

Memoirs of Thomas D. Tubbs 1874

The following sketches of a busy life, were written by me (Thomas D. Tubbs) in the winter of 1873-4, merely for a pastime. It is written entirely from memory, as I never kept a diary, and contains some of the most important events of my life.

I was born August 11th, 1793, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, at a place called Picaway Creek. My father was left an orphan at an early age, and consequently, was reared by strangers of whom we know but little or nothing. This was ten years after the close of the Revolutionary struggle, and, very likely, times were a great deal different from now. It appears that my father removed from Lancaster County to Center County, when I was six weeks old, and resided there till my mother died, which was sometime in August 1798. I do not remember the day of the month she died, but I remember it was on Sunday, at the time my brother (George) was born. Father broke up keeping house at this time, and we all went among strangers. I went to a man named John Prier, where I lived till Mrs. Prier died; I will here relate one incident which will give you an idea what kind of a man he was; when I was but six years old he used to send me a mile through the woods, all alone, to a field containing four or five acres, sown with oats, to cut the weeds that grew up among the oats, with a shoe-knife. Once he happened along and caught me asleep under a tree, he gave me a good whipping with a rod, which I did not forget till the oats were weeded. I would take my little dinner and stay all day; but I got through at last. The weeds I pulled or cut were a kind of brake that grows up on white oak land, and were very troublesome. When Mrs. Prier died, father took me to a Mr. Moore's, where he worked. Mrs. Moore took my youngest brother George when he was two or three weeks old, and she was a good mother to him. Father worked for Mr. Moore until he married again. He married a widow with as many children as he had, but not many of them lived at home. My father was a very industrious man, and was always at work. In that country when they cleared land, they grubbed and plowed it right away. My father grubbed in the summer and in the winter he would go from farm to farm and thresh with a flail, making a bushel of wheat a day. On rainy days he would bottom chairs and do such in-door work. A man named Corbett took my brother James when he was but two years old. James was bound to him till he should become twenty-one years of age, and they made a real baby of him for a while, but when he began to be able to work the scale turned, he was taught the use of the gad and learned it to perfection. In the spring of 1801, Corbett and his father-in-law made preparations to move to the backwoods, away here are the North, as it was called. Father had thought of keeping me with him, but as James was going with him, he thought I had better go too, so I was bound to Corbett for twelve years of hard labor. The company when we got ready to start, consisted of Corbett and his family, old Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, C's father and mother and their son and daughter, both grown up young people and very large; well, they got ready for their long journey, they had a wagon large enough to hold all they cared to take, and well covered with canvas so it would turn water, and everything kept dry and nice. We started some time in June, and were three weeks on the road. They had five or six cows and four or five young calves, also six or seven sheep; we would travel all day and then camp out on the ground at night. We would tie the six horses to the tongue of the wagon, tie the calves up and the cows would stay by them. We struck the Allegheny River at Sloan's Ferry, now called Kittanning. We had to leave part of our load here, and but three horses on the wagon till we got to Franklin, Venango Co., and there our wagon-road ended. Franklin was a very small village at that time, the houses were built of logs, and I don't think there was a frame building in the whole village. When we got there French Creek was very high, with no way to cross but with canoes; we had to swim the cattle across, which took us all day; we got over all safe and camped out that night; in the morning we started with our pack-horses, as there was only a pack-horse path before us. We stopped at Hugh Wilson's, a son-in-law of old Mr. F—, three miles south of Union Mills, now Miles' Mills, just in the edge of Erie Co., but Corbett had to build a canoe and go back to Sloan's Ferry and get the remainder of his goods, which he had left there. This took him most of the summer.

We got to Wilsons June 29th, 1801, and as they did not find land to suit them there, they took the Connewango path and came to Brokenstraw in September. They took up land under the law that provided that a man could by written agreement with the Government locate on a four hundred acre lot, make his residence there for five years, clear eight acres, and he would be entitled to a warranty deed of one hundred acres. We located just where the railroad bridge crosses the creek. This was in September. They cleared off some pieces

and sowed some Timothy seed. After a stay of two or three weeks we separated, old Mr. Frampton went back to Willson's; his son John went back to Center Co., as he did not like this part of the country leaving his sister Rachel to hold the land. Corbett got a canoe about this time and moved down to Spring creek at the foot of the dead water, on a large farm owned by William Miles. We found Mr. Watt and his four sons there. They had raised an eighteen acre field of corn also potatoes, turnips, &c., &c., Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Long, (wife of George Long who lived down the creek) were the only women for many miles around.

I wish to refer here to how the people made their corn into meal, they had what they called a hominy block, they would select a good sized tree, cut it down and hollow it out round, so it would hold as much as three pecks, then they would set a forked stick eight or ten feet long and take a nice slim pole, fasten the butt end to the ground, let the pole rest in the fork so the top of the pole would run over so as to form a spring pole. Then take another piece of timber, dress it nicely and make the lower end round and smooth so as to fit into the mortar, fasten the upper end to the spring pole, let it swing over the mortar, put a long pin through it and then two men, one on each side of the stick would take hold of the pin and pull down, the spring of the pole would take it up again. They would throw in a peck of corn and pound away until it was fine enough, then sift it and take the finest for johnny cake; one part pumpkin and two parts meal, mix with milk, warm water and salt, take a smooth board seven or eight inches wide, and eighteen inches long, wet the board with water and lay the dough on about three-fourths of an inch thick; now set it up sideways before the fire and when one side browns take it and hit it a rap on the table and it will come right off, then slide the board under it again, set it up and bake the other side. That will make a johnny cake, and it is a better cake than they make now with all their "fixins." When we went there nearly every man had his hominy block at his door; but in 1801, Mr. Miles built a grist mill and saw mill. Mr. Corbett had a span of horses so we could go to mill and not have to use the hominy block. These were the first horses that were ever worked in all that part of country. After the corn was husked and the fall work done, Corbett moved up spring creek, to a small house belonging to James Watt, which stood where Deming's saw mill now stands, where we wintered. While we were there, Corbett bought a board from Miles' Mills to make a little cupboard for his wife; this was the first pine board brought on Spring Creek. In the spring we moved back to Miles' farm. In the spring we moved back to Miles' farm. Corbett farmed for two years. We lived on the farm, it was a great place for the wolves to run the deer down, and it was a very common occurrence to cheat the wolf out of his dinner. In the month of September the bucks were very fat, and the wolves would select them on that account, the wolf would tire him out and when they would get to the creek the buck would turn and fight, but the wolf would soon worry him to death. I have often seen the men go out after the fight, while the wolf was resting, and the deer dying, and drive the wolf away and bring in a good fat deer, and we would have plenty of venison for a while; they were very fat and I have often seen fat two inches thick on the saddle; when they are as fat as that they make very good meat; but if they are not fat they are not near so good. As I said before, Corbett farmed for two years and raised a great deal of grain, wheat, corn, rye, &c. In the spring of 1804 we moved up into the woods on the new place, it was a complete wilderness.

Old Mr. Frampton had gone there in 1802, and had made some improvements; he had built a little house and barn. We were about three-quarters of a mile apart, with plenty of creeks between us. Corbett built a house of round logs, which still stands; there was no sawed boards to build with, what boards were used had to be split and hewn; we got along very well, although we had no stores, no schools, no meetings, no postoffice and no courts to go to; the only place to go, was to mill twenty miles; we could take a little grain, put it on a horse or ox, and start all the way through woods, to the grist mill, but sometimes would have none to take, and have to do without bread in the house for a week at a time. When we first began in the new country everything went on smoothly; our corn, melons, spring wheat and everything we put into the ground, grew well; the ground was very fertile and warm, and produced as good as prairie land; but as time wore along matters took a different turn, Huidekoper came in 1804, but his iron will was not felt to any great extent, till 1805, the price of land was then put up to three dollars an acre, and every man who had not 'artled' for his land was obliged to either pay for it or leave it. Then came the master calamity, the total eclips of the sun, that chilled the earth, there were frosts the year round, and people got discouraged and left the country. Up in Columbus, Warren Co., and around there the country was all settled and the inhabitants all seemed to have comfortable homes, but by 1807, they had all gone and left their land and most of it went back to the land office for Huidekoper to sell again. In 1807, Corbett built a saw mill that kept him from going. At this time my servitude was just half through, but the hardest part of the bargain was yet to come. I did not dread the work so much, though there was enough of it. They say that there is

a performance in the Roman Catholic Church, or in the nunnery, to fit the nun to be a bride for the Lord. This performance is called discipline, so this discipline was to fit us to be men of truth and honor, and it was put in operation very often and sometimes very severe. I have been disciplined with all sorts of weapons from a shoemakers strap to a raw hide three feet long, which will raise a welt, leave a mark the longest, and hurt the worst, of any kind of whip. I have carried the marks for weeks before they would disappear. Now I'll wager that there have been Dutchmen that have owned horses from the time they were colts 'till they died of old age, and worked them all the time and never whipped them as much as I have been, but that is the way to make a good tough, solider, he won't be afraid to go into battle if he has the fear all beat out of him first, there must be some policy in it, or it would not be practiced so much; there is one thing, however, I must give Corbett praise for, he taught me better than to lie or steal; he had the name of being the greatest liar in the Country, he could not or would not tell the truth, and he would steal any and everything he could get his hands on, and some things that would never be of any use to him. it looked as if he just took them for the name of the thing; I saw and knew so much of his doings that it completely cured me of lying or stealing; let my other faults be what they may, I never knowingly did one or the other. The summer the mill was built I was fourteen years old and was the mill boy, and had one of the best horses to carry a load on his back in the state, we always went on horse back. We had no roads then, nothing but pack-horse-paths, and my horse would go through the woods all day and never touch a tree, I have seen him try to go between two trees and the bag would not go through and he would back up and go around. The grist mill was nine miles down the creek, the first six miles of which was through dense woods, if I was hindered about getting my grist it would be dark before I could get through the woods. One night it got dark while I was in the woods, had two miles yet to go; the horse saw something close beside the road and stopping raised his head almost as high as mine; it was so dark I could not see any thing scarcely, but I could hear it; some kind some kind of animal crossed the road two or three rods ahead of me, I saw something dark against the trees about the size of a yearling calf, it came right round on the upper side of the road, it made a noise something like a growl, the horse wheeled around and went back at full speed for ten or twelve rods, then turned short around and gave one of the most awful snorts I ever heard a horse give, and started back to meet his enemy, making the mud fly every time he put his feet to the ground; by this time my hair had raised my old hat up pretty well, I did not know what minute the animal would jump on me, the horse kept on till we came we came to where the animal was, and as we herd no more of it, the horse gradually got his head down and my old hat settled on my head again and we went on our way rejoicing. I know it must be tiresome to read about these little affairs, but I will tell you one more then stop. After packing all winter, sometimes to Miles' Mills twenty miles away, and sometimes to the mouth of the Brokenstraw which was also about twenty miles. I was sent down to Hugh Willsons about the first of april for some grain, he had been letting us have grain all along, but he had none, but thought he knew where he could get some, so he took my horse and was gone all day and came back with three bushels of corn; I stayd all night and started in the morning, it had rained all night and the water had raised. I came to Little Brokenstraw, (now Pittsfield,) the creek was very high and rapid, there was no way to cross except to ford it. I started in and when about one-third across, the water nearly ran over the horses shoulders. That frightened me and I turned him around and he lost his footing; we drifted down stream two or three rods and landed among the willows on the same side we started from, there was a man who lived up the little creek about eighty rods, I went to his house to get him to carry my bag of corn over on a foot-log, he was a very religious man and did not want to do it, but told me where the water was not so deep; it was up to the horses belly here, but we got through all right, I went up to the grist mill, the owner of the mill was one of those long faced Presbyterians, he said it was no day to come to mill and would not take the bag off the horse. I got another man to take it off. This man had been the miller, but his time was up. I asked him if Mr. Bonner would say anything if he would grind it. He said supposed not, if I would give him the toll. It was pretty near night. I knew how it was at home, they would have no bread for supper till I got there, and ten or twelve men there at work. I had two bags, so I put about half a bushel of corn in one of them and started. I had nine miles to go yet, I went three miles where I could stay over night. I had the big creek to cross here. I got a man to swim my horse across and I carried my corn across on a foot-log. Then we went on six miles futhur to old Mr. Framptons, three-quarters of a mile yet to go, and that was all covered with water, not a foot of dry land was left, so I left my horse there and took my bag on my back and waded home; sometimes the water was up to my body; they were all glad to see me, some were rafting, some building boats, all in great glee, happy as Lords. It was not long till corn was hulled and boiled, and we had something to eat again; but my three bushels of corn did not

end here, there was two and a half bushels of corn at the mill. The men had all gone down the Creek with lumber, and the water had fallen so it was thought safe for me to go after my grist, so I started with my old horse, but when I got down to the big creek it was too high to ford yet, so I left my horse, borrowed a horse on the other side and got my grist, then I got a man to carry it over on the foot-log and started for home; I had about town mills to go before getting out of the woods, when it began to storm the worst I ever saw, it thundered, lightened and the wind blew, trees fell in every direction, limbs fell close by us, but the old horse kept right along and with the bag and myself on him, all came out alright.

Well, time passed on with its ups and downs till 1810, then I began to run on the creek and attend sawmill, from this I kept gaining strength and got to be a steady sawyer, cutting or hauling some of my time. I was small of my age but was tough and spry and willing to work. The summer of 1811, I did nearly all the sawing that was done; I have sawed nine thousand feet in a week. The spring of, and severe winter of 1813, wore around; we had quite a large stock of cattle, three yokes of oxen, two horses and cows and other stock., say fifteen or twenty head in all, and our feed gave out long before spring, and the only way to get feed for the stock was to drive them into the woods and cut down trees, letting them eat the tops off. This we called browsing. On the third of April, 1806, snow was 3 ½ feet deep on the level. We did not lose any cattle that winter, but two or three head died in the spring. The snow stayed on the ground till the first of April. There was a barn two or three miles away, in which a little hay had been left by the Prasser family, who had arranged things quite comfortable and then left, they had taken up four tracts of land. Well, my brother James and I were ordered to take the cattle there and stay and take care of them, we stayed there about a week and came away and left the cattle to do as they had a mind to. There was an open woods of hard timber and a good roaming place for cattle in the spring, and when we went to go get them they were so scattered so it was hard work to find them. The weather was unpleasant, sometimes raining and snowing, and as I had very little clothing on I suffered in the cold as I travelled through the woods. I always wore buckskin trousers, one pair would last a year, and those I had on at this time had about outlived their year. I had no coat on, nor had I one all winter, except a kind of wammus with stocking legs for sleeves, and they were worn off to the elbows, I most have looked more like a prisoner escaping from Andersonville than anything else. I had to go four or five miles before I got to where they were. You can have no idea what a task it was, it rained, mixed with snow, all day, I had nothing to eat all day, I came home at night tired, hungry, wet, cold, and mad. Sometime previous to this I had told some person that I did not intend to stay there much longer, and Corbett had just heard it and was very angry. It happened that when I was quite small he read my indenture papers all over, and I remember that I was bound for twelve years and I knew my time was out that spring, but I did not know the date. As soon as I came into the house he commenced at me, before I got warm or anything. he said that I had been looking in his chest and read his papers. I told him I had not, he said I had and swore outrageously, said he could put me to the wheel-borrow and in all such threats, I was not in a way to take such abuse, I told him if I had found his papers, I could not have read them he said I had got Putnam to go in with me, "It is false!" said I. "and I will say so till I stop breathing." Never till then did I dare to stand up and face him in that way, any more than I would dare to put my head in the fire, but my "daunder" was up and I was not afraid to speak; there was considerable said on both sides; he did not strike, he couldn't, there I stood, an orphan under his control, ragged and cold, looking more, as I said before, like an Andersonville prisoner than any thing else. He was very much disappointed in the matter.

