

fallen to my share than to mankind in general, and the meteor happiness has eluded my grasp. The life of a widow is peculiarly afflictive, but my numerous and long journies over roads imminently bad, and incidents that seemed to baffle all my plans and foresight, render mine more unfortunate than common.

But I found many attentive friends, whose assistance and kindness will always claim my gratitude. Colonel White of Leominster, with whom I had lived from the time I was eight years old until I married, was extremely affectionate and kind—in his house I found a welcome home. Mr. Samuel Ely of Springfield, who was the friend of my husband, rendered me numerous kindnesses. Col. Murray of Rutland, and Col. Chandler of Worcester, were very friendly and kind. Mr. Clarke, deputy secretary, Gov. Pownall, and Gov. Wentworth, exerted their influence for me in attempting to procure a grant from the General Assembly.

In one of my journies to Portsmouth, I conversed with Capt. Adams, who was in Europe at the time I was—he informed me that while there Mr. Apthorp gave him fourteen pounds sterling, for the purpose of conveying me and my family to America; my sailing with the convoy prevented my receiving this kindness.

During the four years of my widowhood