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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LOG-BOOK OF TIMOTHY BOARDMAN ***

Transcriber's Note:
Inconsistent spellings and
hyphenations
have been left as printed.

LOG-BOOK
OF
TIMOTHY BOARDMAN;
KEPT ON BOARD THE PRIVATEER OLIVER CROMWELL, DURING A
CRUISE FROM NEW LONDON, CT., TO CHARLESTON,
S. C., AND RETURN,
IN 1778;
ALSO,
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF THE AUTHOR.
BY THE REV. SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, D.D.

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE RUTLAND
COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ALBANY, N. Y.:
JOEL MUNSELL'S SONS.
1885.



PREFACE.

Under the auspices of the Rutland County Historical Society, is published the Log-Book of Timothy Boardman, one of the pioneer settlers of the town of Rutland, Vermont. This journal was kept on board the privateer, Oliver Cromwell, during two cruises; the second one from New London, Conn., to Charleston, S. C.; the third from Charleston to New London, in the year 1778. It seems that the Log-Book of the first cruise was either lost, never kept, or Mr. Boardman was not one of the crew to keep it. It was kept as a private diary without any view to its ever being published.

When this manuscript, on coarse, unruled paper, was brought to light, it came to the knowledge of the officers of the county historical society, who, at once, decided that it was a document of considerable value and should be published. Correspondence was accordingly opened with the Rev. Samuel W. Boardman, D.D., of Stanhope, New Jersey, a grandson of Timothy, to whom this document properly belonged, asking his permission to allow the society to publish it. The Reverend Doctor immediately gave his consent; and in his own words: "Supposed it was largely dry details. Still these may throw side lights of value, on the history of the times." At the same time he also consented to furnish a biographical sketch of his grandfather to be published with the Log-Book. Accordingly the sketch was prepared, but it proves to be not only a sketch, but a valuable genealogy of that branch of the Boardman family. This sketch was collected from many sources, mostly from manuscripts.

The Boardmans in Rutland county are all known as a strictly industrious, upright, religious, scholarly race; and they are so interwoven with the early history, business and educational interests of the county, that this document must meet with general favor and interest.

JOHN M. CURRIER,
*Sec. of the Rutland County
Historical Society.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

DEA. TIMOTHY BOARDMAN.

BY

REV. SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, D.D.

Stanhope, New Jersey.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

There is still preserved a letter from England, written in a fine hand, with red ink, dated Obeydon? Feb. 5, 1641, and directed,

"to her very loveing sonne
SAMUEL BOREMAN,
Ipswich in New England
give this with
haste."

The letter is as follows:

"Good sonne, I have received your letter: whereby I understand that you are in good health, for which I give God thanks, as we are all—Praised be God for the same. Whereas you desire to see your brother Christopher with you, he is not ready for so great a journey, nor do I think he dare take upon him so dangerous a voyage. Your five sisters are all alive and in good health and remember their love to you. Your father hath been dead almost this two years, and thus troubleing you no further at this time, I rest, praying to God to bless you and your wife, unto whome we all kindly remember our loves.

Your ever loving mother,
"JULIAN BORMAN."

This letter exhibits many of the characteristics of the Puritans to whom the Bormans belonged. They were intensely religious; this short letter contains the name of God three times and speaks of both prayer and praise. The Puritans were an intelligent people, reading and writing; this letter is a specimen of the correspondence carried on between the earliest settlers and their kindred whom they had left in England. They were an affectionate people, "remembering their loves" to one another; and praying, for one another, as this mother did for her son and his wife. This short letter has the word "love" four times.

They were a persistent people, those who came hither did not shrink from the hardships around them. They came to stay, and sent back for their friends. Samuel desired Christopher to follow him. Many of their families were large, there were at least nine members of this Puritan household. Samuel was born probably about 1610; he had emigrated from England in 1635 or 1636. His name is found at Ipswich, Mass., about 1637 where land was assigned to him. Ipswich had been organized in 1635 with some of the most intelligent and wealthy colonists. His father died after Samuel's emigration to America, in 1639. His wife's name was Mary; their oldest child, so far as we have record, was Isaac, born at Wethersfield, Ct., Feb. 3, 1642. He probably journeyed through the wilderness from Ipswich, Mass., which is twenty-six miles north of Boston, to Wethersfield, Ct., about one hundred and fifty miles, in 1639 or 1640.

Between 1630 and 1640 many of the best families in England sent representatives to America. It is said that Oliver Cromwell was at one time on the point of coming. Between February and August, 1630, seventeen ships loaded with families, bringing their cattle, furniture and other worldly goods, arrived. One ship of four hundred tons brought one hundred and forty passengers, others perhaps a larger number. Among them were Matthew and Priscilla Grant, from whom Gen. Grant was of the eighth generation in descent. Bancroft says, "Many of them had been accustomed to ease and affluence; an unusual proportion were graduates of Cambridge and Oxford. The same rising tide of strong English sense and piety, which soon overthrew tyranny forever in the British Isles, under Cromwell, was forcing the best blood in England to these shores." The shores of New England says George P. Marsh, were then sown with the finest of wheat; Plymouth Rock had but just received the pilgrims; the oldest cottages and log-cabins on the coast were yet new, when Samuel Boreman first saw them. The Puritans were a people full of religion, ministers came with their people; they improved the time on the voyage, Roger Clap's diary, kept on shipboard 1630, says, "So we came by the good hand of our God through the deep *comfortably*, having preaching and expounding of the word of God *every day for ten weeks* together by our ministers." Mr. Blaine says that the same spirit which kept Cromwell's soldiers at home to fight for liberty after 1640, impelled men to America before that time, so that there was probably never an emigration, in the history of the world, so influential as that to New England from 1620 to 1643.

It is possible that Christopher Boreman fought and perhaps fell in the army of the commonwealth. But why did so many of the early settlers, quickly leave the Atlantic coast for the Connecticut valley? Their first historians say there was even then "a hankering for new land." They wished also to secure it from occupation by the Dutch who were entering it. Reports of its marvelous fertility, says Bancroft, had the same effect on their imagination, as those concerning the Genesee and Miami have since exerted, inducing the "western fever," "Young man go West." The richness of the soil of the Wethersfield meadows has been celebrated as widely as the aroma of its onions. It is only three miles from Hartford and was for two centuries one of the most prominent communities in Connecticut. There was scarcely a more cultured society anywhere. "It were a sin," said the early colonists "to leave so fertile a land unimproved." The Pequod war had annihilated a powerful and hostile tribe on the Thames in 1637. Six hundred Indians perished, only two whites were killed. Connecticut was long after that comparatively safe from Indians. In 1639, the people formed themselves into a body politic by a voluntary association. The elective franchise belonged to all the members of the towns who had taken the oath of allegiance to the commonwealth. It was the most perfect democracy which had ever been organized. It rested on free labor. "No jurisdiction of the English monarch was recognized; the laws of honest justice were the basis of their commonwealth. They were near to nature. These humble emigrants invented an admirable system. After two centuries and a half, the people of Connecticut desire no essential change from the government established by their Puritan fathers." (Bancroft).

The first emigration of Puritans to the Connecticut river is supposed to have been to "Pyquag," now Wethersfield, in 1634. The next year 1635, witnessed the first to Windsor and Hartford; while in the following year 1636, Rev. Thomas Hooker and his famous colony made the forest resound with psalms of praise, as in June, they made their pilgrimage from the seaside "to the delightful banks" of the Connecticut. Hooker was esteemed, "The light of the western churches," and a lay associate, John Haynes, had been governor of Massachusetts. The church at Wethersfield was organized while Mrs. Boreman's letter given above, was on its way, Feb. 28,

1641; Samuel and Mary Boreman were undoubtedly among its earliest members. His first pastor there was Rev. Richard Denton, whom Cotton Mather describes, as "a little man with a great soul, an accomplished mind in a lesser body, an Iliad in a nutshell; blind of an eye, but a great seer; seeing much of what eye hath not seen." In the deep forests, amid the cabins of settlers, and the wigwams of savages, he composed a system of Divinity entitled "Soliloquia Sacra." Rev. John Sherman, born in Dedham, England, Dec. 26, 1613, educated at Cambridge, who came to America in 1634, also preached here for a short time. He was afterwards settled at Watertown Mass., had twenty-two children and died in 1685. The colony at New Haven, which was soon united with them, was founded in 1638, under Rev. John Davenport and Gov. Theophilus Eaton. They first met under an oak and afterward in a barn. After a day of fasting and prayer they established their first civil government on a simple plantation covenant "to obey the Scriptures." Only church members had the franchise; the minister gave a public charge to the governor to judge righteously, with the text: "The cause that is too hard for you bring it unto me, and I will hear it," "Thus," says Bancroft, "New Haven made the Bible its statute book, and the elect its freemen." The very atmosphere of New Haven is still full of the Divine favor distilled from the honor thus put upon God's word in the foundation of its institutions. There were five capital qualities which greatly distinguished the early New England Puritans. I. Good intellectual endowments; they were of the party of Milton and Cromwell. II. Intense religiousness; the names Pilgrim and Puritan, are synonymous with zealous piety. III. Education; many were graduates of colleges; they founded Harvard in 1636. IV. Business thrift; godliness has the promise of the world that now is, as well as of that which is to come. V. Public spirit; they immediately built churches, schools, court houses, and state houses.

The newly married son to whom Julian Borman, the Puritan widow, with seven children, wrote from England in 1641, obviously partook of these common characteristics. He was soon recognized as a young man to be relied upon. "Few of the first settlers of Connecticut," says Hinman, author of the genealogy of the Puritans, "came here with a better reputation, or sustained it more uniformly through life."

In 1646-7-8. He was a juror.

