

HARTLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

P.O. BOX 297 14 ROUTE 12
HARTLAND, VERMONT 05048
WWW.HARTLANDHISTORY.ORG

SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

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Charles Monroe MacKenzie born ^{June} ~~January~~ 1, 1800 died November 13, 1873 in
^{Adrian, Michigan} ~~Hartland, Vermont~~. Married Ann ^WHarkins April 25, 1825. They had eight
children. He wrote an autobiography, begun in 1869 which was never
finished. Portions of it are included in this history (zeroxed). He went
to Chicago on business and fell down the steps at a hotel, from which
he never recovered. He died three years later from "softening of the brain".
Hartland (or May 31)

“I was born in Hartland, Windsor County, State of Vermont, June the first, 1800 of Scottish parents. My Grandparents emigrated from Scotland, in the year 1774, to America. After a long and tedious voyage they came into Boston Harbor, but were not permitted to land for the reason that Boston Harbor was under a blockade, by the British fleet, and was forced to back out and drop down the coast and land at Marble head, some 20 miles below. This was at the time of the embargo, the British put on Boston, for repudiating the Grate British Tea Party, which Johnney Bull, George the Third, sent over to America and to force the colloneys to purchase their tea, and pay a heavy duty, which his colloneys then did repudiate. The Bostonians collected a force sufficient and drest themselves in disguise, as native Indians, Bordered the British Vessel, and threw all her Tea overboard in the dock. This was the starting point of the American Revolution.

My grandparents brought over with them three children. My Father being the oldest, Charles (whose name I have, with the addition of Monro in honor to an Uncle of my Fathers, in Scotland)Whos name was Charles Monro, the possessor of a large land Estate, of which, at that time My Grandfather was the next hereditary heir after him, if his brother at his death should leave no male heir of his body, it fall to him (my Grandfather and then to Father) by heir ship. This estate was an Entailed Estate, to the oldest male heir to the latest posterity. After Father’s decease it would fall to me. My Grand Parents were manufacturers of Cloth. They served seven years apprentis Ship, at the wheel and loom, in the town of Paisley, seven miles from Glasglow. This town was a large manufacturing town and is to this day one of the largest in Scotland. Here he became with my Grand Mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Calhoon, and they were married Dec. 7, 1761. Joseph Mackenzie, my Grand Father was born in Inverness, Scotland in the year 1733. Elizabeth his wife was born in Paisley, afore said in the year 1744. After landing at marble head, Mass. – he worked his way up to a town then in the interior of the state, called Londonderry here he settled and he and his wife set up their hand factory of spinning and weaving, this town was principally settled with

Scotch and Irish Manufacturers, of the same class. I well remember hearing my grand Mother tell over her trials, hardships and exploits of her life in America through the American Revolution, in sustaining herself and her family. She had to do the marketing of their goods, through the war, she had to mail her goods, cloth and thread, on a horse behind her, and trudge away to Boston, 40 miles to market and this, while the British held possession of the Town, she was often taken up, and searched to see if she did not have counterband goods, or papers, aboard, containing information to the rebels that was derogatory to their cause, both when she entered and when she came out of Boston. Many times she was taken up and the British would detain her, to try and make her give them information how things were going on out in the country. Whether the rebels were collecting in any considerable force and the feeling of the people at large, how they felt towards the English. She was a woman who did not fear the face of man, and she did not lack for words, and courage to express them, she was a woman of weight, about 200 lbs, and well put together, of a strong muscular form, and a strong constitution, whatever she said she meant, and she said it in such a manner people generally understood it.

My Grand Father was very much to the reverse he was a very small man, never weighing much over 100 lbs, a slender form, but generally well, and rugged, quick in apprehension, expert in business, a good scholar, when he was of his loom, you would generally find him with his book in his hand, either the Bible or Whitefields sermons, or John Westly or Luthers history of the great reformation which followed their preaching, he was one of Whitefields converts in Scotland, he was dearly attached to a book which he brought over with him, called Whitefields sermons, when anything did intervene that he could not attend church, the bible first, then Whitefields or John Westleys, was second to no other book or history to him. I think he was as perfect a model of a Christian as I ever saw in all my life, he regularly attended prayers in the family. Morning and evening in his room and after dinner in the Spring and Summer he had a walk of about 40 rods from the

house, North, to a large bushy top white ash tree, beside a fence where a large tree had been fell here and his closet, up stairs, in the house, (in bad weather in his closet) were his lone retreats for prayer, to his god and savior, he had a perfect beaten tract or path to his lone retreat, and often has been the times, that I have while a young boy, stole a way, and went round, out of his sight, which I could, or got behind that old log, to hear Grand Fathers prayers, I used to love to hear him pray for he always would remember us poor orphans for there were three of us . Myself a Brother David and a sister Betsy, our Dear Christian Mother, died when I was but three and a half years old, sister was two years older then myself, my mother left her youngest son when but a weak old, and we never knew or realized the sweet caresses of our own mother, But God heard our prayers, and I do know of a truth, where of I write, and do testify by a happy experience, God will hear his children pray, and grant answers to their prayers. There are places in this paper where Charles gets quite religious. I have taken the liberty of not including most of it. There are times when it goes on for pages. If you would like to read the whole paper it is at the Historical Society. C.Y.M.

