

(6th) B-80/B:

Copy of "An Account of MY Life" written 1851 by Rev. Samuel Harlow M.D. 28Aug1804  
 held by <sup>(9th) B171</sup> S. Ralph Harlow 20Jul1885, who sent me a typed copy in Sep1958. That copy  
 was given to Harlow Family Association President Elmer Harlow at Plymouth MA in Jan 1979.

Original  
page  
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1 I was born in the SE part of ORy, in what is now called the Town of Monroe. The place in which I was born is known as the Valley Farm, then owned by my f, is now the property of Joseph Booth. It is situated in a deep valley between two Mts, and is a section of country romantic and picturesque in a high °. I was born 28Aug1804. My f's name was Samuel HA, and I, youngest of 5 sons, was called after my f. He had but one brother; his name was Stephen, who is still living in ORy. He has long been remarkable for his piety. My f also had 2 sis: Sarah and Mary, Sarah m Daniel Bull, a Quaker; Mary m Abimel Youngs - they both lived in ORy, but both have been dead several yrs. My mo name was Phebe Vail. St the time of her m she l r with her mo nr GOS. My mo had several sb: Samuel and Joseph were the bro. My gf Vail was R, slain at Mencaesink vs Indians and British, led by Brandt. My gf name was Joseph VAIL. My gf paternal was Stephen. He was of English des, R wounded at Ft Montgomery. My f was a farmer, & so was Stephen. gf VAIL was a weaver - his oldest s, my Uncle Sam VAIL, was a very pious man, a weaver, who lived and d on place born. He lived to a very old age. The first

2 recollection I have of anything was going to the field with my f and bros to plant corn. Perhaps the reason why I remember this was from being whipped for wasting corn.

My parents had 12 ch, 5s & 7 du. 2 du d y - the rest all lived to grow up and m. My eldest bro, Nathan, learned the clothier's trade. He m Anna Davis of ORy. They had 2s & 2du, who lived to grow up & m. Nathan long served as a Justice of the Peace, and made a very efficient officer. My 2nd bro Arnout learned the blacksmith's trade & m Sally Meltspaugh. He had 4s to live. My 3rd bro John was a school tchr & m a lady named KING late in life. He had only one s. My 4th bro was Johnathan Tuttle, m Maria Etting of ULY. They had several ch. My oldest sis was Mary, remarkable for beauty and song. She m Silas Hawkins of ORy, They had 2du and one s. My 2nd sis was Fanny, m Henry TUTTLE of ULY. She d in ch-bed with her first ch and left no ch. My 3rd sis was Julian, m Dr. James McMillen - and also d at birth of 1st ch. My 4th sis, Sally, m Benj Lears DECKER of ORy. They mt Cleveland OH, where she d at birth of her 4th ch - left 4 ch. My youngest sis, Phebe Eliz m Geo WATKINS, a young widower, in OH. At this time she has 2 or 3 ch.

3 When I was c 2 yr ae my f sold his VALLEY FARM at Town of Monroe and bought the Old Homestead - the farm on which my gf lived when my f was born and where he r until he m. Then my gf sold and r with his s Stephen. From this period my f lived on hired farms until he bought the Valley Farm. Some yrs a, hearing that the farm of my gf was for sale, he bought and mt it. This was a valuable place in a pleasant neighborhood of c 75 A in WLK. It had an excellent well of pure water, a bubbling stream ran close by, and the Otter Creek bounded it on the E & N - a stream c 4 rods wide, well-stocked with fish. On this lovely spot my infantile yrs were passed, & a good part of my youth. The happenings enjoyed there in youthful sports are indelibly impressed upon my mind, nor do I think they will ever be forgotten. Here passed the yrs of no sorrow or fear. And many is the time since that I have thought of that lovely spot, and ardently longed to obtain the means to make it mine. Here in work or play - more play than work - hunting, fishing, swimming, skating and many ~~and~~ other amusements my youthful days flew rapidly by; and soon brought around the time to leave to r among strangers. Here I 1st went to school. I never loved it in my young days - and never loved learning until I was a young man, when a desire for info beset me at once. But by then, I was too old for sch & I had to learn without a tchr. The 1st sch I attended with any regularity was kept by an old maid named Julia Skidmore. Her story is that of many unfortunates in this world Julia

