

soldiery who wore wooden shoes. The harbor was blockaded, and the *La Fayette* brig was compelled to stay a week, during which Washington visited the city, which was illuminated on the joyful occasion.

Mr. Ames continued on the privateer for two seasons, during which they sent to New London several good prizes—some of which, however, were destroyed by the troops under the traitor Arnold, when he invaded the country in the autumn of 1781, captured Fort Griswold, inhumanly butchered the garrison, and burned the town and shipping in the harbor. Engaging on board a merchantman bound for Bermuda, he was unfortunately made a prisoner on his way home, by a refugee ship, and carried back to Bermuda, and detained three months. After the peace of 1783, he engaged on an English ship for a three years cruise, during which time he visited, among other places and countries, Madeira, Gibraltar, Turkey, Surinam in South America, and Guadaloupe in the West Indies. At Guadaloupe he had the yellow fever, and barely escaped death.

Returning to his native country, he went to school three months, and soon after married Sarah Hall, and settled near Albany, N. Y., as a farmer. At the age of thirty, he became a preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and soon after moved to Steuben, in Oneida County, N. Y., where he continued to preach until he reached the age of about seventy-five years. In the summer of 1844, Mr. Ames, with three of his children, moved to Wisconsin, and in Oregon, Dane County, bought 320 acres of government land, where he still resides. His aged companion died in 1851, in the 89th year of her age. Mr. Ames has six sons and four daughters living, all of whom are heads of families, except the youngest daughter, who with undivided affection devotes her life to administering to the wants of her aged parent.

A friend asked Mr. Ames if he remembered Washington? "Yes," he replied emphatically, "and old Steuben too." After a short pause, during which his memory reverted to the scenes and sufferings of the Revolution, and the big tears