I had lived with him twelve years and he did not know me; the trouble was in this manner: When my father made the writings he made the mistake of one year in my age, in my favor, the date of the writings was May 8th, 1801, and my birthday was August 11th, consequently he was losing the labor of a good hand fifteen months, (for I had been a good hand for six years, doing a man's labor,) and I know that I was a trusty boy, and always did what I was told to do without a murmur, always went at the word go! I chopped logs, hauled logs and sawed at the mid day or night, as the case might be. He had been badly in debt, but, at this time, had got pretty well though. When he thought I was going to leave him, he tried to scare me and thought I would be glad to stay, but, as I said before, he did not know me, but he soon waked up I guess; he began to think he was not going to drive me as far as he anticipated, but we let the matter for the night and went to bed; nothing was said in the morning about it; he took James and went down to the Creek with a raft, something very strange, I had always gone with him before, but he was mad now, and I was not far from it; while he was gone Aunty tried to get me in a good humor, but I could not see it in that light, I kept on hunting the cattle for two or three days when he came back, (on the third day I think,) I was eating my dinner when he came in; both our eyes flashed fire, but

nothing was said; He and Aunty went out into the garden and were talking, I thought she had been telling him how I had acted during his absence, and I made up my mind to leave all at once, at all hazzards, I did not intend to go, however, till I had a talk with him, so I thought I would wash my buckskin breeches; they had been oil tanned, and when washed and rubbed till dry, would be soft as a glove; I had worn them over a year and had nothing else to wear, but, as they were to be my "freedom breeches," my heart was light, and I washed at them with a will. Master and Misses were still in the garden, and sent James to tell me that if I would give my note for \$5, I might go; I told them I would not do it, that there was a longer story about the matter. Night came and went, and morning came, but still he said nothing, I went out the door as he and James were starting after the lost cattle, and said "Uncle, one thing I want to know, have I any longer to stay with you?"

"Yes you have" said he "one year from last May is the last of your time,"

I said "it can't be,"

"Well it is so,"

"Get the papers, and if they read so, I will stay."

"I won't do it till you bring the one your father has,"

"That is a queer way of doing business, my father two or three hundred miles away, and I have no money or clothes to go to him with."

"But," said he, I might read any paper to you, and you would not know (without the other one to compare it with."

"If you are not honest enough to read the right one, you might have to do so," said I, "but it is hard and I think unfair. I have always tried to be a good boy, and do as I was told,"

"Don't you mean to stay any longer than merely your time?" said he.

"If I do it will be another bargain," said I.

"Then start or I'll start you."

And I started. He and James went on and I never knew whether they found their cattle or not.

I had gone but a little way when Aunty called me back, and told me there was a shirt on the chest for me to put on, it was old muslin and as thin as tissue paper, one that Corbett has brought from Centre County, but I put it on and started for the second time; when I got away from the house I was loose, I jumped three feet high at every jump, till I was half a mile away, then something came into my mind which made me think I would go back and stay two weeks; I stopped and sat down on a log to think about what I had better do; Corbett was pretty much out of debt, he had a sawmill in running order, three yoke of oxen, a span of horses and a good lot of timber. If he had been a man of any principle whatever, he could have given me a better chance than I could get elsewhere, but here I was, driven away without a friend in the world, only as I made them, without fifty cents worth on my back and not a penny in my pocket; I made up my mind to go on; this was on Sunday, April 25th, 1820, I would be twenty years old, August 11th of the same year; I went to A. Watt's and the next morning, borrowed some clothes of him and went to my sister's, on Oil Creek, near where Hyde-town now stands; They were rather poor, but she took a tow and flax sheet and made a shirt and pair of pants for me, and Rondals, my brother-in-law, gave me a cut of leather, with which to make a pair of shoes; I came back to Watts' and having learned to make shoes, hunted up some tools and made me some. I then hired out, to work on a sawmill for every sixth hundred, my object being to get some money and clothes, and to go to father to get my indenture. I knew about it what I should have had, but I did not care so much for any of it as I did for my education, I have always felt the loss and want of it; I knew that Corbett couldn't get out of the scrape without paying two hundred dollars, if I had my indentures and had a mind to make a fuss, but I thought I would not go back there if I never got anything. I afterward learned that I had left thirteen days before my time was up.

But now another impediment appeared, I had the old fashioned itch very bad, and must be cured of it; so I got a large kettle of warm water, soap, lard and a piece of brimstone, went into an old log house and commenced operations. I pounded the brimstone and mixed it with the greece and rubbed myself from head to foot with it, and then washed and dried myself, and I was cured from the itch; but oh dear! nobody could come near me for the smell of brimstone. But this was the way we always had done, and never were allowed to go into the water soon after rubbing. I had hardly got over this when I was taken in with the measles; I had them pretty bad, but as soon as I got to work and there soon came a rise of water. By this time I had earned 2000 feet of boards; I built them into a platform and got a fellow to help me run it to the River; there was but one man to buy, and he would give but \$7.25 for my boards, when it should have been \$10 or \$12, but I had to take that or let my

lumber go adrift. That was the first money I ever had. When we came to the little creek, on our way home, the fellow wanted to go up the creek seven or eight miles, to a brother of his; he had a horse there, so we could get our dinner there, and take the horse and go by a little path within a short distance from home; it was pretty near night when we started, and we had seven miles to go through the woods, and a blind path, and when we got into what is called "Blue-eye-run Hollow," it was so dark we could not see our hands before us, we lost the path and had to lie down beside a log all night; it rained on us, and as I had no coat on, and had just got over the measles I caught a hard cold which settled in my joints, and I never got over the effects of that night's "camping out," notwithstanding it was in June. When I got better I went to Waterford and brought some cloth for summer shirts and pants. I went to work steady now, either sawing or chopping logs, but now and then I would have spells of pains in my joints and through my whole body, and, although I did not know it at the time, it was rheumatism working on my system. After I left Corbett's they dressed James up with new hat, coat, and everything nice; he looked some different from what I did, when there, my old stocking-leg-sleeved warmus, driving the old horse before me with a large load on his back; he would be on horseback with a good saddle, good suit of clothes and a good umbrella; I suppose they thought it would spite me, but it did not, I was glad to see it; he did pretty much as he pleased after I left.

Towards Fall James told me that old Mrs. Frampton and Aunty Corbett were going to Centre County, and he was going with them, I thought here would be a good chance to send to father and get my indentures as it would save me the trouble of going, so I told him I would get a letter ready and must carry it to father without letting him know it, as I knew if they all knew about it they would not let him take it; father got my letter all safe and had a letter prepared for me with my indentures in it, and when James went to bid him good bye he said he did not like to send my papers without their knowledge, for they would be angry with him; it was three miles to where they were, so he said he would go with James to them, and if they were not willing he should send it, he would not, but Mrs. Corbett said she was perfectly willing, so he gave it to James and they started; as soon as they got fairly on the road, she would ride up and strike James with a rawhide which she always carried while on horseback and when at home kept it under her pillow. They were all on horseback; James' horse got frightened, jumped and threw the saddle bags off, and when he would go back to pick them up she would keep striking him, so at last he said he would not get them, when old Mr. Frampton put them on the old horse; they then made Jim leave the indentures, with orders to forward them to father, but they never heard from afterward; when Jim told me about it, I was very much disappointed but made up my mind to let the matter drop forever. About this time I hired out to John Miler, to go down the River to Pittsburgh, he knew the River, but did not know how to get along any way with a raft except pulling with oars. We started at the mouth of Brokenstraw, and hardly stopped pulling on the oars until we got to Pittsburgh. He paid me \$7.50 and I bought some clothes with a part of it, got Mrs. Watt a pair of shoes for doing my washing and had two dollars left to come home with; I crossed the river in a skiff before breakfast and travelled all day on foot; I had bought twenty-five cents worth of bread and cheese, so I did not starve. I stopped all night at a widow's, and here found an old man named Hare, who used to do Corbett's weaving, he had been a prisoner among the Indians, and Jim and myself would stay up till midnight listening to his stories; He was very glad to see me and I to see him. he asked me if I had seen his son James whom he had left in Pittsburgh, paid my fare across the river and told me to come on, and he would go and get a horse he talked of buying; I told him I haven't seen James, got a bowl of milk, ate some bread and cheese and went to bed. In the morning, he asked me to lend him a shilling till his son would overtake us, and he would travel with me, so when we went down stairs I paid my bill and he handed her the shilling,

"Why, this won't pay your bill," said she.

"It is all I have, and I am an old man," said he.

So we started. My bread and cheese lasted all day, and at every tavern we came to we must needs have a dram. I paid his bill where we stopped at night. Two friends of mine, Samuel Winton and Richard Cunningham, overtook us at the place where we stoped at night. Winton paid Hare's bill that night and we all started on together, when we got to Franklin he did not stop, but he told me where I would find him the next day, he said he taught school there and they owed him and he would meet me there and pay me. When I paid my bill the next morning it took all my money, the three of us Sam, Richard and I crossed the river in a canoe. Sam paid the fellow a shilling which was only fare for one person, and told him it was enough which I suppose he believed for he found no fault, we went on about two miles when they took another road and I came on alone, I never

was on the road before, but remember where he told me to turn. The mans name where I was to go was Cane, I began to feel as though it was pretty near breakfast time after my eleven hour walk. I turned where he told me, and went a little way when I came in sight of the house, I stoped and took a look at the premises, there was a little old log house with a cleared space around it which had grown up to sprouts. I remember of reading how Cain when he killed Able went to the land of the Nod, this must be the place, thought I, but I went to the house and asked the woman if Mr. Cain lived there, I was answered yes. Then I told my story about Mr. Hare, she replied that there was not a word of truth in the matter, almost at this instant in stepped Hare, and seemed very glad to see me, he said,

“Have you got this man anything to eat.”

“No.”

“Then get him something pretty quick.”

She went to work boiled a pot of potatoes and put them on the table with a dish of honey in the comb, not a thing else on the table, I never at a meal I relished any better. I never forgot my breakfast and dinner, (all in one meal,) of potatoes and honey. I hired out to Chase for four months at this time and worked along very well; one Sunday I thought I would go and see James Watt, whom I had once worked for, and who lay sick in bed with consumption. I had not seen him for a long while. He had failed considerably. I crossed the creek on a foot-log. Stayed till towards evening and I thought I could wade the creek and not go round to the foot-log, so I started, it was just before Christmas day. I had Indian moccasins and I expected to skip right through the creek, it was not knee deep, so I went through and have rued it always, that night I was seized with violent pain in my knees, in the day time it was not so bad, but at night it would move from one joint to another, leaving them for awhile almost useless, It kept on night after night, the most severe pain I ever felt, the only way I could get rest was to apply roasted scoke root, this would ease the pain for a while and I could sleep some, it was cold weather and a cold house too, it kept on till it went through every joint on my body. I am under many obligations to Mrs. Chace for her kindness to me, she would get up in the night and wait on me as if I had been her own son, very often she used to dress and feed me and help me in every way.

Her husband was very different, he never would try to help me in the least; some times I would try to get up from a chair and would have to fall back; instead of trying to help me, he would yell out at me to try again. I never knew any one to die with rheumatism, and all such talk. I had got very thin by this, and was bad off. Buffalo was burned about this time, and every man whose name was on the muster role was warned to go to Erie for thirty days to guard the city, or pay a heavy fine. Most of the able-bodied men went, and I would have liked to go, but of course I could not. Luther Chase was a baby then, John and Elias were good sized boys. The men were all gone and such yelling and playing I never saw the like of, I thought I would die any way. It was now January and dreadful cold. I got better after a while and thought if I could get over to James Watts to see him, I would feel better. Accordingly I got a horse, and rode over, and stayed a week or more. Old Mrs Jackson was there. She was Watts' sister. She said a dose of salt would be the best thing I could take. She went home, and came back the next day with the salts. I never had heard of salts, nor any kind of physic. She gave me half a teacupful, and I got better right away, and soon got so I could walk around. I gained slowly, and got to work again. The men all came back from Erie now. Andrews had stopped over night at Watts', and when he got home his sister Ruth while washing his shirt, found some strange looking lice on it. Supposing they were from the camp at Erie, word was sent to Watt's to beware lest he had left there. They began to examine and found they were literally alive with lice, such another time was never had. The little circle of three families were as lousy as calves. Where did they come from? that was the next question. There was a boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, staying there sick, and Watt thought he would examine him. He found him to be the cause of all the others having lice, for he was perfectly covered. He stripped the boy naked and burned his clothes. That settled the matter, but they all had to wash and freeze their clothes. This boys' name was Fitzpatrick and was the oldest of three boys, they all lived with their father in the woods, and were nephews of the man who was murdered afterward, of whom I will speak.

James Watt died about this time. In the spring Chase moved from Culbertson's mill to Horn's mill and I went along. I owed him for the board and other things I have received of him during the winter, and it took me till June to get him paid up. I met A. Watt one day and he asked me if I intended to work for Chase always. “I hope not,” said I, “I will be out of debt to him in a few days, and then I am going to some place where I can get something for my work.” “Well Tom.” (he always called me Tom,) “if you will come and live with me I will

tell you what I will do. I have plenty of pine timber within a short distance from the mill. I will find a yoke of cattle for you and you may have one-fourth of the boards for cutting and hauling the logs. Mr. McNaire has a yoke of five year old steers which he will let you take. They are not very well broken and he won't charge anything for the use of them, and if you will help me through haying I will board you.

On the 9th of June, 1814, I began to work for him. I got along very well but would have spells of being pained dreadfully in my limbs. If I would do a heavy days work I would have to lie still a day. About the time that haying was coming I went to Mrs. Jacksons' and took another dose of her salts, and they helped me right away. We soon commenced haying. I could mow quite easily, and got along very well. From that time on I gained in health and strength. Mr. Watt and I put up a good many tons of hay. I had learned to build a good stack and stacked all the hay. After haying I went to cutting and hauling logs. I kept close to my work and was well pleased with my place. I fared better than I have been accustomed to, and to see kind faces and hear kind words was enough to make ones heart glad, as it did mine. Everything passed off smoothly, and I began to think I had found a home at last. I was doing finely when I had an attack of the colic; I was sick about fifteen hours and I believe I would have died in fifteen more. Mr. Jackson, who lived close by, happened to think of a weed called vervain which an Indian had cured Mr. Andrews with. They got some and I drank nearly a pint of strong tea, and that cured me. I never had it before and hope I never shall have it again. I got well in a couple of days so I could work. By fall I had enough money to pay for a yoke of oxen and to buy some winter clothing. Mr. Watt and I went up Spring Creek where there was plenty of pine timber close to the creek. We fitted an old log house up and moved the family there. He owned the land there. We fed our teams nothing but hay. We would chop one day and haul them the next. We cut and hauled about seven hundred logs, and moved back some time in February.