4 of sin & sorrow. Her f was once well off. He bought my gf farm at WLK, the pl where my youth was spent. But in less than 15 yrs he spent it in intemperance. When the farm was sold for the debt, my f bought it and Julia Skidmore - a bright, virtuous, lovely girl, was compelled to tch sch. The usual effect followed - she remained u. When I started at her sch, she must have been 30/40 yrs ae. No one wished to m the du of a

drunkard - the portionless Julia, the School Mistress - and she remained u. But she was gentle & kind as the mild eve breezes. By her gentle disposition and kindness, she almost won even me to love sch. I never enjoyed myself so well in any sch I attended ! Often she was at my f's home, an agreeable associate to all the family. My mo often joked her c m. She had a very tiny blk tea pot, which she said she would give to Julia on her weddding day. That day never came, and the tea pot - or at least the lid - came into my possession after I m, and remained a long time there. What finally came of the calm, lonely Julia, I do not know. I have but little doubt that long before this she has gone to a brighter and sweeter world - where the streams of life incident to an aged lonely female no longer beat upon her unprotected head. Like 1000s of others, her sorrows were most traceable to the intemperance of her unfortunate f. I can never forget her - tho yrs have rolled by. I never see a lonely old maid but I think of her & the delight I enjoyed in her sch.

5 c this time my mo and sis made a Spinning Bee. It was conducted - One of my bro was on a horse, with a bag of flax and tow ready for spinning before him, done up in bundles of about a lb ea. Thus equipped, he called at the door of every family for several mi around, and offered a bundle of flax or tow to any member of the pl who would receive it - informing ea of the day when the Bee would be held. About 2PM that day, they began to assemble, & all had ar by 4 PM. The afternoon and eve were spent in various amusements. The young men played ball, pitched quoits, hopping or throwing the shoulderstone. In the eve dancing was common at most pl; by my folks were religious & danicing was not permitted. So they amused themselves other ways - with plays, displays and having tea - and at midnight retired to their homes.

c this time my sis Julia, then c 3 yrs ae came nr drowning by the overturning of a load of grain she was riding while crossing Otter Creek. The whole load turned over on her in the middle of the stream. But a kind providence saved her. As the load dumped her, she seized hold of a sheaf of grain, and getting on top, kept her head out of water until rescued. Sometime after that I met with a severe accident by falling from a nut tree into which I had climbed to gather nuts., another example of the danger of Sabbath breaking. On returning to the house, mo asked where had we been ? We told her and she said "You see now the sin and danger of disobedience and of breaking the Sabbath. I hope you will take warning by

6 this providence, and in future yrs to keep the Sabbath holy." Tho in after yrs I often forgot this good advice, yet it was never entirely lost to me.

One summer season, being at sch with many other ch, there came up a heavy thunder storm. Lightning struck a lg oak tree nr the sch hse - the shock was severe, overturning several benches in the room. We were so scared, all of us left at once in a string in the midst of the storm in spite of the calls of the Madam and ran with allspeed to a nr hse. There the kind old lady, fearful we would catch cold, brought out the everlasting brandy bottle and made all of us take a dram. The constant use ofxspirits in those times among all classes and for all complaints produced the most dreadful consequendes in later yrs. The oldest s of this very woman, called "Aunt Jenny" for her kind, mo ways, d a drunkard. He as an eyesore many yrs to his folks, and a pest to the pl.

One Saturday night, my bro John and a cousin took their horses to go courting. The horse my bro rode was very skittish. On returning home late at night, they came to a bridge over Otter Creek, and in crossing my cousin rode ahead. His horse tipped up a plank by walking on one end. This so frightened my bro's horse that he jumped over the railing into the stream, breaking the girth of the saddle and throwing John into the stream beside his horse. Being a good swimmer, although hurt somewhat, he swam to shore in time to catch his horse and

