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Poetry.

The Scholar and the World.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In medieval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted hand, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that those words but half expressed.
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, deigned, and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
With its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even your luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With velvet and gold, and golden cups enshaded
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands were of gold,
Around it, silent, motionless, and tall,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his great mead bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And so lightly from their seats the guests uprang,
The vanished ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The anchor sped his arrow at their wall,
Shattering the tumbler level on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead,
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghastly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair,
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The anchor, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
The tumbler, gossip; the goblet and the knife,
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar who the love of gold
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nook,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!
—Extract from "Mortimer Salomon," in Har-
per's Magazine for August.

Miscellany.

HOW GENERAL CONNOR GOT HIS CRUTCHES.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

While visiting the capital of your State a few weeks ago, I saw a gentleman toiling along the street on crutches. Seeing him for the first time since 1864, a host of memories connected with the last year of the war revived, and, in my imagination, the battles of the Wilderness, Petersburg campaign, were fought over again. I refer to Gen. Seligman Connor. Do you, Mr. Editor, and do your readers know the circumstances attending the infliction of that wound? If not, I would like to relate them, though without consulting the General, for his modesty would forbid such proceeding. A conviction that the part he took in the engagement in which he received the wound that bears so heavily upon him, should be placed on enduring record,—that mention of it in your columns, if it has never yet been made, would be a deserved recognition of an instance of valor as brave and meritorious as any officer as ever stood with his troops in the "deadly breach,"—prompts these lines.

A writer speaks of the "decisive" battles of the war. The one is the Wilderness does not belong in the catalogue, yet it must be reckoned as one of the most bloody and critical. Those who have read the story of this battle remember that it occurred at and adjacent to a place where two roads cross—the Plank road, running east and west; and the Brock road, running north and south. One of our army corps (Warren's) while marching from the Ripelin down the Brock road toward Richmond, was at the junction of these roads, attacked by a body of the enemy, that dashed against it from the Plank road on the west. Here the first blood of the battle was spilled. The fight was furious, and for a time the result seemed doubtful. This was the nucleus of the battle; brigade after brigade filed in, and prolonging; at either end the already engaged line, at once closed with the enemy; the roar of musketry was unprecedented in the history of the war; so dense was the mass of small trees that the combatants were generally invisible to each other; as to seeing much of the enemy, the conflict might as well have taken place in the night,—consequently the warring lines were oftentimes very near together, and the leaden rain poured from both sides through the foliage with awful effect. The dead in some places lay in line almost as complete as that of a regiment on parade.

It was for the Brock road that the rebels were struggling; had they obtained it the history of the campaign would have been widely different from what it is. But their onslaughts were overcome, and during the night a breastwork was thrown up along the Brock road, and batteries planted where the roads meet. Early the next morning the conflict was renewed. The left of our line of battle—squarely facing the west—was composed of the Second Corps (Hancock's) aided ultimately by the Ninth

(Bornsides). It extended along the Brock road, across the Plank road, until it joined Warren's troops on the right. It is with the Second Corps at the point where it crossed the Plank road, that this letter has to deal. The incident I recall and record may at first thought, perhaps, seem trivial, in view of the magnitude of the contest of which it was a part, but no more signally displayed, have decided the final result of many a battle since history began.

From the hour the Second Corps reached the field, Col. Connor's regiment was in the front. In the morning it was detached from its brigade to prolong the line of the assaulting column that pushed the enemy a long way backward. When the rebound of the enemy which succeeded this attack was at length stayed, Col. Connor's command was again detached,—this time being assigned a position north of the plank road, close to and at nearly a right angle with it; it filled a gap between Bainside's left and the Plank road. In this position during the engagement that followed, the murderous musketry of the enemy struck down from its ranks more than one hundred and fifty in about as many seconds. At last, exhausted and out of ammunition, the line at its right not acting entirely in concert, the regiment paused in its efforts to advance, and details were sent back to fetch cartridges.

It was now near mid day; the conflict had been incessant since day began,—both armies had surged furiously to and fro,—each had been driven by the other. At this moment the rebels were at bay all along the line. On the left of the road, the Federal column had for the second or third time, nearly reached the enemy's works, and it pushed involuntarily for a moment, as if to take breath and gather strength for a final, desperate attempt to penetrate them.

