

over to me. He wrote almost wholly from memory, and hearsay, as he seldom had any opportunity to consult original records.

His father seems to have told him a great deal about the descendants of Rev. Samuel Dudley, of Exeter, N. H.

I have his record before me now. He says he had travelled to Boston eight times. He often went to New Hampshire on horse-back. He says he had travelled thence from Maine nearly twenty times. He was blind in his last years, but the neighbors would call often and read to him. He lived in part of his son John G.'s house at North Freeman, where his youngest child, Wm. K., still resides. This is William King Dudley, aged over 80 and nearly blind. He is the last leaf on that family tree. The old gentleman, Esq. Dudley, that is, my grandfather, was a Universalist in religion. He rejected the whole dogma of Hell and reprobation as taught by the Methodists, Orthodox, etc. But his daughters were quite bitterly opposed to his charitable creed. They worried him, and slighted his wise admonitions; but he never wavered nor turned a hair's breadth from his position while life remained in him. He told his opposers that they were like the scribes and Pharisees of old, assuming that they were more holy than other people and God's chosen saints; but he could see through them; and heaven was not so limited as they supposed. All would be changed, as St. Paul describes, in the twinkling of an eye, and this mortal would put on an immortal form, fitted for the great kingdom of Heaven. I used to hear him talk by the hour, and I never took any stock in the hell-fire code from that day to this. I am, indeed, the fourth generation in direct descent, who are known to have rejected the doctrine of an endless Hell for punishment.

My grandfather was a strong advocate of total abstinence, and wrote a long dissertation on his discovery of the great danger and destructiveness of alcoholic liquors as beverages or stimulants.

The last time I ever saw him he quoted these lines of Pope:

"A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

I shall never forget his earnest look and quaint pronunciation, as he gave me this final touch of his best earthly wisdom forty-seven years ago.

He died at Freeman, Me., May 7, 1844, and has a tablet in the Kingfield Cemetery, where he was buried.

His dear, careful, faithful second wife survived him and lived several years more. About 1855 I helped to obtain a land-warrant for her, giving her 160 acres of government lands, on account of the services of her late husband in the Revolutionary War. His first wife, who was the mother of all his children, was Anne, or Anna, a daughter of Obadiah Smith, and his wife Mary Leavitt, daughter of Stephen Leavitt, son of Moses, of Exeter, the surveyor, who was born 1650. Mr. Smith was a son of Jonathan Smith, of Exeter, and his wife Bridget Keniston.