

A BRIEF HISTORY  
OF THE  
JOY FAMILY.

BY ONE OF THEM.

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"I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times."  
Psalm 77:3.

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THE following pages have not been hastily written, but are the result of much patient and careful research :

*Truth* has been the object aimed at, in making the investigations, and it is believed to have been fully attained.

No statement has been made without abundant evidence of its correctness.

In this "Centennial year," it seems particularly proper that the present generation should study the history of their ancestors, and thus be brought into deeper and more affectionate sympathy with them than they have hitherto felt.

Certainly all are justified in feeling both pride and pleasure, who can trace their lineage back to that remarkable band of Exiles who left their native land for conscience' sake, came to this wilderness, and after years of trial, toil and embarrassment, most cheerfully and nobly borne, laid the foundation for the rich inheritance we now enjoy. Such an ancestry is indeed a "precious heritage."

" Yet, remember ! 'tis a crown  
That can hardly be thine own,  
Till thou win it by some deed  
That with glory fresh shall feed  
Their renown ! "

CORNELIA C. JOY DYER.

*New York*, February, 1876.



THE earliest record we have of the American branch of the Joy family commences with Thomas Joy, who was a member of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery company" of Boston, and had two acres of land in the centre of Boston, and land adjoining, at Muddy Brook, allotted to him as one of the early settlers. This was in 1634.

Records in England leave no doubt that Thomas Joy emigrated to America, from Hingham, Norfolk County. It is supposed that he came in 1630, when eight hundred persons, with Winthrop as their leader and governor, emigrated to the New World, and settled in Boston. He is spoken of as an "ardent lover of liberty," in the records of that day. Coming to this land of freedom, with exaggerated ideas of the unbounded liberty to be enjoyed, it is not strange that the strict laws governing our forefathers should have created much dissension; particularly, as many of those laws were more *strict* than *wise*.

In 1646 a petition was gotten up, and agents were "sent up and down the country to get hands to the petition." In the preamble they show how they were driven out of their native country by the tyranny of the Bishops, and they petition for liberty of conscience, and for larger privileges in various ways, particularly in the matter of the elective franchise, as church membership was, at that time, the condition of the full enjoyment of political rights.

John Winthrop, Esq., first governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, makes this record in his journal:—"There was, also, one Thomas Joy, a young fellow, whom

they had employed to get hands for the petition. He began to be very busy, but was laid hold on, and kept in irons about four or five days, and then he humbled himself; confessed what he knew, and blamed himself for meddling in matters belonging not to him, and blessed God for these irons upon his legs, hoping they would do him good while he lived. So, he was let out, upon reasonable bail." We have never been able to learn whether this new style of taking iron as a tonic, proved particularly invigorating to our revered ancestor, but we *infer* that it was productive of good results, as it is added that this experience "made Joy a more quiet subject, for time to come." The "young fellow" had at that time (1646) a wife and four children, and he decided to remove from Boston to Hingham, Massachusetts, where he could "enjoy more sympathy of neighbors."

There he built and owned the town mill. Built it probably with his own hands, as he was skilled in carpenter work, and probably, like most of the Puritans, was a man of "invincible energy."

Hingham was settled by the Rev. Peter Hobart, with part of a church and congregation to which he had been pastor in Hingham, county of Norfolk, in Great Britain. Their arrival was in the year 1635; and having obtained from the natives deeds of lands to form their town, on September 18th, the same year, they held their first meeting for civil purposes, which they called a town meeting, and their town, from the name of that they had left, they called Hingham.

Here Thomas Joy resided during the rest of his life.

His wife was Joan, the daughter of John Gallop, who was an Indian trader; and who, as well as his son, also named John, was renowned as an Indian fighter. Both of them served in the Pequod War, and received large

grants of land in consequence of their services. John Gallop, Jr., married Hannah Lake, a niece of Governor Winthrop, and was one of the six captains killed in the fearful swamp fight at Narragansett, Dec. 19th, 1675. He left four sons and five daughters. Two of his grandsons were engaged in some of the earliest struggles during the war for independence, and were both field officers in 1777.

John Gallop, Senior, owned a good deal of property in Boston. An island containing 16 acres, called Gallop's Island, belonged to him. His will, and that of his wife, are too quaint not to be inserted here, in the original spelling of that day:

"John Gallop's will, dated 20th of the 10 mo., 1649. To sonne John Gallop, my new shallop after my death. To my daughter Joane, my heaffer—my two youngest sonnes shall employ my barcke the first year after my decease wholly for their mother, and after one yeare to have two thirds for themselves, and one third for their mother, and to repair and maintain the barcke themselves looking for no help from their mother, only shee shall have the third of profitt; also my wife shall have the use of howses, lands, and goods for hir comfortable maintenance so long as shee shall live; after hir decease, it shall wholly remayne and equally divided to my two youngest sonnes Samuel Gallop and Nathaniel Gallop, if they carry themselves as obedient children to their mother; but if they be rebellious then shee shall have liberty to dispose of all as shee shall thinke Good; and if one sonne dye before their mother, then all to remain to the other; if both dye before their mother, then my wife shall dispose of all as shee shall thinke Good. I doe give to John Joy, my daughters sonne £5 to be paid to him at 21 yeares of age, and if he dye before, it shall remain to his brother Joseph. I doe give forty shillings to the building of the new meeting howse."

Christabell Gallop's will is dated 24th of ye 5 mo., 1655:

She gives her "sonne John, halfe her money," and something to Hannah, his wife, and adds, "I give to my daughter, Joane Joy, halfe my money, with one great brasse pot, with one of ye best brasse kettles, also, a great white chest, one bedstead, one flocke bed, two blancketts, also, one paire of my best sheetes, one beareing sheete, one odd sheete, one pewter candlestick, one porringer, one pewter platter and five napkins, with halfe my wearing clothes. All these I doe give to my daughter Joane Joy."

Under the first charter of the Massachusetts Colony none were regarded as freemen, or members of the body politic, except such as were admitted by the General Court, and took the oath of allegiance to the government here established.

John Gallop was made freeman April 1st, 1634, and died in 1649.

"Christabell, ye wife of John Gallop, dyed 27-7 mo., 1655."

