

Ogden Centennial
Pioneer Reminiscences

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Mary A. Kneeland

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Ogden Centennial Pioneer Reminiscences

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INTRODUCTORY.

MRS. A. E. N. RICH :

At your request, I have prepared a brief statement of the steps which led to the celebration of the Centennial of the settlement of the Town of Ogden.

Early in the summer of 1892 a few of the older citizens began talking about when their fathers first came to Ogden ; who lived on this farm and who settled on another farm ; and who was the first preacher, or teacher, one hundred years ago.

These talks became more and more frequent while the descendants of the old pioneers and early settlers became more and more interested, and many were soon suggesting, "Why not have a great centennial meeting, celebrating the arrival of the first white man in the town, and the beginning of the settlement in the town, the first week in August?" Then came the question, "Who shall call a meeting of the people of the Town and set the ball a-rolling?"

After suggesting the matter to several of the older citizens who declined to take any responsibility in the project, some one suggested that Ogden Grange be requested to call a public meeting and undertake to arrange for the great town centennial meeting for the first week in August. H. H. Goff was asked to present the subject to the Grange, and at the first meeting of the Grange thereafter the matter was presented and discussed by the Grange, and it was agreed to call a public meeting, at which H. H. Goff was made chairman, and H. Arthur Nichols secretary of a general committee to make the call and introduce the subject when the meeting should convene.

The meeting called was well attended, and several descendants of the "old families" and "settlers," now citizens of other towns, or cities, attended the meeting with us, and expressed great interest in the success of the centennial. By a unanimous vote it was agreed to go forward with our best endeavors to secure a successful centennial meeting. Several plans were suggested and submitted to make the meeting not only one of great interest, but to be long remembered, and especially to the children or descendants of pioneers and early settlers. A plan was finally adopted to appoint a general committee of descendants of pioneers and early settlers, and then from this general committee appoint such special committees as would be decided necessary at subsequent meetings to prosecute the work of arrangements. It was decided that each member of the committee should endeavor to procure a sketch of the early life of their ancestors in the Town of Ogden ; where

they emigrated from, and where located here in town ; and also such other facts and incidents as would interest our people, and which would finally be a pleasing and accurate history of the settlement and growth of this town, as far as these sketches went, to be presented and read at the meeting.

At subsequent meetings committees on programme, music and refreshments, also location, arrangement of the grounds, tents, collection and exhibition of relics were appointed. Every one of these committees proved very efficient, enthusiastic and thoroughly interested in making the centennial a great success in all its features, and the general satisfaction expressed by both visitors and citizens who attended attested very emphatically as to its gratifying success.

Yours truly,
H. H. GOFF.

A BIG CELEBRATION HELD IN SPENCERPORT

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE TOWN OF OGDEN

SPENCERPORT, N. Y., AUGUST 7, 1902.

To-day, the day set apart for the great centennial celebration of the settlement of the town of Ogden, proved to be one of the finest of days for such an occasion. With the weather so propitious, there was nothing lacking to make the long looked for exercises a grand success, and the occasion was a source of enjoyment and instruction to the young as well as old.

The scene of the celebration was in this village and the exercises were held on the lawn of the Congregational Church and on the grounds of the Union School directly opposite. The preparations for this great day have been under way for the past six months and the tasks of the special committees have been heavy, but now they can all be congratulated on the success of their efforts, and can rest assured that their work has been well done.

On the grounds of the Union School a large platform was erected to accommodate the speakers and distinguished old residents and guests, and this platform was beautifully decorated with grains, grasses and other products of the field, whole sheaves of wheat and oats being used in the decorations, and also with an abundant display of red, white and blue bunting, making a charming effect. Hanging in a very conspicuous place over the platform was a beautiful portrait of the kind old face of George W. Willey, the man who felled the first tree in the town of Ogden in 1802. In front of this platform were arranged many tiers of seats to accommodate the listeners. On the Congregational Church lawn a large tent had been erected to be used for general reception purposes, and the tables of the more aged participants. Directly in front of this tent, a smaller marquee was erected for the preparation of hot coffee and tea, which was supplied to the visitors. Another small tent was for the sale of lemonade, ice cream, peanuts and candy by the ladies of the church.

The people began to arrive in the village quite early, both by train and by carriage, and by 10 o'clock, the time set for beginning the morning's programme, quite a large concourse of people had assembled. There was some delay, however, in beginning the programme, and those who had arrived early had a good opportunity to go down town and view the many very interesting relics which had been collected, and were on exhibition in the Codrington block.

There were many old deeds, wills and other documents, among which were to be noted the first assessment roll of the township of Northampton, as that region was then called, dated 1804; a deed signed by William Ogden, after whom the town was named, dating back to 1817; the appointment of Captain John Brigham, dated May, 1818, and signed by DeWitt Clinton, and many others. There were old ox yokes, pewter dishes dating back to the eighteenth century, old flint lock guns and pistols, an old drum carried by the father of H. H. Brown in the War of 1812, an old beer mug used in the inn of Mrs. Milton Brigham's great-grandfather in Massachusetts, and countless other articles.

Among the aforementioned relics were very many papers printed at an early date of which one of the oldest was the *Rochester Daily Advertiser*, dated Wednesday, October 25, 1826, Vol. I. No. 1.

After the conclusion of the forenoon's exercises the people gathered in family groups about the grounds to enjoy under the shade of the trees their basket lunch. The sight was a picturesque one and the enjoyment of the noon's repast was greatly increased by the stories, reminiscences and jokes of the old settlers which were greeted with loud laughter of the assembled guests.

The exercises of the day were opened by a selection of the Spencerport Cornet Band, which brought the people to the seats in front of the platform, filling them immediately, many being obliged to stand throughout the exercises. H. H. Brown, chairman of the Programme Committee, made the following opening remarks:

Friends: We have gathered here to-day to pay tribute to the memory of our fathers and forefathers, who endured the bitter hardships of early pioneer life, wending their way from New England through forest and rocky glen, often hewing their road through heavy timbers, fording rivers and creeks with their ox and horse teams, and caravan wagons, freighted with all that was dear to them on earth of property and kin, searching for a new home in the fertile forests of the then far west.

One hundred years ago they broke the bonds of the wild forest, snuffed the breath of the tiger and panther, bursting into being a new civilization.

To-day we honor their judgment in casting anchor in this beautiful region, now one vast park filled with many happy and prosperous homes.

To-day we honor their sterling characters, upright manhood and true integrity of purpose, which have been handed down to the present generation so that the fertile soil of our township is only excelled by the good quality of her citizenship.

To you, our visiting guests, who are allied to this town through ties of tender memories that take you back to the early days of childhood, we welcome you to-day as a one with us. Let us together make this "Twentieth Century

Centennial Celebration" a day long to be remembered and fill it to the brim with all good things.

Our fields are covered with rich grain and prolific vegetables; fruits are abundant upon tree and vine.

The air is filled with the perfume of home-grown flowers which decorate our platform.

HENRY H. BROWN.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. A. E. Johnson, the pastor of the First Congregational Church, which was followed by "Coronation," sung by a chorus of fifty voices.

OGDEN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND NOW.

One hundred years ago! One hundred years!
Ah! Friends, go back with me for a brief space—
Turn back the hands upon the dial-plate
Of Time a Century!

And behold the spot whereon we stand, then
A dense forest, vocal with the songs of
Birds, and redolent with the perfume of
Wild-wood blossoms, mingling with the music
Of the rippling rills, a wild Acadia
Of bloom and beauty.

Hark! Now the sturdy stroke of woodman's axe
Rings sharply out upon the ambient air;
The feathered songsters hush their notes of joy,
The partridge for the nonce its weird tattoo,
The quadrupeds, affrighted, seek their lairs,
Filled with unutterable forebodings.

All their wondrous world, sweet magic world,
Is changed! Changed, and forever in one "we
Sma' hour!" Changed, and forever to all
Sentient life! Saw, hammer, nails, etc.
In quick succession follow in the wake.

The blows fall thick and fast, and soon we see
The blue smoke creeping like a thing of life
Above the emerald tree tops here and there,
And lo! the rude log cabins greet our gaze
On every side. Life, real life, begun.

Anon, the wilderness blooms as the rose:
Prosperity awaits the toiler's hand,
And Nature in her royalty of right
Stamps on his brow the insignia of truth;
Crowns honest labor in whatever field,
In Art, or Science, Husbandry, or trade,
In mechanism of whatever kind,
A nobleman unto God's manor born—
A princely prince and kingliest of kings.

The first log cabin reared in this fair town
Was by Geo. W. Willy, in the fall

Of eighteen hundred two upon the site
Now owned and occupied by Mrs. Fargo.
First only by a few short fleeting hours—
The self-same day and by the same brave crew,
A house was raised for Mr. Dillingham.
But that few hours for Willey won the prize
Offered by Wadsworth to the first to build
In the new township. It was simply this:
Of wheat six bushels, one barrel of pork,
And one of whisky, which was freely shared
With all; yea! that they lose no time going
Round the barrel, it was tapped at either
End, and little drink remained when the last
Log was fitted into place.
When the first giant tree fell with whirl
And crash among its kindred trees in the
Dense forest, not one white man was near to
Cheer the brave, bold woodman for his deed, and
So, like poor blind Tom, Geo. W. Willey cheered
Himself, and made the forest ring, as round
And round he swung his well-worn hat and shouted
In the exuberance of joy.
Four Colby brothers, sturdy, stalwart men,
Came simultaneously with Willey here;
Undaunted by the hideous howl of
Wolves and panthers, and the stealthy tread
Of bears stealing a march upon them at
All times, and the dread rattlesnake oft-times
Coiled up among the brakes ready to spring
And strike his deadly fangs into the flesh
Of man or beast or any living thing,
Perchance to find a lodging in their beds,
Or in some cozy cradle with a babe,
To freeze life's crimson current in its flow,
And curdle the heart's blood of bravest men.
Yet, to be dreaded almost equally
With the ferocious beasts roaming at will,
Was the malaria that ever lurks
In all new settlements and finds its prey
Among the strongest, bravest of the clan
As readily as 'mong the weaker ones;
Shaking the roses from fair woman's cheek,
And leaving furrows on the woodman's brow.

George Willey seemed a man of destiny ;
The first to build, the first to make a grave ;
The first to solemnize the marriage vows.
He built his house in eighteen hundred two.
In eighteen hundred three buried his wife.
In eighteen hundred four wed Mrs. Brown.
The first religious meeting, too, was held
Beneath his roof, in eighteen hundred five,
Conducted by the Rev. Daniel Brown.
But Rev. Ebenezer Everett
Was the first settled pastor of the town.
Unto the Colbs is the honor due
Of placing in this wild, weird wilderness
The first sweet human blossoms, boy and girl.
In eighteen three John M. Colby and cousin
Bessie came to grace the Ogden wilds.
Once on a time the poet Tupper wrote
(And let us hope in this case 'twas o'ertrue)
"A babe in the house is a well spring of joy."
Surely this must have been a source of joy,
For miles and miles around a sweet glad care,
For which the daily prayers of all went up,
To ministering angels and to God.
Perhaps I should have mentioned first the fact
That out and in among the new blazed trees
Two doctors wound at times their devious ways,
Well armed with lancets, quinine, and blue pills.
Dr. John Webster, so saith history,
Was one, and Dr. Gibbon Jewet was
The other. Each were alopahists of the old school,
And yet they vanquished not, by pill or skill,
That ever-dreaded scourge, fever and ague !
We hope none in their graves are shaking still !
The first framed house and barn were builded by
Benajah Willey, and by him and William Banning
The first orchard set, the spring of eighteen four.
Long seemed the years before the luscious fruit
Regaled their palates, bringing health and cheer.
Happily in the same year Miss Esther Clarke
First taught the young ideas how to shoot,
And very many of them hit the mark,
As after enterprise and progress showed,
And the old oft-repeated maxim proved,

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."
 Swiftly the spirit of progression moved,
 And Charles Church opened up a dry goods store,
 (Rochester being yet in embryo
 Or yet unthought of), which made life sweeter,
 For when one sorely needs a spool of thread,
 Pins, needles, or mayhap a baby gown,
 To think of three weeks' journey with ox team,
 Would make us hump these days of lightning speed.
 But such was life one hundred years ago;
 And foremost in the ranks of "push and pull,"
 Real go-ahead, sticktoativeness,
 In this great utilitarian age, was
 William H. Spencer. He, in eighteen five,
 Builided a saw mill, and with an ox team
 Brought the machinery and iron works
 Over a road of "corduroy," through woods,
 And over marsh, from old Connecticut,
 A two-months' journey at the very best.
 Thus was made possible for the "gude" wife
 To have some pantry shelves and rough-board floors.
 How little know we of the present day
 How much of all that's good, and great and grand,
 How much of hardships, courage, bravery, care,
 Self-sacrifice, endurance, sorrow, want,
 Is summed up in that one word, *Pioneer*.
 William H. Spencer was the founder, too,
 Of this fair village, with its churches, schools,
 Its thrifty, enterprising boys and girls,
 (For all are boys and girls, though some grown grey),
 This village here which proudly bears his name,
 Our Spencerport!!
 Could those who made it possible
 For this great gathering here to-day,
 Enjoying to the full manifold blessings,
 Rise up before us with their armor on,
 (Full-panoplied as in those by-gone days,
 When warring with wild beasts and wilder men),
 Made visible unto our sensuous sight,
 Would we not in deep admiration bow?
 Yea, kiss the very hems of their rude garments
 As the deep sense of obligation swept
 Across our inner conscience?

May we not be, as was the Christ of old,
Surrounded by a cloud of witnesses?
The town of Ogden did not boast a paper
Published here until the year of eighteen
Eighty-three. Frank Cole was then its founder.
Yet, even before the paper had its birth,
The Grange was born. In eighteen seventy-four
The Ogden Grange No. One hundred 'leven
Came and came to stay! The institution
Then was in its infancy. But time has
Given it strength and force of character,
Until the Patrons of Husbandry are
Now a power for good throughout the land.
"Long may it wave!!"
Yes, *vive la vive* the farmers of the world!!
We should have mentioned as far back as
Eighteen twenty-five that "Clinton's Ditch," now
The far-famed canal, reached its completion,
Adding much to the then much-needed source
Of transportation, bringing into our midst
Some grand old families, who settled here,
Giving new strength and courage to our cause,
Helping to swell the tide of population.
Though not a thing of beauty, yet it proved
To be a source of joy to all new comers:
Then railroads had not crossed our boundaries,
But now we whiz through space sometimes a mile
A minute,
And send the news by lightning on the wires,
Talk with our friends in distant cities
As readily as by our own hearth-stones;
Yea, hold communion with the Orient,
Nor deem it witchcraft: "Such is life" to-day.

We've been casting a retrospective glance,
Looking backward one hundred years,
To find a wilderness dense and dark,
And a few brave pioneers.
We have wound up the occult phonograph,
We have listened, and not in vain,
For the voices of the mighty past
And to Nature's glad refrain.

We have heard the ring of the woodman's ax,
The crash of the falling oak ;
Seen these forest kings rolled into piles,
Go up in flame and smoke.

We have heard the howl of the prowling wolf,
Yea, the stealthy panther's tread ;
We have seen the flash of the fowler's gun,
Seen the savage beasts lie dead.

We have heard the song of sweet content.
In the rude log huts of yore ;
We have seen the babe and the rattlesnake
Asleep by the open door.

We have heard the peans of praise go up
From temples of living green ;
No mere lip service, but hearts and souls
Poured forth in each fervent hymn.

These forest voices are singing yet
Through nature's various phones,
But, through evolution, somewhat changed
To mellower, sweeter tones.

Yes ; changed the tones and changed the scenes
In progression's steady march ;
Still, the bitter is mingled with the sweet,
The ivy entwines the arch.

One hundred years ! 'Tis a long way back ;
Yet we scarcely realize
The wondrous growth of this thrifty town
'Neath its hundred summers' skies.

How much we owe to these pioneers,
Men, women of brain and brawn ;
Their struggles with hardships we never knew
Through sunshine, through tempest, storm.

And while they worked in their little world
With pluck and patience and skill,
With the energy of true Yankees born,
To do and dare with a will.

The outside world with a whiz and whir
Was spinning swift round and round,
The wizard Edison laying wires
Both over and under the ground.

The nineteenth century now passed
Was the grandest ever known ;
To-day we are reaping the golden fruit
By our brave ancestors sown.
The scientific discoveries,
The inventions of the age,
The seemingly unthinkable ;
And yet the seer and sage
Predict for the twentieth century
Far greater and better things.
Mayhap we may not be surprised
If we yet have gilt-edged wings.
Or levitate safely o'er land and sea
By some new electric scheme ;
Far stranger things even than this
May prove no idler's dream.
Electro-magnetic induction may,
Unfolded, perfected, mean
Interplanetary communion soon,
Worlds upon worlds between.
No new strange thing need appall us now,
Since wireless telegraphy
Has been accomplished, even Marconi
May yet solve all mystery.
Even life's source is being fathomed,
Death disarmed of victory,
Wild, weird, wonderful achievements
In this twentieth century.
May we not read the signs prophetic
Since the X-ray has pierced the veil
Of flesh which hides the deathless spirit ;
And we now stand within the pale
Of modern science, and may enter
If we will the psychic field,
Where by subtle thought transference
Soul is unto soul revealed.
Mental telepathy is proven ;
Thought is photographed ; what more ?
Wait and see, time will reveal it,
Wisdom direct, science explore ;
Press onward, upward, evermore.

—MRS. A. E. N. RICH.

G. T. Davis, of Bergen, the grandson of George W. Willey, the first settler of the town and the man who not only felled the first tree, but likewise built the first log cabin in the town, made brief but most interesting remarks on the life of his pioneer grandfather.

Mr. Davis was followed by H. H. Brown, who read an interesting sketch of the life of this first pioneer to settle in the town of Ogden, and around whose name there is so much centers to-day. Then followed interesting sketches of many other pioneers read by their descendants.

GEORGE WARREN WILLEY.

The first pioneer of the town of Ogden was George Warren Willey, he with his ax on his shoulder and pack on his back walked from East Haddam, Conn., and crossed the Genesee river at Avon, then northerly by what is now the Scottsville to Ogden Center, where he located and made his mark by cutting down two trees, then stepped on the butt of one, swung his hat and gave three hearty cheers, which must have sounded strangely in those solitudes, as there was no settlers nearer than six or eight miles. He then walked to Geneseo and told Mr. Wadsworth where he had located, procured a man to help cut the timber to erect a log house. After they were prepared they went in different directions to invite men to the raising. They were obliged to go as far as Braddock's bay, Hanford's landing, Scottsville and Hanover settlement to obtain help. There were about twenty persons, Mr. Wadsworth being one of them. In his tour of invitation, Mr. Willey got lost, remaining in the woods all night, and did not get back until the building was partly raised. History says that there was a premium to the person who built the first house in town—six bushels of wheat, a barrel of pork and a barrel of whisky. I think that they must have had a good time, as they remained all night, not even letting Mr. Wadsworth get any sleep, and kept up the back woods enjoyment. After this Mr. Willey attempted to make some improvement, but was taken sick and went to Geneseo and partly recovered. He then went home to Connecticut, moving out the year following with his family. Among the first purchasers of real estate in town are the names of Benajah Willey, father of George W. Willey, Abraham Colby, John Gould, John Webster, Sally Worthington, Benjamin Freeman, Daniel Spencer and Mr. Snow. The first religious meeting was held at George W. Willey's house in 1805. Rev. Mitchel Jinks officiated. The first settled minister was Rev. Ebenezer Everett. The first school in town was kept by a sister of G. W. Willey, who became the wife of Col. Brown. The first born in town was John Colby. The first death was the wife of George W. Willey, aged thirty-five years, and was the first buried in the town in the old cemetery.

At a pioneer meeting in Rochester, Mr. Willey was awarded the medal as the oldest resident pioneer in the year 1849. I would like to know who has it now.

George Warren Willey was born at Ludlow, Mass., Nov. 2, 1767. He was married in Millington, May 11, 1788, to Deidamia Cowderly, who died in Ogden April 2, 1804, aged thirty-five. His second wife was Clarissa, daughter of James Lubruit Davis Newcomb, of Lebanon, Conn. In 1823 he was appointed agent for the Ogden and Murray estates. He died in 1852, aged eighty-five years. He was the son of Benajah and Ann (Fuller) Willey. Benajah was born about 1748. He settled in Ludlow, Mass., where he was the first town clerk in 1774, and afterward selectman and assessor. He built the first frame house and barn in Ogden, where he died in 1820. He was the son of Benajah and Rachel (Dutton) Willey. This Benajah's birth is not recorded. His wife was born November 6, 1727, and baptised at East Haddam, Conn., Jan. 26, 1728. He died before February 4, 1752, leaving an estate of 2,119 pounds, 19 shillings, 11d. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Harvey) Willey. John was born Feb. 24, 1674, at New London, and married in Oct., 1698 at East Haddam, Conn. His wife was born in 1680. He was described as Sergt. John Willey in 1750. He died in 1754. He was the son of John and Miriam (Moore) Willey. This John was born about 1648, and married March 18, 1668. He was the son of Isaac and Joanna Willey, who were probably founders of the family in America. It is thought his father's name might have been Allen Willey. Isaac is recorded as living in Boston as early as 1640, removing to Charleston, Mass., before 1644. He immigrated with John Winthrop, Jr., to New London, Conn., and died about 1685. It is not known from what part of the old country the Willeys came. There is a rumor that it was from Wales, that one of the ancestors married a daughter of Charles II., of England.

GEORGE T. DAVIS.

HISTORY OF DR. JOHN WEBSTER AND FAMILY.

Dr. John Webster, who is remembered as one of the pioneers of Ogden, was born in 1780. He came from Berkshire County in 1802 and settled on the farm now owned by his heirs.

He was a soldier in the War of 1812, and in town affairs was especially prominent in all worthy objects; his character was above reproach.

He was the first physician in the town, and often had the sick brought to his house where he had rooms arranged for their accommodation, not even refusing to attend small-pox cases in his own home. His wife, Susan B. Allen, was born in the same year as her husband. They settled in the town early in the century and the family became identified with the local history of the locality.

