

AN EPISTLE TO POSTERITY.

BY RUFUS H. PARKER.

SEVERAL years since, C. L. Parker, a son of Elon Parker, compiled a genealogy of the Parker family up to the time they emigrated to Ohio. This paper was lost. My cousin, L. N. Parker, and myself bent our efforts to reproduce the lost history. Reliable material proved to be very limited, but from what we could secure we have compiled our lineage.

Not long after completing this part of our work, the Claudius Parker record was found. The two records substantially agree.

In our researches we found a paper written by Elon Parker, which afforded us a reliable connecting link and was very valuable and interesting.

Could our progenitors each have left a similar record, their value to us would have been incalculable. They were a brave, patriotic, religious and virtuous set of men, and to let the memory of such people die is an injustice to them and an injury to their posterity. I am the only Parker living who can, from memory and personal observation, give an account of the early history of the family after their coming to Ohio.

Taking this view of the matter, in connection with the urgent solicitations of Cousin L. N. Parker, I will relate a few incidents which are graven on my memory and may possibly be of interest to others long after I have crossed "the silent river."

My earliest recollections are of the double log house in which we lived, and of the framed "lean-to" in which grandfather and grandmother Parker lived. A part of the log house was the one in which the family first settled when they moved to Kinsman. It stood on the north bank of a ravine, a few rods from my present residence, and no trace of it is now left to mark its location.

In it was the old-fashioned fireplace, not less than five feet in length and three in depth, built of brick and stone into the second story, or loft, of the house and topped out with sticks of wood, which were about three feet long, and split to about two inches square. These were built up like a pen and plastered inside and out with clay mortar. In the fireplace was the long, iron crane, with its hooks and trammels, the andirons upon which the fire was laid, and by its side the long, iron shovel, tongs and toasting iron, with the hand hook that hung on the wall, all manufactured in our own shop. The broad stone hearth, the huge back log, with a smaller one on top, a large forestick on the andirons, with the three sticks of green wood above and a dry wood fire between. A pile of dry wood occupied the space at the right of the fireplace, while at its left was a bench for the water pail, with the extra pots, kettles, etc., underneath. The cast