have gone back to Caldwell for fifty cents, on the stage, then stage to Warrensburg for fifty cents, and so on my route. Mr. Stewart then said, "There was another thing riled him all up. He had left his wife feeling bad." and, as I expressed some sympathy at this, he told me, "That a family of a working man and with wife and children had been in a starving condition for several weeks, had nothing but potatoes and some salt, and that he and several others had contributed and got them two dollars worth of flour, said he paid fifty cents of it and carried it over to their house last night. And the man had took it to the landlord where I put up and exchanged for whiskey and had become as drunk as a fool". Saying then decididly, "That the landlord ought to be hung right up! For the mans wife had been to his house this morning a crying, that now they had not a thing in the house to eat, and relating how her husband had exchanged the flour for whiskey. And how his wife thought the woman was trying her best, do what she could to live; and that his wife was all broke up. They had tried before he came away, away to get the poor woman to eat something, but her spirit was all crushed out of her, could not eat, and saying over again, "What a mean landlord that was!" How he hated him That the landlord had just come into the hotel, and he would have to get out of there pretty quick, for his predecessor was or had become so mean he could not stay there any longer. Had sold such rank poison that three or four young men had died of its effects". After he had said all this. I asked him if this new landlord. Did not have a license? Had procured recommends from good towns people, and gone before the excise board and was granted. What he asked for? A license. Says I, This man you speak of came to the landlord with the flour carried from his own home and wanted to exchange, and, How could the landlord do different? He had his license, and the man wanted to trade, and to deny him would make an enemy!

The landlord wanted friends. Wanted to do business. Must be anxious to pay his rents and expenses. Mr. Stewart said, "He ought to know better." But I said, You say he has just opened his house, and if a stranger somewhat he might not know this drinking man.

Mr. Stewart was silent quite a while. I then proposed a different way for this business. Not to have any spirits sold. That the sale of liquors was not really nec-



People could do without it. That what they spent for whiskey and its kindred drinks could be used for victuals and <sup>some</sup> of the misery that come to our knowledge.

Mr. Stewart began to wake up now. Looking at me quite sharp, said, "Ant you from Vermont? Your talk sounds like a Vermont'er. Now says he: I will tell you, I have lived here in Bolton and Caldwell all my life, more than sixty years, and no man ever saw me drunk. Why, I never take but one glass at a time, some times one in the morning and one at noon and occasionally, though seldom one at night. Never allow myself no matter what's up to take but one glass at a time. Two glasses of liquor is apt with a great many, to get them started to want more. That is my way of living." Winding up with "that when we get to Hotsen, the man to be carried generally provided him with a glass of something and that it never hurt him any."

I found there was no use to talk to him about prohibition, his education was only "One drink at a time." Saying the oft quoted words, "More liquors drank in Vermont and more drunkness there than in New York, and all traveling men say so."

### Chapter 42.

In looking over my past life while re writing the chapters already told it is very interesting reading to my own folks. But I imagine I have picked out enough, so my own people can see that it has been an active life. I have seen several places that I might be inclined to stop and linger and say to myself. I am ready to stop off, give up the strike, not plan any more arrangements for the future, which is clouded with disapointments. I see no remedy. For I have it firmly impressed on my mind that my Helen is falling. Then again I stubbornly will not admit to myself that such is the case.

This trip was commenced June 14th 1899 and closed June 20th a seven days outing. The Sabbath at Goreland was well remembered at the Congregational Church. The Rev. Mr. Carlton was the right man for the place occupied, at the meeting P.M. he brought about a family with a stranger's freedom enjoyed. If ever there was a Sabbath in my life it was that when I made a little progress in the Christian life, this was one. I also spent one day at the County Clerk's office in Salem, where I was pleasantly allowed to look over records to ascertain when my antecedents came to this country from Wales. The best information I could discover was in 1667. I had much curiosity about the spelling of the name Hurlbert. It would be placed in the record as being Herbert or Hurlburt or Hurlbert. It appeared the signature was

not well decided by the clerk who took the instrument to record.

Also took in at Taftsville George W. Harvey where we stayed one night. We economized this trip to cost \$42.29 and it was well worth the effort. At returning home life looked brighter, the threatening of having to step out of the ranks of active life was apparently adjourned to a later date.

It was July 25<sup>th</sup> 1892, that a telegram came from H.W. Johns Company, to come down to their office the 27<sup>th</sup> inst, in a case of infringement of patent against Watson Company of Erie Pennsylvania, I got this A.M. And then in the P.M. came an invitation from my son-in-law W.F. Cobben to come to Butte City, Montana to do some painting and other work for him.

I appeared in New York to meet the court appointed; then the next day was on the route to the west, a new exploration for me. Found my son Carl at Chicago, had a nice look at that city, and in the evening a great display of electrical entertainment in Lincoln Park, where many thousand people enjoyed the display. I took the Great Northern Route which led to the British Possessions and the long journey down through the Decote's. The occasional alkaline lakes with their shores of snowy white brought constant wonderment to the mind. What earthly use could ever be made of such a weary waste of Territory?

But after crossing the Missouri River at Great Falls, then the sublime appeared, mountains piled on mountains, winding around some of these great obstacles, then passing through them in tunnels, sometimes in this climbing ascent we could look out back end of the car, and discover two or more tracks below us that we had passed over to reach our altitude, beneath us the trains already trying to overtake us.

These mountain sides are spotted with the gold seekers marks, where they had dug out a days work or more to test the location. When some three or four miles distance from the sides of these mountains, these prospectings look like woodchuck holes, and would convey the idea that it was well tenanted by them.

After seeing so many attempts I did not wonder so much at what a miner told me that every dollars worth of metal ever obtained by this diligent industry cost ten dollars to the miner. Many a one he said, had spent all his working days in prospecting, and no lasting returns. Work at it until his last coin used up then turn to some hard labor to recruit; when something accumulated make another attempt.

Upon arriving at Butte City it is surprising, a desert city only occasionally a greener tree or a few feet of lawn, that must be coaxed to a greenness by daily application of city water brought many miles from the snow capped mountains. One thing besides altitude makes this barren appearance is the constant smelting of copper ore. The eternal smoke is a hindrance to the growth of any foliage, as the whole range of vision is in mourning. Occasionally a lover of something green, will with heroic effort send a team outside the snow line of sulphur smoke circle, have some evergreen tops of trees cut off, then set out in front of his dwelling and enjoy their freshness, only to last until withered and dried up, then if his ambition continues, duplicate them by another attempt.

But the gold silver and copper are every where present, it will be passing by you

unawares. Like one squatter who had built his dug out by the stream pumped out of the great Anaconda mine. Of course his family had canned goods, the tin cans were thrown into this small stream that was green as grass from its contact in the mine with the copper ore. One day he happened to take up a can and was surprized at its great weight! After a thorough examination he found it was precipitated with pure copper, keeping his secret he went at it cautiously, with making a careless clam he obtained the copper in quantities to bring him several thousand dollars before it was discovered by the owners of the great waste that was running wild from their treasures. Well he was satisfied, his ambition to save bought him a well placed farm on the Missouri River in the State of Missouri, and now can enjoy the fruits of his labors, and relate to his hearers, the course he took to make a fortune, from what some one else was throwing away.

The people one meets on the streets in Butte City are generally of a fresh complexion brought about by the sulphur in the air which is of a peculiar dryness. To me it was a positive cure for colarrh. When I went to take the salt at table to shake just a little to suit my taste it would pour out in streams.

### Chapter. 43.

A piano made for Chicago in one year would be worthless, the frame of wood would be shrunk in the dry atmosphere and pass beyond repair. Eggs might stay in boiling water eight minutes to be come like the three minute cooking at tidewater. The best way to cook beans by boiling is to start them cooking the day previous to have a success!

The mines are worked in what they call a "eight hour shift" This method of active life brings the markets of all kinds into the method of all night work, so relays of clerks are necessary, and when you happen to make a trip to the corner of Main and Granite street at 2-AM. or even midnight, you find nearly the same number of busy people as at the noon hour in day time.

How many curious things one meets, and to some of us comes strange experience. Two brothers by name of Snell accompanied me on the way to Butte City. One was taken sick the next day, hard work to breathe, a doctor consulted and he was advised that he must get right back without delay, to a lower altitude. He went at once! To me it was a lasting joy. When I would arise in the morning, I must go at something, and all the time spent there this exhilarating experience continued. One afternoon we visited the Parrot Smelter where the ore is melted. They made an extensive cast that day. The atmosphere in the open building was strong of the copper when it had been poured into the moulds, really for two days my mouth and throat appeared lined with a thin coat of copper. The taste passed off after a time, and no ill effects to me.

One day I was taken outside the city limits, was driven to a mine called the Blue Bird, it was a village by itself. The plant for getting out the ores was in fine

condition, buildings all covered with sheet iron, roofs and sides, nicely painted; the houses and yards in extra tidiness. A fine two story brick building, for the off hours of the work men provided with books to read in. A all around appearance of thriftiness; but not a stroke of work going on, so I inquired why this silence?

The owners name was Van Zandt. This was his estate, and thereby hangs a tale. And now May 1905, with all the years of happenings is not plainly understood. It appears this Van Zandt came from New Jersey a young man very active and a worker. He discovered this mine while a day laborer in Butte City, he so managed that he made rapid progress to a fortune. His means were sufficient, so that with great care for his men and their families he was well liked. After he had an assured income he exerted himself to make a acquaintance in eastern society. Coming to Saratoga, N.Y., in the society season he met Sir John Lubbock's daughters from Down, Kent, England. There was a mutual love affair consummated at "High Elms" the Baronets residence. Van Zandt coming each season east with society manners of coaches horses and servants. While he was at Sir John's Home "High Elms" he was served with an injunction on his mines, a damage set up at one million dollars for trespass on other owners of mines.

When this affair reached him in England it transpired that Van Zandt had hypothesized his wife's dowry previously in his business, Sir John found it out and in the spur of the moment, he poured forth such invectives to Van Zandt, that he went immediately to his room and shot himself, thus leaving his wife and two children to mourn in cruel grief.

Why it is so hard for me to understand is, that a man of Sir John Lubbock's abilities, and of that disposition to see where happiness lies could possibly say anything to cause such a horrid occurrence. So I sit down and read his lectures "Pleasures of Life". Tried to criticise some of his lectures to find wherein he possibly be excused. In the Preface to Part I. this sentence occurs, "Being myself naturally rather prone to suffer from low spirits." In Preface to Part II. is this: "Moreover, I have had, - who has not, - my own sorrows."

The amount of money it was reported as his wife's portion was forty thousand pounds, and at that time Van Zandt was easily reckoned at one million dollars. After the death of Van Zandt the suit came off, and after much measuring of claims it was legally found out that there was no cause of action. That his workmen had never encroached on other mines!

All the foregoing was told me the 7th of September 1892, by the conductor on the train that left Butte City at that date for Ogden, Utah. This gentleman was a friend and confidant of Van Zandt, knew all about his rise in the world and of his great success. He closed the tragic account, saying, Sir John got rid of Van Zandt, but he had got the two grand children to care for!

Since then was told me. Sir John had the property settled by law. But when he had an offer of fifty thousand dollars he sold it for the widow, and when I was there in 1902, the property could not be bought for two million dollars.

Not a lip of this affair has the press told us. Strange to me. Still there is very little said about Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris who married Sartoris; a person of unworldly qualities, and his actions are as little known I imagine, as if his end before this date was similar to Van Zandt's.

## Chapter 44.

When I bought my ticket the 7<sup>th</sup> of September 1892 at the station in Butte City and secured my berth in sleeping car, the station agent told me as he handed the ticket with number of berth. That it was my home until I came to Chicago. At Ogden, Utah, the train conductor said there would be a stop of one and a half hours. So I locked my bag to the seat and went out to see what I could find for a lunch - bought a tin can for milk, and with sandwich returned to the cars, but the car I came in was gone, on inquiry, they said it had gone to San Francisco, Cal., I sat down on a box to consider, in my bag there was several twenty dollar gold pieces, my overcoat and large bag. Then wanted to find an office of the Pullman which I found in the large brick building. I called at the window produced my tickets stating the situation and requested their advice? Stating to them I had locked my valuable bag to the seat in the car, and it was gone to San Francisco.

One man in the office wished to know if the conductor of the sleeping cars had not told me of the change that was to be made, and that I had a number in the sleeping car go in a few minutes to Chicago? I said No. Then he wanted to know if the porter had not told me? To which I said, no. Then he looked at the other occupant of the room, saying, "That one would lay it on to the other." Then he wanted to know, "if it was a case of life or death that I must get to Chicago on the train now leaving?" I replied, not as bad as that. Then he advised as follows: "A train will leave in fifteen minutes for Salt Lake City I will give you a free ticket down and back, and give you an order on the Pacific Hotel for one days board, you be back in twenty four hours, and I will wire to San Francisco to reserve a number in the sleeper for you." Well. How about my overcoat and bags, one bag contained valuables? Should I some way find that by wiring? No, he said, "You get out at the station at Salt Lake, then follow right back perhaps till rods on the side track, where you will find the car you rode in, and the porter will be in the car cleaning up, to go to San Francisco to night."

So I got aboard the train to go the forty seven miles to Salt Lake City. When there I followed directions. And sure enough I soon saw the car I rode in, and the porter dusting. When he saw me, he wanted to know "What this meant" I told him. He was terribly sorry, said that I asked no questions, supposed I was acquainted with the route, never had anything happen like it before, and the sleeping car conductor was to blame! I unlocked my bag, he got my coat, and with the courtesey and penitence necessary, he took me to the Pacific Hotel and as he said selected as good a room as the place afforded.



It changes ones feelings considerably after such an occurrence to get a remedy. I took possession of my room where my traveling things were placed, and then took in the sight-seeing. First a trip of thirteen miles to Garfield Beach, and then a suit for bathing. and after a faithful trial, found one cannot swim in the salt brine, for when you had your arms under the water, your legs would fly out, and if the legs were submerged, then out comes the arms. It is a delightful experience in this liquid. I spent an hour with the best results, so exhilarating. Where I rented my bathing suit, the man said there were over three thousand in the lake bathing. The greatest danger is in getting strangled, so two or three boats are constantly present with experienced hands to be ready for any mishap. There were two brothers near me of the name of Rhys they were farmers from the state of Missouri their homes were on the bottom lands of the Missouri River, they were subject to rheumatism, but by coming there and bathing a week or ten days kept the trouble away, one visit in two years was sufficient. They were in politics silver men, being owners in silver mines in Utah. I mentioned that the government could not get but a certain quantity in circulation, having many carloads in the vaults of the treasury uncalled for, they heard me patiently, but replied, "no doubt I believed the report, but they did not! they believed many were waiting for the coinage, and if I would be kind enough to report in the east how anxious they were for the coinage of the silver dollar they would be thankful!" The landlord at the Pacific Hotel said to me "that his brother came with the first Mormons, and that when he killed a beef, to preserve it, just tied a cord to a quarter and throw out into the brine where it would be preserved indefinitely!"

I came back to the city and went to see the tabernacle which is quite a sight with its twenty four doors to admit from the outside, its arched roof, its circular corners every where, an easy place for the speaker to be heard. The largest pipe organ in the world, with choir capacity for five hundred singers. The guide to show me around was very attentive. I suppose he had a "chessnut" to make to his visitors. How he came there with the first pioneers, living for some months on roots dug from the ground—some were maimed for life by eating the roots that caused the teeth to fall out. He had a way of telling this to take your sympathy with broken voice with tears in evidence.

I also visited the temple just finished, a very imposing structure of white stone, wall said to be eight feet in thickness, and the foundation was fifty feet below the surface, the purpose of which is a great wonderment to the residents of the city. No one outside the church people ever allowed admittance, even when building! I was stopped from entering, as only those allowed that had a pass from high authority. Why were those walls so thick and the reason for the great depth, when so much surface is ready for use? The streets of the city are one hundred and twenty feet in width, this feature makes walking tedious.

This looking around was so entertaining that I ventured in the evening to a large tent advertised by the evangelist the Rev. Mr. Mills. He had quite a success there. When he came he found the Presbyterians and Methodist pastors at loggerheads, but that night he had them both on the platform seated side by side. I had met Mills at the Baptist church in Bennington the spring previous, and I thought he had been and was a perse-



inspired, but I understand now he has changed some what.

On reaching Ogden the next day found my car as promised and reached Chicago in time to meet Carl and enjoy a service at a church that was called the people's Church, a most peculiar body I think, a fine orator had the pulpit, who had a way of stating things in his themes, that would call the house down to a almost polli-cast choiring.

After meditating over this experience of pupil-masters I was led to conclude that mankind were forever trying to find some new religion, and then come the year Can any more correct light be found to express the commands of Gods Word?

### Chapter. No.

When I came around to April 21st 1893, we had a high wind in Bennington, there were fifty chimneys to houses blown down. The stack at the woolen mill prostrated, a house moved on Bradford street from its foundation - frame of a barn, fell off. Wobridge crushed, and at Centre Bennington a chimney fell that caused the death of Judge Alfred Robinson. My Helen was not well she was failing constantly and I felt nearly worthless on account of vertigo, still I kept at the work of repairing that wind had caused. One day I was so dizzy I fell off a porch roof on the house Mrs. Edward Norton was building - fell some ten feet, but was not knocked senseless, as no one saw the accident I scrambled up somehow though in great distress, and managed to get home and apply liniment. I said not a word about it for it would worry Helen if she knew, I was able to keep around.