Mr. Webster practiced medicine in Ogden until his death in 1838. His wife died in 1842. Their children were Stephen, Asa, Jeremiah, Sylvester, Alvin, John, William, Hiram and Susan. Four of the sons settled on good farms in Niagara County where they lived until their deaths. Dr. Hiram Webster located in Michigan and was a practicing physician until his death in 1899. Stephen settled on the farm adjoining the homestead on the west, where he remained until his death in 1870, leaving his wife Betsey, daughter of Benjamin Freeman. Their children were Arvilla and Annette, wives of Philetus Webster, Huldah, wife of Phineas P. Lincoln, and Freeman Benjamin, the only son.

Alvin, son of Dr. John Webster, was born April 2nd, 1810, and remained on the homestead until his death, Jan. 25th, 1890, a period of nearly eighty years. He was one of the most substantial farmers of the town, but in childhood was deprived of many luxuries of the present day. The writer has heard him relate how his brother and himself were without shoes, and when attending school in winter they would get large chips from the wood pile, heat them and run to school; when they arrived there, they would use the warm chips as "foot-heaters." Mr. Webster was one of Ogden's active men and although originally a Democrat, he became in later years a strong anti-slavery advocate and zealous Republican. The principal station of the famous "Underground Railroad" was at his house.

Mr. Webster was one of the founders of the Methodist Protestant Church of Ogden, and a leading member. He married first, Lucy A. Woodward, and their one child died in its infancy. His second wife was Cornelia, daughter of Simon and Prudence Bailey, and their children were Lucy A., who married Dr. William S. Millener; Charles A. and Judson H. of Rochester.

CHARLES C. WEBSTER.

BENJAMIN FREEMAN.

Benjamin Freeman was born in Lee, Mass., Jan. 21st, 1775. Sept. 10th, 1799, he was united in marriage to Roxy Snow of the same place. He was one of the earliest settlers of the town of Ogden, being one of eight who purchased land in 1802, buying one hundred acres at two dollars per acre, west of Spencerport, on what was known as Nichols street. George Stetner now owns the east half of the farm. In 1804, he with his wife and little daughter Parmelia removed to their new home in the wilderness. July 19, 1805, another daughter, Betsey, was born to them. She afterwards became the wife of Stephen Webster, who was born in 1801, and died in 1870, and was the oldest son of Dr. John Webster. So far as we can ascertain she was the second female child born in the town of Ogden, and lived to the good old age of eighty-six years. In 1808 a third daughter Roxey, was born. She became the wife of Percival Foote, and removed to the then far west, settling in Wisconsin. April 27, 1817, death entered the household, claiming for his own, the beloved wife and mother. In 1818 was a notable year for weddings. Aug. 2, Parmelia, the seventeen year old daughter, became the wife of Harry Humphrey, of Bloomfield. His second wife was Lydia Percival, of Lenox, Mass. I have no record of her death, nor of his third marriage to Mrs. Rhoda Baldwin. In 1812 he was among the number to shoulder his musket in defence of his home. I regret exceedingly not being able to relate some of the interesting and exciting adventures through which he passed at that time and also during his early pioneer experience, but those who knew of them have passed away and left nothing to us but an indistinct memory. I know the woods were infested by wild animals, for I remember hearing my grandmother tell of she and her sister being chased by a panther, and of the depredations of bears.

At the first election in the town of Parma, he was elected one of the town officers. In 1817, when another division was made, he became the first collector of the town of Ogden. He seems to have always been one of the first in church organization. In the first society of the M. E. Church, organized at Webster's Basin in 1811, we find amongst a class of six, the names of Benjamin and Rhoda Freeman. When the Ogden Center Church was organized, he was one of its few members, and remained with them for about forty years. About three years before his death, he transferred his membership to the Congregational Church at Spencerport. Christmas morning of 1853, when he had almost reached the age of seventy-nine, he was called up higher. He had thirteen grandchildren, four granddaughters, and two grandsons, are still living; Mrs. Philetus Webster, of Parma, being the only one in this section.

The others being in Wisconsin and Iowa. Forty-five great grandchildren, twenty-five now living; nineteen in Wisconsin and Iowa, one in Texas, Curtis Peck, of West Bloomfield, C. P. Lincoln, of Rochester, A. F. Webster, of Ogden, George T. Webster and Mrs. Henry Davis, of Parma. Great, great grandchildren, forty-seven; forty-one now living; thirty-six in Wisconsin and Iowa, three in Bloomfield, Leon P. Davis and Edith P. Webster, of Parma. Of great-great-great-grandchildren, one, in Iowa.

MRS. HENRY DAVIS.

SOME INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE OGDEN WOODS.

Thomas Gridley came to America from the County of Essex, England, in 1632, and settled in Hartford, Conn. In 1639, his two sons became landholders in Farmington. My father, Stephen Gridley, a direct descendent of Thomas Gridley, was born in Farmington, May 10, 1784, and was one of the early settlers of the town of Ogden. When a young man he came to Westmoreland, Oneida, and in the fall of 1810, he came to Ogden, then called Fairfield. The town then was all woods, the roads laid out by marked trees. He chose and took the article for a lot of 160 acres of land in the south part of the town. He engaged a man to build him a log cabin, then returned to Westmoreland. On December 16, 1810 he married Miss Sarah Kirtland, of Laybrook, Conn., born January 25, 1788. In February, 1811, they moved to Ogden. Her father came to help them, as the journey was slow and tedious, for they came with an ox team, and the roads led often through woods by marked trees. They came by Avon, there being no bridge over the river at Rochester. They found no cabin on their arrival, but soon had one built. Then commenced the hardships and privations of pioneer life in the woods, of which my parents had full experience. There was hard work in clearing the land for cultivation, and food was often scarce and hard to obtain. My mother told me of cooking sorrel for pies. But when fever and ague and other sickness took hold of them, then came hardships; and when health returned prospects brightened. During the years of the War of 1812 with England, the settlers lived in great fear of the Indians, and when news came that some had landed at the mouth of the river, the men all started to meet them. While they were away, Mrs. Trowbridge with a child came three miles on horseback to have my mother, who also had a child, get on the horse with her, to flee from the Indians, but before they were ready to start, word came that it was a false alarm. From that time the woods was quiet. Once my father saw some hunters in pursuit of a bear, and took his gun and joined them. They returned without the bear. On his farm he shot a catamount and two deer. I well remember seeing the deer, also a porcupine that he caught. For market, father would get up at 12 o'clock at night, yoke up his oxen, and start for Rochester, going a great part of the way by marked trees, returning about the same hour the next night. In the year of 1818, my father built the first frame house in that vicinity, being a carpenter and joiner by trade. He did all of the work himself; and that home with his family he occupied while he lived. And there, five of their children, one son and four daughters, grew

up to manhood and womanhood. They married as follows: Katharine E., to Henry Flagg; Sarah M., to John R. Garretsee; William K., to Helthy A. Day; Ann Eliza, to Stephen Wheeler, and Julia A., unmarried. At the Old Homestead, on December 16, 1860, my parents, with children and grandchildren around them, celebrated their golden wedding. Stephen Gridley died June 30, 1861, aged 77 years. In politics, a Whig, then Republican. He never cared for, or held, public office, but always took much interest in the politics of the day. William K. Gridley died in the year 1868. Sarah K. Gridley died in the year 1870, aged 82 years. Two of the daughters, Mrs. Flagg and Mrs. Garretsee, died in 1891. Two daughters are now living, Mrs. Ann Eliza Wheeler, of Rochester, and Miss Julia A. Gridley, aged 82 years, of Rochester, the writer of this sketch. There are over forty descendants of my parents now living, and not one to bear the name of Gridley down to future generations.

OGDEN, Aug. 7, 1902.

JULIA A. GRIDLEY.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

I have been solicited to contribute to the anniversary celebration of what I can remember, but will be more of what I have heard from my parents.

David Rice, my father, was born December 3, 1793, in Sharon, Schoharie County, N. Y. Married Annie Gates, daughter of Oliver and Mollie Gates, born July 19, 1791, in East Haddam, Conn. All moved to the "far west," to Genesee County—not in cars propelled by steam power, but in sleighs by ox power, which gave them time to see the new country and get good fresh air. I think it was in 1812. David Rice, my father, was called to serve at Lewiston to guard the frontier, as it was then called. He went as Drum Major. We have the old drum, or the skeleton of it, and keep it as a relic; but the music has all been beaten out of it.

My grandfather, Oliver Gates, first secured and settled on the farm where Ira D. Harroun now lives, and my father took a county claim, a heavily timbered lot where Mr. Rann now lives, but stopped with his father Gates until the war was over, and the terror of the Indians had passed.

I will try and relate briefly just one instance of what I heard my mother and grandmother tell of one night's fright, when a messenger came on horseback, in great haste, saying there was either a tribe or a band of Indians, that had started from Niagara and was going through to the Genesee River on a trail, that would bring them through here before morning, and they must protect and defend themselves as best they could, as the men were all gone to Lewiston, that were able to do duty.

What few families there were, congregated together, all in one house, and barricaded as well as they could and then watched, prayed and listened for the war whoop until morning, when news came that they had gone through on the Buffalo road—a very happy go by for the settlers.

Although neighbors were from one to three and four miles distant, yet were very neighborly and friendly in sickness, for which we can truly say, that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," and will be so to the end of time.

My father then moved on his own claim, where he had cut down trees and cleared land enough to put up a log house and make a little garden for a starter. As it was no easy matter to get to a saw mill he was obliged to split logs and put them down for floors and use the adz for a jack plane; and to cover the roof of the house, he rived out what was called shakes, made the same as shingles only larger and coarser, about two and a half feet long, six inches wide and nearly half an inch thick, as I remember them. There was also another "shake," which some may recognize as a shake of the ague. I also remember the outside door being hung on wooden hinges; also the wooden catch and latch, and the leather string attached to it and pulled through a hole in the door to raise the latch. Hence the old adage, "the latch string was always out for their friends."

I must speak of their novel cistern. It was a large trough made from a log with the inside dug and scooped out. I should think it might hold ten barrels of water. The home-made splint broom, the one used at that time, did very good service, as all things compared. I remember very well living in the log house with its large fireplace and heavy back log; also the stick chimney, mudded to prevent it from burning; also the cross-pole to hang the trammels or chains on, with hooks for kettles to hang over the fire; the big dutch oven beside the fire-place, where they could bake a half dozen loaves of Indian bread and a dozen pumpkin pies, a kettle or crock of baked beans with jowles or pig's chops to season them. Pumpkin sauce, too, was very much used in place of apples, as it takes time to prepare the grounds for raising fruit trees and waiting for fruit to grow. I will just mention one thing of which some of the younger ones may never have heard, such as burning corn cobs to ashes and using them in place of saleratus. (Doesn't that go to prove that "necessity is the mother of invention"?) It really did have to take the place of it, and gave a good rich golden color to short cake, too. I heard of my father saying that he never had short cake taste as good as it did when it was made with cob ashes for shortening and baked in a spider and turned up to the fire to bake the top. It was a good joke on him for many years after. Neither can I forget the bake kettle that had to be set on the coals, and the iron-rimmed cover to hold the coals to bake the top; also the tin baker when that first came in use; it was so convenient to just set it before a blazing fire to bake. It was equal to our oil or gasoline stoves in present use. How they managed to cook in those days I don't know, as I was just the age to be kept out of the way taking care of younger ones, as there were seven of us (about the usual number for a new country), whose names are as follows: John I. Rice, Mary Rice-Earl, Dr. Austin Rice-Dentest, Phileta E. Rice-Cole, Sally A. Rice-Gill, Martin O. Rice, Annis H. Rice-Stewart. All born in Ogden, Monroe County, N. Y. That means hard work, which none can know but those that lived there at that time.

The first school I attended, taught by Miss Wynans, was about one mile from our home and fully half way through the woods where was situated at Bissels Corner, a log school house with a large fire place, which took up nearly one end of the house, except a little entry-way at the entrance where we could leave our dinner pails, mantles, hoods, or sunbonnets, as the weather required.

Wood was drawn there in sled lengths, and the larger boys were obliged to use their dinner hours in chopping and splitting wood for warming the schoolroom. The schoolroom was furnished with movable wooden benches which stood on legs, and no doubt movable children to keep on them.

Capital punishment was in order then: either the ruler or the gad, as they used to call it, was freely used. It seemed a part of the discipline. I am glad the teachers now are not obliged, nor allowed, to take the place of slave masters in our schools, to teach children how to become American citizens.

Also the first church I attended was the Ogden Center Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Sedgwick, the first minister that I remember anything about, and have always had great respect and reverence for him as a Godly minister. Our first physician was Dr. Cobb. Then a little later, at the age of twelve, I commenced my music lesson on the new-country piano. For fear some may not know what that instrument is, will say it was a spinning-wheel, which had to have daily practice to get the work, and music, out of it. Perseverance accomplishes small things as well as great ones, and as it was difficult for me to reach the high octaves on the big wheel my father had to shorten the legs of it. So that difficulty was overcome and many a solo accompanied it. The most I can remember about working in linen is seeing my mother and grandmother spinning on the little flax wheel, for home wear, and spinning their own thread and then coloring or bleaching as need required. I can just remember my mother making a homemade linen dress for me, and the neck and sleeves were bound with pink calico. I never have had a dress since, I thought so nice, or felt so proud of, as that very one. But very few could afford even a calico dress in those days. My father then put up another house beside his, which made a double log house, for my grandparents, who had signed a note with a friend and lost home, farm and all, as a reward for their kindness, and lived in my father's family the remainder of their days, a welcome addition. David Rice also built the house where Mr. Horace Rann now lives, I think in 1827, which always has a dear home look to me, and I always love to get in sight of it, as it always brings back so many dear familiar faces. Ought we not to render thanks to our Heavenly Father for his many mercies and blessings to us, and for his watchful care over us for so many years? during the transformation from the wilderness Genesee, to the beautiful country it now is, and also for the wealth that comes from the soil which God has provided for us, to bring forth so many kinds of grains for our use? The cereals for our morning meals seem almost indispensable, as they are the most common articles of daily food and within the reach of all, the poor as well as the rich, which may well be called the staff of life. Also the delicious and luscious fruits of so many varieties, and each in its season, like manna from above, all for our special benefit; and the vegetables of so many kinds, qualities and varieties, all call for thanks, as they are just what we need, and are in daily use for health, wealth, economy, and convenience, including cabbage in abundance. Neither can we pass the beautiful plants and lovely flowers, that we may decorate and brighten our homes.

Now who can help but say "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Hoping we may be as friendly and greet each other as cordially as did our forefathers when in the new Genesee County, who always were jolly and welcome wherever they met, it was always, "Mollie, hang the kettle on; Susan, make a fire, and we will all take tea."

MRS. C. S. COLE.

THE COLBY FAMILY.

OGDEN, N. Y., Aug. 7th, 1902.

On the west bank of the Merrimac river, in the old Granite State, there lies the small town of Salisbury, where, one hundred years ago, lived a family named Ephriam Colby, who traced his ancestry back to one Anthony Colby, who came from England in the year 1630, and located in that town about 1639. This family consisted of a wife, Mary Eastman, and seven sons and one daughter, named in the order of their birth, as follows: Ephriam, Zaccheus, Mary, Abraham, Isaac, Timothy, Eastman, and Merrill, he being at this time fifteen years of age.

On the fifth day of October, 1802, four of the said sons, namely, Ephriam, Abraham, Isaac, and Timothy, got together their small belongings and started from the old homestead with an ox team for what was then considered the far western country. After a long, slow, and tedious journey they arrived, near the last of October, at Canandaigua, where they found and consulted a map of the Phelps and Gorham purchase, in the Genesee country, west of the Genesee river. This tract being then owned by Wadsworth and Murray, they each articted a lot in the then North Hampton Township, County of Genesee, now the Town of Ogden, Monroe County. They settled as follows:

Ephriam, on Lots 80 and 93, now owned and occupied by J. C. Ross and Alexander G. Colby. Abraham, on Lot 68, now owned by Charles Kincaid, on which he built a small log house, near the middle of the lot, on the Colby road, and on the west bank of a creek, where, on the 24th day of May following (1803), was born to them a son, whom they named John Murray, and who was the first white child born in the Town of Ogden.

Isaac settled on Lot 67, now owned by William F. Ross, and Timothy on Lot 76, now belonging to the Fargo estate on Salmon creek. Two years later the father and mother, with the remaining three brothers, namely, Eastman, Zaccheus, and Merrill, came from the old home in New Hampshire in the same primitive fashion and located as follows: Eastman on Lot 64, now owned by the Leander Danforth estate. Merrill on Lot 78, now the William Arnold estate, opposite the Baptist Church. He shortly afterwards erected a frame building on the southeast corner of Colby and Washington streets, where he conducted a store for many years.

Zaccheus settled on the Ridge Road, in what is now the Town of Greece, he being a physician, and practiced his profession successfully for years, as well as conducting the farm and nursery on which he settled. Some years after, on the organization of the State Militia, about 1810, Eastman Colby was elected Colonel, and commanded a regiment at general training with great

ability and general satisfaction to all. On his journey here he was injured by a severe cut by an ax while clearing away an obstruction to the road by a tree which had fallen across it, from which, however, he in time entirely recovered.

On the 8th day of October, 1803, there was born to Ephriam Colby a daughter, whom they named Betsy, she being the first white female child born in this town. She afterwards married John A. Fincher, and died in this town in 1872.

Abraham Colby was the first Town Clerk of North Hampton, and continued in that position until and after 1824, during the time that this town was known as Fairfield and Parma successively, which covers a time of more than twenty years, many records being in the hands of the narrator in his handwriting and signed by him as Town Clerk. He also started the first nursery from apple seeds brought with him from New Hampshire.

This reminds the narrator of an incident connected with this nursery which his father, James Colby, the brother of John M. Colby, before mentioned, at many times related to him. In the course of a few years one of the trees, which had been transplanted from the nursery and set near the aforementioned log house, had a few blossoms which attracted the wondering attention of the two boys, as it was explained to them what a wonderful fruit the apple was. They continued to keep a diligent watch from the time of the blossoming, and subsequently when two small apples appeared and gradually grew during the whole season until the cold weather came in the fall, at which time their father carefully picked them and placed them in a small cupboard near the fire-place in the log house, where they were told that they would ripen, at which time they would be allowed to share in the great fruit. They were occasionally allowed to look at and even smell of the precious fruit, but not to handle. Oh! that *smell* set them nearly crazy; they could hardly wait for the happy time to come; but then, as ever the human family was and is, always subject to disappointment and grief. It seems that there had come from the East a family who had settled a short distance from Mr. Colby (whose name need not be mentioned), and one day as the two boys and their mother were in the old log house they heard a knock at the door, and on opening it they saw a woman of the aforesaid family, who immediately upon entering turned up her nose and commenced to sniff, saying, " 'Peers to me I smell apples," at the same time, to the horror of the boys, she approached the cupboard, and on opening the door, she saw and took the two apples, seated herself in a chair, and deliberately ate them both, not even giving the others the core. The feelings of the boys as well as the mother can better be imagined than described. It is needless to say that she died shortly after, and left no descendent to be heard from at this meeting.

The daughter Mary, before mentioned, of Ephriam Colby, married a man by the name of Judah Church, and settled in Pontiac, Michigan, where she lived many years and died, leaving a large family of children.

The surviving descendants of Abraham Colby on this, the centennial celebration of the organization of the Town of Ogden, present to you this the history of the Colby pioneers. In the archives of the town are the records of duty well done and the faithful service of Abraham Colby and his brothers.

The historical records narrated are taken from the diary of Abraham Colby, kept on his journey from New Hampshire in 1802.

They have all gone to another and better world. They blazed the way, with others, in the early days of privation and hardship, but their works follow them.

JUDGE WILLIAM B. BROWN.

Judge William B. Brown was born at Lime, Conn., 1784. He came to this town in 1803, and located on the hill just south of Spencerport, where Mr. H. H. Goff now resides, this being his home at the time of his death. His first house was constructed a few years later of hewn timbers and plank for a frame work, which were put together with wood pins.

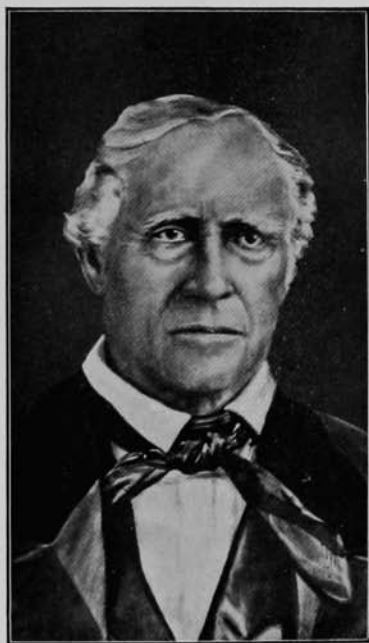
He was a son of Elder Daniel Brown, a Baptist clergyman who came to this town in 1807. Daniel Brown was a revolutionary soldier (a document now on exhibition in the relic tent shows that he was a private). He preached the first sermon in town, religious services first being held at private houses. A few years later he located in the town of Pittsford, but spent his last days in this town, where he died April 4, 1842. He was grandfather of Mrs. Maria Brooks and William Brown, now deceased, who were children of Judge Brown by his first wife, Rachel Willey, a daughter of Benajah Willey, she being credited with teaching the first school in town. She died in 1848.

William Brown was born in 1807, on the hill where Mr. Goff now lives. He spent most of his life on the farm now owned by Mr. James Campion, until he sold the farm and moved into the village, where he died July 12, 1891, being 84 years old. He was deeply interested in town affairs. Held the office of Justice of the Peace, Supervisor, and other town offices.

In 1863 he was elected Assemblyman from this district. He was the prime mover in the purchase of the beautiful granite soldiers monument erected in Fairfield cemetery. It was through his generosity that the purchase was made possible. At his death he left bequests to Fairfield Cemetery Association, Presbyterian Church at Ogden Center, Methodist and Congregational Churches of Spencerport.

Judge Brown married for his second wife Sarah V. Toan, who is with us to-day, aged 81. By this marriage there were two children, Lydia (wife of George M. Cole), and Henry H. Brown. Judge Brown was drafted into service of 1812 war, with his team and wagon, having gone to Rochester with a load of wheat. He was not permitted to return home. His wagon was loaded with salt. He traveled through on the Ridge Road to Lewiston with a company of soldiers, extra clothing being sent him to Parma Corners as he passed through. In 1812 he was made Colonel of New York Militia, having a uniformed company at home, which turned out for "General Training."

