GENEOLOGICAL

AND

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

ROSS FAMILY

1754--1904

1904:
THE BROWN PRINTING COMPANY,
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

EMERY ARMSTRONG ROSS

INTRODUCTION.

In preparing and presenting this historical and biographical sketch of the ancestors of the Ross family from a period dating as far back as we have any authentic knowledge, down to and including the present time, it is the only object of the writer to gather and preserve matters of historical interest, to the present and coming generations.

It is the purpose of the writer to gather and compile all data and incidents connected with the early history and pioneer life of the family of the present stock and their descendants; and I would earnestly request and advise that the members of each succeeding generation take up this work where I leave off, and add a link for each generation, so that there may be a complete and unbroken chain in the genealogy of the family from generation to generation for all time And as this little work is only intended for members of the family, and not for the public, and therefore, not as a matter of speculation, I the more earnestly urge the *duty* you owe to your selves, your families and your descendants, to add a new edition each generation, and keep a complete record of events from the time this narrative leaves off, as long as there is a descendant to tell the tale. If this work is carried out, and my efforts are sanctioned and approved by a continuation, what a prize, what a blessing, will be handed down to our children, and to our children's children and they will rise up and call us blessed.

EMERY ARMSTRONG ROSS.

Ross Mills, N. Y., January, 1885.

ANCESTRAL.

As far back as we have any knowledge, the Ross family, or clan, originated in Ross county, in the highlands of Scotland, embracing that territory lying N. W. of the Caledonia Canal, and river, and between the North Sea, Dornock, and Moray Firth, on the east, and the Atlantic Ocean and Isle of Skye on the West. The Scots were noted then, as now, for their strength and agility, for their majestic form and bearing, and for their prowess in battle.

Although they were not a quarrelsome or warlike people, they were ever ready to protect their rights of persons, or property, and to defend their honor which they held in high esteem, and guarded with jealous care. They were fond of their national athletic sports, of which they have many, and are masters of most of them. They are genial, generous, and just, in their intercourse with others, and not aggressive.

Of their men of note and lasting fame, Robert Burns, and Sir Walter Scott stand at the head of the literary list; while Thomas Carlyle, Douglas Jerrold, and others are eminent in the annals of history. Burns has always been classed as one of the first poets of his or any other age, but Scott is the peer of them all; he stands on the very pinnacle of fame as poet and novelist. They were both born in the last century, and have left a lasting fame of which their countrymen are justly proud.

Robert Bruce, the great King of the Scots, was a man of great valor and prowess. His incessant warfare against the English, resulted in the

independence of Scotland. He was born in 1274 consequently his deeds of valor covered a period nearly six hundred years ago. Where now are the Rhoderic Dhus, the Douglasses, the Stewarts and other knights of the ancient days of the lads and lasses. Alas! the days of chivalry and knighthood of the olden times have passed away, perhaps forever.

FROM SCOTLAND TO AMERICA.

It was from that picturesque and healthy highland country in the north of Scotland, that our ancestors, my great great grandfather, —— Ross and his family emigrated about 1750, or about twenty-five years before our revolutionary war with Great Britian. They settled in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where soon after, my great grandfather, Joseph Ross, was born, and when eighteen years of age was drafted in the army of the revolution. He had before expressed a desire to enlist, but was opposed by his mother; but when he was drafted he exchanged places with one Joseph Lapham, who had volunteered, and he, Joseph Ross, went into the volunteer service. The trade was ratified by the cost of a quart of cider paid by his, Joseph's, father.

The record shows that Joseph Ross, eighteen years of age and able bodied, served three years in the army of the revolution. He remained in New Jersey until he was eighty years of age, when he was removed to Cincinnati by his children, where he died at the home of his daughter, Johanna Robinson, at the age of eighty-eight years, and was buried at Pleasant Ridge, a few miles from Cincinnati. He

was too proud and independent to ask for a pension for his three years service in the army, but before his death Gen. R. P. Lyttle, the representative in congress from his district, interested himself in his behalf, and obtained a pension for him. The only children of Joseph Ross, of whom I have any knowledge, besides my grandfather, Stephen Ross, were three daughters: Johanna, who married a Robinson, before mentioned, and who lived near Cincinnati at the time of her father's death, and of whom I have but very little knowledge and another daughter, name not known, who married a man by the name of Sweke, and the other daughter married a Peter Melick; both of the latter families emigrated to Canada before the war of 1812.

Joseph Melick, son of Peter, was drafted into the British Army, but not considering himself a subject of the crown, he deserted and escaped by skating on the ice to Detroit, crossing the border into Uncle Sam's domain, and making his way through the wilderness to the Ohio River, and Cincinnati, where he found refuge among his mother's people. His father after getting a pardon from the crown, went to Cincinnati and took his son back to Canada.

Katy, daughter of Peter Melick, married Samuel Gilson who lived for a time at an early day in this vicinity—Ross Mills,—and *their* daughter married Orrin Hook who years ago lived near Warren, Pa. Joe Melick married and subsequently removed to the states and for a time lived in or near our neigeborhood, Ross Mills.

STEPHEN ROSS.

My grandfather, Stephen Ross, who is the direct lineal representative in this biography, was born in New Jersey, August 12, 1772.

Mary Clark,* was born in New Jersey, December 28, 1773. Stephen Ross and Mary Clark were married at Westfield, N. J, in 1793. Two children were born to them in N. J., Benjamin and Mulford Stephen Ross, when a young man, served an apprenticeship as carpenter and mill-wright. According to our best records and investigation, he crossed the Alleghany Mountains from New Jersey with a yoke of oxen and a wagon, with his wife and two children, in the spring of 1796.

He reached in due time Redstone, Old Fort, now Brownsville, Pa., on the Monongahela River, about sixty miles above Pittsburg, where he engaged in mill building, frequently visiting Pittsburg with a pirogue, (large canoe), and purchasing mill irons and supplies from the firm of Craig & Ohara. He must have lived at Brownsville two years or more, for two children, Stephen and Margaret were born there.

This firm—Craig & Ohara—were agents for the sale of pine land on the Conewongo river in Warren County., Pa, and they induced my grandfather, Stephen Ross, to load his pirogue with mill irons and other necessary supplies which might be safely carried on such a trip up the Alleghany and Conewongo rivers into the then unbroken wilderness, and to build a saw mill on one of the numerous sites which could be had for the taking in that country at that time, and to pay for these supplies in lumber when made and rafted down the river the next spring, to Pittsburg.

African slavery existed in New Jersey at the time my grandfather left there, and before it went into gradual abolishment he owned six slaves, one of whom followed him from New Jersey across the

*NOTE—See Clark, Page 26.

mountains to Brownsville, but concluded not to go with them up the Alleghany, as he was afraid he might loose his scalp among the Indians; he, therefore left his old master and mistress. They with their four children, commenced their tedious journey up the Alleghany, whose strong current required a good deal of hard labor to make time up stream, which was done mostly—if with light craft like canoes or pirogues—with light paddles or setting poles, and for the larger craft, such as large pirogues and keel boats, with setting poles and cordells; this latter being a long line taken ahead, up stream, where there were sharp riffles to overcome, and used with a reel or capstan, to pull the boat up the rapid current. Such were some of the obstacles our early pioneers had to contend with in navigating the western waters, which were about the only thoroughfare, or means of travel or transportation, at that early day. Thus they toiled up the Alleghany day after day, till they finally reached their destination, at what was once known as Ross Run, later as Valentine Run and now as Ryan's Run, on the Conewango, between Russelburg and Warren, Warren County, Pa.

I have no knowledge of the date of their removal to and settlement in Warren County, nor how long they remained there, except to approximate to the time by the number of children born while there, which were five; Joseph, Mary, Charles, Oliver and Abigail; and as grandfather, Stephen Ross, left there in 1811, he must have moved as early as 1800 or before. He built a saw mill and engaged in the manufacture of lumber for a number of years, which he probably rafted down the Alleghany and Ohio rivers to Pittsburg and to Cincinnati, as was customary in those days

Thns it will be seen that five children were born in Warren County, Pa., and that Stephen Ross, must have moved there as early as 1800, as before mentioned, and lived there at least ten years or more from the time Joseph was born in June, 1801, till the spring of 1811, when he removed on a lumber raft to Columbia a few miles above Cincinnati, on the Ohio River. He bought seventy-five acres of land at Columbia for two thousand dollars, now worth probably as many million.

He died at Cincinnati May 9th, 1728, aged fifty-six years.

INDIANS ON THE CONEWONGO.

The only neighbors the early pioneers had in many instances, were the wild beasts and the Indians. The wild beasts would come prowling around at night, making frequent requisitions on the pig pens and chicken coops, and during the day

of steel on this occasion and was equal to any emergency. The Indians were rather demonstrative and insulting in their actions, being a little under the influence of firewater, and when their conduct became unbearable she caught the fire poker from the chimney corner and laid a "big Injun" out on the floor "as stiff as a poker" with a broken jaw. This broke up the pow-wow and they ever after treated the little woman of the log-cabin with due respect.

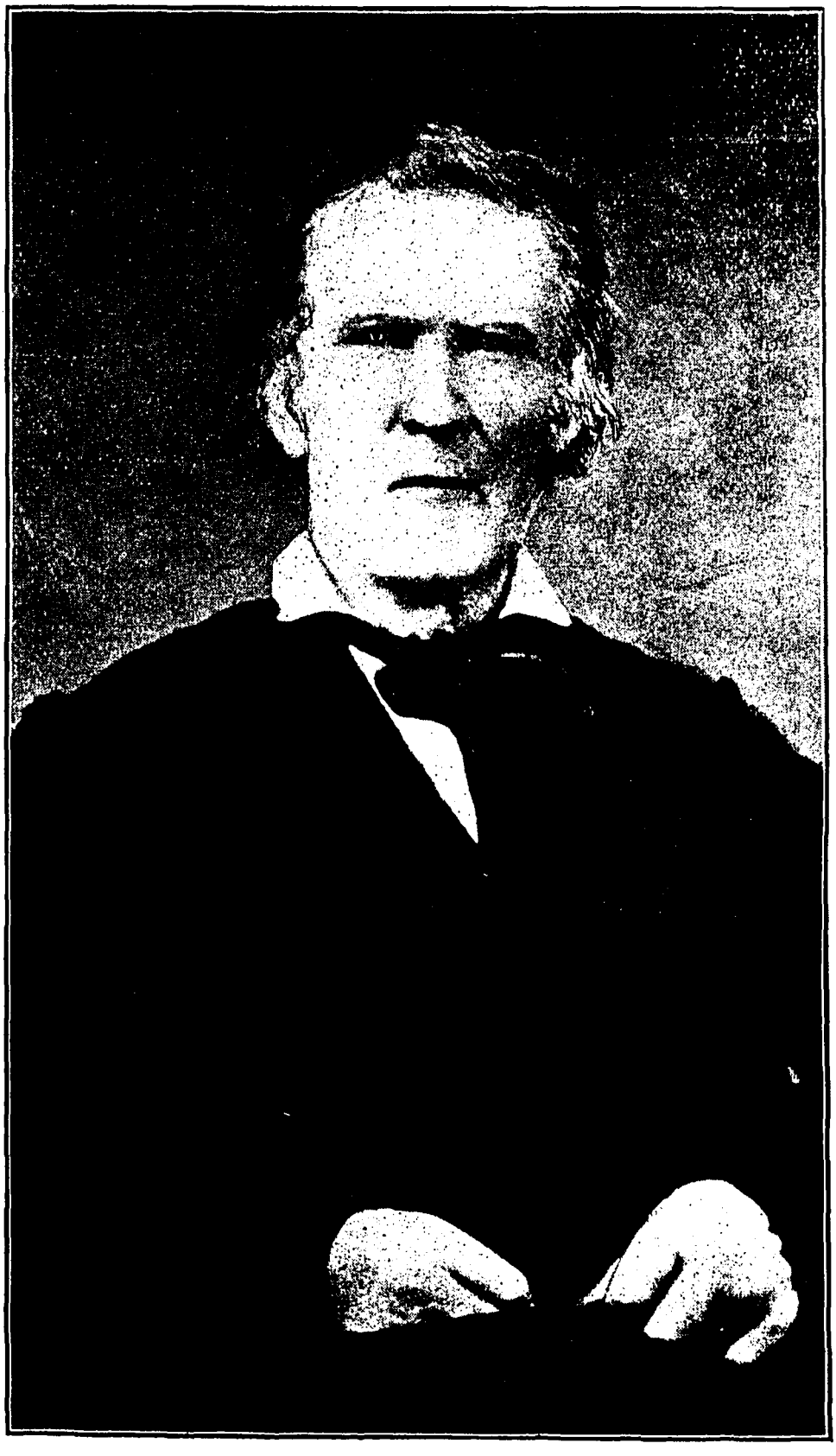
PANTHER ON THE RAFT.

During the last year on the Conewongo they had caught a panther cub which was partly grown when they moved down the river, and of course they took their pet with them, no doubt to give him better advantages of society and civilization. He also, no doubt, had a deck passage free, for he seemed to be "on deck" all right, and to have the freedom of the deck as well, when opportunity offered, which came soon enough, although securely fastened, as was supposed, with a rope. Now this purring pet of the feline species had been well been brought up; had been taught the rudiments of a moral education, and had especially been cautioned against indulging in his cannibalistic propensities. But with all his tuition of precept and example, he had brought with him from his native forest that innate thirst for blood that knows no law, and one day while quietly floating down the river, his cat-like eyes the while watching the gambols of little Oliver, who was getting dangerously near, he made a spring and caught the little boy in his tender embrace There was a plaintive childish wail, a

mother's shriek of anguish, and a rush of the men to the rescue of the child, who, limp and bleeding, his face torn and disfigured was placed in his mother's arms. While the wounds were not deep or of a serious nature, mostly caused by the sharp claws of the beast, he carried the scars on his face through life.

The panther paid the penalty for his indiscretion for he was adjudged an unsafe passenger and after a hasty court martial he was condemned to death, and the sentence of the court was speedily carried out and he was executed without appeal to a higher court.

As it is my purpose to embody the record of each branch or family of the present stock of Stephen and Mary Ross separately and distinctly, I will therefore commence, with the descendants of Benjamin and Margaret Ross, the first in line, and take up in order, by next in kin, and give as correct a record, as personal research and investigation can command. While I do not claim that this will be an absolutely perfect history in all its details, and while I am aware that it will lack in some respects as to a full and complete record of events and dates, mostly in minor matters—to make it absolutely a perfect and complete history of both branches of my father's family and all its diverging branches—yet I have the satisfaction of knowing that it is in the main correct, and that I have been fortunate in collecting so much matter of historical interest to members of the family, whose history I am to preserve. With this brief explanation, I will resume the history of the births, marriages, and deaths of the children of Stephen and Mary Ross; which were Benjamin, Mulford, Stephen, Margaret, Joseph, Mary, Charles B., Oliver, Abigail, and Julia Ann.



BENJAMIN ROSS
1794-1871

MARGARET ARMSTRONG ROSS
1793-1875

BENJAMIN ROSS.

The first born of Stephen and Mary Ross was born in Springfield, Essex County, New Jersey, March 10, 1794. He married August 17, 1815, Margaret Armstrong,* whose mother lived at Franklin, Pa,

The children of Benjamin, and Margaret Ross were, Armstrong, Mary Ann, Stephen, Jane Work, Isabel Frew. Laura Work, Emery Armstrong, Charles, Edward W, and Elliott Kimball.

Mary Ann Ross was born on the Still Water Creek in the town of Kiantone, then a part of Ellicott, May 18, 1816. She married Amos B. Newton, and lived for a number of years, at or near, what is now Ross Mills; subsequently moving to Oil Creek a few miles above Titusville, Pa., where he was engaged for a number of years in lumbering and farming, and where he died April 27, 1855. He was a man much respected, whose character was without stain or blemish, whose kindly disposition endeared him to all who knew him

The family remained on Oil Creek till after the discovery of oil, and, during the first craze in oil land speculation, they disposed of their property and moved back to Ross Mills.

The children born to them were, Charles Marion, William E., Margaret E., Laura Matilda, Clayton Elliott and George Ross

Charles M., married Ella Hollenbeck. They have three children, Kate Isabel, Mollie E., and Thomas Hollenbeck. William E., died when 14 months old.

*NOTE—See Armstrong, Page 39.

Margaret E. Newton married Samuel Vrooman. She died at Oil Creek, July 1, 1866.

Laura M. Newton married Ezra Doolittle. He was corporal in Company K, 49 Regiment N. Y. V., but was soon discharged for disability. He died August 12, 1877, leaving three children, Mary Belle, George S and Mary Adell

Clayton E. Newton married Emily Doolittle. He died October 27, 1887, leaving six children: Charles Herbert, Anna Laura, Nina May, Archie Ross, Susan Blondinet and Harry Clayton.

George R. Newton married Corrie A. Conic. He died May 1, 1889, leaving three children, Marjory Conic, Nellie Grace and Will Smith.

Armstrong Ross was born February 26, 1818. Died May 23, 1821.

Stephen Ross was born April 3, 1820. Died November 17, 1822.

Jane W. Ross was born November 14, 1822. Died April 12, 1842. Just at the verge of womanhood, death claimed her as its own. Loved and respected by all who knew her, her death was mourned by her friends and relatives alike.

Isabelle F. Ross was born April 6, 1825. She married R. C. Carter M. D, a practising physician of Cincinnati, where he had gained local renown in his profession, was president of the Medical College in Cincinnati, and contributed largely to medical science. He died October 20, 1870. They had six children: Margaret Elizabeth, Restore Ross, Joseph Benjamin, Laura Belle, Anna Mary and Martha Carnahan.

Restore R Carter married Mollie B. Hunt. They had two children: Charles H. and Helen I. Both died in infancy.

Joseph Benjamin died when two years and seven months old.

Laura B. Carter married E. F. Layman, a civil engineer, of Cincinnati. They have two children living, Mark and Isabelle; Alice and John Vincent died in infancy.

Anna M. Carter was born May 5, 1859. Died January 1, 1873.

Martha C. Carter married Harry C. Wiles. They had one son, Carter, who died in infancy.

Laura W. Ross was born February 15, 1827. She married Amos Waite. of California, Ohio, where they lived for a number of years, when they moved to Chilo on the Ohio River, thirty miles above, where he died March 22, 1880. They had five children: Emma Josephine, born November 18, 1851, died November 5, 1852; Mary Elizabeth, Charles Ross, Lillian Bell and Joseph Benjamin.

Mary Elizabeth Wait married Joseph Reed. They have two children, Florence and Herbert.

Lillian Belle Wait married Charles R. McNath. She died June 9, 1885, leaving one child, Percy.

Joseph Benjamin Wait married Emma F. Hoover. They have two children, Edwin Ross and Elsie.

Emery Armstrong Ross was born March 31, 1829. He married for his first wife January 16, 1852, Rhoda P. Norton. She died September 20, 1858, in the prime of life, mourned and lamented by kindred and friends. None knew her but to love her. He married for his second wife Anna M. Doolittle. The children of this union are: Charles Edward Ross, born April 16, 1864; Clara Correlia Ross, born April 19, 1866; Emery Winfield Ross, born March 5, 1871, and Warren Ross, born April 5, 1877.

Elliott Kimball Ross was born July 6, 1834. He married Arvilla De Jane. They have two children

Benjamin Manly, who married Georgiana Peterson, and Emma Arabel who married E. R. Hampton. Elliott K. Ross, belonged to the state militia—N. Y. national guard—and during the war of the rebellion, when the rebels threatened the invasion of Pennsylvania and the North, he and his company were called out to repel the threatened invasion, and were in active service for three months.

MULFORD ROSS.

The second son of Stephen and Mary Ross was born in New Jersey, Dec. 1, 1795. He died in Cincinnati in March, 1837. His first wife was Mary Jane Ross, supposed to be a distant relative, by whom he had two children, Mary Jane and Oliver. Mary Jane died in California, Ohio. Oliver died in St. Louis, Mo. The second wife of Mulford Ross was Martha Hazzard, by whom he had two children Joseph and Josephine, twins, Josephine married Henry Wood.

STEPHEN ROSS.

The third son of Stephen and Mary Ross was born at Red Stone, Pa., in 1797. He died of yellow fever at Natches, Miss., August 22, 1823, aged twenty-six years and unmarried. I know but little of his history except that he lived with my father for some time soon after he moved to the Cassadaga.

MARGARET ROSS.

Fourth child of Stpehen and Mary Ross, was born at Red Stone, April 9, 1799. She died in Cincinnati, February 2, 1849, aged 50 years. She married.

John McFall who died about three years after her death, leaving two children, Charles and John.

Charles married Mary Jane Flowers. He died in Cheviot, Ohio.

John married Mary Jane Boggs. He died and was buried in St. Louis, Missouri

JOSEPH ROSS,

the fifth child and fourth son of Stephen and Mary Ross was born in Pine Grove Township, Warren County, Pa., June 6, 1801. His first wife was Hepsie Humphrey, who died in mid-life, leaving no children. He married for his second wife Ann Hartson, widow of Warren Hartson of Cincinnati. She died in Burlington, Iowa, February 1, 1879. Joseph Ross in early life followed flat boating on the lower Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and until he had become proficient as pilot, and till steam-boats had taken the place largely of flat boats. During the early days of flat boating he made many trips to New Orleans making the return trips sometimes, perhaps, partly by keel boat and on horse back or on foot across the country through the cane-brake and bottom lands of the Mississippi valley, any way to get back. And the trips required a good deal of nerve, for while there was a sort of fascination to induce a young and venturesome spirit to make the trip down stream, the hardship and privation of the return trips were no doubt ignored until forcibly reminded of the marked change by their tedious tramp homeward.

When steam-boats first came in for a share of the commerce of the western waters, Joseph was in line for a position as pilot, and was employed in that capacity for a number of years, but later, and dur-

ing all the remaining years of active life, he had command of the largest steamers that floated the western rivers, and Captain Joe Ross was known as one of the popular and successful commanders of his day. He was a skillful and ardent sportsman with rod and gun, and spent his summer vacations at our home, on and about the waters of the Cassadaga Creek and Chautauqua Lake, where he indulged in his favorite pastime. He was genial and warm hearted, just and generous in his intercourse with others, and was well and favorably known by a large circle of friends. While he enjoyed the real comforts and pleasures of life in its fullest sense he was ever ready to contribute to the welfare of others. In the last years of his life he lived at his "River-Side Home" at Neville, Ohio, where he died October 8th, 1868, aged sixty-seven years.

MARY ROSS

was born in Pinegrove T. P., Pa., September 10, 1803. She died in California, Ohio, December 12, 1867. She married Joseph Purcell who died in 1829, at the age of thirty-two, leaving a widow and six children, Sarah Ann, Mary, Elizabeth, Harriet, Bryson and Joseph R.

Sarah Ann married J. W. Brown. Their children were Malon who died when eighteen months old; Joseph who married Miss Long; Samuel who married ———; Westly who married Miss Krew; Bryson who married Miss Ramsey; Frank and Mamie who are both married.

This record of the Brown family is not very complete, but it is the best I could get after diligent enquiry and investigation.

Mary Purcell was twice married. Her first husband was Joseph Guthrie. He died in 1858 She married for her second husband, William Tice. She died in 1885, at the age of sixty-four. No children were born to either union.

Harriet Purcell married Alex P. Johnson. He died in 1884, leaving a widow. Their children were Joseph P., Mary, Lizzie, Cora, Hattie, G. W. C., John R., Carrie and Stephen.

Mary married a Mr. McCullough.

Lizzie married a Mr. Cassell.

Cora married James A. Henderson of Pittsburg Pa. They have five children.

Hattie Johnson married John Philips.