Aug, 2nd 1893. Carl, Donald, Earl and Nellie went to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and I must say that I did not envy them the tiresome job of sight seeing.

Nov. 22nd Helen and myself were able to attend Carl's wedding at Cambridge, N.Y. we had a pleasant time, and was satisfied our oldest son had found a treasure for a wife. We left them on the train for a prolonged wedding tour, that proved quite a novelty to them of finding Southern society, and acquiring knowledge that can be had by actual experience.

I am inclined to stop and meditate, look over the past, and notice what I have omitted. How that two of my sons Donald and Earl had a chum, a neighbor, and they contrived together to have a small press for printing, and with much ingenuity managed to print a boys paper, even to engraving of pictures to illustrate what they wished to relate. There was no possible chance to make a dime, still they persevered as if it was the action of the hour, the education to see and do.

Other duties came to their notice, and after a three years "stock-to-a-tim" effort they each graduated into what appeared to each a business of more or less accumulation.

The foregoing study was quite equal to the senior class in the high school, in reality quite more practical. To mention all the consequences might take some chapters to explain in the makethis they are contained.

Then I notice that one of them Willie Wilcox met with a cruel mishap by being run over by the cars, and my diary shows that beginning May 7<sup>th</sup> 1894 they watched with their friend fifty two days each taking their turn to somewhat mitigate the anxiety the sufferers must have undergone - my date closing with June 28<sup>th</sup>. How many more days might be added to this narrative I will leave to future biography that cannot help when written to be of interest.

When the days moved forward with rigid exactness, I wondered what could come to me I was and had been in the habit of arising first mornings, make a fire - fill and put on the tea kettle, when Helen would prepare the morning meal. Helen was not a continual talker. In her making up she had not the exact quantity of seven bushel baskets of talk that dealt out to our ancestor Eve in Edens garden. Perhaps one even stricken bushel basket would be nearer her gift. It was the 21<sup>st</sup> of July I think that I had arranged the usual care for Helen. She got the meal and after we were seated, I made to her some remark? when she only smiled and looking at me shook her head, she could not speak! A hurried call for Doctor Potter, and he said she had a shock, and the shock went through me! I was well aware - no hope for usual health would come to her again. Still I hoped for the best, even to plan for a trip to Fly Creek, Otsego County, N.Y. to see once more her girl mate Ann Maria Leavitt Holbrook. I found out the exact expense. But it was not to be Helen recovered in a measure, but her life closed to this earths hopes and fears the morning of December 20<sup>th</sup> 1894.

At the funeral which was at the house, I recollect but a few words, It appeared to me it was at the end - and as the Pastor McLaughlin said to me. "That I was at the evening of life - and to me it would be only waiting". I found some rhymes I had written when I was nearly seventeen years old (January 1844.) sitting by my mother, the theme I think had been read by me in prose. At the time I wrote them, I gave them to my mother to read and she wished for a copy, and after that we were more closely bound to one another if possible than ever before. Whenever I read these lines, it truly seemed as the pastor said, I was only waiting I called the lines. Memory, Hope and Truth.

A little babe was seen at morn; One that was pure and from all harm.  
When lo! Hope came and promised home, And Memory to serve its own.  
The child did soon become a youth, Memory and Hope did come and Truth.  
I saw him kiss all three of them. And they did love him in return.

While he did sleep, they were by him, Weaving rainbows tissues in his dreams;  
When he awoke, like larks they were, To meet him early and to cheer.  
He was a man and Hope was there, To cheer him through his daily care,  
And every night, his supper took With knowledge, who from Memorys cup.

At length age found his temples gray. Time had most passed; had gone away.  
Memory sat by his elbow chair An old tried friend, most surely there.  
He looked at her and whispered low. Ah you have lost! I fear, 'tis true  
she said, "I fear the same myself. The lock of my casket is worn bereft.

"But those sweet gems thou gavest me once, while life was new, I can announce."  
 While they thus sadly conversed here, Hope did put forth a wing to cheer!  
 He died; his body angels bore. Unto the gates of Heaven did soar.  
 Memory passed through the gates with it, But Hope did at the threshold quit,  
 There did it sweetly die away. As the rose its odors do decay.

## Chapter 46.

When this sorrow came to me, my children come around me in a sincere manner to lighten up the load. How kind each one was I can see plainly now. My eldest daughter tried in her best manner to keep my house. Her study of economy was most wonderful and it would be cruel of me not to mention it; as I look back now July 9<sup>th</sup> 1905 I did not sufficiently realize the good qualities she brought to help me so faithfully.

I was reading somewhere of one who "objected to repeating the Lords prayer, not to be led into temptation" on the ground that they found temptation pleasant!" But a certain statement to act upon comes to me now is this: The thing that concerns you not, meddle not with.

July 23<sup>d</sup> 1895, my youngest son Earl and myself took a trip that had been planned sometime. We went up to Johnsbury, N.Y. climbing up the hills from the Glen on the Adirondack railroad. The six miles climb was productive of a vigorous appetite, and an intense feeling of invigoration. To me it appeared life had a new lease. There is something in one's perceptions in high altitudes that no other experience can claim. The mind expands what might look ordinary elsewhere - is here set at a different pitch. The harmony of nature is more clearly understood.

The 26<sup>th</sup> we took in the features of a climbing railway at Caldwell at the head of Lake George, Lake Haricon or Lake Sacrement, three different names used for the Holy Water. What a change from the first time of my passing through this beauty of thirty five miles with its three hundred and sixty five isles and islets, one for each day of the year. The short passage by stage at the close of the day in the twilight gave the thoughts time for reflection. To me to count up the many stopping places on the lake, at least a score and a half, when my earliest recollection could only determine the one at Bolton.

We hired at Forestdale, Vt., a livery to carry us to Goshen, I wished to pass by where I had worked with my father on two dwellings close up to the Blue Ridge of the Green Mountains, when I was twenty years of age, the owners when I worked there were father and son by the name of Belnap. The front door to Wm. Belnap's house I made from the spruce plank one and three fourths of an inch thick in the rough. Commenced as soon as daylight in a long day in June and finished the five paneled job at evening twilight.

We came to the road leading to Rippon at the old dwelling place of the Pak

family and when we made application for a night's entertainment we were firmly refused but on proceeding further we found a Rev. Mr. Atwood who kindly gave us food and shelter.

This acquaintance was another enjoyable time as we seemed to be in sympathy with whatever subject the minister brought to conversation. For myself I was highly entertained to have a chance to make acquaintance with my son, who appeared to have qualifications that I was entirely unaware of.

The next day we walked the six miles through the woods to Ripton Hollow, where at one time of my life the visual line that traced the horizon held all that was most dear to me.

Our journey closed the 29<sup>th</sup> of July when we again returned to the catarrh atmosphere of Bennington. The six days were of the most careful expense to both of us about \$23.50.

One traveling occurrence I will relate on our return passage from Middlebury. A lady came in the car forward of us and took a seat. Why according to sculpture of beautiful form where to be a perfect woman shoulders should be a little narrower than the rest of her person but to be so immensely exaggerated at the shoulders. Certainly if God made them so there would be all night crying! I wish I could picture it out it was so unreasonable to keep thinking how far the shoulder did reasonably extend? and what part of the extended globe the upper arm is really placed in getting from the shoulder to the elbow. Of course it was impossible to truly place the upper arm. Really such monstrous enormities tire one, still there was relief to me. As the car was full and to retire to the smoking car to rid myself of the unbearably unnatural sight I would not do it. When this lady came in the car, she at once raised the window after much labor and apparently hard work - then as soon as the train was fair out of the station, she tried every way to close it by using her pocket knife and then her small blank book (I suppose the brass trimmings hurt her fingers) with no success; a man (two seen in front of her saw her trouble and went to assist her, he acted as if it was best for her to get out of the seat, but she snuggled up to one side - so he tried to get to the sash, but he at once came into contact with one of those spheroid balloons, when she gave him a look that would make one unhappy for a while. She then flipped out as if she had suffered terribly. Well he did not get it down after exhausting all his manly ingenuity and giant strength. He looked when he left as if he was done with offered services until -

September 22<sup>nd</sup> 1896. I went over to Northfield, Vt., as I had an urgent invitation from Carlton Clapp uncle by marriage to my Helen, to visit him once more. My wife Helen had been a great favorite of his. I was there over the Sabbath and attended the Congregation Church. The service was of a high order, the sermon elevating and the singing was quite extra from the usual rendering. One most peculiar thing was the soprano and alto were mother and daughter, and it would be exceedingly difficult for any one to determine which was the mother - really it was hard to determine until the singing of the hymns, when I concluded the alto was the mother - both with dark eyes and hair, and Mr. W. H. Holton son-in-law of Mr. Clapp was quite sure I would not be able to discriminate which was which. So when I told him of my decision he observed that only by the voice I had made a satisfactory decision.

From Northfield I went to Taltville to stop with George W. Harvey one day, while

there I met a person of which I will now relate.

When I was two years old my great uncle Nathaniel Harvey, of Middlebury Vt., sued my father, as was reported at that time to re-collect the pay on notes that should have been cancelled, these notes had been given for a saw-mill and timber lands in Weybridge Vt. This law business was continued by Harvey until he had paid out some three thousand dollars, all the means he had, and it cost my father over one thousand dollars and my father gained his suit every time. Just who was most in error I never could find out, and my searching now would not be of any use, after seventy five years. Now July 31<sup>st</sup> 1896

When I lost my Helen from heart trouble and paralysis December 20<sup>th</sup> 1894 our pleasant married life reaching most thirty years, I was lonely, and while visiting one day as related above, I saw my uncles only daughter a widow her husband was dead and her children in the grave. I had known Eliza when about eleven years of age, with the blackest of eyes and hair and otherwise comely and to me very attractive. I met her as she was carrying a basket of vegetables. And soon it came to me, why I could not help my uncles daughter, and if my father had unwittingly done a wrong, I could in some manner repay

## Chapter 47.

We corresponded, we became engaged, We were married the 28<sup>th</sup> of July 1897 at Winchester, N.H. My dark eyed wife Eliza started out to finish up lifes journey pretty well along in years, myself seventy the 5<sup>th</sup> of the last March, and Eliza sixty years the 5<sup>th</sup> of the last October. We could not expect great length of days. Our acquaintance at first was pleasant; stayed at Mr. McClennings a day or two, then at G.W. Harveys a cousin ours, who kindly invited us to their home. Their kindness made time pass beautifully a planned trip or picnic to Mount Tom in the neighborhood will never be forgotten. The company we met of a Mr. Hall from Austin, Minnesota, the affianced husband of Mr. Harveys only daughter "Alice" was not a small part of the pleasure in the visit. We left their pleasant home and by easy journey stayed at Bellows Falls one night, then next Cohoes, N.Y., as Eliza wished to show me about some repairs at her tenement house 369-Ninth Street Troy, N.Y.

At this time when Eliza left Troy to come to Bennington she had a feeling of dread that it would not be pleasant. For myself, I did not think there was a possibility of difference could occur.

We took our room in the old homestead a chamber with a bay window to wait patiently for the tenant to get out and give us the rooms over the store, then there was painting to be done, when we moved in - in the meantime Eliza was making acquaintance with my children.

I had been in the habit since Carl lived in the house of getting up about half past 5 A.M. to make fires and get the work of the day underway, as Carl's wife with a delicate girl baby, they were frequently broke of their rest, Eliza did not think I should take this pains to start the days doings; and being outspoken and my deafness ne

-sitting Eliza to speak loud, Carl and some others of the family heard her accuse to me Carl's laziness. Now Carl prided himself in not being lazy - being at very nervous disposition he was worked up over it. But all I could do or say Eliza would talk loud and loud too.

About this time Eliza went to Carl's wife with a story about a Fonda family, once lived on Ninth Street, Troy, and endeavored in a way to make it appear that the Fonda's in Troy were related to Carl's wife's father, Dow L. Fonda of Cambridge, N.Y. I was afraid of this being a source of irritation to Carl and his wife, and I begged of Eliza to refrain from saying anything about this history of this family in Troy; for according her relation of it, was not creditable to be kindred to. But Eliza would tell of it and try to make a strong case of it - making a showing in her estimation that they were related to the Cambridge family were quite sure there was no relation - as Dow L. Fonda said he never had a brother, so there was a hard feeling made between them.

Still we got along somehow until the expected visit of Mr. Hall and his wife came. Eliza had worked hard to get ready for them. I suggested she should have help but she would not to it. I knew she had overdone, so I proposed our both going over to Carl's for a dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hall as they were invited as well as ourselves; but Eliza would not hear to it.

It was in the morning and Carl overheard her remarks about him, and his wife; Carl came up stairs - coming in, forbidding Eliza to talk about him and his wife, they pitched at another, and I got between so they parted.

This affair broke into my happiness completely. What could I do? Our differences were being brought before the public. Hall and his wife would portray the affair to their friends on their wedding tour - our immediate neighborhood were all interested and gossiping over the proceedings. I could not make my children respect my wife Eliza, they were not in the least congenial.

At this time I was doing some repairing on her place in Troy. To hire help there, prices were exorbitant, so got the lumber and nails and went at the work myself, trying to do what she advised; was planning to save money to give her to help on the expense of street and sidewalk expenses which would be extra on the property. But Eliza would not hear to any thing only for me to pay back to her what my time to of two whole weeks which I must pay for just then when I was pressed for cash.

Now things would move along the first part of the week pleasantly, and I would flatter myself that a better happier life was before me, but the least word would bring on contention, and no begging of her to speak lower had any effect, the loud talk became annoying to customers.

Eliza was at this time weekly threatening to pack up and leave, as she would no stay near my children. Saying again and again if one died she would not attend the funeral, would not speak to them, would not see the new born babe my grandson, but would curse me and talk about Carl in such a way that Carl was all broke up; bringing tears and so nervous that he could hardly keep around as his wife lay there with the new born babe. Eliza herself was passing sleepless nights crying sometimes as if her husband



would break, but still ready to use language not proper for a woman to use under any circumstances. I endeavored to have family prayers Sabbath mornings, but she was careful to twit me in the most stinging manner before the week passed about my profession, as I could not bear this I gave up the custom.

## Chapter 48.

In Eliza's talk and stinging words I retaliated by saying some things Hall had said to me. But she caught this up and took herself to Taftsville, claiming they denied saying such and such things. They might have justified themselves in a way, because I promised not to repeat their words or advice to me. I admit I should never have repeated those words, but the aggravation was so intense I could not control myself.

As Eliza said she could not live here with my children or near them, I began to plan to get away. My son Carl was so nervous with her continual berating myself, calling me a liar, a rascal and jealous of other women, and speaking so very disagreeable of other women and speaking so very disagreeably about the rest of the family, trying to make a tirade against every one of them, not speaking to them and they were as willing to avoid her, never going into their house. About this time Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> 1897, Carl was trying to find a place to start business of groceries and found a young man "Wm. Wilcox" who would buy out the property of my share by taking an equal share and buying part of my stock in trade.

I knew that my liabilities were such that if I moved to sell I would disturb my credit at the Bank which was good for what I was owing. So I went down to get a lawyer to make a deed - in the meantime Eliza was ready to sign if she could have \$75.00 to help her if a pinch come in her expenses at her place on Ninth Street in Troy which I promised her; but when I came back she informed me, that she went out on the street, and had seen a man, that had her office, and who told her not to sign any such paper as I was worth much money; and she could get much more from me if she held a roof from signing a deed, without I gave her five hundred dollars.

I will say here that it was usual with Eliza, to tell me what a person said about me; but never give the name of the person who said it.

When I saw how this stood, and that my wife was seeking lawyers advice I did not know what to do - but it seemed I must do something and get her away from this section before we had any more public scandal. After consulting with my two sons, they allowed that in my embarrassment of circumstances, I should deed the old place to them; they would assume the debts on the place together, to help me out at the bank where I had paper to the amount of \$15,000. Also would assume notes held by Mrs. G. A. Bradburn's attorney, this was done and the property deeded to my three sons.

Now with Eliza's pretended wish to get away from Bennington she made it very hard for me, when she found out this side. When one great object was to be in condition to move from this section. But this act of mine was kept a going every week, harrassing me

for just what she apparently wished me to do, and that I could not provide for her a living, while I kept reminding her, we could live where we were, where I was then May 31<sup>st</sup> 1897 I had a claim there of personal property that would pay the rent for several years. Then were pleasant. I told her she could be absent if she wished in the warmest weather when considered to warm for comfort; otherwise the rooms were really desirable.

When Eliza refused to sign the deed before mentioned, she came to me with a proposition as an agreement for me to sign - to pay her \$500, down to put in Troy bank and we might live one of her tenements for a home, still she had told me of the danger to health in living there, on account of the water, as she claimed she had lost her former family of husband and two children, by using bad water.

About this time, we had been to church and I had taken up the collection as usual. I had been financial secretary for nearly eight years in the M.E. Church at this place and put the cash in usual place after counting and crediting to the proper persons. The next morning when I went to take the money to carry to the treasurer, "Doctor H. J. Potter" I found the sum lacked several dollars, no one knew of the place where I kept it but Eliza and myself. Well I had to make it up, wondering. How I could make such a mistake?

