

religious principles, nor Gov. Joseph Dudley in his ideas of government; although both were great and good men, and are noble exemplars in many other respects. I have several genealogies and biographies intended for this number, but Gov. Joseph's life-sketch claims the precedence, and they must go into No. 3. The Life of Gov. Joseph Dudley will be concluded in No. 3.

LETTER OF REV. T. W. COIT, D.D., LL. D.

Middletown, Conn., Sept. 6, 1881.

MY DEAR NIECE:—You have found out, by this time, what a poor correspondent your old uncle is, so I shall not stop to apologize.

I have been through the mill with the Dudley estate, and have no faith in our success relating to it. We (the heirs) employed Mr. Adlard—whose book of genealogies I loaned you—to go to England, and raised a \$1000 to send him, for which I was taxed \$50. Where Mr. A. now is, and whether living or dead, is more than I know. Mr. A. made no report to me, personally; though my contribution certainly entitled me to as much as that. I *understood* he said, there was an estate, but that if we got it, there was such an army of heirs—we should have had to go back eight or nine generations—that our gain might be a guinea or two apiece. So the game was not worth the candle! There I left the matter, and there, as at present advised, must leave it still.

To-day, 100 years ago, your great grandfather, Winthrop Saltonstall, was burned out stock & fluke at New London, by the minions of Arnold, because he was a naughty Whig. Grandpa was one to let his mind out, knew Arnold personally, & I guess had permitted people to know his opinion of the traitor. So his house was marked, & burned to the ground—may be, vindictively.

All saved was two silver cans, & a bag of flour. Out of one of those cans, I take my daily dram—of Adam's ale! The girl brings it fresh from the pump, & it sets me up for breakfast.

They propose to move the President to-day. May God's good angels be about him, & scatter blessings on his way. And may his blessing rest on you & yours, & our common country.

Your old uncle,

T. W. Coit.