G. W. C. Johnson, now a widower, lives in Pittsburg.

Carrie Johnson married Joseph Kirkup

Bryson Purcell married Margaret Cassel, a woman of marked beauty of person and character. He also was a riverman, a very successful and popular steamboat pilot, a man much respected and a true type of manhood

He died in 1885, aged fifty-seven years, leaving a widow and eight children: Marion, who is married and has seven children; Bryson, who was twice married and has four children; Ella, who married a Mr Disque and has four children; Wm. T. Purcell, who married and has three children; Jessie, who married and has two children; Harry, who is single; Margaret, who married a Mr. Gordon; Earl, who married and has one child.

Joseph R Purcell, like his brother Bryson, followed the river as pilot on the large steamers on the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. At the breaking out of the rebellion they were down the river in

southern waters, and had to run the blockade of rebel fortifications to get back to northern waters and the land of the free.

Their experiences while running the blockades and fortifications, was of a most lively and exciting kind, for the rebels aimed their guns at the pilot house, as the most exposed and vulnerable part of the craft, for if they could disable any part of the steering apparatus, they would have the steamer at their mercy.

Some of these northern steamboat men, I believe, were a little inclined to sympathize with the south at first, but when they came to be exposed to a raking and deadly fire from a hidden foe—at short range, and at almost every turn of the river—who were strongly entrenched behind breastworks, while they—the steamboat men—were following the peaceful pursuits of civil life, not supposed to be belligerents, or to show any disposition to provoke hostilities, and not considering themselves under any obligation to become the first and unwilling martyrs to the blood-thirsty champions of mistaken patriotism, their sympathies for the south took a chill. I believe that every man who had to run the blockade and dodge the shot and shell of the rebel guns, who had any southern or disloyal proclivities, had it all knocked out of him and become a good union Democrat or Republican outright.

Joseph R. Pursell married Mary E. Miller. Her grandmother, Lucy B. Griffin, was a niece of Thomas Jefferson. They have four children; Anna M. married H. B Sibcy and they have four children.

Charles R. married a Miss Phillips and they have five children.

Hattie—who is blind by scarlet fever—is not married.

Jessie, the youngest, also single.

This is as complete a record of the children and grandchildren of Mary Ross Purcell as I am able to get, and while it is not as complete in detail as I would like, yet it is correct in the more important parts.

CHARLES CLARK ROSS

was born in Pine Grove, T. P., Warren County, Pa., May 8, 1806. He married for his first wife Mary Jane Conklin. She died Aug. 7, 1833, aged twenty-two years, leaving one son, George, who married Emma A. Tillett.

They have three sons: Frank, Charles W. and George

Frank married Lillie Foster, and they have four daughters.

Florence, who married Joseph Fenn, Emma, Clara and Agnes.

Charles W. married Harried G. Good. They have one daughter, Katharine.

George, the second, is unmarried.

Charles Clark Ross married for his second wife Harriet Conklin, sister of his first wife. She died at Hartwell, Ohio, Sept. 19, 1875, aged fifty-seven years.

Their children were: Charles, Mary, who died Feb. 16, 1842, at the age of three years; Harriet, Mary A., Catharine C., who died June 6, 1846, aged four months; Catharine C., second, who died July 5, 1850, aged three years; Fanny W., Clara, who died Dec. 10, 1879, aged twenty-five years, and Harry.

Charles Ross, Jr., married Alice Johnson. They have two children, Alice and Charles

Harriet, the second daughter of Charles C. and Harriet Ross, married William R. Morris. They have eight children: Mary L., Harriet A, William W., Clara, George R., Katharine V., Captain Ross and Ruth Glidden.

Mary L. married Samuel B. Hammel. They have two daughters, Hazel R. and Elizabeth M.

Mary Ann, third daughter of Charles C. and Harriet Ross, married Clarence Morris. She died Nov. 14, 1871, leaving two children: Clarence W. and Fanny P. Clarence died July 30, 1892, aged twenty-five; Fanny died April 5, 1895, aged twenty-five years.

Fanny W. and Harry Ross are living near Carthage, Ohio, and unmarried.

Charles Clark Ross, like his elder brother Joseph, was in early life a riverman and followed flat-boating down the Mississippi until he became proficient as a pilot. When steamboats took the place of flat-boats, he too, was given the responsible position of pilot and from that to a captain's birth on the palatial steamers of the Mississippi; then considered the *Ne-plus-ul-tra* of the Western world. As pilot and captain he was very successful and in the latter capacity was very popular among rivermen and the traveling public. He was fleet pilot to Admiral Porter's flotilla of gun-boats on the Mississippi during the rebellion. He had quite a literary turn of mind and contributed occasional articles to Marine Journals He was of a cheerful disposition, believed in enjoying the better things of life, and did not worry about imaginary troubles in advance. He lived full more than the allotted time of man, and spent the last years of his life in peace and quiet at Carthage, Ohio, where he died July 29, 1890, aged eighty-four years.

OLIVER ROSS

was born in Pinegrove, T., P., Pa., December 30' 1808. He married Matilda Whipple, by whom he had twc children, Frank and Hattie.

He was three years old when his father moved to Cincinnati. When a young man he, too, like his elder brothers, Joseph and Charles, fell a victim to the allurements of a boatman's life on the western rivers, and chose the life of a boatman, a calling that suited him admirably, for he was noted for his wit and droll humor, which made him a favorite with rivermen wherever known, and his jokes and witicisims made him the center of attraction when young America was out for a lark. He lived in Cincinnati the most of his life, but later moved to Kankakee, Ill., where he died June 21, 1885.

ABIGAIL ROSS

was born in Pine Grove, T. P., May 13, 1809. She married for her first husband Wm. H. Drew. He was one of the leading business men of his time in Covington, Ky. Owned a grist mill and distillery, and ran a ferry between Cincinnati and Covington. He went South with a boat load of produce, was taken sick at Memphis and died there.

They had three daughters: Mary Elizabeth, Emeline and Belle.

Mary Elizabeth married Jacob Dowerman. They have six daughters: Isabel, Mary, Ella, Emma, Susan and Abigail; and two sons, Plumber and Thomas.

Emeline married Frank De Souchet. He was a Captain on the River Steamers, was a popular commander and was well and favorably known among rivermen and elsewhere. He died leaving a widow and two sons, Charles and Jesse

Belle, the third daughter of Wm. H. and Abigail Drew, married George Whipple, a merchant, now living in Burlington, Iowa. They have two children: Walter D. married Mary O'Hare. They have three children, George D, Orland and Alice.

Anna M., daughter of Belle and George Whipple, married Judge Orland Powers. They have one son, Roger W.; the first child died in infancy.

Abigail Ross Drew married for her second husband, Jesse Oatman. He was a man of sterling qualities, a thorough and successful farmer, and of undoubted integrity. He died January 2, 1885, aged eighty-four years. The children of this union were three sons, Benjamin and Theodore, and one that died in infancy; and two daughters, Margaret and Julia. Margaret married a Mr. Beach. They have three sons and one daughter. Julia married Henry Matherry. She died leaving three sons and two daughters

JULIA ANN ROSS.

was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, December 21, 1814. She married Thomas J. Murdock, in 1832. She was not only the youngest, but, I have heard it hinted, was the handsomest of father's sisters, which was saying a good deal,—where all were good-looking,—and also seemed to be the favorite of the family, which was quite natural as she was the youngest. She died in November, 1872, aged fifty-eight, her death lamented by kindred and friends alike, and of friends she had many.

Thomas J. Murdock was largely interested in church work. He was a preacher of the Cambellite faith, and filled the pulpits in different churches in Ohio and Indiana. He died in Indianapolis, Ind., July, 1894, aged eighty-four years.

The children of Thomas J., and Julia Ann Murdock were, Josephine, Elizabeth, Charles D., Thomas J., Laura Belle and George J.

Josephine was born June, 1836, and died April, 1857, aged twenty-one years.

Elizabeth R. Murdock was born June, 1838. She married Alfred B. Gates. Their children were Charles M., Harry B., William N., Mary Alice, and Edward Everett. Charles M. Gates married Maria Frazee, who died January, 1882, aged twenty-five years. Harry B. Gates was born September 1859. He married Carrie Patric. Their children were: Bessie, born in 1883, died in 1893 and Albert Burnett. William N. Gates was born in 1862. He married Alberta Byram. Their children are: Isabel, William B. and Gerald. Mary Alice Gates was born in 1867 and married Hewitt Howland.

Charles D. Murdock married Mary Smith. They had six children: Horace, Elizabeth S., Frank, Edward, George and Addie.

Thomas J. Murdock, Jr., was born in 1850, died in the army in 1862.

Laura Belle Murdock was born in 1850, married Charles Warren, who died in 1889. She married for her second husband Albert Pemberton.

George J. Murdock was born in 1885.

The Murdock family—especially a quartette of the elder children—were noted for their musical endowments. Lizzie, the soprano of the quartette,

a beautiful girl, was not only gifted with a voice of rare power and sweetness, but also possessed unusual dramatic powers, especially in the role of tragedy. Although endowed by nature with the attributes that open the way to fame and fortune on the stage, she never appeared before the public; but often entertained her friends in private, where her genius and powers were fully appreciated. Light-hearted and cheerful, beautiful and gifted, she possessed in an eminent degree those womanly graces and traits of character that combine to make the ideal of man, "a lovely woman"

CLARK.

Benjamin Clark, my great grandfather—on Grandmother Ross's side—was born at Westfield, N. J. His ancestors were of Scotch Irish descent and emigrated to America some time previous to the Revolutionary war with Great Britain. He was in the army of the Revolution, a major on Washington's staff. He died with smallpox while in the service, and on the famous march to the Deleware, thirty miles from his home, where his grave can still be seen marked by a head-stone and plainly inscribed.

He left a wife and two children: Mary—my grandmother—and Katy, who married a Marsh. The two children were brought up by their grandmother Clark.

Their other married for her second husband, a Bradney, who subsequently moved to New York City.

Abraham Clark, brother of Benjamin Clark, was a member of the Continental Congress, and a signer

of the Declaration of Independence. The history of New Jersey calls him the poor man's lawyer who gave counsel without fees.

Mary Clark-Ross was born December 28, 1773, and died of cancer, in or near Cincinnati, May 20, 1822.

Aside from the incident on the Conewongo, when she broke the Indian's jaw, and what little I had learned from others, and had treasured up in memory's store-house, I knew but little of her history. Unfortunately I had never seen her nor any of my grandparents, but of course she, like all other grandmothers, must have been all that my imagination could picture her, a noble woman and the best grandmother that ever lived.

The following relating to Abraham Clark, is an extract taken from "Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence" by the Rev. Charles A. Goodrich, who claims Abraham Clark was an only child, and as there seems to be an adverse opinion in regard to this matter, I will state that I get my information from my ancestors who were the immediate descendents of Benjamin Clark, who claimed Benjamin and Abraham Clark were brothers, which I think is correct.

ABRAHAM CLARK.

"It is unfortunately the fact, in respect to many of the distinguished actors in the revolutionary drama, but especially in reference to the subject of this memoir, that but few incidents of their lives have been preserved. The truth is, that although men of exalted patriotism, who filled their respective duties, both in public and private life, with

great honor to themselves and benefit to all around them, they were naturally unobtrusive and unambitious. The incidents of their lives were indeed few. Some of them lived in retirement, pursuing the even tenor of their way, nor was the regularity of their lives often interrupted, except, perhaps, by an attendance upon Congress, or by the discharge of some minor civil office in the community. These remarks apply with some justice to Mr. Clark, but perhaps not with more force, than to several others, who stand enrolled among the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Clark was a native of Elizabethtown, N. J., where he was born, on the fifteenth day of February, 1726. His father's name was Thomas Clark, of whom he was an only child. His early education, although confined to English branches of study, was respectable. For the mathematics and the civil law, he is said to have discovered an early predelection. He was bred a farmer; but his constitution inadequate to the labors of the field, he turned his attention to surveying, conveyancing, and imparting legal advice. For this last service he was well qualified; and as he gave advice gratuitously, he was called 'the poor man's counsellor.'

The course of Mr. Clark's life, his love of study, and the generosity of his character, naturally rendered him popular. His opinion was valuable and often sought, even beyond the immediate circle in which he lived. He was called to fill various respectable offices, the duties of which he discharged with great fidelity; and thus rendered himself highly useful in the community in which he lived.

At an early period of the revolution, as he formed his opinion on the great question, which divided

the British government and the American colonies, he was appointed one of the committee of public safety; and some time after was elected by the provincial congress, in conjunction with the gentlemen, a sketch of whose lives has already been given, a delegate to the Continental Congress. Of this body he was a member for a considerable period; and was conspicuous among his colleagues from New Jersey. A few days after he took his seat for the first time, as a member of congress, he was called upon to vote for, or against, the proclamation of independence. But he was at no loss on which side to throw his influence. His patriotism was of the purest character.

Personal considerations did not influence his decision. He knew full well that fortune and individual safety were at stake. But what were these in comparison with the honor and liberty of his country? He voted, therefore, for the Declaration of Independence, and affixed his name to that sacred instrument with a firm determination to meet the consequences of the noble, but dangerous action, with a fortitude and resolution becoming a free born citizen of America.

Mr Clark, frequently, after this time represented New Jersey in the national councils. He was also often a member of the state legislature. But in whatever capacity he acted as a public servant, he attracted the respect and admiration of the community, by his punctuality, his intregity, and perseverence.

In 1787 he was elected a member of the general convention, which framed the constitution; but in consequence of ill health was prevented from uniting in the deliberations of that body. To the constitution, as originally proposed, he had serious

objections. These, however, were removed by subsequent amendments; but his enemies took advantage of his objections, and for a time he was placed in the minority in the elections of New Jersey. His popularity, however, again revived, and he was elected a representative in the second congress, under the federal constitution; an appointment which he continued to hold until a short time previous to his death.

Two or three of the sons of Mr. Clark were officers in the army, during the revolutionary struggle. Unfortunately they were captured by the enemy and during a part of their captivity, their sufferings were extreme, being confined in the notorious prison ship, Jersey. Painful as the condition of his sons was, Mr. Clark scrupulously avoided calling the attention of congress to the subject, excepting in a single instance. One of his sons, a captain of artillery, had been cast into a dungeon, where he received no other food than that conveyed to him by his fellow prisoners, through a key hole. On a representation of these facts to congress, that body immediately directed a course of retaliation in respect to a British officer. This had the desired effect, and Captain Clark's condition was improved.

On the adjournment of congress, in 1794, Mr. Clark finally retired from public life. He did not live long, however, to enjoy even the limited comforts he possessed. In the autumn of the same year a stroke of the sun put a period to his mortal existance, in the space of two hours. He was already, however, an old man, having attained to his sixty-ninth year. The churchyard at Rahway contains his mortal remains, and the church at that place will long have reason to remember his benefactions. A marble slab marks the place were this useful and

excellent man lies deposited, and the following inscription upon it, records the distinguished traits of his character.

'Firm and decided as a patriot,
Zealous and faithful as a friend to the public,
he loved his country,
and adhered to her cause
in the darkest hours of her struggles
against oppression.' "

In my investigation to get at the facts in regard to the number of children of Thomas Clark, (as I claim,) I find a newspaper clipping pasted in the fore part of the book from which I take the foregoing sketch of Abraham Clark, which gives a list of ALL the signers of the Declaration of Independence, date of birth and their profession or calling. The list gives the date of birth of Abraham Clark, Elizabethtown, N. J., 1730, lawyer.

In the foregoing article—extract from the book of biographies—the date of birth is given, February, 1726.

It can be seen by this that biographers can make mistakes, and I claim that Abraham and Benjamin Clark were brothers.

HISTORICAL.

Soon after Stephen Ross and family moved to Cincinnati, Benjamin, being the oldest son, would naturally be his father's representative in any enterprise away from home, for it seems his father still had an interest in the lumber business in Warren County, Pa., or that he had embarked in a new venture, and Benjamin was sent back as such representative.

It appears that in 1812, when Benjamin was only eighteen years of age, his father fitted him out with a horse, saddle, bridle and sadle-bags and sent him back up the river through the wilderness to the wilds of Warren County, Pa., where he would sell the horse for lumber, which he would raft down the river to Cincinnati, where it would be sold and turned into cash and horses, and another trip to the mountains—as it was called—was planned and carried out with varying success. This trade was carried on for a number of years, till he concluded to quit this nomadic and unsettled life, by establishing a business and home of his own.

Accordingly as the first important step in this direction, he married Margaret Armstrong, whose widowed mother lived at that time at Franklin, Pa.

Immediately after the marriage of my parents in 1815 they began housekeeping—or mill keeping rather—in a *saw mill* on the Stillwater Creek, in the town of Kiantone, N. Y. They lived in the saw mill only a short time, or until they could build a cheap house or cabin, which they commenced, but it was blown down before it was completed However the house was rebuilt and an old fashioned house-warming celebrated the event. My parents lived in that cabin on the Stillwater until they moved to the present old homestead on the Cassadaga, now Ross Mills, in the fall of 1816.

This removal from the Stillwater was made up the Conewango and Cassadaga creeks to Work's Mills by canoe, and from Work's they had to cut a sled road through the woods three miles to their place of destination.

My father had a young man by the name of Isaac Young to help him, and they would work during the day and camp down at night at the end of the road,

commencing again in the morning where they left off the night before. When the road was completed the next thing of importance was a house to live in and this was made of logs, and in the most primitive manner. The boards for the roof were hauled from Work's Mill on the ox sled, and that was all the lumber they had, for the floor was of mother earth. A couple of holes cut through the logs and covered with greased paper served as windows.

In Young's History of Chautauqua County, page 327, in the list of original purchasers, he locates Benjamin Ross on lot 30 which is not correct. On page 330 he says "Benjamin Ross came to Ellicott at a pretty early date, etc.—He built a new saw mill, the first that was built on the Cassadaga in the town of Ellicott, on parts of lots 31 and 39." (Which is correct). "He was born in New Jersey, March 10, 1793," (should be 1794) "and died about 1824 in Cincinnati, Ohio." This latter date and location is entirely erroneous.

As will be seen, a part of this extract is correct and a part entirely wrong, notably the date of birth, and date and place of death. This latter must refer to the death of his father Stepen. I am thus particular, in referring to these errors in other histories, that might be taken as authentic, because I am trying to write a *true* history, so that future generations may not be puzzled as I have been to get the facts pertaining to the biographies of their ancestors.

My parents lived in the house in that way during the first winter, and until they could get lumber cut in the mill which was built the next summer. Their only intimate and obtrusive neighbors at first were the wolves, which were numerous at that time, who made them frequent visits, which were not particularly enjoyed except by Bose, a big yellow dog, who was a brave and faithful member of the household. Bose would stand guard at the door when the ravenous and venturesome brutes would make a charge on the premises, driving the dog against the door, when he in turn would rally and charge the wolves driving them into the woods skirting the house. Thus they would alternate back and forth till the wolves would finally abandon the

attack, and retreat in a demoralized condition, not having the courage to face "a foeman worthy of their steel," or teeth, they being naturally of a cowardly nature. We have here a practical illustration of the adage of the faithful dog, trying to keep the wolf from the door," and it speaks well for the intelligence of the dog, for he must have known that it was more than his master could do in either case, for he had him to fight in a double sense.

At an early day the aborigines, or Red men of the forest, made frequent visits to the Cassadaga from their Cattaraugus Reservation, for the purpose of hunting and trapping, game being very plenty, the woods abounding with deer and the streams with fur-bearing animals; and when my father moved into his new habitation, he found encamped on the banks of the Cassadaga a "lone Indian" in a helpless and pitiable condition with a badly cut and swollen foot. In the meantime his companion in misery had gone back to Cattaraugus to get some means of conveyance to take his crippled partner home; leaving him to the tender mercies and threatened invasion of wild beasts and the frosts of winter. My father and Mr. Young acted the part of the "good Samaritan" and provided fuel and nursed his wound till his people came and took him away. This act of kindness on the part of my father, was never forgotten by the Indian, a Seneca, whose name was George Mohawk, and who named one of his boys Isaac, for Mr. Young, and of two other members of the family one was named Ross, for my father, and one named Work for my uncle, Edward Work.

The Mohawk family were rated high-class among the Senecas, and Isaac Mohawk in after years became a minor chief in his tribe. This family and

their descendants, with others of the tribe, made yearly pilgrimages to the Cassadaga, almost invariably for a long time, and for a number of years after I arrived at the age of manhood. These pilgrimages would be made in early spring, or as soon as the snow had disappeared, and when we would see a band of Indians trailing along in single file, their packs and trappings on their backs, or in later years with a span of Indian ponies or yoke of oxen to draw their traps, we would know it was as true a harbinger of spring as when the robins came The Indians would usually stay from two to four weeks, the men hunting and trapping and the squaws making baskets which they would dispose of to the

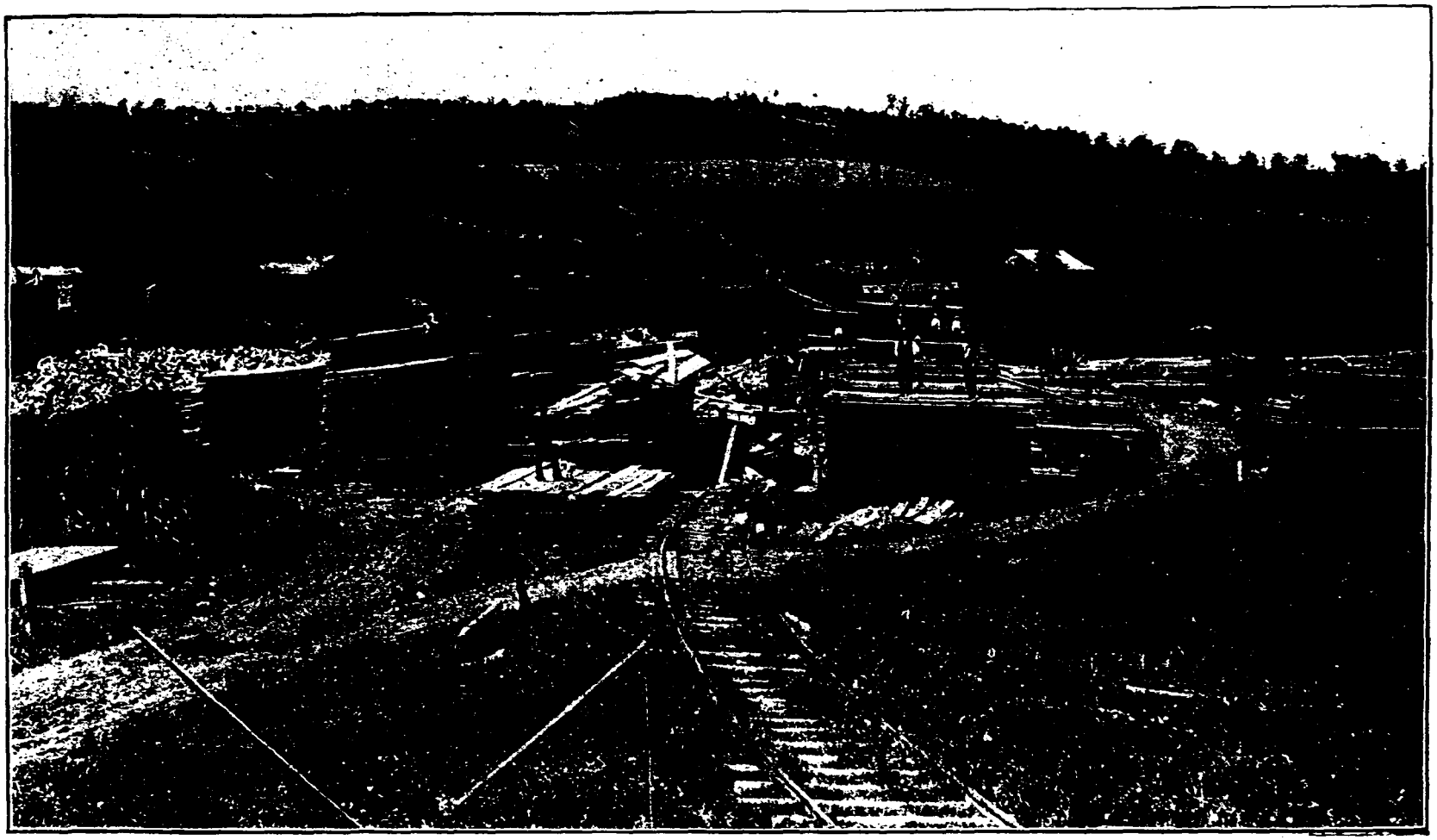
The mill was of the ordinary primitive kind of those days, with old fashioned gearing and mill irons which father *pushed up the Allegheny river from Pittsburg in a canoe.* It took about two weeks to make the trip.