After this I was very careful, but with all my care the shrinkage occurred again. When I knew I must resign the office, which I did at the close of the conference year April 1<sup>st</sup> 1898

Then I began to hunt for a place to live, went to North Bennington, and after looking the ground over, my wife would not consent to live about here. As I had business in Troy. I stopped off at Melrose to see what I could do there, I found a desirable place of five acres, a good substantial house, cistern, well of water, horse barn, place for grapes and currants, twenty fruit trees, and a fine chance to put up tenement houses on Main Street.

Eliza was quite taken up with this at first. We went and looked it over and a chance to do well was plain to be seen. But No. She would not let me rent it, but would advise me to buy, but then would not go there to live and try to keep the house alone for a few weeks or months, until I could dispose of more of my personal property in Bennington. Melrose is only eight miles from Troy, sixteen cents would bring Eliza to see her old neighbors on Ninth Street where she had lived thirty years. The difference between Troy and Melrose on one thousand dollars. Troy \$35, 75¢ tax, Melrose \$250 on taxes.

Now what to do next? the deed was signed, the seventy five dollars was paid, but Eliza would go to Woodstock, Vt., or Hinsdale, N.H. to live and we would be separate for awhile, she wished to pack up at once, life really seemed a burden to her, she was growing thin in flesh, laying all the blame on me because I had sold to get away from Bennington. I think for at least eight weeks before she went to Taffsville she had the carpet partly untied ready to take up at a moments notice.

Finally she had arranged to go to Woodstock sending cash to close bargain for rooms near station there, but instead of going to Woodstock, she hired rooms of a Mr. Reed at Taffsville. Sometime within a month I had a letter from her saying: To sell there before I

went west. I had casually mentioned that I might go to Montana or some western point as our differences had been well advertised in Bennington and Taftsville. I wished to go somewhere to get away from it awhile.

## Chapter 49.

Our correspondence continued, finally Eliza claimed that she had found out who the trouble was. There had been correspondence and gossiping at Taftsville: so in June I went over and stayed one week all pleasant. I rigged up a sort of a lounge also bought a cord of wood of G. W. Harvey and cut it up, buying kindling wood of Brownell and left with the plan of returning in September with horse and buggy to take a trip across the mountain to Clarendon.

In September I crossed the mountain by the way of Faru and Weston. I had word from Eliza that a cheap place could be bought in Taftsville of a Mrs. Young. On that account I waited at Taftsville to close the trade September 29<sup>th</sup> 1898, then I returned to Bennington to pack up and move to Taftsville. Eliza went off the repairing hiring a man when it was winter weather to do what I could do myself and save her cash and mine too.

We went through the winter until spring when Eliza heard from Troy that one to-ement was empty and I must go there to repair, so the garden was let out, and the house locked up, and we went to Troy, done the repairing. Then I went to Bennington to work for the Hurlburt Brothers.

Finally Eliza went to Hillsdale, N. H. to stay with her sister-in-law Mrs. J. Harvey. After several weeks she wrote for me to come there, and we would go to our home in Taftsville. I stayed at Hillsdale one night, nothing occurred disagreeable until we came to the station in Brattleboro when Eliza talked in such a disagreeable manner to me, that the passengers in the waiting room went out, not wishing to hear her talk! When we came to Taftsville it was more or less of this peculiar disagreeable talk, if I proposed any thing she would flare right up; as I had finished up a room in the barn taking one corner, I put my tools there, a place to work, she would come there and quarrel daily.

Things went so disagreeable, Eliza calling me a liar, scoundrel and every other name that came to her mind I was ready to give up. Just at this time came word from Tenants, that street was to be raised and I must attend to it. Eliza borrowed \$10, of George W. Harvey for me to go with. I went immediately at the sewer getting it ready, when I came to open found it sound and was well convinced it was a needless task. I had paid out besides my work \$12.16 also I returned the \$10, borrowed of Mr. Harvey. For I saw the sewer job was of no use to Eliza.

I could not see any other way after having my shoulder dislocated than to apply to some man W. F. Cobban to come to Butte, Montana and earn money. At this time July 15<sup>th</sup> 1900 had been in Butte eight months and ten dogs, have did all the work able to do with this lame shoulder, was brought about in a malicious way evidently intending to ruin my health or take my life.

I omitted that when at Taftsville I made the payment to Mrs. Young with interest - together with insurance and taxes and for new fence made \$58.80 which made in all \$202.65. In the winter of 1899 and 1900 Eliza threatened to poison. She would take up the subject of my being under the control of Mrs. Bowdish & would say she had known such a case, and poison had been used by the apriers party! One day we had a pork stew for dinner, I was in fine health, so ate quite hearty, soon became sick to my stomach and was really alarmed. I had severe purging, which left me ve weak. After much reflection I am quite sure Eliza placed in that stew some active cathartic with intention of scaring me - to show me what she could accomplish if the occasion required. I mentioned that accidentally something might have got in the food? She replied, That it might have been worse.

Now to relate I went to Troy for no particular job, to try in a secret manner connect the waste pipe with an old well, which has been used for the house sewage in an unlawful manner for several years Eliza insisted that the conductor to the well put in by her deceased husbe "Mr. Rodway" was decayed. I undertook to make connections with the well, which in doing I inhaled sewer gas, and only partially recovered after a fast from Tuesday AM. until the 1 day following PM. leaving me with a bad stomach and vertigo. I could not complain there or have a physician, and make a reason for my condition for fear of disturbing the tenants who were ignorant of the arrangement of sewerage. So with much staggering finally came to Bennington, and in trying to work there fell from off a box and dislocated left shoulder, and after nine months it is a bad break, keeping me from earning money.

When I sent Eliza the ten dollars she owed Harvey I asked her to come and see me I was in that condition, she would not come, but paid the borrowed money to Harvey, so you can see I was of no account, still I had promised to pay back the cost of coming.

After the failure to connect sewer, I examined the old conductor and found it perfectly sound, being made of Southern pine, and reasonably to last for twenty years, being imbedded in the earth two feet. Evidently this plan of connecting by sewer was to injure my health, if not to destroy my life.

Eliza and myself corresponded while I was in Bulle until the 10th of July 1900. When she notified me that she had left Taftsville, took away all she wished of the good centered the place, that she never wished to see me again! should write me no more letters, & so wished me to come and take care of my books and goods as the mice would get to the

August 2nd 1900 I left Bulle and came to Troy the 11th of August called on Eliza, she never offered to shake hands, or asked me to take a seat, I probably was there ten minutes then to Bennington, from there to Woodstock. Advertized my goods at auction which were sold the 2nd of September, 1900.

The 7th of January 1901. I had a letter from Eliza that she had sold the place at Taftsville back to Mrs. Young and wished me to come down there in Troy meeting me at the Surrogate Office to sign the deed; this was done when she wanted to see me on matters in relation to her place on Ninth Street, after my return to Bennington, she wrote that she wished articles of separation made out and signed, so that I could have no claim on her part.

erly in Troy, nor she on mine. After I had taken counsel this was done in duplicate  
 C. W. Harvey in Woodstock having one of the papers, signed January 29<sup>th</sup> 1901 witnessed  
 at the Surrogate's office in Troy, N.Y.

## Chapter 80.

After this separation agreed on and arranged Eliza appeared quite different, so that I  
 went at the basement in Troy plastering and improved the rooms a good deal. But generally  
 on the Sabbath there would be hateful talk to me. Here I will state that generally when she was at  
 these hateful talks, she would repeat again and again that I had married her for her money, and  
 that every body said so. Now as far as this being true I feel satisfied in saying, that if she had  
 come to me with nothing at all we should have been much happier. Her place in Troy caused her  
 much anxiety, and her ideas when it wanted repairs, were so unreasonable that there is no consulting  
 each other when things are wanted to be done. And she seemed to be insanely jealous of my second  
 wife's sister, Mrs. Bowditch without any reason for it. She was for searching my papers when I was  
 out of sight. I had caught her at it many times finding my writings misplaced and some of them  
 disappeared, but took no notice of it.

A lady in the South had written me a letter of inquiry, and I thought for one thing there was  
 a chance to try that style of searching other persons private papers, I had under no consideration  
 ever looked at hers. So I answered this letter sealed and stamped as if to send, leaving in my pocket-  
 book in my coat pocket and went to Troy. It was not four hours before she made the discovery. And  
 there was a scene! I was partly convinced she did care for me in a way, one of my reasons  
 for her was, "That I had a scheme of compiling a book of letters of correspondence, if they were well  
 written might be saleable".

I now put my best foot forward endeavoring to care for my wife, and there would be  
 days when it seemed possible to enjoy some happiness, but all at once there would be a break  
 and every imaginable mean name would be heaped upon me.

It was the 4<sup>th</sup> of June 1901 that Eliza went at me worse than ever, she was at it for  
 more than a day. I said but little in reply, but finally told her I would not live so, that I would  
 go away and leave her, there was no peace to be had. I had not the least idea where to go, but  
 when I came to Bennington where I earned something occasionally, a letter came from my young-  
 est daughter Kate that if I would come there to Boise, Idaho, I could apply for a timber  
 claim which would help me to cash, and to wire if I would come there to Idaho as their stay  
 there was limited. I wrote to Eliza of my plan also wired to Cobben.

When I called on Eliza she appeared much surprised and her language was awful,  
 and I was satisfied I could not bear such treatment, I made but few words, and her last words  
 were, "she hoped never to see my face again!"

It seemed after she realized that I was gone, she had made a mistake and letters  
 from her were different. So she interviewed clairvoyants and sent me their horoscopes in  
 my character and other writings and I concluded she would be more as a wife should  
 be. So I came back to her place in Troy February 15<sup>th</sup> 1902.



In making out an account of what I endured in my living with Eliza, I have somewhat smoothed things over - that is, not to give the worst appearance possible. The fact was and is, that I heartily despise all divorce proceedings. It has always been my belief, that a person who has once time would and should show them wherein they have gone wrong: and on reflection they would see their faulty course, which they had taken. Then try and improve. I don't want any one who may ever read these lines should think I had ever abused a woman, but that I had endeavored to endure all a man could endure, was ever willing to return when a disposition was shown to warrant it. It is nice to be forgiven by those you never wronged!

I wish now to give some record of what came to me, in the time of over eight months in Idaho and Mont. Boise, Idaho, June 18<sup>th</sup> 1901. Came here at 12-40 Midnight. Had wired from Granger, Wyoming, but the parties who received the wire in Sonne Block, Boise were at amusement, and the time passed I meet me. - So the conductor noticing I was a stranger directed me to the Pacific Hotel where I obtained a room. Awake at 9 AM and found the residence of Adjutant General Weaver of Idaho 712 Franklin Street, Mr. Cobben had taken a trip of one hundred and thirty five miles with a livery team to Great Payette Lake - in a North Westwardly direction from Boise.

This city of Boise is fine streets like lines on a "checker board" all at right-angles, doubtless they would have had Main Street laid by a compass exactly North and South, But the Boise River on the western edge engaged the surveyors attention, and Main Street was marked North West and South East - all other streets had to acquiesce in this rigid act: Now when you place the North Star, there is just a little wonder. Why?!

The streets are wide, eighty feet. Salt Lake City, Utah, are 120 feet, too wide! When human lives are so short, and streets must be crossed, "to get there": Like Salt Lake City a stream of water running along by each side walk. I am living at 712 Franklin Street, (General Weaver's family are away in the State of Washington) quite near three public buildings, this lawn where I sit is beautifully kept around this Capital Building of the State of Idaho. Northerly is the High School, and Southerly is the Court-House. I am sitting under the perfect shade of black Walnut trees.

After getting accustomed to looking at the perfectly azure blue of the sky wondering how the particular shade could be carried from the Zenith to the Horizon I discovered that the foliage of the black walnut shade trees, which appear to be in the vicinity by the side walks, were apparently varnished with honey on upward surface, and the coating was so generous that it dripped on the cement side walk, even clinging to the soles of one's shoes. The honey bees were doing their best in taking advantage of the immense display, even the roses, and the catalpa blossoms and other sweet offers were rejected. I inquired, What was this sweet galore? Had to ask several, when found a native of Kentucky, who was familiar with its appearance. "Honey Dew." They called it where he came from, I found after 9 P.M. you could hold your face upward and a fine sprinkling of it could be felt.

Now next, Where did it come from? On inquiring of the curate of St. Michael (Episcopal) Rev. Mr. Duell, he could not inform me; next I met Rev. Mr. Clay, Pastor of the church of the disciples with no better success; But he said, There was a professor in



the State College at Moscow, Idaho, that would be likely to know, but as I had stirred up the question, in a few days there was a column or more in the "Idaho Daily Statesman" to explain: It appears that a parasite, some insect called an Aphis cultivated by one kind of ants to supply them with honey. It is extracted by these aphids from several kind of trees and the honey bees are provided with immense quantities. Now I am wondering if the honey bees are not made lazy by it.

My daughter Mrs. Cobban purchased some fresh honey, the purest lightest color I ever saw and it is delicious.

The people here are very orderly, I have noticed a crowd of several thousand at several occasions, no drunkenness, no bad language, every one pleasant. On the Sabbath a quiet city, a general movement to the church buildings making a day of worship.

## Chapter 51.

Among the many claims of this city are; that it is called the healthiest city in the world. Its death rate the least even when deaths are registered to invalids that have been brought here that were beyond help. There is artesian wells, both hot and cold water, coming from borings four hundred feet in depth. The hot water 185° Fahrenheit. It is used at the Natatorium, conducted by pipes in the city where desired for warming buildings. The hot water is used for sprinkling streets, claimed to destroy germs, another cause for healthy location.

In regard to this city of Boise it is perfectly embowered with shade trees, the black walnut most prominent, elms and locusts, the catalpa, mulberry with its black berry fruit, all kinds of fruit, even the olive makes wonderful growth here, there is so much shade that numerous fine residences are modestly covered from view, and in order to see the elaborate finish one must make himself slightly offensive in persistent looking. On the houses there is the prevailing absence of shutters, however curtains are used, so the three hundred sunshiny days are met with reasonable comfort by the occupant. The city is not yet finished, there are vacant lots, also a continuation of prairie as far as the eye can see - and a purchaser of a vacant lot can command his taste to fit his purse from a ten dollar shack to a three story elaborate dwelling; in this respect there are all kinds of copies to imitate, and you will be admitted to church and society where you will feel at home.

July 14<sup>th</sup> 1901, 4-PM. Mr. Cobban came to me, wished to know "Will you ride with me?" How far? I asked: "One hundred and fifty miles". How long absent? "Two weeks or a year" How much time to pack? "Just five minutes." As I had kept in anxious preparation for some days I kept no one waiting. For company, Mr. Cobban and my two grand daughters "Rena and Marjory" they were used to travel on these Idaho wagon trails. Mr. Cobban the driver of a fine span of horses. Mr. C. seemed to know just where to apply the brake, and release it. The horses appeared to consult one another in winding around the "Couples" to keep such a step as would permit his mate

to come out even when making the longest side of a part-circle. All this previous knowledge known by horses and driver, was most surely a safe guard to our lives and in the roads in the level of Boise valley even when no rain had fallen in three months were good; to meet a team would meet some fine sand in the air, but our traveling was so rapid we generally kept in advance of the rising sand, there was a musical rhythm came from the steel tire of the wheels, as it was rapidly raised and dropped back, I had never noticed before, this aeolian harp music was delightful and quite unexpected.

But in order to make our journey we must pass over several divides, that are elevations of several hundred feet, and in order to climb up their steep sides grade is taken around the curves, and many places a careful planning when team are met to pass one another.

There is another fact in climbing these ascents, the wheel track next the bank is usually higher in the other and the carriage many times seems to be just kept from capsizing, sending contents down forty to a hundred feet, nothing on the low side to protect in the least. In Vermont or New York the "select men supervisors" who on inspection at once erect a barricade with a notice of "closed up, but no such precedent is established in Idaho, every party must warrant themselves in Idaho against such happenings. It was told me that last spring when the Ruyter river was swollen to full banks, a freight wagon loaded with wool, the lower side cut off - all tipped over into the river, no lives lost, most of the wool saved, horses drowned, this occurred just below Mars and Irons. No one to blame! On being shown the place I could no reason why the same thing could not occur any time if a wagon wheel gave out, while often happens under these heavy loads of four to seven tons weight.

When we had traveled twenty five miles came to Peart, Idaho, a narrow valley, a sunset looked as if we might go farther but no moon, and in the deep valley, but no: a few miles and we were in darkness; unsafe to proceed any further on the uneven road. When first started to climb these divides, the driver suggested, "best to lay my overcoat on the floor of the carriage." I thought otherwise. And after sitting a while to discover we had passed it on the road behind us, not knowing when it left the carriage, I thought different. I recollect afterwards Mary could sleep soundly, when the motions of the carriage were so abrupt that a reasonable sized dog would be tossed up, when he would inevitably rise up, turn himself around in amazement, what in the face could be repeated - no matter how often this occurred, he was sure to report the change of position to find relief.

I understand to secure springs of steel for these carriages the steel is obtained from the new steel works near Boston, Mass., where a superior article is made. From certain cars iron like tin cans melted together after the coating of tin and lead one removed, giving steel a toughness and durability a few years thought impossible.