The Gallops were an ancient family, who are said to have come to England from Normandy.

The name was originally written de Galope, and a very striking picture is to be seen at Cambridge, England, representing one of the family giving a book to King Henry V.

Thomas Joy and Joan Gallop Joy had eight children, who were born between the years 1638 and 1655.

Four were born in Boston, and four in Hingham. Their births are thus recorded.

Samuel Joy, the sonne of Thomas Joy and Joan, his wife, was borne 26-8-1639.

John, the sonne of Thomas Joy and Joan his wife, was borne 10-8-1641.



Thomas, the sonne of Thomas Joy and Joan his wife, was borne 3-1-1642.

*Joseph*, son of Thomas and Joan Joy, was borne 1-2-1645.

Ephraim, son of Thomas and Joan Joy, was borne 7-12-1646.

Sarah.

Elizabeth.

Ruth.

Thomas Joy, Senior, was made freeman in 1655, and died October 21st, 1678, at Hingham. His will was made July 8th, 1677, and as it only remembers his sons Ephraim and Joseph, and daughters Sarah, Elizabeth and Ruth, the *inference* is that they were his only surviving children.

*Joseph* Joy, the fourth son of Thomas Joy, was born in Boston, January 2d, 1645, and married Mary Prince, the daughter of John Prince, of Hingham, on the 29th day of August, 1667.

Their children were born in Hingham.

1. *Joseph*, born July 31st, 1668. Married Elizabeth Andrews, May 26th, 1690.

2. Thomas, born Nov. 25th, 1669. Died 11th Oct. 1718.

3. Margaret, born March 6th, 1670. Died June, 1671.

4. Margaret, born April 15th, 1672. Died June 1st, 1672.

5. Mary, born May 19th, 1673.

6. John, born August 28th, 1675. Died Oct. 7th, 1675.

7. Benjamin, born Sept. 19th, 1676.

8. John, born Oct. 10th, 1678. Died July 17th, 1680.

9. Simon, born Nov. 1st, 1679. Married Hannah Humphrey, Feb. 9th, 1721.

10. Sarah, born April 14th, 1681. Married Nath. Cudworth, Feb. 14th, 1704.

11. Jonathan, born Dec. 22d, 1682. Died June 1st, 1682.

12. Margaret, born Dec. 14th, 1683. Married John Chubbuck, June 5th, 1707.

13. Deborah, born Jan. 14th, 1685.

14. Ruth, born Nov. 27th, 1687. Died March 28th, 1688.

15. Lydia, born March 12th, 1689. Died March 27th, 1689.

*Joseph Joy*, the son of Joseph and Mary Prince Joy, married Elizabeth Andrews, the daughter of Captain Joseph Andrews of Hingham, on the 26th day of May, 1690.

They had nine children, whose names and ages are as follows :

1. Prince, born March 19th, 1690. Married Hannah Orcutt, Jan. 2d, 1729.

2. *David*, born Feb. 28th, 1694.

3. Hezekiah, born Sept. 11th, 1695.

4. John, born Feb. 7th, 1696. Married Lydia Lincoln (a relative of Levi Lincoln, Attorney-General of the United States), Dec. 17th, 1724.

5. Simon, born Dec. 28th, 1697.

6. Ruth, born March 17th, 1699.

7. Abigail, born Dec. 29th, 1701. Married Joshua Bate, Dec. 28th, 1721.

8. Jedediah, born Feb. 27th, 1704.

9. Jonathan, born Jan. 26th, 1706.

*David Joy*, married Ruth — in 1718, and removed to Rehoboth, Massachusetts, where his ten children were born.

1. Benjamin, born May 20th, 1719.

2. Sarah, born July 17th, 1720.
3. David, born April 5th, 1723. Died young.
4. *David*, born Dec. 16th, 1724.
5. Obadiah, born Jan. 18th, 1726.
6. Ruth, born Oct. 12th, 1728.
7. Tabitha, born March 30th, 1732.
8. Lois, born May 29th, 1734.
9. Ephraim, born July 13th, 1737.
10. Deborah, born Sept. 3d, 1738.

David Joy (the second), married Elizabeth Allen. Nine children were born in Rehoboth, and two in Vermont.

1. John, born April 27th, 1749. Died 1837.
2. Abel, born Oct. 26th, 1750. Died 1813.
3. Sarah, born August 23d, 1752. Died 1773.
4. *David*, born July 5th, 1754. Died 1813.
5. Comfort, born March 18th, 1756. Died 1798.
6. Elizabeth, born Oct. 2d, 1757.
7. Jesse, born Dec. 28th, 1759. Died 1821.
8. Abiather, born March 20th, 1762. Died 1852.
9. Lewis, born May 31st, 1764.
10. Benjamin, born in Guilford, Vermont, 1767. Died young.
11. Elizabeth, born in Guilford, Vermont, 1769. Died young.

In 1759, David Joy (second) served in the French war, and in 1766 removed with his family from Rehoboth to Guilford, Vermont, a town adjoining Brattleboro. He died at his son Abiather's, in Herkimer Co. New York, in 1809, aged 85. His wife, Elizabeth Allen, who was born in 1724, died at her son's in Russia, Herkimer Co., New York. 1820, aged 96.

David Joy (third), and his brother Abel, joined the army at Cambridge after the battle of Bunker Hill,

and served for some time in the war of the Revolution.

David Joy (third) was married to Hannah Partridge, in Guilford, Vermont, in 1776. She was born in Berry, Worcester Co., Massachusetts, but her father had removed to Vermont, and owned a farm adjoining "*Square Joy's*," as he was called. The farm of the latter has become very valuable since then, on account of the slating for roofs found upon it. Many quarries are to be seen there, at the present day, and flat rocks are shown which in former times were called the "Threshing rocks," where wheat was brought to be threshed, before the days of mills. Probably the neighbors assisted each other, and formed threshing "bees," for mutual help.

In the book of Land Records preserved in Brattleboro, it is recorded that in 1779, David Joy, junior, "for the consideration of sixteen pounds lawful money," bought "that certain tract or parcel of land, lying in Brattleborough aforesaid, in the County of Cumberland, and State of New York, containing forty acres of land, beginning on the north line of the township of Guilford." In 1796, he sold the same tract of land "for, and in consideration of sixty pounds, lawful money." It is a rather curious fact, that in the first record he is called "David Joy, junior, *Yeoman*," and in the second record, seventeen years later, he is called "David Joy, junior, *Gentleman*." The former term having probably been dropped when the colonies "set up for themselves."