How does that compare with our facilities in the present day? Now we can go to Pittsburg and back in two days and bring a whole car load of freight for less cost than the canoe trip.

The nearest neighbors at this early date were at Work's Mills on the south, connected by the sled road; and Bucklin's on the north, connected by a blazed trail, each three miles distant. For the benefit of the younger readers, I will explain that a blazed trail or foot path is made by blazing or hewing a patch of bark ftom the trees at intervals as a guide for the settlers to go from one settlement to another. At that time there was only about half a dozen houses in Jamestown, that place not being settled till about two years after Worksburg, or Work's Mill, was settled, and six years before father settled on the Cassadaga.

For the first few years it was a struggle against adversity, and at times it needed more than *one dog* to keep the wolf from the door. I have heard my mother say she had dug up the potatoes that were planted, cut the eyes out, replanted the eyes, and cooked the balance of the potatoes, ample proof that necessity was the mother of invention, in this case at least.

When the mill was completed and in operation the time was divided between lumbering and clearing and cultivating the land, for it was necessary that they should grow their own grain and hay.



THE SAW MILL OF E. A. ROSS & CO.

While they could get a limited supply of grain from distant settlements, they had to depend mostly for their supplies from the big lake, Erie, which was transported from Van Buren Point over the portage by teams to the head of Chautauqua Lake, thence down the lake and outlet by canoe or barge to the most convenient point for distribution.

The supplies from Pittsburg came up the Alleghany by canoes and keel boats. In that way they got their salt, whiskey, and some other supplies; whiskey being considered a necessary article in those days, almost equivalent to the staff of life. For hay, until they could get their land cleared, they had to depend on what nature had provided, which was the *tallest kind of grass* in the shape of grand forest trees, maple, elm and bass wood (linden), the tender twigs of which made a very good substitute for hay

I well remember in later years, 1839-40, when we had a great depth of snow and a long tedious cold winter, there was a great scarcity of hay, in fact, none to be had, and my father and his neighbors kept their stock entirely on "browse" during the last part of winter. The men would start out in the morning with their axes, put the oxen ahead, the cows and young stock next and start them through the deep snow for the woods, where they felled trees enough to make a full repast for the stock for that day. The cattle would stay till they got their fill, when they would come from the woods in single file in their deep ditch-like path, as full and plump as if they had been in a clover field.

How long the first mill was operated I am unable to say, but doubtless for a number of years, and during that time quite an amount of lumber was cut and run to market, but was not sold for any such prices as are realized at the present time. Such

lumber as they had in those days, the finest pine of any country, was often sold in Pittsburg for $5.00 per thousand, now worth $20 00 or more. Father has given eleven thousand feet of good pine lumber for one saw mill saw, such as were used in those days, and the same kind of saws could be bought later for from six to eight dollars.

The second mill was built a little below the first, on the east side of the creek and near the mouth of a mill race that was dug for the purpose, leading from a pond made by a dam built on the site of the first mill Although this mill was built on a more improved plan, it was not much in advance of the first one, and the reason why the former was abandoned was perhaps because it was located in the stream and obstructed navigation, for by this time other mills had been built above and were entitled to the right of way to run their lumber down the creek. By the time this second mill was built,there were a uumber of families living in the neighborhood and at the mill, the men being employed in and about the mill. Among the first or earlier men employed about the mill were Stephen Ross, Isaac Young, James Portman, Nathan Cheney, and later James Reeder, Isaac Cobb, Joseph Fuller, Abel Beach, Loyal Stowe, and Joseph Darling, who was running the mill by the thousand.

In July, in or about 1832, the mill caught fire one night and burned to the ground together with a quantity of lumber. This was a severe blow to Father as he was not able to stand such a loss. It was supposed to be through the carelessness of Darling that the mill was burned, as there was a slab pile burning at the time, and as there were also lights burning in the mill, it was necessary that the utmost caution should be used to keep the mill from

taking fire as it was exposed from within and without alike. But it seems the necessary caution was not used, for it was supposed Darling went to sleep, as he barely escaped with his life.

ARMSTRONG.

John Armstrong came from Belfast, Ireland, some time before the Revolutionary War and settled in Elizabeth, New Jersey. He married Catharine Carl, and lived for a time at Nitney Valley, Kettle Creek, a tributary to the Susquehanna River, in Clidton County, Pa. They must have lived there or elsewhere east of the Allegheny Mountains a number of years, for they had a number of children when they left Kettle Creek, which they did in the summer of 1802, and crossed the mountains into western Pennsylvania, locating for a time at Conneaut Lake in Crawford County. They lived at Conneaut about two years, when they moved to Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania.

Grandfather Armstrong was killed at the homestead at Franklin by the fall of a tree in about 1807, when Mother was twelve years old. Grandmother, Catharine Carl Armstrong, was born Jan. 16, 1752, and died at the home of her daughter, Isabell, Mrs. John Frew, Jan. 31, 1819, aged sixty-seven.

My mother was seven years old when her parents moved from the Nitney Valley to Western Pennsylvania, and on the way stopped over night at a cousin of hers who had a number of colonies of bees. Now my mother had never seen a bee-hive before, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, concluded to investigate. She accordingly took a stick to raise the hive up, just a little, to see what

was going on inside. She raised the hive just a little too high and over it went, and out came the bees; and well, they found the poor little girl in a field of rye close by unconscious. It was a pretty close call and she always knew after that what was inside a beehive when in working order.

When the family moved from Conneaut to Franklin, they took their small supply of goods by team to some point on French Creek, where they were transferred to a canoe, thence down that stream to Franklin.

Among their worldly possessions was a cow and calf which had to be driven overland.

Robert, who I believe was the second son, and about seventeen years old, was assigned the task of driving the cow, and to meet the family at their first camping place for the night on French Creek. When about to start, he called for a volunteer to accompany him on his lonely trip. My mother's twin sister, Isabel, who was nine or ten years old at the time, with more ambition than discretion, accepted the invitation and enlisted for the trip.

They expected to get their noon-day meal at a house about mid-way of their day's tramp, and had been so instructed by their parents, and were on hand at the way-side lodge a little too late for dinner. But when the two youthful drovers saw there were no loaves and fishes for *them*, they took up their weary line of march, or tramp, with heavy hearts, but lighter stomachs. My little Aunt, that was to be, soon became exhausted and began to cry. Robert had a rifle which, no doubt, was the pride of his life, and of course he took it with him, and he

told his little sister that if she would not cry he would shoot her a pretty bird, and he kept his word for he soon shot a pretty red-headed wood-pecker which she carried in her hand all the afternoon, which seemed to appease her somewhat for the loss or rather for the lack of a dinner.

Along toward the shades of evening, they saw in the distance, in the direction in which they were going, a tiny column of smoke, ascending through the overspreading branches, and soon the mother was seen hurrying toward her little girl with a generous piece of warm "short cake," which had been backed over the coals of the fire, that made the smoke, that guided the prodigal son, that drove the calf to the camp of the Armstrongs. No doubt that piece of short cake was eaten with keener relish than any thanksgiving dinner she ate in after life with turkey and plum pudding. Think of a girl of her tender age walking twenty-two miles, all day long without a mouthful to eat, over a rooty and rocky forest road, and barefooted at that. The next morning they resumed their journey, and in good time reached their destination at the junction of French Creek and the Allegheny River.

The record of births, deaths, and other matters of history of the family of John and Catharine Armstrong, I have been unable to obtain in full, especially of the sons who seem to have drifted off by themselves, and no trace of them is known; consequently the record is incomplete. The sons of John and Catharine Armstrong were John, Robert, who died at the age of twenty; William, who died when seven years old, and James and John. Of the sons, John and James were the only ones who arrived at the age of manhood. James was reported to have been married and with his wife's people went south-

west where they were all drowned, except James, on the Red River. It was reported that John and James subsequently went back to the old country and there we leave them as what little trace we have of them is lost.

The daughters of John and Catherine Armstrong were Jane, Hannah, Margaret and Isabella (twins) and Nancy. Jane Armstrong, and all of her brothers and sisters, except perhaps the two younger ones, were no doubt born in Westfield, New Jersey. She married for her first husband Joseph Cameron, who was afterward drowned in French Creek at Franklin, Pa., in 1812, either by accident or by being taken with a fit, and falling out of a canoe, and was drowned before help could come to his rescue.

They had three children, Robert Carl,—who was drowned when young,—Joseph K. and John. Joseph K. married Almira Lindsey by whom he had two children, Edward and Isabel.

John married Harmony Hitchcock. He died January 6, 1843, aged thirty-three years. She died June 23, 1864, aged fifty-two years. They had four children, Jane W., Winfield S., John E. and Laura K.

Jane W. married Obed Mead. They have two daughters, Jennie and Dora B.

Winfield S enlisted in the 154th Regiment N. Y. V., was a major on Gen. Joseph A. Mower's staff, and served three years during the war of the rebellion. He was wounded in battle, endured the hardships and privations of a soldier's life, and lives to enjoy the peace and prosperity so dearly bought, and to see a country reunited and cemented by the blood and valor of devoted patriots. When the "cruel war was over" he married Imogene Payne.

They have one son, Winfield H.; the only daughter died when young.

John E. Cameron enlisted in the 9th, N. Y. cavalry and was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, May 8, 1864.

Had he lived, he would soon have been wearing shoulder straps, for a Lieutenant's commission was on the way to headquarters at the time of his death, a reward of merit for valiant service. Tall, and of commanding appearance, full of vigor and martial spirit of early manhood, he was a true type of the American Soldier.

In the early dawn of manhood, and at their country's call, these brothers left a widowed mother and went forth to preserve the union intact and unbroken, a noble example of patriotism.

All honor to the soldier, who leaves all that is dear
To fight for his country, the brave Volunteer;
A martyr to freedom, a stranger to fear,
No man is his equal, no king is his peer.

Laura K. married Wm. Benson. They live at Falconer, near her birth place. Their children are Eugene, Elmer E., Grace and John E.

Jane Armstrong Cameron married for her second husband Edward Work, the founder of Worksburg, now Falconer. She died Sept. 17, 1833, leaving two children, Edward F., and Jane; Laura F., having died before.

Mr. Work married for his second wife a Mrs. Jeffers, who had a daughter Phidelia. Edward F, the son, married Phidelia, the daughter of his stepmother, thus adding to the bonds of the family union. They had a daughter Jane who married and had one child, a daughter.

Jane Work, the daughter of Edward the first died January 23, 1841, aged twenty-three years.

Laura F. Work died while undergoing a surgical operation, in trying to remove the shell of a nut that lodged in her throat, truly a sad and lamentable death; she died August 27, 1831, aged eight years.

Edward Work was one of the early pioneers of the time, and did much towards the improvements and enterprises of that early day. He settled at Worksburg in 1807 and built a saw and grist mill, the first in that section of the country. He was a member and a pillar of the M. E. Church in Jamestown, a venerable and grand looking old man, as I remember him, with white flowing locks and patriarchial bearing. He died July 10, 1857, aged eighty-three years.

HANNAH ARMSTRONG

Married for her first husband Simeon Scowden. He died and was buried somewhere on the lower Conewango, in Warren County, Pa., in 1817, aged thirty years, leaving three children, Theodore, Edward Work and Catharine.

Theodore was killed by the cars October 12, 1875, aged sixty-three years. He left a widow but no children.

Edward W. married Mary Jane Russell. They lived for a number of years in their early married life in and about Worksburg, then for a time they owned and occupied the Russell homestead; from there they moved to Frewsburg, where the only ones left of the family, the mother and one daughter, Caroline, still reside. He was a man of a good deal of energy, sound judgment, thorough and quite successful in business ventures. He died September 25, 1892, aged seventy-six years. Their children were Phoebe Jane, who died January 30, 1844, aged four years.

Mary Elizabeth died June 19, 1843, aged two years.

Charlotte Cornelia died July 12, 1860, aged sixteen years.

Caroline Christina was born March 15, 1846, died August 8, 1901; and Frank Riland who married Florence R. Young. He died November 28, 1881, aged twenty nine years, leaving a widow and one son, Edward W.

Hannah Scowden, nee Armstrong, married for her second husband James H. Conic, who died October 12, 1866, aged seventy-six years. Their children were Jane W, Ephriam Hartson, Dewitt Clinton, Julia and David Preston.

Jane married John L. Ferry who died March 3, 1849, at the age of thirty years. She died July 25, 1846, aged twenty-six years. She was a fine looking woman, of a pleasant and cheerful disposition, and a favorite among her friends. They left two orphan boys, Richard and Willie, now grown to manhood.

Ephriam married Charlotte Horton. He died July 28, 1867, aged forty-five years, leaving a widow and two children, Coralyn, who married Albert J. Tiffany, and Will W., who married Jennie Merriam.

Charlotte married Welcome Carpenter for her second husband; she died July 26, 1890, aged sixty-one years.

Ephriam H. Conic was a man noted for his many noble traits of character. Always cheerful and pleasant, he inspired others with the same cheerfulness. Honest and industrious, unselfish, just and generous, an indulgent husband and father, a true type of manhood worthy the emulation of others.

Dewitt C. Conic married Marion Benson. He died July, 1887, aged——leaving a widow and one son, Dwight. May, Nellie, Ernest and two others

died in Infancy.

Julia married Wellington Loucks and soon after moved west, and I have no knowledge of their history since except in a casual way.

David P. Conic married Sarah A. Sherwin. He was a soldier in the war of the rebellion. He enlisted in the 7th Co. Independent Sharp-Shooters, attached to the 112th Regiment, N. Y. V. I., served eighteen months when he was discharged for disability.

He died December 14, 1887. His death was very sad and lamentable. While helping to move a safe, the supports gave way and he was caught under the safe, causing his death in a few hours. He left a widow and two daughters, Kate E. and Corrie A.

Kate E. Conic married William W. Smith. Their children are Mabel Emily, Leon Byron, Georgia Maud and Florence Sarah Smith.

Corrie A. Conic married George R. Newton.*

The next born of the Armstrong children were Margaret, my mother, and her twin sister Isabella. I will only give the dates of birth and death of my mother, as her history will be more fully given hereafter in connection with my father's. She was born December 31, 1793, and died February 8, 1875.

Isabella Armstrong was born at about the same time as mother was, viz. December 31, 1793. I never did know which was the oldest. She married John Frew, the founder of Frewsburg, who setled there in 1812.

He was born in the county of Down Ireland, August 2, 1789. He was a man well-known and respected for his sterling qualities of head and heart, for integrity and a charitable disposition.

*(George R. Newton and Corrie A. Conic were second cousins, consequently their children were descendents of both the Ross and Armstrong branch of ancesters.)

He was another of the early and hardy pioneers who braved the perils and privations of an early settler's life. When they turned their backs on the more advanced and civilized settlements, and pressed forward into the unbroken wilderness, there was nothing animate to greet them save the wild and savage beasts, or wandering bands of Indians, who on occasion might be equally as savage. It required some fortitude and resolution to nerve a man to the proper pitch to face all the obstacles and hardships which were sure to meet him at almost every step.

He was for a number of years a member of the board of supervisors from his town, a position which he filled with credit to himself and to his constituents. The selection of his location was a judicious one, and he lived to see the place that bears his name become a thrifty and growing village.

He died in 1875 aged seventy-six years, leaving his widow who survived him for a number of years. She was a woman much respected, a true helpmate to a deserving husband, a kind and loving mother whose life was devoted to the welfare and comfort of her home and family. She died at our home at Ross Mills, April 17, 1878, aged eighty-five years. Of all our aunts on mother's side, she seemed to be the favorite with our family, probably because she was our mother's twin sister.

The children of John and Isabella Frew were James R. who married first Rebeca Myers.

He married for his second wife Augusta Evans. They have one son, John, who is a clerk on a mail route. Their present home is in Cleveland, Ohio.

Hugh A. married for his first wife Catherine Hoyt. His second wife was Jeanette Cook, who survived him. No children were born to either union. He died February 12, 1884. He was a man of more than

ordinary abilities, and, if rightly applied, might have been a leader among men.

Jane married Reuben E. Fenton, who after her death, was a representative in Congress, Governor of New York, and U. S. Senator from New York. It is needless for me to speak of the public life of Reuben E. Fenton; his history is of a national character and needs no eulogy here. She did not live to share the honors of her husband's public life. She died in February, 1841, aged twenty years, leaving an infant daughter Jane, who grew to womanhood and married a Mr. Knowles, who was a major during the war and afterwards moved west. Gov. Fenton married for a second wife, a Miss Scudder. He died very suddenly August 25, 1885.

Ellicott Frew married Malvina Wilcox. He died February 13, 1825, leaving a widow and one son, Marcus, who is also married.

Ellicott was of a domestic turn. Home was good enough for him, and none others quite so good as his father and mother. His widow married Fred Alvord who has also passed away leaving her a widow the second time.

Richard M. married Janette Bement. He was a soldier in the war of the rebellion. They have one son James, who is also married.

Nancy, the youngest of the Armstrong family and of my mother's sisters, was married and soon after went south to New Orleans or somewhere in that vicinity, since which time very little if anything is known of her history.

As before stated, the first house built by Benjamin Ross, on the Cassadaga, was made of logs, and was located directly opposite the mill, as it stood then, and the present site of the old dam, and on the opposite side of the road from the mill just at the foot

of the hill. How long my parents lived in this house I am unable to say, but am inclined to think not very long, for a new house was built and practically worn out and abandoned within the next twenty years, from the time the first one was built. This second house was located about forty rods N. W., or up the road, and on the opposite side from the first house. This house was built of plank, the usual way of building houses at that time, was sealed inside and clap-boarded on the outside.

The next and third house built, was on the opposite and upper side of the road and a little to the left or southerly from the last one described

This house was a frame, with plank sides or walls, lathed and plastered inside and clap-boarded on the outside, and was quite a good house for the time. This house was occupied for about thirty-three years and until it had outlived its usefulness, when a new one was built on the site of number two, or the last one before.

This new house was a balloon frame of the present style, with modern improvements, and was considered the best style of a country house at the time. This was the house in which my father and mother passed their last days, and within the walls of these four houses they had passed all the days of their lives. They had lived to see the transformation of the surrounding country from a dense and unbroken wilderness, to the broad acres of cultivated fields and farms of golden grain and meadow land, dotted here and there with the white cottages and farm buildings of the thrifty husbandman; with a background of pasture field, where roam the sleek herds of cattle, cropping the tender grass, or lying in the shade of the over-spreading branches of some tree or shrub, chewing the cud of contentment, or per-

haps, standing in the cooling waters of some pool or brooklet during the heat of the mid-day sun.

And over and through all this beautiful landscape can be seen the country roads, winding along the valley streams, or through the vale or upland, bordered on either side by hedge-rows or the trim and substantial fences that enclose the adjoining farm lands. And within the scope of vision you can see the neat and cozy schoolhouse at some central location, where the youths are taught the rudiments of an education; and here too can be seen the towering smoke stack of some mill or factory, and within the radius of a few miles can be heard each morning the blast of the whistle of numerous mills and factories calling forth the scores of laborers to enrich the country and give to the skilled workmen a just reward for his industry.

And midst all this can be seen the glistening tracks of the iron horse speeding along thereon, drawing its merchandise, or palace cars, with its human freight, happy in the thought of speedy and safe transit to their place of destination, but all unconscious of the the transformation that has taken place by gradual, I might say *rapid* changes in the past sixty-five years.

All this did my parents live to see; and from a little opening in the forest scarcely large enough to admit the rays of the noon-day sun, to the broad expanse of field and farm, with all the attendant improvements; from the slow plodding ox sled through the rough and tortuous trails of the forest to the swift and smoothly gliding railroad train as it rushes through the teeming and prosperous country; truly *'tis* a transformation almost beyond the comprehension of man.

All this and more my parents lived to see and to

enjoy the fruits of their labors.

I think the greatest triumph in father's life was that he lived to see the Rebellion crushed, the great evil of slavery forever abolished, and the threatened disintegration of the Union reunited and more firmly bound and cemented by the blood and valor of the noble patriots of the North, and that he had lived to see the ideal of his ambition consummated, the building of a railroad along the Cassadaga Valley.

With the history of these four houses, is the history of my parents' married life identified. The incidents of their early life while living in the first, log house, are meager and only such as were handed down, and such also was largely the case while living in the second house, although my memory carries me back to the old-second-house, and its outlines are distinctly impressed on my mind, and I can speak from memory from that date.

The foundation for future comfort and what prosperity they enjoyed, was no doubt laid while living in the second house, and here their lives began to broaden and to open up with brighter prospects of increased comforts in the future. I think most of the children were born in this house, myself with the rest, and here is where my memory first asserts itself, though limited, yet quite clear and firmly fixed.

But it was the third house where the interest of the family mainly centered, where the children spent their time mostly, from youth to manhood and womanhood, and from beneath whose sheltering roof they went forth to build up homes of their own and assume the sterner duties of married life.

And there, too, from the portals of this house were seen the inauguration of most enterprises public and private, that tend to develop the resources that

have made this country what it is; the home of a free, progressive and happy people.

The associations connected with this house are still fresh in my memory, and how well can I remember of an autumn evening after the labors of the day, with the family gathered around the hearth stone before the open fire place, father tipped back in his chair in his accustomed place against the jam in the chimney corner, his paper in one hand, a candlestick with a tallow dip in the other, inclined at a pitch of forty-five degrees toward the paper to get the full benefit of the uncertain light, the candle the while, from the position held, melting away and dripping in yellow drops from his fingers to the paper, when he come to a realizing sense of his condition, he would express his contempt by his usual expletives: "'Hm, zounds, give me the snuffers."

But "Mother," whose busy fingers were *never* idle, would have her wheel before the fire; and with measured tread and skillful hand would draw a thread of finest strand; which in turn was knit into stockings or woven into flannels and dressed cloth for the family's winter wear; the older girls meantime knitting or mending, and the younger members of the family, whose duty it was to keep the big fire place well replenished with dry kindling to keep the room well lighted, and warmed to a certain dregree, which was necessary to make the wool run free, mixing their duty with pleasure, for who does not like to watch a cheerful fire. It was one of the pleasures of our childhood evenings, and while ever and anon, we would add a stick to the the burning pile that would send the sparks and flame up the chimney, we would watch the glowing embers as they formed themselves into immaginary cottages and castles, with doors and windows, and

little people peeping out, and we would guess as to which brand would fall next and which cottage or castle would get knocked out in the fall, or watch the pent-up steam as it burst forth in a little blue stream singing a song of blissful mirth, like "the cricket on the hearth." And then often, as an accompaniment, the tin bake oven with its open front, was before the fire with its twin loaves of golden corn bread, half smothered in a bed of coals, and now and then we would raise the lid to see how comes on the baking bread, when the steam from the loaf would greet us with an appetizing odor. And the crane, that o'er the fire swung, whereon the pots and kettles hung in which they cooked the frugal meal of pork and beans, and ham and veal.

These were the happy days of youth; these were *our* happy days in truth.

And we must not forget the loom that stood back in the other room, where mother used to sit and weave, all kinds of cloth; and I do believe she could do more work than most other women, weaving kersey flannels and table linen, towels of tow, and carpets too. She could do all kinds of work, that others could do, my mother could; and she could split wood; and milk the cows; and mow away hay on hay mows, but she didn't do much of that kind of work, unless it was when the *men* would shirk. And that was a part of the work and play that we used to have in an early day.