7 ride home. It was a narrow escape, as the creek was high and the water cold. This reminds me of another that happened abut the same time. My maternal Uncle, Joe VAIL, a weaver by trade, GB, was subject to seasons of intemperance, & when a little intoxicated, was ready for anything. There was a tavern on the E side of Otter Creek, c a mi from my f's pl via Campbell Hall Bridge; but by crossing the creek in a boat, or fording, it was only 1/2 that distance. One time, Unle Joe, having been at the tavern and become intoxicated, came to the creek towards night and halloood for the boat. All of our men were away, and mo, hearing the call, went to the creek, and saw Uncle Joe in the midst

of the stream, swimming for dear life for the W shore. But as the creek was pretty well up, and he was quite drunk, he nearly drowned in her sight. When about 2/3 across his strength appeared to fail. mo, getting a long pole, and holding it out to him when about to sink, pulled him to shore. In the eve, when the family had assembled, Uncle Joe gave a description of his adventure, now partly sobered by his cold bath, and with a hearty supper under his belt - as he described his feelings, he wept like a ch at the thought of the danger he had escaped. He was a strange being - there were none more common-place nor more calm when sober. But, when intoxicated, there were none more acute in feeling eloquent description and more ready to melt into tears. Very still when sober; but very talkative when excited by liquor. But

8 he would not befooled. If he saw any one was inclined to ridicule his conversation, he would stop at once, and not another word would he say. If anyone attempted to, by saying, "Go on, Uncle Joe", he would reply, "Its a damn fool tells all he knows", and get up and leave the room. His face was strangely drawn awry when he wept, and his little finger on his right hand was singularly cramped and drawn aside from the rest, so that you could always tell when his feelings were hurt, or when he was inclined to weep, by the placement of that little finger.

One day, while I was a sm boy, I found my mo in tears in a bedroom. When my f came in, he said to mo "mo (for he often called her that), what is the matter?" She replied, "I feel distressed at the way we are spending this day - a day of fasting and prayer should be differently spent. And when I think how much cause we have to fast and pray, on a/c of our sins, I cannot help but weep when I see the whole family engaged in every day business." My f was deeply moved. He sat down on the chest, by the side of my mo, & leaning his head upon his hands, said nothing for some time. At last, rising up and walking to and fro across the rm, he said, "I approve your feelings. I feel sorry that I did not lay aside my work, go to Ch & spend the day as we should; but as it is in the midst of harvest, and my grain suffers for want of care, I thought I ought to try to get it into the barn." My mo said "But your grain may be no safer in the barn." He replied, "I know it, but as my men are now in the field, the wagon and horses at the door, I do not see that I can well chg our proceedings now - but I hope, if we live to see another fast day, I shall remember my

9 feelings on this, and have grace to do better." He walked slowly to the door, got into the wagon and drove to the harvest field. My mo remained a long time in the room, all alone, no doubt in earnest prayer to God for his blessing.

My folks were Presbyterians, members of the Ch at GOS. My f's oldest sis, Sally, m Daniel BULL, a Quaker and strongly attached to the sect. They often visited at our hse, but seldom without a contest between Uncle Daniel and my f on religion. As they were of peaceable disposition, especially my f, the did not often get out of humor. When they would almost quarrel, Aunt Sally would show her broad funny face and knowing smile, her head adorned with the plain Quaker cap, and laying her finger on my Uncle's shoulder, would say, "Why Daniel, Thee should know better than to quarrel with Sam ! His religion permits him to fight, you know, but thine does not. I will surely report thee to the meeting." Usually this was said in so funny a way that everyone broke into laughter, and Uncle Daniel, putting on his broad-brimmed hat, would say, "Sally, Thee is always on hand when thee is least wanted" - and he would march off to the barn to look at the horses, or to examine the fields of the farm. Tho many a contest was thus stopped by Aunt Sally's interference, Uncle Daniel never failed to put on his broad  
10 brim whenever he was called to table, and be sure to keep it there, or hold it before his face while my f asked a blessing. Then, laying it gently down upon the floor by his side, would begin the contest anew, by saying to my f "Sam, didThee hear Ben Franklin's remarks to his f, about saying grace at table"? "Yes, Daniel," replied my f, "and a very impertinent, if not profane remark it was too." "Oh no, Sam", my Uncle would reply, "I consider it very much to the purpose." By this time my watchful Aunt, seeing where things were heading, would say "Sam, Sam, Thee and Daniel, just please to stop this palaver. I'm agoing to be the spokesman now." And, turning to my mo, she would add, "Phebe, did you ever see such snarling puppies ? I tell thee what, good friends, I know more about this matter than thee all." And, bu turning the conversation to another topic, all unkindness would soon be forgotten while laughing at her funny remarks.