Some of the orders which he received from Brig. General James Sayres are now on exhibition in the relic tent. In 1824 he was appointed first County Judge of Monroe County by Governor Joseph L. Yates. This appointment is also on exhibition in the tent with his portrait, which shows him reading his



HON. WM. B. BROWN

Born 1784

Died April 4, 1842

"Temperance Paper," as he took very firm views on this subject, the increased use of liquor in town being very distasteful to him. He was elected Member of Assembly in 1831, taking his seat in 1832. He also filled many town offices of minor importance, as the records show. In his religious belief he was a Baptist. We are told that he was very earnest in his work for his church. The first Baptist church in town was what is now our old Town House. He assisted in organizing and building the Baptist Church in the west part of the town. When it became strong and prosperous he went to Parma Corners and helped to organize and build the brick Baptist Church at that place, to which he contributed liberally of time and means. We thus find that he was active in all branches of life—Home, Church, State, and Nation.

To-day we pause and drop the silent tear, and rejoice in his memory. He died September 24, 1854, with typhoid fever, aged 70 years.

HENRY H. BROWN.

THE NICHOLS FAMILY.

The first ancestor of the present Nichols family, who came to the town of Ogden at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was Isaac Nichols, from the town of Beckett, Berkshire County, Mass. He drove through the wild intervening country in 1803, and after preparing a home, returned the following year to Massachusetts and brought back his wife and child, Charles K. Nichols, father of the late Lester S. Nichols. He settled on the farm where he died. Three families of the Nichols settled on the same road, which was named Nichols street.

Isaac Nichols died of yellow fever, September 7th, 1842, at 63 years of age. He was a drummer boy in the war of 1812, and went to the front during the excitement because of the British fleet on Lake Ontario. He was one of the volunteers who went to the mouth of the Genesee river at the time when the British were expected to land at that point. On the day when all was excitement because of the expected landing of the enemy, his wife and children were all dressed and ready, the oxen hitched to the cart, and everything in perfect readiness to flee further south out of danger should the British land. His son Charles, who was only 8 years old, was the youthful driver who was to hurry the oxcart and its precious load to a place of safety. The other boy, John, was only a babe and was kept wrapped in a blanket all day long, so that there would be no delay in getting the start of the enemy.

The British ship lay at anchor and it was momentarily expected that the red coats would come to shore. All was anxiety and suspense. The brave little band of American militia was hidden in the bushes at the mouth of the river to prevent the British troops from landing. When at last the vessel weighed anchor and started to sail out of the harbor, Uncle Ben Freeman arose from the bushes and said, with his characteristic bluntness: "By kire! they ain't goin' to get away without one shot." So out from the bushes he ran and shot off his old blunderbuss. No sooner did the woods echo with the sound of his noisy but scattering piece of hand artillery, than there came back an answering shot from the vessel, and he was glad to get under cover again.

Isaac Nichols' children consisted of two sons and three daughters. The youngest daughter, Polly, died at the age of 18, in 1831. The oldest daughter, Roxana Hess, went west in 1857 and died at Hudson, Mich., in 1875. The next of age was Charlotte Allen, who died in Sweden, this county, in 1858. His youngest son, John, died in Parma, this county, in 1857. His oldest son, Charles, died at Spencerport in 1894, at the age of 90 years.

The descendants now living are the children of Charles K. Nichols, three sons and one daughter, Hiram of Michigan, Kimball of Chicago, Warner of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Spencer Day of Riga, this county.

The daughter, Charlotte Allen, of Sweden, has four sons: John and Richard of Michigan, Samuel and Harvey of Brockport, this county.

The youngest son, John, has seven children, Mrs. S. E. Woodruff, Mrs. O. G. Vahue, John and Homer, all of Michigan; Frank of Adams Basin, Mrs. S. H. Luce of Spencerport, and Mrs. J. B. Cromwell of Rochester, who is next to the youngest of the present generation.

MRS. J. B. CROMWELL.

THE WEBSTER FAMILY.

Postmaster Frank N. Webster of this village then presented an historical sketch of the Webster family, who were also among the very early settlers and of which he is a notable descendant.

John Dearborn Webster was the son of Colonel John Webster, who was one of the most enterprising and influential men of his time in New Hampshire. He was one of the early settlers of Boscawen, and was in Salisbury as early as 1758. He received from the proprietors of Stewartstown in that year a grant of a tract of land, the consideration being that he should build at that time, as he did, a saw mill and grist mill on the outlet of Chance pond, now known as Webster's lake. He was a cousin of the famous lawyer, orator and statesman, Daniel Webster.

John D. was born May 11, 1782, and was the fifth of a family of eight children, and he inherited in a marked degree the distinguished characteristics of his New England ancestors. In the year 1805, at the age of 23 years, he married Sarah Young West, and immediately, with his young bride, started on their wedding journey with oxen and cart west, and settled on Colby street on a valuable piece of land of 150 acres, next neighbor to Abraham Colby, who had formerly been his neighbor in Salisbury, N. H. The farm is now owned and occupied by William G. Hawkins.

They immediately built a log cabin and commenced housekeeping. They ate their meals on pewter plates. In about the year 1814 the log house was destroyed by fire, with all its contents, except one pewter plate, which was saved. After the fire they built a frame house, which is part of the house which W. G. Hawkins lives in. In the year 1825 the brick house was built, the bricks being made by hand on the farm north of Adams Basin, now owned by the Zimmermans. It was the finest residence in this part of the country at this time. On this farm was born his family of four children, with whom is connected a peculiar historical circumstance. All the children were born in the same place, but in different towns. Persis E. was born when the place was known as New Fane; J. W. was born when the place bore the name of Fairfield; Clarrissa M. was born when the township was known as Parma, and Samuel N. was born after the town was given the name of Ogden. In the fall of the year John D., for seven years, would start out and walk to Salisbury, N. H., and back, and later did not think anything of walking to Canandaigua, and to Rochester and return. He always carried a large red bandanna, and on these occasions would come home with it filled full with all the good things he had bought. He was a very generous provider. In politics he was a Whig

and then a Republican ; and at the organization of the town of Ogden, January 27, 1817, he was elected assessor and also inspector of election.

Persis E. was one of the first white females born in the town, and married Medad P. Parker and settled on the farm east of Ogden Center, now owned by Joseph V. Rogers. John W., the oldest son, married Esther Arnold, and settled on Colby street, near the Baptist church. Clarissa M. married William Brown and settled on the farm south of the village now occupied by James Campion.

Samuel N. married Maria H. Gott and settled on the old homestead on Colby street.

The country was then a great wilderness, the wolf the most frequent visitor to the settlement ; and the sight of a strange white person the occasion for joy and festivity among those who had taken up their abode in the native forest.

What a panorama passed before this young couple. From a wilderness they saw their surroundings transferred to stately mansions, golden harvest-fields, and spacious highways. The sickle and axe of time had swept away the drudgery and hardship of their early lives, and in its place have followed education, culture, refinement and luxury. In their young married days religious services, outside of family worship, were held in barns and such places as the good people could get to shelter them from the wet and cold—a church edifice being then only a dream that might be fulfilled in the distant future.

Such were the hardships and privations of our early fathers. But who can say that in this rude and homely mode of life their cup of happiness was not as full to overflowing as those of their descendants now living in a more luxurious and progressive time.

F. N. WEBSTER.

SAMUEL FLAGG.

The pioneers of 1805 were few, one of them being Samuel Flagg, the oldest son of Dr. Samuel Flagg, and was born in the year 1783, in the town of Newstead, N. H. In the year 1805, being then a young man of twenty-two, he determined to make for himself a home in the west. Starting out to make the journey on "Shank's horses," as they were the only ones at his command. So with a hundred-weight pack on his back, he walked the entire distance to Ogden, stopping at John D. Webster's on Colby street, where he boarded for two years. Soon after getting to town he bought a farm across the street from Mr. Webster. Both farms are now owned by Mr. Hawkins.

In the spring of 1807 he returned to Newstead and married Mary Colcord, and brought her to their new home with an ox-team. Here they lived a long, useful life, loved and respected by all; together bearing the hardships of the new country and inconveniences of which we can hardly conceive. They reared a family of ten children, seven sons and three daughters. Four of the sons owned farms in this town and their children have homes here at the present time. These are: Lorenzo Flagg, son of Samuel Flagg; Mrs. Nellie Stone, daughter of Thomas Flagg; Mrs. John Stevens, daughter of James Flagg, and Stephen Flagg and Sarah Flagg-Smithson and daughter of Henry Flagg, who was born in 1810, and had the distinction of being the second male child born in the town.

He bought a farm near his father and in 1832 married Catharine Gridley, daughter of Stephen Gridley, another pioneer of the town, and they lived and died on the farm now owned by their son Stephen Gridley Flagg.

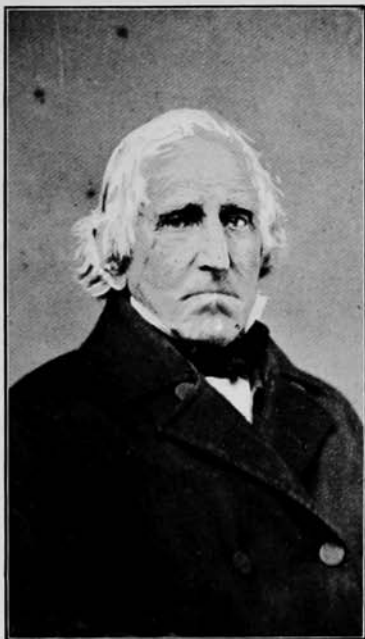
Mark! dear friends, how *short* the time
Since our ancestors *first* this new land tread,
And with *loving hearts* and brawny arms,
Toiled hard for the homes in which *we* now live.

(Oh, Time, roll on!
And ere another *centennial song* is sung,
We shall meet with those whose voices *ring*
In *love* and *praise* to Christ the King.

WILLIAM WEBSTER.

William Webster came to the town in 1806 from Berkshire County, Mass. A year later he returned there to get his wife and son, she coming all the way on horseback and forded the Genesee river. They settled on the place now owned by William Colby. Eight children were born to them, James S., Roxana, Marvin, Lorenzo, Eli, Henry, Horatio and Sarah. The latter is the only one now living. He died in 1862. Sarah Snow, his wife died January 17, 1886, aged 92 years.

MRS. LEWIS ADAMS.



AUSTIN SPENCER

Born July 24, 1783

Died Jan. 6, 1868

THE AUSTIN SPENCER FAMILY.

A sketch of the Austin Spencer family was read by B. H. Goff, and was as follows :

Austin Spencer, the third son of Timothy and Sarah Arnold Spencer, was born in East Haddam, Conn., July 24, 1783. When a young man he came to Otsego county, N. Y., where he taught school, and where he married Polly Elwood (a sister of Isaac and Dr. Elwood, of Rochester) in the year 1808. In March of that year, immediately after his marriage, his brother Daniel having settled in Spencerport, he hired a man and team to bring himself, wife and household goods here, where he purchased and cleared for a home the farm where he resided till a short time before his death, and which is now owned by his nephew, Joseph Spencer.

He had five children, Laura Henrietta, Nelson Elwood, Emily Louise, Riley Austin and Catharine Melissa. Two of these are now living, Mrs. Catharine M. Carle, of East Troy, Wis., and Mrs. Emily L. Jones, of this village. He was not only a farmer but a land surveyor, and a teacher in the district schools of the town. He was also prominent in public life, having served this town as supervisor a number of terms, and justice of the peace for sixteen years. He was one of the founders of the Ogden Center Presbyterian Church, and remained in its communion till the wants of the people demanded a church at Spencerport, when he at once actively engaged in the work which resulted in the organization of the First Congregational Church of this village. He remained a leading member of this church and was a deacon at time of his death, which occurred January 8, 1868, in the 85th year of his age.

CARTER EVANS.

Carter Evans was born in the state of Vermont, September 5, 1791 and with his parents, three brothers and one sister, traveling on foot and with ox-teams, reached New York state 1809. Bought a tract of land in what is now called town of Ogden, Monroe County, eight miles west of the city of Rochester, then a wilderness, where he lived and died at the advanced age of 82. His only surviving relative is an adopted daughter Mrs. E. C. Emmons, aged nearly 85 years, who still lives on the old farm called the Carter Evans farm in District No. 6.

JOHN BRIGHAM.

This sketch of family history was prepared by Mrs. George Hiscock, the eldest daughter of John Brigham, in the year 1869, and the most of it is in her own words as she gave it to us.

"American pioneers are the world's most illustrious heroes." Few know what our first settlers have endured and achieved.

When the nineteenth century opened, Captain Stephen Brigham, formerly of New Hampshire, lived in the town of Vernon, Oneida County, N. Y. He was a farmer and father of eight children. Some of the older ones married and settled upon farms near home.

John, the fifth child in whom we are most interested, grew tired of working by the month and his thoughts turned to the West, the "Far West" it was then called, and he determined to try it for himself.

He was young and strong, standing six feet two inches in his boots, and shouldering a linen knapsack hung upon his ax, he started in the year 1812 on foot to seek his fortune. He walked all the way and when he came to Rochester he thought it the worst-looking place he ever saw. There were but few buildings of any kind, one tavern and one mill. The first bridge across the Genesee River had just been completed.

He spent the night here, and then went up the Ridge Road to Parma Corners where he spent the night. In the morning he went southeast through a wilderness to the farm of Windsor Trowbridge, an old acquaintance who had preceded him in a western adventure and was by them made most welcome. This farm is now the home of George Hedges. After looking about he concluded to take lot 197, now owned by Mrs. Black, lying on the east of Mr. Stephen Gridley, in the southeast part of the town of Ogden, then known as Parma, Genesee County. The price was four and one-half dollars per acre, but the agent said he looked as if he would make a good citizen so he should have it for four dollars per acre. It consisted of 100 acres of heavy timbered land and a sandy soil.

Here he commenced for himself by felling the trees of the forest on a little eminence where he thought in the future to erect a house. During this year he was called to the frontier so often he concluded to defer clearing his land until the difficulties caused by the War of 1812 were settled. When he had chopped about six acres of timber he thought best to go back to Oneida County, where he remained working for a farmer near his father's until the spring of 1815, when he returned on foot as before to work for a home. This summer he burned and cleared what he had cut, and sowed wheat. He also

cut more timber and put the body of a log house, and then returned to the old home for the last time to spend the winter.

In reviewing this part of the story we think there was a magnet which has proved equally strong in succeeding generations and which was connected with the little clearing and partly built log house, for we read that John Brigham was married to Susan Moore, January 25, 1816.

She was short in stature, with light complexion, curly auburn hair and black eyes. She was remarkably cheerful, always happy and persevering under difficulties. It was a great trial to her family that this beloved daughter and sister must go so far from home. Their lamentations never caused her to falter in the least, but she was always happy in anticipating her wilderness home in the West. In March all things being ready they bade adieu to friends and home.

Her brother Leonard Moore took his father's horses and lumber wagon and a few household goods and brought them out. They were nearly a week on the road when they arrived at Mr. Gridley's where they expected to stay until their house was completed. Years after, she used to tell her children the greatest dread she had was keeping house in the presence of Mrs. Gridley, who was so much older in the art than herself, for she was only nineteen. But this was obviated, for on their arrival they found a small log house near Mr. Gridley's that was vacant and this they gladly occupied.

They went next morning through the woods to see their wilderness farm. A damp heavy snow had fallen during the night causing the trees to droop beneath its weight. Her brother thought it the most desolate place he ever saw; and she thought it so fortunate the snow did not come while they were on their journey and said, "John, there is nothing to fear. We shall soon be here and then it will soon be home." And so it was.

When the weather was settled he prepared to finish the house. The first thing was to peel elm bark for a roof, and split planks for a floor, and split sticks for a chimney, which was laid up in mortar made of clay and straw. The chinks between the logs were stopped by putting in a stick, then plastering in with mortar.

Before this was completed a wind came up and blew off the roof of the house where they were living. Instead of putting it on, they left it and went to their own home where they stayed three days without door or window. Mr. Gridley made these as soon as he could, and they were the only boards the house contained for more than a year. After a time they had a "shake roof," boards for floors above and below and nice flat stone for hearth. The first hearth Mrs. Brigham made of clay which she dug and worked smooth and dried. She began with a little place to set her kettle on and added a little at a time until the entire hearth was completed. For two years he had no team but worked for Mr. Gridley for the use of his oxen. It was nearly seven years before he owned a pair of horses.

He chopped and cleared all the timber on his land himself but three acres. Their first crop of wheat proved a success. They with others that bought of it thought it kept them from nearly starving. He had to go ten miles to mill, often carrying his grist on his back. The corn was often pounded in the iron kettle with a hard wood pounder. They had one cow for which they paid thirty-two dollars; and he dug out little wooden troughs to set the milk in and made the pails with a draw-shave and jack-knife.

As soon as the stumps were sufficiently decayed a nice orchard, for those times, was set out and cattle, horses, sheep and swine were raised. In the year 1824 a frame barn was built to take the place of the log barn that had bars for doors.

Mr. and Mrs. Brigham lived in the log house thirteen years, where six children were born. Three were born afterward making eight all living among you and known by the majority of those present: Caroline (Mrs. Geo. W. Hiscock), Orville, John, Alonzo, Milton, Charles, Sarah, Mrs. Harvey Pratt and Harriet (Mrs. William Hart). Mr. Charles Brigham and Mrs. William Hart are the only ones living.

In the year 1829 a framed house was built, where in after years a neighborhood prayer meeting was held every Sunday evening. The labor on the farm and in the house was all done by the family.

The narrative says: "We not only did the housework, but spun the wool, made the cloth and then made the garments, coats, pants, vests, skirts, stockings, caps, neckties, dresses and all, and without the aid of machinery, as we have had since both on the farm and in sewing."

When the Temperance Reform was agitated in an early day, Mr. Brigham was one of its most firm and candid supporters. He was the only man who sent to school who went with the reform and his children were laughed at by some of the other scholars and called "little cold water, little cold water, let us shake them and hear the ice rattle." Mr. and Mrs. Brigham were members of the Presbyterian church at Ogden Center.

In the year 1833 they sold their farm for thirty-four dollars per acre, and bought the farm of 100 acres for twenty-five dollars per acre now owned by Mrs. Milton Brigham.

Mrs. Brigham died after a brief illness in February, 1848. From this loss Mr. Brigham never fully recovered. In July, 1863, at the age of 71 years he was called to his well-earned rest, survived by all his children but one, and twenty-one grand-children.

We love his memory; and his life and example so upright, so blameless, was the richest legacy that he could have left, of more value than coffers of gold or broad acres.

SKETCH BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

ARLINGTON, MASS., AUG. 1, 1902.

MR. HENRY H. BROWN, Chairman of Committee, etc.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter is a surprise to me. I may say a double surprise. First, that Ogden is entitled to a Centennial celebration before another decade; and second, that anyone there now remembers me as one of its "early inhabitants." I have always supposed that when my parents went from Central New York to the "Genesee Country" (as it was then called), they were among the first pioneers to make a home in those remote backwoods. That home was originally a mere hut, built of poles not too large for two men to roll up an easy incline and place one upon another—a process called "rolling up a house." This my father did with the help of another settler, who had gone into the wilderness a few weeks before; then—it was midwinter—he made a small clearing, and in the spring planted his first corn and potatoes. This was in 1812. There was then (as you will no doubt be reminded by other speakers at your festival), but one house where the city of Rochester now stands, and no bridge over the Genesee, my parents crossed the river on the ice, at its mouth; there was of course, no Spencerport, or Spencer's Basin, or simply "Basin," as it was called in my boyhood; no Erie canal, indeed to form a "Basin." The canal was still a dozen or more years in coming, and was talked of so long that the first settlers used to say that if they lived to see such a ditch cut through from Albany to Buffalo, and boats actually running, they would have lived long enough. The canal, curious to consider, is only about two years older than I am, having been completed in 1825. I have always understood that the settlement itself was only about fifteen or sixteen years old when I came into it, so that the idea of its "Centennial" coming around in this year of grace 1902, is to me a little startling.

It had hardly yet emerged from its backwoods condition, as I remember it in my boyhood. Stretches of the primeval forest hemmed us in, shutting out views of the lake, which was nowhere visible from any part of the town where I lived. Visiting the old home place after an absence of five and twenty years, I went out on the rolling pastures, where I had so often driven the cattle home on summer evenings in the days gone by, and looking off to the northward, beheld with a thrill of surprise blue Ontario, so tranquil and so fair, that the joy of the discovery brought with it a pang of regret that that glimpse of beauty couldn't have been there to gladden my barefoot boyhood.

Among the many things to which I look back with mingled pleasure and pain, was the old brick school house at the crossing of the roads, half a mile or less east of our old home. I remember the cracked walls kept from falling

asunder by iron rods passing completely through at a convenient height for boys to jump up to, or catch, and hang, and swing, and perform gymnastic feats, in the dingy old entry, at recess; the primitive benches and desks, on which juvenile jackknives had carved rude outlines of boats, tomahawks, gable-ends, and other such simple devices not too far beyond the scope of school-boy art; the great box stove on the brick platform in the center of the room, and groups of school-children huddled together around it on cold winter mornings; and the Master mending pens or hearing a lesson, tipped back in his chair, with his ruler ready to fling at the knuckles or knees of some mischievous pupil. "Fetch me that ruler, Delos!" Then thwack! thwack! on the outstretched palm. "Now take your seat and study your lesson! Grotesque methods of enforcing discipline were in vogue those days—"sitting on nothing!" "holding down a nail in the floor;" "standing with the arm outstretched, the hand holding a pile of books;" "licking jackets," when two boys who had quarreled were handed each a stout switch and made to fight out their feud like a pair of gladiators, in the presence of the amused master and the edified school. That ancient seat of learning has no doubt long since given place to a more modern structure and more modern methods of education. These unquestionably had their faults, but there is this to be said of them, that the pupil who had a mind for self-improvement could get a good common school education under the worst teachers, and that some of the teachers were far better than the system they represented.