1649. Appointed by the Gen. Court, sealer of weights and measures.

1657-8-9-60-61-62-63, and many years afterward, representative of Wethersfield in the Legislature of Connecticut, styled "Deputy to the General Court."

Hinman says, few men, if any, in the colony, represented their own town for so many sessions.

1660. On the grand jury of the colony.

1670. Nominated assistant.

1662. Distributor of William's estate.

1662. Appointed by Gen. Court on committee to pay certain taxes.

1665. Chairman of a committee appointed by the Legislature, to settle with the Indians the difficulty about the bounds of land near Middletown, "in an equitable way."

1660. On a similar committee to purchase of the Indians Thirty Mile Island.

1665. Chairman of a committee of the Legislature to report on land, petitioned for by G. Higby.

1663. Appointed chairman of committee to lay out the bounds of Middletown.

He died just two hundred and twelve years ago in April, 1673. His estate was appraised by the selectmen of Wethersfield, May 2, 1673 at £742, 15s, about \$4,000. His son Isaac then 31 years old is not named in the settlement of the estate, and had perhaps received his patrimony. He had ten children, seven sons and three daughters, of whom the youngest was six years old; he had three grandchildren, the children of his oldest son, Isaac. All his children received scriptural names, as was common in Puritan families. His descendants are now doubtless several thousands in number. Only a very small part, after two hundred and fifty years, of a man's descendants bear his name. His daughters and their descendants, his sons' daughters and their descendants, one-half, three-quarters, seven-eighths, diverge from the ancestral name, etc., till but a thousandth part, after a few centuries retain the ancestral name, and those who retain it owe to a hundred others as much of their lineage as to him. Such is God's plan; the race are endlessly interwoven together; no man liveth unto himself. But a few comparatively, of the descendants of Samuel Borman can now be traced. His own name, however, has been carried by them into the United States Senate; into the lower house of Congress; into many State Legislatures; to the bar and to the bench; into many pulpits, and into several chairs of collegiate and professional instruction. Yet these can represent but a few of his descendants who have been equally useful. Probably a larger number of them are still to be found in Connecticut than in any other state. Among them is the family of Rev. Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D., the President of Yale College, who married a daughter of Rev. Dr. N. W. Taylor. The prayers of Julian Borman for "her good sonne"—"her very loving sonne, Samuel Boreman" already reach, under the covenant promise of Him who remembers mercy to a thousand generations, a widely scattered family.

In the above letter the name is spelled both with and without the letter "e" after "r;" the letter "d" is not found until 1712. The letter "a," was not inserted until 1750; so that the descendants of Samuel, may still bear all these names, Borman, Boreman, Bordman or Boardman, according to

the generation at which the line traced, reaches the parent stock. It is said that the name, however spelled, is still pronounced "Borman," at Wethersfield. The rise of Cromwell in England, the long Parliament, the Westminster Assembly, the execution of Charles the First, the establishment of the commonwealth, its power by sea and land, the death of the Protector, the restoration of Charles the Second, were events of which Samuel must have heard by letter from his brother and sisters, as well as in other ways. He doubtless had numerous kinsmen on the side of both his father and his mother, who were involved in these movements of the times in England. Perhaps Richard Boardman, one of the first two "Traveling Methodist Preachers on the continent," who came here from England in 1769, was among the descendants.

At the same time the pioneer legislator in the Colonial General Court just established in the wilds of America, was aiding to lay Scriptural foundations for institutions of civil and religious liberty in the New World. He left a Thomas Boreman, perhaps an uncle, in Ipswich, Mass. During the thirty-seven years of his life, after his emigration, he saw new colonies planted at many points along the Atlantic coast. He saw the older colonies constantly strengthened by fresh arrivals, and by the natural increase of the population. Several other Boremans came to New England very early, some of whom may have been his kindred. He accumulated and left a considerable estate for that day, derived in part undoubtedly, from the increase in the value of the new lands, which he had at first occupied, and which he afterward sold at an advanced price. Some in every generation, of his descendants have done likewise; going first north, and east, and then further and further west. One of the descendants of his youngest son Nathaniel, now living, a man of distinguished ability, Hon. E. J. H. Boardman of Marshalltown, Iowa, is said to have amassed in this manner a large fortune.

Samuel Boreman died far from his early home and kindred. He was not buried beside father or mother, or by the graves of ancestors who had for centuries lived and died and been buried there; but on a continent separated from them by a great ocean. He was doubtless buried on the summit of the hill in the old cemetery at Wethersfield, in a spot which overlooks the broad and fertile meadows of the Connecticut river. In the same plot his children and grandchildren lie, with monuments, though no monument marks his own grave. In his childhood, he may have seen Shakespeare and Bacon. He lived cotemporary with Cromwell; and Milton, who died, a year after he was buried at Wethersfield. His wife Mary, the mother of us all, died eleven years later, in 1684, leaving an estate of \$1,300. As his body was lowered into the grave, his widow and ten children may have stood around it, the oldest, Isaac, aged 31, with his two or three little children; the second, Mary, Mrs. Robbins, at the age of twenty-nine; Samuel, Jr., twenty-five; Joseph twenty-three; John twenty-one; Sarah, eighteen; Daniel, fifteen; Jonathan, thirteen; Nathaniel, ten; Martha, seven. Most of these children lived to have families, and left children, whose descendants now doubtless number thousands. Isaac had three sons and one daughter and died in 1719, at the age of seventy-seven. Samuel had two sons and three daughters, and died in 1720, at seventy-two years of age. Daniel, then fifteen; from whom Timothy Boardman, the author of the Log-Book, was descended; had twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, and died in 1724, at the age of seventy-six. Jonathan had two sons and three daughters, and died September 21, 1712, at the age of fifty-one. Nathaniel married in Windsor, at the age of forty-four, and had but one son, Nathaniel, and died two months after his next older brother Jonathan, perhaps of a contagious disease, November 29, 1712; at the age of forty-nine. The descendants of Nathaniel are now found in Norwich, Vt., and elsewhere; and those of Samuel in Sheffield, Mass., and elsewhere. But the later descendants of the other sons, except Samuel, Daniel and Nathaniel, and of the daughters, I have no means of tracing. They are scattered in Connecticut and widely in other states. During the lives of this second generation occurred King Phillip's war, which decimated the New England Colonies, and doubtless affected this family with others. Within their time also, Yale College was founded, and went into operation first at Wethersfield, close by the original Borman homestead.

The writer of this has made sermons in the old study of Rector Williams, the president of the college, near the old Boardman house, which was standing in 1856, the oldest house in Wethersfield. The second generation of Boardmans, of course occupied more "new lands." Daniel, the fifth son of Samuel, owned land in Litchfield and New Milford, then new settlements, as well as in Wethersfield. Jonathan married in Hatfield, Mass.

The third generation, the grandchildren of Samuel, the names of twenty-nine of whom (seventeen grandsons and twelve grand-daughters), all children of Samuel's five sons, are preserved; went out to occupy territory still further from home. We have little account however, except of the nine sons of Daniel, the seventh child of Samuel. Daniel the great-grandfather of Timothy, the author of the Log-Book, was married to Hannah Wright just a hundred years before the marriage of that great-grandson, June 8, 1683, while the war-whoop of King Phillip's Narraganset savages was still resounding through the forest. Of his twelve children, two sons, John and Charles, died before reaching full maturity, John at the age of nineteen, near the death of two of his uncles, Jonathan and Nathaniel, in 1712; and Charles the youngest child, at the age of seventeen, very near the time of his father's death, in 1724. One son died in infancy. Of his daughters, Mabel, married Josiah Nichols, and for her second husband John Griswold of New Milford; Hannah married John Abbe of Enfield; and Martha married Samuel Churchill of Wethersfield. Of his six surviving sons, Richard was settled at Wethersfield; he married in Milford, and had three children. His second son Daniel, born July 12, 1687, was graduated at Yale College in 1709, became the first minister of New Milford in 1712 and died in the ministry with his people, August 25, 1744. Hinman says: "He gave character and tone to the new settlement, by his devotion and active service."

He was a man of deep piety, and of great force of character. It is related that an Indian medicine man, and this Puritan pastor met by the sick-bed of the same poor savage. The Indian raised his horrid clamor and din, which was intended to exorcise according to their customs the evil spirit of the disease. At the same time Mr. Boardman lifted up his voice in prayer to Him who alone can heal the sick. The conflict of rival voices waxed long and loud to see which should drown out the other. Mr. Boardman was blessed with unusual power of lungs like his nephew Rev. Benjamin Boardman, tutor at Yale and pastor in Hartford, who for his immense volume of voice, while a chaplain in the Revolutionary army was called by the patriots the "Great gun of the gospel." The defeated charmer, acknowledged himself outdone and bounding from the bedside hid his defeat in the forest. Mr. Boardman died about the time his parishioners and neighbors were on the famous expedition to Cape Breton and the capture of Louisburg and when Whitfield's preaching was arousing the church. He was twice married and had six children. His second wife, the mother of all but his oldest child was a widow, Mrs. Jerusha Seeley, one of nine daughters of Deacon David Sherman of Poquonnoch. Their children were:

I. Penelope, Mrs. Dr. Carrington.

II. Tamar, wife of Mr. Boardman's successor in the pastorate at New Milford, Rev. Nathaniel Taylor; mother of Major-General Augustine Taylor, of the war of 1812; and grandmother of Prof. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., of New Haven.

