

money in the old tea-kettle, left it in the wagon all night. In the morning, very much to his surprise, father saw the old tea-kettle there in the wagon. Of course he feared for its contents, but upon investigation, he found the valuable treasure undisturbed.

In going down the Green Mountains, where the inclination was very great, sometimes they would unhitch one yoke of oxen and hitch them behind the wagon to help hold back. At other times they would cut a pine tree, trim it, sharpen the knots, and then hitch the top of it to the wagon so as they went down the mountain, the knots would plough into the ground and hold the wagon back.

We crossed the Hudson River at Albany, then quite a village, and so pursuing our way, we finally, on the eighth day of October, reached Uncle Whitney's house which stood on the present site of Java Village, but at that time there were not more than a half dozen families living there—the place being occupied by woods, mud, bears, deer, Indians, etc.

Father traded one yoke of oxen for sixty acres of land, which still remains in the family, its present owner being a great grandson of my father.

Father also bought one hundred and twenty acres more, on, and near the present site of Java Village, also a half interest in a grist mill, and a half interest in