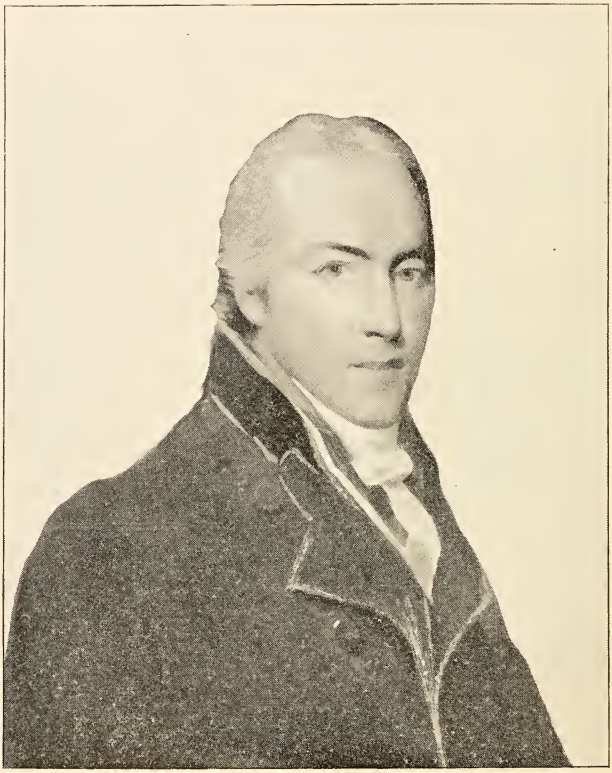
THE CENTENNIAL OF BATH, NEW YORK.

1793--1893



CHARLES WILLIAMSON.

1793. 1893.

THE

OFFICIAL RECORDS

OF THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

BATH, STEUBEN COUNTY,

NEW YORK,

JUNE 4, 6 AND 7, 1893.

NORA HULL, EDITOR.

AUTHORIZED BY THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.

BATH, N. Y.

PRESS OF THE COURIER COMPANY (LIMITED).

1893.

PREFACE.

The Official Records of the Centennial Celebration of Bath, after some unavoidable delays, are now given to the public.

This book does not purport to be a complete history of Bath during the first century of its existence, but merely a contribution of much valuable material toward that history when it shall be written. The papers were prepared by many individuals who wrote without reference to each other, or without any pre-arranged plan.

Consequently, it happens that some of the pioneers, who were foremost in building up the town, have been passed over with scant mention, each writer presumably supposing that some other would be sure to select such prominent characters for delineation. This has been especially noticeable in the cases of Dugald Cameron, of the McClures and of Henry A. Townsend. These men passed away so early in the century that their fame is a tradition, even to the members of the older generation now among us.

That the Book is an accomplished fact is due to the Rev. Benjamin S. Sanderson, through whose persistence in the meetings of the General Committee, it was finally decided upon, and whose advice and assistance have been extended at every stage of its preparation for the press. The material as selected by Mr. Sanderson, the representative of the General Committee, has been published substantially as it was delivered, with the exception of a few sentences too personal for permanent preservation.

The work of the editor has been, mainly, to arrange that the papers should be put in fit typographical form.

The frontispiece is a semitone, prepared from a photograph of the portrait of Colonel Charles Williamson, presented to Bath by his grandson, David Robertson Williamson, of Scotland, (*vide* p. 236).

The plate of the map of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase was furnished, at the request of Hon. A. J. McCall, by Howard L. Osgood, Esq., Secretary of the Rochester Historical Society.

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INTRODUCTION.

A brief account of the events leading up to the glorious Celebration of June 4, 6 and 7, 1893, would appear to form a fitting introduction to the pages which follow.

Rome was not built in a day. Not even the proverbial smartness of the citizens of our village could put through, without preparation, the elaborate Celebration this volume describes. It was the patient labor of a few ; the elaborate, careful and painstaking arrangements of the General Committee, which made the Centennial of Bath the magnificent success it was conceded by all to be. Honor to whom honor is due.

In a speech delivered before the local Board of Trade, at its annual dinner (April 6, 1891), Mr. Anthony L. Underhill made the first public appeal to the citizens for a becoming recognition of this important event in the history of the village. The seed thus sown was soon to bear fruit. Not many months after, the following Round Robin, numerously signed by leading citizens, under the inspiration of Gen. William W. Averell, was sent to Hon. Ansel J. McCall :

Hon. A. J. McCall :

Dear Sir : Your fellow-citizens, undersigned, are desirous that there shall be a fitting celebration of the first Centennial anniversary of the settlement of our village of Bath in 1793, and of your County of Steuben in 1796. We are sensible that a proper celebration of these events cannot be fully and intelligently realized without a co-incident publication of graphic annals of our town and county from the earliest times. It is, therefore, our earnest desire to have available to our people on those occasions such a sketch of our social birth and history, in convenient form, from the earliest pioneer days to the present time, in order that valued memories may not be lost, but cherished and perpetuated. Happily for our aspirations, your long and worthy life has brought from the early years of the century rich memories and priceless materials which enable you, better than any other man living, to tell the story of the first hundred years of Bath and of Steuben county.

We earnestly request that you will kindly gratify your neighbors and friends, the people of Steuben, by the preparation of such a history. We will attend to its publication, under your permission and direction.

Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y., Aug. 1, 1892.

This invitation was accepted by Judge McCall.

Nothing more than this historical Monograph was at first contemplated. But other minds were at work, aiming at a public celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the village. From them emanated the following call :

IMPORTANT MEETING OF CITIZENS.

A meeting of the citizens of Bath is called for this (Friday) evening, at the Court House, at 8 o'clock, to consider the propriety of properly observing the Centennial of the first settlement of the town.

PER ORDER COMMITTEE.

That Friday evening (January 13) was cold and blustering, promising fully to test the interest of all attending the meeting. The writer well remembers sitting in the Sheriff's office, with two or three others, wondering whether any of the good people of Bath were sufficiently enthusiastic to brave the elements in response to the call. At 9 o'clock there were about twenty present, who energetically took hold of the business in hand, as the subjoined official minutes testify :

"In response to a call published last week, a meeting was held at the Court House, last Friday evening, to consider the advisability of celebrating the Centennial anniversary of the first settlement of the town of Bath. General W. W. Averell was chosen Chairman of the meeting, and James R. Kingsley, Secretary. It was decided to celebrate the anniversary, and the following Committee was appointed to decide the character of the exercises and the time and place of holding them : Gen. W. W. Averell, W. W. Allen, R. E. Robie, A. J. McCall, H. W. Bowes, J. F. Little, O. H. Smith, Abram Beekman, W. E. Howell, J. F. Parkhurst, R. R. Lyon, James R. Kingsley, Rev. M. N. Preston, Rev. B. S. Sanderson, Rev. M. C. Dean, Rev. V. P. Mather, Rev. J. J. Gleason, Rev. B. W. Swain. Gen. Averell is Chairman of the Committee, and James R. Kingsley, Secretary. The plans of the Committee will be submitted to a meeting of citizens to be held not later than February 10."

With the to-be-expected set-backs, the preparations for a becoming celebration progressed favorably. The preliminary plans were endorsed at a public meeting of citizens held in the Court House, February 10, with a large and representative attendance. June 14 was fixed upon as Centennial Day. The official program was arranged as follows, power being given to the General Committee to alter it as they deemed wise :

Sunrise Salute.

9 to 10 A. M.—Parade of School Children of the Town, and Addresses to Them.

11 A. M.—Address of Welcome, Historical Address, and Oration.

Recess.

2 P. M.—Parade of Fire Department, Civic Societies and General Trades Display.

Evening—Old Time Reception at the Casino.

The General Committee was thus constituted: General W. W. Averell, Reuben E. Robie, Henry W. Bowes, W. H. Nichols, J. F. Parkhurst, Rev. M. N. Preston, Rev. B. S. Sanderson, Rev. M. C. Dean, Rev. V. P. Mather, Rev. J. J. Gleason, Rev. B. W. Swain.

Believing in a division of labor, various sub-committees were appointed to carry out the details of arrangements, as follows:

Invitations—A. J. McCall.

