

After being employed from the 23rd of December unto the
11th of Jan in hunting up the genealogy of my father
I left this place on the 12th for Lycoming County Pennsylvania
to visit my sister ~~who~~ ^{who} married William Nelson
in Pickering N.H. - July 11 - ¹⁸³² by Esqr. McDowell. This
family consists of seven sons and three daughters whose residence ^{is}
Warrensburg of the above county. All of whom are comfortably
situated in life. Williamsport the county seat is situated
on the Susquehanna river with abundance of water power
and crude material of various kinds for building purposes
and railroad communication to all parts of the surrounding
country in the immediate vicinity of the capital of the
State - Baltimore and Philadelphia. While the more youthful
of her citizens point with pride to the aged Patriarch who
fell the first tree and built the first log house, and was followed
in quick succession by the more energetic of his race and
thus ^{developed} the practicability of forest fall for agricultural
purposes. Lycoming County is truly a romantic country situated
in the tops of the Allegany Mountains and covered at this season of
the year with a heavy mantle of snow. While ascending
Laurel Hill the traveler passes through deep ravines with here ^{and}
^{there} a deserted old saw mill and steep side hills covered
with a dense forest ^{of} hemlock. The more valuable of its
timber - having ^{been} taken away to build up other places
While the scree whistle of the Hemlock refinery and the
teamster with his huge pile of bark and deep sonorous
voice of clear the track awakens the traveler from
his reverie to impending danger. By many a weary
~~step~~ ^{step} you ascend the summit of the hill and gaze
with wonder and admiration at the almost numberless deep

Deep ravines concentrating from every conceivable point of
compass and emptying there melting snows into the Susquehanna
Still further on you pass the lonely spot where once laid the
murdered body of Huffmann the German pedlar whose blood
was ^{found} ^{from the ground} for vengeance. It is also a case creating suspicion; conviction
rested on one Miller who confessed his crime and was executed
if correctly informed at Williamsport in 1836

The principal residence of the Wilson Family is
situated on Mill creek in a deep ravine some sixty rods in
width and extending far back in the hills and emptying its silver
like water into the Loyalsock a tributary of the Susquehanna near
Horsensville with its gristmills little store Post office and 87
brown and weather beaten old buildings; with but few exceptions
has had an existence long anterior to some of the western states
and territories; with their extensive plantations with towns and
cities of solid masonry and their agricultural and mineral resources
have long since bid defiance to the Key Stone in their contribution
to the nations wealth. For the benefit of those who in after
years may per chance read this narrative; I would say
that after a separation of forty one years time and circumstances
afforded an opportunity to visit my native land and the
scenes of early youth. Prior to my departure from the habitation
of my sister and her descendants; notwithstanding the kind attention
accorded me a feast was prepared and the members of the family
and few invited guests partook of the banquet of the earth
at the house of Andrew G. Wilson. When song and gesture and the
kindly reference to the palmy days of youth and the clear
voice of rose and the sweet strains of music from the
Organ all seemed to enliven the occasion. until a
late hour in the Knight. When each sought his or her

resting place; either to welcome the embrace of sleep or in
weariness brood over the time of separation. Disturb on the
following morning. When tears of joy and sorrow trickled
down the stern face of man. Truly a source of joy in
associating with near-relatives that had grown from infancy to
mature years; without the opportunity of a single greeting.
Sorrow when perhaps the present separation would be final
and time and distance never afford another meeting.
and on February first continued my journey
Eastward. to visit those who claimed an equal share of
my attention. and on the third entered the habitation of my
Brother William situated on a narrow neck of land between
the bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario Dominion of Canada.
on whom I gazed with wonder; and learned from him that
he had been a farm labourer for one man for a period of
twenty three years at fourteen dollars per month during
which time had reared a family of three children and at
the close of service retired to private life with the firm
conviction indelibly imprinted on his brow that the better
part of his days had been spent in the service of others.
while gray hairs and bodily infirmities are his constant companions
he is forced to conclude that his declining years are amply
provided for.