The pause was fatal to victory;—that it did not bring defeat to the Union army, let us be thankful!

The enemy, quick to take advantage of a weakness, suddenly, in a column, struck obliquely our left flank, and with musketry poured directly from their front, threw into consternation and disorder the Federal column which comprised nearly an entire division. The demoralization was complete; Lee himself could not have wished it more so. Six thousand or more panic-stricken men endeavored to rush back pell-mell, through the dense, bullet-scarred forest thick, huddling in great groups like terrified sheep, flags and banners trailing or abandoned, representatives of fifty regiments in a single squad, conscious of naught save helplessness,—officers, and many of them of national reputation, in the delirium of despair at the futility of their efforts to restore order and power of resistance from chaos!

Back, I say, pell-mell,—as useless for instant battle as a flock of sheep—towards the Brock road and the open air, through the difficult debris and bullet-lopped trees—fain into the plank road, only the rebel cannon make that an uncomfortable bowing alley, just now,—back toward the breastworks got together last night, back toward the batteries, toward anything or anywhere, if so they can get out of the Pandemonium,—back per chance, to the Ripelin! For the rebels are pressing the bleeding, helpless mass as relentlessly as ever maddened foe pursued its victim. On, on, on, steadily with unbroken ranks they come, yells and jeers and crash of musketry indicating their progress through the darkness wood; the prize of perfect victory seems to them at hand. Confidently they press forward, thinking to gain the Brock road with unbroken ranks and unspent ammunition, before their foe can possibly rally from his bad condition. It was in deed a dark moment for the Stars and Stripes; the tide of battle for ten minutes or more had been setting most fearfully against them. What could save the day? Surely, to all human appearances, only something providential.

Col. Connor's remnant of a regiment was replenishing itself with ammunition at the moment the reverse began. The fact that our attacking column was precipitously retreating, hotly pursued by the enemy, was at once known to the forces north of the road, yet to abandon their own position and go to the rescue would invite still worse, if not universal disaster. The catastrophe had come so suddenly, and the enemy were advancing so rapidly, that there was little time for deliberation. The dispirited column, broken into fragments, pressing feverishly toward the rear, presently came dimly in view across the road, followed by the rebel column. The Brock road had been nearly reached by pursuers and pursued! In five minutes more the confederate phalanx would have attained it! And then?

Suddenly Col. Connor wheeled his command parallel with the Plank road, and deliberately delivered volley after volley in rapid succession, directly into the flank of the rebel divisions! Never did section of a line of battle change front more opportunely, and seldom, if ever, was volley crueler and of more telling effect. The enemy faltered, half dismayed at the time they had been coaxed into; half panic-stricken, it was with difficulty that their officers could keep them from fleeing.

They instantly perceived they were encountering an organized resistance—its

magnitude they could only guess at by the slaughter in their ranks. They instinctively felt that their enemy had been playing a base trick upon them by retiring so steadily before them. They were not to be deceived—not they, and would advance no farther! The check was complete. At least fifteen minutes elapsed before they recovered from the shock, and during that interval the disorganized mass of troops they had been pursuing, gained the Brock road and the entrenchments along it. Once out of the dim, half impenetrable forest, the work of speedily reforming scattered battalions and educating something like order was possible, and comparatively easy. Never was a point of time more precious to the Union cause, or more providentially gained. Indeed, the enemy did not, for about three hours, venture beyond the point where the flank volleys were poured into them.

I say never was a brief period of time more valuable to the Union forces, yet a handful of men, less than three hundred, with fatally directed volleys, were instrumental in obtaining it; what seemed like imminent defeat was warded off by the resolute standing, and the wildest disorder, of a small body of troops under the lead of an intelligent, brave and beloved officer. And it was not without cost. As soon as the enemy began to recover from their surprise, they proceeded to change front, and open fire upon their assailants. Col. Connor sprang forward into the road to beckon a charge upon the foe,—almost instantly he was struck by a bullet and fell helpless to the ground. His fall was taken by his troops as their signal to retire; the enemy were hovering close on their flanks, and they fell back to the Brock road, their wounded leader being borne from the field a cripple for life, and narrowly escaping capture.

Such, Mr. Editor, was the manner in which the wound that necessitates those crutches was received.