Reception of Guests—James R. Kingsley.†

Entertainment—Abram Beekman.

Literary Exercises—John F. Little.

Finance—Reuben R. Lyon.

Decorating Village—John M. Farr.‡

Schools—Clarence Willis.

Procession and Bands—William H. Hallock.

Evening Reception—Augustus de Peyster.

Publication and Printing—John Underhill.

Through the courtesy of the managers of the Steuben Club, its handsome parlors were put at the disposal of the Committee, and there every Friday evening the members could be found planning for the coming Celebration. Early in their deliberations, modifications of the original plan were deemed advisable. The unavoidable resignation of James R. Kingsley, as Secretary, resulted in the selection of Reuben R. Lyon, Esq., for that responsible post. It was a most fortunate choice. Zealous and ardent in the undertaking, doing the work of many men, at times to the neglect of his own private business, to Mr. Lyon every member of the General Committee concedes all the credit and praise for the happy outcome of our Centennial. *Palmam qui meruit, ferat.*

The date and method of celebration were altered, a new program being arranged, which was substantially carried out at the appointed time. It may as well be inserted here as anywhere as a matter of record:

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† Augustus de Peyster, vice J. R. Kingsley, resigned.

‡ John McNamara, vice J. M. Farr, resigned.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

1. Appropriate Religious Services and Historical Sermons in the Local Churches, at 10:30 A. M.

2. Union Religious Service, with Address by Prof. Levi D. Miller, L.L. D., in the Casino, at 7:30 P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1893.

IN THE CASINO, AT 2:00 P. M.

1. Prayer, Rev. L. M. Miller, D. D., of Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
2. Address of Welcome, by President of Day, Reuben E. Robie, Esq.
3. Poem, Prof. Zenas L. Parker.
4. Captain Charles Williamson; a Sketch, James McCall, Esq.
5. History of Bath for Fifty Years, Hon. Ansel J. McCall.

IN THE CASINO, AT 7:30 P. M.

1. Prayer.
2. Reminiscences—
   Mr. Wm. E. Howell, of Antrim, Pa.
   Hon. J. R. Whiting, of Eau Claire, Wis.
   Rev. L. M. Miller, D.D., of Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
   Hon. I. W. Near, of Hornellsville, N. Y.
   Mr. Edward H. Butler, of Buffalo, N. Y. (A Letter.)
   Hon. Clark Bell, of New York City.
3. * Schools, Chas. F. Kingsley, Esq.
4. * Physicians, Dr. Ira P. Smith.
5. * Lawyers, Hon. Chas. H. McMaster.
6. * Editors, Mr. Geo. B. Richardson.
7. * Soldiers, Major John Stocum.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1893.

6:30 A. M. Sunrise Salute of Cannon and Bells.

10:00 A. M. Parade of all the Schools of the Town (directed by Clarence Willis, Esq.), to the Fair Grounds. [About 1000 children, headed by five bands of music, participated in this novel and interesting event.]

ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, 10:30 A. M.

1. Prayer by Chaplain, Rev. M. N. Preston.

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* The above papers had been prepared with reference to this occasion, but time did not permit of their being read.

2. Letters of Regret, read by the Secretary, R. R. Lyon, Esq.

3. Address and Presentation of Portrait of Capt. Chas. Williamson, James McCall, Esq.

4. Acceptance on behalf of Trustees, Byron L. Smith, Esq.

5. Oration, Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, Buffalo, N. Y.

6. Change of Name of Lake Salubria to Lake Williamson.

7. Benediction.

[The program was interspersed by many appropriate and patriotic songs excellently rendered by the school children, under the direction of Miss May Cowley.]

2:00 P. M. Parade of Fire Department, Civic Societies and General Trades Display; Capt. W. W. Lindsay, Marshal; Messrs. L. H. Balcom, Hoxie W. Smith, Wm. J. H. Richardson and S. J. Wilkes, Aides.

8:00 P. M. Old Time Reception at the Casino.

[The following list shows the formation, the companies and the floats in the line of the parade:

Capt. W. W. Lindsay, Marshal.

Soldiers' & Sailors' Home Band, sixteen men.

Custer Post, G. A. R., eighty men.

General Barry Post, G. A. R., No. 248, seventy-five men.

Keeley Club of the Soldiers' & Sailors' Home, seventy men.

L. H. Balcom, Assistant Marshal.

Hammondsport Cornet Band, sixteen men.

Royal Arcanum, Chapter No. 344, of Bath, forty men.

Knights of the Maccabees, No. 71, of Bath, forty men.

Boys' Society, "Character Builders of St. Thomas church," forty-two in line, led by Rev. B. S. Sanderson.

Wm. J. H. Richardson, Assistant Marshal.

Prattsburgh Cornet Band, fourteen men.

Bath Fire Department, Chief McNamara, First Assistant Cotton, Second Assistant Parker.

Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, twenty-six men, Foreman A. L. Lilley.

Hook and Ladder truck gaily decorated and carrying a log hut with Indians, representing 1793 at one end, while at the other end was a boat containing four little girls representative of the year 1893.

Samuel E. Wilkes, Assistant Marshal.

Cohocton Cornet Band, twenty men.

Edwin Cook Hose Company, twenty-eight men, Foreman John Donahe.

Hose Company's cart completely covered with flowers, and two little children riding on top dressed in Continental costume.

Hacks containing Mayor Gould, Trustees Smith, Phillips, Aber and Sutton, City Attorney Waldo and Clerk Shannon.

Hoxie W. Smith, Assistant Marshal.

FLOATS.

Steuben County Vineyard Association, mammoth wine cask.

A. Beekman, sash and blind factory, workmen making window sash.

T. H. Appleby's Collar Factory, workmen stuffing collars and making harness.

Gould & Nowlen, plumbers, men soldering handles to tin cups.

Wylie's Book Store, "History of Bath;" tall as a man, thick as a telegraph pole.

E. Berkman's Bottling Works, three floats, workmen bottling beer and corking.

Gregson, Dolsen & Smith, shoe factory, rack of shoes and workmen.

John McNamara, hardware, a McCormick harvester and binder.

S. L. Holcomb, cigar factory, men making cigars, which were thrown out to the crowd.

Perine & Davison, dry goods, etc., delivery wagon, decorated.

Flynn & Co., groceries, delivery wagon, decorated.

A. Rich, clothier, men making coats.

Fred Moris, harness factory, 116 in line; float, men making harness.

Plaindealer, float, Black Bath in 1840.

H. M. Jewell's Bottling Works, delivery wagon loaded with beer kegs.

Martin Collins, blacksmith, making horse shoes.

P. P. Tharp, clothier, advertising wagon, decorated.

D. W. Raysor, cigar factory, men making cigars and tossing them to the crowd.

S. G. Lewis, groceries, delivery wagon, decorated.

Charles S. Allison, tailor, miniature tailor shop.

The Banks—First National, Hallock's, and Farmers' & Mechanics', two floats.

S. W. Wood, groceries, delivery wagon, decorated.

C. A. Ellas, druggist, delivery wagon, decorated.

Rothschild & Loeb, Globe Clothing House, delivery wagon, decorated.

Ed Sliney, groceries, delivery wagon, decorated.

J. Stocum & Son, furniture, wagon with furniture.

S. M. Hewlett & Co., furniture, wagon with furniture.

Stansbury & Leavenworth, sewing machines, wagon with machines.

T. P. Purdy, painter, wagon, decorated.

Bath Canton, No. 41, I. O. O. F., twenty men, followed by the Jemima Wilkinson carriage, 105 years old, driven by Lewis D. Fay; the old Mansion House 'bus; a coupe nearly as ancient, and citizens in carriages.

M. Bowes & Co., coal and agricultural implements, a Studebaker wagon gaily decorated.

Aber Bros., groceries, delivery wagon, decorated.

Daniels & Carroll, groceries, delivery wagon, decorated.

James Faucett, produce, and agricultural implements, a Johnston reaper.

Geo. W. Peck, hardware, an Osborne reaper.]