But it was in the fourth and last house that my parents, perhaps, realized the day dreams of their lives and enjoyed that peace and quiet of their declining years, whence they could look back and review the past without regrets, or to the future without misgivings. And here, after all the varied

scenes of life and having lived more than the alloted time of man, surrounded by kindness and friends, after a long and painful illness, my Father passed away, December 31, 1871, aged seventy-seven years and eight months.

My Mother! no words of mine can portray her worth, or give just tribute to *her* memory. Her life and record need no eulogy here from me. She survived my Father a number of years; years of quiet sadness, when she too crossed the portals and passed to her reward.

She died February 7, 1875, aged eighty-two years and ten months.

DURING THE WAR.

It is not my purpose to write a history of the Rebellion. That has already been done by a number of eminent and able historians. But as a few incidents happened in this locality that these historians do not mention, I give them a place here for the benefit of the children—present and prospective.

There was a great deal of local interest that happened during the war. When the war had really broken out in all of its terrible reality, it sent a thrill of terror through the hearts of the timid and disloyal, and a thrill of chivalry and patriotism through the hearts of the brave and loyal. The first call for volunteers was quickly filled by the sturdy youth of the country and a good many more offered their services than could be taken. The government authorities supposing that a small force only was needed, were terribly deceived as to the magnitude and stubbornness of the Rebellion and soon had to

call for an additional three hundred thousand volunteers. This began to look like serious business, and as the first volunteers were enlisted for only three months and the call now was for three years men, with a prospect of bloody work with all the attendant horrors of war, the men were not quite so anxious to enlist, especially as the first call had taken most of the unemployed and venturesome spirits. But now as the embryo rebellion had developed into a reality of mammoth proportions and assumed a serious aspect, the enlistments were mostly by men who went from a sense of duty and patriotism alone. Still it took considerable martial music and many war meetings with patriotic speeches to work up the patriotism of some to the proper pitch to induce them to enlist. But the people were loyal and after the first Bull Run battle, in which the north was defeated, the government found they had a foeman worthy their steel, and they put all the vigor and energy into the prosecution of the war, that the depleted treasury and disorganized condition of the army would guarantee. The first local or home company that enlisted was Company B 100th N. Y. V. Regiment, Capt. Jas. M. Brown, who was afterwards Colonel of the regiment, and was killed at the battle of the Seven Pines. This company went to the seat of war early in the season of '61 and was followed later in the season by Company K, 49 Regt. N. Y. V., A. J. Marsh Captain. The next year there were two full regiments enlisted, mustered into the service, organized, officered and sent to the front. All these had their headquarters in, and were sent from, Jamestown, together with a number of independent sharpshooters, Cavalry, etc., besides a good many recruits. These were times when loyal men put their whole being in the balance, gave up home,

friends, family, everything; faced peril, privation; and death for home and country. And these were the times men had to be careful how they talked treason, when the Soldier Boys were around—home on furlough—or even when there were only old men around to champion the cause of freedom and union for which the North was fighting. An incident of the kind: My father, being the acme of loyalty, could brook no insult to the old flag, nor to the cause which the brave boys who were in the army were fighting the battles for the loyal and disloyal alike.

About this time when party spirit ran high, when the patriotism of the unionists were wrought up to the highest pitch, when the treasonable talk of the Northern copperhead grated harshly on the ear of loyal North, an antiquated old copperhead from Jamestown came to the mill for a load of lumber. Now this old second-hand rebel might have been comparatively safe in uttering his venomous hisses in the presence of his vile and slimy companions; but not so when he came into the purer atmosphere of patriotism, "of the land of the free and the home of the brave," and he was not discreet. He bridled not his slanderous tongue. He talked loud, but *not* too long, for before he had freed his mind of all its treason, he was lying low in the dust in which he fain would trail the flag that had been a shield to his unworthy carcass. This was the first home fight, and the first blood was in favor of the North. The combatants were about evenly matched, as to age, both being past the vigor of middle age, but Father's patriotism was too much for the other fellow's disloyalty and he "came to grief." But he soon recovered and hurried back to town where he applied for a warrant, which was not easily procured, for the

authorities had already heard of the case and were not disposed to issue the papers. But after consultation it was decided to issue the papers as the quickest way to dispose of the case. Accordingly an officer was sent to serve the papers with instructions not to make the arrest, but to *request* Father to appear at his convenience, at the same time assuring him he need have no misgivings, as the citizens would take care of him and the *other fellow* too. There was a company of newly enlisted soldiers in town who were disputing with the citizens the right and honor of paying the fine—if any imposed—in case of prosecution, and who were calling for tar and feathers, *and a rope*, in tones and manner not to be mistaken, and who were ripe for a demonstration that would effectually squelch all ambition of the copperhead fraternity to make a public display of disloyality in the future. Father was received as a conquering hero and was given the freedom of the town. The man he punished, seeing it was getting too hot for him, waited not for the order of going, but left unceremoniously for parts unknown. Thus ended the first campaign.

The next demonstration of the kind occured soon after the one just described, and was on the occaon of the departure of Company K 49th regiment to the seat of war. This Company—by the way—was the one that a short time before had been the champions in Father's behalf

When they left for the seat of war, they went over the lake to Mayville by steamer, from there to Westfield by teams, where they took the cars to Washington. The boys were accompanied over the lake to Mayville, by their sisters, and a number of their young lady friends—and perhaps sweethearts —to cheer them on their way, and to bid them good

bye and God speed. The parting was sad and tearful; many a heart was wrung at parting with a brother, or friend, perhaps, never to meet again. The spirits of some of the girls were revived—before we left on our return—with a little native wine, which was indulged in with moderation and due regard for their professed temperance principles. On the boat on the return trip, was a troop of theatrical people who were to play in Jamestown that night. Among the members of this troop was one, at least, who was not discreet in expressing his sentiments, in fact he talked too much. He took occasion to use language highly offensive to the feelings of the young ladies, who he well knew had been on a voyage of love and duty, and who were not in a mood to submit tamely to language that reflected on the valor of the brave boys with whom they had just parted under such a trying ordeal. Some of these girls had the spirit and nerve to resent this tirade of abuse and invective against the soldiers and the government, and they did resent it. They would not allow the stage dandy to flaunt his secesh doctrine in *their* faces. They warned him of the wrath to come. They asked him to retract and apologize or take the consequences. He was stubborn at first and would not yield, not realizing the pent-up wrath about to burst forth on his recreant head. But the spirit of the wine had begun to work as well as the spirit of patriotism, and the two combined made a pretty strong team. They first proposed to throw the fellow into the lake; but as that would prevent them from having the satisfaction of making him apologize and beg for mercy, they concluded to hang him, which they proceeded to do forthwith. They got a chain around his neck and over a stanchion cap and began to pull away, when the poor fellow began to beg piteously. They

made him get down on his knees and apologize, promised everything asked, undying allegiance and loyalty to the government, and free tickets to the show. They let him off with these promises, more dead from fright than harm.

No doubt the girls would have strung him up if he had not apologized, for there was blood in their eyes and they were ready to avenge an insult to their country's flag. There are other incidents of local interest that transpired during the war, but I will not repeat them here. Will say however that the bones of many an old friend and chum of my youth, are mouldering in inhospitable graves of southern soil, and in the potter's field of southern prisons.

These narratives may seem to smack a little of partisanship, but my reverence for the old flag and fealty to the country it protects and represents, are as strong with me today as they were in the darkest days during our struggle for national existence.

RAIL ROADS.

The first railroad built through the southern part of the county was the Atlantic and Great Western—now the Erie—and the first train of cars on this road was run into Jamestown on August 5, 1860. The Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburg R. R. was organized in the winter of 1866-67. June 17, 1867, the first field work was done by the engineer corps, and on October 3, following, the first grading was done at our place at Ross Mills. The road was graded during the interval and the track from Dunkirk to Worksburg was finished June 17, 1871, and the first passenger train was run between these points on June 22 following The road was built

through Chautauqua county mostly by money raised by bonding the towns through which it passes; the balance of the road through Pennsylvania to Titusville—its southern terminus—was built by the N. Y. Central R. R. into whose control it eventually merged. This road runs in a southerly direction through Chautauqua County. It follows the course ot the Canadaway Creek from Dunkirk up an elevation of about seven hundred feet in eight or nine miles to Cassadaga Lake, from thence down the valley of the Cassadaga and Conewango to the Allegheny River, up the Brokenstraw and connecting valleys to Titusville on Oil Creek, the entire distance being about one hundred miles.

POST OFFICE.

Previous to the opening of the R R. the people of Ross Mills and vicinity, had to go to Jamestown or Gerry P. O. for the mail. The completion of this road, however, gave requisite facilities for mail service, accordingly the necessary steps were taken, and a post office was established in 1874. E. A. Ross was the first postmaster, his commission bearing date 18—. The first mail was recived———.

STEAM SAW MILL.

The first—and present—steam saw mill, was built at Ross Mills in 1872-3, by the E. A. Ross & Co., the Company being F. J. Skidmore and H. B. Jenkins. This firm did a large and quite a successful business for about twelve years when the partnership was dissolved, Skidmore and Jenkins retiring, E A. Ross

buying their interest and continuing the business. This mill has no doubt cut more lumber than any other one on the Cassadaga, although not built till fifty-six years after the first one was built by my father, and, perhaps fifty years after a number of mills had been in operation on the Cassadaga or its tributaries.

It might seem poor policy to build a mill of the capacity of this steam mill after the best timber had been cut in a lavish and wasteful manner, but when we consider that the timber these first mills cut was mostly of pine of the best quality that grew on the most available ground, leaving the timber of less value—at the time—and in more inaccessable places, which proved in the end to be more profitable and of greater quantities, the hemlock, hard-wood and the pine that was left more than made up for what had been cut by the earlier mills. I think the lumber business for the past twenty years was productive of more profit—if properly conducted—than any other of the ordinary pursuits of industry in this vicinity. But while it has enriched some and impoverished others, it has been the means of denuding the land of the most beautiful, grand, and valuable product of nature.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

During the summer of 1813, my mother lived at a Hotel at Erie, Penn., where Commodore Perry was fitting out his fleet before his memorable naval battle with the British on Lake Erie, September 10th of that year. Well do I remember hearing her tell of the stiring incidents connected with that great event, the weeks and months of busy preparation—for

a part of the fleet was built and equiped there—of the day of embarkation, when wives and mothers parted with husbands and sons ,perhaps never to see them again alive. The anxiety of the people during the fitting out of the fleet, and as the time drew near for the embarkation grew intense, for it was known that the British were cruising around the lake and might at any time sail in upon them and attack them unawares and unprepared. But they were not molested till their preparations were completed, and the noble bearing and heroism shown by Perry and his Captains, Elliott, Brooks, and James Bird, and the marines, augered well for the result of the coming battle.

A few days after the fleet started on its cruise in search of the enemy, they were found, and a hotly contested and sanguinary battle was fought which resulted in a complete victory for the valiant tars and the stars and stripes. During the day of the battle, the anxiety of the people at Erie was wrought up to the highest. They knew the battle was on, for by lying with their ears close to the ground along the shore they could hear the low detonations of the distant cannonading and of course were in doubt as to the result. But when the fleet returned bearing the good tidings of victory won, the rejoicings were equal to their former gloom and fear.

But their joys was mingled with sorrow and sadness, for the sight of the dead and wounded as they were taken on shore, told plainer than words of the carnage and loss of life that the victory had cost. But while it was a dearly bought victory, it gave the British good reasons ever after to respect the valor and poweress of the heroes of the navy of the young American Republic.

My mother always looked back with a spirit of pride and patriotism to that memorable time as an epoch in the history of her youth.

During the time of fitting out and equipping of the fleet at Erie, many of the officers of the navy boarded at the hotel where mother was, and my memory reverts back to her description of the scenes and incidents of those stirring times; how the officers with their bright uniforms of gold and tinsel, with their military tread and bearing that impressed the beholder with a sense of their superiority; and how the rural young men looked upon them with jealousy, and as their natural rivals; and how the maidens gazed upon them with admiration, as being about the "slickest chaps" they ever saw, and the rural swains "were not in it."

Captain Elliott was said to be a very handsome man—mother thought the handsomest she ever saw,—and with his military training and handsome figure, he made a very imposing appearance.

THE FOURTH HOUSE

PIONEER LUMBERMEN AND MILLS
OF THE
CASSADAGA AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

The following were extracts of the original manuscript of this work, and prepared and read—by request—before the Chautauqua County Historical Society, and as this embodies most or all of the important part of that part of the original manuscript, I make this explanation to cover a possible repetition (which might occur in a few instances) by incorporating this article instead of the original, as it might appear to break the thread of the original plan of this story.

All matter of history connected with the early life of those hardy pioneers, who made the first inroads into the unbroken and dense wilderness, and made the giants of the forest bow to the will of man, must be of interest to their descendants as well as to the general public.

In ages hence, when these beautiful valleys, sloping hillsides and table-lands, are stripped of their forests, are shorn of their majesty; when the larger streams have diminished in size and volume, and the smaller ones have nearly or quite disappeared. the evidence of which we already see by the destruction

made in the sheltering forests by the husbandman in the interests of agriculture—whereby the scorching sun of the summer days drink up the moisture of the exposed earth, that in primeval times was the wellspring of the supply, that gave to our forest streams and mountain brooks their abundance of water, which contributed to swell the increasing volume of the Alleghany, Ohio and the Father of Waters in their majestic course to the Gulf. Then will the coming generations deplore the wanton destruction of the original forests—that might have been saved in part—to protect the sources of supply of forest streams, and add beauty and freshness which nature has so bountifully provided.

Where once these valleys and uplands, that are already thickly dotted with farm houses, hamlets and villages, teeming with life, and threaded and crossed all over their length and breadth with public highways and pleasant drives; where once roamed the red man in peaceful possession of the domains that were his by inheritance—undisturbed as yet by the intrusion of white man—while he stealthily followed the wild beasts that supplied his wigwams with food, or arrayed in gaudy paint and feathers, he followed the trail of his rival to drive him from his hunting ground and adorn his belt with the crimson scalp of a vanquished foe; where once the bear with his shambling gait, the cougar or panther with their stealthy or cat-like tread, or the graceful deer as it bounded away in its timid flight—what have we now?

Where once the Indian trail wound in its serpentine course through our wooded valleys, whose stillness was broken only by the whoop of the savage or the howls of the wild beasts, there now courses the iron horse, whose neigh is *not* the whoop

of the savage, but is the trumpet blast of civilization and science, heralding its advance in its onward march to subdue new wilds and found new empires. Where once roamed the wild beasts at will in an unbroken wilderness, there now graze the sleek herds of domestic animals of the thrifty husbandman, whose green pastures and furrowed fields show no relic of a giant forest, no trace of the beast is sheltered, or the red man who gave them chase.

Where once stood the majestic pines, the queen of the forest, towering above their neighbors, their spire-like forms standing sentinel over the smaller and weaker members of the tree family, now stand here and there, the country and village churches, their tall spires pointing heavenward, seemingly a monument to the Creator, erected by man to take the place of those by him destroyed. When, in the not distant future if the despoilers of our forests are as persevering in its destruction for the next half of a century as they have been in the past, the child is now born, who might in his old age, from some eminence of observation, cast his eye over this beautiful stretch of landscape of hill and valley, of plain and upland, without perhaps one cluster of the original forest trees to obstruct the view. Then will the happy possessor of the domains, the probable descendants of the far back pioneers, amazed at the transformation, treasure these records aud appreciate the interest shown by the writer to preserve

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE PIONEERS OF CASSADAGA AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

The Cassadaga Valley comprises all the territory lying between the Cassadaga and Bear Lakes, the

sources of the Cassadaga Creek, and its junction with the Conewango. Its entire length, following its windings of the stream, is about thirty-five miles. The upper one of the Cassadaga Lakes—of which here are three—lies in the southern part of the town of Pomfret; the two lower ones immediately adjoining lie in the northern part of the town of Stockton. Bear Lake, about three miles distant due west of Cassadaga Lakes, lies mostly in the town of Stockton; the extreme northern portion being in the town of Pomfret. These lakes lie on the divide between the waters flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and those flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. A portion of the waters of Cassadaga Lake, many years ago, flowed north into Lake Erie, through an artificial channel and a portion south through its natural channel at the same time.

The formation of the ground, at the head of the lake, was such that a very little labor was required to turn its waters north; which was done stealthily and in the night by parties interested in water power on the Canadaway Creek—a branch of which stream has its source quite close to the head of the lake. Although the Canadaway people had succeeded in getting their canal sufficiently advanced to draw on the waters of the lake, the Cassadaga Valley people, who were equally interested in keeping the water in its proper channel, soon rallied in force and would fill up during the day all of the canal opened by the others during the night. Thus a war of forces was kept up till an injunction was served on the aggressive party which put an end to the enterprise for the time being. In later years an effort was made to procure a part of the water by purchase from mill owners of the Cassadaga, but the

project fell through, I think, from doubts of its legality and excessive prices asked by the parties interested.

These lakes are situated eight or nine miles from Lake Erie, and at about seven hundred feet elevation above the latter. The length of the Cassadaga Valley proper is about twenty-two miles, and averages two miles or over in width; containing about thirty thousand acres of land, which would be equivalent to three hundred farms of one hundred acres each.

The soil, rich and productive, is of alluvial formation along the streams, changing to a clayey, and from that to a sandy loam as it approaches the hills.

Of the geological formation of the valley, I am incompetent to speak; but the production of numerous artesian wells is of local interest and has been the theme of discussion as to their source of supply. I am not aware that any scientist has given it a thought, but local savants have advanced theories satisfactory to themselves.

There are two wells at Ross Mills and also quite a large number at Levant. These latter wells are from seventy-five to one hundred and thirty feet deep and supply the City of Jamestown; they produce an abundance of pure cold water of unvarying temperature. The water is invariably found in a layer of coarse sand and gravel under a layer of clay. My theory is that this clay dips from either side of the valley and also from the upper end of the valley to the depth of the wells mentioned. Under this, and perhaps filling the entire space between the clay and bed rock and

dipping in the same form, is this layer or strata of gravel through which the water from Cassadaga Lake passes as a natural filter.

The formation at the foot of Cassadaga Lake, and for some distance below, unlike that farther down the valley, is of gravel from the surface to the depth of a number of feet; thus giving the water free induction into the gravel and under the clay, which, being impervious to water, forms a natural bond that holds it in a compressed state as it passes under this bed of clay to its lower depth only wanting an opportunity of escape which it finds through the pipe of the driven well.

In proof of this theory, I would say that the water can be carried by its own force to a height of twenty-five feet above the surface of the ground at the wells, or about on the same level of the surface of Cassadaga Lake. There are other matters of local interest that might be mentioned here (the late developments of gas wells, etc.) besides the main subject yet to be presented; but it would make this article too long and, I fear, try your patience and my credit.

The following are mainly extracts taken from a family history now being prepared by the writer of this paper.

About this time, (1820) perhaps a little earlier, and for a succeeding period, the available mill-sites were rapidly taken up; the excellent pine timber skirting the streams and covering the table-lands and hillsides adjoining, being the main inducement although a few were already looking to agriculture as a means of support.

The names of the first owners and locations of the first mills on the Cassadga and its tributaries, I will give as far as possible; not expecting to make a complete or accurate list as I have to depend upon my memory partly, and that does not reach back quite far enough, and partly upon what I learned from my parents and others and have incidently treasured up in my mind, merely as interesting incidents of the time, not expecting to have occasion to use them as a matter of history.

The first stream tributary to the Cassadaga above its mouth on which mills were built (except the Chautauqua Outlet, a full history of which would furnish ample matter for an article of itself) was on the eastern side and known as the Russel Run, and, emptied into the Cassadaga about two mile above the mouth of the Chautauqua Outlet. The first mill built on this stream was by Thomas Russell in 1816, located one and one-half mile from the mouth. It was owned and operated by Russell for a number of years and until about worn out. It was later owned and rebuilt by E. W. Scowden, who kept it running as long as there was any timber to cut. It still stands a mouldering monument, I think, the only one left to mark the original site of any of the mills on these small streams.

The next was built by Charles and James McConnell, one-half mile above the Russell mill, operated by them for a number of years, and sold to Cyrus and Artemas Fish.

The third was built by Elisha Hall about one mile above the preceeding one; was run but a short time by him, when it passed into other hands.

The fourth one built and the lower one on the stream was built by Gideon Gilson and afterward sold

to Elisha Hall. It was located about one mile from the Cassadaga, near the public highway and the residence of the late William Clark, one of the old settlers, who in later years bought and moved onto the property, now a fine farm in possession of his grandchildren.

The lumber from these mills was of fine quality, was hauled to Gilson's Landing at the mouth of the run where it was rafted to run down the river.

The next mill stream up the Cassadaga was the Folsom Run which empties in the Cassadaga a short distance below Ross Mills. This stream had four mills on it. The first and lower one was built by Elijah Aiken, afterwards owned by Cyrus and Artemas Fish, and lastly by Anson Chamberlin. This mill was located on land now owned by Nelson Chamberlin.

The next one built and third one up the stream was built by Joel Tyler; owned by other parties for a time and again by Tyler, and sold by him to John Cobb, afterward owned by Jos. Darling, who I think, was the last owner and who cut the last lumber. This was a double mill and was capable of cutting and did cut the most lumber of any mill on this, or any other, of the small streams.

The next mill built on this stream was between the two last described and about one mile from either and was probably built by Nathan Cheney, as he was the first owner of whom I have any knowledge. It was afterwards owned by Adolphus Hooker, who after operating it for some time, built another one a short distance above and ran them both till the timber ran out and the mills ran down. When I say the timber was all cut, I mean the pine timber, for that was the only timber worth cutting at the time.

The Cheney mill was supposed to be owned by a Mr. Luther at one time. These mills cut a large amount of lumber for mills on dry or thunder shower streams—as they were sometimes called.

The first mill located on the Cassadaga proper, and the first one up the stream from its mouth, was built by Benjamin Ross at what is now Ross Mills. He with his young wife and one child, moved in the fall of 1816 on an ox sled, into a log house without any floor, doors, or windows; cutting his road from Works Mills (now Falconer) to his future home, and making the first marks of civilization.

In the following spring he commenced and completed the first mill. This mill was located in the bed of the natural stream, thereby forming a part of the dam and occupying the site of the present dam. How long this mill was run, I do not know, but a dam was built on its site, and a new mill, its successor, built on a race dug from the pond, which was a more modern way and in fact became necessary as the old way obstructed navigation.

The mill irons for the first mill were brought from Pittsburg in a canoe; I think it took about two weeks to make the trip up the Allegheny River. How does that compare with our facilities for travel and transportation of the present day? The mill irons included castings for the gig and bull-wheels, big crank and gudgeon for the main water wheel, beaver tail for the pitman, bail dogs and bars for the old fashioned head-blocks, and bull-wheel chain and saw.

How many of the mill men of the present day would know what these phrases mean or what the articles were for? These irons did service in all the

mills built in the old style on this site. This last, or second mill, was run only a short time when it was burned.

By this time a number of families were living about and employed on the mill as well as some living in the adjoining new settlements. The mill, I think, was being run by Joseph Darling and others; Darling being on duty when the mill caught fire during the night. Whether from the slab-pile, which was burning at the time, or from lights in the mill, it was never known, as Darling was asleep at the time and barely escaped with his life.

This was in July about 1832, and was a severe blow to my father, as he was not able financially to stand such a loss at that time; and it was enough to discourage any one under the same circumstances.

When the alarm was given my father jumped out of bed and ran as far as the bridge where my mother found him, partially dressed, turning around, the image of dispair, the tears streaming down his face, and looking as though he had lost his last friend. She asked him: "What are you standing here for; why don't you try and save something?" With a despondent shake of the head he replied: "No use! might as well let it all go together."

