

RECOLLECTIONS.

DEDICATED TO CLAUDIUS L. PARKER, BY HIS FATHER, LOVEL ELON PARKER.

WAYNE, Nov. 23, 1877.

It is because you have requested it that I write, not to perpetuate my memory; for I feel like adopting the language of the poet:

“ Let me live, unseen, unknown,
Unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.”

You cannot see the surroundings of my youthful days, that make them interesting to me, as I can; nor can I present them to you. The old school house; my youthful companions; the house in which we lived; the river, running nearly south by our house, on the west; the gristmill, sawmill, and button factory one-half mile south.

Our house was eight or ten rods from the bank of the river, opposite the dam that turned the water to the mills; two story in front, running back to one story, and fronting to the west. If I get time I will make you a draft of the house, and its surroundings. There used to be a pond of water, south and west, on which we took much pleasure in the winter, sliding. We filled it up by plowing and scraping, some years before we left the place. My personal recollections go back to 1803. I was then three years old. The schoolhouse was about one-fourth of a mile north from our house on a hill, in plain sight. I thought it would be nice to have a play with the children, so I stole away and had a good time until they were called in for afternoon.

I got over the fence and went east through the lots, turning south into a meadow we called “the Roberts meadow,” thence around into our “south lot,” thence west into the blacksmith shop, and, lying down on the forge, went to sleep. I was missed in the afternoon, and search was made. They sent to the schoolhouse; the scholars told them where I was last seen; they went through the lots, but no boy was found, nor heard to respond to their calls.

About sundown someone went to the shop, and there I was on the forge, and fast asleep. They awoke me and took me to the house rejoicing over the lost sheep, found safe. I can recollect many things that took place as time passed on. The total eclipse in 1806. I was at school; it was so dark we could not see to study, so the teacher let us go out to see it. I can now see how it looked, and then I compared it to Miss Naomi's umbrella, and I can now think of no better comparison. The circumference was brighter than the center, giving it a hollow appearance; hens went to roost, stars shone and