The children of David and Hannah Partridge Joy were as follows: All but the last, the "beloved Benjamin" of the flock, were born in Guilford, Vermont.

1. Patience, was born Aug. 3d, 1777. She married Benjamin Chase, and died in 1849.

2. Hannah, was born April 22d, 1780. She married Jonathan Cobb, and died in 1836.

3. Polly, was born November 27th, 1782. She married Luther St. John, and died in 1853.

4. Thaddeus, was born Jan. 21st, 1785. He married Huldah Miles in 1807, and died in 1853.

5. Comfort, was born April 23d, 1787. He married first, Mary Breiner, in 1810. Second, Mrs. Cynthia Thorndyke, in 1845, and died in 1869.

6. Arad, was born April 5th, 1790. He married Catharine Fisher in 1814, and died in 1872.

7. Ira, was born July 13th, 1792. He married Clarissa Ludlow in 1815 and died in 1873.

8. Harriet, was born Dec. 20th, 1794. She married Lemuel Downs, and died in 1875.

9. Almira, was born June 28th, 1797. She married James Townley, and died in 1827.

10. Benjamin, was born in Fabius, Onondaga Co., New York, June 23d, 1800. He married Susan Morehouse in 1823, and died in 1868.

The land owned by the different members of the Joy family was prettily situated, not far from the Connecticut River, and in many parts beautiful views could be obtained far up that stream, the Green Mountain range being, of course, a prominent feature in the landscape.

But the soil was unproductive, and one wonders how they managed to subsist during all these years—years of toil they were, with not much to reward them for it. In the meantime, little mouths were coming to be filled, and it must have been much easier when they asked for bread to “give them a stone” than anything else. So it is not strange that the parents should have turned their eyes in other directions, the fame of the beautiful hills and fertile valleys of Western New York having reached them in their quiet homes under the shadow of the Green Mountains.

We do not hear that any Indians were prowling about at that time, but very near the home of the Joys stood Fort Hinsdale, where Mrs. Jemima Howe was taken captive by the Indians and carried into Canada; a story, the reading of which made our hair stand on end when we were children, and the recital of which, so near the spot, must have sadly terrified the children of that day. Above this Fort was a spot called "Point Peek," where the Indians made observations and pointed their arrows at the unsuspecting passer-by. In a letter written by Arad Joy in 1860, he says: "I was there about 20 years ago, and the Block House (or Fort) was still standing, and a Howe family in it." He adds: "Near by, stood the school house where I graduated at nine years old." We can imagine that little troop of children, receiving from their gentle, blued-eyed mother the daily lunch in their baskets, and then plodding to school (probably bare-footed in Summer) to con the tasks given them by a slightly educated boy or girl, hired for the season to teach, and "boarding around" in the style of that day. One only wonders that so *much* was learned under such circumstances, as school books were few and poor, and teachers unqualified for their duties.

In January, 1800, David Joy, Jr., and his family left Guilford, Vermont, and removed to Fabius, Onondaga County, New York. A terrible journey it must have been, at that season of the year; but it seems to have been borne with cheerfulness, and all went to work with a will, on their arrival, to make their new home comfortable. In some reminiscences of Arad Joy, from 1800 to 1811, we find the following, which show most touchingly, not only the primitive simplicity, but the early struggles of those days.

"1802. I bought little King Pippin." This was a primer of blurred pictures and indistinct print, which a

child of the present day would not look at, yet we have often heard him say what a *treasure* he considered it. He kept it carefully all his life.

"1804 & 1805. Went to school to Reuben S. Orvis.

"1806, June 16. The great Eclipse.

"1806, Oct. 16. Went to work for Jonathan Cobb for one month for 12 bushels of corn, and then three weeks for a Coat.

"1807, April. Completed Arithmetic.

"1808, March 5. Moved on to the Saw Mill Farm.

"1808, March 21. Finished surveying.

"1809, March. Had been at school 24 days and graduated to the Sap bush.

"1809, March 31. Ira and I tapped 144 trees.

"1809, April 13 and 14. Snow fell two feet; we were sugaring.

"1809, April 4. Father elected overseer of the Poor.

"1809, April 4. Comfort elected Constable.

"1809, May 15. I bought my time of father, for \$100.

"1809, June 1. Thad. went to Pompey Hill for a Military Hat.

"1809, June 10. Comfort and Ira went to Manlius, to celebrate the end of Embargo.

"1809, July 26. Bought knife and some raisins for Benjamin.

"1809, July 30. Rev. Mr. Hurd's twins baptized.

"1809, August 8. Bought father a family Bible—paid \$4.50.

"1809, Sept. 5. Oliver Phelps's oxen ran—I, on the tongue of the cart.

"1809, Sept. 20. Ira and I cut places for windows in our log house.

"1809, Oct. 10. Call for soldiers to go to Oswego, for guard.

1809, Nov. 27. Thad. and I drew writings for land of Oliver Phelps.

1810, Jan. 31. Harriet and I, and others, went to Pompey Hill to see wax figures.

1810, Feb. 5. Bunk made in Potash to sleep in.

1810, April 5. A. Joy weighed 138.

1810, June 12. Ira, Benjamin and I rode to Manlius. B. home on the 13th, alone.

1810, Oct. 2. Thad. raised his house, by E. Miles.

1810, Nov. 26. Hired to Phelps & Joy for 4 months at \$8.

1810, January 6. I started for Ludlowville—got there on the 7th. .

In the war of 1812, Arad Joy, then a young man of 22, joined Colonel Bloom's regiment as Paymaster, and was for some time stationed at Niagara Falls. He crossed the Niagara River with the invading army, under Colonels Van Rensselaer and Christie, (who were also joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott as a volunteer), and was present at the battle of Queenstown, when General Brock was killed. He used, laughingly, to say that he was well acquainted with the *trees* about Niagara, as he had dodged behind so many of them to get out of the way of British bullets! That he was appointed Paymaster at so early an age, was a compliment to his reputation for honesty and rectitude.