In their preparations the Committee were rendered most valued assistance by the Ladies' Committee, made up of the following:

Executive Committee—Mrs. James Lyon, Chairman; Mrs. Ansel J. McCall, Mrs. Wm. Rumsey, Mrs. George W. Hallock, Mrs. J. F. Parkhurst, Mrs. B. F. Young, Mrs. M. Rumsey Miller, Mrs. Augustus de Peyster, Mrs. John Davenport, Mrs. W. W. Averell; Miss Jeannette M. Hodgman, Sec'y.

Invitations—Mrs. Thomas J. Whiting.

Reception and Care of Guests—Mrs. William H. Nichols.

Entertainment, Seats and Grounds—Miss Katharine Bowes.

Literary Exercises—Miss Mamie McBeath.

Finance—Mrs. Charles F. Kingsley.

Decoration of Village and Grounds—Mrs. Abram Beekman.

Schools—Miss Anna Freeman.

Procession and Bands—Mrs. Alfred Case.

Evening Reception—The Executive Committee.

Publication and Printing.—Miss Cassie W. Hull.

Confining themselves mostly to the very important department of finance, the ladies arranged for a Loan Exhibition. As the result of their labors, a most varied and valuable collection of curios and relics were exhibited in the Casino on April 25 and 26. After paying all expenses about $140 were put in the hands of the General Committee. The ladies also very effectively assisted in preparing for the Old Time Reception.

To Mrs. James Lyon, the head of the Executive Committee, belongs a very large share of the credit due to the ladies for their work.

One of the most substantial aids in the way of money was contributed by Miss May Cowley, who organized, drilled and presented the operetta of "Trial by Jury," on the evening of May 17, turning over the entire proceeds (over $200) to the committee. In fact this, with another donation from some of the business men, defraying the expenses of all the bands, made it unnecessary for the committee to ask for general subscriptions. It is doubtful whether anywhere the hardest problem—the financial— was ever easier solved than during the Centennial of Bath.

What was said during those eventful days the rest of this book records. What was done every Bathite and thousands of strangers well remember. For who that saw them can soon forget the happenings of those memorable

days. Every sort of building within the corporation limits had some sort of holiday token upon it. Flags and bunting were everywhere. Enthusiasm was unstinted. Former residents renewed acquaintance with their home of earlier days and did their part in the general rejoicing. With ideal weather and under most favoring circumstances, the long expected Celebration was gone through with and the fondest hopes of those who had it in charge were more than realized. How it appeared to others than the committee, this, from one of the local papers, may indicate:

"The Bath Jubilee Celebration was a hummer in every respect. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6 and 7, the days appointed on which to commemorate the energy and chivalry of Capt. Charles Williamson, who settled the village 100 years ago, will form bright spots in the memories of young and old who witnessed the festivities, until memory is a blank. Tuesday, Nature was in a doubtful mood, but it was only to make herself more dazzling for the morrow, when "Old Sol" beat his brightest rays upon roof and steeple and people. The South Hill wore its best dress, and shone resplendent in green and purple hues, the bright waters of the Conhocton running at its base, once the carrier of forest wealth in arks and rafts to the Susquehanna, gleamed and shimmered as in the brave days of old; Lake Salubria's "fine azure dimples curled its sparkling seas;" the business portion of the village was gay with flags and bunting in every variety of decoration; the private residences were in holiday attire; Pulteney Park never looked in finer form; and all the people, Bath's sons and daughters, and all their friends and relations, paid fitting homage to the scene of beauty which met the eye in every direction.

"From the Golden Gate of the Pacific, from the distant Rockies, from the mines of the South, and from the land of the midnight sun, her children came by the hundreds to sit once more at the old hearthstone; to renew old acquaintance; to tell a story or two, and to laugh at the visions of the past.

"The Committee having in charge the formal exercises which were to crown the Celebration and tell the story of Bath from the beginning, brought an almost formidable program to a most happy conclusion without a serious flaw or hitch."

When our descendants of a hundred years from now start out to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town, they will find themselves considerably handicapped, if they endeavor to outstrip the Bathites of 1893.

BENJAMIN S. SANDERSON.

PART ONE.

HISTORICAL SERMONS.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

SERMON BY REV. M. N. PRESTON.

SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1893.

TEXT :—"*Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations, ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders and they will tell thee, for the Lord's portion is his people.*"—Deut. xxxviii, 7, 9.

It is scriptural, as well as wise, for any people occasionally to review the past. All honor should be given to the pioneers who have endured the hardships necessary to opening and settling a new country. All honor to those who laid the foundations on which have been builded in a century the goodly structure of civilization which we are now enjoying; and those worthy men will receive the honor that is their due in the Centennial exercises of which this discourse is the opening.

We are to consider this morning "The Lord's portion which is his people," as the text tells us. They, too, laid foundations, even the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, a structure which, though all men build upon it through all ages, will be only completed in Heaven when "The headstone shall be brought forth with shoutings, crying Grace, Grace unto it." All honor to those Godly men and women who laid foundations on which men could build for eternity as well as time. The records of the progress of civilization in all its departments, of population, education, of the law and medicine, of manufacture and of trades in this town for a century will be compiled and will be highly prized by generations yet to come; but the records which will stand the longest, of work which will give the greatest satisfaction and bring the greatest reward, will be the faith, the prayer, the devotion and the good works which were inspired through the church of Jesus Christ; they are recorded in heaven and the record will be read in eternity.

It is interesting to note in the latest history of Steuben county (published in 1891), in the chronological list of the fifty-five most important

events occurring in Bath, the very first one mentioned is, "1806, The Presbyterian Society was organized," and the second one, "1808, Rev. John Niles was installed the first minister." These two lead the list.

The first preaching services held in this village of which we have any knowledge were conducted by Rev. Seth Williston, a traveling missionary, about 1802. They were held in the old school house, situated on the lot facing Pulteney Square on the north end of the west side, the site now occupied by the Hewlett furniture rooms. Here, also, was organized, on the 6th of January, 1806, under the lead of Rev. John Niles, a Congregational minister, of Prattsburg, N. Y., "The Bath Religious Society," and the following trustees were elected: George McClure, J. T. Haight, Howell Bull, James Turner, Dugald Cameron, Samuel S. Haight, Henry A. Townsend and Robert Campbell.

Two full years elapsed before this organization was fully perfected, Rev. John Niles in the meantime occasionally visiting and caring for this vine which he had planted in this religious wilderness.

On Sunday, January 3, 1808, after due notice, the congregation assembled, probably in the Court House, as that was their regular place of meeting thereafter until a church edifice was erected, and fourteen persons entered into covenant and adopted the constitution of "The Church of Christ in Bath, Presbyterian Congregation," under the direction of Rev. John Niles. They were Joseph Inslee, Elizabeth Inslee, William Aulls, Elizabeth Aulls, James Turner, Eunice Johnson, Henry A. Townsend, Elizabeth Townsend, Howell Bull, Eunice Bull, Robert Campbell, Mary Shether, Samuel S. Haight and Sarah Haight.

The church adopted the Congregational form of government, and appointed Joseph Inslee and Samuel S. Haight as deacons.

A unanimous call was soon extended to Rev. John Niles to be their pastor; he accepted and was installed by a committee of the Ontario Association of Congregational churches on the 7th day of July, 1808. He entered earnestly upon his work with true devotion to it, as his letter of acceptance to the call plainly shows. On the 18th of September, 1811, the church completed its Presbyterial organization by electing five elders, namely, William Aulls, Elias Hopkins, Samuel S. Haight, Henry A. Townsend and Howell Bull, and removed its connection from the association and united with the Presbytery of Geneva.

Of the original fourteen members who composed this church, five have lineal descendants residing in town, namely, Henry A. and Elizabeth Townsend, Howell and Eunice Bull and Robert Campbell. We are pleased to note that three of these are represented in the congregation which regularly worships with the church they helped to found in the wilderness a century ago. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend are represented by Mrs.

William Rumsey and family, and Mr. Robert Campbell by his son William Campbell and family, and Hon. Frank Campbell.

The health of the pastor had been for some time impaired, and after ministering to the church but four years he rested from his labors on Sunday morning, September 13, 1812, aged thirty-five. His remains rest in the old cemetery, near the center of the grounds. The church had received thirty-five members during his short pastorate.

