

GENEALOGICAL DATA

CONCERNING THE FAMILY OF

CAPTAIN EDWARD BROWN ,

OF

NEWBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

SAMUEL TENNEY

OF

NEWBURYPORT AND BOSTON

Containing an interesting account of an eccentric member of the
family who was considered by some to have been the
victim of Witchcraft

WALLACE FAY TENNEY

MILLIS, MASSACHUSETTS

1913

**ONLY TWO HUNDRED COPIES
PRINTED AND TYPE
DISTRIBUTED.**

SAMUEL TENNEY was born in Newburyport in 1777. Died in Boston in 1854. His manuscript autobiography occupies one hundred and fifteen closely written folio pages from which the following Genealogical Data has been taken.

THE BROWN FAMILY.

My maternal grandfather was Captain Edward Brown of Newbury. He married Dorothy Pike, daughter of Timothy Pike of Newbury. This part of Newbury where they resided was afterwards set off as a separate Town and called Newburyport in Jan. 28, 1764.

Captain Brown was born at Reading, Mass., was by occupation a cooper and carried on that business in Salisbury, opposite Newburyport, several years. The river Merrimack, which divides the Town of Salisbury from Newburyport, is about half a mile in width at the ferry and there has always been a constant and regular communication by boats. While the family resided at Salisbury, they usually attended worship in Newburyport. My mother was born at Salisbury, 1750, but I know not when they first removed to that place nor when they left it. (My mother states they left in 1761).

Captain Brown derived his title from a Military Commission. In the latter part of his life he was a Deputy Sheriff, and had the care of the prison in Newbury. I know not when he received this appointment, but from some facts which I have gathered from the family, he must have been prison keeper in 1762. He died July 19, 1775, and was buried at Newburyport, where his grave stone is now to be seen.

My grandmother (Brown) survived him about fifteen years. She lived with her son and two daughters in a house still standing, situate on Short St. (now called Independent St.), leading from Middle to Liberty Sts., in Newburyport; and there she died May 21, 1790. I was young when she died (a little past thirteen) but I distinctly recollect her appearance and I recollect, too, the impression which her life and conversation left upon my mind. They were such as to make me love and respect her memory. She had an excellent spirit—mild, peacable and benevolent. I do not recollect ever hearing her use a harsh, or an angry word, or say anything to the disadvantage of any one. She was loved and esteemed in her own family and by all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. They had ten children most of whom lived to a considerable age. All are now deceased but one and that one is my Mother. The following is a correct statement of the names, births and deaths of the family, viz. —

Edward Brown, born April 13, 1707; died July 19, 1775.

Dorothy Pike, born March 14, 1710; died May 21, 1790.

Married May 27, 1729.

CHILDREN.

	BORN.	DIED.
Sarah,	May 20, 1732	June 18, 1817
Dorothy,	Nov. 8, 1733	June 2, 1770

	BORN.	DIED.
Susanna,	Nov. 19, 1735	April 4, 1805
Edward,	Aug. 15, 1737	March 10, 1815
Esther,	Feb. 18, 1740	Sept. 12, 1824
Moses,	Jan. 23, 1742	Jan. 2, 1804
Elizabeth,	Sept. 6, 1743	Aug. 10, 1791
Mary,	June 24, 1745	Aug. 24, 1746
Nicholas,	Oct. 30, 1747	Oct. 1, 1819
Mary,	May 26, 1750	May 8, 1834

A marginal note gives the following :

"Sarah Brown, sister of Edward, died June 1st, 1733, aged 29. Mr. [Edward] Brown father of Captain Edward Brown died March 4, 1737, aged 57. Mrs. [Sarah] Brown, mother of Captain Edward Brown, died July 13, 1737, aged 60."

A note in another part of the autobiography gives the following :

"Esther Brown, sister of Captain Edward Brown, died July 13, 1737, aged 21."

By this record it appears that my great-grandfather and great-grandmother both died the same year, (1737) the year my Uncle Edward was born, and that the great-grandmother and her daughter Esther died on the same day.