I think that my mother showed more presence of mind and fortitude, for the time being, for she helped to organize a bucket brigade of all the men, women and children who could be mustered into service; she with other women doing nobly in passing pails of water from one to the other, trying to save the lumber, in which they were partially successful, some of the women standing in water up to their knees, exposed to the intense heat, till the flames had spent their fury and reduced to ashes,

what, a few hours before was the pride and hope upon which they depended largely for future support and prosperity. Thus in one short hour went up in smoke and ashes years of labor and incessant toil.

Although my father was despondent and discouraged when he saw the best part of his earthly possessions ascending skyward in flames, it was only of short duration, for, in a few days, he had a force of men hewing and framing timber for a new mill.

The neighbors were sympathetic and generous, for they turned out to a man for miles around, and in the short space of six days had the mill frame ready to raise and did raise it on the sixth, as the following stanza improvised for the occasion will testify:

"Here is a good frame
That deserves a good name
And what shall we call it?
Ross' industry, the carpenter's delight,
Framed in six days and raised before night."

That was pretty quick work for those days and shows the energy and perseverence of the hardy settlers, whose will was law; who, inured to hardship and privations, were able to overcome all obstacles of an ordinary nature.

This mill was worn out and rebuilt with modern improvements having the iron or patent water wheel. This was the fourth and last mill owned by my father, who sold it to M. J. Morton, who owned it for a number of years and sold it to Joel Partridge; he rebuilt and sold to Wesley Martin, the present owner.

The next saw mill on the Cassadaga was located about three miles above the Ross mill and was built by John Hines and William Newton in 1819, and in 1822 they erected the first grist mill in that vicinity.

The mills were afterwards owned by Joel and

Thomas Walkup and were for a long time known as the Walkup Mills.

They were for a time operated by John Cobb, who with his brother Roland, was about this time largely interested in lumbering. These mills passed through several hands, R. M. Miller being the last owner. They have long since gone the way of most lumber mills in this section—crumbled away to dust from whence they came.

Hatch Creek, the next tributary on which mills were built, empties into the Cassadaga about half a mile above the Walkup mills. It flows through what was in an early day known as Vermont settlement or Bucklin's corners. There was only one mill on this stream at any one time so far as I know, and I have little knowledge of its early history; but I think that Major Samuel Sinclair was the builder and owner of one of the first mills.

The Tower Run, a small stream which had its source in Ellery, was the next stream, on which Henry Shaw built the first mill about 1816. Elisha Tower and Jesse Dexter built in 1827 a mill on lands then owned, as now, by the Tower family. This mill after running eighteen months was burned, and reported to have been rebuilt and running in six days.

A third mill was built on this stream by Holden Moon about 1840.

Mill Creek, the largest of the upper tributaries, takes its source by two branches—one in Arkright and one in Cherry Creek—and flows through the entire town of Charlotte and part of Gerry.

A part of the following are extracts from Young's History of Chautauqua County:

"Among the first who settled on Mill Creek in

1809, was Major Samuel Sinclair from whom Sinclairviile derives its name. During the summer of 1810 he built the first saw mill, and in the fall of the same year a frame house, which was for many years the village tavern, and in 1811 a grist mill. Each of the buildings was the first of its kind erected in Charlotte or in the central part of the county.

Forbes Johnson and John M. Edson built a grist mill at Sinclairville at an early day. The lower mill on this stream was located about half way between the Cassadaga and Sinclairville, and was built by John McAllister, one of the early settlers, and on the land now owned by his son, James McAllister."

About four miles above Sinclairville at Charlotte Center, through which this stream passed, a mill was erected in 1817. There was no doubt other mills on this stream, but I have no authentic knowledge of the number or date.

A small stream emptied into the Cassadaga just below the Johnson mills at South Stockton on which a mill was built by Abel Bronson. The mill never did much business for want of water.

The mill on the Cassadaga at South Stockton was built by R. W. Fenner in 1824; later owned by Forbes Johnson and known as the Johnson mill.

In 1827 a grist mill was built by Johnson and Fenner; still owned by members of the Johnson family. I think that this is the only instance of a grist or saw mill owned or operated at the present time by descendants of the pioneer owner.

The next and last mill on the Cassadaga from which lumber was run to southern markets was built by Bela Todd about 1827, sold to Charles D. Cooper, who also built a carding and cloth dressing establishment. A saw mill is still there.

A saw mill was built in 1830 on the Bugbee Brook which empties into Bear Creek, a branch of the Cassadaga, the junction of the later creeks being about one mile above South Stockton.

A grist and saw mill were built at the foot of Bear Lake (Delanti) by John Hines, Hiram Lazelle and Elijah Nelson about 1818.

This is not a complete and full history but circumstances have been such, that I could not prosecute a thorough research.

If any of my younger readers have ever seen the upper Cassadaga Creek about and above South Stockton they might well be surprised and wonder how a lumber raft could ever be run down that small stream.

When I give for the benefit of the uninitiated the size of a raft, they may be still more surprised.

The usual size of a five platform piece, as they were sometimes called, was sixteen feet wide, and the length of five sixteen-feet boards, making the length from seventy to eighty feet, according to whether the bottom frame or crib was lapped, which whould make the difference in length. These rafts were from fifteen to twenty courses deep and were rigged up with an oar or sweep on each end to guide the raft. This was a pretty large raft to run out of so small a stream. They were run in single rafts to the mouth of the Cassadaga where two were coupled together putting one before the other, making the raft twice as long, in which shape they were run into the Alleghany River at Warren, where they were coupled together into an Allegany fleet, three abreast and twenty long (in raftman's parlance); the twenty long being twenty platforms or four rafts long—altogether twelve pieces.

The rafts were firmly bound together with coupling plank, and when a shanty was built, pilot secured, provisions and other necessaries supplied, they were equipped and ready for their trip down the Allegheny, if the river was in the proper stage which was generally the case, as it took about the same stage of water to get out of the smaller streams.

It took from four to six days to run to Pittsburg; landing at night in some convenient eddy, as the Alleghany was too rapid and dangerous to run at night, except under unavoidable circumstances.

Arrived at Pittsburg, unless the lumber was to be disposed of there, two Alleganies were put into one grand Ohio fleet which was run to Cincinnati, Louisville or other intervening points.

These trips were generally made on the spring freshet—usually in the month of March or April—and during the preceding winter it was a busy time with lumbermen in stocking their mill with logs, and in hauling the lumber cut on the small streams to the larger ones where it was to be rafted; and with the shingle makers who were diligently at work day and evening in shingle shanties, turning out as large a stock as possible, ready for the spring market as they were in need of all the money they could raise to support their families and make payments on their lands.

How like a dream to look back forty years as I can see it, as it was then, and in imagination follow the winding sled roads through the woods from one little opening to another, or to some settler's camp in the woods without an opening, each with a log house for the family and a log shanty where they worked all the winter shingle making.

They would cut down the grand old pines, cut

them into logs or bolts, haul them to shanties where they would be cut into proper length for shingles, the bolts taken into the shanties where they were split the right thickness with a fro and mallet and shaved and packed—one-half thousand in a bunch.

It was quite a cheering sight to visit these shanties of an evening, lighted as they were by the pine shavings, thrown by armfuls into the large open fireplace, lighting all within and giving from the open-mouthed chimney and through the chinks of the wall, a welcome light to the wayfarer, and a mute invitation to enter; whose entrance would be announced to the busy occupants within by the creaking of the door on its wooden hinges.

It was the usual lounging place for the unemployed in the evening, about the only place of entertainment they had—almost as good as a theater.

During the latter part of winter, the lumber and shingle men would be busy hauling their products, and by the first of March the banks of the rafting streams would be lined with piles of boards and shingles for a long distance, the lumber soon after being rafted on which the shingles were loaded, when all was ready to start. It was a grand sight to my boyish eyes to see the long line of rafts in the different stages of construction, lying in the water, while scores of men were busy rafting the lumber, making and loading the rafts with shingles.

For days and weeks, men would be coming from the surrounding country to get a job to help raft the lumber, and a trip down the river. When all was ready, the ice gone, the streams at the proper stage by the melting snow and accompanying rains, then would commence the grand hegira for "Down the River;" and I think there would be hardly a time

during the day for a week or more during these spring freshets, but there could be seen a raft coming or going down the creek.

I have sat for hours, and watched the rafts running the dam, as they would take the "suck of the shoot" and final plunge, as they went through the rushing waters and struck the eddy water below, where they would frequently dive under water taking off a forward oar and sometimes a man with it.

When we come to make an estimate of the amount of lumber made on the Cassadaga and its tributaries, you can form some idea of the vast amount made on the upper Allegheny and its tributaries. As I make about eighteen mills putting lumber out of the Cassadaga, and allowing two hundred thousand for the smaller, and five hundred thousand for the larger, as the annual product of these mills, we have a total of about five million feet, which would make two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred rafts; requiring five hundred and fifty to six hundred men to run them to the mouth of the creek and half the number from there to the Allegheny.

Where all these men came from is more than I know, but many of them came from the northern part of the county, and the balance probably from about the mills and adjacent settlements. When all these men were mustered into service and were put in their line of march, or drift, it took about all of the resources of the inhabitants along the streams to furnish them with food and lodging.

Many a time, do I recollect, during the "spring runs" would these hardy raftsmen, wet and hungry, invade our house and turn its occupants into hosts, and hostess, and the house into a wayside inn;

levying tribute upon the larder to furnish the inner man the requisite for a hearty supper and although the variety was perhaps limited, the quantity was sufficient and the quality good; and after supper as they were sitting around the blazing fire, telling the incidents of the day, and of their former trips down the river, how I almost envied them and longed for the time when I should arrive at manhood's estate so that I, *too*, might enjoy some of these (to me) wonderful experiences. But I in good time enjoyed some of the pleasures and *all* of the hardships of a trip down the river.

On these occasions of extemporizing the unpretentious dwellings into hotels, the great difficulty was to provide places for all of the men to sleep. As there was seldom more than one "spare bed" in *any* house, it was a problem not easily solved; but after putting three into the spare bed, the balance of the men were allotted places on the floor with such coverings as could be had, perhaps a blanket or coat.

If "necessity is the mother of invention" she must have been kept busy at such times, for it was surprising to see how fifteen or twenty men could be lodged with only one "spare bed." But everthing would be done that could be, to make each one comfortable to the mutual satisfaction of all, for it was considered incumbent in those days for each to aid his neighbor in time of need, for such compensation as could be rendered.

Such were some of the experiences of the pioneer lumberman of the Cassadaga and its tributaries.

INCIDENTS.

The following incidents occurred during the early and later history of Father's family.

My father has made at least one trip from Cincinnati up the Ohio and Allegheny rivers and a number up the Allegheny from Pittsburg, in keel boats.

A keel boat was a rakish looking craft, perhaps fifty to seventy-five feet long and six to eight feet wide, with a running or foot board the entire length on either side.

The crew consisted of about twelve men and a pilot for an ordinary size boat, six on a side, who would be provided with "setting poles" as a means of propulsion These poles were long and slim, made of tough ash, with an iron socket on one end. The man at the bow on either side, facing the stern, would thrust his pole into the water, with one end of the pole at his shoulder, the other on the bottom of the river—where the water was not too deep—and leaning forward, would throw his full weight and strength on the pole, keeping tread as the boat moved on, when the second man would take his place in line followed by the third and fourth, and so on in one continuous round, the first man out trotting back to the front taking his place in line again, relieving the monotony of the everlasting tread by cheery song and joke, a life quite like the gay gondoliers—or perhaps more like the galley

slave. But the monotony was sometimes broken by the slip of a pole on some treacherous rock, or by the trip of the foot by some practical joker, whereby his unwary victim would take a plunge into the cooling waters, which would generally result in a fistic encounter at the next landing, sometimes resulting in a general fight. The larger keel boats were towed by horses, and I have seen in my first trips down the river a few such boats on the upper Allegheny, the horses scrambling along the banks and over the rocks, or sometimes in the water half way up their backs. A pretty hard life for the horses, but they had some recompense for the hardships endured while towing up stream, for they had a free ride on the boat on the trip down stream.

A PET FAWN.

I remember "away back" when a boy, we had a pet fawn that had been caught when quite young, and had been allowed the freedom of the house and surroundings, till it had become quite a nuisance. We lived at the time in our second home, a plank house with a wide open fire place, with a broad back of stone, extending on each side of the fire. This fawn had become half grown, or more, and would run into the house with as much freedom as anywhere else, whenever the door was open. One day my youngest sister, Laura, was sitting on a stool in her accustomed place in the chimney corner eating a bowl of bread and milk. Now Nannie had a tooth and taste for bread and milk also, and she came running in at the door and saw my sister eating alone, without any prospect of being invited to share in the repast, she unceremoniously put her nose into

the bowl of milk and for her impudence got a slap in the face from my sister, who did not care to have Nannie take such liberties, until she at least washed her face. Now Nannie had become somewhat of an adept in the art of the billy goat, and taking a step back and a sudden energetic bound forward, the two heads met with a concussion that sent the weaker one to the wall, and for a moment darkness reigned supreme around the little head with golden curls, for between the little "butter" and the stone jam, there was no chance for escape, and until a copious flow of blood causing a reaction, she was entirely ignorant of the damage done the softer head. This served to break the bond of friendship between the two little *dears*.

This deer, true to nature, was a good jumper, and would jump back and forth at will over a fence that enclosed a small lot in which there was a calf about the age of the deer and they seemed to enjoy each others company as much as though they were of a kind. When Nannie became lonesome, she would sail over the fence and pay her friend a visit, when they would have a grand time in their gambols around the lot. While the deer was the best bunter and sprinter, the calf was the best kicker, it seems, for the deer was found dead after one of their frolics, with bruised and bloody spots under the skin showing that no doubt it had been kicked to death by a calf, truly an ignominious death.

A BEAR STORY.

In 1825 my mother went to Jamestown *a foot*—six miles—to do some *shopping*. She carried her six-months-old baby—Isabel—and was accompanied by Matilda Shepardson, a young lady friend of hers. Arriving at Jamestown, they made their purchases, which consisted of a set of dishes—more or less—and perhaps some other notions, and set out for their return, one carrying the baby for a time, the other the package of dishes, changing now and then for a rest. They stopped on their way home at mother's sister, Mrs. Work's and after resting awhile, getting a lunch, and making a short visit, they resumed their journey homeward, which was through the woods the entire distance—three miles. When about half way home, speculating no doubt on their success in driving a sharp bargain with the merchant, and anticipating the surprise awaiting the people at home in having dishes enough for the table so that *all* could eat at once, they were suddenly surprised and almost paralyzed to see a big black bear right in the road in frontof them. There he stood in all his savage majesty; his half-open mouth and defiant attitude seemed to dispute the right-of-way with the other party, who, as soon as they recovered sufficient strength of lung and limb, turned around with a scream that resounded through the forests, and fled with all the haste that fear could give, in the opposite direction. Now Bruin, no doubt, was as much surprised and frightened as the other party was at the unexpected meeting, for as soon as the alarm was sounded he, too, turned, and scrambled off with a shambling motion in the opposite direction. Whether he is still running is a question but

it is certain the women did not stop running till they got back to Mrs. Work's where they dropped into the first seat at hand as soon as they got into the house. As might be expected the Work family were very much surprised and alarmed to see their late callers come back in such haste, their countenances betraying an expression of mingled fear and chagrin. As soon as the first surprise was over, and they could get their breath, Uncle Work—who was something of a hector—asked them: "What in the world is the matter, what has brought you back?" With an imploring look my mother answered, "Oh we've seen a bear!" "You've seen a bear, well what did the bear do?" "It ran" "And what did you do?" "We ran." "Ha! Ha! and you saw a bear and it ran; and which way did you run?" "This way." "And which way did the bear run?" "The other way." "Well well! a pretty scrape indeed. Ha! ha!" And this was all the pity or consolation the poor frightened women got from the man of the house, who should have been a protector instead of a hector.

They might have had full as warm a reception from the bear had they submitted themselves to his embrace. But what *might* have been the most tragical part of this story is yet to be told. When they saw the bear and turned to run Miss Shepardson was carrying the dishes and mother was carrying the baby. Matilda being a strong and robust school marm and fleet of foot, and being less encumbered withal—for she had dropped the package of dishes the first jump and struck such a rattling gait that she was likely to distance mother the first quarter—called to mother to "give me the baby and run." This was apparently a noble and self-sacrificing act

on the part of Matilda, and to my confiding and unsuspecting mother, she seemed like a guardian angel on a special mission of mercy, but to a cool and uninterested observer there might have been seen in her angelic eyes, a dire expression of evil intent.

As she took the baby from mother and started to run, she tripped and fell her full length on the ground and her full weight on the baby, which mother caught up in a limp and unconscious condition, really supposing it to be dead. Now there is no doubt but that Matilda intended to keep her feet when she took the baby, for in falling she really exposed herself as much as the baby, or more in fact, for she was on top, but she afterwards fully confessed that the only object she had in taking the baby, was, in case they got hard pushed, to feed it to the bear; thinking by so doing to gain sufficient time to get safely beyond reach of the beast.

Matilda displayed bright strategic ideas and generalship worthy of better cause, but I think she lacked a fine sense of discrimination, for no doubt the bear would have taken a nice plump baby from choice without a formal presentation, rather than a tough old school marm. No bear of good taste would eat old school marms when there were any babies around. However, Matilda might have been justified in putting into practice what had often been preached, that self preservation was the first law of nature, even by the sacrifice of a baby.

SUGAR MAKING.

Sugar making was one of the necessary occupations of early times, and came in time of year when the men were busy in rafting and preparing their

rafts for down the river; therefore the women being the only ones who could devote any time to "side issues," had that to attend to as well as their household duties. The men—that is Father in our case—would tap the trees, fix the boiling place, cut some wood, and fix up things in pretty good shape generally. Then the women—that is mother in the same case—would take the matter in hand. She would do up her housework in the morning, put her dinner on to cook over a slow fire, take the children—carrying the youngest—and start for the sugar camp, where, after disposing the baby in its cradle—a sap trough—well filled with dry leaves and moss for its nest, with a blanket for a covering, she was ready for her forenoon's work. Filling the kettles with sugar water—or sap—making a fire around them, she would take the buckets and make the rounds, getting the sap of each tree and carrying it to the boiling place. This would be kept up till nearly noon, when she would go to the house to get the dinner for six or eight men, returning after dinner to go through the same routine till evening, when she would return, get supper for the men, wash the dishes, put the children to bed, bake bread, cook for the next day, mend the children's clothes, etc., and get to bed about midnight, long after all others were in bed and asleep.

This was followed up day after day and until the season was over. Mother made alone one season about seventy-five pounds of sugar, and went nearly a mile to camp. This surely was mixing the bitter with the sweet. How many women of the present day are there who would think they *could* do such a thing? There are very few perhaps who *would* do it. And why should they? It is more than women

ought to do. While out-door exercise is good for the health, it is not best to crowd too much of this kind of health-giving exercise into so short a space of time.

INDIANS AND VENISON.

While the women contributed largely to the year's supply of sugar, and other products of their industry, the men would keep the family supplied with venison and other game of the forest—when domestic meats had played out—but I doubt if Father's family had an over supply of venison, for I don't think he ever killed a deer in his life and the men he had about him I think were not skilled hunters. But the Indians who would make their annual visits to this section in early winter, would kill a great many. This being their favorite hunting ground, and deer being very plenty, they would come prepared to stay a number of weeks in their yearly hunt.

They would make a camp of poles and hemlock boughs, that would be quite comfortable, and with hemlock boughs on the ground for a bed, with blanket or skins for a covering, they would be very well protected from the cold. They would skin and dress the deer, and jerk the venison. This was done by cutting the flesh into strips, and by hanging them over the fire it would smoke and dry them. They would sometimes have large quantities at one time, so much that they had no proper place to store it, and obtained the privilege of storing it in our barn—Father had framed one by this time 30x40 feet—and it filled the loft pretty full, hanging from the rafters and timbers of the roof. They would

leave it there till they could go after a team to haul it home, when they would pack and tie the venison into bundles and the hides into bales. They at one time had a full sleigh-load of meat and hides, really a valuable catch and a prize of no mean value.

THE WINTER OF 1839-40

Was long remembered by the people of this section as one of unusual severity and a great depth of snow. The snow fell to a depth of four feet in a few days in the early part of winter, winding up with very cold and windy weather, causing the snow to drift in all places where not protected by woods or hills. This effectually blockaded all roads for a time, and the roads over the hills and through the more open country for a long time, some of the roads remaining closed all winter.

The road leading through the Cassadaga valley on the west side of the creek and past our house, was the only avenue of travel open—running north and south—for some time, and that even was closed for a number of days, and it became necessary for the inhabitants to make a vigorous strike for liberty, for they were almost as securely imprisoned as if they were inside a prison wall. As soon as the storm abated, all the men in the neighborhood turned out, pressing into service all the horses, cattle and sheep. The men would go ahead—where the snow was too deep for the horses—and tramp and shovel two parallel paths, putting the horses next, then the cattle and sheep to bring up the rear. When all this force was put through and back, there was a pretty good foundation for a road. This would be followed next day with teams and sleds which would make the road in passable shape.

Some of the incidents of this winter were more indelibly impressed on my mind perhaps than any other of early life. It made an impression on my feet also, that was quite lasting. I was only eleven years old, but was out all day the first day of road-breaking and froze my feet. I had a pair of old shoes that I had worn the winter before, and they had become too small for my feet—or rather my feet had grown too fast for the shoes. Now when you come to put a pair of big and tender feet into a pair of small and tough shoes, it is quite a strain on the shoes and a squeeze on the feet, which resulted disastrously to the feet.

As a result of the snow blockade, there was no mail for a number of days, and the first trip through after the storm was on horseback. The next day they returned to start out with the stage in regular style, a sleigh with four spirited horses, which dashed up to our door early in the morning, with all the pomp and circumstance of its later rival of the plains, almost equal to the famous Deadwood stage itself, with a load of snow-bound passengers who had only come from Jamestown that morning and were already nearly frozen. The driver, who I think owned the stage line, and who was a popular hotel keeper, was a short. thick-set man by the name of Wheeler, and as he drove up with his four prancing horses and jingling bells, the breasts of the horses flecked with foam, their bodies covered with frost, his sleigh load of passengers smothered in robes, himself perched on a seat in front covered with furs and frost, his cap drawn low on his head, his merry eyes twinkling from beneath, and he, himself covered with snow and frost, it was the best representation of an ideal "Santa Claus" that my imagination had wrought.

This was quite an event in our lives, for it was the first time we had been honored with a mail coach over our road, and for a time we held in supreme contempt all other by-roads, and even the regular stage-road over the hill was for a time unworthy of our notice.

PIGS IN THE SNOW.

When the big snow came we had two or three shoats running in the woods, which was common when mast was plenty, which was the case that fall, and from the time beechnuts began to fall until the big snow came, we paid no attention to them.

During this storm, and for a number of days after, these hogs were left to work out their own salvation, *ie*, "root hog or die." Well they didn't die, but they did do a great deal of rooting, and to some purpose.

After giving them sufficient time to perish from cold or hunger, I was commissioned to go on a search and relief expedition. I accordingly provided myself with a supply of corn, and started for the woods on the hillside, which would have been quite a task through the deep snow only that it was not far from the newly broken road at the foot of the hill. When I arrived at the supposed feeding ground of the porkers, there was nothing to be seen, but the unbroken and undulating surface of the deep snow; not a pig to be seen; not a grunt to be heard. What was to be done? Should I abandon the search, and leave the pigs to their fate, to die unknown, and unwept?

When visions of dry johnny-cake and potatoes for the next winter, without a slice of pork or ham to grace—or rather to grease—the feast, rose before my mind, that settled it. I would hesitate no longer.