To continue, the darkness came so sudden at Peart a man told me that

he started to write a letter, and after a line or two he could not see. I found a good and a number for stamp mill running across the street. I told me to stop like counting back wards.

On the morning of the 15th we came to Marsh and Ireton's. In passing from Pearl to this place we came over one tract of land that deserves notice. It is the lar formation. The sides of the hills for miles are streaked with black rock from three to twenty feet and from twenty to one hundred feet in length. The material is broken up in a squarish form of cubes, diameter from one and a half inches to four inches at first sight, evidently prepared for macadamizing a road or ballast for railroad and had the appearance of hand work, of whom, some had accomplished much more the others in a given time. There are thousands of car loads, ready for the rail road, and the immediate use to improve the wagon trail in places so badly needed. We crossed the Payette River at Marsh, then went north, the valley here is wide, and crops of all kinds look nicely. Hay is being harvested in great quantities, no rain for months, but irrigation makes farming a success.

The manner of making your own rain two or three times to each crop, having the water just long enough according to your own judgment, no excessive rain to drown away the strength of the soil, and then the sunshine days to harvest the crop. I noticed where the sheep ranches had secured their wool, it was sacked up, piled in many ton weights for a roof, just an awning of cotton cloth, no worry in fear of rain for months.

### Chapter 52.

After going up the valley of the Payette River and other valleys about fifteen miles we strike the timber line. I had noticed in the Boise Valley, that the sage brush was seldom over three feet in height on the unoccupied land, but kept increasing in height to well over a hundred feet in the timber line. The sides of the hills had the appearance of fruiting grow apple orchards, just in fine condition for producing a crop of fruit.

I do not think I overstate the fact, that we met and passed fifty "Haine Schools" (covered wagons drawn by two to six horses on mules, each has a family, they call them Movers) with all their earthly possessions their horses and families on four wagon wheels always moving, going when possible only stop to accumulate some ready funds, to get the next time going blissful region, they scarcely ever find the place sought but always keep traveling. To appearance wash day is not always a such succeeding Monday, but dry sandy dust may make sanitary conditions, we more particular beings are not aware of. Any how they show health as you meet them in this which may be called the Great American Desert. They smile as we meet them, and a courteous bow is the rule, but significant look without any carking care, that the world with its rains and weather brings all their desires. I recall one apparently young couple got out to walk up a steep grade,

The young man helped out the young woman, they joined hands, and there was such a joyful good comradeship shown. When we came up to them, the young man dropped the girl's hand with a deeper blush if possible the sunny climate gives; when she had looked us over, she claimed his hand, to give us to understand her claim was solid, and it would be heroic measures to dissolve it! I could not fail to see that their perfect happiness brought about by their surroundings - their chance for a bare subsistence, either harvesting or placer mining wherever they happen to haul up is a lesson to us grasping mortals.

Marsh is the name of the post office near first crossing of the Payette River. Those gentlemen, Marsh and Irelton, have been located here thirty years. They were pioneers, they have the land in sight of their hospital stopping place, the fore one gets there would vie with any place in this country of ours. They came here from the Civil War with the full belief that they belong to the greatest country on earth, and it will take more than one party or a usual happening to make them change. They are not lacking in personal kindness one day a Mr. Smith they care for though old seventy eight, who had sunk a reasonable fortune in some mining venture, now too timid to make another venture to convert fate.

At night we reached Smith's Ferry. Here the Payette is quite wide probably thirty rods, the ferry boat cannot cross in the usual place - sand and gravel filled up a boy and girl on horseback were sent across to show the way to ford; by placing contents of carriage on seats and putting our feet on back of seats we passed over, perhaps eight inches of water was taken in over carriage bottom in deepest part.

Mr. Higgins keeps the ranch here, he and Mrs. Higgins are pleasant people their location is fine, a well of water seemingly kept on ice, their butter and cream of the best rainbow trout in liberal quantity. We slept in tents not crowded but the cool nights found use for two thick comforters.

Most all people I had spoken with seemed to desire a railroad through the valley of the Payette, this want I mentioned, and that this lovely location would be occupied by a station. Mr. Higgins wished to correct me in my ideas of progress, that there was no change desired, it was well enough just as it is, a railroad would cut off and waste all the timber and ruin would follow. His belief was, like the people on Grand Isle County, in Lake Champlain. Conservative, wishing no new comers, land all taken up, no more inhabitants needed. Though in that county they do not welcome marriage outside the limits, and only when it was ascertained by the father of the young lady, that the persistent lover had swam repeatedly from the point at Alburgh, to North Hero. The father watched one dark night and when the lovers met, he told the young man, the pleasant words, "There may have been a hurdle!" In that case the embargo was raised.

There was at Higgins a Mr. Wilson for the night, I was introduced to. He had a small sheep ranch, and at this time of the year they were herded on the main range of mountains, they would feed to the snow line, thousands of feet above the Payette River. These snowy peaks we had in view for days. Mr. Wilson told me, he could take me to places where the snow and ice was seventy five feet in depth. The thawing of these vast bodies of snow and ice these hot days changed the quantity of water in the Payette River every twenty four hours.

As Mr. Wilson said, He had a "smell" of sheep I was tempted to ask him. How many head? Between seven and eight thousand sheep and four thousand lambs!. He answered. These ranges of mountains show green to the snow line, and they are steep. It shows great economy to know they are covered with sheep, and it is favorable to the owner. The cold atmosphere naturally furnishing the sheep with heavier fleeces; an item in the net income annually. Another thing herding the flock on the high ranges, saves the valleys for hay stored with thrifty care for the sheep in the cold winter.

Our next stop was at Cold Fork Creek, there I had a slice of rainbow trout that weighed two and a half pounds after being dressed, a camp of estimators of timber claims was the entertainers. The yellow pine grow to eight feet in diameter, reaching a height of two hundred and twenty feet. There is vast quantities of fallen trees that need to be seen to, to save for fuel. Rail fences of Old Virginia style are common, and they give substantial land marks to the owners boundaries. They must make an enduring fence, the long dry season, alternated by the one snow term annually.

Near this Cold Fork Creek is a hot-spring of water, that is forced by nature up at the side of a ravine, about ten feet from bottom, gently, in an artistically formed basin as large as a bushel basket, probably a cubic two inch inlet in the solid granite. One can stand right up to it and dip it up from its natural fixture, just wait a bit for it to cool, it is about 150° Fahrenheit. The smell and taste are sweet no doubt medicinal, always the same temperature as long as known, another proof of the new theory that under the great pressure of the earth all rocks are in a state of fusion, when the heat is 500° Fahrenheit about 8000 feet below tide water.

### Chapter 33.

July 19<sup>th</sup> we looked at placer mining by a plant with steam power, it is made by suction, drawn up with a rotary pump in water and gravel to the depth of twelve feet in all 18 feet, to sluice boxes—so arranged as to catch the gold in riffles. It is necessary to go down to bed rock—twelve feet to clean up the gold. Their claim is one hundred and sixty acres of land—in one season they have cleaned, should guess twelve by forty feet. How many years will it take to work over their claim? They were just a going to clean up for the day—and as they had a rag carpet hung up keeping from view the sluices—I concluded no hint would be given, what they might find in value(?) and it is not supposed to be courteous to ask for information of that sort; so in that case an answer would not be reliable. Their pump was of enormous power bringing up stone in the water that one shown would weigh eighty pounds. The three men appeared to be in earnest, quite a store of wood to make steam, and an appearance of tidy industry.

Soon after arriving at Payette Lake about 4-P.M., the only excursion steamer was whistling for its daily trip of 22 miles in all out and back on this beautiful clear water. Lake being fifteen miles in length, its evergreen wooded shores showing a rising and falling of about four feet annually. The many beautiful views, the islands not as plentiful as Lake George, N.Y. But, how long can it remain in its solitary environs of only on



hotel? When one looks back to the history of Lake George, which fifty years ago had one stopping place between its extremities, length thirty seven miles, now there are scores of them, its shores teeming with picturesque hotels, and lovely cottages, finished up with all the skill and efforts rural invention can imagine.

The shores of Great Payette Lake must change when people know of its possibilities. The altitude is five thousand two hundred feet. This only hotel McCall proprietor, Post Office "Tiago" has been there eleven years. His improvements are tidiness, and of great comfort to him, is perfect health to Mrs. McCall whose life was despaired of before making this their home.

We took dinner the 17<sup>th</sup> at Mr. Warners a type of Idaho's pioneers. He was from Kentucky, on the Union side in the civil war; had survived Andersonville prison then married and with two sons struck the trail in the usual manner, he tried New Mexico, ne Arizona, coming to Boise Valley where he stayed three years and then continued to Long Valley, Idaho, twenty five miles south of Payette Lake.

He had made his home here for eleven years, his two story house on a bluff table land, perhaps forty feet above Long Valley. On the bank below the house springs of ice cold water large enough to irrigate eighty acres - were building a ditch to irrigate a higher table land than Long Valley of two miles in length. He owns one mile in length of this Long Valley, one son owns a half mile south of his claim - the other son own a half a mile North. He also owns a saw-mill at the East - situated on his timber claim of eighty ac

After telling us about all this active life (as "I am now sixty") he meditated a little. We were eating our midday meal, and for meat-corned venison of excellent flavor finally he concluded "If he was reasonably sure of five years more of active life, I would sell out here and go to British Columbia, a little colder, where I would find better laws, more agreeable surroundings." His wife a fine old lady who doubtless had kept close to him in all his wanderings, looked at me with an intelligent smile, one could read, that her consent to start out again, was extremely doubtful! And when he reflected that there were some ailments at times, gave him warning of the end of this life" closing with saying: That he was ready to go any time. A calm satisfied came over his partners face. They will doubtless close out at Warners Ranch and will be reckoned as one of the Pioneers of Long Valley, Idaho.

Payette Lake is a marvel, it is 5200 feet altitude, its extreme depth in some places, not yet been able to sound. The beautiful views continually unfolding as we pass through its length - which is a loop like the letter "U." McCall's hotel on the longest right side of the letter. What a resort it must be when the tired husband men, the thrifty citizen, want to seek a rest a summer outing. It is located pretty well along the center of the States great length of four hundred and eighty five miles.

When I come to take my room after the hot sunshiny day, you look in vain to find any screens to the windows, for there is no misquito's or scarcely any flies! What a perfect condition of things? No doubt sometime, somewhere one has imagined what surroundings might be perfect, evidently here they are.



Idaho is a jewel among the States! This lawn of the Capitol commences and continues its history. The equestrian Statue of George Washington with fatherly pride painting with his hand to his great North West. The oak tree set by the late President Harrison a fact to claim attention. But what state can compare with its climate and with its many resources. Its immense forests exceed any known territory in the state the trees are ripe for economical use? only take the large ones leaving the young growth to take their places. The precious metals are inexhaustible. Thunder Mountain of which today so much is mentioned is only a precursor. The volcanic rocks, the upheaving of the past in unheard of ways, taking the ingenuity of the geologists and the miner is met with surprises that hurry him on to developments.

Chapter 54.

Went Boise, Idaho, at 6 P.M. for the 53 miles to Butte, Montana. The arrangement is pacifican. You will find it the best way to take a sleeper, and by saying a word to the porter, you are provided with a berth at half past 8 P.M., you go right to sleep with the knowledge that the porter will wake you at half past 2 A.M. When you get off at Coalinga, Idaho then the privilege of waiting until 6 A.M.

It was a chilly "wait". I found one man, a Mr Alex Tracy of Butte, had been to Cape Nome, cost and spent about four hundred dollars, sunk it, no returns - no more Cape Nome for him. "A great many fools had gone to Cape Nome to be beat out of their money." He kept coming in waiting room and going out, what I called chills, he called hot and cold - fy; so much for change of latitude. He closed some remarks by saying "He would get home to Butte, and go at his old trade of blacksmith. Had been unemployed at the far to nine many years.

There was a good many waiting, and as I kept watching an old gentleman quite thin in body, perhaps would weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, he sat on a certain seat, and a fine fleshy old lady leaned upon him and slept. After quite a time a half hour, she awakened, then he "went" rose up. I became sure that he was older than myself. So I concluded to pass away the two or three hours in making acquaintance. you are aware one must talk in order to get a chance to listen. I found him quite able, and he was 75 years old the 5th of September, his name was Morse. Something in appearance of the Morse family in Farmington, Vt. They were natives of Kentucky, but had lived eleven years in Missouri, and were now to pitch their tents at Baker City, Oregon. His family consisted of eleven children. Some were living now at Baker City, Oregon. Why says he? We are moving in earnest - there are forty one of us here in this town, among which there were children, grand children and great grand children. His wife, who was now wide awake, would weigh two hundred and fifty pounds seemed to have the supervision of the whole crowd. First I noticed a strong girl of perhaps sixteen years, she had been asleep, and on awaking she signalled

her grandmother, that her foot was asleep. I tell you the old lady made a heroic job to get the sleep out of her foot; her stocking must have been misplaced, or, her foot was bare in her grandmother's lap - and the old lady was careful to have the blood circulate above the ankle. She had her in eight or ten minutes so she could stand up. It seemed to me as if it was put on considerable, as I never noticed a case so obstinate. Her father came and looked her over, did not seem frightened; I guess by what the grandpa said, she was a favorite among them.

They took the train for Oregon about 45 minutes before ours was ready for Butte.

To look at the country from Pocatello to Butte there appears to be lots of room to settle, in addition to finish up for use; which means money and people to accomplish it.

Before I went on the trip to Great Payette Lake I went to the U.S. Land Office in Boise to get description of timber lands with rules governing applicants. The office gave me a map and then told me, I should be careful to look at two or three lots, for possibly on my return some one else might make application before I return of one I selected.

On my return the first lot I tried for application I found taken, another lot I had looked at, had been applied for, but the party had failed to finish up his claim. Still I objected to the last as it might make a conflict, bring on a gun suit or something. So I took the last of the three and made application, paying the seven and half dollars. The government takes this application and advertised for ninety days.

My application would fully complete Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 1901, so I went to work in Butte paying a new house on Second Street - rented and occupied by Swift and Co., beef and canned goods, owned by my daughter Mrs. M. F. Cobban. This was quite a roomy cottage. I was astonished how the climate of Butte shrinks timber - most of the doors would not strike the jam casing, of course the doors had to be widened, putting on strips laid in varnish and nails. I had the house in shape at the date to go to Boise to close up the application for timber claim.

I had my two witnesses, and was being timed up on examination. When the Land Commissioner, Mr. Garrett, wanted to know the date I was on the land? As I had blocked out a sketch of the trip, I took it from my pocket to find the date. After I found it - Mr. Garrett wanted to take it (?) He read quite a long time, finally he looked at the clock saying, "I had but twenty five minutes to finish up and take the train." I mentioned that I understood doing business, and would like to read all I had written.

I continued to work at what came to hand in Butte. When January ninth occurred I had a communication from Troy, N.Y. that was peculiar. My wife Elizabeth had continued to write.

Now in order to continue the story of life I find it is best to write a copy of this letter, which I will place in the next Chapter.

## Chapter 5's.

Troy, N.Y. Jan. 3<sup>d</sup> 1902. Mr. H. H. Hurlburt. Dear Sir - Please let me take the

privilege of writing to you concerning your wife. First let me introduce my self to you. I am a Spiritual Christian worker - I belonged to the M. E. Church and I work just where duty where duty calls me to lend a helping hand. I am always ready - and kind sir please dont think that I am interfering in your business affairs or domestic either, because I dont mean it that way, but I think it is my duty to let you know concerning your wife and her welfare.

I will explain a little more - Well I was calling upon a friend, and a old lady came with a letter for my friend to mail. she had tears in her eyes - she told my friend that she had a fall and hurt herself - and asked her if she would mail a letter for her, and my friend was a friend of hers also - my friend asked her this. When is he coming home and she could not answer but broke down in tears. and my heart ached for her, and when she went home, I asked my friend. What was the poor ladys trouble? And she told me that her husband went away very sudden to Butte, Montana. and when he writes to her he wont say. When he is coming home? His wife is a weary hearted old lady. When I heard that. I thought about you then.

I asked my friend. What was your address? and she said, I will look on the letter envelope she asked me to mail for her. By that way I have receive your address.

Now you believe in Christ and his church - also in his doctrine. I ask you in his name to come back to your wife? One of our heavenly teachings is. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder". So if there is any one that is trying to keep you apart from returning to your home. Dont let them do it any longer.

I have an impression that you must come home. You will not be successful the west. At home is the best place for you. I have still another impression that there is a little business matter that you are waiting for - But dear sir. It will not come to your wis-es this winter. I see a date that it tells me. "That you must be at home by the 15<sup>th</sup> of this month. or next, if you dont be at home by that date, you will never reach your home."

Now I have helped your wife through my friend. She dont know I have did this writing you this letter. I am a M. E. Spiritual worker now here for a short time, only trying to do good to Gods people, a stranger to you, but not to my God I trust.

Kend sir I hope you will soon return to your wife. You will be accountable to your God for what you leave undone. He is just as well as merciful to us all. May God pu-rect you both and give you Divine Light to see your duty to each other and Him.

Mrs. Van Steenburgh. From that date Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> 1902 To May 28<sup>th</sup> 1903. I have been faithful to my wife trying to endure her talk, but as my health appears to be failing I told Eliza I could not endure such treatment.

