

In 1832 father bought an ecleptic spring carriage, with a swell body. The two seats facing and one in front were cushioned with blue broadcloth. One summer day there was a menagerie at Jake-way's Corners. Father was a justice of the peace and had to sign the permit to let them exhibit their animals. He was also privileged to take all his family. It was in haying time and he had ten men at work. Father told the men to take the large wagon and all go, giving them their time. Father took the girls, young and old, in the new carriage. When all were there father stood them in a row, himself standing at the entrance. As the family passed in the keeper put out his hand on each one, saying "This one? This one?" till all had passed; then he told father he thought he had a pretty large family, causing much laughter. I can remember yet the great demand for palm leaf fans that day. In 1834 father bought the eight-day clock, with carved frame and eagles on the top, paying sixty dollars for it. I wound it every Sunday morning. Helena Jilson Weyburn has it now in her library, minus the eagles.

We children went to a private school, kept by a Miss Horton, a fine cultured lady. As there was five of us who could attend, father felt it paid in more ways than one, as she was a desirable companion for the older girls. Another year we had a Miss Hoyt, also a good teacher.

In November, 1831, Brother Aaron was born; and in September, 1834, Sister Lydia Jane. They were the youngest and naturally favorites with us all. Thus had my parents made a place for themselves and reared their brood in a new and untried land. The rest of the story is not so very different from that of many another family who grew up in the same western country. The children were married and found other homes; my mother, as the circle became larger, was still busier, while my father's affairs became more complicated. As farmer, country squire, store keeper and boat owner, he was known and respected and loved far beyond the narrow circle of his own village. It would not be possible, neither would it be interesting for me, to recall all that happened in the years which followed to the various members of our family. Many things I do recall, however,—some trivial, some important,—which the reader may pardon my setting down in the same fragmentary sort of way that I have been compelled to use in my previous narrative. My father was away much of the time, and sometimes we children would not see him for several days. He never forgot, however, to bring something in the way of presents for us. I well remember one time when he brought home three watermelons late at night. One of them fell out of his arms and split into a dozen pieces, and then what a scrambling out of bed for the pieces! One time he brought home from New York