Urged on by anxious fear, I pressed forward, floundering through the deep snow, often dropping in to my arm pits, till at last I saw, just over a little eminence among the trees, a hole in the snow, which on nearer approach and closer inspection, suggested possibilities of a bear's den. Whether hog or bear, I had come to hunt for hogs, and boldly walking up peered into the mouth of the hole. It looked more like a well in the snow only it was not very deep, and from the bottom of it radiated in all directions channels or passages made by the hogs burrowing in the snow. I saw at once that I had found the rendezvous of the hogs, and by throwing some ears of corn into the hole and calling to them, I soon heard them, by the rustling of the leaves, coming up the avenue. As they came to the opening they seemed a little surprised, but with a grunt of welcome they accepted the proferred hospitalities. I found upon investigation, that they had burrowed over a considerable territory through the woods, providing themselves with sufficient food, and having the coziest nests imaginable in the dry leaves, and being protected from the cold, they were as happy as "pigs in clover." They were left there for a long time and by having a little corn carried to them occasionally they came out in fine shape.

A SNOW-BOUND WEDDING.

There was to be a wedding about this time, but as the snow put in an appearance a little before the day appointed for the wedding, the bride that was to be, was imprisoned in her father's house, with miles of unbroken road between her and the prospective bridegroom. Now this was a sad state of affairs

which must be overcome. Accordingly, the father of the bride got together all the available men and teams, and turned out in full force, and broke the roads into others already passable, which made it possible for the groom and guests to get there on time, to the great relief no doubt of the anxious and expectant bride, when "all went merry as a marriage bell." The parties most interested have passed through the storms of over forty winters, and still live to enjoy the winter of their declining years.

FISH AND FISHING.

From my earliest recollection to a few years past the streams around about were well stocked with fish, I might say litearlly alive with them. In the larger streams were pickeral, pike, all kinds of bass-great quanities of suckers and several other kinds, while a great many of the smaller streams were well stocked with trout.

The usual way of catching the larger fish in the larger streams in the early days, was mostly at night with torch-light and spear, but a great many were caught with spear in day time. This torch-light fishing, before we had boat and jack, was done by wading the creek, in the shallow places, or mostly on the riffles and bars. A torch of pitch pine would be carried by the side of the spearsman, who would shade the torch as much as possible as he went into the water, and with cautious tread and guarded motions, would slowly work his way down stream, the small boys in the meantime following along the bank to take the fish as they were thrown ashore. It was pretty sharp practice, and required a good-deal of skill to spear these wary

and swift running fish, as they would dart by obliquely; for, as we invariably fished down stream and as the fish almost invariably ran up stream to escape danger, (although they may be running into greater danger,) we often had to take them on the run anywhere within the radius of the circle made by the fish in its dash for life. While many of them would evade the skill of the spearsman, yet there would be enough caught on any night to supply the wants of half a dozen families.

This was rather wet fun, but it *was fun*, nevertheless; and it was about the only recreation we had at that time of the year. It ought to have been a source of quite a revenue to me, for I was engaged nearly every night to spear for other parties, but I recollect only one occasion when I received any compensation, and that was when there were two rival parties waiting for me, one of the parties giving me, twenty-five cents to secure my services; quite a munificient salary for wading in the water till midnight, nearly enough to retire on, consequently, I retired for balance of the night. I am paying for that fun now. How natural it is to lay our ills and rheumatic pains and premature old age to hardships and exposure while in pursuit of our legimate calling, rather than to the real cause, of unneccessary exposure of our youth. Still this fishing was not altogether for pleasure, but was to some extent a necessity and a good-deal of a luxury.

In after years this mode of fishing was abandoned, to give place to the more improved and skillful methods. The boat and jack for night fishing, the hook and line for still fishing, and the trolling line are the only tackle recognized by the true fisherman, and when the bait on the hook or the sparkle of the spoon entices the gamy fish from its retreat,

'tis then that the disciple of Isaac Walton enjoys the exciting sport with alternating hope and fear till the catch is safely landed at his feet.

There have been a great many game fish caught in the streams and lakes throughout Chautauqua County, and although the game laws are some protection to Chautauqua Lake, the fish in the streams are growing less every year. The rarest sport, however, was in catching brook trout, they being the gamiest, shyest and most beautiful fish of all.

It was like a "mid-day dream" to go into the forest on a bright spring morning with rod and line, and follow the windings of a wood-land stream, whose clear and limpid waters went leaping down some rocky glen or gently rolling along some gravelly stretch, ending in a deeper pool, with here and there a jutting rock or overhanging trees, under whose roots and shelving banks and rocks lie the speckled beauties, all unconcious of approaching danger. Did you ever glide along a trout stream, with sly and cautious tread, casting your line here and there behind some projecting rock, or under an overhanging mossy bank, when, zip, out came a half-pounder, and away went your line under rock or log or projecting bank, with a whizz and vim that made the tip of the slender rod bend and tremble with every plunge, putting you on your metal to land your prize? This is really the fisherman's paradise, but trout fishing in this county is a thing of the past, never to be revived unless by artificial means. The trout is not only the gamiest, but the most beautiful and symmetrical, and the finest flavored of all the finny tribe.

It is said that history repeats itself, and it should in this case and give us back the primeval forest

with its game and fish and sparkling brooks and sheltering forests in all their pristine freshness and grandeur. It were indeed a history worthy a place in the archives of the great historian of the universe.

Through the courtesy of the late J. L. Bugbee, of Stockton, who was an honored member of the Chautauqua County Historical Society, and an authority on the early history of Chautauqua County, I am enabled to give the following additional list of the earley mill owners of the Cassadaga Valley, which was not given in the original manuscript, consequently not contained in the foregoing pages.

There was a saw mill built on Mill Creek about one-fourth of a mile from its mouth by Zack Norton about 1838, that was fairly successful for about fifteen years.

There was a saw mill built by Wm. K. Barber on the Hiram Lazell place on Bear Creek about 1835. Also another on the Munger place—built by Barber—on a brook that empties into Bear Creek near the Lazell mill. A saw mill was built on the outlet of Cassadaga Lake by Anson Lyon and Joseph Sackett about 1820.

A mill was built by Benjamin Miller, a mile north of Delanti in 1828.

A mill was built by Bela Todd in 1825 on a small rivulet—in the town of Stockton—and he told my informant if he had sawed one more board, he would have had boards enough to make him a coffin. The gearing was made of wood even the big crank and rag-wheel. Just as the third board was

finished the whole thing gave out, and it was never repaired.

This additional I got from John L. Phelps.

The mill on Hatch Creek was built by Porter Phelps(instead of Samuel Sinclair) in 1820, run by him one year when it passed into other hands.

There was another mill built above the Phelps mill on this stream a few years later by Paul Starr.

RIDDLES AND MIDNIGHT RAMBLES.

I will give a few incidents only, connected with my earley life, my later history being already too well known. Away back in my tender years, when the family circle was gathered around the hearth stone, and the older children telling their stories and riddles as was their custom of an evening, I being the youngest and not having a store of nursery stories, rhymes and riddles commited to memory, and being desirous of contributing to the evening's entertainment, had to resort to extemporaneous composition, which resulted after a great mental struggle and stretch of imagination in the following production. After repeated requests for the other children to "hark" till I could tell my story, they finially recognized my "right to the floor" and I perpetrated on my confiding audience my riddle.

A horse's head, three tails, and a tumbler full of soap.

I can imagine that three "tales" might have something to do with a narrative, but what the horse's head and a tumbler of soap had to do with it is more than I at this late date can comprehend.

Although not having a roving disposition, and not being a confirmed somnambulist, yet I did on one occasion indulge in a midnight ramble.

When I was about twelve years old I was sent to take a horse home—old Boliver—that Mother had ridden home from her sister, Mrs. Work's. I was expected to return the same day, but of course I had to visit my cousins, the Conic boys, who lived close by the Work's, which I considered a great treat, as one of them was about my own age, and with whom I had spent many an hour playing (and quarreling). As the afternoon wore away and the sun was setting in the west, it admonished me that it was time for me to start for home, which I was about to do, when the boys began to coax me to stay all night, using such persuasive arguments that I was prevailed, against my better judgment to stay. Now I suppose you, like myself, who were once boys—and all men were, and some women, too, (tomboys)—thought it a great treat to go away from home to stay over night, for in those days of long distance between neighbors, we seldom had the pleasure of companionship of those of our own age outside of our own families and when an opportunity of that kind offered were quite sure to improve it.

But (like all good boys) I felt ill at ease, knowing that I had done wrong, but tried to console myself with the fact that my older cousins were more to blame than I, for they told me wrong stories in their arguments to induce me to stay. It being in the summer time we went to bed at the usual early hour, and after a time of vague misgivings, I dropped off into a troubled sleep (with visions of just retribution in the near future) to be awakened about midnight by my father's voice from the foot of the stairs, calling in tones not to be mistaken, for me to rise. I arose, slipped into my clothes and slid down stairs as meek as a lamb. My father was a man of kindly disposition and tender feelings for his children and

seldom spoke an unkind or cross word to them. I never knew him to punish one of them for any offence, and the only reprimand I got when he called me up (or down) was that he would teach me a trick worth two of that. What the trick was that he was to teach me, I never knew, but I learned one before I got home. The order of marching was changed somewhat, from Bible times, for instead of taking up my bed to walk, I left my bed up stairs and walked out in a pelting rain, for at the time and during the entire trip home the rain came in torrents, accompanied with vivid lightning and terriffic thunder.

I took up my line of march and followed closely in the footsteps of my predecessor, who carried an old fashioned tin lantern with perforated holes, and a tallow dip inside which emitted a faint and sickly light that seemed to make the gloom more intense.

Our route lay almost the entire distance through the unbroken forest, a narrow roadway having been cut out part of the way, the balance of the way the trees were girdled and left standing to decay. The rotten branches and tops being soaked and overloaded by the rain swayed to and fro by the winds and came crashing down at almost every step, falling on all sides in quite too close proximity, one limb striking the ground between father and son, causing us to quicken our pace—which was natural—but which did not shield us from further danger. What with the loud peals of thunder, the crashing of the tree-tops, the blinding flashes of lightning, which would light up the gloom for a moment and then leave us in total darkness, only aggravated by the faint and uncertain glimmer of the tin lantern, it was an experience I did not care to repeat. But on we went as best we could, splashing through mud

and water, stumbling over fallen timber and tripping against roots and stones. In spite of obstacles we made good time, spurred on as we were, or as I was, for my father was no coward, by any imaginary visions of hobgoblins, spooks or other nondescript that little folks are always expecting to see in the dark, and that might be lurking by the wayside or stealthily following in the rear. But at last we arrived home to be welcomed by an anxious Mother who received her prodigal son with open arms, but who in her joy forgot to slay the fatted calf.

SOFT SOAP.

Another one of my smart tricks occurred sometime before my midnight ramble, and when I was perhaps not over five years old. I had accompanied my mother to the house of one of the neighbors, who lived in one of the mill houses a short distance away. A mill house, by the way, was a house that belonged to the mill, or rather was occupied by people who worked in the mill. Besides the main living room, kitchen, etc, this house had a couple of sleeping rooms, one of them being quite large and was used for a sort of a store room as well. Like most good boys, I had a great propensity for investigating everything in sight, and some things that were out of sight, and in my rounds of inspection I discovered an earthen jar under one of the beds in a back room and of course I was anxious to know and must know what it contained, for a jar tucked away in some secluded place was suggestive to a young and inquisitive mind of something sweet or good to eat. At any rate, I had to know what was in that jar, and the only way to find out was by personal investigation. Now my mother never

kept molasses or cookies, or preserves or any kind of food *under the bed*, but I did not know but it was just as good a place as any, and I just made up my mind that the jar contained maple syrup or preserves and either was good enough for me. I got down on my knees and crawled under the bed, removed the cover from the jar and thrust my hand in through the aperature, and sure enough it *must* be maple syrup, for it was about the right consistency, thick and sticky. I grasped a hand full, but when I undertook to withdraw my hand, it was quite a struggle, for my closed fist more than filled the hole, but I persisted and by dint of pulling and twisting, I finally withdrew my hand with its precious daub of dripping syrup, as I supposed, and made a jab for my yawning mouth with nervous haste, fearing the while that I might be caught in my thievish act, but I made no mistake in calculating distance and direction for I landed that dose right into my mouth and—shades of maple syrup and sap troughs—down it went before I had time to taste and *enjoy* it. It was like some young men that start on a downward course; it never stopped till it got to the bottom—of my stomach.

During my strangling and choking and gasping for my breath, tears of soap suds trickled from my eyes, and the soap bubbles fell from my lips, like the froth from a beer bottle.

I could always after that, tell the difference between soft soap and maple syrup.

LATER INCIDENTS.

A RECKLESS ADVENTURE AND RESCUE BY LIFE SAVING CREW.

Many years ago, farther back than my memory can fix the date, one of the summers that Uncle Joe spent his vacation with us at Ross Mills, we built a very fine large skiff of good design and construction, all of oak, well fihished, painted inside and out, with *Uncle Joe* painted in large letters on either side of the bow. It was equipped with two sets of row-locks and oars to match, and was capable of carrying ten or twelve people with safety. Uncle Joe was the designer, and I was the boss ship carpenter, and it was the best and staunchest home-made boat I ever saw, and was a source of much pleasure to the young folks for rowing parties. It was also utilized in high water as a ferry boat, and for torch-light fishing at night and trolling in day time. This boat was always supposed to be trusty and reliable; never was known to get antic and try to tip over and spill the young folks out, even when they rather wanted to, just for the fun of the thing. But it did get a little wayward on a certain occasion, and was the cause of much anxiety and alarm.

During one winter when we had our usual January thaw from the melting snow and accom-

panying rain, the streams had risen to their usual high water mark that converted the low-lying lands into veritable minature lakes. During this flood the boat broke its moorings and started off on a cruise of exploration and discovery without master or mate, pilot or compass, in fact it was a derelict subject to the control of wind and tide that took it where it listeth. The loss of that boat would be deplored for it had become one of the fixtures of the time and place, a source of pleasure for the young people, and a real necessity in time of high water, and the question arose, how were we to get it back? I being directly interested in the ownership of the boat, and being no doubt a little ambitious for the honor of being the organizer and promoter of the searching party, appointed myself chief of the expedition and forthwith commenced active operations to put the plan into execution.

I proposed to my younger brother Elliot that we build a float on which I could follow the windings of the stream, while he would follow the road which ran along the foot of the hill, and thus we could search the space between us through the woods quite thoroughly.

Where we built the raft, the stream was close to the foot of the hill and road, and just below, the channel bore off to the left and entered a woodland that bordered the stream on either side, the over-flow covering the land for an eighth of a mile in width, and more in most places. When I got about to the middle of that little lake on that frail raft, I felt as if I was a good ways from land and not on the most secure footing, for if I varied my position from the center, my little raft would resent it with a sudden dip that admonished me to keep the

float in the stream. The outlines of the shores were marked by the overhanging trees on either side that plainly showed the opening through the woods. Wherever the freakish water took a notion to cut across some point of land through the woods, or where there might be an obstruction of overhanging tree tops, or a little jam of flood-wood in the way, it required all my skill as a pilot with the inadequate steering apparatus—which was simply a sort of pole paddle—to keep the craft in the current. Where the main channel came around the bend to the right, and near the road at the foot of the hill, Elliot called for me to come up to the shore and take him on, which I did and was sorry for it later on. As his tramp down the icy road was quite a little shorter than my windings around the bends of the creek, he naturally had to go a little slower than a young man would care to, especially when the piercing cold wind against his back was urging him along; then, who ever knew a boy to go afoot when he could ride on *anything* that would float him on the water. I knew it was not safe or prudent to take on any more freight, for the little craft was already loaded to her full capacity, but my sympathy for the boy—who would rather ride than walk even when danger threatened—was stronger than my judgment, so I took him on and the added weight caused the little raft and my spirits to settle down about to the sinking point and even with the surface of the water.

The little raft was only twelve feet long and about three feet wide. We had to keep a perfect equipoise to keep the thing from tipping up edgewise and dumping us off. We took the chances and swung out into the stream around a bend that took us from

dry land, a base of safety, and as we went down that channel through the woods, with an almost endless stretch of water on either side, I began to regret that we had embarked on that venturesome trip and had put our lives in the balance against the value and recovery of a runaway skiff. But we were in for it and must make the best of it. As we turned around a sharp bend into quite a stretch of straight water, I saw there was trouble ahead.

A small tree with tapering branches pointing towards the tip had turned up by the roots and lay with the body under water, the top half out, crosswise of the stream, exactly in our course, or right where we would naturally drift if we could not steer clear. I put forth all my energy with that end in view. But as I had to work with the utmost caution on account of my insecure footing, I could hardly get the little raft pointed out a little to dodge the obstruction before we were close on to it. I saw we could strike the tree top broad side on, and I knew what that meant.

I prided myself on being something of a waterman, had been in many a tight place, was quick to see impending danger, and any possible chance of escape.

As we rapidly approached that teetering tree top, I told my brother to get ready to jump when I gave the word and to land on the largest limb and I would follow. The next instant I gave the word of command, he gave a leap and landed safely with his feet on one limb and his hands on another. I followed in like manner, with like results. The raft struck broadside and went under so quick we didn't have time to even bid it *bon voyage*, and we never saw as much as a sliver. When Elliot landed

on the slender limbs it went down discouragingly and with my added weight swayed up and down the stream by the force of the current and up and down in the water by the force of our weight, a veritable teeter, swinging laterally and vertically; and we were standing on those trembling treacherous limbs, our bodies bent forward and down with our hands holding on to other limbs nearly as low as our feet, the water splashing over our feet and clothing, freezing wherever or whatever it touched, the wind chilling us to the bones, an eighth of a mile or more from land on the left and half that distance on the right. For the first few minutes I carefully surveyed the situation. Could I swim ashore, or rather to where I could touch bottom? On the left was an open field with a deep bayou intervening. On the right, land was nearer but the current was against me with timber and brush-wood to encounter. In my cramped and chilled condition it was doubtful whether I could withstand the added chill and cramp that the long struggle in the water would give me, and then what about my brother. I could not think of leaving him to his fate, even in the almost vain hope thereby to aid in his rescue.

What if the roots of that slender prostrate trunk should pull out of that water soaked bank? But it didn't and there we stood in that recumbent position, the wind roaring through the leafless branches of the trees—a fit accompaniment to the gloomy surroundings.

And all this time which seemed *so* long, I kept a keen lookout along the road at the foot of the hill for some wayfarer who might providentially pass that way to whom we might appeal for some means of escape, and he came. Away out through the

woods over the expanse of water, I could see some one picking his way along the icy road peering out through the woods toward the creek scanning every possible opening as though in anxious search. I saw it was Father and I knew rescue was at hand. As soon as he got within hearing I called with all my strength of voice. He heard me. The roaring of the wind made it impossible at first to locate us. I repeated my call at the top of my voice, "Hello-o Father! Hey! Go down to Brunson's and get him and his boat, and come up here quick?" "*Hey whad you say?*" The next time I gave the *imploring* demand he caught on and you ought to have seen him go.

This Mr. Brunson, who lived some distance below and just beyond the woods, had a flat-bottomed boat that I knew lay bottom up out of reach of high water, and I knew if those two men reached that boat there would be no preliminaries, no speech making, no flag raising, no bottle of champagne would be broken on her bow, but that it would slide into the water quicker than any vessel ever slid in on greased ways.

I knew that these men full of the strength and vigor of manhood, both good watermen, would send that boat up stream faster than it ever went anywhere before. I have seen a life-saving crew—of Uncle Sam's—in full practice, with shore battery, life buoy, life boat and all modern appliances. They did their work wonderfully well. No life saving crew ever launched their boat and bent their oars in a life-saving race with more determined energy and skill than did those two men.

I soon saw them coming up and around the bend, both standing up Indian style, with a paddle on

either side, their bodies inclined forward and every nerve strained to the utmost tension, the even rhythmic motion of the paddles sending the boat bounding forward at every stroke. I hardly had time to give them a greeting cheer when they rounded to—on the leeward side of our quaking support—broadside on and made fast and taut to the trembling limbs, and as we made an effort to clamber into the boat we were so chilled and numb it took the combined effort of passengers and crew to get us safely aboard.

Doubtful had this story been written but for the timely effort of the Life-Saving Crew.

THE COWS' REVENGE.

Some years ago—I don't just remember the date—we had a dozen cows or more, to be exact I think there were just thirteen, and among them there was one of the meanest, most vicious, spiteful, belligerent brutes I ever knew, and I think her equal never lived. She was always on the watch and quick to see if any of the other cows were feeding toward the corner of the fence or any place where she could get them in close quarters. Then she would make a dive and gore her victim till she would bellow with pain and fright, before she could escape from her relentless antagonist, who would often come out of the fray with a tuft of hair on the tips of her horns as a trophy of her prowess For a long time she had been the terror of all the cows in the herd, who were in constant fear of her for she never gave them a

moment's peace if she could catch them unawares. I don't know how she ever managed to get enough to eat for she seemed to be always sneaking around to keep the other cows from grazing. And when they were put in the barn, night and morning for milkin,g she would always manage to place herself where she could give the others a dig as they passed. I would sometimes plan to be around with a pitchfork or some other weapon on these occasions to take a hand in the melee, but if she mistrusted any one was watching her she was as meek as a lamb and would assume a look of innocence that would almost make one shed tears for presuming to think that she would be guilty of even a thought to harm one of her kind. But a day of retribution was decreed and the unwritten laws of the Cows' Protective Association was to be put in force and to the full extent.

One day when the cows were in the orchard field near the house, I heard a great bellowing and babel of sounds that were suggestive of an unusual event, I hastened out to the field of the commotion and there beheld the most astonishing display of combined brute intelligence that I had ever seen or heard of. In the center of a circle or cordon formed by the other cows standing with their heads facing inward—lay this counterpart of the mild-eyed cow, helpless on the ground in subdued agony, and while she seemed already badly punished she would make occasional attempts to rise and get partly up when some one of the cows on guard would give her a bunt and over she would go, and the next attempt a cow on the other side would give her a punch and down she would go again and all the time she would be begging in a piteous tone for mercy, but they heard her not.

They were dealing out to her a just retribution, each one being a witness against her, and sitting in judgment, had decided to punish her according to the criminal code of cow jurisprudence. I looked on with wonder and admiration—with just a little pity—knowing that she was getting a just punishment for the past cruelties she had perpetrated on her peaceful companions. This punishment was kept up for some time until the moaning of the prostrate persecutor gave evidence that her spirit of combativeness was broken, that she was completely *cowed*—as it were. Then did the avengers quietly leave their vanquished foe who slowly arose and with a meek and passive look wandered off by herself, and never after did she show any propensity for gore, or even mix with the other cows for whom she seemed to have the greatest respect.

I never saw such a demonstration of brute intelligence displayed or a more merited trial, conviction and punishment, even in our courts of justice among the higher class of the animal kingdom.

THE LOST BOY.

About thirty years ago I was engaged in lumbering over on the eastern or opposite side of the Alleghany River, and about midway between Corydon and Kinzua in Warren County, Pennsylvania, and about twenty miles from our home. The tract of a thousand acres from which we were getting the timber to stock the mill, lay mostly on the top of the Allegheny mountains and four miles from the river, where the saw mill and the boarding houses were located at the mouth of a small stream up which the log road ran to the top of the mountain. Up this road nearly to the top of the mountain was a logging camp for the log cutters and skidders with stables for the teams.

I had taken Eddie—our young hopeful—who was then not quite seven years old—over to the woods to spend a week or to and rusticate, and he did it with a vengeance. He had that strenuous nature that at times caused his guardians much anxiety and sometimes alarm.

About a mile up the river there was another small stream up which another log road ran to the top of the mountain, where there was a camp or boarding house for some of the jobbers. This house was occupied by a family from our neighborhood who had a boy about the same age as our boy Eddie and these two were playmates at home. Eddie asked the privilege of going up in the woods and spending

the day with his young friend. Of course he got my consent, as he could ride up with the teams and go across to the other road by connecting branches. By the way, it was all woods for a number of miles up and down—on that side of the river—and back and up over the mountains which came right down the river which had a narrow road or dugway along the bank. When he went up into this unknown and vast forest he was leaving the haunts of civilization and getting farther away from headquarters. But he found the camp all right and spent the day with his young friend till towards night, when, boy like, he took it into his head to go farther up in the woods where the men were cutting and skidding logs, and quite likely expecting to find me there; but I was engaged in another part of the woods, consequently not aware of his escapade.