This winters work would clear me about 15000 feet of boards clear of all expenses. We run our logs down to a saw-mill, (a distance of about two miles,) without much trouble. It was not much of a saw-mill, but they sawed our logs on shares. I did not stop cutting and hauling logs till spring. Then we went down to Pittsburg with our boards. I got \$12.00 then for going down the river. There was no stores kept in Brokenstraw, and I carried quite a load on my back for Watt's and myself. Mr. Watt now gave me permission to go across the creek where the timber was larger and better. I got a fine lot of logs in, and ran them down to Horn's mill. But I maimed one of my oxen and had to buy another. I was prospering finely and was rugged and tough. Sometime in August, James Watt's (deceased) property was sold at public sale. I bid off 200 acres of land for \$360, and I have paid a tax on land from that time, (August, 1815,) till 1867. Mr. Watt and I always run our lumber to the river ourselves. I had by this time, lumber at three different mills. There were frequent rises of the water in that fall, and we had a good chance to get our lumber to the river. I had about 40,000 feet in the river ready to start with, but when I got ready to start for Pittsburgh, I found the water too low, so I had to wait for another rise. John Watt John Miller and Alex. Watt (the man I lived with.) had all married sisters, the daughters of Mr. Andrews. J. Watt and Miller lived at Steubenville, Ohio. They were up to buy boards and I sold mine to them. They paid me \$200 before we left and were to pay me \$80 more when we got to Pittsburg, and I was to have \$12.00 for going as a hand with them.

I wish to speak here of a girl that I thought a good deal of. Her name was Ruth Andrews and was the youngest sister of Mrs. Watt. She was at Mr. Watt's often and we got to be on very good terms. We enjoyed ourselves right well when she would come there, and there grew up quite an intimacy between us. I often thought when I had become comfortably situated, she would be the one I should choose to share my joys and sorrows, in short to be my wife, but I never spoke a word to her about marrying me, for I was very bashful and embarrassed in her presence. I had been a poor bound boy, brought up by a very bad unscrupulous man. Of course, this would be on my mind sometimes; still I had no reason to think that she thought any the less of me for that. The Andrews family, when I first knew them, were the most popular family around. They had built the first saw-mill on Brokenstraw creek, and had several hundred acres of land lying where Pittsfield now stands. So of course they were considered the "people of the place." Well I had been back and forth quite often and did not think nor care that we were watched. But we were. John Miller, (Ruth's brother-in-law,) had noticed our intimacy and set himself to break it up, and he succeeded. He was an arch, cunning, deceitful man. He belonged to the same church Mrs. Andrews did, (Presbyterian,) and he obtained the old lady's consent to take Ruth home with him and stay till spring. I knew it was to get her away from me, but I did not bother myself about it. She had two sisters down there and of course it was all right.

At last a flood came and we were all ready to start. Miller took charge of the raft and Ruth. One of her two brothers went along, and we had a good time going down. Ruth and I had our sport roasting potatoes and broiling meat on a stick in the fire, but not one word of love was spoken by either of us. When we got to Pittsburgh Miller paid me off, and went down on the river. I never had a good suit of clothes and I bought my first at this time. I got a fine suit and an every day suit. It was just after the war of 1812, and everything was very high priced. A good coat cost from \$25 to \$35, and everything else in proportion. My hat cost \$7.50. I bought a good many things for Mr. Watts's folks, two pair of blankets for \$20. Tea at \$2.50, coffee at 50 cents, &c. I never knew exactly how much money I paid out that day but it must have been \$150 or \$160. I had a horse loaded and got home all safe. I have dwelt on the prices at that time. that it might show the difference between then and now. That was in 1815, now in 1874, a man can get a passable good suit for the price of one coat at that time. Soon after I got home Mr. Watt and I began to make preparations to go up the creek on another lumber job. Just before I went down the river one of my oxen was killed by the falling of an old dead tree. I lost about \$40 by this accident, but I sold my odd ox and bought another pair, and still had some money left. After New Years' in 1816 we moved the family up into the lumber woods, and went to work. I worked pretty hard but I had a good home and lived well, everything passed off pleasantly. The winter before, Mr. Watt could chop more and better than I could, but this winter I could go far ahead of him. I had got stout in a year's time, and could now do as well as the best of them. I was not out of the woods but once in all winter. That time I went to Arthur Andrews wedding (he married Betsy Gray.) We kept on working, losing but one day at the wedding. It was a severe winter. We cut all our logs with axes, as there were no cross cut saws in the country at that time. Before spring Mr. Watt gave out on account of a pain in his breast, and had to quit chopping. After that I did all the chopping till we got through. By the last of March we had got one thousand logs cut and hauled to the creek. We moved back home then, all well and hearty. When spring began John Watt and Miller made their appearance again, and Ruth came home with them. They all came up to see us one evening. It was a custom in those days when friends came from a distance to have a little dance for them. So some of the near neighbors came in and we had a dance and a good evening visit. When they started to go away we all went out to see them start. As we were coming back into the house, Ruth and I coming in together, I asked her for a chat, much to my surprise her answer was, No! I was not expecting such an answer and there came a wrinkle on my brow which did not clear for a long time. After a time Mr. Andrews' family all moved down to Steubenville. I went down home with John Watt again that spring. He bought my boards, and as money was scarce, I bought a horse from Robert Ross on Watts' account. The horse, saddle and bridle cost \$100. The saddle was silver mounted, and had a scarlet cloth, just new, and was worth \$25. bridle \$5. I stayed in Steubenville two weeks. I stayed at J. Watt's the night before I left, and had plenty of good opportunities to open conversation with her, but my brow was still wrinkled, and my mind too, I guess, so nothing was said.

I came home in good style, and felt grand with my new horse. &c. I began to look around for my summer's work. Mr. Watt had sold his place up Spring Creek, so there was no more lumbering to be done there. But I went to work in the same forest as I had before. When haying came on I helped Watt get his hay in as I had done every summer since I came there.

I want to tell now how I first got acquainted with Oil Creek people, for, after a few years, my time and interests were closely connected with some of them. There was a man named Hugh Fitz Patrick who had settled on a piece of land two miles south east of Concord, Erie Co., but most of his land lay in Crawford Co. He began there about the year 1799. He lived all alone, sometimes three months would go by and he would not see a human being. It was very rarely that he was seen or heard from. After a while he got to raising cattle, and more was seen of him. One morning the old fellow came stepping in at Watt's, he was going to be married the next day. He had heard that Watt kept whiskey to sell, and he wanted some for his infair. One of Watts' horses had strayed away, and he asked Hughey (we always called him Hughey for short) if he heard of any stray horses. He said he had heard that a man named Gilson at Oil Creek had taken up a stray horse, After Hughley described the horse Watt said; "That is my horse, and Tom, I want you to go after him." "Well, said I, if I had a horse I would go right along with Hughey." He got a horse for me and we started. When we had gone about nine miles he turned off into another road. After making me promise to be at his wedding the next day. I went on till I came to the forks of Oil Creek, where Centreville now stands. I was well acquainted with a family named Winton, that lived there. The whole family were invited to the wedding, and Bradley Winton and I went together. When we got there, the door yard was full of people, there was more than a hundred there. The house was quite small and

was occupied by the wedding party, so we sat down out door and looked on. After a while the marriage took place and then all was animation. Whiskey was handed out and all were merry as larks. "Now." they said, "the marriage is over can't we have some music?" There was a young man who had a fiddle, and he came to me to play, he was an entire stranger to me, as were everyone there excepting the Wintons. But they had heard there was a man from Brokenstraw that was a great fiddler. I said "I don't know anything about your fiddle. Tune it up and play. I can't play much any way." So he tuned it up and began to play. I did not know his tunes, and I doubt if there was any tune to them. Then I took the fiddle and began to play moderately, and Oh! what a shout there was! Some of them commenced to dance, and others joined in, and before five minutes two-thirds of the folks were dancing as though they were crazy. After that every one knew the gent from Brokenstraw. Dinner was soon served and all were helped to some. The table was set in the house, and as fast as one tableful was served, they would leave the table and others take their places. I did not see the bride and groom till they came out from dinner. Fitzpatrick was reported as being quite wealthy, he did not make much of a show at his wedding. His dress was made of gingham, and small at that. I never had seen the bride before, she was quite young, eighteen years old I should judge. The groom was fifty years old and his hair, which was cut close to his head, was gray as a rat. After dinner I began playing the fiddle again and they commenced dancing. I played till late in the night, when I got the other fellow to playing.

About now my friend Bradley came round and gave me an introduction to the bridesmaid, Miss Nancy Coyle. We went on and had a dance, after which we sat down for a chat. It used to be fashion among the old Irish ladies, that if they saw a young man at a party, that they liked the looks of, to put a cup of whiskey under their apron, and go slyly through the crowd, and give it to them just as slyly. Miss Nancy and I had not sat there long when the bride's mother came close to where we were, and taking the teacup out from under her apron, she handed it to me, as soon as I tasted it, I knew there was salt in it. I said nothing but handed it to Miss Nancy. She tasted it and handed it back saying "Aunt Grace, I guess you have got the wrong cup." The old lady was thunderstruck. O dear! O dear! I would not have had it happen for the world to such a nice young man. When she had gone away I said to my companion, "Don't you think from her giving me a lick of salt that she wants me to come back this way? We had a good laugh over it; but sure enough, some attraction took me back and in a little over two years the young lady became my wife. But Hughey's wedding passed off quietly, and I went and got the horse but it was the wrong one, and I had to work two days for a man for bringing the horse back.

This Fitz Patrick was murdered about two years after he was married, by a man named George Speth Van Hollen. He was from Holland, and was a well educated man. He used to travel around the country with apparently no aim, and had no settled employment. It was not till after years that people discovered that he had been spying around to see who had any money that he might get it by some means. While he was wandering around he stopped at old Mrs. Carlins. He was very talkative, and in the course of their conversation she had told him that she had two married daughters. One of them that lived in Ohio was very poor, but the other that married Hughey Fitz Patrick "Och, but she is rich, he has a whole half bushel of dollars." As big a lie as ever was told, but I suppose she thought she would make him think so just for the sake of telling a big story. That was just what he had been wanting to find out. He went from Windoes' from Carlin's and stayed a couple of days, setting copies to teach Windroes' boys how to write. When he started from there he inquired the road to Brokenstraw. They told him he could go the public road or go in by Fitz Patrick's. He told them he guessed he would go by Fitz Patrick's as if he never had been through that part of the country. When he got to Hughey's he got permission to stay all night, as it was nearly dark and poor roads. While Hughey was out doing his chores he asked Mrs. F how she came to marry such an old man? Said he, "I will kill him, and you and I will run away with his money." He spoke jokingly and I suppose she answered in the same strain, for she was not very smart, and was very ignorant. Well, after they had gone to bed, and Hughey and his wife were fast asleep Van Hollen arose and took the ax (the only good ax that Hughey ever owned) and going softly to the bedside he struck the ax deep into Hughey's head. He groaned once and died. The stroke of the ax aroused his wife, who at the sight of her dead husband, fainted away, when she revived Van Hollen was pouring water on her face. He told her that she must get the money and they would take the horses and go to Canada. She went upstairs where he kept his money, and there was \$45 in paper money and \$750 in silver. She dropped the silver money into a pan of molasses that stood there, where it was afterwards found. Then she went down and took the money to him. He was greatly disappointed. Where was the half bushel of silver dollars? He made her swear that was all the money in the house. He then told her to go and get the horses and they would leave. He took Hughey's body

and flung it out dead doors as if it had been a dead dog. She went out and instead of getting the horses, let the fence down and let them down into the field and they started off. Then she went back to the house and told him that he would have to get the horses as Hughey had always caught them and she could not. When he was fairly out of the house, she took her six weeks old baby, wrapped it up in an old quilt and taking her little dog went quickly out of the house stepping over her husband's body as she went out, ran down a little hill to a run where they got their water, and ran up the run two or three rods on the ice, she stopped here to rest. Van Hollen had discovered her flight and was searching for her, swearing if he found her to serve her as he had her husband. After a while he gave up the search and, taking Hughley's old overcoat and gun, started off. She wandered about in the woods over snow drifts and logs until daylight, when she got on a road and soon came to a house. She had suffered with the cold, but was not frozen, the baby was some frozen, but not badly. The alarm was given, and before night a good many men were on his track. He was found in the woods where he had camped out, as he said, waiting for the snow to fill his tracks. They took him to Fitz Patrick's and made him lay his hand on the body of the victim. He confessed that he struck him with an ax, and said that that the woman was in the plot with him, but this was not believed. He was taken to Meadville, tried convicted, and hanged. He told the minister that when he came to pray with him to make his prayer short. He was brought some whiskey as he stood on the gallows, and he turned to the people and drank their health as composedly as if he were eating his dinner, a free man. Then turning, tried to kill the hang man by jumping against him, and finally succeeded in pushing him off the gallows and threw himself down on him. They secured him again and the hangman put the noose on his neck, but was so badly hurt that he died within a year from the effects of his injuries.

Fitzpatrick was married in August, 1815, was murdered February 7, 1817, and Van Hollen was hung August, 1817. I was one of the men that was on the hunt for Van Hollen, and I saw the body of Fitzpatrick two days after he was killed.

But now I must return to my own affairs.

In the summer of 1816, before I went to haying for Watt, Mr. Corbett came to me and wanted to borrow \$10. to get a barrel of flour with. I asked him when he could pay the money and he told me. I told him I would depend on getting the money at the time agreed on. He had sold his property up the creek and bought the Miles' farm, at the mouth of the Spring creek. He had been sawing our logs for over a year, and he and I got to be very good friends. When the time had run out in which he was to pay the money. I met him one day, and he said, "Tommy, I've not got that money yet, but I'll tell you what I'll do, you may have a hundred logs standing close to the bank of the creek. The timber is worth \$20, but you may have the timber and let the balance, (ten dollars.) go towards your "freedom matter." The timber stood as he said, close to the bank of the creek, and when Culbertson's mil-dam backed up, I could roll in and float them down to the mill every night. I cut and hauled for some time, but was careful not to cut all I was to have, but had some still to cut. Many a time I have cut and hauled logs all day, and then went into the mill and sawed all night, and work next day as well if I had a good nights' sleep.

Once in a while I would mount my horse and ride over to Oil Creek to see my girl. She was smart and agreeable, and her company was very agreeable to me. By fall I had cut and hauled all my "freedom" logs, and was well satisfied. Towards fall I rode over to Oil Creek again to see Nancy. We had a pleasant visit, but no talk of getting married. After I got home again there came a freshet and Watt went down the river with his boards. I told him some things to tell my old friend Ruth. He came back in two or three weeks and brought more talk from Ruth than I had sent to her. He said that my standing was good with every one down there excepting Mrs. Andrews, that John Miller was doing all he could to set her against me, "but," said he, "you can get Ruth if you want her." This was something I had not been expecting, but was well satisfied, and was glad to hear it.