Scenes of this kind I witnessed over and over again, either at our home, or at Uncle Daniel's. But neither party ever made a convert of the other - they only seemed to become more and more confirmed in the truth of their own system. As the yrs passed and they grew older, their arguing became milder and more forbearing. And always, their last words at parting were, "Sam & thee and Phebe must come soon", or - "Uncle Daniel, you and Sally must not stay away too long - come soon." And they always parted as good friends. Those were happy times for me. The calm and yet funny face of Aunt Sally was like a clear day after a storm.

Among our neighbors were two Booth families - brothers, who agreed in nothing but their opposition to  
 11 religion, and in narrating their exploits. The oldest was a great hunter, or had been in his day according to his belief; the younger was anxious to be considered a philosopher. I have spent many hrs at my home, or at ~~at~~ <sup>the</sup> oldest bro's home, listening to their stories - bears killed, foxes chased, pigeons shot at one discharge, and hair-breadth escapes. My memory is so treacherous, I can only remember one of his stories. By some means or other he had caught a grey fox. He threw him on his shoulder, holding fast to his hind legs. He carried it several mi towards home, when all at once he felt a short stinging pain in the back, which made him jump and loose hold of the legs. It fell to the ground, he supposed, but on turning, he saw ~~running~~ <sup>it</sup> away as fast it could go. He said there was a good deal of cunning in foxes - that this one had only pretended to be dead until he saw a good chance of escaping. The elder Booth was a lg, hale old man who used a cane more on a/c of the honor it gave him than for any particular need for it. Even tho his talk was vs religion, his religious privileges were considerable. His wf was a professor and a very pious woman. He had a negro, too, named York, who was not only a professor, but remarkably adorned by Chr'stian character; so that, Mr. Booth was not without calls to repentance. But it had no effect, and he lived to see the evil effects of his opposition to the gospel in the ruin of his oldest s, who lived,  
 12 I believe, and died a drunkard. His wf was an excellent nurse, and when any were sick, the first thing was to send for "Aunt Jenny". She embraced every opportunity to direct any anxious, afflicted sinner to the Lamb of God. And tho she had the indifference of her husband to contend with, she saw most of her du brought to know the Lord. She often visited my mo - and I observed them many times talking of the goodness of God and weeping for joy at the prospect of the brighter world above. Many a time I, or one of my bro, were sent with a message to Aunt Jenny - "Mother is sick, and would be glad to have Aunt Jenny come to see her" or "Mo is alone and would be glad to have Aunt Jenny come and take tea with her this afternoon."

The other Booth bro was a very different character, who longed to be a philosopher. He had some old philosophical books, and seemed anxious to understand and search into the mysteries of nature. He would sit for hrs and give nature talks - the habits of the bee, or any animal. One time the two bros had caught an opossum, and brought it home alive. The next day Jesse Booth was sent to see it. It was placed before him. He gave a long talk about it - its pouch, where it hid its young, etc. But the scene de-  
 13 generated into a ridiculous one when the opossum, in the presence of everyone, debauched the philosopher's hands with a free discharge from the bowels. A roar of laughter followed, the lecture ended and the indecent animal removed.

Jesse Booth had a very kind and pious wf, who survived him by many yrs. She was highly respected and beloved for her piety and goodness of heart. She was called "Aunt Dolly". Outwardly, both of these bros were moral men, and kind neighbors. They were <sup>successful</sup> farmers. They seemed to dischg their duties to their fellow-men, but their duty to God was entirely neglected. They have long since gone to their a/c. I never heard they had chg their views, & I suppose they d as they lived - strangers to God. Both left ch, who copied their parents, the girls like their mo and the s like their f. So the saying of Solomon is true - "Train up a ch in the way it should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

A clever, kind cheerful <sup>man</sup> named Jemmy Hewson r in neighborhood. Whether drunk or sober (& he was often drunk) none could be more