My dear Mother died (Dec 22, 1803) when I was but three years and a half old. Her sickness was of short duration, her greatest distress of mind was, as I was informed for the wellfare of her children, just before she expired, she wished them all brought to her bedside, she said she wished to embrace them for the last time, this circumstance is still fresh in my mind, My Dear Uncle Densmore took us up in his arms, one at a time and bore us , to her embrace, she kissed us, and said fair well, my dear children may God bless and protect you in life and in death save you in his kingdom of immortal glory, like strings you twine around my heart, but in Christs arms with you all, I can part. She then bid fair well, to all around, taking them by the hand (there were many friends and neighbors present) and she said be faithful dear friends, to the god I love, prepare to meet me, in the bright realms above. She then requested those present, who could sing to sing to her, And Must this body die? This Mortal frame decay? And must these active limbs of mine Lie Mouldering in the clay? After which she closed her eyes for several minutes, all supposed, her immortal spirit had fled to realms above and Uncle John Densmore was a closing her eyes,

looked him in the face, and said “Brother John Densmore. I warn you to flee from the rath to come, she then closed her eyes and expired.

Charles goes on to describe the funeral gathering of friends and family, etc. After his mother’s death his grand parents lived with them and a younger sister of his father’s became “truly a mother to us”. C.Y.M.

But, nevertheless, it was not Mother after all. I could not go to them with as much hope to obtain my requests, or wants, with so much confidence as to our own Mother. I was many times turned a way. When I asked for this or that and then I used to think well if I had a Mother like other children, I should not be turned of in this way. But for all that they did what they thought best. They were kind and affectionate to me and supplied my wants of nature, food & raymont and gave me good Christian instruction.

Charles had been spending a great deal of time with a Mrs. Currier while his mother was sick and after her death, Mrs. Currier asked if Charles might live with her. This he did happily for the winter of 1803-04. There were two almost grown children and Charles was given lots of attention and presents. C.Y.M.

Picking up the story again. When Spring came, My Dear Father received a letter from an Unckle of his, in Scotland, that he had lost his wife and he had no children by her to heir to his estate, and, he wished to see his nefue, who was next in line and requested My father to visit him, My Father consented and immediately made arrangements for the Journey, he rented his farm to Mr. John Dinsmore, and Unckle of mine, to take charge of his family& Parents while in his absence. At this juncture, My father took me home and placed me under my GrandMothers and My Aunt Margrets care.(This was very hard for both Charles and Mrs. Currier. They had a close attachment that lasted until she died at a very old age. C.Y.M.) My dear Father Settled up his business and put his house in order and started on his journey on the 12th of May 1804. Well Time past on. I lived with my GrandParents in

the same house. (This is the house now owned by Bob and Diane Bibby. C.Y.M.) with my Unckle J.R. Dinsmore which house is still on my Fathers farm to this day – until My Father returned from Scotland, which was in the year 1805 in August 26th. I remember that I was at play, in the dooryard and the dog began to bark, and I saw that the dog was loking in a different direction then the main road, up a hill in front of our house, and I turned my eyes in that direction and beheld a carriage or rather a chaise a coming down the hill across lots. I remember of running into the house, and telling Grand Mah I guess Pah is a coming for I se a carriage a coming down the pasture hill, it looks as though it was from Scotland, all went to the door, for to se, who it could be, a coming with a sleigh in that direction, it soon drew near, and came to a pair of bars, and My Father got out to let the bars down and Aunt Dinsmore or Aunt Marget, exclaimed Charley, it is your Father there, run and meet him. No quicker said than done of I went and fell into his arms. I looked up and I saw My Dear father weaping. I asked My Father what makes you cry so Pah? Why my Dear Son I am so glad to se you, once more. I cannot help crying, by this time, all the family were around him, all in tears, this made me weap more to se them all weaping, I thought it very strange to se them all weping because Father had got home, when all had looked for him so long, and wondered why he stayed so long, well we all went into the hous, and soon My fathers trunk was brought in, and opened, and the fine presents appeared, some new gounds, Bonets, and dresses. Finily out came two fine morocco Jocky Scotch caps, with gold tincy cord, and Tasels, for me and My brother, this was fine, in our estimation. This paid for all our woes, and tears, which we had shed for Pah, all were made merry and made happy with presents.

