

"Letter of Nathaniel Thompson to Elizabeth Thompson, his wife, dated Durham, N. H., June 24, 1785: Three days since, I now conclude, I received my mortal wound; and expecting soon to take my final and long farewell of Time, I now send you my affectionate, dying care. I feel the most tender sympathy for the disconsolate situation in which you are to be left, as a bereaved widow, with a number of young children. I exhort you to put your trust in God, who is the God of the widow in his holy habitation. And it is now my last prayer and earnest request that you may teach them to love and fear the King of Glory, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And in my name I request you to exhort my two eldest sons, in particular, by no means to frequent evil company, or to follow trading in horses, which, I conceive, is attended with many temptations ruinous to the souls and bodies of youth. And it is my dying request they would exercise all possible kindness to their mother in her bereaved state and manifest all friendly, brotherly affection toward my other children. And above everything which can be named, O that my children may remember their Creator in the days of their youth! and often recollect and observe the counsels and advice of their kind father while he was with them."

These were the last words of a man mortally wounded, and they are full of Christian faith and fortitude.

Of her mother, Polly Thompson, daughter of the heroic Nathaniel, my mother has always spoken in terms that surprised me by their delineation of a character almost angelic. My cousin, Sarah Dusenbury, from the old homestead, sends me the following peep into the home life of these revered grandparents:

About that spinning wheel of your grandmother Hill's that you found in our garret and carried away, I asked Aunt Sarah if she could furnish interesting facts. She said that all she knew was that it was brought by your grandmother from Vermont, and that she used always on winter evenings to draw it up by the fireplace and spin a "run of flax" before retiring; and that grandfather at the same time read aloud from the large Bible placed on a small stand at the other corner of the hearth, the low hum of her wheel not disturbing his reading or his after conversation on the Scripture which he had read. "Hum, hum, hum, hum," as easily and almost as noiselessly as one would ply the knitting needles, she spun the whole evening through; for women must work in those days, early and late, or their families would suffer. Ah! what do we not owe to the patient, toiling, pious grandmother! I wonder if my grandchildren will ever know aught of me so worthy of their admiration? Probably not; such timber as our grandparents were made of is scarce in these days.

My mother has always told me that there was Irish blood in my veins from my adorable maternal grandmother.

John Hill and Polly Thompson were married February 4, 1796, and removed to Danville, Vt., where my mother, Mary Thompson Hill, was born January 3, 1805. My father was born in Wheelock, Vt., November 7, 1805, and they were married in Ogdén (near Churchville,) N. Y., November 4, 1831.