I had subscribed \$5 to encourage the school, and I thought I would go to school that winter and learn something. I went steady the whole winter and learned to read and write some, and ciphered through the first four rules of arithmetic, but I never could spell. This term of school was about the only chance I ever had of going to school. I was in my twenty-fourth year, and began to feel the need for an education. School was out the first of March, and Corbett and I went to Clarion Co. for flour. He took the double sleighs and I took a cutter. We crossed all the creeks and rivers on the ice. We went to Corbett's father's. He and his son John had a grist mill, and kept lots of flour. We wanted 1,400 lbs., so it took some days to get it. There was a wedding there, and we had a great time. These people came from Centre Co., and knew my father, and they made everything of me. People had plenty of houseroom and everything else there. They can't have any such merry times now as

they then had. There was a girl there, the daughter of the 'Squire. that I took quite a shine to, and when the party broke up I took my horse and cutter and took her home. We had four or five miles to go, and had opportunity for quite a chat, and we improved the time. It was agreed that I was to come back and see her, but she did not give me any salt as Aunt Grace had done, and so I never went back, nor did I ever see her afterwards.

Well, Corbett and I loaded up our flour and started for home he had 1000 lbs. and I had 400 lbs. When we came to the river, the water was up to the sleigh box, but we crossed safely and got home alright. I had, through the fall and winter, been getting a good many household goods. I had a good feather tick and feathers and bedding, and cooking utensils and 400 lbs. of flour and was all ready to go to housekeeping.

About the 1st of April, 1817, Watt and I got our boards into the river safe. We had about 6000 feet, and hired two men to help us run it. We took our horses so that we could ride back. We landed at Steubenville all safe. I soon met Ruth Andrews and we were as warm, if not warmer friends than ever. We sold our boards to John Watt. Money was scarce and a good deal of it bad.

The U.S Bank had just started, and all the little banks had to crumble. He paid us part, and had time on the balance. We stayed there a week or ten days and Ruth and I improved the time. We agreed to get married, but the trouble was to get the old lady's consent.

I went and bought my wedding suit, as good as Steubenville could afford. I bought the cloth and had a tailor make it up. The cloth for my coat cost me twenty dollars. beside the trimming and cost of making. My pants were the handsomest I ever saw. They were made of double milled cassimere, pale blue, and fine as silk. The seams in my jeans and vest were all corded. My suit was done, but the old lady was not asked yet, and, O, how did I dread it. I knew that Miller was the one that was setting her against me, and one day I met him and he was seated on a load of lumber, and asked him if he could not profitable business than to abuse and ridicule me. Said I, "Now I never have wronged you that I know of, and as it seems that the most you have to say is, that I was brought up by a mean man. I think if you would think of your stepfather, you would have nothing to brag about, for a meaner man than Tom Parks never lived."

"Now," said he, "stop that talk or I will stop it for you. I have said nothing but the truth," and as he commenced cracking his whip, I said "crack your whip as loud as you please, I neither fear nor love you." We parted, I never saw him afterwards to speak to him. It was time for us to start home and I had not asked the old lady's consent yet, and the more I thought about it the more I dreaded it. So Ruth proposed to put it off until I came down again, and I packed my clothes in my portmanteau and started for home, where I arrived all right. Nobody knew why I was not married, and I did not tell them.

I had agreed to take Horn's mill, but I gave that up, and took a real job that netted me \$80. My father came out this summer to see us, as he had not seen us for sixteen years. He wanted to go to New Castle, Mercer County, to see my youngest sister. So I got another horse for him and got ready for the journey. "Now," thought I, "When I get to New Castle I shall be half way to Steubenville, and I may as well go on and get married." So I gathered up my portmanteau with my wedding suit all nice and new yet and we started. I left father at New Castle and I had a two days journey on to Steubenville. I found Ruth doing well and she received me very courteously. Her father and mother seemed glad to see me, but when I told her my errand she seemed to hesitate and did not want to be married there, but if I would get one of her brothers to come down she would go home with him and be married up at Spring Creek. It struck me at once that what was the matter. I thought she was afraid of John Miller, and dare not marry me there, and if she had no more mind than that she might stay with him. Before she proposed going to Spring Creek to be married everything was going on nicely and we were very happy. But that took me so by surprise that I never answered her, I was a different man from that hour. I took breakfast with them the next morning, and after breakfast the old man took me out to the barn to see his horse. While there I said that I must be starting home. He did not want me to go that day, but I thought I must. So I went and got my horse and portmanteau and left the house, merely saying "good bye," The old man looked disappointed, but I was too indignant to think or care how I was acting. I thought I was doing right. But as time passed on and I had time for reflection I knew I had acted unwisely.

The trouble with me was this: I had sort of a jealousy or thought that she undervalued me, and it made me take a different view of the matter than I ought to have done, but when I first knew the Andrews family, they were quite wealthy and seemed to look above the generality of people, and I was a poor half-clad, half-starved bound boy. Andrews was justice of the peace and Corbett would have me stop and do errands. I always had the old horse and wooden pack saddle, and when I would be in the house, the girls would come snickering round,

and have their sport to themselves. I knew that they had seen the old horse and saddle. I was only a boy then, but I could not help thinking of it. Though I went to Mr. Watt's to work, I was enough well respected. Well, when I got home, not a word was said concerning the matter. I never mentioned it, not even to my best friend. Most people thought I got the mitten. but I did not care, it was enough for me to know it. When I mounted my horse to leave Steubenville, I thought myself as good as any Andrews or Miller that ever lived, and when I got home, I felt the same. And why not? I owed no man a dollar, I had good clothes, a horse, a saddle and bridle and some money in my pocket. Still I knew that I was not rich, but what I had was earned honestly by my own hands. I had some heart-aches when I looked back, for once I loved Ruth better than anything else on earth, and how or why would I get angry so easily, I never could tell, but it was so, and I could not control myself. Well, well, this matter is all told and I feel relieved.

But my story must not end here, for I could not afford to brood over it. I thought I would go and see my old friend Jenny Hare, but I could not get her to quarrel with me, so I thought I would like to see my Oil Creek Irish Girl. But there was no certainty that she would have anything to say to me, for it had been nearly six months since I had paid any respects to her whatever, but I must not go sparking. Oh! no. Only just by chance, happen along and stop and see her. I was not working much that summer, and one day Mrs. Corbett spoke about her wool, she wanted it carded and had nobody to take it. I told her I could go, and as she said she had no money to pay for carding, I offered to lend her some.

So I got ready, but the night before I started, Harry McGee came in, he said he was going through the nearest way to Centreville, and said we could go together. He had always lived there and was well acquainted with the girl I was going to see. We went together and I stopped at Charlie Pecks and left my horse, and went over to Mr. Winton's. Bradley and Harry McGee were old acquaintances. After supper we three went to Samuel Winton's, where my girl lived. She received me quite courteously, but soon left the room and I did not see her again that evening. The next morning Bradley and I were in the saw-mill when Nancy, (that was the girls name,) came in sight, on her way to school, and had to pass through the mill. He said he would step aside and give us a chance to have a talk. But I said "No, let her go on, she is alright." She passed through the mill, just speaking as she went along. When we got back to the house it was my intentions to go on about my business. I was about starting when Bradley came around and said I must not go, and began to scuffle with me. I left him cuff around a little and then I turned on him and threw him. He tried again and again, but could not throw me. He hung around getting me interested in jumping and wrestling, nearly all day, but he had to give up that he could not throw me. He was heavier than I, but I was the most spry.

Well, I found out afterward that all he wanted was to keep me till Nancy should come home from school. He was very anxious for that to make a match, and did all he could to help matters along. So it did not seem a great while till school was out and she came home. I saw her go into the house and I thought I would go in and have a chat with her. She had a bad headache and was lying on the bed. I took a seat near the bed and our conversation soon commenced. I won't repeat all what she said, but if a fellow got a talking to, I did. She said: "You have been down the river and got the mitten, and now have the impudence to come around here." Thinks I that's barking on the right track, but I won't tree yet.

"Oh come, my girl," said I, "be calm, I think your going to school has learned you something. But I think you have been incorrectly informed. It is an easy thing for people to guess, but it is not always as they think. I went down to New Castle with my father to see my sister, he had not seen her since she was a little girl. I stayed there a few days and came away and left him there. I don't make a practice of telling people where I go, or ask them whether I can go or not. I was a bound boy once and had to do as my master said, but now I am not bound to any one, and am free to do as I please."

She had plenty of answers, and I saw I was not going to make much on that kind of talk, so I left. I went and stayed another night with Bradley. He tried to pick me and get me to say something, but he did not succeed. Next day was Sunday. I had given up going any farther than my sisters till Monday, and I thought I would go and bid my girl good-bye, perhaps forever. I went and found her alone, and in a different mood. I took dinner with her, and we made it all up. I left with a promise to go see her on a certain day. The day came and I slipped away with an old gun of my brother's, and on foot, so that folks might not suspect where I was going. When I got there Mrs. Winton told me that Nancy and Sam's wife had gone over to their father's (Coyles). I had agreed to see her here, and I did not propose to follow her, especially as I was very tired and hungry. So I stayed with Bradley that night. The next morning being Sunday, I thought I would not be in a hurry, but slip away after

awhile. I told Bradley that the reason I had the gun was that I was taking it down to Sugar Creek to get something fixed about it. When I started, Bradley came and took hold of the gun and tried to get me to let him keep it until I came back again, as he said I would not look well carrying a gun on Sunday. I thought if I was out of sight of him I could get along all right. I knew he was trying to get me to stay till Nancy came back, as he had before. He went with me as far as his new house he was building and tried to get the gun again. I wished the old gun was at home and I with it for I hated the worst way to go over to her father's after her, but I thought it would be the most decent way to go, so I went over to old Mr. Coyles' and found them all there.

My bird was caught.

The house was full of girls, all happy as larks. That evening I proposed to Nancy and was accepted. The next day I asked her parents consent, and the wedding day was agreed on, a week from the next Thursday. The old lady did not want us to be married on that day. Nancy said if she could not be married there on that day, she would go where she could. Then her father said, "Never mind, they will do as they please any way." I came home the next day. It rained all day, and I was drenched from head to foot. I hung the old gun up and told it to hang there forever, for all I cared.

I will here observe that as I look back, I see that I did not act right. I was very easy to get acquainted with a girl, and when I got them to think that I was about right, I did not care anymore about them. But although it was a boyish idea, I was bound to live up to my word, as I have always tried to do since. When I went home, I told Aunt Corbett I was going to be married and she said I must come there and hold my infair. I told her I would do so, and she was very much pleased, and said she would do her best. Corbett's folks never liked the Andrews' family, and they were very well pleased with my choice. I had at that time a little less than \$200 in my pocket. My brother and Mr. McNaire went with me on my wedding day. When we got there, it seemed as if the whole country was there before us, there was such a large crowd Mrs. McNaire proposed to walk right in, with our boots and spurs all on and see the folks. We found the bride all dressed and Mrs. Sally Chase sitting by her side. I had spoken for Bradley Winton, to be my attendant, and he showed us a room in which to dress, and when we were dressed, showed us back into the other room. When I went into the house, I heard a woman say in a low tone, "Oh ! She need not put on all that finery," for she was dressed better than they generally were for such an occasion. I, too, was dressed uncommonly well for those days and we had to be looked at of course to their hearts content. So we were married on the second day of October, 1817, and next day went with a party of sixteen or eighteen on horseback, to Corbetts' where we found another large company of people. We had a good, enjoyable time and parted with our company with the best wishes of all. Now I had a wife and I must go to work and get something to support her on.

My first work was to help Corbett get his fall crops in. I then finished my road job and got \$70 or \$80. I then finished my road job and got \$70 or \$80. When I had got my money I built a little log house just on the point at the foot of Dead Water, and went to keeping house. I did not do much work that winter. Joshua Whitney boarded with us, and he and I cut 500 logs before spring, which was a very light winters' work. In the spring Corbett started a new saw mill and I ran the mill all summer. I had a hired man, and when the water was low, for it took a great deal of water to run the mill, we would cut logs. I bought standing timber of Corbett. It stood close to the bank of the creek, just above the bridge on the west bank of Dead Water. The land is low and flat, the timber was large and nice. We could haul the logs right into the water as the bank was low. I had six hundred logs by count. Very few of them under twenty inches in diameter, and a great many over thirty-six inches. There was no log rule in those days and no cross-cut saws. We cut all of our logs with axes. I hired a man and team by the day. We helped him all we could so he would get through. We could haul from thirty to forty logs in a day, when we were with him.

On the 14th of August our first child, Elizabeth, was born. I sold out my interest in the mill to two young men for 6,000 feet of boards, and reserved two days use of the mill anytime when I choose to take it, for I had paid Corbett for two days of the mill, and had never worked them. I went up to my place and hewed logs and built a good comfortable house, and moved into it sometime in November.

On Christmas day Corbett's folks came there with a sleigh and we went home with them, so I could haul some more logs as I had just brought a yoke of oxen. There had been a cold spell in November, and my legs being in the creek froze up solid. There had been no rise of water all summer, and we had not run a board, which was something new. It was only a mile from my logs down to the mill, but when a rise of water did come in January, the water rose very high, broke up the Dead Water and took my logs out of the mouth of the creek, and that was

the last that was seen of them. It was a loss of about \$400 to me. I had lotted on having these logs to pay for my land, but they were gone, and it was no use to cry over spilt milk. I had paid out the money the winter and summer before to go to housekeeping, and my little stock of money was pretty near gone. So I thought I would take my two days at the mill. I could not get any help and I sawed 1,200 feet in the two days alone. I sawed part of the logs in two inch plank. I had done my trading with a man at the mouth of the creek, and was in debt to him \$80. It was towards spring and I told him what nice two inch plank I had, built in a ten thousand raft board measure. He said if I would let him have the raft he would cancel my debt. So in the spring when I went to run the raft I got a man to help me so we could run safely, but owing to an accident we stove, and lost the raft. I did not save a board. I rafted and run 60,000 feet of boards that spring. I lost 10,000 on the raft and gave 18,000 feet to Robert Prather for a yoke of oxen. Still my store debt was not paid. This was the spring of 1819.

I commenced working on my place this spring. It had belonged to James Watt, and neither he or anybody else had ever done anything to it except to cut a little piece of grass for ten or fifteen years. He had cleared ten or twelve acres of land, but it had grown up to brush and briars, and had girdled some of the pine trees and they had fallen, making it very hard to clear up. But I cleared it some and made quite a show, and raised some corn and potatoes. It came fall and still no rise of water. I had got some lumber built into rafts ready to run, but of course they had to lie till spring. I chopped the timber off seven or eight acres of land that winter.

On the 5th of May, our son Alexander was born.

That same summer I farmed, and hauled logs. I got a man to cut and haul on shares, and I had to buy another yoke of oxen, so we worked together a good part of the time. I did a good job clearing, and raised quite a lot of crops of all kinds. When winter set in I had a good supply of everything. and he had got about 1000 logs into the creek. But times were hard, and money was scarce, and everything was very high priced. I had now been on my place about two years, and had been making a great many improvements on it. People thought I was doing a thriving business, and so I was, but it was mostly a credit business. But I was bound to do something, sink or swim. There was no freshet in the fall again, and nearly everybody was in debt more or less. About the middle of January, I was taken with a very hard fever, and did not get round till some time in March. I was very much reduced in flesh, but when I began to get better, I gained rapidly, and by May I began to do some work.