Sarah, the first child, married Cutting Sargent of Amesbury. They resided even after my knowledge of them, in a small house situate near the banks of the Merrimack River in Amesbury, about eight miles from Newburyport and a few rods below Swetts Ferry, where Merrimack Bridge now stands. I recollect when

a child going up in a boat with Uncle Sargent, and spending about a week at his house, and it was at that place that I first felt to any extent the painful disorder of "homesickness." Probably I was at that time about eight to ten years old. Mr. Sargent owned some land in Amesbury and I believe was somewhat a farmer. I remember that at the time referred to he took me into the fields with him where he had flax and other things growing. I recollect his general appearance but had little acquaintance with him. He died March 10, 1798, aged 75.

I recollect being there at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Welch. Mr. Welch was ordained in 1789. As my apprenticeship commenced at the close of that year, it is probably the case that I never visited their house again during his life after the year 1789. His widow (my Aunt Sargent) survived him many years, and was in the habit of visiting her relatives at Newburyport, long after I kept house. She died in 1817, aged 85. She was a professor of religion—a pleasant, kind and amiable woman much esteemed and respected. The spirit of her mother rested very much on her and in many respects she was very much like her. They had a considerable family. I recollect three sons and four daughters. The sons settled in New Hampshire, one at Pelham, one at Plaistow, and the other in a distant part of that State. The one last mentioned has deceased, the other two are, I believe, still living. The daughters have always made their home in Amesbury.

Two of them, Dorothy and Hepsibah, were married, but are now widows — the others were never married. Susanna, the eldest of them, died in 1829; Sally, the youngest, is now living and with Mrs. Wilcomb (Hepsibah) occupies the house where their parents formerly lived. It fell to my lot in a little excursion I made from Newburyport, Sept. 5, 1829, to pay them a short, but unexpected visit. We had not met for several years, and it was a pleasant meeting indeed. The kindness and respect which they exhibited toward myself, my consort and our little daughter was worth more, in my estimation, than all the enjoyment of a palace. If there was any painful emotion felt, it was that the half hour to which we were obliged to limit our call, could not have been extended to a day. I have heretofore been in the habit of visiting them occasionally with our children and always found them disposed to do all in their power to render us happy, but this little visit was very unexpected both to them and to ourselves.

Dorothy, the second child of my grandparents, I never saw. She married John Moulton of Hampton (N. H.), and I believe resided at that place until her death, which took place June 2, 1770, at the age of 37.

A paper which has recently come into my hands written by Aunt Johnson, says after the date of her death: "Moses Moulton, her son, died Oct. 21, 1778, aged 21." I have little knowledge of the family. Her husband, with

the children, removed to Moultonborough, N. H., where I believe he died. Edward B. Moulton, one of the sons, visited me once in 1800 or 1801.

This is the only one of the family which I recollect ever to have seen. He was then, and I presume now is, a man of respectability.

I have noticed his name in the Register as holding the office of Coroner of the place where he resided.

He appeared to be a man of information and when I saw him 30 years since was probably 40 years of age. I have no information respecting him since.

Susanna, the third child of my grandparents, was (if I may so say) my favorite aunt.

Having been much with her during my childhood, and she being childless, there was much attachment between us.

She married in early life with Mr. Bradstreet Johnson, son of Rev. William Johnson, then pastor of a church in Newbury, now set off and called West Newbury.

Mr. Johnson was by occupation a blacksmith. They resided some years in Hampton (N. H.), but returned to Newburyport before my recollection, probably before I was born.

As far back as my knowledge extends they lived in a house owned by Uncle near the north-west end of Temple Street in Newburyport. This house was destroyed by fire in 1820. For several years they kept a few respectable boarders, which with the proceeds of my Uncle's

labour, enabled them to live comfortably. Mr. Johnson was a man of regular habits and of rather a serious turn of mind, attentive to public worship and prayed in his family, but was not a professor.

He had one peculiarity which was somewhat injurious to him, that of being exceedingly tenacious of his own opinion, even in matters on which he was less informed than those with whom he contended.

This feeling he carried to such an extent at times, without any intention of injury to others, but merely in the indulgence of a natural propensity, that he was called "contrary-minded." It is intended merely to state that he possessed rather an unyielding spirit, principally confined to matters of opinion only, and those relating to things generally of minor importance, for he was, on the whole, an inoffensive man, and not by any means destitute of kind and neighborly feelings. Toward myself he certainly exhibited many marks of kindness, and was frequently instead of a father to me.

My aunt possessed a considerable share of intellect. She had a taste for reading which she indulged as far as her situation in life would permit.