III. Mercy, the wife of Gillead Sperry, and grandmother of Rev. Dr. Wheaton of Hartford.

IV. Jerusha, wife of Rev. Daniel Farrand of Canaan, Ct., and mother of Hon. Daniel Farrand (Yale, 1781), Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont. This judge had nine daughters, one of whom married Hon. Stephen Jacobs, of Windsor, also a Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

Rev. Daniel Boardman left but one son, the Hon. Sherman Boardman, who was but sixteen years old at the time of his father's death. From the age of twenty-one he was for forty-seven years constantly in civil or military office. He was for twenty-one sessions a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, of which his great-grandfather Samuel, had been so long a member. His four sons, Major Daniel (Yale, 1781), Elijah, Homer, and David Sherman (Yale, 1793), were all members of the Connecticut Legislature, in one or both branches, for many years. Elijah was also elected a United States Senator, from Connecticut in 1821. He founded Boardman, Ohio, and died while on a visit there Aug. 18, 1823. His son, William W. Boardman (Yale, 1812), was speaker of the house of the Connecticut Legislature, and elected to Congress in 1840. He left an ample fortune, and his large and comely monument stands near the centre of the old historic cemetery of New Haven, Ct., in which city he resided. This branch of the family, second cousins of the author of the Log-Book, though descended from the Puritan pastor Daniel Boardman, are now associated with the Protestant Episcopal church.

The brothers of the pastor, grandsons of Samuel, were scattered in various places. Richard settled in Wethersfield, as already noticed. Israel settled at Stratford, and had two sons and one daughter. Joshua, received by his father's will the homestead, but afterward removed to Springfield, Mass. Benjamin settled at Sharon, and received from his father lands in Litchfield and New Milford, lands which the family had probably purchased while the son and brother was preaching there. Timothy, the ninth child of Daniel, only twelve years old when his brother became pastor at New Milford, died only a few days before the birth of his namesake, and first grandchild, the author of the Log-Book. He lived and died in Wethersfield. His enterprise however, like that of his grandfather who emigrated from England, and that of his father who acquired lands in Litchfield and New Milford, went out, as that of many of their descendants does to-day, in the west, for "more land." He and his brother Joshua, and other thrifty citizens of Wethersfield, fixed upon the province of Maine as the field of their enterprise. Timothy and Joshua owned the tract of land, thirty miles from north to south, and twenty-eight from east to west, which now, apparently, constitutes Lincoln Co. They had a clear title to eight hundred and forty square miles, about twenty-two townships, along or near the Atlantic coast. By the census of 1880, the assessed valuation of real estate in this county was \$4,737,807; of personal property \$1,896,886. Total \$6,634,693. It embraces 3,213 farms; 146,480 acres of improved land, valued, including buildings and fences at \$4,403,985; affording an annual production, valued at \$759,560. The population was 24,326 of whom 23,756 were natives of Maine.

This tract which should have been called "Boardman county," had been originally purchased of the Indians by one John Brown, probably as early as the close of King Phillip's war. It was purchased by the Boardman brothers in 1732, from the great-grandchildren of John Brown, requiring a considerable number of deeds which are now on record in the county clerk's office at York, Maine. These deeds were from Wm. Huxley, Eleazar Stockwell, and many others, heirs of John Brown, and of Richard Pearse his son-in-law. Two of them show \$2,000 each as the sums paid for their purchase.

William Frazier, a grandson of Timothy, and an own cousin of the author of the Log-Book, received something more than two townships, and although German intruders early settled upon these lands, many of whose descendants are now among the leading citizens of that county, yet there seems to be little reason to doubt that if, after the close of the Revolutionary war, the author of the Log-Book and other heirs had gone in quest of those ample possessions, something handsome, perhaps half of the county, might have been secured. There is a tradition that the true owners were betrayed as non-resident owners of unimproved lands often are, by their legal agents, who accepted of bribes to defraud those whose interests they had promised to secure.

Timothy Boardman 1st, died in mid-life, at the age of fifty-three, and this noble inheritance was lost to his heirs. The county became thickly settled, and the Boardman titles though acknowledged valid, were it is said, confiscated by the Legislature of Massachusetts in favor of the actual occupants of the soil, as the shortest though unjust settlement of the difficulty.

The fourth generation, the great-grandsons of Samuel included several men of prominence, some of whom have been already noticed. Hon. Sherman Boardman of New Milford; Rev. Benjamin Boardman, the army chaplain, of Hartford, and others. The majority of the family, however, were plain and undistinguished men of sterling Puritan qualities, and of great usefulness in their several spheres, in the church and in society. Many were deacons and elders in their churches, these were too numerous for further especial mention, except in a single line. The third child of Timothy, the Maine land proprietor, only four years old when Lincoln Co., Me. was purchased by his father, became a carpenter, ship-builder and cabinet maker, and settled in Middletown, Ct., which his great-grandfather Samuel had surveyed nearly a century before. He married Jemima Johnson, Nov. 14, 1751, and his oldest child, born Jan. 20, 1754, was the author of the Log-Book. The preaching of Whitfield, and the "Great Awakening" of the American churches, North, South and Central, at this time, and for a whole generation, immediately preceding the Revolutionary war, had very much quickened the religious life even of the children of the New England Puritans. The Boardman family obviously felt the influence of this great revival. The country was anew pervaded with intense religious influences.

Many letters and other papers remain from different branches of the family of this and of more recent dates, exhibiting a deeply religious spirit. The boy Timothy grew up in an atmosphere filled with such influences. Many of the habits and feelings brought by the Puritans from England still prevailed. To the day of his death he retained much of the spirit of those early associations. He left a double portion to his oldest son. He inherited the traits of the Puritans; intelligence; appreciation of education; deference for different ages and relations in society; piety, industry, economy and thrift. His advantages at school in the flourishing village of Middletown must have been exceptionally good; he early learned to write in an even, correct and handsome hand, which he retained for nearly three-quarters of a century; his school book on Navigation is before me.

More attention was paid to a correct and handsome chirography, at that time, the boyhood of Washington, Jefferson, Sherman and Putnam, than at a later day when a larger range of studies had been introduced. "The Young Secretary's Guide," a volume of model letters, business forms, etc., is preserved; it bears on the first leaf "Timothy Boardman, his Book, A.D. 1765." The hand is copy-like, and very handsome, and extraordinary if it is his, as it seems to be; though he was then but eleven years old. A large manuscript volume of Examples in Navigation, obviously in his handwriting, doubtless made in his youth, is also before me. The writing and diagrams are like copper-plate. No descendant of his, so far as known to the writer could have exceeded it in neatness and skill. In his early boyhood the French and Indian war filled the public mind with excitement; reports of the exploits of Col. Israel Putnam were circulated, as they occurred. The conquest of Canada under Gen. Wolf filled the colonies with pride and patriotism. But already disaffection between the mother country and the colonies had arisen. Resistance to the tea tax and other offensive measures were discussed at every fireside. The writer before he was seven years old caught from the author of the Log-Book, then over eighty, something of the indignant feeling toward England which the latter had acquired at the very time when the tea was thrown overboard into Boston harbor. Timothy Boardman was ripe for participation in armed resistance when the war came. He was just twenty-one as the first blood was shed at Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775. Putnam who had left his plow in the furrow, was with his Connecticut soldiers, in action, if not in chief command at Bunker hill. Timothy Boardman joined the army which invested Boston, under Washington in the winter of 1775-1776. He was stationed, doubtless with a Connecticut regiment, on Dorchester Heights, now South Boston.

After completing this service, in the great uprising of the people to oppose the southward progress of Burgoyne, he was called out and marched toward Saratoga, but the surrender took place before his regiment arrived. With his father he had worked at finishing houses, and the inside of vessels built on the Connecticut river, on which Middletown is situated. In the winter he was employed largely in cabinet work, in the shop; I have the chest which he made and used on the *Oliver Cromwell*.

Congress early adopted the policy of sending out privateers or armed vessels to capture British merchant vessels. These vessels became prizes for the captors. The *Oliver Cromwell* was chartered by Connecticut, with letters of marque and reprisal from the United States. Captain Parker was in command. The *Defence* accompanied the *Oliver Cromwell*; they sailed from New London; Timothy Boardman then twenty-four years of age enlisted and went on board; he commenced keeping the Log-Book April 11, 1778; he seems to have been head carpenter on board the ship, and to have had severe labors. His assistants appear to have deserted him before the close of the voyage. It was his duty to make any needful repairs after a storm, or in an engagement and to perform any such service necessary even at the time of greatest danger. In a terrific storm it was decided to cut away the mast. His hat fell from his head, but he scarcely felt it worth while to pick it up, as all were liable so soon to go to the bottom. In action, his place was below deck, to be in readiness with his tools and material to stop instantly, if possible, any leak caused by the enemies' shot. At one time the rigging above him was torn and fell upon him, some were killed; blood spattered over him, and it was shouted "Boardman is killed." He, however, and another man on board, a Mr. Post, father of the late Alpha Post of Rutland, were spared to make their homes for half a century among the peaceful hills of Vermont.

In the following year 1779, he seems to have sailed down the Atlantic coast on an American merchant vessel. He was captured off Charleston, S. Carolina, by the British, but after a few days' detention, on board his Majesty's vessel, it was thought cheaper to send the prisoners on shore than to feed them, and he and his companions were given a boat and set at liberty. They reached Charleston in safety. The city was under martial law, and the new-comers were for about six weeks put upon garrison duty. About this time Lord Cornwallis was gaining signal advantages in that vicinity, while Gen. Gates, who had received the surrender of Burgoyne, three years before, was badly defeated. After completing this service the author of the Log-Book, started to walk home to Connecticut. He proceeded on foot to North Carolina, where Andrew Jackson was, then a poor boy of twelve years. Jackson's father, a young Irish emigrant died within two years after entering those forests, and his widow soon to become the mother of a President, was "hauled" through their clearing, from their deserted shanty, to his grave, among the stumps, in the same lumber wagon with the corpse of her husband. He had been dead twelve years when the pilgrim from Connecticut passed that way. Overcome, probably by fatigue and by malaria, his progress was arrested in North Carolina by fever, and he lay sick all winter among strangers.

