

man's pocketbook facing a law suit produces, so he thought best to exchange again for lands in Barkhamsted Hollow, joining Hartland on the north. Losing his eyesight, he gave up the management of business to father and Uncle Joel. Grandfather was about medium height and heft, somewhat round shouldered, but of stout frame. His features were fair, and his disposition pleasant and agreeable. He was active and industrious, and after losing his sight, he and grandmother made their home with father. Grandfather was a blacksmith by trade, and his principal employment after he became blind, was making horseshoe nails in the shop.

He had worn a place in the face of his anvil where he plated the nails. He would forge one out, cool and feel of it until he had succeeded in making one to suit him; then would go on making others almost exactly like the sample as long as he could work. - Father used to say that grandfather in this way made better nails than he himself could. I remember well the last work grandfather did. It was carrying water for butchering, from a brook some rods away. By a neckyoke he carried two pails at once, and persisted in carrying after he was told there was water enough. That night he was taken sick, but if I remember correctly, lived about two weeks. He died in 1807, and was buried in the old burying ground in Barkhamsted. He had been a deacon of the church, but when he had lost his sight he resigned, and father was elected to serve in his place.

Mercy Parker, my grandmother, was, I think, a little under medium height, and rather spare in old age; but in middle life she might have been more fleshy. She was fair, agreeable, of pleasant address, cheerful, prudent, and economical. After grandfather's death, she went to live with uncle Joel; and dying a few years after, was buried by the side of grandfather.

Father and uncle Joel held and worked their lands in common, dividing crops in the field. Each managed for himself and was responsible for his own debts, only. They bought more land; a farm of fifty acres, one mile south from the old farm. Uncle Joel lived on the north farm, and father on the south farm. Three or four years before they emigrated to Ohio, they chose men to draw lines, and say how they should divide. These men gave father the south farm, and a portion of the north farm; uncle made some complaint—thought he should have more. Father told him he would give him one hundred dollars if he would exchange places with him; but uncle said no. Father's part of the old farm was west of the river and included, I think, the most of the sugarbush. When I was quite young a company was formed in Granby, about twelve miles from where we lived, to come to Ohio. They exchanged their lands in Granby for land in Tallmadge, Ohio. Father went to Granby to see them, thinking some of going with them: but did not like the prospect, so did not join the company. After he and uncle Joel had divided, there was a chance to sell what they both owned of the old farm, so they sold it; father receiving, I think, one thousand dollars for his share.

In 1815, after the old farm was sold, uncle decided to come to the Western Reserve and see "The Far West" as it was then called. Uncle had talked of it for a long time. Father had talked with others and felt satisfied to try the new country without the expense of a trip with uncle, who made the journey on horseback, and visited Vernon, Hartford and perhaps Hudson, Ohio. He returned well pleased, brought back samples of the soil, and made a favorable report. Soon after his return they decided