With special satisfaction and life-long gratitude I remember the circulating library kept in a store at the Center, at the time when books began to be of inestimable value to me. It must have been a very small library indeed, but for me it held "infinite riches in a little room;" for there were the great Waverly novels, or the best of them; the Leather Stocking Tales of Cooper; Shakespeare, Byron, Plutarch, Hume, and the Spectator. History, poetry, romance—the wonder-realm of thought to at least one boy of twelve or fourteen! I dare not now attempt to say how much I owe to that small but well-chosen collection of books; how the common world was transformed for me and flooded with "the light that never was on sea or land," by the poets and romances that smiled on me from those obscure shelves. But for their influence the work I have since been trying to do, and have had such joy in doing, might never have had a beginning. It was surely a colony of enlightened and public-spirited settlers, who, as soon as food and shelter were secured, there in the heart of the wilderness, added to the rude life they carved out of it, life's inestimable ornament—literature. Ogden doubtless has a vastly more comprehensive and attractive library to-day; but the value of such an institution depends, after all, upon what we ourselves bring to it; and it is well to remember that the few books that nourish vitally the eager mind are better than richly furnished alcove amid which we browse languidly and loiter with indifference.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee, but for the distance and the irksomeness of a journey in midsummer, I should take pleasure in being with you at Ogdén's Centennial Festival, and meeting acquaintances old and new, face to face. As that cannot well be, I have the honor to send to you and my townspeople this cordial greeting.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

SAMUEL BRIGHAM.

My grandfather, Samuel Brigham, was born in Vermont April 17th, 1777; his wife, Sarah Adams, was born in Vermont Aug. 7th, 1780. They came to the town of Ogden in 1814, selecting for their home a farm about one-half mile south of the Town Pump, which farm is now occupied by his great-grandson, Riley Bangs.

This farm he lived on until his death, which came to him in his eighty-fourth year—a very profitable, happy life, surrounded by his children, Henry, Harriett, and Hiram; having given to each a farm adjoining his own.

Harriett married Dr. George Howard. They were the parents of seven children. One daughter survives.

Hiram was married to Permelia Richmond in 1836. Three daughters, which survive them, were the results of this marriage.

Henry Brigham was married to Philinda Morris in 1830. Although no children blessed this marriage yet in the course of time he cared and provided for nine. Year after year of their married life rolled by in quick succession, and in 1880 it was granted to them what so seldom is allotted to one, they lived to celebrate their Golden Wedding.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

“When morning hues are tinging all the East—
When life is young and rich—when hopes are glowing—
When care is sought and work is but a feast
For restless nature—how happy the unknowing—
That the rough paths our seniors now are treading
Must all be ours before the Golden Wedding.

When life is full and each hour hath its task—
When noon is ripening what the morn set growing—
When we first tire, and first begin to ask
For quiet rest, how happy is the knowing
That beckoning hands will soon engage in spreading
A feast of restful peace—the Golden Wedding.

When life is mellowed by the slanting sun,
When tree and hill are lengthening shadows throwing
The conflict o'er the victory well won—
Our rest assured—how happy is the knowing
That heaven its gentlest rays is ever shedding
On those who reach in love the Golden Wedding.

How doubly dear and rare, the calm, and rest,
Of those who reap not—all their goodly sowing
Who live in part, by seeing others blest,
Fed, clothed, and shielded—how happy is the knowing
That such things live and last even to the threading
Of golden gates, beyond the Golden Wedding.”

DAVID BANGS.

In a family of seven children of Scotch descent, David Bangs was the eldest—born in Vermont in the year 1810. When five years of age he came with his parents to this State and settled in the town of Sweden.

Arriving at manhood, he bought the farm adjoining his father's; this farm being one of the boundary farms of Ogden on the west.

In 1834 he was married to Sally Lane, whose home was in Vermont, but had come to reside with her uncle, Mr. James Hill, of Ogden. They were the parents of three children—Josiah L., William H., and Mary E. Josiah was married in 1860 to Martha Dewey, of Gates, and is living on the old homestead which was purchased by his father after the death of his grandfather. They are the parents of four children.

William was married to Hattie L. Brigham, of Ogden, in 1865. Four children was the result of this marriage. Mary is Mrs. William Strouts, of Elba, the mother of six children. David Bangs died at the age of seventy years and is survived by three children, fourteen grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren, and his wife, who is enjoying good health in her nintieth year.

“ Our father's God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united free,
And loyal to our land and thee ;
To thank thee for the era done,
And trust thee for the opening one.

Be with us while the new friends greet
The old friends thronging all our streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art and toil beneath the sun ;
And unto common good ordain
This friendship of the heart and brain.

For art and labor meet in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank thee ; but withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save—
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold !

Oh make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law :
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old.”

MRS. H. L. BANGS.

JOSHUA RICHMOND.

Joshua Richmond was born in Woodstock, Conn., July 1st, 1793, was the youngest of the twelve children of Edward and Elizabeth Richmond. He afterwards removed to Stamford, Vermont. His father sold his farm there and received in payment in Continental money, thereby losing his entire property. This necessitated a change; his family became scattered; his sons going west into the wilderness of western New York. He came to Riga, N. Y., in 1807, at the age of fourteen.

He served honorably in the war of 1812; was in the battle at Buffalo, and was present at its burning. In 1814 he volunteered to cross into Canada; was in the battle at Fort Erie under General Porter. Out of 40 of his company only 21 returned.

He settled in Ogden in 1815, endured many hardships of the early pioneer's life. Cleared his farm, built his house.

In building his first barn he gave a bushel of wheat for each pound of nails. At the age of 22 he married Abigail Sprague, May 16, 1816, who died April 14, 1828, leaving five small children. He then married Nancy Crissy, of Ogden, N. Y., who died July 24, 1854, leaving ten children. Later he married Nancy True, of Ogden, N. Y., who died Dec. 3, 1885. He was the father of 15 children, six of whom are living. Riley S., of Randolph, Wis.; Mrs. Clarissa Smith, Cambria, Wis.; Henry S., Portage City, Wis.; Mrs. E. H. Fay and Mrs. J. W. True, of Ogden, N. Y.; Mrs. Alice A. Knowlton, of Rochester, N. Y.

In politics he was a life-long Democrat. He was firm in his convictions, conscientious and liberal.

He died Dec. 13, 1868, at the age of 75 years; having lived in the town of Ogden, on one farm, 53 years; leaving his children well settled in life.

T. A. PERRY.

DAVID GILMAN, AN OGDEN PIONEER.

By his Granddaughter, Sarah Gilman Dusenbury.

David Gilman, the seventh in line from Edward Gilman, who emigrated from the county of Norfolk, England, in 1628, was born in Gilmanton, N. H., from whence his parents moved to Cabot, Vt., where he married Hannah Folsome, a woman whose worth is best described in the last chapter of Proverbs. By her he had eight children: Polly, Hannah, Lydia, Calvin, David, Luther, Sally, and Diana.

In the year 1816, he with his family emigrated to Ogden, N. Y. After a few years he removed to Allegany County where he continued to live. Several of his brothers, however, were for many years residents of the town. District No. 8, where they located was known for a time as Gilman Settlement.

My father, Calvin Gilman (son of David Gilman) was born in Cabot, Vt., on the 20th of August, 1802. He was fourteen years of age when his parents came to Ogden. In 1832 he married Maria Hill, eldest daughter of pioneer John Hill. Their family consisted of five children: James, Mary, Emily, Sarah, and Charlotte. The first twelve years of his married life was spent in Allegany County where he accumulated a considerable property, but his mind ever reverted to the county of Monroe and the town of Ogden as being the most desirable place in which to own land and to do business in general; for he was an enterprising man, keenly alive to the chances which offered for increasing his possessions, with faith in his ability to succeed—which faith was not at all misplaced.

There were no railroads for many years which came near enough to be of service to the farmers of Allegany, and there were no near markets for their cattle and herds, nor for their produce; consequently business was stagnant, and the people found it difficult to make a comfortable living. As soon, therefore, as opportunity offered, my father bought the Hill homestead in Ogden, increasing his land by the purchase of two hundred and twenty acres in the adjoining town of Riga.

He now began to deal in sheep, cattle, shingles and lumber, maple sugar and cheese, which he bought in the vicinity of his recent home. Every Fall the Ogden home became a veritable hotel for the men and teams which were employed to drive the stock and draw the merchandize purchased among the hills and vales of Allegany, sixty miles distant! What of all this imported

stuff he could not dispose of to his neighbors and in nearby markets, found ready sale in Rochester. Thus, for a quarter century he employed his energies to his own and others' profit.

His was a laborious life, full of hardships; but he possessed the strength and the courage requisite to meet and conquer difficulties. His physical strength was his best dower and he taxed it to the uttermost. To the day of their death the hearts of his children will swell at the thoughts of this forceful father who placed them beyond the reach of want, and who left to them what was better still—an example of perfect rectitude.

Always a man of few words, my father could wax eloquent in his denunciation of the institution of slavery. He procured and distributed much anti-slavery literature, and then, growing impatient at the apathy shown by certain of his neighbors in regard to the subject, he solicited Frederick Douglass to lecture in the place, afterwards entertaining him in his home. Years later the young man (Charles Morse) whom father reared from boyhood, shouldered his musket to fight, as he has since declared, for the belief which father implanted in his youthful mind—that all men should be free.

From being an Abolitionist, my father became, after the Civil War, a staunch Republican. He died in 1883 at the age of eighty-one years.

I cannot close this sketch without some further reference to my mother. She was the eldest daughter of pioneer John Hill, and was born in Danville, Vt., September 24th, 1802. Before she reached the age of ten years, she had professed her love for Christ and joined the ranks of His followers. Henceforth her face was set as a flint Zionward, and no storm of life, no opposing force of evil, no disappointments and no hardships, had power to cause one backward step on the march through "this to that."

Questionings and murmurings she never indulged in. Relying on the assurance which the Bible gives, that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord, she went forward with a brave spirit to meet whatever the future held in store for her. She lived, she loved, she labored, and she passed away. Her life was one of consecration—her love was sanctified, her labors were duties conscientiously performed, and her departure was a peaceful falling asleep to awake in the kingdom of God. "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her." With great earnestness did father, who had hitherto been silent, counsel his children, at the time of her death, to remember her religious instructions and to follow in her footsteps. At his own demise, which occurred seven years later, he assured his family that mother's faith was his faith—that her God was his God—and that in peace, believing, to Him he committed his spirit. Thus, setting the brightest star in mother's crown of rejoicing, did the Galileean conquer.

August 7, 1902.

THE TRUE FAMILY.

Among the earlier settlers in Ogden were the True's, from Plainfield, N. H., who settled here in 1816 and 1818. Elias True was the first one to come, Ezra and Levi following two years later. The latter two walking all the way from Saulsbury, N. H., having on their arrival here, twenty-five cents between them. But what they lacked in money they made up in energy. Years later, we hear of them clearing the land, burning off the timber, sowing to wheat, having the wheat ground into flour and then hauling the flour to Albany over roads which to-day would be considered impassible, surmounting obstacles with a force which the emergency demanded.

An incident illustrating their ability to overcome difficulties occurred this side of Albany, when, one cold day in the winter a long line of teams with their heavy loads of flour were met by a sleigh load of city gentry, who insisted on keeping half the road. A parley ensued which resulted in their deciding to remain where they were until the teamsters were willing to yield them the right of way. This was no new experience to the teamsters, and at a given signal from uncle Billy their sleigh with the gentry was gracefully lifted from its silent repose on the solid road-bed to a downy softness midway between the road and the fence. This obstruction being removed, they proceeded on their way. The strenuous life is to a marked degree characteristic of the men of that period.

One hundred and sixty years before the birth of these men, Henry True, of Hardsersfield, England, arrived at Salem, Mass., where he served as captain of Militia. His descendants emigrated to Plainfield, N. H., where, cradled among the granite hills they seemed to imbibe the very solidity of their surroundings, and coming here when young men, they infused life and energy into everything with which they came in contact.

Besides these already named who settled in town at this early day, were Moses, Ransom, Sherburne and Pettingill True. Moses many years ago owned a farm at Stoney Point, Ogden. After remaining there a few years, he removed to Genesee County and became an agent for the Wadsworth's, and secured for himself a home containing two hundred acres of the best wheat land in the Genesee Valley.

Ransom and Sherburne True were carpenters, and built many of the earlier homes in town.

At the death of his brother Ezra, Ramsom in 1871 purchased his farm near Town Pump, where he lived a retired life until his death in 1893. Levi True was one of the founders of the Christian Church, situated in the south-

western part of the town, and served as deacon until his death in 1872. Elias True held the office of Justice for many years. In a public way, Ezra True served as Captain of the Militia, School Commissioner, and Supervisor of the Town for several terms. They regarded public service as a sacred trust and discharged it with fidelity and honor. *Then* office sought men, and not men an office.

Worthy of mention were the two sisters, Betsey and Hannah True. The former married Levi Cram, and the latter James Pettingill, who settled in Ogden in 1810 and bought four hundred acres one-half mile north of Town Pump. Mrs. Pettingill was a charter member of the Baptist Church, which was then located at Ogden Center. The only descendants of her large family living in this part of the state is the family of Edwin J. Rollin, who is well known throughout the Town.

No better, braver, truer men and women, loyal to their country and to each other ever built homes for themselves and families out of a wilderness than did these early pioneers of the town of Ogden.

HISTORY OF THE ROSS FAMILY.

On June 2nd, 1816, there arrived on what is known as Colby street in the town of Ogden, several covered wagons containing three families and their household goods. They came from Salisbury, N. H., from whence came many of the pioneers of the town of Ogden, seeking a home in the then famous Genesee Country.

They were descendants of the Puritans. They stopped in the road and chatted a few minutes with some of the settlers, viz: William Webster, Abram Colby, Isaac Colby, Ephraim Colby, John D. Webster, and Samuel Flagg.

These families were Joseph True and wife, captain James Pettengill and family, and Stephen Ross and wife, and three small boys, George, James, and Bartlett. Mr. True was a brother of Mrs. Pettengill, and Mr. Pettengill was an uncle of Mrs. Ross. Mr. Ross and family stayed that night at Mr. Flagg's, wishing some place to live until he could locate. He got permission to live in a log school-house on Mr. Flagg's farm, west of his house and opposite a spring on the farm now owned by William Hawkins.

This school-house was built of logs so large that it was only three logs high.

He lived there a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. True did not live long. Captain Pettingill settled on the farm now owned by Mr. George True.

Mr. Ross article the farm at the Town Pump, known as the Sewell Scribner farm. What is known as the Town Pump was then called The Openings, as the timber was oak openings.

An incident of the Openings is this: Esquire G. W. Willey here had a vision prophetic of the railroad car. As he was returning from a business trip, on horseback, through the Openings about dusk, he saw an object moving through the trees having windows and lights, and people sitting therein.

The next year Mr. Ross' father, Johnathan Ross and wife and three sons and one daughter came from New Hampshire and settled at Shelby, Orleans County.

About a year or two after settling at the Openings, Mr. Merrill Colby built a tavern and store at Colby Corners, and Mr. Ross thinking that was going to be the business center, and being a cabinetmaker by trade, sold his betterments at the Openings to two brothers named Gilbert, and bought the farm on the northeast corner of Colby Corners, where George Ross lived so long. He there built a large shop, for those times, and manufactured about all of the furniture and coffins for the surrounding country, employing several workmen until 1836, when he, being a widower, married Mrs. Salinda Root, of Sweden, mother of Hon. F. P. Root. I have heard him say that when there was to be a wedding he would receive an order for a cherry table and bureau, a maple bedstead, five wooden chairs and one rocking chair, and a light stand.

In 1818 the Holland Purchase Baptist Association held a session in Sweden. Mrs. Stephen Ross, Mrs. James Pettingill and Mrs. Levi Bascom, who lived on the William Brown farm opposite Mr. Goff's, went on horseback to the Association to see if they could secure a Baptist minister to come and hold meetings in their settlement. They succeeded in securing Rev. Ely Stone, of Wheatland, who came and preached in school-houses, and from these meetings resulted the organization of the Baptist Church in 1819.

After the Baptist Church was built on land donated by Col. Eastman Colby in 1824 or 1825, the first pastor was Luke Colby, son of Dr. Zacheus Colby, and I think he was succeeded by Rev. Jira D. Cole, who built the house where the narrator resides, and in 1831 sold it to Abraham Colby.

When a boy the narrator remembers seeing often in Spencerport and Rochester an Indian civil engineer of the State Engineer's Department of the Erie canal, son of Chief Parker of the Indians on the Reservation in Genesee County. Chief Parker thought so much of Rev. Ely Stone that he named his son Ely Stone Parker.

JAMES C. ROSS.

PIONEER DAYS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN HILL.

John Hill, the son of Samuel and Abigail Huckens-Hill, was born in Danville, Vermont, September 25, 1771. In 1796 he married Polly Thompson, by whom he had nine children: James, John (who died in infancy), Maria, Mary, John, Betsy, Abigail, Sarah and Charlotte. His death occurred in Ogden, N. Y., June 22, 1858, at the age of eighty-six years.

It was in the month of February, 1816, that Mr. Hill and his family bade farewell to their old home and friends in Danville, Vt., and turned their faces westward. Their train consisted of three sleighs, two of which contained their movable goods. One of these, an ox team, was driven by the eldest son, another given in charge of a young prospector, while the third sleigh, in care of Mr. Hill, conveyed, beside himself, his wife, his aged and widowed mother and six children, ranging in age from three to fourteen years.

How nine persons were accommodated in an ordinary sleigh to make the journey of over four hundred miles is a forgotten story,—one item only, which concerned the grandmother, is recalled. This venerable dame, then in her eighty-fourth year, was placed in the center of the sleigh in a warmly cushioned armchair, enveloped in a hooded, double-caped camlet-cloak, while, to still further add to her comfort, there was placed beneath her feet one of those delectable small stoves used by many New England women when they attended a two-hours' service in unwarmed "meeting-houses."

The severe cold and deep snow of Northern Vermont had seemed to warrant their mode of travelling. It was, indeed, the only one possible when they set out upon their journey. But before half the distance was covered there were signs of a thaw which were not deceiving. They made early starts each day, and the teams were urged on with all consistent speed, but at some distance west of Albany the snow had so softened that the men of the party found it necessary to walk. On following days the older children were invited in turn to keep them company.

It was during this stage of their journey, when their progress was necessarily slow, that the mother, unable to restrain her energies, and because she valued her time, had her small wheel set in place and began spinning,—wetting her flax from her lips, which became so chapped and sore that her thread was blood-stained.

A snap-shot picture of that slow-moving train during this industrial period, with three men and as many children trudging on foot, would be a highly valued souvenir. A few years ago that little spinning wheel was discovered

in the garret of the old home by an appreciative granddaughter (Frances E. Willard), who whisked it off to her home in Evansville, Ill., where it remains to-day, repainted and gilded and bearing a skein of flax found in the old "hair-trunk" that stood neighbor to the wheel in the attic.

Somewhere near the central part of the state this sleigh-train was halted on ground so nearly bare that the tired teams could make no progress. Consternation filled the hearts of the elders who knew not how to solve the problem of making a two-hundred mile journey on bare ground without wheels. The thought of leaving the family and stuff at a wayside tavern while the men of the party should return to Albany, there to dispose of the sleighs and purchase wagons, was dismissed as involving too much expense and too long a delay. Dismayed but not cast down, these descendents of Revolutionary fathers prayed most fervently for some way to open so that they might soon proceed on their journey. To them their prayer seemed answered, for now the wind which had been blowing from the south shifted to the west, rolling up clouds from which a few inches of snow fell, and the morning following dawned cold. At this there was great rejoicing among the travelers, and very early they resumed their journey with all on board. A little farther on the snow lay deep upon the ground, setting at rest their disturbing fears.

After many weary days which grew into weeks from the time of starting, they reached the village of Le Roy, where they had relatives. Here they would have rested, but the weather again growing mild and the season being well advanced, it was decided best to move on after a day's stop. Leaving the grandmother for a longer rest, the family bravely set forth again on the final fifteen-mile stretch.

It was a worn and weary family, that of John Hill, when it made its entry into the wilds of Ogden on a day in late March, 1816. The narrator has a dim recollection of hearing her mother mention that, *being somewhat cramped for room*, her sides ached with the long journey. As she was an uncomplaining woman it is easy to believe that she possessed some fortitude as a girl.

The home awaiting them in the southwest part of the town consisted of twenty-four acres of land, partially improved, on which stood a two-roomed log cabin with a cellar underneath and a loft overhead. It is learned from the old deed of conveyance that the purchase money for this property was one hundred and ninety-one dollars and ten cents.

In a few years the farm was increased to the size of one hundred and eighty-eight acres; and again a purchase of eighty-four acres was made. Each deed of conveyance was given by William Ogden and Susan, his wife, and Mary and Hannah L. Murray, "spinsters." Of the two hundred and seventy-two acres over two hundred remain in the family possession.

Of the two rooms in the log cabin one was set apart for the use of the grandmother who considerably granted night's lodgings to her eldest two granddaughters. A folding bed (not the present style) was each night arranged in one

corner of the room, while her own curtained and canopied four-poster dignified another. The two grandsons occupied the loft, while the parents had their bed in a curtained corner of the remaining room, from beneath which was nightly drawn that most convenient and indispensable of pioneer furnishings—a trundle-bed. In this reposed the youngest three children.

Occasionally there were guests who remained over night or for a longer period, for old friends and neighbors came on year by year to locate and must, of necessity, crave the hospitality of the first comers. But as long as there was room to spread a comfort with a blanket for covering there was welcome, unstinted welcome in the home of "brother John Hill," who became as famous for his hospitality in his New York as he was ever in his New England home. Much might be said of the lively interest and generous assistance he showed toward those who were in need; of the brotherly love he felt and manifested toward the least as well as the greatest of all whom he knew; of how down to old age his heart yearned for the poor and the suffering. And, again, of the strenuous efforts he put forth in helping to build a school house and to organize a church, and of the active part he ever took in religious matters; of his wonderful exhortations to the unconverted, which so appealed to the heart and conscience that none who heard could ever quite forget, but space forbids the dwelling longer on what deserves to be better chronicled.

In the second year of the family's residence in Ogden a comfortable block house was built a few steps removed from the log cabin, which latter was succeeded in 1828 by the present brick house.

At the request of the neighbors, whose children as yet had no educational opportunities, the eldest daughter, Maria (mother of the annalist), then in her sixteenth year, opened a school in the untenanted cabin,—her father promising that in case she could not control the big boys, he would render all needed assistance. His services, however, were not required, her success being so marked that, later, she was sought as a teacher for various schools in Ogden, Sweden and Riga.

The second year in their Ogden home was one of very great privation. The harvests of the previous year (that summerless year of 1816) were so insufficient to their need they were driven by hunger to dig their growing potatoes while no larger than hickory nuts, and to resift their bran for the last morsel of meal with which to thicken a porridge. Others there were who had to redig their seed potatoes to keep from starvation.