In the spring of 1780, unable probably, to proceed on foot, he embarked from some port, on a merchant ship bound for St. Eustatia, a Dutch island, in the West Indies. He was again captured and taken prisoner by the British.

He was, however, transferred to a British merchant vessel on which he rendered a little service by way of commutation, when he was set at liberty on St. Eustatia. The island has an area of 189 square miles, population 13,700; latitude 17°, 30', North. Climate generally healthy, but with terrific hurricanes and earthquakes, soil very fertile and highly cultivated by the thrifty Hollanders, with slave labor. It has belonged successively to the Spanish, French, English and Dutch. Having been enfeebled by his fever of the winter before, Timothy Boardman now twenty-six years old, worked for several months at his trade with good wages. I have heard him say that there the tropical sun shone directly down the chimney. He used to relate also, how fat the young negroes would become in sugaring time, when the sweets of the canefield flowed as freely as water. He returned home to Connecticut probably late in the year 1780. Vermont was then the open field for emigration. It was rapidly receiving settlers from Connecticut. I have no knowledge that he ever made any account of the immense tract in Maine, purchased and held by deeds, still on record at York, Me., by his grandfather, and in which he, as the oldest grandson, born a few days after his grandfather's death and named for him, might have been expected to be interested.

He was now twenty-seven. A large family of younger children had long occupied his father's house. He sought a home of his own. His younger brothers Elisha and Oliver were married and settled before him. He seems to have inherited something of the ancestral enterprise of the Puritans, "hankering for new land." All his brothers and sisters settled in Connecticut, but he made his way in 1781 to Vermont. For a year 1781-1782, he worked at his trade in Bennington. During this time, he purchased a farm in Addison, it is supposed of Ira Allen, a brother of the redoubtable Ethan Allen; but the title proved, as so often happened, with the early settlers to be defective. He recovered, many years afterward, through the fidelity and skill of his lawyer, the Hon. Daniel Chipman of Middlebury, the hard earned money which he had paid for the farm at Chimney Point. It shows how thrifty he must have been, and how resolute in his purpose to follow a pioneer life in Vermont, that after this great loss he still had money, and a disposition to buy another farm among the Green Mountains. Having put his hand to the plow, he did not turn back. He did not perhaps like to have his Connecticut kindred and friends think he had failed in what he had undertaken. He had saved a good portion of his wages for six or seven years. He had received, as the most faithful man in the crew, a double share in the prizes taken by the *Oliver Cromwell*. He had perhaps received some aid from his father. Though he had paid for and lost one unimproved farm, he was able to buy, and did purchase another. He came to Rutland, Vt., in 1782 and bought one hundred acres of heavily timbered land from the estate of Rev. Benajah Roots, whose blood has long flowed in the same veins, with his own. He perhaps thought that if he bought of a minister, he would get a good title. He may have known Mr. Roots, at least by reputation, in Connecticut, for he had been settled at Simsbury, Ct., before coming to a home missionary field in Rutland. The owner of the land was in doubt whether to sell it.

The would-be purchaser had brought the specie with which to buy it, in a strong linen bag, still it is supposed preserved in the family, near the same spot. "Bring in your money," said a friend, "and throw it down on a table, so that it will jingle well." The device was successful, the joyful sound, where silver was so scarce, brought the desired effect. The deed was soon secured, for the land which he owned for nearly sixty years.

A clearing was soon made on this land at a point which lies about one-half mile south of Centre Rutland, and a-half mile west of Otter creek on the slope of a high hill. It was then expected that Centre Rutland would be the capital of Vermont. In 1783, he erected amid the deep forests, broken only here and there by small clearings, a small framed house. He never occupied a log-house; as he was himself a skillful carpenter, house-joiner and cabinet maker and had been reared in a large village, a city, just as he left it, his taste did not allow him to dispense with so many of the comforts of his earlier life as many were compelled to relinquish.

He returned to Middletown, and was married, Sept. 28th, 1783, to Mary, the eighth child and fifth daughter of Capt. Samuel Ward of Middletown, who had twelve children. The Ward family were of equal standing with his own. The newly married couple were each a helpmeet unto the other, and had probably known each other from early life in the same church and perhaps in the

same public school. They were both always strongly attached to Middletown, their native place; it cost something to tear themselves away and betake themselves to a new settlement, which they knew must long want many of the advantages which they were leaving. I remember the pride and exhilaration with which, in his extreme old age, he used to speak of Middletown, as he pointed out on his two maps, one of them elaborate, in his native city, the old familiar places. He revisited it from time to time during his long life, the last time in 1837, only a year and a-half before his death.

In his journeys between Rutland and Middletown, which he visited with his wife, the second year after their marriage, he must have met many kindred by the way. His Uncle Daniel Boardman lived in Dalton, and his Uncle John in Hancock, Mass., while three brothers of his wife, and a sister, Mrs. Charles Goodrich, resided in Pittsfield. Mrs. Ward, his mother-in-law, lived also in Pittsfield with her children, till 1815, when she was ninety-six years old, her oldest son seventy-six, and her eighth child, Mrs. Boardman, over sixty. She and her son-in-law, Judge Goodrich, the founder of Pittsfield, who was of about her own age, lived, it is said to be the oldest persons in Berkshire Co. He had also a cousin Mrs. Francis at Pittsfield, and a favorite cousin Elder John Boardman, at Albany and another cousin, Capt. George Boardman in Schenectady. These three cousins were children of his uncle Charles of Wethersfield. His grandmother Boardman, the widow of the Maine land proprietor, also spent her last days in Dalton, and died there at her son Daniel's, about the time when Timothy first went to Vermont.

His youngest brother William, distinctly remembered my grandfather's playing with him, and bantering him when a little child, and also the September morning when with his father and mother he rode over in a chaise to Capt. Ward's to attend Timothy's wedding. He told me that when Timothy was there last, he shed some tears, as he cut for himself a memorial cane, by the river's bank, where he used to play in boyhood, and said he should never see the place again. William, whom he used to call "Bill," named a son for him, Timothy.

The spot where he built his first house, and called on the name of the Lord, and where his first two or three children were born, is now off the road, at a considerable distance, about a-half mile north-east of the house, occupied by his grandson, Samuel Boardman, Esq., of West Rutland. It is near a brook, in a pasture, cold, wet, bunchy and stony, and does not look as if it had ever been plowed. He had better land which he cultivated afterward, and which yielded abundantly. But at first he must have wrung a subsistence from a reluctant soil. Yet the leaf-mould and ashes from burned timber on fields protected by surrounding forests would produce good wheat, corn and vegetables. Near that spot still stands one very old apple tree and another lies fallen and decaying near by. So tenacious are the memorials of man's occupancy, even for a short time.

After a few years he removed this small framed house, fifty rods westward and dug and walled for it a cellar which still remains, a pit filled with stones, water and growing alders. He then made some additions to the house as demanded by his growing family. He also built near it a barn. His house was still on the cold, bushy land which slopes to the north-east, and is now only occupied for pasturage. Here seven young children occupied with him his pioneer home.

The tradition used to be, that at first he incurred somewhat the derision of his neighbors, better skilled in backwoodsman's lore than himself, by hacking all around a tree, in order to get it down. It is said that some imagined his land would soon be in the market, and sold cheap; that the city bred farmer, better taught in navigation and surveying, than in clearing forests and in agriculture, would become tired and discouraged and abandon his undertaking. But he remained and persevered, and his good Puritan qualities, industry, frugality, good management, and persistency for the first ten or fifteen years, determined his whole subsequent career and that of his family. He was never rich, but he secured a good home, dealt well with his children, and became independent for the remainder of his life. Indeed, like most New England Puritans, of resolute and conscientious industry, and of moderate expenditures, he was always independent after he was of age.

A man of such character, and of so fair an education would, of course, soon be valued in any community, and be especially useful in a new settlement where skill with the pen and the compass are rarer than in older places.

He was appreciated and was soon made town clerk of Rutland, and county surveyor for Rutland county. He was also in time made captain of the militia, in recognition perhaps, in part, of his Revolutionary services. He was also made clerk of the Congregational church, I have some of his church records. On Nov. 20th, 1805, he was elected a deacon. He was also on the committee to revise the Articles of Faith and Rules of Discipline. About 1792, he bought fifty acres of good land lying west of his first purchase, and on this ground, one hundred rods west of his previous home, and about half a mile south-west of the spot first occupied, he erected in 1799, a good two-story house, which is still in excellent preservation, where till his death, he lived in a home as ample and commodious as the better class of those with which he had been familiar in his native state.

In sixteen years after coming to the unbroken forest on what has since been called "Boardman hill," he had won a good position in society and in the church, and a comfortable property. He was afflicted in the death of his oldest daughter and child, Hannah, October 26, 1803. But this was the only death that occurred in his family for more than fifty-three years. His six remaining children lived to an average age of about eighty.

The Congregational church in West Rutland, one of the oldest in Vermont, had been formed in 1773, nine years before his arrival. He became a member in 1785, and his wife in 1803. Not long

after his coming, Rev. Mr. Roots, the pastor, died, and the widely known Rev. Samuel Haynes, a devout, able and witty man, became their pastor, and so continued for thirty years, until his dismissal in 1818. Timothy Boardman's children were early taken to church, were trained and all came into the church under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Haynes.

He said that he would sooner do without bread than without preaching, and he was always a conscientious and liberal supporter of the church. He appreciated and co-operated with his pastor. In the great revival of 1808, five of his children were gathered into the church. One of them, perhaps all of them, were previously regarded by their parents as religious.

In politics he was a Federalist. In respect to the war with Great Britain 1812-1815, his views did not entirely coincide with those of some others, including his associate in the diaconate, Dea. Chatterton, who was a rigid Democrat. This eminently devout and useful man, was so burdened with Dea. Boardman's lukewarmness in promoting the second war with Great Britain, against whose armies both had fought in the Revolution, that he felt constrained to take up a labor with him, hoping to correct his political errors by wholesome church discipline. It must have been a scene for a painter.

