

alarmed by news that the enemy were close at hand and the soldiers, hastily departing, left a powder horn which had accidentally fallen over behind a large chest, which is now in the possession of my brother Chandler's family. The horn is large and clear, about twenty inches long, and holds a pound of powder.

We consider it quite probable that this horn has been through the French and Indian War, as well as through the Revolution. On the day that the soldiers left grandfather's, my father was seven years old, and as he found the horn behind the chest, he claimed it as his own. He kept it as long as he lived and at his death he gave it to his son Joseph.

He had no direct descendants, and so a few days before he died, he gave the name Joseph, and the powder horn to my brother Amory's baby, then only a few days old. It is still owned by this same Joseph Barber, who lives in Marengo, Illinois, and its next possessor will be his son, Joseph Eugene.

For over a century and a half, this horn has done faithful duty for the hunter and soldier, and it is hoped that it, in connection with the name Joseph Barber, may remain an heirloom in the Barber family.

The two points which render this most interesting to us, are, that my father found it on his seventh birthday and also on the day that my mother was born.