MAY, 1872.

P. S.—I recall to mind a letter written by Gen. Webb, then chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac, to Gen. Connor, under date of April, 1865, a few days after the surrender of Lee, while the Colonel was at Washington, still unable to be removed to his home in Maine.—The letter said:

"Your stopping your regiment . . . where you did . . . was a most important thing to the troops crowded in flight down the plank road. It prevented Longstreet's determining the state of confusion they were in. Wilcox, (rebel General) 'TOLD ME THEY' (the rebel column) 'HAD TWENTY MINUTES FOLLOWING US THERE, AND LOST THEIR CHANCE TO GO IN' (to the Brock road) 'WITH US.'"

To this testimony of Gen. Webb I will append from Rebellion Record, vol. 11, p. 413:

"The brigade of Col. Frank on the extreme left was broken and fell back precipitously. The pressure was so great along the whole line of the command thus assailed, that it was also broken in several places. Portions of the line retreated in disorder."

Also extract from Headley's History, vol. 2, p. 353:

"Hancock steadily pushed the enemy for a mile and a half, taking a small rifle pit and five stand of colors. . . . But at length Hancock's victorious career was stopped. The rebels, rallying, fell on his exhausted battalions, whose ammunition was now getting low, and bore them steadily back."

His EXTREME LEFT FOR THE MOMENT WAS TURNED, BUT THE MISCHIEF WAS QUICKLY REPAIRED. — (by Gen. Connor's regiment, had the author but known it).

The following is from Deming's Life of Grant, p. 387:

"Hancock hurled Hill from his position, carried the whole confederate front, and drove for a mile its broken columns, only to be tossed back by the combined corps of Hill and Longstreet."

FOR NEW WORLD MOMENT OR TWO, IT SEEMED AS IF THE FIELD WAS LOST! . . . the exultant rebels dashed with a frenzy which threatened universal discomfiture. But fortunately Hancock rallied his brigade, and in turn struck the rebel column upon their exposed flank, and again precipitated them upon their forest fastness."

Greeley's American Conflict, vol. 2, p. 569; Coppee's Grant and His Campaigns p. 298; Richardson's Personal History of Gen. Grant, p. 396; speak of this fortunate check to the enemy.

Nothing in person was at the Brock road, and saw nothing of this episode, and knew nothing about it until it was over.

First Settlers in Woodstock.

THE BRYANTS.

Although the surrounding towns, Paris, Bethel, Rumford and Sumner had been settled for several years, no settlement was made in Woodstock previous to 1798. In 1795 the inhabitants of New Penacook (Rumford) petitioned the Court of General Sessions, which held its terms in Portland, for the location of a road from the southeast corner of Paris by way of a place called "Stony Brook," and "Biscoe's Falls," to the northwest corner of Paris, and from thence through township number 3 to the south line of New Penacook. The prayer was granted, and the following persons were appointed

to locate the road: Nathaniel C. Allen, Isaac Parsons, Ichabod Bonney, John Greenwood and Peleg Chandler. The following are some of the points named in the minutes of the survey: "Beginning at a hemlock tree in the easterly line of Paris standing in the center of the County road to be located and laying two rods on each side of the corner; thence to a point opposite Solomon Shaw's house; thence to a point opposite Abner Shaw's barn; thence to a point opposite Benjamin Hammond's barn; thence to the center of a county road formerly laid out to the center lot in Paris; thence on said road 155 rods to the end thereof, thence to the bridge over Swift brook; thence to the north end of the bridge over Fall brook; thence to a stake and stones on the easterly bank of the little Anascomogin river at Biscoe's Falls; thence across said river to a spruce tree &c &c; to the northwest corner of Paris; thence through number 3 to the southerly end of a ridge called 'Whale's back' &c. The Commissioners were eleven days in locating this road and the entire expense including seven days labor by Lemuel Jackson, Jr. and six by Nicholas Chesley, was \$99.00. This location is essentially the present travelled road which enters Woodstock from Paris near what was formerly known as Paine's bridge and passing up by the former site of Biscoe's mill and down by Colonel Dudley's, enters the present Rumford and Paris road near D. J. Libby's. Some slight alterations have since been made, the most important of which was above Elijah Day's, the old location passing by the Gilbert buildings and then turning quite abruptly to the right."