I remember particularly her attachment to Archbishop Tillotson's works in her theological studies. She read also geographical and historical books, and although newspapers were then scarce compared to the present time, yet she kept herself informed of the news of the day,

and would (if the expression is proper) devour a newspaper in an evening.

They had no children (except myself, for I was with them much) and therefore had much time for reading.

My aunt, however, was an industrious woman and kept her house in order.

Their house was one of my earliest places of resort. When I was a very little child, my parents lived in a house in State Street, near the corner of Middle Street, and between the back of that house and the back of Aunt Johnson's there was a large open field.

When I became old enough to trot about alone, I was permitted to go across the field to Aunt Johnson's, and that I should not lose my way, it was her practice when I was expected, to hang a white cloth out of her chamber window for my guide. At this time I might have been five or six years old. After my mother became a widow, being a tailoress, she found it necessary for her support and mine, to work in families of her acquaintance at that business. In her absence from home, it was my privilege to stay at Aunt Johnson's, sometimes several days together, and in return, as they had no children, I assisted them as I was able in household matters, and little errands, attending however, regularly to my school in school hours, and as I grew larger my Uncle would find me employment in the garden, etc. Their house was indeed to me a second home, and I still remember their kindness with gratitude. Aunt

Johnson was a professor of religion. She was connected with the first church in Newburyport, but toward the close of life changed her place of worship to the Presbyterian Society in Federal Street. She was a kind, affectionate, amiable woman. Among her family connections she was generally looked up to, as possessing superior judgment and discretion, in regard to matters within her sphere, and her opinions seldom failed to have a preponderating influence upon them.

She was near and dear to me, and I valued her counsel and advice in matters of difficulty and doubt very highly. In her decline of life, after the fatal disease had begun to prey upon her vitals, and the hectic began to show itself on her cheek, I recollect a conversation I had with her, in which I discovered she suffered under a degree a darkness of mind. "I (said she) have seen better days." She seemed to look into the eternal world with deep interest, and with a degree of fear and trembling, which seemed not to be entirely removed to the very close of life. It was a considerable time after she became satisfied that her last sickness had commenced, before she confined herself entirely even to her room, but at length she grew so feeble that she could no longer take care of herself, and on the fourth of April I was called to her bedside to see her breathe her last. She died, as I humbly hope, in peace, and entered into rest April 4, 1805, aged 69 years and 136 days.

After the decease of my Aunt, Mr. Johnson boarded several months with my mother. Afterward he made an arrangement with his nephew (Moses Brown) to reside in his family, giving him the use of his house for his board, and the estate itself at his decease.

This arrangement continued until the year 1815, when Capt. Brown was lost at sea and his family thereby broken up.

The same arrangement was then made with Mr. Philip Blumpey, but on the 19th of August, 1820, the house was destroyed by fire, and thus his expectations of a permanent support for life were blasted. He then took up his residence with his niece, Miss Temperance Johnson, depending on the proceeds of the sale of his land, and, and when that was exhausted, to the liberality of friends for his support. He continued with his niece until the close of life.

His death, although he had long been feeble, was rather sudden and unexpected. It took place March 23, 1823. His age was about 90 years.

Edward, the fourth child of my grandparents, was by occupation a cooper; he followed the seas in that capacity from early life.

His situation ever after my knowledge of him was one of a very peculiar kind. His early history as I have heard it from the family is, that when a young man he was uncommonly bright and active, and bid fair to become a useful man.

In the war between England and France,

which took place about the year 1755, usually called by old people the "French war," my uncle was made a prisoner and carried into some port in the West Indies, and confined a long time on board a prison ship, where he suffered much, and was brought into great straits at times for food and the ordinary comforts of life. I have heard him recount his hardships at that time with much interest, many years after they had ceased.

Whether these hardships laid a foundation for his troubles which followed, by their effect on his mind, is uncertain, I am inclined to suppose they did. However that may be, or whatever may have been the cause, it seems that at about the age of 20 or 21 he fell into a situation of a peculiar and indescribable nature. The family, as well as multitudes of others, have imputed it to the influence of evil spirits under the operation of Witchcraft. I have very little confidence in the marvelous stories I have heard about Witches, nor do I believe that we have any such beings among us in these days. That there were such in ancient times, I cannot dispute, for there is a divine command, "Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live," and even since the settlement of this country there were many good men who believed that the town of Salem and its vicinity were most terribly infested with such beings. In regard to my uncle, his friends have either been most grossly deluded by the power of imagination, or they have seen some very strange and unaccountable things, such as

to make them conclude his troubles to be the effect of a supernatural influence of invisible spirits.

