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Wm. W. Phelps,

A
GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR
OF THE
BACKUS FAMILY

WITH

THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF JAMES BACKUS, TOGETHER
WITH HIS CORRESPONDENCE BEARING ON THE
FIRST SETTLEMENT OF OHIO, AT
MARIETTA, IN 1788.

ALSO,

Papers and Correspondence of Elijah Backus,
SHOWING THE CHARACTER AND SPIRIT OF THE TIMES
DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

IN TWO PARTS :

- Part I. Genealogical**, including Journal of JAMES BACKUS, and
Poems by Miss SARAH BACKUS.
- Part II. Historical**, containing Sketches of the First Settlements
of Connecticut and Ohio, with Miscellaneous Papers of
Historic Interest.

BY

WILLIAM W. BACKUS.

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PREFACE.

THIS little volume, although primarily a family memorial, will nevertheless be interesting to the general reader, from the fact that many letters, documents and other articles are inserted, illustrating the spirit and character of the times in which they were written. Of these, the private journal and correspondence of James Backus is, perhaps, the most instructive and interesting. The journal, with a few breaks, covers a period of about three years, and was written on the spot where occurred one of the most important events in the country's history,—the settlement of Ohio, at Marietta, April 7, 1788. The journal, and also the correspondence, is full of interesting facts connected with this event, James Backus being one of the first settlers. The papers of Elijah Backus, bearing on another critical time in the country's history—the period of the Revolution and the period just before—is also very interesting. We see by these papers the character of the people who secured for us our independence, and the trying times through which they passed. Elijah Backus seems to have been very active at that time, and his papers throw a strong light on the character of the people and the times.

These papers have been lying idle for a hundred years and more, and it is one of the objects of printing this book to preserve and make public these records, which, although they may not give any new points on the history of the country, yet may serve to corroborate the statements of other historians, and serve to fix some of the uncertain points.

As a family memorial, this volume does not pretend to be exhaustive. In fact, within the limits of this little book it would be impossible to even mention every member of so large and widely a scattered family. So it has been thought best to follow the Norwich branch, that of the second William. Of his two children who settled in Norwich, we have followed only the line of Joseph.

PREFACE

The family of Backus has had many illustrious representatives in the past. It has produced many energetic, patriotic citizens. We have seen in the family the Farmers, Collectors of Customs, Judges, etc. The family was much more a mark of character than it is now. When the laws were enforced, and a "dead letter law" was not in vogue, there were a number in this family, and they were members of the church, contributing largely to its support. The family was well represented in the army, and on the different committees for caring for the safety and welfare of the town. The founder of the family in this country was a pioneer, and in the sixth generation was another James Backus. This is a thing which is not thought of by every one to be, and especially for so young a man as James Backus. The first settlers of Ohio were men of a high character, and men of fixed civil and religious principles, and most were in the prime of life or beyond. James Backus was probably the youngest being only twenty four.

There is a little uncertainty connected with the original place in England from which this family came. We have followed the generally accepted tradition, which undoubtedly is correct.

Of the books which bear on the history of the times which is covered in the present volume, the following which we have consulted will prove interesting — Miss Caulkins' "History of Norwich," Black's "Story of Ohio," "History of New London County," "Magazine of American History" for Sept., 1858, Centennial Address by F. W. Andrews, LL. D., President of Marietta College, etc.

We can only hope this little volume may be interesting to the general reader, and that a little may be added to the already abundant and interesting history of our country. If so, our labor will be rewarded.

NORWICH, CONN. Aug. 1859.

PART I. GENEALOGICAL,

INCLUDING THE

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF JAMES BACKUS,

AND

POEMS BY MISS SARAH BACKUS.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"The spot where once our fathers dwelt,
To us should sacred be ;
At the same altars where they knelt,
Let us, too, bend the knee."

MRS. JOHN W. JAMES.

PART I.

THE earliest records of this large family are uncertain. From the best authorities it appears that William Backus (or Stephen, according to some authorities) came from Norwich, England, and was living at Saybrook, Conn., as early as 1637. He was twice married, his two wives being Sarah Charles and Mrs. Anne Bingham.

About 1659, he moved to Norwich, in the same State, being one of the first settlers under the leadership of Rev. James Fitch and John Mason. He brought with him three daughters, two sons, and his stepson, Thomas Bingham. Since the young men were near mature age, and since he made over his settlement to his son Stephen, his sons are regarded as first proprietors, and his name does not appear on record as such. He is said (by consent of the others, he being the oldest man) to have given the town its name, from the place in England from whence he came. He died soon after his arrival in the colony, being of an advanced age. He was the first Englishman, and second person to die in the settlement.

He left two sons, William, Jr., and Stephen, and three daughters, who were united in marriage to John Reynolds, Benjamin Crane, and John Bailey. The family was prosperous. In Caulkins' History of Norwich, page 158, it says of this family :

"It is interesting to observe how rapidly the settlement advanced in prosperity and comfort. This family, and others, in the course of a single generation grew strong and luxuriant, throwing out buds and branches of rich and noble growth."

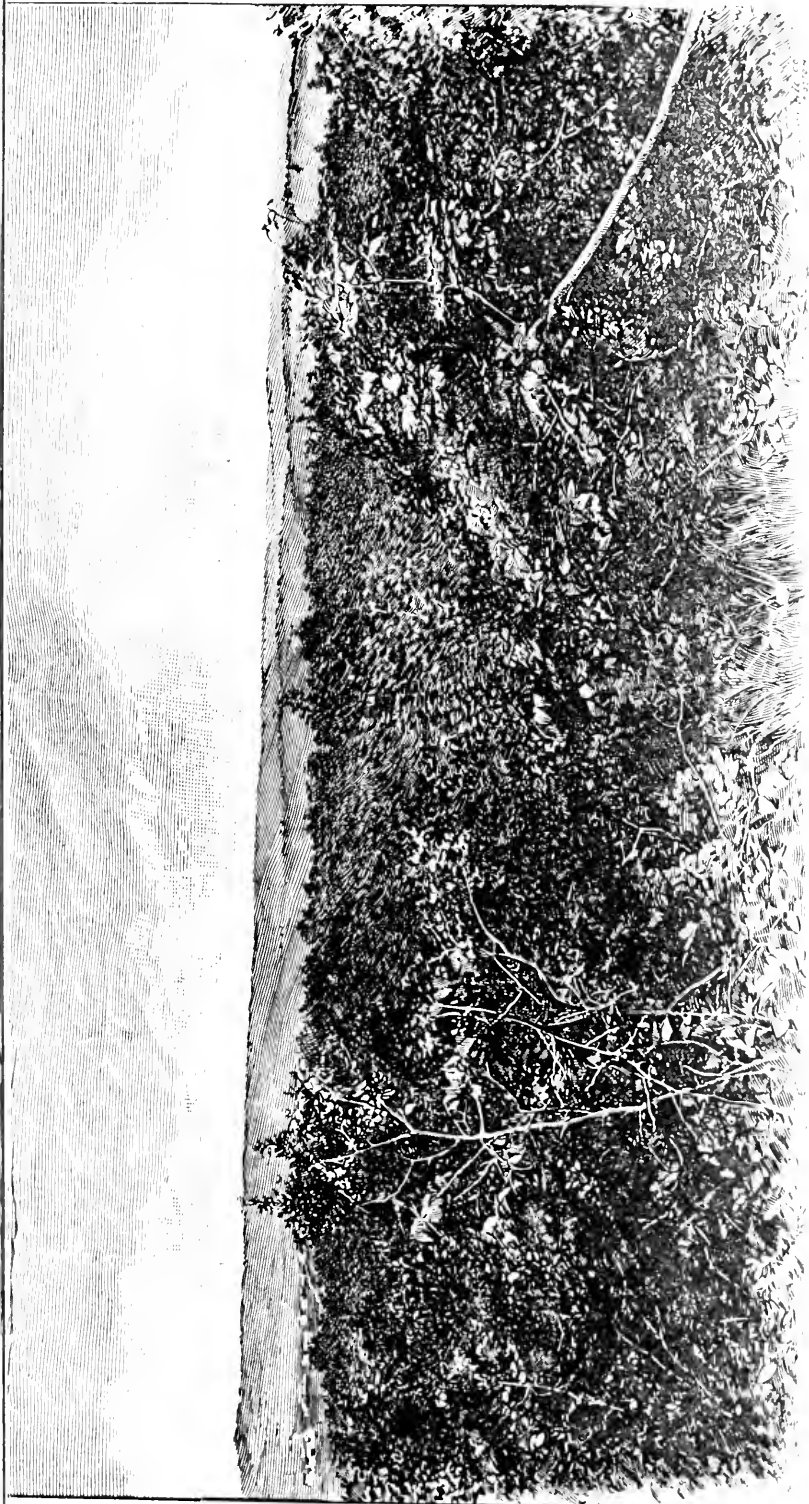
Stephen Backus received his father's rights and privileges, as stated above, soon after the settlement. The house lot was entered upon his name as first purchaser.

"The house lot lay in the pent highway by the Yantic, between the town green and the allotment of Thomas Bliss, bounded by the Bliss homestead on the east and Hammer Brook on the west, and descended by gift or purchase to the Lettingwells, who were connected by marriage."

Stephen married Sarah Spencer, Dec., 1666. He moved to Canterbury about 1692, after living over thirty years in Norwich. He had eight children. We will leave this branch and turn to

William Backus, his brother. He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Pratt, of Saybrook. They lived in Norwich and had six children. Of these, William and John settled in Windham, and are reckoned among the early proprietors of that town. The present Windham green was part of the house home lot of William Backus. Joseph and Nathaniel remained in Norwich and left numerous descendants. Joseph married Elizabeth Huntington, and Nathaniel, Elizabeth Tracey. Of the other two children there is no record. We shall not follow the line of Nathaniel, but follow that of Joseph.

Joseph Backus was a leading man in the town. Besides being a Justice of Peace, an office of much dignity at that time, he was for several years a representative of Norwich in the Legislature of Connecticut. He opposed the "Saybrook Platform," and withdrew from the church at Norwich when it was accepted. "He seems, indeed, from the brief notices that re-



THE FACKS FARM AT YANTIC, NORWICH, CONN.—View from the hill, facing east.

main of him, to have been a genuine lover of 'the old path,' an able and energetic defender of the Congregational polity, a man of deep radical convictions, which governed his actions, and made him willing to suffer loss for the sake of Christ and His truth."

Joseph had eight children. Two of his sons, Simon and Joseph, Jr., were the first graduates of Yale College of the name. The former became a celebrated clergyman, and the other was known for a long time as "*lawyer Backus of Norwich.*"

Another son was Samuel. We will now follow his line.

Samuel Backus was the second son of Joseph Backus. He was born January 6th, 1693. January 18, 1716, he was married to Elizabeth Tracey. He died November 24, 1740. He had eleven children, as follows :

1. SAMUEL,	born Jan. 1, 1717.	Died Oct. 2, 1796.
2. ANN,	" Jan. 10, 1718.	" Dec. 29, 1756.
3. ELIZABETH,	" Feb. 9, 1721.	" July 1, 1745.
4. ISAAC,	" Jan. 9, 1724.	" Nov. 20, 1806.
5. ELIJAH,	" March 14, 1726.	" Sept. 4, 1798.
6. SIMON,	" Jan. 17, 1729.	" Feb. 16, 1764.
7. EUNICE,	" May 17, 1731.	" Aug. 10, 1753.
8. ANDREW,	" Nov. 16, 1733.	" Nov. 20, 1796.
9. ASA,	" May 3, 1736.	" July 23, 1788.
10. LUCY,	" April 19, 1738.	
11. JOHN,	" Oct. 16, 1840.	" April 27, 1814.

"Samuel Backus, son of Joseph Backus, was a quiet, enterprising farmer, prosperous in his own business, but having little to do with public affairs. He was an affectionate father, and kind husband." The family had removed from the original home lot nearer the Landing, to what is now known as Yantic. Here he erected a grist mill — the second one in the settlement — receiving special grants from the town, and commenced the erection of the iron works.

GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR.

[The different signs used may now be explained.]

•	denotes the name used three times, thus	is second generation.
•	two " " " "	third " "
•	once " " " "	fourth " "
•	Let the name denote	fifth " "
•	" " " " " "	sixth " "
•	" " " " " "	seventh " "
•	" " " " " "	eighth " "
•	" " " " " "	ninth " "
•	" " " " " "	tenth " "

• **Samuel Backus, Jr.**, oldest child of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracey Backus, was married to Phebe Calkin, Dec. 14, 1743. Their children were,

1. PHOENIX, born Oct. 28, 1744. Died Oct. 5, 1786.
 2. ELIZABETH, " Aug. 26, 1746. " 1823.
 3. SAMUEL, " Jan. 29, 1749. " 1818.
 4. HANNAH, " Feb. 23, 1751. "
- A daughter, born and died March 8, 1755.

His wife died April 1, 1755, and he married for a second wife, Elizabeth Widge, July 2, 1755, and had by her three children, viz. —

6. ANNA, born June 25, 1757.
7. WILLIAM, " Aug. 28, 1758.
8. RUTH, " May 12, 1761.

Samuel Backus died Oct. 2, 1778.

• **Ann Backus**, second child of Samuel Backus and Elizabeth Tracey, was married to Capt. Joshua Abel, July 22, 1742. She had seven children, viz.:

1. JAMES.
2. ANNA (died young.)
3. ANNA (married Uriah Waterman.)
4. ELIZABETH (married Joseph Chapman.)
5. MARY ANN (married Samuel Huntington, May 7, 1752.)
6. RUTH.
7. RUTH.

¶ **Elizabeth Backus**, third child of Samuel Backus and Elizabeth Tracey, was married to Jabez Huntington, Jan. 20, 1742, by whom she had two sons, viz :

- | | | | |
|------|-----------|--------------------|---------------------|
| ½ 1. | JEDEDIAH, | born Aug. 4, 1743. | Died Sept. 5, 1818. |
| ½ 2. | ANDREW, | " June 22, 1745. | " April 7, 1824. |

Elizabeth Backus died July 1, 1745. [See Huntington Memorial, page 161.]

• **Isaac Backus**, fourth child of Samuel Backus and Elizabeth Tracey, was married to Susannah Mason, of Middlebury, Nov. 29, 1749. He had nine children.

- | | | |
|------|-----------|--------------------|
| ½ 1. | HANNAH, | born Nov. 8, 1750. |
| ½ 2. | NATHAN, | " June 18, 1752. |
| ½ 3. | ISAAC, | " Feb. 21, 1754. |
| ½ 4. | EUNICE, | " Oct. 23, 1755. |
| ½ 5. | SUSANNAH, | " Oct. 13, 1758. |
| ½ 6. | LOUIS, | " Aug. 3, 1760. |
| ½ 7. | LUCY, | " April 13, 1763. |
| ½ 8. | SIMON, | " March 7, 1766. |
| ½ 9. | LIBEL, | " Feb. 17, 1768. |

• **Isaac Backus.** Little is known of his childhood. His early education was obtained in the public schools of his native place. He joined the Church in his native town, July 11, 1742, but did not long continue with it, leaving it, with many others, in 1745, not being satisfied with its pastor or government. This separation gave rise to a new body, called Separatists. In this faith Isaac Backus became a minister. Then he began to preach, spending about fourteen months in the various towns of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts; and finally, April 13, 1748, was ordained pastor at Titicut, Conn., at the age of twenty-six — a Separatist Church having been formed there. This did not prevent him from making frequent journeys for the purpose of preaching the gospel. On Sept. 29, 1749, he married Susanna Mason, of Rehoboth, Mass.

Soon the subject of infant baptism divided the Separatist Church. After much thought and deliberation, Isaac Backus became a Baptist, and was baptized in that faith. He made

to the city preaching the gospel, visiting Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut. He still continued minister to part of the Separatist Church at Titicut, which had formed themselves into a Baptist Church there.

The Baptists met with a good deal of opposition and persecution. Isaac Backus was untiring in his efforts to secure religious liberty and in defending his church, speaking and writing much on the subject, and making long and difficult journeys to help the cause. The object he had sought was not obtained until 1833.

At the same time, he had his duties as pastor of the church at Titicut, which he performed diligently and faithfully. "He not only addressed them from the pulpit on the Lord's day, but also from house to house during the week." He also made frequent journeys, preaching the gospel, and helping to establish churches. Finally, after a life of great service and usefulness, he died November 20, 1806, at the very advanced age of eighty-two.

He was a most prolific writer, his publications being more numerous than any other man of his denomination in America, in his day, and no one did more service in the country than he.

• **Elijah Backus**, fifth child of Samuel and Elizabeth Backus, married Lucy Griswold, daughter of John Griswold, Esq., of Lyme, Jan. 9, 1753. He had nine children.

1	ELIJAH,	born July 17, 1754.	Died March 8, 1755.
2	A daughter,	" Jan. 11, 1756.	" Feb. 21, 1756.
3	LUCY,	" Jan. 31, 1757.	" Oct. 1, 1817.
4	ELIJAH,	May 2, 1759.	
5	JAMES,	July 10, 1761.	" Jan. 17, 1762.
6	A daughter	March 18, 1763.	" April 20, 1763.
7	JAMES,	July 14, 1764.	" Sept. 29, 1816.
8	MATHEW,	" Sept. 24, 1766.	
9	CLAESIA,	" Aug. 7, 1769.	" July 21, 1831.

Elijah Backus possessed a large estate, and was a skilled mechanic, and a man of considerable influence. Assisted by his son James he carried on the iron works at Yantic, which

were so serviceable to the country in the Revolutionary War. Before the iron works, was built the grist mill, supposed to have been the second one in the settlement. This he also carried on. He died the 4th of September, 1798.

§ **Lucy Backus**, daughter of Elijah Backus and Lucy Griswold, was married to Dudley Woodbridge, who was among the first settlers of Ohio, April, 1778. Their children were :

* LUCY,	born Aug., 1775.	Died Dec., 1816.
* SALLY,	" Jan. 28, 1777.	
* DUDLEY,	" Nov. 10, 1778.	
* WILLIAM,	" —	
* DAVID,	" —	Died 1795, at Marietta.
* JOHN,	" Nov. 25, 1785.	

* **William Woodbridge** became United States Judge, Senator, and Governor of Michigan.

§ **Elijah Backus**, son of Elijah and Lucy Griswold Backus, married Lucretia Hubbard. Their children were :

* THOMAS,	born Aug. 8, 1785.	Died Oct. 25, 1825.
* LUCRETIA,	" Jan. 7, 1887.	

Elijah Backus removed to the Northwest Territory, and was Receiver of Public Moneys. He was elected to the Senate, and was considered a good lawyer. Before this, his first wife had died, Feb. 17, 1787, and he married again, taking for a second wife Hannah Richards. He is said to have owned the first printing press west of the mountains.

* **Thomas Backus**, only son of Elijah and Lucretia Hubbard Backus, married Temperance Lord, at Marietta, Ohio, Nov., 1810. Their children were as follows :

** ELIJAH,	born March 3, 1812.	Died Nov. 7, 1855.
** LUCRETIA,	" June 14, 1813.	
** WILLIAM W.,	" Oct. 12, 1814.	" Aug. 12, 1842.
** ALEXANDER,	" Sept. 15, 1816.	" Dec. 13, 1861.
** ABNER LORD,	" June 27, 1818.	

** **Abner Lord Backus**, fourth son of Temperance and Thomas Backus, was married Oct. 29, 1844, to Elizabeth Reed. Their children were :

- *** WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE, born April 1, 1846.
- *** ELSIE McDOWELL, " Aug. 26, 1847.
- *** SAMUEL REED, " March 10, 1849.
- *** ALEXANDER, " Oct. 18, 1850.
- *** ADELAIDE, " May 25, 1852.
- *** ELIZABETH REED, " Dec. 26, 1853. Died Sept. 25, 1854.
- *** Twin daughters, " July 9, 1855. " Aug. 13, 1855.
- *** JULIA, " May 7, 1857.

Abner Lord Backus is by profession a civil engineer, and was connected with service constructing and managing Ohio's 800 miles of canals nearly all the time from 1837 to 1878. Having entered the state engineering department as a rodman, by industry and constant application was finally elevated to the highest position, that of President of the State Board of Public Works of his native state by vote of a majority of her citizens.

For nearly twenty years he has been actively engaged in Toledo as a grain commission merchant, owner and manager of a grain elevator.

He has three sons connected with him in business, who are industrious, sober, active and successful business men, creditable alike to himself and the ancestry from which he descended. Of his three daughters, two are married, one of them living at Cincinnati, O., and the other at Detroit, Michigan.

* **Lucretia**, only daughter of Elijah and Lucretia Hubbard Backus, was born Jan. 7, 1787. She married Nathaniel Pope, of Illinois, delegate in Congress from Illinois in 1816, and Judge of the United States District Court. Maj. Gen. John Pope, of the United States Army, is their son, born March 12, 1823.

§ **James Backus**, seventh child of Elijah and Lucy Griswold Backus, married Dorothy Church Chandler, daughter of Charles Church Chandler, Esq., of Woodstock, Conn., Sept. 15, 1793. Their children were :

* 1.	MARY,	born Nov. 9, 1774.	Died May 17, 1847.
* 2.	LUCY,	" March 28, 1769.	" Nov. 12, 1827.
* 3.	SARAH,	" March 29, 1798.	" March 24, 1843.
* 4.	JAMES,	" Jan. 18, 1800.	" Oct. 23, 1873.
* 5.	NANCY,	" Oct. 31, 1801.	" Sept. 1, 1802.
* 6.	WILLIAM,	" Oct. 22, 1803.	Still living.
* 7.	FRANCES,	" Nov. 16, 1806.	"
* 8.	HENRY,	" April 4, 1809.	Died July 13, 1877.

James Backus was one of the first settlers of Ohio, going to Marietta in April, 1788. As agent of the Ohio company, he made the first surveys in Marietta, and is said to have built the first regular house in the town, at the point of the junction of the Muskingum and Ohio rivers, afterwards owned and occupied by his brother-in-law, Judge Dudley Woodbridge, it being the first regular house in Ohio, at that time Northwest Territory.

In October, 1789, he made a trip to Connecticut, returning again soon after. March, 1791, owing to the urgent request of his father, he left Ohio and returned to Connecticut, to live at the family residence at Yantic.

"He was a man of great ability, both physically and mentally. He commenced and carried on a large business. The grist mill, which was the first erection on the premises, and supposed to have been built by Joseph, or his son Samuel, was the cause of their removal from the home lot nearer the Landing, and by grants of land for that express purpose, followed by the erection of the iron works. The latter were of a more varied and expensive character, supposed to have been built by Samuel Backus, but enlarged by his son Elijah, and were of great service both before and after the war." Their work was various, varying from a horse shoe to anchors for privateersmen.

James Backus built the saw mill, and in later days, 1812, "built and ran two carding machines for carding wool for the farmers, hatters and others." He also built a merchants' store, and manufactured potash and pearlash, and besides, built a provision house for the purpose of packing beef and pork, and kept salt. He bought out the interests of his brothers and

sisters, and ran and conducted the whole, improving the quality of iron goods, and doing a large and prosperous business until the manufacture of iron in the old way ceased, and the site gave way to other enterprises. Besides all these, he carried on a large farm. He died in 1816, Sept. 16.

The following is an extract from his Journal, covering a space of about three years, during which he was in Marietta. It will show his life and experience there, as well as show his character, and the high degree of confidence his associates had in him, and the esteem in which he was held.

LIST OF STAGES TO FORT PITT, AND THE EXPENSES OF
TRAVELLING TO IT, FROM THURSDAY, THIRD
DAY OF APRIL, 1788.

	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Henry's, Poquong,			3
Warner's Ferry, ferriage,			4
Buckingham's, Saybrook,			
Lodging, supper, horse keeping, } Friday,	4		1
8 qts. oats,			
Graves's, Guilford, baiting,			4
West,			4
Branford, baiting,			4
E. Haven—ferry,			9
N. Haven, Anderson's, 3 miles			
from town. Supper, hay 6 qts. } Saturday,	2		9
Oats for horse, lodging,			
Stratford ferriage,			
Breakfast and baiting,	1		2
Baiting,			9
Norwalk, baiting,			4 ¹ / ₂
Stamford, Wells's, supper, lodging, } Sunday,	4		2
6 qts. oats, hay,			
Rye, Havaland's, breakfast, baiting,			2 0
Kingsbridge, baiting, etc.,			1 0
N. York, apples, Monday,			0 4
Fish line and hook,			1 0
Portmanteau,			5 0
Cupper and cloth,			5 }
Malestraps,			0 6
Segars,			1 }

	£	d.
Sight of camel,	1	
Mending rod,		2½
Horse keeping, etc.,	4	3
Powlap's Hook, ferriage,	2	
Berger, ferriage,		9
Newark, ferriage,	1	0
Lodging, supper and horse keeping,	} Tuesday,	6 10
6 qts. Elizabeth Town, breakfast,		
	£2	5 4
Baiting, etc.,	2	6
Brunswick, baiting,		6
Oysters,		7
Cherry,		6
Kingston, Van Tilburg's, lodging, horse keeping,	} Wednesday,	6 1
3 qts. oats, breakfast, baiting, 3 qts. oats.		
	£0	10 2
Bristol, baiting, etc.,	1	1
Baiting, etc.,		7
Philadelphia, apples,		4
Cigars,		1
Penknife,	1	6
Watchchain,	1	10
Portmanteau lock,	2	9
Penknife,	2	3
Apples,		3
Shaving and dressing hair,		1
Ticket 2 6, raisins 8d,		3 2
Apples 3, ginger 4, etc., 1,		10
Steelyards, 3 ; pepper, 2 9,		5 9
Paper, 1 ; flints, 2 6 ;		2 7
Fishhooks, 2 6 ; 100 do. 2 6 ;		5
1lb. buck and 2 lbs. goose shot,		2 3
Raisins, 3 ; apples, 4 ;		7
Sundries, 9s ;		1 6
Comb, 6 ; glass and barbering,		1 6
Shaving, &c., 1 ; paper, 9 ;		1 9
Ebnz. Branham's bill,		
Board and horse keeping, 42 qts. oats,		3 5
Boot money in exchanging saddles,		1 3
Ferriage, Schuylkill,		2
Sundries,		6
Supper, lodging, horse keeping, 2 qts. oats,		3 5
At the Sign of the Buck, 14 miles from Philadelphia, } Thursday,	}	2
breakfast,		

At Philadelphia from Wednesday night to next Wednesday afternoon.

	£	s.	d.
Dinner and baiting at Downing's,		3	3
Repairing saddle at Lancaster, Friday,		7	0
Bill of fare from Downing's to } Thursday until Sunday.	1	13	0
Carlisle, from			
Repairing watch,	1	1	6
Dressing hair and apples,		3	2
Bill at Potlewait's,	1		4

Arrived at Carlisle, Pa., Sunday noon; remained there till Wednesday evening. Wednesday evening, went with Mr. Nathaniel Smith to his father's, nine miles out of Carlisle; remained until Friday afternoon. Friday night went to Shippingburg, Captain Ripper's. Saturday, got to Littleton, 31 miles. Sunday, to Bedford, 33 miles. Put up at Wiesman's. Monday, went to Anderson's, nine miles. Tuesday, got one mile, five and one-half miles over Stony Creek; 23 miles found bad entertainment. Wednesday, got to Reed's, nine mile run; 28 miles good lodging. Thursday, to Widow Myers's, 33 miles. Friday, to Pittsburg. Whole expense from Carlisle, £2, 1,—. Saturday, at Pittsburg. Sunday, set out for Wheeling; dined at Gen. Neil's. Lodge at Catfish, 25 miles. Bill, £0, 6, 11. Monday, got to Coxe's Fort; staid at Captain Soveringham's, 25 miles, £0, 1, 6.

Horse keeping, 0, 1, 3.

Tuesday, went to Wheeling by way of Wells's Mills on Buffalo Creek, 22 miles, to Esq. Faine's. Wednesday, to Catfish, breakfast at Captain Blakeney's, 32 miles. Thursday, to Redstone; lodge one mile from the river at Youes's, 24 miles. Friday afternoon settled bill from Coxe's Fort to Redstone inclusive. £1, 4, 2½.

Got to Col. Cook's, 12 miles. Welcomed to entertainment. Very civil, clever people. Saturday, got to Reed's, 20 miles; bill of ferriage for the day, lodging etc. included, . . . £0, 4, 4.

Sunday, May 11, arrived at Pitts. Left horse at Bruswan's. Monday and Tuesday at Pitt. Wednesday afternoon went sailing. Thursday at Braddock Fields, 12 miles. Went up the Monongahela with Gen. Harmer, Gen. Parsons, Col. Butler, Col. May, and several others. Friday, repairing watch, £0, 1, 10.

Boat went down the Muskingum with ten New England people. Saturday, May 17, got my horse from Bruswan's, and left him with Ormsby to keep for the summer for his riding. Mr. Ormsby agrees to keep him well, and run all risks of theft and other accidents, and return him to me in good order when I call for him; otherwise to give me the value of him. Paid

Bruswan for pasturing. Ferriage, £0, 4, 9.
 Sundries, 0, 2, 3.
 Pipe [4; Billiards 2], 0, 2, 4.
 Sunday, Monday, at Pitt. Tuesday rode out, meet the wagon. Expense, £0, 0, 2.

Wednesday and Thursday at Pittsburg. Friday paid washerwoman, £0, 4, 6.

Duncan's bill, 3, 17, 0.

Removed from Pittsburg to Elliott's, one mile from ferry.

Saturday, went over to Pitt, purchased a few little articles.

Cost, with ferriage, Monongahela, £0, 0, 6.

Left at Bulen's a pair of boots which I desired Mr. Elliott to send on to me to Monongahela. Saturday, 24th May, 1788, set out from Daniel Elliott's' Landing: Passengers, Gen. T. H. Parsons, Col. May, Col. Butler, Major Sargeant, Capt. Rice, Mr. Wanton Chase, Mr. Green, Mr. H. Williams, Ransford Y. Williams, Tufts, Comstock and Johnson. At 9 o'clock arrived at Dawson's Point, Little Beaver, 43 miles from Pitt. Got bread and milk 11 o'clock. Sailed course of the river from Pitt to McKee's Island. W. N.W. two miles, about one mile in length to Cow Island. From Cow Island to Montouss three miles; length of Island six miles, bearing N. W. from Cow Island. Course of river bearing much to the north west. About 15 miles from Pitt is the dead ripple, being a sand bank in the middle of the river, grown over with willows. Current strong on both sides, but the best channel on the north-east side, as is the case with all the islands above and below Big Beaver Creek. One and three-quarter miles below on the north-east side empties in the Sewickly; the same distance below Sewick-

ly, on the opposite shore is Logtown, being a beautiful platt of a considerable extent, and a small improvement made upon it. One mile below lies Logtown Island. Course of the river for about two miles, directly north. One mile farther down is Crow Island. River bending to the westward. The above two islands about one mile each. Continuance north and west about two or three miles, then turns almost southwest. Ten and three-fourth miles from Logtown, on the north side empties in Big Beaver. Three-fourths of a mile on the same side lies Fort McIntosh, on a very high bank—a defensible situation, but the work much out of repair, and it is proposed to evacuate it the ensuing summer. About two miles from the McIntosh the river bends still more to the south; two miles more on the Virginian shore empties in a small run, known as Raccoon Run; three miles more lies a small island; best channel east side. Five miles another small island. One mile farther empties in Little Buffalo on the east shore. The above course much to the southward. At the mouth of this creek ends the Pennsylvania Claim, and a vista is cut due north to the lakes, and likewise south across from the Ohio to the Maryland line, being the boundary between Virginia and Pennsylvania. Sunday morning half-past five, arrived at Crawford Landing or Coxe's Fort. Purchased a barrel of pork, and our people purchased bacon and other articles of provisions. Left at half-past eleven, and at half-past three arrived at Wheeling. A very hot, clear day. At half-past eight sailed from Wheeling. Pleasant night, but very foggy. Towards 3½ o'clock Monday afternoon, arrived at the mouth of the Muskingum, all well, and fifty hours after we left Fort Pitt. Went over to the garrison. Tuesday, went to view the town and commons. Was pleased with the large mound and "old ruins," as they are called. Appear to be artificial, but am not convinced of their origin. Wednesday afternoon went with Captain Sproat to survey an eight acre lot on Virginia Bottom, for Mr. Chaceny. Found excellent land. Saw three deers. Thursday went out with Mathews to run the girt line of division of the Parsonage lot. Friday went out with Major Battle, Sargeant and Rice, to divide our ten acre lots.

Sunday, May 31st, 1788. Sent Turner and Johnson to work clearing my ten acre lot. No price agreed upon. Found them a stub scythe to work with. Went across the river to Williams's, took supper and lodging.

Sunday, June 1st. A pleasant morning, a little hazy. Went fishing; caught nothing. Lost both hook and line.

Monday, June 2nd. Took breakfast at Williams's, coffee and cakes. Left five dozen fish hooks at Williams's. At ten o'clock crossed the river.

Bought $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tobacco, 5d.
Unwell yesterday and to-day. Colic and headache.

Tuesday, June 3rd. Went out with Mr. Tyler to our garden spot. Assisted in building house.

Wednesday, June 4th. Clear, warm morning. Thunder shower came two o'clock. Five o'clock began to rain. Ate no dinner. Rainy night.

Thursday, June 5th. Clear forenoon. Ate no breakfast or dinner. Worked on the house. Slept in new house.

Friday, June 6th. Clear forenoon. Thunder storm. Drank chocolate aboard boat.

Saturday, June 7th. Warm day. Hazy but no rain. Began to board at new house. Drank chocolate. Ate fish and venison for dinner. Went hunting, killed three squirrels. Chocolate supper.

Sunday, June 8th. Clear hot day. Went out to Duck Creek with Gen. Parsons, Col. Crary, Major Corlis, and several others. Measured the hollow stump of a sycamore tree. Circumference, two feet from the ground, $45\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Interior diameter, on the ground, $15\frac{1}{2}$. Thickness of shell, three inches. Took a

range of five or six miles back of cornfield. Venison for dinner. Afternoon slept. Warm debating yesterday and this evening about division of eight acre lots.

Monday, June 9th, 1788. Cloudy morning, clear before noon. Wrote home to Mrs. Woodbridge and my father by Mr. Hilliard. Agents of Ohio company present at Muskingum. Met by order two directors at our house. There were present, Gen. Parsons, Col. Olney, Col. May, Col. Crary, Maj. Corlis, Maj. Sargeant, representing upwards of 100 shares; resolved on appropriating parsonage lot to enlarge the town lots to the original plan of 180 by 90 ft.; to lay out on the commons and above lot one hundred three-acre lots to be drawn for as quickly as possible, for the convenience of settlers come and coming on. Heavy showers without thunder about sunset. Foggy at night. Troubled this week past with colic. Received of Mr. Williams over three perch.

Tuesday, June 10th. Foggy, damp morning, some rain. Fried fish for dinner. Assisted Col. Olney and Major Corlis in preparing names and numbers for drawing three-acre lots. Got numbers and most of the names.

Wednesday, June 11th. Veal for dinner. Pleasant day. Some small showers.

Thursday, June 12th. Clear morning. Grew smoky towards noon. Fried venison for dinner. A rainy evening. Concluded enrolling names and numbers, and began to draw. Drew about thirty.

Friday, June 13th. Rainy morning. Heavy distant thunder, this and yesterday morning. Veal for dinner. Completed drawing three-acre lots.

Saturday, June 14th. Cloudy morning, but pleasant day. Salt beef and pork for dinner. Gen. Varnum and Crary removed

to their own hut. Warm afternoon. Went out with Gen. Varnum, Parsons and several others gaming.

Sunday, June 15th, 1788. Clear morning. Wrote home to my father and Mrs. Woodbridge, by Col. Olney. Fried venison and baked fish for dinner. Bread and milk for supper, Col. Olney left us about 5 o'clock for Pitt in Garrison Bay, with Maj. Doughly. Excessive bad toothache, applied hot rum and pepper to my face this evening.

Monday, June 16th. Clear, pleasant morning. Boat arrived at the point bound for Kentucky, with eight New England people for this place. Went out to view land on Duck Creek. Very heavy showers. Got wet.

Tuesday, June 17th. Fair morning, warm day. Fried squirrels for dinner. This evening was read to the settlers the regulation for police. Col. May, officer of police; Maj. Corlis, secondary. All of the enrolled in one company. Col. Cray commanded to meet regularly Sundays to furnish them men for patrol.

Wednesday, June 18th. Clear, fine morning. Shot black squirrel. Squirrel and venison for dinner. Two Indians of the Delawares came on our side to trade, being the first that have come for that purpose. Brought with them about fifty deer-skins and five bear skins. Appeared well disposed and unsuspecting, but displayed a good share of sagacity and knowledge in their manner of trading, which they must necessarily acquire from the manner in which they have been treated by the whites who have traded with them. The one which appeared best acquainted with trade drank very little for this day; the other drank freely. Two interpreters over from the garrison. Neither of them appeared friendly to our intentions of trading, but I supposed them influenced by some straggling peddlers and the traders of the garrison, which in general, together with them are an ignorant, trickish, unprincipled set, not acting

from any method, but depending solely on the little booties they get from the Indians. The amount of goods they have with them is from —100—500, without any fixed price. Received a present from the Indians of one-quarter of venison and seven deer tongues.

Thursday June 19th, 1788. Pleasant, warm morning. Great disturbance occasioned by a heedless little Indian peddler coming over without permission to trade with the Indians. He, together with the interpreters, endeavored to make the Indians suspicious of being cheated by us. They appear to be very susceptible of such influence. A very severe gust of wind, about two o'clock to-day, blowed down a tree upon an ox in the company's service. No other damage sustained. Heavy thunder showers. Cool evening.

Friday, June 20th. Cold, cloudy morning. wind to the northward. Gens. Parsons, Varnum, and I went to Deer Creek to examine the clay that is found there, to see if it is suitable for building purposes. The surveyors began running out ground.

Saturday, June 21st. Cool, fair morning. Made door for our house. Dined on boiled fish. Gen. Parsons and Maj. Corlis dined out.

Sunday, June 22nd. Fair morning. Four Kentucky boats down this morning, in one of which came Mr. Aaron Barlow and Mr. Reed, from Reading, in Connecticut; the 4th inst., lay by three days for bad weather. The two Mr. Fullers arrived here last Friday from Providence. The two Indians left us this morning. Nearly recovered from all my complaints. People met to-day according to order.

Monday, June 23rd. Cloudy, warm morning. Dined on boiled beef and venison. Put my ankle out of joint this evening.

Tuesday, June 24th, 1788. Cloudy morning. A boat down, on which came the two Mr. Latemors, and another parson from Boston. Wind blowed cold from west. Went over to Williams's, to purchase articles for dinner. A Kentucky boat stopped at the point, bound for Limestone.

Wednesday, June 25th. Cool, clear morning. Pleasant day. Ate venison for dinner. Went across to Virginia; purchased buffalo and salmon.

Thursday, June 26th. Cool morning. Dined on buffalo and salmon. The buffalo fish the best I have ever tasted in the country. Weighed $14\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. Bought it at 12, Pennsylvania money, per pound. This evening went upon guard.

Friday, June 27th. Began to rain at one o'clock this morning. Turned out twice to relieve sentry. Patrolled this morning from half-past three to half past five. Rained; cool. Dined on hash and venison, and remains of buffalo fish.

Saturday, June 28th. Disagreeable weather. Venison steak and broiled buffalo for dinner.

Coin in two bags as counted in Philadelphia, April 14th, 1788 :

1st. \$30.00 (thirty dollars.)
 2nd. 82 quarter dollars.
 19 half dollars.
 2 dollars.
 25 pistareens.
 9 crowns.

\$38.00

Gold coin in purse counted at same time :

3 Joes,	7 3 6½
3 Guineas,	4 4 4½
1½ dollars,	14
2 pistoles,	2 6 10
	<hr/>
	£14 6 9

Capt. Cooper, Anselm Tupper, Paul Fearing, James Backus, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. White, Mr. Coburn Wright, Mr. Clare, Mr. Cleaver, Hutchingson, Gilbert Devol, Faher.

Sunday, June 29th, 1788. Clear, cool morning. Wind to the westward. Company paraded at ten o'clock. Showers about eleven. Venison soup for dinner. Afternoon went up to Carr's Island with Maj. Tupper and Matthews. Engaged Ninwonger to furnish venison for 4th of July.

Monday, June 30th. Cool, clear morning. Dined on salt beef. Went over to Virginia side to purchase provisions for dinner.

Tuesday, July 1st. Clear, pleasant morning. Arrived here a Mr. Guthre from Washington, Connecticut. Purchased ham for dinner. Rumors of a party of Indians lurking about this place. A scout of 12 men sent out. Thunder shower about seven o'clock. High wind at N. W. Continued to rain all night.

Wednesday, July 2nd. Pleasant, warm morning. Began to build bower with twelve men. Dined on salt beef. Completed bower and kitchen.

Thursday, July 3rd. Clear morning. Went across the Ohio to purchase material for dinner. Brooks came from the garrison. Went out this afternoon to procure pigs for dinner. Dined on venison and beef. Spent all the afternoon procuring provisions.

Friday, July 4th. Cloudy, windy morning. Sun shone out at nine o'clock. At twelve o'clock a shower. Cleared again. Half-past two heavy showers. Rained all the afternoon.

Saturday, July 5th. Fair morning. Shower at two o'clock. Dined on veal and beef. Rainy night.

Sunday, July 6th, 1788. Rainy morning, high wind. Dined on hash and veal. Wind for three or four days mostly to westward and northward. Clear afternoon. A shower at night.

Monday, July 7th. Cloudy, rainy morning. Wind to the southward. Dined on salt beef and pudding. Pleasant afternoon. Went with Tupper, Matthews, and Fearing in a sail boat down the river, a mile to examine a cavern in the hill on the north-west side of Ohio. Found it from three to six ft. in width, about 100 ft. long and from 20 to 25 feet high, nearly perpendicular. It is formed of very good grindstone, with the surface smooth and true. The cavern is covered with an arch, suspended from the northern walls of the cavern. The place is difficult of access, it being necessary to ascend a cleft of rocks.

Tuesday, July 8th. Foggy morning, sunshine at intervals. Dined on salt beef, beans and carrots. Rainy afternoon. The drawing of city lots completed. Ordered to go on guard to-night. Rainy night.

Wednesday, July 9th. Cloudy, rainy morning. Showers through the day. Fish for dinner. Governor St. Clair arrived at the garrison at eleven o'clock. Was saluted with the discharge of thirteen guns.

Thursday, July 10th. Boat arrived with twelve persons. Dined on fish. Very warm afternoon.

Friday, July 11th. Clear, windy morning. Dined on salt beef, beans, peas and carrots.

Saturday, July 12th. Pleasant, windy morning. Dined on salt beef and beans. Shingled our house. High gust of wind from the N. W. Blowed very severely. Rainy about five o'clock. Continued rains throughout the night.

Sunday, July 13th, 1788. Clear weather at sunrise. Cloudy about eight o'clock. Showery forenoon. Dined on codfish and potatoes. Pleasant afternoon.

Monday, July 14th. Cloudy, foggy morning. Arrived last night, seven people in two canoes. Dined on codfish and salt beef. Began to clear my garden. The warmest day since I arrived here.

Tuesday, July 15th. Clear, pleasant morning. Light wind. Two Kentucky boats arrived in which came eight people to this settlement. This afternoon a boat arrived with Mr. Brick, the parson; Downer, and five or six other gentlemen. Two other men arrived.

Wednesday, July 16th. Frequent showers to-day. Dined on salt beef and potatoes.

Thursday, July 17th. Clear, pleasant day. Ate no dinner. This evening went on guard. Fine, pleasant night.

Friday, July 18th. Cloudy morning. At five o'clock a very heavy thunder shower. At seven o'clock cleared up.

Saturday, July 19th. Clear, pleasant morning. Ate no dinner to day. Heavy thunder early this morning. Wind for the week mostly to the north and westward.

Sunday, July 20th. Clear, cool morning. Wind to the eastward. About 11 A. M., Mr. Brick commenced services, under the Bower on the banks of the Muskingum, to a respectable audience. His excellency, the Governor, and Maj. Doughty from the garrison, about 25 persons from Virginia, and most of our people attended. Expressed a proper respect to the worship by their attention, silence, and regularity of conducting themselves. Dined on codfish and potatoes. Pleasant.

Monday, July 21st, 1788. Clear, pleasant morning. Dined on venison. Very little steady sunshine in this country since I have been here; clouds constantly flying over the sun.

Tuesday, July 22nd. Pleasant morning, but a little foggy. Dined on catfish and sturgeon. At half-past seven set out in the great boat for Buffalo. Got as far as Carr's Island this evening. The sturgeon of this river weigh from four to six pounds.

Wednesday, July 23rd. Fine, fair morning. Wind to eastward. Got under way at half-past five. Went on shore on Seventh Range. One of our company shot a goose. Dined on fried bacon. Supped on goose, and found it very disagreeable food, smelling very strong of fish. Came to about two miles below Longreach.

Thursday, July 24th. Pleasant morning, wind to eastward. Our crew caught two catfish last night. Breakfasted on fish. Ate no dinner. Lay exposed to heavy rain last night. Arrived within four miles of Grace Creek.

Friday, July 25th. Wet morning. Ate no breakfast. Dined on a small piece of meat. Ate no supper. Warm, pleasant afternoon. Got wet with rain in my lodgings.

Saturday, July 26th. Wet morning, but clear day. Ate no breakfast or dinner. Got within four miles of Buffalo with boat. Tupper, Fearing and myself went to Riley's, mouth of Buffalo. Got to Wheeling about sunset. Supped and lodged ashore. Showery night.

Sunday, July 27th. Breakfasted ashore. Walked with Fearing almost to Short Creek. Dined on bread and milk.

Monday, July 28th. Foggy morning. Breakfasted at Crawford's, Coxe's Fort. It began to rain about 11 o'clock.

Dined at Crawford's on boiled chickens and broth. Hired a horse to ride to Pittsburg. Supped at Winteringhim's, and lodged there.

Tuesday, July 29th, 1788. Pleasant morning. Set out for Pittsburg. Breakfasted at Wells's. Found Gen. Tupper's and two other families there, on their way to Muskingum. Arrived a little before sunset at Washington. Supped at McCormick's on veal and coffee. Very warm day. Met Major Goodell and Cushen and their families, two miles from Washington.

Wednesday, July 30th. Clear morning. Set out at half-past eight for Pitt. Arrived there at five. Dined at Duncan's on beefsteak and soup. Crossed the ferry at half-past six. Took my horse from Ormsby's. Found him extremely poor and much abused. Was informed by one of his people that he had been used in packing grain for Ormsby's distillery for three weeks, and very badly used. Delivered Gen. Parson's letter to Gen. Butler, and left one in the post office for Ebz. Hazzard, Esq., N. York. The post starts from Pitt for Philadelphia, Tuesday. Every three weeks one post rides through to Philadelphia. Mr. Tilton keeps the office. At seven o'clock started for Washington. Got one-half a mile to Bill's private house. Called up the people, got my horse put up, drank a pint of milk, and lay down on the floor in my great coat for the night.

Thursday, July 31st. Cloudy morning. Started at half-past five, and at nine o'clock arrived at Col. Cannon's. Found them very civil people. Got to Washington at one o'clock. After riding an hour in the rain, dined at McCormick's on roast mutton and peas. Contracted some 'acquaintances with the people of this place, Found them generally to possess a kind of rude hospitality, extremely fond of whiskey themselves and always ready to treat all those that fall in their way. It is the practice, almost without exception, to drink a bitter of tansy and whiskey in the morning; and half a pint or even a *full*

pint before breakfast is not considered extravagant. The women and girls are by no means adverse to it. The girls are very large. They seem to have a kind of reserve, that appears rather affected than otherwise. They by no means possess that delicacy of feeling that dictates a propriety of manner in a well-bred woman. They appear to me, when contrasted with the native woman, to fall far short in point of merit; excelling them in few things excepting education, (indeed, their knowledge of reading and writing, when no use is made of it but simply reading a few lines in the Bible, or learning a number of vulgar songs, writing down ballads, or reading a few narratives, can not be considered a great acquisition.) They have by no means that amiableness and modesty, which is favorably expressed in the countenance of the savage. Neither that ease and cheerfulness of manner. In fine, the female savage is lascivious to the excess, and still appears desirable and amiable. The girl of this country is not more treacherous than the woman of other countries; yet appears rude, uncouth, immodest, fit only for the servile employment which they are put to; and so well does their menial station fit them that they seem to despise that refinement of manner, and delicacy and susceptibility of mind, which education has lent to and rendered necessary to accomplish an amiable woman among civilized people.

Friday, August 1st, 1788. Cloudy morning; very warm. Dined with Capt. Blakeney on veal and peas.

Saturday, August 2nd. Cloudy, warm morning. Rained a little about noon. Dined on fresh beef and beans. Have been here three days waiting for Tupper to return to the river.

Sunday, August 3rd. Cloudy, warm morning; appearance of rain. Came out to Wells's with McCormick. Ate no dinner.

Monday, August 4th. Clear morning. The families went out to the river this morning. Dined on bacon and cabbage.

Tuesday, August 5th, 1788. Warm and cloudy. Set out for the river. Dined at Wells's on bacon and greens. Pleasant day. Had account from Coburn. Our boat detained on his account.

Wednesday, August 6th. Pleasant morning. Dined on bacon and potatoes—the common fare for the indolent brutes of this country, who, with a little industry, might acquire exceedingly good living.

Thursday, August 7th. Fine morning. Rode Crawford's horse down to Chambers's Mill to see flour. Purchased four bbls. of Nathan Parker, at 20 | per bbl. Paid him the cash, and am to receive the flour at the mouth of Short Creek. Ate no breakfast. Dined on venison steak. Dr. Downer's barge up from Muskingum about nine o'clock. Mr. Gridley and Col. May.

Friday, August 8th. Cloudy, cool morning. Some rain. No breakfast. Dined on dried venison. Drank milk for supper.

Saturday, August 9th. Foggy, cold morning. Ate no breakfast. Dined on bacon and potatoes, No supper.

Sunday, August 10th. Clear, cool morning. Drank tea at Wearingham's. Dined on bacon and fowl. Ate no supper.

Monday, August 11th. Clear, cool morning. Ate no dinner. Came from fishing at three o'clock. Caught nothing but a turtle. Ate blackberries and milk for supper.

Tuesday, August 12th. Clear day. Dined on bacon and potatoes.

Paid 4 | for dressing deer skin for boots.

15 | for making boots.

35 | for case of instruments.

13 | 9 for boarding with Col. May.

1 | 3 for breakfast and bread and milk at Wheeling, and Short Creek with Fearing.

- 5 | to McCormick.
 1 | paid Cares for making mocasins.
 2 | 9 paid for dinner at Duncan's, ferriage and horse
 | keeping.
 6 | for repairing watch.
 2 | for horse keeping and milk.
 1 | 6 for shoeing horse.

[Here occurs a break in the records.]

Wednesday, October 29th, 1788. Cleared up cool. Wind from the westward.

Thursday, October 30th. Heavy white frost. Ice froze as thick as glass. The first frost this fall. Cool but clear.

Friday, October 31st. Weather moderate. Pleasant.

Saturday, November 1st. Weather variable, wet and dry alternately. Some days extremely pleasant and warm, and very warm nights. The heaviest thunder-storm I ever knew, continuing from half past seven in the evening to three in the morning.

[Here occurs a slight break in the records.]

Monday, November 10th. Cloudy morning. Wind to the south. At eight o'clock it began rain. Very rainy day.

Tuesday, November 11th. Blustering morning. Wind strong to the S. W. Began to snow severely. River rose at least four feet last night. Steady snow-storm all day. Very cold. Clouds blew off in the evening. A freezing night.

Wednesday, November 12th. Clear, cold morning. Ground crusted. At 9 o'clock clouded up from the S. W., with appearance of rain. Cleared off about two o'clock. Pleasant afternoon, but cool. Five Virginia people (Dutchmen) came to purchase land of our company.

Thursday, November 13th, 1788. Clear, cold morning. Wind still S. W. River rose at least three feet last night. Fine pleasant day. Boat arrived with family from Maryland, and with twelve persons to settle on our lands.

Friday, November 14th. Clear morning. River beginning to fall. Weather moderate. Wind more to the southward. Covered house anew.

Saturday, November 15th. Clear, pleasant morning. Went out hunting with Fearing. Saw but few turkeys. Went up the Muskingum as far as Wiseman's Bottoms. Found the land extremely broken. Some very high hills close to the river between Bergen and Wiseman's Bottoms. Killed a turkey, three squirrels, three large woodcocks, and a turkey buzzard. Returned home about seven o'clock. Brought home an opossum, an animal resembling a hog in the head and nose; of a blue and white color, with long white fur. It weighed, when skinned and gutted, 6 lbs. 6 oz.

Sunday, November 16th. Cloudy, warm morning. Appearance of rain. River fallen eight feet. Dined on roasted opossum, a most excellent meat, resembling pig very much, and extremely tender. Two boats arrived at the garrison, one of them the Governor's barge. Dark, cloudy night. Began to rain about eight o'clock.

Monday, November 17th. Clear morning. Wind to the westward. Warm.

Tuesday, November 18th. Pleasant morning, clear day. This afternoon a boat arrived with the two Col. Olivers and their families, and another family; in all twenty-seven persons. Some rain last night.

Wednesday, November 19th. Clear day. Very warm and pleasant. Col. Sproat arrived this evening from surveying. A

boat arrived with Dr. Downes, Mr. Murrey, Mr. Wheaton, and Mr. Dexter. Cloudy night.

Thursday, November 20th, 1788. Clear morning, wind to the south-east. Some flying clouds. Very warm and showery this evening. Attended guard this evening.

Friday, November 21st. Clear, fine morning, but heavy fogs. Wind to the southward. Dined with Gen. Harmer. This evening a soldier was drowned on our shore near Mixer's, Wilson, the Indian messenger, is in, but don't know his message.

Saturday, November 22nd. Clear morning. Fine pleasant weather. A canoe went from here this afternoon, with Capt. Stone, Cooper, Davis, and Mr. Mathews. Wrote to Blakeney by Mathews, and to Capt. Barthet.

Sunday, November 23rd. Clear morning, but somewhat cooler than it has been for the past few days. Esq. Mawney went up the river on his way home. Clouded up about eight o'clock. Chilly. Went to Wheeling and heard a sermon by Dr. Jones. Rainy evening and night.

Monday, November 24th. Clear morning. Got a warrant for apprehending of Mr. Comstock, Seth Comstock, and Russel Arlington, and to search their house. The two Comstocks convicted of theft and bound over to court. They confessed taking 6 | 9 in cash, about a pound of shot, some powder, a lump of lead, some fish hooks, some sugar and brandy, some crackers, etc. Russel Arlington was acquitted without costs. Rainy night, and very cold.

[NOTE.—James Backus has been appointed deputy sheriff; and Col. Sproat being absent. acted at this time in his official capacity.]

Tuesday, November 25th. Cold morning, a little cloudy. Appearance of snow. Wind to the westward. A very chilly, rainy night. Eight boats down to-day bound for Kentucky.

Wednesday, November 26th, 1788. Cloudy, cold morning, wind to the westward.

Thursday, November 27th. Cold, cloudy morning, wind to the S. W. Cleared up about noon. Air much like our north-west wind in New England. Some people, mostly from New Jersey, called at our point, bound for Kentucky.

Friday, November 28th. Cloudy, cold morning. Very little frost this fall. Continued cloudy most of the day. Began to rain about sunset and rained hard all the evening. Wind rose high about midnight.

Saturday, November 29th. Cloudy morning. Wind high from S. W. Some snow about eight. Cleared off about nine, and sun shone out. Squally and some snow till noon. Clear afternoon.

Sunday, November 30th. Clear morning, but soon clouded up. Wind S. E. Parson Jones preached to us again to-day. A boat arrived about three o'clock, with some Rhode Island people from Buffalo. A family of Devols and of Pierce came in a boat from Simrill's, with Simrill's son and others. Some rain this evening.

Monday, December 1st. Cloudy, warm morning. Wind high at S. W. Continued rainy until noon. Wind amazingly high, so high as to blow off shingles from houses. It blew down many trees. It grew cold towards evening, wind still continuing very high.

Tuesday, December 2nd. Clear, cold morning. Froze last night about half an inch in thickness in still ponds of water. Blustering day, wind to the westward. Bright night, but very cold.

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, 1788. Cloudy, chilly morning. Appearance of snow. Very cold night. Wind to westward. A little snow. At ten o'clock a boat arrived from Battle Green and six from Simrill's Ferry, with about fifty persons on board. Ground continued frozen during the day. After morning the sun shone clear the rest of the day.

Thursday, December 4th. Clear, cold morning. Wind to the westward. Twenty two boats passed this place and stopped here, since nine o'clock yesterday morning.

Friday, December 5th. Cold and clear. Wind to westward. Cloudy afternoon. Thermometer down to 9° .

Saturday, December 6th. Cloudy, cold morning. Went out hunting. Swamps frozen hard enough to bear. Appearance of snow. Later, a little snow-fall.

Sunday, December 7th. Cloudy morning. Wind to east and south. Somewhat warmer. Cleared off a fine day.

Monday, December 8th. Cloudy, windy morning, with warm south wind. Meeting of proprietors at the stockade. Only about 150 shares paid for. Recommended the agents to take the matter of donating lands into their own hands. Rainy evening.

Tuesday, December 9th. Fine, warm morning. Wind strong to eastward. Attended court trial. Comstock's trial came on. Found true bill against them, and then adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow.

Wednesday, December 10th. Cloudy morning, wind warm to eastward. Settled matters with Comstock boys. Court fined them and found costs against them. Col. Sheldon arrived this morning. Grew extremely chilly, the thermometer down.

Friday, Dec. 12th, 1788. Cloudy morning. Wind high to the south-west. Some sunshine.

Saturday, December 13th. Clear, pleasant day. A little frost last night. Two boats arrived with Col. Crary, and a number of people from Rhode Island.

Sunday, December 14th. Cloudy morning. Attended the parade to-day. The militia inspected.

Monday, December 15th. Cloudy, warm day. Meeting of agents and proprietors. Voted unanimously to give away lands for the benefit of settlers. Chose nine for committee to examine purchase, in order to find most convenient places for settlement. Then adjourned until Wednesday at four o'clock. Prepared for the ball. Went and found a damned collection there, and to my satisfaction drank good wine. Col. Sproat set out for home at eight o'clock this evening.

Tuesday, December 16th. Fine morning and pleasant warm day. No frost the last three nights. Wind blew up cold in the night. Some snow.

Wednesday, December 17th. Clear morning. Some snow, which melted with the sun. Agreed with Mr. Kinsley to clear my garden and Corliss's and split three hundred rails for \$4.00. Proprietors' meeting adjourned until Wednesday next at ten o'clock.

Thursday, December 18th. Cold, snowy morning. Wind N. E. Snowed slowly but steadily all day. Snow about one inch in depth. Bought a barrel of pork of Oliver; am to give him an order for my saddle and bridle at Crawford's, and half a dollar. Agreed with Capt. Dun to take dinner there at four o'clock to-day.

Friday, Dec. 19th, 1788. Fair, cold morning. Wind S. W. Blew steadily at eight o'clock. Snow about two and one-half inches deep. Wind very high. Served writ on Mixer, in favor of Mooney. Parties settled. Received 3 | from Mixer on Mooney's account. Dined at Daney's for the first time.

Saturday, December 20th. Cold, clear morning. Freezing very thick on the Ohio and Muskingum. Agents' meeting resolved to send Gen. Parsons, Tupper and Col. Crary as a committee to examine lands at the mouth of the Big Kanawha.

Sunday, December 21st. Extremely cold morning. River frozen too much for boats to run. No parade or meeting. A few people assembled at Battle's Proclamation for Thanksgiving. A law appointing a coroner read to them. The sun has had no influence on the snow for three days past, even on the south side of houses or in warm places. Wind westerly.

Monday, December 22nd. Cloudy morning, extremely cold. Wind N. E. Began to snow about nine o'clock, snowed steadily but not fast, until two. Tea frozen in a plate standing within five feet of a good fire, kept up most of the night.

Tuesday, December 23rd. Clear morning. Extremely cold. Coldest air felt this winter

Wednesday, December 24th. Cloudy morning, but not quite so cold. Wind southerly, blowing moderately.

Thursday, December 25th. Cool morning. Some light clouds and but little wind, and that south-easterly. Weather much moderated, but yet chilly. Three guns fired at the garrison, and at our stockade as a Christmas salute.

Friday, December 26th. Fair morning. Moderating fast. Fine, pleasant day. Another ball.

Saturday, Dec. 27th, 1788. Wind S. E. Thawing weather. Cloudy, beginning to rain about sunset. Rainy night. Meeting of Free Masons at Battle's.

Sunday, December 28th. Rainy morning. Wind southerly. River very low and much filled with ice on the edges. Rivers rise rainy evenings.

[Here occurs another slight break.]

Friday, January 2nd, 1789. Rainy morning, but so cold as to freeze the water as it falls on the ground. Wind easterly. Later it grows warmer and rain ceases.

Saturday, January 3rd. Clear morning. No appearance of frost last night, though almost clear. Fine day. Wind southerly.

Sunday, January 4th. Clear, cold morning. Wind to the westward.

Monday, January 5th. Cool, clear weather. Boats begin to come down.

Tuesday, January 6th. Clear, cold day, but not much ice frozen.

Wednesday, January 7th. Wind westerly. Old ice running past in the Ohio, but a number of boats, perhaps twelve, came down the river this week. Most of them have been frozen in the ice this side of Wheeling these few days past.

Thursday, January 8th. Clear, cold morning. Froze extremely hard the past night. Fearing, Berkley, etc., set out to get up the river, but were repulsed by the ice. Received two warrants, one for John White, and the other for Simeon Wright, for selling liquor to the Indians. Completed a letter

to my father, dated 31st Dec.; one to my sister Woodbridge; one to Cleary, and one to Mathews. And of the date Jan. 1, to Col. Sproat, and to Major Thorp, of Jersey.

Friday, January 9th, 1789. South-westerly winds. Cold and clear. Clouded up towards evening. Gen. Varnum died about two o'clock in the morning, without much appearance of pain.

Saturday, January 10th. Snowy, cold morning. Wind northeasterly, very chilly and cold. Snowed all day. Snowed night three inches deep. Meeting of agents at Block House at ten o'clock. Received the report of the committee, and appointed another to receive proposals for settlers, etc.

Sunday, January 11th. Clear, cold morning. Snow melts very little to-day. Attended meeting.

Monday, January 12th. Clear, cold morning. Froze extremely hard last night. Dined at stockade with eight or nine Indian Chiefs, and six or seven vagabond Indians, and thirty of our own people.

Tuesday, January 13th. Cloudy morning. Wind south and east. Attended funeral of Gen. Varnum, a prayer being given by Mr. Story, and an oration by Doct. Drown, well adapted to the occasion. Then proceeded to the grave.

Wednesday, January 14th. Extremely cold morning. Crossed to Fort Harmer to serve a warrant on David Duncan. Spent most of the forenoon at the fort and came over without him, he being busily engaged in delivering goods to the Indians. Complaintee rec'd for his party.

Thursday, January 15th. Cold morning. Wind westerly. Indians very goggy. Came to the stockade to lodge.

Friday, Jan. 16th, 1789. Cold morning, light snow. Wind westerly. Went to Fort Harmer after Duncan in case of O'Neal for assault and battery. Brought him before E. Tupper. Summoned two evidences. Court fined him three dollars; cost, two dollars for my fees, 7 | 2½ witnesses, 9 | for attorney, 1 | for court, whole cost, 5 | 3. Took supper at Greens'.

Saturday, January 17th. Cloudy, cold morning, appearance of snow. Meeting of agents by adjournment. Proceeded to ratify the doings of the committee.

Sunday, January 18th. Cloudy, chilly air. Wind to the south-east. Attended parade and then went to Duck Creek to view three-acre lots and to get in by three o'clock. Found lots very much broken and uneven.

Monday, January 19th. Easterly wind. Meeting of agents to choose directors. Met at three o'clock. After accomplishing some other business, they chose Griffen Green, director. The question being brought up whether proprietors had a right to vote for directors or not, it was determined that they had not.

Tuesday, January 20th. Warm, rainy morning. Wind southerly and easterly. Snow mostly gone by three o'clock. Complaintee and party went off to-day.

Wednesday, January 21st. Warm, pleasant day, nearly clear. Attended the guard this evening—very muddy.

Thursday, January 22nd. Snowy morning. Snow about three inches deep. Snowed slowly most of the day.

Friday, January 23rd. Cloudy morning. Wind N. E. Warm day. Snow melted some. Rained hard in the evening.

Saturday, January 24th. Cloudy, warm morning, wind eastward.

Sunday, Jan. 25th, 1789. Cloudy, disagreeable day. Wind eastward.

Monday, January 26th. Clear morning. Clouded from the eastward and began to rain about eleven o'clock, A. M. A rainy afternoon. Two Kentucky boats went past. River impeded with ice.

Tuesday, January 27th. Almost clear this morning. Some chilly, wind westward. Secured writ on James Man, in favor of Mixer. On Bunten, favor Mixer. Some snow from N. W.

Wednesday, January 28th. Cloudy morning, wind westerly and southerly. Crossed to the garrison. Received ten and-a-half dollars from Sam Duncan for Robert Bunten on account of Isaac Mixer. His excellency, the Governor, Judge Parsons, Gen. Butler, and several other gentlemen went up the river with Capt. McCurdy about ten o'clock. Fourteen guns were fired from Fort Harmer upon the occasion. Fair, pleasant afternoon. Sun shone clear until four o'clock, warm and fine. About dark it began to rain. Wind strong to the southward. Heavy thunder storm during the night.

Thursday, January 29th. Cloudy morning. Wind to the southward and strong. River high. No frost last night, although there was no rain after midnight.

Friday, January 30th. Wind southward and eastward. Went to the point. River very high, still rising fast. By night water over both ends of great bridge and upon the second bridge by Miner's a foot and-a-half deep, surrounding Fuller and Lent's houses to a considerable distance. The river is upwards of thirty feet above low water mark. Clouds up from the eastward and north. Appearance of snow. Began to snow towards evening. Froze considerably.

Saturday, Jan. 31st, 1789. Clear, cold morning. Wind to the westward, sharp and freezing the river slowly. Committee appointed for examining mill seat, and to ascertain what quantity of land is expedient to give for building of mills on Duck Creek. Gen. Tupper, Col. Robert Oliver, Major Colman, the committee. Extremely cold night.

Sunday, February 1st. Clear, cold morning. Ice running very thick in Muskingum. Col. Megs returned from his journey, being stopped by ice about nine miles up the Muskingum. Air fierce, many degrees colder than any this winter.

Monday, February 2nd. Extremely cold and clear. Mann called on me, and settled his suit with I. Mixer and stopped a return of writ by securing Mixer's note for 29 | .

Tuesday, February 3rd. Weather much moderate. Clear and pleasant. Went to the point to get a case and some boards for chest. Meeting of agents and proprietors. Adjourned until to-morrow evening at seven o'clock.

Wednesday, February 4th. Fine, warm morning. Wind to the southward. Clear, fine day. Meeting of agents by adjournment. Likewise meeting of inhabitants to devise a plan for regulating police of this settlement. A committee of five appointed to form a system. Col. Crary, Col. Oliver, *myself*, Major White chosen, with directions to form an address to the Governor.

Thursday, February 5th. Clear, pleasant morning. Wind S. W. The attention of the people taken up with the ball. The girls extremely excited with anticipation of the ball.

Friday, February 6th. Cold morning. Froze considerably hard last night. Ice runs thick in the Ohio. Wind high at S. W. Grew warmer towards noon. Very pleasant afternoon and evening. People are beginning to get the maple juice for sugar—success not seen plentifully.

Saturday, February 7th 1789. Pleasant morning. Ground considerably frozen. Fair, moderate day. Committee for donating land went out about eleven o'clock.

[Here occurs another break.]

Monday, March 9th. Cool morning. Grew warmer towards noon. Pleasant afternoon. Pigeons flying very thick in the eastward.

Tuesday, March 10th. Exceedingly pleasant morning. Wind S. W. Court of Quarter Sessions sat to-day at twelve o'clock. Summoned and collected fifteen grand jurors. Attended the Court. No business to lay before them. Judge Tupper gave the charge to the grand jury, and a hell-of-a-charge it was. Meeting of inhabitants. Met and adjourned to Tuesday the seventeenth. Tyler and Lunt came down this evening. Large number of geese flying to the eastward, likewise great flocks of pigeons. A man from——came down with Tyler. Came on two wagons on a fine snow path to Yoohoganney.

Wednesday, March 11th. Cloudy, warm morning. Wind southerly. No frost last night. Great appearance of rain. At three o'clock the sun broke out. Very warm and pleasant. Exceedingly pleasant. My good landlady advises me to take no supper this evening.

Thursday, March 12th. Rainy morning, wind S. E. Frost out of ground. Heavy rain most of the day. Frogs croaked this evening.

Friday, March 13th. Clear, fine morning. Wind west. Squire Fearing moved to-day. Fine, moonlight night.

Saturday, March 14th. Wind at west. Fine, clear morning. Large white frost last night.

Sunday, March 15th, 1789. Clear morning, wind south-east. Clouded up about ten o'clock. Some rain in the course of the day. Invited to dine at the garrison with Capt. Pratt's mess. Very heavy fog with some rain during the night.

Monday, March 16th. Wind high, about west. Some flying clouds. Grew cooler. Clear in the evening.

Tuesday, March 17th. Clear morning. Wind S. W. Court of Common Pleas met and adjourned to Monday next.

Wednesday, March 18th. Windy morning, wind south-east. Some rain. Cleared up at ten o'clock. Pleasant day. Committee came in last evening. Three boats came down last evening. Parson Story came with his credentials for preaching.

Thursday, March 19th. Pleasant, fine day. Wind S. W. Meeting of agents and proprietors by adjournment, at four o'clock this afternoon. Meeting of inhabitants. Established some regulations for the government of the settlement.

Friday, March 20th. Wind S. W. Pleasant day. Received a writ of Mr. Rea for Mr. Haynes. Assisted in preparing for the drawing of 160 acre lots. Presented association for donation lands to committee.

Saturday, March 21st. Wind S. E. Clear sky.

Sunday, March 22nd. Cold, westerly wind. Parson Story exhibited to a very considerable audience.

Monday, March 23rd. Clear, pleasant weather. Rather cool. Commenced drawing 160 acre lots. Classes run as follows: Putnam, 1, etc.

Tuesday, March 24th. Clear, pleasant day, but cool. Completed drawing 160 acre lots about five o'clock this afternoon.

Wednesday, March 25th 1789. Snowy morning, but not very cool. Sun shone out about nine o'clock.

Thursday, March 26th. Clear, cool morning, wind westerly. Met the mill undertakers, and agreed to furnish the mill irons.

Friday, March 27th. Cloudy, chilly morning, wind easterly. Preparing to go down the river. Set out half-after ten. Got to our landing about half-past two.

Saturday, March 28th. Cloudy morning. Went out at seven o'clock with our committee. Began to rain about eight, steady, heavy rain. Ran on the back part of our lands. Found the E. N. $\frac{3}{4}$ of our west line lots 32x2, very hilly, making Pine Ridge. Cleared up before night.

Sunday, March 29th. Clear, fine day. Wind westerly. Ran out at ten o'clock on the plan, examined the frog ponds. Got in, sun twelve hours high. Began to rain about nine o'clock.

Monday, March 30th. Wind south-west. Black, rainy flying clouds. Began raining about noon. Showery afternoon. Found in our survey great number of ducks of almost every kind. Wood ducks and teal the most plenty, which seem to be poised and looking west. Vegetation goes forward very rapidly. Found many flowers and grasses beginning to seed. Maple trees are budded and just ready to leaf out. Some small showers this evening, and the air grows cooler.

Tuesday, March 31st. Wind S. E. Clear and chilly. Went out with the design of going to the mill lot, met the other party running the west line, and came back with them to the Congress lot, after a long altercation. Sextor line, fourteen rods further east, run it from thence to the river. The two parties agreed to go up the river to-morrow morning.

Wednesday, April 1st, 1789. Cool, chilly morning. Wind S. W. Set out up the river. Disagreeable weather. Some rain. Wind veering eastward. Got up about four o'clock.

Thursday, April 2nd. Cold, frosty morning. Exceedingly large white frost. Air grows warmer and more pleasant. Clouded up to-day noon. Some rain in the afternoon. Wind S. E. Took 22 lbs. of my coffee from Miner's.

Friday, April 3d. Cloudy morning, wind south-east. Some rain. Drewed for Gen. Parsons, Col. Talmage, Mr. Dorr, and in the company's settlement. Got No. 13 and 17, No. 14 and 15.

Saturday, April 4th. Fine, pleasant day. Wind westerly. Served a writ on D. Brown for Murrell's. Drewed for lot this afternoon; got number 6.

Sunday, April 5th. Fine, pleasant day, southerly wind.

Monday, April 6th. Cloudy, wet weather. Wind S. E. Blew up strong from the north-west in the night. Very cold.

Tuesday, April 7th. Cold morning, some snow. Wind S. W. First anniversary of our settlement. Dr. Drown gave us an oration. A great bobery kicked in the evening by firing guns, overturning carts, etc.

Wednesday, April 8th. Cold morning, but growing warmer. Extremely foggy. Exceedingly warm air.

Thursday, April 9th. Warm, foggy air. Wind S. E. Served warrants on eight persons for riot Tuesday night. Detained them until eight o'clock this evening. Rainy afternoon and evening.

