

all eyes and nose. Those features were very prominent. Being next to the youngest child I had a weaker physique than most of the others, but my head was strong and the largest of them all. My hat is No. 7½, although I have a narrow chest; and weigh generally only 155 pounds. My height is six feet two inches.

The first thing I remember is disliking my dress because it was not like a boy's. I wanted to be a little man, and one of my brothers often mentioned, that I always aspired to be manly and never acted like a child. I began at five or six years of age to ask hard questions: "What makes the wind blow?" "What are the stars for?" "What makes the rain and snow come down?" My mother hushed me, and said God made them so. But my father took my part, and said, "Let him ask as many questions as he likes. I will try to explain things to him." My father was a scholar and a teacher of schools and music. My mother also had taught school and was a good singer. My father required me to work on the farm, but he said, if I would go to school, he would not ask me to work. So I became a good scholar and never was punished for not being obedient and studious. I was fond of outdoor sports, always trying to go ahead as fast as possible and yet as high up as I could. Whenever I rode a horse, I wished to see how fast he could go, and often I would stand up straight on his bare back and race him through the village. When only seven years old I became a good boatman, and was every day on the river paddling about. People would ask me to ferry them over the river; but I would never take any pay for it. I thought it would be mean, and preferred their praise.

My mother was often short of pin money and I would give her all I could earn by doing little errands. She would always take my part right or wrong, and I thought, that if ever I had a chance, I would repay her kindness. She was a very slender lady, but had inherited tenacity of life. Her father lived to be over ninety. She was brought up to do fine work, as well as to get learning. She could card and spin wool and flax, and weave and knit and cut and make garments for both males and females. She could knit very fast, and weave diaper and coverlets. She was a good cook and could wash and make soap and sing in the choir at church, and write without misspelling one word. People said to me "your mother is an excellent woman." She lived to be seventy, and her last days were the happiest of her mature life. She died at Salem, Mass., among her children and lies buried in Harmony Grove Cemetery. I put up a marble stone with an