

barn covered with the green ivy Thomas had set out, when a small boy. The sails hung limp waiting an east wind. The next day passed, still no wind and the next day dawned. "How we hurried: If we had only known we had so much time we would have done so and so. Even the children tired of this calm. Some small boats approached the ship and three boat loads of old friends climbed aboard. How cheered all were as these warm hearted friends were once more with them. But it was cut short by black clouds and a rising wind so they had to hurry back over the Bay more and more choppy. Anxiously the travelers watched the little boats rocking toward shore -- knowing three months at least must pass ere they could hear of their arrival. The East wind at last: All was hurry on the ship. The anchor was lifted May 1, 1837. The last of the James Mackey's were on board the ship for America. There was good and bad weather, sea sickness and monotony in that six weeks voyage. The great glistening icebergs were beautiful in the sunshine, but so terrible when one thought of possibilities and the father told of six times as much under water. Then there were the spouting whales to watch for. "Will we see Indians?" Ask the sailors. Not dangerous ones in York State since the Black Hawk War nor many had ones only in the South. I'm not afraid of these storms where chairs and tables tumble around, so let your Mother read the Bible to you."

June 12-- land ahead. No Goddess of Liberty with torch in hand welcomed our travelers. But land was a welcome sight to their eyes. Not the serrated sky line of present New York but the battery and long low wharfs and ships of many lands riding at anchor. There was not an Indian in sight when they finally smiled on land again. How chilling the breezes were and how pale the sunshine. In the course of time in that unhurried day they were again on the--this time in a packet boat on the Erie Canal and soon to meet the boys down in York State, even Thomas now five years gone and quite changed from the slender lad of 17 who had left them to join his brothers in York State. Very still and very sleepy it seemed after the spring wind lashed the Atlantic. They saw a great deal of heavy timbered land, arduous to clear. The farmers and their oxen and much wood--the only fuel since there was no peat or coal in the United States then in use. Then another boat at Buffalo for Euclid, Ohio, that queer log town. This time

they were met by an old neighbor and his ox-cart six miles from his house. It was a welcome for them all. ^{How} ~~How~~ good this seemed. Now father would look about for a location. All agreed that this surely would be simple enough.

Van Buren was now president and blamed for all the misfortunes of the country and the people were quite disheartened by the continued bank failures. The Indians, while recently overcome in the Black Hawk War, were sullen. They were told their lands had been sold. This meant little to them. Always the lands had belonged to the strongest. Of course the white men gave them money and fire-water. When both were gone they wanted their lands again. The Seminole War was going on.

There was good prospects of a Lake Port at Euclid but poor farm land. "Why, this land wouldn't raise white beans." Did the people know of better land? "Yes, down the Cuyahoga Valley on the Canal. There the farmers cleared land and gardens and orchards had been set by the Indians but were now held by the white settlers." The hills in spring were pink and white with peach and apple blooms and looked like the garden of the Lord. There was a settlement bigger than Euclid called - Boston - 30 years old. Their block house has been a refuge before Perry's Victory.

So thither, Grandfather Mackey went and through some ancestor of the present Men of Vision called healtors with his gold, he bought and stocked a farm and returned to Euclid for his family. With pity in his heart for his friend stranded on the barren waste, now known as the City of Cleveland. So the last leg of their long journey was up the Ohio Canal to the Lock at Boston. Here was a large town than that on the Lake with grain mills, saw mills, docks, ship yards, even department stores. So on July 25, 1837 they came to the end of their journey. The wheat fields (one reason for choosing it) of the hill farm that remained in the Mackey family 90 years, and was sold recently by the Alexander Mackey heirs. They found good neighbors, one family still being neighbors, the Stanfords, who had come 30 years earlier.

It was Portage County and Richfield, Boston and Northfield were all one township. In 1837 the only Revolutionary Soldier in Boston Township died at the age of 104, Henry Brown. This year there was much excitement over the Counterfeiters but with the
BROWN.

capture of William Ashley, the debonair Colonel, so called, it came to an end until some years later Jim Brown's Gang operated up and down the Valley.

In 1840 Summit County was organized and three townships separated as they now stand. At that time there were 845 people in Boston Township. In the next 40 years it only increased to 1225.