Friday, April 10th. Cold, chilly air, wind to the eastward and snow falling fast. Snowed all day, and in the evening.

Saturday, April 11th, 1789. Cold morning. Wind S. W. Still continues snowing. Set out at one o'clock down the river to Hockhocken; arrived there about four. Exceedingly cold, chilly day.

Sunday, April 12th. Cold, cloudy, chilly morning. Wind westerly. Went on the survey of our lots. Began at S. W., Congress lot No. 26, ran east to the head of lot 22, then south to number nine, then to river. Ran other lots to number twelve opposite the Little Kanawha. Chainmen mistook one chain in chaining from first starting to stake marked 30.29. Curvey and Barker carried chain, Foster, Hazard, and Luther Dana carried flags.

Monday, April 13th. Cool, but clear and pretty pleasant. The committee viewed places for block houses. Fixed them on lot No. 11 in lower settlement, and on lots Nos. 26 and 27 at the lower end of the upper, and Nos. 6 and 7 in the upper end. In the run, the lines from No. 11 at Kanawha to No. 11 are opposite the head of Islands. Curvey and Blackman conveyed the chain, Foster the flag, Capt. Dana the flag.

Tuesday, April 14th. Warm morning, wind southerly. Went out to the mill lot with Esquire Green, Col. Butler, Maj. Curkney Corey, Capt. King, Col. Putnam; Maj. Cutler and Capt. King conveyed the chain. Got on the journey about half-past ten. Completed there by half-past five.

Wednesday, April 15th. Cool, clear morning. Wind S. W. Completed the survey of lots Nos. 11 to 17 on the river, this afternoon.

Thursday, April 16th. Cloudy in the morning. Descended in the boat with Esquire Green this forenoon. Col. Meigs went up the river.

Friday, April 17th, 1789. Cloudy morning. Wind northerly. Clear day. A canoe up from Bellville stopped at our camp this evening. Cold night.

Saturday, April 18th. Cold morning. Boat up that went down the river with a number of our people to view the country below Bellville passed here about nine o'clock. Set out this afternoon about three o'clock to come up by land. Arrived at the Muskingum about dusk.

Sunday, April 19th. Cloudy morning; rainy and disagreeable. Wind S. E. Wrote to my father and Col. Sproat by Col. Cray, who set out about twelve o'clock for the north-east. Likewise wrote by Mr. Rea to my father for a saw-mill crank with a sweep of fourteen inches; two saws seven feet long, four or five more from six-and-a-half to seven feet; a rag wheel; irons and gudgeons, and strump and screw for the saw gate, which I have requested him to send to Philadelphia to Mr. Lockwood, and requesting him to forward it immediately on Col. A. Taunhill, of Pittsburg. But he requested the irons might be sent to Newport, if Col. Cray forwarded an order for them immediately; if not, to send them on by some team coming into this country, and to send a yoke of oxen to me; if both these failed, to send them on as first suggested.

Monday, April 20th. Cloudy morning; appearance of rain. Wind S. E. Began to rain about eight o'clock. Served a writ on Bartlett Noble, in favor of Robert Brown. For want of bail, confined him in the Provost. Court to be holden before Gen. Tupper, on Monday, at nine o'clock. Sun shone out pleasant about one o'clock; clouded up again towards evening. Rainy night; air very warm. Purchased a dozen of cherry trees for 11 |; two apple trees for 3 |; a plum tree for 1 |. Blew up cool towards morning; very heavy rain.

Tuesday, April 21st, 1789. Cloudy morning. Wind N. W. Sent my fruit trees down the river with a number of others. Sent down to Custer 22½ lbs. of beef, nine lbs. of bread, one lb. of tea, and a camp kettle, ordering Maj. Custer to get my things up on a boat if I did not come down before a boat came along. A little sunshine at short intervals to-day, but was generally cloudy and cold for the season. River began to rise last night. Kentucky boats have passed this place in very large numbers the past week.

Wednesday, April 22nd. Wind easterly. Clear and pleasant, but a fresh breeze. Mr. Wheaton died about ten o'clock this morning. I assisted in laying him out.

Thursday, April 23rd. Cloudy morning. Wind S. E. Attended the funeral of Mr. Wheaton at four o'clock. A very heavy thunder storm this afternoon. Rained from four o'clock till after five.

Friday April 24th. Wind north-westerly, cool air. Went down after to dinner to release Bartlet Noble from confinement, John Wyman having paid the debt and my costs. Received from him one dollar-and-a-quarter cost of services and drawing up the writ. Released him and took a discharge from Mixer.

Saturday, April 25th. Clear morning, wind westerly, air cool. River rising fast. Boats passed very plenty. Clouds flying most of the day. Cloudy and windy.

Sunday, April 26th. Cloudy, cold morning. Wind northerly. Began to storm about twelve o'clock. Hailed, snowed and rained alternately. Exceedingly cold and chilly. Attended meeting. Water over the big bridge up to Lunt's house.

Monday, April 27th, 1789. Clear morning, wind south-west. Ground considerably frozen the last night. Some snow remaining until nine or ten o'clock.

Tuesday, April 28th. Cloudy morning. Wind S. E. Appearance of rain. Agreed with the Association at Meigs's Creek to survey their lands. Went out with Mr. I. Moulton to survey his 160 acre lot, No. 373. Found it with the land about it very hilly. Much willow, pine, some white pine. The country well watered with small runs of water, many of them running through rich valleys, covered with large beech, oak, cherry, and maple trees. Fine, moonlight evening.

Wednesday, April 29th. Clear, pleasant morning, but rather cool. Agreed with the Association at Crybottom to survey their lands. Made the plans for that and for Meigs's Creek. Received a note from Henry Six, against Mathew Carr to collect. Six will be here again by the middle of June, or before.

Thursday, April 30th. Clear, pleasant morning. Wind S. W. Clear, fine day, but air cool. Served a warrant on Mixer, granted out on the complaint of William Collins for beating and abusing his wife. Summoned three witnesses. Attended the Court until almost one o'clock, adjourned until the twentieth of May.

Friday, May 1st. Clear, warm morning, wind south-east. Rented my garden, together with Corlis' adjoining to Major Lunt for eleven bushels of corn or other produce equivalent to it. He is to plant the rails and fence it, and I am to have the improvement of the upper end of my garden as far as the big oak tree. Began to rain about half-past three. Mr. Charles Green came up from Kanhawa about five o'clock, bringing the disagreeable account of Capt. King being shot and scalped yesterday while working on his lot. Supposed to have been done about ten o'clock, by the report of two guns that were heard

about that time. He was found one hundred and fifty yards from where he was shot with a ball through his right breast and a tomahawk stuck in under his left eye. His scalp was taken off the whole top of his head, his testicles taken off, and all his clothes except his shirt taken away. He was removed the next day after he was killed, before which the turkey-buzzards had picked out his right eye and his under lip, but otherwise, not disturbed. He was buried the next day. Rainy evening, very disagreeable.

Saturday, May 2nd, 1789. Clear, fine morning. Wind S. W. Air rather cool. People up last evening from Miamme, who bring accounts of two people being killed, and a number of horses being stolen by that party.

Sunday, May 3rd. Clear, fine, warm morning. Wind S. E. Exceeding hot, clear day.

Monday, May 4th. Morning a little hazy, but cleared a little after sunrise. Wind S. E. Very warm and pleasant. Some rain about noon.

Tuesday, May 5th. Wind N. W. Cool air.

Wednesday, May 6th. Clear, cool morning. Wind N. W. Twelve boats passed here last night and this morning early. This afternoon wind S. E.

Thursday, May 7th. Cool morning. Wind S. W. Air a little hazy. Felt unwell the last two or three days.

Friday, May 8th. Morning cloudy. Wind north-east. Air warm ; appearance of rain.

Saturday, May 9th. Clear, pleasant morning. Fine weather. Boat arrived this morning with Gen. Parsons, Mr. Woodbridge, E. Parsons, Col. Rice, etc. Wind S. E.

Sunday, May 10th, 1789. Rainy morning. Wind S. E. Attended parade and service. Dined at Capt. Strong's. Gen. Parsons, Mr. Gilman, Miss Gilman, Mary Gilman Woodbridge, etc.—one flint and a great coat came over about sunset.

Monday, May 11th, Clear, fine morning. Wind S. W. ; brisk. A boat went down to Hockhocken with Capt. Pratt, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Story, Doct. Brown, and a number of gentlemen, after dinner. Went out hunting on Virginia Bottoms. Killed four squirrels.

Tuesday, May 12th. Cloudy morning. Wind south-west. Began to rain about eight o'clock. Pleasant afternoon.

Wednesday, May 13th. Clear and warm morning. Wind south-east. Exceedingly warm day. Crossed the Ohio with Mr. Woodbridge and Parsons. Bought 98 cents' worth of bacon (*a* 8 cents a pound. Paid money. Hard thunder-shower about two o'clock. Continued raining until almost night. Air extremely warm for the season. Dined Col. Daniel Goodman's. John Stacey, Benjamin Stacey, Newtons, John James, Joseph James there.

[Here occurs a break of a week's time.]

Wednesday, May 20th. Clear, cool day. Wind westerly. Attended on the Justices in the case of Mixer *vs.* Collins. Mixer was discharged without costs.

Thursday, May 21st. Cloudy, cool day. The river falls very slowly. The bridges are very much damaged.

Friday, May 22nd. Cold, chilly day. Wind northerly. Boat from the Garrison came down with effects of some people that were wrecked in a boat ; upset on an island on Long Beach.

Saturday, May 23rd, 1789. Pleasant day. Wind southerly. Fine afternoon. Mr. Lord started for the northeast this afternoon. Wrote to my father, Mrs. Woodbridge, Cleary and Matthew, by Mr. Barker.

Sunday, May 24th. Pleasant, cold morning. Wind S. W. Attended meeting. Read an order of the Court of Quarter Sessions. Small showers in the afternoon; rainy night.

Monday May 25th. Cloudy morning. Wind S. E. Clouds blew off about nine o'clock. Wind shifted to the south-west. Two Kentucky boats arrived this afternoon in which came Major Lanhem, from Connecticut, and a doctor. Boat bound for Kentucky. Went this afternoon to Fort Harmer to see Gen. Harmer relative to our survey.

Tuesday, May 26th. Warm, fine day, but some part of it cloudy. Attended the dance in the evening.

Wednesday, May 27th. Pleasant, clear day. Wind southerly. Making preparations for our surveying.

Thursday, May 28th. Fine, warm day. Wind S. W. Got off our boat with soldiers about noon. Got away the canoe about two o'clock, and four pack horses about one o'clock. Got a horse of Carr. Had him apprised by Newell and Purse.

Friday, May 29th. Warm, pleasant morning. Wind S. W. Matthews lost his horse, and never found him until eleven o'clock. About one o'clock crossed the river. Arrived at Bellport soon after sunset. Found that my people had left my horse.

Saturday, May 30th. Fair, fine morning. Wind to the southward. Matthews lost two of his horses. All hands went in pursuit of them but could not find them. Cummins found and brought in my horse. I hired a horse of Col. Putnam and let Matthews have Carr's horse. Started from Bellport about

half-past eleven. Got to the Great Hockhocken, sun two hours high. Left my compass at Col. Bartell's. Exceedingly warm air. Some heavy thunder and heavy rain at dark and part of the night.

Sunday, May 31st, 1789. Cloudy, warm morning. Wind in the east. Sent a man in the morning for my compass. Gave him one quart more and a dollar in cash. Started the horses and most of the party about half-past seven o'clock. Tarried myself to go down in the boat. Halted about two hours before sunset one mile from Devilpole Creek.

Monday, June 1st. Cool morning, wind westerly. Started from our camp about eight o'clock. Will Tupper lined a little to the west of the three mile stake. Land amazingly hilly. Porkhouse never came up to the stake until an hour before sunset. Matthews came up to the stake about two o'clock.

Tuesday, June 2nd. Clear, fine morning, cold air. Wind west. Turned out half an hour before sunrise. Detained an hour by Esquire Green's horse. Started from our stake at half-past six, Phineas and Stephen Pierce chainmen. Hired Boling, a soldier, to attend the pack horses. Paid him eight dollars for two months, or four dollars for one month. Found gnats very troublesome. Run three and three-quarter miles of land, very rough in general. Cool night. Got in to camp a little before sunset.

Wednesday, June 3rd. Clear morning, wind westerly. Started from camp, sun an hour high. Got to the end of the line in the afternoon. Carr killed us a bear about noon. Sent three soldiers to help him fetch it into our line. Having run the end one mile, three tally, and two chains, encamped ten stalls from the corner. Extremely heavy thunder shower in the evening. Wind S. W.

Thursday, June 4th, 1789. Rainy morning. Started on survey about ten o'clock. Found a fine country. Another thunder-shower about two o'clock. Rained most of the afternoon. Run to $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Encamped by a pretty run of water near our line. Thunder most of the night.

Friday, June 5th. Warm, pleasant morning. Wind S. W. Flying clouds, some light showers. Heavy rain and thunder in the afternoon. At half after twelve, got back to our camp. Dined on fine bear soup. Moved to the corner of the township half-after two o'clock. Compass plagued my soul out. Run only ten tally, one chain over. Very bad hills. Encamped half a mile from stake. Hunters killed us a bear yesterday.

Saturday, June 6th. Fair morning, wind westerly. Some light showers. Started from camp about nine o'clock, after fixing my needle to my compass. Found great share of good land. Run with chain, three chains beyond the four mile stake. Encamped forty rods south of west. Here we stopped by a fine run of water, the line about two tally beyond. Got to camp a little after sunset. Warm night. Gnats troubled us amazingly.

Sunday, June 7th. Cloudy, hot morning. Gnats very plenty. Wind easterly. Turned out at daylight. Rainy, disagreeable day. Got to line of township about twelve. The half mile very uneven, rough, and mountainous. Six-mile stake on top of a ridge. Near E. and W. run 1 x 7 tally on south line through a cursed hilly country. Clear, warm night. Encamped one mile and two tally from corner.

Monday, June 8th. Clear morning. Wind S. E. Started with sun one-and-a-half-hour high. Very rough running, hills extremely high. A number of showers through the day. Encamped three-quarters of a mile from S. W. corner. Run three miles, fourteen tally.

Tuesday, June 9th, 1789. Clear, warm morning. Wind easterly. Constant showers but run 2 & 2 chains. Running south 13 range from last leaf in Field-book, 5 mile south 13 range, tally 10, side of ridge running east to a point, tally 11, in deep valley, high cliffs, the wand south-west. Steep ascent north. Tally 12, top of cliff, ascends to the south-west. Tally 13, point of ridge pointing S. E. Tally 14, descent very steep south-west. Tally 15, bottom, by a run going S. E. Tally 16, on bank margin of the bottom. Sat beach stake, marked 5 and 6, white pine, four feet through, bearing south twenty-five links. Maple bearing south 49' 50 W., twenty-eight links 10 inches. Steep ascent S. W.

Wednesday, June 10th. Exceedingly heavy rain last night. Clear morning. Started E. sun two hours high. Baldwin killed us a buck and a turkey yesterday. C. W. left us yesterday morning when we started. Pierce went with him, to Bellville for a hunter, with directions to come on as quickly as possible to where our line struck the river east, and to follow our line until he overtook us. Went to the river ^{m.} 1—^{t.} 5—^{c.} 3. Showery day, clear afternoon, rainy evening. Got back to our camp with baggage about sunset. The Corporal and one man was left with the pack horses.

Thursday, June 11th. Fine, clear morning. Wind easterly. Sent Baldwin and one man in pursuit of the Corporal. Started about half-after eight. Run three-and-a-quarter miles; found the line in general rough. Fair day, no rain. At two-and-a-quarter miles all hands moved back on the line to meet the pack horses, and waited about half an hour. No signs of the Corporal. Baldwin came up about five o'clock. Fine morning. Wind S. W.

Friday, June 12th. Fine, clear morning. Wind west. Turned out an half an hour before sunrise. Started with sun half an hour high. Fine day. Run four and three-quarter miles.

Saturday, June 13th, 1789. Fine morning. Turned out half an hour before sunrise.

[Here occurs a break of nearly a year, part of which time James Backus was in Norwich, Conn.]

Tuesday, May 4th, 1790. Arrived at Simrill's Ferry. On the same evening Mr. I. Choate, with fifteen others, came in. Paid Mr. Choate \$14.44 for the subsistence of 27 men two days, being what was due the party, from the second to the fourth, in the evening.

Wednesday, May 5th. Ordered Choate to get the people with him boarded out for a week. Hired a horse from Simrill, set out at ten o'clock for Cross Creek, to see Mr. McFarland. Showery afternoon. Got to Washington; put up at H. Wilson's.

Thursday, May 6th. Paid bill at Wilson's, 8 | 4. Very rainy day. Got to Mr. Wells's, and put up for the night.

Friday, May 7th. Paid bill at Wells's, 4 | 2. Got to Buffalo.—Wellsburg's, at 11 o'clock A. M. Mr. McFarland not at home. Fine day.

Saturday, May 8th. Cloudy morning. McFarland got home this evening.

Sunday, May 9th. Cloudy, wet morning. Took from McFarland an account of the provisions he had procured, viz: 78 bbls. of flour, 216 gals. whiskey, 1,894 lbs. bacon, 197 lbs. pork. Set out from McFarland's at nine o'clock. Paid for baiting, 9d. Got to Washington.

Monday, May 10th. Contracted with Henry Wood for seven kegs of salt, with one bushel and one peck of best alum salt in each keg, at \$3 per keg, the kegs included; to be received at Bird's Ferry. Paid him the cash at Washington and took his receipt.

Set off for Simrill's Ferry. Paid on the road for bating, ferriage, etc., £0. 1s. 2d. At Dayley's for baiting, paid £0. 0s. 6d. Got to Simrill's at eight o'clock.

Tuesday, May 11th, 1790. Clear, warm morning. Potter with seven, got to Simrill's on Wednesday last. One more got in Saturday, the eighth in the evening. Went to board Tuesday.

Wednesday, May 12th. Set off this morning for Redstone, hiring a horse from Goldsmith. Paid for baiting, £0. 0s. 6d. Got to Redstone at four o'clock.

Thursday, May 13th. Paid bill for lodging, horse keeping, £0. 5s. 4d. Contracted with Gellaspie for three boats, four bbls. of flour, 30 bush. of grain, and 800 lbs. of beef and pork. Paid for dinner and baiting, Redstone, £0. 2s. 4d. Left Redstone, for Simrill's. Lodged at Parson Finley's. Purchased some fresh beef and mutton from him. Paid him £9. 19s. 0d.

Friday, May 14th. Paid for feeding horse at Simrill's, £0. 1s. 5d. Came to Simrill's at 11 o'clock. Extremely unwell.

Saturday, May 15th. Sent off Choate to meet with Gen. Putnam about nine o'clock, with directions to return as quickly as possible. Gave him \$13.33 to bear his expenses. Sent Pierce and six of the men with him to Redstone, after a boat and an order to Neal Gellaspie for two bbls. flour, 15 bush. grain, 200 lbs. of pickled beef, and 200 lbs. bacon, with a boat 27 feet long. Gave him in cash, £31. 17s. 7d. Took his receipt.

Sunday, May 16th. Went over to Beckwith's mills to provide quarters for the men and see to the provisions expected in the boat. Paid for baiting, £0. 0s. 9d. Got back to Simrill's, in the evening. Very unwell.

Monday, May 17th. Contracted with Samuel McFarland for 30 gals. of whiskey at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per gal. to be delivered here to-

morrow morning, and likewise 20 gals. more to be delivered at Esq. Bird's, seven miles below. Paid him \$2, the remainder to be paid on the delivery of the other twenty gallons. Ten gallons I have already received.

Contracted with Capt. Bartlett for 10 gals. vinegar at 1 | 6 per gal.

Went over to Beckwith's mill with Major Burnham. I took out of the boat that had come down from Redstone this morning 116 lbs. bacon, 22½ lbs. beef, three bush. corn, and seven bush. rye. Sent down in the boat to the care of Mr. McFarland, Buffalo, 112 lbs. beef, and one bbl. flour. Lodged at Peterson's, one and one-half miles from the river. Took supper. Baited horse, etc. Bill, £0. 1s. 8d.

Tuesday, May 18th, 1790. Went down the river this morning. Put the above bacon, beef and grain into the care of Samuel McClellan, with orders to grind the grain, and to deliver three qts. of meal and six lbs. of meat to five of the men who are left there; but to deliver no more without an order from myself or Major Burnham. The whole quantity of provisions bought of Neal Gellaspie, sent in the boat, 167 lbs. bacon, 148 lbs. beef, 191½ lbs. flour, seven bush. rye, three bush. corn, and three dry casks. Out of which the six men that went after the provisions ate and wasted 39 lbs. bacon, five lbs. beef, and 38 lbs. flour. Gave the three men that went down in the boat, 11 lbs. bacon, eight lbs. beef, and 20 lbs. flour, which left what was mentioned above that was sent to McFarland. Sums paid Gellaspie for the provisions, £19 9s. 2d.

Returned to Simrill's about eleven o'clock. Bought 37 gals. and one qt. of whiskey, with ten gals. that McFarland left here yesterday, @ 3 | per gal., £5 11. 9d
 Cask of 36¾ gals. @ 5 |, 5.
 Bought ½ pound saltpetre, @ 8 |, 4.
 ¾ pounds candles, @ 1 | 3, 4. ¾

Delivered to the men working on the canoe, three pts. whiskey. Sent out after the ox bought of Mr. Fenley.

Wednesday, May 19th, 1790. Rainy, disagreeable morning. The ox came in this afternoon about three o'clock. Gen. Putnam arrived this afternoon. Agreed with Mr. Simrill, before his arrival, for the boarding of myself since I came here at \$2 per week, and I agreed to stay at that price until Gen. Putnam came in.

Thursday, May 20th. Bought 76½ gals. whiskey of John Wright, @ 3 | per gal., one gal. cask, @ 5 |, keg, @ 3 |. Bought of Samuel Wilson, 32½ gals. @ 3 | 6, the cask inclusive. Paid him the money. Paid Wright's bill for boarding, £1. 12s. 10d. Sent the canoe and three men after the salt at Budd's Ferry.

Friday, May 21st. Contracted with Capt. William Bartlett for 30 gals. vinegar, @ 1 | 6, and 100 lbs. hard soap, @ 9d. per pound. Paid him the cash. Paid Robert Moore for boarding for men five days, @ 9 | per week.

Sent to Redstone after a boat. Set out for Redstone myself about four o'clock. Got to Parson Finley's. Sold him the ox hide.

Saturday, May 22nd. Hired a horse from Parson Finley. Got to Redstone at eight o'clock. Bought a boat and some provisions of Gellaspie. Bought 69 gals. whiskey of Thornton, @ 3 | 9 per gal. two casks, @ 5 |. Bought two frying pans, two iron pots and three pts. of whiskey of J. Bowman. Bought tin ware of Vanlear. Bought 74 lbs. bacon of Edward Arrell, @ 10d. per lb. Contracted with Joseph Thornton for 70 gals. of good proof, well flavored whiskey, @ 3 | per gal. to be delivered at John Vanlear's house at Brownsville, when called for. Paid him £5. 7s. in part payment and took his receipt. Mr. Gellaspie made an allowance of 35s. on the two bbls. of flour I bought of him on the twelfth, on account of the bad quality of it. Set out from Redstone at 3 o'clock. Got to Simrill's at 9 o'clock.

Sunday, May 23rd, 1790. Made settlement with all the people in the neighborhood for boarding, etc. Paid Bartlett his account, and about half-past two set off with Major Burnham for Beckwith's mills. When we arrived found that most of the people were out at their boarding places. Sent out for them and sent down some grain to the mill. Got my mare, that was keeping at Widow Pierce's. Paid 1 | 3 for the keeping.

Monday, May 24th. Took everything on board of the boats and sent them down the river. Took my mare down as far as Beckwith's and found her unable to travel. Therefore requested Capt. Beckwith to send her to Widow Pierce's pasture again, which he agreed to do. I left with the mare a saddle and bridle. About 8 o'clock went on board the boat at Beckwith's. At half-past two arrived at McKee's Ferry. Paid for storing whiskey, salt, etc., 1 | 10½. At ten o'clock got to Pittsburg. Put up at Taunchill's. Got supper and lodging.

Tuesday, May 25th. Bought sundry articles to the amount of \$1. Paid for repairing watch and watch key, 7 | 4½. Paid Patrick Murphy for the carriage of a box of hardware for Mr. Woodbridge, £1 3s. 19d. Settled with Taunchill's for entertainment. Received from him 8 | 4 P. M., on account of Mr. Woodbridge, left there through neglect. Called on Mr. Ernest. Left Pittsburg twenty minutes after ten o'clock.

Wednesday, May 26th. Bought some fish on the river, paid 2 | . Half-past two got to Buffalo. Dined at McFarland's.

Thursday, May 27th. At Wellsburgh, nothing to do but drawing up my accounts.

Friday, May 28th. Nothing important occurred to-day. Rainy afternoon and night.

Saturday, May 29th. Rainy. disagreeable morning. Agreed with Gen. Putnam to hire him my two yoke of oxen to do labor

down at the Big Kanawha for six months at ten dollars per month, he to run all risks of the oxen being killed, stolen, or lost, and to return them to Muskingum at the end of six months. He likewise agreed to take Shoales, my teamster, for the same term at \$8 per month. Gen. Putnam also agrees to take my boy into the service of the Sciota Company at a price which he shall agree with my brother when he sees the boy. I further agreed with Gen. Putnam to receive for my services, \$1 per day for my time, \$1 per day for expenses, and \$¼ per day for horse keeping, from May 4th to December 1st.

This afternoon put all the loading on board the boat. Sold Tyler two shirts and one pair cotton stockings for \$5. Received Company order.

Sunday, May 30th, 1790. This morning about ten o'clock the boat set off. Went four miles down the river on the boat. Received the money on Company order from Gen. Putnam.

Monday, May 31st. Nothing important occurred to day.

Tuesday, June 1st. Took a horse from Abram Wells on trial. Rode him seven miles to John Carns's to look at another horse. Returned at 3 o'clock. Bought of Abram Wells \$18 in Indents @ 5 | on the pound. Paid him \$4½. The river begins to rise fast.

Wednesday, June 2nd. Bought horse of Abram Wells. Paid him \$35 in cash and took his receipt. Put him to Wells's to keep, and ordered him eight qts. of corn a day. Bought of Abram Wells, \$42.21½ in Virginia money, for which I gave him \$13 in cash. Water four feet higher than yesterday.

Thursday, June 3rd. Cloudy morning. A rainbow appeared in the west this morning at sunrise. Showery through the day.

Friday, June 4th, 1790. Bought of Abram Wells, \$34.26 in Virginia money and Continental papers, for which gave him \$9 and 4 | 6 P. M. Paid him for keeping my horse two days, 7s. 0d. Bought of Wells this afternoon \$2,600 in Virginia paper at \$3 per thousand. Swapt horses with McFarland, gave him \$20 to boot, to be paid when I come on again.

Left with McFarland the following articles at the prices appended to be sold for me :

3¾ yds. coating,	£2 11s. 11d.
6 hair clasps,	5 6
9 teaspoons (@ 2 9 per dozen,	2
1 blue and white bandana handkerchief,	12 6
3¾ yds. nankeen (@ 3 ,	11 3

Paid the tailor 12 | for making and mending clothes. Gave him an order on McFarland's account against me.

Saturday, June 5th. Took breakfast at McFarland's. I started for Washington about half-past seven. Paid for making overalls 5 | . Got to Washington at half past five. Paid for shoeing my horse behind 3 | 9.

Sunday, June 6th. Started for Devoe's Ferry.

Paid bill to Wilson,	£0 7s. 1d.
“ “ hostler,	4
Ferriage at Devoe's,	6

Showery afternoon. Got to Simrill's, sun half an hour high.

Monday, June 7th. Wrote a letter to leave at Capt. Bartlett's for I. Choate, directing him to proceed to Buffalo. Left an order for him to get my horse, ect., and half a guinea in cash with Mrs. Bartlett.

Paid bill to Simrill for supper, breakfast and seven quarts of oats, £0 3s. 2d. Found my horse, which I had lost, at Col. Budd's. Paid him for keeping. Took horse to James Pearce's to pasture at 6 | P. M. per month. Found my mare which I had left with Capt. Beckwith had been in keeping with James

Pearce since Tuesday, the 25th of May, at the same price as the horse. Ordered Pearce to get my saddle and bridle from Beckwith and to deliver both horses, with the saddle and bridle to I. Choate when he called for them and presented my order. Set out for Redstone, arriving there about nine o'clock. Took supper and went to bed very much fatigued and quite unwell.

Tuesday, June 8th, 1790. Some rain during the last night. Cloudy, disagreeable morning, but cleared up about eight o'clock. Choate came in from Simrill's (where he arrived yesterday) about nine o'clock this morning. Received a letter from Thos. Porter, containing a receipt for £5 11s. 3d. paid I. Choate, which I forwarded to Gen. Putnam in a letter to him, in which I recited a letter received from David I. Franklin. I likewise wrote to McFarland to procure immediate supplies of beef, butter and flour, viz :

Forty head of fat cattle and as much butter and flour as he could procure. Engaged with Samuel Jackson to furnish within two weeks 20 bbls. of flour, 1,000 lbs. of bacon and four or five boats. He will have them in readiness at any time with seven days' notice. He further engages to exert himself to supply a greater quantity of flour, and a quantity of fresh beef and butter. Sent Choate off about three o'clock with orders to take my horse from Widow Pierce's and proceed immediately to Buffalo, and thence by the first opportunity to Muskingum, or wherever Gen. Putnam should be, and deliver him the letters. Gave him directions if he could sell my mare for £12 to be paid by the first of March, in wheat at 4 | , or whiskey at 3 | , to sell her and take a note, or if he could sell the horse for £9 same pay to sell him ; if not, to take them both to Buffalo.

Wednesday, June 9th. Left with John Vanlear and Joseph Thornton, a letter of direction to purchase for me the following quantities of provisions, for which they should have their cash by September next, if not sooner—10 bbls. flour, five or

six beaves, or as much as would make 3,000 lbs. of beef. To be ready to be delivered by the first of July—the beef not to be killed before it is called for; and 500 lbs. of butter—one-quarter to be ready for delivery by the first of July, one-quarter by the middle of August, and the remainder by the first or middle of October. Likewise, left a verbal request with them to engage, to the number of ten or twelve milch cows, by the first of July; and in my letter requested of them to supply as soon as possible a quantity of potatoes, turnips, and onions. Likewise, proposed to contract with them for 300 bbls. of flour, some part, perhaps one half, to be ready this fall and the remainder in the spring. Neal Gellaspie proposed to me to sell me five or six milch cows and as many fat cattle. Gave encouragement of calling upon him when the emigrants came on.

Paid Finman his bill for entertainment,	12s. 1d.
“ for comb,	6
“ at Beasontown for breakfast,	2

Left letters of directions with Samuel King to procure and hold in readiness against the first of July, 300 lbs. of flour, 300 lbs. of fresh beef, 100 lbs. of butter and requested him to procure as much butter while the season for laying in butter continues as he has the opportunity to get. Paid for baiting horse, £0 os. 6d. Arrived at Simpkin's at nine o'clock. Rainy night.

Thursday, June 10th, 1790. Rainy, cool morning. Bill at Simpkin's, £0 4s. 8d. Not paid, not being able to make change. Started late in the forenoon.

Baiting, etc., at Tomlinstone's, £0 os. 3d.

Tomlinstone agrees to furnish 150 bush. oats @ 3 | 6, 300 lbs. flour @ 20 | , and as much butter and beef as shall be wanted. Cows may likewise be got there. Got to Guynus's a little after sunset. Clear, cool evening. Simpkins agrees to furnish 30 bush. oats or more, at 4 | , and what beef and butter should be wanted.

Friday, June 11th, 1790. Cloudy, damp morning. Guynus agreed to furnish a sufficient quantity of grain, if it can be procured, to feed ten teams of five horses one-and-a-half days. He agrees to furnish 200 lbs. flour, two or three cows and also some butter and beef. Paid bill at Guynus's, £0 4s. 10d. Bill made out in Virginia money. Started at half-past five, getting to Frankfort at half-past eight. Breakfast at Frankfort, 2s. Applied to Mr. Alex. King to procure the following supplies against the 16th inst., viz :—

Three hundred pounds of flour, 300 lbs. fresh beef, 50 lbs. of butter, 50 bush. oats. No part of the supply to be made, however, unless the oats can be procured without further notice. Bill for ferriage and corn at Neal's, 18d. Neal says he can furnish 20 or 30 bush. of rye and thinks he can procure 15 bbls. of flour. I agreed, if I wished him to furnish anything to give him notice by Monday night.

Paid at Crocker's, for oats and shoeing, . . . £0 1s. 0d.
Got to the Big Laplapen.

Saturday, June 12th. Rainy morning. Paid bill of 3s. Set out in the rain. Got to Jacerin to breakfast. Oats, etc., 2s. About two o'clock got to Winchester, putting up at Banke's. I took dinner and went to see Mr. Edward Smith. Found he had not taken any steps for providing for the reception and removal of the French emigrants, and acquainted me that he should do nothing until he received more particular instructions how to proceed and a supply of cash; but is of the opinion supplies of every kind might be got, and wagons at the following prices, viz :—

Flour, 33 | per bbl., corn, 3 |, beef, 3 | per lb., butter, 6 | per pound. Wagons at 15 | per day.

Purchased saddle and bridle, for which I gave my old saddle and \$9 $\frac{2}{3}$. Left my watch to be repaired with Wells, the watchmaker, to call for it in the morning.

Sunday, June 13th, 1790. Cloudy morning, sprinkling of rain. Paid watchmaker for repairing watch, and key, . . . £0 7s. 9d.
 Barber's bill, 1
 Bushes's bill, dinner, supper, breakfast, hay, etc. 8 8

Started from Winchester quarter-past seven, forded the Shannon. Paid for oats, etc., at Sniggins's, 1s. 2d. Paid for horse feed, etc., at Hill Church tavern, 7d. Got to Lacey's, at quarter-past six. Found good entertainment. Heavy shower between two and three this afternoon. Clear evening, road extremely muddy.

Monday, June 14th. Paid bill at Lacey's, £0 4s. 1d. Started at six o'clock. Got to Newgate to breakfast, good entertainment. Bill for breakfast, etc., £0 3s. 4d. To hostler, 4d. Got to Alexandria at quarter-before six. Put up at Pat Murray's. Delivered the letters directed to Major Rochfontain and one directed to Mr. Duer, Royal Hunt or Andrew Cragie.

Tuesday, June 15th. Paid for watch chain, . . . £0 3s. 6d.
 Paid for key, 1 6
 " " pen knife, 6
 " " straps, etc., 4
 " " cherries, 2

Very warm day. One Alexandrian Englishman put an end to his existence by cutting his own throat.

Wednesday, June 16th. Warm, sultry morning. Bought strawberries, 4d., pipe and tobacco, 11d. Dined with Mr. Porter.

Thursday, June 17th. Sultry morning. Nothing important.

Friday, June 18th. Cloudy, sultry morning. Appearance of rain. Extremely heavy showers about noon. Dined with Mr. Porter. Nothing important occurred to-day.

Saturday, June 19th. A schooner burnt in the harbor last night. Cloudy morning, air cool. Paid for washing clothes, 2s. 3d. About noon cleared away pleasant.

Sunday, June 20th. Clear, fine morning. At four o'clock in the afternoon rode out as far as Georgetown with Messrs. Murray and Wheaton. Returned at half-past nine o'clock.

Monday, June 21st. Fine, pleasant, clear morning. Air cool. Paid for pine apples, £0 1s. 6d.

Tuesday, June 22nd. Nothing important.

Wednesday, June 23rd. Pleasant, fine morning. Started at five o'clock in company with Mr. Brown, Mr. Wheaton, and Mr. Dabney, for the great falls. Breakfasted at Shepherd's three miles from the falls. At half-past ten went to the falls, of which the following is as good a description as I can give: At the head or commencement of the falls the river is wide, and encircles a number of islands of different sizes—a considerable number of which are very small, lying on the south-west shore of the river, between which and the shore they are clearing a channel for boats to warp up by the shore; the current being very strong a considerable distance above the mouth of the canal, which is taken out at the head of the falls and carried three-quarters of a mile, with the common width of twenty-five feet, varying in places called choaks, being notches in the wall designed for the purposes of stopping the water in different parts of the canal if repairs should be necessary in the locks on the canal below. The distance from the head of the locks to the shore of the river is about 60 feet. The fall $76\frac{1}{2}$ ft. The fourth lock is on a plain with the mouth of the canal. The locks are each 100 ft. long and 16 ft. wide. The head and last lock are made in an irregular form so as to admit boats to turn around in them. The head or gate of each lock forms an angle of about 150° .

Thursday, June 24th, 1790. Rainy morning. Employed most of the day in drawing up the account of French Emigrants, etc. Dined with Mr. Porter. Very rainy day and evening.

Friday, June 25th. Rainy morning. Breakfasted with Mr. Dabney.

Saturday, June 26th. Showery day, streets extremely muddy. River rising very fast. Paid for pine apples, 2s. 6d.

Sunday, June 27th. Fine, clear morning. Paid for cherries, 0s. 2d. In the afternoon went out to the Spring Gardens.

Monday, June 28th. Clear, warm morning. Rode three miles out of town with McDonald. Paid for supper, etc. 3s. 10d.

Tuesday, June 29th. Warm morning, appearance of showers. Capt. Gricon, with about 150 of the French emigrants got out of town about half-past six o'clock. Paid for pine apple, etc., £0. 2s. 2d. Very heavy showers this evening attended with some thunder.

Wednesday, June 30th. Rainy, disagreeable morning. Paid for pine apple and sundry articles, £0. 1s. 0d. Lodged at Wise's.

Thursday, July 1st. Started at half-past four in the stage for New York. Paid stage fare to Baltimore, . . . £1 3s. 0d.
Lodging, 1 0
Paid for ferriage and breakfast, Georgetown, 2 3
" " dinner, etc., 3 6

Friday, July 2nd. Paid stage fare from Baltimore to Philadelphia, (1 guinea), £1 15s. 0d.
Paid for supper, lodging, etc, 5 10
" " breakfast, etc., 1 10
" " dinner, ferriage, etc., 7

Saturday, July 3rd, 1790. Paid for supper,
 lodging, etc., £0 6s. 1d.
 Breakfasted at Newport, 1 11
 Got to Philadelphia at ten o'clock. Hired horse and chaise and
 rode out to Gray's Gardens with Mr. Jeffries.

Sunday, July 4th. Paid a bill to the barber, £0 1s. 0d.
 Stage fare from Philadelphia to New York, 2 3 5
 At twelve o'clock started for New York.

Monday, July 5th. Paid for breakfast, etc. . £0 3s. 4d.,
 Paid for dinner, 4 5
 Ferriage from Elizabeth Point to N. York, etc. . 1 11
 Got into New York at five o'clock.
 Paid for sundries, and portorage of trunk, . 9 3

Tuesday, July 6th. Paid for oranges, etc., . £0 8s. 6d.
 Paid for fruit, 6
 " " knife, 4 6
 " " shoes, 12

Wednesday, July 7th. Paid for sundries, . £0 2s. 8d.
 Paid for fruit, etc., 8
 " " boarding, 6
 " " barbering, 1
 " " French Dictionary, 10

Thursday, July 8th. Paid for coat pattern,
 silk, and twist, £3 14s. 0d.
 Paid for fruit, meal, etc., 4 7
 Dined at Mr. London's.

Friday, July 9th. Paid for fruit, etc., £0 0s. 6d. Attend-
 ed the debate of Congress. The question for the temporary
 residence of Congress taken : 32 for Philadelphia as temporary
 residence and Potomac permanent resident, 29 against it.

Saturday, July 10th, 1790. Paid for fruit, barbering and boarding, £0. 2s. 10d. Dined with Mr. London. Drank coffee at Brandon's Garden with Col. Duer.

Sunday, July 11th. Paid for fruit, meal, and to barber, £0 5s. 4d. Dined with Col. Duer.

Monday, July 12th. Paid for ice cream, supper, lodging, etc., £0 2s. 6d.
 Paid for fruit, 10
 " washing, 2 2
 " two pieces of hair ribbon @ 10 | 3, 1 6
 " four boxes pills and four phials of drops, 1 6 0
 " segars, 9
 Supped at Mr. London's.

Tuesday, July 13th. Paid for mending shoes, fruit, etc., £0. 1s. 6d. Dined and supped at Mr. London's.

Wednesday, July 14th. Paid tailor's bill, £1 10s. 6d.
 Paid for boarding, stage fare, ferriage, etc., 3 9 6
 " " dinner at Brunswick, 3 9
 Got to Trenton, quarter before six o'clock.

Thursday, July 15th. Lodging, £0 1s. 0d.
 Paid for breakfast at Bristol, 1 10
 Got to Philadelphia at eleven o'clock.
 Paid for fruit, 8
 Box of colors and brushes, 15 10

Friday, July 16th. Paid for shoes, £0 11s. 0d.
 Paid for walking stick, 4 6
 " Inship's bill, 8 4
 " " for admittance in Pearl's, 1 10
 " " fruit, 3

Saturday, July 17th, 1790. Paid barber's bill, £0 1s. 0d.
 Paid for fruit, 8
 " " four pieces ribbon @ 5 | 7½, 1 2 6
 " " ticket to Waxnock, 1 10

Sunday, July 18th. Paid for umbrella, . . £0 15s. 0d.

Monday, July 19th. Paid Inship's bill for
 lodging, etc., £0 0s. 10d.
 Paid for stage fare to Buffalo, 1 15
 " " fruit, 2 | , dinner, 3 | 6, 5 6

Tuesday, July 20th. Lodging at the Head of Elk, £0 5s. 7d.
 Breakfast and ferriage across Susquehanna, 3 6
 Dinner, etc., 3 6

Got to Baltimore at five o'clock.

Wednesday, July 21st. Lying by at Baltimore, waiting for stage to arrive. Paid for segars, 5 | 2, pipe, 1 | 10, fruit, | 2, £0 7s. 2d.

Thursday, July 22nd. Paid bill at Starche's for lodging, etc. 18s. 5d. Started from Baltimore at half-past four. Breakfast, 1 | , dinner, 3 | . Stage fare, £1 3s. Arrived at Alexandria at eleven o'clock at night.

Friday, July 23rd. Paid barber's bill, £0 1s. 0d. Dined at Murray's. Supped at Wise's. Wrote to Col. Duer, by Mr. Rogerson.

Saturday, July 24th. Paid Wise's bill for two
 night's lodgings, etc., £0 6s. 0d.
 Paid stage fare to Fredericksburg, 18
 Breakfast at Colchester, 16 miles, 2
 Dinner at Stafford Court House, 4 8
 Ferriage across Rappahannock, etc., 1 6
 Got to Fredericksburg at half-past six. Put up at Mrs. Hackley's.

Sunday, July 25th, 1790. Extremely warm morning. Went into the water before sunrise.

Monday, July 26th. Started for Richmond at four o'clock.

Paid Mrs. Hackley's bill,	£0	12s.	0d.
Stage fare,	1	1	
Dinner,		3	
Fruit,			8

Got to Richmond at 7 o'clock.

Tuesday, July 27th. Started from Richmond at half-past five. Lodging, 1 | 6, stage, £1 10s. 0d., breakfast 2 | , dinner at Williamsburg, 4 | , fruit, | 8. Got to Hampton at nine o'clock, rainy evening.

Wednesday, July 28th. Paid at Hampton for supper, lodging, etc., 4 | , ferriage to Norfolk, 6 | . Presented the Treasurer draft for \$2,000. Received payment as follows :

95 oz. gold @ 89 cts. per oz. done up in oz.

papers,	\$1,673	20
In bank bills,	308	00
In silver,	18	80
Total,	\$2,000	00

Number and date of bank bills.

1 of \$168	Number 602,	Date, 29, Jan., 1790
1 of 100	Number 930,	Date, 4, May, 1790
1 of 30	Number 310,	Date, 7, Nov., 1788
1 of 10	Number 5009,	Date, 27, Nov., 1789

Thursday, July 29th. Bill at Norfolk, 9 | 8. Fine, clear morning. Paid for watermelon, | 8, pears, | 4, 4½ oz. salt, 2 | 6, ferriage to Hampton, 7 | 4. Got to Hampton at 2 o'clock.

Friday, July 30th. Bill at Hampton, 7 | , stage fare to Richmond, £1 10s., breakfast, 2 | 6, dinner, 4 | 6. Got to Richmond at half-past nine.

Saturday, July 31st, 1790. Lodging, etc., 9 | , breakfast, 3 | , dinner, 4 | 6, stage fare, £1 15. Got to Fredericksburg at six o'clock.

Sunday, August 1st. At Fredericksburg. Pleasant day.

Monday, August 2nd. Stage fare, 18 | , Mrs. Hartley's bill, 11 | 8, ferriage, | 4, breakfast, 2 | 4, dinner, Colchester Springs, 4 | . Got to Alexandria at six o'clock.

Tuesday, August 3rd. Rainy, disagreeable day.

Wednesday, August 4th. Barber's bill, 1 | , portorage, etc., 1 | 2, horse keeping at Murray's 10 | 6, shoeing horse, 2 | 6, quills, paper, and glass, 7 | 6, scales and linen cloth, 12 | , washing clothes, etc., 4 | 8. Set out from Alexandria a little past one. Got to Newgate. Found Mr. DeBartz and a number of other Frenchmen there from Winchester. Gave Mr. DeBartz a letter.

Thursday, August 5th. Paid for lodging, etc., 5 | ; breakfast at Larcey's, 2 | ; dined at Col. Powell's. Gave him a letter from Mr. Porter. Got to Glascock's, 12½ miles.

Friday, August 6th. Paid for lodging, 3 | 8; got to Winchester at half past nine, 20 miles. Put up at Bush's. Handed letters to Capt. Gricon, Maj. Coupin, Mon. Dhebecourt. Handed Capt. Gricon \$34.25, sent him by Mr. Boulong; and Mr. Coupin \$27., sent him by same.

Saturday, August 7th. Rainy, disagreeable day. Very unwell. Took salts, and kept my room. Fruit, | 4.

Sunday, August 8th. Cloudy, warm morning.

Monday, August 9th. Disagreeable day. Paid for ointment, etc., 1 | 2.

Tuesday, August 10th, 1790. Paid for fruit, | 4. Heavy thunder-shower this p. m. Paid for mending umbrella, 4 | 6.

Wednesday, August 11th. Wagons began to leave for Redstone. Wrote to Mr. John Vanlear respecting the baggage sent out by the wagons, addressed to him by Mr. Armstrong; likewise informed him he need not expect me to purchase any flour of him. Dined with Mr. Edward Smith. Showery p. m.

Thursday, August 12th. Pleasant morning. Wrote Col. Duer, New York. Seven wagons got away to-day for Redstone.

Friday, August 13th. Extremely hot weather. Paid for fruit, | 4. Three wagons got away to-day.

Saturday, August 14th. Rose this morning at four. Rode one and-a-half miles to bathe. Extremely hot day. Two wagons got away to day.

Sunday, August 15th. Extremely warm morning; day very hot.

Monday, August 16th. Went to bathe this morning. No wagons loaded to-day. Armstrong absent all day. Paid for fruit, | 2.

Tuesday, August 17th. Very warm morning. Loaded eleven wagons to-day. Thunder-shower. Paid for fruit, | 4.

Wednesday, August 18th. Air warm, but a pleasant breeze. Went to bathe this morning at sunrise. Paid for horseshoeing, etc., 5 | 2.

Thursday, August 19th. Fair morning; breeze from the north. Paid for cleaning and repairing pistols, 1 | 3; for washing clothes, 1 | 9; for fruit, | 4; for tin plates, 1 | ; for lead, | 4. Detained all day for want of wagons.

Friday, August 20th, 1790. Paid for fruit, | 4. Paid to hand of Capt. Gricon, for the purpose of defraying expenses of removing emigrants to Redstone, £120, for which I have his receipt.

Saturday, August 21st. Nothing important occurred to-day. Paid for fruit, | 2. Some rain. Cool and cloudy since Thursday. Wrote to Mr. Porter this day, but no opportunity to send the letter.

Sunday, August 22nd. Cool, cloudy, disagreeable weather. Some rain.

Monday, August 23rd. Clear, cool fine morning. Paid for fruit, | 2.

Tuesday, August 24th. Four wagons loaded to-day with French emigrants, ninety-three of whom left town at three o'clock this afternoon. Heavy shower this evening. Paid for fruit, | 4.

Wednesday, August 25th. A pleasant morning, but a little cloudy. Paid for fruit, £0 os. 8d.
Paid for nuts, 2

Loaded three wagons, and started them this evening with thirty-four emigrants. Wrote Mr. Porter advising him of drawing on him in favor of Mr. W. Armstrong for \$15.

Thursday, August 26th. Settled account with Mr. Armstrong, and received from him to balance account half a dollar in cash. Gave him an order on Mr. Porter for \$15. Left town at nine o'clock. Paid bill to Bush for lodging, £5 11s. 5d. Got the three wagons and all the last company of thirty-four emigrants together at Rinker's. Started them at eleven o'clock. Continued with them till half-past two. Dealt out two days' provisions and two days' liquors, and there left them. At half-past nine got to Neal's.

Friday, August 27th, 1790. Agreed with Neal to furnish 68 lbs. beef or mutton, for which took his receipt for 15 | in full, with promise to deliver one lb. meat to my order given Mr. D. Web-vent. Got to Frankport at half-past nine. Dealt out to the ninety-two emigrants two days' fresh beef, one day's soft bread and one of hard. Sent in wagons 700 lbs. hard bread, in twelve kegs and one barrel, and 96 lbs. of beef.

Saturday, August 28th. Sent off the wagons at half past eight o'clock.

Bought half a bushel of salt, which with meat, etc., included in Mr. King's bill, £8 4s. 11d.
Bought 72 lbs. of beef, gave 12 6

Sunday, August 29th. Paid Reed's bill for lodging, etc., £0 17s. 6d.
At nine o'clock the emigrants came in with wagons. Put in 72 lbs. meat, 12 lbs. bread and 25 lbs. hard bread. Sent them on at ten o'clock. At half-past four overtook the other wagons eight miles from Tomlinson, two miles back of which one wagon had overturned, and Mrs. Picard badly hurt. Left her with her husband and child. At seven o'clock got to Tomlinson's.

Monday, August 30th. Wagons got up at nine o'clock. Laid in 185 lbs. beef, and 20 lbs. of bread. At two o'clock I set out; met the other wagons. Put Mrs. Picard and child in the wagon. Ordered William Dun to leave out of his wagon at Tomlinson's a large trunk, marked "*D. & H.*" in a number of places on the top; and numbered on the bottom, "*No. 12. Weight, 270.*" At nine o'clock got to Tomlinson's.

Tuesday, August 31st. Bought of Tomlinson 261 lbs. beef, (at 3 |, £3 5s. 4½d. Left for people of second division, 76 lbs. beef and 111 lbs. bread. Paid Tomlinson's bill for baking bread, £0 17s. 6d.
Paid bill for lodging, etc., 13 11

Left Tomlinson's at eleven o'clock. Paid Simpkins's old bill for lodging last June, 4 | 8. Began to rain at quarter-past five. Got to Smedley's at half-past six.

Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1790. Paid bill for lodging, supplies and horse keeping at Smedley's, £0 4s. 6d. Got to Hall's at seven o'clock. Purchased a beef of Hall, for \$8. Weight of beef 308 lbs. Gave Hall the hide for killing, cutting up, salting, and my bill of lodging. Delivered to first division, 190 lbs., left for second, 111 lbs. First party left Hall's at nine o'clock. At two o'clock I went back and met second party two miles and-a-half on this side of Simpkin's. Lodged them on the top of Winding Ridge.

Thursday, September 2nd. Got to Beasontown at five o'clock. Bought of Samuel King, 188 lbs. bread at 15 | per lb. Delivered 135 lbs to the first party. Bought of King, 260 lbs. beef @ 2½¢, £2 14s. 2d.
Bought of King, 20 lbs. 7 oz. loaf sugar, 1 12 4

Friday, September 3rd. Examined baggage in warehouses and delivered many trunks to the people who owned them, and took their receipts. Wagons with the second division got in at nine o'clock. Unloaded and discharged them. Paid William Dun, \$8 for extra work.

[Here occurs a break in the record.]

Monday, September 6th. Began this morning to load the baggage into wagons for Buffalo. At four o'clock got five wagons loaded. Paid Samuel Martin, £10 10s. 2d. for his three teams, in part payment. Took his receipt. Took William Bell's receipt for £3 19s. 2d. Mathew Daniel's for £3 18s 6d. At five o'clock started the wagons. Crossed the river myself and returned later.

Tuesday, Sept. 7th, 1790. Engaged of Samuel Jackson a boat thirty-six feet long, to be ready by ten o'clock and delivered at Lang's house. Directed the people to get their baggage ready to put into boats. Six wagons with goods arrived from Winchester. Sent Kinney with letters and my horse to Gab. Blackney, requesting him to furnish 100 lbs. beef and two lbs. of salt. Likewise wrote Mr. Tarland, Doct. Wilkins, and Maj. Sargeant. Gave Kinney to bear expenses, £0 5s. 7d. With sun half an hour high, two boats came to hand, one from Jackson, the other from Vanlear. Paid four men for assisting unloading, 1 | .

Wednesday, September 8th. Continued loading boats. Engaged Sill and son, at 3 | 9 per day to pilot the boats down the river. Kinney got back again at two o'clock. Brought letters from Blakney and McFarland, and some directed to Col. Duer.

Paid Rager for bread and horse keeping, . £0 1s. 16d.

Paid James Anderson for two old Kentucky boats lying on the bank up the river near the ferry opposite Brownville, each 37 ft. in length, £10. Agreed with Nathan Clearser to put them in good repair within ten days for £5.

Thursday, September 9th. Continued loading boats. At three o'clock got six boats, with seventy-three of the people under way. Laid in six days' supply of bread, meat, and whiskey. Gave the boatmen one pt. of whiskey. Put into boat five gals. of whiskey in one small keg.

Bought of Boardman, 5½ gals. whiskey, . £1 2s. 0d.

“ “ Sam. Jackson, for boatmen, 17½

lbs. bacon, and 17 lbs. of bread, 1 4

Paid Sill \$1 in cash to get provisions if
necessary, 7 6

Paid young Sill 1 | for tobacco, 1

“ Lang for props for boats, 5

“ for peaches, 4

Bought of Samuel Jackson, sundries, viz :		
“ 1 boat, 36 ft. long, and one 28 ft.	£6	19s. 4d.
“ 4448 lbs. of bacon @ 1 ,	22	8
“ 3 barrels, @ 1 6,	4	6
Money borrowed,	9	6

Left with Samuel Jackson, one barrel of bacon, 141 lbs.; put into the boats 1 bbl. 157 lbs. and 1 bbl. 150 lbs. of bacon. Three men set off across the country with their horses to Buffalo, viz: Lafarge, Pangard, and Theirnier. Gave them provisions. At sunset left four of the boats half a mile below Jackson's Mill. Bought a skiff of John Yateman to accompany boats. Gave him for it, £1 2s. 6d. Mr. Jarvais's and Mr. Dhebecount's boats left Redstone at twelve o'clock, and went on by themselves. Gave Jarvais 8 lbs. meat, for which I received cash. Furnished Dhebecount with 21 lbs. of bread—for which he is to pay—one keg containing 100 lbs. flour, one keg of salt containing one bushel and one peck. Borrowed of Dhebecount, \$¾.

Friday, Sept. 10th, 1790. One of the boats grounded below Jackson's Mill, and did not get off till nine o'clock this morning. Hired Jonathan Hickman to go down in boats. Gave him to purchase provisions, £0 2s. 5d. Engaged to give him 5 | per day to go to Fort Pitt. Paid Jackson's bill, and took his receipt of this day. Paid Vanlear's bill for two boats, one of 30 ft. and the other of 31 ft. in length, and for an axe, £18 19s. 6d. Two wagons came in with goods which I put in Mr. Abbott's cellar, which I hired this day at \$3 per month; upper part of house at \$2 per month. Salander gave receipt for goods in the name of John Vanlear.

Saturday, September 11th. Paid John Bowman for John Yateman on account for boats, \$3. Paid for peaches | 10. John Lynch came with goods on pack horses. Put them in cellar. Salander gave receipt for them. Young Sill came up this evening and informed me that four of the boats were stick-

ing on Lynny's Rifle. Ordered Mitchell to bake what bread he could through the night. Paid boy for assisting him.

Sunday, Sept. 12th, 1790. Sent young Sill and another man with provisions to the boats as follows: 180 lbs. beef in two kegs; 68 loaves of bread, weight 204 lbs., one keg of biscuit, 50 lbs.; brought from Frankport. Sent four loaves of bread and 15 lbs. biscuit for boatmen. In the afternoon sent Salander with my horse down to the boats to give the people provisions. This evening five wagons came in with goods, and one man, wife and child. Put the man in the old house with Picard. Old Sill came up in the evening.

Monday, September 13th. Gave the wagoneers receipts for goods. Harrison Taylor, two loads, one weighed 1910 lbs., other 1945 lbs.; John Wright, for 1850 lbs.; Benjamin Fenton, for 1666 lbs.; Henry Adams, for 1922, his packages only four of them corresponding with the invoice. Whole number of packages, 52. About nine o'clock Martin Teavor came in from Buffalo. Brought a letter from McFarland, and another for Col. Duer, to my care.

Paid Martin for transporting 5827 lbs. French goods, @ \$1½ per hundred, paid cash,	£ 5 14s. 10d.
Cash paid him the 6th,	10 10 2
Order on Mr. Armstrong,	16 5 2

£32 10 1

Paid Mathew Davison for transporting 1998 lbs. at \$1½ per hundred, paid him 6th,	£ 3 18s. 6d.
This day,	1 13 8
Draught on Mr. Armstrong,	5 12 2

£11 4 4

Paid William Bell, for transporting 2000 lbs. @ \$1½ per hundred, the 6th inst.,	£ 3 19s. 2d.
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Paid him this day,	1 13 4
------------------------------	--------

Order on Mr. Armstrong,	5 12 6
-----------------------------------	--------

£11 5

Rainy afternoon. Paid for peaches, 6*d.* Salander came in this evening and informs me the goods are not much damaged in the boats.

Tuesday, September 14th, 1790. Borrowed of Mr. Bowman a barrel of flour, weight 248 lbs., tare 25 lbs., net 223 lbs. Delivered it to Mitchell to bake. Rainy day. Sent Col. Duer's letter by Col. Hart. Paid for peaches, 6*d.* Paid man for assisting in carrying down provisions and bringing back boats, £0 2*s.* 6*d.* Gave Salander one French guinea to pay for shoes, etc., value, 34 | 5, £1 14*s.* 5*d.*

Wednesday, September 15th. Fair morning. Paid for peaches, 4*d.* Paid for carrying flour to bake, 7*d.* Borrowed two barrels of flour of Jacob Bowman, weight 286, tare 26 lbs., net 260 lbs. of one; 256 lbs., tare 25 lbs., net 231 lbs. of other. Three pack horses came in this evening with goods.

Thursday, September 16th. Fair morning. Paid for peaches, £0 0*s.* 4*d.*
Paid Patrick Turnan, 4 19 11

Friday, September 17th. Sent boat with provision to the boat people, viz:—204 lbs. beef for the people, 12 lbs. for the wagoners, 306 lbs. of bread. To the boatmen, three gals. of whiskey. Sent Salander to deal it out to them, and to allow them beef for this day out of the new supply, and bread to begin to-morrow. Provisions become due again; beef, Tuesday morning; bread, Wednesday. Three wagons with nineteen people and a small child came in this afternoon. Put in some loading in the wagons, and sent them forward with the people that came in, and also Mons. Barth, wife and child, and Burgognot. Gave all four days' bread, meat and whiskey, and one month's salt. Paid wagoners \$4 in cash, and six lbs. meat. I gave Thomas Grinnell nine lbs. bread and six lbs. meat and agreed to give him \$1 for attending the people, and assisting

about dealing out provisions, etc. Started the wagons off about sunset. Sent a boy with my horse and another to Thornton's mill after flour. Paid for peaches, | 4; for washing clothes 1 | .

Saturday, September 18th, 1790. Bought of William Ramsey forty gallons of whiskey. Paid him @ 4 | 9 per gal., £7 2s. 6d. Received the remainder of Lynch's load. Gave him receipt. Paid for peaches, 4d. D. W. began operations. Agreed with Cummings to wagon 1600 lbs. to Buffalo for \$1 per hundred.

Sunday, September 19th. Clear day. Nothing material occurred to-day.

Monday, September 20th. Clear, pleasant day. Extremely unwell to-day. Could do but little business. Sent my horse to Thornton's after flour. Borrowed a barrel of Bowman.

Tuesday, September 21st. Sent down boat with provisions to party in boats, viz:—204 lbs. beef, 229 lbs. bread, and four gallons of whiskey for people and 12 lbs. beef, 12 lbs. bread, and three qts. of whiskey for boatman. Salander went down with provisions. Old Sill came up this morning. Young Sill and Gallantin went down in boats. Paid for peaches, 4d.

Wednesday, September 22nd. Cloudy morning. Began to rain about eleven o'clock. Loaded J. Cummings's wagon for Buffalo. Lay by at Pursley's for the night. Paid for peaches, £0 os. 6d. Dhebecount came up from Buffalo.

Thursday, September 23rd. Cloudy morning, but no rain. Sent letter received from Col. Meigs, Buffalo, to William Duer, Esq., by Mr. Lee, to Hagerstown; ordered it put in the post office. Paid for peaches, £0 os. 8d. Wagons came in for Buffalo. Paid each of the wagoneers \$1. Beef and bread delivered them by McFarland: 20 lbs. bread, and 21 lbs. meat, £0 7s. 4d.

Friday, September 24th. Paid wagoneers as per account, viz:—Titus England, \$4 and 1 crown, the 17th inst., \$1 yesterday.

Beef and bread of McFarland, 2 7, \$6 to-day,	£	4	3s.	4d.
Paid William Armstrong, £6 13s. 5d. Vir-				
ginia money, equal to,		8	6	9
	£	12	10	1
John Hamilton whole load came to £11 Vir-				
ginia money,		13	15	
Paid him in cash \$12,		4	10	

Friday, September 24th, 1790. Paid order

William Armstrong, £7s. 8d. V. M., . . .	£	9	5s.	0d.
Paid Francis White's load, 9 £8s. 6d. V. M.		11	15	11
“ cash, meat and bread from McFarland,		4	10	
“ order William Armstrong, £5 16s. 6d.				
V. M.,		7	5	7½

Paid Thomas Grinnell \$1, for assisting people with wagons.

Paid Hart for money handed William Chappin on account for boats, \$2, £ 0 15s, 0d.

Paid for nails, 7

“ “ paper, 1 6

Sent order to Thornton for flour; removed by Gallintin and Sill.

Saturday, September 25th. Sent this morning by boatmen down to the people, 300 lbs. of bread, 200 lbs. meats and 3½ gals. whiskey—four days' provisions, beginning this morning; also, 16lbs. meat, 12 lbs. bread and ½ gal. whiskey for boatmen. Sent order to Thornton for 200 lbs. of flour. Received by boy 139 lbs. My brother came into town this morning, Major Sargent this evening. Paid for peaches, 6d.

Sunday, September 26th. Nothing material occurred to-day. My boat left here for Simrill's Ferry this morning. Some rain this afternoon. Some men came forward from party behind. Harper came up this afternoon and a Frenchman and his wife.

Monday, September 27th, 1790. Rainy morning. Wagons with French people came up this morning about ten o'clock.

Tuesday, September 28th. Wet, lowry morning. Agreed with two wagoneers to go on to Buffalo. Paid Samuel Jackson for four hundred weight of flour @ 15 |, £3. Sent Sill after flour.

Wednesday, September 29th. Water began to rise. Paid wagoneers in dollars for expenses. At ten o'clock water nearly high enough for boats to go down. Sent down four days' provisions to boats. Discharged the wagons. Paid them \$17 for detention and ferriage. Two wagons came in this afternoon. Unloaded them into boats. Hickman came in this evening from the boats.

Thursday, September 30th. Began to load boats. Agreed with Yateman to take two boats, 32 & 37 feet long, down to Buffalo, with what baggage they can carry, for which he is to have £27 10, and I to have the boats. Bought for company men one bottle snuff, @ £0 6s. od. Sent Hickman to boats with two days' provisions.

Friday, October 1st. Got three boats loaded by eleven o'clock. At twelve o'clock started off with five days' meat and 116 lbs. over. Five days' bread and flour and nine gals. of whiskey, and two bbls. of flour from Thornton's.

Saturday, October 2nd. A number of Capt. Guicon's party in to-day.

Sunday, October 3rd. Capt. Guicon's party in to-day. Three boats set off to-day with five days' provisions.

Monday, October 4th. Began to load boats. Started off six boats with five days' provisions.

Tuesday, Oct. 5th, 1790. Started three boats this evening with five days' provisions, and 64 lbs. beef and three-half gals. whiskey, over.

Wednesday, October 6th. Rainy disagreeable day. Set off from Redstone at eleven o'clock. Paid at Hill's 2 | 2. Got to Washington, in the evening, very unwell.

Thursday, October 7th. Breakfasted and dined with Macquiss. Set off for Buffalo at two o'clock. Got to Alex. Wells's at eight o'clock.

Friday, October 8th. Paid Wells 8 | 5 for myself and Capt. Guicon. Got to Buffalo at twelve o'clock.

Saturday, October 9th. Thebout, Coquet, and Don Smith with three boats came down this evening.

Sunday, October 10th. (No record.)

Monday, October 11th. Boat with company people came down to-day from Redstone.

[Here occurs a break of one week in record.]

Monday, October 18th. Made two draughts on Col. Duer in favor of Nathan McFarland, one of \$131 and seven cents, payable in fifteen days after sight, and one of \$64.67 payable in thirty days. Left with Mr. McFarland two bills of same date drawn on sight, of same value, and which McFarland promised to destroy, as the other bills were drawn in place of them in consequence of their being drawn on sight.

Tuesday, October 19th. Paid Wells's bill for eleven days, viz:—

Board at 2 6 per day,	£1	7s.	6d.
For finding umbrella,		3	6
For one bush. beans,		5	9
		<hr/>	
	£1	16	9

Paid him for horse keeping @ 2 | 6, £^o 17s. 9d.
 Lost, 19 1

Set off with Capt. Guicon with our two skiffs, sun an hour high. Left at McFarland's my saddle bags, an old shirt, my inkstand, my night cap, memorandum book and horse whip. Took in a keg of butter at Short Creek, bought of McKinley, weight, 62 lbs. Got to McCulloch's at one o'clock in the morning.

Wednesday, Oct. 20th, 1790. Started at half-past six o'clock. Breakfast at Martin's, paid | 6. Got to Muskingum at half-past six. Put up at Munsel's.

Thursday, October 21st. Nothing material occurred.

Friday, October 22nd (No record.)

Saturday, October 23rd. Capt. Guicon left this afternoon.

Sunday, October 24th. (No record.)

Monday, October 25th (No record.)

Tuesday, October 26th. Bot. of William Burnham, 14 lbs. deer ham, 8 | 2.

Wednesday, October 27th. (No record.)

Thursday, October 28th. Paid Fearing \$5 in exchange of instrumer.ts.

Friday, October 29th. (No record.)

Saturday, October 30th. Sent Capt. Guicon his crockery ware, etc.

Sunday, October 31st. Sent by Wetzel, the hunter, a letter to Capt. Guicon. Delivered Wetzel, eight lbs. of powder on account of Scioto Company.

Monday, November 1st, 1790. Paid Rockwell for making breeches, etc.

Tuesday, November 2nd. Received letter from M. Odlen.

Wednesday, November 3rd. (No Record.)

Thursday, November 4th. Paid Pierce in balance of account, £0 10s. 10d. One shilling due me in change.

Friday, November 5th. Gen. Putnam came down this morning about eleven o'clock.

Saturday, November 6th. Don Didier came up this evening from Kanahwa, and Mr. Mahan came down this evening.

Sunday, November 7th. Took a cow from Mr. Mahan on account of Mr. McFarland. Took a turkey from same, on account of D. Woodbridge, for boarding, 2 | .

Monday, November 8th. (No record.)

Tuesday, November 9th. Don Didier went down to the river this afternoon.

Wednesday, November 10th. Paid this evening on account, 4 | .

Thursday, November 11th. Paid for apples, | 9.

Friday, November 12th. Mr. Mahan went down this afternoon. Sent a cow by him. Put a bell on her and ordered him to deliver her to Shoales. Sent by him 30 bush. potatoes, 25 bush. corn in ear. Paid for four barrels to put potatoes in @ 1 | 6, £0 6s. 0d.

Saturday, November 13th. Received from Col. Devol, two bails for Kettler; costs, 3s.

Sunday, November 14th, 1790. Two boats with soldiers and settlers for Miami stopped here this evening.

Monday, November 15th. Sold to Robert Potts 69 mill irons, £3 13s. 5d.

Received in cash, £1 2s. 8d.

A note on demand, 14 9

A note for corn, payable Jan. 15, 1791 16

£3 13s. 5d.

119 mill irons (at 1 | 1/8, £6 os. 0d.

Took his note, payable 28th of February, for corn, wheat or rye, to be delivered at that time wherever at Marietta I shall direct.

[There is no record for the next eight days.]

Wednesday, November 24th. Paid Rockwell for tailoring, in cash, 12 | .

Thursday, November 25th. The Governor arrived this morning about ten o'clock. Stormy, disagreeable day.

Friday, November 26th. Stormy, cold day. Considerable snow lying on the ground. Attended the ball in the evening.

[A break in the record until the 30th,]

Tuesday, November 30th. Left Muskingum at two o'clock this P. M. in company with Hubout on an exploring tour to Scioto. Received six pounds beef on company's account. Paid for bread, | 8. Reached Belpre at six o'clock. Put up at Esq., Green's. Received from Dinlan on account of the Scioto company.

Wednesday, December 1st. Left Belpre at three o'clock in the morning. At the falls met a canoe with five or six Frenchmen over set. At twelve o'clock reached Gallipolis. Bought

for store down the river one lb. chocolate, 3 | 6, and one lb. of sugar. Rainy evening. Scioto Company, Dr. to an ox lost in their service, £0. 12s. 0d.

Thursday, December 2nd, 1790. Rainy, disagreeable morning. Mr. Mahan absent.

Friday, December 3rd. Rainy, disagreeable day. Mr. Mahan came down from Kanahwa. Sold my oxen to Tallier for \$50, and yoke and chain for 20 | . Received cash.

Saturday, December 4th. Bought for myself and people four lbs. chocolate, eight lbs. sugar, and two lbs.

coffee,	£	0	27s.	0d.
Cash left in my trunk at Gallipolis.				
5 half joes,	\$40	12	0s. 0d.
6 guineas,	28	8	8
1 sixteenth of a joe,	2	12	
48 crowns,	53½	16	
			£37	0 0

At five o'clock in the evening left Gallipolis. Took with me six men, viz :—Hart, Carroll. Richard Shoales, Benjamin Bill, Smith, and John Kelley with twenty days' bread and 40 | worth of beef. Went in boats with me, Mr. Hubout with four—Croquet and one man, Joway and one man. Agreed to meet Mr. McMahan to-morrow. Reached his second hunting camp at eight o'clock, 12 miles down the river, encamped for the evening. Windy evening.

Sunday, December 5th. Started this morning at half-past six. Got to lower hunting camp at half-past seven. Breakfasted, and remained there until twelve; then started. Left directions with Wetzel, hunter, to inform Mr. McMahan that I should proceed down the river about twelve miles, then halt the boats, and begin exploring the country, and probably encamp at night at the mouth of the Great Cuicandot. Cloudy

morning, but fair, pleasant afternoon. Went ashore at the line or near it, marked on the map. Explored the bottom to the Creek timber land. On the bottom found beech, white oak, hickory, black oak and elm. Land extremely rich at and near the mouth of the creek. Went on board the boat and proceeded to the Great Cuicandot.

Monday, December 6th, 1790. Started at half-past six. Went ashore at the little creek, and proceeded about four miles up it. Found the land extremely fine. Backwater sets up at this time about two miles. Current rapid above, and will admit of mills. Course of the creek from the mouth up inland goes very much west of north. Went on board the boat, and proceeded down the river beyond the last creek. I went on shore at a line across the bottom. Set stake supposing it to be my connecting line. Proceeded up the line to the hills. Found them extremely rough, and high steps at the foot of the hill. Came down to the river mouth of a large run; crossed the run; kept down the narrows to the mouth of the Sandy. Encamped about a quarter of a mile above the mouth of the Sandy. Fine day; windy.

Tuesday, December 7th. Fine, pleasant morning. A number of boats passed last night. Set out this morning with nine people to run out public lot number eight, 18th range. Started from the first mile stake from the S. W. corner of the second township in the 17th range, run *west* line to river, then *north* line from mile stake as per field notes. Encampment at mouth of creek, three-quarters of a mile below the corner.

Wednesday, December 8th. Started from stake set on river to find course of river, the distance to creek, and the corner of public lot numbered 26. These runs measured more than a mile. Set a stake on river bank and ten chains from large river. Went on board the boat below the narrows, and encamped on the bank of a small creek in next bottom.

Thursday, December 9th, 1790. Started with five people to explore the bottom. Went about half the mile up the river to the head of the bottom, then took the foot of the hills and proceeded about one hundred rods and came to a creek or river coming from the north-east. Bottom extremely good, and the run very accessible. Proceeded on by the hill to a large creek, two chains wide, coming from the east. Followed the creek down to its mouth, nearly a mile. The creek appeared larger on the lower side.