The location of this road opened up number 3 (Woodstock) for settlement. The surface was hilly and covered with a heavy growth of wood, and not very inviting to the pioneer settler, Long Pond, now Bryant's Pond, then abounded with trout, and this with the abundance of small game in the surrounding woods, afforded rare sport to the fisherman and hunter. Among those who frequently visited this region for the purpose of hunting and fishing, were the sons of Solomon Bryant of Paris. Before the location of the road which we have already described, the Bryant boys were in the habit of spending considerable time in the fall of the year, in the vicinity of Long Pond and of returning to spend the winter with their father. After the opening of this road, they conceived the idea of making a settlement in the yet unsettled township of number 3. They accordingly procured the services of Mr. Thomas Jocelyn of Buckfield, a surveyor, to run out ten lots of land, five on each side of the new road. The township then belonged to the State of Massachusetts and the first settlers were squatters. In the summer of 1797 Christopher and Solomon Bryant fell trees on the lots which they had selected and in the autumn of 1798 they moved in with their families. Christopher settled on the lot now owned by John Day, and Solomon on the farm afterwards owned by his son Eli, and still later by his grandson, Alfred D. Bryant. These two Bryants were the first settlers in Woodstock. They had selected this locality with the view of establishing a family colony. Christopher Bryant married Susannah Swan, and Solomon, Sally Swan, daughters of William Swan, who soon after moved into the settlement and took up the lot since known as the Gilbert farm. Luther Briggs married Lydia, a sister of the Bryant brothers, and Samuel Bryant, another of the Bryant brothers, married Lucy, a sister of Luther Briggs, and in the spring of 1799 the settlement was reinforced by the addition of these two families. Briggs took the lot now occupied by Samuel S. Swan, and Samuel Bryant the side-hill tract now known as the "Common lot."

On the 12th of November, 1788, a son was born to the wife of Christopher Bryant, who was the first child born in the township. This was the late Dea. Christopher Bryant of Woodstock. These early settlers lived in log huts and it was several years before they exchanged these for frame houses. Christopher Bryant was familiarly known as "Dr. Bryant," and in practicing the healing art he frequently made the circuit of the adjoining towns. He found his remedies in the woods, and from his habit of digging for medicinal roots, he was facetiously called "Dr. Digco." He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the medicinal properties of roots and plants and was familiar with all the localities where they could be obtained. In his practice he sought those cases which had been abandoned by regular physicians, and some of the cures which he wrought, or had the credit of working, were regarded by many as little less than miracles. He was somewhat convivial in his habits and like most of the pioneer settlers, he was perhaps too fond of the social glass. He imbibed, in a great degree, the superstitions of his times, and was a firm believer in hobgoblins, witches and familiar spirits. He frequently visited Jewell's Island in Casco Bay, and spent much time in search of treasure supposed to have been buried there by Captain Robert Kidd, the famous English pirate. He claimed that on several occasions he had come very near unearthing the traditional "pot of gold," but was always thwarted by the intervention of spirits supposed to have charge of it. In his rambles to the Island he was frequently accompanied by Hector Fuller, a colored man, who long

lived in Paris, and was familiarly known as "old Hee." Mr. Bryant always assumed an air of mystery when these subjects were referred to, which caused some of the more superstitious of those days to believe that he too was familiar with the "black art." He lived several years in Woodstock and then moved into Greenwood where he spent the latter years of his life. The name of Long Pond was changed to Bryant Pond in honor of him and his brothers, and the beautiful wood crowned mountain that rises on the western side of the pond is called Mt. Christopher.

Solomon Bryant settled on the lot which is now held by his grandson, and spent most of his life there. A few years before he died he moved into Greenwood, and lived near Mr. Christopher.

Samuel abandoned the Common lot after a short time and moved to the west part of lot number 12 in the west part of Woodstock. His house stood on the side hill above the old Bacon place. He afterwards moved to the head of the pond where he continued to reside until the time of his death.

These older Bryants possessed many peculiarities. They were exclusive, and always preferred to live as much as possible within themselves. They believed that the primitive habits and customs were best, and were consequently opposed to innovations of every kind.—They were great pedestrians, generally carried their grain to mill on their backs and sneered at those who used a horse for that purpose.

