

understand a word of the enemy's language; which, being surprised by the Frenchman, he snatched out his white handkerchief and used that for a sign of truce. This proved sufficient, and young Dudley captured his foe, who proved to be a very gallant and accomplished French Captain. Much praise was given him in the Yankee camp for his brave feat. Several of his family and kinsman were there, his father being a Lieutenant and his uncle True. Dudley, a Captain, and another uncle a Major. For some time, about 1780, his residence was at the village of East Pittston, on Eastern river, where he had mills and his son Samuel after him.

Many daring deeds are related of him in his adventurous lumbering and river-driving life; for he was ever much engaged in the lumber business. His sons and grandsons followed that business to some extent. One of his sons, named for him, was drowned in the Sheepscot river where he was logging; and one was killed by the falling of a tree upon him. Some of Samuel senior's descendants are prominent members of the Society of Friends, and known in different countries where their sect is established. Others of them are great military men, and others educated scholars and graduates of our highest universities in New England, New York and the great West.

Of his seven sons one, Micajah, was a preacher of the Friends' Society. His posterity are very numerous. Some of them have resided ever since his time in China, Maine. One son was David, who was well known as a preacher also in his day, and his niece, Sibyl Jones, was celebrated everywhere among the denomination of Friends. She travelled much over the world, and excelled greatly in female eloquence. Two other sons of Samuel senior were ministers, viz., Daniel and Moses, who, like all the rest, left large families. There are among them now more than forty clergymen, and some are professors in colleges.

He lived to see all his children married and surrounded by happy families. His death occurred at Readfield, Maine, in 1797, in his 77th year, the same age as his grandfather, Stephen<sup>3</sup> Dudley, and Stephen's grandfather, Gov. Thomas Dudley.<sup>1</sup> He was buried in the family burying-ground at Readfield, Maine. A man who knew him, told me he had seen him take seven or eight men with him into a pine forest, and in three weeks erect a good saw-mill and set it to running. He was a public speaker for more than forty years; but he withdrew from the Friends soon