You will please observe I made no different arrangements in my movements from anything in the fore going letter of Mrs. Steenburgh.

Eliza became worse and worse in her language, and it was not to be endur And I had to watch my money as Eliza was continually searching to find cash or stray papers of writings.

When there April 1<sup>st</sup> I carried my cash nights in my shirt pocket so I

could secure it. I had a pin carefully put in to keep the money from working out, the were one dollar bills nearly new, six of them folded tight together, she succeeded in stinging them, I being apparently asleep, she flung the wad over the head of the bed, then usual manner awakened, found the money gone. I got up lighted a lamp and made a stir to find the cash. She wished to know, What I was after? I then told her I had \$ bills in my shirt pocket, and kept looking where I knew they were not to be found. She finally got up looked over the head board of the bed and found them, making out she found them on the floor, I did not explain. She is my wife! and tried to keep peace. But I am sure there is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Now in such a case as this a husband has no redress in most courts, the wife can't -lein from the pockets of her husband and the husband the same, nothing in this for either party to make an arrest, but I have always been ready to pay out or give Elize any means I had at hand.

As I look this over there might truthfully be stated and added, I know that it is strongly impressed on me, that not one in a thousand could or would have borne more than I have.

When I came from her presence May 25<sup>th</sup> 1903 I had the heart-ache, she had been saying such things that I did not want to hear. I told her I should dread to come back. I started out and got to where 6<sup>th</sup> Avenue crosses the railroad "Y" of the "D and H." I was so bad I had to stop and missed the train and after waiting and resting I came to the station and took the next train for Bennington. I have not been able to take up my usual job. We correspond and her first letter in reply was pleasant and I was looking with some hope of brighter prospects, and wrote her a pleasant letter as I possibly could. I had mentioned in it about my youngest brother Col. W.B. Hurlburt and wrote about his family. She soon replied in the most coarse way as follows.

Chapter 36.

Dear Hiram:- Your letter and a copy of Ward's letter. The letter you knew would be acceptable to me, for I believe him from my heart as a liar, I would not believe for a moment anything from him. I could not. I noticed the second sheet of your letter his was printed and I observed you had copied it. I put that right out of existence, I never read it and it can never return.

I suppose when you go to write, there is so much hanging fire between you and your own people that you are fearful as to what you can write to me, and what you wish to keep from me, so that really you have nothing in your letter after it is ready for the envelope, so you thought you'd send that swelled up "Bully's" letter. Well I gave it its final. The dirty pup. Between the Hurlburts and your Weybridge cronies the Hicks letter (Now right here. The Hicks letter was an anonymous letter, warning the Hicks about letting their daughter marry Ward Hurlburts' <sup>11<sup>th</sup> H.</sup> son) was fixed up to blackmail me, and you know it. I told you I did not want to see any of his letters, and if they come

my hand I will put them in the fire. You can bet. Oliver too, like unto like. a branch off the same tree, you never knew the true origin of that Hicks letter, it had been in a dozen hands probably before passed to you; and if a portion of plausibility was exercised over you, my candid belief that you are very easily gulled into a net, you are fond of soft soap by nature; where another man would see through it at once; but you can't.

Now you've known so many women and three or four under your guardianship who you are, so well stocked at the age of 76 and really a wife beside, and in perplexity what to do about her. And the fact proves a festering in your conscience to think she has not money, etc, of her own, for sure and certain you don't want to have it expected of you to do that for her. I imagine very much that you would not want to have your people think you would I think also if they went to laugh at you concerning a help you might feel to do for me. That they could scare or shame you sufficient for results.

You like having an easy berth and these women to talk and soap with and you don't want very hard to be reminded of your wife here in her straits. It is not pleasant that. And when you sit down to write, you are fearful of getting in items that may have a peculiar turn of meaning. Then you begin about your health. This you've always done; that is a hobby of yours. You've always done since I've known you. Then you say something may be about the weather, your children and the thing of it is; your letters are all ditto. And I think to myself how lavish to spend all that. The reason you write so I see, so much to keep back (She must not know).

This letter defines the whys. Why I am not nearer to you; and you doing so much different to me, gives me the same feeling. And you are the one responsible for it all. It is a deal of your own making every time. It has kept on now over five years. What is there now? You are choring it, and what you term, working for your boards.

Your time belongs to them, and what ever work you do for them, you don't want to expect any money for it - because it is for them, and of course when you give them your time and work it is easy to see, how much you want to do for me? You can see how it is with me; sick or well I am right under the hammer. You would like to see me get along better but not at all as the husband feels for his wife, that I do know. You and I don't come together in spirit; probably never will at this day. For the reason you've been hanging around other women considerable more in your every day life for the five years of our marriage, or that takes effect either way.

Your mind runs well enough in one way, but your thoughts don't run deep for my welfare.

Now you should collect what Carl owes you, and let me have it here so I won't have to use my rents to live on; but I expect you would think you had not ought to. It is a wonder to me how much a wife is to you according to your view. Probably you will say Carl could not pay you. But it is you, that is the matter. Then the absurd manner you turn the meaning of Cobban writing to Axel about money. You know so well as others know that in a line of business of his, he wants to borrow money to relet again; that has nothing whatever to do



with it. the understanding between you and Kate, about the land you deeded her. you told me Will had nothing to do with it; that it was hers and yours.

I want this explained that it is necessary for you to help me to live, not merely to run back and forth to do repairs. You help me so I don't have to live on my rents, and the rents can go on the house. It would help me <sup>for</sup> more than racing here just to fix, mileage on all included.

And I have heard so much howl over the mileage, and you are very cross grained when you go to fix anything for me. And you are in a sweat to get back. And you are a put out. The truth is there is a rope around your neck. You can do only so far for me, and know it. There is a power there that holds you; and I know it well enough; never was anything plainer or showing clearer than that is. Of course you would deny it. That you will? But would you own it so? Not much you would. Well. The family is in the house a small boy 4 years old, a sort of a little devil for mischief. But I don't notice him.

I had a pleasant call from Palmer this afternoon (Sunday) to inquire if the family had moved in, he was on his way from the country, and he was telling me what was going on in the country. We had quite a chat. His son had bought a farm (16 acres) Palmer went out to see him Saturday morning, and returned today (Sunday) He was delighted with the country. Hoped his son would not get discouraged. I've been contending with a cold, and headache, and not feeling so extra; and he said as he looked at me, Are you sick? and I says, only a cold. He gave me two nice apples he took from a paper bag, but I have not felt appetite to eat them yet. Eliza,

### Chapter. 57.

After getting this and reading repeatedly with careful reflection, I wrote as follows. 121 Bradford Street, Bennington, Vt., June 9<sup>th</sup> 1903. Dear Eliza:-

Your letter mailed June 8<sup>th</sup> I received this morning 1/2 past 9-AM, now 4 PM. I have read it through several times-I thought at first-reading, this, Eliza know: I have an aching heart, that has been bothering me since I left Troy, May 25<sup>th</sup> cannot labor, been down town only once, go out occasionally to mail a letter; a steady persistent ache, I wonder to myself if she expects such a letter accusing me of more than 13 falsehoods, and about my Brother Ward a christian gentleman would finally close out my earthly career. Do you remember of asking me times. If I had heard from Ward? I say you did! It has been seven hours since reading your letter first time, and my hands are trembling yet. Now I will not make a long letter, but I will make this statement: That-I will not come into your presence if I can avoid it, until you have apologized to me for things written in this letter I wish to die a natural death, and I will not bear any longer with it. But you give me, when there with you, "Ancient History" so much recited must close. The peculiar study is thoroughly understood! This statement is final. I don't deserve the treatment I have and am having.



I have the "Vitalis Ora" from Chicago commenced the use this morning, I have no money from Carl and he cannot pay now. The first's, must go to pay borrowings to use when there rest.

Finally I want you should understand, that you are the one that breaks up our living together. I wrote you a letter with all the kindness of my heart. For kind words I get the roughest kind of treatment. Yours truly. Hiram.

June 10<sup>th</sup> I have dwelt, read and waited twenty four hours, have re-wrote what I penned yesterday. I care not to change its import. There was no necessity of your writing such a letter to me, for you mention at the last of a <sup>pleasant</sup> call from your agent, Mr. Palmer. H.

Now after reading these letters I will go back to the experience that brought on me the trouble of heart on May 25<sup>th</sup>.

I was at work May 17<sup>th</sup> when I had a letter from Eliza that the clothes pole had broken away, so no clothes could be hung out. There were tenants in the second story, and one expected every day in the principal part, and there was great distress. In relate in cheap rhyme the affair.

With terrible haste, I was hurried to waste

The days of the week, So strangely the freak,  
The pole to hang clothes, Had suddenly toothed

To stand and be used, By females abused.  
No wash day on Monday, Would find it so handy.

I hurried my work, To be ready to jerk,  
Myself down to Troy, With not anxious joy.

To hear Eliza's talk, Which could not be balked.  
Now Friday and Saturday, Count before Sunday.

Monday afternoon, Would surely be soon  
To appear on the ground, A helper was found.

His name it was Ball. So ready to call  
To see what was wanting? His wages recounting.

Two and a half dollars, The sum then to follow.  
But on Tuesday he swore, Should be fifty cents more.

Then a dollar he added on Thursday so crabbed,  
But grocer Carroll had said. He was full in the head.

And I must use care. Or I would not be there!  
So I hurried to Ham's, Below the State Dam.

Who told me of one, Charles Robert Johnson.  
I hurried up grade, When the dinner was laid,

On Tenth Street in Troy, His skill to employ.  
Such haste did I use, A rupture ensues,

An uncomfortable case, No time can afford.  
Seventy-seven my years, No sure help appears.

So I close these rhymes. In sorrowful times.

Now you see the condition I was in when I left Troy May 25<sup>th</sup> 1903. I had been earnestly trying to make life pleasant. But it was not to be, as any one can see by the letter written June 8<sup>th</sup> fourteen days after.

The reaction that came to me after I came to the station in Troy, and a hope that I might recover in some manner lightened up the future so much before I reached Bennington that I composed these lines as above written.

## Chapter 58.

I was not satisfied about some things that came to my knowledge. So I thought that I might go unexpected to Troy - and it so happened that I had an errand in connection with crossing for the New International Encyclopedia. I came to Troy about 8 o'clock, A.M. It was a surprise to Eliza my coming so early in the day. She noticed I looked in our sleeping room and saw the condition of the bed. To me she appeared likely to drop on the floor. Here or left her face I saw her embarrassment, and went out into the yard - after a time I went back. She had changed the looks of things. I might say it was the last of our confidence in one another. No explanation has ever come from her lips. I am sure I have the "big stick." After coming here to Buffalo she wrote me that she had been to two clairvoyants, both of them saying her, that I had a woman supporting in Vermont, also one at Butte, Montana, and she believed every word of it.

Eliza had often said that if she were sure I had another woman, she would poison me! I have not heard from my last letter written the 12<sup>th</sup> of February 1904 - over two years ago now February 14<sup>th</sup> 1906.

I have now smothered my thoughts as much as possible and can say the story of Eliza is finished.

If you think I have been too positive, too exacting in my ideas of virtue, too jealous of my own honor, too careful of consequences that might occur? Why then will you take your criticism for what I think is fair value - and forever keep silent?!

My grandfather Doctor Benjamin Bullard (whose first name was Benjamin and bestowed on my youngest son Earl Benjamin Hurlburt) on my mother's side was the son of Hezekiah Bullard who married Susannah Whiston Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> 1768. Doctor Benjamin Bullard died Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> 1827. He wrote some history of his antecedents which his <sup>son</sup> Rex Ward Bullard wrote down in a book in my possession. Uncle W. called this book "Common Place Book" I will rewrite as I wish to leave some account of my ancestors in these chapters. The record is as follows. Says Uncle Ward: My Ancestors.

My father, sometime in the early part of his life was at the pains of collecting some information in regard to his forefathers, and of putting it in writing, a short account of his ancestors thus left by him, I now have in my possession. As this account has the appearance of having been penned in haste, and with no great care as to the arrangement or style, and as it appears not to have been copied or corrected; and

as he was more minute in case of some individuals than my purpose requires and as he was less definite in regard to others than is desirable; I do not think proper to draw off the account as he left it; but to write down the substance of it in my own words:

And beginning with my most remote ancestors mentioned in his document of my fathers, shall follow the line of descent down to myself, without following to any extent the numerous consequent branches.

This does not left by my deceased and honored parent; I highly prize, as it is the only source from which I am now able or probably ever shall be, to gain any knowledge respecting my fathers now remaining to dust in their forgotten tombs.

From this account of my father's name cannot be precise, and certain in all particulars.

It appears from the account that my great, great grand father's name was Joseph Bullard. The account reaches no further back than him. He was a farmer in the town of Bullard, which must have been a town in Massachusetts. Nothing more is said of him. My great grand father's name was Ebenezer Bullard. He married Miss Susannah Weston of Cape Ann, Massachusetts. They had six sons, viz. John, Ebenezer, Joshua, Joseph, Nathan and Hezekiah; and five daughters, viz. Jemima, Abigail, Susannah Kezia, (called my grand father's male) perhaps she and grand father were twins) Sarah and Rachel. My great grand parents died about the year 1768. The account end with their children making them eleven in number as stated above, six sons and five daughters. If their number was five only, one must have had two given names, who, judging from the punctuation in the account, I think must have been my grand father's male whose name was Susannah Kezia. The field appears to have been the native place of my great grand father and his children, and my first mentioned father might have been born there, though he or some one immediately preceding him in the line of ancestry must have emigrated from England. As my relations are of English descent My ancestors of the second generation preceding me, suffered in common with the New England people from the ravage of the plague. (Of course this must have been the case with all my ancestors) My great Uncle John settled as a farmer in Keene (Dorchester Keene New Hampshire) and was killed by an Indian as he was walking from his barn to the fort in that town.

Nothing more is mentioned in the account respecting my great grand parents family, that I deem worthy of notice.

I now can relate from my own recollection and knowledge. My Grand father Hezekiah Bullard married Miss Susannah Weston of Midway, Mass. They had eight sons and one daughter, viz. Hezekiah, Benjamin, Joseph, Sanford, Elias, Thustain, Hesperian, William and Mary or Polly. Most of the family emigrated to Vermont about the close of the last of the 18th century, from which time the family become considerably scattered. Polly died at the age of fifteen years, Her father died about twenty. Both died before they came to Vermont. The rest settled in different places and in different callings. Hezekiah learned

the Tanners Trade, and settled in that business, when he became of age, in Old Brain Tree near Boston. But his friends could never learn anything respecting him, from the time he settled in that business. My father supposed he went to see and was lost. Joseph the profession of medicine and settled in Southboro, Mass, where he now resides (1831). Silas settled as a blacksmith in Leicester, Mass, Sanford and Thurston reside in the Vermont, and follow farming and shoemaking for a living. William the last I heard of him, lived somewhere in the State of Ohio, and followed farming.

Benjamin (My father) was a physician, of him I could say many things, both in regard to his life and character, but time will not permit me to say much. I have heard him speak of the poverty of his parents, and from his own account and that of others learn that he was obliged when a child to go out to work for a livelihood. And never lived at home after he was big and old enough to work. As he grew up by his own industry, economy and application he acquired the profession of medicine. At the age of twenty six years he married Miss Margaret Ward of Orange, Mass, who was an heir to some property.

His life was a life of change and toil. In different places of Massachusetts, New York and Vermont. He followed mercantile business, practiced medicine and conducted farming.

## Chapter. 59.

The last fourteen years of his life he spent in New Haven, Vermont. He there and during this last period of his life owned and conducted a farm, though he could spare scarce any of his own time for manual labor from the practice of his profession. Yet he never was idle, if he had a spare hour from his practice, he spent it in labor on his farm.

That passion termed Temper was easily and quickly excited in him, and discovered itself in his countenance and words, and sometimes in his actions, though it removed him to commit an unbecoming action to my knowledge. He was plain in his manners, open and fair in his deal. He always reprobated cunning or artifice in bargains between man and man. He was humane and benevolent to strangers and to all in circumstances of distress. Thus he was a man in whom his acquaintances reposed confidence. All among whom he practiced loved and respected him, to whom he was useful not only as a physician but in many other respects. The repute and affection in which he was held was abundantly evinced, in his last illness and death, in the solicitude manifested by his numerous friends, and by the great numbers that followed his remains to the grave.

He died a member of the Methodist-E. C. in possession of the consolation of the religion of his Savior Jesus Christ, the last day of December A. D. 1827. aged fifty four years. He was always a friend and a stern advocate for virtue. He took much pains for the welfare of his children, trained them up, with much severity to habits of industry and frugality, and looked well to their moral

and intellectual cultivation. By his children he was regarded with fear, love and reverence.

I failed to mention in the proper place, that my grand parents died in Addison, Vermont. My grandmother about the close of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. My grandfather a few years after. I believe in 1813, aged 84 years. He was a shoemaker by occupation. My grandmother from what I learn, I believe to have been a woman of uncommon abilities, and worthy to be remembered for her virtues, industry and care over her children. They settled first in Midway, Mass. If I rightly recollect, where the first part of his family were born, the Hubbarton, Mass, where the rest were born and lastly in Addison Vermont.

The following memorandum I derived from my mother who related to me what she knew respecting her ancestry.