Mr. Miles had warned Corbett off his place at the mouth of the creek, and a man named Ogden had rented it. He came to me to see if I would go in with him, as I had a team, plow, &c. . which I agreed to do as soon as I had strength. I began to look around to see how things stood. I found everything used up. I had had a good supply of meat, grain, and all kinds of garden sauce. There was a few baskets of corn left. My wife had been sick in bed all winter, and there was two of her sisters there all the time she was sick, and it took two young men to keep the fires and do the chores and to go for the doctor. Besides these, the house was crowded night and day.

One of my wife's sisters died in March, her folks came and took my wife home, and she stayed there till May. My brother James moved into my house and stayed and farmed the place for two years.

Now my creditors began to come and see me. I had bought a barrel of flower of Long for \$15. I had learned that boards had fallen to \$2 per thousand. I had rafted about 20,000 feet into the water ready to run, but they lay in the water all winter. Boards were worth \$5 in the fall, that now was worth but \$2. I told Long where he could find a six thousand raft, and to take it and do the best he could with it, and I let the 20,000 go in the same way, so they only counted me \$40. The year before it would have been \$100.

Debt after debt kept coming in till all were filled on the Esquires docket, When summed up my debts would amount to about \$400, but I was gaining strength rapidly, and I thought if I just had myself again I would not dread my debts. Through all my debts, there was no constable seen. The 'squire would drop me a line and go and enter judgement, and that was all the cost there was. I moved down to the Miles place with Ogden. He was to pay Miles \$100 rent. So we went to work, we farmed some, and in wet weather we would saw on the mill, and got along quite well.

We had lots of grass to cut, and we had just about finished haying when a young man came there. He had come from the same country that Ogden had, Ogden had a very fine daughter and the young man was not blind to the fact, and so he made himself quite as his ease. Ogden wanted him to buy me out, and he was very willing to do so. I sold to him for a good sum, which was the first round in the ladder for me to get out of debt. I will not tell how much I managed, but I made the avails of that sale pay a debt of \$100 in the end. I went and hired to work on the State road, after I sold out, for \$44 a month. We worked from where the road crosses

Brokenstraw to the State line. I worked about two months and got my pay all right.

After I had quit working on the road, a man named S.P. Green came along. He was a great shingle maker. We went in together and made shingles all winter. He had a boy about fourteen years old with him. In the spring we went up the Big Creek where the timber was handy to the water and took the largest trees, cut them twelve feet long, split the log and rafted them in four pieces to the mouth of the creek, put on what shingles we found there and run them down the river to Wheeling, Virginia. We worked the stuff all up to shingles. They were worth \$1.25 to \$1.50 per thousand. Boards were worth \$4.50 per thousand. Money was awful scarce. While we were there two young men came along and wanted to hire out. They had ran away from home up the river, and did not know where they were going. We did not want them so did not fire them. they hung around a day or two. One of them had a very good double capped silver watch, and he wanted to trade for my brass one, and wanted some money beside. I told him I did not want to trade, my watch was good enough to work in the shavings with, but he hung on to trade, and said: I would give him three dollars he would trade, so I took the watch. It was the best watch I ever saw.

I went to a gunsmith to get him to make a rifle for me. He was building, and said if I would let him have 12,000 shingles he would make the rifle for me. I told him what kind of rifle I wanted, and told him to make the rifle and if it was just such a one I wanted I would let him have the shingles, and warrant every shingle to be good. He made a splendid rifle for me, and I let him have the shingles.

We had finished making our shingles and began to think about going home. We had hired two fellows to shave for twenty-five cents a day, and we would make 4000 in a day. We made over 100,000 besides what we had taken with us, and although we had not made a fortune we had made something. We had money coming to us that we could not get for a few days, so Green stayed to fix matters up, and the boy and I got ready to go home. It was now the last of June, and very warm weather. We had quite a luggage too, for we had worn our woolen clothes down, and now had to carry them back. Then we had a crosscat saw, and my rifle. We found we had too much to carry, but after we had gone a mile, we met Sam McMillan, a brother to Hugh, whom I had bought the watch of. He wanted to go with us but he had no money. He said if I would take him along, he would work a month for me. I told him that after we got home it would be a week or two before we could do much, but if he would help us carry our load he could go along, and after we got home we could rest up, and then he might work with me six weeks. He readily agreed and came along with us. We got along finely if we did have heavy loads. Before we got home, we met my brother-in-law, Hugh Coyle, He admired my rifle very much. He was a great hunter. I have known of his killing six deer in a day. He looked at my watch, and that took his eye also. I had gone to the shop when the rifle was being made, to see if it suited me, and I looked through the barrel and it was clear as crystal. I told Hugh this, and told him to fire it, as it was loaded. It cracked awful sharp. Said he, "It is just what I have been wanting, and the watch is its mate. I told him I had been to a watchmaker at Wheeling, to have him tell me what it was worth, he said I might take my pick of any two watches in his shop, if I would let him have that one, and when I would not part with it, he said there was very few such watches in the country, and it was worth \$50 at least.

Hugh said he would like to get the rifle. "Well," said I, "they can't take my rifle nor watch for debt, so I will keep them by me." The next Saturday he and his wife came to visit us. It was no long till he had the rifle in his hands. "Now," said he, "I have come to see if I can't make a trade. I have more stock than I care to winter, and James McCray is getting up cattle for a drove, and now if I can get him to take my cattle and if I make your debt right, what will you charge me for your rifle and watch?"

I told him \$30 apiece. He thought that was pretty high, but said he would go see McCray. He went home and in a few days came back and said if I would give him the watch and rifle, and chop seven acres of land he would get a receipt of McCray for the \$88, and I did so. So I paid a debt of \$88 by paying out but \$3.

My old friend Green and I took a job for getting out troughs for a mill, and I got \$50 for it. We settled, and he went away. I went around and paid up some of my debts. I kept runaway Sam with me till we finished the Coyle chopping, and then I gave him a coat and he left me. I went back to my place and fixed my house up. I built an addition and put a fireplace in it. and so had a comfortable room to make shingles in. Joshua Whitney and I made shingles all winter.

The next summer I farmed. I will not stop to tell how I managed, but by the fall of 1823 I had all my debts paid up satisfactorily. I made a trade with a man to come take one hundred acres of my land and pay the same that I was to pay for it. So that left me with just one hundred acres, and I had paid some on it, there was just

\$100 back on my land. Whitney and I made shingles the winter of 1824. He went down the river, and when he came back I took a job of chopping and clearing ten acres of land for him, for which he was to pay me \$100. He went on a visit to the east and did not return till fall. I had chopped about two acres when I took a notion to trade farms. There was two men named Yagers with their father-in-law who had exchanged property in the east for several hundred acres of wild land out here. They gave me a warranty deed of one hundred acres, to be located any place on theirs where I wished, but I did not locate it till the spring of 1825.

I wish to speak of a circumstance which took place in 1810. It is of my adversary's, John Miller's conduct. In less than one year he had broken up the engagement between Ruth Andrews and I, he seduced her, cheated her father out of everything he had, and then moved further west, where he bought him a farm. Andrews' folks were left very poor. They moved back to Brokenstraw. They had moved down the river in grand style, but they came back a great deal poorer than the poor fellow, who on account of his poverty, had not dared to ask for their daughter.

It is strange how matters will turn out sometimes. That exchanging lands was a bad move for me. Instead of taking a job to clear ten acres of land, if Whitney and I had seen the land, we could have went on and built a good saw-mill, for the best mill water privilege on Spring creek was on the land I let go. There was plenty of pine timber handy to get there, and Whitney had one hundred and fifty acre up the creek a ways, well supplied with timber. It looks to me now, that if we had went on and built a saw-mill, we would have been in different circumstance. William Deming bought the place, and put a mill in and got rich. This seems to be the turning point in my life, and in Whitney's also, for we would have never moved to Crawford county if we had done so. It seems that old Crawford held all the bad luck. Then I made another bad move that same year, (1825.) I selected my hundred acres on the state line, near where the Waterford road leaves the main road. I did not select it for a farm, as I had made up my mind to leave the country. The land was covered with nice smooth pine timber, which I thought would be valuable some day. but I did not think to take the water privilege, which I might have done, and made a good deal. But I was blind to all these advantages. The people were moving in to the west of my land and a mill would have paid well. Now all these chances are gone by, but I can't complain, for it was my own fault, and my circumstances are better now, than many others.

I will just say what my thoughts have been since on the subject: I had a clear warranty deed of one hundred acres of wild land, and I was not in debt. I had a chance to have bought as much more, joining on the west that would have given me all the timber I wanted. and it ran up on a chestnut ridge, so I would have some good farming land, and be clear from a frost, and also took in the forks of the road which was a splendid building sight. This property might as well been mine as not, had I known as much as I have since. But I have been telling what I might have done. I will now tell what I have done.

As I had to leave the old place the first of April, I thought I would move to Mercer County, and I moved my family to my wife's fathers', as she was not able to take a long journey. I went back to Spring Creek to work, going to see my family every little while to see that they had all they needed. Hugh Coyle lived up in the woods, about five miles from Centreville, and as I went back and forth he would get me to stop, and then coax me to buy. His land was rich, and what crops he had in looked well. I told him I had as good land as he had, already paid for. Sometimes he would keep me there two or three days at a time showing me around, At last I made up my mind that it was a better farming country than Spring Creek. I went down the river to Pittsburgh in June, and came home by New Castle, and stopped at my sisters. She wanted me to come there. I could get land for two or three dollars an acre, but if I went there I would have to live on rented land, as I had no money to buy with. If I had went to my Spring Creek place it would have been better in the end. But I had got so I liked the Coyle place so well, I thought if I could trade my land for land in that section I would go into the woods and try to make a farm.

Hugh and I went to Meadville; on our way we stopped at Esq. Guys, he was agent for a good deal of donation land in that section, but he did not want to trade, he wanted to sell. I could not get the land I had looked at, but John Randall said he would trade. He had the old soldiers patent from the State, of two hundred acres, he would take my one hundred and give me the two hundred acres, and I would pay him \$125, with time to pay it in. Hugh took me out doors and told me that he knew the land and thought it was a very good chance. So Randall and I traded, with the understanding that if I did not like the land when I came to see it he would trade back. When we came back Hugh went and showed me the land as he had promised Randall he would. I liked it very well. There was the nicest spring of water I ever saw and a good place to build on. It was about three quarters of

a mile south of Hugh's place, I knew it was back in the woods and no roads, so it would be hard getting along for a while, but the land looked so fair that I thought I could make quite the farm out of it, as I would not have so many pine stumps and roots to dig out. So I went back to Spring Creek and worked till after haying. Then I went back to Spring Creek and intended to saw on a mill all winter. In December I came home and found my wife very sick.

Our son Daniel was born July, 22, 1825, and was December of the same year. She had very poor health after he was born, but she was sick abed now, and I had them both to wait on, especially nights for many weeks before she got around. I took a job of chopping a field of old dry standing and fallen girdled timber, of James Lafferty, which he paid me for in grain. In February, 1826, I went to Meadville and got my land matter fixed up. I got the deed of two hundred acres and Randalls took a bound of \$125 and one hundred acres. So I would have one hundred acres clear. There was a man named Bolden who had went and settled beside Hugh Coyle. He had been there three or four years when he and Hugh quarreled, and he moved away. I went to Bolden and hired his place for one year. There was a very good sugar camp of one hundred and twenty five trees and a shanty covered with bark. When spring came I went to Spring Creek to raft and run some lumber. My old friend Turner had been sick all winter, and was now just able to be about. I had my deed and told him that if he liked the land he might have it so and so. This was the hundred acre lot. So he and I went out there and in looking around and examining the lines, &c., we found that my clearing was on another lot entirely. Come to find out where my land did lie I did not like at all, but Turner did, and selected him a place He and I went back and finished my rafting. and Turner got a sled and two yoke of oxen and hauled a load of provisions, &c., right over into the Bolden shanty, and I helped him as he was not able to do much. This was the first sled that ever come the intersecting road, which was a road from the State road, to Centreville. He and I went over it, over logs, and everything, and what made it worse, in the night. Turner went back, and the next week, moved his family there.

By this time I had gathered up some kettles, and was tapping the trees. We had a good sugar season, and made over three hundred pounds of sugar. I helped him build a house. and he was to help me when I built, but he did not. I moved my folks up in May. I bought a cow, and she died in less than four weeks, with the horn disorder. I began to think to think I was not doing much. I had chopped two acres on the Whitney job. When I traded with Yager for my land on Oil Creek road, I chopped five acres on that. The Yager's paid me \$20 in full cloth and I paid Frank Brannan \$13 for helping me chop the four acres in the woods. so there was eleven acres chopped for almost nothing. I told Hugh I would go and get my old land back again and clear the coop. He said that would not do at all. I said I never would go on that land, and he said he would swap lands. He would give me fifty acres off the land he lived on, and take fifty of mine. So it stopped there, and as time passed on I saw that we had better be farther apart. We would have to know which was master if we lived peacefully.

The summer of 1825, I went to Andrew Bloomfield's, and made shingles to cover a large barn. Then Stephen Bloomfield sent for me to come and make shingles for his barn. So when haying come on I bought a scythe of P. Sherly, and he made the old fashioned iron hangings for me, and I went to the woods and got a crooked stick, hung my scythe and went to mowing, and mowed everywhere I could get a job. I mowed forty-six days that summer. When harvest was over, I went to Guys' and articed for fifty acres of land where Charles Coats now lives. It was all woods, not a sign of a road till you got to Patrick Coyles, which was three and a half miles, and hardly a mark of an ax to be seen, but I went into the woods about the first of September, 1826, and chopped two or three acres and built a log house and stone chimney. Turner did not help but one day. I did the rest alone and hauled my floor boards from Spring Creek on bare ground, with a big sled and two yoke of oxen. I had 800 feet on, and the mud was knee deep, but I got through all right. I got my boards to my house, but did not get my floor laid. When I came into the woods the next spring I thought I must have a gun as well as my neighbors. So I got a gun, hunted a few days, but did not get anything. So I went over to Bloomfield's and bought a fat sheep, brought it home and dressed it, and it was the fattest sheep I ever saw. There was twelve pounds of tallow and three pounds of wool after it was carded. I paid \$1.50 for the sheep.

I gave out word that I had a rifle for sale, and one day a man came along and gave me \$12 in silver for it. That ended my hunting forever.

Hugh Coyle had a pair of four year old steers that were so wild he could not catch them alone. He had no yard or place to corner them at all, so Turner and I went to help him catch them. I would take a little salt in my hand, and when they got a taste of the salt they seemed more tame. I would let him lick my hand till I could get my thumb and finger in his nose, and he was fast till I could get ahold of his horns. On the 6th of December I came

along and he and the women were out trying to catch his steers. I stoppdd to help him. One of them ran by me, and I caught it by the horns, but I was on the off side and had not a good chance, and as he ran by a stump my foot caught fast, and the steer ran on and left me with a broken leg. I was near Hugh's house, he helped me in and I set my leg, splintered it and bound it up as well as we could. By this time some of the neighbors came in and they got me on a sled and hauled me home to the Bolden shanty, and it was three weeks before I could move or be moved. If any person ever suffered more for a small wound I pity them. I would think back how I had left a good comfortable warm house, and here I was in a little shanty covered with bark, with the snow blowing in all over me, but I could not get out of it, so I kept my thoughts to myself. In four weeks Mr. Graves sent a boy with a horse to come see me, and the boy helped me on the horse and we went to my new house.