14 kind, obliging and cheerful than he. He was all life and animation, but his wf was just opposit - very still, reserved, yet kind-hearted and patient as the day is/bng/ She must have often wept in secret over the intemperance of her hus, yet I never heard it produced any hardness between them. He always seemed to think much of his wf and often spoke her praises, especially when intoxicated. A favorite expression was, "I have the best wf in all ORy". When I was a boy, I visited there once with my mo and other friends. Uncle Jemmy (as we called him) drank pretty ~~much~~ freely that eve, & by bedtime was quite tipsy. When we took our departure, he very earnestly invited us to come again soon - and as we left, he was shouting "I have the best wf in all ORy"

This introduction to Uncle Jemmy commends the patient and forebearing conduct of his wf. It did not keep him from drinking, yet I have no doubt it kept him from going to greater excesses and made life more pleasant than it might have otherwise been. I am inclined to think that few hus are ever reformed by their wf - but generally increases the evil. Mrs. Hewson was long respected for her patience and kindness towards her hus, but at last ~~she~~ she d, having lived just long enuf to see all their property squandered. Uncle Jemmy survived his good wf a few yrs, supported by the charity of his friends.

Uncle Jemmy's bro was a sober, upright man - and his du (who was a yr or two younger than I) had flaxen hair, fat face and rosy cheeks, She was my first love. Her name was Sally Ann. I tried in many ways to show my regard for her; and I was laughed at for having fallen in love so young, and chosen a wf. But such was not to be. The Lord ordered otherwise. When I was 12 yrs ae my f sold his farm and moved far away. When I grew old and re-visited the old scenes of my childhood, she was not there. She had m and moved away. Her hus became a drunkard, and she d early in life. Such is the uncertainty of life. How foolish are many of the resolves made in youth. Happy for us if we are wise enuf to see their folly, and abandon them.

16 The only wealthy man in the neighborhood was Mr. Barber, who ~~l~~ r in a brick hse, the only one for several mi around. His one s did as most s of the rich do - he ran thru the property nearly as speedily as his f had accumulated it. He was permitted to go into company very young. He acquired a taste for horse racing and drinking, and soon was reduced to poverty. s of farmers in moderate circumstances grew up to respectability and usefulness. By their industry they added to their inheritance. But George Barber, the only s of the rich f, born to wealth and idleness, soon spent allthat his f had left him. He remained a pauper, a curse to the community. So, it is dangerous to allow young people to go into company when young & allow them free use of money at that time. I have seen many a youth ruined who was born to wealth and idleness - but if they had been compelled to go to work for a living, they would, in all p, become industrious men & useful citizens. Reader, shun idleness as you would the plague. Seek to be constantly employed in some useful busin ess. The idle are not only useless, but miserable and a burden to the community.

When I was c 12 yrs ae, an occurence took place that greatly moved all the family. My bro John had always r at home & worked on the farm. He was industrious & respected by all who knew him. When he became of age, he went to Sch for a yr to improve his education, which had been neglected by his farm work. When the yr was up, he came home and said, "I desire to go to sea. I want f to let me have my share of the property now, and permit me to go to sea." The parents remonstrated, wept and reasoned - all to no avail. Joh, their beloved John, who had always been so ~~obedient~~ obedient could not be moved in his  
17 purpose. He must become a sailor. Finally, after much talk, the parents saw he was determined, and they gave their reluctant consent. \$ 500 was given to him, and amidst many tears he departed for NYC. It almost broke my mo heart; and f, too, brooded over it.

After some wks we rec'd a letter stating that John had got the berth of super-cargo on board a vessel going to China; that he had laid out his money in a venture and that he would p be gone 2 yrs or more. We feared we would never see him again. But, about 3 mo later, without sending word, he suddenly came home. He told us that after some months at sea they met another ship that belonged to the company, returning

with a s of one of the owners on board, who was sick, and who desired to have my bro return to NY with him - & he had done so. Altho, until this time, noen of the family ever had reason to doubt the truth of John; yet now some of us doubted the truth of this story. None knows to this day if it is true or false; but most of the family believed.

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After being at home several wks, John returned to NY; and after 2 or 3 mo my f recd a letter stating he was about to sail again - this time to the West India Is. Again, we were surprized when he came home a few wks later. This time, he told of being ship-wrecked, escaping only with his life. We could hardly believe it, and had John re-tell the ship-wreck story many times. From what occurred to John in after yrs, I have reason to doubt whether or not he had ever been to sea. But his story may have been true.