Perhaps no better man or one more effective for good, ever lived in West Rutland than Dea. Chatterton. In both politics and religion he was practical and fervid. The church meeting was crowded.

The occasion compelled my grandfather, as Paul was driven, in his epistle to the Corinthians, and as Demosthenes was forced in his oration for the crown, to enter somewhat upon his own past record. Though a very modest and unpretentious man, yet it is said that the author of the Log-Book, on this memorable occasion straightened himself up, and boldly referred his hearers to the glorious days of the war for Independence, which had tried men's souls, and when he had forever sealed the genuineness of his own patriotism, by hazarding his life both by sea and land for his country.

Weighed in the balances on his own record, so far from being found wanting, his patriotism was proved to be of the finest gold; and his place like that of Paul, not a whit behind that of the chiefest apostle. Though he did not feel it to be his duty to fall in behind the tap of the drum, and volunteer to fight, beside the aged democratic veteran who served with him at the communion table; yet he showed that the older was not a better soldier; that with diversities of politics, there was the same loyalty, and that his own patriotism was no less than his brother's.

The tremendous strain which the struggle for American Independence put upon the generation who encountered it, was touchingly illustrated in the lives of these two men, a generation, or two generations after the struggle had been successfully closed. Amid the quiet hills of Vermont, the minds of both were affected for a time, with at least partial derangement. Dea. Boardman labored temporarily under the hallucination, that he was somehow liable to arrest, and prepared a chamber for his defence. He was obliged, for a time to be watched, though he was never confined. A journey to Connecticut, on horseback, with his son Samuel, when he was perhaps sixty years old, effected an entire cure. Dea. Chatterton in his extreme old age, after a life of remarkable piety, became a maniac and was obliged to be confined. He had suffered peculiar hardships, perhaps on the prison-ships, in the Revolution; and his incoherent expressions, in his insanity, sixty years afterward, and just before his death, were full of charges against the "British."

Timothy Boardman's supreme interest in life, however, was in his loyalty to Christ, and his intense desires were for the extension and full triumph of Christ's kingdom. The revivals which prevailed in the early part of the century and the consequent great expansion of aggressive Christian work, were in answer to his life-long prayers, as well as those of all other Christians; and he entered heartily, from the first, into all measures undertaken for the more rapid spread of the gospel. He was greatly interested in the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and read the *Missionary Herald*, with interest from its first publication, until his death. The formation of the Bible Society, Tract Society, Seaman's Friend Society, Sunday School Society, American Home Missionary Society, etc., engaged his interest, and received his support. He made himself an honorary member of the A. B. C. F. M. near the close of his life, in accordance with the suggestion of his sister Sarah, whom he greatly valued, the wife of Rev. Joseph Washburn, and afterward of Dea. Porter, both of Farmington, Ct., by the contribution to Foreign Missions, at one time, of one hundred dollars.

In social and domestic life, he was a son of the Puritans and of the Connecticut type. He exacted obedience, and somewhat of reverence from his children. They did not dare, to the last, to treat him with unrestrained familiarity. His wife and children stood, waiting at their chairs, until he was first seated at the table. He gave his children a good education for the time, sending them to "Master Southard." His habitual temper of mind was one of deep reverence toward God. He sat in awe during a thunder storm, and a cyclone which passed over his home deeply impressed him. His letters abound in affectionate and in religious sentiments. He was scrupulous in the observance of the Sabbath; required it of his children, and he expected it of the stranger within his gates. The family altar probably never failed from the day he first entered with his newly married wife, into their pioneer home, amid the forests, till his death. He was solemn, earnest and felicitous in prayer. The atmosphere of his home was eminently that of a christian household. Two of his four sons became officers in their churches, and also both his sons-in-law. Four of his grandsons entered the Christian ministry, and a granddaughter is the wife of a clergyman. Those who regard the Puritans in general, as too severe in industry, in frugality, in morals and in

religious exercises, would have regarded him as too exacting in all these directions. He certainly could not on one hundred and fifty acres of land, which he found wild, and not all of it very good, have reared a large family, and supported public institutions as he did; have given each of his sons at settlement in life, six hundred dollars, and left to each at his death, eight hundred, if he had not practiced through life, a resolute industry, and a somewhat rigid economy.

It is worthy of notice that like his grandfather, Timothy Boardman of Wethersfield, he owned, what by a little change of circumstances, might have brought, not a competence merely but wealth to his heirs. Early in his residence at Rutland, he became possessed, with many others of a small lot in what was called the "Cedar Swamp." These lots were valued almost exclusively for the enduring material for fences which they afforded. Their cedar posts supplied the town. They obtained also on the rocky portions of these lands a white sand, which was employed for scouring purposes, and also for sprinkling, by way of ornamentation, according to the fashion of the times, the faultlessly clean, white floors of the "spare rooms." Timothy Boardman's cedar lot, is now one of the largest marble quarries in Rutland, a town which is said to furnish one-half of all the marble produced in the United States. It brought to one of his sons, a handsome addition to farm profits, but was disposed of just before its great value was appreciated and lost, as in case of the Maine lands.

His grandfather Timothy Boardman, is said to have been "a short, stocky man;" his monument, and until recently that of his father Daniel, son of the emigrant from England, might both be seen, near together in the old cemetery at Wethersfield.

The author of the Log-Book, was a little below the average height, of rather full face, with a peach-bloom tinge of red on each cheek in old age, and of light complexion, and light hair. His motions were quick, and his constitution healthful, though he was never strong. He had undoubtedly a mind of fair ability; inclined perhaps to conservative views, and acting as spontaneously, it may be in criticism, as in any other exercise of its energies. I remember to have received reproof and instruction in manners, from him when I was five or six years of age. He was careful of his possessions, and articles belonging to him, were very generally marked "T. B."

It is a tradition among the older kindred, that the writer, though he does not remember it, finding at the age of five or six, on grandpa's premises, some loose tufts of scattered wool, and being told that they were his, expressed the candid judgment, that it could not be so, "because they were not marked T. B."

I am not aware that he was much given to humor, yet he would seem not to have been entirely destitute of it from the philosophical account he gave of the advantages of his position, when some one ventured to condole with him on the steep hill of nearly a mile which lay between his house and the church. He said it afforded him two privileges, first that of dropping down quickly to meeting, when he had a late start; and secondly, that of abundant time for reflection on the sermon while he was going home.

His wife, undoubtedly his equal in every respect, to whom much of his prosperity, usefulness, and good repute, as well as that of his family was due, after a married life of fifty-three years and three months, died in Dec., 1836. She had long been feeble. Her children watched around her bedside on the last night in silence till one of her sons, laying his hand upon her heart, and finding it still, said "we have no longer a mother." I remember the hush of the next morning, throughout the house, when we young children awoke. It was lonely and cold in grandma's room, and only a white sheet covered a silent form.

At eighty-three he was alone, and he deeply felt, as was natural, that loneliness. Yet he had affectionate children, and with his youngest son, who had four daughters, to him kind and pleasant granddaughters, he made his home for the remainder of his life. With the oldest of these he made in 1837, as already noticed, his last visit to Connecticut, going as far as New Haven and the city of New York. On this journey he went in his own carriage. He visited us, once at least in Castleton, at the house where the Log-Book was so long concealed. I remember his figure there, as that of a "short and stocky man," who seemed to me very old. He died while on a visit to Middlebury, where two of his children had been settled for more than twenty years, at the house of his youngest daughter and youngest child, Betsey, then the widow of Dea. Martin Foot. She and her six daughters did everything possible for his comfort. A swelling made its appearance upon his shoulder, and the disease advanced steadily to a fatal termination. His appointed time had come. From his death-bed he sent to his children a final letter of affectionate greeting and counsel. The feeble hand, whose lines had been so fair and even for nearly three-quarters of a century, wanders unsteadily across the pages, expressive of a mind perhaps already wandering with disease. And so the fingers that had traced the neat lines of the Log-Book, on board the *Oliver Cromwell*, in 1778, "forgot" sixty years afterwards "their cunning," and wrote no more. He was buried beside his wife, in the cemetery at West Rutland, near the church where he had worshipped nearly sixty years.

On the death of his wife, he had ordered two monumental stones to be prepared just alike, except the inscriptions; one of which was to be for her, and the other for himself. They may be seen from the road, by one passing, of bluish stone standing not very far from the fence, and about half way from the northern to the southern side of the lot. On these stones was inscribed at his direction, where they may now be read, the words, contained in Rev. 14: 13, divided between the two stones; on the one: "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth;" and on the other: "Yea saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them:"

His children were:

Hannah, born July 23, 1784; died Oct. 26, 1803.

Timothy, born March 11, 1786; settled in Middlebury, and died there April, 1857.

Mary, born Jan. 27, 1788; married Dea. Robert Barney of East Rutland 1824; died at her son's house, in Wisconsin, 1871.

Dea. Samuel Ward, born Nov. 27, 1789; died in Pittsford, Vt., May 13, 1870.

Dea. Elijah, born March 9, 1792; died Sept. 24, 1873.

Capt. Charles Goodrich, born Feb. 19, 1794; died Dec. 17, 1875.

Betsey, born, 1796; married Dea. Martin Foot of Middlebury; died April 26, 1873.

The proclivity of the Puritans for education is illustrated in the fact, that only five years after the foundation of Yale College one of this family, Daniel a grandson of Samuel, the emigrant from England, became a student there and was graduated in 1709, and that wherever different branches of the family have since been settled they have generally sent sons to the nearest colleges, not only many to Yale, but several to Dartmouth, Williams, Middlebury, Union, and others. The eighth and ninth generations are now in the process of education, in various institutions east and west. The descendants of Timothy Boardman who have entered professional life, are:

Hon. Carlos Boardman (grad. Middlebury College 1842), a lawyer and judge, in Linnaeus, Mo., oldest son of Capt. Charles. G. Boardman, of West Rutland.