Timothy Ward my great grandfather on my mothers side, resided in Newtown, Mass. The time of her birth is unknown to me. He died, 1788. He had three sons. VIZ. Edward, Jonathan and Nehemiah; one daughter of the name of Esther. His sons all settled in Orange, Mass, and were farmers save Edward, who was a mechanic. Esther died in Newtown. My Great Grandmother Ward died in Orange; but the precise time of her death I do not know. Her Maiden name was Margaret Woodward. Her nurse a few hours previous to her death, retired to sleep. Her watchers perceiving her to be dying awoke the nurse, who entered the room in perfect health. While looking upon the object of her care, then struggling in death, she swooned away, and both expired at the same moment!

Seth Twitchell my Great Grand father on my mothers side settled in Athol, Mass. The time and place of his birth I do not precisely know. He married Miss Dorothy Bishop of Killingsly, Connecticut. They most singularly formed an acquaintance with each other and had a most romantic courtship. It was as follows.

Dorothy being in early life an orphan, went to live with her brother in Old Beverly, Mass., where she resided till 18 years of age. She then returned to her native town and lived with her friends there. That part of the Country was then new, and the inhabitants consequently rude. Shortly after her return she attended a quilting. In the evening according to the custom of the country, the young men in the vicinity came in to visit the young ladies, among whom was Seth Twitchell.

Dorothy in consequence of a quarrel arising and possibly on account of some other things, was displeased with her company and retired into the dooryard. Seth went out and perceived her sitting on a log weeping. He seated himself by her side. They became deeply engaged in conversation - and while the company tricked within, they remained conversing without on the log, until the cocks crowed for day, when they separated.

soon after the gallant suitor was taken ill; he sent for Miss Bishop to attend of him in his sickness. Meanwhile marriage was agreed upon between them, into which they afterwards entered. They had six sons and four daughters, One of his daughters, Sarah by name became the wife of my Grandfather Ward. He (my Great-Grandfather) died in 1791 or thereabouts; his wife died in 1795 aged 78 years.

My Grandfather Ward being left an orphan at nine years, was put out to a farm in the town of Roxbury where he resided until of age, when he married a Miss Pond and settled in the town of Orange, Mass. By her he had one son and two daughters. viz. Samuel, Molly and Esther. Esther died in Orange when young, Molly is now living in Athol, married a Mr. Josiah Fay. Samuel is now living in Orange. (1833)

At the age of twenty eight my grandfather was left a widower. A few months after, married Miss Sarah Twitchell of whom was born my mother 6<sup>th</sup> of August, 1780.

My parents were married Feb. 26<sup>th</sup> 1798. They had seven children, three daughters and four sons Sarah, Susannah, Cullen, Ward, Cardua, Levi and Mark, Born in order as their names are mentioned.

I omitted above in the proper place to mention the death of my grandparents on my mothers side. My grandfather was born in Newtown Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> 1748, and died in Orange aged 49 years 1 month and 17 days. My grandmother died 15<sup>th</sup> of March, aged 87 years eight months and fourteen days.

The above was written in 1833 by my uncle Ward Bullard.

### Chapter. 60.

It is probably twenty years since I have been searching to find out what I could possibly learn in the historic past about my ancestors. Several years ago I came across a genealogical tracing, that was supposed to be as correct as the much quoted line of ancestry the reigning house of England - which traces through Irelands most noble personages. I found to prove this, certain authority that at first I considered of doubtful authenticity - but after much pains, I found all these quoted authors correct. These facts I found in the Grosvenor Library at Buffalo, N.Y., as they have the index to all the works in the British Museum of London England.

As this genealogic tracing was through the Welch people I found one of the quoted authorities in full text written by a learned monk of one of the clans of Wales. This book I found in Buffalo Public Library. Some things this monk relates in apparent truthfulness, was at a date in the eighth century. A certain lake which he named, which contained great quantities of fish - and they were greatly prized by the numerous inhabitants living by its shores.

These people were awakened one dark rainy night by great noise from the waters of this lake. When daylight appeared it was ascertained; that the fish had been fighting and vast numbers of the fish were dead and dying along the shores. At first reading of this I was inclined to believe that this authority might be fabulous, but after more study, I found that



-mong fish there is actually known species that have these qualities to try to exterminate one another.

In reading up past authorities one will find in Encyclopedia Londinensis issued in 1796 the account of the "Kraken" an immense sea monster found in the North Sea, in proximity to the coast of Norway. It is mentioned as being English mile and a half in circumference, and at least three hundred feet in depth - and whenever it appeared above the surface of the ocean it would erect so many horns as to look like the masts of a fishing fleet. The fishing vessels of those waters had to use great caution to not be near the monster, as they would be drawn down into the depths of the ocean, when the monster sank. All this account was certified by the Bishop of Norway, and one of his vicars.

Truly I was surprised on tracing back the above mentioned genealogy through the Bard clans of the Welsh nation, to find that it actually joined on my mothers side of the house when it reached No. 117 My Great Grandfather Hezekiah Bullard married Susannah Wheaton who was the daughter of Daniel Wheaton No. 116. After all these years and earnest looking, I am satisfied that no more correct or reliable record can be found outside the Hebrew Nation.

### Genealogy

No. 1.	Adam	From Genesis Chapter Ten	First to Fifth verse.	* No. 13. Dodanim From Genesis Chapter 10 - verses. By these were the isles of the Gentiles divided in their land
2.	Seth			
3.	Enos			
4.	Cainan			
5.	Maholaleel			
6.	Jared			
7.	Enoch			
8.	Methuselah			
9.	Lamech			
10.	Noah			
11.	Japheth			
12.	Javan			
13.	Dodanim *			
14.	Cyprus			
15.	Brutus			
16.	Sylvius			
17.	Saturnus			
18.	Jupiter			
19.	Dardan			
20.	Eurichthonous			
21.	Troes			

Genealogy

No. 22.	Asrachus		
23.	Capias		
24.	Anchises		
25.	Aeneas "Hero of Virgils Aeneid"		
26.	Ascani		
27.	Silvius		
28.	Brutus (See "A")		
29.	Loetrinus		
30.	Modoc		
31.	Myndyr		
32.	Eryeg		
33.	Brutus Tarvulus		
34.	Lleon		
35.	Ryn Baladr		
36.	Bleddydd		
37.	Ragaw		
38.	Cynydd		
39.	Rhiwallon		
40.	Griwst		
41.	Serit		
42.	Antonius		
43.	Haedd		
44.	Danfarch		
45.	Dodion		
46.	Difh Moelmudd		
47.	Belli (See "B")		
48.	Gwrgan		
49.	Cadall		
50.	Sifysyt		
51.	Dan		
52.	Morydd		
53.	Ellidr (Sixth in descent from Belli)		
54.	Gerant		
55.	Cadall		
56.	Cool		
57.	Porex		
58.	Ceryn		
59.	Andrew		
60.	Urien		

Warringtons History of Wales

Duns Golden Grove Manuscripts.

"B" No. 47. Belli. The Briton Kings who conquered the Romans.

"A" No. 28. Brutus. Britians First King. Who went from Italy twelve hundred years after the Deluge, about the time of Joseph's death in Egypt, and seventy five years before the birth of Moses. Before Christ 1675 years.

# Genealogy.

No. 61.	Ithe?			"C" Beli Mawr. Who ruled a century before Christ King of the Britons.
" 62.	Clydaws			
" 63.	Clydo			
" 64.	Gorwst	Warrington History of	Wales.	
" 65.	Meiron			
" 66.	Bleiddydd			
" 67.	Caphydd			
" 68.	Ovren			
" 69.	Silsyllt			
" 70.	Arthvael			
" 71.	Eidiol			
" 72.	Rhidion			
" 73.	Rhydderch			
" 74.	Saul Benisel			This man was familiar with the family of "Whirlbats" so named from their instrument of warfare "Whirl bat".
" 75.	Pur			They were nearly invincible from attack of the swords and spears of the Danes and Northmen. Their motto was; "Never
" 76.	Capoir			give up when right; without a fight" This Rhys was in his
" 77.	Monigan			eighty's. This acquaintance was in 1849. He was familiar with
" 78.	Beli Mawr (See "C.")			Welsh legends and traditions rendered to me several songs of the Bard Prince Llewelyne,
" 79.	Lludd			No. 106. Rhys came from Carnarvon, Wales.
" 80.	Tenesan			
" 81.	Cynvelyn	Nichols annals of Wales and the	Gale Castle Manuscripts	
" 82.	Gwerydd			
" 83.	Meirig			
" 84.	Coel			
" 85.	Lies Glousa Mawr or Lucius			
" 86.	Mingydw			
" 87.	Teathvalit			
" 88.	Teudrig			
" 89.	Meurig			
" 90.	Arthurys			
" 91.	Eliwri			Great in A.D. 879 The Welsh clan of Whirlbats.
" 92.	Arthvael			
" 93.	Rhys (See "D")			
" 94.	Howell (See "E")			
" 95.	Owen			"F" No. 100 Gwntared Dyfed The Great Bard Prince A.D. 1038.
" 96.	Bligurd			
" 97.	Arthvael			
" 98.	Meirig			
" 99.	Pwll Penderig			

# Genealogy.

No 100.	Gwrwared Dyfed (See "F" No. 100.)			(Item. I.) In "Who's Who"
" 101.	Cuhelin			
" 102.	Gwrwared	A.D.	1227.	A book published annually since 1849 at Paternoster Row London
" 103.	Gwylm	A.D.	1400.	England. I find the following:
" 104.	Enion			Ethel Hurlburt Principal of Bedford College, London (for Women); Educ. Private Schools and Somerville College, Exhibitioner 1888-1891. Holder of a post graduate scholarship 1890-92. class final Hons. School Modern History, Oxford 1891. Principal Aberdeen Hall, Cardiff 1892. Governor of Howell School Land. till 1898. Hon. Sec. (S. Wales) Association for promoting Education Women in Wales till 1898. Eng. for several years during long vacation as temporary member the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Calendaring Medieval Latin Charters. Address, Bedford College York Place, Baker Street. W.
" 105.	Owen			
" 106.	Llewelyn			
" 107.	Evan ap Bowen			
" 108.	Gwylm			
" 109.	Owen Bowen			
" 110.	Sir James Bowen			
" 111.	Mathias Bowen			
" 112.	James Bowen			
" 113.	Richard Bowen	A.D.	1690.	
" 114.	Alice (Bowen) Wheaton			
" 115.	Ephraim Wheaton	A.D.	1776.	
" 116.	Daniel Wheaton			
" 117.	Susannah (Wheaton) Bullard			
" 118.	Benjamin Bullard			
" 119.	Susannah (Bullard) Hurlburt			
" 120.	Hiram H. Hurlburt			
" 121.	Carl G. Hurlburt			
" 122.	Arnold F. Hurlburt			(Item. II.) One of the greatest scholars on language in the British Isles

dated: They claim that the Welsh language was spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise. Well-Who is the to dispute it? Any how, it is the most ancient known at this time and we all know there was but one language in use at building of the Tower of Babel as related in Genesis, Chapter eleven, verses one to nine."

I would conclude this chapter by referring to the account of the "Kraken." As I have in my possession the Encyclopedia Londinensis. I read this account to an elderly man Mr. Ho?erson that came to this country from Norway. After finishing the narrative, he replied that it was true. But our people hesitate to mention it on account of sneering remark made by people. But we know what becomes of many a ship never heard from!"

## Chapter. 61.

My son Earl Benjamin asked me to explain how I came by the Welsh line of ancestry? After much search and looking up many authorities I find the following story tells the facts as nearly as possible to be ascertained. I don't know when the story

was published, neither sure who the author was; I am strongly impressed that it has been repeated, to come into lines of other families that had a right to the claim presented.

I am positive of one thing that the author or authors kept close to facts, for I have tried for years to find errors but failed. The following is not an exact copy, but I have not strayed very far from the original.

### The Story.

When Willard Sargent, of Cincinnati, Ohio, received the invitation from Elias Wheaton to become simultaneously, the dinner guest at the Wheaton's and the target for the attractions of their fair and wealthy Baltimore cousin, Ethel Moore, who with her father, was visiting them, he mentally determined to do nothing of the kind. After descending upon the various unrivalled qualities of his cousin, Wheaton said to him.

"I tell you, Willard, you will fall over head and ears in love with that girl before you have known her a month. If not, I'll be greatly surprised."

Never in the world! answered Sargent. "Why not?" "Because by the time I find myself getting in over my shoes-tops, and before my head is submerged, I shall flee the deadly companionship. No," continued Sargent with a sigh.

"I think the worst purgatory that could be devised would be for a penniless vagabond like myself to be in love with the adorable girl you describe your cousin to be; the daughter of a several times millionaire at that. No; excuse me, please. I couldn't afford it." Yet despite his decision not to tempt fate, here was Sargent at the appointed hour upon the Wheatons verand ringing the door bell.

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On going he had determined to stay after dinner only long enough to meet the requirements of etiquette. He repented, and regardless of etiquette prolonged his stay until nearly midnight. He had laughed at the idea of his falling in love with any one on that occasion; and then that was the very thing he proceeded to do. He was not quite willing to admit it even to himself, but as he sat in the music room of the Wheaton's chatting vivaciously with the modest brown eyed Baltimore maiden, whom he seemed to know for a long time, so little restraint was there between them, and as he listened to her rich and sympathetic voice in some old song that stirred the heart, the feeling gradually grew upon him that life without love in it was a very empty and undesirable sort of a thing.

As Sargent, home ward bound, turned into Third Street, he was constrained to remark to himself. "She is a mighty attractive girl, and no mistake." He said this more than once before he reached the river. Then, as the train rumbled towards his unpretentious rooms, he remarked to himself: "Willard Sargent, you are a fool." He was again the impecunious scribbler. The winsome girl he had left at Walnut Hill was a millionairess. By the time he turned the latch key in his own door he sighed and muttered: "Will Sargent, you are a dotting idiot!"

He promised himself solemnly that he would see her as seldom as possible, and would be extremely guarded when in her presence. But hardly had the next morrow's

sun risen before it found this same circumspect careful Sargent casting about for some excuse to repeat his call at the Wheaton's, and he soon flattered himself that he had found a sufficient one to serve.

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"What are you working on now?" Elias Wheaton had asked him the previous evening when, for a few moments, they were alone. "A genealogical hunt for a gentleman who has more cash than known ancestors. He is in search of the latter, and I of the former."

"Why, that is just what troubles my Uncle Moore." Elias had replied with much interest. "He will fall on your neck when he finds that you know anything about family ancestors." "Why he so interested?"

"Chiefly on Cousin Ethel's account. Perhaps you can unearth something for him. He is so absorbed in the subject that he wouldn't haggle about the terms either." "What is the original stock?" Sargent asked. "Stock! He doesn't know whether it is Scotch, Irish or Hotten Tot; except that, so far as tradition goes, the family has always been white. But it surely smells the blood of an Englishman. If you can convince him that he does, and that English blood is Ethel's, from that moment the earth will be yours and all that therein is."

"I shall probably never be called upon to try," was Willard's answer. "You don't know. When you come over again I will introduce the subject." Here was just what he needed to enable him to repeat his visit. And call he did the very next evening. By a not-especially startling coincidence Ethel was there to greet him, which she did in a most cordial manner.

"Was Mr. Moore in this evening?" "Papa!" Oh, yes; and he will be very glad to see you. Cousin Elias has been telling him how given you are to matters of ancestry." So Elias Wheaton, followed by Ethel Moore and his sister Nell, conducted Sargent into the library and the presence of Mr. Moore.

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"Uncle, if there is any man who can tell us whether we ever had any ancestors and who they were, Mr. Sargent is the man," was Mr. Wheaton's introduction. "This is not the first time my nephew has advanced that opinion, Mr. Sargent; so perhaps it may be well to take you into consultation."

"I fear Elias may have said more than the facts will warrant," Willard replied. "However, I have had some success in apprehending forebears, and if my services can be of any value to you I shall be only too glad to place them at your disposal."

"Only on condition that you are willing to be well paid for anything you may bring to light. Results are what I am after, and for them I shall insist on paying liberally." "How far back can you carry the Moore line?" Willard asked.

"What I am looking for is American ancestry for that young lady." Mr. Moore replied, nodding towards Ethel.

"But it must come on her mother's side, and not mine since my own father came here directly from Wales, Ethel has aspirations for the Colonial Dames and the



Daughters of the Revolution, not to mention an authentic standing among the F.F.'s of Baltimore."

"What was her mother's name?" "Wheaton; Abby Wheaton. My wife's father's name was Nathan M. Wheaton; and his father was Charles Wheaton. This is as far back as we can carry it. I will pay you one hundred dollars for each direct ancestor which, in tracing back, you shall be able to add to the four generations, including Ethel, which I have just given you. Is that a fair proposition?"

"No," said Sargent; "it isn't. The work is not worth it and I would not accept such a price." "But if I am satisfied you ought to be."

"It would seem so, wouldn't it? I have no fear but that I can produce results but you do not realize what you are offering. It means more money than you think

"The more the better; and I will pay you one hundred a piece for every one of them. And bear in mind that I would like some of the most promising lines traced back to the farthest limit possible. Baltimoreans are great people for old stock and first family descents; and I believe Ethel has as good blood as the best of them."

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"Well, I will discover some of them, anyhow," said Sargent confidently, but I will not accept your terms."