The cemetery has always been so closely connected with the church, being anciently called the churchyard, that we may linger here a moment. We find from its stone records that our city of the dead is exactly contemporaneous with our village, and both were started by members of the same family. The earliest burial we find is Christina Williamson, daughter of Charles and Abigail Williamson, who died September, 1793, aged six years. There could not have been more than ten or twelve families in the new settlement. Not one of the great pines was cut in the plot which was thus early selected for a burial place, and we may see the little company of perhaps a dozen persons carrying a little coffin into the forest, and without a clergyman to lead the service, amid their tears depositing the remains of the loved child in the first grave opened for a white person in this town. A well preserved stone marks that little grave now a century old.

Near it stands a stone bearing the name of James Moore, who died February, 1829, aged 102. Very few are the cemeteries in which lie the dust of one whose age is given with three figures.

The only monument we find in the old cemetery is one in honor of George C. Edwards, erected by the bar of the county, and bearing this inscription, "A just man, an able lawyer, a good citizen, an honest man." On the other side of the monument, "The richest legacy to leave to posterity is a good name." At the age of fifty he had wrought out a character that commanded such recognition on the part of those who knew him best.

Following Rev. Mr. Niles, Rev. David Higgins, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Auburn, N. Y., was called as pastor of this church, and accepted in January, 1813. He was born in Haddam, Conn.; was graduated at Yale college in 1785; preached at North Lyme, Conn., Union Springs, N. Y., and Auburn, previous to his pastorate in Bath. "He was a robust and stalwart man, an earnest and vigorous preacher, and a marked character in the community." He was quick to apprehend any means suggested for enlightening and improving the people in the community, and the people of this church were ready to follow his lead and second his efforts, as was manifested in the organization of the Steuben County Bible Society. The late Dr. Gardner Spring, of New York City, once said: "This government rests upon protestant Christianity; its corner stone is the Bible. As early as 1777 the want of Bibles in our country was the subject of solemn discussion in Congress, and that

body appointed a committee to advise as to the expediency of publishing an edition of 30,000 copies of the Bible, to meet the needs of the families in America." It was not done, however, and to meet this want the American Bible Society was organized in May, 1816, in New York City. In less than nine months from this time the knowledge of this parent society had reached Bath, its object had been approved, an interest awakened, and the Steuben County Auxiliary Bible society had been formed, with the following officers: David Higgins, president; Christopher Hurlbut and George McClure, vice-presidents; Robert Porter, treasurer; David Rumsey, secretary; Rev. James H. Hotchkin, Henry A. Townsend, Elias Hopkins and Thomas McBurney, managers.

In the constitution the object of this society it is declared shall be "To supply those who are poor and destitute of the Bible in this county and vicinity with the Holy Scriptures without note or comment."

Then follows a list of seventy-four names of men as contributing members, and this Steuben County Bible Society, certainly one of the first auxiliaries, has continued in existence until the present time, Dr. Ira P. Smith being president, and Dr. Dunn being secretary. It has scattered thousands of copies of the sacred Scriptures, giving with a liberal hand to the destitute, in some years giving three times as many copies as were sold.

At this time, 1817, the Presbytery of Geneva, of which this church was a part, was divided into four Presbyteries, namely: the Presbyteries of Bath, Niagara, Geneva and Ontario. This church, of course, belonged to the Presbytery of Bath.

During Mr. Higgins' pastorate the first church edifice was erected, and dedicated March 2, 1825. This was an imposing structure at the time of its erection, of graceful proportions, built at considerable sacrifice on the part of the congregation, but a house which the Lord owned by the gift of the Holy Spirit again and again to those within its walls. Many to-day hold it in precious memory as associated with the beginning of their spiritual life, and for fifty years it stood the sanctuary of this congregation, until it was removed to give place to this more stately edifice.

Another act that shows that this pastor and people were at the very front in good works, is found in the record made in the minutes of the church on March 6, 1830. Dr. Lyman Beecher had preached his six famous sermons on temperance, which were published in 1827. This was the beginning of the temperance reformation; up to that date ardent spirits were a common beverage with all. It was those six sermons that aroused the religious public to the need of doing something to stay the evil of drunkenness. Within three years of this first movement we find this record in our church books: "Agreeable to a notice previously given, the church held a meeting which was attended by a large proportion of the

members, and after lengthy deliberation the following was passed unanimously: 'Resolved, That under the general effort in our country at the present time in favor of temperance, this church feels itself powerfully called upon to act in favor of the measure; therefore we agree to entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirits and wine except as a medicine or at the Lord's table.'" So early this church ranged itself on the side of sobriety and total abstinence.

In the last year of Mr. Higgins' pastorate he was permitted to welcome a large ingathering to church fellowship. At the last communion service which he led, in June, 1831, twenty-one (by far the largest number which had up to this time united at once), entered into covenant to be the Lord's. Surely, a blessed termination of eighteen years of pastoral work! At the close of his seventieth year he resigned his pastoral charge, removed to Norwalk, O., where he died June 18, 1842, aged eighty-one years. To this date the church had received 190 members.

Rev. Isaac W. Platt was called immediately to the vacant pastorate on June 4, 1831. Mr. Platt was born at Huntington, Long Island, 1788, took his college and theological courses at Princeton, N. J., was pastor at Charlton, N. Y., and Athens, Pa., before coming to Bath. He labored eleven years with this people. The first five years were years of great spiritual growth in the church. At every communion service a number confessed Christ, and ninety-two in all were received to the church in those years.

Then began the discussions which ended in the disruption of the Presbyterian church in 1837, in the cutting off of three Synods, nineteen Presbyteries (one of which was Bath), with 444 churches and with 40,000 communicants from the Presbyterian body. They were, of course, forced to form a separate body, holding, however, to the same confession of faith, the same catechism, and the same name, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. The grounds for this excision were two; first, that these Synods and Presbyteries were formed of churches, many of which were Congregational in government; and second, that these ministers held grave errors. But these ministers denied that they held or taught these errors, but believed and upheld the Westminster standard. They were, however, cut off. A meeting of this church was at once called and a majority of those present resolved to withdraw from the Presbytery of Bath which had been cut off from and by the General Assembly, and to connect themselves with the Presbytery of Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, which was done. About a score of the members of the church, among whom were two elders, felt that they did not desire to leave the Bath Presbytery, believing that the excision was unjust, and so formed themselves into a church and called themselves the Presbyterian Church of Bath (Constitutional), and secured a pastor. This division, of course, weakened the church and discouraged the pastor, Mr. Platt;

the loss of a son also so weighed upon his spirits that in 1844 he resigned the pastorate. He removed in 1847 to West Farms, N. Y., where he was pastor till his death in February, 1858. One hundred and thirty had been received to this church during his ministry, making three hundred and twenty in all.

Mr. Platt was succeeded at once by Rev. L. Merrill Miller, a young man whose examination for licensure Mr. Isaac Platt had chanced to hear, and with the ability and learning and spirit which the young man displayed, Mr. Platt was so impressed that he recommended him to the church as his successor. For seven years he led a successful ministry; the church flourished in all departments under his wise administration. Sixty-four were added to its communion. He was then called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Ogdensburg, N. Y., where he has already labored with unwonted ability and success for more than forty-two years, and still preaches with strength unabated. And I desire to say there is no pastor in our whole Presbyterian church more esteemed for his wisdom and his prudence, and whose counsel is more eagerly sought and appreciated in all ecclesiastical interests and affairs than your former pastor, Rev. L. Merrill Miller. May he yet live long to serve the Lord in his church and to guide in its deliberations.

Rev. Geo. D. Stewart, having formerly preached at Fort Byron, N. Y., began in 1851 his ministry here. He had a special gift for interesting those who had not been in the habit of attending church, and the church had to be enlarged to accommodate the audiences that assembled. During the winter of '58 and '59, the revivals which were so general through our whole country were experienced here in great power. More than fifty persons united with this church in that one year. He, like Rev. Mr. Higgins, was enabled to leave his work when crowned with the richest divine blessing. He has since been doing good work in the western states, and is now pastor at Fort Madison, Iowa.