Along toward night I went across to the other road and camp where I expected to find him and take him home—or to our boarding place at the river four miles away.

When I got to the place where I expected to find him I was told he had gone farther up in the woods where he supposed the men were and I realized at once that quick and thorough search was the only alternative, and I at once started up the road he had taken at a very lively gait, for the snow had been falling fast, and night was coming on. At first I could follow his tracks quite well, but now the added carpet of snow and the approaching gloom of night made it impossible to follow with any degree of certainty that I was on the right track, for here and there branch roads diverged to the right and left which added to the confusion and perplexity. What was to be done? Something decisive and at

once. The sense of seeing had failed, the sense of feeling would not apply in this case, and my sense of smell was not quite keen enough to follow a track under the snow. At last I resorted to the only apparent plan, to give tongue like the hound in the chase. With a kind of an instinct, or by some kindly guiding spirit, I kept on the main trail and my voice rang out through that forest with reverberating echo "like the call of the wild," "Ed-d-*ee*, *Ed*-die, *Oh* Eddie." Then with renewed determination but with failing strength and shortened breath, I would push on up the hill ruminating the while the possibility of his getting weary, lying down by the way and falling asleep, a prey to the panther, catamount, bear or other carnivorous beasts of which the forest abounded.

I never thought myself deficient in nerve or fortitude in case of emergency, but I must confess to a little tremor of despondency when I thought what might be. That boy was the apple of my eye. I could face the dangers and fatigue, and tread the trackless forest during the long hours of that winter night, better than bear the suspense.

Hope and despondency were about equally balanced. Hope spurred me on. Despondency sent a little lump up in my throat that made my labored respiration more difficult. This was no time to falter. On I went up that wood-embowered road, the overhanging branches of pine and hemlock shutting out what little ray of light might peep through.

Who knows the ties that bind, or the deep affection that a father has for his child ? Who can realize the anguish a father feels when that child is in danger ? None but the father, except it be the mother.

As I hurried on up the well-beaten road, my footing seemed to be insecure and slippery, always *slipping back*; never ahead, losing about one pace in three, thereby virtually partly tramping the ground over the second time. Onward and upward I hastened, my voice reverbating through the forest with never an answer. Ho! what is that? A dim dark dumpy object, a *silhouette* only visible by contrast of the snow beneath and around-came what looked somewhat like a half grown bear stalking along in an upright position, silent and unconcerned as the falling snow. It was'nt a bear or shadowy spectre, it was the lost boy—who, as far as he was concerned was'nt lost at all, he was as calm and composed as though he had been at play in our door-yard at home. As a child, he had remarkable strength, plenty of nerve, never knew fear, and was always fortunate in escaping disastrous results in his reckless or childish adventures. When I saw it really was the little truant, I reached out and took the little hand, thankful that fate had kindly favored me in my lonely search, and the lump in my throat crawled back to somewhere, and I felt a great load had lifted from my sinking spirits.

We started on our homeward tramp down that dark and wooded glen, happy in the thought that all's well that ends well.—And the mother? In her quiet, peaceful home, in blissful ignorance of the anxious search,—like the story of "Sheridan's ride"—was twenty miles away".

Some may think, who read this story, that it smacks strongly of romance or fiction, but it was no romance to me, it was a reality not easily forgotten. There might be somewhat of romance in a story like this. If I could on some balmy June day go back

to that mountain forest and penetrate its solitude undisturbed and alone, when the air is laden with the perfumes of the flowering shrubs and plants, and inhale the life-giving atmosphere of the forest that smells so fresh and woodsy—*that* might be romance, or romantic. It certainly to me would be a restful pleasure which I greatly enjoy. Let us find some convenient moss covered log, or sloping bank for a seat, with running pine for a cushion, where we can sit and while away a leisure hour in commune with nature, studying the wonders and beauty of her creation, and let the senses assert their prerogative. And what has the sense to do with a man in the woods? Everything if you please, and will give them full play.

When a boy at school I was taught that we were endowed with five senses. Sight, the first on the list, was the first to come in to play; the first to get its eyes open—literally speaking—to take in all within the scope of its vision.

And what can you see? Nothing much, says the pessimist. But to the student of nature there is much to be seen, studied and admired. Can't you see these grand old trees, the oak and the pine, the king and queen of the forest, their tall trunks towering way above all the others of the tree family? All trees look alike to some people. They have something of a resemblance in general outline, but each tree has an individuality of its own—no two alike. Of all the inanimate *living* things—if I may use the expression—the grand old forest trees are the most majestic. Did you ever stop to think that of all the millions upon millions of trees, as also of the rivers, mountains, hills, valleys, uplands, rivulets and all the larger productions of nature, no two are alike, and—with the exception of the trees—hardly bear-

ing a resemblance? Of all the millions of people in the world no two are alike; some of course have a family resemblance, but otherwise there is a marked difference. What but nature, or the God of nature, could create such vast millions of *everything*, each one, or thing having an individuality of its own?

But I am getting out of the woods. I will go back and give the senses a show, and then give nature a needed rest. Hearing? and what do you hear, except the rasping caw-caw of the crow in its flight overhead or the startling shrill cry of the screech owl? I don't want to hear them. I am listening entranced to the liquid, warbling notes of the black-bird, the thrush and other feathered songsters of the north, who, when they have tuned themselves for their morning concert—just as the sun is drinking up the morning dew, or just after a June shower, when the sun comes out, which seems to put new animation into their spirits and added melody to their voices—when from some bush or bramble bursts forth in tender pleading notes the call to the concert. Hardly had the sylvan notes of the prelude died away when the answering refrain came back in glad response, and the concert is on. And what a concert! Nothing like it in the open. Nowhere, except in the borders of the forest, can you get that melody of song that comes from the bowers of a leafy canopy. The denizen of the city never gets a true type of bird song unless he goes to the woods. The song of a lone birdin the open is dry and tame compared to a chorus in the woods.

We leave the song-birds reluctantly, and indulge the sense of smell—only for a short time, for we have devoted too much time already to the trees and birds and things. But what is there here to tickle

the olfactories? If you can't smell you might see. Can't you see these shrubs and small trees covered with a mass of white blossoms? Looks like a cloud of snow or white feathers. But the air laden with the sweet perfumes of the flowering shrubs, plants and vines causes us to look and see from whence it came; and we see the laurel, wild honey suckle, trailing arbutus, and other sweet scented little posies peeping out from their hiding place to help perfume the air. We will gather a generous bunch of these flowering shurbs and plants for a boquet to take with us for we have gratified the sense of taste and touch, have tasted the sweets and have been in *touch* with nature all this long June day, and we leave the woods of thirty years ago that are now no more.

The true story of the last boy, and the imaginary communne with nature, were laid in western Pennsylvania over thirty years ago, when there were large tracts of virgin forests yet undisturbed by the woodman's axe. But within the past few years the advanced price and increased demand for lumber together with the insatiate greed of man for gain, has been the main factor in stripping the forests of all timber of any size or value. Pity the man who can see nothing in a grand old forest tree but the dollars that are in it.

THE OLD GREYS.

The history of the Ross family would hardly seem complete without reference to the Old Greys. By the way the *Old Greys* were a span of *young horses* when we got them —in the Spring of 1870—that were known wherever the Ross family were, for their strength, durability, gentleness and superior intelligence and instinct, always seeming to know just what you wanted them to do and just how to do it, never refusing to go where a humane and careful driver would ask them to go. But they *did* refuse to go for me on one occasion, as will be told later on.

A TRIP FROM THE WOODS.

Soon after the incidents described in the search for the lost boy, I had occasion to go home for supplies and make my semi-monthly visit with the family. Accompanying me on the homeward trip was Eddie the lost boy—that had been—and a Mr. Cook—a neighbor of ours—who was one of the jobbers in the woods. A few days previous there had been the usual January thaw that raised the streams to an overflowing stage that effectually closed all avenues of travel where streams had to be crossed that ran through low lying valleys.

The Allegheny River, which we had to cross by ferry boat, had been up to an unsafe stage for ferrying, but being a rapid stream the water subsided in a few days so that the way was open, so far as known, for our journey homeward. We made the necessary preparations and started one morning with the *Old Greys* and bob-sleds, with straw, robes and blankets to keep us warm and comfortable for the thaw had then caught cold, the air was keen and chilly and we had quite a long ride for a cold win-

ter's day. We crossed the river all right, although there was slush and ice enough to make ferrying anything but pleasant, but we had no serious trouble or obstruction till we got to the Conewango and Cassadaga Valleys; then trouble began.

Our route lay across the Conewango and Cassadaga creeks, just above their junction, where the valleys combined make a wide stretch of low land always subject to over-flow from natural causes when ever there was a flood of any magnitude. We approached the valley on the Conewango side and saw at once that we had a little lake that we would have to ford or ferry, and as there was no ferry-boat and too much new formed ice to make ferrying a success—if there were one—we started in or on the fording trick without any misgivings but what we would get through without any serious trouble; but we knew not of the cold reception awaiting us.

In crossing the first half of the valley on the Conewango side, we had but little trouble, the ground being a little more elevated and the road being somewhat higher, was under water only in places and of little depth with current enough to keep it from freezing over to any extent. But when we came to the Cassadaga side of the valley, it was quite another thing. There the flats being lower the water of course was deeper, and being more sluggish new strong ice had formed almost strong enough to bear up the team. When we came to this unexpected difficulty the Old Greys started in without any hesitation, expecting as they had always done, to overcome all obstacles, and they made the first attempt to break the barrier of ice with nervous impatience, for they were headed for home. No duty was too irksome, no peril too great for the

Old Greys under the guidance of a kind and careful driver in whom they had confidence and put their trust.

For a time as we started in at the edge of the water, it looked as though we might not have much trouble in breaking our way through the ice, but as we advanced the water became deeper and the ice stronger, and as the horses would place their forward feet on the ice and then try to get on with their hind feet, the added weight would be too much for the ice and down they would go, the broken cakes of ice floating around among their legs causing them much annoyance and actual peril, and they began to lose confidence in themselves and their driver. The situation was becoming serious. I saw that the horses had lost heart and that meant much, and that it would require all the persuasive powers I possessed to induce them to advance. I was not their regular driver, but they knew my voice and knew I was their friend. With doubts and misgivings I asked them to try it again. Charlie —that was the name of one of the horses—who seemed to be the leader by common consent—had a little talk with Jim, the other horse—they rubbed their noses together and Charlie gave a little low whinny as a signal and they made a determined effort to mount the unbroken ice in front.

They made a vault, got their fore feet on the ice, and when they made an effort to get their hind feet on, it threw their weight on their forward feet and down they went, their iron shod hoofs cutting holes through the new tough ice as true and clean as the cut of a die and the little disk of ice would turn up and act as a clog to hold their feet in the hole and the poor brutes would pull and plunge to get free

from the vice-like grasp that held their feet, till you could see a crimson stain made by the sharp edges of the ice on their legs which they finally got released; and there they stood in that chilly water that came well up to their bodies and they refused to go I had heard of horse sense but never before had I seen it so fully demonstrated as on this occasion. There was no such thing as turning back, for had we attempted it we would have got into deeper water in the ditch on either side and then we *would* have been in a fix.

It was now plainly evident that a channel had got to be broken through the ice ahead of the horses. I could see no better or quicker way than to make a battering ram of myself, as I could not get a fence post or rail to use instead.

The ice was strong enough to bear me up to go to the front of the horses, in fact a little too strong for my avoirdupoise and it required repeated stamping and jumping to break the ice. But I succeeded after strenuous effort, and down I went into that cold ice water that sent the chills creeping up my spine I had often heard the old adage repeated—when an unpleasant duty was to be performed, that all would be easy after the ice was broken—and I looked forward with anxious anticipation for that easy time, that never came,—in that case, I would advise all faint-hearted hesitating people who have an unpleasant or arduous duty to perform, (who might be inspired by that misleading old adage, that it will be easy when the ice is broken) to make a thorough survey of the amount of ice before they take the contract.

Darkness was coming on and spread its mantle of gloom over the weird scene. The air was freezing

cold and with the added baths in that ice water, it chilled my bones to the marrow. When I would clamber out onto the ice for another plunge my clothes would freeze stiff enough to stand alone—which was quite an effort for me to do—I had on a pair of rubber boots with long legs, and every time I went down to uncertain depths I would get a new supply of cooling liquid that reminded me that my feet were getting damp.

But I was gaining ground—or ice and water—and if I could hold out, was sure to succeed; and as I opened the way the Old Greys followed close up seeming to realize that through my efforts they were to be liberated from their environments where they too had felt the chill of their icy bath, from whence they watched the plunging efforts of their deliverer with reciprocating sympathy.

Well, we got through that ice breaking experiment and were once more on sure footing, and that man Cook sat there in the sleigh, his body shaking like an aspen leaf and his teeth chattering like a monkey's because, as he said, it made him shiver so to see me floundering in the water. But he did not propose to help me in my struggles; he was afraid he might get his feet wet. And Eddie. He sat all bundled up in his overcoat and blankets as calm and unconcerned as when he was the lost boy in the woods. By some intuition or instinct I had put a pair of thick woolen stockings in my overcoat pocket before we started for home and when we came to the first farm house we stopped, where I pulled my boots off, emptied the water out and warmed my chilled feet and limbs, put on the dry stockings and resumed our journey homeward. We had hardly got started before my feet were as wet as before the

change, for the thick felt lining of the boots retained water enough to thoroughly wet the socks again, and I rode home six miles or so in that condition thankful for a change of clothing, a warm supper a cheerful fire, and a warmer greeting and expressions of sympathy from the family circle, and in time to retire at the usual hour when we soon lost consciousness of the obstacles and discomforts we had experienced in, *a trip from the woods.*

THE DOG—OLD WINTER.

As in the foregoing pages I have told something of the nature and powess of the wild beasts—bear, fawn and panther cub—also of the intelligence of the domestic animals,—not having included the dog and cat—I have a short dog story, but wil leave the cat out as I never knew a cat to do any thing worthy of a record.

On one of Uncle Joe's summer visits to our home he brought a dog with him, a full blooded pointer who had the keenest scent of any dog I had ever seen demonstrate the wonderful ability of locating a bird or especially an animal at a long distance. He had been raised and trained in the south, had been broken not to follow on the track thereby concentrating all his powers in scenting through the air.

I have seen him many a time while sitting on his haunches in the front yard, suddenly raise his head, his nose elevated, and gently swaying, his

nostrils dilated and working until he could get the exact range, take a bee line, never varying for any obstruction that could be overcome, swimming the creek if his course lay that way, never halting or varying till he had located his prey which meant its death if escape up a tree or in a hole in the ground could not be made.

I have followed him on his shorter runs—when he didn't take to water—to see the result of his power of scent and invariably found him with his lifeless victim. He never made a mistake in locating his prey even at a long distance. He had not been with us long before there was not a wood-chuck (ground-hog), skunk, or any of the rodent family on the premises.

But his greatest feat was shown one day when he lined a deer a mile away. Across the creek and a little above, was the lower end of quite a stretch of swamp woodland that extended up the creek for nearly or quite three miles and perhaps a mile wide.

In these woods were a few deer, left from the original stock. Below, on the same side of the creek, was another piece of woods about the same size as the first and separated from it by the road that crossed the creek at our place. The land had been cleared and improved along this road except a narrow strip of scattering timber and undergrowth that met on either side of the road near the creek.

At this point in the road where the strip of timber met, was the runway for the deer, and they never would vary from nearly the exact spot when they crossed from one piece of woods to the other.

There lived in the vicinity a family—father and sons—who kept hounds and guns, who occasionally of a Sunday during the summer months would dis-

turb the Sunday quiet of the neighborhood, and worry and frighten the timid deer and drive them from their secluded retreat. The father would take the hounds to the upper woods where they would find the trail of the deer in its frightened run to escape the hounds which they would generally do after being pushed by making a dash for their runway across the road—to the other woods—where the boys would be stationed—under cover—ready to pick off the deer whenever it would put in appearance. But they never got their deer, for while the hounds would give due notice of the approach of the deer by their deep toned baying, the deer was always well in advance, and would quietly slip through the brush and across the road unseen by the watchers who would be unaware of the passage of the deer till the hounds came through on the trail when they would know the game had escaped to safe quarters in the woods below. I was always glad they did. It was on one occasion of Sunday deer hunting, that old Winter—the pointer dog's name—got in his fine work. While sitting out on the front porch enjoying the balmy air of a warm summer day and listening to the music of the distant baying hound, old Winter—who was usually around whether wanted or not—suddenly raised up elelated his nose and quivering nostrils, and after snffiing the air in a semicircle to get the range,—like the homeing pigeon in circling around to get their course for their homeward flight—he started off through the open, crossed the creek at an angle in his course and through the woods directly to the startled deer that was driven from its haunts, and so confused the hound in trying to follow a mixed trail that the chase was abandoned. This result

was verified by the man with the hound who saw old Winter just after he had surprised the deer and mixed things up so the hound was out of commission for that day.

I have tried to describe the wonderful power of scent this dog displayed on occasion, but there was something yet for him to learn, a kind of animal scent that he was not familliar with. Having been brought up in the south, he was ignorant of the business qualifications of some of the little animals of the north. I happened to be out on a side hill lot when he located a skunk not far off. I was a little curious to see how he would manage to introduce himself to the little animal. He approached the innocent looking little thing that showed no fear or inclination to run, and that seemed to puzzle the dog for he was not acquainted with skunks and their manner of entertaining strange company. You see skunks have no fear and never run, they don't have to, and that's what mystified and fooled the dog. He had to know more about that funny little thing, because he was a dog, and it was the mission of dogs to interview all strange animals and find out their peculiarities and habits In order to be on more intimate terms with the little joker he approached it cautiously and picking it up tenderly, gave it a little shake and in an instant the air was blue with the fumes of that masked battery which with unerring aim had struck the dog square in the face and eyes. He dropped the skunk, rooted around with his nose on the ground, coughed and sneezed, and as soon as he could get his breath he got up, gave a surprised look at the little fellow —who did not seem to be any the worse for the greeting—started around in a circle at a safe dis-

tance, the hair on his back raised and bristling, his eyes green and flashing with anger and revenge, closing in nearer his doomed victim each round of the circle till within safe reaching distance of the little mystery—who kept facing its big antagonist —when the dog closed its eyes, made a lunge caught the skunk, gave one crunch, dropped the little lump and walked away fully revenged.

He never forgot the lesson he learned in scraping an acquaintance with his first skunk, and when ever he met one after that he gave one dash and all was over.

THE DOG JACK.

We had a dog—Jack—the special property of our young son Eddie, that a friend had sent him from Ohio when it was a puppy. This dog was a cross between a bull-dog and a shepherd and he proved to be one of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew. His first experience in active life was with a wood-chuck, nearly full grown, while the dog was yet in his teens.

They had been engaged in deadly conflict for some time before discovered by the children, when they rushed down to the field of battle, Eddie equipped with a club. The two animals lay a little distance from and facing each other completely exhausted. As Eddie ran up to give the chuck a knock-out blow, the dog—no doubt thinking it an opportune time to resume the fight when he had good backing—rushed in and received the full force of the blow on his head that laid him out and nearly finished his ambitious career.

But he soon recovered and developed his natural shepherd instincts for which he was sorry later on. When the cow boy would go to the pasture night and morning for the cows, Jack would go with him and, without any training, took to rounding up the cows alone, never failing to get all the milkers and leave the others out, and they had to come when he got after them—which they were quick to learn. Jack very soon took the business as a special duty of his own, and he was punctual and faithful for a time, but the novelty soon wore off and Jack made up his mind that there was something else in life for a dog besides driving cows, and he refused to be cow boy any more, but Ed thought otherwise and that caused a struggle and perhaps some unfriendly feelings between dog and boy for the mastery, and the dog got rather the better of it for it was more of an effort for the boy to induce the dog to go than to go himself.

But he did enjoy worrying the wood-chucks. He would watch for a long time when he would see a chuck out nipping the clover, to see if it would get far enough from its hole for him to slip in and cut the woodchuck off from its retreat.

Jack worked nearly all one summer to surprise one wood-chuck, who was watching the dog as close as the dog was watching him. When the dog would see—or scent—the chuck out for rations—up on the hill-side pasturefield—he would start in the opposite direction under cover of the fence, then take a tack behind another fence leading nearer the wood-chuck, where he would leave cover, crawling flat on the ground behind some obstruction or elevation, raising his head now and then to see if the chuck was on the watch—which was generally the case—for it

would as frequently raise bolt upright to look for danger as the dog would to look for the chuck It was a game of hide and seek that showed cunning and strategy of a high order.

When Jack would think the chuck was off his guard he would make a dash, and it was nip and tuck for each to try to get to the wood-chuck's hole first, for that was the dog's cunning, to cut off the chuck's retreat. I never knew whether Jack ever caught his wiley dodger, but he added many others to his list of victims.

ANOTHER HORSE—NIM.

Some years before we had the Old Greys, I had a fine young horse—four years old when I got him—that proved to be very intelligent and full of tricks. About the first time I noticed his proclivities for cunning trickery, was one day when he was running loose in the field where I was harrowing with a yoke of oxen. When I stopped the team to rest, I laid the whip down on the drag. The horse came along in a careless sauntering way, the white of his eye turned toward me the while, and when he got near enough he picked the whip up in his teeth, turned, and with head and tail up, ran off shaking the whip in the air as though he had done something cunning and enjoyed it.

That would do all right for a dog—and what you might expect—but for a horse it was something new under the sun. From that on I watched him a little and encouraged him in his propensity, and he would come up on the sly and take my hat off and try to get his nose in my coat pocket. I got him

trained so that when I was riding him I would throw my hat on the ground and he would pick it up and hold it for me to reach out and get. His curiosity got him into a little trouble.

We were tarring the skiff—Uncle Joe—out in the yard under a shed, and Nim of course had to be around to investigate every thing. We had a kettle of hot tar—not so very hot but a little too warm for comfort—and Nim thought he ought to put his nose in and find out all about it, and he did, but he took it right out again. Although it did not burn him much he did not care to sample the tar again.