Rev. George Nye Boardman, D.D. (Middlebury College 1847). Prof. of Systematic Theology, in Chicago Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Samuel W. Boardman, D.D. (Midd. Col., 1851). Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Stanhope, N.J.

Rev. Simeon Gilbert Boardman (Midd. Col., 1855). Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Champlain, N.Y.

Charles Boardman, a member of the class of 1850, in Middlebury College, and who died of typhoid fever in the sophomore year, doubtless had in view the Christian ministry.

These four were sons of Dea. S. W. Boardman, of Castleton.

Horace Elijah Boardman, M.D. (Midd. Col., 1857), in practice at Monroe, Wis., youngest son of Dea. Elijah Boardman, of West Rutland.

Harland S. Boardman M.D., (Midd., 1874), a grandson of Timothy 4th, and son of Timothy 5th, of Middlebury, was graduated at the Homeopathic Hospital College of Cleveland, Ohio, 1877. He is now practicing at Ludlow, Vt.

William Gilbert Boardman, in practice of dentistry in or near Memphis, Tenn., a grandson of Dea. Elijah Boardman.

Edgar William Boardman, M.D., son of Dr. Horace E., now practicing at Janesville, Wis.; both he and his father were graduated at the "Hahneman Medical College and Hospital, of Chicago."

— Webster, M.D., grandson of Mary, Mrs. Dea. Robert Barney, in practice in Schuylerville, N.Y.

Dea. Martin Foote, the husband of Betsey, was a student in Middlebury College for two years, it is believed, in the distinguished class of 1813, but by reason of impaired health, he was unable to complete the course.

A few words in regard to the Log-Book may not be inappropriate. It seems to be a mere waif that has floated on the current, and among a thousand things that have perished, to have been, as it were by accident, preserved. A portion of the volume seems to be a kind of a private journal kept by my grandfather, for a few weeks in 1778. He does not appear to have valued it greatly, as on the blank leaves, he has made some entries of his business, as town clerk, and some as county surveyor, and afterward, a few notes of account with his son Elijah, who took a part of his farm. His last entry in it, as if it were in part a waste blank book, was made forty-eight years after he left the *Oliver Cromwell*, in 1826.

It must have come into my father's hands with some other papers, on the division of his father's effects in 1839. Both seem to have been reluctant to destroy anything, though they did not much value it. My father, at last, weary of keeping it, would seem to have given it to me merely for its blank pages, as scribbling paper. Six leaves, apparently blank, were torn out. Several pages are covered with mere vacant scrawling by my boyish hand; whether I threw it away in utter contempt, or concealed it back of the old chimney, in curious conjecture whether some unborn generations, would not at some distant day discover it, and puzzle over it, I cannot tell. I have no recollection of it whatever; except that I had a general impression that we used to have more of grandfather's writings than we possessed in later years. Whether we had still others I know not. How little of such writing survives for a century! It was lost for forty years, till a quarter of a century after we had sold and left the house. It was found in 1884, in a dark recess, back of the

chimney, in the garret, by Master Fred. Jones, the son of an esteemed friend, who in her childhood, about the time of the loss of this manuscript, was a member of my father's household. Many years afterwards, she became the worthy mistress of the house, and this lad, exploring things in general, came across this old Log-Book. If it is of any interest or value; to him and to Dr. J. M. Currier, the accomplished secretary of the Rutland County Historical Society, and to James Brennan, Esq., an old schoolmate who took an interest in the manuscript, is due all the credit of its publication.

JOURNAL
AND
SAILING DIRECTIONS
OF THE
OLIVER CROMWELL
SECOND CRUISE.



JOURNAL OF THE SECOND CRUISE.

April 7th the Defence had Five Men Broke out With the Small Pox.

9th they Lost a Man wth the Small Pox.

10th Exersis^d Cannon & Musquetry.

11th Saw a Sail the Defence Spoke with her She was a Frenchman from Bourdeaux Bound to the West Indies.

13th Cros^d the Tropick Shav^d & Duck About 60 Men.

14th at four Oclock Afternoon Saw a Sail Bearing E S E. We Gave Chase to her & Came Up With her at 8 Oclock She was a Large French Ship we Sent the Boat on Board of her She Informed us of two English Ships which She Left Sight of at the time we Saw her.

15th at Day Break We saw two Sail Bareing SEBs Distance 2 Leagues We Gave Chase Under a Moderate Sail at 9 oclock P. M. Came Up with them they at First Shew French Colours to Decoy us when we Came in About half a Mile of us the Ups with English Colours We had Continental Colours Flying We Engaged the Ship Admiral Kepple as Follows When We Came in About 20 Rods of her We Gave her a Bow Gun She Soon Returned us a Stern Chaise & then a Broad Side of Grape & Round Shot Cap^t Orders Not to fire till we Can See the white of their Eyes We Got Close Under their Larbard Quarter they Began Another Broad Side & then We Began & hel^d Tuff & Tuff for About 2 Glasses & Then she Struck to Us at the Same time the Defence Engaged the Cyrus who as the Kepple Struck Wore Round Under our Stern We Wore Ship & Gave her a Stern Chase at which She Immediately Struck. The Loss on our Side was One Kill^d & Six Wounded one Mortally Who Soon Died Our Ship was hull^d 9 Times with Six Pound Shott Three of which Went through Our Birth one of which wounded the Boatswains yoeman the Loss on their Side was two Kill^d & Six wounded their Larbourd quarter was well fill^d with Shott one Nine Pounder went through her Main Mast. Imploy^d in the After-noon Takeing out the Men & Maning the Prise The Kepple Mounted 20 Guns 18 Six Pounders & two Wooden D^o with about 45 Men, the Cyrus Mounted 16 Six Pounders with 35 Men Letters of Marque Bound from Bristol to Jamaica Laden with Dry Goods Paints & C.

18th Cap^t Day Died.

19th Cap^t Brown of The Ship Adm^l Kepple & Cap^t Dike of the Cyrus with Three Ladies & 8 Men

Sett off in a Long Boat for S^t Kitts O^r Cap^{tns} Parker & Smedleys Permittion.

20th Imploy^d in taking things out of the Prize Viz. One Chist of Holland a Quantity of Hatts & Shoes Cheeses Porter & Some Crockery Ware Small Arms Pistols Hangers two Brass Barrel Blunderbusses a Quantity of Rigen & C.

21st At Three oClock Afternoon we wore Ship to the Southward The Prises Made Sail to the Northward we Lost Sight of them at Six.

May 2nd Sprung Our Foretopmast Struck it & Ship^d Another in its Room.

8th Saw a Sail over Our Starboard bow We Gave Chase to her She was a French Guineaman Bound to the Mole With 612 Slaves on Board Our Cap^t Put 6 Prisoners on Board of Her Left her Just at Dark.

11th At 5 o'Clock in the Morning Saw a Sail at the Windward two Leagues Distance Bearing Down Upon Us we Lay too for her till She Came in half Gun Shott of us the Man at Mast head Cry^d out 4 Sail to the Leeward Our Officers Concluded to Make Sail from her Supposing her to be a Frigate of 36 Guns after we Made Sail We Left as Fast as we wanted She Gave Over Chase at two oClock Afternoon She was the Seaford of 28 Guns.

22nd Sprung our Maintop sail Yard.

28th Made the Land at Port Royal.

29th the Ship Struck Bottom Thrice.

30th Came over the Bar this Morning & Arriv^d in this Harbour In Company with the Ship Defence Com^{ed} by Sam^{ll} Smedly. Charlestown, Sth. C^{na}. May y^e 30th 1778.

SAILING DIRECTIONS OF THE SECOND CRUISE.

April	H	Course	Nth Latt	May	H	Course	Nth Latt
1	1	SW	31.18	4		North	17.21.
	4	SE			7	North	
2	10	EbS	31.20	5	9	SbW	17.8
3		ESE	30.58	6	1	SSW	
4		SE	30.21		9	North	17.20
5		ESE	29.44	7	1	SbW	
6		SEbE	29.22		6	North	17.27
7		SE	29.54	8	1	NbE	
8		ESE	28.7		9	South	17.39
9		SSbS	26.29		11	NbE	
10		SW	25.6		1	SW	
11		SSW	No Obs	9	12	NW	17.30
12		South	22.85	10		East	18.20
13		SSW	No Obs	11		WNW	19.32
14		SSW	20.17	12	1	North	
15	7	South	19.18		8	NW	21.7
	12	West				NW	
16		East	19.16	18	1	West	21.50
17		WNW	19.14	14		SE	No Obs
18		NNW	19.35	15		SW	No Obs
19		NW	19.46			West	
20		NbW	No Obs	16		NW	22.25
21		NNW	20.20			West	
22		SbE	19.15	17		North	22.29
23		SbE	18.10	18		West	22.22
24		SbE	16.80	19		West	No Obs
25		South	14.80			West	
26		South	12.54	20		NW	23.38
27		NbW	18.8	21		NW	25.8
28	1	SbE		22		NbW	27.45
	11	NbW	12.35	23		NW	No Obs
		NbW		24		NW	30.18
29	1	Calm	18.16	25		West	30.10
30		NNW	15.00	26		West	30.31
May				27		West	No Obs
1		NNW		28		NW	32.7
2	1	NNW	16.53	29		West	32.28
	8	South	16.21	30		West	No Obs
3	1	NNW	16.56				
	8	South					

Months		Days	Knots
March	1	9	1148
April	1	30	2084
May	1	30	3086
Total	3	69	63.18

CONTRACT
 BETWEEN
TIMOTHY BOARDMAN
 AND
CAPT. PARKER.
 FOR THE THIRD CRUISE.



