

owned it in May, 1780, as the estate at the north was then "bounded on the south by land of John Spare." *

John Spare was in business in Boston (his family always in Canton) more than half his time, say from 1790 to 1805, sawing timber at lumber yards; industrious and saving always. This absence accounts for the non-appearance of his name in numerous lists of citizens, where one would expect to find it, as, for instance, in that on a petition for a division of the town in 1795. He does not appear to have accepted any prominent public office, except warden, the last one, and treasurer of the church. As a Minute Man he was probably not absent beyond a few days or weeks and this at Roxbury, near Boston, "at the lines." There is a tradition that he went as soldier in an important military expedition to Vermont or elsewhere; but it is so vague in the writer's knowledge that he can say nothing more about it. There is a story with it, however, but not the following.

As an anecdote, he was once solicited by an impecunious person for aid. He handed the supplicant half a dollar. The latter began to inspect it very carefully and finally asked if it were good. The giver said, "O, let me just take a look at it." Taking it he said, "So you don't like it? Well, now I like it," and put it back in his pocket to stay.

When his grandchildren were noisy in an adjoining room, he would chalk out on the floor and assign them their localities apart.

Of good constitution and excellent health, on his eightieth birthday he was at work in the field when he remarked that fact to his grandson, James, and said he should not live three years longer. On the last day of May, 1820, it being a holiday (Election Day), he drank ice water on Boston Common. He was taken with sudden illness, necessitating his being taken to his Eliot street house. His death followed June 6, in Boston; buried in Canton.

At his burial the writer was taken by his mother to the grave and saw the coffin let down by ropes, she remarking that probably John would remember it. After arriving home John said to his mother, "I know how we can get grandpa again." "How?" "Why, put a rope around him and pull him up." He is remembered living, on two occasions.

The mile-stone which here speaks for itself has been a prominent mark for about a century.

It is four feet high, two feet nine inches broad, hammered in front and sides, natural rounded top and is hard, pink sandstone or gray-wacke

* Deed of heirs of John Davenport to Lemuel Davenport, Dedham.