We laid the floor and built a good fire and it looked more like home. But I could not bear scarcely any weight on my leg yet. Turner and Rach Abby came and butchered and salted my hog; it weighed 200 lbs. and as I had bought a fat deer and a fat sheep, I had quite a stock of meat on hand. Joe Randals came along and I hired him for fifty cents a day for two weeks, and on the 8th of January, 1827, I moved to my place where Charley Coates now lives. There was no roads only as I made them, but as handsome a growth of hard wood timber as need be. Mr. Graves and Mr. Blakeslee moved us; I rode on a load of hay, about four of five hundred weight; this was all the feed I had, and I had two cows and a calf; but there was plenty of tall timothy standing. I had some clapboards left of the covering of my house and I took them and covered a little shanty at the east end of the house and put the hay on top of it, and they had a nice place to lie in, and Graves would cut browse every day. Before my leg was broke I had changed works with a man and we had sawed up a whole pine tree into shingle cuts and it lay in the woods just as we sawed them, and it was the nicest shingle stuff I ever saw. I made 14,000 shingles from one tree and it was not a large tree either.

Mr. Graves sent his two boys and hauled shingle timber all to my house, and never charged me a cent for it. I could rive shingles, but I could not shave them, so Uncle Joe would shave and chop brouse and I would rive and bunch. I had a large fireplace and I could put on a four foot back-log, and it would burn all night, so we had a comfortable time. When Joe finished his two weeks he left me, and I chopped the brouse and made the shingles, but I had to stand on one foot most of the time, and when I would cut a tree I would give one jump and fall down, and sometimes hurt my leg badly. So it was a long time getting well. I saw Hugh Coyle one day and told him I would like to go Centreville. He said if I would come and thrash wheat for him one day he would take me down to P. Coyles. So I went and thrashed all day on one foot, and he took me a little below Coyles and left me. It hurt my leg to walk very much, so I went slowly. I met Frank Brannen on horseback, he helped me on the horse and took me to his house, where I stayed all night. They told me that they were building a church, and would like to get my shingles, and pay me in grain. I told him that would suit me, and he said he would find out and let me know soon. Old Mr. Brannen got me on a horse, and led him within a little way of Centreville, and then went back. I went limping on and met Charles Coyle at Centreville with a horse and jumper. I got in and rode home with him. Hugh Lafferty owed me some grain and I got one of H. Coyles' boys to take a horse and get some ground for me. They did so and let me have a horse to ride home on and carry my grist. Going home the horse fell and came very near breaking my leg again, but I got home with my breadstuff. It was not very long till I heard from Brannen's that if I would deliver the shingles at Winton's, they would give me \$1,50 a thousand, and would deliver wheat to me at \$1,00 a bushel, and corn at \$0.50 a bushel. I sent down word that I would take the job. These shingles were to cover the Catholic Church at Sloan's Ferry. I don't know how many it took, but it was something more than 10,000. I got Turner to haul them to the mill, there was not much of a road, but I delivered my shingles and got my grain. It was managed so as to have a load of grain come on the last load of shingles, so Turner hauled a good load of breadstuff right to my door, and we got along very well.

I cut brouse different from most people; I would go in the morning and cut a tree down and let the cattle at it, and after a while, I would go and trim the trees and pile the brush and cut up the bodies, so that by spring I had all four acres all chopped, the brush piled and my cattle in splendid condition. In March I took a job of cutting and logging out on the intersecting road from the five mile run to the top of the Whitney hill, for \$10, but I did not get my pay till almost fall. Old Mr. Fuller had moved there and was building him a house. I helped him hew the puncheons for the under-floor till it was ready to move into. Hugh Coyle and I went to Meadville about the middle of April, 1827, and gave our notes to John Randalls for \$20, to be paid in sugar, or black salts, within one year, and so got my land on Spring Creek back again. In May I made a logging bee and logged my four acres up all nice. The timber was all hard and easy to burn. Mr. Fuller helped me to brand and clear it, and then

helped me gather the ashes, and showed me how to make a leech, and packed the ashes good, as we hauled them to the leech. I worked the ashes up into black salts, and had 400 pounds. Mr. Fuller dragged my little piece and I sowed it to the millet and timothy seed. The millet did not do much, but the grass grew finely. By the next year it was as thick as it could stand, and as high as my shoulders. In September Mr. McBride had a public vendue. I bid off some young cattle and two acres of corn, it was middling good on the ground. It cost me \$13. When it was fit to cut I cut it up and hauled it to McBride's barn yard, and set it up in good sized shocks, and built an eight rail fence around it, and thought it safe. I went to help Mr. Fuller build a stone chimney. After about two weeks McBride came and told my wife that the cattle had broken down the fence and had trampled the corn badly. So she came to where I was and let me know. I went right down and when I saw the mischief that had been done I felt blue. The fence was all torn down, and hardly one shock left standing, and the weather had been wet and rainy. McBride said he had been away from home, and the cattle had broken in while he was gone. I did not know what to do. If I went to law it would make a great deal of trouble, and the people who owned the cattle were poor. I went to them and took them to the place and they said they could give me five bushels of good shelled corn. I told them that twenty bushels would not cover the loss, and If I had my own way of taking care of it I would have over fifty bushels, but now it was wet and rainy, the corn was soaked in the husk and would not dry, and the fodder was a total loss. They thought I was wild and said that when it got husked out it would not be as bad as I thought. So I agreed to take the five bushels of corn, but I don't remember as they ever gave it to me. Russel Goodridge had an ox that no fence would turn, and Miles Swanney had a yoke of them just as bad, and they helped about spoiling my corn fully their share. But I husked out my corn and put it on McBride's chamber floor. I had over one hundred baskets of corn, but it never did me much good, for it would mould before it got dry and the fodder rotted on the ground, so that on the whole my corn was not of much profit to me.

About this time Irving's, over at the river bought the Miles' farm at the mouth of Spring Creek, and word got around that they would buy all the logs on Spring Creek. By this time I had got a deed of my land on Spring Creek, and had timber of my own and not far to haul to the creek. So I thought I would go down to the river and see Irving myself, and see whether he would buy or not. He told me that they calculated to buy all the logs that were put into Spring Creek that winter. So I came home in good spirits. I knew they were able and could pay, so I began to prepare for my winters work. By this time I had got a very good yoke of oxen, and F. Brannan had another. He and James McGee went in with me. We put five or six hundred logs in Spring Creek. It was about the first of November when we commenced, and it was bad hauling, as it was bare ground.

I came home about the middle of December, and on the 19th of December, 1827, our daughter Pollie was born. The winter was rather an open one, but spring came with all its troubles. My note to Randals was coming due and some others also. One day I met Hugh Coyle and told him that since things had turned out so that he ought to help me pay the note, Said he: "You have no lawful claims on me. If I do anything it will be in an act of charity."

I said: "You had better say an act of honor, for you know very well that you are the whole cause of my troubles, for you promised Randals to show me the land, and he paid you for doing so, and I went and chopped where you told me and found out afterward the only thing on the land you showed me was on another man's lot."

But it was of no use. He would not listen to it. So I went to work to make sugar. I made 125 sap troughs and a large store trough, and bought kettles and opened quite a little camp. I built a kind of a house and covered it with clapboards, and hung my kettles in an arch so I could boil them all night. I made quite a good lot of sugar. After sugar making I went to Spring creek and down to the river to see Irvings, to see if I could get some money. They answered me "No." They were going to build that summer and would not buy a log. I said I was badly disappointed for I owed money and had got five or six hundred logs in the creek, thinking that they would buy them. He said the Doctor thought he could not buy any more logs this spring, so there was another balk.

I owed an Irishman in Youngsville, who was all fire and tow. So when I came back to Youngsville, he pitched right at me as though he would gobble me up at one mouthful. But the constable was away and he dare not leave me. So he took his account book and bade me follow him. He gave the Squire his book and asked if that was right. I confessed judgement. "Now" said the fellow, "I want a summons for Mr. Donaldson. He recommended this scoundrel, and I'll have him too." The Squire said he could not take Donaldson, as Tubb's had confessed judgement. Then he wanted an execution. "Well you can have a judgement, said the Squire, "but

if Tubbs' pays \$50, he has twenty days to enter bail in. I never saw a mad a man. While he was out at the office, I slipped out and got a man to bail me for three months. The debt was \$17 or \$18. I came home, and it was not long till I took a job of the Irvings of cutting and sawing a bill of oak timber for the mill. I did the job and got \$25. Then I went to Erie with my oxen and wagon, and got provisions for my family. Then I went back to Spring Creek, and chopped four acres of land, for Robert Andrews. He paid me \$20, and I went and paid my Irishman This was all done before August. Then I put up my four acres of grass, and moved up to Corbett's, to give me a good chance to haul logs. I got along quite well, till in October, when I cut my leg. For seven weeks I did not go to the barn. I had to have the doctor, and came very near losing my leg. But I got around and was quite well all winter. I worked till the 3rd of March, when I broke one of my oxens' legs. It was a splendid winter for hauling logs, and was good yet. I went over to Squire Irving's and bought an ox for \$30. He was quite poor, but I finished my winters' work with him. Corbett got his leg hurt and I had to put the logs in alone, and run them to Horn's mill all safe, and got some money on them. I then went and paid my vendue debt to McBride and several other little debts. A Mr. Bassett had moved into my house. I had a chart of about three hundred acres of land joining on mine. He had bought my hay the fall before. He said if I was willing, as I had not paid for my land, he would draw my fifty acres, and lift my contract with Guy, and deed it to me if I would cut and clear him ten acres of land, ready for the drag, within two years from that fall, which I did, and got my deed. When Corbett's timber was all gone, I made a turn of my land in the summer of 1829. for timber on fifty acres of land on what was called Turner Hill. In August I went to my place and logged, and sowed three acres of wheat. In September, the ox I had bought off Irving, died within the murrain. I bought another yoke, hired hands to cut, and some to haul and build a slide. We slid our logs 100 rods and then had to haul them from twenty to thirty rods to the creek. I bargained with a man to haul 1000 logs for half. We got in about 2000 and had not more than half the timber cut, but I had another year to get it off in. In march I sold one yoke of oxen and moved my family back to my farm, but I had to go back to put my logs into the creek. I had not paid Irving yet for his dead ox, he had a judgement on me for it. So one day while I was hauling and rolling the logs knee deep in mud, along came the old Squire himself and the constable, and a nephew of Irving's, who knew my oxen, with him. The cattle was pointed out, and the constable was told to levy on them.

"Hold on a bit," said I to the constable. "I am willing, and have the privilege to turn out my own property, and forbid you to touch my oxen.

"Levy on them," said the Squire.

"Squire Irving," said I, "just stop. I forbid you to turn out my property when I am willing and have the privilege to turn out what I please. The law gives me a chance as well as you. Now you are a justice of the peace, and ought to know this, and besides you call yourself a christian. Here you want to take my cattle from me when it is impossible for me to do without them."

"If he insists upon it, you can't levy on them," said he to the constable, and then turning to me he said :

"What do you intend to turn out."

"Saw-logs," said I.

"That won't do," said the squire.

"It will have to do," said I. "Logs' will bring money before oxen."

"Well, levy on enough to pay the debt," the Squire said to the constable.

"I guess 200 logs will be enough,"

"I don't think they will," said the Squire.

"Well, sell them and see," I answered.

The sale was to be in eight days. I tried to raise the money but could not. I knew that if the logs went to sale, they would not satisfy the debt. So I went to Robert Donaldson and gave him the 200 logs, if he would pay the debt.

Donaldson's mill-pond backed up to my logs and they floated down to his mill and he had a chance to take as many as he choose, and I have no doubt that he took 250 logs, and my loss on the whole was about \$100.

Squire Irving was a loud spoken church member and a class leader. I then went and cleared five acres on my Bassett job, and without hiring a days' work. I made a bee and logged it in a day. I had three acres of wheat and it was the first grain I had raised on the place. When winter came in 1830, I went back to Turner Hill and shantied by myself, and hauled what I could with one team, but there was still about 300 logs to get in yet. I had my affairs pretty well arranged I thought, but I got word that there was trouble at home, so I went home and

found that Randalls had got tired of waiting for me to pay him, and Hugh Coyle had, unknown to my wife, turned out my cows to the constable. but she found it out by chance. Joshua Whitney had moved back, and wanted to buy sugar kettles, so I sold him my kettles, and what money I had settled the execution, which was over \$25. I went and bought some more kettles on credit and still made sugar that spring.

There is a little affair that happened about then, that I can't pass by without mentioning. Hugh Coyle had fixed up and got a nice suit of broadcloth clothes, and was starting out to preach the gospel. My wife had told her sister, Peggy Winton, that Hugh had better learn to tell the truth before he started out to preach. Peggy told Hugh about it, and he came right over to my house to see about it. The first words he said were: "Well Nancy, I think you have taken a pretty bold step. Peggy Winton said that you told her that I had actually lied."

"Well, you have lied," said she, "and I can prove it. When I asked you what McGee he levied on you said you did not know, and I went and saw him and he said you told him to levy on the cows, and I sent for Tubbs to come home. If I had not seen McGee you would have had our cows sold, when at the same time you ought to pay it yourself."

I sat there, and although I can't say that I like to hear people quarrel, yet this pleased me so well I could not help laughing to myself. It was a matched quarrel, but Hugh had to give up. The contest lasted over three hours, and he had to go away without making Nancy believe that he had not lied. So I had a long wrestle with two church members, Irving and Hugh Coyle, and I was like the Indian that went to law, who said, "Me pay twenty shilling, and come off clear" We did not see Hugh again for a long time. This was in the summer of 1831. The house I lived in was quite good, but the land was so wet all round it, that I thought I would build on dryer ground. So I went to work and built me a frame house. It was 21 feet by 31 feet. I covered it with shingles, and as boards were scarce I thought I would shingle it all over, and I had shingles all made, and nails, all ready. I sheeted it all over with inch boards, and built a good chimney of stone, which I hired a stone-mason to do, I layed floors down rough, and moved into it on the 9th of November, 1831. As I said before, I calculated on having 300 logs on Turner Hill, so I thought I would go out and cut, and start them out a little, and then go in the winter and put them in. So I went out and hired help and cut my three hundred logs. My brother James was living on the place and word was sent to him that \$25 must be paid before there was another log moved. I had not calculated to pay anything. James had the article, and he said he would have to pay the \$25. I gave him \$12, and he went to Columbus and fixed it up, I never knew how.

It was now about the first of December, and it commenced to snow and kept on so badly that I thought I would come home. I came as far as George Yagers' and stopped over night. Previous to this I had been to Youngsville and bought half a side of sole leather and half a side of upper leather, and several other articles, and carried them on my back to Yagers', a distance of fifteen miles, through mud and snow. I had also went to Columbus and bought window sash and glass, for five or six windows. I picked the panes one at a time and fitted them in a box, and nailed it up tight. There was a man there horseback and I got him to carry the box of glass down to Yagers'. Jim and I carried the sash on our backs to his house. I stayed at Yagers' that night, and rigged up an old sled, put my things on it and started for home at daylight. It was long after night when I got home. I found my wife sick abed, and the little fellows doing their best to keep up fires. I had built on nice dry ground, and at the edge of as pretty a piece of timber land as you could wish to see. I hauled up a lot of wood to the door and took the cattle home. They belonged to F. Brannen. I had quite a stock of cows and calves, and I chopped brouse and kept fires night and day, and I had all I could do to keep my family from freezing. My wife was sick abed a long time. I made a kind of a partition around her bed near the fire place, and made her feel as comfortable as possible, but it was the longest spell of cold weather I remember of experiencing in my life, there was forty days in December and January that the eaves did not drop at all. I had only sheeted my house with boards, thinking to shingle it all over if the weather was a little rough. If I had stayed at home and finished my house it would have been money in my pocket, but the weather was so bad that I could not lay a shingle and the sheeting boards had dried and made large cracks in the sides of my house. Towards spring my wife got some better, and as the weather got mild I thought I would put a window or two in. When I came to open the box there was not a whole pane of glass in it There was three dollars more gone. The fellow that carried the box to Yagers' must have let it fall off his horse.