By this time, 1815, my f had sold the farm in ORy and bought another in Uly at Tuthill Town. There was an empty store on this farm, and as all the family were averse to John leaving home again to go to sea, he concluded to set up a small store. So, geeds were bought (mostly on credit), a sign painted and raised over the door, while the family hoped that John had given up his roving habits and settled down. He was a pleasant man and everyone who knew him wished to have him near them.

He attended to the care of this store business for about 3 mo. He borrowed a horse and wagon of f to go to Newburgh to pay he debt, he said - but he disappeared for more than 2 yrs. As we expected him back in one day, and he failed to return the next day, and for time after - the family was

19 greatly alarmed, and great excitement was produced in the neighborhood by it. We knew he had some money, and we feared he might have been murdered. The folks were greatly disturbed, and no one can tell how much they suffered until the mystery of his disappearance was cleared up. Men were sent searching in every direction - to NYC Phila et al - all to no avail. Many and strange stories were told about him. One was that he had been seen running wild in the woods, with his clothing half torn from his back - & almost a 100 others about as absurd. Secretly, many of our family began to think that John was crazy - he had such strange conduct. The horse and wagon were finally found after many weeks at a tavern in Elizabeth Town NJ, where John had left them, telling the landlord that someone would call for them. We were sure then that he was alive, and we gave up looking for him. Why he did this - disappearing act we'll never know, as he never gave an explanation to us.

20 After c 2 yrs my f recd a letter from John postmarked at a pl not far from the great bend of the Susquehannah river, stating he was sick and wanted to return home, if someone would come after him. f went to get him, but on the eve before f arrived at the house where he lay sick, John had left in the night, while the household was asleep - and no one knew where he might have gone. With a heavy heart, f pd the bill, recd a letter from the du of the hse to be delivered to John, and returned home. Again the family was distressed when f came back without John - but suddenly, a few days later, John appeared - he had returned home.

Innumerable questions were asked, to no avail. All I heard him explain was, "Don't ask me, for I do not remember anything about it. It is all just like the wind to me." He was feeble and poorly clothed. We nursed him, had the Dr. examine him, bought new clothing. The sad and melancholy look bdggan to disappear - and after a while his cheerfulness returned, and he began to see company again.

21 After some wks, he mt Uncle Daniel Bull's, and took a sch, tch fiathfully for more than 3 yrs. He studied Latin & Greek - and he courted, and m a lady by the name of KING, who was younger than he was. They kept their own hse and he continued tch. c 6 mo a m the great race between the "Eclipse" and "Sir Henry" was run on LI. John told his wf that as he desired to have a little recreation, he would dismiss sch and go to the race. She did not object, and he went - his wf chg him not to stay away long. That chg was in vain, for he did not return in 3 or 4 yrs. After 2 or 3 wks, his wf broke up hsekeeping and returned to her f's home. She had a s after some mo, whom she named Stephen Bull HARLOW. I believe he is now living in MI. When John left, his sch affairs were unsettled - which led many of us to wonder about his sanity. His con-

versation was as calm and consistent as any one's - so what induced him to go away this time, no one could conjecture. Some surmised a difficulty between him and his wf but nothing of the kind was ever observed in their conduct towards ea other. He was prosperous at this time, and had money ahead; also very much respected and beloved, as he was by every one who formed his acquaintance. It is still a mystery.

22 Early in the day, sometime in 1827, my f was sitting on the piazza at the front of the hse when he saw a stranger coming sloly over the bridge and approach the hse. He walked very slowly and appeared to be feeble - poorly dressed. Coming to the steps of the porch he said, "Good Merning", and sat down on the steps with a sigh. When my f questioned him, he arose and said, "f, do you not know me?" It was John, the long lost son had returned. He was sick, feeble and poor, but apparently sober. He had never been known to make any use of spirituous liquors. He was taken in, put to bed and cared for. He looked so sad and broken down - so chg from the bright, cheerful young man he was a few yrs before. No one could find the matter with him - either he could not, or would not, tell.