No wells existed. Rains were infrequent, and the small streams began to dry, threatening a water famine. A small spring, far from the house, furnished drinking and cooking water for the family, but it had to be dipped from its shallow bed with a half-pint cup—a tedious task each day several times repeated, and usually performed by the elder girls. For a time that season the stock had to be driven to Black Creek to water, a distance of two miles. In the fall of this year a well was dug on the Hill farm, which was never-

failing. To this well came stock from considerable distances, until each farmer had his own water supply.

Those were the days when there was community of interest; days in which every one stood ready to help every one else over a hard spot; the days of the logging bee, the husking bee and the apple-pearing bee; the days of the spinning wheel, the distaff and the loom, when every maid could spin her "run" and every matron her forty knots of yarn in a day, and when the fabrics of their weaving were fine enough for anybody's apparel, and the garments made from them would wear and remain in fashion for a generation. Blankets and "spreads" woven four score years ago are still in use in a good state of preservation in the home of the narrator. Two linen handkerchiefs as old or older are part of the family heirlooms. One is of buff and white plaid and the other of blue and white. Undoubtedly they gave *Sunday* service to their first frugal owners and *solid* service to the more luxurious generation which followed, afterward to be boxed up and looked at once a year by a relic lover in the third generation.

Gone are those good old days, gone the century which held them and gone the sturdy men and women who wrought in them. But forever left is their memory to cherish and bless. The heroic deeds and the patient self-sacrifice of those God-fearing forefathers, who conquered the forest and bequeathed to us a garden, have left an impress upon the present and the future which cannot be effaced. To the memory of those grand toilers whose forms are dust, we pay our grateful tribute as of that Past, which signifies so much to us and to our posterity we, the descendants of Ogden's pioneers, at this Centennial Celebration, make our final review.

SARAH GILMAN DUSINBURY.

August 7, 1902.

THE CHURCH FAMILY.

Among the earlier settlers of the town of Ogden, N. Y., was Charles Church, who came from Lee, Mass., to that town about the year 1817. Mr. Church was at that time a young man of 19 or 20 years of age. He brought with him a one-horse wagon load of general merchandise from Albany, and built a small store on the farm for many years owned and occupied by William Brown, Esq., and now owned by Mr. Campion. The store was located a few feet south of Mr. Campion's residence, and after a few years he built a second store on the rise of ground just opposite the residence of Geo. W. Willey, Esq., located a few rods south of the present Presbyterian church, and removed his stock of goods to that building, and continued his business at that place until the completion of the Erie canal. About the year 1830 Mr. Church bought a store at "Spencer's Basin," now known as Spencerport, being the same location and building now occupied by Cole & Freeman, and continued a general mercantile, warehouse and produce business at that place until the fall of 1847, when he removed to the city of Rochester with his family, retaining an interest in the produce and mercantile business at Spencerport until his death, which occurred August 18, 1850, after a short illness of ten days.

His prominent competitors in the mercantile and produce business at Spencerport were Judge Philander Kane and George M. Woodbury. Judge Kane built a store and warehouse in that village, buildings for a long time known as the Kane store and warehouse, and Mr. Woodbury erected a large stone building, for many years known as the woodbury store and warehouse. After the removal of Judge Kane and Mr. Woodbury to the Western States, Mr. Church bought the Kane store and warehouse, and also bought the Woodbury building and used the warehouses in his produce business. He also erected for his own residence in Spencerport the brick house west of the Cole & Freeman store, now occupied by Mr. Vincent Fowler, which property at that time included forty acres of land next west on the canal. All of the years of his residence in the town of Ogden Mr. Church took an active interest in all public affairs pertaining to the general welfare of the town. He was elected supervisor of the town. How many years he held the office I do not remember. He also owned a warehouse at Adams Basin, and conducted a produce business at that point, being at one time interested with Abner and Marcus Adams in the business at that place. He early identified himself with the Presbyterian church at Ogden Center, and remained an active member of it until he removed to Rochester in 1847. He was for a considerable time one

of the elders of the church, and at some time was a deacon in it, for as a child I remember he went by the name of "Deacon Church."

Of Puritan stock and training, he was early converted to the Christian faith, and after his conversion he never wished his business to interfere with his Christian life and duty, and when at home, no matter how business pressed, it was almost invariably suspended on regular prayer meeting evening, and he was in his place at the meeting. For many years he was superintendent of the Sunday School at Ogden Center, and caused a room to be erected over the school house (then located opposite the church) for the especial purpose of accommodating the school, and some of the same years he was superintendent of a Sunday School held in a small brick school house at 4 or 5 o'clock Sunday afternoons at Spencerport. It was his rule to transact no unnecessary business on Sundays, and what that rule meant to him I will, in closing this brief paper, illustrate by reciting one fact. Before the construction of the Rochester & Niagara Falls railroad, in about the year 1853, all the merchandise, household goods, etc., brought from a distance to the town of Ogden and some of the adjoining towns, came mainly by the Erie canal, and were consigned to warehousemen. In those days most of the boats run all days and nights (Sunday included) in the week. Mr. Church's instructions to his clerks and warehousemen were not to receive or ship any merchandise or goods from 12 o'clock Saturday night to 12 o'clock Sunday night, and the rule was rigidly enforced until he removed to Rochester. Some times the goods and merchandise were carried by and left at Brockport, to be brought back on the line boats returning from Buffalo, and some times carried to Buffalo and brought back by same boat to Spencerport. After a while it became pretty well understood by the old captains on the canal that C. Church & Co. received no merchandise on Sunday, and such was their confidence in the integrity of the company that they frequently set the goods or merchandise under the covered dock and stopped on their return trip to get their bill of lading receipted and charges paid. To the writer's knowledge no serious injury ever occurred to the business from the enforcement of the rule.

Flint, Mich., August 1, 1902.

CHARLES CHURCH, JR.

THE KELSEY FAMILY.

In the summer of about 1817, in company with Johnathan Buell and others, my grandfather Kelsey came from Vermont to the wilderness of Western New York. He took up land on Union street, the place that was afterward known as the Richard Whittier farm. After putting his locations in proper form he returned to Vermont for my grandmother and two children, the eldest of whom was my father, a small lad. The moving was made with two horses and a covered sleigh in the winter, as streams had either to be forded or crossed on ice. The family, the necessary paraphernalia for setting up housekeeping, and food supplies to last until something could be raised, were stowed away in the sleigh.

In the log cabin that was soon erected on the "location," holes were cut to let in the light and covered with heavily greased brown paper that had been brought from Vermont.

Bread made of rye and corn meal, a little dried fruit, and game constituted the food.

As the eldest of a family of five children, the Puritanical theories then prevailing in regard to the straight and narrow path a child should walk, were fully demonstrated on my father. One summer he worked very hard to earn money with which to purchase a jackknife. Its possession was a great event in his life. Yet soon after, when he heard a violin, or "fiddle," as it was called, his knife dwindled to insignificance. With other earnings it was soon exchanged for the fiddle. Carrying the instrument home, he proudly exhibited it to his mother. Drawing the bow across the strings sent a thrill of delight to his soul of which he never dreamed. Life at once took on a different and a higher meaning. But his happiness was of short duration; it was met by his mother with groans and tears that he should have become "enamored of the devil," and when his father heard the fiddle, nothing but a severe chastisement could properly turn a boy's thought from such an ungodly thing. The fiddle was reduced to kindling wood before his eyes, and for some time my father's back reminded him frequently of his broken idol.

Perhaps it was this experience, vital to the life of an eager, enthusiastic boy as it must have been, that led my father to concentrate his thought on music as a chief source of recreation. Even now, at nearly 94 years of age, occasionally his voice rolls out in a deep bass to the tune of Coronation or America, as true as it ever was, showing a quality that in his young life must have been marvelous in richness and magnetism.

He remembers the school house built of logs, with a fire place at each end, where he learned to read and write. And the first Sunday service is distinct in his mind, as the congregational singing in the one-roomed neighbor's cabin, led by my Grandfather Trowbridge, was very impressive.

Unfortunately, the spelling book, which contained the alphabet, a few short sentences and simple paragraphs for reading, has not been preserved. We have an English Reader used by my father after he had had the few preparatory paragraphs in the spelling book. Imagine a boy or girl in these days, from eight to ten years of age, having for his daily lesson paragraphs opening like the following: "In the progress of the Divine Works and Government, there arrived a period, in which this earth was to be called into existence." Then follows in dignified language a dramatic account of creation. Another lesson "On the imperfection of that happiness which rests solely on worldly pleasures," opens with this highly wrought appeal to the youthful mind: "The vanity of human pleasures is a topic which might be embellished with the pomp of much description." Children were introduced to poetry by extracts from Pope, Milton, and Dryden. However, a careful perusal of this reader shows why a child at all inclined to be studious, educated to read by means of this book, should have a command of language that puts to shame every time our boys and girls trained by modern methods. The lessons were difficult, very; but when learned in the best of language, a rugged, lofty moral idea had been impressed upon the young mind. Scholars and poets were the result of this period of education, that modern methods have failed to produce. Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and many others to whom the world is deeply indebted, had their thought and style formed by the English Reader.

Agriculture did not prove to be my grandfather's forte, and when in his 'teens my father resolved to become a teacher and help himself to an education. He taught school for ten years, but was perhaps better known throughout the country as a singing master. After teaching day school he frequently rode from ten to fifteen miles on horseback to teach singing school. He saved his money, and when 28 years of age felt that he had enough to support him while he studied to be a physician. For years, that profession had been the goal for which he had worked hard. He went to Rochester, entered the office of a prominent physician as a student and remained six weeks. Then, in an hour of discouragement, he left because of his ignorance of Greek and Latin, with which the medical books of that period were filled. He put his money into a farm at Stony Point. In 1842, he married Olive Trowbridge, and last March they celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. My mother is now nearly 82 "years young," and the delight of our hearts. Her body is frail, so that she could not be with us to-day. I asked what message I could give for her. She said: "Tell the dear Ogden friends that I greet them in the language of Whittier:

"I know not where God's islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond *His* love and care."

MRS. HARRIET KELSEY FAY.

ISRAEL OSMUN.

Mature age is a hill from which one may look in opposite directions—backwards and forwards. So we are here to-day to recall memories of the past and enjoy the present, look forward to great advancement in the century to come.

Israel Osmun was born in Lansing, Tompkins County, N. Y., April 3, 1800. When ten years of age he removed with his parents to Ohio, where he lived nine years, when in company with his older brother, Jonathan, they started on foot for Virginia, and as it was in the harvest season, they worked their way to Pittsburgh, Meadville and Buffalo, and from there back to Cayuga County, N. Y., the entire distance being made on foot, and in less than a month's time including the work they did. He was united in marriage to Miss Amy Smith, of Cayuga, January 6, 1822. Was a carpenter and cabinet-maker by trade and feeling he could command a little more work, in 1824 he removed with his family to Gates, Monroe County, and settled upon the farm now owned by Mr. Jacobs on the Buffalo Road. One of the dwelling houses at the present time on the farm is the workmanship of his hands, and was the birthplace of his son, William, 66 years ago. Pieces of his cabinet work remain in his old home, one large mahogany piece of furniture and two of solid cherry, which are quite desirable relics.

In 1830 he moved across the line into the town of Ogden. After buying and selling once or twice, settled upon a farm in 1843, one mile east of North Chili. He finished clearing the land and paid for the same by being ambitious and frugal in living, resided upon it until his death, September 29, 1889. In these early settlers' days as undertakers were unknown father was able to turn his hand in making a receptacle for the dead, in those days called coffins, and would look very queer to the generations of to-day. Mother had the ingenuity to be able to line and trim the same. Our forefather's were a very loving and hospitable people, caring for the wants of each other. When Father Osmun was working at the carpenters trade carrying on farm work at the same time, he has often told of walking seven miles doing his day's work and walking home, then feeling able if necessary to jump over a ten-rail fence. Note the change. When young people in these days set out to work in the morning they are either perched on a bicycle or have some easy conveyance; then hardly able to be at work at seven. But it is a day of progression. In the very early days of the settlers there were no graded roads or asphalt pavements as at present, and it was through difficulties which would now be considered insurmountable that their work was done in clearing the land. Some of the forest trees were converted into material for their dwellings and large quantities into wood. Father at one time in particular went to Rochester with a load of wood through much difficulty, the logs of which the roads were made, in some places floating, and after waiting around all day was able at nightfall

to exchange it for a pound of tea, it being 75 cents a pound. Then there was the work of the women, spinning and weaving the linen and the woolen, converting it into sheets and pillow-cases, dresses, blankets and so on. Very many relics of this kind remain in many homes. And so to-day we have great reason to honor the noble men and women of this town who labored so faithfully amid deprivations and years of hard labor and toil to make the surrounding country so beautiful for us to enjoy.

Father Osmun's family was composed of his wife and seven children. Nine graves in the cemetery tell the story—they have gone on before.

Jonathan Osmun, his brother was born in Lansing, Tompkins County, N. Y., April 23, 1798. United in marriage to Miss Nancy Andrus, December 30, 1819. He came to Ogden in 1831, settled near Ogden Center. In 1842 he purchased the farm upon which Charles Chapman now lives and resided there until his death, September 15, 1897. He lived to the good old age of 99 years five months.

Our forefathers have entered into rest. There are very many here who have lived out their three score years and ten. Many more are following up to their allotted time. We are passing toward final rest. Do we regret if our eyes grow dim? If our ears are growing heavy, are we sorry? If our youth is passing and our beauty fading, do we mourn? If our hands tremble and our feet are unsteady with age we should not be depressed in spirit. With every sign of the taking down of the tabernacle let us remember that it is the striking of the tent that the march may begin, and when next we pitch our tabernacle, it will be on an undisturbed shore, through an atmosphere undimmed by clouds, before a God unveiled, there looking back upon a world of ignorance, and suffering and trouble we will lift up our voices and say: "There was not one trouble too much, there was not one sorrow too piercing."

MRS. CHARLOTTE A. OSMUN.

A PAPER READ AT THE CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION OF THE TOWN OF
OGDEN, MONROE COUNTY,
N. Y., AUGUST 7, 1902.

BY MISS MARIE PATERSON KILBORN.

In November of the year 1817, Nathan Ball, my grandfather, left his native place, Lee, Mass., with his wife and seven children for our town of Ogden, which had been set off from the town of Parma the January before and given that name in honor of William Ogden, one of the original proprietors of this region. My grandfather left a substantially built frame house with pleasant surroundings to suffer hardships he never before experienced, taking all his worldly goods, which consisted of two teams of horses hitched to their loaded wagons, one driven by himself, the other by his eldest daughter; a yoke of oxen driven by a son, and last but not least a single one-horse wagon bearing its precious freight of children driven by the mother. Imagine if you can the long and tedious journey of nearly two weeks duration making their way through valley and forest. Often my grandfather was obliged to get out and fell trees to make a roadway for the wagons, camping wherever they could for the night and taking their meals from the large chest that my grandmother had well filled with provisions before starting, which consisted of the old-fashioned food: corn bread, baked Indian pudding, pumpkin pies, brown bread and the inevitable Massachusetts dish we all know so well, baked pork and beans, all tasting so good to hungry children. Arriving at Rochester they took the circuitous route by following the Ridge Road to Parma Corners, coming south to the corners opposite Mrs. Fargo's, then east to Corsers corner where they were welcomed by friends late one afternoon tired and discouraged by seeing nothing but forest surrounding them. My grandmother bursting into tears, they tried to console by pointing to a deep ravine on the opposite side of the street and saying, "Fear, if you keep on crying we shall have to put you in the gulf." This gulf, so called by neighbors and hidden from view by dense forest trees, was located on the south side of the street half way between Corsers corner and where the Methodist Church now stands. From this gulf came the hideous howls of the wolf and screech of the panther. So numerous were the wild animals in those years that the children were never allowed to go out alone after dark. After resting a few days they selected a location for the new log house by making an opening in the woods just north of the corners on the east side. There they commenced the building which

consisted of two rooms on the first floor and one room above. The way to ascend to the upper room was by a ladder placed near the corner. Very soon the children had accomplished the feat of climbing it as fast as squirrels bound from tree to tree. Their house being small did not prevent them from being hospitable people. In those days many were the gatherings they had in the old log house, and all-day visits from far distant neighbors coming before breakfast, was not an unusual thing. And, oh, so hungry the visitors would be! Four hot biscuits and four cups of tea would be disposed of in a short time and then the remark would follow: "Mrs. Ball, your biscuits are very nice, I think I will take another." This reminds me of a story my mother often told about Mr. Winsor Trowbridge and wife who came to this town in 1812 from Oneida County, their native place being Haddam, Conn., and located on the land now owned by Mr. George Hodges. Mr. Trowbridge was sheriff for a number of years. It was no unusual thing for him to start at sunrise on his official business on horseback accompanied by his wife, Rebecca, sitting behind him on the horse with her knitting bag suspended from her arm. Riding along at quite a fast gallop as far east as grandfather Ball's house, getting there in time to take breakfast with them and leaving Mrs. Trowbridge to spend the day. These visits occurred frequently. Some of you remember Mrs. Trowbridge as a woman of ability, energetic, with great determination. She was the mother of J. T. Trowbridge the author. No selfishness ever existed among our first ancestors. They were a liberal-hearted people, always helping each other and bringing their children up to be generous. Among the possessions of grandmother Ball was a brass caldron, the only one in town, which was borrowed every fall by people living at a distance for the purpose of making boiled cider apple sauce; people in those days making a barrel of it at a time for winter use. Many a time it has found its way as far as Solomon Nichols, father of Mr. Winchell Nichols. Nathan Ball's occupation besides tilling the soil was rope-maker. The first settlers of the town used rope bedsteads, and Mr. Ball's flax ropes were scattered all through the town. The log schoolhouse where my mother first attended school (I have no date when that was built) was located on the north side of the street half between the Mason farm and Mr. Platt Smith's. Years after it was converted into a block schoolhouse and later on the first brick schoolhouse was built a half mile this side at the corners. In February, 1814, Samuel Kilborn, my grandfather, a native of Litchfield, Conn., came to Ogden from Broome County, N. Y., where he married Miss Maria Paterson, in 1808, a native of Lenox, Mass., she being the youngest daughter of Maj.-Gen. John Paterson, of the Revolutionary War, and settled a mile and a half east of Spencerport, on the farm that is still called the Old Kilborn farm. His land running north and meeting the Johiel Barnard property and extended south over the hill, joining the farm owned by John P. Paterson, who came here in 1813, brother of my grandmother Kilborn, who located and built his log house

where Mr. Clifford Brigham now lives. In 1817 the surveyors began running their lines along the north side of Mr. Kilborn's farm, for the purpose of constructing the Erie Canal. In 1825 my grandfather had the pleasure of seeing the great waterway finished, and of witnessing the ovation given to General Lafayette as he passed through on the canal to Lewiston in the Red Bird, a boat called by that name, and drawn by eight caparisoned horses, calling forth much admiration from town to town. Many of us remember of hearing of twelve young ladies dressed in white, presenting Lafayette with garlands of flowers; and one of those young ladies was formerly of our town. The stone for the foundation of this, our Congregational Church, was quarried on this farm. About 1849 the Niagara Falls Railroad was built through Mr. Kilborn's farm, dividing it again. That was finished and opened in July, 1852. Mr. Mark Wells, the first engineer, and the late Azariah Boody the first President of the road. In 1849 Mr. Kilborn retired from the farm, leaving it in the care of his son, David, and removed to Brockport, spending a year there; in 1850 coming back to Spencerport and building the house where Mr. Miles Upton now lives. He was a man of retired habits, classically educated, was one of the prominent men of this place, noted for his integrity of character, and held public offices for a number of years. He died January 31, 1862. His eldest son, Lucien, my father, was a cabinet-maker, and many of the older inhabitants have furniture made by him as far back as 1833. Our ancestors were a sturdy race, bearing the burdens of a new country for us to wish that that we might emulate their virtues, thereby becoming better men and women, better fitted for the duties of life.

WILLIAM HISCOCK.

William Hiscock came from Duanesburg, Schnectady County, to Ogden in the year 1817 with his wife Dorthy Mayo and nine children. He drove a pair of horses, and George L. Hiscock, a grandson, now owns and drives a descendant of one of this same team. He bought the farm east of Spencerport now owned by Daniel B. Sias. He settled in a log house in the center of the farm, but upon the highway which then ran diagonally across the farm before the present road was laid out. When he built his barn he said he would not furnish whisky at the raising. His neighbors said he would not get it done, but he did.

It was so large, with so many timbers, that Mr. John Wansey christened it God's defiance, for winds would never blow it down, and broke a bottle of whisky over it.

The house now occupied by Mr. Sias was built by Mr. Hiscock and was known throughout the country as Universalism Hall. He died in 1824.

His son John remained on the farm and was known as Colonel Hiscock, he being colonel of a regiment of militia. His commission, signed by DeWitt Clinton, then governor of New York State, is kept by his daughter.

Mrs. Silas F. Smith, who with one brother Henry, of Denver, Col., are the only surviving members of that branch of the family.

The oldest daughter of William Hiscock, Elizabeth, married Amos C. Wilmot, one of the early pioneers of the town, and of their three sons, Servetus, George and Amos, Servetus now survives and lives in Spencerport. The youngest of William Hiscock's ten children, George Washington, married Caroline Brigham, and with the exception of twelve years of their married life, which was spent upon a farm in the town of Parma, they lived one and one-half miles east of Spencerport on the farm, where he died in the year 1879.

They had four children. One died in infancy. Mrs. James F. Hickok lives in Rochester. Alice, wife of Myron H. Davis, died at her home in Chili in 1877, and George L. lives on the homestead farm.

THE BUELL FAMILY.

The Buells are descended from the Welsh or ancient Britons. The Buell race in this country has descended from William Buell, who came from England to America in 1630, and went with the Rev. Mr. Wareham's party through the wilderness, and settled at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1635. His son, Samuel, removed to Killingworth, Connecticut, where he resided up to the time of his death, in 1720. Samuel Buell, son of the latter, spent his life from 1663 to 1732 in Killingworth, and to him was born three sons, Samuel, Joseph and Daniel. Samuel became an eminent divine, contemporary of Jonathan Edwards. Settled and preached for many years at East Hampton, Long Island. It is reported that he exchanged pulpits with Edwards for a short time, and succeeded in getting up a revival and made many converts in Edwards' church; such being the case he must have been a preacher of broader and more liberal views. Edwards was dismissed by his congregation at Northampton after laboring with intense zeal for more than twenty-three years. Rev. Samuel Buell was of the same school as Edwards, an Orthodox Congregationalist, a very strict disciplinarian; a man, however, for the times, in the first half of the eighteenth century.