Rev. William E. Jones succeeded him with six years of faithful and successful labor, and resigned to accept a chaplaincy in a regiment in the war of the rebellion. Mr. Jones, by last report, was residing in Philadelphia, Pa., without charge.

Rev. James M. Harlow was engaged as stated supply. His preaching was remarkable for the fine classical finish which characterized his discourses. After preaching five years he was called to Shortsville, where for many years he has been on the honorably retired list. He still resides there. To this time 607 members had been received to the communion of this church.

In September, 1869, Rev. James M. Platt, son of Rev. Isaac W. Platt, former pastor of this church, accepted a call to its pastorate. He was educated at the New York university and at Princeton Theological seminary,

was pastor at Zanesville, O., and Leetsdale, Pa., before coming here. He writes, "It was a happy circumstance that on coming back to my boyhood's home to take the place once occupied by my father, the way seemed already prepared for receiving to our communion the remnant of those who more than thirty years before had organized a separate church." It certainly was fitting that the rent which occurred in his father's time should be repaired in the ministry of the son.

The Bath Presbyterian church (Constitutional), composed of nineteen members and two elders, who separated from the parent church in 1837 and held their connection with the Bath Presbytery, soon developed church life and activity. In 1841 they erected a suitable house of worship on Liberty street on the spot now occupied by the Purdy Opera House. The building was burned in 1871. The church enjoyed the ministry of the following clergymen: Revs. William Strong, Orris Fraser, Hiram Gregg, Samuel Porter, Sabine McKinney, Loren W. Russ, Geo. Hood, Edwin Benedict, H. E. Johnson, C. H. DeLong and William Dewey. The following were elected at different times and served as elders: John Emerson, Ira Gould, John Dudley, Moses F. Whittemore, Daniel Seaver, Joseph Breck and John Rose. Two hundred and eleven were received to its membership during its separate existence. There were times of refreshing enjoyed by its members, nineteen were welcomed on confession of faith on April 20, 1845, and there are those with us now who look back with delightful remembrance of the experiences they enjoyed in the beginning and development of their Christian life in that church. The reunion of the two general assemblies obliterated the distinction between the Old School and the New, and I have seen no better evidence of the good results of that reunion than I find recorded on the last page of the church records of the Bath Presbyterian church (Constitutional) as follows: "Interesting incident concerning membership. On the first page of these records we find that this church was first formed of nineteen members from the former church during the pastoral labors of Rev. I. W. Platt. We record on the ninety-third page the names of nineteen members of this church, who united with the Old School church—or, more properly, were reorganized as members of that church—under the pastoral labors of Rev. James M. Platt after a separation of thirty-two years; this in consequence of the action of the two General Assemblies, convened at Pittsburg, Pa., in 1869, guided and controlled very clearly by the kind hand of our Heavenly Father and in the spirit of the Gospel of Christ. We now labor together with greater harmony and good will than ever before. And may the act of secession in church or state be never repeated in this our loved Zion or this our happy land." Thus ends this book of records and history of the separate church.

Mr. Platt was a scholarly man, a faithful preacher, and one who shrank from no work by which he might accomplish good. The Young People's

association was formed under his ministry, which gave a new impetus to the Christian activity of the young people.

The great work wrought under his ministry was the rearing of this beautiful, commodious, convenient and stately house of worship. From the beginning of the enterprise in 1874 to its dedication in 1877, $50,000 had been raised by this society and this amount expended in erecting this house complete, with the exception of the towers, and this church will stand for many years a substantial monument to the zeal, devotion, untiring effort and liberality of this people under the lead of Mr. Platt. For fourteen years he ministered faithfully, "And there were added to the church yearly of such as shall be saved," two hundred and thirty-nine connecting themselves during his ministry, a larger number than during any former pastorate. But in the midst of his days and his strength he was called by the great Head of the church whom he served to cease from his earthly labors and enter upon his reward. April 14, 1884, he passed away, aged 57 years.

In response to your call your present pastor, leaving the church at Skaneateles, where he had preached for twenty-two years, his only previous pastorate, began his labors on December 1, 1884, and after eight years he desires to bear testimony to the harmony that has existed, and to the valuable services that have been rendered by the officers and members of this church in every good work. In these eight years 261 have been received to church membership. There have been thirty elders in this church, namely: William Aulls, Elias Hopkins, Samuel S. Haight, Henry A. Townsend, Howell Bull, Finla McClure, Lyman Hopkins, Thomas Aulls, Phineas Warren, Peter Halsey, James G. Higgins, John Emerson, Samuel Rice, Ira Gould, Louis Biles, John W. Fowler, Gustavus A. Rogers, David McMaster, Edward Crosby, Samuel Ensign, Z. L. Parker, A. H. Otis, Edwin H. Hastings, Ambrose Kasson, M. D., Tenney K. Gage, Charles VanWie, J. F. Parkhurst, B. F. Smith and S. G. Lewis.

Those who have been elected and served as deacons are: Joseph Enslee, Samuel Haight, William Aulls, Elias Hopkins, Henry A. Townsend, John W. Fowler, Henry W. Rogers, John L. Scofield, S. G. Lewis, William H. Shepard, Edwin H. Hastings, Conrad Gansevoort, Eugene F. Parker, Robert J. Davison, Thomas Pawling, M. D., Clinton W. Richardson and John H. Bowlby, seventeen in all.

The trustees, who have stood nobly for the financial welfare of the church and brought it up triumphantly through all the straits to which it has been subject so that it is without indebtedness, have been, with those formerly mentioned:

James G. Higgins, James May, Louis Biles, Harry W. Rogers Ezekiel S. Drew, David McMaster, John R. Gansevoort, John W. Fowler, Geo. A. Taylor, Geo. Edwards, TenEyck Gansevoort, Gustavus A. Rogers, David

Rumsey, Amasa Beck, Moses H. Lyon, Josiah W. Bissell, S. H. Hammond, Amasa B. Beckwith, Robert Campbell, Ziba A. Leland, Orrin Smith, Peter Halsey, James R. Dudley, Wm. A. Biles, Sylvanus Stevens, John B. Pawling, Ansel J. McCall, Levi C. Whiting, W. W. Perine, Harvey Bull, Wm. Davison, John Magee, John S. Schofield, John Abel, J. S. Dolson, D. M. VanCamp, Orange Seymour, Wm. S. Hubbell, Chas. Underhill, A. Beekman, G. H. McMaster, Wm. C. Hoyt, Geo. Edwards, Wm. McFee, G. W. McDowell, Wm. Rumsey, Maj. D. H. Hastings, Henry Faucett, C. A. Ellas, Clarence Campbell, John Davenport, E. H. Hastings, John Beekman, John L. Schofield, Chester Knight, J. F. Parkhurst, M. Rumsey Miller, A. H. Otis, Frank Campbell, Wm. H. Hallock, Harry S. Hull and Abram Beekman.

There have united with this church in all, 1147 persons, 665 by profession ; of them 246 have died while members of this church, and 486 have been dismissed, leaving 415, the present membership.

Mention ought to be made of the remarkable success of the late Harry S. Hull as a worker among young men. He gathered a class of young men into our Sabbath school which averaged just one hundred in attendance each Sunday for six months, one hundred and eighty being present on one rally Sunday. From that class many were pursuaded to begin a Christian life, and are grateful that they ever came under the influence of Harry Hull.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was organized in October, 1886, and has been a power for good among the young people, starting them in various channels of Christian activity and benevolence. The Women's Missionary Association and the Ladies' Aid Society have for years been doing good by their charities and relieving suffering among the poor.

So has the Lord blessed and helped this church in the past. The prophet Samuel, after a time of special blessing, set up a great stone and called it "Ebenezer," saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." It is certainly appropriate that we, on this Centennial year, after this long period of blessing, should bring together great stones—as we are doing—and with them rear a tower as a finishing touch of our house of God ; and let that tower, as it will be completed this year, be our "Ebenezer," we also saying with all reverence and gratitude for the goodness of God in the past, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

ST. THOMAS CHURCH.

SERMON BY REV. BENJAMIN S. SANDERSON.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

TEXT :—"*Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.*" —John iv, 38.