23 After some wks wks and regained in strength, he visited his wf at a friends home and took some little notice of his ch - It was a short visit, and he never saw his family again. Because again, in a few days, he took off - and we have never seen or heard from him again - now more than 20 yrs! It's all a mystery - he had been so steady in his youth, beloved by all who knew him, so moral and temperate in his life. He had taught at many sining schools - his voice was remarkably soft and sweet, both in song and conversation. Towards his latter days, before he left the last time, it had a melancholy sound, while very sweet, was very affecting. Poor John, I fear his wonderings are over; I would give much to know the mystery of his life.

His conduct caused great grief to his family, especially the parents. My mo often said that many a night she had lain awake, thinking and praying for John. They grew old rapidly after 1827. It's all the more strange, considering his temperate character. As far as any of us knew, he never drank nor gambled. While at home, he was so kind and considerate of others - having the greatest regard for the welfare of the parents and their happiness; it was just "out of character" for him to leave and neglect them so when he disappeared those times. So, I can a/c for it only by supposing he was at times subject to a kind of insanity. But if that is true, no one ever suspected it by his conversation, manner or anything else, excepting his strange course of life.

24 Whatever became of the \$ 500, which was given him when he first went to sea still remains a mystery. He said he had laid it out in the purchase of goods for the China market on his first voyage, but he never heard from it, recd no returns, so we hold some doubts about it. He was very averse about giving any info about it - just like he was about telling of his travels. When pressed to tell, he would become very silent, hang his head, sigh deeply, and either say he could not tell - it was like wind to him; or else give an explanation that <sup>was</sup> impossible to understand. So the hopes and promise of his young manhood only brought disappointment to all.

25 When I was c 16 yrs ae, my sis Fanny m Henry TUTHILL, a merchant. The next Spring he rented the storehouse on my f's farm in Tuthill Town, and commenced business. He needed a clk & persuaded my f to permit me to enter his store as clerk, for food and clothing. I enjoyed myself 2 yrs there. I was better dressed than I used to be, and had as much spending money as I chose. I must condemn the practice of taking change from the till for my expenses without informing my bro in law of it. True, he was to allow me spending money, and he did so by permitting me to take it just when I pleased. And I did so. But, now I think, I ought to have asked his permission and showed him the amount each time. But he never complained of my extravagance, and I had 2 happy years there. During that time my sis d and Henry TUTHILL sould this store and went into other business. I was out of employment. As I had always been somewhat sickly, my parents urged me to return to work on the farm - that I must have some easy trade or profession. But, I went out in search of some employment elsewhere, traveling on foot. I first went to MTG, where I called on several stores. Nut I was a stranger, and awkward in my

manners, so I could find no one who wanted to employ me. After dinner I went to NWB, arriving about sundown. I knew a resident there ~~was~~, a shoemaker, so I went to his ~~shop~~ shop, and on invitation stayed all night at his hse. The next day, I tried again, but could find no offers for employment. I concluded I had searched long enuf, and hitched a ride home, glad to have a home to return to !