Charlestown, July 6th, 1778.

Conversation Between Cap^t Parker & My Self this Day.

P^r. What are you Doing a Shore.

My Sf. I wanted to See You Sir.

P^r. Verry well.

My Sf. The Term of my Inlistment is up & I would be glad of a Discharge Sir.

P^r. I cannot Give you One, the Ship is in Distress Plumb has been trying to Get You away.

My Sf. No Sir, I can have Good Wages here & I think it Better than Privatiering I can^t Think of Going for a Single Share I had a hard task Last Cruise & they all Left me.

P^r. You have had a hard task of it & I will Consider you. & You Shall have as Much again as You Expect. Ranny & those that Leave me without a Discharge will Never Get anything you Better go aboard Boardman. I will Consider you & you, *ll Lose Nothing by it.*

My Sf. I am Oblig^d to you Sir. & So went on Board.

JOURNAL
 AND
SAILING DIRECTIONS

OF THE
OLIVER CROMWELL
THIRD CRUISE.



JOURNAL OF THE THIRD CRUISE.

July 24 Weigh^d Anchor at 5 Fathom hole & Came Over the Bar In Comp^y with the Notredame a 16 Gun Brig & two Sloops. Mett a French Ship of 28 Guns on the Bar Bound in.

25th A Smooth Sea.

29th Saw A Sail Gave Chace.

30th Saw A Sail Gave Chace.

31st Saw two Sail Gave Chace. Light winds.

August 6th at half after Six Afternoon Saw a Sail & Gave Chace, at 11 Gave her a Bow Gun which Brought her too She was a Big from New Orleans in Mississippi Bound to Cape Francois a Spainard Went on Board Kept her All Night & Lett her Go at 10 oClock the Next Day her Cargo was Furr & Lumber She had Some Englismen on Board the Occasion of our Detaining her So Long.

7th At 5 OClock Afternoon Made the Land the Island of Abaco.

8th at 10 oClock Harbour Island Bore East Dis^t 2 Leagues.

9th Hard Gales of wind.

10th Fresh Gales of wind & Heavy Squals.

11th Fresh Breeses & a Rough Sea.

12 at Six Afternoon Caught a Great Turtle which was Kook^d the Next Day for the Entertainment of the Gentlemen of the Fleet No Less than 13 Came on Board to Dine.

14 At 2 oClock P M Harbour Island Bore SbW 1 League Dis^t Sent the Yoll on Shore The Brig Sent her Boat a Shore too.

15th The two Boats Returned with a two Mast Boat & 4 Men Belonging to New Providence Squally Night & Smart Thunder & Lightning.

16th Cros^d the Bahama Banks from 8 Fathom of water to 3¾ Came to Anchor at Night on the Bank.

17th Arriv^d at the Abimenes Fill^d our Water Cask & Hogg^d Ship & Boot Top^t the Ship.

18th At Day Break Weigh^d Anchor together with the Rice Thumper Fleet at Noon Parted with Them & Fired 13 Guns the Other fir,d their Guns Which was a 16 Gun Brigg the Notredame Command by Cap^t Hall A 10 Gun Sloop Com^d by Cap^t Robberts A 12 Gun Sloop Com^d by John Crappo or Petweet & Stood to the westward a cross^d the Gulf.

19th at Day the Cape of Floriday bore west we stood for it a Cross^d the Gulf we Came out of the Gulf in five fathom of Water & Within 30 Rods of a Rieff in the Space of 15 Minutes in About a League of the Shore Which Surpris^d the Capt. & Other Officers we have the Ship in Stays & beat off the wind being moderate.

20th Saw a Sail & Gave her Chace & Came Up She was a Saniard a Palacca from Havanna Bound to Spain She Inform^d us of the Jamaica Fleet that they Pass^d the Havanna ten Days Back Which made us Give over the Hopes of Seeing them.

22 Saw this Spaniard about a League to the Windward.

23 a Sunday, Saw a Ships Mast in Forenoon & Just at Night A Large Jamaica Puncheon Floating

we hoisted out our Boat^e & went in Pursuit of it but Could not Get it we Suppos^d it was full of Rum this Afternoon a Large Swell brok & Soon after A fine Breese Which Increas^d harder in the Morn^g.

24th Sun about two hours high we Saw white water in About a Mile Under our Lee Bow we Saw the Breakers which was on the Bahama Banks which Surpris^d our Officers & Men Greatly we Put our Ship About & had the Good Fortune to Clear them the wind Blew harder we Struck Top Gallant Yards & Lanch^d Top Gallant Masts Lay too Under one Leach of the Four Sail Got 6 Nine Pounders Down in the Lower hold & Cleard the Decks of unecessary Lumber The Wind Continued verry hard The air was Verry Thick Just before Night the Sea Came in Over our Larboard Nettens on the Gangway. All the officers Advis^d to Cut away the Main Mast which we Did, Just at Dusk, All the hope we had was that it would not Blow harder, but it Continued harder till After Midnight About one oClock it Seemd to Blow in whirlwinds which oblig^d us to Cut away our Four Mast & Missen Mast. Soon after the Wind Chang^d to the Eastward which Greatly Encourag^d us Being Much Affraid of the Bahama Banks the fore Mast fell to the windward & Knock^d our Anchor off the Bow So that we Cut it away for fear it would Make a hole in the Bow of the Ship our Fore Mast Lay along Side for two hours After it fell, it Being Impossible to Get Clear of it We Bent our Cables for fear of the Banks that we Might try to Ride it out if we Got on.

25 Moderated Some But Verry Rough So that we Could Do no work.

26 Got a Jury Mast Up on the Main Mast.

27 Got up Jury Masts on the Fore & Mison Masts.

30 at 8 oClock in the Morning Saw a Brigg over our weather Bow 2 Leagues Dis^t We Kept our Course She Stood the Same way Just at Night we gave her two Guns but She kept on at Night we Lost Sight of her.

31st at 5 in the Morning Saw the Brigg a Head Gave her Chace Came up with her about Noon we hoisted our Colours She hoisted English Colours, we Gave her one gun which made them come Tumbling Down.

Sep^{tr} 1st We Saw a Sail a Head Giving us Chace She hoisted Englis Colours & we & the Brigg hoisted English Colours She Came Down towards us we Put the Ship about & She Came Close too us we up Parts & Our Colours She put about & we Gave her about 12 Guns Bow Chaces & She Got Clear She was a Small Sloop of 6 or 8 Guns.

Sep^t 2nd Got Soundings of Cape May 45 Fath^m.

Sep^t 3rd at Night Lost Sight of The Prise.

Sep^t 4th Saw a Sail A Privatier Schoner She kept Round us all Day & hoisted English Colours we hoisted English Colours but She thought Best Not to Speak with.

Sep^t 5th Made the Land at 9 oClock in the Morning the South Side of Long Island against South Hampton & Came to Anchor Under Fishes Island at 12 oClock at Night Saw five Sail at 2 Afternoon Standing to the Westward two of them Ships.

Sep^t 6th 1778 New London. Arriv^d in this Harbour.

SAILING DIRECTIONS OF THE THIRD CRUISE.

Days	H	Course	Obser'n	Days	H	Course	Obser'n
July			No Latt	22		NW	26.04
25		SW	32.19	23		NE	27.40
26		SSW		24		West	28.14
27		EbS	32.07			L78.54	
28		WSW	31.38	25		West	No Oban
29		SE	31.29			L78.89	
30		SSE	30.20	26		NE	30.02
31		SEbS	30.30			L77.43	
August				27		NE	30.86
1		SE	30.15			L77.11	
2		Calm	30.05	28		NE	32.02
3		SE	29.44			L75.89	
4		SSW	28.88	29		NE	34.08
5		SSW	27.02			L74.51	
6		South	26.20	30		NE	36.02
7		SW	No Obsn			NbE	L78.01
8		NNE	No Obsn			North	
9		East	26.15	31		NbW	38.10
10	{ 1	East				East	L72.53
	{ 9	West	26.32	September			
11		SE	26.24	1		North	38.38
12		WNW	No Obsn			SE	L72.52
13		WNW	No Obsn	2		SE	38.46
14	Stood	Off & on	25.88			NbE	L72.18
15		WSW	25.50	3		NW	38.35
16		West	No Obsn			EbS	L72.01
17		West	No Obsn	4		NWbW	38.25
18		Abimenes				EbS	L72.18
19		West	25.80	5			39.25
20		East	No Obsn				L72.06
21			No Obsn				

An Account of the Months, Days, & Knots the Ship Olv^r Cromwell Run the Third Cruise.

Months	Days	Knots
July	1	7
August	1	31
September	1	6
Total	3	44
		1222

GUNNER'S REMARKS.



REMARKS OF OUR GUNNER ON CHARLESTOWN, IN S. C.

Charlestown is Pleasantly Situated on Ashley River on verry low Land it was Extreemly well Built but the Fire which happen^d in January last has Spoiled the Beauty of the Place, it may if times alter be as pleasant & Beautifull with Regard to y^e Buildings as ever. But I Cannot Behold such a Number of my fellow beings (altho Differing in Complexion) Dragged from the Place of their Nativity, brought into a Country not to be taught the Principles of Religion & the Rights of Freeman, but to Be Slaves to Masters, who having Nothing but Interest in View without ever Weting their own Shoes, Drive these fellows to the Most Severe Services, I say I cannot behold these things without Pain. And Expressing my Sorrow that are Enlighten^d People, a People Professing Christianity Should treat any of God's creatures in Such a Manner as I have Seen them treated Since my arrival at this Place. & I thank God who Gave me a Disposition to Prefer Freedom to Slavery.