Various experiments were tried, such as it has been supposed would determine the fact, and the results were such as to confirm them in their former opinions.

If they were correct in the belief that his affliction commenced in this way, still it is doubtless a fact that he outlived the cause and was afterwards subjected to the evils he suffered from the power of habit and the prostration of his nervous system.

For although I am not able at all to describe the nature of his malady, yet I do not believe that at any time since I have seen him he had been under the power of Witchcraft.

The dire effects of the malady under which my Uncle laboured, whether it attached to his body or his mind, or both, were such as to render him an object of universal compassion. It is stated that on its first appearance, either from involuntary distortion of body or from some other unknown cause, his vestments would suddenly become unloosed as he was walking the streets, his waistcoat, although buttoned from top to bottom, would without any apparent cause fly open.

His limbs became strangely affected. All his motions of body were repeated and repeated, sometimes to almost an innumerable extent.

It was a frequent occurrence, as I have been told, in his younger life, for him to retire to

his room on Sabbath morning to dress for meeting, and to be unable to leave it for the day. After taking off his undergarment, and preparing to replace it with another, he would stand the whole day labouring in vain to effect his purpose, drawing his linen toward his body and extending his arms to put it on, and then pushing it from him, alternately for hours together, and the whole time labouring so intensely as to keep up a constant perspiration on a cold winter's day. After becoming exhausted in this way and all the time refusing any assistance from others, he would, at the going down of the sun, seem to recover his wonted agility, dress himself with little or no difficulty, and spend the succeeding evening with the family, with as much cheerfulness as if nothing had befallen him. In more advanced life he would submit to be assisted in these operations and less time was taken up in their performance, but still the material difficulty remained. His manner of walking was also in conformity to the other motions of body above described. When passing the street, whether alone or in company, he would come to a sudden stop, as if an impassable barrier or a dreadful precipice were immediately before him,—a line would seem to be drawn in his imagination which he could not possibly pass over, and he would stand in the same place, making apparent efforts to go forward and yet retaining his first position sometimes for more than a quarter of an hour and occasionally for a much longer time.

If assistance was offered he would generally decline it, and if any force was used to get him over the place, he could never be satisfied until he had returned to it, even if hours and days had intervened, and gone through his usual course to get "fairly over it," stepping one foot forward and then backward and again forward, until in process of time, he would by a sudden spring, like a person leaping over a ditch, press on his way with a quick gait, until another barrier presented.

These stopping places would frequently occur, perhaps ten times in the distance of half a mile, and detain him in the whole an hour or more.

And this difficulty he was subjected to at all times—in a hot, burning sun, in the shower of rain or storm of snow as well as in comfortable weather, his progress was thus impeded.

No effort made by his friends to expedite his passage over these imaginary barriers seemed to afford him much assistance, and frequently he would appear to be distressed by them, and if driven out of his path by a carriage he would generally return back to the spot and take, as the sailors say, a new departure.

I have witnessed his situation as above described perhaps hundreds of times, and have walked with him. The arm of a relative or near friend who would exercise patience and indulge him in some measure in his habits, was acceptable to him, and if rightly managed would sometimes accelerate his progress, but the interference of others was usually injurious to him.

His other movements of body and limbs all corresponded in a greater or less degree with those above described. The motions of his hands when taking his food, or lifting off his hat, or offering a salutation to a friend, and of his body in rising up or lying down all partook of the same character. On this account every alteration of dress and of place was carefully avoided as far as practicable when at home. He usually wore his hat in the house and for years together slept with it on his head, and always with his other clothing on. He followed the seas many years in the capacity of a cooper while in this situation, and could perform his labour to the satisfaction of his employers, only taking more time for its performance.