"What do you think would be right, then?" inquired Mr. Moore. I am ready to stand by my proposition."

"But I am not ready to have you. I am willing to accept this: For whatever line I shall succeed in running back the farthest I am to receive one hundred dollars for each generation I find; but for all others other direct ancestors whom I shall discover I shall receive ten dollars each. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Perfectly so, providing you are satisfied. But I do not consider ten dollars any price at all." "He doesn't know what he has promised me," Sargent said to himself as he went his way homeward. If I do not make enough out of this to help me to something better than space filling for the newspapers it will be because I do not know the indexes to the Public Library.

Because Sargent, soon after the foregoing interview, received from the Wheatons an invitation to make one of a box party at a play, was really no reason why he should cast discretion to the winds and walk deliberately into the jaws of temptation. To be did. The play undoubtedly was good. But it is even questionable if Will could have told whether it was "Henry the VIII" or "Winters."

The one thing that he really did know was that immediately in front, and within four feet of him, was a face with a profile like that of "Helen of Troy"; judging from what he knew of Helen with a transparent skin as pink and white as a sea shell, with a wealth of glinting chestnut hair like a crown of glory; and with great expressive eyes which, when turned upon him, sent ecstatic creepings and thrills clear down to his toes. And when on his return from the theatre, he had occupied a seat in the carriage with this dainty divinity, and had said to her a few things which he thought, and

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had thought several thousand things which he had not dared to say, he returned his "roost" as he designated his humble apartment, deep in love and in despondency. Ethel Moore not had a dollar he would have been in the seventh heaven.

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Thence forth Sargent's days and nights were spent in the making of wise resolutions which, however, he had no expectation and little intention of keeping. His working hours were devoted assiduously to research in the tomes of the Public Library and other libraries; but the evenings found him pretty regularly at the Walnut Hill home, for the purpose as he assured himself, of comparing notes with the Moore's relative to the matrimonial alliance children and so on, of the Wheatons of other days.

These genealogical consultations, it may as well be confessed were held principally with the daughter, and the growing urgency for their recurrence at shorter intervals became somewhat noteworthy; so much so, indeed, that Elias Wheaton remarked to his sister: "Well, I promised Will Sargent that he would be in love with Ethel before he had known her a month. He laughed at me then; but if my prophecy is not being fulfilled then I don't know a sure thing when I see it."

The genealogical work progressed finally. The chain unravelled beautifully under the experienced methods which Sargent brought to his aid, and ancestors multiplied in number as the family lines were followed out.

But there came a time when further headway seemed shut off. He had run most of the leads back to the original settlers in America at the beginning of the good old colonial days. The Wheaton direct line he had chosen, from which, if possible, to secure his long record, which at one hundred a generation, he cherished a faint hope might mean a fortune to him, both in funds and future happiness. Through fifteen generations of Wheatons and Bowens he had carried the line to an Evan ap Bowen, son of Llewelyn of Wales. Following back this royal Welsh line he had reached successfully Gwynfared Dyfed, the bard prince of Wales of the ninth century. Being able to proceed no further, he finally thought him of a Welsh Clergyman in Memphis, Tennessee, Doctor Williams a former friend of his father, to whom he wrote for information concerning the possibly inclined Gwynfared Dyfed and his stock.

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"Consult Nichols Annals of Wales and the Gale Castle Manuscripts;" was the answer, which for a time, was all sufficient, and the work went bravely through twenty two generations behind Gwynfared Dyfed he came to Beli Mawr King of the Britons one hundred years before Christ. Another pause, and one letter to Memphis went to his ancient majesty Mr. B. Mawr.

"Try Warrington's History of Wales" came back from his friend in no time and again Sargent found his feet upon the genealogical highway. Should he get further he congratulated himself upon already having followed the line past the beginning of the Christian era; which, he flattered himself, was a better showing than some families even in Baltimore, could make. But he did get further.

"Dun's Golden Grove Manuscripts" and other authorities among whom Mr. Lyles at Butte, Montana. Who referred to Doctor Rowland Hill at Beerston, Devon, England, opened a long pathway for him, which he pursued with unflagging zeal and gratifying success.

One evening at the Wheaton's Sargent requested the privilege of a private interview with Mr. Moore and once in the library Willard placed upon the table some large closely written charts, together with numerous volumes which he had brought with him.

"This looks like business," remarked Mr. Moore cheerily, as he inspected an extensive diagram which Sargent handed him. "What's this?"

"Those are a few of them," said Will, "I regret that they are not all there; but these may do to start with."

Mr. Moore examined the sheet carefully. "All these names you see there are ancestors of Miss Ethel, through her mother," Sargent explained.

"What! All ancestors of my wife?" exclaimed Mr. Moore in astonishment. "Then you must mean collateral ancestors as well as direct."

"No; direct every one of them. These, besides many more whom I have been unable to find."

"Why, here must be five hundred, at least," said Mr. Moore, opening out the chart. "Nearly twice that number."

"But how many ancestors is one supposed to have in this country?" "It depends, of course, wholly upon how long since one's ancestors came to this country. You seem to have only two yourself; whereas, through her mother, your daughter has had ten generations in America on nearly all maternal lines."

"How many would there be in ten generations, I never looked into it?" "It is simple enough," Will replied. "Every person has two parents, four grand parents, eight great grand parents, and so on, doubling in numbers every generation. Ten generations give me therefore, two thousand and forty six direct ancestors. Confining the search to Miss Ethel's mother's side of the family, of course divides this two thousand and forty six by two, leaving one thousand and twenty three to be searched for."

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"Is that a fact? Well, well! I never imagined it." This number is reduced where there are double lines of descent which duplicate ancestors, thus calling off, in your daughter's case, eight. There are two lines I am unable to trace which leaves us short one hundred and ninety two. Adding together these undiscovered ones, the eight duplicates from double lines of descent, and the first three supplied by yourself, makes a total of two hundred and three. Subtracting this number from one thousand and twenty three, which is the whole number of her maternal forebears of ten generations, leaves eight hundred and twenty, which I have found and have fully verified. Their names are before you upon that sheet."

"Well, I am amazed, I didn't suppose one had two thousand ancestors

since Adam. And you have found eight hundred and twenty in ten generations. "And on one side of the family only." Sargent said, "I am ready to make good my claim in their authenticity."

"Well, my young friend, you are clever. So I owe you ten dollars a piece for these, eh? Why, that is over eight thousand dollars! That isn't so bad is it?"

"On the contrary it is very good indeed, from my standpoint. But you should remember that had I been willing to accept your terms, of one hundred dollars this account we be over eighty thousand dollars."

"So it would; so it would," said the millionaire, rumpling his hair in bewilderment and laughing. "I cannot reasonably object, so long as you have saved me about seventy two thousand dollars. And you shall have every ounce of the pound of flesh too. I stand whatever agreement I make, this one included."

"He doesn't have to think so long of eight thousand dollars as I do of eight cents," thought Sargent as he saw how readily the Baltimorean accepted the situation.

"You have the results all right, that is certain. But think if any thing serious had happened to some one male or female of this long procession of ancestors, where would my daughter be to day?"

"Probably, nowhere, sir," said Willard laughing. "She would not exist - not in the person of Ethel Moore."

"According to your reckoning, any one living to day must have had, from Adam down million or more of direct ancestors."

"A million of them, or one hundred millions, would not be a drop in a shower," Willard answered. "The facts are, if there be no double lines of descent to interfere with this geometrical progression, whose constant ratio is two, your daughter, who is just one hundred and twenty one generations removed from Adam and Eve, would -"

"One hundred and twenty one grandmothers, Nonsense! What are you talking about?" broke in Mr. Moore.

"No; not one hundred and twenty one grandmothers, proceeded Willard imperturbably; not exactly. But say one mother and one hundred and twenty grandmothers, and there you have it - precisely correct."

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"And so Adam is my daughter's one hundred and Twentieth grandfather, eh? Perhaps then, you may have discovered that gentleman at of arms."

"He is reputed to not have a coat of any kind, I believe," Willard answered good naturedly, ignoring the sarcasm of the remark. "But here, Mr. Moore, is the evidence of what I have been talking about" he said, producing a narrow roll of paper, which the older gentleman unrolled and inspected. "That is a single line of descent of your daughter from Adam and Eve."

"Have you an idea; because I live on the banks of the Petapso River, instead on the shores of the Ohio, that you can feed me?" The Baltimorean asked worriedly, his eyes slowly traveling down the long line of names.

"I trust, sir, that I am above trying to fool any one, at least regarding a thing of the sort, which to me is far more a matter of business than of sport or curiosity. You may recall something of the business of the case." Sargent replied a bit nettled.

"I think I do now that you mention it. I believe you were to receive something for each generation of the longest line which you could discover."

"Precisely; one hundred dollars a generation." "And you bring to me a list of sixty names, many of them wholly unpronounceable, and wish one hundred dollars apiece for them. Is that it?"

"I have simply acted upon your own suggestion, and have accomplished what you insisted and desired. If I have accomplished too much, blame history for it and not me. As to the money, I have only to say that what I have submitted to you is undoubtedly genuine; but that until you yourself think it is so I shall decline to receive any money from you whatever."

"But what proofs have you that this line of descent has anything genuine about it?" his listener asked.

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"That, sir, is a fair question, and I expected to be asked it; and so come equipped with the evidence for you to read with your own eyes, and take my word for nothing. The first twelve generations are from the Bible genealogies, and you being a churchman, will not question, I presume, their credibility. These other books, which show the unbroken continuity of this line, while laying no claim to inspiration are accredited by scholars with historic authenticity. When you have examined them you will not wish to challenge their reliability."

Mr. Moore, again inspected the roll of names, and this is what he read.

No. 1. Adam	No. 17. Saturnus	No. 33. Brutus Tarsianus
" 2. Seth	" 18. Jupiter	" 34. Leon
" 3. Einos	" 19. Dardan	" 35. Ryn Baladr
" 4. Cainan	" 20. Erichonius	" 36. Bleiddydd
" 5. Mahalaleel	" 21. Troes	" 37. Ragaw
" 6. Jared	" 22. Assanachus	" 38. Cynidd
" 7. Enoch	" 23. Capias	" 39. Rhiwallon
" 8. Methuselah	" 24. Anchises	" 40. Grwet
" 9. Lamech	" 25. Aeneas	" 41. Seriot
" 10. Noah	" 26. Ascani	" 42. Antonius
" 11. Japheth	" 27. Silviusus	" 43. Hæeld
" 12. Javan	" 28. Brutus	" 44. Benfarch
" 13. Septem	" 29. Locrinus	" 45. Dodion
" 14. Cyprus	" 30. Madoc	" 46. Difr Moelmud
" 15. Brutus	" 31. Mymbyr	" 47. Beli
" 16. Silvius	" 32. Evrog	" 48. Gwrgan

No. 49. Cuhelyn	No. 67. Caphydd	No. 85. Lias House Mawr or L
" 50. Sitsyilt	" 68. Owen	" 86. Nynyaw
" 51. Dan	" 69. Sitsyilt	" 87. Teath valit
" 52. Morydd	" 70. Arthvael	" 88. Teudrig
" 53. Elidr	" 71. Eidiol	" 89. Meurig
" 54. Gerant	" 72. Rhidion	" 90. Arthurys
" 55. Cadell	" 73. Rhydderch	" 91. Eilwri
" 56. Coel	" 74. Saul Benisel	" 92. Arthvael
" 57. Porex	" 75. Pur	" 93. Rhys
" 58. Ceryn	" 76. Capoir	" 94. Howell
" 59. Andrew	" 77. Monagan	" 95. Owen
" 60. Urien	" 78. Beli Mawr	" 96. Bliuyrd
" 61. Ithel	" 79. Lludd	" 97. Arthvael
" 62. Clydawg	" 80. Tenesan	" 98. Merig
" 63. Clydo	" 81. Cynvelyn	" 99. Pwll Benderig
" 64. Gorwst	" 82. Gwerydd	" 100. Gwynfared Dyfed
" 65. Meiron	" 83. Meurig	" 101. Cyhelin
" 66. Bleiddydd	" 84. Coel	" 102. Gwrwared

No. 103. Gwylm	No. 110. Sir James Bowen	No. 116. Daniel Wheaton
" 104. Einion	" 111. Mathias Bowen	" 117. Nathaniel Wheaton
" 105. Owen	" 112. James Bowen	" 118. Charles Wheaton
" 106. Llewelyn	" 113. Richard Bowen	" 119. Nathan Miller Wheaton
" 107. Evan ap Bowen	" 114. Alice (Bowen) Wheaton	" 120. Abby (Wheaton) Moore
" 108. Gwylm	" 115. Ephraim Wheaton	" 121. Ethel Moore
" 109. Owen Bowen	oooooo	

"Have you any knowledge of the persons listed here?" Mr Moore finally asked. "Yes. The Bowens and Wheatons were among the first settlers in this country, and contributed several who bore arms during King Phillips Indian War of 1675-6, and in the American Revolution one hundred years later. The military service of these men establish Miss Ethel's eligibility to both the patriotic societies to which she aspires. Concerning the historic Llewelyn of Wales (No. 106.) you, of course, need no information from me. His great grandfather Gwylm (No. 103.) lived in 1227 A.D. Whose grandfather, Cuhelyn (No. 101.) Prince of Dyfed, was the son of the great-brood prince, Gwynfared Dyfed of 1034 A.D. The latter was descended in the eleventh generation from Meurig (No. 89.) King of Dyfed, who, through eleven other generations, was from Beli Mawr (No. 78.) who ruled King of the Britons a century before Christ. He came of a long line of Briton Kings and princes, among them King Elidr (No. 53.) sixth in descent from Beli (No. 47.) the Briton King who conquered the Romans."

"Running still back nineteen generations bring us to Boutus (No. 28.) Britain's first King, who went from Italy twelve hundred years after the Deluge mentioned



in Scripture, about the time of Joseph's death in Egypt, and seventy five years before the birth of Moses."

"This Brutus was great grandson of Aeneas (No. 25), hero of Virgil's Aeneid. Back thirteen generations from Aeneas, and across the Adriatic Sea, we come to Tavan (No. 12.) son of Noah's youngest son Japheth, from whom all the Caucasian races descended. Regarding the children of Javan it is said in Genesis, By these were the Isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands. In fact, Greece was anciently called Javan, after the progenitor of the Greeks. The rest of the line, from the Deluge back is Bible History, Seth being the youngest son of Adam and Eve."

"Well, I am dumfounded. But you certainly seem to know of what you are talking," the Baltimorean finally responded, laughing in his perplexity. "Never had I supposed it possible to trace such a descent." "Has any one else ever laid claim to a similar line?"

"Oh, yes; the Irish parliamentarian, Dillon, for example, who traces to Adam through Milesian ancestry. The genealogists give to his line and to this Welsh one equal precedence. The royal family of England traces directly from Adam along the Scotch and Irish lines. I have had a double motive for wishing to satisfy myself of the credibility of the line presented to you, since I discovered it to be my own line as well as Miss Ethel's."

"You are related then?" "Remotely. Eight generations back we had a common ancestor, Alice Bowen, who married a Wheaton. She had two sons, Christopher and Ephraim. Your daughter is descended from Ephraim; I from Christopher."

"Well, it certainly is most extraordinary how things come about. But you appear to have the evidence, and I am forced to agree with you that if the books are wrong it is not your fault."

"I shall have to admit that you were right when you said, I didn't know what was getting into."

"I imagine this will establish your daughter among the first families without question," said Sargent.

"I should say it would! And now all I have to ask further is, that you figure up my account. I wish to know whether, when you have been settled with, it will be necessary for me to file a petition in bankruptcy," and Mr. Moore smiled grimly at the humor of the situation.

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"One hundred and Twenty one generations at one hundred dollars each is twelve thousand one hundred dollars. From this, subtracting four hundred for the four generations which you yourself supplied to me, leaves eleven thousand and seven hundred dollars. Add to this the eight thousand two hundred dollars for the eight hundred and twenty other ancestors of Miss Ethel, discovered by me, at ten dollars each, and the total of your indebtedness to me is nineteen thousand nine hundred dollars."

"Well, if figures don't lie that must be correct," and producing a check-book Mr. Moore began dating a check.

Sargent was somewhat startled. He had not thought of such promptness and was hardly prepared for it.

"One moment, please Mr. Moore. I would like a little talk with you if you willing."

The elder man laid down his pen and waited. "I realize, Mr. Moore, that that is a great deal of money, though perhaps not so much to you as to a great many. But to me it would mean everything—a start in business life, fulfillment of long-  
-ished ambitions, perhaps my life long happiness, and possibly not mine alone.

"You have done the work, and there is no reason why I should not carry out part of the agreement."

"Nevertheless," continued Sargent, "I have the right to say whether I will receive the money; and this I must decline to do, except on one condition."

"What is this condition?" "That I shall receive, along with it, your full consent to  
-mend, if it can be satisfactorily done, the latter part of your daughters general  
and he handed Mr. Moore a small sheet of paper which read as follows:

Alice Bowen Wheaton had two sons,

Christopher Wheaton	115.	Ephraim Wheaton
Christopher Wheaton Jr	116.	Daniel Wheaton
Sarah Wheaton Kent	117.	Nathaniel Wheaton
Ebenezer Kent	118.	Charles Wheaton
Sarah Kent Swan	119.	Nathan Miller Wheaton
Mary Swan Sargent	120.	Abby Wheaton Moore

Willard Sargent married Ethel Moore.