On the 2d of January, 1814, he was married to Catharine, daughter of Peter Fisher, formerly of Pompton, New Jersey, but then residing near Ithaca, New York. They were married in Ludlowville, Tompkins Co., N. Y., by Jabez Miller, Esq., Justice of the Peace, commonly known as "Squire Miller." Seven children were born to them in Ludlowville, two of whom died in their infancy. In 1826, Arad Joy removed with his family to Geneva, Ontario Co., New York. There



he felt the importance of taking a decided stand on the side of religion, and united with the Presbyterian Church in that town. His five children—four sons and a daughter—were all baptized on the 5th of August, 1827, in the First Presbyterian Church of Geneva, by Rev. Henry Axtell, D.D., then the pastor.

David Joy, third, died in Fabius, Onondaga Co., N. Y., March 7th, 1813, aged nearly 59 years.

Hannah Partridge Joy, his wife, survived him seventeen years, and died in Clarkson, Monroe Co., N. Y., April 13, 1830, aged 73 years, wanting a few days.

Their ten children have all followed them to the "better land." A noble band of brothers and sisters they were—fulfilling faithfully and well the duties of life, and leaving in the hearts of their descendants precious memories, not soon to be forgotten.

"Better is this world of ours,  
That such as *they* have lived therein."

Thaddeus Joy, the oldest son, died suddenly, at Greenville, Pennsylvania, while there on a visit, June 4th, 1853. The following notice appeared in the Buffalo Daily Courier:

#### DEATH OF CAPTAIN THADDEUS JOY.

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We are called upon to announce the death of another of the old citizens of Buffalo—one who has been a resident among us for over a quarter of a century, and for a good portion of the time engaged in active commercial pursuits. Capt. Thaddeus Joy expired on Saturday, in the 68th year of his age

Mr. Joy was an early settler of Western New York, having located in Le Roy, Genesee county, as early as the year 1815, where, from his energy and enterprise, he soon occupied a prominent position. He removed to this city in 1823. He was an early and steadfast friend of De Witt Clinton during the preliminary efforts which were put forth to secure the construction of the Erie Canal. He saw the great advantages that would accrue to the western part of the State by opening this channel of communication with the tide water, and was active and influential in furthering the measure in its incipency and “until the waters of Lake Erie were mingled with those of the Atlantic.” With his fellow citizens of Buffalo, then numbering some twenty-five hundred, he celebrated with becoming enthusiasm an event so important in our then village, as well as of the State and the Nation. He has lived to see his most sanguine hopes more than realized by the stupendous results which have followed the construction of the Erie Canal—the calling into being the innumerable villages and cities which now line its banks, and its effect in peopling the great West.

Mr. Joy early engaged in the mercantile business here, in company with the late Manly Colton, in which he continued for several years. He built the canal boat upon which Clinton made his first trip, and erected the first warehouse here, so that he may indeed be regarded as one of the commercial pioneers of the West. After the completion of the canal, he embarked in the forwarding business, with extensive connections, and during the greater portion of the time he was so engaged he resided in Albany. His characteristics were sound common sense, sound judgment, great, yet

unpretending, energy, and he possessed a mind which, while it was not unmindful of the complicated details of an extensive and ramified business, was of sufficient grasp to comprehend great undertakings and far-reaching enterprises. He has ever retained the respect of his fellow-citizens by his probity and uprightness—his public spirit and enlightened devotion to the general good. Thus, one by one, pass away the early settlers of Buffalo.

Benjamin Joy died suddenly, in Penn Yan, Yates Co., New York, February 18th, 1868.

The following appeared in the New York Evangelist.

## A VETERAN WORKER, AND THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE.

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BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

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During the last quarter of the century no two men have been more prominent in the temperance movement through Central New York than Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro, and Benjamin Joy, of Penn Yan. Others have wrought well in the ranks; but these two veterans attained to the three buttons on the coat as corps-commanders. Both were prominent, too, in the early dark days of the anti-slavery reform; both endured hisses and howls for a cause that was "everywhere spoken against" in the times that tried men's souls. In the reformatory meetings of interior New York, no two objects were more familiar than the handsome face and broad Byronic collar of the courtly Gerrit Smith and the big black eyes and thin, lantern-jawed visage of "Uncle Ben. Joy." Gerrit Smith "still lives," in the fullness of his strength; but his noble coworker has suddenly ceased from his labors, and on Wednesday night of last week, after finishing his last temperance address, he was summoned by his Lord, in the silence of the night, to "*go up higher.*"

Alike in philanthropic aims, these two men differed widely in one most important regard. Mr. Smith, a few years since, "went off in a tangent" from the line of orthodox theology, and embraced religious views quite peculiar to himself. Mr. Joy lived and died in the staunchest evangelical faith. He was a striking

proof that a man may be a radical reformer, and yet hold fast to the uttermost statements of the Westminster Confession of Faith. He was a Puritan, and yet a progressive; he was a Presbyterian to the core, and yet profoundly in sympathy with true Christians of every condition, creed, and color. For him "to live was Christ;" and the heroic life he led was lived in simple, devout, and loving faith in the Son of God.

During the winter of 1843, there was a delightful revival in the Presbyterian church of the little village of Ludlowville, on the shores of Cayuga Lake. Of that church "Uncle Ben Joy," as we were wont to call him, was the most active member. I can see him yet as he used to sit in the front of the gallery, with tuning-fork in hand, leading his choir through the mazes of Mear, and Lenox, and Old Hundred. During that revival Mr. Joy extemporized a daily prayer-meeting in his own house—furnishing seats for his guests on pine boards, supported by chairs. To one of these meetings I was invited, soon after I left college. By request, I made a brief talk to anxious inquirers, and the kind reception given to those few words decided me to enter the Christian ministry. This incident dear Uncle Ben. was wont to allude to quite often in his public addresses, and to speak of me playfully as one of his boys.