Jesse Buell, Journalist, founded "The Albany Argus," and edited the "Albany Cultivator" and the "Farmer's Companion;" born in 1778 and died in 1839.

Gordon Buell, born at Killingworth, Connecticut, February 21, 1752, was at the battle of Saratoga, and served under General Gates. He was for years in the war. Married Martha Whittlesey, 1783, of Saybrook, Conn., a lady of culture, active temperament, and intellectual endowments of a high order.

Horatio Buell, son of Gordon Buell, was born at Newport, N. H., January 13, 1791. Graduated at Dartmouth College with honor, studied law, admitted to the bar, and soon after removed to Glens Falls, N. Y., where his commanding talents and rare acquirements soon placed him in the front ranks of his profession, a man of mark and influence in his day. He was for several years a judge at Glens Falls. He died at Ballston, Saratoga County, N. Y., February 27, 1833.

Sarah Josepha Buell, born at Newport, N. H., October, 1790, married David Hale, Esq., October 23, 1813. She was the daughter of Gordon Buell; editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," the leading ladies' magazine of the country for half a century, and was among the most distinguished female writers of the country. Her "Woman's Record," a volume of nearly a thousand pages, has passed through several editions and has been widely circulated, both in this country and in Europe. It is her most elaborate work and ranks highest among her prose productions. And her poem, entitled "Mississippi," written during

the "Rebellion," is among her finest poetical inspirations. An account of herself and her works is from her own pen, from Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, which says: Sarah J. Hale, born October 24, 1788, died in 1879. Editor Lady's Magazine, Boston, 1828, Godey's Lady's Book, Philadelphia, 1837.

The charter of the town of Newport, N. H., was granted to the inhabitants of Killingworth, Connecticut. The town was first discovered by a hunter and trapper from said last mentioned place by the name of Eastman, who gave such glowing accounts of the beautiful meadows along Sugar River as to induce some of his friends to apply for a charter in 1761. During the summer and fall of 1765, six young men went from Killingworth to Newport, and cleared six acres of land each, and this was the beginning of the settlement. Those who were at the battle of Ticonderoga from Newport, N. H., were in number fourteen, and four of this number were Buells—Matthew, Daniel, Joseph and Abraham. Killingworth, Conn., and Newport, N. H., and vicinity, may be properly termed the homes of the early Buells in this country.

Gen. Don Carlos Buell, whose fame on the battlefields of Mexico and the Civil War has given lustre to American soldiery, was born near Marietta, Ohio, March 23, 1818; died November 19, 1898, near Rockport, Kentucky. He graduated at West Point in 1841 and was in the war with Mexico, participating in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monteray, Vera Cruz, Corro Gordo, and Cherubusco. He distinguished himself for gallantry and was promoted Brevet Major. When the Civil War began he was made Major General. And his career as such is well known. It is unnecessary to review his connection at Shilo, where he saved the day for Grant, nor at Corinth and at Perryville. He resigned his commission in the army in June, 1864. His course at Perryville, and the escape of Gen. Bragg (who was said to be his brother-in-law), from that place, resulted in his removal from the Army of the Cumberland, and the assignment in his stead of General Rosecrans. The hand of the War Department seemed to have been turned against him. His victories had not stayed it. Stanton, in the mean time, had removed him and succeeded him with Gen. Thomas. The latter was generous enough to decline the appointment, and insisted upon Buell's retention. This was, however, only for a time, and Gen. Buell, being supplanted by Rosecrans, resigned his commission, and lived in retirement until his appointment as Pension Commissioner by Mr. Cleveland in 1890. In 1895, pursuant to an act of Congress, he was appointed a Major General, and retired as such at full pay, and on such honors closed his career at his quiet home at Adria, on Green River, Kentucky.

James Buell, son of Horatio Buell, of Glens Falls, N. Y., nephew of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, born March 23, 1820, became a distinguished financier and banker in New York City. In 1865 he was made president of the Importers and Traders Bank. At this time the bank possessed \$180,000. In twelve years that sum had been augmented to \$1,608,000. Under Mr.

Buell's management and wise system, the deposits reached the enormous aggregate of \$18,500,000, an amount greatly in excess of that held by any other bank in the United States at that time.

The Congressional Committee on Banking and Currency invited Mr. Buell to visit Washington for consultation.

In 1875 Mr. Buell's financial plan received endorsement of incorporation into the currency measure known as the Sherman Bill. Mr. Buell was director of the Fifth Avenue Bank; also president of the United States Life Insurance Company; also an officer and leading spirit in the National Bankers' Association, which spreads all over the United States.

George C. Buell, for many years a leading merchant of Rochester, N. Y., in the wholesale grocery business, and director of the New York and Hudson River Railroad Company for many years, well and favorably known, especially in Western New York,—died at his home in Rochester, in 1901, mourned by a large circle of friends.

Joseph and Daniel Buell were among the early settlers of Newport, New Hampshire, and from the former the Ogden family of Buell's was descended. In 1817 a grandson of Joseph Buell, and son of Joseph Buell, came in company with his brother, Asa Buell-Kelsey, and Daniel Dudley, from Newport, New Hampshire, to Ogden, New York, and lived for a time on what is known as the Gott farm. Sometime previous to 1840, Jonathan Buell purchased what has been, and is known as the "Buell Homestead," north of and near the village of Spencerport, New York. This farm has been in possession of the Buells between 75 and 80 years. The present owner, a descendent of Joseph Buell, now resides on said farm.

The title of the Buell Homestead, being shown by the following transfers: The State of Massachusetts granted by legislation in November, 1788, to Oliver Phelps and others; Oliver Phelps, et al., to Ogden and Murray, April 2, 1806; Ogden and Murray, April —, 1840, to Jonathan Buell, the latter having been in possession something like fifteen years before receiving deed. Jonathan Buell to his daughter, Clarinda Van Vleet, October, 1844; Clarinda Van Vleet and husband to Jesse D. Williams and wife, Sarah M. Williams (a descendant of Joseph Buell). Williams and wife to Bela Buell, June 13, 1864, who resided upon said farm until his death, March 15, 1872. His son, Charles H. Buell, who had always lived at home with his parents, being one of the heirs of Bela Buell, occupied said farm, together with his mother, the wife of Bela Buell, till his death, June 6, 1894; his mother surviving him four years. Since January, 1896, Bela S. Buell, son of Bela Buell, sole survivor and heir, has resided upon said "Buell Homestead."

BELA S. BUELL.

THE CORSER FAMILY.

One of the early settlers of Ogden was David Corser, who with his family came from New Hampshire to Phelps, Ontario County, in the winter of 1815-1816, and located on the extreme eastern line of the town of Ogden in 1818, on what has been later known as the Lyell road. Here he purchased three hundred acres of land, one-third of which was in Ogden and the remainder in Gates. Mr. David Corser retained the land in Ogden, while his two elder sons, Gardiner and Caleb settled on the land lying in Gates.

David Corser was born in Boscawen, near Concord, New Hampshire, March 22nd, 1781, his father being that David Corser who served in the war for American Independence in 1777, at Bennington, Vt., under Gen. John Stark. The son David married Judith Burbank, daughter of Samuel and Eunice (Pettingill) Burbank, of Boscawen, N. H., January 12, 1801.

He removed to the state of New York during the winter of 1815-1816 with his family of five children—Gardiner, of fifteen years; Caleb B., thirteen years; Ruth B., eleven years; Francis S., eight years; and Eunice P., five years.

He settled first, early in 1816, at Phelps, Ontario County, removing one or two years later to Ogden. A letter written from Phelps, May 27, 1816, to his father and mother in New Hampshire, is so descriptive of the then existing conditions and of the hardships of many of the early settlers of Western New York, that the author of this sketch reproduces it in full, with all the peculiar orthography of the original letter retained. The letter bears, in place of the now universal postage stamp, the figures 18- $\frac{1}{2}$, being the postmaster's endorsement of the amount of postage paid. The letter is as follows:

PHELPS, May 27th, 1816.

HON. PARENTS:

I now take this opportunity to inform you of our health, Journey, &c. Three days to Winhall, ten days in Winhall waiting for snow; then started and came to Sunderland about twenty miles; there we found no snow but the ice very bad. I came to a dugway where it was overfloodd with ice. It appeared to be dangerous,—the family got out. The sley had not gone more than two rods, before the sley and horses fell about ten feet. I went first as it was on the nearside, but I cleared myself, and got to my horses and cleared them from the sley, and then took my family to a house about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile: as icy as you ever saw it, and coald; which I expected to see the horses and sley stove to peases, but providence was such they were not much hurt. I got help and

took my sley to the house, then put up for the night, there being know snow. Caleb was taken sick the next day, which provd to be the mesles. There we staid four days, then there came six inches of snow. We took Caleb out of his sick room, which he did not set up but little the day before. We were treated with respect and reasonable in their charges. From thence to Salatoge (Saratoga) Springs, from thence to Utica (there we lost hunter) thence to Caugabridge (Cayuga Bridge), then to John (There is an erasure here). There we staid one night. Miss Hoit came to see us and we went and staid one night with her. Ruth was then unwell, but there came about three inches of snow, and there was know snow before. We started for Phelps and arrived there the same day, at Stephen Annises,—which made twelve days travel from Hampshire to Phelps. We had good luck after we left Sunderland, till we got to Phelps. We staid at Mr. Annises four days. Ruth had the mesles while we was there. Then we moved on to a place that I took for one year. As there was know snow, we thought it best to take a place. After we moved, the whole family had the mesles, one to time, and now through the mercy of God we are all well and it is a general time of health. Mr. Annises family is well. Jacob Annis has the feverager (fever and ague) but is better of it.

The family was very much disappointed to find so many villages, much larger than Concord, and so thick settled on the way. I went up 22 miles tother side Ginesea (Genesee) River, to move a family at Ginesea Falls. Three years ago there was but one store, & now there is twenty-five and a great works of mills and all kinds of mechanics, as I ever saw in one place. As for pervishern, it is very plenty in Phelps. Corn is worth fifty cents per bush., wheat is worth one Dollar do. I have for my horses & self a day, 1-½ bush. wheat, corn 3 bush. We have fated a good hog. We got a cow and made us plenty of shugar for one year. We live within one mile of a Chool (school) and meeting. We have twenty families within one mile. The neighbours are very kind to us. They have sent in to us as preasants, dride apple, peaches and punkin, also; the people appear to be the same they are in Hampshire. The land in this place four years ago was worth four dollars per acre, and now worth twenty. I calculate to move to Pensylvania next winter. I hear from that often & they give a good account of it. I want Silas to come up this fall and go down with me to Pensylvania.

If you receive this letter before Isaac Annis comes up here, I wish you to send my auger, and velvet pantaloons, also the wright (right) for the shingle machine; also a satificuit (certificate) that I have done duty in the light horse, ever since I have been sixteen years old. The law in this state clears a pearson from training when they have done duty in select company fourteen years. I want father and Luke attest to it. Tell Mr. Annis I will satisfy him for his trouble.

Our family appear to be well contented with their new country—much better than I expected.

Now I must come to a close by sending our respects to you all; also to Caleb Burbank & Betsy, also Abigail Corser and all other inquiring friends if any there be. I wish you to write as soon as possibly, and all the particulars. I almost forgot to write that we broke nothing except a glass saltcellar.

This is from your son

DAVID CORSER.

State of New York, County Ontario, town Phelps.

The Corser families in the United States have as a common ancestor, John Corser, of Newbury (near Boston) Mass., born in Newbury (probably) about 1685 to 1690. The family, probably originally Scottish, came to New England from England. His son John (2) born in Newbury, Mass., about 1718, served in the French and Indian war in 1758, and settled in Boscawen. N. H., in 1764, locating on what is since known as Corser's Hill in the town of Boscawen (now Webster). He had six sons—Thomas, Samuel, Jonathan, John, David, and William. All of these, excepting John (3) served in the War for American Independence; some at Bunker Hill, others at Bennington, and it was David, of the above sons, who was the father of David Corser, of Ogden.

David Corser, of Ogden, lived on his original farm on the Lyell road from the time of his settlement in 1818, to the time of his death in 1850, at the age of sixty-nine years. He was a man of kindly character, a successful farmer, a respected citizen, a member of the Presbyterian Church of Ogden Center, and left at his death his farm to his children, but it has since by sale passed outside the family.

One daughter, Harriet L., was born in Ogden in 1824.

His children married as follows:

Gardiner, with Mercy Ann Thomas, Ogden, 1825; Caleb B., with Henrietta L. Spencer, Spencerport, 1829; Ruth, with Hiram Hubbard, of Canandagua, N. Y.; Eunice, with William Hewes, of Rochester, N. Y.; Harriett L., with Henry Church, of Ogden, 1844.

Of the descendants of David Corser, remain residing at Ogden Center, the only Corsers now in Ogden, Lewis H. Corser, and Warren G. Corser, son and grandson respectively, of Gardiner Corser, the eldest son of David Corser.

In 1818 Silas Corser, a younger brother of David, settled in Spencerport (in Ogden), where he lived until his death in 1847. Silas Corser left several children, all of whom have removed from Ogden.

E. S. CORSER.

Minneapolis, Minn.

ALFRED WILLEY.

Alfred Willey was of the sixth generation from Isaac Willey, who emigrated to Boston before 1640, coming there probably from England. Hence he was a cousin to George Warren Willey, the pioneer of the town of Ogden. He was born at Millington, Conn., June 3d, 1770, and married there in 1789, Olive Cone, and settled in East Haddam, Conn., and in 1818 came to this town, purchasing the farm recently owned by Mr. Enoch Mason, where he died in 1830, aged sixty years. His wife died with her daughter, Mrs. Strong, in Lisle, Ill., in 1845, at the age of seventy-eight. They were hard-working, industrious people of the good old Connecticut kind. Of their nine children, two were identified with the growth of this town.

Their second child Rebecca, was born in East Haddam, Conn., Oct. 2d, 1791. When a child she removed with her parents to Westmoreland, Oneida County, this State, and then married Windsor Stone Trowbridge in 1810, and in 1812 they emigrated to this town which was then a wilderness. There was only a house or two where the city of Rochester now stands, and no bridge across the river, but a ferry below at the mouth of the Genesee where travelers were accustomed to cross. But our young friends seeking their home and fortune, crossed in their emigrant sleigh on the ice. They began the world with very slender means—a yoke of oxen, some scanty household furniture, and a very little money. With this they secured forty acres of heavily wooded forest land which they began to convert into a homestead. Mrs. Trowbridge boarded with a neighbor a mile away, while her husband "rolled up a house." That being the term used to describe the building of one of those back-woods houses—the common log hut with one room. Not a nail was used in its construction. Nails were scarce and costly, and wooden pegs took their place. The floor was of split chestnut logs, and the boards of the sleigh-box laid across the poles under the roof formed a loft. On account of the deep snow no stones could be obtained for the fire-place, but as the warm rays of the sun in early spring-time caused this to disappear, the young wife went into the woods and having found two or three small stones to place her kettles on to prevent their sinking down into the ground and spoiling her fire, "felt rich," as she used smilingly to say in the midst of the plenty which surrounded her in later years—for the forest soon bloomed like a garden and the log hut gave place to a comfortable home. This farm being now owned by Mr. George Hodges.

Years rolled by and several children were added to that household. Windsor Trowbridge, the oldest son, carrying on the farm for many years after his father's death, which occurred in 1844. In 1853 he moved to Lockport, N. Y., where he died about five years ago.

Mrs. Trowbridge died with her son at Lockport in 1882, in her ninety-first year. Those who recollect her remember that energy and activity were prominent traits in her character.

Mrs. Olive Kelsey, of Churchville, and Mrs. John Townsend Trowbridge, of Arlington, Mass., are her only surviving children.

John T. Trowbridge was well known here among the boys and the girls sixty years ago, and because of his ability and perseverance, he has made it possible to be known by the boys and the girls of to-day. Perhaps no books in our Sunday school library are more eagerly sought after than those written by J. T. Trowbridge.

In his boyhood days he availed himself of every opportunity that offered for self-improvement, and added to his common school education by mastering French, German, and Latin at home. In after years some one asked him at what college he graduated. He smilingly replied: "At the old brick school-house in the town of Ogden." The old brick school-house has since been torn down and a frame one erected on the same site a little west of Mr. Clifford Brigham.

Mr. Trowbridge is now in his seventy-fifth year. His home is on the banks of a beautiful sheet of water in one of Boston's suburbs—Arlington. As we remember that he has by his own efforts risen from most humble surroundings, acquiring fame as an author and poet; may we not as inhabitants of the town of Ogden be proud to say that the birth-place of J. T. Trowbridge was in *our* town.

Sylvanus Cone Willey was the fifth child of Alfred and Olive Cone Willey, and was born in Hampden, Oneida County, N. Y., March 21, 1799, coming to this town with his parents in 1818.

In 1823 he married Malenda Atchinson, who was born in the town of Parma, April 16th, 1804. She was a daughter of Bezabel Atchinson, one of the pioneers of Parma who came there in 1795 from Holland, Conn.

In 1827, under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Willey united with the Presbyterian Church at Ogden Center, where he was an interested and helpful member, until the Congregational Church of Spencerport was organized, when he and his wife seeing the need of a church in the village, withdrew from there and united with the new Church, and with the early growth of this church they were actively identified.

In politics he was a Whig, and later a Republican. He was quiet and retiring in manner, always true and firm to what he thought was right, and was a strict observer of the Sabbath.

He was a farmer in early life, owning the farm just south of the Cromwell farm, but imperfect health compelled him to leave this life of toil and he moved to this village in 1861, where he died in 1876, at the age of seventy-seven years.

His wife died in 1892, aged eighty-eight years.

They were both of New England origin, and inherited in a remarkable degree both the mental and the moral attributes of their ancestors.

They had a family of seven children, of whom Mrs. John Bingham was the eldest. She lived nearly her entire life in this town, and died at her home three years ago, aged seventy-five years.

The second daughter, Elmira, married Amos N. Colby and lived on Colby street, west of the Baptist church. She died in her thirty-first year.

There are only two surviving children—Mr. Ogden S. Willey, of Chicago, and Miss Mira A. Willey of this village.

MIRA A. WILLEY.

August 7th, 1902.

WALTER WRIGHT.

Walter Wright was the son of Earl Wright, who came to this town in the year 1818, from Maryland, Otsego County, N. Y. The family consisted of twelve children—five sons and seven daughters, Walter being the youngest of the family. He was five years old when his father came to Ogden. The country around Rochester at that time was a dense forest, with roads only laid out and a few cut through.

His brothers' names were Nirom, Ruben, Joshua, David, and Walter. His sisters' names were Polly, Lois, Electa, Ester, Huldah, Lucena, Zurinda. His oldest sister, Polly, married and settled on the farm which is now owned by Flag Smith. She set out the first orchard on the farm, which she bought and paid for by spring. She died in Akron, Erie County, at the good old age of 97 years.

Walter Wright was the father of three children, one son and two daughters. T. Earl Wright lives on the old homestead. His daughter's names are Meda and Myra.

MRS. W. WRIGHT.

AARON ROBINSON.

Aaron Robinson was born in Raymond, N. H., May 8th, 1800. In 1818 he came with his parents, two brothers, and three sisters—Henry and Alfred, Elvira, Mary and Sarah—to Ogden, N. Y. He, then a boy of 18, driving an ox team all the way. They cleared land and made themselves a home on the street south of what is now known as the Town Pump, where they resided a number of years. In the same year, 1800, Oliver A. Willard, with wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, came from Wheelock, Vt., settling in Ogden. Their second son, Josiah, in time became the father of the distinguished Frances E. Willard. Aaron Robinson, the subject of our sketch, married, July 4th, 1827, the elder daughter, Rebecca Willard, spending the remainder of their days in Ogden. The only descendents now living are the children and children's children of their daughter, Catherine, who married, May 7th, 1851, Clinton Brower. They were the parents of five sons and one daughter—Ellsworth A. Brower, Willard S., Henry G., Edgar A., Chales R., and Carrie E. Brower-Sperry. All but Edgar and Charles are still residents of Ogden. The great-grandchildren now number eleven.

CARRIE E. SPERRY.

THE HATCH FAMILY.

The principal address or historical sketch on the afternoon's programme was given by Jesse W. Hatch, the well-known shoe manufacturer of Rochester, who, notwithstanding his 91 years, seemed as bright and keen as a man 30 years his junior. Mr. Hatch was of Puritan stock and came to Ogden when only ten years of age, and was the son of Lemuel Hatch, who came to the town in 1822 and lived in a log cabin on Colby Street. Mr. Hatch was born May 20, 1812, in Washington County. His address follows in full:

"When it was announced in the papers that you had decided to have a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Ogden I had a longing desire once more to see the town and go over the streets so familiar to me in my boyhood. Acting on the impulse three weeks since, I came here. On my way down town I met a gentleman who resided here and asked his name. He replied 'Benton.' I did not know it was Judge Benton. After announcing that I had lived here in 1822 he introduced me to Mr. H. H. Goff, who invited me into his carriage and escorted me through the town north and south, and entertained me royally at his house. He also invited me to come here to-day.

"After an absence of 76 years as a resident I come to greet you all hail, and to congratulate you that you have such a heritage, inherited from a sturdy and noble ancestry, whose daily prayers ascended night and morning to heaven, invoking a divine blessing upon state and nation and upon their children and children's children to the utmost generation. I am here to tell you what I remember of these pioneers.

"In the month of April, 1822, my father and family came to Ogden from Genesee by Avon and Scottsville to Union Street in Chili. We crossed a swamp through a forest on a road made of logs. On emerging from the swamp we found clearings on both sides of the road with log houses, the stumps standing. Further north were cultivated fields and frame houses, with an occasional log house remaining, orchards in full bearing, with peach trees interspersed, the fruit so plentiful it could not all be used by the people. The house we were to occupy was located on Colby Street on 'Squire Willey's' fifty acre lot, surrounded in part by a forest west and north. It was a two room log house with a brick chimney in the center. While it was being repaired our family was hospitably cared for by Mrs. Betsy Briggs, a sister of John Wansey, whose husband was the principal cooper of the town. Jabez Busley, a relative of my father and an early pioneer, lived about two miles west of the block schoolhouse, which was located here, where I was sent through a forest on a well-beaten trail. Black and grey squirrels were plentiful and frequently crossed my path running up the trees and peeping from behind them. Chloe Brown, a young widow called to take me home. She

was mounted on a horse. Behind her I rode to her home, a one-room log cabin located on the farm east of the church at the center, where her son, the late James Brown, died recently.