When sugar making came I went to Spring Creek and bought a yoke of oxen of John Jackson, as one of mine had died the summer before. I went to making sugar, and as I had got some leather I busied myself, what time I could get, in making shoes for my family. After sugar making was over I went to work clearing a piece where I

had cut browse and cut up the bodies for firewood, and so I had about one acre and a half all cleared nice, and ready for corn. I thought I would plant it as I had seen others do. So I took an old ax, struck it into the ground, dropped the corn in, and tramped it with my foot without plowing or harrowing. I was in a hurry to get out to Turner Hill to finish my log job. Along about June I thought I would run out and see how things looked out there, and behold! Jim Tubbs had sold out and moved across the creek to Jackson's shanty, and the fellows he sold to were hauling my logs away as fast as they could, and by that time had got most of them into the water. They said they had bought all without any reserve and were entitled to it. I went over the creek to Jim's to see him about it, and he said he had to sell or do worse. He had sold for forty dollars, but it was in such a shape that he could not divide with me very well. I came home feeling worse than robbed. If I had stayed at home and shingled my house it would have saved me at least \$25, that I paid for help, besides my own work. I got home Sunday evening, and it still worked on my mind how I had been used, and how I was to pay for my oxen. Monday morning I went back to work to make a fence, but I could not work; I was sick. I went to the house and went to bed; I lay awhile and fell asleep, and when I awakened I felt all right. I then went to work and finished my fence, and after the rub of my mishap passed off I felt as well as ever.

But my new day of planting corn did not work well; there did not a kernel sprout.

The 23rd of July, 872, our son John was born. After harvest I went and helped Jim Tubbs put in two or three hundred logs, and he let me have an old gray mare and I rode home for once; she did very well to run about with and go to mill. I had made up my mind not to shingle my house by this time, so I clapboarded it that fall. John Jackson was very glad to take the oxen back and give me back my note that I had given in the spring and \$8 besides, so I made well enough on that trade. In the fall Miles Aiken and Patrick Coyle built a mill and when they were about ready to start it, I moved to a little log house near by with my daughter Elizabeth, then only about ---- years of age, to do my cooking, and I sawed there all winter. The mill went slowly but I did middling well. In the spring I went to work on my farm and worked until after haying; then I went back to Spring Creek and bought a yoke of oxen from Tim Wright, and was to pay him two hundred saw logs, in the water of the big creek. It was not long until Donaldson had the note and then I had another hard time of it, but I got through it all right. My brother Jim and I logged, cleared and got ready for the harrow, the greatest part of the big hill at Spring Creek station for R. Donaldson; there was seven or eight acres, for which we got six dollars an acre. We finished in December 1833. By this time P. Coyle had got a partner from Meadville, named J T. Torbett, and they wanted John Chase and I to come and take charge of the mill and run it for one-fourth; so we went to sawing and had Elizabeth keep house for us; we sawed till the fall of 1834, when I got ruptured and had to quit sawing. We had James Lamony to work for us, and when I quit he went in with Chase and they had their sisters to keep house for them till James got married. During this time Colye had made quite an improvement at large expense. He had built a house and brought the water to it, and had bought a carding machine and was doing quite a business, but it was all on credit. As I got hurt I went to work on my farm but I was pestered with my rupture for over a year before I let anyone know it; when I got so bad that I could hardly work, I got me a truss and soon got better. In the spring of 1836, I went to Brokenstraw and run on the Creek; I went to Pittsburgh, and was gone about two weeks and cleared a dollar a day; so I bought a cow of James M. Gee, and she died in June of the same year. Besides working on my farm for two years, I had chopped eight acres of land for Joshua Whitney; I raised a good share of our living off my farm. Coyle & Torbett had been repairing the old mill that fall and Chase had moved into the woods. I thought that as I was so much better I would take the mill to run again, and Elizabeth, who had attained her eighteenth year, was my housekeeper. Coyle had made a contract with Kerr, Ridgway & Co., for 100,000 feet of boards, 20,000 clear stuff and 80,000 common stuff, to be delivered at Coyle's mill the next spring. The price was \$5 and \$10, and an advance of \$50. I didn't know of the contract, and sawed the 100,000 for the one-fourth, consequently I should have had \$150, but when they advanced the \$50, Coyle and I went to Stephen Bloomfield's and bought three head of cattle for beef; I got one of them for \$18 or \$20, and that was all I ever got. It was some few years before we could get a settlement and then it was by arbitration, which gave Coyle a sum of between \$40 and \$50. Chase appealed the case to court and as Coyle died suddenly, soon after insolvent, it was the last that was ever heard of our debt. When I was working on the mill, I would generally come home Saturday night and go back on Sunday. Early one Sunday morning before I was up, a man came there to get me to sign a note with him for a barrel of pork and one of beef in favor of Andrew Aiken. He said he had nothing to eat but potatoes and salt, and even shed tears; I felt sorry for the poor fellow; his name was Jessie Sherwin; I had known him when he was quite young, and his

father was an honest and fine old man. He said he would go down to the river in the spring and earn enough to pay the note. So after a while I told him if he would give me half the meat I would sign with him and he said "all right," and I signed the note; he fetched me half the meat, and then went down the river. Aiken was on the boat with him coming up the river, and told him he had better pay half his share of the note, but he said it would be time enough when it fell due; Aiken told me that himself; I managed it so that he might work out his half, but that he would not do, and I had to go and work it out and then pay for my share; he never paid a cent of it. About the last of May, 1837, John Chase and I bought Torbett's interest in the mill, and a grove of pine timber near the creek, about two miles above the mill, for 111,000 feet of common boards to be paid in three years. The timber was worth the amount for there was over two thousand logs in the lot. So Chase and I started out anew; we hired one hand and I built another house for Chase to move in, and Elizabeth was my housekeeper again; I had a good yoke of oxen and Chase bought a yoke and we were getting along nicely, making piles of boards and pushed things generally. There was a store at Guy's mills, kept by Guy & Foreman, where did our trading. Foreman came out in July and we and others paid him; we paid him in lumber; he run his lumber down the river and did so well that he came back in the fall to contract for 100,000 feet of lumber, and would advance some money; so I told Chase that he and I would contract 50,000 feet and let Coyle contract as he had a mind to.

Here is where the foundation stone laid that deprived me of a farm. Foreman, Chase and I went into Chase's house to draw up a contract: I said to him: "Chase and I will give you a contract for 50,000 feet, and let Coyle do what he pleases." Foreman wanted it to be all three in one contract. I said, "no, I want Chase and I seperate." Just then Coyle stepped in and Foreman said: "Coyle, won't it be best to make this contract with you, Tubbs, and Chase?" "O Yes," said Coyle, "certainly." There was the turning point. If I had insisted, and had the contract as I wanted it, I would have saved my farm from being sold by the Sheriff. But I knew if I objected that Coyle would be displeased and so I let it go so, but I have rued it ever since, for it was the cause of my difficulty and broke me up forever. I had at that time a deed of sixty acres of the best land in town, forty acres cleared and fenced in and under a good state of cultivation, a young orchard of grafted fruit trees, a good frame house and barn, and as good a sugar bush as there was in the county. All went for a song, as the saying is. Of course after the contract was made it was called the firm, and when settlement came the bill was awful big, for Coyle had went and bought everything that he wanted, and we had to pay for it all. The spring of 1838, Guy & Foreman got all the lumber at the mill and Chase and I had not made any payments; but in the spring of 1839 and 1840 we made payments, but there was one yet in 1841, so in the fall of 1840, I took my son Alex. and all hands of us pitched in and ran the mill night and day, till we thought that we had fully the amount needed. Thos. Bloomfield was chosen by Dick, of Meadville, as they held the obligation, to come and receive the boards; so we called on him to come and measure the boards; he came in December; it was cold and snowy; we had the boards put up in little piles; he said it was a pity to move them, that when spring came he was going to raft and run the lumber. If I had known what followed, I would have him had take the delivery of the boards and marked them in his name, and give me a receipt; if I had done so I would have been all right, but we let it stand so all winter. I had bought a cow of Capt. Gad Peek to be paid for in boards; Peek owed B. Commons and Commons was to have the boards. I told Chase if those boards were called for to say that they were ready; so I went down to Clarion county to do a job of getting out gunnals, in March, before winter broke up, and did not get done until the middle of June, and then I learned instead that of Chase doing as I asked him to, he and Coyle had made other use of them; I never knew what answer he made to Commons, but Commons swore in Court that the lumber was not ready when he went for it; I got a good witness to testify that the boards was ready when they were called for; I did not hear anything for some time and when I did it was a summons to appear before Esquire Carpenter in Troy township; I stood them a suit and proved that the boards were ready; Commons swore they were not ready when he called; so judgement was entered against me; I was so provoked; I appealed it to court; I had no attorney and judgement was confirmed against me. The next thing was the Sheriff with a writ to levy; it cost me \$75 before I got through with it, and \$250 taken from me by dishonesty and negligence. In the winter of 1842, I settled up with Chase and he left the mill; I hired Bront Shelmadine and he and his family moved to the mill, but he was no mill hand, for if he worked one night he had to sleep a week before he was rested. J. and D. Titus then took the mill and had not been there long till they broke a saw and a crank; I

can't relate half what took place, but by fall I had abandoned the mill, and we soon got acquainted with the Sheriff. Our debt to Guy & Foreman was \$350; so I was held to the amount of \$700 or \$800, beside my own debt of \$180 to David Dick. There was a levy laid on all my property, but Coyle got the judgement opened on account of an error in settlement, and the sale was postponed for a while; I got David Dick to bid off my place for \$50; that was in 1844. In 1845 C. and D. Tubbs, my sons, articed the place back for \$300, but they had too many wild oats to sow, and at the end of two years had only paid part of the interest, so they failed.

During the years 1843 and 4, I bought thirteen acres of land joining on the south side of my farm where I intended to build a house for my wife and I, and let the boys have the old place. I had cleared some two or three acres on it and raised some grain, and when the deed was made out I was so involved in the Coyle debts that I could not have made it out in my own name, so I had made it out in Coyle Tubbs' name. It was made out and acknowledged before Esq. Webbin Sparta and left in the Esq s. office for Coyle to lift and pay the Esquire's fee. Time passed on and he had not called for it, till he came so involved in a shingle machine that he dare not lift it nor do any thing about it. In 1845, B. Shelmadine and I bought a saw mill of Chancy Shelmadine and eleven acres of land with it. It was on a light stream but it did a middling good business. I occupied most of my time sawing and making ox yokes and bows. In the fall of 1847, Coyle Tubbs came to me and handed me the Dick contract, as he said he could not fulfill it and did not want any law about it. He said that I could save \$100 by the way of Charles Coats, for Coats had offered him that for his chance in the Dick contract. Coyle seemed vexed in mind, and said he was going to leave and go to some place where he could make more than he could here, so he and Pat Coyle went to Ridgeway and sawed for several years; but he never had a pocket that would hold money. Previous to this I had went to Dick; he said if they would give \$100, he could give them another article for two years, but the \$100 could not be raised, so I thought if I could save \$100, I had better do so. I went again and saw him, and asked him if I brought a man he would do by him as he proposed doing for me; he said he would; so I came back and saw Coats, and we made a bargain, he said he'd give \$125, and what was left after paying Dick should be mine. So we went to Meadville to David Dick. I gave him up the boys article and he cast up the interest and it amounted to \$320. Coats paid him \$150 and articed to pay the rest in two years. I agreed to give him possession the first day of next April. Coats yaid me \$105, and so he got the place for \$425, when it was worth \$1000. When Dick bid off the place I remembered that he did not pay the \$50. So when he had the business fixed up with Coats, and seemed very much pleased, I asked to see him in private. He took me into another room, and I observed he had never paid the \$50. He stared awhile and then said that he did not want to pay it out of that money. If I had taken his bill for the amount, I would have been all right, for he had been drawing interest on it for almost three years. I said to him that I have saved \$100 by that trade, and with it I wished to pay for a piece of land for a home for us old folks. He said he would sell me fifty acres of land lying on the State road for five or six dollars per acre, and take \$100 down and wait for the rest; I told him I would look at the land as I came home; it was heavily timbered with beech and maple and I thought it would be too hard for me to clear another farm, so I came home and bought forty acres of Bront Shelmadine for five dollars per acre and paid him \$80 in money and the rest in building a barn for him; this is the land that Ruland Gardner now lives on. The land lay within eighty rods of my mill and I thought with that and my mill and lot of eleven acres that I could soon be comfortably situated; but I never could get my wife to leave the old place. I had agreed to leave the old farm and give Coates possession in the spring of 1848 but when he went to take possession of it she would not leave, and Coates went to Dick to get him to give him possession, but Dick told him that it was he and Tubbs for it; so Coates brought suit against me, and I had to sell my only cow to pay the costs which were \$50, and it took me so long to get things fixed up that Dick got rather offended at me and did not know whether he owed me anything, so there was \$50 more gone. My wife had six acres joining mine which was her share of her father's estate; I built her a house on her own land and finished it off, put a stove in it, and all ready to move into; but she would not move until the Sheriff came and moved her and her things out of the house, then she went to her own house, and I gave her \$300 as fast and as soon as I could. I had deeded the thirteen acres adjoining south of the old place to Coyle, but as he never went and got the deed, so I went and paid the Esquire's fees took the deed and had it deeded to John my youngest son; he was seventeen years old and Nancy was fifteen; they and their mother lived in the new house; they now had a comfortable home and nineteen acres of land, partly cleared, and a yoke of five-year old oxen that I gave my wife as \$60 on the \$300. I will now tell the dates of the birth of the rest of our children, that I have not given. Next to Alexander, Coyle was born Sept. 15, 1822, Catherine was born December 29, 1829, and died Jan. 24th, 1864. Nancy was born

April 30th, 1834; John was born July 23^d 1832, and died July 25, 1858. I will now return to my little mill and relate how things prospered; I had Chaney Shelmadine pretty nearly paid for his claim on the mill, but John Shelmadine had a claim for which I agreed to build him a house; I had got it pretty well along in the summer of 1847. On the 6th of June 1848, my daughter Elizabeth Bront Shelmadine's wife died, leaving two boys and two girls, and one of the girls but two weeks old. The girls are both married, and living in New York. The boys both went to the war in 1862 and died; they were starved to death. After Elizabeth died Bront wanted his land he had sold back to me back again so badly that I thought I would let him take it, which I never ought to have done; but instead of paying back the money that I had paid him, he signed his claim in the mill for \$80, when it had never cost him a cent; so I was left alone at the little mill: I had it repaired throughout; new carriage, sawgate, saw, dog irons, bars, and cant-hooks; I could saw 2,000 feet in a day quite easily; I finished John Sheldamine's house, and after quarreling with Chancy Shelmadine, we settled, and on the 1st of January 1850, I paid them up for the mill and the eleven acres of land, and from that time John Shelmadine and I have been good friends. The Kerr's hauled logs every winter and I sawed them as fast as I could; I sawed my boards; after a while Jonathan Watson wanted me to build a better mill and do a better business, for he said that I made the best lumber that came from Thompson Creek; he said that if I would build one that he would furnish me with the money and I might pay him when I could; E.H. Chase bought logs of Kerr and he was up one day and I told him what Watson had told; he said if I went in with such a big company that I would lose my mill; I was out of debt and going well, so I thought he was right about it. I had bought eight acres more from J. Shelmadine and paid one half down; in the spring of 1852 E.H Chase came, and he and I made a bargain, that I would build a mill and he would build a dam; we hired Mrs. Julia Ann Stephens to keep house for us; she had three children and we were to pay her 1,50 per week; she had two cows for the use of which we were to pay her \$2,00 per month; she moved in with her family April 23^d, 1852; I kept sawing and getting ready to build the new mill till June, when I went and got out the timber for the frame and hauled it to the ground; the frame was 50 feet long and 20 feet wide besides the overshot for the bulwarks. Oliver Thompson took the job of putting up the frame, but did not commence till August, so it was in September when they raised the mill; I made the shingles myself; it took 12,000 to cover it; it was Thompson's first mill and he meant to have everything in the best style possible, a balance crank which cost \$6 to get turned and all such, not a thing of the old mill could be used excepting the carriages; Thompson and I went to Irvineton for the castings; we had our choice of three different kinds of wheels; but he wanted the Union wheel which spoiled our mill, or else he did not know how to put it in, for it was very hard to start and when the head of the water fell to four feet it would not start at all. The frame was as good as any on the waters, but the wheel spoiled all.