Christopher Bryant was born March 26, 1774, and married Susannah Swan, who was born March 24, 1777. Children: 1st, Christopher Jr., born Nov. 12, 1798, married Sally, daughter of Joshua and Lucy (Spofford Felt) lived in Woodstock and latterly in Woodstock; married second wife, Dorcas, daughter of Jonathan Abbott of Bethel. He was for many years Deacon of the Baptist church and much respected; 2d, Anas, born July 11, 1804, married Polly Felt, sister of Sally, above named; he went west; 3d, Daniel, born — 19, 1807, married Esther, daughter of Wm. Holt of Fryeburg; he died in Bethel from the effects of a fall; Horace, born April 8, 1810, married Jane Griffin; went west; 4th, Betinda, born May 9, 1812, married Gilbert, son of Wm. Chamberlain of Rumford; 5th, Susannah, born —, married —.

Solomon Bryant was born Oct. 30, 1776, and his wife, Sally Swan, was born August 21, 1774. Children: 1st, Sally, born Jan. 1, 1797, married Thomas R. Carnon, and died in Woodstock; 2d, Eli, born May 15, 1800, married Arvilla, daughter of David and Charity (Tuell) Dudley; he lived on the old homestead and died in Woodstock; 4th, Alexander, born Feb. 29, married Cynthia, daughter of Aaron and Betsey (Brooks) Davis; he lived on the Gray place in Woodstock, and died at Bryant's Pond; 4th, Mahalon, born July 25, 1810, married Lydia, daughter of Merrill Chase; he still lives in Woodstock.

Samuel Bryant was born May 9, 1780 and for first wife married Lucy Briggs who was born Sept. 29, 1776. Children: 1st, Rhoda, born Oct. 29, 1798, married Oliver, son of Wm. Swan, Jr.; lived in Woodstock and Paris; 2d, Samuel, Jr., born Oct. 29, 1800; married Rebecca, daughter of Amos Stevens of Woodstock; he still lives at the head of the pond in Woodstock; 3d, Solomon, born March 11, 1802, died aged 18; 4th, Elizabeth, born Nov. 8, 1803, married Benj. Bacon, Jr., and died in Greenwood; 5th, Lydia, born Nov. 8, 1803, married Daniel, son of Isaac and Elizabeth (Bryant) Cummings; died at Bryant's Pond; 6th, Abigail, born Nov. 7, 1805, died unmarried; 7th, Joseph, born Dec. 8, 1806, lives in Woodstock, unmarried; for second wife Samuel Bryant married Sarah, widow of Dea. Abijah Lapham, and for 3d, Sally Grover of Bethel.

The origin of this branch of the Bryant family, so far as I have been able to trace it, is as follows:

JOHN BRYANT

was at Plymouth in 1665 where he married Abigail, daughter of Stephen Bryant, a planter of Duxbury, whose wife was Abigail, daughter of John and Alice Shaw. Whether this John Bryant was an emigrant or the son of one of the early settlers, I have been unable to ascertain. It is said by some that he was the son of John Bryant, house carpenter, who was at Seitate, and married Mary, daughter of George Lewis, in 1643.—Among the children of John Bryant by wife Abigail was SAMUEL, who was born in that part of Plymouth which was afterwards incorporated as Plympton, in 1673. Samuel was a deacon of the Orthodox church in Plympton many years. By his wife "Johanna," he had SAMUEL, Jr., born May 14, 1696; Joanna, born March 1, 1702; Abigail, born July 5, 1703; Lydia, born March 16, 1708; Sylvanus, born April 8, 1710. The father died in Plympton in 1740, aged 76 years.

Samuel Bryant, Jr., succeeded his father as deacon of the Orthodox church in Plympton. He married Tabatha Ford and the following were his children: 1st, Laisannah, born June 19, 1724; 2d, Lois, born June 9, 1725; 3d, Abigail, born March 13, 1728; 4th, Sylvanus, born March 30, 1730; 5th, Tabatha, born Apr. 14, 1732; 6th, Joseph, born June 3, 1734; 7th, Samuel, born Nov. 18, 1736; 8th, Joanna, born July 12, 1739; 9th, Lydia, born May 12, 1741; 10th, Joshua, born

