387. **Jonathan Hale[7] Goldthwaite** (*Erastus*[6], *Thomas*[5], *Thomas*[4], *Samuel*[3], *Samuel*[2], *Thomas*[1]), of Longmeadow, Mass., born there May 21, 1811, married, Nov., 1840, SUSAN LOUD JOY, born Feb. 2, 1813, at South Weymouth, Mass., daughter of David and Jerusha (Wild) Joy, and granddaughter of Lieut. David Joy, an officer in the Revolution. Mrs. Goldthwaite was a pupil in the Ipswich Academy while it was in charge of Miss Grant and Mary Lyon; she afterwards taught in the academy at Amherst, and later had a private school in Springfield, where she first met her husband. She died at Longmeadow March 27, 1897, at the age of 84, retaining, in a marked degree, the energy and vivacity which had been characteristic of her younger days.

Jonathan Hale Goldthwaite, so named for Col. Hale, in whose family his father had passed his early life, spent his youth in his father's home in Longmeadow, where he enjoyed such advantages of education as that town of somewhat superior culture afforded. He early chose the business of an engraver, which he went to Boston to learn when he was seventeen years old. In it he attained great skill, and his work became in large demand. Much of his time in after-life was devoted to the designing, engraving, and publishing of maps, and, in the opinion of those fitted to judge, his work in some departments of this profession has never been excelled. For some time in earlier life he had his business in Springfield, and in after years was obliged to do much of his work in New York city, but he was never fond of city life, loving best retirement, the country, and all the works of nature. He therefore made his real home, to which he retired whenever business permitted, in his native town of Longmeadow. His was the taste to appreciate the beauty of a site near the Springfield border, which, with part of the adjoining valley of Pecowsic Brook below it, he early secured for his homestead. No finer prospect than it commanded could be seen in all that region. It lay on a small plateau half-way up Pecowsic Hill, on the road from Springfield to Longmeadow. Before and below it, on the north, was one of the beautiful