Thompson had two men helping him most of the time. They covered the frame and boarded it all up, and worked all winter at the running gears, and it was so cold they could not half work. I tried to get Chase to consent to have them stop, and wait for warmer weather, but he said we must have it ready for the spring sawing, but it was June before we sawed a board. When we got ready to saw we raised the water so as to have a good show, and started for our dinner; just as we were leaving, we saw the dam give away. We drew off all the water and stopped it, but it was two or three days before we got ready again, and so it kept on. If we would raise the water to a full head, the dam would give away. But I sawed all I could till the last of January. One evening we thought there was going to be a soft spell and a good spell of sawing; I had two men ready to start the mill in the morning; one of the men went out before it was light and said that there was no water in the pond; we went out and there was forty feet of the dam gone, the water pouring through and the saw-logs gorged in the hole; Chase took it very mildly and did not find any fault, but got men and went to work, and it took two months to repair it, and I was packing provisions on my back and every way to feed a lot of men, and all on credit; but we got started some time in April and I sawed night and day. Coyle Tubbs came home that spring, 1854, and bought Frank Stearns' farm and left it ??? take care of; I farmed some but still kept an eye on the ??? that she went all right; in the spring of 1853, Mrs. Stevens talked of going back to her little place; she had about an acre of land with a little shanty on it; she wanted her house fixed and some fencing done. When Chase heard that she was going to leave he said it would not do, and told me to take of his boards and go fix up her house, and I did so; she stayed with us till the spring of 1854, when my daughter Catherine Ferguson came and kept house for me, as her husband had gone to California; we kept on sawing till Sept. 1855, when one morning I woke up and went to the door; I saw there had been a heavy rain; I looked toward the mill and the pond was dry, the dam gone again, there was more than fifty feet of it gone, and all filled up with saw logs; I had slept so

sound that I had not heard it rain at all. When Chase came to see it, he seemed rather discouraged for the first time, and said we had better settle and see if we were able to mend it; so I took my book and went to settle; we got along till the second day when he took a course I had not looked for; I asked him if he intended to take that course: he said he did; "then," said I, "you and I can't settle, it will take more men and more money." The settlement stopped right there; he and I never had any hard words, and we had none now. Our books showed that the outlay on the mill was \$2,000; I had settled with the company a few days before and had given the company my note for \$300; I went home but did not sleep any that night; I thought if I was clear of debt and clear of the whole thing I would be happy. So next day I went and saw the Company and asked \$200, and my note I had given them to clear me, and they gave me the note but I never got my \$200; but I was free once more; I then moved with Catherine and her dear little Delilah to Coyle Tubbs' place in Rome; it was a poverty stricken looking place, all grown up to brush; there was a house and barn, but neither finished and four or five acres of meadow land in middling good shape; I suppose you think I felt discouraged, no. I felt as if I had been cured of a long standing disease, for I had a good many ups and downs to pay for my little mill, and worked four years night and day on my new one, and now had lost the whole. I had a good bay of hay which I let Silas Kerr have, and that kept the wolf from our door. In the spring I went cheerfully to work among the thorns, and would not hire a day's work done; I made quite a farm of it and soon had grain to sell; I always let Silas Kerr have my hay; the last summer I was there, I had a crop of all kinds; I had seventeen bushels of spring wheat from one bushel of seed; and I had two splendid pieces of corn and give F. Ferguson one piece as he had helped me tend it; I had 150 baskets of as nice corn as ever grew; that was the last year I stayed there; I had built a wood-house, and my corn-crib was in it; there was a good spring of water on the place, but it never had been walled up, as the people brought their water from a neighboring spring; the cattle had tramped the spring all into a mud hole; I cleaned it out and walled it up and had a good spring of lasting water; I had fenced in the whole premises, and arranged it so as to have plenty of pasture, garden fenced, and a lane from the barnyard to the spring for the cattle to go in; when I was fixing all this I thought it would be my home the rest of my life, but in the fall of 1858, Coyle and I did not think alike about a little matter, and he told me to take my crops and leave, which I did. I had paid the taxes from '53 to '58, and it had only cost him what he had paid for it, which was \$500; I then had to put on my studying cap to think what was the best move to make; I had spent ten years at the Shelmadine mill, and nothing to show for it, and had spent five summers at the Coyle place, but this was not quite so bad; I had when I left there a cow and a calf and a fatted hog, besides my crops. Coyle never did much on his place till he sold it for some \$1,200 or \$1,300. But enough of this subject. I went and took a look at the old Connel place on Fink Ridge, another dilapidated, forsaken-looking place, not a building of any kind, but an old log hut that Colby lived in, and it was not fit for a hog pen; there was considerable land cleared but not a stone moved only as the plow and harrow had turned them around, and the fencing was in awful shape; they once had apple trees and even grapes, but they had grown wild and looked more like thorn bushes than anything of the tame kind: the people had left without selling the place, leaving it for Charles Hyde to sell; I went to Hyde before I looked at the place to see about his terms; he asked \$450; \$100 down and two or three years to pay the balance. E.H Chase owned some land adjoining Hyde's for which he asked \$70; I went to Spring Creek and found that Hannah had some money that could be used for purchase money; so on the last day of November, I bought the Chase place for \$60 to be paid when he gave me possession, and on the first day of December, 1858, I bought the fifty acres of Charles Hyde; for \$450; I paid him \$100 down and took an article for the balance; I hired my board at Drown's and went to work hewing timber for my house; I hewed everything, rafters and all, and got everything on the ground; it was an open December and I worked all the time; I laid Ceil Drown's floor and that paid for my shingles; it was understood that they were to bring Hannah out at a stated time; so I got the privilege to go into the old Fink house; I gathered together my things and moved there. On the 12th of February, 1859, Alexander Johnson brought Hannah to the old house; I sold him twenty bushels of oats, for which he paid me \$10 in gold. Sometime in March, Silas Kerr bought the hay that was in Fink's barn. There was hardly any snow and I told him to drive his oxen there and bring a couple yokes and I would feed them; in a few days along came eleven yoke of oxen and two yokes and chains; I had gone and bought all my lumber choice and fine, and paid it mostly in corn; I borrowed a wagon and hauled my lumber through snow and mud almost up to the axles of the wagon. By April I had my lumber all on the ground; then I dug my cellar and had it walled up with stone I picked on the place; old Mr. Drown laid the cellar wall, and my son Daniel had the house ready to raise the first day of May, and he finished it all off with paneled doors and all; we had six doors in all; Silas Kerr went to

Erie for my lime, and I hired two teams and went to Spring Creek on the Jackson hill for sand. Old Mr. Southwick and Daniel did the plastering and the house was ready to move into on Daniel's birthday, July 22d; the house was 32x16 feet, one story, and cellar under one half. Colby did not leave when Chase give him notice; instead of sending the Sheriff, Chase wrote a note and got a man to serve it, and it did not do; for all Chase knows the laws pretty well he missed it here; it is too long of a story to relate here, but I managed so that Colby got \$15 and Chase got \$45; so Mrs. Colby signed over her right and left. Colby had raised a little patch of corn above the road. but below the old house it was all grown up with weeds and briers, and right about it in the middle of the piece they had dug a well, an awful big hole; I cut the briers away and filled the hole up with every old trash I could find and then burned it; then I went to a field they had always plowed and hauled stone and filled up; they had always chopped their fire-wood up in the road, six or eight rods from the house and there was a chip-pile about four rods long and three feet deep, so I moved the fence and scraped up the chip manure all over my field, old well and all, and so had a good rich field; there was an old double log barn standing across the road almost ready to fall down, and a little roofing on one end of it; I went to work and filled it with logs, slabs, rotten boards, and plum trees, till it was pretty well filled, and then set fire to it and burnt it all nice and clean and planted corn in that field; I had over 100 baskets of corn on an acre and a half of ground; I arranged the fencing so as to have what I wanted for farming purposes and all the pasture I needed, and I conducted the water from the spring to a large trough for the cattle to drink from; the frost came and froze all my apples, and everything that was above ground; my corn was not up. In the fall I had a hundred bushels of buckwheat, off of five acres, about as much corn in the ear, 100 bushels of potatoes, three or four of onions, fifteen or twenty of rutabagas, and two acres of oats, and but 500 weight of hay. I had two cows and two calves; I built a skeleton of a barn and granary. In the winter of 1859 and '60, Charles Jackson came to make us a visit; I told him that if he would pay the \$350 that was back on the place and give us a life lease of it, it would be his; so in May 1860 he came and paid the debt which was \$377, and paid us one hundred dollars for the piece across the road, where I had filled up the well, and never gave us a life lease of the place. So I got back along finely and never got into debt while we lived there, we made a good deal of butter. I paid John Shelmadine \$6 for grafting my apple trees, and it was worth \$50 to the orchard. In 1862 I built a good barn 44x30 feet. By this time we had four good cows, but owing to the scarcity of hay I had to sell the calves. Our apple trees bore well, and we had apples to sell; we also had butter, eggs, grain, and potatoes to sell, and at a good price, and a 300 pound hog to sell besides.

In the fall of 1864, Silas and Pollie Kerr came and bought our butter, and gave us \$100 for it. In the fall of 1864, I had the Typhoid fever, and have never felt since as I did before; somehow or other I seemed to fail and could not work. About this time the oil excitement was at fever heat, and before I was able to be around much, there was men at our house wanting to buy or lease, so I hired a man to go and let Jackson know. He came, but he was not successful. He had a very nice little farm on the hill, about two miles east of Spring creek station. He sold the place I lived on for \$5,000, or thought he had, but the sale did not hold, and before he knew what he was doing, he had sold his place on the hill, and bought in Busti, N.Y., at very high figures. He had a great deal of trouble before he got the land back. My health failed, so we thought of selling. We had some talk as to how we should divide, but I never had thought of having less than half. At last we were selling for \$1800. He asked me how I thought we ought to divide. I knew his situation and that he had always been kind, and I sympathized with him, so I told him to take two and give me one, and so it ended. He got \$1200, and I got \$600. I thought I had missed it, but he had all the trouble selling, and getting the payments. They came in slowly, but he did the whole business fairly and honestly, and paid all my share. We moved from my old place to Frank Ferguson's, and stayed till he got sick, and then as I was not able to do anything, I thought we had better go some place where the folks were not sick. We went to Spring creek and I told my story to all the connections, but did not get much encouragement. I came back to Wm. Maguires, and he said, "We have plenty of house-room, you can move right in with us."

Then Silas Kerr said, "Come and stay with us, we have plenty of house-room, and an empty stall for your cow and calf."

I thought I would stay at Maguires that winter, so I moved there May, 28, 1867. I paid \$15 for wintering my cow and calf. We stayed there till March, when we moved into the old boarding house that stands near their house. I began to doctor myself for the dyspepsia, and got so I could work some. Silas Kerr told me that I might build on the Chancy Shelmadine place, which he owned, anywhere I pleased, and he would furnish the lumber.

He hauled the lumber to the ground, not less than \$50 worth. Daniel and I built the house and moved into it Nov. 17, 1868, and here we are under the kind care of Silas Kerr's family. Nancy has been very good and kind to us, and Coyle and Daniel have let us have a great deal of money and we spend our time pleasantly thinking that although we have seen a good many of the ups and downs of this life, and that to be contented is to be happy, and act accordingly.

I have not said much in my sketch on religious matters. I will say this much, I believe in the teachings of the Bible, but not in sectarian discipline, for when man rules, his laws are generally harder and more strict than even our Saviour's were. Now look at baptism for instance, see where they have carried that institution. I don't know of but one church, and that is the Baptist, but have the children baptized as soon as they are born, and some think that if a child dies without being baptized it is lost. I cannot help thinking that this is a great absurdity. My view of baptism is this: A person must believe and repent before he is a fit subject for baptism. It follows that he must come to years of understanding. The New Testament is our guide, and there is not a word that I ever could find, of children being baptized. And when a person believes that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, that He died on the cross to save sinners, and rose the third day and now sits at the right hand of God in heaven: when he sincerely believes this, then, and not till then is he a fit subject for baptism. We have record also, that Jesus came to Edom when he was thirty years of age to be baptized of John. I don't wish it to be understood that I claim to be a christian, (although I was baptized in May, 1829, and travelled with the church for several years,) but experience has taught me enough, that I think I know what christianity consist of. One very essential part is to be kind and charitable to our fellow man. When our Saviour was asked what was the greatest commandment, his answer was: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and the second is like unto it: Thou shall love thy neighbor as thy self." On these two commandments hang all the law of the prophets. But alas! is there one man in the head ranks of government that loves his neighbor as himself? If there is, they are very quiet.

Before the war money was scarce, but if a man had brought anything to sell, his pay was in gold. When war came, it brought with it the greatest curse that ever came upon our land. Money was plenty, but spectators and gamblers who would rob, steal, and every way to get money. My first vote was for Monroe and my last for Greely, and did not miss one election in that time. But I have learned that it is money and not votes that elect, so I stay at home.

From 1817, to 1860, there was not so much bribery, perjury, bare-faced stealing and dishonesty of all kinds done, as there has been since 1860. It takes Congress a long time to bluster around to find out who are the guilty ones, and when they find him, if they can use him, they let him go free, but if they can not use him to further their dishonest purposes, they kick him out. I may be taking a bold stand, but it is in my opinion a true one.