

Life on Tilton Hill,
Pittsfield, N. H.

Written by Porter C. True, and typed by Mrs. May
(*Muchmore*) Emerson. Mr. True was an uncle of
Lyman D. Muchmore, father of Mrs. Emerson. (Mr.
True was born in 1824 and Mr. Muchmore in 1850.)

six feet in diameter. Here they had reposed in solemn silence nearly twenty years and were apparently as sound as when they were ruthlessly prostrated by the never-to-be forgotten "*September Gale*." We climbed over some of the trees and crawled under others until we reached the clearing on the opposite side.

The reader will perhaps ask why these trees were not sawed up into logs and hawled off and converted into lumber. It was because there were no railroads to convey them away. There were a few saw mills and such as there were, were rigged the old style up and down saw that could cut out no more than two thousand a day, and logs could be obtained in great abundance on the immediate vicinity of the mill. In after years father and Uncle Oliver sawed and hawled many of the logs into the wood yard, and converted them into shingles and fuel. One of the logs, nine feet in length, required four yoke of oxen to hawl it up the hill. They were sawed with a cross-cut saw, riveted with a frow and shaved by hand.

Another tornado brushed along close to Tilton Hill in 1880. It came from the west and went off to the east, a mile or more north of the track of the "*September Gale*" and spent itself near "*Blue Job*" mountains in Strafford. It did no damage on the Hill but was very destructive in Gilmanton and Barnstead.

Probably the most notable tornado that ever visited New Hampshire was that which swept over Kearsarge Mountain the ninth of September, 1821. As a branch of our family was among the victims of that awful calamity, I deem it not inappropriate to copy the account of it from the "*New England Gazeteer*" published by John Haywood in 1837 at Concord, N. H., and written by Rev. John Woods.

Mr. Woods says: "The event occurred about half past five o'clock on Sunday morning, September 9, 1821. The wind, I suppose, was a proper whirlwind. A very intelligent woman in Warner who observed its progress at a distance of three miles, compared its appearance to a tin trumpet, the small end downward; also to a great trunk of an elephant let down out of heaven and moving majestically along. She remarked that its appearance and motion gave her a strong impression of life. When it had reached the easterly part of the town the lower end appeared to be taken up from the earth and bent around in a serpentine form and pass behind a block of clouds and disappeared. Its course was south-easterly.

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