- 26 That journey was the extent of my travels in search of a fortune. When I arrived home, my parents had concluded to educate me as a Physician. I gladly accepted the offer. I began studies with our family physician, Dr. John Young. The 1st yr I studied at home and recited my lessons at the Doctor's office. After a year, I prevailed upon my f to permit me to go to MTG to study with Dr. Miltspaugh; and I studied under him for the next 2 yrs. In the fall and winter of 1824 I attended lectures at Medical College at Castleton VT. My roommates were Governear Miltspaugh and Moses Hart. The lectures finished in Jan 1825, and we returned home. Stage took us to Catskill on the Hudson, where we took a steam boat. It was my first trip on a steamboat. We landed at NWB, and I hurried home. In Apr 1825 I was examined by a Committee of <sup>four</sup> Medical men at MTG. My examination was unanimously sustained. I was only 20 yrs ae, so could not obtain a state license. But nonetheless I commenced practice at Cornwall ORY, where I boarded with a Deacon of the Pres Ch named Smith. I was greatly benefited by his pious conversation and example. It was under his influence during the summer of 1825 that I was converted, and passed from death to life. Still I did not connect myself with the Ch until 2 yrs later. I delayed because of doubts in my mind, and ignorance about the duty and importance of a public profession. I wanted to be perfect before entering the Ch;
- 27 but I discovered after a while that my hopes of perfection were never likely to be realized in this life; that the longer I waited, the more I seemed to wander. Desirous of glorifying the name of God, and of uniting myself with His people, I set to work. On the 14th of May 1825 I was examined for a license to practice medicine, and on the 28 of May I was m. c 1st Jull 1825 I commenced the practice of medicine nr village of Bethlehem ORY, and c 1 Sep I kept house, having rented a couple of rms from a Mr. Conklin. In the summer of 1826 to Monroe ORY and entered partnership with Dr. Andrews there. I had a very extensive practice, but not very profitable. The practice was among poor folks emp at the Iron furnaces there. The roads were mountainous and rough. At the end of the first year I left the partnership and mt Smithfield, Pike County PA. I X r c 5 mi N of Stroudsburgh, nr Landers' Four Corners. During the 2 yrs there, I joined the Pres Ch, under Rev. Force. I assisted in establishing a Sunday Sch, the first there, and I began to pray in public & exhort sinners to repentance. My ch Parr was born there.
- 28 Sometime in 1828, we left and mt Dashville Uly. While the hse was being built, & my wf r with her mo nr Old Paltz. While there, she && had typhus fever for many wks. After the hse was finished, she was nearly able to ride, but lest it might be dangerous for her in her weak state to move into a new hse, my sis and I first moved in, and kept good fires to dry the walls, during the month of Nov. 2 wks after moving in, both of us took fever. I became so reduced that I did very little that winter. My sis recovered sooner than I. To this day, I have not recovered from the effects of that sickness. From my youth I had been subject to dyspepsy, and after this sickness my stomach was worse still. I had to be very careful what I ate - nothing sweet or sour, without having bad effects. A variety of remedies were tried, to no avail. Neither did dieting do any good. Opium alone gave quick, constant relief; and next to opium, exercise gave the best relief. I am inclined to believe that for most dyspepsia, regular and proper bodily exercise, with friction of the bowels is the best remedy.
- 29 As to any ~~remedy~~ internal remedy, I found none that gave any lasting benefit excepting opium or laudanum.

## 29 His Address of Exhortation to the Local Militia -

American Soldiers - Volunteers of the Village of Samsonville !

At the request of your Captain I address you on this occasion, only regretting that I am not able to make my speech more acceptable and profitable. Gentlemen, let me congratulate the officers and men constituting this Company on their success. Their general good appearance, their soldier-like bearing, and the promise you give of becoming an efficient Company. It seems to me, that for a Company so recently organized, you promise to become an honor to this place, and I trust also in time the faithful defenders of your country and her wise and free institutions. One thing has especially pleased me - your general sobriety. A faithful soldier should avoid the intoxicating bowl, for a drunken soldier is neither able to defend himself, or his country.

Gentlemen, as I have observed you marching through the village and have noticed your military array and soldier-like appearance, and have listened to the music of the fife and drum, with which I was so familiar in my early days, my heart has been filled with emotions, which I trust neither a Christian or a patriot need be ashamed. Gentlemen, I ought to be a true American, for I am the s of R sires. Both my grand sires were R. One fell in battle with the Indians led by Brandt, never more to rise, and the other fell dangerously wounded at the taking of Ft. MTG on the North river. Also, an elder bro of mine was in the last war that this country had with England. The trying scenes they passed through were retold to my youthful ears. Is it any wonder then Gentlemen, when I first observed your military array that my heart beat with emotions too big for utterance ?

30 Gentlemen, I wish you success in your enterprise. May love to God and to your country make you the firm defenders of the civil and religious freedom we enjoy. Remember, Gentlemen, what that freedom cost, and I hope the remembrance thereof will make you firm in the day of battle - true as steel to your country and God; and as the defenders of your country's institutions, you will stop at no sacrifice to perpetuate the same unimpaired to your posterity, as they have been handed down to you by those noble sires and patriots of our country, who fought and bled and died to secure them for you.

American Soldiers - Volunteers of the Village of Samsonville !

Let me say in conclusion: May the blessing of God rest upon you. Be faithful Christians - Obedient Citizens, and bold and victorious soldiers - true as Washington; brave as Jackson, and successful as Scott.

Success to the Volunteers of Samsonville !

(Samsonville was a small hamlet nr Shokan ULy.)