[Here occurs a break of over a month.]

Wednesday, January 16th, 1791. Wind blew up very severely at N. W.

Thursday, January 17th. Extremely cold. The thermometer stood at 24° below freezing. Set off about two o'clock for Kanahwa. Slept at Col. Lewis's.

Friday, January 18th. Snowy morning. Started at 12 o'clock for Muskingum. Got seven miles and encamped. Snowed constantly the whole day.

Saturday, January 19th. Snow about ten inches deep, and would have been two inches higher if it had not settled with the rain that fell in the night. Light, fine rain. The air somewhat warmer. At nine o'clock it began to snow. Air got much cooler. Snowed fully two inches. Amazing quantity of melted snow floating on the water, which obliged us to return to Kanahwa. About sunset got to Gallipolis.

Sunday, January, 20th. Cold, disagreeable day.

Monday, January 21st. Air somewhat more pleasant.

Tuesday, January 22nd. Air about at the freezing point all day.

The following portion of the Journal was found among the papers of James Backus, but too late for insertion in chronological order.

Friday, December 10th, 1790. Started from Little Sandy at eight o'clock in the morning. Got to the mouth of the Scioto about half-past twelve. Run about a mile up the Scioto, and encamped. Took meanders up the rivers about two miles from the little run at the encampment. Bottom mostly flooded. Rainy night.

Saturday, December 11th. Rainy morning. Staid in camp until noon. Took meanders of the rivers to the mouth of the Sciote, and then the meanders of the Ohio about a mile-and-a-quarter up the river. Then ran at right angles from the river 18 chains to the low-flooded bottom on the Scioto; followed that by S. W. course to the bank of the Scioto, and went into camp at the old improvement. This position is, perhaps, eligible for a large plantation on the rivers — the banks of both rivers being out of reach of the freshets, and the distance across being about 30 rods at the lower end. Below this the bottom is flooded at every freshet, and may afford about 300 acres of most excellent meadow; and probably, at little expense, might be prepared for rice ground. The high bank of the Scioto extends about a quarter of a mile. Above this, the bank is again flooded — the bank or bottom diverging from the river. In the next bend in the river may be 250 or 300 acres more of flooded bottom, extremely rich. The high bottom appears to be extensive, extending about six miles on the Ohio to the narrows. This shore has been noted the last winter and spring as the rendezvous of Indians, who captured a large number of boats, the remains of one or two of which are now remaining on the shore near the narrows. The timber on the flooded land is elm, poplar, a kind of swamp oak, hickory, maple and buckeye. On the high bottom, oak, beech, hickory, elm, poplar — being a greater proportion of beech than any other timber. Geese and ducks are extremely plenty in the Scioto, and the swamps in this flooded bottom.

Sunday, December 12th, 1790. Started from our encampment on the old improvement, which extends from river to river. Took the meanders of the Ohio to the mouth of the large creek, nine miles from the Scioto. Encamped on the upper side of this creek.

Monday, December 13th. Started at sunrise on my surveys up the rivers. Bottoms grew more extensive as I went up. Crossed a number of runs, and, at about three miles a fine creek running a long distance above, near the river bottom. Above this creek was an extremely rich and high bank. Encamped at night about eight miles from starting point. Capt. McMahan and the boats went out upon the creek, which I left this morning. Found the lands after leaving the river about two miles extremely fine, and continued to grow level as they went up the creek, which they followed up about eight miles. The creek, about seven miles from the mouth, has a branch from the west; about half-a-mile further a branch from the east. General course of the creek, westerly. Dickinson, the hunter, was chased by an Indian on this creek.

Tuesday, December 14th. Bottom above our encampment apparently much broken by swamps and marshes. About half-a-mile to lower end of a large pond running parallel to the river. Found many old improvements upon the river bank. Some of the bottoms extremely rich.

Wednesday, December 15th. Passed through a narrow this forenoon. Big bottom extending up the Little Sandy. Encamped on a fine creek emptying into the Ohio on the next bottom above the Little Sandy bottom. Took the meanders of the river about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the bottom. Bottom high, and finely suited to building. The boats and Capt. McMahan did not come up this evening. Cold, snowy night.

Thursday, December 16th. Bottom extends about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles above the creek. Soil excellent. The hills close in up-

on the river very close. Very fine growth of black walnut and ash timber in the narrows. Continued my line nearly opposite Big Sandy. Snow two inches deep. Air very cold. The boats and McMahan came in this evening.

Friday, Dec. 17th, 1790. Finished my surveys this morning, and set a mulberry stake on my line that I fetched in summer before last. Proceeded up the river about ten miles. Air extremely sharp. Encamped half-a-mile below Big Guindote. Hunters found the bears exceedingly plenty on the bottom below.

Saturday, December 18th. Found considerable ice running in the river this morning. Permitted McMahan to take the boats back to mouth of the large creek three miles below, to fetch in bear meat and venison. Did not start from camp until four o'clock. Got about nine miles, and encamped.

Sunday, December 19th. Got within six miles of Raccoon. Ice running very thick.

Monday, December 20th. Found it almost impossible to proceed with boats against the ice. At sunset reached Gallipolis. A small quantity of rain fell this evening.

Tuesday, December 21st. Cloudy, chilly, disagreeable day.

Wednesday, December 22d. Chilly, disagreeable air. Settled private account with Capt. Guicon. Found a balance due him, including the six Louis borrowed of him at Buffalo, of twelve and one-third dollars. Gave him due bill to be discharged by discounting with Mitchell on acct. of three small axes, two dollars, and a broad axe at three dollars. Delivered by Mitchell.

Thursday, December 23d. Left with Mitchell, to be returned when I called for it, 17 lbs. buffalo meat and three turkeys; likewise, 14 lbs. salt beef, which I left with him when I went down the river.

Paid out at Gallipolis for repairing watch, . . . £^o 1s. 10^d.
 Paid for milk, washing, etc., 3 9

Left in my small trunk : 46 crowns, and the trunk locked—
 in my large, leather trunk — my road trunk, mess chest, a large
 chest with apples, etc., a keg of butter, a small oil keg, bedstead
 and mattress. Left with Matthews a keg of powder, and a keg
 containing beans, squashes, etc. With Mitchell, a bag of shot,
 and with Capt. Guicon a pair of shoebrushes. Left Gallipolis
 this afternoon, at three o'clock, with Messrs. Thebouts, Coquets
 and my boys. Reached the mouth of Campaign Creek at
 evening, and encamped.

Friday, Dec. 24th, 1790. Started at daylight. Reached
 three miles east of narrows, above leading creek. Encamped
 two miles up on a large run emptying into the Ohio at the nar-
 rows.

Saturday, December 25th. Started a little after sunrise.
 Followed up the run a course about two miles, then left main
 branch to the southward. Traveled over a pretty country
 about three miles to a large branch of Devil's Hole Creek,
 coming from the south-west. Followed it in a northerly direc-
 tion to the main creek, going south-east; then followed the
 creek by its various windings to its mouth.

Sunday, December 26th. Cold, snowy day. Reached Hock-
 hocking settlement at three o'clock.

Paid for provisions, £^o 4s. 6^d.

Found the ice on the Hockhocking three inches thick, at
 least.

Monday, December 27th. Reached Belpre to breakfast. I
 waited three hours for Thebouts and Coquets, and then pro-
 ceeded to Marietta, which I reached at five o'clock.

Cost of provisions, £^o 2s. 6^d.

Tuesday, December 28th. My people came in about four
 o'clock.

Wednesday, December 29th. Nothing material occurred to-
 day.

Thursday, Dec. 30th, 1790. Nothing material occurred to-day.

Friday, December 31st. Nothing material occurred to-day. Extremely cold day and evening.

Saturday, January 1st, 1791. Extremely cold.

Paid Binger's bill for bells, etc., £0 6s. od.

Sunday, January 2d. Air more temperate.

Monday, January 3d. Received information from Bullard of the massacre of the people in the block-house at Big Bottom. The affair was nearly as follows: Just at the close of twilight this Bullard and another man of the same name, who lived about 50 or 60 rods from the block-house, were alarmed by the discharge of a large number of guns at the block-house. They immediately ran towards the block-house, and soon discovered that the Indians had possession of the house, and that in all probability the people were all butchered. They, therefore made the best of their way to Wolf Creek, taking Rogers' Camp, about three miles down the bottom, in their route. About eleven o'clock the two Bullards, Rogers and another man reached Wolf Creek. Bullard by nine o'clock was down here with the intelligence, and about one o'clock ten regular soldiers and about the same number of militia marched from this place for their relief; or, at least, to examine into the circumstances of the massacre, and pay the last duties to the unfortunate victims by burying their remains. I attended the party as a volunteer spectator. At nine o'clock we reached the mills at Wolf Creek, where we were informed by Rogers, who had just returned, that things were as related above, and that little satisfaction could be had by going to the place of action, as the bodies were mostly consumed by the fire of the block-house, of which nothing remained but the bare walls. I therefore concluded to proceed no further. The number of persons sacrificed in the block-house was fourteen, including a woman and two children, who were supposed to have been taken in a small cabin about two rods from the block-house. Two coats and a shawl, all the property which was portable or unconsumable by fire, was taken away.

Tuesday, Jan. 4th, 1791. Passed over from Wolf Creek to Plainfield. Breakfasted, and returned to this place, and encamped about a mile above the stockade, the night being so dark and rainy I could not get in.

Wednesday, January 5th. Arrived at my lodgings about half-past eight o'clock. Somewhat fatigued and lame.

Thursday, January 6th. Disagreeable weather. Cold much abated.

Paid Mixer for shoes and mending, . . . £^o 14s. 2d.

Friday, January 7th. Disagreeable weather. Ice begins to run in the Ohio but very little. Had a very sick, disagreeable afternoon and night.

Saturday, January 8th. Ice begins to run thick in the Ohio.

Sunday, January 9th. Ice very plenty this morning. Muskingum ice began to move.

Monday, January 10th. (No record.)

Tuesday, January 11th. Severe, freezing night. Had charge of guard this evening.

Wednesday, January 12th. Very unwell.

Thursday, January 13th. Very unwell. Clear, pleasant day. Wind brisk from the southward. Both rivers passable with canoes. Gave Lucas permission to come into my old house; did not argue on terms.

Friday, January 14th. One boat passed this forenoon. Six boats came down this evening — McClearey, of Washington, with 200 bbls. flour for New Orleans; Ludlow, with flour for troops.

Saturday, January 15th. One or two boats down to-day.

Sunday, January 16th. Moderate weather. McMahan came up this evening from Gallipolis.

Monday, January 17th, 1791. Paid Shoales a guinea.

Tuesday, January 18th. (No record.)

Wednesday, January 19th. Freezing evening.

Thursday, January 20th. Considerable ice in the Muskingum.

Friday, January 21st. Ice running in the Ohio. Emmets arrived from Pittsburgh.

Saturday, January 22nd. Few boats these two or three days. Pleasant day. Air much warmer than for three days past.

Sunday, January 23d. Pleasant, fair day. Wind brisk from south-east. Have been confined since Monday. Muskingum nearly clear of ice. Ohio passable for boats.

Monday, January 24th. Warm air. A boat down this evening.

Tuesday, January 25th. Rainy, warm day. Dimlar down with a boat about noon.

Wednesday, January 26th. Sent by Wilkins' boat to Guicon two full barrels of corn, and two barrels containing in whole nine bushels and one-half, and two kegs of whiskey.

[No record kept for the next eight days.]

Friday, February 4th. Paid Shoales, for labor due him, £4 5s. 5d. Borrowed 14¼ dollars of Mr. Woodbridge.

Saturday, February 5th. Paid Murrell & Buell for whiskey, etc., £4 13s. 0d.

Sunday, February 6th. Left with Mr. Woodbridge, two half-joes. Set out for Gallipolis at eleven o'clock. Got to Bellpre at three o'clock. Took supper and lodging at Esq. Green's.

Monday, Feb. 7th, 1791. Breakfasted at Green's. Received three orders on the Ohio Company from Esq. Green, viz: one of \$42, for flour and a shovel; one of \$4, for two shovels; and one of \$1 $\frac{1}{2}$, on account of Capt. Stone. Dined at Green's. Started in boat at two o'clock. Rainy night.

Tuesday, February 8th. Reached Gallipolis at nine o'clock. Water high, and rising very fast.

Wednesday, February 9th. Rainy day.

Thursday, February 10th. Fine, pleasant day.

Friday, February 11th. Pleasant day. Water very high, and still rising. Contractor's boat with flour passed here this afternoon.

Saturday, February 12th. Fine weather. Received of soldier, for compass, \$1 . . . 6s. River begins to fall.

Sunday, February 13th. Pleasant, fine day. Received of Rome, for pocket compass, 6s.

Monday, February 14th. Pleasant, fine morning. Settled with Capt. Guicon on account of surveys. Balance, for which I received his draught on Col. Duer, \$108.03. Received of Capt. Guicon on Wm. Duer's notes payable at the bank, \$20, in four notes of \$5 each. Received of him an order on account of Wise, of oxen for two-and-a-half months, \$12 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Tuesday, February 15th. (No record.)

On page 94, read *Wednesday, February 16th, 1791*, and the month should read *February* through the next twelve dates. With the preceding pages added, there is no break in the record from November 30th, 1790, to March 7th, inclusive.

Wednesday, Jan. 23^d, 1791. Cloudy morning. Air at freezing point and above.

Thursday, January 24th. Some rain.

Friday, January 25th. Some rain in the night. Snow melts pretty fast. Air 15° above freezing.

Saturday, January 26th. Very heavy wind last night. Fair, pleasant morning. Started for Kanahwa about noon.

Sunday, January 27th. Left Kanahwa in Major Poore's canoe about one o'clock. Got twelve miles this evening. Very rainy night.

[Here occurs a break of about a month.]

Monday, February 28th. Rainy forenoon. Started from our encampment about twelve o'clock. Got about eight miles and encamped. Water rising very fast.

Tuesday, March 1st. Pleasant, fine morning. River very high. Started a little after sunrise. Got about six miles and encamped.

Wednesday, March 2nd. Started and got half a mile and encamped, as we were unable to make headway against wind and current. Mr. Ernest, with a boat, came up this evening.

Thursday, March 3rd. River still continues to rise. Started with two boats, and got above ten miles.

Friday, March 4th. Got about fourteen miles. Encamped about the head of the Amberary bottom.

Saturday, March 5th. Got to Bellville about four o'clock.

Sunday, March 6th. Got to Belpre at sunset. Found the people much alarmed by the intelligence brought into Wolf

Creek by "Indian John," who escaped from the Indians up the Muskingum, and informed them that he came out with a party of twenty five Delawares (?) designed against the settlements on the Muskingum.

Monday, March 7th, 1791. Arrived at Muskingum at dusk.

[Here occurs a break of about ten days.]

Thursday, March 17th. Left Muskingum with Capt. Hart.
 (Rest illegible.)

Friday, March 18th. Rainy morning. Got to Fishing Creek, and found the people had all left it.

Saturday, March 19th. Fine day. River rising. Got to McCullock's.

Sunday, March 20th. River rising fast. Lay by at McCullock's on account of the height of the river. People all left their houses from fear of the Indians.

Monday, March 21st. Got to Grave Creek.

Tuesday, March 22nd. Got to Wheeling about three o'clock. Boat proceeded, but I lodged there. Bought of Esq. Zanes for the Ohio Company, 3,340 lbs. of bacon @ $6\frac{1}{2}d.$, Virginia currency, per lb. Received the bacon to him to be delivered on my order, on the order of General Putnam, on Robert Oliver within one month, in good condition. Likewise received to him 200 lbs. bacon and two bbls. of pork for Dudley Woodbridge. Requested Zanes to send at the first opportunity, the above provisions to Muskingum, which he engaged to do.

Wednesday, March 23rd. Bought horse of J. Morris. Borrowed saddle to be left at Buffalo. Set off for Buffalo. Overtook boat five miles from Buffalo. Borrowed horses at Buffalo for my sisters, and went out to the Wells.

Thursday, March 24th, 1791. Went into the mouth of Buffalo, and settled account with Mr. Mahan. Received bill on Col. Duer to balance for \$10. Staid at Buffalo to-night.

Friday, March 25th. Settled my account with McFarland's estate. A balance due me on account of a few shillings. Bought of Brunson three bbls. to contain 700 lbs. of salt pork at one guinea per 100 lbs. Receipted said pork to Brunson, he engaging to send it to D. Woodbridge, Muskingum. Wrote to Mr. Woodbridge and to the directors of the Ohio Company respecting the provisions I had purchased for them. Directed Mr. Woodbridge to deliver to the directors all the bacon that came from Zanes's, and to pay for transporting it for the company. Likewise wrote to my brother Elijah, to refund to the company the money I had not paid out.

Saturday, March 26th. Left the mouth of the Buffalo this morning. Paid Wells's bill for whiskey, etc., £2 2s. 10d. Went to Charles Wells's. Bought a horse of him, for which paid him \$45. Paid C. Wells's bill for lodging.

Sunday, March 27th. Started for Washington, arriving there about four o'clock. Put up at Purvoyance's. Good lodging.

Monday, March 28th. Paid for horse shoeing, £0 18s. 3d.
 Paid saddle work, 16 2
 " tavern bill, 18 10
 Got to Moses Bill's, having left Purvoyance's at noon. Paid for feeding, etc., £0 15s. 0d.

Tuesday, March 29th. Snowy day. Extremely cold.
 Paid bill for lodging, etc., £0 12s. 8d.
 Left his house and went to Adams's.

Wednesday, March 30th. Clear, cold morning. Paid bill of £1 1s. 3d. Went to Redstone to breakfast. Paid Doct.

Wheeler for sundries on my own account, \$1. Paid for ferriage and breakfast, £ 0 9s. 6d.
 Paid for feeding horse and ferriage, Bradford, 5 6
 Got to Woodruff's to lodge.

Thursday, March 31st, 1791. Paid Woodruff's bill. Paid McConnell for breakfast, etc. Got to Berlin.

Friday, April 1st. Fine morning. Paid bill for lodging. Breakfast at Mehkirk's, Dry Ridge. Got to Bradford.

Saturday, April 2nd. Cloudy, damp morning, but a fine day. Paid bill at West's. Paid for whip, 1 | 6. Breakfast at Morgan's. Got to Bird's.

Sunday, April 3rd. Fine morning. Paid bill for supper, breakfast, etc., £1. Got to Shippersburg.

Monday, April 4th. Fine morning. Breakfast at Samples's, Mount Rock. Paid for whip at Carlisle, 5 | . Called on Major Alexander. Got to Baltimore.

Tuesday, April 5th. Lodged at Lebanon.

Wednesday, April 6th. (No record.)

Thursday, April 7th. Got to Bethlehem.

Friday, April 8th. Set out to visit the curiosities of the places, such as the mills, and particularly the machine for raising the water from a fountain 175 feet below the level of the town, the school, the church, the young women and young men, the houses, cotton manufactures, etc. Got to Eastown.

Saturday, April 9th. Got to Wormley's.

Sunday, April 10th. Got to New York before sunset.

Monday, April 11th, 1791. Presented D. Woodbridge's bill to R. Pratt.

Tuesday, April 12th. Received money of Pratt on Woodbridge's bill, \$500. Bought sarsaparilla and pears, £0 6s. 9d.
 Bought linen, etc., for shirts, 1 6 7
 " fruit, 4

Wednesday, April 13th. Sent off Shoales with horses.

Thursday, April 14th. Paid for supper, lodging, breakfast, etc., £0 7s. 0d. Started in stage for Philadelphia. Paid stage fare, £1 8s. Ferriage, | 10. Got to Elizabethtown.

Friday, April 15th. Paid for lodging, etc., . £0 3s. 5d.
 Paid for dinner and breakfast, 5 8
 Got to Philadelphia after twelve at night.

Saturday, April 16th. Paid for stockings, . £0 9s. 7d.
 Paid for shoes, 12 6
 Called upon Adgate, and delivered Gen. Putnam's order.

Sunday, April 17th. (No record.)

Monday, April 18th. Paid for cane, £0 15s. 0d.
 Paid for cravat, 5
 " " handkerchief, 7
 " " India ink, 11

Tuesday, April 19th. Received \$200 for D. Woodbridge on Gen. Putnam's order, and \$200 on Capt. Bealy's order on Paymaster General.

Wednesday, April 20th. Paid for saddle bags, £1 0s. 0d.
 Paid for sundries, 1 2 6
 " " ticket No. 11,103, Dickinson college, 1 17 6

Received of William Duer, fifty-six cents.

Thursday, April 21st, 1791. Paid for sundries, 15 | , boots,
etc., 2 13 | 6, £3 8s. 6d.
Paid for fruit, 3

Friday, April 22nd. Paid bill at Thomson's . £2 8s. 0d.
Paid stage fare, 1 6 8

Saturday, April 23rd. Reached Point Hook at three o'clock.
Ferriage, | 6, buckles for boots, 4 | .

Sunday, April 24th. (No record.)

Monday, April 25th. Paid for fruit, £0 0s. 8d.

Tuesday, April 26th. Paid for Sundries, . . £0 9s. 0d.
Received of Shortborn on bills, I. Guicon and Mr. Mahan,
\$77 on account Wm. Duer.

Wednesday, April 27th. Paid Mr. Roe for horse keeping,
\$8, £3 4s. 0d.
Paid for fruit, 1

Thursday, April 28th. Paid for knee buckles, £0 9s. 0d.

Friday, April 29th. Wrote to Mr. Adgate, Philadelphia.
Paid for saddle cloth and surcingle, . . . £0 13s. 9d.
" " waiscoat and breeches, 2 6 1

Saturday, April 30th. Rode out of town with Mr. Dana.
Paid for porter, 2 | 6; sundries, 3 | 3.

Sunday, May 1st. Very fine morning. A large number of
fine vessels sailed. The ———— East Indiaman among
the rest.

Monday, May 2nd. Fine day. Drawing lottery commenced
to-day. Paid for ticket \$5 and 3 | 6, £2 3s. 6d.

Tuesday, May 3rd. Fine morning. Paid for sundries, 1 | 6.

Wednesday, May 4th, 1791. Paid for shaving apparatus, soap and razor, £1 7s. 6d.

Thursday, May 5th. Heavy thunder yesterday afternoon and this morning, attended with showers. Showery all day. Ate no breakfast or dinner. Put a letter into the post office yesterday morning directed to Andrew Adgate, of Philadelphia, indorsing three Philadelphia land bills of \$20 each, with instructions for him to credit them to the account of D. Woodbridge. Delivered the letter to Whitmore, the clerk in the post office. Paid him postage, and saw him free the letter. Postage, 1 | 4. Showery day.

Friday, May 6th. Showery day. Paid for paper, 1 | ; for fruit, | 6.

Saturday, May 7th. Fine day.

Sunday, May 8th. Very fine, pleasant day. Paid for sundries, £0 8s. 0d.

Paid for ferriage, etc., 2

Went onto Long Island with my horse. Rode out to Stark, Bush and Graves's, and returned to Flat Bush, and dined and drank tea.

Monday, May 9th. Paid for watch key, . . . £0 2s. 0d.

Paid for fruit, etc., 8

Very pleasant day.

Tuesday, May 10th. Sundries, £0 8s. 0d.

Wednesday, May 11th. (No record.)

Thursday, May 12th. Paid for barbering, . . . £0 1s. 0d.

Friday, May 13th. Paid for fruit, etc., | 8; mending bridle, 3 | 6, £0 4s. 2d.

Sudden change in the air. Wind eastward. Heavy thunder-storm. Bill for horse keeping, paid Roe, . . . £5 0s. 0d.

Saturday, May 14th, 1791. Sundries, 8 | . Chilly and cloudy morning. Paints and marble, 10 | 6; oysters, etc., 2 | 3.

Sunday, May 15th. Fair day. Barbering, 1 | , sundries, 1 | .

Monday, May 16th. Fine morning. Paid for fruit, | 6, fruit, etc., 2 | .

Tuesday, May 17th. Very unwell. Did not rise till twelve o'clock. Paid for bleeding, 5 | . Paid at Land office for inspecting books and maps, 2 | .

Wednesday, May 18th. Barbering, 1 | .

Thursday, May 19th. Paid for furniture check, 36 | ,
 £1 16s. 0d.
 Paid for coats, 2 8

Friday, May 20th. Paid for linen, 6 yds. @ 5 | , comb,
 6 | , £1 16s. 0d.
 Paid for gloves, 3 6
 " " horse keeping, 18 6
 Lodging \$15. Left N. York at four o'clock.

Saturday, May 21st. Paid for lodging at Hack's, £0 6s. 6
 Paid for breakfast, etc., at Horton's, 2 6
 " " feeding, etc. 1 4
 " " " 8

Sunday, May 22nd. Lodging, Fairfield, . . . £0 4s. 6d.
 Breakfast, etc., 1 10
 Ferriage, 4
 Baiting, barbering, etc., 3
 At New Haven, baiting, etc., 5

Monday, May 23rd. Lodging, H. Deerham, £0 3s. 10d.
 Ferriage, E. Haddam, 3
 Feeding, etc., Colchester, 2 1

LIST OF ARTICLES SENT IN TRUNK BY LORD OF LAYME,
April 2nd, 1788.

One saddle, one blanket, one pillow, one surveyor's compass, scale and elevators, two pair shoes, four shirts—No. 1, 2, 4, 10, one pair Nankeen trousers, one pair checked do, one pair shoe brushes, one cloth brush, four pounds chocolate, three quires writing paper, two sheets, cornet—D, four Blackball's surveyor's chains, one pair strump irons, two towels, three linen handkerchiefs, one pair linen breeches, one linen waistcoat, three dozen buttons, one shot pouch, two tin cups, one box of wafers, two sticks of sealing wax, one powder horn and powder, one bridle, one pack of thread, patches, etc., dictionary, Atkinson's Epitome, grammar, Dileworth's Arithmetic; one bag containing 24 crowns, 8, 10 dollars, 3, 17 dollars, 5, 2 3 half-crowns, 9, 6 quarter do., 9 = 17; one bag containing 48 dollars in different coins, wrapped in paper, marked "Moses Cleveland."

Paid Enoch Parsons ten dollars to discharge my subscriptions for lands in the Ohio Company; likewise, 1^m principal Continental certificate.

GOLD COIN.

3 half-dollars,	£7	6s.	od.
4 guineas,	5	13	
1 pistole,	1	2	4
1 half-guinea,		14	
		£15	3s.	4d.

ARTICLES IN PORTMANTEAU, AND CLOTHES I HAVE ON.

Two coats, one surcoat, one great coat, five shirts, three waistcoats, two pair breeches, two pair trousers, one white stock, two black, five white handkerchiefs, six calico shirts, one presidential linen, one pair white gauze, three pieces of red, white and blue ribbon, one pair black do., Gibson's surveying ink-stand, Hutchinson's geography, 1^m needles, shaving box, case of razors, knife and fork, three cutletts, three silk handkerchiefs, four linen do., three dozen buttons.

Received of Saltonstall & Mumford, order, £8.	Sold it
for specie, nine per cent. discount, . . .	£7 5s. 7d.
Received of Mr. London in bank notes, . . .	3 0 0
Gave Tuain change in cash,	0 5 0
	£2 15s. 0d.
Paid small note to Robertson & Smith for	
goods at 6% discount, loss,	3 3
	£2 11s. 9d.

PHILADELPHIA.

Bought 1 ^m needles, 8 6.
“ 1½ doz. packing, 4 6.
“ ¼ hundred darning do., 1 3.
“ 20 Tiffany handkerchiefs at vendue, (at 1 4, £1 6s. 9d.

1789.

LIST OF ARTICLES TAKEN INTO THE WOODS.

Three shirts, two pair worsted stockings, one pair linen do., one pair checked trousers, one pair leather breeches, one pair Indian stockings, one pair shoes, one pair moccasins, two beaver skins and some pieces of deer skin, two-and-one-half lbs. of tea, two lbs. chocolate, four lbs. coffee, twenty-six sheets of paper of fine quality, vial of ink, one case of instruments, one waistcoat, one silk handkerchief, one double knife, one cutter, two camp kettles, one teapot, one tin cup, two spoons, one fry pan, one quart pot, two hatchets, one tomahawk, two Indian blankets—one marked F. B., the other marked P. C.; one axe, one bag with four quarts of salt, one and one-half dozen plates, five-and-three-quarters lbs. of powder, one lb. of lead, five pieces of seventy-pound bacon, twenty lbs. beef, twenty lbs. pork, ten gallons whiskey, four barrels flour, one deer skin, one checkered bag with sugar in it, six-and-three-quarters pounds loaf sugar, six-and-three-quarters pounds maple sugar; one red cedar box containing a needle, a small file, a leather wrapper with thread and needles, gimlet, etc.; small vial brimstone, small vial phosphorus, tea, etc.

Thus ends James Backus's Journal. One can not peruse it without being interested, and without noticing how active and energetic he was. Although but a young man, he seems to have merited and received the confidence and friendship of his associates. In fact, he seems to have been the right man in the right place. In further proof of this the following may be interesting:--(From an Ohio paper dated Marietta, July 3, 1887.)

"The subscribers agree to celebrate the anniversary of the independence of the United States, upon the fourth day of July next. They will provide a public dinner for themselves, his Excellency the Governor, and suite, the officers of the garrison, and such others as may be occasionally invited. The expenses shall be equally borne and paid to Mr. James Backus, who is desired to provide and superintend the entertainment.

" JABEZ TRUE,	JOSIAH MUNRO,
" EZEKIEL COOPER,	WM. CASEY,
" C. T. H. GREENE,	J. PIERCE,
" SAMUEL PHILIPS,	THOS. LORD,
" BENJ. STRUM,	A. OLIVUS,
" SAM'L STEBBINS,	WINTHROP SARGENT,
" WILLIAM GRIDLEY,	JOHN SKINNER,
" JAMES LEACH,	P. FEARING,
" JOHN MATTHEWS,	AARON BARLOW,
" SAM. H. PARSONS,	JAMES M. VARNUM,
" RUFUS PUTNAM,	E. C. SPROAT,
" WM. CORLIS,	A. CRARY,
" J. BACKUS,	R. T. MEIGS,
" ANSELM TUPPER,	JOHN MAY,
" EBEN BATTELLE,	OLIVER PRICE,
" DEAN TYLER,	WM. STACY,
" H. WHITE,	JONATHAN DEVOL,
" ARNOLD COLT,	SYLVESTER FULLER,
" BENJ. HELLE,	CARL SPROAT,
" JOSEPH LINCOLN,	

" June 18th, 1788.

“As from one hundred and fifty to two hundred guests sat down to dinner, it is likely Mr. Backus was driven to his wits end to supply the table with the necessary utensils. He hit upon the plan of borrowing, Gens. Putnam, Parsons, Varnum, and May; Messrs. Colt, Lord, Fearing, Gridley, Greene, and Casey, and Maj. Sargent and Mr. True, were the obliging gentlemen who loaned the articles. . . . They had seventy one knives, seventy-seven pewter and earthen plates, twelve pewter and earthen dishes, one glass tumbler and twenty-one tin, nine sup pans, twelve pewter and copper porringers, seven large copper and brass kettles and pots, four bake-pans, one spider, four frying pans, three gridirons, two pepper boxes, eighteen spoons, one castor, six bottles, three tin jugs, two salad pans, five quart and seven half-pint pewter and tin cups, one punch pitcher, five tin cups for gravy, and one baster.

“This first Fourth fell on Friday. The day was hot and showery — very much after the fashion of the present Fourth of July. John Adams used to say: ‘that this anniversary demanded cannons, drums and thunder,’ and this initial Fourth in the ‘Great West’ had all these. Very early in the morning the cannon of Fort Harmer — a fortification built several years previous to the first settlement — sent the glad news flying that ‘the day we celebrate’ had penetrated even to ‘the Indian side’ of the river Ohio. Soon the United States flag was flying over the garrison, and every available point was decorated with standards.

“At half-past twelve General Harmer, the commander of the garrison, with his suite and the other gentlemen of the Fort — the soldiers glittering in their United States uniforms — entered the large barge *Congress*, which was fifty feet long, and rowed by twelve men arrayed in white uniforms, and were taken across the Muskingum.

“This goodly company were met at ‘the Point’ by the gentlemen of the Ohio Company and other residents of the place, numbering, perhaps, one hundred and thirty. Among

the number were at least four generals, six colonels, six majors and seven captains, who only a few years before had fought the battles which made the United States a free and independent people. It requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to realize the reminiscences, the funny jokes, the warm greetings of these old soldiers, as, with kindling eye, they once more recounted their achievements at Lexington, Valley Forge or Yorktown.

“ The orator of the day was Gen. James Mitchell Varnum, a man whose great achievements and early death have cast a halo around his name. Though but thirty-nine years old at the time of his death, General Varnum had already won success in three distinct callings. He was a brave soldier, serving his country well during the revolution, and rose from one rank to another until he was finally appointed a brigadier general. His work as a statesman was not inferior to that of a soldier; and he twice represented Rhode Island wisely and well in Congress during very troublesome times, where, it was said, his eloquence was equal to Patrick Henry's. His reputation as a lawyer was national.”

We have seen in his Journal that James Backus mentions conducting French emigrants into the western country. He also mentions the securing of provisions and supplies and providing quarters for these people to stay in, and boats and wagons for them in which to travel. This will be made clearer by the following letter, which reads:

WELLSBURGH, May 20th, 1790.

SIR :—As no survey for the French settlers can take place at present, I must request you to set out for Alexandria as soon as may be, it being necessary that some person from the Muskingum settlement, well informed in everything relating to the Western country should be there as soon as possible; because the emigrants will be told a thousand idle stories about the cheapness of land in Virginia, the roughness of the roads, and the distance of their lands from other settlements; and it will

be your business to remove every difficulty in your power to inspire the people with patience, and to provide for their accommodation and good treatment on the way. The better to ensure the last of which objects, it will be proper on your way to Alexandria to be very particular in your inquiries, and to note the several settlements from which supplies of wagons, forage and provisions may be drawn, the best route and stages for putting up, and to ascertain whether the navigation of the Potomac can be made use of to advantage. You will advise Major Rochefontain (who is expected as the principal agent) of the best place for embarking on the western waters, the several places where boats and provisions may be had, with the precautions necessary to guard against impositions; in short, to give him every information in your power which he may stand in need of, and assist him in conducting his people to their place of settlement.

As soon as you have made your communication to Major Rochefontain I expect you will set out for New York and deliver the letter directed to Col. Duer, unless some of the trustees be at Alexandria, or that Major Rochefontain shall have occasion for your services another way, and in that case you will forward my letter by mail, with one of your own, explaining the reasons of your not waiting on Col. Duer yourself, and requesting the instructions of the trustees what you are to expect, and how you are to act relative to procuring and furnishing supplies to the settlers or their agents at the expense of the trustees. Should the trustees furnish you with money or other means of procuring supplies, you will (agreeably to Col. Duer's orders to me) credit none but the principal agent or his order, and then in case only of their having no funds or means of payments; and whenever such credit is given, you are to take care that formal triplicate acknowledgments are taken of the provisions supplied and expense attending their transportation, two of which you will transmit to Col. Duer in order that the necessary measures may be adopted for procuring

reimbursements of such sums as Mr. Barlow's agreement may authorize.

Yours, most sincerely,

RUFUS PUTNAM.

To Mr. James Backus.

This explains the different movements which James Backus mentions in his Journal for 1790. Now it will be interesting to see how it was he was chosen. It appears it was through General Putnam, whose right-hand man James Backus seems to have been, and it was greatly to the credit of the latter. The appointment may be seen in the following :

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MR. JAMES BACKUS, ETC.

SIR:—The proprietors of the Scioto purchase are hourly expecting to hear of the arrival of a number of people at Alexandria from Europe to settle on the Ohio, near the west lines of the Ohio Company's lands, which has made it necessary that they should take measures to provide boats and provisions on the western waters, as well as to procure people to assist them in making their establishment, and the better to carry these purposes into execution I am desired by the proprietors to engage you in the business of procuring supplies and making arrangements for embarkation.

RUFUS PUTNAM.

To Mr. James Backus.

To be appointed for this undertaking shows that James Backus must have been a very capable man. The opinion of his brother Elijah is very true when he says, in a letter to his father :

“I can assure you he has a brighter prospect before him than any other young man in the county, if he will only improve it.”

The two following letters throw light on the character of James Backus, and show why he had to leave Ohio when he had such bright prospects before him :

REDSTONE, July 9, 1790.

DEAR SIR :— I have left the Scioto matter of survey entirely to Col. Meigs, and you are to be employed, if you please.

Your letter, left with Mr. Havelin, I received as I came up. All things are so arranged at Muskingum that you and your friends may be accommodated with land on the Ohio and Hockhocking to operate as a division ; and if you choose to undertake a settlement, a choice is given, provided the settlement is made by a time limit, which is about one year from this time.

I have time to add no more, but that I am,

Yours, with respect,

RUFUS PUTNAM.

To Mr. James Backus.

NORWICH, 16th July, 1791.

SIR :—It is with regret that I acquaint you that the situation of my father's affairs in part, but principally my own ill health, will not permit me to return to a country, which, although I can not call my native country, yet can with the most heartfelt sincerity call the only country for which I have any real attachment.

I should have taken an earlier opportunity if any had offered, to acquaint you with my determination on this subject, although it is but a short time since I have seriously concluded on it.

After returning to you my most graceful acknowledgments for the repeated favor of friendship that I have experienced from you, and relinquishing the employment in the surveys of the Scioto Company, which you was pleased to entrust me with, I must bid adieu to my future prospects in that country where I had a wish to spend my life, and to the society of a person

whom I think, I have the honor of calling a friend ; one, at least, from whom I have experienced the most friendly attention, and to whom I most sincerely lament that it has not been in my power to render those services which I would wish.

I shall shortly be at New York, and will endeavor to communicate to you as circumstantial an account of the Scioto Company affairs as I can obtain. As to the Ohio Company, the Receiver can better inform you how that is agitated than I can. Honest Connecticut and politic Rhode Island seem determined

To James Backus :

I do hereby depute and authorize you to serve all writs, and execute all processes of every kind, within the County of Washington, as fully to all intents and purposes as I by law have right to do.

Witness my hand and seal, in the County of Washington, this 11th day of December, 1788. EEN. SPROAT, *Sheriff*.

... .. from Connecticut, and belonged to him. The first saw mill crank and saw mill saw were made by his father, and the first grist mill spindle, plow iron and other irons, were made at the same place, Backus Iron Works, Norwich. James Backus had means and resources of his own, and used such in furtherance and to the benefit of the first settlement. This and much more can be proved and made manifest

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Your obedicnt servant,

JAMES BACKUS.

James Backus was one of the first proprietors, owning in his own right, and paying his money, for his interest as one of the first members of the Ohio Company. His interest, pecuniary, was there, and he personally was there, also, not as a drone in the hive, but as an interested and active, a highly intelligent and practical young man of about twenty-four years of age. The right man, and in the right place, for the prosecution and energetic exercise of all measures for progress and success of this enterprise. James Backus helped in the organization of law and order in this new and far distant land of hope. He was a civil and military officer in the settlement and the country ; he was one of the Puritan stock of the first settlers of New England ; he built the first frame house in the new settlement. The first yoke of oxen from New England that trod the sod of Marietta were driven from Connecticut, and belonged to him. The first saw mill crank and saw mill saw were made by his father, and the first grist mill spindle, plow iron and other irons, were made at the same place, Backus Iron Works, Norwich. James Backus had means and resources of his own, and used such in furtherance and to the benefit of the first settlement. This and much more can be proved and made manifest

by his papers, written by his own hand, and on the identical ground of the first settlement, at the time and place indicated.

Shall these early, relevant and important matters for which we are now particularly seeking be hid any longer, after a lapse of a century, and now come for the first time to light and knowledge of the present seeker after new truths, and historic facts, concerning the first settlement of Ohio in 1788, all other and former resources being exhausted?

It appears to the writer of this there seems to be two objects to be attained ; first to collect, as far as possible, and preserve at some accessible point, the materials which still exist for a history of this important event, the first settlement of Ohio.

The second object is the preservation of the names and memory of the enterprising, energetic, patriotic and valuable men who were the prime movers, organizers and pioneers of this first settlement.

This settlement was organized by pioneer settlers seeking homes, as much as by wise statesmen who had no such motive to govern them.

It is not surprising that as a century is rounding up, the thoughtful enquirer should look back and endeavor to trace the beginning, and look up the existing circumstances as well as personalities connected with this event, as : Why was the planting? Who were the planters? The wasting processes of a century have destroyed valuable family papers, and memories of early actors and listeners have faded out ; so that fragments of fact, incident and history must be gathered up wherever they may be found and carefully applied. Separately, their light is too feeble and uncertain to guide the explorer's steps.

Hence the wisdom of immediate efforts, to obtain and deposit in a suitable place, these frail and diminishing but priceless records of the first legal settlement of Ohio, and no safer place for their preservation than the printed page.

In a plot of ground in Yantic Cemetery, Norwich, Conn., on the bluff overlooking the Yantic River, stands a granite monument bearing this inscription :

JAMES BACKUS.

BORN JULY 14, 1764. — DIED SEPT. 29, 1816.

AGED 52 YEARS, 1 MONTH, 15 DAYS.

MARRIED DOROTHY CHURCH CHANDLER,

OF WOODSTOCK, CONN.,

SEPT. 15, 1793.

Returning to the genealogy, let us follow the descendants of James Backus.

* **Mary Backus**, eldest daughter of James and Dorothy C. Backus was a woman of a robust, sanguine temperament, her tastes were refined, and of an active and business turn. She resided with her kinsfolks, the Griswolds, in Lyme, (Black Hall) after the death of her father, for a period of years.

* **Lucy Backus**, the second daughter, was a lady of fine appearance, literary tastes, but somewhat debilitated by chronic affection of the throat and lungs. She spent some years of her life in the family of her kinsman, Gov. William Woodbridge, in Detroit.

* **Sarah Backus**, the third daughter, was of a retiring disposition, given to study and reflection, and thought. She was a lady of large literary acquirements and a prolific writer; her written matter fills a pretty large space, sufficient for a book of several hundred pages, in all of which the religious element predominates.

If the Lord Jesus Christ ever had a devoted proselyte she was one. She spent some years in the family of her grandmother, Mrs. Marian Ely, the wife of Austin Ely, of Springfield, Mass. Some of her writings breathed the most ardent devotion and submission to her Creator. She found great satisfaction in the study of his attributes.

* **Jane Backus**, the fourth child and daughter of James and Dorothy C. Backus, was an amiable, worthy woman, remarkable for her diligence and doing good to all. She was of great service to her mother and family. I trust she will inherit and receive the blessed reward for her good deeds. She was a great admirer of music. Her whole life was spent at the home of her brother.

These four daughters of James and Dorothy C. Backus are all dead, lived and died unmarried; not all of them unmarried from necessity, but from choice. Some of them had what the world would called good offers, but declined them.

* **Naney Backus**, fifth child of James Backus, died in infancy.

* **William W. Backus**, the son of James and Dorothy Church Chandler Backus, of Woodstock, was the sixth of a family of eight children; and, at the time of his father's death, was but thirteen years of age. His mother was the daughter of Charles Church Chandler, a member of the Windham County Bar, and one of the leading lawyers at the Bar of the State.

His whole life has been spent in Norwich, except part of a year spent in Marietta, Ohio, in the mercantile establishment of Dudley Woodbridge, Jr., — the Judge, his father, then being alive (1819).

From ill health he was necessitated to return to Norwich. Since 1819, he has resided at Norwich, at the home of his ancestors, completing seven generations. His time has been spent mainly in farm operations, causing the old farm, with large additions, to bud and blossom, raising large crops of Indian corn (in some cases more than one hundred bushels of shelled corn per acre) rye, potatoes, grass, turnips; keeping a large amount of stock — annually fattening one hundred, and buying and selling many more. Supposed to have owned a greater number of horned cattle than any one owner in New London County during a period of fifty years or more. His losses have been many, amounting to fifty thousand dollars. Some gains, and some losses all the time. An eager student, he worked days, and studied nights after going to bed, by candle-light — sometimes to the small hours, or as long as fatigue would permit.

* **Frances Backus**, unmarried. Lives with her brother at Yantic.

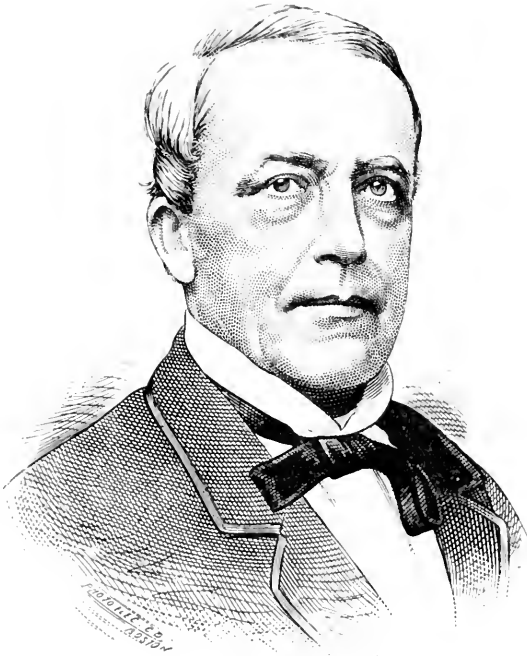
* **Henry T. Backus**, son of James and Dorothy Church Chandler Backus, was born in Norwich, Conn., April 4th, 1809. and died at Greenwood, Arizona, July 13th, 1877. In early life he was a clerk in the large crockery store of the late Col. Geo. L. Perkins, at Norwich, and had under him a thorough training in general mercantile pursuit. He left this employment to prepare to enter the legal profession.

He had already received the best of instruction in the public and private schools of his native town, and also in the Plainfield Academy, then one of the leading educational institutions in Eastern Connecticut.

He commenced the study of his profession in Norwich, with the late Judge Calvin Goddard, afterwards attending lectures at the Yale Law School, and finally was admitted to the Bar of New London County, at the February Term of the County Court, 1833. Besides being a man of commanding presence and of pleasing address, he was an effective and fluent speaker, and he won considerable reputation from several addresses which he delivered in Norwich, upon public occasions.

The following is an extract from an oration delivered July 4th, 1834, at Norwich.

“ Nations, like individuals, have their seasons of youth, of manhood and of old age ; each of which, to the inquiring mind, has its distinctive features and peculiar interests. Nations, too, like individuals, at these three strongly-marked periods of their existences, while passing the one, and entering upon the untried scenes of the other, may derive much profit and substantial advantage, and also fulfill a high ordinance of Heaven, in calling into action their moral energies, by pausing for a moment at these high turning points of their progression, and passing in review the vicissitudes through which in the universal economy of Heaven the highway of national, as well as individual existence, till the one is gathered to the grand mausoleum of nations, and the other to the narrow house appointed for all the living. . . .



Henry J. Backus. D

“ It is, then, for great and beneficial purposes, that the path of man — whether as an individual or a nation, is marked with vicissitudes and circumstances, which, like the fabled cup of Jamsheed, reflect in full view the causes that have produced either national prosperity, or national adversity. . . .

“ If America is ever destined to fall, she is to be her own destroyer by becoming an ignorant and a vicious people ; by neglecting the study of her own character, and the character of man, by floating carelessly down the current of events — losing her own great landmarks, and spurning the monumental wisdom that other ages press upon her attention, till she is waked to the awful reality that this now pleasant land is but a great prison house of slaves. But if, with all the vantage ground she now possesses for marching up to the highest destiny of nations, she falls, she will fall like the wanton suicide — unpitied and unwept. May God forbid that this should be her destiny ! On the contrary, may this last hope of man in the science of self-government, by the redeeming principles of virtue and intelligence add strength to prosperity, and grandeur to patriotism ; and, with her moral march of empire send out an influence that shall encircle the whole globe, transforming subjects into citizens, and kings into men, till the whole earth shall become vocal with the hosannahs of Freedom.”

After practicing law in Norwich two or three years, Henry T. Backus went to Detroit, and was connected with Gov. Woodbridge, as his partner, whose daughter he married in December, 1835.

Afterwards he became senior partner in the law firm of “ Backus & Harbough.” In 1840, he was elected to the legislature, and in 1861, was elected to the State senate, and was president *pro tem*, of that body in 1861-2. He was lieutenant governor in 1862 and 1863.

He was also high in Free Masonry, being elected master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Michigan, 1854, and having instituted the first lodge of F. and A. M. in upper Canada.

In September, 1865, Mr. Backus was appointed United States Judge for the Territory of Arizona. Upon receiving this appointment he removed from Detroit to Arizona.

In 1869, he returned to Detroit and resumed the practice of law, but he was called to Arizona in July, 1877, owing to his large business interests there. This journey, with the exhaustion caused by the great heat, brought him to his death bed.

He was buried at Greenwood, July, 1877, but was reinterred at the Yantic Cemetery, Aug. 7th, 1885.

When the news of the death of Judge Backus reached his friends at Norwich, Conn., the Hon. John T. Wait, late a Member of Congress from that State, paid the following truthful tribute to the rare ability and high professional standing of the deceased, in a letter which he addressed to his brother, Mr. William W. Backus :

“Judge Backus was a man of marked ability, and rare scholarly acquirements. His accomplishments as a jurist, and eloquence as an advocate, commanded public confidence and respect, and placed him among the leaders in his profession ; while his genial disposition and courteous manner won for him the strongest attachment on the part of a large circle of personal friends.”

This extract just quoted is engraven on the family monument erected by the brother of the deceased in Yantic Cemetery.

Mr. Wait was an intimate friend and associate of Judge Backus prior to his leaving Norwich for Michigan. They had been connected with a Young Men's Association in that place for the improvement of its members in composition, declamation, and debate, and he had had excellent opportunities to know how high the deceased stood as a scholar and a speaker.

**** James H. Backus**, only surviving son of Henry T. Backus, born Jan. 25th, 1851, is now living at Santa Paula, California.

** **William Woodbridge Backus**, son of Henry T. Backus, died at Detroit, June 24th, 1877.

[From The Detroit Free Press.]

“ He was a man in whom the gentler graces of life were peculiarly marked ; whose broad and noble nature, simplicity of heart, faith in human goodness, and tolerance of human *foibles*, made him ‘ as this world goes, one man picked out of ten thousand.’ Though no act of his life was in any sense theatrically heroic, he was, nevertheless, a true hero. To those who knew him best this was apparent in the uncomplaining fortitude with which he bore his manifold afflictions.

“ He rejoiced in the happiness of others, and was continually devising plans for others’ pleasure. The poor found in him a thoughtful and generous friend ; the struggling never appealed to him in vain for that sympathy and that forbearance which are the best stimulant of sincere endeavor. If he saw a brother faint by the wayside he put forth his hand to lift him up, and send him on his way, encouraged with new hopes and refreshed energies. His genial nature always rose superior to the small annoyances of life, and, despite his almost unparalleled physical sufferings, he never abated his cheerfulness or his cordiality. The grasp of his hand was as earnest, his face was as sunny, and his salutations were invariably as hearty as if he had never known the pangs from which he rarely had release. . . .

“ The deceased lived all his life in and near Detroit. Archæological studies was one of his most congenial pursuits, and at the time of his death was the owner of a very valuable and unique museum. He loved books devotedly, and at home it was his habit to devote all his evenings to reading or discussing the newest desirable literary venture.”

§ **Matthew Backus**, seventh child of Elijah and Lucy Griswold Backus, died unmarried. He was a lawyer by profession, and settled in the West.

§ **Clarina Backus**, eighth child of Elijah and Lucy Griswold Backus, died unmarried.

¶ **Simon Backus**, sixth child of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracey Backus, was born Jan. 17, 1729, and died Feb. 16, 1764.

¶ **Eunice Backus**, seventh child of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracey Backus, was born May, 1731, and died Aug. 16, 1753. She was married, and had one child :

§ EUNICE, born July, 1753. Married Matthew Edgerton.

¶ **Andrew Backus**, eighth child of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracey Backus, was born Nov. 16, 1723, and died Nov. 20, 1796. He was married, Feb. 8, 1759, to Lois Pierce, of Plainfield, where he lived. His children were :

§ STEPHEN,	born Nov. 27, 1759.
§ THOMAS,	" May, 1762.
§ SIMON,	" April 12, 1765. Died Sept. 19, 1788.
§ SYLVANUS,	" June 3, 1768.
§ EUNICE,	" June 14, 1770. Died July ——. Was married to Elisha Perkins, by whom she had a son, named Elisha.
§ MARY,	" Jan. 8, 1773.
§ LUCY,	" March 14, 1777.

¶ **Asa Backus**, ninth child of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracey Backus, was born May 3, 1736, and died July 23, 1788. He was married to Esther Parkhurst, May 12, 1762, and had eight children. They were :

§ ASA,	born May 12, 1763.
§ ESTHER,	" —, 1765.
§ MARY,	" Aug. 29, 1767. Died Oct. 10, 1785.
§ JOSEPH,	" —, 1770. Died —, 1771.
§ EUNICE,	" —, 1772.
§ LUCY,	" —, 1774.
§ JOHN,	" July 7, 1777.
§ SAMUEL,	" October, 1780.

** **Asa Backus**, a descendant of § Asa Backus, was born July 21, 1836. He was formerly a merchant at Toledo, Ohio, but now resides in Norwich. He married Julia Wolcott Bissell, who was born Oct. 12, 1836. Their children were :

- *** CARRIE TRACY, born Feb. 19, 1861. Died March 18, 1864.
- *** ASA WILLIAM, " Jan. 3, 1863.
- *** LIZZIE HALE, " March 28, 1865. Died Aug. 29, 1866.
- *** JULIA RIDER, " Dec. 6, 1866.
- *** EDWARD TRACY, " Dec. 6, 1873. Jan. 24, 1874.
- *** FREDERIC TRACY, " Mar. 2, 1876.

• ¶ **Lucy Backus**, tenth child of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracey Backus, was born April 18, 1738. She was married to Benasah Leffingwell, August 16, 1764. They had seven children, viz :

- ⅞ BENASAH, born June 22, 1765.
- ⅞ LUCY, " Jan. 31, 1767. Died June, 1797.
- ⅞ ELIZABETH, " Oct. 8, 1768.
- ⅞ A daughter, " January, 1771. Died February, 1771.
- ⅞ RICHARD, " Oct. 3, 1773.
- ⅞ MARY, " Nov. 21, 1775.
- ⅞ OLIVER, " Oct. 28, 1778.

¶ **John Backus**, eleventh child of Samuel and Elizabeth Tracey Backus, was born Oct. 16, 1740, and died April 27, 1814. He was deacon of the First Church in Norwich, and a member of the Legislature.

Among the descendants of William Backus, son of the first William Backus, the following clergymen, who are natives of Norwich, may be mentioned :

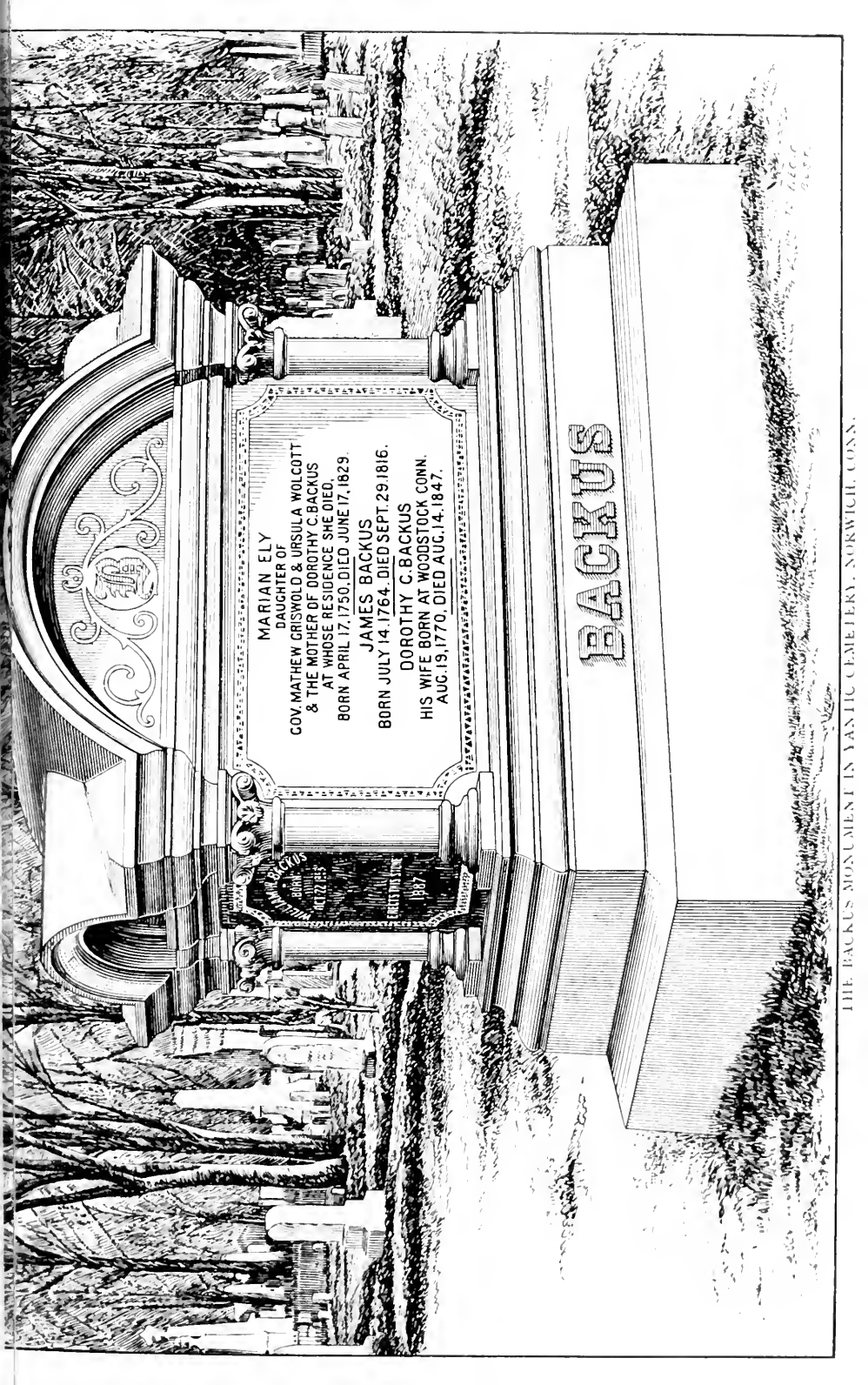
Simon Backus, son of Joseph, born at Norwich, Feb. 11, 1701, graduated at Yale College in 1724, and was ordained pastor of the church at Newington, in 1727. He attended the expedition to Cape Breton, as chaplain of the Connecticut troops, and died while on duty at that place in May, 1746. His wife was a sister of President Edwards, of New Jersey College.

Rev. Simon Backus, son of the above, was pastor in Granby, Mass., and died in 1828, aged eighty-seven.

Rev. Charles Backus, D. D., of Somers, Conn., had a high reputation as an acute and able theologian, and prepared many young men for the sacred office. Dr. Dwight said of him, "I have not known a wiser man."

Rev. Azel Backus, D. D., born Oct. 31, 1756, was a nephew of Rev. Charles Backus, of Somers. His father died when he was a youth, and left him a farm, which, he said, "I wisely exchanged for an education in college." He settled in Bethel, Conn., as the successor of Dr. Bellamy, but in 1812, was chosen first president of Hamilton college.

Thus, in the various walks of life this large family have had numerous representatives, useful, active, and patriotic citizens intimately connected with the history of the country.



MARIAN ELY
 DAUGHTER OF
 GOV. MATTHEW CRISWOLD & URSULA WOLCOTT
 & THE MOTHER OF DOROTHY C. BACKUS
 AT WHOSE RESIDENCE SHE DIED.
 BORN APRIL 17, 1750. DIED JUNE 17, 1829

JAMES BACKUS
 BORN JULY 14, 1764. DIED SEPT. 29, 1816.

DOROTHY C. BACKUS
 HIS WIFE BORN AT WOODSTOCK, CONN.
 AUG. 19, 1770. DIED AUG. 14, 1847.

MARIAN ELY
 BORN APRIL 17, 1750
 DIED JUNE 17, 1829

DOROTHY C. BACKUS
 BORN AUGUST 19, 1770
 DIED AUGUST 14, 1847

BACKUS

THE BACKUS MONUMENT IN YANVIC CEMETERY, NORWICH, CONN.

DESCENDANTS
OF
STEPHEN BACKUS.

NOTE.—The following account of Stephen Backus and his descendants was contributed by Mr. Henry C. Backus, of New York City. It will be remembered that Stephen emigrated to Canterbury, about 1692.

THE children of Stephen were :

<u>SARAH,</u>	born April, 1768.
<u>STEPHEN,</u>	" October, 1670.
<u>MARY,</u>	" November, 1672.
<u>RUTH,</u>	" December 19, 1674.
<u>LYDIA,</u>	" November, 1677.
<u>TIMOTHY,</u>	" October 7, 1682.
<u>ELIZABETH,</u>	" July 20, 1688.

Timothy Backus, grandson of Stephen, and son of one the above named, probably Stephen, married Mary Bacon, in Canterbury, on Nov. 14, 1739. The children of this union were :

- TIMOTHY, born 1742.
- MARY, " 1744.
- STEPHEN, " 1747.
- ELIJAH, " 1750.
- ELISHA, " 1752.
- TIMOTHY, " 1754.
- OLIVE, " 1757.
- JEREMIAH, " 1760.
- RUFUS, " 1762.

• **Timothy Backus**, born in 1742, died while young.

• **Rufus Backus** became a physician in Norwich.

• **Elisha Backus** married Betsey, a daughter of William Johnson, at Canterbury, in 1777. He died March 21, 1801, and was interred at Manlius, Onondaga County, New York. Elisha Backus was at the battle of Bunker Hill — a volunteer under General Putnam — and, later in the Revolutionary War, he was an "aide-de-camp" and major upon the staff of General Gates. This Elisha Backus, with his family, migrated from the fields of Connecticut, and established himself upon the soil of New York. His wife, Betsey, lived to the age of eighty-six years and nine months, and died on August 12, 1839, at Utica, Oneida County, N. Y., where she lay buried until December, 1880, when her remains were transferred to Lot No. 10,958, of Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn, Kings County, New York.

The children of this wedlock were :

- § BETSEY, born 1780.
- § ELISHA, " November 17, 1782.
- § EUNICE, " 1794.

§ **Betsey Backus**, married Merritt Morris Clark, then Mr. Baldwin; later Mr. Piper, and finally Mr. Pride. She had one child:

- § JULIET, who died young.

She herself expired at Oxbow, Jefferson County, New York, Aug. 23, 1846.

§ **Eunice Backus**, married Harlan Hawley. She died at Burlington, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1863; her husband dying there, Jan. 24, 1864. She had by this marriage one son :

§ HORACE HARLAN HAWLEY, who espoused Jane Sheldon

§ **Elisha Backus** removed while a child, with his father, from Canterbury, Conn., to Manlius, N. Y.; thence he went to Lyden, Lewis County, N. Y.; thence to Trenton, Oneida County, N. Y.; thence to Utica, Oneida County, N. Y.; thence to Vienna, Ontario County, N. Y.; thence to Morristown, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., where he died on Aug. 12, 1850. He was thereupon buried at Utica, N. Y., and subsequently was transferred to Lot No. 20,557 of Greenwood Cemetery, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

This Elisha Backus was proprietor of the line of stages running between Utica and Sackett's Harbor, in New York; and also of another such line between Utica, Rome, and Oswego, in the same State. He was besides, a colonel of artillery in the State militia of New York, while resident in Utica and Oneida County. He wedded, on May 7, 1806, at Lyden, N. Y., Jane Brown, who was born Feb. 7, 1787 and died on April 8, 1807, and had with her one child:

* MERRITT MORRIS BACKUS, born Jan. 18, 1807.

Then after this Elisha Backus married on Nov. 10, 1812, at Charlton, Saratoga County, N. Y., Cynthia Chapman, who was born on March 16, 1783, and died on March 16, 1816, and was buried at Charlton, N. Y. The issue of this marriage was :

* CHARLES CHAPMAN BACKUS, born March 13, 1816, at Charlton, N. Y.

Later, the same Elisha Backus espoused, on December 25, 1816, at Leyden, N. Y., Amanda Merriam, who was born on Feb. 8, 1796, died May 21, 1874, and who was buried in Lot No. 20,557 of Greenwood Cemetery, at Brooklyn, N. Y. The offspring of this marriage were :

- * MAUCER MERRIAM, born April 4, 1818.
- * ELISHA ELA, " Jan. 20, 1820.
- * ARMAND CYNTHIA, " Jan. 18, 1822.
- * CLINTON LAFAYETTE, " April 20, 1824.
- * JANE JULIET, " Jan. 24, 1826.

* **Merritt M. Backus** died without issue, on January, (or June) 11, 1836, at New Orleans, Louisiana.

* **Maucer M. Backus** married Harriet C. Wilder in May, 1842.

* **Elisha E. Backus** married Anne —, and died at Chicago, Illinois.

* **Armand C. Backus** was married to Capt. Richard B. Chapman, on Jan. 12, 1842, and died on Feb. 27, 1880, at Rye, Westchester County, N. Y.

* **Clinton L. Backus** died at New York City, on Oct. 4, 1849, without issue, and was buried at Utica, N. Y. He was reinterred in 1877, in Lot No. 20,557, of Greenwood Cemetery, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

* **Jane J. Backus** married Rev. Daniel G. Corey, in July, 1849.

* **Charles C. Backus**, on November 19, 1840, at Utica, N. Y., joined in wedlock Harriet Newell, a daughter of Edward Baldwin, who was born at Utica, N. Y., on April 19, 1816, and who died on September 29, 1867, in New York City, and was buried in Lot No. 6,051, of Greenwood Cemetery, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles C. Backus was in Utica during the years 1840-47, an extensive book merchant, and also the publisher of "The Baptist Register," then the sole organ of the Baptist denomination in this nation; and now the leading publication under the title of "The Examiner and Chronicle." Later, he became financially concerned in the House Telegraph

System, and thereafter was made treasurer of The United States Express Company, subsequently merged into The American Express Company. Thus he was induced to make his domicile in New York City, in 1850. Next he was engaged in banking and brokerage ; then in the New York Central Railroad — the stockholders of which he represented upon its examining committee — and for many years he was no inconsiderable student and statistician.

The children begotten of his said wedlock were :

- ** CHARLES EDWARD. born Nov. 7, 1844.
- ** HENRY CLINTON, " May 31, 1848.
- ** LOUISE ANTOINETTE. " May 14, 1858.
- * CORNELIA CHAPMAN, " Feb. 12, 1855.

** **Charles E. Backus** died April 19, 1846, was buried at Utica, N. Y., and reinterred in Lot No. 6,051, of Greenwood Cemetery, at Brooklyn, N. Y., in December, 1880.

** **Louisa A. Backus** deceased on May 15, 1853, was buried in Utica, N. Y., and re-interred in Lot No. 6,051 of Greenwood, at Brooklyn, N. Y., in December, 1880.

** **Henry C. Backus** was a captain in a home or reserve organization toward the end of the War of the Rebellion. He graduated as Bachelor of Arts at Harvard University, in 1871, and as Bachelor of Laws at Columbia Law School, in 1873. He has practiced law nearly ten years, and has done some public speaking.

MANY of the descendants of William and Stephen Backus received a very liberal education, not only in the public schools of the day, but in various colleges and seminaries. The following letter gives the graduates of the name of Backus at Yale College since 1840.

YALE UNIVERSITY,
NEW HAVEN, CONN., Oct. 22, 1887.

DEAR SIR: ✓

The President requests me to furnish you with the following list of Backus graduates since 1740.

- 1759 Simon.
- 1769 Charles.
- 1777 Elijah.
- 1787 Azel.
- 1787 Matthew.
- 1792 De Lucena.
- 1813 Frederick F.
- 1830 John C.
- 1832 Wm. W.
- 1836 Franklin T.
- 1846 Joseph W.
- 1870 Wm. H.
- 1877 Wm. H. (Ph. B. Scientific School.)
- 1881 Jabez. (B. D. Divinity School.)

Yours, truly,

F. B. DEXTER, *Sec'y.*



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF THE
BACKUS FAMILY CONNECTIONS
BY BIRTH AND MARRIAGE.

I MUST not leave this history of the Backus family without some notice of the daughters of our name. They have fully equally equaled their brothers in number and in all those qualities of person and culture which render either sex companionable.

The honorable alliances they have formed have given to New England and many other states many and worthy names. I have not time to run over the long list, and speak of the personal merits of our fathers' daughters. Their names are embalmed in the holiest affections of fond and reverent household circles, of which their presence or their memory is the most sacred shrine.

To speak worthily of the families of the first generation of Backus daughters, would be to write out a full genealogy of the Tracys, and Leffingwells, and Huntingtons, and Griswolds, and Bingham's, and Gagers, and Hydes, and Posts, of New England.

And on the next generation we should have to add those of the Lathrops, and Cranes, and Fitches, and Clarks, and Adgates, and Abells, and Hydes, and all the honored names which have sprung from them. But I need not go into the next generation to recite, even, the family names, which only honored, to be more abundantly honored by our daughters. In the last generation I might mention the names of some of our daughters, but time and space would not permit of many, and of the number I do know of the one-hundredth part. One Lucretia who, when three years of age was carried over the Alleghaney mountains, on the pommel of a saddle on horse back, in 1790, and who became the wife of Gov. John Pope, and the mother of eight children, from whom descended Major Gen. John Pope, of whom an account will be found on subsequent pages; and honored alliances to honored names in Missouri, Illinois and elsewhere. I might mention one Lucy, and Clarinda, and others of our name and race who crossed the Alleghaney mountains in the year 1790, to the vast and savage land of the Northwest territory, one of whom, was the mother of Gov. William Woodbridge, of Michigan.

Thus I have placed before you, as far as I now know, these scattered pictures of the past—too meagre memorials of our honored and useful ancestry. They have been thrown out as indices—and they may serve as reliable exponents of a family portraiture of which we may not be ashamed.

Could we see rising before us as a unit, the growth of those two hundred years, springing from the germs of good old English race, quickened by the vitalizing forces of Saxon resolution and English Puritanism as realized in the persons of our eldest Stephen and William, we could not but rejoice in the sight, and bless the Great Husbandman for such seed, and such soil, and such care.

The old family tree strikes out its roots into the soil of this great continent. Its branches wave over numerous households. Heaven spare the old tree to a perpetual growth.

These ancestors, the pioneers of our name, aided in subduing the savage wilderness of these old Indian haunts, and in training these hillsides and plains to all their cultured beauty as we see it now ; children, with no exception of those genial hearted Puritans, whose spirit and faith still vitalize the living. There is said to be an invisible law which works out family character, preserving its identity, even while so potently intermingling with others ; and all comparisons of the Backus name, with that of many another family which elsewhere we should equally honor, let us pass on by saying the name is mentioned as being found scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the political, and social, and educational movements of our country, the name is represented in all the grades of office known both to state and national. Nor have the daughters been behind their brothers in these contributions to the civil and educational movements of our land. They have been eminently the mothers of legislators, of divines, of doctors, of lawyers, and of teachers. There is no locality to be found in which any of the name *resided*, in which any edifice of religion or institution of learning or improvements to be made but they contributed their share of the expense. The old French war found in the family name a readiness to dare and die, several of whom lost their lives in the enterprise.

Our connection with our revolutionary history is not different in incident or interest. In those days, when to cling to our country's cause was treason, patriotism was our family trait. American Independence had few warmer or truer friends than our name and family furnished. Still more marked has been the religious element of the family, as from its origin we have a right to expect. Probably all of the sons of the emigrants were religious men, nor were their wives behind them in this respect. In all the generations we found the seal of orthodox Puritanism. The influence of the daughters have been felt in the homes of many other names, and their memories are blessed in many other circles. But their names, their precious memories, their bright experiences, are ours.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE is a lineal descendant of King Ethelred, the Unready, of England, and Lady Elgira, who was also the mother of the great Edmund Ironsides, so said. In 1820, Lucretia Backus, who was the daughter of Elijah Backus, and whose mother was Lucretia Hubbard, daughter of Col. Thomas Hubbard, of Norwich, Connecticut, married Judge Nathaniel Pope, of Kaskaskia, Illinois. Judge Pope, who was born in Louisville, Kentucky, was a man of affairs, having been Secretary of the Territory of Illinois in 1809, a Member of Congress in 1817, and from 1818 to 1850, at which latter date he died. He was United States Judge for the District of Illinois. To Judge Pope there were born nine children, of whom John Pope was the eldest. Gen. Pope (now retired) graduated at West Point in 1842. His subsequent history has often been given. He married Miss Clara Horton, of Pomeroy, Ohio, who bore him three sons and a daughter, all of whom are living. Judge Pope's second son William, married Miss Elizabeth Douglass, of Springfield, Illinois. Their oldest son is Captain Douglass Pope; is now in the regular army. One of the daughters of Judge Pope married Dr. Thomas M. Hope, of Alton, Illinois, and an other Hon. Beverly Allen, of St. Louis, Mo. All have had issue, and their descendants are scattered through northern Illinois, Missouri and in Kansas.

Ex-Governor Woodbridge, of Michigan, who died in 1861, was of the same family. All trace their descent through a well-defined pedigree to a former occupant of the British throne. It will be news I fancy, to many, that a large proportion of the older and better known families of America are able to trace their lineage to many of the Kings of Scotland, England, Ireland, France, and even to the Emperor Charlemagne.