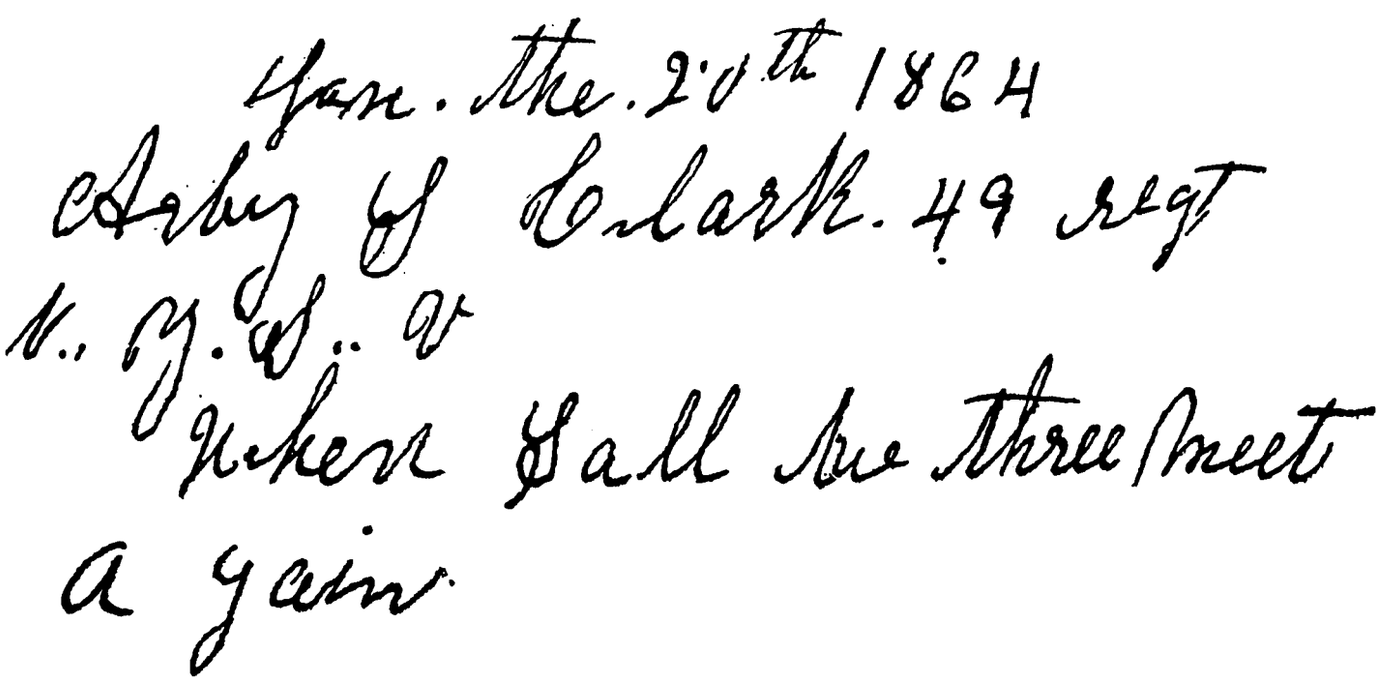
In writing a family history or biography, I do not consider it necessary or proper to include all the domestic animals and some of the wild animals of the locality, but to gratify the expressed wish of the younger members of the family, I have written the foregoing horse, cow, and dog stories; also inserted the following Birthday Poetry and other rhymes.

The following lines were taken from a lady's album, and, as will be seen, were written as criticisms on the autograph below :

(No. 2)

If ere I own an album neat
With edges gilt and all complete
In ornament and fancy work,
Its leaves all free from soil and dirt,
Merciful God of boundless love
Save me from scrawls like that above.

MILTON MELLEN.



(No. 3)

If e'er I own an album fair
As Eros silver cup,
For friends to trace fond tokens there
Oh; wright them right side up.

Lord; save us from the dead beat's hands
Who don't know how to spell,
And the unblushing impudence
Of number two as well.

MORRIS MELLEN.

(No. 4)

To undertake a verse to make
For friendship or for fun,
I would not choose to found my muse
On folly Number One.

For you to blame or bring to shame
One lesser learned than you,
Or criticise by one so wise
As critic Number Two.

A sad mistake, 'tis true, to make
In writing upside-down,
So Number Three, by this you see,
Would build his own renown.

Now you can judge by all this fudge
Which of the three is dryest,
For in all trades where brands are made
'Tis Number One stands highest.

EMERY A. ROSS.

(No. 5)

A stranger to you, lady fair,
  Would add a word or more,
To swell the tide of wit and pride
  That's swept along before.

If critics Number Two and Three
  Ere own an album fair,
We'll kindly warn illiterate friends
  To leave no scrawlings there.

But I'm content with friendship true
  Aside from pride and art,
And gladlv hail I hope with you,
  The friendship of the heart,

ANON.

THE REUNION.

The following impromptu lines were written at a family reunion held at Celoron, a popular summer resort on Lake Chautauqua—the Coney Island of Jamestown. The whale mentioned was an embalmed monster, in a side show, that could be easily located by the odor:

We meet today as friends should meet,
In kindly love each one to greet,
And bid you welcome with us here
A welcome to those we hold dear.

We'll lay our worldly cares aside,
And for the nonce what ere betide
Will spend the day in pleasure, free
From toil and all perplexity.

If we while journeying on through life
Become the slaves of toil and strife,
A travesty we'll make I fear
And fail to fill our mission here.

We dedicate this day for rest,
A respite give to the oppressed,
For in this life we all should learn
That time that's past will ne'er return.

Then let us join as of one mind
And seek the pleasures we can find;
For there's much fun on every side
For the gates of pleasure are opened wide.

First, if any one of you should like
You can take a spin astride a bike.
Or, if you prefer, and that way feel,
You can take a whirl on the Phoenix wheel.

Or if you want a ride to the moon
Catch on to the tail of the air balloon;
Or if no better fun can be found
You can ride with the kids on the merry-go-round.

Or if you want a smell of perfume that's stale
Go take a sniff of the mammoth whale.

If you want to see a measley crew
Take a peep at the animals in the zoo.
Where monkeys all both female and male
Hang on by hook, or crook of the tail.

Or if you want to add to your sorrows
Go take a look at the chamber of horrors.

If you want a dip in the billowy tide
Go take a trip down the toboggan slide.
If you want to see the greatest of fakes
Go pay a dime to see the snakes.

But I anticipate the most pleasure by far
When I get aboard of the first trolley car.

E. A. R.

EDDIE'S TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH DAY.

Twenty-one years you've scored today;
Where have these years all slipped away?
I hardly knew when they had passed,
Tme comes and goes so quick, so fast.

Life, 'tis true, is but a span,
Relentless time awaits no man,
But speeds along with tireless stride,
While we float helpless with the tide.

We cannot check, or change the speed
Of time, nor can we take the lead;
But we might help to ease the load
Of those who languish on the road.

In years to come I trust that you
Will be as brave, will prove as true
As you have in the years that are gone,
And prove your worth as time rolls on.

Go forth, my son, and earn a name,
Not along the lines of doubtful fame,
But earn a name that will always be
An honor, of no low degree.

We trust that you in all your ways
Will earn our earnest grateful praise,
And prove all through life's checkered span
That you in all things were a man.

YOUR FATHER,

Ross Mills, N. Y., April 16th, 1885.

CLARA'S BIRTHDAY.

Twenty-one; I ne'er had thought
That time with all his haste had wrought
So many years,
So many joyous days we've had,
So much in life to make us glad,
So many hopes and fears.
But time with unrelentless ways
Is surely ticking off the days
As they go by;
Nor does he choose from out the throng
Some other one to take along—
'Tis you and I.
From memory's store in vain I've drawn,
To see where all these years have gone
As if astray;
But He who does all things aright
Will guide us through the gloom, and light
Us on the way.

YOUR FATHER.

Lines written for Winfield's birthday, also a hint for his coming marriage with Miss Fern L. Streight.

Thirty-two? Yes thirty-two.
I hardly thought that you'd pull through
All these years of toil and strife,
Without the guiding hand of a wife.

Ah well; while it seems rather late,
All things come to those who wait,
And while life's lamp holds out to burn
The veriest "bach" might gather a Fern.

Well, such is life, and some delay
Because they can't clearly see the way,
Or care to add to their expense
Or their labor, therefore hence,
They've delayed this blissful bliss,
The which they hardly seem to miss
For they are sure to get together
All times of day, all kinds of weather.

Long have I watched your life's career,
Till now you're safe; I have no fear
But what in the future as in the past
You'll stand for manhood true, steadfast.

Thus are our hopes quite realized.
The standard we so highly prized
You've gained by honest sterling worth,
No greater conquest here on earth.

May a prosperous life be yours in store,
May you have birthdays many more,
And live to see that welcome day
When you can put dull care away.

YOUR FATHER.

WARREN'S TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Twenty- one years ago today
There came a kid, he came to stay;
To fill our hearts with hopes or fears
With blissful smiles or bitter tears.

He grew as other babies grew,
All baby antics he went through,
Till he had learned the way to walk,
And quite too soon had learned to talk.

He grew and grew and grew apace
In youthful strength and youthful grace,
Till he had passed the youthful span
And blossomed out today a man.

A *man.* Do you today quite realize
The full import that word implies?
To be a *man* in every sense,
Would be *our* greatest recompense.

Be a man, not alone in years,
But be a man among your peers,
Live all your life as you began,
That all can say *he* was a *man.*

YOUR FATHER.

April 5, 1898.

WRITTEN FOR WARREN'S WEDDING.

'Tis the first time in all my life
That I could say my son, his wife,
Can you excuse my new-born pride
When I repeat my son, his bride?

We give our blessings, Daughter, Son,
You who were two are now but one,
And with our blessings we give to thee
Our prayers for thy prosperity.

May the God of love prevade thy home,
And bide with thee all time to come;
May no dissensions or jealous strife
Arise to mar your married life.

And when in time your work is done,
May these two hearts still beat as one;
May divine blessings be with thee
Through time and all eternity.

YOUR FATHER.

Jamestown, September 30th, 1902.

WRITTEN FOR WINFIELD'S WEDDING.

Another *new* daughter, although she's quite *old*,
With pleasure we welcome to the family fold;
A pleasure we've waited a long time in vain
But now we have got a new daughter again.

Oh Daughter, we wish you a long, happy life,
And trust you will prove a true, loving wife.
While a jewel he's captured, a gem you have won,
You have found a true husband; we've lost a true son.

Our blessings we give you—'tis the best we can give—
May this union be happy; and long may you live
To enjoy life's best pleasures, and when life is done,
May God's richest blessings be with you beyond.

YOUR FATHER.

Jamestown, September 30th, 1903.

BATTLE IN THE SKY.

In the fall of 1843, a Morman preacher by the name of Brown was holding meetings at the schoolhouse in the neighborhood, and on a certain evening our people and the neighbors had been to meeting, and as preachers as well as school teachers had to board around in those days, the preacher on this occasion accompanied our family home to stay, over night.

It being late in the fall, with crisp frosty nights, and the time of the year when the auroraborealis or northern lights, are usually most brilliant, there was noticed, as the family was about to retire, that there was an unusual display in the northern sky. That was so strikingly brilliant and varied, that the beholders lingered to see the finale of this grand exibition of Heaven's Fireworks We watched for a time, the bright belts of seeming flame of all colors, from the deep fiery red, to the paler color of the milky way, streaming up from a broader base at the horizon, to a narrower apex at the zenith. This continued for some time, when lo, a gradual transformation scene ensued.

The whole illumination seemed to invisibly disappear and settle down in a gloomy indescribable darkness along the horizon from the north to east, filling the whole and exact distance from these two points with a broad opaque belt of uniform width and density.

Above this and over the whole firmament, the sky was clear, not a cloud to be seen, and studded with millions of sparkling stars.

But what of the darkness; out of it came slowly and dimly at first a belt of light of less width, extending horizontally the whole length of the former belt, with a narrow dark border below, and a wider one above. I can best compare it to wide ribbon of a pale red color stretched from North to East just above the horizon, with a narrow dark border on the lower edge, and a wider one on the upper edge blending its color gradually into that of the sky, above.

Thus stood the party of anxious watchers almost transfixed and in tones subdued and with blanched cheeks asked "What is it ?" The suspense was only momentary, for look; *what does it mean ?* Away in the distance, in the back ground of this amphitheater, arises dim and indistinct, a mysterious something which seems to come in indefined form from beyond the limits of space. All eyes are now riveted on the scene. The indefinite is merging into the definite, the inanimate is taking the form of the animate, and as the vast mass moves from the misty distance to a nearer and a plainer view, behold there burst on the vision of the astonished and awe stricken watchers, what ! men ? Yes men ! on they come shoulder to shoulder, step by step, in as perfect order and discipline as old veterans, with lines unbroken; the view now so distinct and plain that each individual soldier could be distinctly seen, his uniform, knapsack and trappings, the muskets in exact line, each company, regiment and division distinctly seperate, the companies led by their cap-

tains on foot, the regiments, brigades and divisions by their officers, on horseback. The horses and their riders being a little in advance of the great moving mass of men were particularly prominent The color of the horse his fine form and noble bearing, saddle, bridle, stirrups, and trappings, the officers uniforms, swords and scabbards, all distinctly seen as though within one-eighth of a mile, yet seemingly miles away.

As this vast army of hundreds of thousands came to the front or center from the right and left background in two grand columns and massed their forces near the center, facing each other with an open field between, it became evident that these two armies were opposing forces, and that a great battle was about to open

Accompanying this infantry force, were batteries of heavy artillery, which were planted in commanding positions at different points over the field, and back from the front. Back of the infantry and heavy artillery, were large forces of light artillery and cavalry, the artillery all limbered up, horses attached with riders in saddles, the cavalry mounted ready for action, and adjacent to and back of all, a heavy reserve ready to respond when the crisis came. Near the hither end of the open space between the two contending armies, and out of range of the impending battle, and on an eminence that commanded a view of the entire field, were grouped commanding officers, with their staff of aids and orderlies.

If this portrayal will assist you to picture to your mind a vast army—filling the space before described—from the east midway to the north, and from the north toward the east, till the two opposing

armies meet, and both reaching into the background till lost to view, you may have a faint idea of this grand panorama, and my effort to describe it may not have been in vain.

Again imagine this all to have taken place from the first perceivable moment, in a short space of time, with military precision, and as they came into final position in line of battle there was a momentary lull, a seeming hush, as of the stillness of death, as if all nature looked on with awe, a silent spectator of some unforeseen event; as if the vast opposing forces, like beasts of prey, were nerveing for the final spring.

And we, with bated breath, and pallid cheek, awe-stricken stood transfixed. It was like the calm before the tempest; now see! The awful crash has come. And what a crash! It seemed that all the combined bolts of the god of war had shot out in one preconcerted burst of fury. From thousands of arms burst forth simultaneously a lurid flame of death and destruction that cut down the oppposing forces like grass before the scythe. The shock was terrific; the carnage awful. Then followed one of the grandest battle scenes mortal ever saw. For a time the long lines stood the shock of battle with answering fortitude, their lines unbroken but visibly weakened, in places, with heaps of dead and wounded strewing the ground, till finally after a desperate resistance, some portion of the line would waver a moment, then break and fall back a distance in good order, and again retreat in a demoralized condition, the winning side quickly occupying the ground vacated.

Now watch the varying fortunes of war. Here massing their forces to break an important strong-

hold, there hurrying up a column to support a weak and wavering line, or to fill up a gap in the line already broken; now a flank movement to gain the enemy's rear, or to gain a position to cut off reinforcements, and all this under an incessant and terrible fire; the ground strewn with dead and crimson with blood, wounded soldiers thickly scattered over the ground, lying in a recumbent position, resting on their elbows or reclining against gun carriages; dismantled guns with broken carriages and dead horses in confused heaps; soldiers carrying wounded officers to the rear on stretchers; bombs bursting in the air or plowing up the earth; the commanding officers as they sat on their horses sweeping the field with their glasses, surronded by their staff and orderlies, who, ever and anon, were sent galloping to distant parts of the field, horses rearing and plunging midst the bursting of shells, often leaving the horse riderless, or the rider without a horse, the guns of the heavy batteries belching forth a continuous stream of flame and smoke, every discharge of a full battery cutting great gaps through the struggling ranks of each army the gunners jumping again to their guns after each discharge. All this and more. Now a lull and cessation of firing, for a time, except in a desultory way, as if to hold the enemy in check, while new lines were formed, new positions taken and strategic points gained, giving time to collect and organize their broken ranks, a moment's respite from deadly strife, a time to catch one full breath, as it were, and gird their loins for another and *deadlier* strife; and it came.

And now bursts forth again, as if by concerted action from the entire line, incessant flashing from the infantry, and deep heavy belching from the ar-

tillery, which would seem to shake the whole firmament, as if Heaven's own batteries had opened up, whose lurid flashes added to the crimson blush, and gave a weird tinge to all around, while the smoke slowly rising and settling over all in dense clouds, formed a deep canopy of gloom and a contrast grand and appalling to behold.

Now the battle opens again with increased fury. The stolid firmness as they stood the first shock of the reopening augered well with what obstinacy the ground would be contested. Inch by inch they advanced or receded, as the case might be, while each stubbornly resisted the other in their desperate struggles for vantage. Then follows some of the most thrilling incidents of this most wonderful and sublime spectacle. From our stand point, giving as it did a full and unobstructed view of the whole field, from the extreme right to the extreme left, and from the front to the rear, till distance dimmed the view the whole surface undulating and rising gently toward the back ground, we were able to see *all* that was transpiring at all times and at all points. This enabled the watchers to study the battle in all its phases. Not being skilled in millitary tactics and discipline, we at first did not comprehend the meaning of the evolutions; the results of which we could not foretell, but after the battle had raged for a time we were so intensely interested watching and studying the movements and results, that we became experts to some extent. With this newly acquired knowledge, it became intensely interesting to watch the wonderful maneuvers; here hurrying up reinforcements to strengthen a weak point, there massing their forces for strategic effect to draw the enemies' fire from an important point that must be held.

A point of the most interest was where the commanding officers and their subordinates were stationed—who seemed to realize their great responsibility and to show an equal anxiety—and from whence went forth at frequent intervals on fleet-footed horses, the gallant orderlies exposing themselves in the most reckless manner, often in the very jaws of death. Many a brave knight was cut down in his flight before he reached his destination and others would be sent to carry out the orders which had perished with the bearer. At a time when a crisis was pending at a weak point in the lines at the front, an officer was sent presumbly with orders for re-inforcements. He galloped off in a leisurely manner as if there was no occasion for hurry. His tardiness and disregard for his own safety, or the importance of the message he bore, made me nervous, and seemed to annoy and aggravate his superiors, for a commotion was seen at once at headquarters, and a second officer was called into requisition who received his orders from his superior in such a demonstrative way by gestures with hit sword that there was no doubt but that they were imperative and *must* be obeyed in all haste and as all hazard. There was no mistake in the second selection for he dashed off like the wind, passing the first bearer and giving his orders before the other arrived. Now note the result:

With wonderful promptness and almost simultaneous with the delivery of the order, a large force came rushing on at double quick, never slackened by obstructions, overcomiug all opposition, they swung into line filling the void in the depleted ranks, and with renewed energy inspired by the fresh arrivals, the battle waxed hotter and the carnage was fearful.

In these desperate struggles for mastery, when the vantage ground was being contested inch by inch, when the whole reserve force was ordered to the front, for a decisive struggle, the light artillery service was the most grand and realistic. To see the flying artillery with four or six horses with mounted riders, the gunners on their seats, the whole came rushing like a whirlwind from a distance part of the field to the front, the horses under full run wheeling into line, when they were instantly detached and hurried out of range, the artillerymen jumping to their guns unlimbering, loading, ranging, and firing with such rapidity that it would almost baffle the vision to folllow each varying evolution and to keep the whole vast field under close observation at the same time One incident of this wonderful displav was more especially distinct and striking, and impressed me as being especially intended to convey an impression that could not be mistaken, that could *never* be forgotten. As one of the mounted officers was galloping across the battle-ground in a comparatively open space but in a rather exposed position, a cannon ball cut off his head. It checked *his* career, but not so the horse. While the rider toppled over backwards and feil to the ground, the horse continued golloping on his course, unbidden and unchecked, the stirrups dangling at his side, the bridle reins hanging loosely from his arched neck. On he went in his bewildered freedom till followed and caught by another horseman and brought back to the vicinity of his headless and lifeless master. All of the watchers saw and followed this incident, it being so unusal that each called the other's attention to it.

The battle raged with wonderful reality and brilliancy, with alternating success and defeat, and at

times with terrible slaughter, for a length of time sufficient to present all the phases of a sanguinary struggle. And after a final struggle, as if to retrieve reverses on the one side, or to make victory more complete on the other, the forces were gradually withdrawn and vanished in the distance like a misty cloud, and all was still and hushed; the dark borders of the belt faded away and blended with the color of the sky, unveiling the hidden stars that again twinkled in all their brilliancy; and nature asserted its prerogative and calmed the troubled skies, and God reigned over all the universe. This was the creation of the great Artists of the Universe, whose landscapes cover the whole face of the earth, filled with living, moving beings of his own creation, and whose canvass was the canopy of Heaven, on which by one grand stroke, he brings to view the *masterpiece of all his work*, the battle in the sky.

Although quite young at the time, the memories of that grand and wonderful display of an unseen power,—a generalship that would pale the lustre of a West Point graduate—are as indellibly impressed on my mind and are as vivid as if of recent date.

That some skeptics mav think this picture overdrawn, or the product of an overwrought imagination I have no doubt. But that it was not an optical illusion, or the creation of a diseased mind, I can give ample proof, for it was seen by all of my father's family, my married sister and her husband—who lived close by and came to our house in a state of great excitement and wonder—and by the preacher before mentioned; and there are others living today who saw it as we saw it and who can vouch for the literal truth of this portrayal in all of its

details. The question has been asked by the doubting and incredulous: "If this was as you tell it, why did not others see it, why did we not hear more about it ?" Well others did see it, and we did hear about it. But it must be borne in mind that we had no railroads then, no telegraphs, but few newspapers and a thinly settled country, and it being rather past the usual bedtime for most people, few were up to see it, and then it might not have been visible at all points.

Whether it was a "mirage" or one of the mysterious and inscrutable ways of Providence to forewarn us of some great event is not for me ta say. All I know is that it transpired just as I have tried to describe it, only I have not done justice to the occasion. Had I the descriptive powers and graphic pen to portray this grand and wonderful panorama as I saw it, it would outrival any fairy tale of romance or fiiction.

ADDENDUM.

The following is a list of the marriages, births and deaths of the near-by relatives that have occurred since the original manuscript was written. This does not include a list of those living at a distance as I have no record of events of the kind of a late date.

Warren Ross and Margaret Lucile Sheasly were married September 3, 1903, at the home of the bride's parents, Franklin, Pennsylvania. Present home Jamestown, New York.

Emery Winfield Ross and Fern Lorena Streight were married September 30, 1903, at Worthington, Indiana. Present home Jamestown, New York.

Isabel F. (Ross) Carter died April 21, 1900, at Winton Place, Ohio. Buried in Spring Grove Cemetery Cincinnati, Ohio.

Laura W. (Ross) Wayt, died at Chilo, Ohio, April 30, 1890, aged 63 years, 2 months and 5 days.

Benjamin Manly Ross, son of E. K. Ross, died January 1, 1902. Leaving a widow and infant daughter, Carrie Adele. Buried at Ross Mills, New York.

Emma Arabel (Ross) Hampton, daughter of E K. Ross, died January 5, 1900, at Sylvia, North Carolina, leaving two daughters, Georgianna Wessie and Clara Belle, an infant. She was brought home by her mother and buried at Ross Mills, New York.

Kate Isabel Newton, daughter of C. M. Newton, married Albert L. Tambling. Present home Fredonia, New York.

Mollie E. Newton, also daughter of C M. Newton, married George R. Phetteplace. They have one daughter, Dorris Isabel. Their home is at Falconer, New York.

Anna Laura Newton, daughter of Clayton E. Newton, married Jerome B. Phillips. Present home Falconer, New York.

Nina May Newton, daughter of Clayton E. Newton, married Byron E. Darling. They have two sons, Clayton Earl and Kenneth Newton Their present home is San Francisco, California.

Archie Ross Newton, married Mary Orpha Wager of Elmira, New York. Their present homes is a Bessemer, Pennsylvania.

Carolina C. Scowden, died August 8, 1901. Buried at Frewsburg, New York.

Edward W. Scowden, the 2nd. and Jessie Winifred Curtis, were married at Jamestown, New York, October 1, 1902. Present home Frewsburg, New York.

Winfield Henry Cameron, and Julie Greer, of Louisville, Kentucky, were married at Milwaukee, Wiscousin, which is their present home.

Mabel Emily Smith, married Frank Albert Wilcox, April 30, 1902. Died November 22, 1902.

Georgia Maud Smith, married Harold Walter Bates, June 30, 1903.

George Ross, son of Charles Clark Ross, died at Birmingham, Alabama, September 16, 1903, 71 years of age; was brought to Cincinnati, Ohio, his birthplace, and was buried in Spring Grove Cemetery.

George S Doolittle married Ida May Odell. They have two children, Morgan Odell and a boy baby not named.

Mary Bell Doolittle married Will G. Smith. The children are George Winfield and Paul Dennis.

Vivian Marice Ross, daughter of Warren and Margarette Lucile Ross, born November 19, 1903.

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