Blessed man! How fragrant is his memory to dwellers beside the Cayuga Lake. He was the lay-apostle of all that region. A hardware merchant in the village of Ludlowville for many years before he removed to Penn Yan, he gave all his leisure hours to doing good. The temperance reform was to him as the "apple of his eye." Night after night he used to drive, through snow-drifts and storms, to the rural school-houses, and by the light of the tallow candles he held forth by the hour in most telling and powerful assaults against "King Alcohol"; and all without one farthing of compensation. He often got the prophet's reward—a *stone*. Sometimes the lewd fellows of the baser sort cut the harness of his horse while he was preaching the gospel of temperance within the school-house or the church. Sometimes they upset his sleigh. Once they dashed a whisky-bottle against the stove while he was speaking; but Uncle Ben. only slapped his hands, and called out with great glee: "Good! boys; good! Serve him right! There's only one more devil cast out! I came here to help you smash rum-bottles!" He was a man of infinite drollery; seasoned his most solemn addresses with salt; and, when he addressed the mammoth Lee-avenue Sunday school (on his visits

to New York), the children used to listen to him with intense delight. His *heart-power* in speaking was prodigious.

Mr. Joy's light was not confined to the school-houses about Ludlowville, and Ithaca, and Penn Yan. He set it "on a candlestick, and it gave light" over the whole State. He attended nearly every state temperance convention; took part in the last National Convention, at Saratoga; and was one of the officers of the "National Temperance Society." On the last evening that he spent on earth he addressed the "Good Templars" of the village of his residence. He then laid down to the sweet sleep of the laboring man; but in the night he aroused his family, and called for help. They came to his assistance; but no help availed. The "golden bowl" of that beautiful life was broken. The silver cord had snapped, and his devout spirit ascended, in the silent night-watches, to the unclouded noon of Heaven! Benjamin Joy's years numbered more than the allotted three-score and ten, and in them he did a Christian man's *full day's work*. What a sheaf of golden deeds the stout old harvester carried home!

And so the death-roll keeps calling! Yesterday it was Richard G. Pardee. To-day it is Benjamin Joy. The Sunday-school cause, the temperance reform, the whole Church of Jesus are sad losers by these blows. Alas for us, that we have so few such men to spare! The chief lesson of their beneficent careers is this: that a man's power and usefulness are not to be measured by the "*abundance that he hath*," but by the whole-souled consecration of *what he has* to God and to his fellow-men.

Benjamin Joy's only genius was the genius of loving Jesus and helping his brother man. He was *Christianity on foot*. He went about doing good. Uncle Ben. graduated from no college. His "diploma" was given him on Mount Calvary, in such language as this: "As ye go, preach! Let your light shine! He that winneth souls is wise; if ye love God, love your brother also." There might be ten thousand Pardees and Joys in this state to-morrow. All that is required to make them is common-sense in the head and Christ in the heart.

Brother Joy's *forte* was in teaching temperance and in saving men from drunkenness. This was part of his religion. He firmly believed that it was just as much the duty of Christians to let liquor alone as to let gambling and swearing alone; that every church ought to have a total abstinence society as much as a Sunday-school; and that drunkards needed missionary work as truly as the pagans in Polynesia. He prayed, preached, and lived tem-

perance. He picked up the poor drunkard and *helped* him to reform. He prayed for the inebriate in the religious meeting, and then shook the thunders of God's law over the heads of the drunkard-makers. He loved little children, and taught them the curse of the cup, and in the Sunday-school induced them to pledge themselves to abstinence. It is the burning shame and reproach of the American Church to-day that it has not Benjamin Joys to control its every congregation and Sabbath-school.

Through blinding tears I pen this honest tribute to the beloved old friend of my childhood. Hooted and derided once as a "fanatic," he lived to hear the "hisses turn to cheers." He needs now neither my tribute nor my tears. But, if I were called to write his eulogy in a single line, it would be that dear old Father Joy was an humble, imperfect human copy of Jesus Christ, *but written in large hand.*

BROOKLYN, February 24th, 1869.

Arad Joy died in Ovid, Seneca County, New York, April 16th, 1872.

The following appeared in the Seneca County Courier.

#### TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ARAD JOY.

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We had expected, at an earlier day than this, to have published some fitting tribute to the memory of Arad Joy, whose death we recorded but a fortnight since. 'Tis as well, perhaps, that we have delayed, for 'twas a subject worthy a better pen than ours, and we can imagine nothing more expressive or appropriate than the following, which we find in the New York *Evangelist* of April 25th. The introductory paragraph [in brackets,] is from the pen of Henry M. Field, the editor, who is a brother to Cyrus W. and David Dudley Field. The article is entitled "The Pious Dead."

[“ARAD JOY.—It is with no ordinary sorrow that we place this honored name on the roll of the dead. Last August, while in the country, this good patriarch came with his wife to visit their son, Prof. Charles A. Joy of Columbia college, who has a summer retreat among the Berkshire hills. All who saw them were charmed with this dear old couple, who had journeyed on in life together fifty-eight years. But a few months have passed, and now the father has gone, and the mother is very ill, not expected to recover, so that it may soon be said of them, They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.—*Ed. Evangelist.*]

“Died at Ovid, Seneca county, N. Y., on Tuesday, April 16th, 1872, Arad Joy, aged eighty-two years and eleven days. The ancestors of Mr. Joy were among the earliest colonists of Massachusetts, settling within the jurisdiction of Plymouth, in a town which was called Rehoboth, by Rev. Samuel Newman, because, as the pastor of the flock said, ‘*The Lord hath made room for us.*’ Subsequently, in 1766, his grandfather removed to Guilford, Vt., and from there, in 1800, the father of the deceased came into the wilderness of Onondaga county, N. Y., where, with a family of ten children, a log cabin was built, and the work of reclaiming the forest was begun. Inured to hardship and toil from his infancy, unaccustomed to luxuries, deprived of the advantages of early education, but with a strong physical organization, and better than all imbued with deep religious convictions, Mr. Joy, com-

menced a career of great usefulness and signal success, which has just terminated at an age to which few men attain. When he came to New York there were scarcely one hundred thousand white inhabitants west of his habitation. He has seen this number swell to millions, and cities have sprung up where he helped to fell the timber, and till the soil. The building up of churches, the fostering of schools, the laying out of roads, the improvement of towns, the moral training of the community, the suppression of drunkenness, the honest administration of public offices, were a few of the tasks that occupied the attention of this sturdy son of the Puritans, and there are few citizens of western New York whose example has been more wholesome, and whose labors have been more successful, than can be recorded of this good old man who has now been gathered to his fathers.