Our Lord inculcates here a general principle, equally true in its application to every department of human effort. "One soweth and another reapeth." Thus are successive generations of men linked together. Rude and barbarous ages are not complete in themselves; they are the precursors, the seedlings, to keep to our metaphor, of those refined and cultured days which surely, if at times slowly, follow them.

Comparison and contrast, how beneficial they are! Only in this way can we either understand the present, or plan for the future. To break with the past, that is to ignore it, what it is and all we owe to it—this is more than the disturbance of perfect continuity in growth and healthy development. It is the introduction of a principle of eccentricity and individualism, bound *sometime* to prove fatal to the perpetuation of a sound, corporate life. This at the outset. It suggests our theme and its proper treatment.

We may count it a wise and happy thought on the part of the General Committee, that our Centennial anniversary should be ushered in with appropriate services in the churches on this Sunday morning. Also that while giving God thanks for His continued mercies to our beloved community during its first century of existence, we should likewise hear recited the history of the churches of the town during these same one hundred years. We, as churchmen, may well be thankful for the opportunity thus afforded us of reviewing the history of our own particular parish; not alone for the interest which attaches to the past, but chiefly because of the inspiration and hope for the present and in the future such a recital is bound to produce. Think where we stand. Not face to face with a finished work and ended task. Far from it. Midway between the inception

and final achievement, our part it is, knowing how the good work began, to carry it on towards final accomplishment. The wise workman ceases from the labor on the walls from time to time, consulting his drawings and specifications, thus assuring himself that, in his own particular task, he has deviated no whit from the original design. As workers together with God, set here in Bath to help rear this Temple of Zion, fitly do we pause now to make an inspection of the tasks already performed, scan foundation and superstructure so far as the walls are raised, noting how excellently the work thus far completed has been done, prepared on the morrow to resume our labors on the rising walls, in the spirit of enthusiasm, faith and fidelity, so characteristic of those gone before, who, having finished their course, do now rest from their labors. To such a review I now invite you.

My task as historian has been made comparatively easy for me. Two of the former Rectors have taken pains to transcribe quite fully the records of the parish, from which it has not been difficult to arrange a pretty complete summary of our parochial existence. One of these MSS., the address of Dr. Howard at the Semi-Centennial in 1876, probably many present will recall. At any rate, I shall attempt little more than a compilation from records already existing.

Bath was settled in 1793. Twenty-two years elapsed before the services of the Episcopal church were rendered in the newly created village. Just why this was, the ancient chronicles do not inform us. It is true that the journals of some early travelers through this region, notably that of old Doctor Dwight (then President of Yale), do not refer enthusiastically to the religious zeal displayed at the outset by the first settlers here, or during the first decades of our village life. Nor does the very first attempt to organize religious services of any sort make a very spirited tale. Dr. Howard has quaintly written: "The village Fathers had been forward to provide a Hippodrome and an Opera House for the people, but to make ready a place for the worship of God did not seem to occur to them as a part of their duty. This task, as usual, devolved upon the Mothers of the village." Be this as it may, one fact about a century ago we must not ignore. The Missionary agencies of the Church, with which we are so familiar to-day, did not exist at the close of the last century. There was really no organized society, whose treasury could be drawn upon for funds to carry the Gospel into the wilds, as Bath could then have been termed. Nor were the settlers themselves in a very good way to do much for themselves financially. The stern task of subduing a pathless forest confronted them. It is but fair to remember this, lest we judge our fathers too harshly. But to resume.

In 1814 there moved to what is now Cold Springs, the remarkable woman to whom, under God, St. Thomas owes its origin, Mrs. Elizabeth Hull

Townsend. She was born and bred in Connecticut, permeated with the churchly zeal of the people of Seabury. She had just come from Troy, N. Y., fresh from the successful founding of a since famous seminary for young ladies. In her first acquaintance with the town, Mrs. Townsend found matters, both temporal and spiritual, at a low ebb in Bath. The people were depressed through failure of crops, and the frosty seasons appear to have chilled whatever religious zeal they may have had.

Mrs. Townsend had reported herself to the Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Geneva, the nearest Church clergyman. Her private journal tells of a horseback ride to that place, carrying her young child to receive Holy Baptism. At this time she seems to have presented to Mr. Clarke the urgent claims of this new settlement for missionary work. He in turn spoke of it to Bishop Hobart, who had the whole State of New York as his Diocese. The good Bishop, much against his will, was compelled from dire necessity to neglect this and similar demands made upon him. His hands were tied; he could do nothing. Mrs. Townsend, the meanwhile, in patience possessed her soul, praying and hoping for the time, soon coming, when her dreams for her new home were to be realized. Her heart was cheered in 1815, when there rode to her door the long-looked-for clergyman. He proved to be the Rev. Caleb Hopkins, a veteran of the Revolutionary war, from Mauch Chunk, Pa. He was prevailed upon to stay over the Sunday and hold a service in the old Court House, which apparently he was only too glad to do. For a half dozen years this veteran of the Cross, curious mixture of soldier and priest, visited this region, as the opportunity presented itself, removing, in 1823, to Angelica, officiating at these two points until his death in the following year.

The place of meeting in Bath continued to be the Court House, which was also occupied by a small company of Presbyterians, gathered through the care of the Rev. Mr. Niles. The stated services held by Mr. Hopkins in Bath produced some fruit, and his memory is justly held sacred here, one of our beautiful traceried windows perpetuating his name forever. He died in the 69th year of his age.

At this point we may properly introduce two stories illustrative of Mrs. Townsend and her spirit Churchwise. At the time of the first service, it is said that Mr. Hopkins hesitated about the use of the Prayer Book and surplice, on the ground of the prejudices of the people. "But," said Madame Townsend, "if you do not use them, how can the people know what the Church is like?" It is also told of her that, before the coming of Mr. Hopkins, she was invited to teach in the Presbyterian Sunday school. She promised to do so when consent was given her to instruct her class in our Church Catechism. *O si sic omnes!*

From such anecdotes we readily understand that nothing daunted this very remarkable woman. Nor are we surprised to find that in 1825, largely

through her efforts, the Bishop is prevailed upon to appoint a regular clergyman for this field. The missionary sent proved just the man required. His name was William W. Bostwick, a newly ordained deacon, who held his first service in Bath, May 23, 1825. At the outset, only a portion of his time was devoted to this vicinity, as Angelica, Dansville, Penn Yan and parts adjacent, formed a portion of his cure.

The permanency of our Church in Bath, however, was now assured. At a duly called meeting, held April 19, 1826, the organization of Saint Thomas parish was effected. We appreciate a little the situation when we remember that to find another parish of our Church, a journey must have been taken to the east as far as Broome county, while on the west our nearest neighbor would have been found in Chautauqua, or, in a northerly direction, at Geneva. There were not a dozen communicants of our Church in the whole of this part of the county.

The first vestry was gathered from almost every part of our present Assembly district. Its members were the following representative men: The wardens elected were Zalmon Toucey, of Campbelltown, and Nehemiah White, of Avoca. As vestrymen were chosen Paul C. Cook, of Cohocton; Selah Barnard, of Pratt's Town; John B. Mitchell, of Wayne; John D. Dent, of Campbelltown, and the following residents of Bath, viz: Col. W. H. Bull, Dugald Cameron, John Brown and William Gamble. Col. Bull, at his death, in 1883, had served continuously for 57 years in the vestry of St. Thomas church. In 1876, he was the sole survivor of the original corporation of the parish.

In the years next following, many familiar names appear, very many of whose descendants are foremost in our parochial activities at the present day. Of the exact condition of parish affairs during these next few years but very little is known. The private journal of Mr. Bostwick speaks of labors abundant, the establishment of parishes in such places as Penn Yan, Hammondsport, &c., and the faithful discharge, under trying circumstances, of the arduous duties of a pioneer of the Gospel. For convenience sake at this time he made his home in Hammondsport.