I have just mentioned a People Professing Christianity. I believe there is a few who now & then

go to Church but by all the Observation I have been able to make I find that Horse Racing, Frolicking Rioting Gaming of all Kinds Open Markets, and Traffick, to be the Chief Business of their Sabbaths. I am far from Supposing there is not a few Righteous there But was it to have the chance which Sodom had, that if there was five Righteous men it Should Save the City. I believe there would be only a Lot & Family, & his wife I should be afraid would Look Back.

Another remark that I shall make is this, Marriage in Most Countrys is Deemed Sacred, and here there are many honourable and I believe happy Matches, But to see among the Commonalty a Man take a Woman without so much Ceremony as Jumping over a Broom Stick at the time of their Agreement, to see her Content herself to be his Slave to work hard to maintain him & his Babs & then to Content herself with a flogging if she only says a word out of Doors at the End of it, and then take his other Doxy who Perhaps has Served him well—and so one Lover to another, Succeeds another and another after that the last fool is as welcome as the former, till having liv'd hour out he Gives Place & Mingles with the herd who went Before him. These things may to some People who are unacquainted with such Transactions appear Strange and Odd, but how shall I express myself—what Feelings have I had within myself to behold one of these Slaves or Rather whole Tribes of them belonging to one Master who Perhaps has the happiness of an Ofspring of beautifull Virgins whose Eyes must be continually assaulted with a Spectacle which Modesty forbids me to Mention. I have Seen at a Tea table a Number of the fair Sex, which a Man of Sentiments would have almost Ador'd and a man of Modesty would not have been so Indecent as to have Unbutton'd his knee to adjust his Garter—Yet have I Seen a Servant of both Sexes Enter in Such Dishabitable as to be oblig'd to Display those Parts which ought to be Concealed. To see Men Approach the Room where those Angelick Creatures meet & View those Beautifull Countenances & Sparkling Eyes, which would almost tell You that they abhor'd the Cruel imposition of their Parents, who Perhaps Loaded with a Plentifull fortune, would not afford a decent Dress to their Servants to hide their Shame from such Sight I have turn'd my Eyes. I would not mean to be two Severe nor have it thought but there are great numbers who have a Sence of the Necessity of a Due decorum keep their Servants in a Verry Genteel manner and do honor to their keepers but those who have Viewed such scenes as well as myself will testify to this Truth & Say with me that Droll appearances would Present themselves to view that in Spite of all that I could Do would Oblige me to give a total grin, the Particular above mentioned altho they appear a Little forecast are absolutely matters of fact & not Indeed to Convey any Ill Idea to y^e mind.

In a Commercial way by what little opportunity I have had to make any Remarks on them. I find that in Casting up their accounts that there are a Number which Deservs to be Put on y^e C^r Side. But money getting being Mankinds Universal harvest I find as many Reapers as one would wish to see in Such an Open Field for every one to have a fare Sweep with the Sickle which as frequently cuts your purse Strings as anything Else, their Rakes are Most Excellent nothing is lost for want of geathering & you may depend on it their Bins are so Close that But a trifle of what they Put in ever Comes out of the Cracks. Sometimes you will see a small Trifle peep its Nose out on a Billiard Table, now & then the four knaves will tempt a Small Parcell to walk on the Table, & I believe Black Gammon, Shuffle Board, horse Racing, & that Noble Game of Roleing two Bullets on the Sandy Ground Where if there Should be y^e Least Breath air it would Blind you all those would help a little of it to Move & if I added Whoreing and Drinking they would Not Deny the Charge. If the things Mentioned above are to be Deemed Vices. I think no Person that Comes to Carolina will find any Scarcity, Provided they have such articles as Suits such a Market. I cannot from my hart Approve of their Method of Living—not but that their Provision is Wholesome but In Genral they Dont Cooch it well. Rice bares the Sway, in Room of Bread, with any kind of victuals and Ever in Families of Fashion you will see a Rice Pudding (If it Deserves the Name) to be Eat as we do our Bread, I am affraid of Being too censorious or I would Remark Numberless things which to a Person unacquainted with Place would even Look Childish to mention but as I only make this Obsⁿ for my own amusement never Intending they Shall be ever seen but by Particular friends. I shall omit any niceities of Expressions and Shall write a few more Simple facts I have seen Gamblers, Men Pretended Friends to you that would hug you in their Bosoms till they were Certain they had Gotten what they could from you, & then for a Shilling would Cut Your Throat. I would not Mean by this to Convey the Idea of their being a Savage people in General. There are Gentlemen of Charracter & who Ritchly Deserve the Name—but as there are Near Seven Blacks to one White Man, the Austerities used to the Slaves in their Possessions, is the Reason as I immagion of their looking on & Behaving to a White Man who Differs from them in their Manners and not bred in their Country in a Way Not much Different from which they treats their Blacks. I Have been told that the Place is Much alterd from what it was Before the Present Dispute & that a Number of the Best Part of People are Moved out of Charlestown for the honour of Charlestown. I will believe it and wish it may be Restor'd to its Primitive Lusture. However let me not look all on the Dark Side there are Many things well worth Praise, there Publick Buildings are well finish'd & Calculated for the Convenience of Publick & Private Affairs, their Churches make a verry fine Appearance and are finish'd Agreeable to the Rules of Architecture. I do not Mean that they are the Most elegant I ever Saw, but so well Perform'd as would Declare those who Reared them Good Artissts, the Streets are well Laid out & a verry good Brick Walk on Each Side for foot Passengers, their Streets are not Pav'd but Verry Sandy, and the heat of the Climate is Such that the Sand is Generally verry Disagreeable & Occasions a number of Insects Commonly Call'd Sand flies, the Lowness of the Land and the Dead water in Different Places in the Town & out of it Occasions another Breed of Insects well Known by the Name of Musketoës. These Creatures are well disciplined for they do Not Scout in private

Places nor in Small Companies as tho Affraid to attack but Joining in as many Different Colloums as there are Openings to Your Dwellings they make a Desperate push and Seldom fail to Annoy their Enemy in Such a Manner that they leave their Adversary in a Scratching humor the Next Morning thro^o Vexation. It would be endless to mention the advantages & Disadvantages of the Place but this I am fully Assur^d of. If the White People would be so Industrious as to till the Land themselves and see every thing Done so as to have less of those Miserable Slaves in the Country the Place to me would have a verry Different Appearance. I have heard it Alleg^d as a Pretext for keeping so many Slaves that white People cannot Endure the heat of the Climate & that there can be but verry little done without these Slaves, that there could be but a verry little done is to me a Matter of Doubt, but that there would be but Verry little If the People Retain their Luxury & Love of all kinds of Sport is to me Beyond all doubt. I have Seen more Persons than a few worry themselves at Gaming In an Excessive hot Day in Such a Manner that a Moderate Days work would be a Pleasure to it. These things have convinc^d me of the Foolish wicked and Absurd Notions which People seem to have Adopted in General that Because these Issacars are like Issacars of Old. Strong Asser Couching Down between two Burthens and have not Got the means of Preserving their Liberty were they Ever So Desirous of it and are kept in Such a miserable manner as never to know the Blessings of it. I say these things have Convinc^d me of the Notorious Violation of the Rights of Mankind and which I think no Rational Man will Ever try to Justify. America my Earnest Prayer is that thou mayst preserve thy Own Freedom from any Insolvent Invaders who may attempt to Rob the of the Same—but be Sure to let Slavery of all kinds ever be Banish^d from thy habbittations.

Fins Camsiocelo.

SONGS.



A SEAMAN'S SONG.

1

Come all you Joval Seaman, with Courage Stout & bold
that Value more your Honour, than Mysers do their Gold
When we Receive Our Orders, we are Oblig^d to go
O'er the Main to Proud Spain, Let the Winds Blow high or Low.

2

It was the fifteenth of September, from Spithead we Sat Sail
we had Rumbla in our Company, Blest with a Pleasant Gale
we Sailed away together, for the Bay of Biscay, o
Going along Storms Come on, and the winds Began to Blow.

3

The winds and Storms increas^d the Bumbla Bore away
and left the Cantaborough, for No Longer Could She Stay
& when they Came to Gibralter, they told the People So
that they thought we were Lost, in the Bay of Biscay, O.

4

But as Providence would have it, it was not quite so Bad
But first we lost our Missen Mast, and then went off our Flag
the Next we Lost our Main Mast, one of our Guns also
With five Men, Drowned then, in the Bay of Biscay, O.

5

The Next we Lost our foremast, which was a Dreadfull Stroke

and in our Larboar Quarter, a Great hole there was Broke
and then the Seas come Roleing in, our Gun Room it Did flow
Thus we Rold and we told, in the Bay of Biscay, O.

6

It was Dark and Stormy Weather, Sad and Gloomy Night
Our Captain on the Quarter Deck, that Day was kill^d Outrite
the Rings that on his fingers were, in Pieces burst Also
Thus we were in Dispare, in the Bay of Biscay, O.

7

But when we Came to Gibraltar, and lay in our New Hold
the People they Came flocking Down, our Ship for to Behold
they Said it was the Dismalest Sight, that Ever they Did know
We never Pind, But Drunk Wine, till we Drowned all our Woe.

A COUNTRY SONG.

1

On the Sweet Month of May we'll Repair to the Mountain
And Set we Down there by a Clear Crystial fountain
Where the Cows sweetly Lowing In a Dewy Morning
Where Phebus oer the Hills and Meddow are Adorning.

2

A Sweet Country Life is Delightfull and Charming
Walking abroad in a Clear Summer's Morning
O your Towns and Your Cities Your Lofty high Towers
Are not to be Compar,d with Shades & Green Bowers.

3

O Little I regard your Robes and fine Dresses
Your Velvets & Scarlets and Other Excesses
My own Country Fashions to me is More Endearing
Than your Pretty Prisemantle or your Bantle Cloth Wearing.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK LOG-BOOK OF TIMOTHY BOARDMAN ***

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