In advanced life he assisted in discharging vessels, his lot being at the fall, and he was usually designated as the one to "hold on," as it is called, that is to keep that part of the rope which is gained through the blocks from slipping back while those who hoist are relieving their hands. There was also a difficulty attending his speech analagous to that which appeared in the motions of his body. He seemed to have a readiness of thought, a retentive memory, and except the difficulty referred to, a fluency of expression, and was remarkably sociable and pleasant with his friends, but it required a considerable share of patience to listen attentively to his conversation. He had the habit of repeating almost every sentence many times over, and would sometimes find it necessary to recall

a sentence which he had got well over, especially if it had been hurried or forced at all, and even occasionally to commence the whole subject anew. At another time he would find it difficult, for a time, to go forward at all. At the same time he would manifest so much earnestness and make such strenuous effort to relieve his audience, that it would seem unfriendly to check him, and beside, he had a pleasant and familiar way of taking one by the hand and holding fast while he was talking. It would be a difficult task to convey to a person who never saw Mr. Brown a precise idea of his manner of talking. If he was relating anything that he had heard, after naming his author, he would go on to say, "He told me, he told me, he told me," repeating in this manner perhaps from ten to twenty times, and at length forcing his way to the next sentence, and if obstructed for some time, and he saw the listener growing impatient, he would say with a smile, "I'll tell you by and by," and this promise he could generally utter with less difficulty. It was the main subject in which his embarrassment appeared, and while unable to get out a sentence of that, he could use twice as many words in saying, "Don't be impatient," "I'll tell you by and by," etc. His mind would seem to be absorbed by the subject in which he was engaged so as almost to alter his habits in regard to incidental remarks. And what is remarkable in this case is, that there appeared to be no deficiency of intellect, no want of distinctness in thought nor want of

words to convey those thoughts, nor any natural impediment in speaking, but a certain indescribable something, like the barrier in the path in which he walked which prevented his utterance.

There were various other peculiarities in his case. He had a strong and sort of instinctive aversion to certain places and things. He could never enter a privy or farm yard or other place where manure was kept, nor would he enter a house where he should be under the necessity of stepping on a painted floor, particularly if the paint was *yellow*.

This circumstance (the aversion to painted floors) prevented his visiting his nearest relatives for years together. And in regard to the calls of nature, although I forbear to be particular, yet it seems proper to say that his case was peculiar.

He would usually pass many days together, perhaps a week or more, without regarding this call, and then, if the weather permitted, travelled far from home to a piece of flats which was washed every tide by the river.

His general habit of eating, drinking and sleeping did not differ materially, if at all, from others, and he usually enjoyed good health. Every man knew him and every man was his friend. He was kind hearted, and pleasant in his deportment, much attached to his relatives and particularly fond of children.

I have been thus particular in this case because it is such an one as I never saw or read

of, and the most judicious people who knew him were never able to explain it.

If there was anything like Witchcraft about it (of which I have much doubt) it must have been handed down from one to another in succession through the agency of evil spirits, for he must have outlived the progenitor, or his habits must have become so fixed by their continued influence, as to make their operations no longer necessary.

His own opinion in early life was in favor of its being the influence of Witchcraft, and he had on his mind circumstances which led him to this conclusion, and names of persons to whom he was disposed to impute the guilt of being instrumental in bringing this misery upon him. In more advanced life, however, little was said by him or by the other members of the family on this subject.

He resided, when at home, in the family with his mother and two sisters, Esther and Elizabeth.

His mother died in 1790, and his sister Elizabeth in 1791. After that period he and Esther (Mrs. Andrews) kept house together until his decease. He continued to labour for his support as long as his age and infirmities would permit, and Mrs. Andrews, by spinning and other employment, assisted in the support of the family.

My Uncle became very feeble during the winter of 1814-15. I visited him occasionally and watched with him one night.

He wore his clothing day and night as usual, but as life declined his difficulties of speech, etc., seemed in some measure to diminish.

It might, however, so appear merely from the circumstance that he had lost his vigor of mind, and had less inclination to converse.

He died March 10th, 1815, aged 77 years and 207 days.

Esther, the fifth child of my Grandparents, was born Feb. 18, 1740. In early life she was united in marriage with Stephen Andrews, a seafaring man, with whom she lived but a short time. He died on the first or second voyage after their marriage. She remained a widow during the remainder of her life. After the decease of her father, her mother, Edward, Elizabeth and herself made one family, and as before stated, after the death of her mother and Elizabeth, Edward and herself lived together until separated by his death in 1815.