The millionaire studied the sheet intently for a few moments, until suddenly noted its somewhat remarkable close. Then, dropping his hand to the table, he stared at Sargent in blank astonishment.

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It is needless to chronicle the long conversation that followed. Will placed his cause to the best of his ability. Mean while he steadfastly refused compensation for his services unless accompanied by matrimonial encouragement.

"Should you refuse me the former; for if it to be used for any other purpose than to enable me to make Ethel my wife I should not consider it as fruitful of any real happiness."

The interview finally ended, much to Sargent's satisfaction, by Mr. Moore saying.

"Your course compels me to recognize that you are an honorable man, Mr. Sargent, or you would not have waited for my decision before seeking my daughter. And if she is to be taken from me that is the kind of a man I would wish her to love, be loved by. You have my consent, if you can gain hers; and you doubtless have some idea of what to expect from that quarter."

Will wanted to throw his arms about the sedate dignified gentleman

"And now" said Mr Moore, "this other small matter may as well be offende to; so again producing the check-book he filled out a check and handed it to Sargent. It was for twenty thousand dollars.

"This is too much," said Willard quickly; "one hundred dollars too much know that it is a little more than was agreed upon, but the patriotic society are denials you found for the child will make up the difference. As that was one of chief things desired, we may as well make it even money."

When Sargent reached his own apartments he drew from pocket the twenty thousand dollar check, to make sure he had not been dreaming. Even as he gaz upon it the Goddess of Liberty, engraved thereon, seemed slowly to wink an eye at him, and then her features gradually took on the adorable lineaments of Ethel Moore.

One of the most detestable persons in the world is the "I told-you-so" fellow who bobs up periodically after each political campaign. This may be said as well, of the same sort of individual who recalls his prophecies in the wake of a malimorne campaign.

Elias Wheaton did not do this, but at the close of a wedding service in its time some months later, at which he officiated as best man, he took occasion to remark quizzically to Will and Ethel, as he proffered them his courtesy congratul- ations, that he felt great relief of mind to find that his prophecy as to their fat- uring in love had proved true.

Hiram Harvey Hurlburt, Sr. (added "r" to Hulburt to change to Hurlburt)  
married

Susannah Bullard (daughter of Dr. Benjamin Bullard who was Dr. Cullen  
Bullard's brother)

five children: Henry Hurlburt  
Oliver Hurlburt  
Hiram Harvey Hurlburt, Jr.  
Ward Hurlburt  
Arlia Hurlburt

Hiram Harvey Hurlburt, Jr. (1st wife Sarah E. Bullard, daughter of  
Dr. Cullen Bullard - 4 children: Wealthy (Nellie),  
Olive, Susan, & Kate) 1st wife died 1864  
HHH, Jr. was born 3/5/1827 in Ripton, Vt. and  
died 1/29/1910 in Buffalo, NY

married 2nd wife 9/10/1864

Helen Maria Herendeen (Smith) 1st husband Dr. Edward Smith died and then  
Helen taught in the South during the Civil War -  
see Diary of Helen Herendeen Smith Hurlburt  
Helen was born 1/28/1828 and died 12/30/1894

three children: Carl Guy Hurlburt, born 10/15/1866 & died 9/27/1928  
Donald Paul Hurlburt, born 4/2/1871 in Poultney, VT. &  
died 5/7/1961 in Westminster, Vt.  
Earl Benjamin Hurlburt, born 2/18/1874, died 12/15/1955

Donald Paul Hurlburt (grandson Paul Clement Brnadon & grandson Donald David B.

married 3/24/1901

Sarah Olive Wright born 9/13/1878 in Weybridge, Vt & died 8/5/1917 in  
N. Shrewsbury, Vt. (killed by car in Rutland, Vt.)

2 children: Marion Vera Hurlburt, born 12/24/1903 in Mendon, Vt. & died  
5/5/2003 in Westfield, MA.

Roderic Wright Hurlburt, born 8/30/1906 in Buffalo, NY & died  
6/19/1987 in Southampton, MA

(married 2nd wife, no children, a school teacher from R.I.)

Marion Vera Hurlburt

married (at parents home in Bangor, Maine)

Ralph Aaron Brandon, born 7/26/1904 in Seasey County, Arkansas & died  
7/18/1941 in Covington, Ohio

3 children: Paul Clement Brandon, born 8/18/1931, Portland, Maine (lived in  
North Waterford, Maine

D. (Donald) David Brandon, born 10/11/1934 in Portland, Maine  
lived in North Waterford, Maine

Ruth Marilyn Brandon, born 2/12/1942, Versailles, Ohio

D. DAVID BRANDON  
64 SALISBURY ROAD  
DELMAR, NEW YORK 12054

July 15, 2003

Dear Scott:

It was good to see you and your family at your Grandmother's Memorial Service. At the time you indicated you didn't know much about the Hurlburt side of the family.

Enclosed is a copy of Hiram Harvey Hurlburt, Jr.'s Diary. I made a number of copies a few years ago. This one is for you! Your father and your Aunt Ruth have copies. If you like to explore - he lived on "a precipice of Otter Creek with sheer descent of at least thirty feet to the deep water..." in Quaker Village in the Town of Weybridge (north west of Middlebury) He moved across the millpond when he was 3. His father was a part owner of woolen factory with a secret indigo dye used for woolens ... until a flood wiped them out.

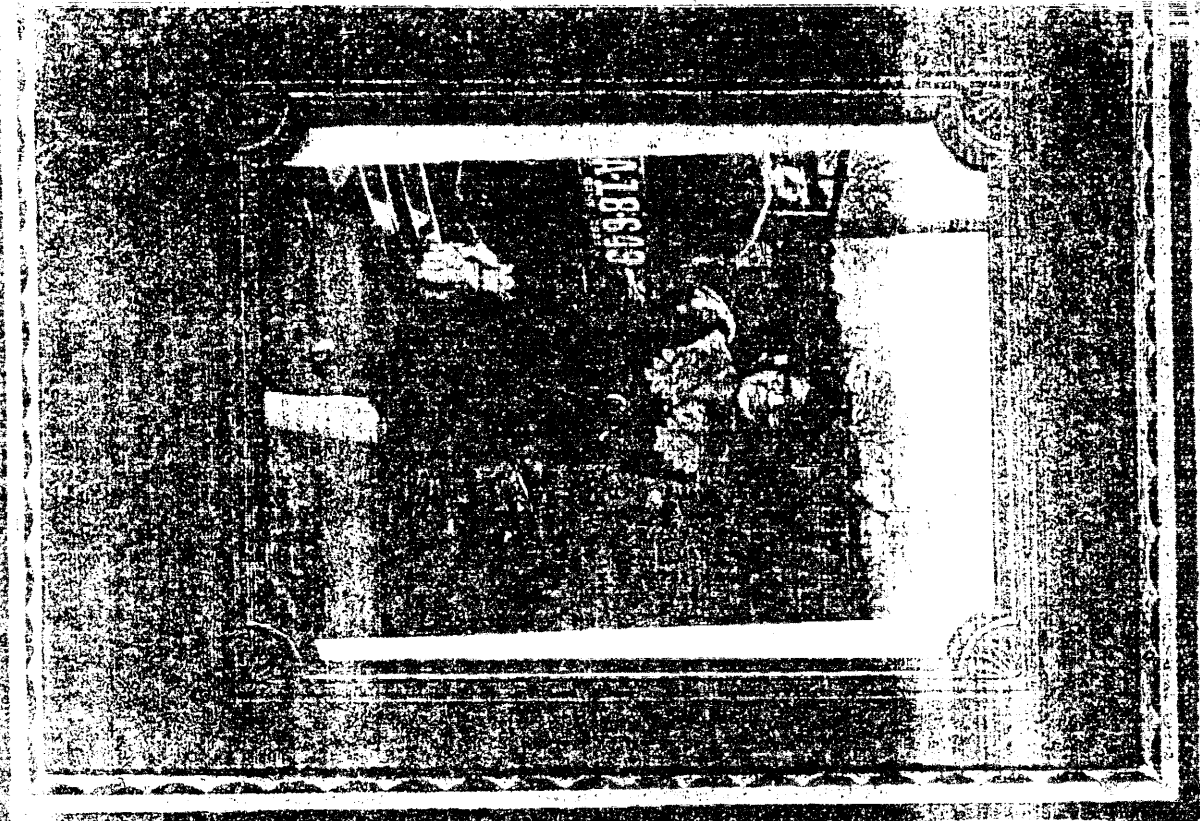
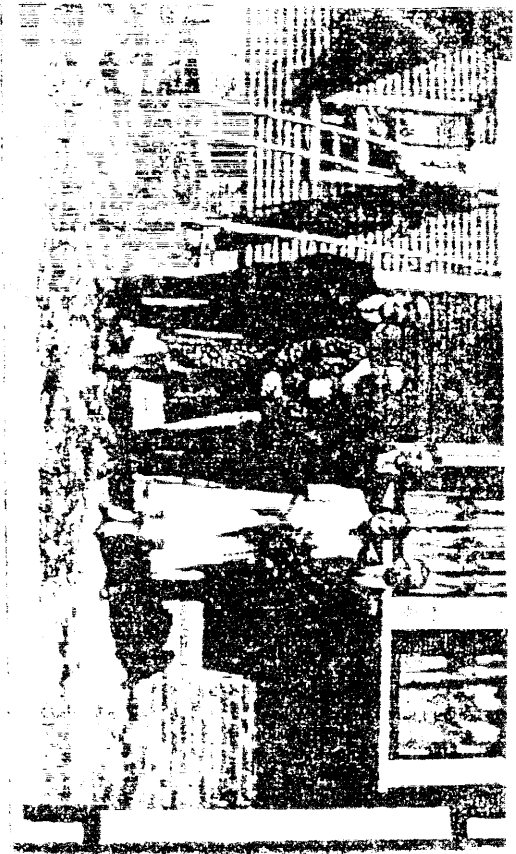
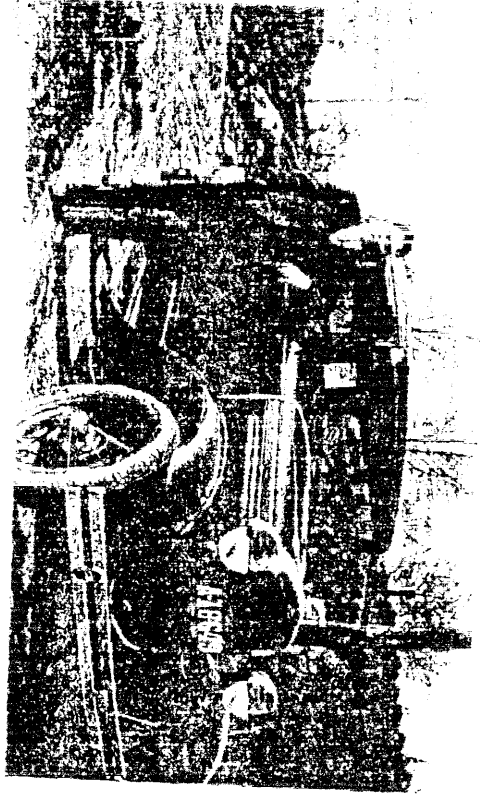
Also enclosed is sheet showing Your connection to Hiram Harvey Hurlburt, Jr., some poor copies of your Grandmother Brandon's wedding, your Grandfather and Grandmother Brandon with your father and me, some of the houses we lived in, and a poor copy of a picture of your father and Aunt Ruth with you Grandmother on her 99th anniversary of her birth - the beginning of her 100th year!

You have 100+ of ancestors....some with interesting stories we have information on. If you are interested in the grand wall chart at our cottage, you and your family should come visit sometime....better make it this summer as we plan to sell the place!

Best wishes, your Uncle Dave,



cc: Paul  
Ruth





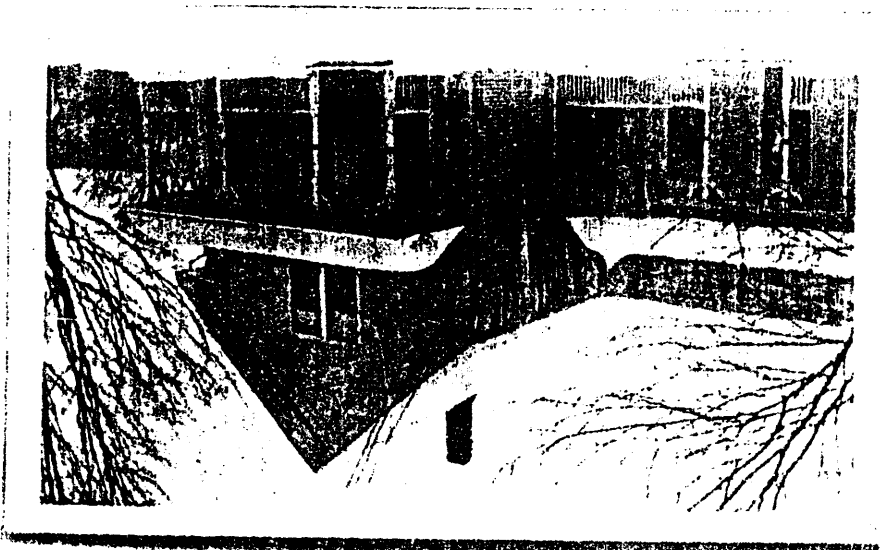


Paul C. Brandon

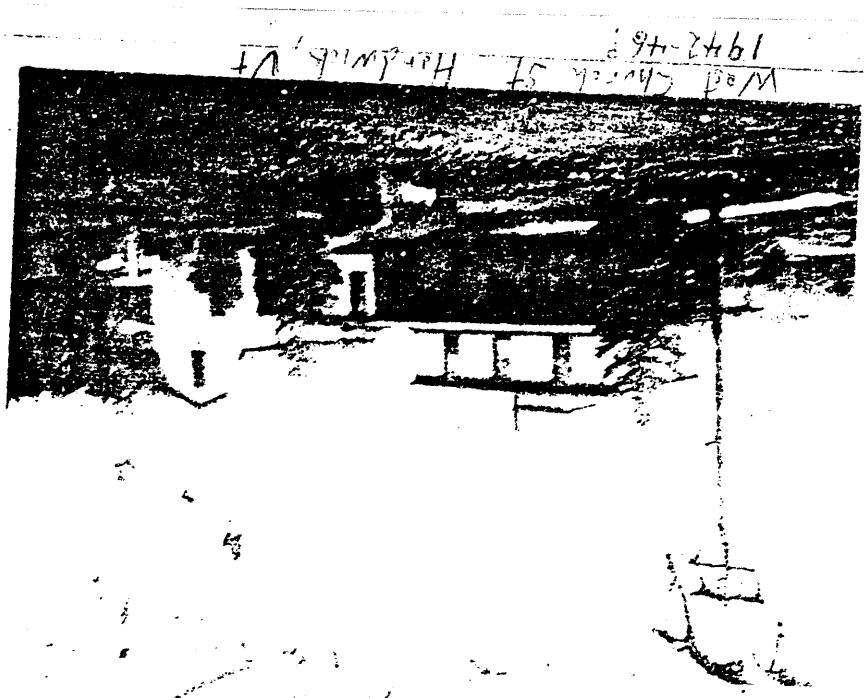
Ruth M. Brandon

Marian H. Brandon  
start of 100<sup>th</sup> year

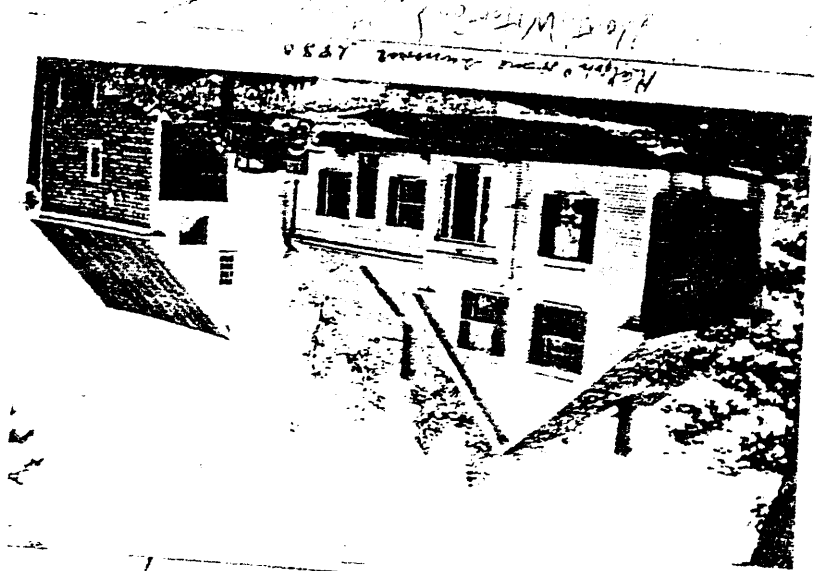
12/24/02 Birthday Party



High Street Acme - Hardwick VT 1946-48



West Church St Hardwick VT 1942-46



High Street Acme - Hardwick VT 1946-48



Marion Vera Huntbert Brandon

Ralph Aaron Brandon

Paul Clement Brandon  
D. David Brandon

