

The accompanying portrait is a correct likeness, but the eyes are not quite clearly depicted. Blueish eyes are hard to photograph.

I was born, as stated in the sketch given by the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," at Kingfield, Me., May 23, 1823. When my parents settled in Maine, it was a District of Massachusetts, being made a State in 1820.

My father's ancestors have been described in this work except those of other names than Dudley, and even some of these have been referred to, viz.: the Smiths of Exeter, the Leavitts, Gilmans, Folsoms, Treworgys, Shapleighs, &c. These were all of English origin and Puritan blood.

My mother, as stated in the pedigrees, was Miss Rebecca, daughter of Dean Bangs of Brewster, Mass., a merchant and sea captain, son of Elkanah, of Harwich, Mass., a privateersman in the Revolutionary war, whose wife was Miss Susanna, daughter of John Dillingham of Harwich. My grandmother, the wife of Dean Bangs, was Miss Eunice Sparrow, whose father Isaac was son of Jonathan, son of Capt. Jonathan, a warrior of King Philip's time. My grandmother Eunice Sparrow, wife of Capt. Dean Bangs, for whom I was named, was an only daughter of her father. Her mother was Miss Mary, daughter of Ebenezer Hopkins, son of Stephen, Jr., son of Stephen, son of Giles, son of Stephen, the pilgrim of the Mayflower. John Dillingham, above named, was a grandson of Patience Freeman, a granddaughter of Gov. Thomas Prence, the pilgrim, by his wife Patience Brewster, daughter of elder William Brewster, one of the chief men of the pilgrims of Plymouth, who came over in the Mayflower, A.D. 1620. Both of my grandfathers and both of their fathers served in the Revolutionary war. In other lines, my mother descended from Rev. John Doane of the Plymouth pilgrims, Rev. Thomas Crosby, one of the first graduates of Harvard College, 1653, and Rev. John Mayo, second pastor of the "Old North," or Second Church, of Boston in 1655. My father inherited the philosophy of the Dudleys and my mother the faith of the pilgrims. I must improve upon their inheritance and add thereto the cultivation of science and a just appreciation of art.

But they were not rich. I was introduced into the world in a house which my father had just built on a high hill about six or eight miles east of Mt. Abraham. My eldest sister, who is yet living, the only survivor, except myself, of the family of nine children, says, when she first looked upon me she thought I was