Well time went on, the winter after my Father came home from Scotland, I attended school for the first time. My first teacher was Sylvester Edson of South Woodstock, I remember that after classes had all got through their recitations, reading and spelling he youst to

call me up to read. I then was a learning my letters. Well Charles what is tat. Well master I do not know, what you call it, but I can tell you what it loks like, Sir it looks like the roof of a house. That looks like a new moon and so on through the alphabet. I had a name of imitation for every letter, this youst to make some fun for the master and scholars to wind up school on, And the master would praise me and say that he had not got so smart a boy in his school and that would make so good a machanik For my powers of conception and imitation ware large, and coparrison good. From this time onward, I had confidence in myself that give me the proper tools and a shop and I could do most most enny thin that eny person could do. I often would tease my Father to let me go to a trade, But he would put me of and say Why Charles, I could not carry on my farm without your help. And so time past on, My. Father sent me to school until the summer I was 12 years old, this year the War broak out, between America & Grate Britton, help became scarce, and every young man that was able to bear arms ware called a pon to shoulder armes in defenc of his country. There was no running to Canida then, but the word was, attention shoulder arms, right face, march, to canida, in double quick. Then raised a Boys Company of about thirty, and we usto drill ebery good moon light night, and every hollow day, our arms were very rude, generally of our own manufacture, Also our musick ware a fife and drum of vary home made manufacture, our uniform was a common felt hat with a white feather and read tops and a leather stamped cockade, Blue coat, White vest and pants, all together we made quite a soldier appearance. The name of our company was young America of Vermont invincible, we kept up our organization through the War of 1812 to 1815, till peace came here. I learnt my first military tackticts.

(This next is not for the squeamish. Be warned. C.Y.M.) In the fall of 1813, My only Dear & Beloved Brother sickend and died. His name was David, his sickness was caused by taking could, at this time my Step Mother, was sick with a fever, and a physitian was attending to

her, By the name of Munger, and the Doct being present, My Grand Mother took my Brother to se the Doct. And said to him, this boy has been to mill today and has come home sick with the head ache, well said the doctor, he has a very high fever on now and if he is not treated right of he will perhaps have a run of the fever, he felt his pulse and said it was over 100, this frightened my Grand Mother. And she told the Doct to go to work at him, he delt out callimill (Calomel: mercurous chloride, tasteless solid used in medicine as a mercurial, purgative.C.Y.M.), and never told what he was a giving until he got sallabated, soon his mouth got so soar that it was with grate difficuttly that he could swallow ennything. My Father and Grand Mother got very alarmed about him and questioned the doctor what kind of medicaine he had been a giving. Why said the doctor I have given that boy over fiftry portions of callomill and his fever is not broke yet, well said my Grand Mother Doctor, you have Killed my Child, you have been a poring down your callomell, and have not told us what you were giving, and we have been giving him water, and this according to your directions to let him have all the water he wanted, it would not hurt him a tall and this has sallabated him given him a soar mouth and Canker has set in and you have murdered My Boy. At this the Doctor got mad, and took his saddlebags and left, and said we must get some other doctor for he should not tend to him enny more, and left. My Father sent me immediatly after a nother doctor, it was Doctor Jenison of Hartland, he came, and took a tea spoon to lift his tung up, which was swollen as big as a large toad, and he could not swallow, nor had he for several days, and in so doing his tonge came of by the gullet and tumbled out of his mouth, the doctor said he never saw the like in his life, enny Doctor that did not know what he was about, and treat a patient thus had out to have his diploma taken from him and pay a fine & imprisonment for such mal Patrice, Doct Jenison said Mr. MKenzie your Boy must die, there is no help for him. Oh there was weeping there was not a dry face in the house. We did all that was posable to be done, for the poor distresst boy. We kept him alive for six or seven

days after his tongue came out, by applying a pipe or tube down his throat and poring quell and rice broth down into his stomach. This was attended with grate danger to the poor boy of strangulation by the food going down the wrong way. This happened several times and we thought he was gone. He signed to us that he wanted to die. He could not continue to live in this way and after a few days, we gathered around the bed. Holding hands, he turned his eyes toward heaven, we embraced and kissed him and after a few moments he expired. (There is a long description of the grieving and sorrow in the house. And then Charles talks about his sister. C.Y.M.)

I had a sister but she was no company for me but a sorrow for the whole family. She had a fit of sickness when about two and a half years old and this threw her into fits of which soon deprived her of her senses and when six or seven years old, she became so mischievous that My Father had to confine her in a separate room from the family, she continued until sixteen years old, when she became consumptive and died. Then I was the only child Left of my Dear Mother, and the only Son at that time.

This starts a very dark period for Charles. He feels very alone and his father also needs him to be a right hand man for him. Charles wants to continue with his education and attends Perkins Academy – boarding in So. Woodstock, but after three weeks, returns home declaring that he was too homesick and too sad to attend to his lesions. He now enters a period of religious fervor. And then he turns eighteen. C.Y.M. To be continued...