"I very soon became acquainted with the residents at Ogden Center, notably George Warren Willey, always known as 'Squire Willey; Charles Church, who kept a general store; Charles Freeman, who lived near and south of the store; Dr. John Cobb, who lived in a one-room log cabin opposite the church; the Huntleys, who lived near the Baptist meeting-house, now the Town Hall; James and Henry Worthington, whose father kept a tavern on the street opposite the Huntleys; Timothy Kneeland, Sr., lived nearly opposite the end of Colby Street; the house is still there. He conducted a brick yard on his farm. He was an inventor of a power press with which he pressed the brick. Timothy Kneeland, Jr., erected a house on the northwest corner of the Kneeland farm, where he died in 1845. Widow Priscilla Grover lived east of Kneeland's, Theodore Ingersoll farther on, also Moses Ingersoll, a teacher of music and leader of the choir in the church.

"The writer became very intimately acquainted with 'Squire Willey and family, whose characteristics were kindness and hospitality. The 'Squire had an impediment in his speech and would loan me his kit or pony, saying: 'Pu-pu-put them wh-where you found them.' Mrs. Willey was an expert maker of cheese, and many a time she treated me to a taste of the curd. She was a very large woman, weighing more than 400 pounds.

"East of the church Asahel Finch resided. Opposite lived a one-armed revolutionary soldier by the name of Wandle. Deacon Mather lived a little farther to the east. On and beyond lived Mr. Foster, who came from Connecticut, greatly interested in propagating silk worms there and a vendor of black sewing silk, an eccentric character, who, after the death of his wife, proposed marriage to one of Deacon Mather's daughters and was accepted. He demanded immediate action. He became offended with Pastor Sedgwick and would not have him tie the knot. Mounted on a horse, with his betrothed behind him, he went to Parma Corners for his marriage and made payment with a pig.

"About 1824 the Strong's bought the farm subsequently owned by Medad P. Parker. On Colby Street there lived William Webster, John Colby, a widow Nichols, the Flaggs and the Ross family, and near them John D. Webster and his son, West Webster, who married Esther Arnold, daughter of Deacon Aaron Arnold, who lived at Colby Corners and kept a distillery, from which I once carried to my father's house a jug of whisky, which was in common use in all families. At one time my father offered Rev. Mr. Sedgwick some whisky, which he declined.

"Enoch Arnold resided west of his brother Aaron, who married Clarissa Brown, daughter of Mrs. Willey by a former husband. There also lived at or near the corners Eastman Colby and brother; south the Pettengills. On

Nichols Street Benjamin Freeman resided, also Widow Nichols and two brothers, who were Nichols. The senior of the Nichols on Nichols Street died in 1825 and the bell in the church was rung by the writer to announce his death, and his age was tolled off on the bell, one beat for a year.

"In 1823 the church at the center of Ogden was erected and finished during the winter of 1823-4. It was dedicated in the summer of 1824. Before the bell was elevated to the steeple I noticed the figures 681 on the outside, indicating the weight of the bell. At the dedication of the church Persis Webster and my mother were the principal sopranos. The first Sunday School was organized in the summer of 1823 in the south schoolhouse by Mrs. Everet, who acted as superintendent. I was present with my sister at the commencement. Our family was located in the north school district. In going to school daily I passed George Willey's, Colonel Brown's, Mr. Mayer's, Mr. Whittlesee's, a shoemaker, and Daniel Spencer's.

"There were log cabins on either side of where the canal now is, which were occupied by the laborers employed in excavating the same. At that time the road north from the canal bridge passed by the block-schoolhouse. Aurtin Spencer lived in a small frame house on the northeast corner and Deacon Brown farther east. Mr. Lee lived on the opposite corner. On the east side, north of Austin Spencer, resided a family by the name of Finch. Opposite resided Nathan Wilcox, whose farm was later owned by Jonathan Buell. On the town line road lived John Wansey in a one-room framed dwelling. A little east his brother-in-law, Samuel Davis, lived in a log house. Lemuel Brooks was my first teacher at the block house. He married Maria Brown, daughter of Colonel Brown. He went into the ministry and ministered to country churches acceptably. When quite advanced in life, his brother, Lewis Brooks, died, leaving him a fortune which he greatly enjoyed. In the winter of 1823-4 Caleb Courser taught the school. He was popular with his pupils, joining in their sports during the noon intermission. He married Henrietta Spencer, daughter of Austin Spencer, who died early.

"In 1824 my father bought the abandoned store of Charles Church and moved the same to the east side of the street near the church. Captain Hurd had the job. An invitation was issued to the farmers that their services, with their teams of oxen, were wanted to move the building. At the appointed time about thirty responded with their teams, which were hitched to timbers inserted under the sills of the building in two lines. At a signal from Captain Hurd, who stood in the front door, they went forward through a lot, describing a circle, and without a break placed the building on the place indicated. Captain Hurd also constructed a canal boat near the bridge east of Spencerport. All Ogden was invited to the launching of the boat.

"Captain Joseph Ball arrived on the canal in 1824. His two brothers, Nathan and James, had preceded him. He came from Lee, Mass., where my father was born, when their early acquaintance was renewed and they became

quite intimate. He built his house and blacksmith shop on the corner of Colby and Union Streets, on the site of the brickyard. He had the honor of extending the first telephone wire from his house to the shop, where messages were exchanged by rapping on the wire.

"In 1825 General Lafayette passed through here on a packet boat on the canal. A large crowd had assembled on the canal bridge. On his arrival he was seen standing between Nathaniel Rochester and his son, William B. The people stood silently gazing when William B. elevated his voice and said: 'Where are your cheers?' The crowd gave him hearty cheers, with a tiger. The general responded with a speech which was mostly lost as he passed under the bridge but was continued until he was out of hearing.

"In conclusion, I pause to do honor to the sturdy pioneers who made untold sacrifices and did so much to lay the foundations, both religious and moral, of this favored town. I would stand with uncovered and bowed head before the long procession of familiar faces that memory recalls as they one by one pass by me, and utter a prayer that those who come after them for all coming time may imitate their example and emulate their virtues."

HENRY BALL.

SKETCH BY CONWAY W. BALL.

Reference having been made in a previous address to Charles Church and to the firm of Church & Ball, leads me to refer to my father, Henry Ball. Thirty-six years after my father had been buried in the cemetery, one Sunday my brother and I were walking in the cemetery and we were met by an elderly gentleman, who said to us: "You must have friends buried here?" "Yes," I replied, "Our father, Henry Ball." "What, are you Henry Ball's sons? I want to take you by the hand, for he did me a favor which I will never forget. I was a farmer in this town, and I had raised a crop of wheat, about two hundred bushels, and as I was hard up and in great need of money, I threshed out the wheat as soon as I could, and took it to Spencerport. Your father looked at it and said, 'this wheat is a little damp.' 'Yes, I know it, but I need the money,' and your father replied, 'Well, I have a large bin of old, dry wheat, and I can mix this in with it, and the old wheat will dry out the new.' He paid me the full market price, although he could easily have deducted 10 or 20 cents a bushel; and I tell you it was a God-send to me, and I will never forget it." That man sits on this platform to-day, and I wish to say that that incident of my father was worth more to me than any legacy of money my father could have left me.

My grandfather, Joseph Ball, with my grandmother, Ester Nye Ball, and their family of five little children, left their home in Lee, Mass., among the Berkshire hills, and came to Ogden in 1824. My grandfather was then thirty-seven years old, a blacksmith by trade, and located at Ogden Center, which was then supposed to be the village center of the town, as there the early settlers had located and built a church, town house, a country store and their homes. So there my grandfather built a log cabin and blacksmith shop, very near the house of George Willey, now standing.

We found an old letter, written by my grandfather's brother, of Lee, dated a year or so after, in which he referred to grandfather as having "moved to the ends of the earth!" Soon after, my grandfather bought of 'Squire Willey two and a half acres of land and built the old homestead now standing. My grandfather stood six foot two inches, in his stockings, and was a strong man. My father, Henry Ball, used to say that grandfather, when he was fifty years old, never knew what it was to be tired. Many of you old settlers of this town knew how strong he was. Whenever a house or barn was raised in town, Capt. Ball was always called upon. He had a strong religious character—an elder in the church at Ogden Center—and it was often told in our family that he never missed a church service in forty years, unless he was away from home. During President Finney's revival in Rochester, many a time my

grandfather, after working all day in his blacksmith shop, would walk to that city and hear Mr. Finney preach, and then walk home, and the next morning work in his shop. My grandfather raised a family of nine children to womanhood and manhood and they never had a domestic servant in their house. For years my grandmother made all the clothes for the children. They never had a super-abundance of this world's goods, but I do know that for fifty years I, as a grandchild, was in the habit of going to grandfather's house and staying there over night once a week so long as I lived in Spencerport, and after I moved I went there just as often as possible, and they never were short of rations; always plenty—and luxuries, which I was deprived of at home, such as coffee and tea. My grandmother always gave me all I wanted. My father did not think it wise to supply his boys with pocket money, so all the money that I had during my boyhood days came to me from my grand old grandfather. He would pay me for some little work. No wonder he grew old and feeble—without a dollar in the world or a way of earning a dollar—he lived on till he was nearly one hundred and one years old. That there was always plenty in their home, food and raiment, for his children and his grandchildren, would have been ingrates had they not vied with each other to see that he was supplied with every want. And I will state that in all these years he never had to ask for anything—for all his needs were supplied before he could ask.

No wonder his grandchildren try to keep up the old homestead and take their grandchildren there and show them the old latches on the doors that their grandfather's grandfather hammered out on his forge and placed there with his own hands.

I must crave your indulgence for mentioning these details—so personal—but whenever thinking of my grandparents I cannot help honoring them for what they were and what they were worth.

Your chairman has requested me to read a letter from my uncle, Albert Ball, of Elroy, Wis., the only living son of my grandfather :

"You speak of Ogden celebrating its hundredth anniversary. Well, on some accounts I would like to be there and on other I would not. O! the lonesome feeling that would come over me. Besides, two years ago I had a heat prostration, and last summer I had to keep pretty quiet. I am feeling better this summer; so I think that in these days of wash-outs, collisions, heat and prostrations and the like, "old codgers" better stay pretty near at home—(I can't realize that I come under that head), but if I was born just twenty-nine years after the first tree was cut in that old town, "where am I at?" You might get George Tarbox to show how "old 'Squire Willey" corralled us boys up in Mr. Tarbox's house for playing on his hay-stack, and George knows and I know that 'Squire Willey was the fastest runner in the town of Ogden, for it has been proved on other occasions. Please remember me to all inquiring friends."

STEPHEN ANGEL.

Stephen Angel was born in Providence, R. I., January 30th, 1799. His mother was Sarah Sprague, daughter of one of the celebrated manufacturers of that city.

When very young his family moved to Saratoga County, N. Y., and at about 24 years of age he concluded that the West was the place for young men. Monroe County, N. Y., seemed far west then, but he arrived there in the spring of 1825.

He was about purchasing a tract of land near Rochester, when he was told of a good opportunity to invest in a lumber business, in a small town in Michigan—now the city of Adrian. Journeying on, he found the outlook good, but was taken ill with chills and fever, and was glad to return to New York, hoping to leave the fever behind, but it stayed with him for a time.

While walking through Buffalo he came upon an excited crowd, and soon learned that the three Thayer brothers were to be publicly hanged for murder. He saw them plainly, and the impression never left him, and this, with his Friend Quaker training, led him to be strongly opposed to capital punishment.

On his return he purchased of the James Wadsworth tract, what is now the Conrad Shegg farm. It was about ten miles west of the old Eagle Hotel in the village of Rochester.

He then returned to Corinth, Saratoga County, where he married Miss Sally Archer of the same place, and they immediately started for their new home; arriving in Rochester on the packet. The drive from Rochester was over the old log road with marked trees for a guide.

In 1828, Mr. Angel exchanged this farm with Israel Osmun for a larger one in Ogden, on the Buffalo road, which was to be his home thereafter. He often spoke of the freshly sanded floor and the immaculate care they gave the one room in the log house, and said there was no bed-spread so white and warm, as the snow that sometimes covered the bed in the loft.

The first light was a button tied in a cloth, then emersed in oil, and the cloth lighted, but their eyes were bright, and spectacles for the young were then almost unknown.

More than once he walked to Geneseo, made his payments then home again, doing the necessary work both morning and evening.

He often spoke of the leniency of Mr. Wadsworth. In 1837 he built a large farm house, the first to have window blinds between Batavia and Rochester. After the first single track railroad was laid, Mr. Angel, upon returning from Rochester, was disappointed that he did not see the railroad, while he crossed it twice, but was looking for more stupendous work.

Soon after moving in the new house they were aroused at night by voices. and found several Indians making baskets by the open fire in the large dining-room. They were allowed to work until daylight, and of *course* had a luncheon.

For many years Mr. Angel was a trustee, or clerk, of the school board of District No. 6 of this town, and the following, taken verbatim from the school records, May 30th, 1826, will doubtless be of interest: "At a special school meeting, held at the school-house in District No. 6, Ogden, Carter Evans was chosen moderator and Moses Hill elected trustee in place of John Gillet, who was recently set to another district."

"*Resolved*, that the site of our present school-house be changed to the southwest corner of lot No. 199. *Resolved*, that the size of the new school-house be 20 by 24 feet, and be completed by the 15th day of November, 1826. *Resolved*, that each scholar furnish one-half cord of wood, or be assessed for the same at the rate of 75 cents a cord. *Resolved*, that the meeting be adjourned until the tenth day of June at the house of Darius Peck."

Stephen Angel died in 1888, and his wife in 1875, having lived together within a few days of 50 years. In 1889 the home farm was sold to James M'Fee, who now owns it.

D. SPENCER.

Batavia, N. Y.

OF HIRAM YOUNG.

Amid the galaxy of illustrious names reported here to-day as early settlers of the town of Ogden, I would like to leave that of my father, Mr. Hiram Young, who settled here in 1825. Previous to this time an older brother had emigrated to western New York, and settled on a farm east of Ogden Center Church, just south of cemetery, which farm, for the past thirty years or more, has been occupied by the late Mr. David Stettner. In the fall of 1823, desirous of seeing the western world,—visiting his brother,—and apparently prospecting for a future home, father (who was a shoemaker by trade, though brought up on a farm) took his tools on his back, and started from Connecticut for Ogden, on foot. His plan was to walk till tired, perhaps foot-sore, and then stop at the larger towns or cities, and work in a shoe shop till rested, and then on again. That was his first trip to Ogden. Started first of October and reached home again last of November. The next year, through the agency of his brother, he secured the purchase of the farm next his brother's, south,—and in April, 1825, was married to Abigail F. Emmons, of East Haddam, Conn., thirty miles south of Hartford, and started on their wedding trip for Ogden, N. Y. Came all the way by water, and arrived at their destination in three weeks. Down Connecticut river and through Long Island Sound to New York, then up the Hudson river, and finished the journey on the Grand Erie Canal. It being the next year after the canal was completed, there were a great many breaks in it, which caused so much delay that the journey was a long and tedious one. Father's farm of one hundred acres, with only nine acres cleared, looked rather discouraging at first, but his trade of shoemaker did him good service, here, as he could make shoes for his fellow-townsmen, while they were glad to cut timber in payment. In that way he cleared most of his farm. Father was a temperance man, I think *from principle*: and organized the first Temperance Association in this town—a school district society, in 1835. It was the practice to establish district societies as auxiliaries to town societies. But at this time there were no *town organizations*. Different members of the Association were appointed to prepare a paper or essay to be read at each regular meeting of the society. Father prepared the first one, and after reading it at school-house, was requested to repeat it at Ogden Center Church, which he did: and I remember *that*, as the first evening meeting I ever attended. Can also remember the time when father was captain of the military company, and called it out to drill or train on his own farm, in order that he might send his men HOME SOBER to their families. He also furnished them all the *egg cider* they wished, thus keeping them away from the temptation of whisky. The chambers of our house were

not furnished at that time, and the tables were set for dinner the whole length of the house. I remember nothing of the *menu*, excepting a (to my eyes) monstrous roast pig from the old brick oven, standing upright on a platter, with an ear of corn in its mouth.

And just here, I would like to correct an error published in *Spencerport Star* ten years ago, or more, which read thus :

“Some of the readers of the *Star* will remember Hiram Young. It was he who organized the first Temperance Society in Ogden, which pledge read as follows :

“We hereby promise to abstain from intoxicants other than cider, except for the stomach's sake,—when very tired,—or during extreme cold weather, and on town meeting days.”

I know not the author of that information, but when I read it, could not think Hiram Young ever drew up and circulated such a pledge as that, calling it a pledge of abstinence ; and as the papers of the Association had been preserved, looked them up, and found the original pledge in his hand writing, reading as follows :

“We, the members of this Association, by signing or giving our names as members, do solemnly give the following as our *PLEDGE*, that we will (except as a medicine, or for mechanical purposes) entirely abstain from the use of ardent spirits, or any traffic in them ; that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment, or for persons in our employ ;—and that we will, in all suitable ways, discountenance the use of them in the community.”

Quite a different pledge from the first.

Father lived only fifteen years after settling in Ogden. (Mother lived to be 97½.) Left three children, Samuel H. Young, and Arthur H. Young, of Michigan ; Abbie L. Comstock, living on old homestead, who is happy to subscribe herself the daughter of a temperance father, and as has always been represented to her, by his friends and neighbors, an *honest, upright* man.

JOSIAH RICH, SR.

Although not one of the oldest pioneers of the town of Ogden, yet he came here in the early part of the century. Himself and wife and a family of eight children came from the town of Seaghiticoke, Rensselaer county, in this State, to the village of Spencers Basin, as it was then called. In the year 1825 they came from Troy on a canal boat, and were a week or more on the way. Yet they thought it a fine and quick way to come, as they were traveling both night and day. That fall after they came, quite a large party chartered a canal boat and went to Brockport to celebrate the finishing of the Erie canal. As the canal went through much uncleared land, and they came upon some very large pine trees, one of the ladies said she thought that must be good land to grow such trees. Some of the men of the party laughed at her, and said that was a woman's judgment; but you can now judge, as they were on the farm now owned by James Rich, and there is none much better in town. Mr. Rich kept tavern for two years on the south side of the canal, where now is Coddington's lumber yard. The road at that time went past the house and came out to the Lyell road by Norman's bridge. Then he bought the farm where Heman Rich, a grandson, now lives, one mile west of Spencerport, and built part of the present house and the remainder some two years after. He also at that time built a wagon shop. He kept the station barn for the Merchants line of boats; in those days they did not carry their horses on the boat, as every boat carried passengers. He built his house near the canal, so that friends from the East could call on him on their way West. He died in 1844, survived by his wife and twelve children. His descendents are scattered far and wide, but of that number of children there are four still living: Philip B. Rich, of Kansas; A. Brookins Rich, of St. Paul, Minnesota; James M. Rich, and Mrs. L. S. Nichols, of Spencerport, N. Y.

MRS. L. S. NICHOLS.

THE GILLETT FAMILY.

Chauncey Gillett came to Ogden March 14th, 1825, he then being five years of years, and the eighth in a family of ten children. His father was from Connecticut, his mother from Massachusetts, so, he coming from full-blooded Yankee stock, was well prepared even in his youth to endure the hardships incident to this town at that early date, Rochester at that time being a very small place, a log house then standing where now is the Powers block. He came from Caledonia through to Ogden with an ox team, settled on a farm near Uncle Henry Robinson, east of the Whittier place, and in 1828 moved with his people on the farm he now owns.

It fell to him when a boy to look after the cows, and sometimes he would fail to find them as soon as expected. but with his dog he would keep right on, and finally would hear the bell go tinkle, tinkle on old brindle, whom he would find lying down and complacently chewing her cud. The cows would wander more than a mile from home through the dense woods and sometimes get into the town of Gates, but with the aid of the dog and old Brindle's bell, he made his way through the woods and dense fog, sometimes wading through water above his knees, getting stone bruises on his feet as well as getting into thistles and nettles. Still, the cows must be brought home, and Chauncey was the one to do it. As a boy he not only had to get the cows but do chores as well. Windmills and force-pumps were things not known at that time, and water was brought from a well eighty rods from the house, anywhere from eight to ten pails a day. Later on, as a piece of land was cleared off and the logs and brush burned, one would take an ax and strike the ground, put in the kernels of corn and cover it with the foot. Plowing was done with an ox team and wooden beam plow; wheat sown broad-cast and reaped with a sickle, hay cut with a scythe. After a time the sickle gave place to the cradle.

In early manhood, in winter, he was up at 4 o'clock in the morning, shouldered an ax, went to the woods as soon as it was light enough to see and chopped wood; ate a cold lunch for dinner that was often made colder by freezing. Still, those days were not all lonely or unpleasant. Often in the fall of the year were husking bees, and later in the season spelling schools, and it was never a hardship to walk home a mile and a half or more with one of the many winsome lasses. Many a pleasant evening was spent with Uncle Henry Robinson and family, and at other places in the neighborhood, eating turnips scraped with a knife instead of apples, as at that time apples were an unknown quantity in that section. One incident is still very vivid in his memory. When quite a young man, while working for old Mr. Marion, Mrs. M. said she would make a pumpkin pie for the one who weighed the most, there being quite a number present. The pie came to Chauncey. It was baked in

an old-fashioned dripping-pan, and so thick that one had to bite twice to get through it; but as there never was anything small about him, he cut it into as many pieces as the number of persons present, and of course all enjoyed the pie. In due course of time he chose for a companion for life one of Whittier's fair daughters, who trod with him life's pathway forty-four years. To them were born three children, Julius E., Edward C. and Julia L. Lawson. The first physician he ever employed was Dr. Almy, and the first minister he ever heard was a Protestant Methodist who preached in the school house and held quarterly meetings in his barn. His name was Isaac Fister. In politics he has always been a staunch Democrat. He successfully served the town of Ogden as assessor ten years and as road commissioner three years. He has now lived his allotted time, three score years and ten, and by reason of strength, more than four score years; yet in all that time has never had but nineteen birthdays, having been born on the 29th of February. 'The Good Book says that dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. And to think and dwell on the dead past would be to bring forth unsavory lives, so while we may to-day with pleasure and profit recall the past, let us not live there, but be thankful that we have seen during the century just passed, the sickle, the cradle, the reaper, give place to the binder; the old wooden-beam plow to the plows of to-day; the windlass and bucket to the force-pump and windmill; the ox teams and rude wagons to the fine horses, rubber-tired carriages and automobiles; the small log huts with thatched or board roofs to the modern dwellings of to-day; the old stick chimneys and rude fire-places to the furnaces, heaters and ranges now in use. Yes, while perhaps we cannot forget the many weary ways and difficult paths our footsteps have trod in the past, we can only live in the present, well knowing that the best thing for each individual of every generation is to heed the injunction given to "seek wisdom." "For length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honor, and *all her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace.*"



MRS. A. E. N. RICH
Born May 24, 1830

MRS. AUGUSTA E. NICHOLS-RICH.