After a few years, St. Thomas had reached such a point of strength that it was deemed wise to consider the subject of a building of its own. Hitherto our worship had been conducted in the Court House, or the chapel of the Wesleyans. A lot was obtained on the south-east of Pulteney Square, on which was erected, in 1836, the first Episcopal church in Bath. Its completion really marks a most important epoch in our parochial history. Probably not a few of my hearers to-day have seen that little frame structure, with its Doric front and shapely cupola, whose interior was adorned with the then usual arrangement in the chancel of high pulpit and reading desk below, to say nothing of the square, high-backed pews. Humble and unpretentious in comparison with our present beautiful

edifice, yet it was no mean exponent of the love and devotion of our fathers, $4,000 being expended upon it, for those days a very large sum of money. The original seating capacity was a little over 150.

In 1840, Mr. Bostwick, feeling that Bath demanded the entire, undivided attention of a clergyman, sent his resignation to the vestry, who accepted it with great regret. (Mr. Bostwick removed to Joliet, Illinois, where he died in 1845). With unusual promptness, in a very few days the vestry invited the Rev. Phineas L. Whipple to become their Rector, though at a small stipend. He accepted, and for a few years labored here with great acceptance until his tragic death in 1844, cut short a career of very great promise for the church.* He was 53 years of age at the time of his decease, as was my immediate predecessor, if I mistake not, who also died while Rector of this parish. A noteworthy incident of Mr. Whipple's rectorship was the acquirement by the corporation, through the liberality of William M. McCay, of the plot of ground in the cemetery, known as the "Church Plot." This has ever since been under the control of our vestry, being cared for by a trust fund obtained for this purpose. The deed of gift was presented at the last meeting presided over by Mr. Whipple. Of the eleven persons present at that meeting, not one is now living, the mortal remains of most of them resting in that sacred plot of ground. Beautiful windows in the chancel of our present church perpetuate the memory of these faithful servants of God, Bostwick and Whipple.

Not more than a month after the loss of their lamented Rector, the vestry secured another pastor in the person of the Rev. William D. Wilson, who since has occupied many a distinguished place in the councils of the Church. Coming to Bath in the strength of young manhood, he soon gave evidence of that wealth of power and learning which has made his name venerated wherever it is known. He was a preacher to whom all gladly listened, a pastor whose counsel was eagerly sought. A close and careful student, he must have been pursuing in Bath those lines of thought, the fruit of which appear in his widely circulated book, "The Church Identified," published in 1848, two years after he left Bath. As you know, he has occupied leading chairs in Hobart College and Cornell University, besides having been a deputy to every General Convention since 1841.

In 1846, Mr. Wilson was called to Hobart, and the Rev. Levi H. Corson became Rector of St. Thomas, filling the office most acceptably for four years, until his resignation, in 1850. Of this period of parish history the records say almost nothing. Upon my study wall there hangs a most curious and complicated "Perpetual Calendar or Almanac" (his invention),

* In the address of Rev. L. M. Miller, D. D., delivered on Tuesday evening, will be found an account of the circumstances attending his decease.

attesting alike to his mechanical ingenuity and mathematical skill. He died a few years ago in Michigan.

With the next rectorship, we may be said to be coming to modern history. In converse with my people, I have found many, who would be unwilling to be classed as even middle-aged, having distinct and vivid memories of that genial and courtly priest of the Church, Rev. Almon Gregory. He was in charge of the parish from 1850 to 1856. During those years the records show many marks of development and progress. It was a time of solid growth for the village, and our parish made corresponding strides forward. In 1850–51 the church edifice was greatly improved. A recess chancel was added, ten feet deep by sixteen wide, in which was placed a new Altar and two massive chairs, one of which I think is still in use in our parish room. Eight additional slips were added, increasing the seating capacity by about fifty. A robing room, adjoining the chancel on the east, was also built. In the chancel was placed a stained glass window, more of a rarity then than now, besides two mural tablets, in memory of Revs. Messrs. Bostwick and Whipple.

In 1852, the parish was able to expend the sum of $1,450 to provide their minister with a suitable home of his own. The nucleus of this fund was a legacy of a few hundred dollars, saved to the parish through the vigilance of Mrs. Townsend. The property thus acquired was that now occupied by the present Rector, though the house to-day looks but little like the small and modest structure into which Mr. Gregory moved forty years ago.

In 1854, the interior of the church was still further beautified by the gift of a font from Mr. McCay, which was used for the first time September 17, at the baptism of Orilla Lucinda, wife of E. K. Potter. The records describe the font as "of beautiful design in alabaster."

Mr. Gregory sent in his resignation in 1856. Something of the character of his six years of ministry may be judged from his private journal, which shows that during his rectorship he baptised 98 children and 26 adults, while he presented for confirmation 73 persons. The total of communicants increased during his rectorship from 63 to 128.

In 1857, there came to us from Dansville the faithful priest, whose quarter of a century of ministry in Bath was destined to leave such an enduring impress upon the community. You understand my reference to Oran Reed Howard. It was a most happy ordering that for twenty-five years our parish had the benefit of the learning, zeal and practical piety of this devoted priest.

In 1859, $2,000 more were expended in improving the church. The pillared front was enclosed, the interior renovated, sixteen new pews added, the gallery cut back, unsightly stoves and pipes giving place to a basement furnace. In 1866, at the baptisms of March 31, a beautiful new font,

the gift of the Sunday school (costing $150), was used for the first time. Ellen Elizabeth Ward, an adult, was the first recipient of the washing of regeneration on this memorable occasion.

But why should I try to elaborate the details of Doctor Howard's rectorship? You all know the story better than I do. The pilgrim, entering the stately Cathedral church of London, rests his eye upon the conspicuous Latin inscription which runs: "*Si quaeris monumentum, circumspice.*" It is the one memorial the glorious fane contains of its architect, Sir Christopher Wren. Yet how much is compressed in that single sentence. Rendered into English, the words read, "If you are searching for his monument, look about you." The noble pile, everything in it, is the enduring monument of Wren. In some such way would I speak to you to-day of the work of him whose mortal remains we laid at rest in yonder God's Acre but a few weeks ago. You ask for the fruits of his ministry? Lift up your eyes upon this beautiful church in which it is our joy to worship God to-day. Remember the inspiration, encouragement and advice received from him during the period of its construction. Think of the anxiety, of which no small share was his, involved in the collection of over $50,000, the sum required to erect and properly furnish this magnificent edifice. Recall the stately services, arranged by him, in connection with its completion and consecration. Do not these go to prove that the present Saint Thomas church may be justly deemed the monument of the sixth Rector of the parish? Yet elsewhere would I bid you look for his memorial. Your sons and daughters, baptised and led to confirmation by him, nourished with sound doctrine and built up in the way of the Lord; your homes sanctified and cheered by his blessing in times of rejoicing, or soothed in the hour of sorrow; the sacred ties of holy friendship woven with enduring strands by a quarter of a century of assiduous ministry—this is his monument in our midst, brighter than polished brass, more lasting than granite.

Increasing infirmities made it necessary for Dr. Howard to resign his position in 1882, when he was made Rector Emeritus, and the Rev. Abner Platt Brush, of Dansville, was called to the active duties of the vacant pastorate. The material fabric of the parish was in such a splendid condition that there was nothing for the new Rector to do whereby he could perpetuate his name through the medium of such improvements as our story hitherto has contained. Yet those uneventful years, from 1883 to 1889, notwithstanding they were filled often times with periods of intense bodily suffering, was a churchly growth for our parish. Men are differently constituted. The gift of Mr. Brush was as priest and pastor. In a quiet way he did considerable to give to the services of our parish a dignity and reverential aspect they had not before attained. Faithful and assiduous, also, were his parochial ministrations, so that in many a home in Bath

to-day the name of Mr. Brush is a treasured memory. Even those months of pain and lingering illness preceding his lamented demise, in September, 1889, were ordered by God as a precious example of how a good man meets death. So that many an one echoed the words of the Seer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Of events since then, it become us not to speak, beyond recording the fact that the present Rector assumed his duties May 1, 1890, never having seen the day when he regretted that the call of duty brought him here.

