

roamed over by the red man, and its immediate locality formed their stronghold, the marks and remains of its earth works being yet easily defined at a point near the spring sources of the creek on the rear of the Ridley farm. Underneath the present cheese factory (some old settlers say in the garden slope of the present west bank tavern) lie the remains of Dr. Guthrie, the first medico of the Thames, who first bled and pilled the ague and fever-stricken settlers, and who, moreover, married a grand-daughter of pioneer Matt. Dolson, whose spouse, Hannah, was no mean healer or wielder of the knife herself, for it was she who amputated the frozen limbs of Miss Ann Smith, of Dover, then a child, who not only lived to bless her professional handiwork, but to possess a rich estate, on which her trustees have erected a handsome church out of her generosity.

But Clearville now, beyond a small business centre for the ordinary wants of a fine farming locality, has no claim to a village proper. Long a well-known representative citizen was Mr. John Scott; now the leading representative men are: Wm. Bury, Hy. Watson and John Henry.

MORPETH,

As a village, had barely a mere existence, much less a name, unless Big Creek might be called one, in 1830. But various fortunate circumstances from almost its first occupation had determined the site for one. The erection of Cornwall's water-power saw mill, on the creek immediately below, as early as 1819 or 1820, followed a year or two after by a grist mill—if the name for such a primitive concern be not a misnomer—and the establishment of McGregor's store on the east hill above, south side of road, laid, as it were, the foundation stones of its prospective greatness. To the youth of Morpeth, and to the curious generally, the site of Cornwall's early enterprises—the village's pioneer industries—may yet be traced at a point a few rods down the bottom of the creek about the lower side of the old Thatcher orchard, and where will yet be seen a portion of the old dam and the marks of the water margin around the pond which it formed; and immediately above, on the west bank of the creek, will be observed the marks of Joseph Woods' log-hewn house.

Following McGregor, whose manager and dispenser of Indian truck, tracle, rum and linseys was the late Squire George Kerby, of Florence, came Capt. Wheatley, who located himself and hung out his "shingle" on the Walters' lot. And in turn Duncan Warren stuck out his as store-keeper in the higher flat of the creek, at about a point which may be described as the present entrance to Smith's mill-yard. But these petty concerns—petty truck shanties truly*—were outside the pale of corporate or platted Morpeth now so called. To Garret and Edward Lee must be accorded the title of Morpeth's true pioneers and merchants. Already well-known business men in Raleigh and along Talbot Street, and particularly at the Harwich and Howard Town line, where for some years they had carried on a large truck trade and in the export of tobacco, these gentlemen ultimately moved to the site of Morpeth about the year 1830. Securing a piece of ground from James Cull, the owner of the original Lot No. 91, they erected thereon the well-known "Red Store" on its N. E. corner, it is said, bringing the pine lumber used in its construction all the way from the River Otter in flat boats. They were soon followed by Adam Laidlaw, another well-known citizen, who settled upon the lot and built the store and premises now occupied by Mr. Thomas McCollum. A primitive blacksmith's shanty and perhaps a few dwelling houses were added to the number of erections. But the place nevertheless yet partook more of the character of a clump of farm houses

*It is said the door of Warren's shanty was of the most flimsy character and without proper fastenings, a wooden inside latch serving for the latter, and, when entrance was desired, raised by the finger stuck through a hole in the door.