In 1840, in the United States there were only 17 million increased from the 1830 Census of 11 million which means an increase of 6 million in 10 years. The Mackey's on their place found many Indian relics and a mound. Builders mound was excavated in the barn construction and pipes, altars and many arrow heads were found.

The winter of '37 and '38 was remarkable for its severe cold. From the house on the hill the swinging lanterns of the many canals ^{water} could be seen at almost any time at night during the open season and the shouts of the drivers could be heard.

In the village of Boston, there flourished one business shunned by these new comers-- the liquor business-- and many the the noisy fights it made around the Locks. So we find them anchored in a home of their own to which their wandering sons returned from time to time. John Mackey, 6 feet 4, in his stocking foot had been in central New York where Thomas Mackey and a McMaster had joined him earlier. Alexander, who was the farmer in the Irish home, and William came with the family to Boston.

A church was soon found at what is now Northfield. It was a Presbyterian Church and to it the leather bound Testament and Psalms were regularly carried and where Mackey's are still, after 90 years workers.

At this home the beloved youngest daughter, the little sister Isabella died from the effects of a fall. The older girls were married here. Eliza to Robert Phillips of Pittsburgh. Their engagement had been made in Ireland. On horseback, seated on her feather bed the bride rode beside her husband to the new home in Neville Island, now part of Pittsburgh and owned by the Steel Companies. It was acquired during the war but for many years it had been a garden in the center of Pittsburgh where Robert and Eliza brought up their family - John, William, Charles, Robert and Annie.

Here Mary and David Kennedy were married and moved to Richfield, where there

family of Alexander, James and Eliza were Reared.

From this home the beloved Mother died of dysentary and was laid beside the Daughter in the Northfield cemetery. William Mackey lies in Arizona.

In material ways these pioneers wrought much good in their communities. The Mackey Brothers Alexander, James and Thomas owned and operated the one mower, one reaper and one horsepower themselves in the Township of Northfield. A crowd watched James cut a swath of hay across a Northfield hay field as their scythes rested. They also, rested the cross-cut saw as the horse power drag saw cut the fire wood. In the Clan were carrenters, joiners, machinists, boatmen, engineers as well as farmers.

John set up distillery machinery as far West as St. Louis. Thomas did carpenter work as far west as Chicago, acquiring land where that City now stands, but ague and home sickness led him to abandon it. David Kennedy worked at the joiner and carpenter trade and saw Monroe and heard him when he made his speech in St. Louis, The farthest west any President had ever been when he said, "Ceasar crossed the Rubican and I have crossed the Mississippi." James Mackey was for a time an engineer on a Muskingum River boat and took two boats of his own to New Orleans selling boat and cargo there and returning by River, Railroad and Canal.

There have always been church workers, and Sunday School workers and different teachers, a dentist, various office and two or three lawyers.

The promis of the Lord has truly been verified. "Thou shalt dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

May, we the survivors, all share the Blessings promised by God "to them that love me and keep my comandments."

NAME.	DESCRIPTION.	ACRES.	
			100
Butler John	10 No	250	
Chambrier Sarah G	11 St of Rd E of Ferguson	97	
Chambrier Peared	10 J	36	17
Cureau Ramcy	" NW S E of Rd	38	
Ferguson James	11 St of Rd NW pt	125	
Jenkins Walter	" St of Rd	50	
Lampford Albert	" E of W ch	50	
same	10 E of W W of Canal	50	
same	11 E of M ² Turn less RR	31	
same	11 E of Hawkeice St of Rd less RR	152	
M ² Turn Sarah	11 NW cor	6	24
same	10 Eless R.R. 1 2 nd E	140	63
Mackey James	8 Whale	50	
same	9 Whale	50	
Trust Eleanor	11 St Richfield State Rd	34	
Point Nathaniel	" No	83	4
Richardson William W.	" Post-Canal to Rd	150	
same	" St of Smith E of Canal	6	
Stewart Alexander	" School lot	23	90
same	" NW Pt Rd & Canal	50	
Winn Lydia A.	" SW W of Rd	150	

EVERETT
 BOSTON TOWNSHIP
 LOTS 10 AND 11
 TAX ASSESSORS MAP
 1880
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