It is a fact that the study of pedigrees has grown much of late, and now in every library at all rich in historical works may be found almost daily scores of people who are trying to find out when, and where, and how, their family name originated. It is a fascinating study when once entered upon. They do

not in every case, seek coats of arms, and probably would not find any if they did. They simply desire to get out of the chaos of American tradition the true origin and rise of their name and family. It represents solid work, work that can be verified. The lineages are not accepted unless proven.

The localities in which these descendants of kings reside are New England, Portland, Salem, Boston, Springfield, Providence, Norwich and New London, New York City and State; Burlington and Monmouth, N. J.; Philadelphia and the State of Maryland and Virginia, and others scattered through the Western States.

Mrs. Lucretia (Backus) Pope was at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1859, at the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the first settlement of the town, and at the homestead of her father and grandfather, and carried away with her a chest of papers and documents relating to her father, Elijah Backus, while he was Collector of the port of New London in 1787. At that time she was seventy-two (72) years of age. Her mother, Lucretia Hubbard, died February, 1787, in New London. Mrs. Lucretia Backus Pope was carried over the Alleghaney mountains in 1790, when three years of age on the pommel of a saddle, on horseback, from Norwich to Marietta, afterwards removed with her father to Kaskaskia, and there married Hon. John Pope.

The following is taken from the "Life of Isaac Backus," page 31, (printed in 1848):

"ISAAC BACKUS'S mother sprang from the family of Mr. Winslow, who came over to Plymouth in 1620; and his father from one of the first planters of Norwich, Connecticut. His father, Samuel Backus, was born in Norwich, January, 6, 1698; and Elizabeth Tracey, his mother, April 6, 1693; and they were married January 6, 1716. Both they and their parents were members of the first church in Norwich, and trained up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Isaac Backus was born January 9, 1724, and was well educated in the Christian religion, and also in the principles of *civil liberty*."

Edward Winslow was one of the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620. He was afterwards Governor of the Colony of Plymouth, and particularly instrumental in its preservation. His marriage was the first that was celebrated in New England. He died in 1655. Josiah Winslow, a son of the preceding, was also Governor of Plymouth Colony, and was distinguished for his talents, energy and usefulness in the Colony. He died in 1650. From these sprang Elizabeth Backus, the mother of Isaac Backus.

Faith, Law, Freedom! These three principles are the essence of New England Puritanism. From this root has grown what we call New England. They have made this bleak and desolate wilderness to blossom as the rose. We do not often reflect how much of the glory and the beauty of the landscape is put into it from the soul of man. No corner of the earth is richer in associations than ours. There is no loveliness like that of the blossom of the vine whose root is by the rock of Plymouth.

Law, and Faith, and Freedom! What children have been born to them here, in every generation for two hundred and seventy years, that have been rocked in this New England cradle? The men who subdued the forests; the men of the French and Indian Wars; the statesmen and soldiers of the Revolution of 1776; the sailors of the great sea fights from 1812 to 1815; the youth of 1861 — our beautiful and brave, who gave their lives that their country might live; Webster, who first taught America her own greatness, and whose great argument was behind every bayonet in the war which saved the Union. Isaac Backus was the equal, at least, in services, sacrifices and labors of his contemporaries — a helper of those who would live by the Spirit—the grave, sweet accents of whose voice seem on the morning wind still floating, and to the willing mind still whispering. As I recall these names, I seem to hear a strain of lofty music; it is the voice of New England — the voice of Pilgrim, and saint and hero.

Two hundred and seventy years since the people of Plymouth landed on this bleak and barren shore. I hope and trust it is but the childhood of the nation, which should abide so long as God shall give Faith, Law and Freedom to endure among men.

For a more particular account of the life and services of Isaac Backus, I would refer the reader to "A Memoir of the Life and Times of the Rev. Isaac Backus, A. M.," by Alvah Hovey, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in Newton Theological Institute, Boston.

When Isaac Backus died, he left a record of services rendered the cause of civil and religious liberty greater than any battle; loftier than any poem; more enduring than any monument.

THE following letter from Governor Matthew Griswold, of Connecticut, was received by Mrs. Dorothy Church Chandler Backus, shortly after the death of her mother.

LYME, June 20, 1829.

DEAR MADAM :

The afflictive tidings of the death of your mother, (my sister) have been received. The event is common to all the children of men. By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death hath passed upon all men, for all have sinned. Were we to be confined to the prison of the tomb through a never-ending eternity, the gloomy thoughts would be more than we could bear. But, thanks be to a gracious God, by the Gospel life and immortality are brought to light. By it we are told that the grave is not our lasting situation; but there is a time coming when all that are in their graves shall be raised to life and immortality. But, oh! how different will be that future state. Some will come forth to a life of misery and sorrow, and some to a life of joy and blessedness. This life is the only opportunity we have to prepare for the life to come. In the grave there is no wisdom, knowledge or desire. As the

tree falleth, so it will lie. How important is it that we so improve our time to prepare for eternity. We are commanded to forsake our sins by repentance, and unrighteousness by turning to the Lord, for our Lord is a God of mercy, of long suffering, and has no pleasure in the death of the sinner, but that he return and live. He is inviting us to come unto Him and be saved. Life and death are both set before us, and He has commanded us to choose life. He is calling us by his word, by his providence, by his Holy Spirit. The Spirit and the Bride say come, by our consciences and by a preached gospel; and if we do not come, but by our own obstinacy refuse to hear His call to come and partake of His proffered mercy, the sin lies upon our own heads, for the Almighty never required of us a duty but what He stood ready to enable us to perform. May we all choose that good part which is as boundless as immensity, and durable as eternity.

Your dear mother has finished a long life of usefulness to her generation, and piety to her God. Her friends cannot mourn for her as for one without hope. Our loss is doubtless her gain. We have no reason to doubt her portion in Heaven. May we, so far as she has followed the Lamb of God, imitate her example.

We have not heard from her since her last letter, which was early in the spring. We have not heard the particulars of her death — how long it was after you saw an alteration in her before death; whether her reason continued to the last, and what was her state of mind in her last moments. We would thank you to send us a particular account.

The two Charles Griswolds were both at New London when they heard of your mother's death. The Colonel would have tried to have gone to the funeral, but could not learn at what time it would be attended.

Your friends here are all in usual health. They sympathize and condole with you in your affliction. My personal, bodily health is as it has been; but my lameness increases so that at no time I am free of pain, especially . . .



ARMS OF GRISWOLD.

Your aunt writes her best love with . . .
to yourself and family.

Your affectionate . . .

MATTHEW GRISWOLD.

Mrs. Dorothy Backus.

FAMILY OF GRISWOLD.

THE following account of the ancestry of Lucy Griswold, wife of ■ Elijah Backus, and daughter of John Griswold, Esq., of Lyme, has been kindly furnished by the Hon. Henry Bill, of Norwich, Conn. It is copied from a record published by Mr. Stephen M. Griswold, of Brooklyn, L. I., who sums up the close of his efforts as follows: "The work of preparing the foregoing record has been somewhat arduous and expensive, but not without its pleasure. Believing that a concise and clear arrangement of the ancestry of the Griswold family in England and America would be interesting to the various branches of our family, I present this as a free-will offering to them." . . .

"The family of Griswold derive their descent from Humphrey Griswold of Greet, Lord of the Manor, and are mentioned as an honorable family in English history as early as the sixteenth century. The Malvern Estates came into possession of the Griswold family about the year 1600, and, through all the changes of nearly three hundred years under English law, they still remain in their possession. From the English records we find the Malvern Estate and Coat of Arms in 1659 belonging to Humphrey Griswold, of Malvern Hall, who died in 1671. He was succeeded by his brother, Rev. Henry Griswold, who died about 1720. The title then passed to his eldest son, Humphrey, who died in 1772, leaving the estate to his brother, Henry. He died, leaving no son, but an only daughter, Anne. The representative of the family then devolved upon Rev. Mathew Griswold, Justice of the Peace for the County of Warwick. He died in 1778, leaving a daughter, Mary Griswold, of

Malvern Hall, who espoused David Lewis, Esq., at death leaving no male issue, but three daughters : Magdalene, who married the fourth Earl of Dysart ; Anne Maria, who married the fifth Earl of Dysart ; and Eliza, who died unmarried. The father, David Lewis, Esq., by a second wife had a son, Henry Griswold Lewis, of Malvern Hall, who inherited the Malvern Estate and Arms of Griswold. He married Charlotte Bridgeman, daughter of Lord Bradford, which lady died without issue, in 1802. Mr. Lewis survived until 1829. The estate was then inherited by Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Meysey Griswold, of the English Army, who died January 6, 1833. At his death the title passed, by a former marriage, to his uncle, Henry Griswold, of Malvern Hall, second son of the Rev. Henry Wigley, M. A., of Pensham, Worcestershire County. On the eighth day of February, 1833, about one month after the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Griswold, Henry assumed, by sign manual, the surname and arms of Griswold, instead of his family name, Wigley. His descendants still retain possession of Malvern Hall and Arms of Griswold.

“AMERICAN ANCESTRY.

“Mathew Griswold, Esq., of Kenilworth, Warwick County, England, had three sons, Edward, Mathew and Thomas, who were cousins to Humphrey Griswold, of Malvern Hall. Mathew, who was the youngest, at an early age joined a company of pilgrims for America from the counties of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Somersetshire and Devonshire, under the leadership of the Rev. John Wareham, a celebrated minister of Exeter, England. The company sailed from England during the reign of Charles the First, and landed upon the shores of Massachusetts the 30th day of May, 1630 — about ten years after the arrival of the Mayflower. Edward, who was born in 1607, at the age of thirty-one, left Kenilworth, and joined another company of pilgrims for America. He arrived in Massachusetts in 1639, where he joined his brother Mathew. They both re-

moved to Connecticut the same year. Edward settled at Windsor, on the Farmington River; and Mathew settled at Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River.

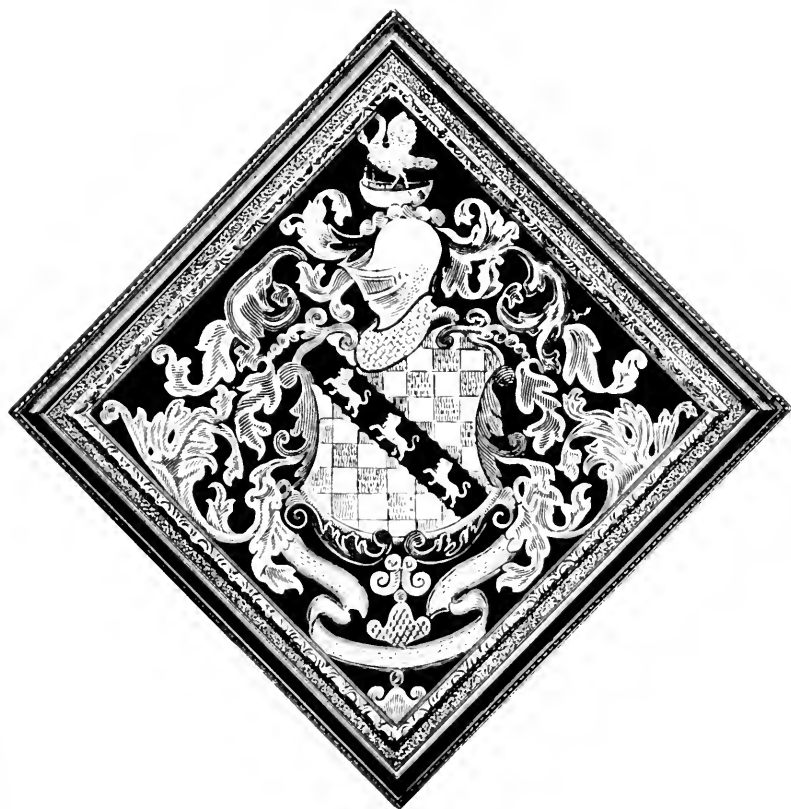
"The Rev. John Wareham had already arrived at Windsor, and was pastor of the first church established there, the deeds of which he brought with him from Exeter. He was succeeded by the Rev. Ephraim Huit, who died at Windsor, September 4, 1644. We find by the records of the State of Connecticut that Windsor was the first settlement ever made by the whites in that State; and the principal names of its settlers were Wolcott, Griswold, Hayden, Holcomb, Ellsworth, Stiles, Phelps and Pinney.

"The children of Edward Griswold were as follows: Francis, George and Sarah, born in England, who came with him; and Anne, Mary, Deborah, Joseph, Samuel and John, born at Windsor. His first child, Francis, was born in 1632; his last child, John, was born August 15, 1652. In 1658, he was representative for Windsor. In 1664, he removed from Windsor with his son John to Killingworth, Conn., so named from Kenilworth, his native place. He was elected a representative for Killingworth several times, and there died in 1671. Francis soon removed from Windsor to Saybrook, where his uncle Mathew lived. There he remained some time, and then moved to Norwich, Conn. Sarah married Samuel Phelps, January 10, 1650. Mary married Timothy Phelps, May 19, 1661. Deborah married Samuel Buel, November 30, 1662. Joseph married Mary, daughter of John Gaylord, of Windsor. One of his nephews, Captain Benjamin Griswold, is spoken of in one of the early records of the town as follows: 'Born in Windsor, of an ancient and honorable family. He married Esther Gaylord, with whom he lived in great peace and unity until his death, which was July 26th, 1772.' George, a man of high respectability, (see Stiles' History of Windsor, 1859) married Mary, daughter of Thomas Holcomb, by whom he had several children. On the 21st day of April, 1659, he purchased a

tract of land of the Indian chief Wattowan, and Towanno, his wife, which is part of Windsor, called Poquonock, so named from its being a battle-ground of the Indians. He died September 3, 1704, leaving several sons and daughters. Among the descendants of Joseph and George are Noah, Daniel, Levi, John, Niles, and other well-known citizens of Windsor and Poquonock. Squire Samuel Griswold, as he was respectfully termed, in company with members of the Pinney and Holcomb families, removed from Windsor to Simsbury, where he purchased 5,000 acres of land, and built a house on the banks of the Farmington River, one of the most charming places, it is said, along that beautiful stream. One of his sons, Elisha, married Eunice, daughter of John and Lois Veits, leaving at death a numerous family of children of more than ordinary talent, one of whom was the celebrated Bishop Alexander Veits Griswold, born April 22d, 1766. (See Stone's Life of Bishop Griswold. Philadelphia: 1844.) Another son, Ezra, removed to Worthington, Ohio, where he became instrumental in organizing the first Episcopal Church of that Diocese. Another brother of the Bishop, Samuel, was educated at Yale College, and became an able and popular minister of the M. E. Church of the State of Connecticut. He afterwards removed to western New York, where he died.

“Upon returning to the year 1645, we find that another relative of Edward and Mathew, whose name was Michael Griswold, came from England, and settled at Wethersfield, Conn. The records of that town show: his first child, Thomas, born 1646; Esther, born 1648; Mary, born 1650; also, several other children from whom have descended a numerous family.

“Mathew Griswold, who settled at Saybrook about the year 1640, married Anne, daughter of Henry Wolcott. He died in January, 1691, leaving two sons and three daughters. One of his sons, Mathew, was several times elected representative of Saybrook and Lyme. He married Phebe Hyde, of Norwich, Conn., May 25, 1683, by whom he had several children; one



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of whom, John,* was the father of Mathew Griswold, Governor of Connecticut from 1784 to 1786. His wife was the daughter of the Hon. Roger Wolcott, of Connecticut, by whom he had a son, Roger, born at Lyme, who was also Governor of Connecticut."

THE FAMILY OF CHANDLER.

We have seen, in the preceding pages, that the wife of ¶ Elijah Backus was of a most noble lineage. Let us now look up some of the ancestors of his son James's wife, Dorothy Church Chandler. If we could look back some two hundred and fifty years, we would find that they, too, were among the first settlers of this then unknown country; and, that like the Griswold branch, they were among the first settlers of Connecticut, having received large grants of land in what is now Woodstock, Pomfret, Putnam and Killingly; and that they were most zealous to acquire lands and property. Sturdy defenders of their rights all through the numerous Colonial wars, they laid down the musket but to take up the active and arduous duties of a statesman, and when we look among their names in the records of this State, we will come across many "judges," "captains," and once in awhile a "colonel," while the appellation of "Esquire" is most common.

As a general rule they lived long, and were blessed with large families of children. Dorothy Church Chandler was the daughter of Charles Church Chandler, and lived to the ripe age of 76 years, 11 months, 25 days, and reared a family of eight children, of whom but two are now living. It is said that at her marriage, which occurred at Woodstock (or Putnam) the

* His daughter Lucy married Elijah Backus, of Norwich, Conn., January 9, 1753. She had nine children, one of them being James Backus, who was one of the first settlers of Ohio, and whose Journal occupies the opening pages of this Memorial. Another of her children, Lucy, married Dudley Woodbridge, by whom she had a son, William Woodbridge, who was successively United States Judge, Senator, and Governor of Michigan.—W. W. B.

Governor of Connecticut was one of the guests, and danced at the feast equal to the youngest of them.

Perhaps no better history of the life and public services of the Chandlers, of this section of New England, at least, can be found than that embraced in the "History of Windham County, Connecticut," by Ellen D. Larned, and it would be superfluous to print it in detail; but to show how much this family constituted the *personnel* of this growing section of the country we will give a brief account of some of the Chandlers, as set forth in her work.

Sometime in the year 1686, a party of pioneers started from Roxbury, Mass., to seek a new location, and decided to locate at New Roxbury. Among them we find John Chandler, Sen., who with six others, was instructed "to stake highways for the present settlement;" and afterwards, at the drawing for lots, he chose "thirty acres; north end, eastward vale, just north of Sawmill Brook." At a town meeting held Nov. 27 and 28, 1690, he was elected Selectman, John Chandler, Jun., was chosen Town Clerk, and "was allowed twelve pence for writing the notes of every town meeting." Later, he was appointed by the Massachusetts government superintendent of several Indian tribes. John, Sen., became afterwards a deacon of the church in the new settlement; and at his death, which occurred in 1702 or 1703, his property was divided among his children. It inventoried £512, *os. 6d.* Captain John, as his son was called, returned to the homestead after the death of his father. "No man was so much concerned in the early settlement of Windham County. The different towns were laid out by him, and nearly every farm in them. . . . He was the first, and long the only representative sent by Woodstock to the General Courts." In 1722 he became a colonel, and served in the numerous battles with the Indians.

Joseph Chandler, the son of Deacon John, and brother of Captain John, received as his portion valuable lands lying across the river. About the year 1725, Captain—now Colonel

—Chandler became involved in a suit with one Corbin, a land speculator, and received adverse judgment, resulting in the loss of about 2,500 acres of land. Subsequently he became a judge (1727 or 1729), and settled several important boundary disputes between the towns of Killingly, Woodstock, and others. In 1729, Joseph was appointed "Captain of the train band."

Realizing the necessity for a county seat, a movement to that effect was agitated in 1731. "Colonel Chandler, as leading citizen, was now invested with its highest honors. Already Colonel of its militia, he was now appointed Judge of Probate, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas." "In 1735, he had the honor of welcoming and honoring his Excellency Governor Belcher," . . . "The distinguished position held by the Chandler family, . . . gave Woodstock a very prominent place in Worcester County." The wealth and prosperity of Colonel Chandler naturally made him bitter enemies, and it is not surprising to find him, soon after this, at sword's points with some of his fellow townsmen. The settlement of a new minister was the one spark needed to start the fire, and the result was the town and church, and the Colonel and his friends became involved in discussions, controversies and suits innumerable. In 1736 he had evidently been received again into public favor, for "he was again chosen moderator by a large majority."

Joshua, third son of Colonel John, Sen., "took possession of his father's out division,—'Lot, twenty-third, third range,' in 1727,"—what was afterwards West Woodstock. He died April 15, 1768, and was buried at New Roxbury.

"Colonel John Chandler, the last survivor of the original proprietors and settlers of Woodstock, and long its most prominent and distinguished citizen, died at his family homestead in South Woodstock, Aug. 10, 1743," at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. He was buried in the old burying ground on Woodstock Hill. He left several sons: John, who settled in Worcester, and took up the mantle which fell from his fath-

er's shoulders; Joshua, who settled in West Woodstock; William, who lived in Thompson; Samuel took the family homestead in South Woodstock; Thomas, the youngest son, became an active military man, and was entrusted with many important commissions in both Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Captain William Chandler died during the prevalence of an epidemic, in 1754. He had four sons and a daughter, who married Samuel McClellan, of Worcester, in 1757.

Thomas Chandler removed to Walpole, New Hampshire.

Joshua Chandler graduated at Yale College, sometime before the year (1760), and "settling in New Haven, won wealth and a high position." He was a staunch adherent to the King, and during the Revolution lost his house and all he had, and it was to obtain redress that he took a voyage to St. John, N. B., in March, 1787. During the passage a violent storm arose, the vessel was cast upon the rocks, and after getting his wife and daughter safely ashore, he, himself, benumbed with cold, sank down exhausted, and there died. His wife and daughter, after wandering through the woods for two days, also perished.

"Captain Samuel Chandler, the last surviving son of Colonel John Chandler (save Thomas, of Vermont) died in 1781. His distinguished son, Hon. Charles Church Chandler, died suddenly in the height of professional success and eminence, in 1787. A cotemporary makes this record:

"Died on the 8th instant [August] the Honorable Charles Church Chandler, Esq., of Woodstock, . . . he sustained several important public characters with reputation and ability — as Judge of Probate, representative of the town to the General Assembly, and had been elected a Member of Congress. As a man of genius and ability, he was universally known and respected; as a man of philanthropy and goodness, beloved; . . . A widow and six children,* and an aged mother and

* One of these children was Dorothy, who married James Backus, of Norwich, Conn., Sept. 15, 1793.—W. W. B.



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numerous and more distant relations, with the public at large, regret his loss.'"

The Chandler family had by this time become quite extensive, and embraced within its folds men in all the pursuits of life. One, Winthrop Chandler, is spoken of as the "first artist of Windham County." The old Chandler homestead eventually passed into the hands of the Arnolds, of Providence, who operated mills there, and opened a store.

The family records and memorials have been compiled in an "exhaustive history," by Dr. George Chandler, of Worcester, Mass.

THE FAMILY OF TRUMBULL.

THE families of Backus and Trumbull are connected by marriage. David Trumbull, the third son of the "War Governor," born in Lebanon, Feb. 5, 1751, married, Dec. 6, 1778, Sarah Backus, of Norwich, sister of Eunice, the wife of his brother, Jonathan Trumbull. Sarah and Eunice were daughters of Nathaniel Backus, of Norwich. The wife of the late Judge Henry T. Backus was a daughter of Governor Woodbridge, and granddaughter of John Trumbull, LL. D.

POEMS AND PROSE WORKS

OF

MISS SARAH BACKUS.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE AMID THE GLOOMS OF DEATH:

OR,

REFLECTIONS ON THE NECESSITY, ADVANTAGES, AND TRUTH OF THE
DIVINE REVELATION TO A DYING WORLD.

Death! 'Tis a solemn word : Yet wherefore start
To hear it? Wherefore shrink from a theme, the vast
Importance of which recommends it to our every thought!
Wherefore shrink from the thought of an event which
Howe'er unwished for, sooner or later comes to all ;
For, by that awful God whose "kingdom rules o'er all"
Who formed us from the dust, and breathed within us
The breath of life ; who "kills, and none can make alive,
Who wounds, and none can heal ;" whose great decrees,
And mighty power no creature can withstand,
"It is appointed for all men once to die."

The poor, and all the sons and daughters of affliction
Must pay the debt of nature and be numbered with the dead.
The proud must die. And the haughty man
Who scorns his fellow worm, and bids him "stand aloof,
For I am greater far than thou," must sink beneath
The potent stroke of this great foe to human pride,

And make his lowly, his unconscious bed
Even in the dust beneath the beggar's feet.
The rich, the mighty, the triumphant conqueror,
Whose name and deeds have dwelt on every tongue,
Who 've feasted largely on the world's applause,
These too, must be the food for worms! and go away
To silence, darkness, and the tomb! And were it not
For proud mausoleums glittering o'er their bones
No eye could tell the undistinguished spot
Where now the great man lies.

The fair in figure and in face, the vile, th' intemperate,
The profane, and all the sons of vice in every shape :
Those, too, whose brilliant talents are improved by all
That education can impart, who 've spent their lives
In searching Learning's venerable tomes,
And stored their mind with treasures new and old
For others, and their own advantage ;
Yea, and those, too, "whose names are writ in Heaven,"
Who "love the Lord their God with all their heart and
mind,"
And turn their willing feet obedient to the way of his com-
mands ;
Who finding no perfection in themselves, have fled from self
To him who condescended to be styled the "Sinner's
Friend,"
And in his righteousness arrayed, smiles upon
The blest favorites of the King of Heaven—these too must
die!

In every age, in every clime beneath the sun
All meet one common end :—they go to swell
The mass immense of the forgotten dead.

Affection's tears have steeped the earth in vain ;
They can not move the insatiate monster—Death !
To stay the dreaded stroke which lacerates the heart,
And severed ties that bind congenial souls
In strongest bands of love, affection and esteem.

Child, parent, husband, wife, and friend may weep in vain.
 With savage cruelty he makes their tears,
 And wrests from them the much-loved friend,
 Who's dearer far than life.

He depopulates the earth. The cold, chill damps
 Of his destructive breath shed desolation o'er a trembling
 world.

The widow's sickening woe, the orphan's heartfelt tear
 Arise, a requiem sad, at his approach.

He blights the fondest hopes ; transforms
 The happy smiles of social comfort, peace and joy
 To pain and anguish, darkness and despair,
 And triumphs in the miseries of mankind.

Dread King of Terrors ! Fearful tyrant, Death !
 Such, and so cruel, is thy bitter sway.
 Oh ! canst thou not relent ? Will not the victims
 Of some thousand years, th' unnumbered millions
 Thou hast slain suffice thee ? Or must thou still go on
 To ravage earth, blasting the little happiness we know ?
 Must thou wound afresh the human heart,
 Breaking those sacred ties affection forms,
 Entwining soul with soul in friendship's sweet
 And fascinating bonds — source of the noblest joy,
 The purest pleasure in this "vale of tears,"—which none but
 Thou, stern monster, can, or would dissolve ? Must we all
 Yield an unresisting prey to thy malignant rage ?
 Must countless generations yet unborn
 Be made a trembling sacrifice to thee ?
 And wilt thou stand the grand destroyer of our race,
 Huddling, with fiendish hate, from off the stage of life
 Whate'er is lovely, amiable, good and wise,
 To wreck them in that frightful gulf whence none return,
 Till time shall be no more ?

What, then, is man ; and wherefore made ?

He lives a few short years — perhaps enjoys some sunny
 hours —

But yet to him the robe of peace is ever set around
 With thorns of disappointment, pain and care ;
 Impetuous passions doom him for their prey ;
 Feelings, delicate and keen, that shrink from each rude touch
 Expose him to a thousand bitter pangs ; pride
 Marking his native foible, tells him he stands chief
 Among the works of God ; bids him exalt his head
 And aim at greatness ; and in the family of man
 Each individual striving to be great, occasions dire collisions,
 Endless feuds ; envy, hatred, malice, jealous rage step in —
 And a fearful train of evil woes, and mar his joys,
 And give him little respite until Death benumbs his faculties,
 And enwraps him in his sable shroud.
 Oft, too, the dread of Death dispels the joys of life.
 Man fears that “undiscovered bourne from whence
 No traveler returns.” He fears the mysteries of that exit
 Which awaits him. And, through fear of Death,
 Submits to cruel bondage all his days.

But what is Death ? Instructed
 But by nation’s feeble light, we cannot tell.
 We hardly dare to hope for aught that’s good in an event
 So wrought with doubt, uncertainty and gloom ;
 Yet hope — we know not what — and fear — we know not
 why.

A dreadful something that looks dark and dismal, and seems
 The augury of something worse to come
 Ask of Philosophy the question, “What is Death ?”
 She can not tell. Though by the aid of intellectual powers,
 Guided by reason, she may penetrate the bowels of the earth,
 And bring to light rich, hidden stores of wisdom infinite
 And power divine ; may scan the works of nature
 And apprise her votaries of wonders yet untold ;
 May march abroad o’er all the face of earth,
 Dive in the spacious depths, and in an airy car
 Ascend, and swim the atmospheric sea
 Searching the storehouses of the sky,

Gaining fresh funds of wisdom every hour :
She may ope' the pond'rous jaws of the portentous cloud
And tell us whence and why the rattling thunder comes ;
Catch the swift, fiery lightning as it flies,
Draw to a needle's point, and bid the threat'ning rain
Pass from our devoted heads. She may climb the steeps
Of Heaven, and travel o'er immeasurable space,
Amid the worlds and spheres that roll in grand display
And tell their size, distance, nature, and their use :
She has tasted of the Tree of Knowledge,
And, like them of Babel, has aspired to build a farce,
Whose top should reach the skies, that all things
Whether past, or present, or to come, might lie exposed
To her all piercing eye ; she views herself
A light to guide the blind, and proffers forth her powers
To clear away the films of ignorance
That bedim the mental eye of man.
But ask her, " What is Death ? "—She cannot tell ;
She turns bewildered from the darksome theme
And owns she cannot tell :
In vain she summons all her power of deep research,
In vain she trims her feeble lamp, and strives
With curious eye to pierce the secrets of the grave—
She cannot fathom the profound of that immense abyss
Which swallows myriads of the Human race
And never fills.

Then we must rest in darkness and in doubt !
If she, whom sages—men who've been a light,
An honor to the world—so long have worship'd
Cannot tell, sure we may elsewhere look in vain :
And, ignorant of our fate, yield up, as all our fathers have
To that dread power from whom we cannot fly ;
Whose very name excites a shuddering,
" Fearful looking for " of some terrific doom ;
Nor know with certainty or whether his fell stroke
Be dread Annihilation (which we can't believe)

Or the dire harbinger of something fearful still beyond.

But Oh! This gloomy strain we must forbear.

The tender Author of our being did not create us to be sad,
Nor have we cause for sadness.

Are we thus left to darkness and to doubt?

Has there no ray of light yet dawn'd upon the tomb?

Have no faint glimmerings of a brighter scene

Dispelled the cheerless darkness of the grave?

No animating hopes appear'd to gild the horrors

Of that awful gloom?—O, yes—Behold!

And seeing, join that glorious song, tun'd by angelic lips,

When He, the Babe of Bethlehem, came, a light

To lighten the blinded men—to tell us what is Death—

And bring that life and immortality we so much desire.

Reason, behold! and proud Philosophy come down from
your

High throne; behold! a beauteous form descending hovers
o'er the grave.

There is a dignity, an elevation, an air, an attitude

Of Majesty about her that bespeak her high descent,

Her royal lineage, and plainly tell to all, that regal honors

Are her due. But she asks for none of these.

The idle pomp of earthly greatness she disdains.

Yet she disdains not the poorest and the meanest

Of the Human family—but condescends to beg,

Nay, even, as it were, upon her bended knees to supplicate
them

To listen to her counsels and be wise.

The truly great assume no haughty, self-conceited airs,

They possess an innate dignity of soul

That raises them above such littleness, and makes them

Condescending, affable, and complaisant to all.

It is only an affected greatness that is haughty.

An eternity of days—and never wasting wealth

And kingly honors are in her hand:

And an ornament of grace—and a crown of glory will she
give

To all who welcome and obey her wise instructions.

Hers is no common understanding—for the past,
The present, and the future, unveil their mysteries
Of hidden wisdom to her comprehensive vision.

Her piercing eye looks backward to that day of wonder
When the earth and heavens were made,

And all the hosts of worlds through universal space,
By the creative breath of self-existent, uncreated
Everlasting Power : and forward

To that terrific period when the dread Archangel's trumpet
Shall announce to Heaven and earth that

“ Time shall be no more ! ” when the Heavens,
By word of Him whom formed them, with a great noise
Shall pass away ; the elements melt with fervent heat,
And earth with all her works of nature and of art
Be burnt with fire, and purified and changed.

She can tell the history of man

From the first moment when he breathed in Eden,

In native innocence, a fair, majestic image
Of his maker, God—down through unnumbered ages,
Bringing forward as they successively roll away

Those strange, and wonderful, and deeply interesting events
(That even the angels from their high abode

Desire, with curious eye to understand,)

Which, while they serve to fill the historic page

With a long, connected train of circumstances
Of momentous consequences unfolding, as they occur

The unerring wisdom, and unchanging goodness

Of the Mighty One who plann'd and overrules the whole ;

Exhibit, also, to enquiring minds the character of man

In painful contrast with the awful, the endearing character

Of Him with whom man has to do ;

Nor closes her account until the Last Great Day

Summons from the grave its sleeping tenants ;

When all the small and great of the whole human family
 Shall be arrayed in myriad hosts before the dread tribunal,
 And receive their final sentence from the Great Judge
 Of quick and dead — and onward pass,
 Amid unutterable displays of Majesty, and Power,
 Of Wrath and Mercy, to the unchanging
 Retributions of an eternal state.

Her frown is terrible — for it is the frown
 Of Power omnipotent, of Wisdom infinite, of Justice
 Awfully, inflexibly exact, and who may dare provoke it?
 Her threat'nings are decisive and fearfully severe.
 Nor aught, nor any in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell
 Can e'er induce her to erase from the dread book of destiny
 One word she has inscribed 'gainst those
 Who mock her proffered kindness.
 Firm are her counsels — and shall stand
 While Heaven's high Monarch holds imperial sway.

But, O! She comes not clad in vengeance,
 Bringing wrath and indignation,
 Tribulation, and despair upon our devoted world;
 But her pitying eye o'erflows with sorrowing tears
 At sight of human woe; and if we love those elevating,
 Disinterested, benevolent feelings that mark
 The truly generous, philanthropic mind
 Surely we must love her. She comes unasked, the friend of
 man.

She comes to banish misery from our fallen world.
 She comes to heal the broken heart, to soothe the wounded
 spirit;
 Bid the afflicted smile, grief dry her tears;
 Misfortune, taste of joy and penury, no more repine.
 Ten thousand times ten thousand blessings fill the earth
 At her approach; hope, animation, happiness and joy,
 And peace spring up where'er she moves; and, O, behold!
 How beautiful upon the dark mountains of Death
 Are the feet of her who bringeth good tidings of good,

Who publisheth salvation ; who saith to the grave :
Be opened ; to the tomb, " Reveal thy secrets."

Fair Revelation — harbinger of hope,
Blest herald of Salvation, hail, hail, thy glad approach !
Without thee, what were man ? Without thee,
What were life ? but with thee, O, how blest !
—Man—the mere insect of a day, awakes
A new born stranger in this earthly scene
Where all is strange. Beings like himself surround him,
Compound strange, of matter and of mind,
Seeking much, inquiring much, and seemingly
Quite wise, yet knowing little.
Nature moves on in beauty, order, harmony, and peace,
Obedient to high Heaven's commands ;
But in the moral world, where mental might
And lofty intellect hold sway, nothing is seen
But disobedience, discord and confusion, reckless
Ceaseless, aimless, dire. Conflicting creeds,
Opposing sentiments, opinions uncongenial
Meet him at every step ; and what is truth, or what
Is error, what is right, or what is wrong he cannot tell :
The 'wilder scene perplexes and confounds ;
And nothing's known but that a world most fair
Is most unhappy. A great *first Cause* there *must* be,
For all things speak the fact. The footsteps of Omnipotence
Are traced in all the *eye* can see, the *mind* can scan
From the highest point of earth, peeping with curious eye
Far upward into Heaven, as seeking knowledge of
Unutterable things, down to the lowliest flower
That scents the dell, catching, with blushing cheek
The tender whisper of the morning breeze, is written,
In language plain, that he who runs may read
His wisdom, power, and goodness. The waves of ocean
Own His dread command, and bear His name far, far abroad
East, west, and north, and south, that all the nations
Of the earth may hear, acknowledge, and obey,

And when th' outbreking tempest mingles with the din
 Of mighty thunderings, and the affrightened deep
 Heaves its high, sounding billows to lash the shores
 Of trembling continents, and the quaking earth
 Rocks to its center, and the ancient mountains,
 Standing in everlasting strength based upon the fiat
 Of Omnipotence, mocking the shocks of time ;
 While man and all his works, while thrones
 And universal empires crumble at their feet
 Echo, from their towering heights, o'er shuddering
 Realms beneath, the wild uproar, how wide—
 How loud—His name is sounded !
 Animation swarms ; life is in everything ;
 But when he asks : " Who gave these creatures life,
 And who preserves it, and for what ends ? "—
 There 's *none can tell*. The life he feels within—
 And still more strange, the *mind*—that ponders
 Reasons, judges, whence its origin ?
 It is not self-sustaining—of course, not self-created.
 Then he and they must all have been created
 By some higher power—but who, and where,
 The unknown Creator ? The heavens above his head
 Studded with suns and worlds of living light,
 Of size immense, numbers untold, grandeur magnificent,
 Rolling from age to age in sweet, harmonious concert,
 Swerving not from the fixed laws and principles
 That hold them in their course, bespeak intelligence,
 Design, and Power ; but where the mighty *Mind*
 That planned the vast abode ? And where the powerful hand
 That formed, sustains, controls the glorious whole ?
 What is His name ? His character ? And where the region
 dread
 In which He rears His august throne ?
 His reason tottles on the dizzy height of speculation ;
 And while he gazes, wonders, and enquires,
 The stroke that levels all is aimed at him—

The solemn pall of Death o'erspreads him
 And he sees, he feels, he asks no more.
 The dust returns to dust ; the worm feeds on his sleeping
 ashes ;
 The little stone, raised by affection's hand
 To mark the spot where they have laid the senseless corpse,
 Tells that " the stranger *lived*—the stranger *died*."
 And this is all—the sum of man's existence.—
 He comes, a stranger to all around ; he asks them
 Whence they came, how here, why here, who is his Maker,
 What are his duties, what his final doom ?
 There 's none can tell : and ere the truth is known
 Amid confounding subtleties the stranger dies—
 A stranger even to himself—nor knows, or whence,
 Or what, or how, the mysterious stroke
 That blots him from creation.

Then what is Man—and wherefore made ?
 The zephyr that sweeps by his tomb is not more transient.
 The trembling bubble floating for a moment
 On the bosom of the waters is not more frail.
 The meteor brilliancy that flashes and is gone,
 Speeds not more swiftly. Nor can human reason
 Unassisted, tell why he was formed to see, to speak,
 To think, to feel, acutely feel, the woes, the bitter woes,
 Reflection, judgment, memory bring, then, die—
 Even as the irrational brute — and find
 No higher resting place than he.

But Revelation fair, hail, hail thy glad approach !
 Children of Men, rejoice ! ye are not left to darkness
 And to doubt. The night of blind uncertainty
 Is past ; the day-spring from on high has dawn'd.
 Shining down from yon empyrean height where dwells
 The " High and Lofty One," the Holy and the Just,
 Whose everlasting throne is based upon the changeless prin-
 ciples

Of Truth—eternal truth—and Wisdom, undeceiving undeceived,
 And never varying rectitude of purpose :
 Shining down from this high source, even from
 The Eternal One, whose breath of power went forth
 And radiant suns and systems, mocking dimension,
 Granaries vast of all that's good, and wonderful, and fair
 Burst into being, and commenced their lofty tunes of praise
 Around their giant pathway "in the hollow of His hand :"
 Whose eye omniscient looks creation through.
 And through thy vast, thy untold, never-ending wonders,
 Dread Eternity ! Great first cause of all things !
 Arbiter of destinies ; Preserver, Benefactor, Judge,
 Shining down from this high source, the all-cheering
 Light of Life, of truth, of immortality, now gilds
 The gladdened earth. And how beautiful
 Above the dark shadows of human blindness,
 Folly, crime, appears the Heavenly radiance !—
 Ye who are friends to man, O, hasten to disseminate
 This precious book. Say by your prayers, your efforts,
 In this work of love, "Let there be light," and light will shine.
 No more bewildering vagaries of human minds
 Will lead poor man astray ; no more shall doubt be heard,
 Or darkness seen ; no more the blind shall lead the blind,
 And stumble in their folly over Death's dark mound.
 Not knowing where they fall : For God has spoke—
 And let the nations hear ; he has commanded light,
 And let light shine.

But since Revelation claims
 Such comprehensive knowledge, what is the history
 She gives of man ? and how does she account for the strange
 Bewildering blindness, the confusion, wretchedness,
 And dying woe that overspreads the earth ?

The testimony she gives is humiliating
 To the pride of man, and hence deluded ones too oft
 Discard it from their creed, reject it as untrue,

And fearless "rush on the thick bones of Jehovah's bucklets,"
Saying in effect, "*our* wisdom is superior to *thine*."

But this is the tale she tells, or whether
They will hear, or will forbear.

God created man a holy, happy being, and placed him
In the garden of this world where all was light, and love and
peace :

The world with all its treasures rich, its blessings
Boundless, were given him as his possession ; only
Heaven reserved, as tribute small to its supreme dominion,
And for the trial of man's obedience, the fruit
Of a *single tree*. This, man was forbidden,
On pain of death, to taste. Man did not need it—
For he had all that heart could wish,
Sweet harmony was in his soul, and love,
Such as now swells the obedient bosom of the
Seraphim on high—and all his intellectual faculties
Were turned to peace, and love, and holy order.
The Tempter saw—and envied him his happy state.
From the drear abode where he and his apostate followers,
Gnaw'd their everlasting chains in darkness and despair,
(Doom purchased by their own proud disobedience,)
He looked forth upon the happy dwelling place of man
And marked man for destruction.—He came—
And found man in possession of a life and patrimony,
On *conditional* tenure ;—the Blessing lay before him
And the Curse ;—and Life, and Death—words of vast,
Of fearful import. The tale of subtlety was told ;
Man listen'd ;—and in a strange mad hour he *stamped*
Upon the *Blessing*—including life, eternal life,
And happiness, and Heaven's rich favor
To him and all his heirs ;—and *chose* the *Curse*,
His Maker's curse !—He plunged in *Death*,
Despising *Life*, and reckless of his children's weal :
He plunged in *Death*—disdaining his Maker's power,
His Maker's guardianship and love, his Maker's

Patronage and blessing! He plunged in Death
With open eyes : —for well he knew, he had been told
By Him who spake him into being, and gave him
This fair world on *condition of obedience*,
Who daily walked, and talked with him in Eden
That on the day he tasted of the forbidden fruit,
The Monster, Death, should cut his blessings down
And he be left a prey to all the temporal and eternal
Consequences suspended on the deed. He tasted
The forbidden fruit, and madly plunged *himself*,
And *all his heirs* in Death! —thus saying in effect :
“On me and all my children rest forever
The awful penalty of this high act of disobedience,
The Curse of God!”—And earth, from this sad moment,
Has been nothing but a vast mausoleum for human bones.
Demonic passions, hitherto unknown, unthought of,
Now rankled in his bosom that had been opened
To demonic influence ; peace was gone, and harmony
And conscious innocence ; an unnatural vent
Was given to his inclinations, occasioning a constant
Vacillation in the sons of men 'tween good and ill ;
Satan became the “master spirit of the human mind,”
And though undeceived the Demon influence,
It coil'd its diabolic folds within this lofty citadel
Of human strength, and turned its energies
To serve *his* reckless purposes, ever opposed to God,
And all that's good : and hence the wail of woe
That has descended loud and long through every
Generation of Mankind ; and hence Man groans
In sinful bondage all his days ; and hence his eyes are closed
Against the light of moral truth, that line must be on line.
And precept upon precept, and Heaven's high
Renovating aid exerted e're the stupid one can see ;
And hence the strange confusion, the bewildering
Blindness, the disordered wretchedness, the long train
Of ills and vices that distort the moral world,

So strikingly displayed in contrast to the
 Beauteous harmony of Nature, that still moves on
 In sweet obedience to the Laws of God.

Heaven stood astonished at the deed.
 Seraphs no more came down as was their wont,
 On wings of love, to hold communion with the daring one,
 Who stood 'tween Heaven and Hell, mocking his Maker,
 And swearing allegiance to the Prince of Darkness,
 And own *him* before high Heaven, and earth, and hell,
 To be his *Master*. And God himself, justly indignant
 At the act withdrew His gracious presence
 And no more talked with man but through
 A Mediator ; but veiled His face in frowns,
 And left the rebel creature beguiled, confused,
 Polluted by presumptuous sin, a weary wanderer
 O'er a wretched world that was *cursed* for *his* sake
 With sterile sands, and bristling thorns and briers,
 Destroying tempests, and blasting pestilence,
 And agonizing sickness, until, with sad forebodings
 Of a future state, that filled his mind
 With blind, bewildering honors, his body crumbled to the
 dust,
 And his immortal soul sank down to that
 Eternal death he madly chose, rather than serve
 The glorious, the all-perfect God who made him.

Thou Infidel ! Thou sayest that Death
 Is an eternal, an annihilating sleep.
 That after man has spread his faculties
 To grasp in almost boundless knowledge ;
 Has traveled forth o'er suns, and worlds, and spheres,
 And traced his course of deep research thro' regions
 Of immortality, and talked with wisdom in her high abode,
 He must come back again to earth and lay him down
 As senseless as the stone beneath his feet.
 Where is now the *body* ! It is mingled with the dust of earth,

And can no more be found. Where is the *Mind*,
 That reached so wide, and climbed so high, and seemed a
 thing
 Designed to praise its Maker? It is gone.—
 Go search creation through, search every eminence and
 course,
 Enquire at those high points where it was wont
 To pause, and wonder, and reflect. It is not there.
 'Tis nowhere: 'tis blotted from existence; and will no more
 Be found again forever.—

But hast thou marked yon blooming flowers,
 Springing all beautiful as new created things
 From the rich germinating mould formed by the
 Faded falling leaves of the past dying year?
 Or hast thou marked the little worm that spins thy tapestry?
 When his work is done, he crawls within his silent shroud,
 And lies as still as death. But death hath not destroyed
 him.

Wait a little while and see him bursting from the tomb
 In renovated life, and new and beauteous form;
 Delighting and delighted, showing forth the guardian care
 And wondrous workmanship of his great Creator.
 Or hast thou marked the lovely seasons, laying down
 Their flowers, and fruits, and beauties in the wintry tomb,
 And heard the mournful wails of nature
 O'er a scene, all desolate, and cold as chills of death?
 But in a few short months thou hast seen the earth
 Return again and spread her bosom to the sun,
 And what a change appeared!
 The babbling waters, and the singing birds
 And springing corn, and blooming flowers
 And thousand, thousand joys and sweets
 Combined to tell thee that the Spring had come,
 And earth was waked again, all beautiful to life.

Now, though thou can'st not go to thy Creator
 For guidance to the truth, for thou hast set at nought His

Wisdom, truth, and goodness, and will not harken
 To His counsel, or give heed to His reproof,
 And stamp'st thy foot on all the testimony of Revelation,
 Disdaining it as beneath even thy poor contempt ;
 Yet go thou to the springing flowers, the little worm,
 And circling seasons, and they will tell thee
 That thou livest in a world where all is change,
 Continual change, but nothing, (excepting thou,
 Proud skeptic, if thou wilt insist upon it) nothing
 Is created for annihilation. Things change and change.
 But in all thy deep researches, hast thou
 E'er found aught that was destroyed ?
 Then thou alone (it is thine own decision) art found
 Unfit to live. And 't were well, when thou goest down
 To thy dark abode, if thou couldst bear with thee
 Thy senseless, impious creed, so contrary to Revelation,
 Reason, and the analogies of nature, nor leave it
 To delude a world already dark enough
 And prone enough to folly.

But Revelation thus pursues her testimony.
 Man's body resembles the dust, and his immortal soul
 Sinks down to that Eternal Death he madly chose,
 Rather than serve the glorious, the all-perfect God who made
 him,
 There to remain, still gathering in rebellious, disobedient
 Generations of mankind, until the last loud trumpet of God
 Sounds through the awe-struck universe, and summons forth
 Their trembling souls, and sleeping bodies from the clay,
 Again unites them in earth's likeness, arraigns
 Before the dread tribunal where myriad hosts
 From worlds beyond the sun await the grand decision
 Of a cause that involves before the wide-spread universe
 The awful questions—whether *God* is *just*—and whether
 His high *word* is *fixed*, and *binding* upon *creatures*,
 Or, like the fleeting, varying words of mortals,
 May be scattered to the winds.

The cause is fully canvassed: they are convicted, and
convinced

Of sin and daring disobedience. Convicted and convinced
That "He is Holy, Just, and Good," and that what *He*
Speaks

Is *stable* as *eternal things*—and must, and shall
Forever be obeyed—or the transgressors meet the
Punishment ordained. Then back again they plunge!
Down, down to that Eternal, never dying Death they madly
Chose, with Him, whom they had owned, before high Heaven,
To be their Master; to where *he* reigns, and shall
Forever reign, their grand Destroyer, the Tempter
And Subduer of our race; Supreme in Sin,
Supreme in awful horror—bearing (as some stupendous
Pile of earth that bears upon its iron front the heaviest
Thunder bolts of Heaven, while weaker things beneath
Bear but a weaker portion of the wrath) the just,
The changeless vengeance of the Almighty God.
No more he strives to lull their souls asleep in blind security
Amid the calls—the earnest calls—and awful threatenings
Of the "living God." No more he silences
By soothing tales their trembling conscience,
Weakly vacillating between good and ill.
No more he lures their feet along the slippery way of sin,
By flattering promises of good. But now he mocks—
As a short respite to his mountain woes, from off
His Demon Throne, with fiendish laugh that makes
The blood run cold! the *strange*, the *stupid* folly
Of the brutish creatures he has brought to Death and Hell,
A shuddering spectacle—an awful monument—
A solemn warning to other realms — to other worlds,
Of the dread miseries attendant upon disobedience
To the command of Heaven!

But Oh! If Revelation left us here, how mournful
Were her tidings! — 'T were kinder far to leave us
Floating blindly down the stream of time,

Striving to catch hope's glittering bubbles as they flit
 Athwart our way, and tasting here and there
 A transient thrill of joy, sweet, because unexpected
 Mid the mouldering, mighty ruins of a fallen world,
 Nor let us know with certainty the fearful doom
 That awaits our exit from it. But like a skilled physician,
 She probes the mortal wounds, and makes man feel that he
 is sick

Before she can apply the healing balm. Or like a skillful
 pilot,

She points out the dangers in the way, that he may know her—
 Able to avoid them. — Hark ! hark ! her cheering voice,
 It sounds from yon high throne, where sits the "living God."
 Ye wretched, wandering, helpless race. Oh ! Do not stop your
 ears —

Oh ! Do not close your eyes — Oh ! Do not steel your hearts
 In disobedience, and strive to drench your souls
 In everlasting wrath, as your first father did,
 Preferring Hell to Heaven, and Satan to your God.
 Hark ! Hark ! Your Maker speaks — "Deliver him," He
 cries,

"Deliver man, poor, blind, presumptuous man
 From going down to the pit, for *I* have found a ransom."

What is the dreadful Name — and what the awful
 Character of Him, who reigns on high, and wields
 The sceptre of Supreme Dominion? Dread question, surely.
 Is it not presumptuous? O, no ! 'tis not presumptuous.
 Since "in Him we live, and move, and have our being ;"
 Since all we have, and are, and shall be hang suspended
 On His will ; since in Revelation's book His hand
 Has written down His Name and character,
 So far as man can comprehend it and may know,
 Soliciting our curious eyes to read and understand.
 'Twere blind presumption, sure, and desperate madness
 To remain in ignorance. That Name is Love. That
 character

Is Love. And all the awful attributes of that awful
 Character are sweetly blended in unchanging Love.
 Justice, and Power, and Truth, sustain His august
 Throne, as well they may, and must, or disorder wild
 And strange confusion would ensue; but still this hallowed,
 This unchanging Love, sweetly commingles with that
 Fearful glory which fills the awful places, unapproached,
 And unapproachable by mortal man, or highest
 Holiest angel — emanates in kindest, dearest beams
 Of softened, blended Love and Glory, far as a sunbeam
 Shines, a system rolls. The work of wrath
 Is His unwilling, His strange work. The rod of Power
 Is never stretched in judgment o'er his creatures
 Unless His Wisdom Infinite perceives that some high ends
 Of universal good must be accomplished
 By such means, and then, how kindly Love
 Is mixed with judgment.—
 Go to the fatal spot where your first father
 Stamped, with foot presumptuous, the Blessing down —
 And swore allegiance to the Prince of Hell —
 And gave his patrimony fair to fiends of darkness —
 And gave his children, and his children's children,
 Countless generations o'er, for time and eternity,
 A helpless prey to the Destroyer — behold him
 Standing face-to-face with God; late His fair image,
 Good and pure — marred and disfigured now by sin
 And high-toned disobedience; the weapons of rebellion
 In his hands, and passions of Demon in his heart;
 Casting, with daring taunt, his sin upon his Maker,
 As he owned the fatal deed; and as you hear
 The dreadful sentence sounded: “Thou shalt surely die”—
 Which truth *must* utter — mark well the *Promise* sweet
 That followed. Promise unmasked, and unexpected.
 Promise that shook the throne of Hell; and “bruised
 The serpent's head” indeed. Promise that op'ed a door
 Of pardon, hope and peace upon the now degraded

Family of Man : and lighted up a wondrous way
 From the dark ruins of a fallen world
 To all the hallowed, fadeless glories of an eternal state.

Sure Love was here — unchanging love —
 Unchanged by provocation, great beyond expression ;
 And O ! to man most dear, Redeeming Love.

But mark it still, as shining down
 In clearer words of promise in the Patriarch's days,
 It sped their way to Heaven, and called upon
 Their children, and their children's children,
 And " all the families of earth," to come and taste
 With them the Blessing. *Delivering* power,
 Saving from Egypt's cruel bondage. *Guiding* power,
 Beaming in pillar'd glory o'er the chosen tribes
 Leading to Canaan's rest. *Instructing* power,
 Talking with Moses, and teaching holy prophets
 What man must do to please his Maker. And, mark it still,
 As following round the years of time, and gathering still
 In closer, and yet brighter circles, as the time drew nigh,
 When earth's Deliverer should come, its bright collected
 beams

Of " peace on earth, good will to man," were sweetly blended
 In a beauteous star that stood o'er Bethlehem's Babe,
 Star of earth's rising glory ! Star, beautiful as Hope,
 Amid the horrors of despair ; and drew the wise men from
 the east,

And angels from on high, to feast their raptured eyes,
 And sound in heavenly strains on earth, that — " God is
 Love." —

But mark it still — as Bethlehem's Babe, no more a babe,
 Assumed the robes of the *Divine Instructor*,
 Speaking life and immortality o'er Judah's land,
 Until, intent on saving man, He laid down His precious life
 A bleeding *Sacrifice* for him. On Him, man's sin was laid,
 On Him, man's awful Curse — the Curse of God — on Him

Man's penalty of Death ; — and as He laid His naked
 breast
 To drink the shafts of injured Heaven, the stripes
 Of monstrous earth, the taunts of daring Hell ;
 And felt the awful pangs of *such* a death, while drenched
 all o'er
 In blood of agonizing woe beneath the spirit breaking smart,
 The avenging fire of Heaven's high Justice — Heaven's high
 Truth —
 Stayed not its well aimed course, but passing harmless
 O'er the head of guilty, rebel man, fell down in all its
 unmix'd,
 Unchanged wrath 'gainst sin, (that cannot sleep, while
 holiness is pure,)
 Upon the self-devoted, sinless victim, who bore the imputed
 sin
 Of this degraded world. — Sure Love was here —
 Unchanging love, too vast to be repaid — and, O ! to man
 Most dear, Redeeming Love. But mark it still.
 Now from the bleeding Sacrifice, (that satisfied avenging
 Justice,
 And wash'd away in streams of Heaven's own blood
 All shadow of spot from Truth's pure tablet
 And op'ed a door of reconciliation between Heaven and Earth
 Arose the mighty *Conqueror*, putting on the helmet
 Of Salvation, shining sweetly radiant o'er a fallen world,
 And buckled on the breastplate of Omnipotence —
 Pledge of His power to crush man's giant foes,
 And hold the feeble creatures safe who trusted in Him,
 Though overwhelming dangers gathered round ;
 And girded on His sword, His glittering sword
 Of dying, rising and redeeming Love — that strikes
 With keener edge the moral feeling than reckless
 Sword of wrath) to cut the oppressor down, and clear
 His people's way through the strong ranks of Death and Hell,
 And stamped on Hell's proud throne, (as man

Had stamped on Heaven's Blessing), and broke
The ruthless sceptre, stretched in demoniac triumph
O'er a darkened world; and broke the bars of Death;
And broke the sting of Death to those who yield
Their grateful hearts, their willing minds,
The obedient service of their lives to Him who pitied,
And who died to save (for we speak not of the
Disobedient generation who close their eyes against
The light — the willing slaves of sin, rushing madly on
O'er goodness, mercy, and redeeming love; mocking still
Their Maker), and made the Monster wear a smile,
A smile of peace, of hope, of immortality; no more
A terror and a foe, but friend most dear to friends
Of his high Conqueror; stretching forth his iron hand
Softened now by love, to take their bodies,
Sickened by the sad disease of guilty disobedience,
And wearied by a painful struggle between good and ill,
To lay them on his sleeping bed of thoughtless ease,
While their unclogged spirit passed in happy triumph
Through His strange domains to tasteful measures
Of redeeming love in realms of everlasting day,
And made the Tomb appear no more a vast,
A deep, a drear receptacle of dying man,
Whence dismal imagery of doubt and darkness,
And an unknown fate went forth upon a trembling world,
And whispers strange of something fearful,
Because undefined, were ever breaking on the human ear;
But now a blest refiner of this earthly dross,
A purifier of this mortal frame which sinks to death
In sin's corruption, but in an appointed hour
Shall rise in incorruption — beautiful and fair —
As heavenly things, to be transplanted in unchanging
Loveliness to the blest Paradise of God; no more to sin,
No more to grieve, no more to die.
And leaving finished this kind work of grace on earth,
And given His promise to send down the "Holy Spirit,"

Teacher and Guide of Men, and given His followers
 Their great commission : " Go ; preach the Gospel
 Of Redeeming Love to every creature under Heaven ;
 Sound pardon, hope and life through me
 Far as the widespread ruins of the fall."

In a bright cloud of shining light the Conqueror rose,
 In likeness of the guilty creatures he had purchased
 With his blood ; the " everlasting doors" were opened :
 And in glory unconceived, He sits beside the " Mystery on
 High,"

Man's mighty Counsellor — his everlasting Friend —
 His powerful Intercessor ; —still looking down
 With ever wakeful vigilance upon the obedient people
 He has engaged to save, and lead through thick set
 opposition

To an everlasting rest — He sees — He knows
 The dangers of the way. — Two mighty kingdoms
 Act within this world, — kingdoms of Moral Good
 And Moral Evil — each striving for pre-eminence o'er man,
 And man, the funny creature, stands between
 Holding free choice of either. The ruthless sceptre
 Of the Prince of Hell was broken, but for wise ends
 Of universal good to be disclosed hereafter, the reckless
 prowler

Is permitted to roam abroad the earth, as lion for his prey,
 Whose only aim is to *oppose* the King of Heaven,
 And bring destruction on His creature, man.
 Neither side makes use of violence, or authoritative force,
 Or strong compulsions ; but entreats by winning
 Means, and urges, and persuades ; and man
 The Moral Agent, chooses whom he 'll serve,
 His Maker, or Destroyer. " Choose ye whom
 Ye 'll serve," has Revelation sounded loud and long
 Throughout the earth. " If Israel's Lord be God,
 Then serve *him* ; but if Baal be the God,
 Then worship *him*." — Both urge their claims

With all, and strive to gain the obedience
Of every human heart ; and hence the constant
Vacillation between good and ill, seen even
In the best of men ; and hence the arduous struggle
That the Christian knows, who struggles not
'Gainst flesh and blood alone, but " against thrones,
And principalities and powers, and spiritual
Wickedness in high places." But when the
Appointed day has come, that day
When Earth and Hell have filled the measure
Of their wrath, and are ready for destruction,
Then He, man's everlasting friend, shall
Come again, a second time — no more in human
Weakness, no more as Babe of Bethlehem, no more
The insulted " man of sorrows" but in
Awful majesty, as Judge supreme, as
Arbiter, decisive of right and wrong, of truth
And error, life and death. The Death,
His work of desolating earth for sin of man now done,
Shall die, and He shall render up the mighty dead,
The unnumbered victims of his power, to stand
Before the dread tribunal of Omnipotence,
Where they must meet the long array of life's
Accountable deeds, and hear upon them the voice
Of Final Judgment, sounded by Him of Wisdom Infinite,
Of *perfect moral rectitude*, who *cannot err*,
Who on this last great day of " dread and doom,"
When every thought of every heart shall be divulged,
Will clear up all the mysteries that now hang o'er
This earthly scene, and show how " partial evil
'Tends to universal good." Then shall
The powers of Hell, and all the disobedient
Of mankind, be cast off to outer, utter and eternal darkness,
Which they madly *chose*, rather than serve
The all-glorious God who made them ; defiling earth,
Oppressing earth ; defying Heaven no more forever.

Then all the bodies of the saints, (those who on earth
 Had turned a grateful ear to hear their Maker's
 Word sounded from the volume of His Grace,
 And strove with humble effort to obey, though
 Earth and Hell opposed) rising from Death
 In renovated life, and beautiful as Heavenly things,
 Again united to these happy souls, shall be adjudged too.
 "Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor can the heart of man conceive, the vast,
 The high, the exceeding, the eternal weight of glory,"
 He hath prepared for them in His high
 Dwelling place of bliss in Heaven.

Then earth — so long defiled by sin, and death,
 And fiends of darkness — will be burnt with fire
 And purified ; when the new heavens and
 A new earth shall rise, more beautiful
 Than Eden glories, most holy, and most happy ;
 And He, whose name is " Love," be " all in all."

Ask ye how we know that Revelation
 Brought from Heaven the sacred page that tells
 The character, and mighty plans and works
 Of Him who made the worlds, and gives
 The story of man's birth and fate ?

When history tells us that Julius Cæsar lived,
 The saviour first, and then the tyrant
 Of his country, cramping her liberties with chains
 Ambition forges ; and on the consulate of Rome
 Rearing a throne that bowed the sinews
 Of a trembling world — doubt ye the fact ?
 When history tells that Alexander fought and conquered,
 Planting the Grecian standard, crimson with victory,
 Over subject kingdoms — doubt ye the fact ?
 When history tells that Egypt, since the sink
 Of nations, flourished once, fair and mighty,
 Rich in arts and science, wealth and power ;
 Or that Assyria stood entrenched in iron strength,

And golden glory in her capital of pride, trampling,
 In haughty triumph, on the necks of captive kings
 And tribute nations, bidding all the ends
 Of earth bow prostrate before her imperial domination
 Doubt ye the facts? No, ye do not doubt,
 History testifies the truths, and ye believe them.

Then when history tells that Moses lived,
 The leader and the prophet of the Jews,
 And talked with God of high and awful things
 Concerning man, and wrote the precepts
 He received, the histories given, leaving them
 With care to that peculiar people styled
 The "chosen race," who still retain, and bear them
 Genuine 'mong their scattered tribes abroad the
 Earth, through every tongue and kindred —
 Doubt ye the fact? And do ye doubt the fact
 (Syria's awe-struck monarch doubted not
 When all his plans of pride, formed in his
 Secret chambers, were openly divulged by prophets
 Over Judea's plains and counteracted), that
 Ancient prophets spake, as they were inspired,
 Of great events that should occur, of things to come
 Hereafter? And when history tells that what
 The prophets spake of things to come, *are* come
 Indeed, and are fulfilled, or yet fulfilling, doubt ye
 The fact? When history tells that He, whom
 Revelation styles the "Son of Man, was born
 In Judah's land, and lived an humble, lowly life,
 Teaching new doctrines, strange to human ears;
 Performing wondrous cures and mighty miracles,
 Above the power of human art; and suffered
 Under Pontius Pilate on the cross — doubt ye the fact?
 And when history tells us that after He arose from Death,
 And went to Heaven, His followers treasured up
 The records of His life, His doctrine, and His words
 Of grace, adding such truths as they themselves

Were inspired of Heaven to speak for man's
Instruction — doubt ye the fact ?
And when history adds, that armed with nothing
But this " Word of Life," and power of working miracles,
They went forth — a feeble band — against the dread
Array of philosophic wisdom, (bucklered in arguments
Less yielding than the triple brass) — imperial hate —
And all the fondest inclinations and interests
Of mankind, leagued with subtle, spiritual
Domination of the principalities and powers of darkness
To overturn : and overturn these things
Of earth and pride, and wrest the kingdoms
Of this world for Him whose right it is to reign.
Defying persecution, shame and death,
Through realms, and courts, and palaces,
They sped their way to bear the " Word of Light"
To wayward, wandering, dying man ;
And when the martyr's stake, the fires
Of persecution, or the grating chains of regal power
Oppressed them, they bartered not the truth
They had received and firmly trusted in,
But sold their lives in its defence, and sealed it
With their blood. And still new champions rose
And still " the Word " was spread ; and still
It gained new strength, until at length
Imperial Rome, through her gigantic provinces
Received the book of Revelation, which *we* hold,
Dethroned her idol deities — destroyed her heathen
Temples — trampled down her pagan altars
And from her iron throne, high raised
Above the proudest thrones on earth,
Sounded aloud the truths the Apostles taught ;
And sceptred Cæsars bowed before the cross,
And turned their power to build the church,
Uphold and vindicate the " Word of God."—
Doubt ye the fact ? No, ye do not doubt.

History has testified the truths, and ye believe them.
 The facts connected with the Revelation,
 Even as the unquestioned things of human
 History, in the periods, and the countries
 Where they transpired, were publicly acknowledged,
 Obtaining universal assent. They 're handed down to us
 With equal evidence of truth, demanding
 Equal credence, and we cannot doubt.

Ask ye if the sacred page of Inspiration
 Has never been polluted by fallacious human creeds?
 We answer, no. It cannot be. For innumerable
 Copies pure were circulated earth around,
 And held by those who prized them as dearer far
 Than dearest joys of life, of life itself, and who
Would not, *could* not, (even could the various
 Copies be collected from far distant lands)
 Calmly stand by and see their hopes destroyed,
 Their expectations blighted, their sun of life put out,
 And darkness, utter darkness, veil again
 The face of earth. And farther still, opposing sects
 Arose, of jangling creeds, of rival names and power,
 Of rival aims and interests; and should
 One party impiously presume to alter aught
 The pen of God had written, the clamor
 Of ten thousand voices would have waked
 The indignant world; and other Pauls, and other
 "Sons of Thunder," would have risen to sound
 Their dread anathemas upon the fatal deed.
 This has not been done.

Though earth has changed,
 Though times and seasons change, though human creeds
 Have changed, though man's opinion changes,
 Though mighty empires change and pass away,
 And all beneath the sun is full of wasting changes,
 With steady course the "Word of God" has traveled down
 From land to land, from tongue to tongue,

From age to age the same, the very same,
 As when it first appeared from holy pens of prophets
 And apostles taught of Heaven ; and like to Him
 Who gave it to our world as Truth — as Truth
 That changes not — and cannot change — immutable,
 It will, it must remain the same forever.

It bears the impression of Omnipotence :
 It speaks of deep, and high, and lofty things,
 Unutterable by human tongues :
 Unreached by human thought. 'T is all-important,
 And 't is what intelligent creatures
 Expected, and might expect, from Him, who
 Made, and placed them in a world where all is
 Strange, mysterious, undefined, and by
 Human reason undefinable. 'T is
 What we *wish*. The urgent thing that most we *need*.
 It clears the dusky way, dispels the doubt
 That gather thick and baleful o'er the
 Traveler's path ; it guides us o'er the stormy
 Sea of Time ; it tells us who and what we
 Are, and what our duties and our destiny.
 It soothes our sorrows, dries our mournful tears,
 And raises us from poor, degraded, friendless
 Creatures to all the elevating joys
 And hopes, and prospects of the children of
 The "Most High God." We see no more a dreadful
 And an unkind God presiding o'er a
 Strange bewildered scene ; but see a Father,
 On a throne of Love, dispensing kindest,
 Richest blessings to His children ; and doing
 All that love — that infinite, unwearying
 Benevolence can do to make them wise,
 And good, and happy here, and train them up
 To glory, honor, immortality,
 Eternal bliss, in Heaven. Ye, who are friends,
 To man, go, hasten to disseminate

This precious Book. Say by your prayers, your
 Efforts, and your wealth, "Let there be light," and
 Light will shine. For God has said, "Go, bid the
 Nations hear." He has commanded light — and
 Let light shine. Go, spread the wondrous volume
 O'er the earth ; go, tell a dying world that
 There is life ; go, tell bewildered man
 Why he is made — for happiness, and
 Heaven, and for his Maker's praise — till every
 Eye shall see, and every mind become
 Illumined ; till from Scythia's snows to
 Africa's sands, from eastern realms to the far
 Distant boundaries of the west ; and o'er the
 Widespread islands of the sea, the light, the
 Benevolent Light of Life, of Truth, of
 Immortality shall shine, and earth become,
 A temple vast, o'er which the blest "Shechinah"
 From on high — the pillared radiance of
 Redeeming Love — shall rest in Heavenly glory ;
 And myriad voices waked t' immortality
 Shall sound one general song of lofty praise,
 Blending in grateful cadence with the
 Hallowed anthems of the redeemed around
 The throne, who sing the song of Moses and
 The Lamb : "Worthy is the Lamb, who was slain
 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
 And strength, and honor, and blessing." "O, Death,
 Where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?
 Thanks be to God,— for he so loved the world
 That He gave His only beloved Son
 To die for us, that we through Him might live.
 Thanks be to God, who giveth unto us
 The victory thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord."
 Blest gift of Heaven to a fallen world !
 While all things else deceive us, — we change

Ourselves, and all things round us change ; and through
 The wide-spread fields of matter and of mind
 Another point, another twig, appears ;
 Not where we can fix our grasp and feel secure ;
 Grateful the thought, that we may clasp the Book
 Of Revelation to our heart, and own
 Its Truths to be a " Rock " — established even
 By Omnipotence itself — nor can the
 " Gates of Hell " prevail against it ! — on which
 The hopes of man may rest in Heavenly peace
 Through changing scenes of time, and frowning glooms
 Of Death ; and shall abide, in all their kind,
 Endearing, and yet awful import ; when
 Death is swallowed up in victory ; when
 Time, and earth, and suns, and worlds shall pass away,
 Pure and eternal as the throne of God.

WEWACUS HILL ;

OR,

MOHEGAN'S WATCH TOWER AND DEATH MOUND.

ALTHOUGH from the many traditional accounts respecting Wewacus Hill, it would seem to have been a place of considerable notoriety among the earliest Indians, yet, for reasons unknown no historian or writer of any description has seen fit to dignify it with the slightest remembrance. It is located at the head of the river Thames, Conn., and forms an elevated western boundary of the beautiful manufacturing city of Norwich, which, with its mingling rivers the Thames, Shetucket and Yantic, and all its native scenery and artificial beauties, lies embosomed in a luxuriant valley beneath the venerable shade of this patriarchal hill. In other days it was known by the name of the " Indian Watch Tower," and derived its title from the use to which it was appropriated.

Uncas and his tribe occupied a peculiarly exposed situation, being surrounded by those from whom they had revolted, and who were thirsting for their blood; and after having deeded the town of Norwich to his friends and allies, the whites, he and his faithful Mohegans were constantly on the alert in watching for the protection of the infant settlement, and repelling invasions of the Pequots, at that time the formidable and relentless foe of both parties. Wewacus Hill, (said to be the first point of land in Connecticut discoverable at sea) raised its proud summit above them; and so commanding a post of observation, from whence his keen Indian eye could range the whole extent of country, from Bolton on the north to the Sound on the south, was not neglected by this sagacious observer. While his vigilant scouts were ever abroad in the wilderness to advise him of the motions of the enemy, he kept at the same time a sentinel continually stationed upon this Watch Tower that overlooked both his friends and his own wild domains. It was a place much frequented by him; and upon this summit was erected a Fort for its defence, to which, in times of great danger, the old men of the tribe who were unable to fight, the women and children, were sent for safety from the unsparing vengeance of their cruel adversaries. Yet previous to the destruction of the Pequots, even this Fort was sometimes assailed and became the scene of very sanguinary conflicts. This edifice was a large square building, erected in the Indian manner of unpolished stone without mortar, embanked with earth; and but for the depredation of those who wished to enclose their farms with stone fences, might have stood firmly to the present day. But unsparing hands have not hesitated, for this purpose, to overthrow an interesting monument of other times until not one stone is left standing upon another. With regard to the derivation of the name of Wewacus, nothing can be known at present but through the testimony of tradition. As is well known, the historical traditions of the Indians were handed to posterity through the medium of national songs, or by engrav-

ing upon trees. Trees of this description formerly overshadowed Wewacus Hill, and hence the traditions respecting it have been principally derived. But these aspiring chroniclers of Mohegan's vales, like those who dwelt beneath their shadow and taught them to promulgate their mighty deeds, have long since met the fate of all mortal things, and are forgotten. One silent memento alone remains to tell that Mohegan's monarchs once occupied these heights, after seeing his people fade away before the progress of civilization like the leaves of the forest before the breath of autumn. One lofty-minded Indian retired with his wife to this wild retreat above the world, afar from all the sickening scenes in the valley beneath, and here, like the shades of departed greatness they lingered, bewailing their country's doom, until the summons came that gathered them to a resting place with their fathers. They left behind them their solitary hut, which, though dilapidated, still stands, a small but appropriate capstone upon this Watch Tower of Mohegan's greatness, this Mound above her grave. The field where they have laid Mohegan's sleeping warriors, known by the name of the "Indian burying ground" is in the city of Norwich on the east bank of the Yantic, just above the beautiful fall in that river, and but a short distance from the foot of Wewacus Hill. Here a monument is erected to the memory of Uncas. The corner stone was laid by the celebrated Gen. Jackson, President of the United States, while on a visit here, in company with several of the first dignitaries of the State and Nation, amid display of the military, crowds of spectators and all the parade necessarily attendant on such an occasion. The Indian custom of forming, not splendid mausoleums, but simple Mounds of earth above the graves of their fathers is well known; and *Fancy* must be excused if in her mind, vagaries amid savage things, she has taken the liberty of transforming this Watch Tower of the living, into a mound above the dead. It is to be regretted that the traces of the original proprietors of the Hill are so far obliterated, as such monuments of other times afford

the philosopher, historian, and poet, a subject of much interesting speculation. But though these appendages are gone, the Mound itself cannot be easily removed. Erected by the hand of the God of nature, it will no doubt be left to stand in view of the future traveler, an imperishable director to the resting place of a once powerful nation that now sleeps at its base.