"Mr. Joy was for many years an elder in the Presbyterian church, and, until disabled by physical debility, was never absent from week-day or Sunday services. He gave liberally to all benevolent objects, and was ever ready to extend a hand of charity to all who were worthy.

"During an active business life of nearly sixty years, he was never sued in any court, never had a debt that he could not discharge at any moment, never failed to meet every pecuniary obligation to the last farthing, and when he died, he owed no man anything, and all things were set in order ready for his departure.

"Starting in life in a log-cabin he died in a substantial home, surrounded by every evidence of refinement and taste. Although self-taught himself, he gave to his five children the highest advantages to be obtained in this country and at foreign universities, and spent many thousands of dollars upon their training, saving only enough to secure himself from want in his old age. His example has been one to which his family, friends, and neighbors may well look with respect and admiration. His last illness was only of few days' duration—there was no organic disease, he simply laid down exhausted with years and fell asleep in Jesus. He served and honored his Master; he departed in the faith of the gospel, and has now entered upon the rest prepared for the people of God."



Deacon Ira Joy died at his home near Galesburgh, Kalamazoo Co., Michigan, January 9th, 1873, of lung fever.

Mr. Joy was born in Guilford, Vermont, in 1792. Some years of his life were spent in Ludlowville, Tompkins Co., New York, from whence he removed to Buffalo, in 1824. He was a contractor in the army of 1812, and was in business relations with Buffalo when it was burned by the British. He owned a large farm, upon which a part of the city of Buffalo now stands. In 1854, he removed to Michigan, settling on a farm, where he lived until his death. He was an active member of the Congregational Church of Galesburgh, having been elected very early one of its deacons, which office he held as an honorary bestowment of the church, at his death. Deacon Joy was a courteous gentleman of the old school, and one of the genuine specimens of a true Christian, for he carried his religion into everyday life—it made him a better, kinder, more cheerful man—and his best praise was, that his character was entitled to the highest respect, and that his example was worthy of imitation. His heart welled over, like a fountain, with love to God and man. He had a cheering word, a warm shake of the hand, and a smile for every one that he met. “During the most discouraging circumstances,” says an old friend of his, “Deacon Joy was always cheerful, and bore with smiling fortitude what other men would have sunk under.”

Thus he lived, and thus he died—a brave, ripe, full-rounded, joyous Christian. Truly can we say of him “he has made the world better for having lived in it.”

Harriet Joy, widow of David Downs, died at Allens Grove, Wisconsin, March 2d, 1875.

The following appeared in the Chicago "Interior," of September 23d, 1875.

### FAITH'S ASSURANCE.

BY THE REV. HORATIO MILLS CASE.

In a recent number of the Westminster Review a writer, reviewing Mr. Mill's Three Essays on Religion, uses these most hopeless words: "From the days of Plato to the days of Mr. Mill, no philosopher, no logician, no theologian has succeeded in converting into glorious assurance the desire, the hope of an eternal futurity."

As I read the sentence, and sat pondering its profound despair, a picture rose up in my mind so bright by contrast, so calm, so full of serene confidence, that I am minded to sketch it for the joy of other hearts.

One pleasant Sabbath in the early autumn of last year, I noticed a new face in my audience, and one that made a unique impression on my mind. It was pale, slight, deeply graven with years and care, tremulous from age, yet withal glorified by a subtle, spiritual mien—a super-earthly light and calm. I found at the close of service, what I had surmised, that the aged saint of God was the "grandmother" of whom I had been hearing during the summer, and whose presence had been eagerly awaited in the new home of a family recently arrived in the village.

As my acquaintance with her ripened, I found a woman in whom the gospel religion, so much despised of late by the great ones of earth, had grown to singular beauty and power. No man could doubt the reality, the inherent vitality of faith while in her society. Not that there was any trace of that offensive bravado of piety which we see in certain quarters. She did not talk her religion to you, but it fell about you like a heavenly atmosphere. You did not reason it out, but you felt it true beyond question, that here was a human spirit that had made holy acquaintance with a heavenly Father, and lived in devout fellowship with a divine Saviour.

Grandmother Downs was a test case in my experience. There come times of fierce unrest, and anxious questioning in the life of

every Christian. We are forced to ask, "Where is God, if there be a God." Whither has the Saviour gone, hiding his face while his disciples struggle on in fear and weakness? Where is the coming Spirit who should lead into all truth, and sanctify human nature?" And while we doubt, and grope for the light, heaven fades into an idle myth, and the evil world rushes madly to its doom, nobody in earth or heaven seeming to care very much at the awful wreck. But, however wildly the tumult of vain fears might rage, however resistless seemed the logic of men who find no trace of God in nature, and leave humanity no hope of immortality, if you should sit down in brief communion with this woman you would catch the contagious peace of her firm faith. She, too, was a reader. You could not say that her faith was so poised because no disturbing thoughts ever swept in upon her tranquil life from the uproar of the outer world. She knew what was going on in the realms of philosophy and science. Eighty years had not dimmed a mind originally clear and keen. It could not be said that the sister of Benjamin Joy was credulous. No, it was the profound quiet of intelligent, deeply-rooted faith—a faith that had struck below reason, and philosophy, and logic, and drew its life from eternal springs.

But the day of trial came, that day whose invisible fires consume so much hay, wood, stubble. Late in the winter an acute inflammation settled upon her lungs. The thin face rapidly wasted. The mild, restful eyes became fevered and full of pain. But weak as she was, and helpless, and conscious of the near presence of death, that steadfast heart remained in its wonted repose. No "glorious assurance?" No "hope of an eternal futurity?" Verily, then, never was there such a thing as assurance! The feeble and always slight body was dying, but there was somewhat else there than that failing flesh—somewhat that could say, "I know," "I hope," "I am full of peace." And so she died, the last of a godly band of ten brothers and sisters.

It is but one out of ten thousand testimonies, given by intelligent, capable witnesses, to the verity of faith. And yet the "greatest logician of this century" has the effrontery to tell us that it is but "remotely possible that thought, that feeling may survive the dissolution of their companion organism." This "master mind," of course, leaves no vestige of the hope men have so fondly cherished that their God has spoken to them. There is no revelation. God has hidden Himself out of sight, if, indeed, He exists at all.