Mrs. Augusta E. Nichols-Rich was born in Churchville, Riga, Monroe County, N. Y., May 24th, 1830. Was united in marriage to A. Brookins Rich of Ogden in 1851; made Ogden their home until 1856, when they caught the Western fever and moved to Palmyra, Wis.; five years later found them in Hudson, Mich.; thirty-six years of Michigan life, the last twenty-five of which was spent in Jackson, and then St. Paul, Minn., became their home. Two sons and two daughters comprised their family. The two sons being born in Ogden, N. Y., the elder daughter in Palmyra, Wis., the younger in Hudson, Mich. The second son, George D. Rich, and first daughter, Lexia Fern Rich, passed on in childhood. The elder son, Hon. Irving B. Rich, printer and journalist, has been for many years a resident of Jackson, Mich. Miss E. Leone Rich's home is in St. Paul, Minn., where she is now a Deputy United States Marshal for the District of Minnesota. Mrs. Rich is a well-known writer of both poetry and prose, and often occupies the lecture platform. She is author of "Only a Girl," "A Boy! A Boy!" "The Dawning Era," etc. Many of her earlier productions appeared under the *non de plume* of "Ethel Etherton." A collection of her poems will soon be placed before the public in book form. Mrs. Rich was present at the Ogden Centennial celebration and rendered her poem in person. Her home is in St. Paul, Minn.

"ONLY A GIRL."

(MRS. A. E. N. RICH.)

Close the door carefully—muffle the tread,
 Drop the soft curtains around the white bed;
 A pale mother's sleeping, ay, give her rest,
 See the fresh rosebud upon her white breast,
 She has struggled with pain, she has wrestled with death;
 Her's is the victory; let not a breath
 Awaken her slumber; hark! there's a tread
 Nearer and nearer approaching her bed;
 Manly his bearing—yea, noble his mien;
 Lowly he bends the fair sleepers between;
 Lifts the frail floweret with womanly care,
 Breathlessly gazing, his lips part in prayer?
 No! there's a chill in the ambient air.
 Each word falls distinctly and painfully slow,
 'Curdling and freezing the blood in its flow:

"It's ONLY A GIRL"—a hush as of *death*
 For the moment suspended each listener's breath;
 In the pause—the pale sleeper uplifting her eyes—
 "I must have been dreaming," she said with surprise;
 "I thought that a cold hand of iron clutched my heart,
 While hard, cruel words, like a poisonous dart,
 Pierced my soul to its core; I sprang for my babe!
 '*It's only a girl!*' were the words I heard said,
 And Elmer! O Elmer! that voice was like thine;
 That hand—angels spare me—once warmly clasped mine,
 As you called me more precious than ruby or pearl,
 And yet it was when *I was only a girl!*
 If a girl is thus dear, then the MOTHER and WIFE
 To every *true man* is as dear as his life!"
 She clasped her cold hands o'er her hot, throbbing brow,
 The blood had all rushed to that citadel now;
 Then her words, quick and scathing burned into the soul:
 Emotion swayed reason beyond her control—
 "It's only a girl!"—Oh man, in thy strength,
 Know that God measures souls by their depth—not their length;
 The streamlet may wind over miles of fair earth,
 Yet bear on its bosom no proud ship of worth;
 A man may hold kingdoms, yea, nations control,
 What is that to the birth of *one* beautiful soul?
 The germ in your strong arms unfolded with care
 May, like *Harriet Hosmer*, or *Rosa Bonheur*,
 Move the world by her art, or lull it to rest
 With poesy's magic, the balm of the blest;
 The mission of MOTHERHOOD! Man, do you dare
 With sneers stain this sanctum sanctorum of prayer!
 This Holy of Holies—this mightiest dower!
 Dare to scoff at the sex in which lies this power?
 Ah! whence were the Monarch, the Duke and the Earl,
 Had not each a mother, once "only a girl?"
 And whence came *thy* being, and all the proud van
 You marshalled in battle—yes, every man?
 The magnet that led them through storm and through strife
 Was a MOTHER, a sister, a sweetheart, or wife,
 Each closely enshrined in his heart like a pearl,
 And yet each fair image was "ONLY A GIRL!"
 It was only a girl that Deity chose
 To incarnate the Christ; the story in prose
 Sweeps down through the ages like stars through the night

To illumine the world with its God-giving light ;
 'Twas only frail women that wept at the tomb,
 And talked with the angels when Jesus had gone,
 And women that bore the glad tidings to men
 That Christ, the beloved, had risen again ;
 'Twas only a girl in a womanly form
 That steered a brave ship through tempest and storm
 When the captain lay dying—dismayed the whole crew,
 That vessel by woman was piloted through ;
 Still another, more noble, courageous and brave,
 Saved a burning ship's crew from a watery grave,
 In an hour of dire peril, when every breath,
 Was a prayer, for the breakers were talking with death ;
 When no man on shore would imperil his life,
 This beautiful girl in her beautiful faith
 Gave humanity one hand, the other to God,
 And landed them safe on the briny-washed sod.
 Yet another, as self-sacrificing, as brave,
 Whose youth, strength and beauty are given to save
 The aqueous traveler whose bark would strand
 On ocean's jagged rocks and bars of sand,
 Without her beacon-light, outshining far,
 As if God had let down a guiding star,
 And trusted it, so fraught with life and death,
 To a weak girl, but strong in holy faith.
 But countless numbers like a torrent rush
 Into my mind. I see God's burning bush
 And by its light I gather gems and pearls
 In every age and clime, once "only girls."
 Go to the reeking battlefields of yore
 And read the records writ in human gore,
 Of woman's valor, mercy, courage, love,
 And point me to one name that's carved above
 The name of woman in such deeds as these,
 And I will pray to Heaven on bended knees
 That every child henceforth may be a boy,
 That every father's heart may leap with joy.
 But ere in scorn you breathe "*only a girl!*"
 Look, lest you cast aside the GREATER PEARL.

JACKSON, MICH.

A BOY! A BOY!

Now the bounding pulse beats swift and strong,
And sparkles the eye with joy;
While the breath comes laden with the glad song
Of the heart—A boy! A boy!

'Tis a glorious thing to be a boy
In the battle-field of life,
Where sorrow sips at the board with joy,
And peace is purchased with strife :—

Where strength of sinew, of nerve, and brain,
Is needed at every turn;
Where truth sits weeping beside her slain,
And the lamps of Error burn :—

Where the field is ready for the plow,
'The harvest the keen-edged knife;
'The desk awaiting the stainless brow,
'The dying the bread of life.

'Tis a glorious thing to be a boy,
Imbued with the thought "I can :"
With the godlike possibilities
Foretold of "the coming man :"—

To make of iron, and polished steel,
Nerve, muscle—almost brain;
To be the creatures of thy will
Alike on land, and main :—

To tear from bigots' darkened brows
'The sin-wrought plats of thorn;
And where weak Superstition bows,
Rear Knowledge's potent form :—

To shield the weak, to nerve the brave,
To lead Truth's armies on;
To see her fadeless banner wave
When victory is won.

'Tis a godlike thing to be a boy!
March in progression's van,
In this, the nineteenth century—
All hail! The coming Man!

ETHEL ETHERTON.
(A. E. N. RICH.)

1899—1900.

WAS IT A DREAM.

Twin cradles and twin coffins side by side,
And into each the whole world gazed with pride ;
Proud of the grand achievements of the dead,
And star of promise o'er each cradled head.
A year, a century, hand in hand have flown,
Garlanded with fair flowers themselves had grown,
A halo of bright glory o'er them cast—
The mightiest century of the mighty Past.

The supreme moment came and passed—death—birth :
Sending a sad-glad thrill throughout the earth ;
A wee fair Year ; a giant Century born ;
Touched with the radiance of the coming morn.
The bells ring out a mournful-sweet refrain,
A requiem for the dead ; a welcome fain
For the new Century and wee young year.
Cheers for the living ; for the dead a tear.
But by some weird, some subtle occult power
The wee babe leaped to manhood in an hour.
Brave, stalwart, handsome, vigorous, though young,
Time's rosary o'er his bonny shoulders flung.
The Old Year's dead ; and by his coffined bed
Stands the Newcomer with uncovered head ;
Bends o'er him tenderly ; tear after tear
Falls on the cold dead face of the Old Year.
Then his lips part, touched with the sacred fire
From off God's altar ; part in fervent prayer :

O Father Time ! O Mother Infinite !
Look thou in mercy on thy child to-night.
My elder brother's dead ! Thy last loved son,
And I am now the only living one
Of all thy myriad children : O my Sire,
Before I could have birth must he expire ?
My footsteps, too, are numbered, I am told ;
Three hundred sixty-five ; then I'll be old
And drop the reigns as my dead brother here ;
Still thou wilt live and be of hearty cheer.
Another thing. O Time ! Am I to be
The first year of the incoming Century ?
They tell me with my brother's life has flown

The grandest Century to the world e'er known.
Greater discoveries—in science most,
Than all the centuries of the past can boast ;
An hundred children of thy loins, O Time,
To make this last great Century sublime ;
And yet another hundred must be slain
For the New Century in joy or pain.
And I the first will scarce have tasted life
E'er to my throat is pressed the fatal knife.
Dost thou e'er mourn thy offspring, parents mine ?
Their short, sweet lives a sacrifice to thine ;
The jewels which they gather by the way
Are strung on threads of gold, to live for aye !
To live for aye in thy unfading crown ;
To give thee world-wide glory and renown.
This may be well ; 'twere useless quite to mourn ;
I may be glad to quit this earthly bourne.
Tired treading the winepress of ghouls and gods :
Tired with the sting of vain Ambition's rods ;
Tired of the sin and sorrow, shame and crime ;
Glad to give back my life to thee, O Time.
Yet this I ask of thee while standing here
But one hour's distance from my brother's bier,
That thou wilt put into my outstretched hand
Gifts for the needy over all the land ;
Power to relieve the struggling and oppressed ;
Strength to the weak, and to the weary rest.
In my short reign, let it be mine to cheer
The drooping spirit, dry pale sorrow's tear ;
Open the hand of wealth to freely give :
Teach all this grand broad truth—" Live and let live !"
Make heaven below, and heaven above will be
A flower-strewn court, an open sesame.

This much I crave ; be gracious, Father mine,
Let those who follow in the ancestral line
Make great discoveries, wear an honored name—
Yea ! on their breasts the gilded star of fame ;
Found schools and colleges of high degrees,
In art, philosophy, lore, science please ;
Or in the search for some great occult truth
Find the elixir of perennial youth—
In hygiene find a balm for ev'ry pain,

Yea, find the missing link in Darwin's chain.
Invent new "phones" to speak from pole to pole,
Yea, thought "phones" to connect soul unto soul,
And earth strike palms with heaven; yea! be it so!
It all must come in God's good time, we know;
For these I care not. Let the coming years
Win these bright laurels; win with smiles and tears;
I would to God the hour that gave me birth
Might banish war and carnage from the earth.
Sweet flowers of peace spring up in every soil,
Mankind be freed from carnage, greed and spoil;
And when the century's sheaves are gathered in,
Sheaves of this century which I begin,
The garnered golden sheaves of toil and pain,
Sheaves of an hundred years of God's best grain,
To still enrich the centuries yet to be
In art and science, prose and poesy,
What will remain for those who follow on
To work and win lies in the vast unknown.
But looking back o'er all these fleeting years,
Flower-crowned, yet jeweled thick with crystal tears,
For each hath had its own Gethsemane,
Yea, borne its cross and found its Calvary,
Born, suffered, crucified, that others live;
Struggle, succeed or fail; pass on and give
Unto the world's great archives history,
Thus ends the drama of each century.
And this is Evolution, if you will,
Leading us Godward, higher, higher still,
With every winding of her spiral stairs,
Gleaning the grain, uprooting weeds and tares;
Survival of the fittest all in all;
By our own grace we either stand or fall.
Strange! I have grown in one short hour to see
And know the meaning of Eternity—
A something void of birth, or death, or date,
Endless, unknowable—yea! uncreate.
And we are here—Eternity is ours;
All life's immortal through eternal powers.

This greater lesson I have learned at last—
There is no death in all the mighty past;
Only transition, glorious and grand.

In Nature's vast domain, most wisely planned ;
All truth survives—falsehood and error dies ;
Thus evolution cleanses—purifies—
But still, O Father Time, I only ask
For me alway the homely, sad-sweet task
Of ministering unto all mankind
Whene'er, where'er want, misery we find.
And when this century draws to a close,
Its golden deeds immortalized—its woes
In prose or poetry, or graved on stone.
May it receive the glad acclaim—" Well done !"
And nineteen hundred one be written then
The year of " Peace on earth, good will to men !"

MRS. A. E. N. RICH.

AM I GROWING OLD !

Am I growing old ? I know the waves
That fell like a fairy sheen
Of golden light o'er my shoulders white
Now like molten silver gleam ;
I know that now on my throbbing brow
They lie in silver rings ;
But under 'Time's snow Faith's white flowers grow,
And Hope more sweetly sings.

Am I growing old ? I know the rose,
With its soft, sweet seashell shades,
From cheeks and lips, and finger tips
In its transient beauty fades—
I know that the windows of my soul
With the mists of years are dim,
That the shadowy veil of texture pale
Is woven of sorrow and sin.

Am I growing old ? I know my form
Sways 'neath the touch of time ;
I know that I tread 'mong the dying and dead
But the march is grand, sublime !
And thanks for the veil of texture pale
That dims the world without ;
There's a world within, where sorrow and sin
Ne'er shadows the soul with doubt.

There the beauty of youth, in its prestine truth
And purity is enshrined,
And every thought in the brain that's wrought
Is a pearl to adorn the mind ;
There the tresses of gold softly enfold
The soul in its beauty rare ;
Yea ! brighter shine with the touch of Time
And a halo of glory wear.

Am I growing old ? is unasked, untold,
In that inner world of bliss,
The signs which presage the spirit's age
Are wisdom and holiness,
I sigh no more, although three score
Has sprinkled my locks with gray ;
These garments worn ; yea, tattered and torn,
Will be cast aside for aye.

And the spirit bright in robes of light,
Woven of love and truth ;
Deftly inwrought with gems of thought,
Crowned with perpetual youth,
Will sit at love's fount on progress mount,
Where knowledge is bubbling up,
With gods will clasp and drink at last
From Wisdom's diamond cup.

MRS. A. E. N. RICH.

THE VOICES.

The voice of the Present, a voice from the Past,
Rang out on the ambient air ;
One seemed like the voice of glad brave youth,
And one like the voice of prayer.

The grand old Past was the first to speak,
In a quiet undertone,
Like an echo from another world
Or a long, long distance " 'phone."

And as I listened was swiftly drawn
By a viewless, phantom hand,
A panorama of the past
In the shimmering, shifting sand.

Taking us back but a little way,
A century more or less,
When New England was a world of its own,
This a dense wilderness.

First came granddames of "Ye Olden Time,"
In short gowns and powdered puffs,
Stiff silk brocaded petticoats
And Elizabethian ruffs.

Sires in knee breeches and silken hose ;
Silver buckles on long-toed shoes—
Deep lace-trimmed tunics, and ruffled fronts,
And long plaited, powdered cues.

They were dancing the grand old minuet
With much dignity and grace.
But the scene soon shifted. Another set
Filed swiftly into their place.

These were stalwart women and stalwart men,
In plain homespun blue and gray—
They felled the forests, planted the fields
And hunted the beasts of prey.

Log cabins with broad, deep fireplaces,
With pot-hooks, trawls and crane.
Where our foremothers boiled and baked and stewed,
Yea ! roasted the savory game.

Where the nearest neighbors were miles apart,
But the panthers were very near ;
Where bears and wolves were plentier far
Than the rabbit or the deer.

The voice grew soft, low, tremulous,
As it told of the struggle, strife—
The days of toil, the nights of pain,
The hardships of pioneer life.

Then the Past clasped hands with the Present,
Saying with a stately bow,
"Remember, the *Past* through long travail,
Hath brought forth the beautiful *Now*."

The voice sank away to a whisper,
Sobbing like the sea in a storm ;
The pictures were wiped from the Sandbars,
As vanished the Shadowy form.

A wave of rich, ripe, rippling laughter
Swept down the broad river of Time,
And the bell's of the world's cathedrals
Suddenly seemed to chime.

Then a hush for a moment only
Swept like a tidal wave,
Over the great heart of Nature,
As winds sweep over a grave.

And the clarion voice of the Present
Rang out like a silver bell,
Back from the Past came the swift echo,
" All is well ! All, all is well ! "

Once more the invisible artist
Swiftly sketched on each new turned page,
Brush dipped in a fountain of rainbows,
The scenes of the Living Age.

Steel ribbons nearly encircled the earth,
Uniting the Nations in One !
The talk-wires stretching from pole to pole
Brought hamlet in touch with town.

The " Hello Girl," at your ring and call,
Will connect you with any place ;
You talk and listen and realize
Man has conquered " time and space."

One may stand in Chicago and talk with New York,
And the President from his home,
May cable a message under the waves
To King Edward upon his throne.

You have only to press the button now
To light, we had almost said,
The Universe ; but we recall,
Say myriad Cities instead.

The scenes swift change on the canvas now ;
'Twere impossible, we ken,
To note the countless, wondrous things
Now being done by men.

Ay ! Who among us to-day would dare
A horoscope to cast,
Of the pregnant Future, mightier far,
Than the Mighty, Mighty Past ?

We stand on the shelving edge of Time,
Past behind—the Future near,
Encompassed by Eternity—
The Eternal *Now* is here !

We woke ! But ever the vision clings
With strange, fascinating power—
These silvery voices haunt our dreams,
Like perfume of a rare, sweet flower.

A. E. N. RICH.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial day with all its wealth of flowers,
Its waving banners and its nodding plumes,
Its martial music and its solemn tread
Of living soldiers 'mong dead soldiers' tombs,
Has come ! has gone ! and did our heroes wake
'To scent the floral offerings near and far,
To listen to the grand old anthem's swell,
Wringing from the dead past the scenes of war ?
Aye ! did they mingle with the swaying throng,
Lending sweet inspiration to the hour,
Touching with hallowed thought each heart and brain,
Adding fresh fragrance to each bud and flower ?

Memorial day ! Our nation's sacred trust !
When every heart with patriotism's stirred,
When over all Love's oriflamme of peace
Floats from the beak of Liberty's proud bird.
Peace purchased with the blood of sire and son,
The hearts of households wrapped in living gloom,
" Ashes of roses " scattered over all,
Where erst was found but beauty, bud and bloom !

But softened by the tender touch of Time,
These ashes are transmuted into gold,
Or dust of diamonds, which pales not with age,
For deeds of love and valor ne'er grow old.

Memorial day! Ah, will there come a time
When only sons of veterans deck these graves?
When the last sword is hung upon the wall
And the old flag of Freedom softly waves
Above the last green mound of him who fought
To save it from the foeman's ruthless hand,
That ages hence its starry folds should gleam
Undimmed, unsullied, over all the land?
Yea! But when sons of veterans pass away,
Their children and their children's children too,
Through endless cycles of the passing years,
Shall plant the standard of the brave and true,
And garlands of fresh roses wreath for aye
To bind the Past unto the Living Age,
Making the years one glad Memorial Day—
The jeweled clasp of Time's historic page.

“THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE IS THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.”

Mothers bending o'er the cradle
Have ye learned the ponderous truth
Spoken through the lips of wisdom
To the wayward, thoughtless youth?
Written in bright burning letters
On Truth's banner wide unfurled,
This: “The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world!”

Fathers o'er these mothers watching
Helping mould the tender mind
Into shapes of grace and beauty,
Or with hideous horrors twined;
Have ye learned the mighty lesson
Poets, prophets, priests have hurled,
That “The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world?”

Christian pondering o'er your Bible
Searching out God's holy will,
Striving with heart, brain, and muscle
His commandments to fulfill ;
Have ye found in glowing symbols
On the sacred page impearled
That " The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world ?"

Seers, philosophers, and sages,
Delving for the pearl of truth,
Tracing backward Christs and heroes
To the cradles of their youth ;
Tracing back defects to causes
As Life's mystic scroll unfurled
Found ye " The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world ?"

Be that hand white as an angel's,
Or with sin and crime distraught,
Ages hence will leave its impress
On the infant throne of thought,
Be that impress good or evil,
Angel or demon will be hurled
As a curse or as a blessing
To be rocked, and rock the world !

The first cradle, God be with us,
Lies beneath each mother's heart ;
There the wondrous, tiny soul-germs
Into life unending start ;
Every thought and every feeling
In the mother's heart impearled
Rocks this pulsing, throbbing cradle—
The cradle of the wide, wide world !

Fathers are ye gently rocking,
With a strong, true, manly arm,
This little germ of life immortal,
Shielding it through love from harm ?
Making pure and sweet her pathway
Lest a cruel stone be hurled—
Knowing well this *mother* cradle
Is *the* cradle of the world ?

Earth from Heaven caught the anthem,
When the morning stars first sang
Adown the ages the vibrations
On Time's golden harp have rang,
And will ring through coming ages
"Till it hath redeemed the world—
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is Truth and Purity impearled!

Never sentence yet was uttered
With so much of wisdom fraught,
It is God's unceasing plowshare
Stirring humanity to thought—
It is Truth's eternal torch-light
By the hand of angels hurled,
That "The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world!"
Yes—that rocks and *rules* the world!

A. E. N. RICH.

Jackson, Mich., April, 1898.



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