WEWACUS HILL;

OR,

MOHEGAN'S WATCH TOWER AND DEATH MOUND.

Calm was the hour, the tranquil hour of eve,
When solemn musings fill the pensive breast,
Glad for a little while the world to leave,
Its idle mirth, its scenes by care oppress'd ;
Its ceaseless toils, forbidding man to rest ;
And all its sights and sounds that please or grieve
I wander'd forth to hold communion blest
With nature, and her balmy fragrance breathe,
Where meditation loves to linger still
Amid thy wild retreats, Wewacus Hill.

'T was silence all upon the lonely Hill,
For nature slept in evening's sweet embrace ;
The murm'ring winds and sportive birds were still ;
No sound disturb'd the solitary place,
Save a low babbling where the fountain strays,
And now and then the tree-toad chirping shrill,
And waking wild her melancholy lays,
That meet the ear and through the bosom thrill
Like sorrow's mournful plaint o'er friendship's tomb,
The whip-poor-will in her lone, distant home.

The moon in brightness walk'd her nightly way,
 The deep-blue heavens, with starry gems bespread,
 Bent as in guardian kindness seem'd to say :
 " Put off thy shoe — not walk with lawless tread
 Through scene like this." Light mingled sweet with shade,
 Calm, beautiful as heav'n, the green earth lay,
 As if all care and passion low were laid,
 And in their stead came that mysterious sway
 Which bows creation in adoring praise
 To Him, unseen, who fill'd this " dreadful place."

But here, beside high thoughts that nature brings
 Through all her wide domains wherever spread,
 When evening whispers, or when morning sings,
 Are others wak'd. For on this mountain head
 We stand above the mansion of the dead,
 And 'round us gather long-departed things ;
 For wild Wewacus throws his mighty shade
 Upon the last long-resting place of kings.
 Here stood a nation, high in warlike pride ;
 Here stands this mound, to tell that nation died.

No more the wolf comes howling from his den ;
 The poisonous snake no more his rattle shakes ;
 No more the bear and panther now are seen,
 Or bounding deer his sprightly pastime takes ;
 And on the trembling mind no more awakes
 The horrid whoop of angry, savage men,
 In dreadful cadence with the storm that breaks
 The mountain pine, and thunders thro' the glen ;
 And bursting 'vengeful on our 'frighted path,
 No more we meet the warrior in his wrath.

No more we see devotion's pagan train
 Mad with wierd transports, clad in strange attire,
 Chanting dire music, sad as wails of pain,
 'Round the drear spot where sacrificial fire

Burns to appease dark Hobbomocko's ire.

Not, as he scans from hence yon wide domain,
And o'er creation's realms his thoughts aspire ;

No more some high-soul'd Indian pours his strain
Of lofty praise to Him o'er all things high,
Supreme Great Spirit of the glorious sky.

No more are gathering bands of Indians now

On proud Wewacus, where their power hath been ;
But sturdy farmers whistle by their plough,
And merry children sport upon the green.

On the bold steep is lovely village seen ;

And village belles are there in beauty too,
Not dight in broadcloth cap, like Indian queen,
And wampum-belt, and deer skin robe and shoe.
No ; should our females climb the very moon,
The " Latest Fashions " would arrive there soon.

Now, mild religion sheds her genial rays

Where the dark savage in his blindness stood,
As from a temple rear'd to his own praise,

By his own hand, high over plain and flood,
Wewacus, to the " true and living God,"

Now tunes glad anthems, and His will obeys.
So Zion's sacred hill and blood

Was crown'd by Canaanite in other days,
Till Israel came, from house of bondage led,
And light and gladness crown'd that mountain head.

Now the glad spring hastes from the bending skies

On raptur'd wing to deck Wewacus' bowers ;
Calls her gay birds, bids her mild sun arise,

Spreads her green robe, and paints her laughing flow'rs
And bounteous autumn brings exuberant stores

Her golden grain abundantly supplies ;
Her orchards rich, and teeming wildwood pours
Her luscious fruits of various names and dyes.

Life, peace and plenty crown Wewacus' brow,
 And mark ! yon beauteous prospect spread below.

Hence you may see the academic halls
 Of rural Colchester all brightly beam ;
 And Bozrah, peeping through her rocky walls ;
 And Goshen, land of cider, cheese and cream ;
 And Franklin' fam'd for many a worthy name ;
 And lofty Lebanon, that proudly calls
 A Trumbull hers — fair as her heights of fame
 Above the world where the last sunbeam falls ;
 And still beyond, Bolton's tall steeps of pride
 Are seen by him who climbs Wewacus' side.

And Salem's teeming lake and happy land ;
 And fair Montville ; and where her patriots bled,
 By lofty column rear'd by grateful hand,
 Fam'd Groton weeping o'er her mighty dead ;
 And where the Thames with ocean's waves is wed
 New London's forts, her sails and busy strand ;
 And low in dust 'neath desolation's tread,
 Where nations stood and monarchs gave command,
 Mohegan wildly meets the mournful gaze —
 Birthplace and tomb of a departed race.

And other towns beam on the raptur'd eye
 Around this centre of a nation's power,
 And flowery meads, broad woods, and gathering nigh
 To scene so fair, proud hills in grandeur tow'r.
 And sweeping streams their sparkling water pour
 Thro' fruitful vales of fairest emerald dye ;
 The factor's wheels are heard along the shore,
 The hum of toil with nature's cheerful cry,
 O, 't is a beauteous scene ! adorn'd and lov'd
 By nature, and by charms of art improv'd.

O, what deep thoughts are waken'd as we stand
 Gazing on scenes in nature's life-ropes drest !
 And what a power has nature to command
 The soften'd feelings of the human breast !
 Long might the spirit linger in this rest,
 And muse o'er subjects gather'd to her hand.
 Ask if the dwellers in yon vale are blest,
 Or why, if sad they are in such sweet land ?
 Talk with the present — of the future dream,
 But no ; the storied past is now our theme.

Harp of the Pilgrim land, awake ! awake !
 Break forth in strains befitting lofty theme
 To friendship true ; breathe forth once more and break
 The silence far too deep o'er Indian name,
 Passing away like fancy's vagrant dream.
 Though no illustrious minstrel comes to take
 And sweep thy sounding strings to notes of fame,
 Yet wake, wild harp ! and inspiration speak
 In influence kind to me who woos thee still
 For tribute due this long-neglected Hill.

For we were strangers once in this proud land,
 Though now our banner waves from sea to sea.
 The Indians then held high and sole command ;
 Now he is gone ; and o'er his ashes we
 Wake but too oft the song of levity.
 Some few, indeed, with thoughtful, grateful hand
 Have given to fame names mighty once — and free ;
 A wondrous powerful, yet departed band,
 That their high deeds may in her annals live,
 Is but just meed Columbia sure should give.

A lowly hand now only humbly aims
 To save *one spot* from dark oblivion's flow.
 All wildly o'er the head of silvery Thames,
 Unknown to song, Wewacus lifts his brow ;

Looks down on Norwich, beautiful below,
 As fairy maiden sweet in fancy's dreams.
 Bright, vigorous, fresh as morning's early glow,
 Plying the busy wheel 'mid mingling streams ;
 And 'round his foot in many a winding maze,
 And wild cascade, the lovely Yantic strays.

Proud mount — tradition says thou hadst thy name
 From wild Wewacus, King of Pequot race ;
 A second mighty Nimrod, laying claim
 To boundless wilds, o'er which he led the chase.
 Not from his savage throne on this high place
 Watch'd he alone the unoffending game.
 Whether Napoleon's history we trace,
 Wewacus', Cæsar's, or that one of fame
 Who wept for other worlds — *one* world too small,
 Ambition — lust of power — the same in all.

Wewacus wak'd the battle shout, and flew
 O'er mount and valley like a withering flame ;
 His keen eye glanc'd, his powerful bow he drew,
 And at his feet tribes, kingdoms, warriors came,
 And none could stay his might, his spirit tame,
 Or break the bands that far and wide he threw.
 Wewacus ! 't is a wild and savage name,
 Yet to his country he was kind and true ;
 His sons, the daring Pequots, lov'd him well,
 And lov'd his deeds to sing, his glories tell.

He died. But not upon the lonely plain.
 'Mid common things his mighty bones were laid.
 They would not leave him where the idle train
 Above the conqueror's awful brow might tread ;
 But where his throne had stood on this high head,
 O'er looking still his wide and wild domains
 They made the monarch's lofty sleeping-bed,
 And in it laid his dog and household train,

To serve him where he went — and wealth was pil'd
 And trophies proud of all the warriors he had kill'd.

So rais'd sublime above the trembling deeps,
 Whose giant billows sound o'er earth his name,
 In lonely grandeur on Helena's steeps
 Napoleon slumbers in his bed of fame.
 But all alone he slumbers — and can claim
 No tear-drops kind but those which nature weeps.
 Around his dying bed no children came.
 His honor'd dust no treasuring country keeps ;
 Alone he sleeps — and ocean's awe-struck wave
 Alone conducts us to his lofty grave.

And o'er his wondrous tomb no requiem makes,
 Save when the thunder-cloud in fury bent
 Utter his mighty voice and nature shakes,
 Winds, waves and storms respond the dreadful plaint.
 But loud, and deep, and long the fond lament,
 That o'er Wewacus' much lov'd ashes breaks.
 His people fasted there, their clothes they rent,
 And sorrow's deep-ton'd wail kind music makes :
 They mourn'd in lamentations wild and wide,
 As Israel thro' her tents when Jacob died.

And children's children thro' unnumbered years
 Have gather'd round his patriarchal bed ;
 Oft has his dust been wet with those kind tears
 That fond affection drops upon the dead.
 And the deep thunders roll above his head
 And muttering storms this echoing summit hears.
 They sleep securely in their father's shade,
 No sound or storm awakes his people's fears,
 They sleep together — he in this proud mound —
 They at its foot, all fondly gathering round.

Dread Patriarch Mound! Vast generations meet
 And mingle kindly in thy mighty shade ;
 Here the red warrior gather'd up his feet
 To go among his fathers, with the dead ;
 And many a monarch bold from battle dread
 As lion terrible, as lightning fleet,
 Came home to gaze upon thy guardian's head,
 Then sleeps with sires and sons, in slumber sweet.
 Dark Pequot warriors claim thy shadow blest,
 And here Mohegan found a nation's rest.

Tradition tells not why the Pequot claim
 Was not continued to this Hill of pride ;
 But when to seek a home the Pilgrim came,
 He found Mohegan by Wewacus' side.
 Her bow was bent, the Pequot she defied ;
 She claim'd — and oft from this bold steep of fame
 Glanc'd her keen, eagle eye o'er land and tide
 To mark what foes might come. It went by name
 Of " Indian's Watch Tower," and yon ruins tell
 Where stood the fort that screen'd her sentinel.

Mohegan's Sagamore from this high brow
 Could overlook all realms he called his own.
 Fair at his feet, in empire's waking glow
 Lay wild Mohegan, where he fix'd his throne ;
 And whence he led his conquering warriors on
 Till their proud feet could stamp on every foe.
 But as he watch'd o'er hills and vales that shone
 Most brightly, because bought with his own bow,
 Saw he no sight that made his bosom swell
 With envy, wrath? Ambition, thou canst tell.

Judge now. Before him lay in prospect fair
 Fam'd Groton heights, where stood his rival's throne.
 Dread Sassacus, the Pequot king was there,
 Whose conquering arms more powerful than his own

Had bound the trembling nations — until none,
 Save Narragansett could be found to dare
 The terror of his might. " He is all one,
 As God in Heaven " — they cried with shudd'ring tear,
 " There's none can kill him — all must him obey " —
 And trains of tribute monarchs grac'd his ways.

Ambitious Uncas ! could he calmly view
 A sight so hateful to a proud one's eye ?
 He could not bear it — his strong bow he drew
 And vow'd to conquer Sassacus or die.
 Then came the whoop of vengeance sounding high,
 Dread Sassacus demanded homage due —
 " To war — to war " — Mohegan's chieftains cry :
 War came indeed to blast the daring crew ;
 Loud through the wilderness the battle raves,
 And wild Wewacus rang thro' all his caves.

Thus merg'd in war stern desperation sat
 On each bold brow amid Mohegan's bands.
 But all things mortal have a changeful fate,
 Soon he may die who now in vigor stands.
She might have fallen but for *paler* hands ;
 For still pursued by deadly Pequot hate,
 Fire, wrath and woe o'erspread her trembling lands
 Yet still the war was wag'd with hope elate,
 And struggling still, she bravely fought and stood
 And life must go for life, and blood for blood.

Now from their home across the angry flood
 Came to these western wilds that Pilgrim band
 Who sought a place where they might worship God
 As his own word and conscience should command,
 Secure from persecution's bloody hand.
 They built them towns, and soon in strength they stood,
 And growing might on purchas'd Indian lands,
 Desiring peace, but long they mourn'd in blood.

The Pequots hated them from first to last ;
Dreaded their growing power, and sought to blast.

Mohegan sought their aid, and kindly spread
Her friendly arms. O ! not then spread in vain,
To guard their realms, and cheer their drooping head ;
And they, in turn, led on with her the train
Of battle, raging first o'er mount and plain
Of angry Pequots. Side by side they sped
The way to conquest, till their foes were slain,
Thro' all those regions wild and deserts dread ;
And Uncas then, the proud and conquering king,
Repos'd with his stern race 'neath Pilgrim's wing.

They sped to conquest. But with terrors dread,
And ruin wide and wild, the way was fill'd ;
The knife and tomahawk with blood were red,
And carnage glutted thus, and havoc smil'd,
And sounds of death rang thro' the trembling wild.
Do we remember how our father's bleed
To save the home they purchas'd for the child ?
Our vales are now in Eden beauty spread ;
We stand in empire greatness, and are free,
And who more happy, learn'd, or bless'd than we ?

But dire those scenes when venturing o'er the flood,
First to these wilds they bent their Pilgrim way,
When o'er their household fires the savage stood
Frowning in wrath, as lion o'er his prey ;
And round them vast mysterious forests lay
Teeming with gathering swarms to taste their blood,
And death and danger held relentless sway.
O ! let the children bless the guardian God
Who watch'd them still ; and in this time of need
Bade kind Mohegan prove a friend indeed.

Their guide, when dangers threaten'd them, she led
 Through unknown wilds the way their feet must go ;
 Still o'er their homes her guardian arm was spread,
 Still for their safety bent her powerful bow ;
 Their friends were hers, and hers their murd'rous foe.
 She wished them good, and help'd in time of need,
 She caught them fish and gave them lands to sow ;
 O ! she was rude and wild but kind indeed ;
 Hers was a friendship hearty, cordial, warm,
 The same in peace or war, in shine or storm.

True, she had int'rests of her own at stake —
 What human heart no selfish feelings shows ?
 Her bands of Pequot servitude she broke
 Before the Pilgrims came, and struggling rose
 With those proud passions that the conqueror knows
 Who seeks a potent sceptre that shall make
 Respect and fear. True, she had thought of foes
 When oft in friendly tones of love she spake ;
 Yet firmly does she clasp the Pilgrim's hand ;
 He needs her aid — thus side by side they stand.

But why yon council fires on Groton's height ?
 Why secret messengers haste to and fro ?
 Why is the chain of friendship made thus bright,
 And bound 'round hosts of mustering warriors now,
 Their feuds laid by to league 'gainst common foe ?
 What is it swells their bosoms for the fight ?
 Why that dread frown upon their lofty brow ?
 Why smoke the sacred stem — and loud of right,
 And wrong, and Indian independence talk ?
 Why send abroad the blood-red tomahawk ?

Dread Sassacus has muster'd in his power.
 Hark ! thro' the wilderness that wild death cry !
 Ye Pilgrims, 't is a dark and fearful hour.
 The day has come your arm of strength to try,

And either you or Pequot's king must die.

From northern realms to the blue southern shore,
Where Sassacus in regal pomp sits high,

Rolls the deep vengeance like the torrents' roar,
Destructive as the siroc's blasting breath,

Fierce as the tempest, terrible as death.

'Tis well you bow the knee to heav'n's high King.

Who else could save you from so dark a foe ?

'Tis well your hearts are humble, and you bring

Before your God those contrite sorrows now
Which from a sense of sin and weakness flow ;

And ask His mercy, ask His guardian wing
To shield you in this hour of want and woe,

When at your hearts the savage foemen fling
Death's pointéd arrows, barb'd with certain doom ;

When blood must drench, and fires consume your home.

But what has wak'd the wrath of Indian kings

Against the Pilgrims of intentions good ?

This the complaint the Pequot monarch brings.

" These pale-fac'd strangers came across the flood
And build their towns where our own wigwams stood ;

Their might is spreading like the eagle's wings ;
They say they prize our rights — Oh! base falsehood!

They stamp on Indian rights as hated things ;

They put their strength in rebel Uncas' arm ;

They will destroy — they love to do us harm."

Thus reason'd Sassacus. In patriot pride,

He lov'd his country as his children, wife ;
He thought his people wrong'd — their rights defied,

And to sustain them would endure the strife,
And save his country, though it cost his life.

Rous'd by his word the nations far and wide,
League in short friendship ; whet the bloody knife,
And wake destruction's cry on every side.

Stand for your lives now, Pilgrims, Uncas, stand,
To seal your doom is rais'd no feeble hand.

The war we sing was murderous, pagan, wild,
Not like kind Christian wars — one mighty groan —
One mighty shock of conflict on the field —

One general rush of vengeance — hurrying on
To make quick work of that which must be done.

Finish'd — then raise thanksgivings high that skill'd
In scientific death, great victory's won.

Twice twenty thousand men are barely kill'd!
And that, too, in short space. They count the slain,
Look proud enough, and lo, 't is peace again.

But dark as untam'd forest, savage war :

Ceaseless as flow of waters to the main ;

Dread sounds of terror echoed from afar,

While ruins near told that the murd'rous train
Lurk'd in close ambush, to renew again

The work of desolating regions fair,
And sweeping from the earth a race of men

They had decreed to death, and would not spare.

All undiscover'd, yet determin'd foe —

There 's scarce a hope, and sure no mercy now.

Stand, faithful Uncas, to thy Pilgrim friends,

For thou, in part, hast brought these perils on.

He does stand faithful, for on them depends

Mohegan's fate — she cannot stand alone —

If now the Pilgrim falls, her day is done.

O'er Uncas' head big, threat'ning danger bends.

In vain the Pequot wrath he strives to shun ;

They hunt him thro' the wilds where'er he wends ;

He finds no rest by day or gloomy night,

Nor safety, even upon Wewacus' heights.

His Pilgrim friends must save him in this war.
 Once valiant Leffingwell, on gloomy night,
 When danger drove him to that rocky chair
 Which bears his name, beneath Wewacus height —
 Around him battle wail'd in fearful might,
 For Pequot bands in all their wrath were there.
 Too weak for war, too closely coop'd for flight,
 He mourn'd his warriors sinking in despair —
 With aid came Leffingwell — and fearless he —
 The Pequots fled, and Uncas quick was free.

Again they had encircled him on Pequot Hill ;
 Worn down with want his fainting warriors tire.
 " Give me the horse this night," cries Leffingwell,
 " Well shod with steel that bears our fam'd esquire. '
 He dress'd in foul disguise like demon dire,
 And wak'd a fearful wail like shrieks of hell ;
 His flint foot horse struck trains of demon fire.
 " Fly — fly " — shout Pequots with a shuddering yell.
 The fiend rush'd on, with all the rescued men,
 And life and victory crown'd bold Uncas then.

Wearied at length by war so dark and rude,
 The Pilgrim fathers took a desperate stand.
 There was no hope of life while Pequot stood,
 They must cut off the spoiler from the land.
 Brave Mason's arm was nerv'd to take command —
 He summon'd Uncas to a feast of blood,
 Bade Narragansett aid his feeble band,
 And lead to Pequot monarch's dark abode —
 A nation's destiny for weal or woe
 Hung trembling on the arm of Mason now.

T'was night. Ere leaving, Sassacus commands :
 " When morning comes, ye Pequot warriors haste

Afresh to scalp and burn these Pilgrim bands,
Who break your power, and thirst your blood to taste."
They shout — then on the ground their bows they cast,
And now the warrior in the war-dance stands.
They sing their fathers' mighty deeds long past,
In prospect, too, deeds of their own proud hands,
How the bright sun should lead their valorous way
To new-born glories of a coming day.

All unexpectedly came sound of war.
Ah! little dream'd they danger was so nigh ;
Mason had reach'd the fort, and station'd there,
Unseen, had listen'd to their revelry.
Sudden he wakes the fight ; and such a cry
Of terror, vengeance, burst upon the ear
As might appal, and make the proudest fly.
The Pilgrims fire ; stern combat rends the air ;
One nation now must yield its gasping breath —
Pilgrim and Pequot stand for life or death.

Bold Uncas was astounded by the shock ;
Brave Narragansett fainted to the rear.
'Tho' each had oft made hill and valley rock
Beneath his tread, when all unknown to fear
He wak'd war's whoop, and brought the battle near.
Mason was left alone the rage to mock
Of desperate Pequots at this moment drear,
When death and doom on night's chill silence broke.
The Pequot fought like lion in his den
For king and country, life and freedom then.

" Burn now their Fort," cried daring Mason then,
And swift the crackling flames ascend on high.
Oh! what a shriek now shook the earth and main !
It was a nation's parting agony —

Her deep death-groan — her last expiring cry.

In flaming death sunk down her mighty men,
And o'er their bones, o'er earth and glaring sky,

Startling the night bird, and the wolf, was seen
One wide dread blaze, a conflagration grand !

Say — did it light those warriors to the heavenly land ?

War was their glory; what to them was life

If battle rag'd not o'er their honor'd way ?

Born but for war — they hasted to the strife,

And he who wak'd with loudest whoop the fray,
And could recount most victims as his prey,

And in the heart of foe with vengeance rife

Bade with most certain aim the arrow play,

And thrust with deadliest skill the reeking knife,

Had bought a proud reward. His name should stand

Highest in heaven, where warriors still command.

These did their duty fully, and may claim

All the high honors Indian creed secures.

But where is dreadful Sassacus ? He came

Not to the fight that such destruction pours.

He was afar — and still he lives — endures

The pangs of disappointed pride — the shame

Of mock'd insulted majesty. His tow'rs

Are gone — and swept from earth his country's name.

Great Sassacus — Ah ! who would wished to see

A heart like thine so wrung with agony ?

He came in time to see his Fortress burn

O'er his proud warriors slain by Pilgrim bands ;

He fought a space — but Ah ! his arm was shorn

Of strength that once had shook the trembling lands.

He would not sue for life at Pilgrims' hands ;

Nor stood he like a child to idly mourn.

A faithful few still honor'd his commands,

With him to distant realms their feet they turn.

Groton — to thee no more thy king shall come —
Of Mohawk warriors now he asked a home !

Dark treach'ry found him there, and basely kill'd,
Unseen the hand that dealt the dastard blow.
Then there was silence through the mighty wild,
For he who wak'd the war was lying low,
His arm unnerv'd, unstrung his powerful bow ;
His lofty soul by death's stern mandate still'd,
He stood no more a terror to the foe ;
His name that had the earth with trembling fill'd
Pass'd there away. Last king of Pequot fame.
No more he holds a throne, his race a name.

A noble scion from a noble root.
Shade of Wewacus, this was thy fam'd son !
His was no feeble hand, no sluggish foot ;
His was a name that thou may'st proudly own,
And glory in the deeds thy child hath done.
His daring spirit, as the lightnings shoot
Athwart the sky, leading the tempest on,
Led to dominion wide the dark Pequot.
Form'd for command, the nations own'd his sway,
And grac'd with homage due his conquering way.

Now Pequot's bitter fate and 'whelming fight
Struck the affrightéd tribes with general awe.
They sue for peace, they boast no more their might,
And pledge their truth to wake no more the war.
Uncas then gloried in the sight he saw.
He saw from wild Wewacus' watch tower height
Mohegan, rising, like the morning star,
Bright o'er the fading glories of the night.
Exulting sight ! his hatéd rival gone,
And his were now all Pequot realms and thrones.

Time roll'd along — and causes came apace
 That wak'd again red battle in the wild ;
 Again the Pilgrims found no resting place,
 Again their homes were burn'd, their lands despoiled.
 Miantonomo, valor's lofty child,
 Sachem of Narragansett's kingly race
 Became with Uncas in dark war embroil'd,
 And Pilgrim friends must Uncas' sufferings taste.
 With foeman's wrath they each the other hate,
 Striving to drink his blood and seal his fate.

Hark ! why that clang of conflict on the ear ?
 Hark ! why those whoops on Sachem's bloody plain ?
 Is war, unsated thro' a past career
 Pouring fresh vengeance on the earth again ?
 Oh ! earth — Oh earth — what a relentless train
 Of angry children thou dost bear ? but hear —
 The sounds roll onward — and now heaps of slain
 Tell that destruction in his wrath is near.
 Who may escape by precipice or flood,
 When savage foemen come to feast on blood ?

Two mighty kingdoms are in conflict bent ;
 Two mighty monarchs stand for life or death ;
 Miantonomo's dreadful bow is bent,
 His wrathful arrow thirsts for Uncas' breath.
 But who, across Numidia's burning heath,
 Impell'd by mad presumption ever went
 To rouse the Lion — when he sleeps beneath
 The cavern'd mountain in his kingly tent ?
 Who ever ventur'd such unequal strife,
 That did not forfeit by the deed his life ?

But why this shock ? For now Mohegan slept,
 Lull'd by short truce, and thought her foes afar ;

Safety seem'd smiling where destruction wept.

Nor dream'd her rallies of the hostile jar.

But wake, ye warriors ! for red battle's car

Has roll'd unseen for deeds of blood equipt.

Awake ! Behold ! Yon angry hosts of war

While ye repos'd have through the forest crept.

The Narragansetts come ! But, daring men,

Ye come as hunters to the lion's den.

Rous'd from his lair, with lightning in his eye,

Uncas rush'd forth with quickly-gathered band.

Ah ! who may meet him now that would not die ?

Who would dare now the vengeance of his hand ?

They met on Sachem's Plain — but first they stand —

And Uncas call'd, in accents stern, but sly :

“ Miantonomo, those at thy command

Are mighty warriors, fam'd for conquest high :

Too proud to bend, too strong to basely flee ;

And such are these bold men who follow me.

“ Hear now my words. 'T is pity they should die

In strife that 's only between thee and me ;

Come, fight alone ; and if thou kill'st me, I

Bequeath my noble warriors all to thee.

Or, if thou diest, mine shall thy followers be.

Thou say'st thou 'rt brave ; come, like a man, and try,”

“ My men have come to fight, nor shall they flee,”

Miantonomo said with haughty cry.

Thus parley clos'd ; quick arrows dim the air,

And monarchs, with their people, rush to war.

Short was the fight. Miantonomo fell

A pris'ner in the hand of mortal foe ;

And scarce a Narragansett liv'd to tell

The dreadful havoc of that day of woe.

With lofty mien, tho' fate had brought him low,

And calm as summer eve when all is still,

The noble captive yielded up his bow,
 And bow'd in silence to his conqueror's will.
 He crav'd no mercy, sought no chance to fly,
 But proudly waited for his hour to die.

On Sachem's Plain is seen a heap of stones,
 A lowly monument to lofty king :
 He who had set on conquer'd Indian thrones
 Reposes there in death's cold slumbering.
 The desert winds alone his requiem sing ;
 The desert bird alone his fate bemoans,
 And no kind hand but that of weeping spring
 Has e'er bedeck'd the sod above his bones.
 Yet his the soul, tho' savage, truly great,
 And worthy of a better, prouder fate.

He met his fate by stroke that took his breath
 On the red spot where his proud followers bled ;
 But e'er his flesh was cold in chills of death,
 And laid to silence in the " narrow bed,"
 Exulting Uncas had revenge indeed.
 He cut, with barb'rous knife, from savage sheath,
 Off the warm shoulder, slice on which he fed.
 And while the horrid feast was in his teeth,
 "'T is sweetest meat," he cried, " I've tasted long,
 Now I am sated, and my heart is strong."

Miantonomo having met his fate,
 Then dark Pessacus bore the war along.
 He was assisted by stern Ninigret,
 Niantick's king — the subtle and the strong.
 Much they complain'd of injury and wrong ;
 Savage resentment in their councils sat.
 Proud Uncas' cause was plead by Pilgrim tongue.
 This drew on him and them much bitter hate.
 Darkly they quarrell'd — scarce a hope of end —
 Now wake the war ! and now o'er treaties bend.

At length war burst. Wild Wampanoag rode
Fierce as the locust swarms of Araby.
Philip, the mightiest now of mighty foes,
With warrior's arm and statesman's subtlety,
Against the Pilgrim comes, his strength to try.
Brave Narragansett, with two thousand bows
Came to his aid, and join'd his battle cry ;
Springfield and Nipmuck, two dark, murd'rous foes.
And, save Niantick, every swamp and glen
Pour'd forth its teeming of warriors then.

Oh! what a dark conspiracy was here
To blast the Pilgrims from beneath the sky!
Say, Uncas, will you now their dangers share,
Or leave your Pilgrim friends alone to die?
That friendship's firm which beams in Indian eye ;
The heart's strong feelings glow in beauty there ;
Close by their side his fortunes he will try.
He clasps their hand, and 'fronts with them the war ;
His faithful warriors haste with martial pride
To shield from harm, and their faint footsteps guide.

Again their homes are burn'd ; their children led
By savage bands to feel the captive's woe.
Death's darkest, bloodiest terrors now are spread
Above, around, where'er their footsteps go.
Again they feel the wrath of savage foe ;
Again the dearest friend must go to feed
The fiendish hate that can no mercy show.
The sufferers pine, the tortur'd victims bleed ;
Wild whoops of vengeance wake the morning sun,
And fiery deaths thro' night's drear darkness run.

In vain were valor's squadrons forward led,
The foe was hid in forest dark as wrath ;
The Pilgrim's sword could not avenge the deed
So foul and fatal round his bloody path.

Nowhere is safety — even upon his hearth —
 He sees his much lov'd wife and children bleed.
 He cannot cut the murderers from the earth,
 They dealt the blow on innocence and fled.
 Pilgrims! ye came for freedom o'er the flood,
 Must freedom now, and hope, be drown'd in blood?

Man in this world lives on accurs'd soil
 By briars, thorns and thistles overspread,
 His blessings come not but with heaviest toil,
 By sweaty brow he earns his daily bread.
 Think not that Freedom in this western shade,
 Tho' far from madden'd Europe's sick'ning broil,
 Blooms a blest rose with no sharp stings array'd,
 A favor'd plant round which no serpents coil.
 Freedom's a flower blooming 'mid thorns of strife,
 And he who gains it perils all, e'en life.

Infant Connecticut had dealt the blow
 That fell'd the giant Pequot's towering throne :
 Young Massachusetts and Rhode Island now
 Must put the guise of strength and manhood on.
 Bedimm'd with blood arose New England's sun ;
 Through toil and pain her early steps must go.
 Before green childhood's feeble years are run,
 She must speed forth to meet the mighty foe :
 But burst on life, smiting the savage train,
 How strong she grew to break oppression's chain!

Unskill'd in casuistry, and quite unlearn'd,
 The unknown muse who wakes this feeble song.
 She therefore tells not whether justly turn'd
 The Pilgrims to a land that did belong
 To tribes defending it with effort strong,
 Nor would, but at life's price be from it spurn'd.

She knows, *they* say, they bought, and did no wrong ;
 And o'er spill'd Indian blood most deeply mourn'd.
 But Indians say, " they build where they've no right ;
 Plant thick their guns, talk love, and whoop for fight."

Long fought the Indian to preserve his land ;
 Long time the Pilgrims mourn'd in blood and woe ;
 At length New England rais'd her conquering hand,
 And drew her sword to smite the murd'rous foe ;
 Call'd heaven in aid to give the fatal blow
 To Philip and his proud confederate band.
 Led forth a force with strength to overthrow
 The Indian power, and gain supreme command.
 Mohegan's warriors hasten'd by her side
 Through forests drear, where the dark foemen hide.

But Ah ! enough, enough has sure been sung ;
 The muse is sick and tir'd of woe and blood.
 Suffice it now to say, the battle rung
 From trembling shores along the southern flood,
 O'er forests vast where crouch'd the murd'rous blood
 Frowning in wrath, of various name and tongue,
 East, west and north to where Northampton stood ;
 In retribution dire it roll'd along,
 Nor ceas'd the war, nor ceas'd the work of death
 Till all conflicting tribes resign'd their breath.

Wild Pettyquamscot — what a fearful blast
 Awoke o'er thee — shaking the earth and sky —
 When Narragansett did her best, her last,
 The time had come when she must sink and die !
 She fell as fall the brave — Her arm on high
 To crush whoe'er might dare attempt to cast
 Round her the bands of servitude. Her cry
 Was, " liberty or death " — and all was past ?
 She would not, could not wear the oppressor's chain,
 And sank in fiery death amid the slain.

Her suffering patriot king Nanunttenoo,
 Miantonomo's son, fierce battle led.
 He was pursued and taken by the foe,
 And told that he must die. " 'T is well," he said,
 " 'T is well for me in country's cause to bleed ;
 My heart will ne'er grow soft, nor will I do
 Aught that's unworthy Indian name." Thus fed
 By patriot zeal, and country's pride, they go
 Forth to defend their rights ; nor will they quail
 'Neath woes, or foeman's arm, till life shall fail.

Still rang alarming conflict through the wild ;
 Still war tramp'd forth upheld by Philip's arm.
 Philip — a name thro' each bosom thrill'd
 Of Indian patriot, like some potent charm,
 Waking their pride, waking this awful storm
 Upon the Pilgrims that their heart's blood chill'd.
 Yet Philip nobly wish'd not to do harm ;
 He had a soul with generous feelings fill'd ;
 He felt, he even wept to hear their cry ;
 But, ah ! his country call'd, and *they must die !*

He came not forth to battle, for he knew
 That on *his* arm hung Indian destiny ;
 Hence he retir'd to wilds with followers few,
 A central point to which all tribes might fly
 At moment's bursting forth to victory.
 Blame him not here — 't was rule of war he drew
 From conquerors fam'd in Indian history.
 From stratagem and skill their conquests grew ;
 And think, if nations hung upon his breath,
 Could he be prais'd for coming forth to death ?

We need not follow to each wild retreat
 Through which dread Wampanoag's king was chas'd.
 Still wakening as he ran the tribes to meet
 And blast the foe who came with conquering haste

To break their power, their country's glory waste,
 And hurl the Indian at the Pilgrim's feet.
 Still with determin'd tread the monarch pac'd
 The desert realms : his foot was fleet,
 His heart was valiant, and he would not bend,
 Though every hope should die, and every friend.

The forest oak rears his broad monarch shade
 O'er beasts and birds to him for safety driven,
 Above the feeble ones exalts his head,
 And dares the thunders that come forth from heav'n.
 But though with fiery wrath he long has striven,
 And though in regal pride his boughs he spread,
 By woodman's axe the fated stroke is given
 That lays his might where common things are laid.
 So Philip breasts the storm with giant's strength,
 But feeble hand will bring him down at length.

Against him war's dread thunders long had roll'd ;
 New England did her best his strength to blight.
 Church, Denison, and whosoe'r was bold
 Was summon'd forth to meet him in the fight.
 But firm against a nation's utmost might,
 Through sufferings unexampled and untold,
 Mid falling friends, and hopes, his proud birthright
 He held with Death's strong grasp, and — never sold.
 At length a dastard dealt the menial blow
 That laid all Indian hopes with Philip low.

Mount Hope ! why spread thy bosom to the sun,
 Why ask the heav'ns to pour the genial show'r,
 Why call sweet evening from her stately throne
 To give fresh loveliness to each bright flow'r ?
 Hast thou not heard the tale that all is o'er ?
 Why should thy joyous birds sing sweetly on ?
 Thy luscious fruits be hung in each wild bow'r ?
 He who smil'd o'er thee when the war was done

Will come no more. He wak'd — shook earth — and fell.
He died — his country died -- *now all is still!*

Thus, one by one, the forest kings were fell'd,
As fells the woodman's axe the mountain's pride.
Their warring spirits never could be quell'd
Till they were sleeping by their father's side
If strangers triumph'd where their fathers died.
No more dark Nipmuck roam'd abroad and yell'd,
Freely, as wails the tempest o'er the tide ;
No more the numerous tribes are now beheld ;
No more wake war, or in the council talk ;
Thrust the red knife, or hurl the tomahawk.

Some few indeed remain'd of every clan ;
What must these do ? Submit to Pilgrim sway ?
Indian's are patriots. Indian patriots can
To mark their country's shame no longer stay.
O'er the bold steeps of dread Niagara,
Watching "the sacred fires" of Michigan,
In undimm'd grandeur sat fair Canada.
Hither for freedom and for home they ran ;
And here in later days, when war awakes,
Guard their free home above the mighty lakes.

Now war was o'er, and all war's terrors flee ;
The Pilgrims stood reliev'd from all their foes ;
Their home was safe, their gladden'd footsteps free ;
Their night was past — their long, dark night of woes —
Thanksgivings sounded high, their sun arose ;
Their sun of strength ; from mountain to the sea
It shone in power, and gathering lustre, throws
Around a land *Freedom*, thus bought for thee !
For thee ! for thee ! this bloody work was done —
Dear, dear-bought home ! But, Freedom, 't is thine own !

'T is bought ! 'T is thine ! It stands where patriots dwelt
 In unbound strength, free as the mountain air.
 It stands where supplicating martyr's knelt
 For blessings on their sons and homes so fair ;
 Where Science, Piety were sown with care
 By those who lean'd on heaven and empire built,
 It stands o'erlooking earth — on mountains where
 The tread of tyrant never has been felt,
 The throne of despot never has been seen,
 The Pilgrims' sons may never wear a chain.

Uncas now joy'd too to behold the light,
 But more he joy'd to grasp a precious gem.
 He had been whelm'd in many a fearful fight,
 Where death and terrors gather'd fierce and grim —
 A glorious sceptre now awaited him.
 When smiling peace beam'd o'er war's dismal night
 His brow shone fair with empire's diadem ;
 He stood the Pilgrims' friend — none vex'd his right.
 His hated, powerful rivals all were gone —
 He held wide lands — aye, more, a Conqueror's throne.

Father Wewacus — from thy watchful brow
 Thy Patriarch eye too joyful prospect trac'd.
 Then brave Mohegan in her morning glow
 Sat, like thy cliffs on throne high plac'd
 Above the conquer'd nations she had fac'd ;
 Then her strong arm could bend the powerful bow,
 And send the arrow forth with quiv'ring haste,
 And certain aim to lay the loftiest low.
 Her throne was grac'd with king in talent great,
 And noble daring of the savage state.

Her sons were vigorous as the hardy shoot
 Of fadeless oaks, that on thy summit throw
 Beneath the giant rock their spreading root,
 Nor bend when thunders roar and tempests blow.

They mock'd when torturing fires would bring them low.
 And vain in chase to attempt the fleet pursuit,
 For over glen and up the mountain brow,
 Like roe light bounding sped their nimble foot ;
 While 'round the council fires her sages throng,
 And wake the eloquence of Indian tongue.

The fish were plenteous in her sunny streams,
 O'er which the light canoe in savage pride
 Shot, with the swiftness of the morning beams ;
 And o'er her hills and valleys spreading wide,
 Were game of every kind that walk, or glide
 On wing thro' air, with which the climate teems ;
 And o'er her fields, bidding her want deride,
 The yellow maize in rich abundance gleams.
 Her arts were few : but free o'er field and flood,
 In savage grandeur, fair Mohegan stood.

But time roll'd on — from Uncas' mighty hand
 Dropp'd his once powerful bow. Uncas must die ;
 While 'round his bed his friends and children stand,
 Mourning that he must go, with bitter cry.
 'There is a vale beneath Wewacus' eye
 So green, so wild, so beautifully grand
 The wand'ring traveler, as he passes by,
 Asks : " Is it mortal, or sweet fairy land ?"
 'There they laid Uncas, by fair Yantic's wave —
 Much honored Yantic hail'd the generous brave

In notes of woe. No more her waters wend
 Through flow'ry meads, calm as the evening sky,
 But rushing frantic, o'er the rock they bend,
 And wildly falling, wak'd the mournful cry
 Forever sounding o'er the sleeper by.
 Columbia, too, daughter of that brave band

Who stood beside him when the battle high
 Roll'd widely, darkly, o'er his troubled land,
 Honors his name — hastes o'er his dust to grieve,
 And tho' he sleepeth, bids his memory live.

For when, where Uncas sleeps, her *Great Son* came,
 Whose guardian care o'er all her realms is spread,
 Whose name stands highest on the rolls of fame,
 Worthy above Mohegan's dust to tread :
 She told him how brave Uncas fought and bled
 To save her sires from savage battle's flame ;
 And op'd his hand, and gave them fish and bread,
 And lands, and home, and when their mighty name
 Sounded in empire greatness, how he smil'd
 And lov'd them still, as father loves a child.

He heard her words, and with his mighty men,
 His loftiest statesmen, and his warriors brave,
 All wak'd to generous grief came hastening then
 To rear a monument o'er Uncas' grave,
 To tell his deeds, and his blest memory save.
 Mighty Wewacus! t'was no common train
 That gather'd then by Yantic's honor'd wave —
 Columbia's "Great Warrior" led the van,
 And laid with his own hand the corner stone,
 While all her noblest children wept thy son.

Deep echoes sounded then of rolling drum,
 And clarion shrill, and cannon braying dread,
 And tread of mustering hosts that hastening come
 To gather 'round brave Uncas' sleeping bed,
 And pay their honors to the mighty dead.
 In deep respect the warrior bent his plume,
 And told of many a kind and daring deed
 When valiant Uncas watch'd the Pilgrim's home.

Around his tomb in unfeigned grief they bend —
 The children mourning o'er their father's friend.

But Ah! proud mound, thou mark'dst Mohegan's close,
 When life was growing dim, and courage fail'd.
 Oh! that she 'd fallen by the hand of foes
 Worthy her powerful name upon the field,
 'Neath the fierce tomahawk, where battle wail'd
 With fearful whoops, and dealt his dreadful blows.
 But no! The *white* man's *arts* and *drink* prevail'd
 To sap her strength, and 'wake those wasting woes
 That brought her to a sad, untimely doom —
 The Pilgrim's friend to a degraded tomb!

Soft, pearly drops are scatter'd neath my tread:
 Blest guardian mound, weep'st thou a fallen race?
 We talk no more upon their glory dead.
 The mournful winds may sigh above the place,
 Sweet evening's tears bedew the tender grass,
 The silent heavens their beaming pity shed,
 But no unfeeling minstrel hand can trace
 In characters abroad that earth may read
 The shade that gather'd o'er thy people deep.
 The white man knows it, but can only weep.

Kind mound to weep. Yet many a noble name
 That well might fill a nation's honor'd page
 Recorded deeply on thy brow of fame
 Shall be transmitted, and the thoughts engage
 Of those who live in time's most distant age.
 Pequot's dread warriors, like the withering flame;
 Mohegan's chiefs, sublime in battle's rage;
 Sire of both tribes, the glories thou may'st claim
 Of names, oft swell'd in lofty Indian strain,
 O'er thy proud heights, as battle o'er the slain.

Thus sculptur'd o'er, stand thou, sublimely stand, —
 Nor veil thy brow in dim obscurity ;
 O'er thy tall steeps fan'd monarchs held command ;
 Thou need'st not blush to bear their memory.
 Stand — proud memento of a people free ;
 Stand, in the strength of that Almighty hand
 Which rear'd thee where that people's dust should be,
 To tell, the future times, and every land,
 That " here repose the powerful, kind, and brave,
 Beneath the Mound that guards Mohegan's grave."

A nation's tomb ! Strange change of human scene !
 Mohegan's council fires no longer glow ;
 Her sages gone — and all her mighty men,
 There's none to smoke her pipe, or bend her bow ;
 Her Watch Tower stands — but not as Watch Tower now.
 No more are monarchs there in grandeur seen,
 No painted warriors climb to watch the foe. [been ;
 It stands, dread Death Mound, where her power hath
 Her river runs — but strangers take the prey.
 Her realms are fair — but she has pass'd away.

For " dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return,"
 The dread decree that stops all human breath.
 We see life's fires a little moment burn,
 Then fade, extinguish'd by the damps of death ;
 But taking root in human mould beneath,
 From the low grave where grief retires to mourn.
 From mortal dust oft springs the beauteous wreath,
 Twining its roseate blooms round death's cold urn.
 Life, that we thought with love's last accents fled,
 Springs in new form spontaneous from the dead.

A nation's tomb ! How swiftly changes fleet !
 But mark ! Young Life from Death in vigor leaps
 In that sweet valley where the waters meet
 And mingle requiem hymns where Uncas sleeps.

Where Death had rag'd, and pale remembrance weeps,
 A nation, thrust from life and monarch's seat
 'To dark abode in sad sepulchral deeps,
 Bursts a bright flower as spring's gay primrose sweet,
 See! lovely Norwich — Rose of Yantic — bloom
 In life's young beauty on Mohegan's tomb!

Frown not, Wewacus, at this changing scene ;
 Norwich was thine own Uncas' foster child.
 He lov'd and plac'd her where the fields were green,
 The waters pure, and nature fairest smil'd.
 Where circling hills their lofty ramparts pil'd
 To screen her from the wrath of savage men —
 A tender infant in a pagan wild,
 When danger threatened her he step'd between ;
 Beset with perils, and expos'd to harm,
 She hung for life and strength on Uncas' arm.

Oft the dark Pequot sought to lay her low,
 Bearing sad havoc through the trembling wild,
 Her faithful Uncas bent his powerful bow
 And stood between the Pequot and his child.
 On him he frown'd — on her he kindly smil'd —
 And sure as shafts of death his arrows go.
 In slaughter'd heaps the daring ones were pil'd,
 And she was saved from terror-waking foe.
 Cradled in blood, she spent her early years
 With none but Uncas to relieve her fears.

When to the sacred house where prayer is made
 On hallow'd day of rest her feet did go,
 With Reverend Fitch, her pastor at her head,
 To worship Him whose will she sought to do,
 Uncas must guard her from the savage foe.
 Her shield, he stood with hosts of war array'd,
 With quivering arrow plac'd on bended bow,
 To save from foemen in the neighboring shade ;

Who ever watchful in their sleepless wrath
Wanted to burst in vengeance on her path.

And at that hour when weary nature sleeps
In curtain'd darkness from the light of day ;
When thoughtful night looks down on earth and weeps
O'er man from virtue's paths afar astray,
At this lone hour, untir'd in friendship's way
Uncas o'er Norwich still kind vigils keeps
Still is he watchful lest she fall a prey,
For oft on scene like this the Pequot creeps
To light with wrathful fires her quiet home,
Or draw his knife and lay her in the tomb.

Uncas is dead! — her patron and her friend.
Mohegan sleeps beneath this sacred mound.
The dreadful Pequot came to bitter end :
Nor Narragansett foeman can be found,
Norwich now blooms on consecrated ground ;
Peace, wealth and happiness around her blend :
Bright are the hills that circle her around,
Green is the valley where her waters wend ;
Sweet cherish'd flow'ret of the kind and brave,
She spreads and brightens to adorn their grave !

Shade of Wewacus, think'st thou she will soon
Forget the services of Uncas done ?
Forget his kindness! Then will yon fair moon
Forget the light she borrows from the sun.
Then will the earth in strange disorder shun
The golden day-beams that create her noon.
Then will her valley where the rivers run
By death and ruin wide and wild be strewn.
Her pillar'd marble doors his deeds impart,
But deeper is the record on her heart.

A few faint stragglers, weary, wan and sere,
 Surviv'd their country's final overthrow.
 These she has cherish'd with a mother's care,
 And all that can be done she sure will do.
 Impell'd by love, behold her Sarah go
 Like mercy's ministering angel fair,
 To light their minds by ignorance and woe
 Bedimm'd, and kindly in their sorrows share,
 To cheer their way thro' darken'd years of time
 And guide their gladden'd feet to Heaven's bright clime.

Bloom, lovely flow'ret! bloom in beauty still!
 Thy charms remind us of the kind and brave.
 Thou seem'st most beautiful in this sweet dell
 Springing to deck thy Benefactor's grave!
 Bloom, lovely flow'ret, by fair Yantic's wave, —
 Twine thy fond tendrils round Wewacus Hill, —
 Oh! may no tempest ever o'er thee rave, —
 Long may'st thou live thy feeling tale to tell, —
 For while thou standest on this sacred spot
 The sleeping Indian cannot be forgot.

So sprang my Country from beginning low.
 Her youth was faint, her cradle hymn the tones
 Of dreadful war-whoops. Where the Indian now?
 Her grandeur rises o'er his sleeping sons
 Like a fair cedar — from the mouldering bones
 Of Indian patriot she has shot her bough;
 Fresh from the dust of fallen kings and thrones,
 She towers and shadows every mountain brow;
 And o'er her branches to the starry sky
 Soars her young eagle highest of the high.

Why are thy boughs so firm, so widely spread,
 Sweeping from east to western ocean's bound?
 Why is thy youthful, but majestic head
 With such unequal'd fadeless verdure crown'd?

Why have such lofty spirits gather'd round
Thy noble trunk, of nought on earth afraid?
Why has a Washington beneath thee found
A name that lives when other names are dead?
Why, when the whirlwinds and the tempests come
Can they not hurl thee from thy native home?

Why, when Britannia's dreadful thunder broke
In power and terrors to insure thy doom,
Terrors that oft the proudest thrones here shook,
And laid the mightiest helpless in the tomb,
Why didst thou tremble not when thus she spoke
In wrath and fire thy beauty to consume?
The arm was strong which dealt that dreadful stroke
To lay thee where all mortal things must come,
But vain the oppressor's rage — the storm pass'd o'er,
And left thee fairer than thou wast before.

Tree of Remembrance — on the hallow'd ground
Where the proud Indian in his freedom trod
It is not strange that vigor thou hast found
From soil enrich'd by patriots' choicest blood.
Thou stand'st in beauty where the Indian stood
In native energy, unbought, unbound,
And 't is not strange that thou o'er land and flood,
Fresh from his mouldering ashes art renown'd.
Fair plant! burst forth in emblem'd power to tell
How free the Indian liv'd, how proudly fell!

A noble plant! noblest that earth does own.
Strength is on all thy giant limbs impress;
And not a proud one on a monarch's throne
But fears to look upon thy towering crest,
And to the nations thou afford'st a rest.
Thou standest not in strength and power alone;

But all afflicted, weary, or oppress'd,
 From other lands, that 'neath stern bondage groan
 Fly to the shadow of thy spreading boughs,
 And find a rest from all their earthly woes.

Religion fled, poor wanderer, to this shore,
 She had no helping friend but Him in heaven.
 Oppression came where she had dwelt before,
 And she to desert wilds was madly driven.
 Now peace and quietness to her are given
 And wide domains — and wealth abundant store ;
 She, who so oft with trials sad had striven,
 Beneath thy shadow dwells in strength and power.
 O may she ever from all errors flee,
 And bless a land where she is safe and free !

And science, too, beneath thy shadowing care,
 Sleeping no more in ignorance gone by,
 Pours her bright morning beams o'er regions fair,
 Deep Learning wakes, bold genius bursts to fly,
 And Wisdom's sun hastes beaming to the sky.
 And Art, too, speeds on wide and proud career ;
 Vast are his powers, keen his inventive eye ;
 With youthful energy, beyond compare,
 He climbs whate'er is high, the strong he breaks ;
 Unlocks the deep, and new creation makes.

Bird of my country ! as thou lookest down
 From starry heights upon earth's spacious plain ;
 From northern regions chill'd by winter's moan
 To southern realms where life is ever green,
 Say — has thy youthful eye undimm'd and keen,
 E'er mark'd a land so fair as here is shown ?
 Say — have thy eagle glances ever seen
 So bright, so blest a country as thine own ?
 And as thou seest her o'er the nations shine
 Dost thou not bless kind heaven that she is thine ?

But come, proud Eagle, on thy lofty plume,
 Soaring sublimely o'er thy mighty lands,
 Smiling delighted in young life's fair bloom,
 Unaw'd by monarch's power, or savage bands,
 And fearing none, but Him, in whose dread hands
 Are life and death, and man and nature's doom ;
 Behold — from height that earth and sea commands
 The Fate of Nations on Mohegan's tomb !
 Think, as thou spread'st thy wings from sea to sea,
 She, once was young and brave — now where is she ?

She climb'd to conquest, but she climbs no more ;
 She met the fate of all beneath the sun ;
 Ah ! what is empire but a fading flow'r ?
 What but a bubble is the conqueror's throne ?
 Rome claim'd a world. But Rome, and Greece, are gone.
 Sceptre breaks sceptre ; power ascends o'er pow'r ;
 Nation wrecks nation since the world begun.
 This Death Mound tells the tale oft told before.
 But Ah ! my country — would that other hand
 Had hurl'd the Indian from his native land !

Yet right or wrong, thine is the conqueror's sway.
 O'er prostrate realms thou bear'st supreme command ;
 Their kings were mighty, but now where are they ?
 Go, search their much belov'd and beauteous land —
 How few remain where thou dost proudly stand !
 They would not, like the slave thy will obey,
 They could no longer dare thy conquering hand,
 And 'reft of freedom, quick they pass'd away.
 Go, call thy children where their bones are found,
 And teach them lesson from the Indian Mound.

Tell them they live where hearts were pure and bold,
 Unaw'd by fear, by favor unbeguil'd,
 Where rights were priz'd and freedom never sold,
 And death prefer'd to liberty defil'd.

O, tell this story to each listening child,
 E'en as the Indian to his children told,
 And may they learn from them, the rude and wild,
 To love their country above life or gold,
 And guard that virtue which alone sustains
 From foul decay, or proud usurper's chains.

But tell them quickly what the great design
 That brought the fathers where the children be ;
 To rear, beneath the heavens, for Him, divine,
 A dwelling place of Truth and Purity.
 O, bid them ever bend the grateful knee,
 And in His mighty strength " arise — and shine " —
 Then, tho' the Indian like a shadow flee,
 And all earth's empires wanes to a decline,
 His guardian arm *their* freedom will secure,
 And time, that wasteth all but them, mature.

But one deep debt forever thou wilt owe.
 My Country ! thou art built on fallen thrones !
 No more the Indian can oppose thee now,
 Thy grandeur rises o'er his broken bones.
 Say — have those fallen heroes any sons ?
 Survivors of *their* country's overthrow ?
 O ! haste My Country, if an Indian moans,
 Bereft of empire, friendless in his woe,
 O ! haste My Country, if an Indian live,
 Thy sympathy and quick relief to give.

Couldst thou look down the lapse of years to come,
 And see usurpers in thy fair domains,
 Thy children 'reft of empire and of home,
 Sinking to death or bound in servile chains,
 How wouldst thou frown upon the tyrant trains
 That bade them bow the knee, or meet their doom !
 How wouldst thou writhe in agonizing pains
 To see them thrust to a degraded tomb !

Oh! as thou lov'st thy children, shield and save
The homeless relics of the great and brave.

Then rise in strength — pride of a wandering world,
Where no foul canker wastes thy vigorous root,
Spread o'er thy mighty lakes and rivers, curl'd
By prosp'rous gales that bear full many a boat.
And laden ship, with wealth from lands remote; —
Spread — o'er thy mountains where thy flag unfurl'd
Defies approach of any foeman's foot,
And laughs at storms of earth against thee hurl'd
O'er giant realms — o'er people vast and pure —
Spread, in thy glory, and with time endure.

But cease fond strains. And now I hie me home
Lest some sad note wake an unwelcome sound;
For who upon this storied Hill can roam
And mark the changing scenes that gather round;
Death following Life! Life, Death thro' mortal bound —
Empire arising over empire's tomb;
Nation o'er nation slumbering in the ground;
But only asks — Ah! what is yet to come?
For while he gazes on the fleeting past
He knows the things that be, shall fleet as fast.

But thou — Wewacus Hill — still may'st thou stand
Lofty and beauteous as in other days,
When the proud Indian led his conquering band
From valorous feats in battle or the chase
Up thy bold steeps, to mark with ardent gaze
And shouts of joy their own dear native land:
When feasts were here — the dance — and song of praise —
Warriors in might, and kings of wide command
Chang'd — chang'd the scene! but thou, Wewacus Hill,
Stand'st, mighty chronicler of changes still.

Stamp'd as with sunbeam lustre on the soul,
 In vivid tints that nought on earth can blot,
 O'er which no Lethean water e'er can roll,
 Is childhood's home. It cannot be forgot.
 O'er the wide earth may roam the wandering foot ;
 Thro' nature's loveliest scenes delighted stroll ;
 Thro' Grecia's classic vales by stream or grot,
 Or far famed realms where Cæsars held control ;
 But lives there one — can proudly, coldly roam,
 Nor find his heart cling back to childhood's home? —

Yea — it may stand in lonely silence wreck'd,
 Not blooming fair as in life's opening day,
 And sadden'd thoughts be wak'd as we reflect
 On scenes where childhood sported ever gay.
 Yet the deep currents of the soul will play —
 Nature's strong sympathies can ne'er be check'd
 The heart — the heart — it cannot turn away
 From bowers once lov'd, which young affection deck'd.
 It clings unparted from earth's dearest scene,
 Tho' mountains rise and oceans roll between.

Wewacus Hill — a name to memory dear,
 Where childhood sported many a joyous day
 And cull'd the earliest flow'rs that deck'd the year,
 Bright as young hopes, and fleeting, too, as they ;
 Tho' now life's morning joys have pass'd away,
 E'en as the mighty ones who slumber near,
 Yet still 'tis sweet mid thy lov'd haunts to stray —
 Retrace past scenes, and drop the sorrowing tear :
 And when I die, O! may my bones be laid
 Close by my fathers' in thy mighty shade.

Hill of Remembrance — where Mohegan fell !
 Hill of Remembrance — where the fathers died !
 O may'st thou never, never list the knell
 Of more sad changes by thy mighty side !

Peace to the bless'd ones by fair Yantic's tide ;
Peace to the lov'd ones who around thee dwell ;
And may some lofty bard, in strains of pride
Rise, in far distant years, from thee to tell
My Country stands, firm as thy changeless brow,
Great, happy, free, and beautiful as now.

And thou, fair Norwich — pride of lovely scene,
Where all is beautiful, and all is dear ; —
Flower of the valley where the proud have been,
Pass not away like those who plac'd thee here.
They came — and pass'd — as flit the quick dried tear ;
They pass'd like fleeting clouds — earth's mighty men,
But fresh in life to time's undated year,
And bright as beauties of thy valley green,
So may'st thou stand, undimn'd by grief or care,
Fadeless as virtue, and as virtue fair.

And now, wild harp, I bid thy chords be still.
Why should'st thou longer troll thy idle lay ?
Babbling forever like yon mountain rill
Whose tuneless murmurs never die away.
Yet deep the fountains in the heart that stray
Waiting to burst on scenes of good or ill,
Once burst, Ah ! who can tell how far they 'll stray ?
Feeling not always listens to the will ;
But cease — lest I, before thy strain is o'er
Pass, changeling, hence to wander here no more.

NOTES TO WEWACUS HILL.

NOTE I.

“ All wildly o'er the head of silvery Thames.”

Verse 16.

The beautiful river Thames has its source near the foot of Wewacus Hill, where it is formed by the union of the Yantic and Shetucket, at Norwich, to which place it is navigable for vessels of considerable burthen, and thus far the tide flows. The river pursues a southerly course for fourteen miles, and enters Long Island Sound, forming the fine harbor of New London.

The Thames was known to the early English settlers by the name of “Pequot River,” and also as the “river of the Mohegans.” The harbor was called Pequot harbor. The settlement of New London commenced in 1647. The following act, passed by the Colonial Assembly, is quite expressive of the filial affection of our ancestors towards their native country, and accounts for the name of the river, town and harbor.

“ *Whereas*, it hath been the commendable practice of the inhabitants of these parts, that as this country hath its denomination from our dear native country of England, and thence is called New England ; so the planters, in their first settling of most new plantations, have given names to those plantations of some cities and towns in England, thereby intending to keep up and leave to posterity the memorial of several places of note there, as Boston, Hartford, Windsor, York, Ipswich, Braintree, Exeter ; this Court considering that there hath yet no place in any of the Colonies been named in memory of the City of London, there being a new plantation within this jurisdiction of Connecticut, settled upon that fair river Mohegan, in the Pequot country, being an excellent harbor, and a fit and convenient place for future trade ; it being, also, the only place which the English in these parts have possessed by conquest, and that upon a very just war upon that great and warlike people,

the Pequots ; that therefore they might thereby leave to posterity the memory of that renowned City of London, from whence we have had our transportation, have thought fit, in honor of that famous city, to call the said plantation *New London*, and the name of the river on which it standeth the *Thames*.”—*Records of New London and Connecticut*.

NOTE II.

“ Looks down on Norwich, beautiful below,
As lovely maiden bright in fancy’s dream ;
Rich, vigorous, fresh at morning’s early glow,
Plying the busy wheel among her mingling streams.”

Verse 16.

Norwich is situated in a romantic valley at the head of the Thames, and immediately at the foot of Wewacus Hill. It is a beautiful place. Yet it is not because Wewacus from his patriarch steps looks down at Norwich smiling at his feet, and pronounces it a “ beautiful place,” that has obtained for it that name. The surrounding hills, of various sizes and fantastic forms, look down upon the same lovely spot, and reëcho what Wewacus says. Handsomely finished edifices and well kept grounds crowd upon the beholder’s view, and tell him that wealth and enterprise are there ; while schools and churches, thronged with the young, the gay, the estimable, remind him that education and religion are not neglected. Then, too, notice the number, beauty and usefulness of the “ mingling streams. The Thames, the patron of commerce, laden with boats bearing the products of the enterprising valley, and pursuing their way to the markets of the world. The Shetucket, propelling innumerable wheels, as with a giant’s power, and affording employment to the thriving population upon its banks ; the little Yantic, provided with water power, eagerly taken advantage of by the enterprising inhabitants. All these, and many more advantages and beauties, have lent their influence, which blended together, render this “ *City in the valley of the Yantic* ” indeed a beautiful and interesting place.

Norwich was settled in 1660, when the Rev. James Fitch, with the principal part of his church and congregation removed from Saybrook and planted the town of Norwich. It occupies land received from Uncas, Sachem of the Mohegans, under the following circumstances :

“ During the wars between Uncas and the Narragansetts, they besieged his fort near the bank of the Thames, until his provisions were nearly exhausted, and he found that he and his men must soon perish by famine or sword, unless he could obtain speedy relief. In this crisis, he found means of communicating his dangers to the scouts, who had been sent out from Saybrook Fort. By his messengers he represented the great danger the English in those parts would be in immediately, if they should suffer the Mohegans to be destroyed.

“ Upon this intelligence, one Thomas Leffingwell, an ensign at Saybrook, an enterprising, bold man, loaded a canoe with beef, corn and peas, and under cover of night, paddled from Saybrook into the Thames, and had the address to get the whole into the fort. The enemy soon perceiving that Uncas was relieved raised the siege.

“ For this service Uncas gave said Leffingwell a deed of a great part of Norwich. In 1659, Uncas, with his two sons, Owaneco and Attawanhood, by a more formal and authentic deed made over to said Leffingwell, John Mason, Esq., Rev. James Fitch, and others, consisting of thirty-five proprietors, the whole township of Norwich, which is nine miles square. The company at this time gave Uncas and his sons about £70, as a farther compensation for so large and fine a tract.”

This deed may be seen among the records of Norwich.

(*Old MSS.* See Trumbull's History. Also, Caulkins' History of Norwich, pages 43 and 44, and also pages 57 and 58.)

NOTE III.

“Fam’d Groton weeping o’er her mighty dead.”

Verse 11.

Groton, in American history, is a place quite memorable. A handsome monument, erected on Groton heights, commemorates the gallant band who perished there in the defence of their liberties during the revolutionary war.

Previous to that period Groton had been the scene of many sanguinary conflicts with the Indians. The great “Swamp Fight,” as it was called, was at Groton near the head of the Mystic river. This battle, conducted by Capt. John Mason, one of the original proprietors of Norwich, who, at the head of only seventy-seven Englishmen, and a few friendly Mohegans and Narragansetts, attacked and destroyed the royal fortress of the great Pequot king, Sassacus, and put an end to a cruel and destructive war that threatened to overwhelm the colonies, may be, perhaps, ranked among the most valorous achievements of any age or country.

NOTE IV.

“This was her watch tower, and yon ruins tell
Where stood the fort that screened her sentinel.”

Verse 24.

Aged people, whose fathers remembered the days of Uncas and the sufferings of the whites during the Indian wars of that time, uniformly called this hill by the name of the “Indian Watch Tower.”

After Uncas had deeded the Town of Norwich to his allies, the whites, he and his faithful Mohegans were continually engaged in watching over and protecting the infant settlement. In times of danger, to the great annoyance of the enemy, he often removed with his followers within or near the town, where, forming a little camp of wigwams after the Indian manner, they remained until assured that their friends could be left in safety without their immediate guardianship. And while

his vigilant scouts were ever abroad to advise him of the motions of the enemy, Wewacus Hill, the first point of land in Connecticut visible at sea, commanding a fair view of all the country around, from the Sound on the south to Bolton on the north, was not overlooked by this sagacious chief. It was a place often frequented by him, and where, in time of war, at least, he kept a sentinel continually stationed.

It is asserted, upon creditable authority, that Uncas had been warned from this eminence of the approach of Miantonomo. His scouts had been abroad in the wilderness, and were hastening to advise him of his danger; but before they had time to reach his usual place of rendezvous he had himself, with keen Indian glance, perceived from these commanding heights the movements of the enemy, and with that bold, energetic decision and promptness which marked his character, was already at the head of his warriors advancing to meet the enemy. The story of this event is related as follows:

“The greatest hostility, probably, that has ever existed between the savage chiefs of any age was exhibited between Uncas, the chief of the Mohegans, and Miantonomo, a sagamore of the Pequots. They had each attempted to destroy the other's life, in places and by means which would have shocked a civilized age. They were both men of powerful minds—possessed of savage courage and savage strength. Sequassen, a sachem on the Connecticut River, had killed one of the Mohegan tribe, and had attacked Uncas on his passage down that river. Uncas made an application to the authorities of the colonies in regard to this attack, but received no redress. He demanded reparation from Sequassen also, but without success. Sequassen not only would not submit to Uncas, but even sent him a challenge to fight. This challenge was accepted. Uncas invaded his territory, conquered his forces, and burnt their camps. As Sequassen's conduct was backed by Miantonomo, the chief of the Narragansetts, and as he was a near connection, it fell upon the Narragansett chief to take up the quarrel,

and deal out revenge. This brought the rival chiefs into savage collision. Miantonomo collected a force of about a thousand men to attack the Mohegan camp. The approach of this army was discovered as related above. The two forces met on Sachem's Plain, about three miles from Norwich. Before the combat commenced Uncas requested to have an interview with the Narragansett chief, and having advanced in front of his warriors, he addressed Miantonomo in these words: 'You have a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me. It is a pity that such brave warriors should be killed in a private quarrel between us only. Come on, then, like a man, as you profess to be, and let us fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; if I kill you, your men shall be mine.' 'My warriors,' said Miantonomo, 'have come a long way to fight, and they shall fight.' Uncas had anticipated this reply, and as a signal, fell to the ground. His men rushed on the enemy. They were overthrown, and driven over rocks and down precipices. A party soon came up to Miantonomo, but either fearing to engage with a man of such courage, or wishing to reserve the honor for their chief, they did nothing but prevent the flight of the Narragansett chieftain. Uncas soon came up, and rushed upon his foe like a hungry lion on his prey. Miantonomo now stopped suddenly, sat down, and remained silent. Uncas gave the Indian yell, and gathered around him his warriors. The captive chief still remained silent. 'Why do you not speak?' said Uncas. 'Had you taken me prisoner, I should have besought you for life.' Uncas carried his prisoner to Hartford, and the whole matter was referred to the Commissioners of the Colonies; but they were unwilling to have anything to do with the case, as he had been taken by the rules of savage warfare, though he was found to be the common enemy of the friendly Indians and the whites. Miantonomo was carried to the place where he had been captured, and killed by a blow from a tomahawk. Uncas cut out a piece of his shoulder, and ate it in savage triumph, saying it was the sweetest meat he had ever tasted, and made his heart feel strong. The royal

captive was buried on the spot where he had been killed, and a pile of stones was built up over his grave."—*Caulkins' History of Norwich, pages 35-37.*

The fort upon Wewacus Hill was a large, square structure, built after the Indian manner, of unpolished stone, without mortar, embanked with earth. . . .

With regard to the derivation of the name of *Wewacus*, nothing can be known but from the testimony of tradition. These traditions have been handed down to posterity through the medium of the national songs of the race in which were recounted the deeds of their ancestors and the more important points in their history — and through drawings and markings upon trees. For this purpose, the largest and most durable trees were selected, and on them with the point of a tomahawk was recorded such events as were deemed worthy of remembrance. Trees of this description formerly overshadowed Wewacus Hill and they are the source of most of the traditions now extant concerning this hill.

NOTE V.

"From wild Wewacus, king of Pequot race."

Verse 17.

In no part of New England were the Indians so numerous in proportion to the extent of territory as in Connecticut. The sea coast, with its harbors and bays, and the numerous ponds and streams with which the country abounded; the vast number of wild animals of every description common to the climate together with the almost incredible abundance of fish and fowl; the fertility of the soil; the excellence of the water; the salubrity of the air; all were circumstances which naturally attracted the Indians in vast numbers to this tract.

Of all the nations scattered about the country, that of the Pequots was the most warlike and formidable. The great Sassacus, grand sachem of the tribe, by his superior skill and bravery had extended his conquests until his name was a terror

wherever heard. "Sassacus is all one with God, no man can kill him," said the affrighted Narragansetts, a brave nation which had not submitted to his arms. He numbered under him, twenty-six sachems, or principal war captains, whose country he had made tributary, and who rendered him their services in the field. The chief seat of this tribe was at New London and Groton. Their principal fort was on a commanding and beautiful eminence in the town of Groton, a few miles south-easterly from the site where stood in later years the ill-fated Fort Griswold. It commanded one of the finest prospects of the Sound, and of the adjacent country. This was the royal fortress where the chief sachem had his residence. He had another fort near Mystic river, a few miles to the eastward of this called Mystic Fort. Between this tribe and the Mohegans a spirit of the most implacable hatred existed, which nothing could subdue and which did not end until the Pequots were wholly destroyed and their captured dominions bestowed upon Uncas.

NOTE VI.

"And Uncas then the proud and conquering king
Reposed with his stern race 'neath Pilgrim's wing."

Verse 30.

Historians are disagreed and uncertain concerning the origin of the two tribes, the Pequots and the Mohegans. Some have considered them as totally distinct people, while others describe them as one and the same. From some circumstances, it would appear that the Mohegans had originally been the predominant race. When and by what means they had been reduced, or how long they had been in subjugation to the Pequots, cannot now be ascertained. At the time of the arrival of the English colonists in Connecticut, Uncas had revolted, and was contending for empire with the great Sassacus, the Cæsar of this western wild.

Uncas was a proud, ambitious prince, and possessed in a remarkable degree that sagacious foresight and shrewd politi-

cal cunning so strikingly displayed by many of those sons of the forest. Foreseeing the great aid to be derived from the English strangers, he welcomed their approach ; sold and gave them lands ; assisted them in forming settlements, and in procuring a subsistence ; entered into a league of friendly alliance with them, and thus insured himself that success in arms which his great ambition led him to desire ; while the tide of conquest was rolling so strongly against him that but for the white man's aid he must have perished. To the colonists this friendship of Uncas was of invaluable consequence. Their very existence depended upon it. And, as may be supposed, a friendship, thus formed and cemented by mutual self interests, arising from a mutual consciousness of weakness and danger, was never broken, but maintained on both sides with inviolable fidelity.

The friendship of Uncas for the whites has often been spoken of in the glowing terms of romantic language. But in the sober language of reality, it was nothing more or less than those strong feelings of attachment which glow in the bosom of a brave man toward those, who, while they promote his own ambitious designs, at the same time exhibit such proofs of valor and moral superiority as to insure for them his profound respect and confidence. Uncas saw much of this in his dealings with the English colonies, and his language was ever the same, as when on a visit to Boston to the civil authorities to answer to some suspicious charges afterwards proved false — he said, to the Governor, laying his hand upon his breast, "This heart is not mine, but yours. I have no men, they are all yours. Command me anything, I will do it. I will not believe any Indian's word against the English. If any man shall kill an Englishman, I will put him to death, were he ever so dear to me."

