

Memoir of Capt. John Rogers.

Born 1746

Died Sept. 19, 1832.

In the year 1898, I, John D. Rogers, of Olympia, Washington, received from Capt. Andrew Curtis, of Portland, Maine, a great-grandson of the subject of this memoir, an extract from the "Log book" of my great grandfather, Capt. John Rogers, of Topsham, Maine, sent him by Capt. Chas. F. Hardie, of 4901 Camp St., New Orleans, La., in whose possession the log book now is. This extract is very interesting being almost like scripture in the brevity of its statements.

Capt. Hardie, who is also a great grandson of Capt. John Rogers, attaches the following note to the extract from the log book herewith given:

"The above was in a log book in my possession and I suppose his last command is the Sch. Hannah, which I find by log book, Feb. 1, 1789 to 1791; then I find him in the Brig Dolphin, Oct. 3rd, 1792 to May 1793; then I find he was master of the Brig Thetis, Feb. 27th 1794 to Dec. 1794; then he got command of the Dolphin, 28th of Feb., 1795 until 29th of August, 1796, his last voyage being from Charleston, S. C., towards Boston. In another log book I find that he had charge of Sloop Industry from April 1787 until April 20th, 1788." Chas. F. Hardie.

EXTRACT FROM LOG BOOK.

I, John Rogers, was born in Georgetown, Maine, on the 20th day of June, 1746, in Capt. John Parker's house, my father being obliged to take shelter there in the Garrison, for fear of the Indians. Capt. Parker never having had a child I was called after him; he being my uncle by marriage I was intended to be one of his heirs. When I was about two years old I had the misfortune of losing my mother in child-bed, the child dying also. I was a sickly child for several years.

Two years after my mother died my father married again and had three children, two of which died in their infancy. I lived with my father until his death; I was then sixteen years old. I lived with my stepmother almost one year after my father's death; then I set out for myself. I went and hired with a

brother-in-law and lived with him until I was nineteen years old. I, being jealous that he thought me obligated to him, took to the sea two years. I then came home and built one-eighth part of a schooner. (At my coming home I contracted an acquaintance with a young woman and courted her to be my wife.) After the vessel was completed I went to sea again in my own employ, a brother of mine being master. I sailed with my brother two years, but as brothers do not always agree the best, I left him and went in a sloop one summer, before the mast, as they call the station. The latter part of the season I was put in master of her, which was the first preferment that I got, and I was sent to the West Indies. After my return I married the young woman of whom I spoke. My first child I had was a son whom I called after myself.

(Note by John R. Rogers:) (This son, John Rogers, who was my grandfather, in after years became himself a ship master. I remember him well.)

Now the cares of the world began to be considerable. To home I was a stranger before, not having a home to take my wife to. I still followed the sea for a living; this year, which was 1772, I thought I must get a home of my own, and quitting the vessel I had command of, I went and bought fifty acres of land upon credit, expecting to get the money from a friend who had promised it to me without my request, but as money comes from them who engrosses like their heart's blood, I was disappointed.

(Note by John R. Rogers:) (The land here spoken of forms part of the old Rogers homestead in Topsham, Maine, now in the possession of Thomas Rogers, a grandson of the subject of this memoir.)

My spirits being high and my creditor dunning, I was put to hard thinking. In the meantime my wife bore me another son, which I called William, after my father. My family, being now enlarged I got another berth on board a brig. I, being frolicsome and having companions of the same disposition, in my foolishness in firing off a musket the gun split and tore my left hand all to pieces. This was a heavy pullback, I having a wife and two children and nothing but her hands and mine to support. I was under the doctor's hands for two months with my hand, before it was healed. I then had sharp looking out, winter coming on and no money in stock; I embraced every opportunity to make a shilling, but by the blessing of God I came out all right with one hand and a piece of another to lay up stores for the winter. The next spring I went mate of the brig that I met my misfortune in, and made a quick voyage. I, thinking I was too hardly dealt by, left the employ and stayed on shore with my wife that fall and winter, and the next spring, 1775, I got the command of a sloop, which gave a chance to support my little family. I coasted some and went to the West Indies and had a good voyage for the owners. The war coming on it was dangerous going to sea, I stayed on shore, my wife bearing me another child, a daughter. I called her June. (Jane?)

(Note by John R. Rogers.) There is what seems a well authenticated story afloat among the kinfolk of an adventure which befell Capt. Rogers on a return trip from the West Indies. According to this, being in merchant service and unarmed he was boarded by the pirate Morgan, a desperate buccaneer. Expecting nothing but instant death and the loss of all, he beckoned to Morgan, who at the head of some twenty of his cut-throats came on board armed to the teeth. Capt. Rogers making the Free Mason's sign of distress,

Morgan followed him into the little cabin below. There the Pirate acknowledged "The mystic tie" and coming up ordered his men back to their ship, saying: "Back with you, this poor fellow has nothing of value aboard.")

By this time I had something to think of how to maintain five in a family. Now came on the war between England and America, which made times far from easy for persons rich or poor. I took my little family and by good husbandry I maintained them, but being in debt for some part payment of my land, I was sharp driven to pay debts and support my family. I followed my farming business for two years but could not raise money to defray charges or pay debts. I thought I would try a voyage to sea in a cruising ship, so I entered as prize master on board a Twenty Gun Ship, the Cumberland.

(Note by John R. Rogers.) The truth is, Capt. Rogers became "A Privateersman." He has little to say of the matter but it is known that his gains in warfare made upon the enemies commerce during the Revolutionary War paid his debts and left him "comfortably situated."

Before I sailed I sold as much of my shares as paid my debts. I then went to sea cheerfully, knowing my family was provided with provisions. I made six months on my cruise. I had the small pox and fever, which almost deprived me of ever seeing my family again, but I got home the 1st of May, 1778, where I found one more in family that I saw when I went away, viz: wife had borne me another son, whom I called Alexander \* . I made something handsome on my cruise, which helped me to a comfortable living. I now thought I would not try the sea until the times were more peaceable. I took to my farming again. In 1781 my wife bore another daughter, whom I called Diana.

(Note by John R. Rogers. :) This daughter Diana, as stated in the copy I have, it seems to me should be written down Dinah, for that is my impression. I knew her well in my youth as "Aunt Houghton." She lived in Brunswick. (Topsham Vital Records say Dinah. E. M. Woodward.)

I now having five small children to support obliged me to hurry myself, but by the blessing of God, my family did not want for the comforts of life, as my farm was now under good cultivation. In the year 1785 my wife bore me another son, whom I called Hugh.

(Note by John R. Rogers :) Great Uncle Hugh Rogers, father of Thomas who still lives, I also remember well. In my youth he was very old and inclined to talk of "The old times." I remember he was much pleased at the interest I took in his recital of "The early days." Capt. Hardie is descended from Hugh Rogers, his father also a sea captain having married a daughter of Hugh's. She dying, he afterward married her sister. The elder Capt. H. I remember quite well.

This year I got command of a new sloop and spent that season in coasting. The next year, the owners not putting the vessel into any business of profit, I left her and went two voyages as mate. Then I got command of a large sloop and followed the West Indies trade for two years and had the smiling of Providence upon my endeavors, but not liking the vessel, I gave up the command of her to the owners. Soon after I got the command of a new schooner which I now continue in.

JOHN ROGERS.

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See p. 186, of Wheeler's Hist.	John Rogers, a member of Committee of Correspondence and Safety, 1781.
See p. 871, " " "	John Rogers, land owner about 1768.
See p. 850, " " "	" "

Eva M. Woodward.