In the early and middle part of her life, after the loss of her husband, she was considerably employed as a nurse. She was an industrious woman, and until far advanced in life was able to labor for her own support, but the constant care of her brother rendered it necessary that some assistance should be afforded, and on his account the town furnished them a house, some fuel, and other necessaries occasionally. She took good care of her brother until his death. She was a remarkably slender woman in her appearance, but generally enjoyed good health.

After the decease of her brother, she fre-

quently spent a day with us, and her last days were spent with a considerable degree of enjoyment considering her advanced age. She died September 12, 1824, and was buried from my house in Newburyport.

Moses, the sixth child of my Grandparents, was born Jan. 23, 1742. He married in early life Sarah Coffin. He was a sea-faring man, and from my first knowledge of him, a respectable shipmaster. He was much of a gentleman in his manners and general appearance, and was highly esteemed in the place where he lived (Newburyport), and in other places where he was known. For many years he followed the Surrinam trade.

Those voyages were generally long, in consequence of waiting for molasses to come down the river, and Capt. Brown was fond of writing to his friends while lying in port. He indulged me with a correspondence after I came to be about 14 or 15 years of age, and I have letters of his now in my possession.

During the disagreement between America and France in 1797 and 1798, a sloop of war was built at Newburyport and by the general voice of his fellow-citizens, Capt. Brown was recommended, and commissioned as her commander, and had a captain's commission in the Navy of the U. S. for that purpose. Several very respectable shipmasters accepted subordinate stations on board the same ship.

He cruised on the West India Station, and gave satisfaction to the Government as well as

the merchantmen whom he was called to protect. After this little war was over, about 1800, Capt. Brown resumed his former business as master of a merchant vessel and died while on a passage from the West Indies, Jan. 2, 1804, aged 62 years.

Capt. Brown was a man of good appearance, somewhat corpulent, but rather of active and vigorous turn.

Pleasant in his family and among his relatives and acquaintances, of domestic habits very fond of children. I recollect several Thanksgiving seasons when he had for his company a lot of children (nephews, etc.), of which I was one, and he seemed much pleased in imparting pleasure to us. He also was fond of a water excursion with a company of children. He was in the habit, however, of moving with the most respectable company, and was looked up to by his relatives and friends as an object of their pride, if it may be so said, as well as of their delight. I remember his frequent visits in the family circle, and the manifest pleasure with which they were received. He was very sociable and free in his conversation and his knowledge of the world made his conversation interesting. He made no profession of religion, but always expressed a respect for its institutions. His children were as follows :

William, born —; married Catharine Jones. Served an apprenticeship with a merchant at Baltimore, afterward became a shipmaster. Died at sea, 1799 or 1800. Left two

children, His son, William, died at Washington City, Sept. 10, 1848.

Moses, born —; married Eunice Stickney. Was a shipmaster. Died at sea (drowned) Dec. 22, 1797. Left one child.

Joseph was born 1774; married — Pillsbury (afterward Mrs. Hoyt), and has five children; is still living (1830).

James, born —; unmarried, and still living (1830).

Sarah, born —; married David Reed. Mr. Reed died in 1825. She is still living (1830).

Elizabeth, the seventh child of my Grandparents, was born Sept. 6, 1743. She was never married. Her usual employment after the death of her father was nursing. When not so employed, she resided in the family with her mother, her brother Edward and sister Andrews, and after the death of her mother (in 1790), she continued to reside with her brother and sister until her own decease. She was a woman of good character and respected by all who knew her, retired and unassuming in her habits and manners, and kind and friendly in her conduct. She was called suddenly from this world. She slept with her sister and was in her usual health when she retired to rest. In the morning her sister found her lying by her side a corpse, Aug. 10, 1791. (Further information states that Mrs. Andrews left her asleep, and soon after found her corpse).

Mary, the eighth child of my Grandparents,

was born June 24, 1745. She died in infancy Aug. 24, 1746.