NOTE VII.

“ His sons, the daring Pequots, loved him well,
And lov'd his deeds to sing, his glories tell.”

Verses 18.

Attachment to their chief was a striking trait in the character of the North American Indian. In Connecticut, and among all the Indians of New England, the crown was hereditary — always descending to the eldest son. When there was no male issue, the female succeeded. The blood royal was held in such veneration, that none could be considered heir to the crown but those who were royally descended upon both sides. The government was an absolute monarchy, the will of the sachem being law, although in all important affairs he consulted his counsellors. They were called in New England “paniese,” and were not only the wisest, but the largest and bravest men to be found among a sachem’s subjects. They were the immediate guard of the chief, and in war and all great enterprises, exhibited a boldness and firmness of mind exceeding all other warriors.

The sachems were devotedly attached to their people and country, and were uniformly men of remarkably discerning, capacious and strong minds, and perhaps, therefore, their opinions were not often erroneous. At any rate, they were loved and revered by their people, who considered it an honor, rather than a hardship, to obey the chief’s commands.

In some cases the succession failed, or other causes rendered it necessary to choose a chief by election. The choice was made with the utmost deliberation and caution; but once decided upon, their sense of honor forbade them to change their determination. The qualifications necessary to recommend a person to the chief command were: to be fortunate, brave and disinterested; and most cheerfully would the people obey any one whom they believed to possess these qualifications. Their heart’s kindest affection was clustered around him, and their heart’s warmest blood was freely shed in his defense.

NOTE VIII.

They mourned in lamentations wild and wide,
As Israel through her tents when good old Jacob died."

Versé 21.

Of the funeral ceremonies of the Indians, an early historian gives the following account :

"The Indians in Connecticut, and in all parts of New England, made great lamentations at the burial of their dead. Their manner of burial was to dig holes in the ground with stakes, which were made broad, and sharpened at one end. Sticks were laid across the bottom, and the corpse, wrapped in skins and mats, was let down upon them. The arms, treasures, utensils, trophies taken in battle, paint and ornaments of the dead were buried with them, and a mound of earth raised upon the whole.

"In some instances the Indians appear to have made use of a kind of embalming, by wrapping the body in large quantities of a strong scented red powder. In some parts of New England the dead were buried in a sitting posture, with their faces towards the east.

"The women on these occasions painted their faces with oil and charcoal, and while the burial was performing, they, with the relatives of the dead, made the most hideous shrieks, howlings, and lamentations. Their mourning continued by turns, at night and in the morning for several days. During this time all the relatives united with "the mourning women" in bewailing the dead. If the departed person is very much regretted, the near relatives cut off their hair, and pierce the fleshy part of their thighs and arms with arrows, knives, etc., in a most cruel manner. The funeral of a king is attended with ceremonies of the same kind, only in a style more magnificent ; and to attend him on his journey a number of slaves were not unfrequently sacrificed."

NOTE IX.

“ Her sons were vigorous as the hardy shoot
Of fadeless oaks, that on thy summit throw
 Beneath the giant rock their spreading root
Nor bend when thunder roll or tempest roar.”

Versè Sij.

“The Connecticut, and indeed all the New England Indians,” says an early historian, “were all large, straight, and well proportioned; very healthy, and remarkable, both men and women, especially the latter, for the beautiful symmetry of their figures. A crooked or deformed Indian was rarely ever seen. Their bodies were firm and active, and capable of enduring the greatest fatigues and hardships. Their passive courage was almost incredible. When tortured in the most cruel manner; though flayed alive; though burnt with fire; though cut or torn limb from limb, they would not groan or show any signs of distress. On the contrary, the sufferer would glory over his tormentors, recount his own exploits, inform them of what cruelties he had inflicted upon their countrymen, revile them for their ignorance of the art of tormenting, point out methods of more exquisite torment and more sensitive parts of the body to be afflicted, assure them that his heart would never be soft until it was cold, and represents his torments to be as sweet as Englishman’s sugar.

“When traveling in summer or winter they regarded neither heat nor cold. They were remarkably light of foot, and would easily travel or run a hundred miles in a summer’s day. As they were accustomed to the woods, they ran in them nearly as well as on open ground.

“They were astonishingly quick-sighted to discover the enemy or their game, and were equally artful in concealing themselves.

“Their features were tolerably regular. Their faces were fully as broad as the English, but flatter. They had a small, dark colored, good eye, black hair and fine white teeth.

“ Their dress, before they became acquainted with the English, consisted of skins of animals. The men wore a light mantle of skins, under which was a lighter garment of the same material. The women wore a coat of skins, generally beaver, which covered their persons, fastened about the waist with a belt, and falling nearly as low as that of the more refined ladies of the present day. Their ornaments were pendants in the ears and nose, carved out of bone, stone and shells, in the form of birds, beasts, fishes, etc. They also wore belts of wampum upon their arms, over their shoulders, and about their loins. They cut their hair into various fantastic forms, and adorned them with feathers. They also by incisions, into which they conveyed a black or blue unchangeable ink, made on their arms, cheeks, and other parts of their bodies, the figures of moose, deer, bears, wolves, hawks, eagles, and all such living creatures as were most agreeable to their fancies. The sachems on great days, when they designed to show themselves in the full splendor of majesty, not only covered themselves with mantles of moose or deer skins, with various embroideries of white beads, and with paintings of different kinds, but they wore the skin of a bear, wild cat, or some other terrible creature upon their shoulders and arms. They had also necklaces of fish bones, and painting themselves in a frightful manner, made a most ferocious appearance. The warriors who, on public occasions, dressed themselves in the wildest and most terrific forms, were considered the best men.

“ The Indian houses, or wigwams, were constructed like arbors, of young trees bent or twisted together, and so curiously covered with mats or bark that they were dry and warm. The fire was made in the centre of the house, and the smoke emitted through a hole in the top. For the convenience of wood and water, their huts were erected in groves, and near some river, brook or living spring. When the wood failed, the family removed to another place.”

Upon the subject of the Mohegan language, Trumbull makes the following remarks :

“The Mohegan, or Pequot language, was essentially that of all the Indians in New England, and of a great part of the tribes in the United States. Not only the natives of New England, but the Penobscots bordering on Nova Scotia, the Indians of St. Francis in Canada, the Delawares in Pennsylvania, the Shawnees on the Ohio, and the Chippewas to the westward of Lake Huron all spoke the same radical language. The same appears evident also with respect to the Ottowahs, Nanticooks, Munsees, Menomonees, Missidugas, Saukies, Ottogaumies, Hilistonies, Nipegons, Algonkins, Winnebagoes, and other Indians. The different tribes had different dialects; and the want of letters and of sufficient correspondence between them, may well account for this variation. All the New England Indians expressed their pronouns, both substantive and adjective by prefixes and suffixes, or by letters and syllables added to the beginnings or ending of their nouns. In this respect there is a remarkable coincidence between this and the Hebrew language, in an instance in which the Hebrew entirely differs from all the ancient and modern languages of Europe.

“From this affinity of the Indian language with the Hebrew, from their anointing their heads with oil, their dancing at their devotions, their mourning and lamentations for the dead, their computing time by nights and moons, their giving dowries to their wives, and causing their women at certain seasons to dwell by themselves, and some other circumstances, many have been led to imagine that the American Indians were the posterity of the dispersed Israelites. They used many parables and figures in their discourses, and some have reported that at certain seasons they used no knives, and never broke the bones of the creatures they ate. It has also been reported that in some of their songs the word ‘Hallelujah’ might be distinguished. The Indian language abounds in gutterals and strong aspirations, and their words are generally of great length, which render it peculiarly bold and sonorous. Their speeches, like those of the eastern nations, were adorned by the most bold and striking figures, and have been by no means

inferior to those which Europeans have been able to make to them. As eloquence and war were with them the foundations of all consequence, the whole force of their genius was directed to those acquisitions. In council, their opinions were always given in set speeches; and to persons whom they highly respected it was usual on meeting and parting, or on matters of more than ordinary importance, to address their compliments and opinions in formal harangues. They spoke with great animation and vehemence."

With regard to the Indian character, it has been so often portrayed by historians, essayists, travelers, and novelists, that anything on the subject here would be but idle repetition. It may be observed in general, however, that the Mohegans, were in no respect inferior to any tribe in the country. Of their generous hospitality and the warmth and constancy of their friendship, there are many instances on record. They were bold in purpose, daring in execution, sagacious in discernment, of strong passions, yet exercising great power and prudence to control them; remarkable for deep thought and an accurate knowledge of human nature, and were proud, ambitious and warlike; in short, they were North American Indians, and possessed all those distinguishing traits of character, whether vicious or virtuous, that rendered those Indians an original, "a peculiar people."

NOTE X.

"For when, where Uncas sleeps, her Great Son came."

Verse 93.

Alluding to the friendly tour of the celebrated General Jackson, President of the United States, through New England and other parts of the Union, who while at Norwich, in company with the Vice President, Governor Cass of the War Department, and other of the first dignitaries of the nation, and surrounded by displays of military and a dense crowd of citizens necessarily collected on such an occasion, on the 18th of June, 1833, laid the corner stone of a monument to the memory of Uncas, the last king of the Mohegans.

NOTE XI.

" Her sages gone, and all her mighty men :
 There 's none to smoke her pipe, or bend her bow,"

Verse 100.

The calumet, or " pipe of peace," was an article of great importance among the Indians, and was much revered by them. The bowl of this pipe was made of a kind of soft, red stone, easily wrought and hollowed out. The stem was of cane or a kind of light wood, painted in different colors, and adorned with the heads, tails and feathers of the most beautiful birds, etc. In the calumet was smoked tobacco, or some other herb used in place of it, on the occasions when they entered into any alliance or solemn engagement, this being esteemed the most solemn oath — the violation of which was considered most infamous, deserving the severest punishment in the other life.

The funeral rites, like all other solemn ceremonies began with smoking. If the tribe feel themselves called to go to war, the elders convene the people in order to learn the general opinion. If this be for war, the chief publishes his intention to smoke in the sacred stem at a certain period, to which solemnity, meditation and fasting are required as preparatory ceremonials. The people thus assemble, and the chief enlarges upon the necessity of the measures proposed, invites those who are willing to follow him to smoke out of the sacred stem, which act is considered a token of enrollment.

When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red. Sometimes it is red only on one side, and, by the disposition of the feathers, etc., a person acquainted with their customs knows at the first sight the intentions or desires of the nation which presents it.

The size and decoration of the calumet were commonly proportioned to the importance of the occasion, the quality of the person to whom it was to be presented, and the esteem and regard in which these person were held.

NOTE XII.

"Her faithful Uncas bent his powerful bow."

Versé 104.

The arms of the Indians were the bow and arrow, spear, sword, knife, and tomahawk. However simple and rude their weapons were, yet trained in their use from early childhood, the Indians acquired a skill and dexterity in their use which was astonishing, and rendered them very formidable. Probably as marksmen with the bow and arrow they stood unrivalled — a warrior's arrow seldom being sent in vain. The bows were of common construction, the strings of the sinews of deer, or sometimes of Indian hemp. The arrows were of young elder or other straight sticks of reeds, barbed with a sharp flinty stone, or bone. The spear was a straight piece of wood sharpened at one end and hardened in the fire, or headed with bone or stone. The knife was a sharp stone, shell, or kind of reed, which they sharpened in such a manner, as, in time of peace, to cut their hair, make their bows and arrows, and to answer all the purposes of a knife; and in time of war, it served the more dreadful purpose of scalping their enemies. The tomahawk was a formidable stick, two or three feet in length; with a large knot of solid wood for a head. Sometimes the head was of stone in the form of a hatchet, or sometimes of deer's horn in the form of a pickaxe.

In all public transactions, the tomahawk was of great importance, and like the calumet was frequently very significant. The painting and feathers with which it was ornamented were disposed and arranged in many significant forms, according to the occasion and end for which it was used; and on it was kept a kind of journal of the marches and most important events in the history of the tribe, by a sort of hieroglyphics. When a council was called to deliberate on war, the tomahawk was colored red, and while the council was sitting, it was laid down near the chief. If war was concluded upon, the captain of the young warriors takes it up and holding it in his hand,

dances and sings the war song. When the council is over, this or some other tomahawk is sent by the hands of the same warrior to every tribe concerned, and he presents it with some wampum. Throwing the tomahawk upon the ground he delivers his message, and if they choose to join, the tomahawk is taken up by one of the most expert warriors; if they do not care to join, it is returned with a belt of the tribe's wampum, suited to the occasion.

The wampum of the Indians consisted of small beads curiously wrought out of shells, and perforated in the center so that they might be strung on belts in chains and bracelets. These were of various kinds. The Indians of Connecticut made black, blue and white wampum. This served the purpose of money. Six of the white beads passed for a penny, or three of the black, or one blue for the same. The "Five Nations" made another sort which was of a purple color. After the settlement of the English in Connecticut, the Indians strung these beads on belts of cloth in a very curious manner, and used them in their treaties, as a confirmation of their speeches and a seal of their friendship. In addition to the uses already mentioned, this wampum was used as an ornament, being interwoven into their belts, collars, caps, blankets, etc.

The canoes were another piece of Indian workmanship, which, considering the tools they possessed, were a great curiosity. Different tribes constructed their canoes in a different way. Among the northern Indians they were of bark, curiously seamed together, and so light as to be easily borne upon the shoulders around falls, or from one stream to another. The Connecticut Indians, however, formed their canoes of the trunks of the chestnut, white-wood or pine trees which in the fertility of that region grew to great height and size. Some were made large enough to carry six or eight men, but usually they were not over twenty feet in length and two in breadth. In their method of constructing these, the Indians displayed that inventive faculty with which the human intellect can rise above circumstances and struggle against obstacles that obstruct the

way. Their skill in managing these canoes was very striking. It was, indeed, a national accomplishment. A warrior gloried almost as much in the beauty and dexterous management of his canoe, as in his eloquence in council, or bravery in battle.

Aug. 15th, 1833.

The following letter will be interesting in this connection :

HARTFORD, February 28th, 1834.

MR. JOSEPH W. TRACY,

MY DEAR SIR : — I feel much indebted to you for the perusal of the manuscripts, which are here returned. I have read with much pleasure the poem, entitled “Wewacus Hill,” both for the originality and strength of thought which it evinces, and for the deep interest felt in every locality which unites the history of our aborigines with the cherished scenery and recollections of my dear, native city. Some of the stanzas are exceedingly bold and poetical, and evince, without a doubt, that the writer has been considerably habituated to compositions of this nature.

I remain yours, with respect and esteem,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE PROMISED LAND REJECTED: A SCENE AT
KADESH-BARNEA.

THEY had cross'd the frowning wilderness,
That dreadful land of darkness, drouth^h and fiery serpents,
That land which seem'd to them the shuddering home
Of every danger, every terror that the heart of man
Can fear or dare ; and now, beneath the pillar'd presence
Of the Holy One, that glorious symbol of Jehovah's
Power and goodness, they stood upon the borders
Of the promis'd land, and need but go and take it
And 't was theirs. It was a beauteous land.
The sun look'd forth delighted from the heavens,
And seem'd to strive to praise his Maker more
That he might shine upon a scene so fair.
Soft as the breath of angels when they sing of bliss
Around the throne of Him whose smile is heaven,
Came the glad breezes from Levantine seas,
And kiss'd the spicy shrubs, and fragrant flowers,
And odoriferous plants that waited the fair,
Culturing hand of Judah's lovely daughters.
Then, laden with perfume, shook their rich wings.
And all the land, from the green vales where sung
The soft-eyed dove, and everything was fair,
To the bright, vine-clad hills and laughing mountain top
Where stood the lofty cedars, and rejoiced,
Was fill'd with freshness, fragancy and health.
It was a beauteous land indeed, years, years ago ;
The " Majesty on high " had mark'd it from the skies,
And chosen it out as that sweet pleasant spot on earth
Worthy to be bestow'd — a rich inheritance
Upon his long tried, faithful friend and servant, Abraham,
He had enrich'd it with blessings from the heavens above,
And blessings from the deeps beneath,
And every bounteous, natural blessing

That can render any spot of earth a happy place.
 It was a land of rivers, brooks, and springs of living water,
 Sparkling to the sun thro' the rich, verdant,
 Vigorous foliage on their banks, like beauty's beaming eye
 Through the fair tresses that adorn her brow.
 It was a land of flocks and herds, of vines and figs,
 Of wheat and barley, olive oil, pomgranates, milk and honey.
 It was a land whose genial bosom drank the sweetest
 Dews of heaven, and bore the richest products of the earth :
 For 't was the land belov'd of heaven, selected, chosen to be
 bless'd,

And where the Monarch of the skies would fix his earthly
 Dwelling place, and glorify the children of the fathers
 He had lov'd.

Through many a scene of toil and danger they had pass'd
 In search of this bright, happy spot of promise
 Of which their fathers oft had told, and hope
 Of seeing which had cheer'd their woe-worn souls
 Through many a gloomy day ; and now they stood
 Upon its borders ; and need no longer ask
 Fair painting fancy, or the tales of other times
 What kind of land it was that God had given ;
 For spies from their own tribes had search'd it out,
 And told them 't was indeed a rich, a beauteous land,
 Worthy the mighty Donor to bestow upon the honor'd
 Father of their race ; and Eschol's luscious fruits
 Attested well the verity of their report.

. . . . Sure they will now rejoice ;
 Sure they will enter now with songs of triumph
 To their rest ; and Bethel's grateful pillar
 Will again record the pious vow, the holy joy,
 The glad thanksgivings of a redeem'd, a grateful,
 An adoring people. For, hear ! the gracious word
 From Heaven is : " Go ; go up ; possess it ; it is yours."
 O ! had the Patriarch fathers stood where now
 The children stood, and saw what now the children saw,

And heard what now the children heard,
 What joy, what gratitude, what blessedness were theirs !
 Does the fond mother, as she sits in widow'd loneliness
 Within her mournful dwelling, unaided and uncar'd for
 In her grief, often look forth o'er future time,
 O'er many a coming year of spirit-breaking bitterness,
 And learn to bear with cheerful patience all life's *present* ills,
 Sustain'd by animating hope that the bright day will come
 When her fair boy shall step forth on the stage of time
 In manhood's vigor, and take her to his home ;
 And fill her cup with blessings, and strew her way
 With flowers of filial tenderness and love,
 And bid the sun of plenty, peace and joy break forth again
 Upon her earthly course, and gild with setting splendor
 Her declining days? So did the Patriarch fathers
 Suffer every present ill that human life could bear.
 They look'd o'er earth's wide realms, and not a resting-place
 Appear'd for them. They wander'd where they could.
 They were sojourners in a strange and weary land —
 Homeless and friendless — separate from all.
 But Abraham, at Heaven's command, had come from Chal-
 dea's
 Golden clime, and set his foot upon the mountains
 Where the cedars grow : and He who made the mountains
 And the cedar trees had said : " Unto thy seed I give this
 land .—
 A rich inheritance forever. Here will I fix my Name.
 Here will I fix thy children : and I will be their God ;
 And they shall be my people. And I will make of thee
 A great, a mighty nation, will bless thee, and make
 Thy name great ; and thou shalt be a blessing.
 Them that bless thee I will bless, and them
 That curse thee I will curse ; and in thee
 Shall all the families of earth be blessed."
 And this bright promise gilded every gloomy scene,
 Cheer'd them in all their dreary pilgrimage,

And made the present ills of life seem light to bear
 When follow'd by such ample recompense of future good.
 The promis'd land ! it was their earthly heaven,
 Their earthly all : and to obtain it they would suffer
 Toil, affliction, persecution, pain, 'T was graven
 On their hearts, deep as the love of life, deep as the love
 Of heaven, indelibly as childhood's beauteous bower
 Where life's first pleasure's laugh is stamp'd
 On manhood's memory, and cannot be erased.

Children of Abraham ! your fond fathers
 Earnestly desir'd to see and hear those wondrous things
 Which ye now see and hear. Ye stand,
 A congregated host of ransom'd thousands,
 Thousands upon thousands on the borders of this land
 Of all their hopes ; and with you awfully sublime,
 As He has ne'er been seen before, is seen the " God of all the
 earth,"

The God of Abraham, who has come, as He had promis'd
 Many a year ago, to dwell with you, and be your God,
 And bless you as his people. His voice is heard
 Amid your mighty tribes, His strength is round about you,
 And his glory in your midst.
 O, could adoring Abraham, the beloved Isaac,
 And afflicted Jacob be among you now
 How would their gladden'd souls exult in songs
 Of holy joy and triumph ? How would they bless
 A covenant-keeping God whose word of truth
 Is thus abundantly fulfill'd ? How would they cry :
 " Rise up ! O, Lord, and let thine enemies be scatter'd !
 For lo ! the time -- the long-expected time has come
 When Thy command is : ' Go ; go up ; possess the land ;
 't is yours.'

Rise up ! O, Lord, in Majesty and Power, and enter with us
 To the promis'd rest. We wait to follow thy commands ;
 We wait to bow our souls obedient to Thy will.
 Rise up O Lord and let the heathen fear, and let Thy name

Be known, Thy glory seen to earth's remotest bounds."

But Ah! what means these sounds of conflict
 In the camp of Israel? Why are her princes
 Standing thus with dark and wrathful countenance
 And speech and gesture vengeful, as if indignant
 At some daring foe? Why such dismay, confusion,
 Consternation 'mid the tribes redeem'd of heaven,
 Whose strong Protector is the Lofty One who built the earth
 And heavens, and holds the breath of every living thing?
 Why are all faces pale and troubled and every hand now
 feeble,

And each heart faint? Why are the faithful Joshua and Caleb
 Thus clad in mourning sackcloth, and striving
 To appease the anger of the clamorous hosts?
 Why is the high and heaven-taught Leader prostrate in the
 dust

Before the God of Jacob pleading earnestly for mercy?
 Who has presum'd to afflict the Lord's anointed ones,
 And turn this day of triumph and thanksgiving
 To one of woe, vexation and despair? Say — has proud Egypt
 Sent fresh legions forth to cut them down, an helpless prey
 Amid a vast dark wilderness before they reach the promis'd
 land?

Or has the oppressor muster'd in his wrath,
 With power to bring again beneath the yoke of menial
 servitude,

In slavery's weary land, the princes of the House of Israel,
 The children of the King of heaven? O, no! it is not so,
 There is no fear of Egypt. Her horn of strength is broken,
 Her dreaded monarch lies beneath the waters;
 And all her proud ones sleep the sleep of death. —

Have Esau's mighty sons then, Kings of Edom,
 Rememb'ring how their father lost his birthright,
 Risen in their proud revenge and come to wrest away the
 honor

They seek, which they believe *their* father, eldest born,

Deserved ; or, if they fail in this, to blast them
 From the earth, now they wander homeless and expos'd ?
 O, no ! it is not so. For the strong sons of Esau
 Hold the country which the God of Abraham
 Gave their father, and with this are well content.
 They do not strive to intercept the passage of the sons of
 Jacob

To their long promis'd birthright, the land of Canaan :
 And if a nation 'round about presumes
 To injure them or obstruct their way, the Mighty One
 Who leads in awful majesty their conquering armies,
 Does but look forth, in one calm look of power
 From the dread pillar of His glory, and, as the stubble
 In the kindling blaze, that nation is consum'd ;
 And where it stood on earth in strength and greatness,
 No trace of it is found again forever.
 Or even if Moses, do but lift his hand to heaven,
 That nation and that people, as a forgotten thing,
 Is blotted out from underneath the sun.

Then what strange cause
 Occasions all this wild disorder in the camp of Israel ?
 Mark the dark scene. — Far to the eastward,
 Tow'rd the rising of the sun, where Judah's lion-hearted
 tribe

With Issachar and Zebulon are planted by the standards
 Of their fathers ; and southward, where the haughty tribe
 Of Reuben, first born son and excellency of Jacob,
 With Simeon and Gad are stationed ; and westward
 Where the Kingdom-grasping Ephraim, with Manasseh
 And fair Benjamin are rang'd ; and northward,
 Where fierce Dan, and Naphthali, and Asher are arrang'd,
 Each by the standard of his tribe, with the bright ensign
 Of his father's house, they have risen with one consent,
 In mutinous revolt ; more than six hundred thousand
 Fighting men come forth to fight the battles of the Lord,

And lay the strong foundations of a Kingdom to endure
forever,

All mighty men of valor, furbished and equipped for war and
ready for the fight.

They have arisen, and stand in wrath, as stands the war
horse

On the field of battle, who champs the bit, and foams,
And paws the ground, proudly indignant at the curb
Of his restraining rider. And even in the deep centre
Of the wondrous camp, where stands the Holy Ark of the
Lord God

Of heaven and earth, o'er shadow'd by the fearful cloud
Of His dread presence, the favor'd consecrated tribe
Of Levi mingle in the din, and wake fierce sounds of conflict.
What though they wear the holy vestments of the Lord,
And tend His altars, and wash His chosen ones about His
sacred tabernacle

Of the Most High, a frown is on their angry brow,
Dark as the scowl of vengeance on the face of Hell :
And with the lawless and unhallow'd herd around
They stand in wrath, and wake with them the wild,
Revolting, heaven-provoking cry of murmuring discontent.
They chide, the indignant, clamorous host, with Moses ;
They turn their backs upon the Pillar of their Strength ;
They sound aloud through the wide wondrous camp,
The daring call of " Who will come forward now,
Who will take command and lead us back to the fair land
From whence we came ? As for this Moses, who is he ?
As for this God of Israel, who is he ? We wot not and we
care not.

His Laws are far too strict, we love them not ; and cannot,
Will not, yield the obedience claim'd, Fair Egypt's beauteous
Gods

Of gold and precious stones — these be thy Gods O Israel !
Rise up ye mighty sons of Jacob ! March forth — march
forth —

We will go back again to Egypt."

But why, but why, this fatal termination
Of this wondrous journey to the promis'd land ?

Hear, O ye heavens, and be astonish'd ; and hear, O earth,
And be thou horribly afraid. This is the reason — this the
feeble,

Only reason given, why the proud tribes refuse to enter to
their rest.

" The Canaanites are in the lands ; the Anakims are there ;
And we be faint before them ; we are afraid to go ; we dare
not

Face them, and it is better to return to Egypt than die
By their strong hand."

O, ye faint hearted ones !

O, ye presumptuous rebels ! O ye foul race of unbelievers !
How dare ye utter in the ear of Him who stands among you,
With power to blast you from the earth and sky,
Who holds in His dread hand the just awards
Of righteous retribution, how dare ye utter in His ear
Such words as these ? Ye were an helpless people,
Sear, and wan, and blighted by the withering breath
Of bondage. Ye had no hope. O'er your proud spirits
Roll'd the deepest, the darkest, weightiest waves of woe.
Relentless Pharaoh stamp'd his foot on your bow'd necks,
And from your bursting hearts arose the cry
So sad, so sorrowful, so rich in misery, that earth
Could not endure it, but sent it up to heaven. —
Heaven could not bear it more than earth.

The God of Abraham heard it

And all His bowels of compassion move.

He bent in pity o'er your wretched fate,

He felt for you as feels a father for the children

Of his love. He called to you in mercy's melting voice,

And said : " Be free. Be free, ye people of the Lord : "

And with the word came forth the power

To make you free. Wak'd by the spirit-cheering

Sound of Liberty, ye rous'd in His dread might,
And burst the manacles of Pharaoh, and stamp'd
On his proud neck. Ye call'd for plagues
That human nature cannot bear, and desolated
All the land of Egypt. Ye rais'd on high
The hand of fearful retribution, and shook,
To its deep base the oppressor's throne,
And made the monarch and his nobles know full well
That their dread power was weak before you
As the frail spider's web beneath the finger of a giant's hand.
Then took ye to your coffers all the wealth of Egypt :
And thus with all your helpless wives and little ones,
And all your flocks and herds, ye passed in triumph
From the house of bondage. The sea oppos'd your progress,
And the oppressors rose again in one last desperate effort
To affright your souls. But what of that ?
He who had call'd you forth to liberty and life
Had means enough in His strong hand
To clear His people's way, through mighty oceans,
Mighty monarchs of the earth, and Hell's proud power
oppos'd.

He bade the winds of heaven, go tell the waters of the deep
That His beloved people were no longer slaves ;
And, as the Freeman of the Lord, desired a passage
Through their strange domains. The winds obey'd.
They came from the far distant verge of heaven,
And told the waters that the Lord would pass that way
With the best people ransomed by His hand.
The awe-struck waters heard the great request
And mov'd in swift obedience to the voice of God,
Hasting away from their appointed place to pile their adoring
Billows, a fair crystal wall of strength and guidance,
High on either hand ; and spread for you a way,
A new and wondrous way, where mortal foot
Had never trod before — safe, dry and pleasant to your feet
O'er the green bed of the deep trembling sea ;

And as ye pass'd unharm'd, triumphantly along this new
And wondrous way, beneath the overshadowing cloud
Of your Deliverer, bright as the blazing fire with His
Resplendent glory, ye heard the sea lift up her voice
In anthems loud of praise ; ye heard the waters utter
Through their wide-spread realms, and to each echoing shore
Around, " How dreadful is the God of Israel !

And how mighty are the people ransom'd by His hand !
Who, who may safe oppose them ?"

The oppressor followed in your train,
Down the deep passage way to ocean's bed, idly supposing
He could bind again as slaves those whom the High and
Lofty One

Made free. But Ah ! his doom was sealed ;
For ye need but set your foot on the firm ground
Upon the farther shore, and turn, and turn and bid the
mighty waves

Of the obedient sea flow back again and bear him
And his hosts of pride down to that dread abyss
From whence no mortal can return — and it is done.

They sank, as sinks the stone beneath the waters.
He, and the armies of his power, the horse and rider,
The plumed warrior and the chariot of his might.
Thus fell the pride of Pharaoh whelm'd in the raging sea,
Where the wild monsters of the deep may fatten
On their corses ; — and ye were free indeed. —

Then came your songs of jubilee and triumph.
Then ye exulted in the Lord. Ye call'd Him then most
mighty :

Omnipotent to save ; and as a father, ready, willing, to
sustain,

Protect, and help you to the uttermost. Ye doubted not at all
His wisdom, power, or goodness, but knew and felt
That in His mighty strength ye could go forth
Through every opposition to the promis'd rest,
And there become the nation, powerful, great and happy

As had been foretold.

But now, alas! how chang'd, how alter'd
Is the scene! How dark and cheerless all, where once
Was gratitude and holy triumph!

The dance has ceas'd, the music breathing timbrle's
Notes have ceas'd, and ceas'd all songs
Of gladness and rejoicing.

Ye who oft plume yourselves on having found
That Scripture is deceiv'd, man is not so depraved
As God would represent him, that human nature
Still retain, in undimm'd lustre its primeval
Excellence, and having made this wonderful discovery
Have drawn from thence the logical conclusion
That ye outstrip the Lord by far in Knowledge,
And, as a necessary consequence have placed
Your own profound opinion, crouching not
On a low par with His, but far above,
Demanding a premium value, come hither now
From airy height of wisdom so sublime
And mark this mournful scene, and see
If ye have overrated man's perfections.
Come, see, where, stripp'd by hand Divine
Of every false disguise, he stands before you
Naked in the light of moral truth and solemn fact.
And standing thus, come, see, if he presents
The lovely image of a rational, reflecting,
Intellectual being, gifted with large understanding
To *perceive*, and moral rectitude, and mental strength
To *do*, under all circumstances, alone unaided from on high,
The thing that's Right. —
Here are six hundred thousand mighty men of valor,
Buckler'd in strength that shakes earth's mightiest throne,
Of power efficient, should heaven but bid them go,
To traverse earth's wide realms, and prostrate
Under their dominion all her trembling kingdoms.
Yet here they stand, even on the very verge of that fair land

The type of heaven, most wretched of earth's wretched
 throng :

Quaking with fear, shuddering with apprehension,
 As idle children terrified to tears by evening's
 Spectre seeming shadows, raising rebellious hands
 Against the Majesty of heaven and earth,
 Dark vengeance on their brow, demoniac passions
 In their hearts, and waking a loud wail of lamentation
 Mournful and woeful as if their God had left them desolate,
 And Kadesh-barnea were the drear mausoleum
 To entomb their name and nation, instead of the fair,
 Shining vestibule, opening a flowery way
 To Canaan's promis'd rest.

Why all this wretchedness? why these discordant passions?
 This spirit breaking terror?

They have inform'd us that "the Canaanites are in the land,
 The Anakims are there, and we be faint before them —
 We are afraid to go; we dare not face them,"

But is it so? — What though the sons of Anak,
 From the mountains of their strength, in cities wall'd to
 heaven

Defy their power, is that a cause for fear?
 Have Anak's giant sons an arm like God?
 Or can they thunder with a voice like Him?
 Can they confront Jehovah going forth in pillar'd strength
 Before these chosen ones to build Himself an empire
 On the earth? Can they awe Him from His purpose:
 Snatch His people from His powerful hand,
 And make Him tremble on His everlasting throne?
 Who are the Anakims, that such great things
 Are fear'd from them? Full well the seed of Abraham
 Know that Anak's sons, and all the people
 Of this world, are but dependent creatures, form'd,
 Sustained and kept in being by the God of Abraham;
 And Abraham's God is "He who kills and makes alive,
 Who wounds and none can heal, and from whose

Powerful hand, no human, no created arm
 Can give deliverance. Should He raise His glittering sword
 And bid it fall in wrath on Anak's mountains,
 It would be bath'd in blood, and Anak's name,
 And Anak's giant sons be never heard of more.
 Then 'tis in vain — nor is it vain alone,
 'Tis blasphemous presumption in them,
 This favor'd race, to say, "we fear the face of mortal man,"
 For well they know that He, on whose dread arm
 They lean for guidance and support, can build or overthrow,
 Can rear or crush, not man alone and all his works,
 But all yon shining worlds of untold size
 And strength, magnificent and vast,
 And number'd not by finite mind,
 That sound His praise, and do His will
 Throughout the mighty universe.

Then do they fear He will forget His promise,
 And leave them in the end all desolate, and helpless
 In the hands of mighty foes?
 No! No! They fear not this. True — they had not,
 Like us of this blest day, those ample and decisive proofs
 That all things else may fail and be dissolv'd.
 The elements may melt with fervent heat,
 And earth, and yon gigantic fabric of the heavens
 May fade and pass away, but what the Holy One of Israel
 Speaks in promises or threatnings to His creatures,
 Can never fail — can never pass away —
 But must abide unchanging as eternal things ;
 Yet well they knew that the dread God of Abraham
 Was a God of Truth. His promise had never been broken—
 His word had never fail'd.
 When He gave the land of Canaan to their father Abraham,
 A birthright bless'd, in kind reversion for His children,
 'Twas added by the voice Divine. "But ere the time arrive
 For them to come and claim and occupy this promis'd home,
 Thy seed shall be afflicted in a far strange land four hundred
 years,

And afterward that nation will I judge," saith God.
 'Tis, to the letter had been amply verified. They could but
 know it.

The seed of Abraham went down with Jacob,
 Their afflicted father, in a tide of sorrow, to that strange land
 Foretold, and there, four hundred years they groan'd
 Beneath the manacles of Egypt's Pharaoh's.
 But at the appointed time the God of Abraham came,
 As he had promis'd, and while the oppressing people
 Were adjudged to plagues and desolation
 Such as mortal man had never felt before,
 The bands of bondage burst in twain before Him
 From off the neck of Abraham's seed,
 And Israel's tribes triumphantly were free. —
 Since that time they've journey'd in the weary wilderness,
 That land most terrible of pits and drought and fiery serpents.
 But let them answer for themselves — did God forsake them
 there ?

Or have they lack'd for anything they needed ?
 No ! Since they came from Egypt He has been to them
 As shadow of a friendly rock in weary land.
 As the fond mother watches o'er her helpless charge,
 Her heart's kind feelings constantly awake,
 So did the Holy One of Israel watch o'er them for good
 By day and night with ceaseless care, and guard them
 As the apple of his eye. When they hunger'd
 In a desert realm where no man dwelt, no friendly hand
 Appear'd to give them bread, the windows of the skies were
 open'd,
 And bread from heaven was spread in rich abundance
 Round their wondering tents. They ask'd for meat.
 No human help was near — no market place of man
 Could greet their eye, yet meat as delicate as Pharaoh ate
 Was instantly supplied. The winged winds of heaven,
 Swift messengers of God, brought it in trembling haste

From distant lands, and laid it at their doors,
 In bounteous profusion, until their sated souls desir'd no
 more.
 When they thirsted in a dry and barren land where spring-
 ing fountains
 Never cheer'd the eye, the very rocks were melted to supply
 Their need. The rocks pour'd forth the copious spring of
 living waters
 For their present want, nor left them thirsting at a future
 day ;
 But image sweet of the kind, daily providence of God,
 And of that purer and life giving stream which cheers
 The Christian souls, while journeying through earth's wilder-
 ness
 Of grief, it follow'd still, in current animating and exhaustless
 All the way they went. — Afar from Egypt's looms, and
 Egypt's
 Curious trades, what must this numerous people do for
 raiment
 To defend them both from burning suns, and bitter, biting
 winds ? --
 Is anything impossible with God ? Are any limits laid on
 His resources
 Infinite ? Is anything too hard for Him, their strong Deliv-
 erer,
 [Guide and Friend ? Or shall the people of His love be heard
 to cry
 " We faint with hunger, and are naked," while the lilies of
 the field
 Are clothed, and ravens of the vale are fed by Him ?
 In no clime or age of earth hath this been said — but all
 with one accord
 Have testified, " He is a very present help in every time of
 need,
 His goodness faileth not, and those who trust Him cannot
 trust in vain."

With ever wakeful vigilance He saw His people's wants,
 And hasted to supply. He put forth, on their behalf,
 Miraculous, preserving power, so that though wand'ring
 homeless,
 Unsupplied by man's inventions for forty years
 Their garments wax'd not old upon their backs,
 Nor yet the shoes upon their feet, but still remain'd
 In undecaying beauty, fair as when first
 They came from Egypt's realms.
 But farther still. Munificently kind, and still unwearied
 In His efforts for their good; to banish from their minds
 All shadow of a doubt. to satisfy, encourage, and confirm
 Their flickering faith, and place before them
 Demonstrable proof that He was still among them,
 Powerful to save and kind to bless, and purpos'd not
 To fail them or forsake, He bade them build an holy tabernacle
 An earthly dwelling place for the Most High,
 And plant it in their midst, and there He would abide
 In visible display before their mortal eyes.
 Thus divinely kind to human weakness,
 Around this sacred guarantee of covenant blessings,
 This holy type of Him, the Rock, on which this church is
 built,
 Who, at a future day should stand in human form
 On Zion's consecrated mount, He spread the awful pillar of
 His glory,
 The dread Shechinah of His presence, and underneath
 This fearful symbol of Omnipotence and unchanging Good-
 ness,
 The seed of Abraham have march'd in triumph forth,
 And now — though dark with vengeance as the hosts of hell
 They stand beneath it on the borders of the promis'd land.
 Reason — thou guide and friend of man,
 And justifier and adorer of the ways of God, say —
 Need ought else be done by heaven to satisfy the daring
 cavils

Of rebellious human scepticism? Say — has not Love
 Done all that Love can do, and Power done all that has been
 requisite
 To guide, instruct, protect, and make this people truly blest?
 But ask me now again ;
 For truth appears not yet, what is in fact the cause
 Of all this envy, wrath, malignity and woe in Israel's camp?
 Alas! Alas! for human nature! 'The fearful cause is told
 In few dark fatal words. *They do not love their Maker.*
 Ah! ye degenerate children of the Prophets! ye may try to
 hide it
 As ye will, may strive to screen your dark rebellion by foul
 tales
 Of despicable falsehood ; may aim to cast, with hellish base-
 ness,
 The blame of all your guilt on Moses ; or on Him, that Holy
 One
 Who loves you still and seeks to bless ; but 't is in vain — for
 soon
 Or later Truth will speak — and when Truth speaks
 She 'll utter plainly the dark words — “ Ye do not love your
 Maker!
 Ye will not yield obedience to His Laws.” —
 Then we have learn'd at last the fatal cause — and know-
 ing this
 We do not wonder more to see you wretched, blind and
 miserable ;
 In fear of earth, distrusting heaven, and picture gloomy
 Of the anarchy of hell ; for so surely as the arch will crumble
 To disjointed fragments, and be scatter'd to the winds if
 but the key-stone
 Be removed ; so sure as the planets of the skies would rush,
 In wild amazement from their appointed place, scattering
 confusion
 Consternation, ruin through the great Creator's empire

Should gravitation's laws be, for a time destroy'd ; so surely
will the mind

Of man rush on to crime, confusion, ruin, if from some mad
cause

It break from the restraints of moral law, and throw off its
allegiance

To the first great ordinance of heaven — the Love of God.—
Ordinance to the Law Divine, springing from Love of its
Great Author,

Is the principle on which hangs all the happiness of earth,
All bliss of heaven, all order, harmony and peace throughout
The great Creator's wide domains. Without it — earth were
dark as hell,

And heaven no fairer than the pit of woe. 'Mid the dark
mouldering ruins

Of a fallen world some traces of this principle have ever been
preserv'd,

Else earth were nothing but a drear aceldama, forever
drench'd in blood ;

Life but a curse, and every individual of the human family
No better than a fiend in constant conflict with his Maker.

Degenerate children of the Prophets ! Ye have now broken
down

This barrier to human crime — have trampled in the dust

This holy principle, and hence we wonder not to see you
given o'er

To all the wild disorders of rebellious wrath. We wonder not
To see that peace is gone, and harmony, and order, and all
submission

To your leader's voice, and in their stead to find that envy
now,

And jealousy, and all malicious passions of the darkest hue
Hold o'er your minds resistless sway.

Man is a puny and dependent creature — he trembles when
he thinks

Himself alone, and finds his strength in leaning on his great
Creator's

Powerful arm. But ye, deluded ones, ye have renounc'd
your God !

Ye have said in language plain we will not have Him reign
o'er us —

Ye have called His law, that holy law He gave you for your
good

By which ye might regain His moral image, lost

By disobedient, fallen man, a burden and a curse,

And not a blessing ; and hence we wonder not to see you

Pale with terror, trembling thus, like children, at the shaking
Of proud Anak's spear.

Deluded and unhappy men — say, is it Freedom that ye
seek

In this revolting from your Maker's sway ?

Man loves indeed to call himself the child of Liberty,

He loves to say that he is Free. To talk of Independence

And the Rights of Man. But ah ! how many dark ideas

Cloud his brain while dreaming o'er these subjects !

Too oft he thinks that Freedom is but exemption from all
law,

Unhallow'd liberty, from all restraint ; relief from all inspec-
tion

Of his vile misdeeds, deliverance from all accountability

To an higher Power. Had ye lived in later times

Ye would have seen a trial sad of liberty like this.

Ye would have seen poor Gallia, when 'wakening

From long torpor, her ears were greeted with the morning

Song of liberty, floating in cadence sweet

From young Columbia's verdant clime.

Like music from the skies it thrill'd through her enthusiastic

Bosom ; and starting at the sound, with desperate leap

She shook the bands of priestly and despotic domination

From her weary limbs, pinn'd on her brow fair Liberty's

Tri-color'd badge ; unbound her banner to the sun ;

Sware an eternal hatred to tyrannic rule, and told the world,
 In songs of passionate delight, that she was *free!*
 Ye say 't was well, 't was nobly done ; and thus, so far, it was.
 But Ah ! enthusiastic, brave, yet poor deluded Gallia
 Had not counted up the cost, or learn'd at all the nature of
 the liberty
 She sought. And to bewilder more her untaught steps,
 Her philosophic sons had been abroad the earth, and up-
 ward
 Into heaven on learning's towering wing in quest of knowl-
 edge.
 And wheresoe'er they went, whatever else they saw, *one thing*
 was plain :
 The dreadful Name of God was graven as with a diamond's
 point
 On everything that lived, and mov'd, and breath'd, and did
 exist.
 The lightnings flash'd it forth in words of fire
 From the impending cloud. The thunders roll'd it
 In tremendous sound across the trembling heavens.
 The whirlwinds bore it on terrific wing around a terror-
 stricken
 World. 'T was printed with a sunbeam across the moun-
 tain's head ;
 And every vale and plain, when dress'd in spring's gay
 flow'rs,
 Or summer fruits, or winter's icy wreaths, sung it aloud
 In anthem's of adoring praise. It was impress'd with pen
 Of iron upon ocean's giant waves. Deep answer'd unto deep,
 And mighty billows hasten'd to and fro, from shore to shore,
 To talk with man of Him who rules the heavens and earth,
 And holds the waters in the hollow of His hand.
 She look'd on man -- a little world within himself -- a com-
 pound strange
 Of matter and of mind, and saw that he was fearfully

And wonderfully made. Material, and yet mental ; corpo-
 real,
 And bound down to earth, yet launching forth in giant
 energies
 Of thought o'er the unmeasur'd realms of space far as a
 system rolls,
 A sunbeam shines. Who, but a God, could make him as he is ?
 Could the wild hand of *chance* from matter's senseless atoms
 Compose a creature so distinguish'd for intelligence and rea-
 son ?

They climb'd among the stars, and travel'd 'round the
 mighty orbits
 Of ten thousand worlds. And here, as on the earth, they
 found
 That dreadful Name emblazon'd forth in characters
 Of living light on every star that shone, on every world that
 cours'd

Its way stupendous through the universe of God.
 Yet, strange to tell ! (Oh ! were they fools, or mad ?) when
 they came back

To Gallia they told her in the language of the foolish heathen
 " There is no God ! " Brave, but deluded Gallia ! Alas !
 she listen'd

And believ'd. And now she laugh'd amain with all her
 might,

For now she felt that she was free indeed. And ev'èr and
 anon

Commingling with the joyous shout of "*Vive la Libertie !*"
 Which burst from her enraptur'd throngs, was heard
 The soul-appalling cry, learn'd from lips she reverenc'd :
 " There is no God ! Down with the despots ! Down with
 the despots !

Vive la Libertie ! There is no God ! "

And now she sat her down with philosophic dignity,
 After much learn'd enquiry, to tell the world with solemn
 tone :

" There is no God! Chance made and governs all things ;
 life is a dream.
 There is no after-state. There are no moral obligations be-
 tween man and man ;
 Or man and heaven. There 's no accountability for man.
 He is
 Sole judge of his own actions ; he may do all his reason
 shall approve.
 He lives by chance ; he dies by chance ; yet, when he dies,
 chance
 Takes him not to Heaven or Hell, but leaves him sleeping a
 perpetual
 Sleep in the cold sepulchre of black Annihilation."

Oh! there was anarchy in that fair land on the reception
 Of this impious creed. — Reason — the Reason that she
 defied,
 (Not that intelligent and upright guide of man, who loves to
 bow the knee
 To man's Creator, and trim her lamp at heaven's exhaustless
 fires ;
 But a wild maniac, sporting with the miseries of mankind,
 and laughing
 Heartily o'er fools she made,) went forth to purge the land
 of all its former dross.
 She burn'd the Book Divine of the dread Monarch of the
 skies ;
 Trampled His altars to the dust ; and turned His holy sanc-
 tuaries
 To theatres of childish mirth and each unhallow'd, besotted
 vice.
 She broke down all pure principles of justice, and open'd
 On the land the floodgates of corruption, falsehood, crime,
 and lawless force.
 She sunder'd every hallow'd social tie 'tween man and man,
 And told him he might hate his brother as heartily as pos-
 sible.

And sure enough he did. She called for stout Democracy,
 who vents,
From his huge cheeks the clamor of ten thousand tongues,
Who knows not what he wants or whether he would govern
Or obey, but spends his breath, murmuring and strong as
 voice of many waters in waking up the crowd
To constant din of varying echos about Reason, Principles,
 Republican,
And Rights of Man. He came at call with his fair Counsellor
Confusion, to stamp on Kings, and Thrones, and Peers,
And Aristocracy, and elevate "the People," to befitting
 station.
And ever as he went, at every pause amid the wild uproar
He talked in speeches loud and long against "Oppression"
 of every kind,
Yet all the while his own broad hands were spread to grasp
 at power,
And all the path he cours'd was mark'd with traces deep
Of injured rights, and fire and blood.
Oh! there was anarchy indeed in that fair portion of the
 earth!
Without a God — without a King — without those moral
 principles
That form the only bulwark of a nation's safety — Chance
Did her utmost in this hour of peril, by aid of false philoso-
 phy.
Mad, clamorous Reason and uncurb'd, untaught
Democratic principles, to overwhelm in ruin that beauteous
 land.
But chance at length (an happy chance methinks) brought
 forth
That wondrous One whose pathway was illumined by the
 gorgeous
Fires of Victory ; whose hands were crimson'd with the blood
Of conquest ; who fear'd not kings, no matter on how high a
 throne

They sat ; but plac'd them at his feet, and tore their
diadems

From off their brows. And 't is not strange than when he
rear'd

His iron throne, and call'd fair Gallia to his bosom as a friend
That she should run, with all her children, to his dark em-
brace. —

Perhaps 't was better. — Say, was it not far better to be con-
troll'd

By even a tyrant's beck, than rebel thus in such discordant,
Reckless liberty. Thus Freedom came to life, by chance, in
Gallia.

She liv'd short life of chance. She died by melancholy
chance,

And then the Monarch's throne was rear'd upon her broken
bones,

And o'er her grave arose no other mourning knell, no other
wail of grief,

No other requiem hymn, save the wild transports of the
chancelled

Crowd, shouting their plaudits to Napoleon's fame.

But why bring up to sad remembrance the faults of Gallia
On a theme like this? It is not done to place her as a gaz-
ing stock

Before a censure-loving world. Nor yet to sit in judgment
On her actions; for who is man that he should judge his
brother?

That work belongs to Him, the only Wise and Holy One,
who looks

With equal eye on all ; who sees the whole — the end from
the beginning —

And knows the nature, cause, effect of things. He, and He
only

Can dispense impartial judgment on the deeds of man.

But here we bring them to remembrance by way of learning
a moral lesson

That may do us good. 'Tis done to show the character of
 man ;
 To show how he deceives himself, and leads himself from
 happiness
 To misery. Man is the same in every age and clime,
 whether he yield
 Submission to the House of Capet, or be a member of the
 House of Israel,
 Or stand connected with some other name or house of earth,
 it matters not,
 He is the same. He differs in his manners, customs, habits,
 and pursuits of life
 According as he lives where learning elevates, or ignorance
 degrades
 His mind. But since that fatal day when his mad father
 Rear'd the standard of rebellion against his God — stamped
 on a known
 Command of heaven — and said, by deed, more eloquent
 than words,
 "I will not love, obey, or fear my Maker !" Since that dark
 fatal day
 One gloomy portrait represents the human family
 Whatever variance may arise from clime or circumstance.
 Still, as a general rule, his *moral* character appears the same.
 In every age and clime of earth he is the same — the same
 unwise,
 Unhappy, wayward creature ; the same dark passions lead
 his soul astray,
 The same unhallow'd principles deny him rest.
 He has within himself the seeds of happiness ; culter'd
 aright
 They might grow up as fair in the earth as heaven. But Ah !
 What poisonous weeds appear, instead of the fair flowers
 Of Moral Worth. He sails in fragile bark — yet plain his
 way o'er life's
 Dark waters, and might be safe too. Reason and Revelation

Have combin'd to lay the chart before him, and the compass
In his hand. But led astray by a discordant nature, or, as
some believe,

By *imitation only*, (apt pupil truly thus to learn sin's lessons
Quicker than his cradle hymn,) he wanders from the pole-
star

Of his Maker's love ; and then assail'd by boisterous passions,
Raging lusts, and uncontroll'd propensities to ill, is blown at
random

On the sea of lawless principle, and there his happiness
At once is wreck'd.

“ But after long digression, and from moralizing strain,
We now turn back again to Kadesh-barnea,
Where the degenerate House of Israel is standing face to
face with God,

In proud rejection of the promis'd land.

“ Ye, you do not love the Lord your God — Ye will not wor-
ship Him —

Ye will not yield obedience to His Law ” —is stamp'd in
words

Of fear, distrust, and vengeance on their darken'd brow.

They ask for Freedom. But alas! 'tis freedom such as
heaven

Cannot approve ; such as reason, common sense condemn ;
Such as would lead them down to misery's darkest pit.

They ask for freedom from all restraint of moral principle ;
Freedom from inspecting eye of heaven ; freedom to satisfy
The lusts of earth ; freedom from their Maker's wise and
kind control.

Nor can all the blessings promis'd to obedience — the judg-
ments

Threat'ned to rebellious course, the terrors of Omnipotence,
The tenderness of Love, or melting mercies of a long-suffer-
ing God

Prevail to turn them from their wicked purpose ! What can
be done ?

True, He who "holds the breath of every living thing," can
put forth

Power Omnipotent, and turn them instantly from Ill to Good.
But no ; that may not be ! The Monarch of the Skies will
never

Break those laws He has himself impos'd — will never war
At variance with the reason He himself implanted in the hu-
man mind.

He lays before us Life and Death — the Blessing and the
Curse.

Bestows upon us reason to distinguish between Good and Ill ;
And then, with kindest interest in our fate, entreats us to be
wise,

And make judicious choice. We are dependent and deprav'd.
Inclin'd, against our interest, to Error. He knows it. And
to aid our choice

Freely bestows upon us all the friendly, spiritual *assistance*
that we need ;

But never by the force of influence, arbitrary and resistless,
compels us

To be wise, or interfere with that rational power of choice
Bestow'd by Him on man at his creation.

Admitted that huge books have tumbled on the world,
printed brim full

Of theologic disputations on this point ; some making man
a mere machine,

Blind as the gin that spins the clothes he wears, led on to
Good or Ill,

To Heaven or Hell, by strong, compulsive influence from
above ; others,

Munificently large in thought, pouring on him a boundless
liberty of choice,

Thrusting away, with angry blow the hand of Heaven from
giving aid at all,

And making man sole arbiter of his own destiny ; others —
but vain

Enumeration of learn'd opinions — what has Controversy
 gain'd
 By all the wrangling turmoil she has rais'd? Has she made
 prophecy more wise,
 Or mankind better? Has she made the way to Heaven
 more plain,
 Or clos'd with heavier bolt the doors of Hell? Methinks
 she gains but this :
 She places men, the mass of men I mean, in the condition of
 the traveler o'er Arabia's
 Trackless wilds. He hears the desert wind arise, and soon
 the light of Heaven is dimm'd
 And darken'd by the loosen'd sands, tossing and whirling
 o'er his trembling head.
 Blinded and bewilder'd he knows not what to do — but
 stops — falls down upon the ground
 And there lies still — until the fainting winds have spent
 their force —
 When the confusion ended, he passes on again, thinking and
 singing
 As he did before.

But alas ! for the degenerate House of Israel !
 Their destiny is seal'd — seal'd with their own vile hands !
 Their choice is made — their desperate choice —
 'T is made before high heaven — earth shudders at the
 thought —
 And hell in triumph claps her hands and shouts
 With joy demoniac o'er the brutish folly of deluded man.
 Their choice is made. They have refus'd allegiance to their
 God —
 They have refus'd obedience to His requirements ; they have
 said,
 In terms too plain : “ The gods of Egypt will not see our
 sins —
 They will not hear our angry strife — will not reprove our
 mad contentions —

We may eat, and drink and revel as we may and they will
not condemn,

Or punish us at all — these be thy Gods, O, Israel!

But as for Moses' God, we love him not — His is too strict —
Too holy — He makes our souls afraid — we die before such
purity —

And this promis'd land of Canaan must be swept, and
purg'd, and purified

So clean that it will be to us by far more grievous

'Than the 'house of bondage' from whence we came —

Oh! we stay not here! march forth, march forth,

Come, let us turn again to Egypt." —

Heaven suffers and endures from human wickedness
Far longer and far more than finite beings can conceive.

"He is slow to anger, gracious, long suffering,

And plenteous in mercy and goodness; but (truth most cer-
tain)

He will by no means clear the guilty." He waiteth long

To see if man will turn from disobedient course.

But there comes a period in the history of unrepenting,

Unsubmissive man, when patience, even Divine,

Can bear no more. Beyond this point, patience

Were but a weakness — forbearance no more a virtue.

Long-suffering, but an apparent want of power to punish
crime;

Connivance at iniquity, and blemish on Jehovah's

Awful character. Let no one think because that Heaven

"Suffereth long, and is most kind," he may go on

Presumptuously to sin, secure from future harm;

Secure from all account, and all award of his dark deeds.

Oh! there will come a day when God will judge the earth

In righteousness, and all will know that He is Just and True,
As well as merciful.

But why; why did the thunders sleep on that dark day?

Why did the lightnings of the sky forbear their fiery wrath?

Why did the earthquake and the tempest hush their voice as
if no cause

Appear'd to call their vengeance forth? Why did the ocean
rest

In his deep bed, nor heave his mighty billows to o'erwhelm
A guilty race? Why did the various engines of destruction
That are above, around, in other worlds, in air, and earth,
and sea,

Thus calmly wait in their appointed place, nor come to avenge
The insults offer'd to their God? When He came down on
Sinai

The mountain blaz'd, earth quaked with terror, and deep
thunders

Trembled in the awe-struck heavens. But now the "maga-
zines

Of fire and hail" are clos'd; the "trump of God" awakes
no dreadful sound,

And no ministers of vengeance appear in heaven or earth.
The skies, serene as bliss of heaven, are not deform'd with
clouds;

The sun in brilliance unobscur'd is walking forth delighted
Through a firmament of beauty; the waters sparkle in his
beams;

The flocks are bleating on the hills; the song of birds is an-
imating every vale;

The air is fragrant with the breath of flowers; nature is
laughing

Through her verdant realms, gladden'd with blooming sweets
And luscious fruits, and earth looks beautiful as if it were
A sweet retreat for seraphs, holy still, and happy as the One
they serv'd.

All, all is fair and beautiful but man! Israel's dark camp
Alone appears to mar the beauty of the lovely scene.

Thence issue dreadful sounds. There hover dreadful forms.
There passions vile, vindictive, discordant, of the basest
kinds

Are painting misery on each guilty cheek, and bursting forth
 In wails as woeful as those which come from that dark world
 Where the undying worm spares not its victim — where dwell
 The wretched reprobates with fiends.

Oh! man — Oh! man — why wilt thou mar thy Great Cre-
 ator's works?

Why wilt thou stand the darkest thing borne on the face of
 earth?

Thou — who wert formed the fairest of them all —
 And made the lord of all, to whom all else must bow in
 homage —

Thou — who wast made in image of thy Maker and gifted, too,
 With reason to direct thee on thy way — why dost thou cast
 thy crown

To dust, Oh! why dost thou thus wander recreant, and make
 Thyself so hateful, and so wretched, in a world
 Where all things else remain obedient, happy, and so beauti-
 ful?

Yet thus it is the world around. The House of Israel are no
 worse

Than others of the species. One solemn fact
 Rolls its deep trembling echos through the mournful ruins
 Of a fallen world. One sketch delineates the human race.
 Man has revolted from his Maker's sway,
 And o'er the earth, one native principle pervades his mind.
 He will not love his Great Creator! — he will not bow his
 soul

Obedient to His Law — but wanders darkling in the gloomy
 paths

Of disobedience, and proud rebellion — and hence, in world
 so fair,

He is so wretched, and so helpless — dark contrast with the
 beauties

That surround his path. —

But mark! Behold! — Behold with trembling awe —
 In a resplendent blaze of “glory unapproachable”

Within the holy Tabernacle — Jehovah cometh! —
 Oh! what will now His guilty creatures do? —
 By one little effort of destroying energy He can sweep, at
 once,
 The rebel hosts from off the face of earth.
 Or, by one breath of power He can awake the universe
 To arms, and call from every province of His wide domains
 Swift messengers of vengeance to execute His sentence
 On the dark transgressors of His Holy Law.
 Creation circles in His hand. Heaven, Earth, and Hell
 Await His dread decrees.

Let power Omnipotent be placed in hand of man,
 And let him be despised, abused, insulted, as the puny
 creatures
 Of the dust despise, abuse, insult the "Majesty on High,"
 And who can answer for the avenging sufferings he would
 inflict?

Happy it is for human beings that their destiny is placed
 In hands of Him whose name is "Love."

Hast thou e'er seen the father, when his son belov'd
 Had wander'd disobedient from his duty in forbidden paths?
 A parent's untold feelings gathered in his heart, and melted
 in his eye.

With solemn accent he reprov'd his son; and told him
 plainly,

And yet kindly, of all the deep anxiety he felt on his behalf.
 How he had labor'd for his good; how he desired to see him
 Growing up to virtue and moral worth, and how it griev'd
 his soul

To see the thankless recompense he gain'd; to see his son
 abuse his kindness,

Reject instruction, and turn his feet to folly's dangerous way.
 Then to impress his lesson more, and warn him still more
 forcibly

'Gainst future guilt, he dealt the needed punishment

According to his crime. Severe, perhaps ; yet every blow
that fell

Was blent with so much pity, sorrow, love, that all who saw it
Knew it came but from a father's hand, and was intended
For his son's best good.

[So came Jehovah at that gloomy moment when His people
Wandering far from virtue had trampled on His laws,
Despis'd His power, rejected His instructions, abused His
mercies,

Thrown away their promis'd birthright ; said to Him :

“ Depart from us, for we desire not knowledge of Thy ways,”

And chosen for their portion Egypt's brutish gods.

So came He at that gloomy moment, not with overwhelming
Vengeance, but as a Father — to reprove and judge

The children of His love.

We need not now repeat the words he utter'd,

They're known to all who read the book He kindly gave to
man.

Suffice it here to say : their evil ways were laid before them,
Their sins were kindly and yet faithfully reprov'd.

But, Ah ! they had rebell'd so long, so darkly, with spirit

So determin'd, and their moral characters were such

That blended voice of Justice, Truth and Reason forbade

That they should pass unchastened ; but punishment

Adapted to their deeds presumptuous, and for the warning

Of all future times, must be inflicted. And this the sentence

That came forth from Him who executeth judgment

In the earth, a Father and a Friend to those who love His
name,

But will, by no means, clear the guilty ; from “ Him,”

That “ lofty One,” whose dreadful presence, in a hallow'd
blaze

Of living glory, awfully sublime, now fill'd the holy taberna-
cle :

“ Since ye will not hearken to my counsel, nor give heed

To my reproofs, but do rebel against me, and that continually,
The land I gave your fathers ye shall not see. Go back!
Go back!

As ye have said ; yet not again to filthy Egypt, but to the
weary wilderness,
And wander there until ye die. Ye shall not enter to my
rest !”

As the cold dews come down upon the mountains
When the sun is gone, spreading a chilling robe where all
was light

And warmth, so fell these words upon the soul of Moses.
There are sad moments in the lives of those who serve
Their species with the warmest zeal, so sorrowful with grief,
So dark with disappointment, so thanklessly embitter'd
By the base ingratitude of those they love, their spirit shrinks
Within itself, and wishes it could die.

Moses had led the House of Israel as a father leads his only
son.

“ Bone of their bones,” he sympathized in all their feelings.
Brethren in sorrow and in hopes, their names were dear to
him,

He watched o'er them continually for good ; their interests
were entwin'd

Around his heart in chords of strongest, tenderest affection.
He had endur'd their envyings, murmuring strifes, conten-
tions ;

And still he stood as mediator kind 'tween them and heaven,
Shielding them often by his powerful intercessions,
From the just displeasure of a righteous God. For them
He had confronted Pharaoh on his throne, and wrestled with
the pride

And strength of Egypt. He had pass'd with them through
fires

And plagues, and soul appalling judgments ; had walk'd with
them

O'er the green bed of the deep trembling sea ; had faced
with them
The rage of battle ; had stood with them beside the awful
"mount of God,"
Uttering in their ear the words Jehovah spake, their guilty
spirits
Shrinking from the voice of God ; and as he lov'd them,
earnestly he long'd
For that bright day when the rich promises that shed such
heavenly lustre
Over Canaan's land should be accomplished, when all their
journeyings
And their sorrows ended, they should be establish'd in that
beauteous realm,
A mighty people, happy, powerful and free — the Holy One
of Israel
Their shield and law giver, and King, to reign in peace and
righteousness,
And they, His chosen people, the pride and glory of the earth,
Whom blessing He would bless, and prospering He would
prosper,
And in whom should all the families of earth be bless'd.
But now — Oh ! soul appalling work of human guilt ! the
doors were barr'd —
Their race was run — their names were blotted from the land
of Canaan —
His hopes were blasted utterly, forever. His prayers and
tears
And supplications now were vain. It is too late — the work
is done —
Mercy has done her utmost and has fail'd — now Justice
Takes her course. One only further blessing could he gain
For them from heaven — "according to thy word I pardon,
Saith the Lord, the iniquity of this people ; but sentence
Has gone forth and cannot be annulled — they must go back

And wander in the wilderness until they die — they may not
see

The land they have despis'd — they shall not enter to my
rest."

Oh! who may strive to picture the sensations keen and
mournful

With which he turn'd him, with those madden'd hosts,
From that blest land of promise, fairer to him than all the
thrones

And gems of earth; bereft of home, bereft of country,
Bereft of glorious birthright and of heaven's blessing
By his people's guilt; to roam in darken'd paths
Around that cheerless wilderness, waiting the dark approach
Of Death. Waiting for messengers of doom

To come and lay them, those favor'd ones, those hosts of
valor,

That nation's strength and glory, blasted by their own mad
counsels,

In untimely and unhonor'd graves!

Yet Moses bowed his soul in deep submission to the will of
God,

And took the rebels to their destin'd place;

And the Rejected Land was seen by them no more.

'Thus went ye forth in power! Thus sunk ye down

In weakness and in infamy, ye wretched people!

Leaving behind you, on the tablets of a fallen world,

Not the bright picture of example fair, awakening emulation

In the human breast, but a dark, monitory lesson

On the character of man.'

Around you all the world was lying in its wickedness.

Each portion of earth's wide domains was but a habitation
dark

Of ignorance, cruelty and crime. Ye were call'd forth, a
chosen race,

To be a "light to lighten" blinded men. The light of
knowledge

Was revealed to you. From you it should have radiated over
all the earth

Had ye but hearken'd to your God, and bow'd your souls
obedient

To His will ye would have stood in glory on the mountains
Where the sons of Anak built their giant towers.

The Rock of Ages, the foundation of your strength ;

His laws the pledge and bulwark of your freedom ;

His love the sun, whose genial beams awaken'd light

And life and beauty in your souls, and brought forth

Fruits of heaven on earthly soil. Fair peace and happiness

And moral worth had built them goodly palaces

Around your beauteous realms, o'er which abundant good-
ness

Had been pour'd from hand unsparing. The gold of Ophir

Had been yours, — the sea had borne to you her richest
treasures, —

The mountains gush'd forth oil and wine, and every vale

And plain, laughing for joy, had flow'd in rich increase

Of milk and honey at your feet. Not all the power

Of earth, or " gates of hell " could e'er prevail against you,

Had ye but lov'd and served your God, as reason,

Duty, gratitude and your nation's weal required.

Ye might have been the honor'd almoner of Jehovah's bounty,

To dispense from Him the richest blessing e'er bestow'd

On man, — the blessing of that Truth — which clears

The mental vision, purifies the heart, directs the reason,

Informs the judgment, controls the wayward passions,

Restores to man the image of His Maker, and lights

A beatific way from sorrow, sin and death,

To that fair promis'd land, eternal in the heavens.

Ye might have been the titled founders of that Kingdom

Which shall stand forever ; — an honor to your species ; —

A beacon light of virtue shining on high above the gloomy
ruins

Of a fallen world, to guide the future generations of mankind

O'er the dark waves of sins and sorrow to the fair haven
 Of eternal peace. And your glad memories, graven not
 By hand of man on crumbling brass or marble,
 But by the finger of the living God, upon the fadeless page
 Of His own book, had pass'd in bright renown
 Down to the latest day of time ;—and all the kingdoms
 Of the world, taught by your precepts and example fair,
 Had risen in renovated life to call you bless'd, —
 And sound forever and forevermore the praise of Him,
 The “ Holy, Just and Good,” Creator, Saviour, Friend and
 Judge,

Who loveth all the creatures he hath made, and call'd you
 forth

From darkness unto light, to spread His Truth abroad
 And thus become the benefactors of the human race.

But, Ah! deluded ones!

Your “ gold is dim,” your “ fine gold chang'd,” and all your
 beauty

Turn'd to filthiness! Ye are degraded by the lusts of earth ;
 Ye have been gorg'd with fat idolatry in Egypt's land ;
 Ye cast your mental faculties to dust, and seek alone
 To gratify the appetites of flesh and sense, and Hell's foul
 breath

Fans the dark passion of your souls. Dark prey
 Of each unhallow'd vice, vile slaves of each besotted sin!
 Ye cannot stand the “ Freemen of the Lord,” ye cannot lay
 The strong foundations of Jehovah's empire on the earth.
 His government is based upon the changeless principles
 Of Moral Rectitude. The pillars of His house are Truth
 and Purity,

And “ Holiness to the Lord ” is graven deep on hand and
 heart

Of all who execute His laws, sustain His rights,
 Or build, as “ living stones,” His consecrated temple.

The people of the Lord are Free! are Freemen

Of the noblest stamp! The people of the Lord are Free!

He owns no groveling slaves throughout His wide domains ;
 But plucks His people from the " fowler's snare,"
 And plants their feet upon a Rock. That Rock is Truth !
 And truth will stand undimm'd, and stable as eternal things,
 Though crashing ruin rock the shuddering sky,
 And the wide universe be shiver'd to destruction.
 The people of the Lord are Free ! Emancipated by the
 Truth !

From all submission to low principles, degraded appetites
 And grovelling passions ; they grope not in the darkness
 Like the slaves of sin, but stand, with front erect,
 Unblushing in the light of day ; and while they hold
 In beauty unimpair'd their hallow'd principles,
 Nor Earth, nor Hell, can bow their neck beneath the yoke
 Of servitude, or make their souls afraid. —
 Ye are not thus, ye wretched people ! ye are degraded
 slaves ; —

Slaves of the vilest kind — slaves of your own unhallow'd
 Appetites and passions — and hence ye *cannot* build
 Jehovah's temple. He asks no menial hands to do His work ;
 He drags no mercenary souls against their will to do His
 pleasure

And sustain His glory ; — nor does He beg for favors
 At His creature's hands. His people are a cheerful, willing
 people,
 And His work they gladly do. They ask permission to per-
 form it ;
 And find all their happiness in serving Him.

Then go ye back, — go back, as ye have said, and wander
 till ye die.

And from your dark unhonor'd graves, o'er which the desert
 wind
 Wakes a sad pitying wail, that makes the traveler weep, shall
 sound
 A voice to earth's remotest bounds, mournful and monitory

As the deep knell that tolls funeral grief above the relics
 Of departed life, to warn all future generations of mankind,
 To fly, as death, your dark example, — and shun, as hell,
 The way perverse ye trod.

“PEACE IS THE BLESSING THAT I SEEK.”

Ask not at all for the fount of bliss ;
 It can't be found in worlds like this.
 But ask for peace, that kindly will stay,
 When passed has thy last joy away.

Oh, ask for peace, 't will soothe thy head
 When friends are gone and hopes are dead ;
 When affliction's shafts are 'gainst thee hurled,
 A child of grief in a merciless world.

There's sweet delight in th' hours of spring,
 When ope'ning flowers their incense bring
 A tribute rich to th' grateful breeze,
 That softly sighs through ancient trees,

And waters babble in strange delight
 Where willows wave, and flowers are bright,
 And singing birds with sweetest strain
 Welcome the season of joy again.

The ear is charmed ; the wand'ring eye ;
 The pulses play, the heart beats high ;
 The soul is touched in secret springs
 And revels in wild imaginings.

'T is but a sudden thrill of joy
 That sympathy wakes, may soon destroy ;
 It cannot stay when angry frown
 Of gath'ring Winter comes darkening down.

And what will soothe in that dark hour,
When friends of thy bosom come in no more ;
When life's fond hopes are chilled in death
By the farewell of his parting breath ?

And who will cheer when this spirit sighs
Through mingled glooms that deform the skies ;
When feet must go o'er toilsome steeps,
And cold, dark ways where penury weeps ?

Yet there 's a peace serene and blest,
Oh ! happy the heart where it finds rest !
'T will 'bide the shock of wintry storm,
And baffle trouble in every form.

Nor smiles alone in sunny day,
When th' gilded pleasures of life are gay,
But stays and smiles in each recess
Of th' heart, in hours of deep distress.

'T is not passionate rapture high
That flushes cheeks, and lights the eye ;
That gladdens the soul with a moment's bliss,
Then leaves it enfeebled by gay excess.

The peace that 'bides, is deeply serene,
Like lovely calm of ev'ning scene,
Where e'en the whisp'ring breezes die
In the stillness that closes nature's eye.

The heart's proud passions all are still,
And bow before Jehovah's will ;
The soul matured in holy rest
For purpose high and actions blest.

A grateful sense of sin forgiven ;
A breathing sweet of love of Heaven ;

Eternal Truth, its source and guard,
 Eternal Bliss, its rich reward.

Oh, sweet the calm of Christian's breast
 Who's found the Saviour's promised rest ;
 The soothing smile of th' King of Kings,
 The peaceful shade within His wings.

“ FOLLOW ME.”

Sweet amid this vale of tears,
 Where are dangers dark and wide,
 Where are foes, and doubts, and fears,
 Thus to hear a friend and guide.
 “ Come, my people,” saith the Lord,
 “ Good are happy, would you be?
 Listen to me, mark my word
 Mark my steps, and follow Me.”

“ Earth, though once all fair and good,
 Now can give you no repose.
 O'er her, like a troubled flood,
 Falls a constant tide of woes.
 Sin has blighted all her joys,
 Thorny all her pleasures be,
 Disappointment hope destroys.
 Come, my people, follow Me.

