

ments, which caused a large outlay, and very hard labor almost day and night, until a reaction took place in prices, which caused him in 1820, to turn everything over to his creditors. At that time the assets were more than the liabilities, but the creditors hoping to realize more, kept the property for a time, but it declined in value, and was disposed of without satisfying their claims. There is a grist mill now standing on the same site—a monument of remembrance of their losses and trials.

A little prior to 1820, John Moore and Elias Moore had located and settled on lands in the Township of Yarmouth. They were special friends of my father's and had bought a lease from Government of a clergy Reserve lot in the Township for nine dollars, which they presented to father. One-seventh of the land at that time was Clergy or Crown lands which Government leased for twenty-one years at a nominal rent—the first seven years \$3.50 each year, doubling every seven years. In the spring of 1821, the said John Moore engaged Merritt Palmer and my brothers, Daniel and James, to clear and clear land on his farm on the following terms: He, John Moore, was to find team and board and they to do the work, each to have one-quarter of the crop.

Previous to father's leaving Norwich my sister Mary was married to a young man by the name of John Weeks; this Weeks being a millwright entered into partnership with Jacob Birdsel and built a grist mill one-half mile south of what is now called Richmond on the Otter Creek in the Township of Bayham in the year 1822, and in the fall of 1821 my father moved to Yarmouth, into a part of the log house owned by Isaac Moore, who was a very hospitable man. I can truthfully say that all who became acquainted with my father's situation and that of his family showed great kindness and sympathy. We now lived $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from the lot father's lease covered, so we commenced

to build a log house in the winter of 1821 and '22. Brothers Daniel and James assisting. It was one mile in a dense forest. We brought what lumber we required for flooring and window frames from Norwich, a distance of forty miles, mostly through woods almost impassible at this time. I was near twelve years old. The house was built near a tamarack swamp connected with a long black ash swale with a spring proceeding from the swamp, which made it a very favorable resort for the wolf and wild cat which seemed to think we were intruders on their domain, and during the night particularly they were heard almost without cessation, and if we look at it unselfishly we can hardly blame them. To return to my narrative, in the fall of 1822, after the crop matured on the above named John Moore's farm, which was to be shared equally, my brother Daniel being very homesick, sold one hundred bushels of wheat to Elias Moore for one yolk shilling per bushel, to realize means to return to our relatives in Westchester Co., N. Y. I can well remember that, at that time, it was a rare thing to see a shilling for a circulating medium, we used our productions, such as 20 bushels of wheat and 15 of corn for a cow, or four bushels of wheat for 6 or 8 yards of cotton. We mostly manufactured our own clothing from flax and tow. A lady's dress of such material would outwear four or five such as we now see, and many a pair of coarse, striped linen and tow pants have I worn. A few products would demand one-quarter or one-third cash. In this way we were enabled to pay our taxes, which were very light—no court house to build, no officers to pay. The nearest court house was at Victory village, seventy miles east. Brother Daniel returned to New York state, remaining there about one year, then came back with a one-horse waggon, old-fashioned. Elliptic springs were not known here in those days. He also brought a box of second-hand clothing for the family's use.