

just before seen me, who gave him the best news he could have heard ; although it was then late at night, he lost not a moment.— At two o'clock in the morning of the first of January 1758, I again embraced my dearest friend—happy new year, with pleasure would I describe my emotions of joy, could language paint them sufficiently forcible ; but the feeble pen shrinks from the task.

Charlestown was still a frontier town, and suffered from savage depredations, which rendered it an improper residence for me ; consequently I went to Lancaster.

Mr. Johnson, in a few days, sat out for New-York, to adjust his Canada accounts. But on his journey he was persuaded by Gov. Pownal to take a Captain's commission, and join the forces bound for Ticonderoga : where he was killed on the 8th of July following, in the battle that proved fatal to Lord Howe, while fighting for his country. Humanity will weep with me.— The cup of sorrow was now replete with bitter drops. All my former miseries were lost in the affliction of a widow.

In October, 1758, I was informed that my Son Sylvanus was at Northampton, sick of a scald. I hastened to the place, and found him in a deplorable situation ; he was bro't there by Major Putnam, afterwards Gen. Putnam, with Mrs. How and her family, who had returned from captivity. The