“ Answer not ambition's call,
 Come not near her dizzy steps,
 He who mounts is sure to fall ;
 Underneath are dreadful depths,
 Where her dreams of power must fail,
 Where no hope can ever be,
 Where the wretched ever wail.
 O, my people, follow Me.

" Pleasures, such as mortals blind
 Call by name of pleasures sweet
 Tempt the eye, defile the mind,
 Lead astray unwary feet.
 Pleasures lead to death and hell,
 Pain and endless misery.
 O, beware the 'wildering spell !
 Thy, my people, follow Me.

" Ask you where my steps shall lead ?
 Not o'er steps ambition tries,
 Not where guilty pleasures tread,
 Not where av'rice toils and dies,
 Not where disappointment's breath
 Wakes the soul's deep agony,
 Far from sorrow, sin and death.
 I will lead you, follow Me.

" Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Pure in heart, and pure in life,
 Not reviling, when reviled,
 Answering kindly, words of strife.
 I 'm of meek and lowly heart,
 Peace is mine, from passion free ;
 Thus from sinners far apart,
 Will my people follow Me ?

" Then when ruin rocks the earth,
 Time and nature cease to be,
 Sinners pass from judgment forth
 To their dread eternity.
 Blessed in my father's love,
 All my glory shall you see,
 Reign with me in bliss above,
 Where am I, there you shall be."

THE GRAVE.

I saw him brought on mournful bier,
And laid within the silent tomb ;
I said, is this the mansion drear,
To which the sons of men must come ?

Must Grandeur lay her glories by
To wear the shroud that clothes the dead,
Be brought from halls of pride to lie
With worms beneath the beggar's tread ?

Must Monarch stoop from lofty throne,
From power that spreads from sea to sea,
To sleep with earth's most lowly one,
As lowly in the grave as he ?

Must Learning, who with steady tread
Has climbed creation's ample steeps
And Wisdom's volume deeply read,
Sink all unknown in darksome deeps ?

Must Beauty, too, with eye so fair,
And cheek illumin'd with hues of Heaven
Be laid to feed the reptiles there ;
So sweet a thing to death be given ?

'T is even so. There's none can fly.
The grave's the place whence mortal men
Have no reprieve. They all must die,
And dust return to dust again.

Thou Pride, draw near. Look down, look down,
And see how low thy head must lie !
Oh, think no more of vain renown,
"Thou art but dust — thou shalt surely die !"

TO AFFLICTION.

I know thee, I know thee — full well I know
That iron hand, that tone of woe,
That withering frown that chills the blood,
That cold, dark eye, that dreadful rod.

Upon my pillow, in childhood's morn,
Thou planted a cruel, pointed thorn ;
O'er each path my young steps went
There, too, thy frightful form was bent.

Oh, how I mourned in early day
As you obstructed all my way ;
To see thee grasp my earthly cup,
And drink its promised blessings up.

So sure I planned a scheme of joy
Thy breath would all my hopes destroy,
And while my bleeding heart repined,
I wondered that thou were so unkind !

Through fleeting years thou hast followed me on ;
Thou hast taken my comforts, one by one ;
I never could move thee by moan or tear,
And wherever I went, lo, thou wert there !

But dreaded one, thou'st not a foe —
Affliction kind, I love thee now —
'T is thou hast tutored my haughty soul,
And bowed my spirit to truth's control.

Thou camest forth from my Father, God ;
He bade thee come with dreadful rod,
And grieve me much, and wound me sore,
That I might wander from Him no more.

Thou mayst plant with thorns my way,
Darken with grief, life's coming day,

My heart shall be cheerful all the while ;
 I'll welcome thee still, with a grateful smile.

For the wisdom thou bring'st I dearly prize,
 Thy power's a blessing in disguise.
 I mourn no more 'neath the chastening rod
 That urges me home to my Father, God.

THE STAR.

That lovely star, that lovely star,
 How beautiful its light !
 I saw it when a little child,
 And still 't is shining bright.

Still o'er my path thro' changing scenes,
 When wand'ring long and far,
 Like hope amid affliction's glooms
 Has beamed that beauteous star.

I love it for its constant light,
 Unchanging, soothing fair,
 Telling each night how firm, how kind
 The Hand that placed it there.

It comes not like the friends on earth,
 When all is bright and gay,
 To leave me at that sorrowful hour
 When joys must pass away.

But when the shades of darkness fall,
 And earth no more is bright,
 When birds are hushed, and every flower
 Is bathed in tears of night ;

Yea, e'en in Winter's chilling hour,
 Then all is still and cold,
 When silence, desolation, death,
 A fearful empire hold,

Through every season, every scene
 Of changing weal or woe,
 Still in the heavens that fadeless star
 Is beautiful as now.

So o'er the glooms of Sin and Death,
 More beautiful by far
 Than all the gems of yon bright sky
 Is seen the Religion's Star.

It is not when the heart is light,
 And Earth is dressed in bloom,
 When honors crowd our happy path,
 And Fortune gilds our home ;

But when affliction wrings the soul,
 And sorrow dims the eye,
 Then fairest, brightest, beams the Star
 Of Mercy from on high.

THE WOODEN BOWL.

" I wish I had a wooden bowl,"
 Thus poor Matilda cried.
 And daily did she vex her soul
 Because she was denied.

" I ask not wealth in which to roll
 A wooden bowl for me ;
 Oh, give me but a wooden bowl,
 And I shall happy be ! "

We ask for something not our own,
 We always wish for more ;
 The king would grasp another throne,
 A loftier seat of power.

A clown would be an alderman,
 An alderman a mayor ;

The mayor would gladly hurry on
To the presidential chair.

Whoe'er we be, whate'er our lot,
Or honored or obscure,
There's something that we have not got,
A prize we would secure.

Matilda's lot was hard indeed :
Her mother, she was poor ;
They toiled to get their daily bread
And vainly sought for more.

A wooden bowl had caught her eye,
All neatly carved for show.
" And O," thought she, " how happy I
Should be to have one, too."

At length from labors long and hard
A shilling was laid by,
For toil and pain, a rich reward,
And joy was in her eye.

But Ah! Sad unexpected blow !
Pain stands at pleasure's side ;
Her mother, poor, fell sick and now
Her wants must be supplied.

" Alas! Alas! What shall I do ?"
Matilda cried in pain,
" For now my money all must go
And ne'er come back again."

Yet all was given, and time, and strength —
Her heart was warm and kind ;
A good Providence at length
Raised up for her a friend,

Who gave her with a pitying eye
The sum she would control,

And kindly bade her run and buy
The wish'd for wooden bowl.

But who that gains his heart's fond wish
By it is fully gratified ?
Or who by office, place, or dish
Has e'er been satisfied ?

High on the shelf the bowl was placed
Before her eager eyes ;
And round and round the room she paced
To mark her precious prize.

But scarce an hour had passed away
When, sated with the prize,
Her spirits were no longer gay,
And tears were in her eyes.

Now, 't was not wooden bowl she lacked.
Then what afflicts her soul ?
"Alas!" she cried — waked to the fact —
" 'T is but a wooden bowl ! "

" I sought it as the brightest prize
From Fortune's hand could roll ;
But now it comes to bless my eyes,
'T is but a wooden bowl."

" For this my money all was paid,
And now it pains my sight !
Alas ! 't is but a bowl," she said,
" And seems no longer bright."

But poor Matilda's wooden dish
Did useful lesson give,
She never cherished idle wish
Again while she did live.

“RETURN UNTO THY REST, O, MY SOUL.”

“There remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

Return, O, my soul ; from thy wanderings cease :
Through the forest of strife there 's a pathway of peace.
Then, O, why shouldst thou roam thus unshriven, unblest ;
Then return O, my soul, O, return to thy rest !

There are no lasting joys amid earth's fleeting things,
And each hope that awaits us but dies as it springs.
And as the pleasures that lure o'er her sin stricken plains
Are as false as the shadow and perish in pain.

The heart's strong affections, how coldly they're checked !
The mind's high aspirings, how rudely they're wrecked !
As unsated, unhappy, we restlessly roam
From our life's early dawn to the sleep in the tomb.

Even home, with its joys, is but built on a breath ;
Soon it fails — and we sink in the shadows of death.
Then, O, why seek to linger where nothing can stay
But the sorrows that wail along sin's darkened way ?

Then forbear — and hasten, O, my soul, to thy rest ;
Return thou, return thou, to the paths of the blest ;
O stay not, nor linger, for why shouldst thou still mourn
'Mid these desolate scenes ? Then return, thou, return.

Thy rest is in Him who has died to release
Thee from bondage, and grant pardon and peace ;
And He calls thee away from this gloomy abode,
Where man in his haughtiness strives with his God.

From the moans mingling deep from the sufferer's bed,
With the strifes of the living who press o'er the dead ;
From the mirth of the thoughtless that blends with the din
Of the crowd toiling on in the wild ways of sin.

From the poisonous fountains of error and pride
That draw their dark waters from Hell's gloomy tide,
And there shed through the waters of the "valley of tears"
All the deaths and the woes of our sin-burden'd years.

From the coils of temptation, and the clangor of strife,
And the frailties and griefs of this perishing life
To the realms of salvation — the home of the blest —
Where the wicked shall cease, and the weary find rest,

There are no fleeting joys in that happy abode,
Where a people redeemed have returned to their God ;
And the changes that wreck us on time's rolling shore,
There never ; no, never ; shall trouble us more,

And the heart's strong affections no more shall be checked,
The mind's high aspirings no more shall be wrecked ;
For the Friend who redeems us with power to save
From the fangs of the wicked, the grasp of the grave,

Will have stamped immortality deep on our joy,
So no grief can bedim it, no danger destroy ;
Will have clothed us in beauty and planted our feet
Where we 're never forgotten, and never forget,

And the mind borne aloft from its errors and tears
To the limitless range of eternity's years,
No longer looks forth on the course of the sun
To know when its day-warring efforts are done ;

But tireless, and sleepless pursues its bright way
When this earth and these Heavens have gone to decay,
With the "spirits made perfect" forever shall roam
By the "river of life" which encircles their home.

Progressing in knowledge — of happiness sure —
And refining in virtue where all things are pure —
In the bright path of duty how sweet is its rest
By the throne of its God in the home of the blest.

Then ask not the Christian what hope can sustain
 Him in duties that lead through perils and pain ?
 Then, O, how can he smile at the sorrowful lot
 That cast him with the things unbeloved or forgot,

There "remaineth a rest" — and how kindly it throws
 O'er his grief-stricken spirits a soothing repose !
 And sweet, sweet, is the calm that calms down in his breast
 As he toils through the blasts of the storm to his "rest."

Oh ! who would not bow at the foot of the cross ?
 Oh ! who would not count all things else but as dross ?
 Oh ! who would not value the sweat and the blood
 That purchased a "rest for the people of God ?"

Ye weary, ye wretched, ye wanderers, come ;
 Though there are thousands have entered, still, still there is
 room.

O ! who will not enter the pathway to rest ?
 O ! who will not strive for the home of the blest ?

"There remaineth a rest." O ! repeat it abroad
 O'er a death stricken world that reveres not its God !
 O ! why will ye perish ? Why, why, will ye mourn ?
 There is peace, and there's rest — then return, ye, return !

"There remaineth a rest." Still repeat it around
 Where the sorrowful weep, or transgressors are found ;
 And cease not till earth's utmost bounds shall be blest
 In Him who has suffered that all may find rest.

"There remaineth a rest." Say again and again
 Through every dark haunt of the children of men,
 Till a perishing world, by the cross and the blood
 Has returned, with rejoicings, to rest in its God.

FAITH AND WORKS.

A FEW years ago I was in a family in which lived a negro man — a friendless creature, extremely ignorant, and remarkable for nothing but an unusual spirit of piety. He was very diligent in the performance of all duties devolving upon him ; but from among all these, for reasons best known to himself, selected for *peculiar* attention the one that, in his own estimation was paramount to all others, and this was the fattening of the pigs.

He slept in a room that opened into the kitchen, and every night before going to bed, would open his door, place a chair in the center of the room, and kneeling down, pray most fervently : first, for himself, that he might be kept from the power of Mr. Satan, and guided into the ways of truth and holiness, (on being asked why he gave “ this questionable one ” a respectable title, his reply was that he was brought up to say “ Mister ” to everybody, and as he was but a servant, supposed it would not be mannerly to speak of Satan without calling him “ Mister,” the same as he did other folks) ; then for the family, that they, too, might be kept from the power of Mr. Satan, etc., etc. ; and then, in tones that betokened the deep fervor of his feelings, would break forth into the pathetic request of, “ O, Lord, I do humbly and earnestly beseech Thee, fat the pigs.”

Early in the morning before anyone was moving, John’s voice might be heard renewing his supplications in behalf of himself and the family, still accompanied by the all important request of “ O, Lord, fat the pigs ; ” then, before kindling his fire or performing any other duties, he would hasten to the pen with a brimming pail of food carefully prepared for them, which he bestowed from a heart overflowing with solicitude for their welfare. And during the day, every leisure moment was employed in ministering to their wants, and while they were feeding, he might not unfrequently be seen kneeling before their humble dwelling, renewing with a determined spirit, his resistless plea, “ O, Lord, fat the pigs.”

And thus he went on day by day, praying and feeding, feeding and praying, prayer stimulating effort, and effort animating prayer, and thus bringing down a certain and sure answer to his prayer, until at length the time came for killing the pigs. John had some of the noblest pork ever raised, and his gladdened heart overflowed with grateful thanksgiving to the Supreme giver of all good, for kindly condescending to favor him with an instance of the wonderful efficiency of prayer.

I used to be much interested in observing the conduct of this simple creature, who, wholly untaught in the schools of science, was unconsciously reading me a lesson in practical theology, well worthy of attention. Untroubled by the thousand niceties of metaphysical speculation that vex and perplex the progress of more educated minds, John had nothing to do but to blend in his practices the two extremes of faith and works — an unquestioning reliance on Divine influence to effect all things, combined in unremitting diligence in the use of all means in his own power for accomplishing purposes as if all depended upon himself — and could not but ask myself, “Is not this the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous man that availeth much? And under ordinary circumstances where we are so situated as to exert a direct influence upon the subject of our prayers, is there, in fact, any other prayer that is availing?”

But how far was John's prayer availing in the works he had to do? He had purposely called down the attention of the Supreme Being upon his conduct — acknowledged his entire dependence upon Him for every good and perfect gift — solicited the aid of His Omnipotent power for effecting a favorite design — and believing in his heart, as the Scriptures assured him, that God was both able and willing to do for him “exceedingly abundantly above all that he could ask or think,” he went forth to the performance of duties spread before him, encouraged and stimulated by the high idea that he, working together with God, and God with him for the accomplishment of a purpose equally interesting to both; and this belief drew forth all the energies of

his mind in a work in which, however humble, even the most high God was not ashamed to coöperate with him — all the gladdened affections of his heart toward one so powerful and yet so kind — animated both prayers and effort, and thus upon himself the effect of his prayers was most elevating and most happy.

But, so far as the pigs were concerned, had he cast aside all fear and all remembrance of God, yet fed them diligently and perseveringly as he did, is it not true that the same result would have ensued to them, even though he had restrained from prayer altogether? In that case, how comparatively cheerless and void of interest would have been his work, and in what respect would he have differed from “the fool that saith in his own heart, ‘there is no God?’” To use the words of an old writer, “prayer without effort is presumption, even as effort without prayer is atheism.”

But, on the other hand, had he not practically realized the connection between faith and works, and the necessity of the use of means to accomplish purposes, is not a fact, though this was eight or ten years ago, that poor John might have remained to the present hour profoundly prostrate at the gateway of his dependent charges, still crying, “Lord, Lord,” yet not doing those things which his Lord required of him to insure an answer to his prayers, repeating and repeating his importunate request, “O, Lord, Lord, fat the pigs”; yet no other voice or sound would have come in reply, no other answer been given than the famishing wail of the subjects of his intercession (could they have lived so long) responding at each close of the suppliant’s prayer, “Amen! Amen! so be it, and so let it be, kind Heaven.” “But for such a merciful dispensation we cannot even indulge a hope,” (they might have added); “for know, O, vain man, that thy faith is without works, therefore dead, being alone. And as thy faith is dead, so we, too, must die, also, if left to thy prayers for our salvation or fattening.”

On the same principle, if we seek blessings for ourselves, how far are our prayers availing? For instance, do we lack wisdom, we are directed to ask, and receive it from on high; but would that be a wise conclusion which induced us to present our requests to Heaven, then sit quietly and smilingly down, uninterested in the result, expecting that at some unknown moment wisdom, in some unknown form, visible or invisible, would come, creeping in like a thief at night, to steal away our faculties, and by their aid erect within us a throne on which to sit and astonish us with the profundity of our own understandings? Might we not expect to die in our folly under such circumstances? And whether we seek wisdom or humility, charity or cheerfulness, the conversion of individuals or the evangelizing of the world, may we not learn from the example of poor John, the swineherd, to commit our cause and our ways unreservedly into the hand of that God who is abundantly able and willing to perform in us, and for, and by us, all that He has promised to perform; call upon Him fervently to do for us all we need, and while calling upon Him, at the same time hasten abroad, in the spirit of that prompt obedience which delights in doing His will; to impose and employ the various means and faculties spread round about us to aid us in attaining the blessing we desire, and by so doing fill our hearts with gratitude, our lives with usefulness, and lips with thanksgiving to the prayer-answering God.

Such prayer honors the veracity of the God of Truth; and "he that honoreth Me, I will honor," saith the Lord. Were the Church of Christ filled with it, how soon would "the desert and solitary place" be made glad, and the whole face of earth be relieved and refreshed by the blessings that flow down to us through "the great and exceeding precious promises" of a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God?

THE CONTRAST
BETWEEN
SAUL OF TARSUS AND PAUL, THE APOSTLE.

SAUL of Tarsus was one of those conspicuous characters who occasionally appear in our world, the superiority of whose native and acquired endowments attract the gaze, the admiration and respect of mankind, and from whose history, ever vivid as it is with the deep impress of thought, and feeling, and action above the common grade, succeeding times may gather a lesson of rich, moral instruction.

Gifted by nature with a strong understanding, and learned in all the learning of the times in which he lived, even beside the renowned Gamaliel his teacher, he was a distinguished man. But he was not merely a talented and a learned, but an eminently religious man; and while his superior mental endowments rendered him an ornament to the country that gave him birth, that country was constrained to look upon him as one of the sternest and ablest defenders of her faith. The religion of an individual Jew was so closely interwoven with the religion and the general history of his country that they can hardly be viewed apart. That country was not what she had formerly been, when in the days of earlier history, obedience to the will of Heaven was the supreme law of the land, and the consequent blessing of the God of Heaven had rendered her the glory of all lands, the emporium of wealth, the horn of strength among the nations; before whose array of valor embattled hosts, led on by mighty conquerors, were as nothing; for strong in the strength of the Omnipotent arm that sustained her, she stood chief among the mighty, and no weapon formed against her could prevail. But when she became mighty, then she turned from her obedience to the command of the Holy One in the midst of her, and thus with her own hand, and the sinews of her own strength. By disobedience to Him who is God of Nations, and in a peculiar and

most endearing manner, her God, she wasted away her treasures, levelled her fair palaces, consumed the temple of her glory, engulfed her physical and moral energies, and became captive in the hands of her enemies. The God of the Fathers saw and pitied the children in the land of their captivity; the decree went forth that they should again be restored to their native land; Jerusalem was rebuilt; the second temple erected to His praise; and around this earthly dwelling place of the Most High, this sanctuary of their religious faith and of their country's glory, the scattered people were again assembled, with an assurance in their hearts that their land was the land of Heaven's peculiar care and benediction, and themselves the objects of His peculiar love. Happy would it have been for them had a grateful sense of Jehovah's goodness induced to a course of holy obedience to His commands. But unsubdued by kindness, unreformed by discipline, far otherwise was the fact. Proud of their selection as God's "peculiar people," proud of the righteous deeds of Abraham, proud of the covenant made with the fathers, the children pinned their faith upon these things; and while they pointed to their glorious temple, and all its gorgeous and costly ceremonies as a standing memento before Heaven and earth of their certain claim upon the Divine favor, they forgot the meek piety of their fathers, and remembered not that of them, too, it was required to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." For their proud disobedience to the Lord God of their fathers, after their return from the Babylonish captivity, they had been repeatedly abased, and subjected to the discipline of national judgments, until wearied with their crimes, He had permitted the Roman in his might to overspread their land and reduce them to the degraded situation of paying tribute to Cæsar. But however manacled by foreign fetters, still, in their own opinion, the name of "Jew" was a proud name, an ancient, a beloved name. And inflated by the historic record of the past, and the misunderstood, but animating, prophetic delineations of the

future, the spirit of the Jew, was a spirit of that daring pride which would scale the battlements of Heaven, and claim, in virtue of superior birth and superior merit, "an abundant entrance" there.

Such, in common with the rest of his countrymen, was the religion of Saul of Tarsus. Haughty, self-sufficient in all its bearings, grasping earth and Heaven for the father's sake, and believing for the father's sake, the children were the honorable of the earth, the chosen and blessed favorites of the King of Heaven, and with all the ardor of a burning zeal, and all the weight of his profound learning, he was prepared to sustain the the honor and religious constitutions of a country, whose name and whose people stood registered in intimate connection with the name, the approbation, and the mighty dispensations of the Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity.

The last great act of mercy had been done for these people. The God of their Fathers had remembered his ancient promise ; had sent His only beloved Son from Heaven — their own expected Messiah, whose coming Abraham had foreseen and rejoiced in, whom Moses and all the prophets had foretold as He who should come to atone for their sins, and to teach them fully the will of their Father in Heaven. He came at the appointed time, not to upbraid and condemn His covenant people as richly as they deserved, but breathing peace, goodwill and heavenly benignity ; and preaching forgiveness of the past, and the repentance, faith and blessedness of the Gospel. But, as may be supposed in such a land as this, where pride and her daring attendant, self-righteousness, sat intrenched in the hearts of the people, Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour and Deliverer who came among them was despised for the meanness of His birth and appearance, rejected for the humiliating nature of His doctrines, crucified and slain, and the children, the children of the righteous Abraham, uttered in the ear of Abraham's God this dreadful imprecation : " On us and our children be His blood." He rose again from the dead ; reas-

cended into Heaven ; and at the time when Saul of Tarsus first came into notice, His humble followers, in obedience to His commands, were disseminating His doctrines in Jerusalem and the country round about.

Indignant at the dishonor he supposed his countrymen were bringing upon themselves by listening to the preaching of such men and such principles, which laid the axe to the root of Jewish glory and ancient Mosaic institutions, Saul of Tarsus, with a zeal that knew no resting point until its end was accomplished, stirred up the chief priests and people, and raised a storm of persecution that threatened to sweep from the face of the earth every disciple and memorial of the Lord Jesus Christ. At the stoning of the first martyr, he was the young man most conspicuous. And many of the saints did he shut up in prison, and when they were put to death, he gave his voice against them. He punished them often, in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme ; and being exceedingly mad against them, he persecuted them even unto strange cities. How soon would the earth be turned into a desert, were the wrath of man permitted to rage unrestrained ? And how soon would the Church of Christ be swallowed up by them that hate her were not the Lord on her side ? Having obtained authority and commission from the chief priests to bring bound to Jerusalem all of this persuasion which he could find, this proud disciple of Gamaliel, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, was urging his way on to Damascus, when suddenly he was arrested by a bright light from Heaven shining round about him — above the brightness of the noonday sun — which prostrated him and his guilty companions in awe-struck silence to the ground ; and the Lord Jesus himself spake to him in a voice from Heaven, convinced him of the folly and presumption of his ways ; and commissioned him, who before was a persecutor and hater of His name, to go forth and preach, not only to the Jews, but to the abhorred Gentiles, that faith he had attempted to destroy. What, now, was the commission of the

high priest of the Jews? Jesus, the Great High Priest, had entered into the "Holy of Holies," even Heaven; and in whom all power is vested, both in Heaven and earth, had called for his services, and given him a high commission; and, obedient unto the Heavenly vision, he was no longer a persecutor and hater of all those that called on His name, but a faithful apostle — beyond all others — abundant in labors to promulgate and endear it to the ends of the earth.

Conspicuous as a young man of great intellectual vigor and attainments; conspicuous as a proud Jew, who, under the influence of an ardent but misguided zeal to sustain the honor of his country and do God service, had stretched forth his hand to vex the Saints of the Most High; conspicuous for the manner of his conversion, having been called from darkness into light, from the power of Satan unto God, and invested in the sacred functions of the Apostolic Office, not by the will of the flesh or the will of man, but by a direct and audible communication from the Majesty in the Heavens. Let us now inquire for what the Apostle Paul was conspicuous after his conversion and calling to the apostleship of the Gentiles. The Hebrew name of "Saul" was generally laid aside, and "Paul," the Roman pronunciation of the same name, adopted by the Christian Church in its stead. And it is under his new name of Paul the Apostle, that his character becomes worthy of the admiration, respect and imitation of mankind.

As "a chosen vessel of mercy" he had been called to "a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus," while his bigoted countrymen, generally speaking, had been left to follow the counsels of their own evil hearts. By them the tide of persecution was now turned against himself. A general burst of indignation shook the land in the execration of the man who had thus basely (as they thought) deserted the religion of his fathers and people all conspired against him, and stripes, imprisonments and death awaited him in every city. Were his purposes shaken by these things? With the firm independence of

a mind that has pillared its faith upon the rock, Christ Jesus, and from this immutable stand while grasping with humble confidence the promises of the unchangeable God, and in view of the overwhelming glories of the vast eternity before it, can look down with equal eye upon the joys and sorrows, the frowns and flatteries, the shame and honors of this transient life he exclaims, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I may but finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received from the Lord Jesus to testify" in the face of every suffering or opposition "the Gospel of the grace of God." He was just dawning in the light of youthful promise upon the world, much was expected of him, before him as a rich prize lay all the pleasures and aggrandizements of wealth, an influential bearing in the councils of his country, and a name of renown upon the earth. To become a follower of the despised Jesus of Nazareth, he must forsake them all, and friends, and homes, and comforts, and the long train of Jewish pride and prejudice must all be given up. Did he hesitate? Not a moment. Once convinced that Jesus Christ was the Saviour and Deliverer who should come, nothing could shake the purpose of his soul, the constancy of his affections. Christ was his all and in all; and a saving knowledge of Him, "the pearl of great price," for which he would gladly barter all he had and all the earth holds dear. Hear his words: "But what things were gain to me, those things I counted but loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and count them but dross that I may win Christ and be found in Him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith in Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

Self-righteousness and idolatrous excess of Jewish pride had been one of the conspicuous traits in the character of Saul of Tarsus, so that in view of the holy law of the Lord God of his fathers, he could say, "as touching this I am blameless ;

all these things have I kept from my youth up." Beautifully contrasted with this, with the natural self-complacency of the human heart, and with the proud vengeance of the daring persecutor who had trampled in his wrath upon the Redeemer's Church, is the meek, and lowly, the self-abasing spirit of Paul, the Apostle. "I am least of all; not worthy to be called an apostle; I am the chief of sinners," exclaims this great and good man. "I find a law in my members warring against the law in my mind, to bring me again in captivity to sin;" and then, as if overwhelmed with a sense of his exceeding sinfulness in the sight of God he bursts forth into this pathetic lamentation: "O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He labored unceasingly to bring every faculty of his mind, every feeling of his heart into captivity to the obedience of Christ; to exhibit in his daily walk and conversation his Divine Master; the power of that faith in Him which works by love, and purifies the heart. For, when appointed a teacher, he felt, also, that he was set as an "example to the flock," whose conduct must be so pure, so blameless, so accordant with the elevated principles of the Gospel he taught, as to enable him to say: "Follow me, even as I follow Christ." His thirst for knowledge was ardent, and ever-growing. Not satisfied by a blind assent to asserted facts, he examined, compared, reasoned, judged for himself, and put forth all the energies of his mind to acquire a comprehensive understanding of the Truth; and then applied its maxims to the regulation of his own life. Revelations from Heaven were repeatedly made to him of the mind and will of God, but I speak not with reference to these, or his supernatural gifts, but only of the ordinary workings of his mind. Yet nearly at the close of his eminent life, when his praise was in all the churches, with that humility of soul which ever marks the truly wise and great, we hear him declaring, "I count not myself to have attained, neither am I yet made perfect, but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind. I still reach forth to

those which are before." And by his diligent investigations of the truth, and his habit of rigid self-discipline in dependence upon the promised aid of the spirit of all wisdom and all goodness, he attained (however unconscious of it himself) a maturity of knowledge and virtue that rendered him a pattern to all the churches of all that is pure, exalted, benevolent in the Christian character, and will make his name conspicuous on earth so long as time endures.

But to resign the pleasures and honors of the world and devote his time to the regulation of his own heart and life was not all he had to do. An arduous work was upon his hands. A dispensation of the Gospel had been committed to him. The great law of love had taken deep root in his capacious soul, bringing forth fruit a hundred fold to the glory of God and the good of his fellowmen. His love of souls was sincere and ardent, leading him to sacrifices, self-denials and efforts on their behalf unremitting and perhaps unexampled in human history. The command, "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature under Heaven," had sounded in his ears, and it was enough to awaken all the holy energies of his soul. Agreeable to the directions of the Divine Master to all His disciples to preach repentance and remission of sins through His name: first at Jerusalem and among his ancient covenant people, the Jews, we find the Apostle Paul first preaching among his own nation. Being thoroughly acquainted with the religion and the laws of his own nation he was able to confuse and confound even the scribes and learned doctors of the law, who were filled with indignation at the power of his reasoning, and that Saul of Tarsus, one of their own number, whom they had known and loved, the respected pupil of their most renowned rabbi, should be pleading the cause of the most despised Jesus of Nazareth. Tumults, strifes and madness surrounded him at Jerusalem; and when they refused to hear and rejected the Gospel, he turned to the Gentiles. As an apostle and missionary of the cross he traveled into many and distant countries, bearing in his heart

and on his lips the unsearchable riches of the love of Christ, and lest he should be burdensome or chargeable to any, he labored all this time with his own hands to procure for himself the necessaries of life. As I designed not to write a detailed history of his life, but only to trace the master strokes of his character with a view to a practical benefit, it is enough for me to add that sufferings, difficulties, dangers awaited him in every land. The heathen rages. The rulers of the earth stood up against him. The dark storms of obloquy, opposition, madness, rolled against him in every realm. He found the preaching of the Gospel attended with a vast amount of labor, sacrifice and self-denial ; yet, still the love of Christ and its natural and necessary attendants, the love of souls, constrained him, enabling him to say, "I am ready not only to be bound, but to die also for the name of the Lord Jesus ;" and through much tribulation, indeed, he performed the work that had been assigned him to do. In his zeal for the salvation of men through the preaching of the Lord Jesus Christ and Him crucified, sometimes we find him reasoning with the clamorous philosophers of Greece ; at another, with all the meekness and gentleness of Christ, teaching the truth of the Gospel to the unlettered barbarian. Sometimes we find him breasting the storms of the ocean to bear the glad tidings to a distant shore ; at another, bound hand and foot in a dungeon, singing praises to God for the unspeakable love of Christ. Sometimes we behold an outrageous multitude crying, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, it is not fit that he should live ;" at another, an admiring angelic messenger from the Heavenly world is standing by to soothe him in his afflictions, encourages and strengthens him in his labors, or the Lord himself is bidding him "be faithful and fear not." Sometimes we see him stoned until given up for dead ; at another, performing miracles that make the powers of darkness tremble. The earth was disturbed, torn in divisions, and trembled in fear and amazement under the mighty influence of his powerful preaching. Churches were planted

and nourished by his care, and thousands, yea tens of thousands of souls were gathered from the ruins of a fallen world to the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. At length, by the obdurate persecutors of his own nation he was sent prisoner to Rome, where he fell a martyr to his zeal for the cause of Christ, being condemned for his religious principles to the death of the cross, but still firm in strong integrity of soul, though he felt at his heart the sword unsheathed he would not sell, but sealed with his blood his testimony "to the truth as it is in Jesus."

Who could have supposed that Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor of the Christians, would thus live and die? All that can be said is, that "it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." The church was made glad, and "God was glorified in him." To rear above his ashes a monumental tribute of respect was unnecessary, for he sought not, and needed not the praise of earth. Napoleon Bonaparte came as a whirlwind upon the nations, strewing earth with desolation, hurling kings and kingdoms to the dust, dispensing thrones and ancient diadems as common things among his followers; and on the frowning entablature erected of the bones of slaughtered millions, inscribing a name that will go down to posterity as a name of wonder and astonishment in the earth. With a temperament no less ardent, ambition no less inspiring, a mind no less comprehensive, yet enlightened, refined and guided by the spirit of grace from on high, Paul, the Apostle, went forth among the nations — not to destroy or subjugate, not to gain for himself a name, but to emancipate and bless, to destroy the kingdom of sin and Satan, and to erect in its stead a kingdom of righteousness and peace, bringing life and immortality to dying man. Napoleon Bonaparte labored for time, and aggrandizement of self. Paul, the Apostle, labored for eternity, and for the glory of Him whose right it is to reign. And when these perishable memories of Napoleon have been erased from the archives of time by the fires of the last conflagration, and his

splendid achievements be enveloped in the darkness they have insured, the memorial of Paul, the Apostle, uninjured by rage or envy of men or devils, "the corroding hand of time," the war of elements, wreck of matter, or the crush of worlds, will be found registered in characters of light and love in the great "book of God's remembrance." Before assembled worlds he will be openly acknowledged and honored, and receive "the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day;" and in the admiring gratulations of the millions who will have been redeemed from the power of sin and Satan unto God through the instrumentality of his preachings and writings, the remembrance of his great achievements will be perpetuated forever; and in eternity, as in time, "the church will rejoice, and God be glorified in him."

In view of this subject, I remark: first, amid the daily scenes of life a name presents itself in gloomy contrast to that of Paul, the Apostle. It is the name, "Unbeliever." O! how contracted appear your views; how limited your enjoyment; how narrow your sphere of usefulness; how cold and cheerless and how unworthy a rational being, your character; how mournful your prospects, when viewed side by side with his! Like Saul of Tarsus, you despise and hate the Saints of the Most High; you believe not in the Lord Jesus; you believe not in the testimonies of His truth; you believe not in the necessity of His atoning blood to wash away your sins, and in the spirit of His grace to prepare you for future blessedness; you set yourself in array against the Almighty; reject His mercy; defy His threatenings, and persisting in this course of unbelief, you must inevitably shut forever the door of Heaven against yourself and take your final portion among the perverse and faithless who say unto God, "Depart from us, for we desire not a knowledge of Thy ways." Paul reasons with you of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come," but you heed Him not; the Lord Jesus himself in His word from Heaven entreats you, "Come, Come unto Me and be saved," but you turn

from Him with contempt; the Spirit strives with you, but you proudly resist its influence, and ere long your "feet will stumble upon the dark mountains of death," and then who, O, who, would wish to bring to light the retributions of your long eternity, or lift the veil that conceals you from human vision in that dark abode?

And secondly: professing Christian, how does your character bear a comparison with that of Paul, the Apostle? Are there no painful contrasts between you and him to awaken your anxieties, mortify your pride, and spread the blush of shame over the vaunting visage of self-love? You acknowledge the same Lord and Master as he did, and profess to be influenced by the same principles, but do you honor Him and them with the same unwavering constancy of obedience? Do not the sneers of an unbelieving world sometimes so operate upon your timid godliness as to cause you to shrink from an ingenuous and decided avowal of your faith? Do not the clamors of an opposing world sometimes so far alarm you as to hinder or perhaps blast your well-meant purpose of doing good? In a word, as the sum total of religion, is your love of Christ the same holy, ardent, undying principle, which many waters cannot quench nor all floods drown, leaving you to an unreserved surrender of soul, body, all you are, all you have, for His sake and the Gospel's, producing in you all the lowly, lovely graces of the Spirit, some of which are humility, meekness, long-suffering, patience, fortitude, brotherly kindness, charity, and prompting you to diligent and faithful performance of those "good works" which are the only genuine test of vital piety, whose tendency and design is to enlarge and strengthen the Redeemer's kingdom, promote His glory, and the welfare of your fellow-men? The Gospel of the Son of God is the only star of hope that shines amid the darkness through the glooms of death. He is the only Friend with power to counteract the ills of life; the only Guide to turn man from sin and from sin's just but fearful punishment, "the wrath to come," and tell Him what to

be and what to do, and how to obtain the friendship of his God, and how to shape his course along a path thick strewn with error and with danger, to yon bright realms of life and immortality on high. Millions of immortal beings are within this probationary world with souls as precious as your own, who have not yet received this Gospel and who are consequently "without God, and without hope," and in the ignorance and sinfulness of their souls are hastening forward to judgment and eternity. Think you under such circumstances Paul, the Apostle would act as you do, cast around a look as cold, and sit as calmly down to pass in easy quietude his life away? Say not the same things are not expected of you as of him. I know that apostolic duties are not expected of you, but at the same time I know that the great principles and requirements of the Gospel are the same in all ages, and in accordance with these, I know that your Master expects of you a heart as pure, a love as fervent, a benevolence as extensive and as operative, and service as devoted and unremitting, in the sphere in which Providence has placed you, as he did of his servant the apostle. Nor can you maintain the vigor and beauty of the Christian character, "adorn the Gospel of God and your Saviour," or be found "meet for an inheritance with the saints in light" unless with Paul, the Apostle, you learn to "love your God with all your heart, and soul, and strength, and your neighbor (even every brother and sister of the human family) as yourself; and perseveringly follow Paul as far as he followed Christ. And when the view of perishing millions is before you, and from above is sounding the command, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature under Heaven," and every motive of obedience to God and benevolence to man can dictate, is urging the necessity of a holy ardor in the great work of converting the world to a "knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus," you cannot be called a Christian, indeed, you cannot claim a kindred spirit with that great Apostle, you cannot obey the call of your Divine Master, "follow me," unless with full purpose of heart

you devote your prayers, your influence, your worldly substance and, if need be, your life itself, and “do with your might whatever your hands findeth to do” in the great work of gloryfying God in the salvation of mighty souls.

PART II. HISTORICAL,

CONSISTING OF

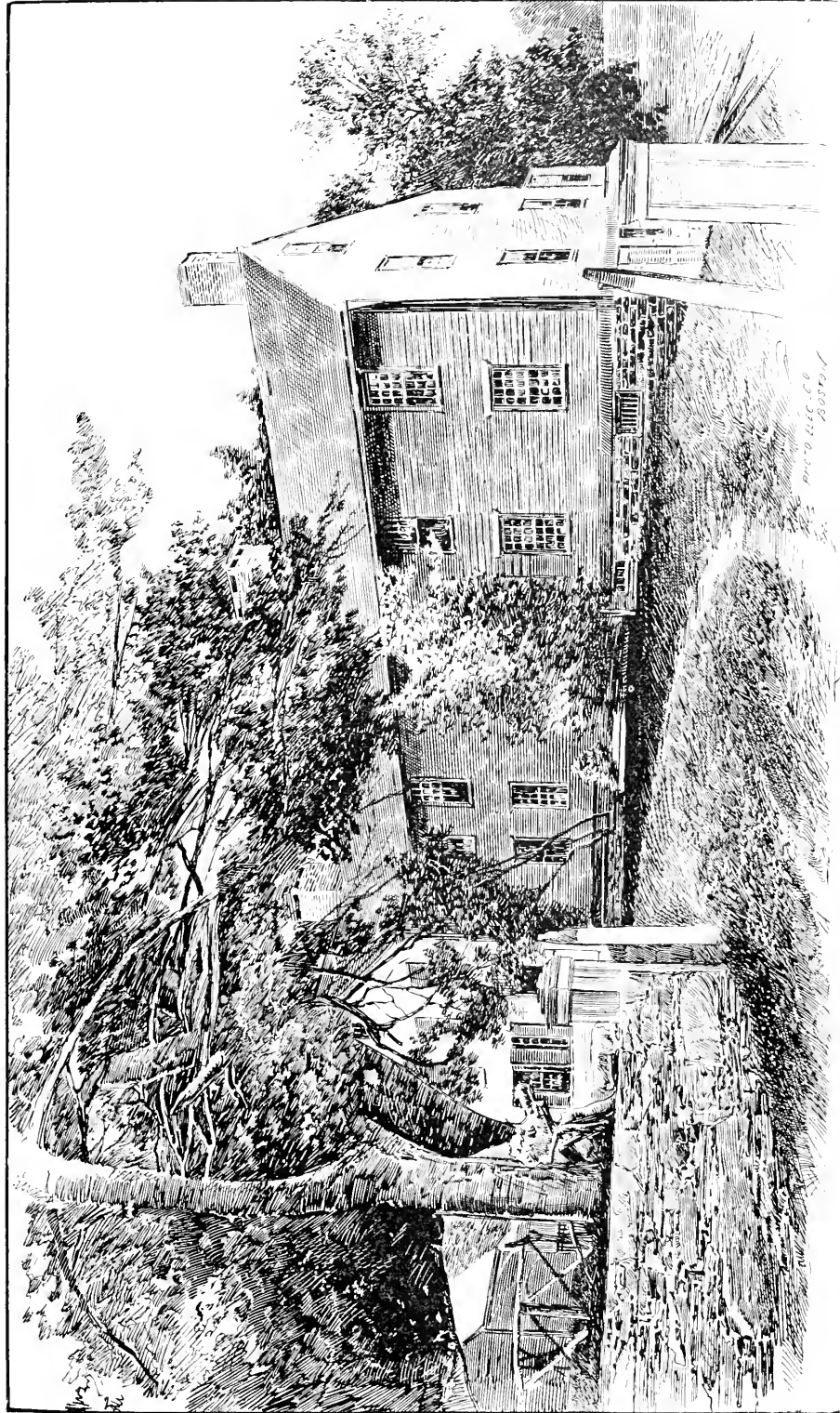
LETTERS, LEGAL DOCUMENTS, AND OTHER
ARTICLES OF HISTORIC INTEREST,

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS

OF

CONNECTICUT AND OHIO.



THE BACKUS HOMESTEAD AT YANTIC (NORWICH), CONN., RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM W. BACKUS.

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SETTLEMENT OF CONNECTICUT.

THE settlers at Manhattan, and in Massachusetts soon obtained a knowledge of the fertility of the soil on the Connecticut River, and both laid claim to territory, yet hesitated for a while in making any settlement. Finally, however, in October, 1633, a small vessel sailed from Plymouth, with the design of erecting a trading-house on the bank of the Connecticut ; but when they had sailed up the river to the location of the present city of Hartford, they found the Dutch had got there before them, and erected a fort. However, they went on a few miles further, although the Dutch forbade them to advance, threatening to fire upon them. They landed at a spot within the limits of the present town of Windsor, and built a trading-house there.

The next movement towards settling Connecticut was in July, 1635, when at *Wethersfield* a settlement was made. Thus Wethersfield is the oldest town in the State. The next settlement was at or near the Plymouth trading-house, in the summer of 1635, by people from Dorchester. They gave the settlement the name of *Windsor*. The next year Mr. Hooker, with his congregation, removed from Cambridge, (then Newtown) to the Connecticut, and founded the town of *Hartford*. These three towns, Wethersfield, Windsor and Hartford, soon associated, and chose magistrates to regulate their common interests. Finally, they formed a regular constitution in 1639, and elected a governor.

Saybrook was at first only a fort, built in 1635, by John Winthrop, the younger. The Pequot War soon followed, and the infant settlement was for a time in danger of annihilation. At the close of the Indian troubles, in 1639, George Fenwick arrived from England, and came over to take charge of the colony by authority of the company.

In July, 1637, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Eaton and several adventurers explored the country west of Saybrook, and built a fort there, at a place called Quississipiack. In April of the next year they began a plantation, to which they gave the name of New Haven. In June, 1639, they formed a constitution, electing their officers the following October. Mr. Eaton was chosen governor.

In February, 1639, Milford was founded by people mostly from Wethersfield, and in September in the same year, Guilford was founded. In the same year, Fairfield was settled by Mr. Ludlow, a few friends, and some adventurers from Watertown and Concord, in Massachusetts. Stratford was also settled in the same year.

Thus in the year 1640, there were in New England four colonies settled, and their governments formed. These were Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Haven.

In December, 1644, Saybrook was purchased, and became a part of the Connecticut colony. In 1659, Norwich was settled by emigrants from Saybrook, led by Capt. John Mason, and Rev. James Fitch.

Although the different tribes of Indians had become much weakened from pestilence and from battles with the whites, yet should these all unite together they might prove sufficient to exterminate the infant settlements; therefore, the four colonies formed a union for mutual protection. Commissioners from each colony met annually, their meetings being held at Boston, Hartford, New Haven and Plymouth, in rotation. This union lasted for thirty-five years, and was of the greatest advantage to the colonies.

In 1662, the Connecticut planters secured a charter, but as it comprehended the colony of New Haven, and was obtained without their consent, some uneasiness occurred among the New Haven planters. However, in December, 1664, the General Court for that colony consented to union with the Connecticut colony, and thus was formed the present State of Connecticut.

As the founder of the family of which this book is a memorial came to Norwich, and his descendants many of them settled there, it will be well to glance briefly at its history, and the following, from a Norwich paper, will serve the purpose :

“ The township of Norwich was surveyed by immigrants from Saybrook, in the fall of 1659. The town was settled in the spring of 1660, the land having been purchased by thirty-five men from Uncas and his sons, Owaneco and Attawanhood, June 6th, 1659. In January, 1684, a Committee was appointed by our Norwich Town Fathers to lay out and bound for the town use sufficient land for a public landing place and a suitable highway connected with it, at the head of the Thames. This was the initial step taken towards making Norwich ‘Landing’ the commercial centre of the community. Potatoes were unknown in this section until 1720, and in 1680 peas were more commonly used as an article of diet than beans. It is supposed that the prominence the original settlers of Norwich achieved in bringing baked beans into common use gave them a not wholly local renown, and led to the bestowal of the title ‘Bean Hill’ to that part of the original town plot which we now know by that name. February 25th, 1724, it was voted by the town to build a wharf at the ‘Landing Place.’ ”

Elijah Backus forged ships’ anchors at Yantic during the Revolution for Connecticut’s armed vessels. Two of them weighed 1,200 lbs. each. He also cast a few canon.

THE BACKUS IRON WORKS.

Backus' Iron Works, with its lurid fires, was quite an institution in their day, and quite an important factor in the growth and development of the country and times. They made bar iron, tires for wheels, plow irons, spindles and cranks for mills, sawmill saws ; all kinds of farming tools, such as hoes, axes, scythes — about everything that was made of iron — and largely supplied the wants of that day. Their customers were heard from in quite distant parts of the country, more or less ; even from the then new "Northwest Territory." The iron work for the first saw and grist mill erected there was made at these works, and transported by land and water, to and over the Alleghany mountains on pack horses, to the then far-distant land of hope — Marietta — in 1789.

The article of nails was quite important at that time, all were hammered out by hand for all the purposes of domestic use, no nails being cut at that time. The iron was made at the melting fire, which was kept in blast by two huge bellows run by water power, and required a strong draft of air. The old structure was a large building having three tall chimneys, the roof partly covered with sheet iron as a protection from fire, and covering three forges, two water wheels, stamper run by water for pounding iron ore, the big shaft and the big hammer. To conduct the process of melting and hammering out into all required shapes required a skilled and strong man, and not easily found at that day. Spindles for buoys, to warn the mariner of danger when approaching the coast by sea, thirty or more feet long, on which was, and now is in use these same spindles, placed some conspicuous object, as a barrel ; anchors both small and great, for vessels and marine service ; and the iron was drawn down to small shapes, as nail rods of different sizes as required by the nailsmith.

Such were some of the qualifications and fixtures belonging to Backus' Iron Works, which at that time was important as

the only source from which they could be derived. At Backus' Iron Works they hammered out tools for the farmers and the artisan — directly and indirectly they helped very materially to hammer out American Independence.

During the reign of terror in France the Royalists had to flee the country. The guillotine took off human heads on short notice. Among the many royal fugitives who fled to this land of ours was a fine gentleman, to the manor born, of some standing at home, and whose name was Felix, and who lived on, and I believe owned the Col. Rogers' place at Bean Hill, and which was then peopled by a far different community than at present — about two-thirds of a mile from the Iron Works. He was a frequent visitor to that noted locality. Frequently he had some of his countrymen, refugees like himself, as visitors, — contemporaries and kindreds at least in sorrow for their hard fate, exiles from the land of their nativity and far from their home.

One day there appeared at the Iron Works Monsieur Felix, who was well-known there, and in his care and company quite a large number of kindred exiles like himself, to view the works in operation and observed particularly the ponderous hammer in motion, causing the hot and melted iron to run down from the anvil and flow like water from the cups. They one and all conceded the idea and expressed their minds, and wished that the head of Bonaparte might be under the hammer. At that time this was thought quite significant.

The sound of the big hammer when in motion and the wind the right way, could be heard at the city, four miles away. To carry on the works required quite a number of men. The owner and manager of these Iron Works, Elijah Backus, was himself a skilled mechanic.

The remains of part of his papers show a wonderful amount of writing, and all in his own hand. He was one of King George's justices of the peace, and was, after the war, one of the justices of the peace for his native State of Connecticut. He was a captain in the Norwich military department, going to

New London to defend the soil in consequence of alarms of invasion several times. A leading member of the Committee of Safety, member of the Legislature, and many cases chosen an officer, both civil, and military, in which he with others petitioned Congress for redress of grievances on the organization of that department and in various ways he was a valuable man of all affairs in all departments of civil life. He administered the rite of marriage in many cases, as his book of records now extant, shows. He was a very busy man, and prosperous.

“There was no post office in Norwich before the Revolution. The mail came to New London. The Federal Government established a post office at Norwich Town, in 1782. It was called ‘Norwich.’ In 1836 the title of that office was changed to ‘Norwich Town,’ and the original name transferred to the ‘Norwich City’ office. The latter was the title of our present office, which from the time of its establishment in 1803 to 1827 was called the ‘Chelsea Landing’ office. Norwich was incorporated as a city in May, 1784. The Norwich and New London turnpike was opened in 1792. It was the first in the United States. The Providence turnpike was opened in 1794. Woodstock road was made a turnpike in 1801. The Essex turnpike was established in 1827.

“The division of the town of Norwich, or, as it has been termed, the ‘nine mile-square,’ took place in 1786. It was accomplished most amicably. The First Society and Chelsea constituted the town of Norwich; Hanover and Newent, the town of Lisbon; West Farms and Eight Society, the town of Franklin, and New Concord, the town of Bozrah. The same year Long Society was annexed to Preston. In 1816, the northern part of Preston was made an independent town with the name of Griswold. In 1861, the town of Sprague was formed from parts of Lisbon and Franklin.

“In 1788 there sailed out of this port :

20 sloops,	940 tons.
5 schooners,	325 “
5 brigs,	545 “
1 ship,	<u>200 “</u>
Total,	2,010 tons.

“Our exports for that year amounted, in round numbers, to £34,218, and our imports, £24,783. In 1795, Norwich had seven ships, nine brigs, nine schooners, and seventeen sloops, besides the river packets and four New York packets. Capacity 4,312 tons, of which only 210 tons was owned in the old Parish, or Up-town, the rest at the Landing. The war of 1812, and the blockade of the river was a crushing blow to the commerce of the Thames. On the 15th of October, 1816, Capt. Bunker, in the steamboat Connecticut, ascended the Thames. This was the first steam vessel to arrive here, and she attracted much attention. A regular line of steam communication with New York commenced in 1817. The Connecticut and the Fulton were the boats. This killed the business of the sail packets, which till that time, had been very remunerative. The Norwich and New York Transportation Company was organized in 1860.

“The first stroke of the spade on the Norwich and Worcester railroad was at Greeneville, Nov. 18th, 1835. It was completed in 1840. The Allyn’s Point connection was finished in 1843. The New London Northern road was completed to Willimantic in 1852. The ‘curve’ connecting the Worcester and Boston trains with the New London Northern road, was built in 1853. The Gas Company was first incorporated here in the same year. Three years before, Laurel Hill was surveyed and house-lots and streets laid out. Otis Library was incorporated in 1851. Yantic Cemetery was consecrated in 1847. The Wauregan House was two years in building, and was opened Feb. 20th, 1855. Breed Hall was completed in 1860.”

But let us go back a little. It is the time of the French and Indian Wars. Many of the American colonists were with the English, in the army, rendering valuable service. But the settlements were not without protection, as may be seen from the following order :

"To Benjamin Wheat, Clerk of the Second Company or Train band in Norwich, these are in His Majesty's name to require you forthwith to warn all within the limits of said Second Company, who are by law required to show arms and ammunition on mustering days, to appear on Monday next, at the usual place of parade for the said company, at eight of the clock in the forenoon, and there to show arms and ammunition as the law directs on mustering days ; and you are required to warn all those, who belong to said Company, who are obliged to do duty on training days, to appear at said place on said day, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, complete in their arms as the law directs for training days.

"Dated at Norwich, May, first day, A. D., 1759.

"ELIJAH BACKUS, Capt. of said Company."

We shall now pass over a period of ten years. The Indian and French had been defeated, and a treaty of peace had been signed, 1763. The following shows that town affairs were well looked after.

"At a meeting of the Inhabitants of the Town of Norwich held at the Town House according to warning, the 6th day of February, A. D., 1769,

"Voted: that Captains Samuel Leffingwell, Elijah Backus, and Mr. Azariah Lothrop, be a Committee to view the circumstances of the highway at the Landing-place between the Church and Mr. Breed's shop, and to treat with the proprietors of the lands at the said place, in order to widen said way ; and, to make report to the Town at the first opportunity.

"A true copy.

"Test: BENJ. HUNTINGTON, JR., *Town Clerk.*"

The following copy of a letter to Congress, found among the many papers of Elijah Backus, will be found most interesting as showing that at this early day the Colonies were considering the inevitable result of continued British oppression :

NORWICH, 8th Sept., 1774.

GENT^L :

The two Counties of N. London and Windham, this Day convened by their Delegates from the several Towns in each County to Consult for their Common Safety on the very critical and alarming aspect of our publick affairs, and deeply impressed with an apprehension that the late proceedings of the British Parliament respecting America are so fraught with Despotism, & seem to be coming into Convention with such Determined Resolution that only a Change in Administration (which is rather wished for than expected) should take place, & produce an alteration of measures ; Or the Americans passively give up their Rights, which we are persuaded they will not, that this is the greatest reason to fear, the Colonies will be reduced to the dire necessity of defending their priviliges by the sword. We therefore believing that storm gathering & just ready to Burst over our Heads, think it our indispensable duty to use every means in our power to be prepared therefor ; & for that purpose beg leave to recommend your attention to a new Regulation of our Militia, whereby it may be put on some more respectable footing than on which it now stands, & would suggest for your consideration whether a No. of Men should not be agreed, & be assigned to each Colony, to be enrolled and thoroughly disciplined, & held in constant readiness for actual service in case of war. And that this, or some other mode that the Congress shall adopt, should be recommended to every Colony, for we are thoroughly convinced & doubt not you will readily agree with us that in case of a war with Spain or France, or the very unnatural one with our Mother Country, unless some preparation is made, or some better mode of defence than that we now rely on is adopted, the life of many a brave person must be flung

away for want of an acquaintance with the necessary discipline of Arms. A few Regiments well disciplined may be more relied on than 20 times their number to be raised in a hurry, & rushed into immediate action. The times are past that we think it criminal not to speak with Freedom. We are apprehensive (suffer us to repeat it) that the liberties of this Continent are of such immense importance that if no other means are likely to prevail, they must be defended by arms; & therefore most strongly recommend the putting ourselves in the utmost readiness for that last extremity. We are aware that the Govt. appointed by the Crown will, by no means give their assent to any acts of the Legislatures within the Provinces over which they presided for regulating their Militia. But we flatter ourselves that if any mode should be recommended as necessary by the Congress, that either the Com. of Correspondence, or some other persons, to whom the people may be under the necessity of delegating their power, will fall upon some method to enforce the same with the people.

These sentiments have been prevailing with us for some time, formed upon calm and deliberate Reflections, & not in consequence of the alarm last Saturday, the particulars of which you will doubtless receive ere this comes to hand, & to which you may be apt to attribute our present solicitude; however, that Event urges us to acquaint you that the disposition which app'd in the Inhabitants to give immediate succour & assistance to the Town of Boston, and their precipitate flight to the expected scene of Blood & Carnage has furnished us with the most convincing & pleasing evidence that nothing is wanting but good regulations, with a small degree of energie, to render the body of the people as formidable troops as any in the World, & we are not willing to leave anything unattempted in our power to make this spirit of Heroism & Love of their Country which glow in the breasts of our Fellow Country Men predominating over every selfish Principle as eminently serviceable as they are Virtuous, Admirable and Glorious. We

think we ought to express our Fears to you that the late sudden martial parade in this part of the Land wherein many thousands were almost in a moment of time ready for Battle, is a prelude to an occasion that will soon take place with a dreadful reality. However, gen^t, it is at least possible that this Grand & almost Infinitely Important Dispute may be brought to a Happy Decision without the intervention of such Dismal Carnage. Although if less wont suffice, opening the crimson fountain of all American Blood will not be as costly a sacrifice; and if so happy an Event can be accomplished without recourse to the last dreadful, yet in such case necessary & eligible Remedy, it must, we conceive, be effected by raising in the nation so powerful a party in our favour, & exerting such a storm of opposition to the plans of our oppressors as will demolish the Administration, or irresistibly compel them to change their cruel & wicked measures. The nation are not, and will not be blind and callous to their own interests, if they are to ours, & to teach that in the most tender and forcible manner which human nature is what it is, & it wont belie itself, must, we conceive, kindle such a Flame as all the Engines of our app^s cannot extinguish or resist; and what can so effectually bring to pass that great design as in good earnest to break off all the Commercial Intercourse with Great Britain and the West Indies (unless for the absolute necessities of life, if such should be included) and thereby reduce many thousands of their now wealthy inhabitants to the necessity of starving (for beg they cannot) or knowing our powerful advocates, besides making an Immense Impression on the Royal Revenues. If it will suffice to let all non-importation from G. Britain take place immediately, & to assign a not very Distant Day for the rest we should be content & rejoice; but if not, what a trifling hardship should we be subjected to by coming directly into the whole, why truly no more than some to earn the acquisition of wealth so fast, and for many to earn, impoverishing themselves in pursuit of the Extravagancies & Luxuries of the Rich & Great in

the Mother Country ; but even if we were for a while reduced to Bread & Water, or Mallows and Juniper for food ; and sheep skins & goat skins for covering (which would be far from the case) what would that be to deluging our country with Blood too precious to be spilled in vain ; & yet we beg leave to repeat it that would be preferable, far preferable, & far sooner take effect, than a submission to such horrid & unnatural oppression ? We take liberty, further, to add that we apprehend, while so many false Brethren, Betrayers of our Liberties are scattered thro' the Colonies, while the Principal Port & Harbour of Boston is under the control of a Hostile Fleet & Army, & all the powers at Home will lend their utmost powerful aid to the Infamous Designs, & Insidious Artifice & Practice of our Enemy ; & the Mercenary Wretches who would aggrandize & enrich themselves at the expense of their country's Liberty ; it will be absolutely impracticable to carry into complete execution such non-importation agreement unless it sho'd be backed & supported also by a non-consumption agreement, which entered into & religiously observed, wo'd effectually check & discourage those Busy Betrayers of our Rights as they could not, in that case, receive the Wages of their Iniquity.

We, therefore, take leave to recommend this Article also to your most serious consideration. And, altho', Gen', we do not conceive that we can communicate to you any new sentiments in this interesting matter, but as you have not at any time had y^r collected voice of so many of your constituents, we take the liberty to suggest to you these things, & have strong confidence in your Wisdom, Firmness & Integrity.

We next come to the critical period of the Revolution. We find that not only were the citizens as active as soldiers away from home, but also in the various towns away from the tumult of battle. There were formed various committees, as the Committee of Inspection, of Observation and Correspondence, which were very active and faithful in the discharge of their duties.

The first paper is an account of a case which came under the authority of the Committee of Inspection.

Owing to unjust taxation, the Continental Congress had recommended, and the people decided, to use no more tea, and other articles of English manufacture, or which she had shipped to the colonies and demanded duty on. The refusal to comply with this resolve of the Congress would suggest an unfriendly feeling toward the colonists, and hence the following complaint :

SIR :

Being sensible of the absolute necessity of a strict adherence to the Resolves of the Continental Congress, in order for it to answer the good designs proposed thereby, believing them to be the product of wit, wisdom, and prudence flowing from hearts disposed to seek the good of Church and State, and being determined in my department to do everything possible to encourage and enforce a compliance thereto.

I would therefore let you know that I find in your department a man that will pay no regard to said resolve, and speaks with open mouth against all their proceedings, and very much vilifies them. . . .

As to the truth of the matter you may enquire of Mr. Daniel Hall, and he can tell you of others that you may enquire of. I think the matter ought to be examined into as well as any open breach ; but I submit to your determination with your brethren, and sign myself your humble servant, at command.

JOHN ELDERKINS.

SIR :

The Committee of Inspection have adjourned the inquiry of the matters of accusation charged against you until next week on Tuesday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the house of Azh. Lothrop, principally on account of its being intimated at this meeting that you would have attended had your business

permitted. The complaints laid against you are : that from time to time have drank Bohea Tea in your house, since the first of March last, and have endeavored by conversation publicly to vilify and degrade the doings of the Continental Congress.

Norwich, 10th of April, 1775.

The condition of the colonies at this time was anything but that suited to carry on a war with England. But what they lacked in the equipments of war, they made up in enthusiasm, conscious of the justice of their cause. They set about getting what arms, ammunition, etc., they could; they put the militia under discipline; and they formed associations and committees, as seen by the foregoing document, to carry into effect the resolves of Congress. In the general enthusiasm, their resolves and advisory proposals had the effect of laws.

The war begun in this year, but it did not become general, the operations of the British being principally against Massachusetts. The following extracts from a letter to Elijah Backus, from his brother-in-law, Samuel Loudon, shows the state of affairs and the feelings of the people in the latter part of this year.

NEW YORK, 5th December, 1775.

DEAR BROTHER :

Your letter I received by Capt. Lord, and am much obliged for your sympathy and kind offer. As matters are now pretty quiet here, and we are in hopes they will continue so, at least till Spring, we conclude it will be best to continue here. Some time ago, when the man-of-war fired on the city, I moved Mrs. Loudon and children out of town to Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, about sixteen miles from the city. About a month after, they returned home, where we have remained pretty quiet. Only, now and then, fresh reports are brought of troops and ships destined for this port. They seem to have business enough for all the troops they have to spare, at Boston, and until they have conquered that colony, 't is not probable that

they will send troops to this ; however, this may prove otherwise. . . .

We have some hopes things may take a happy turn before spring. Something may be done in Parliament towards settling matters, at that season. . . .

SAML. LOUDON.

The colonists at this time little expected the out-come of the war. The feeling of a good many is expressed by the following from a letter written in the latter part of the year 1775, by Sam. Loudon :

“ I wish all ranks were disposed to search and try their ways and turn to the Lord ; we might prognosticate that our deliverance was near. While we don't duly consider the end of these trying dispensations, we have little reason to expect deliverance. I long more for a reformation than for a deliverance out of our present afflictions.”

The colonists, finding England would not heed any of their petitions, nor discontinue its acts of oppression, began to see they must make, not only a determined, but an armed resistance. So having raised troops, set about providing them with arms. Hence the following :

PHILADELPHIA, 2nd March, 1776.

SIR : — The Congress have appointed a Committee to contract for making guns with bayonets, and to provide ways and means for that purpose. As I have the honor to be one of this Committee, I would request of you to know if you would undertake to make a large number — perhaps two thousand — as soon as possible. The price may be such as to make it worth your undertaking ; and though not exactly agreed upon, I believe will not be far from twelve dollars each. Please send me a line by the first post, and I will send you immediately the dimensions of the guns, and the terms.

Am, Sir, with esteem, your humble servant,

SAM. HUNTINGTON.

To Elijah Backus, Esq.

But in all the anxiety consequent upon the war, civil affairs were not altogether neglected, and we find the justices of the peace still with business upon their hands, as the following shows :

“To the Sheriff of the County of New London, or his Deputy, or either of the Constables of the Town of Norwich, within said County—GREETING :

“In his Majesty’s Name, you are hereby commanded to summon Ichabod Ford, of Norwich, aforesaid, to appear before Elijah Backus, Esq., one of his Majesty’s Justices of Peace for said County, at his dwelling house in Norwich, on the 30th day of April, instant, at 2 of the clock in the afternoon, then and there to answer unto Aaron Cleveland, of said Norwich, in a plea that to the plaintiff the defendant render the sum of one pound, eleven shillings and six pence, lawful money, which to the plaintiff he, the defendant, justly owes by book, to balance book account, as by plaintiff’s book, ready in Court to be produced, fully appears. Which debt the defendant hath never paid (tho’ often requested and demanded) which is to the damage of the plaintiff the sum of £1, 11, 6, lawful money. And for the recovery thereof, with just costs, the plaintiff brings this suit. [. . .] Fail not, but of this writ, with your doings thereon, make due return, according to law.

“Dated at Norwich, the 4th day of April, Anno Domini 1776, and in the 16th year of His Majesty’s Reign.

*“SAM. LEFFINGWELL,
“Justice of Peace.”*

In the spring of 1776, the happy settlement of the difficulties, which was hoped for, as mentioned in Sam. Loudon’s letter of December 1775, was as far off as ever. The war still continued. In March, the British were obliged to vacuate Boston, which Washington entered, much to the joy of the inhabitants. At the same time, he sent Gen. Lee to New York, to prepare to repel the British force, as it was supposed they would

now try to occupy this important and central location. Gen. Washington soon followed with the main army and took up quarters on York Island. Their expectations were justified. Sam'l Loudon, in a letter to Elijah Backus, dated July 1st, 1776, says :

“ At last General Howe and his fleet are arrived at Sandy Hook, about twenty miles from this city, (New York.) It is supposed he will land his men on Long Island, and attempt to take the fortifications opposite this city, but I think it will cost him much before he obtains those places. Our army seems willing and ready to meet them. I wish we may not depend too much on an arm of flesh.”

Let us leave the subject of war, and turn our attention for a while to the towns, and glance at the civil proceedings there.

We have seen how particular the people were to follow out the resolves of the Continental Congress and how quickly any offenders were brought to justice. We shall now see that they were equally as zealous in carrying into effect the Civil Laws for the good of the town. We will glance at a number of papers. Here is one :

“ To Elijah Backus, a Justice of the Peace for the County of New London and State of Connecticut, comes Andrew Tracy, Jr., upon oath, and presents that James Bl——r, (a soldier belonging to Col. Huntington's regiment) was drunken upon the 24th of March, instant, in Norwich, which is against the law of the State ; therefore pray he, the said Bl——r may be had before Your Worship, and dealt with according to law and justice.

“ANDREW TRACY, JR.,

“ *Grand Juror.*

“ Norwich, 31st March, 1777.

“ HEZEKIAH TRACY, } Witnesses.”
 “ PHINEAS HYDE, }

Another reads :

“To Elijah Backus, Esq., of Norwich, in New London County, a Justice of Peace for said County, comes Elisha Tracy, Jr., of Norwich, a Grand Juror for said County, and upon oath complains and says, that on the 18th day of May, instant, in Norwich aforesaid, one Abigail M——n, (wife of John M——n, of New London, North Parish, in said County) did travel from said North Parish, on her way to Windham, till stopped in Norwich West Farms by the subscriber, it being the Sabbath, or Lord’s Day, which is against the peace of the State of Connecticut, and in violation of the laws of said State in that case provided.

“Dated at Norwich, this 22nd Day of May, A. D. 1777.

“ELISHA TRACY, JR.,

“*Grand Juror.*

“Witnesses to prove the fact are :

“CAPT. JOSHUA BARKER, }
“ELISHA TRACY, JR.” }

We find on the back the following record, viz :

“June 26, 1777, appeared the within delinquent. Plead guilty. Fined 20 | , and 2 | costs.

“ELIJAH BACKUS,

“*Justice of the Peace.*

“Paid it.”

The next paper is as follows :

“To Ziporah Woo——th, a transient person now residing in the Town of Norwich, you are hereby warned to depart said town forthwith, and to return no more to reside therein, as you will answer your neglect at the peril of the law.

“Norwich, 9th March, 1779.

“SAMUEL TRACY, }
“LABDIEL ROGERS, } *Selectmen.*
“THOMAS HYDE, JR., }
“ELIJAH LOTHROP, }

“To either of the Constables of the Town of Norwich, to *serve and return.*”

On the back it reads :

“NORWICH, March 10th, 1779.

“This day, I read the within warning in the hearing of the within named Ziporah Wood — th.

“SILAS HARTSHORN,

“*Constable.*”

And also :

“To Elijah Backus, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for New London County, come the Selectmen of Norwich, in said County, and complain that Ziporah Wood — th, a transient person, non-resident in said Norwich, was, March 10th, 1779, warned to depart the town and return no more to reside in said town, etc. Notwithstanding said warning as within and above may appear not in least regarding, still remain to reside in said Norwich, and we pray that said person may be had before your Worship and dealt with as law and justice may appertain.

“Norwich, Oct. 5th, 1779.

“SAM. TRACY,	} <i>Selectmen.</i> ”
“LABDIEL ROGERS,	
“SAM. LOVETT,	
“THOMAS HYDE, JR.,	
“ELIJAH LOTHROP,	}

And we may well believe that said Wood — th, having been duly fined, “departed the town to return no more.”

The next paper is of a different character :

“*To the Sheriff of the County of New London, or his Deputy, or either of the Constables of Norwich, in said County*—GREETING :

“*Whereas*, the small pox is broke out in the Town Street, and a number of persons are sick therewith, and the Selectmen of said Norwich have made application to me, the subscriber, that there might be a proper house provided for the reception of said sick, and the house now occupied by James Mix and William Barker, the property of Mr. Pulsey Hyde, is recom-

mended for the purpose aforesaid ; these are, therefore, in the name of the Governor and Company of the State of Connecticut to command you forthwith to impress the aforesaid house, and see that the same shall be properly cleared of the people, the furniture, etc., that the said sick may be immediately removed therein. Whereof you may not fail, but make lawful return of this writ with your doings thereon.

“ Dated in Norwich, the 28th of November, A. D. 1781.

“ ELIJAH BACKUS,

“ *Justice of Peace.*”

The following paper will be interesting as showing one of the methods of punishment in vogue :

“ *To Ebenezer Backus, Constable of Norwich, in the County of New London—GREETING :*

“ *Whereas* one, ‘ Bill,’ alias ‘ William Ryan,’ a transient person, is this 18th day of November, 1784, convicted before me, the subscriber, of stealing, and by the sentence of this Court is to be whipped on the naked body ten stripes.

“ These are therefore by the authority of the State of Connecticut, to command you forthwith to take said ‘ Bill,’ alias Ryan, to the public signpost in said Norwich, and tie him to said post, and give him, the said ‘ Bill ’ alias Ryan, ten stripes on the naked body, agreeable to the sentence of said court.

“ Dated at Norwich, November 18th, 1784.

“ ELIJAH BACKUS,

“ *Justice of Peace.*”

We find by the records on the back that this was carried out the next day.

Let us now return again to the Revolutionary War. The Americans had been defeated in Aug., 1776, at Long Island, but had, after their retreat gained two brilliant victories at Trenton and at Princeton ; but, though united in their determination, the colonies were not well equipped, the army being small and supplies scarce.

The British opened the campaign the next year by burning the colonists' stores of ammunition at Peekskill and Danbury. The colonists were successful in capturing the stores of the British at Sag Harbor. In June, 1777, the British under Burgoyne, laid siege to Ticonderoga and finally compelled the Americans to retreat. The spirits of the colonists were revived, however, by the victory at Bennington, on the 16th and 17th of August, in which seven hundred persons were captured by the colonists. Then, too, the victories of the colonists at Saratoga, Sept. 19th, and Oct. 7th, were far-reaching in their effect. Meanwhile the main army had met the enemy at Brandywine and defeated them after a brave resistance, Sept. 11th, and Gen. Howe took possession of Philadelphia. After the British had gained an indecisive victory at Germantown, the armies retired to winter quarters.

In February, 1778, the British Parliament, induced by the cost of the war in money and men, and the rumors of the alliance of France with the colonists, passed two bills intended to settle the difficulties with the colonists. Commissioners were sent over to treat with the colonists, but their terms of reconciliation, which a few years earlier would have been accepted, were promptly rejected.

About the same time that these bills were passed, France, decided by Burgoyne's surrender, entered into an alliance with the colonists. This was received with great joy in America and a new life was infused into all their actions.

The campaign of this year was not especially favorable to the Americans, although they were successful in one or two battles.

The campaign of 1779 opened by the British making various predatory excursions in Virginia, and later in Connecticut and New York. The colonists succeeded in capturing Stony Point, which the British had fortified; but failed in the attempt to capture the British posts at Paulus Hook and at Penobscot, losing many men and a fleet of ships and transports at the lat-

ter place. In the South the British gained a few successes, and repulsed an attack upon Savannah by the combined forces of the French and the Colonists. In this year Spain acknowledged the independence of the United States. General Sullivan went into the territory of the Indians, and destroyed their towns and crops. This was done in order to impress them with terror of the Colonists, and so keep them from ravaging the frontier.

In 1780, Sir Henry Clinton decided to make the South the seat of war. Accordingly he left New York with his forces, and after a severe voyage, arrived at Savannah. Thence he made an assault on Charleston, which place he finally captured with General Lincoln and the whole army, together with cannon and military stores.