Nicolas, the ninth child of my Grandparents, was born Oct. 30, 1747. He married in early life Anne Greenough, with whom he lived but a few years. She died Jan. 2, 1774, aged 23. She had two children, viz. : Edward, born Sept. 11, 1771, and Ann Greenough, born Feb. 14, 1773. My uncle afterwards married Lucy Lamprey, of Kensington, who still survives him, being now (1830) about 70 to 75 years old. (She was born February, 1760, and she died Nov. 23, 1836, aged 76.) They had a large family of children. Several have died. Those who lived to 21 or upward, whom I now recollect, are as follows, viz. :

Moses, born May 20, 1778; married Hepzibah —, and was lost at sea in 1818, left five children.

Anne Greenough, born March 11, 1782; married Alex. McCulloch, who was killed in battle 1813 or 1814. She still survives him and remains his widow, receiving a pension from the U. S. of \$240 per annum, her husband being a sailing-master in the U. S. Navy. She has no children.

Abigail, born March 28, 1788. She married Eliphalet Woodbury, a seaman, who died. She still survives him, and remains his widow. Has one child named Ann Alexander Woodbury.

Nathan, born Feb. 27, 1795, married Mary Fellow of Boston, both still living (1830) and residing in Boston. He is a shipmaster.

Lucy, born Oct. 6, 1792, married Enoch Pilsbury. He died — and she still survives him and remains his widow. Has no children.

Lawrence, born July 20, 1790. He married Rebecca Edwards Oct. 18. She had her reason impaired and March 9, 1824, by falling into the fire, lost her life. He was a shipmaster and died at sea, Sept. 5, 1824. They left four children.

Mary Lawrence, May 13, 1819.

Margaret Andrews, Dec. 5, 1821; died Aug. 22, 1845.

Rebecca Edwards, March 16, —.

Lawrence, Jan. 31, 1824.

(Lawrence, son of Lawrence, died November 1842).

Ruth S., born 1799, died July 1, 1807.

Dorothy Pike, born April 25, 1797; Died, 1849. She has generally been in feeble health for many years past, but is still living; unmarried; living at Newburyport Aug. 22, 1845.

John Pike, born Feb. 5, 1802. He married. Is now a respectable shipmaster and resides at Newburyport. (Lost at sea in 1835.)

William H., born Sept. 24, 1804; married Harriet Dodge; is a seafaring man and now resides at Newburyport.

Nicolas, born April 16, 1784; married Jane Little. Is a shipmaster residing at Newburyport. They lost one son named William when a lad, and I have the impression that they also lost one other child, perhaps two.

Edward, the son of my Uncle by his first

wife, was born Sept. 11, 1771. He served an apprenticeship with J. Stanwood as a caulker. Afterward April 11, 1795, removed to Thomaston, where he now resides. My uncle was by occupation a cooper, I have the impression that he was employed in the West India trade in that capacity in early life, but of this I am not certain. When I was a lad he was employed as a ferriman, and lived in a house which stood on the ferry wharf. I recollect visiting them there and dining with them. Afterwards he lived in a house in the rear of Water Street, between Central Wharf and Brown's Wharf, and afterwards in Middle Street.

About the year 1805 he built a house in Charles Street, Newburyport, where he resided until his death. His general employment during the last twenty years of his life was packing beef and fish.

He was an Inspector of Provisions, and in this capacity gave good satisfaction to the public, and obtained a comfortable support for a numerous family, which continued to be a large one even in his advanced life. He had three daughters married, but they were all left widows during his life-time. He was a man of industrious habits, kind and obliging as a neighbor and friend, and remarkably fond of his children. He was confined a considerable time in his last sickness, which was the dropsy in the chest. He died Oct. 1, 1819, aged 71 years and 336 days.

In another part of the Autobiography is found the following:—

Edward Brown, born Sept. 11, 1771.
Elizabeth Watson, first wife, born March 3, 1782; died Sept. 8, 1809. *Delia*, second wife, living 1840. Children:

Ann Greenough, born March 10, 1801.

Margaret L., born Nov. 25, 1802; died Nov. 30, 1802.

Edward, born Jan. 1, 1804; died May 9, 1804.

Alexander Watson, born Aug. 5, 1805.

Edward, born Nov. 27, 1807.

Elizabeth, born Dec. 30, 1819.

Mary, the youngest and tenth child of my Grandparents, was born May 26, 1750, at Salisbury. She was the mother of the writer and still lives in the enjoyment of her faculties and a good measure of health.

She is the only survivor of the family, and it is a remarkable fact that now at the age of 80 her eyes have not become dim, but her vision is even better than that of her son.