But Grandmother Downs had a revelation. Her well-worn Testament, in heavy type, lies before me. It is full of marked passages, and I turn its pages as one might follow the footsteps of a venerable pilgrim. God had spoken for her, and she followed His words. She read, for her soul's abiding consolation, "Let not your heart be troubled. \* \* In my Father's house are many mansions, \* \* I go to prepare a place for you. \* \* I will come again and receive you unto myself. \* \* My peace I leave with you."

That nature was cruel, she very well knew; but she saw a God standing behind nature, who said, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten." That mankind was a depraved race, she knew; but she found ample hope for fallen human nature in that sublime pledge of the Almighty, "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish." She perceived, as clearly as Mr. Mill, that this whole earthly scene was beclouded; that sin and disease and death, and wasting toil, ravage at will. But her eyes were lifted far away, charmed by the spell of "a new heaven and a new earth." "A great voice out of heaven" falls upon her ear, saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, their God." Steadfastly looking forth into that glorious Golden Age, she accepts the exceeding great and precious promises and confidently believing for herself, earnestly hoping for all mankind, she passes from our mortal sight.

Dare any man say that that sublime belief has been shattered upon cruel rocks of eternal disappointment? Did that saintly woman go forth into blank darkness to find no God, no Father's house, no welcoming Saviour? Were all the sweetest hopes of her soul—hopes cherished through long years of weary earthly pilgrimage—years of sorrow and pain and temptation—blasted by the rude breath of Fate? Not so. Faith fears none of these things, but gathers her robes about her and moves on in stately calm, passing through that veil of separation which on our side is deep shadow, but on her side melts into surpassing light and glory.

Obadiah Joy, son of David Joy first, remained in Rehoboth until 1773 or '4, and then removed to Putney, Windham Co., Vermont, from whence he moved with one of his sons to Western Pennsylvania, when a very old man. He had a numerous family of boys and girls—one daughter married Byam Fuller of Putney—his sons were Moses, Joseph, Amos and Obadiah. Moses was many years Sheriff of Windham County. The following story was told at the Centennial celebration at New Fane, Vt., by Judge C. K. Field.

“By a strange perversion of legal principles it was supposed by our ancestors that whoever married a widow who was administratrix upon the estate of her deceased husband, represented insolvent, and should thereby possess himself of any property or thing purchased by the deceased husband, would become an executor *de son tort*, and would thereby make himself liable to answer for the goods of his predecessor. Major Moses Joy became enamored of Mrs. Hannah Ward, widow of William Ward, who died in 1788, leaving an insolvent estate, of which Mrs. Ward was administratrix. To avoid the unpleasant penalties of the law, on the morning of her marriage with Major Joy Mrs. Ward placed herself in a closet with a tire-woman who stripped her of all her clothing, and when in a perfectly nude state she thrust her fair, round arm through a diamond hole in the door of the closet, and the gallant major clasped the hand of the buxom widow and was married in due form by the jolliest parson in Vermont. At the close of the ceremony the tire-woman dressed the bride in a complete wardrobe which the major had provided and caused to be deposited in the closet at the commencement of the ceremony. She came out elegantly dressed in silk, satin and lace, and there was kissing all around.”

Several others of the Joy family have distinguished themselves in services for their country, besides those already mentioned. One served under General Wolfe at Quebec; another was in the famous Louisberg expedition in 1745; another was Orderly Sergeant in Shay's rebellion. One branch of the family went to England some years ago from Boston, and purchased Hartham Park, a beautiful place in Wiltshire, near Lord Lansdowne's. Their descendants are still residing there. Hon. Henry Hall Joy, one of them, was Queen's Counsel.

The Joys of Dublin, Ireland, claim descent from the Joys of Hingham, Co. Norfolk, England, and many of the family are still in Dublin. One of them was the Right Honorable Henry Joy, Chief Baron of her Majesty's Exchequer in Ireland, and privy counsellor of that kingdom, who died at Woodstown, Co. Dublin, Ireland, June 1st, 1838, aged 71 years.

The Dublin University Magazine thus speaks of him:

"Mr. Joy was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1788, and he enjoyed a high reputation as an able lawyer, and much consideration as an advocate. There was a quiet, ready playfulness of manner about him to make great way with a jury, or when replying to the arguments of a rival orator. Lord Norbury was once asked by Mr. Hope to wait a few moments for Mr. Joy, his leading counsel in a 'nisi prius' case, just then called on in the Common Pleas; he did so until his little stock of patience was exhausted, then exclaiming, 'Hope told a flattering tale that Joy would soon return,' ordered the next number to be proceeded with. Mr. Joy succeeded the present Lord Chancellor as Attorney General for Ireland. When Lord Gullamore retired from the Exchequer in 1831, Mr. Joy succeeded to the high office of Chief Baron, in which he always displayed the utmost

impartiality, with a decidedly constitutional sense of inflexible justice and humanity. He was never married. In private life he was a religious, highly honorable, courteous gentleman, and will long be regretted by every man of similar feelings in the profession.

“On the 5th of June, after his death, his friends assembled to deliberate on the propriety of paying some tribute to his memory, and a splendid mural monument will be erected in the church in Monktown, in the vaults of which his remains are deposited.”

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. there is a very beautiful life-size statue of Baron Joy, of white marble. He wears the gown and wig of a Judge.

In 1852, the writer copied the following inscription from the pedestal:

To the Memory of the  
RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY JOY,  
*Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in  
Ireland.*

He was admired and respected as a Judge, for his profound and extensive legal knowledge, sound and discriminating mind, firmness of character, and honesty of purpose.

He was beloved and revered for the kindness of his heart, the gentleness of his manners, and the generosity of his disposition.

This monument is erected to his memory by members of his own profession, and others, his friends and admirers, desirous of paying a tribute to his great and many virtues, which were so conspicuous both in public and private life.

He departed this life in the faith of Christ, on the 6th of June, 1838, aged 71 years.