On August 16th the Americans were again defeated at Camden. The condition of the people at the South at this time was very critical. The country was overrun, and exhausted of provisions, and the inhabitants were in a state of extreme distress. The only thing tending to revive the spirits of the people at this time were the achievements of Colonel Sumpter.

During this critical period occurred Arnold's treachery, the story of which is familiar. In the autumn of this year General Greene was appointed to command the Colonist's army in the South. He was accompanied by Colonel Morgan, who defeated the British at Cowpens. From this time on the affairs began to look brighter for the American army. On the 15th of March, 1781, an indecisive battle was fought at Guilford Court House, with heavy losses on both sides. This had the effect of a defeat on the British, as they were in a country where they could not recruit their army. Gen. Greene marched to Camden, to attack the British stationed there, but was defeated. He, however, later, captured a number of posts in different parts of the country, and Sept. 19th, gained a splendid victory over the English at Eutaw Springs. After Arnold had made a predatory trip through Virginia, the entire British army

united their army in Virginia, at Yorktown, Cornwallis assuming command. Here the Colonists determined to attack him. Washington having combined all the troops, accordingly collected his supplies and suddenly approached Yorktown after having made a feint of attacking New York. The British commander in New York sent Arnold on a plundering expedition into Connecticut. The point of attack was New London. The following was received at Norwich as they appeared, and we may imagine the excitement it caused :

NORWICH, Sept. 6th, 1781.

SIR :

The enemy are now landing at New London harbor's mouth. You are therefore ordered to march with company under your command forthwith for its defence.

LADDIEL ROGERS, Col. 20th. Reg.

To Capt. Elijah Backus.

They undoubtedly acted with valor, and did themselves and their commander credit. However, Fort Trumbull was easily taken, and Fort Griswold, at Groton, after a brave defence. The garrison at the latter place were slaughtered after they had surrendered. After this, the British proceeded to burn New London.

On October 19th, Cornwallis surrendered. This practically closed the war, although it was not until 1783, that the Independence of the United States was recognized by the English government.

We shall not follow the history of the war further, but turn and glance at another period of the country's history, by some considered one of the most important ; namely, the settlement of Ohio.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF OHIO.

THE search for knowledge is in itself compensating. The way, as we all know, to almost every other goal is filled with thorns ; but study is a genuine delight to the scholar from the beginning of his journey. It opens the doors to a thousand avenues of pastime and happiness. Those who are inclined to make discoveries in regard to the "whys" and "wherefores" of events will naturally store their minds with history. Facts of themselves are barren, but, linked together, become a golden chain. Strictly speaking, all knowledge is recorded experience. Memory is but the treasure house of annals. We are all constantly enacting history. In our every-day language we recite history. In a certain sense every individual is a historian. How few persons we meet daily, who, in talking, do not narrate ? The talent for story-telling is the birthright of every citizen. History lies at the root of all science and all culture. There has never been a nation or tribe so rude that it has not attempted history in some form, even though it had not arithmetic enough to count time. History has been engraved on stone ; wrought into wood and ivory ; manufactured from clay ; built into pyramids and palaces ; written with quipu threads ; with feather pictures ; with wampum belts ; preserved in earth mounds, in monumental stone heaps, in the masterpieces of the old artists, and in the poetry and prose of the centuries.

The first settlement of Ohio, at Marietta, is one of those historic events of which the world is not likely to hear too much. It has been written about probably more than any other place of its size on the continent, and yet there is always room for something fresh and attractive to appear in connection with its annals. The early history of the Northwest Territory and the first settlement of Marietta is the chief object of this book.

It appears from the Journal and papers of James Backus, written by him, and on this ground, and at the time of which he was one of the proprietors and a member of the Ohio Company, and from many letters, maps, charts, books, field notes and documents which have lain in abeyance for a century of time, and now in part published, thereby adding an item to the already voluminous and published records of this important and interesting subject, the first settlement of Marietta and Ohio, and now extant, and showing a record of this busy young man for a period of three years or more while engaged in the duties of the company, and a resident of the country, are a most valuable acquisition to the history of Ohio.

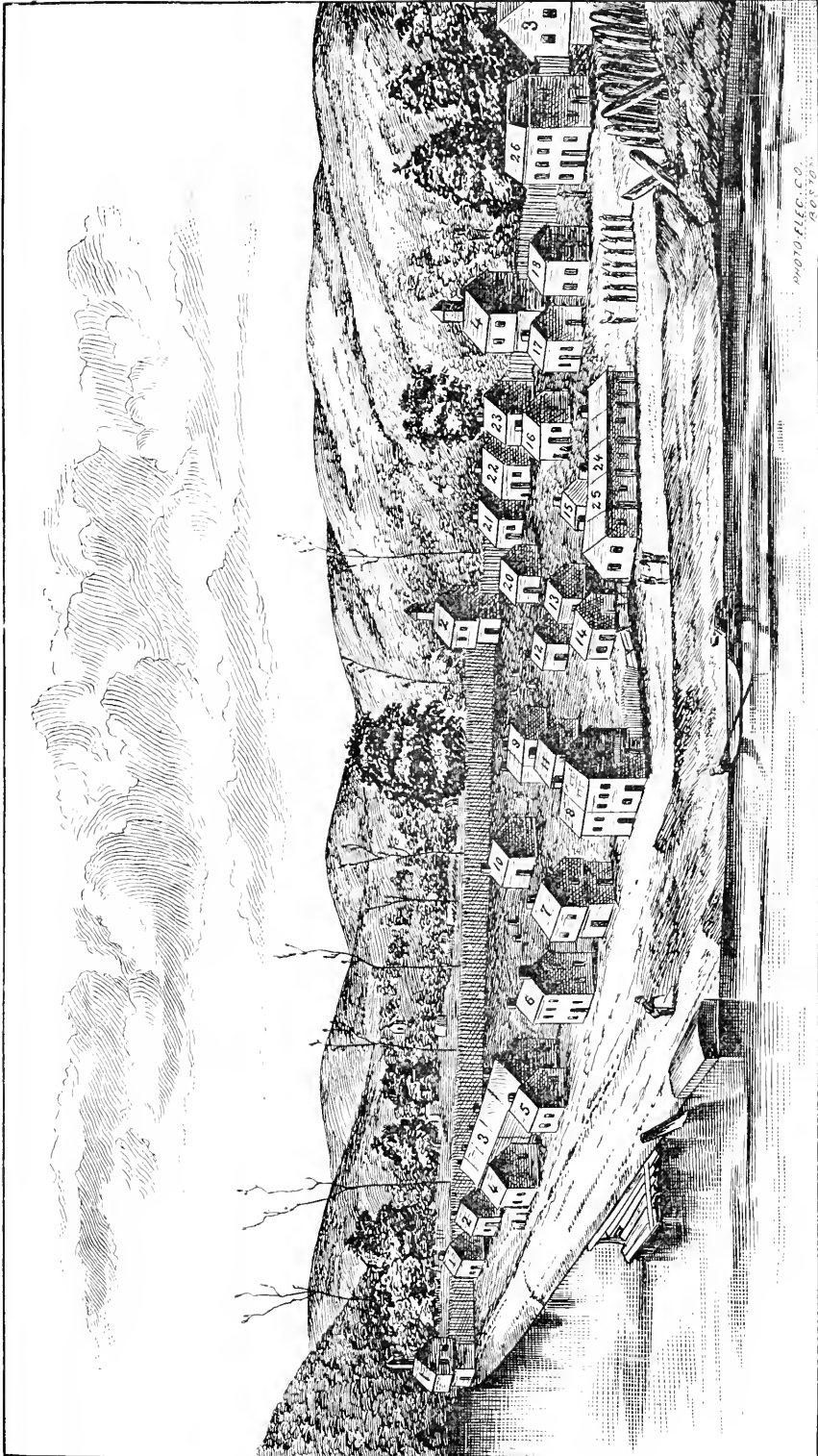


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MARIETTA, OHIO—(The "Point," 1792.)

SETTLEMENT OF OHIO.

OHIO was first settled at Marietta, April, 1788. "The settlement at Marietta, in 1788, grew out of an appropriation of lands made by Congress in 1776 to the officers and soldiers of the army. Those who should serve during the war were to have tracts according to their rank. . . . In June, 1783, a number of officers of the army petitioned Congress that the lands to which they were entitled might be located in 'that tract of country bounded north on Lake Erie, east on Pennsylvania, south-east and south on the river Ohio, west on a line beginning at that part of the Ohio which lies twenty-four miles west of the mouth of the Scioto, thence running north on a meridional line till it intersects the river Miami, which falls into Lake Erie, thence down the middle of that river to the Lake.'"

"Gen. Rufus Putnam forwarded this petition to Gen. Washington, accompanying it with a long and able letter, in which he detailed the advantages which the establishment of such a colony would secure to the whole country. . . . General Washington immediately transmits this petition, with a copy of Gen. Putnam's letter, to the President of Congress, accompanying it with an earnest letter. . . . Congress was slow in acting upon this petition, and 'in Jan., 1786, Generals Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper, issued a called for a meeting of officers and soldiers and others to form an Ohio Company.

The meeting was held in Boston, March 1st. . . . A committee was appointed to prepare articles of association and the Ohio Company of Associates was duly organized. Their object was to raise a fund in Continental Certificates for the sole purpose of buying western lands."

(The foregoing sketch is an extract from an address of the late President Andrews, of Marietta College.)

These lands were obtained from Congress in 1787, October 27th, the contract being for a million and-a-half of acres. This contract was brought about principally through the efforts of Dr. Manasseh Cutler. He was also largely instrumental in the passage of the "Ordinance of 1787" which forever prohibited slavery in the Northwest Territory.

The contract signed, immediately set about making plans for the settlement. Early in December, 1787, a party of mechanics and boat builders set out from Danvers, Massachusetts, and making its way across the country, reaching Simrill's Ferry, Jan. 24th, 1788. Here they were joined by a second party, Feb. 14th, which had left Hartford, Jan. 1st. At this place they built boats and the whole party embarked April 1st, for the Muskingum River, where they landed April the 7th, 1788. This has been called the landing of "the Second Mayflower" and very appropriately, for New England had now gone westward to plant the "first colony in a vast wilderness."

The men who formed the Ohio Company, and the proprietors of it, were men of the highest order. Probably no settlement of modern times could show so many eminent men. New England had sent some of her best citizens to found a new state. As would be expected, the State became worthy of its founders, in less than a hundred years being ranked among the foremost in the union.

But the settlers who landed at the mouth of the Muskingum had something else to do than to speculate as to the outcome of the settlement. The ground must be cleared and crops planted, which was the work of several weeks. But the

settlers went to work with a will and by June, one hundred and fifty acres had been planted with corn.

“Prominent among the pioneers who came to Marietta and remained here as one the earliest settlers was Major Haffield White. He was born at Wenham, Massachusetts, January 3d, 1739. He was in the prime of life at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, and at the first assault of the British invaders was among those who responded immediately to the call for troops.

“At the close of the war, while the soldiers were still in camp on the banks of the Hudson, it was deemed expedient by the officers of the American army to form a bond of brotherhood.

“The embodiment or sentiment of this organization was, that they had been brothers in honor and toil, they would now pledge themselves to assist and protect each other in any future needs or distress. From this idea emanated the Order of the Cincinnati, and Major Haffield White was one of the original members.

“The disappointments arising from the non-payment of its troops led finally to the formation of the ‘Ohio Company of Associates.’ Major White is shown to have had shares in this company. After the shares had been sold, the purchase made for lands from the government, it was deemed expedient for the company to send men in advance of the major part of the shareholders, and these men, boat-builders and mechanics, were selected and placed in charge of Major White as their superintendent and commissary. They left Danvers, the home of Mr. White, the first of December, 1787, not reaching Simrill’s Ferry till the latter part of January, 1788, a tedious journey of six weeks. The surveyors and their assistants, and the rest of the pioneers, under the superintendence of Gen. Rufus Putnam, assisted by Col. Ebenezer Sproat, left Hartford, Connecticut, in January, 1788, and greeted the first little band of about twenty men, the middle of February, after a toilsome journey

of near six weeks. The combined efforts of the two companies completed their boats, and the journey down the Ohio river was more speedy. Major White and his son, Peletiah, were among the first forty-eight who landed here. He held the office of commissary during the rest of that year, or as long as such a department was needed.

“At the first meeting of the directors and agents on July 2d, Major White was of the number. It was at this first meeting that the name Marietta was given to this city instead of Adelphi, as it had been called from the first. At the first ‘town meeting of the territory,’ 4th February, 1789, Major White was chosen with four others, Colonel Archibald Crary, Major Sargent, Robert Oliver and Mr. Backus, to form a committee to draft a code of laws, to govern the city by a system of police force, and to address Gov. St. Clair upon the subject, to explain that they only usurped temporary power. The code then adopted continued from the time it was reported by the committee, 17th March, 1789, until after the close of the Indian War.

“In 1789, with Col. Robert Oliver and Capt. John Dodge, he erected the first mill in the State of Ohio, first a saw mill; afterwards buhrs were put in for grinding. This mill was built about a mile west of Waterford, on Wolf creek, where it is now spanned by a bridge for the convenience of travelers along the picturesque country road. It is stated that the buhrs for this mill were quarried in separate pieces and cemented together after reaching their destination, and that these and the iron crank* were brought from Connecticut, a part of the distance on pack-horses, and transported the rest of the way by river.

“During the Indian war Major White, with the rest of the settlers at the mill, retreated to the protection afforded in Cam-

*These were manufactured at the Backus Iron Works at Norwich (Yantic) Ct., and were forwarded to James Backus by his father, Elijah Backus, who was the proprietor of these works. Mention is made of this in James Backus' journal, page, 50, under date, April 19th, 1789; and an account of the Iron Works may also be found on page 316.

pus Martius, so that the village of Millburgh remained entirely deserted. After the war, he again took possession of his property, where he built a two story frame house which is still standing."—*Marietta Register*, Dec. 6th, 1887.

The code of laws had been nailed to a tree, for the benefit of the settlers, but had received no infringement. The settlement had been augmented by arrivals of other emigrants, and things in general began to take on the appearance of a prosperous settlement. The condition of the country and of the people, may be seen in the following interesting extract from a letter to Elijah Backus, from James Backus, soon after the settlement at Marietta.

MUSKINGUM, 31st Dec., 1788.

DEAR PARENTS :

. . . . There has been a great proportion of rainy weather ever since I arrived here, but the air appears, from the effect it has had upon different constitutions to be perfectly healthy, there being less sickness here, perhaps, than in any other instance that can be produced where so many people have been so much exposed as ours have been. Out of four companies of soldiers stationed at Fort Harmer for the last season, not one instance of death was affected by any kind of fever, and very few instances of fever occurred either there or on our side.

The Indian Treaty, so long talked of, came on the week before last, and is not yet closed. Brant has failed in his plan of uniting the different nations of Indians, which has taken up most of the year. He has gone from the place where they held their treaty, and taken but a few Indians with him. The Shawnees, and some others, have gone home to their towns, but the greater part, who are thought to be amicably disposed, are come in to treat. There have been few depredations committed by the Indians in the western country this season. This settlement has suffered nothing from them but from their begging.

We now have thirty families, and upwards of four hundred persons. Every precaution is taken to facilitate the settlement of this country, and I think there is no country flattered with a more promising prospect than this. Lands must rise rapidly in value as population increases. I am offered forty dollars for a city lot, and shares in the company sell for four hundred dollars. The directors and agents, together with the proprietors present, have resolved to give about one hundred acres in each share for the encouragement of settlers, and a committee has gone out to examine the purchase, in order to find the most advantageous places for making a settlement. I think this place will be a frontier no longer than next season. Our people have been very attentive in procuring fruit trees. I have about one hundred young apple trees set out in a nursery. Some of our people will have bearing fruit trees in two years from last season. There are about one hundred and fifty horses, sixty cows and seven yoke of oxen here, for which there is not half the forage provided that you provide for your stock. The people of Virginia opposite to us, who have a settlement of upwards of twenty families, think little of laying up forage. Their cattle, which are used to the woods, subsist very well without.

The number of emigrants that pass down the river to Kentucky, and other parts of the country is amazing. This place is as much traveled through by every description of people as most parts of the old country, yet provisions are by no means scarce or dear. The highest price for flour is \$2 per bbl. ; for corn, two shillings per bushel ; for pork, twenty shillings per hundred lbs. Sugar, coffee, tea, etc., are dear. There is no prospect of making much maple sugar, the trees being by no means plenty.

I have not yet been able to discover any prospect of entering upon any pursuit that would afford an immediate profit. The Indian trade is not an object very attractive, unless it is prosecuted on a large scale. An iron works situated in a well-chosen place in some part of the western country would afford

the owner an immense profit, there not being one on this side of the mountains. . . . Great plenty of ground coal is found in the western country. Iron ore likewise appears to be plenty. I have found it within two miles of this place, which was heavy, and apparently of good quality. . . .

I wish it was in my power to inform you when I shall be at home, but I am so situated at present that it is out of my power. I have received a deputation from Colonel Sproat, who is appointed sheriff of this new country, and have engaged to transact his business until he returned.

We have a militia formed, who assemble every Sunday and are fined for not attending. We have preaching, or service read regularly, once a week. We have, likewise, a school. . .

Your affectionate son,

J. BACKUS.

We wil now take a brief glance at the settlements after that at Muskingum, which settlement received the name of Marietta. The next settlements after that at Marietta was Belpre, settled early in 1789, and Waterford settled in the same year. These were organized as townships in 1790. Columbia was laid out in 1789, Sept. 2d, by Mayor Benjamin Stites, who bought the land of John Cleve Symmes. Symmes had received the land from Congress by purchase and intended to found a city which should be the county seat. He sold more land to Matthias Dennon, and from this tract rose the city of Cincinnati, at the mouth of the Licking. Symmes himself pushed westward, and there established North Bend. In 1795, Nov. 4th, Dayton was laid out, and September of the next year, Cleveland. Chillicothe was founded in 1795.

The first territorial assembly met at Cincinnati, Jan. 22d, 1799. In 1800, the territory of Indiana was set off by Congress. In 1803, Ohio was admitted to the union, the first Governor being Edward Tiffin.

This is briefly the settlement of Ohio. We have not attempted to give an account of the political proceedings, or the

advance of the colonists in prosperity, nor shall we attempt to sketch the history of the State to the present time. If the reader is interested, he is referred to an admirable little volume called "The Story of Ohio," by Alexander Black.

In spite of the treaties that had been made, the early settlers of Ohio had considerable trouble with the Indians, especially from 1789-1794. It may not prove uninteresting to glance briefly at these troubles.

Black says in his "Story of Ohio," page 120: "When St. Clair arrived at the Muskingum it was with the intention of making a treaty with the Indians at the earliest possible day; but, owing to a collision with the Indians in the interior, it was December before the council met. The Governor, who at that time was suffering from the gout, and had to be carried daily to the meetings, was much annoyed by the manner in which the Indians, with an excellent appetite for the white man's dinners, spread out the business of the convention."

The reader will remember that James Backus speaks of the "Indians coming in to treat," in his letter dated Dec. 31, 1788, quoted above. In a letter dated Jan. 26, 1789, he says further:

"Since I wrote you last, the Indian Treaty has closed peacefully. An entertainment was provided for about twenty Indian chiefs, after the treaty was finished, in our stockade. The Indians behaved with great decency and propriety. The Agents and Directors have made a present of a mile square in our purchase to one of the chiefs, called Cornplanter (a very influential character among the Indians) at his particular request."

But this treaty proved futile and war became inevitable. The Indians were urged on by English agents in Canada, knowing that a war between the Indians and the settlers would tend to increase their influence in the region, and perhaps, if the settlers were driven off, gain eventual control. So they paid no heed to the messenger sent them, asking that they would not help the Indians in any way.

A letter written to Elijah Backus, dated in New York, Aug. 27th 1790, contains some facts bearing on this period :

“ There is an Indian War now commencing. Fifteen hundred men are now raising on the frontiers to meet in September. These, with the regular troops, will make a body of between two and three thousand men, who are expected to commence their operations in October, against the Indians' towns.”

Such an expedition did set out. A good account of the expedition may be had in the following letter, written to Elijah Backus by his son :

MUSKINGUM, 24th Nov. 1790.

DEAR SIR :

The prospects of peace upon our frontiers seem to me to be vanished. The troops from the garrison have this morning returned and the best account of the expedition that I can collect is as follows, viz :

The troops, amounting to 1,200 militia and about 300 regulars, after the seventeen days' march from Miami, reached the Great Miami village, about one hundred and seventy miles, without any molestation, except having a number of their pack-horses stolen. On their arrival, they found the village deserted and all the valuable buildings set in flames by the Indians. After a short tarry they proceeded to the neighboring villages without molestation and destroyed five of them, and a great quantity of corn, computed at fifteen thousand bushels, which they found buried in different places ; and a very large quantity of vegetables of every kind. The first opposition met with was in this manner. A party of about 150 Kentucky militia and 30 regulars, all under the command of Col. Harding, of Kentucky, were detached from the main body, lying in the Great Miami village, to pursue the trail of a party of Indians which had the day before been discovered. After a pursuit of about six miles, they came up with it and were attacked by surprise, by a body of Indians who were concealed in the

thickets on every side of a large plain. At the first onset, the militia without exchanging a single fire, made a most precipitate retreat and left the regular troops to stand the whole charge of the Indians alone. The conflict was short and bloody. The troops were soon overpowered by numbers, and all fell except the two officers and one or two privates, after defending themselves with the greatest possible obstinacy. Ensign Hartshorn, of Franklin, was one of the four that escaped, and his escape appeared to depend more on a lucky circumstance of falling over a log in his retreat and by that means, screening himself from the eyes of his pursuers, than to anything else. Capt. Armstrong who commanded the party, likewise escaped, by plunging himself into a pond in a swamp up to his neck, within two hundred yards of the field of action, where he remained the whole night, a spectator to the horrid scene of the "war dance" performed over the dead and wounded bodies of the poor soldiers that had fallen the preceding day, where their shrieks mixed with the horrid yells of the savages, rendered his situation shocking.

After this, a few skirmishes occurred, but nothing material, until the second capital action, which happened two days after the army left the Miami village. At ten miles' distance from the town the General ordered a halt, and detached from four to five hundred militia and about sixty regulars, commanded by Major Willis, all under the command by Colonel Harding, with orders to march back to town. On their entrance into the town, there appeared a small body of Indians, who immediately fled at the first onset, and by that means destroyed the whole body of militia, by making their flight in different directions, and encouraging the militia to pursue. By this means the regulars were left alone, and the Indians had effected their design, for the moment they found the small body of regular troops detached from the main body of militia, they commenced the attack with their whole force, excepting the flying parties that had diverted the militia. Although they found

some parts of the militia turning on their backs, pursued their object of routing and destroying the troops as the only sure plan of success. This, after a most bloody conflict on both sides, they effected. The regular troops, all but nine, including two commissioned officers, were killed or disabled, and a total defeat ensued. Among the slain were Major Willis, of Hartford, and Lieutenant Frothingham, of Middletown. Of the militia, it is said about a hundred were killed, among whom were a number of brave and valuable characters. The Indians, it appears from some cause did not think it prudent to pursue their success far from the field of action, for most of the troops who were not killed or badly wounded made their escape, which they never could have done had the Indians pursued with their usual fury. Nothing can exceed the intrepidity of the Indians on these two occasions. The militia they appeared to despise, and with all the undauntedness conceivable, threw down their guns, and rushed upon the bayonets of the regulars, and great numbers of them fell; but being so far superior in numbers, they soon overpowered the troops, for while the poor soldier had his bayonet in one Indian, two more would sink their tomahawks in his head.

The defeat of our troops was complete. The dead and wounded were left on the field in the possession of the savages. Two favorable circumstances only appear in the affair. The one is, that the main army was never attacked before or after the last action, and that the Indians suffered their towns to be destroyed without making any opposition; the other is, that they did not even appear to harrass the flanks or rear of the army on its return to Fort Washington.

From the whole, I think the conclusions may be drawn that the Indians did not feel themselves able to cope with the whole army, but placed all their hopes of victory upon pursuing that mode of operation which they had adopted, that of cutting off detachments, until they had reduced our troops to such a degree that they should suppose their own force superi-

or to that of their enemies ; and their reasons for not pursuing the army after their last engagement is supposed to be the heavy loss of men they must have sustained, which to them is fatal, let the advantage of victory be on whose side it may.

More bravery and determined courage, I suppose, never was exhibited by any men than by the savages in the course of this expedition. They appeared perfectly capable of judging of their own and their enemy's power from the first instant, and never appeared in the least embarrassed or disconcerted in carrying on an unequal contest, but uniformly preferred this first plan of weakening the power of their enemy, and whenever they had an opportunity to show them they did not fear to encounter them on equal ground.

The circumstance of burning their own towns before the enemy, discover them to possess an independence of spirit very forcing to a conquered people.

The losses of the Indians in corn, etc., was doubtless very considerable, although a large proportion of it probably belonged to the French and English inhabitants of the towns. Their booty was certainly much heavier than their losses, for besides the clothes, guns, accoutrements, etc., of the slain, they got from two to three hundred rifles, which were dropped by the militia in their precipitate retreat, and about four hundred pack horses, which they had stolen from the army on the march out, and while in the towns. Added to all this is the advantage they will derive from the scalps they have taken. . . .

No authentic account, I believe, is received from the troops under Major Hamtrammerick, that were to march from port St. Vincent Their numbers, it is said, were to amount to six hundred regulars and militia and their object to destroy a number of Indian villages upon the waters of the Wabash and the head waters of the Miami. No damage of any consequence has been sustained in this part of the country, from the Indians, but what effect the expedition will have on affairs which relate to our frontier is uncertain. . . .

J. BACKUS.

This expedition resulting disastrously, put the settlements of the Northwest in great danger. Accordingly Congress raised an army for its protection and St. Clair was appointed commander. Meanwhile, a company of volunteers was raised and put under command of Gen. Charles Scott. In a letter to James Backus, there occurs the following :

“Not a word of news excepting that the Indians continue troublesome up and down the river. Just received a letter from Major Sargent. He informs me Gen. Scott has gone out. The Indians are killing daily near the Fort at headquarters, but they have not troubled us much lately. I think a great part of them are employed about home by this time. We have had letters from the people who were taken at Big Bottom, five in number. Some are upon their return.”

(Jan. 10th, 1791.)

“(At Big Bottom, occurred a massacre of the whites by the Indians.)

The expedition of Gen. Scott was very successful. St. Clair's expedition, however, ended disastrously, and the frontier was thrown into a state of great anxiety and terror. The United States sent messengers to win over the Indians, but they were most of them murdered. The Indians, urged on by the English and Spanish emissaries, would make no terms of peace unless the whites would promise to remove from thence.

But in 1793, Gen. Wayne, an old Revolutionary general of great reputation, led an expedition against the Indians, who were aided by Canadian militia and volunteers, and he so thoroughly defeated them that they were glad to make peace. The treaty was signed August 3rd, and “thus ended the Indian Reign of Terror” on the frontier.

We will now glance at a few letters and miscellaneous articles of interest.

The next are extracts from letters, describing Backus, better known as Blennerhassett's Island. The island was the scene of

an event which, while not with its romantic side, was yet somewhat sad and pathetic.

The first letter is from Lucy Woodbridge to Elijah Backus, and contains a description of Blennerhassett Island.

MY DEAR PARENTS :

I have omitted of late to write, by many opportunities to New England, fearing my letter should get into the post office. I was sorry to hear the packet sent by Mr. Tupper was forwarded in that way. It is a tax they will poorly pay. I now send by Mr. Hart, who engages to deliver the letter himself, and will give my friends an opportunity of writing to me.

I have nothing new to communicate. . . . I expect that brother Elijah will leave me as soon as Mr. Woodbridge returns. He is proposing to build on his island, where he will spend the summer in cultivating land. He seems to anticipate the time with pleasure, and I hope he will be satisfied with his employment. It is a situation that affords every amusement that a spot of ground can afford, without society. At one end of the island is a thick wood of about fifty acres—excellent hunting ground—which is cut off in the winter by water from the river, that forms smooth sea for boating. At the other extreme is a cove that at all seasons produces fish of every kind that swims in this river, in great abundance. He has a beach in summer which affords an excellent road either for carriages or horses, which extends the length of the island, the whole of which is situated in the river, and affords very many elegant building lots. He (Elijah) has likewise a sugar orchard, that will produce from six to eight hundred of sugar. . . .

Your affectionate daughter,

L. W.

The next is also from Lucy Woodbridge, and bears on the same subject. It is written to James Backus.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

I expect Elijah to-morrow on his way to Philadelphia. He has been unexpectedly detained a long time settling some business with a Mr. Blennerhasset, who has bought a part of his island.

L. W.

Dec. 17th, 1798.

Between 1789 and 1795, within the Ohio Company's purchase, twenty-eight persons were killed, seven taken as prisoners, and two wounded, but escaped the scalping knife. Over in Virginia, near the head of Blennerhasset Island, several of the family of a Mr. Armstrong were killed and others taken into captivity. The following is an account of this cold-blooded, murderous attack, as given in the *Detroit Free Press* by one of its correspondents.

“ My father, John Armstrong, lived on the Virginia side of the Ohio River, opposite the upper end of Blennerhasset Island. The Indians made frequent excursions into our neighborhood, and my mother was in constant dread of being killed by them. She seemed to have a presentiment that she would share the fate of her parents, who were both killed by them in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, in April, 1793. I remember perfectly the evening of that eventful night.

“ My father owned a floating mill on the island. My two oldest brothers were at the mill, and the three youngest (two girls and one boy) were in bed. Father went down to the river to examine a trot line, mother stood in the door holding a candle for him. ’T was the last time I saw her, and never shall forget her appearance — she trembled like a leaf. I suppose she was afraid of the Indians, for I then thought there was nothing else on earth to fear.

“ My father returned safe. Elizabeth, John and myself slept in the loft. I think it was about three o’clock in the morning we were wakened by the barking of our dog. Father sprang up and opened one of the doors (we always kept them

both barred) went out and hissed the dog on. He, however, soon saw several Indians start from behind the trees. He halloed 'Indians,' ran into the house, barred the door, and seized a gun, as there were several in the house. By this time the house was surrounded by twenty Wyandotts. The faithful dog kept them off until he was disabled. They had cut him so badly in the mouth that his under jaw hung loose. At their approach father fired his gun, then caught a bullet pouch, which proved to be one belonging to another gun, and sprung into the loft. He put the bullet and powder into his hand, but in putting the bullet into the gun found it too large, threw the gun down, tore the roof open, and sprung to the ground. He was not discovered, for most of the Indians were then in the house.

"They commenced by killing the three youngest. Mother attempted to escape through the chimney, but it is supposed her clothes caught, for she fell, and as they told me, in attempting to raise her they found she could not stand, her hip was broken. Had it not been for that they would not have killed her, but as she could not travel, they must have her scalp as a trophy. They also scalped the two oldest of the children: from mother they took two. They said the babe's hair was not long enough to scalp, so they took one from its mother for it. After killing those below they came up and took us down. You can imagine better than I can describe my feelings on entering that room of blood. I was led over the slippery floor, and placed between the knees of one of those bloody savages, whose hands were still reeking with the blood of my dearest relatives. . . .

"My father then returned to the house, where he found the corpses of his wife and youngest child lying out of doors, and in the house two other children lying in their gore. The boy was still alive, and asked father 'why he pulled his hair.'"

THE SCIOTO PURCHASE.

Reference is made in James Backus' Journal to his being authorized to make surveys for General Putnam. The following is a *verbatim* copy of a letter received by James Backus, and fully explains the numerous entries in his Journal from the time he received this letter.

To Mr. James Backus, one of the Surveyors Appointed to lay out the lands of the Scioto Company :

SIR : — The first object to which I request your attention is to accompany Mr. DeBarth & the other Gentlemen representing the 24 associates (mentioned in Mr. Barlow's letter of Feb'y 10th, 1790, of which you will have an extract) who are going down the Ohio to reconnoiter the lands they have a claim to, & to assist them in fixing on the place for building a Town.—

Mr. Barlow points out certain tracts of land within which this Society of 24 are to make their choice of 24,000 acres to be located in manner as mentioned in the Said Extract—; but it is to be observed that the plan Mr. Barlow made use of is found on actual Survey to be very erroneous, and Justice requires that the location be made agreeable to the intention of the parties, So that as nearly as possible the lands represented on Mr. Barlow's plan as included in the contract be surveyed to the purchaser & to apply this principle to the Society of the 24, you will find they are to have their Choice in the following Township as numbered in the plan made from actual Survey, viz: the first & second Township in the 16th range, 1-2 & 3 in the 17th range, 1-2 & 3 in the 18th range, and in the 20th range that part of the 3d which lies north of the little river which intersects it with the 4th, 5th & 6th; you will not have time, nor is it intended you Should Survey the whole tract, but Such parts only as are necessary to ascertain the quantity of the lands they shall make choice of & the plot they Shall fix on for

building their Town, together with the Spot for erecting the buildings which the Scioto Company are to construct.—

You will procure Such chain men & assistants as you may think proper on the best terms you can, you know the fund I am to draw on for their pay & you must obtain a credit for three or six months if possible.

I am, Sir, with much respect & Esteem,
your humble Servent.

RUFUS PUTNAM.

MARIETTA, November 10th, 1790.

P. S. I have wrote to Capt. Guion, to furnish provision, &c.

We cannot close this volume, which primarily intending to be "A Genealogical Memoir," has gradually added matter of considerable historical interest, without making mention of the Scioto Purchase, in which James Backus was one of the prime movers; and in this, as in all matters, one of General Putnam's right-hand men. The author had prepared quite an article relative to this purchase from data and records in James Backus' Journal, rightly judging that nothing could be more authentic than the every-day records of an eye-witness. After the matter was about ready for publication, his attention was called to an article in the *Magazine of American History*, (Dec., 1889) published by Historical Publication Co., New York, entitled "The Scioto Purchase in 1787," and is, with the kind permission of the editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, and the author of the article, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Dawes, U. S. V., copied freely in the subsequent pages.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 13th, 1889.

WILLIAM W. BACKUS, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:—Yours 9th, at hand. I shall be very glad to have you make extracts from my article on the Scioto Purchase if they will be of any value to you.

I think I have among my papers somewhere a letter written by James Backus to Gen'l Putnam, but do not think it is of especial historical value. . . .

My article on the Scioto Purchase was prepared with the intention of making a history that would be as nearly absolutely correct as possible.

Yours, very truly,

E. C. DAWES.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY,
743 Broadway, New York City.

December 14th, 1889.

MR. WM. W. BACKUS,

DEAR SIR:—In response to your esteemed favor of December 12th, I have to say that there will be no objection to your making extracts from the article of Colonel Dawes on "The Scioto Purchase of 1787" in genealogy of the Backus family, as you will of course give the Magazine full credit for the same.

I shall be interested personally in your work, as I am connected with the Backus family of Toledo, and we have been life-long friends. . . .

Yours, very truly,

MARTHA J. LAMB,

Editor.

"On the 23d of July, 1787, the Congress of the United States, in consequence of a petition presented by Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, authorized the board of treasury to contract on certain terms with any person or persons for the purchase of the land in the territory northwest of the river Ohio bounded by the same 'from the mouth of the Scioto to the intersection of the western boundary of the seventh range of townships; thence by said boundary to the northern boundary of the tenth township from the Ohio; thence by a due west line to the Scioto; thence by the Scioto to the beginning.' In pursuance of this authority, the board of treasury, on the 27th of October following, made a contract for the sale of fifteen hundred thousand acres of land, lying between the seventh and seventeenth ranges and the Ohio river, to Manasseh Cutler

and Winthrop Sargent 'as agents for the directors of the Ohio Company of associates, so called.' The consideration was one million of dollars in public securities, one-half of which was paid on signing the contract ; the remainder was payable one month after the exterior line of the tract had been surveyed by the geographer or other proper officer of the United States. No title was to pass to the Ohio Company until all payments were made, but the right was given to occupy and cultivate one-half of the tract fronting on the Ohio river between the seventh and fifteenth ranges of townships.

" On the same day the board of treasury made a contract with 'Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent for themselves and associates' for the sale to them of the remainder of the tract described in the ordinance of congress. Payments, at the rate of two-thirds of a dollar per acre in public securities, were to be made in four semi-annual installments, the first falling due six months after the exterior line of the tract had been surveyed by the government. This was the Scioto purchase. It comprised over four million acres of land, three-fourths of it west and one-fourth north of the Ohio Company tract.

"When these contracts were executed no land had been surveyed west of the seventh range of townships, the western boundary of which intersects the Ohio river about five miles east of the mouth of the Muskingum. The lines of the fifteenth range and the seventeenth range of townships are recognized in both contracts as 'to be laid out according to the land ordinance of May 20, 1785.' From calculations made by Captain Thomas Hutchins, then geographer, or surveyor general of the United States, it was believed that the west line of the seventeenth range would strike the Ohio river opposite the mouth of the Big Kanawha.

" Simultaneously with the execution of the second or Scioto contract, Cutler and Sargent conveyed to Colonel William Duer, of New York city, a one-half interest in it, and gave him full power to negotiate a sale of the lands in Europe or else-

where and to substitute an agent. Colonel Duer agreed to loan to the Ohio Company one hundred thousand dollars public securities to enable it to make its first payment to congress, and procured a large subscription to its shares. Soon after, Cutler and Sargent conveyed a little over three-fourths of their retained interest in about equal proportions to Generals Rufus Putnam, Benjamin Tupper, Samuel H. Parsons, Colonel Richard Platt, Royal Flint, and Joel Barlow. Many others became interested with these in greater or less proportions.

“ In May, 1788, Joel Barlow, who also held an interest by assignment from Colonel Duer, was sent to Europe to negotiate a sale of the lands or a loan upon them. He held a power of attorney from Colonel Duer, to which was attached a certified copy of the contract of Cutler and Sargent with the board of treasury, and their assignment and power to Colonel Duer. In all these papers the lands are recognized as held by a right of preëmption only. Mr. Barlow met with no success until the summer of 1789, when he made the acquaintance of William Playfair, an Englishman then residing in Paris. Principally through his efforts a company was quickly organized in Paris, called the society of the Scioto, to which in November, 1789, Mr. Barlow sold the right of his principals to three million acres of land lying west of the seventeenth range of townships. The price was six livres per acre; the payments were to be made in installments, commencing 31 December, 1789, and ending 30 April, 1794. The contract recites that Barlow’s powers were exhibited and proved, and provided that ‘as soon as and not before the said payments are remitted arising from the price of the present sale, Mr. Barlow binds his principals towards the society purchasing to put them in possession and enjoyment of an amount of the three million acres proportionate to the amount of the said payment at the aforesaid rate of six livres per acre.’ The lands were to be located in equal tracts from the seventeenth range westward. It is also provided that the society might ‘re-sell all or a part of the three million

acres before the time fixed for the payment of their price, provided that the said society gives up to the *Sieur Barlow* under the title of pledge the agreements of the under purchasers.' *Playfair* and *Barlow* were both interested in the society of the *Scioto* and, with *M. Jean Antoine Chais de Soisson* became its sub-agents for the sale of the lands.

"*Mr. Barlow* did not send a copy of this contract to *Colonel Duer*, but wrote him an abstract of it *November 29*. He added that he was preparing an arrangement with the royal treasury of *France* to exchange the obligations of the *French* society of the *Scioto* for the *American* bonds held by it, and that either by that method or by an immediate settlement on the lands, the payments would be anticipated and the whole business closed within a year. He had reason to hope that *Major-General Duportail*, subsequently minister of war of *France*, and *Colonel Rochefontaine*, both of whom had served in *America* during the *Revolution*, would go at the head of the first establishment. He urged that the lines of the seventeenth and eighteenth ranges of townships be ascertained without delay. He admitted that he had proceeded as if *Colonel Duer* had already secured a modification of the contract with the board of treasury, so that titles might be obtained for the lands in smaller tracts as paid for, 'by giving the *Company* here power to re-sell portions before they made the first payment on the contract, requiring as my security the deposit of the payments for these portions.' He insisted that at all events five or ten thousand acres of land opposite the mouth of the *Great Kanawha* 'on the eighteenth range' must be secured on which to locate first settlers; that huts be built there to accommodate at least one hundred persons, and that a person of activity be sent from the settlement to *Alexandria, Virginia*, to prepare for the reception of the settlers, and make the necessary arrangements for their journey to the lands. The expense of the houses and the journey would be 'paid by the agents of the people the moment they arrive.' On the 29th of *December* he wrote that

he expected to put Colonel Duer in funds to make the first payment of five hundred thousand dollars to congress before it was due, and that if the first settlers were pleased, half a million of adventurers would follow. On the same date he authorized Colonel Duer to draw on him for twenty thousand livres. January 25 following he authorized drafts for two hundred thousand livres in the same letter, saying that the payments certainly would be made.

“On the 27th of February, 1790, a meeting of the Scioto associates in America was held at the house of Colonel Duer, in New York city, and he communicated to them the letters from Mr. Barlow, announcing the completion of the contract of sale. General Rufus Putnam and Rev. Manasseh Cutler were then in New York, as a committee appointed by the directors and agents of the Ohio Company to ascertain the number of shares subscribed for on which no payment had been made, sell them if possible, and effect a settlement with congress. The survey of the Ohio Company purchase was not completed, but it was known in the fall of 1789, that the western boundary of the seventeenth range of townships would intersect the Ohio river some distance west of the mouth of the Great Kanawha. This information had not been sent to Mr. Barlow, probably because his American associates had long since given up all hope of effecting a sale through him. He had not sent any plats or accurate information of the location of the lands sold by the French Society of the Scioto, though it was evident from his letters that they were in the eighteenth range of townships, and that, relying on the information he had when he left America, he had represented them as opposite or nearly opposite the mouth of the Great Kanawha. The authority he had given to the French Society to give deeds in small tracts was especially displeasing to General Putnam, though it appeared from the correspondence that Mr. Barlow had the money received from the sales in his own control. As a solution of the problem General Putnam proposed to the as-

sociates that they purchase of the Ohio Company its forfeited shares, the number of which had been definitely fixed at one hundred and forty-eight; take the three acre, eight acre, and one hundred and sixty acre lots, already set apart for these shares in the part of the purchase which had been surveyed, and locate the remainder, 196,544 acres, in a compact body fronting on the Ohio river, from a point opposite the mouth of the Great Kanawha river to the western line of the seventeenth range. So far as could be judged from the information at hand, the American proprietors by making this purchase would enable themselves to fulfill every obligation entered into by Mr. Barlow. Before finally closing it, Colonel Duer, on April 20, entered into a formal agreement with his associates which declared that 'a contract for the sale' of the lands included in the Scioto purchase 'having lately been made in Europe,' it was agreed to form a trust to secure to each one interested his proper share of the profit and to aid Colonel Duer in managing the concern of the sale. Royal Flint and Andrew Craigie were named as co-trustees with Colonel Duer, who was to act as 'superintendent of the concerns of the proprietors.' The powers and duties of the trustees were defined to be: to see that the contract for the sale of the lands was 'carried into execution;' that remittances of the purchase money were duly made to Colonel Duer, and by him '*in the first instance duly applied, as occasion shall require, to, or towards, making good the payment for the lands purchased by the parties to these presents of the United States.*' The remainder was to be divided in a manner prescribed. Immediately after the execution of this agreement, Colonel Duer made drafts on Mr. Barlow for two hundred and twenty thousand livres, as authorized in his letters of December 29 and January 25. On April 23 the trustees closed a contract with the Ohio Company for the purchase as proposed by General Putnam of one hundred and forty-eight forfeited shares. The consideration was the same as required from the original subscribers, one thousand dollars per

share in continental specie certificates, exclusive of one year's interest due thereon ; and the same contribution to the expense fund of the company, to wit : ten dollars per share in specie to be paid in sixty and ninety days, and one years interest on the specie certificates to be paid in six months. The continental specie certificates were to be paid when the Ohio Company made its final settlement with the United States, and the amount was subject to a 'deduction in ratable proportion with such sum as may hereafter be remitted by the United States on the original contract.' The Scioto associates were given the same right of entry, use and occupation as was permitted to the Ohio Company by its contract with the United States, but no 'deed of conveyance' was to be 'required and demanded' until the 'payments were fully completed and made.' The trustees also released to the Ohio Company their right of preëmption to the million acres of land lying directly north of the Ohio Company purchase, which was not included in Mr. Barlow's sale to the French Society of the Scioto.

“ Although the Ohio Company, under its right of entry, had established a large number of settlers upon its lands, it could not, under its contract, obtain a title to any part of them until its payments were fully made. An effort was being made to induce congress to reduce the price of the public lands to twenty cents an acre, and make the reduction applicable to both the Ohio and Scioto Companies' tracts. Secretary Hamilton had recommended it in his report on funding the public debt, and a majority in congress appeared to favor it. If made, the Ohio Company would be entitled, for the payments it had already made, to a million acres of land in addition to the fifteen hundred thousand acres embraced in its original purchase. The release by the Scioto associates to it of the right of preëmption to the million acres directly north of the first tract gave it control of the best lands in the territory east of the Scioto river. If no reduction in price was secured, the sale of the one hundred and forty-eight shares at least made the original purchase

safe. The payment by Mr. Barlow of the drafts for two hundred and twenty thousand livres would enable the Scioto associates to purchase, at prices then current, continental specie certificates enough to make payments for the one hundred and forty-eight shares, and to obtain deeds of lands sufficient to satisfy, as far as could be learned, all of the sales made by the French Society of the Scioto. Both parties to this contract were equally pleased and with good reason, for it seemed to solve all their difficulties.

“The trustees appointed General Rufus Putnam their agent and attorney to represent the shares, take charge of the lands, and make preparations to locate the emigrants. He employed Major John Burnham to enlist a company of men in New England for service in clearing land, building houses, and keeping guard, and instructed him to go at once to Marietta, Ohio. General Putnam himself went to Marietta early in May, employed Colonel Meigs to make the necessary surveys for a town at the present site of Gallipolis, sent Mr. James Backus to Alexandria, Virginia, to meet and accompany in their journey west, the French emigrants, and gave to Major Burnham, who arrived with his company early in June, instructions to proceed to the mouth of Chickamauga creek (the present site of Gallipolis), and clear a large tract of land and erect four block-houses and a number of huts, according to a plan which would be given by Colonel Meigs. He also notified Colonel Duer that owing to the great scarcity of provisions in the territory it would not do to permit the emigrants to come west of the mountains until the new crop had matured.

“The emigrants began to arrive in Alexandria, Virginia, in April, and by the 27th of May about six hundred had landed. The agent sent by Colonel Duer to meet them had returned to New York supposing that they had made another port, for they were expected in March. Some people in Alexandria attempted to persuade them that they had paid too high a price for their land, informed them that the Scioto Company had no

title, that the Indians in the northwest territory were numerous and hostile, and that Virginia was, on all accounts, a much better place in which to live. This, with the fact that there was no one at Alexandria to receive them, created much alarm, and Count de Barth, the Marquis Lezay-Marnesia, and others of the leading men among them were sent to New York to wait upon Colonel Duer, inquire into the validity of their titles, and ascertain if they could reside in the western territory free from danger from the Indians. They explained their plans fully to the secretary of the treasury, Alexander Hamilton, and to a number of members of Congress. President Washington and Secretary of War General Knox, gave them assurance of protection, and promised to station troops near the mouth of the Great Kanawha. Colonel Duer exhibited to them printed copies of the law of Congress authorizing the sale to Cutler and Sargent, their contract with the board of treasury, and the contract made by the Scioto associates with the Ohio Company for the purchase of the forfeited shares. He also explained to them the composition of the Scioto Company, and said to them that the entire management of its affairs had been intrusted to himself alone, and that he had for aid and counsel two agents, Royal Flint and Andrew Craigie. Some modifications of Mr. Barlow's agreements for transporting the settlers to their lands were made by Colonel Duer with this committee. Upon his return to Alexandria, the journey of the emigrants over the mountains began, under the leadership of Captain Isaac Guion, who was appointed by the trustees as their principal agent in the west; General Putnam, owing to his duties to the Ohio Company, having declined to do more than superintend the surveys.

“M. Bourogne, who came to America with the first party of emigrants, went to New York with the committee from Alexandria, and while there ascertained the efforts being made by the Scioto associates to secure a reduction in price of the lands. He returned to France early in June. Sales of lands had about ceased since the emigration. Mr. Barlow, instead of keeping

in his own hands the money received for sales of lands by the French society, had left the management of the whole affair to Playfair and M. Chais de Soisson. Colonel Duer's drafts came forward in due course, were accepted, and fell due in August. Playfair refused to provide for them. In his efforts to meet them Mr. Barlow declared the contract of sale to the French society of the Scioto void because it had not met its payments, and made a new sale to a company composed of M. Bourogne, the Count de Barth, William Playfair, M. Coquet, General Duvalette, and himself. This company was to assume the payments to the American government for the lands, and to make good all deeds given by the French Society of the Scioto. Fifteen sous per acre were to be paid to the American proprietors as their profit. The money and securities in the hands of Mr. Playfair were to be paid to this company, but it was not to be required to make any payments until at least three hundred thousand acres were sold, and only upon sale of each three hundred thousand acres, and no limitation was placed upon the location, within the entire tract of the lands sold. If any reduction in price of the land was secured, the profit from it was to be shared equally by the parties to the contract. Mr. Barlow was authorized to borrow, if he could, upon the credit of this company, one hundred and fifty thousand livres to apply on the drafts of Colonel Duer.

“The principal object of M. Bourogne and his friends in making this contract was probably to secure the expected profit to arise from a reduction in the price of land, and the certain profit already realized from the sales of the Society of the Scioto. Mr. Barlow's hope was to force Playfair to ‘render his accounts without ruining the business,’ and to provide something on account of Colonel Duer's drafts. Mr. Playfair, while not declining an interest in the new company, failed to turn over the proceeds of former sales. Colonel Duer's drafts were returned unpaid.

“Mr. Barlow did not send a copy of this contract to Col. Duer, who seems to have first learned of it by a letter protest-

ing against it from Colonel Rochefontaine, who was interested in the French Society of the Scioto, and who was also a purchaser of lands. Colonel Duer was now in a most embarrassing position. To meet the unexpectedly large expense of establishing the settlement he had issued demand notes in the form of currency. These were coming in daily, as rumors of Mr. Barlow's troubles began to spread. Many of the emigrants refused to refund the amounts advanced for their account until the titles to the lands were perfected. The return of the drafts was a staggering blow to his credit. Unaware of the exact condition of Mr. Barlow's negotiations, unable to understand what had become of the money received for the lands sold, or to form any correct judgment as to the number of acres for which deeds had been given, he called the trustees together, and with their assent sent Colonel Benjamin Walker to France, with power to displace Mr. Barlow, or act with him, to at least obtain the money due for lands sold, and to endeavor to get a clear understanding of the affair, and to sell the right of pre-emption as originally intended. By him Colonel Duer wrote to Mr. Barlow, notifying him that the trustees refused to ratify the sale to M. Bourogne, and upbraiding him in the severest terms for the manner in which he had conducted the business. He reminded him that he had not furnished copies of any engagements, or any list of lands sold, or any statement of receipts and disbursements; that except one thousand crowns, sent for a special purpose, he had made no remittances, and that he had assigned no reasons for not having honored the drafts. He notified Mr. Barlow that he, and he alone, was responsible, not only to the American proprietors, but to the United States, for the moneys received, which he had always represented were under his own control. He added, 'The advances and engagements I am under in order to comply with the fallacious statements of your prospectus, and to preserve your honor and character from utter destruction are no less than forty thousand dollars, exclusive of large sums of interest

for money borrowed. 'This, at least, you are called upon by every tie of honor and generosity to secure.'

"Colonel Walker arrived in Paris in December, 1790, and was received by Mr. Barlow with every expression of joy and satisfaction. He spent several weeks in endeavoring to untangle Mr. Barlow's affairs. From Mr. Playfair he secured a statement of account, showing sales of about one hundred and forty thousand acres of land, and a long list of reasons for not having settled with Mr. Barlow. The most diligent effort failed to secure either money or property. Colonel Walker warned the public, by advertisement in the principal cities of France, not to purchase lands of Mr. Playfair, who meantime disappeared. Mr. Barlow was penniless, and Colonel Walker advanced him money for his family expenses. With the aid of Colonel Rochefontaine and General Duportail, then Minister of War, an effort, which promised well for a time, was made to form a new company for the purchase of a smaller tract of land. News of the Indian War defeated it. Early in May, 1791, Colonel Walker returned to America, leaving Colonel Rochefontaine in charge of the negotiations. He appears to have been convinced that in a favorable condition of public affairs the lands might yet be sold. The Fates were not propitious. The troubles in France grew worse. General Duportail was denounced in the assembly; forced to resign as Minister of War, in December, 1791, and a few months later both he and Colonel Rochefontaine were obliged to flee to America for their lives.

"Several hundred emigrants reached the present site of Gallipolis about the middle of October, 1790. Major Burnham's men had prepared houses for them, and had cleared a considerable space for garden lots. The Count de Barth and Marquis Marnesia with a large party reached Marietta a few days later, and were quartered in Fort Harmar while waiting the survey at the mouth of the Scioto river, where Count De Barth wished to establish a city. Before the surveyors were

fairly at work, news came of the defeat of General Harmar, and the rising of the Indian tribes along the entire border northwest of the Ohio river. This put an effective stop to further surveys or settlements. Count de Barth and the Marquis Lezay-Marnesia returned to New York to negotiate further with Colonel Duer. Some of the people who had come with them remained at Marietta; some went to Gallipolis; others to the French settlements in different parts of the country. The Indian war made it impossible for the settlers at Gallipolis to do any work beyond range of the guns of the block houses. Col. Duer had established there a store, and continued to supply them with the necessaries of life, taking from those who had no money their deeds to land and village lots as security. In the spring of 1791, they began the cultivation of grapes on a large scale on the village lots which had been cleared, and also to raise vegetables, for which they found a ready market on the boats which were constantly plying up and down the Ohio river. The defeat and rout of the army of General St. Clair by the Indians, in November, 1791, was accepted by the people as a sufficient excuse for not having their land surveyed and titles made good. Their worst troubles were to come.

“In the spring of 1792 the directors and agents of the Ohio Company met in Philadelphia, where Congress was then in session, to effect a final settlement of its affairs. After much negotiation Congress passed an act directing that a deed be made to the Ohio Company for the 750,000 acres to which it had the right of entry for the payment it had already made, and for 214,285 acres additional to be paid for in land warrants. One hundred thousand acres, to be located in a compact body adjoining the 750,000-acre tract, was deeded to the directors, in trust, to be donated in one-hundred-acre tracts to actual settlers. While these negotiations were pending there occurred a financial panic in New York. Colonel Duer failed, and was imprisoned for debt. Royal Flint also failed. The contract for the sale of the forfeited shares was surrendered and can-

celled. An earnest effort was made by the directors of the Ohio Company who were or had been parties to the Scioto purchase to have the donation tract located so as to include Gallipolis. In this they failed, and, in fact, it was secured at all only by the casting vote of Vice-President John Adams in the United States Senate. Gallipolis was included in the 750,000-acre tract, the boundaries of which were fixed by the laws of Congress and became at once the property of the shareholders of the Ohio Company. The donation tract was located on the waters of the Muskingum where the Ohio Company had already promised land to men who were performing military duty in its behalf.

“The news of the failure of Colonel Duer, and of the fact that they were occupying lands actually owned by the Ohio Company, were crushing blows to the inhabitants of Gallipolis. They knew nothing of the long story of Colonel Duer’s embarrassments. They only knew that they were far away from their native land, confronted by a savage foe, homeless, friendless, and that some one was to blame.

“In the fall of 1793, M. Jean Gabriel Gervaise went to Philadelphia, and placed the interests of himself and others of the residents of Gallipolis, who had purchased lands of the French society of the Scioto, in the hands of Peter Stephen Duponceau, a Frenchman by birth and a lawyer of high standing. Mr. Duponceau prepared a petition to the Congress of the United States asking for a grant of lands to the French settlers, and offering in their behalf to cede to the United States their claims against the Scioto or Ohio Companies if the prayer of the petition was granted. The petition was referred to the attorney-general, William Bradford, by the senate, with instructions to report upon the validity of the claims of the petitioners against the Scioto or Ohio Companies or other persons, and for the means to be pursued for the obtainment of justice.

“On the 24th of March, 1794, the attorney-general communicated an opinion to the senate that the original right of

purchase of the entire tract included in both the Ohio Company and Scioto contracts was, in his judgment, in the Ohio Company, citing in support of the opinion that that Company had, October 4, 1788, passed a resolution to the effect 'that their right of preëmption of the whole land mentioned in the resolve of congress cannot be justly called in question,' and that if it could be shown that the Ohio Company was a party to the sale in Europe it could not successfully impeach the title of the settlers.

"In May, 1794, the United States Senate passed an order summoning the directors of the Ohio Company to appear before it and show cause why so much of the tract of 750,000 acres deeded to it in 1792 as was sufficient to satisfy the claims of the French settlers should not be forfeited. The directors on receiving the order held a meeting, and passed the following resolution: '*Resolved*, That a particular statement of facts relative to the matter referred to in said order of the senate be made out and transmitted to the Hon. Caleb Strong, Theodore Foster and Jona. Trumbull, Esquires, members of the senate, and Hon. Benjamin Bourn, Uriah Tracy and Dwight Foster, Esquires, members of the assembly, in congress, in order for the better information of congress and others whom it may concern. There is great reason to believe that the business has been grossly misrepresented, either through ignorance or a malicious design to injure the company's interest.

"'*Furthermore, Resolved*, That in our opinion the interest of the company may eventually be much promoted by appointing the aforesaid six gentlemen agents for the directors of the Ohio Company, they or any two of them to act and transact all matters and things relative to the aforesaid order of the senate of the 18th of May, 1794, awarding to their best discretion in as full and ample a manner as the directors of the Ohio Company might or could do were they present; and that a power be made out and executed accordingly.' By the advice of these members no response was made to the order of the

senate. It was a matter over which it had no jurisdiction. The senate took no further action.

“In January, 1795, the survey of the Ohio Company donation tract was completed and offered free in lots of one hundred acres to each settler. Notice by public advertisement was given to the French settlers at Gallipolis, with all others at that place, to come forward by associations or individually and receive lands, if they please.”

“In March, 1795, congress, in consequence of Mr. Duponceau’s petition, passed an act granting 24,000 acres of land in what is now Scioto County, Ohio, to the French settlers over eighteen years of age who would be in Gallipolis on November 1, following. Four thousand acres of this was given to M. Gervaise, being the amount he had originally purchased from the French Society of the Scioto, and the remainder was divided equally among ninety-two persons, each receiving $217\frac{2}{3}$ acres.

“In December, 1795, the shareholders of the Ohio Company held a meeting in Marietta, to make a final division of its lands and other property. The citizens of Gallipolis presented to them a petition, asking that a town site be given to the settlers. This was refused, but fractional sections, twenty-eight and thirty-four in town three, range fourteen, including all improvements, were sold to them at \$1.25 per acre.”

So many New England people settled in Ohio that many of the customs of that region were carried with them. Among these was the observance of Thanksgiving Day. Concerning this day, the following cannot but be of interest :

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION IN OHIO.

For as much as it is incumbent on all men to acknowledge with gratitude their infinite obligations to Almighty God for benefits received, and to implore His superior tending care and providence for future blessings, I have thought proper to set apart a day for that purpose, and do hereby ordain that Thursday, the 25th day of December, be observed as a day of solemn thanksgiving and praise, that the people may, with one voice and sincere hearts, express their grateful sensations, and consecrate themselves to the will and pleasure of their Divine Benefactor; and that together with their acknowledgments, they may unite in humble supplications to Almighty God, that He would be graciously pleased to prosper this infant settlement, and the whole territory in their husbandry, trade and manufactures, and by His own nurturing hand mature and bring to perfection all seminaries of learning, and the promotion and enlargement of piety and true religion amongst all the nations of the earth. And I do prohibit all servile labor on that day.

Given at Marietta, this 17th day of December, A. D. 1788, and in the thirteenth year of the independence of the United States.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR,

Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

By His Excellency's Command,

WINTHROP SARGENT, *Sec'y.*

POEM BY MR. THOMAS BACKUS,

UPON THE OCCASION OF LEVELING THE EARTHWORKS OF THE MOUND-
BUILDERS WHEN THE NEW COURT HOUSE AT TOLEDO WAS BUILT.

Oh, Town! consecrated before
The White man's foot e'er trod our shore,
To battle's strife and valor's grave.
Spare! Oh, spare, the buried brave.

A thousand winters passed away,
And yet demolished not the clay
Which on yon hillock held in trust
The quiet of the warrior's dust.

The Indian came and went again ;
He hunted through the lengthened plain,
And from the mound he oft beheld
The present silent battle field.

But did the Indian e'er presume
To violate that ancient tomb ?
Ah, no! he had the soldier's grace
Which spares the soldier's resting place.

It is alone for Christian hand
To sever that sepulchral band,
Which even to the view is spread
To bind the living to the dead.

LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF PUTNAM, WHIPPLE, TUPPER, NYE, GREEN, SPROAT,
AND OTHERS, BURIED IN THE MOUND BURYING GROUND, MARIETTA.

Tune—“*The Grave of Napoleon.*”

By MRS. F. D. GAGE.

In the “City of Mounds” — by the Beautiful River,
We have laid down our Fathers in silence to sleep;
Above and around them the forest leaves quiver,
While children and kindred bend o'er them to weep.

CHORUS.—The panther's loud scream, or the rifle's sharp rattle,
The wild Indian war-whoop will wake them no
more,
No more for their homes or their country to battle—
Their duty is done and their trials are o'er.

They came and they conquered —(those bold hearted
strangers)

Each foe of the forest — 'mid trials and fears —
And won in the greenwood, abodes free from dangers —
Homes, to our own hearts, still sacred and dear.

CHORUS.—The panther's loud scream, etc.

The carnage of war or the conqueror's glory
Ne'er thrilled them to anguish — nor gave them to fame,
But the lips of their children reëcho the story
Of virtues and honors that burnish each name.

CHORUS.—The panther's loud scream, etc.

Then sound the loud pæan and swell the full chorus
Of honor and praise to those good men and true
Who have passed to the region of glory beyond us,
And a tear to each one as we bid them adieu.

CHORUS.—The panther's loud scream, etc.

NOTE.

On page 118, add :

** **James H. Backus**, son of Henry T. Backus, removed to Santa Paula, California, where he was accidentally killed, December 12, 1889.

On page 121, add :

** **Caroline M. Backus**, a descendant of § Asa Backus, was born April 28, 1831. She married —— Dunlap, and died August 26, 1861.

** **Cynthia M. Backus**, a descendant of § Asa Backus, was born Sept. 23, 1833. Resides at Norwich Town.

ERRATA.

Page 15, “*4 James,” should read *4 Jane.

Page 15, after the word “business,” in twenty-second line, add “after his return to Norwich.”

Page 123, Sarah, daughter of Stephen Backus, was born April, 1668, instead of “April, 1768.”

Page 114, under account of * Sarah Backus, should be Justin Ely, instead of “Austin Ely.”

I NOW come to the end of this little volume, which has occupied me for considerable time, and which I now submit, with some misgivings as to its execution, knowing that there was material, if rightly used, to make an interesting and valuable book; yet realizing that it requires the embellishments of a gifted pen to set forth its remarkable qualities, its romantic and heroic features. The enterprise of the first settlement of Ohio, with its results; the failure in the Scioto Company, and the many striking circumstances preceding and succeeding, are events, which, I trust, will not be wholly devoid of interest on their own account.

These pages will not have been written in vain if the reader is endeared to the principles and enterprise of those who, in 1788, sought homes, and laid the foundation of a state in the new and untrodden, dangerous and *disputed* North-west Territory, and made the first *authorized* settlement in this vast domain. The enterprise was American in its conception and execution. The men who made this first settlement were men of high intelligence; patriotic; strong in their religious principles; ardent in their devotion to the enterprise upon which they had embarked. They went forth as heralds of liberty, learning and freedom, and thus would tolerate no slave fetters within their domains. They, like their predecessors in the days of old, seemed to have been led by the Spirit into the wilderness to make settlements, which, founded in liberty, controlled by law and order, continued to advance in prosperity. There seems to be, indeed,

“ . . . A Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.”

A higher law limits our movements to a certain direction, and guides them in a certain way. The application of this principle to human societies is established by a scientific study of

their history, and affords a philosophic guide for the interpretation of the acts of men, and a prophetic monitor of the future, so far as prophecy is possible in human affairs. Whoever perceives not in the events of the periods to which this book relates the hand of an Almighty Providence in raising up a mighty people to show mankind the sublime heights to which intelligence and liberty could soar, must be blind indeed. May that Providence which conferred liberty upon our ancestors grant that their posterity may never lose their love of it, or cease in the enjoyment of it.

The author, climbing the path of life which never leads backwards, has arrived at the eighty-sixth milestone ; and from the lonely summit of four score and six years gone by, now meets face to face the enigma of life, and surveys the past years of toil and strife, of hopes and fears, of some dreams made real and largest hopes outrun, or of disappointments, which have been his lot. Still, life is not the less ; the heavens are only nearer ; and I commit this brief and imperfect history to the immortal type, hoping my life has not been wholly a blank, and that my endeavors have not been in vain to fill the place assigned me — as far as circumstances would permit — as brother, son and friend.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

FAC SIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF ANCIENT PAPERS.

By His EXCELLENCY

Arthur St. Clair

Esq;

Governor and Commander in Chief of the Territory of
the *United States* North-West of the *River Ohio*.

To *James Backus* Gentleman Greeting.

YOU being appointed an *Ensign* in a *Company* of
the *first Regiment of Militia* in the County of
Washington

By Virtue of the Power vested in me, I do by these Presents (reposing special
Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct) com-
mission you accordingly.---You are therefore carefully and diligently to dis-
charge the Duty of an *Ensign* in leading, ordering and exercising said
Company in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers; and to keep
them in good Order and Discipline: And they are hereby commanded to
obey you as their *Ensign* and you are yourself to observe and
follow the Orders and Instructions as you shall from Time to Time receive
from me or your superior Officers.

GIVEN under my Hand, and the Seal of the said Territory of the United States, the
Third Day of *August* in the Year of our LORD 1788 and of the
Independence of the United States of AMERICA, the *Thirteenth*

By His Excellency's Command,

A. St. Clair
A.

Winthrop Sargent Secretary.

COMMISSION OF JAMES BACKUS AS ENSIGN—(Given by Arthur St. Clair.)

W^m W^m Annual Parish Vote of Norwich drawn in the County of New-Brunswick and King of Great-Britain
we the Elders
in New-England in and by our Parliament in writing under his hand and seal in his last Session by him
will be dated the 23^d Day of July Anno 1733 on Consideration of the Sum of one Hundred pounds Sterling money
of New-England paid by the Treasurers of said Colony did Mortgage to us and confirm unto the Governour and
Company of said Colony four certain Tracts or parcels of Land lying and being within the Township of Norwich upon
at a public Consistory called and known by the name of Grants containing Twenty Eight Acres More or less and bounded
as follows Beginning at the River all a Corner of Mr. Baches his Meadow which he purchased of Richard
Edgerton of said Norwich since buying over this River abutting on the River Southly to the late Lord's and
a half is a Stone Stone Running from the Meadow Northward and by North Westward to the Brook called Bards
Brook to a Stone at the North side of the said True Twenty four Rods Thence up the Brook abutting on the Brook
fourty Rods then back on the Brook Southly to the North side of the said Brook to a Stone to the North side of the said Brook
a Meadow then back on the Brook to a Stone to a White Oak and Southwardly Twenty Eight
Rod to a heap of Stones then back Northwardly on the Highway Twenty three Rods to a heap of Stones thence running Southward and by
a Brook named Ababing Northward on Land belonging to Mr. Thomas Gifford and Edward and James Rods to the said Brook and by
other Land then back on said Meadow forty Rod Southly and westerly to a Stone to the first Corner

And Whereas the Governour of said Colony ~~and~~ all these before him May 1733 did Appoynt
his Honour the Governour and Secretary of said Colony ~~and~~ their being to subscribe to any Mortgage in his Honour the said Governour
of any Land Mortgage for the Security of the money ordered by said Assembly to be raised out of the public Treasury
of said Colony and of the Seal of the Corporation upon full payment of the said mortgage and again in the Month of the
said Governour Baches under the Administration of Mr. Baches Mortgage principles both year in the Treasury of said Colony the
Sum of one Hundred pounds in Bills of Credit of said Colony with interest thereof to the Day of the date of this present Act of the said
next hereunto of Lem Dale Appoynt

Do not therefore know that viz Joseph Talcott Esq^r Governor of said Colony and George Wyllys Secretary of said Colony
in pursuance of said Act of Assembly thereunto made and Law Statute and by their respective Oaths and Power
doth Give unto the Free of the said Samuel Backus Decree for himself and heirs forever and Legally Enjoyned forever all
the Right Estate Title Interest Claim and Demand whatsoever which the said Governor and Company Law had or now have of or to
his or her or their or any part thereof by law or Color of the Statute made for said Henry also Declaring that by
all the Right and Title of the said Governor and Company to the Montego^s premises is fully & absolutely and absolutely
at an End and that the said Montego^s and their heirs and assigns shall have and hold the same with the
Appurtenances thereof free and Clear from the Grievances of the Montego^s spread unto the Free of the said Samuel Backus
except for so far their heirs and assigns forever

In Witness Whereof the Seal of the said Corporation is hereunto Affixed Given under our Hands
at Hartford the 10th Day of May Done 1741

George Wyllys Secy

Talcott Secy

Received this 10th day of May 1741
at the Court of the said Corporation
in the City of Hartford in the County of New Haven
the said Samuel Backus

State of New-York, ss.

By this Public Instrument be it known to all whom the same doth or may concern, that I, Francis Lynch, a Public Notary in and for the State of New-York, by Letters Patent under the great Seal of the said State, duly commissioned and sworn, and in and by the said Letters Patent, invested with full power and authority to attest Deeds, Wills, Testaments, Codicils, Agreements, and other Instruments in writing, and to administer any Oath or Oaths to any person or persons; Do hereby certify that the annexed Certificate signed Saml. Parsons (Agent) is a true Copy of the Original Copy of which is retained in my Office under Page 67. The said Original Certificate and the annexed Copy having been by me Collected & found to agree.

" " " " " "

Whereof an attestation being required, I have granted this under my Notarial Firm and Seal. Done at the City of New-York, in the said State of New-York, this eleventh Day of June - in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-

Quod veritatem attestor.

Francis Lynch
Atty Pub

Copy

April 1. 1788

Deposited this Day in my Hands by Mr James
Backus the sum of One thousand Dollars in Cash
mounted upon Certificates and ten Dollars in Silver
which I promise shall be paid from the Profits
of our Share in the Funds of the Ohio Company & that
his monies shall be paid into the Hands of the
Treasurer when such appointment is made &
in consideration thereof he will be entitled to &
shall receive a just Dividend of all the Lands
purchased for the Company as soon as they are
appropriated by the Directors agreeable to the
Articles of Association - In Attestation whereof
I have signed Duplicate orders, one of which
only is to be in force (signed) Sam: W: Parsons
Agent

T H O M A S F I T C H, Esq;

Captain General, and Commander in Chief
of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut in
N E W - E N G L A N D.

Gen. Greeting.

YOU being by the General Assembly of this Colony Accepted to be *Ensign of the* ~~Company or Regiment in the Town of Norwich~~ ^{Reposing special} Trust, and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage, and good Conduct, I do, by Virtue of the Letters Patents from the Crown of *England* to this Corporation, Me there Charge as their *Ensign* carefully, and diligently to discharge that Trust; Exercising your Inferiour Officers, and *Soldiers* in the Use of their Arms according to the Discipline of War: keeping them in good Order, and Government; and Commanding Them to Obey You as their *Ensign* for His Majesty's Service. And you are to Observe all such Orders, and Directions as from Time to Time you shall Receive either from Me, or from other your Superiour Officer, pursuant to the Trust hereby Reposed in you. Given under my Hand, and the Seal of this Colony, in *Hartford* the ^{28th} Day of *May* In the Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord *G E O R G E* the Second, KING of Great Britain, &c. Annoque Domini, 1755

By his Honour's Command,
George Wyllys Secy.

Thos Fitch

T H O M A S F I T C H, Elq;
Captain General, and Commander in Chief
of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut in
N E W - E N G L A N D.

To *Esq. Ebenezer Backus* Gent. *Grating.*

YOU being by the General Assembly of this Colony Accepted to be *Lieutenant of the 2^d Company of Foot in the Town of Norwich* Reposing special Trust, and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage, and good Conduct, I do, by Virtue of the Letters Parents from the Crown of England to this Corporation, Me there unto Enabling, Appoint, and Impower you to take the said *Company* into your Care, and Charge as their *Lieutenants* carefully, and diligently to discharge that Trust; Exercising your Inferiour Officers, and *Soldiers* in the Use of their Arms according to the Discipline of War: keeping them in good Order, and Government; and Commanding Them to Obey You as their *Lieutenants* for His Majesty's Service. And you are to Observe all such Orders, and Directions as from Time to Time you shall Receive either from Me, or from other your Superior Officer, pursuant to the Trust hereby Repoted in you Given under my Hand, and the Seal of this Colony, in *November* the *15th* Day of *November* In the *Twenty ninth* Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord G E O R G E the Second, KING of Great Britain, &c. Annoque Domini, 1755

By his Honor's Command,
George Fitzhugh
Secy.

Thos. Fitch

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