In 1742, the grandfather of Baron Joy established the first newspaper in Ireland, at Belfast, called the "Belfast News." He lived to be a hundred years old, and left two sons, Henry and Robert. "In the year 1771, Mr. Robert Joy, who had a principal part in designing the establishment in Belfast, where the support of the young and aged is provided for, and who was the revered father of the Volunteers in Ulster, conceived, when on a tour through North Britain, the scheme of introducing into this, then desponding, kingdom, the more intricate branches of the cotton manufacture. He was mainly prompted to this by a desire to render service to the lower orders of the working poor, particularly linen weavers and spinners, whose livelihood was often rendered precarious, depending almost solely on a single manufacture—that of linen. Having suggested that the spinning of cotton yarn might, as an introductory step, be a fit and profitable employment for the children of the Belfast Poor-house, a spinning machine was made in Belfast, at the expense of Mr. Joy and a Mr. McCabe, assisted in the practical part by Nicholas Grimshaw, cotton and linen printer, from England, who had some time before settled in this country. Shortly afterwards an experienced spinner was brought over by Mr. Joy from Scotland, to instruct the children in the house. Also, under the same direction, a carding machine was erected, to go by water, which was afterwards removed to the poor-house, and wrought by hand. After Messrs. Joy and McCabe had in vain solicited the co-operation of others, in prosecuting a scheme fraught with such national advantage, they proposed a transfer of their machinery, at first cost, to the managers of the Charitable Institution, promising as continued attention as if the emoluments were to be their own. On the refusal of the committee to run the risk of a new undertaking, the original proprietors formed themselves into a company with



others. They dispatched a skillful mechanic to England, who obtained a minute knowledge of the most improved British machinery. On his return they erected a new carding machine, of superior structure, and a spinning jenny of seventy-two spindles, which was then reckoned a very large size. In a memorial to the Dublin Society praying for aid, they informed the Board that far from confining their hopes of gain to themselves, they had encouraged the public to avail themselves of their discoveries, they had exposed their machinery to open view, permitted numbers, even from distant parts, to be gratuitously taught in their apartments, and promoted the manufacture of cottons, dimities, and Marseilles quilting, equally by example and instruction. The magnitude of these improvements, at the same time, is now to be estimated by comparison. Eight or ten cents per day were formerly the scanty produce of the most laborious spinner on the common wheel; while in the same time not more than a single pound could be carded by hand. On *their* jenny of seventy-two spindles, seventy-two Irish hanks were spun weekly, an increase of fourteen to one; and by their carding machine, twenty pounds of rovings were daily thrown off, an increase of twenty to one. Their exertions were in time followed by Messrs. Nathaniel Wilson and Nicholas Grimshaw. To the talents, property, and adventurous spirit of the former of these two gentlemen, and to the practical knowledge, talent, and industry of the latter, this country stands highly indebted. The first mill for spinning twist, by water, in Ireland was built by them in 1784, from which date the Irish cotton manufacture was considered finally established. In the year 1800 (only twenty-three years from the origin of the enterprise by Mr. Joy) it appeared in evidence before Parliament, that the cotton manufactures which had been thus introduced

gave employment to 13,500 working people; and including all manner of persons occupied in various ways, to 27,000, within a circuit of only ten miles, comprehending within its bounds the towns of Belfast and Lisbon.

“About the year 1829, it is calculated that at least 50,000 persons were employed in the various branches of cotton manufacture in the North of Ireland.”

This result was in a great measure owing to the benevolent and persevering efforts of Mr. Robert Joy.

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The first mention we find of the name of Joy in English history is that of George Joy, who is called a "learned, pious, and laborious reformer in the reign of Henry VIII." In a work entitled 'The Fathers of the English Church' we find the following: "George Joy was a native of the County of Bedford, and educated at Peterhouse College in Cambridge, where, having prosecuted his studies with great success, he was admitted Fellow in the year 1517. As he was one who drew the heavenly doctrine of Christ from the most pure fountains of the Gospel, he sustained many afflictions and difficulties from Cardinal Wolsey, Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and other ministers of papal Antichrist. He was accused of heresy in letters written to the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese he had a benefice, by John Ashwel, prior of Newnham in Bedfordshire; and thereby fell into trouble along with Bilney, afterwards a martyr. He was most warmly addicted to the cause of the Reformation, and was at length compelled to take refuge in Germany, where he wrote many treatises in defence of the Protestant truth, and translated several portions of the Holy Scriptures into the English tongue. Sir Thomas More in his answer to Tyndale, printed in 1532, says, "The Psalter was translated by George Joye, the priest, that is wedded now, and I hear say the primer, too—wherein the seven Psalms be set in without the Litany, lest folk should pray to saints. And the Dirige is left out clean, lest a man might hap to pray thereon, for his father's soul." George Joy returned at length to England, where he was known as a faithful asserter of Christian truth. Fuller in his "Worthies of Bedford-

shire," says "The particulars of his sufferings, if known, would justly advance him into the reputation of a Confessor. Notwithstanding many machinations against his life, he found his coffin where he fetched his cradle, *in sua patria sepultus*, being peaceably buried in his native country, 1553, the last year of King Edward the Sixth."

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There are many families in England at the present day bearing the name of Joy, to whom grants of arms have been given. One family has for its motto, "Pro patria ejusque libertate"—its crest is a demi lion rampant.

The Irish branch has for its crest a hand holding an arrow, point downward.

At the Herald's College, or College of Arms, London, where records are preserved, and where coats of arms and other badges of family rank and honor are recorded, is to be found the grant of arms to the descendants of Thomas Joy who went to England and remained there. The arms were granted about 1730, and have been borne since then by John Joy—Charles Henry Joy, Hon. Henry Hall Joy, Queens Counsel, and many others of the family both in America and England.

The whole coat of arms is very handsome, but not easily described. The crest is a vine stump, thereon a dove standing between two branches.

The motto is "Vive la joie." With the motto, this record closes—translated thus:

God bless the Joys!





# **FAMILY RECORD.**

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## MARRIAGES.

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# FAMILY RECORD.

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## BIRTHS.

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Dorothy Ann Joy  
Paton Iowa

March 25 - 1901

Married Nov 7 - 1931

to Robert E. Fouse

Chicago, Ill.

daughter of Frank L. Joy

son of Henry A. Joy

Grand Luratick Iowa