Before closing, allow me to mention some things of interest not already alluded to, in the form of a brief summary, or index, of parochial affairs. Some of them have come to my notice too late for insertion in their proper place. But before that, there are a few words I would like to say. Do not imagine because this narrative makes no mention of many a faithful laborer that they have been forgotten, or what they did undervalued. The time would fail me to recite the long line of zealous men and women who during so many years found their greatest joy in furthering the interests of the parish. Graven on window and memorial, the names of many are preserved. Connected are their memories with many an incident in your lives, who were their associates and companions. Forgotten, not one, thank God, in the book of divine remembrance. In spirit they are with us now. Unheard their voices will mingle with ours as, at the Altar, with all the heavenly company, we laud and magnify the glorious name of our God. "Seeing then that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us." "Other men have laboured, and we eat of the fruits of their labour." A great responsibility surely rests upon us in these latter days. So solidly and compactly have the walls been raised, so honest and true has been the material employed for building, we cannot, we must not, deviate from the high standard set by the fathers. Our duty is plain before us. We are called to work. Ours to raise higher the walls day by day, and in such a manner that with every fresh stone laid the building may approach the nearer to the true conception of a Temple fit for the Lord of Hosts. Which may God grant. Amen.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

1. First service of our church in Bath, held in the old Court House, in the year 1815, exact date not known, Rev. Caleb Hopkins, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., officiating. Mrs. Nancy Robie, an eye-witness, was wont to relate the intense emotion displayed on that occasion by Mrs. Townsend, who had not heard the services of the Prayer Book for over nine years.

2. Occasional services given by the same missionary for nine years, at the last from Angelica. No existing record known of Mr. Hopkins' official acts in Bath.

3. Arrival of Rev. W. W. Bostwick, in 1825, and the organization of St. Thomas Church the following year, 1826. Worship maintained at regular intervals, the Methodist chapel being used for the most part.

4. First recorded baptism in Bath is that of Nancy Robie and Sarah Whiting, adults, and Harriet Almira, infant daughter of Reuben and Nancy Robie. The date is given as September 12, 1826. The first recorded marriage was on the following day, September 13, when Franklin Whitney and Eliza Cameron were joined together in holy wedlock. The first mentioned burial was in July, 1825, William Doty being the name of the person laid to rest. The first visitation of a Bishop to Bath was September 14, 1826, when the Rt. Rev. John Henry Hobart, D. D., Bishop of New York, administered confirmation to Selah Barnard, John G. Mitchell, Sarah Whiting, Phebe Tousey and Betty Ann Trevour.

5. The parish has occupied but two church buildings. The first stood on the south-east of Pulteney Square, adjoining the Howell estate. The original cost of this building, with the land, was $4,000. It was finished and used for the first time in 1836, having accommodation for about 150, ample for the time. It was twice enlarged; in 1851 by the addition of chancel, &c., at a cost of $1,500; still further enlarged and changed in 1859, at a cost of $2,000. The corner stone of the present edifice was laid by Bishop Coxe, at sunset, August 3, 1869, in the presence of ten of the clergy and over 1,500 of the laity. The plans for the church were drawn by Henry Dudley, of New York city, and the building contract was let to the Patterson Manufacturing Company, of Warsaw, N. Y. The total cost of the church, exclusive of bell and organ, was $55,000. Of this amount, one generous person* contributed $30,000. The bell, the offering of the congregation, cost $1,300, and was hung in the spire July, 1873. Its weight is 3,097 pounds. The cost of the organ was $2,500. The last stone in the building was laid and the cross put on the finished spire September 21, 1870, in the presence of a great concourse of people. First service in the new church, January 29, 1871, the consecration occuring April 13, of the same year. A notable occasion for the parish was the meeting of the annual Council of the Diocese in September, 1873. Another noteworthy event was the Jubilee of the organization of Saint Thomas, celebrated with appropriate services, April 19, 1876.

6. As a matter of record we insert here the first and existing corporations of St. Thomas Church, Bath:

1826. Rev. William W. Bostwick, Rector; Zalmon Toucey and Nehemiah White, Wardens; Dugald Cameron, William H. Bull, John Brown, William Gamble, Paul C. Cook, Selah Barnard, John B. Mitchell and John D. Dent, Vestrymen.

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* Hon. Constant Cook.

1893. Rev. Benjamin Smith Sanderson, Rector; Martin W. Noble and Benjamin F. Young, Wardens; Lansing D. Hodgman, James Lyon, Charles F. Kingsley, William W. Allen, Augustus de Peyster, Samuel S. Seely, Clarence Willis, Edwin S. Underhill, Vestrymen.

7. Parochial report presented by the Rector to the Bishop at the Council of the Diocese of 1892 (September):

BATH ST. THOMAS CHURCH.

The Rev. Benjamin Smith Sanderson, B. D., Rector.

Wardens—Martin W. Noble, Benjamin F. Young.

Licensed Lay Reader—Hon. Clarence Willis.

Families, about 130; Baptisms, adults 5, infants 16; Confirmed, 10; Communicants, present number (actual), 214; Marriages, 6; Burials, 20; Churching, 1; Services, Sunday 180, weekday 97; Holy Communion, public 81, private 2; Sunday School Teachers (male 4, female 14), 18; pupils, 175.

OFFERINGS.

PAROCHIAL—Communion Alms, $121.77; Expenses and Salaries, $2,000; Sunday School, $47.16; Church Property (repairs), $100; Altar Society, $25; "For Parish House Fund," $356.84; Sunday School Christmas Tree, $87.95; "For the Rector," $63.19. .....$2,801.91

DIOCESAN—Missions, (Box, per W. A., $80.50), $210.78; Christmas Fund, $31.45; B. and P. B. Society, $13.06; Assessments, Diocesan, $40, Episcopate, $100; Special at Bishop's Visitation, $14.74..... ...$410.03

GENERAL—Missions, Dom. $116.32, For. $61.82, Col. $30.40, Jew $5.15; Church Building Fund, $20.39; "Scholarship at Salt Lake City," $40; Dom. (per W. A. Box, $30.70), $66.70; Ind. (per W. A. Box, $122.20), $127.20; Col. (per W. A. Box, $104.05), $110.15; For. (per W. A.) $6....$584.13

Total of Offerings. $3,796.07

PROPERTY—Church (Sittings 650), $50,000; Rectory, $4,000); Invested Funds, (2), $1,341..... .....$55,341.00

No debt.

As a part of his duty, the Rector has officiated on stated Sundays at the Davenport Asylum and the Soldiers' Home. Seven of the burials reported are from the latter institution. Though the total of offerings in this report falls short of that of 1891 by about $150, yet there is really a marked increase for this year, as "special" offerings, nearly $500, swelled last year's total. During the past year there has been (at the lowest) a 50 per cent. increase in the contributions for the three departments of missionary work. This gain is largely due to the adoption and use of the "Systematic Offering Plan," as a substitute for the church collections on stated Sundays. The valuable property of the parish is kept in most excellent condition, and is well insured.

CENTENARY M. E. CHURCH.

SERMON BY REV. M. C. DEAN.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

TEXT :—"*There shall be a handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.*"

—Psalms lxxii, 16.

The text is a prophecy of Christ's kingdom on earth. We wish to apply it to the beginning and growth of Methodism in Bath.

The handful of corn prefigured the small beginning. The unfruitful top of the mountain signified the unpromising moral condition of the human heart for receiving and propagating the seeds of Divine truth. The great cedars of Lebanon, with their long branches and tremulous foliage, which gave the mountain the appearance of being instinct with life, set forth the all-animating power of Christianity among men. Christ said that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning him. He ordained his Church to set forth the truths of Christianity, as contained in the Scriptures of the New Testament, both as a history of the fulfillment of all those prophecies of Himself, and also as a power adequate to accomplish all that was predicted of His kingdom on earth.

Every department or branch of the Church of Christ is helping to produce the great harvest of souls, which at the end of the world will be gathered into the garner of the Lord.

According to the request of the Centennial Committee, we are this morning to speak of the origin and growth of the Methodist Episcopal branch of Christ's Church in Bath.

It is peculiarly difficult for me to meet the expectations of the Committee. The early Methodist itinerants were so like the "Angel" of the Apocalypse, "flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth," that they did not settle down in any local habitation, and make records of their evangelistic work, but

went everywhere preaching the Word, and calling on sinners to repent and be converted. They did not wait to be invited, but went as they were sent to preach wherever they could find people to listen.

The work of the Methodist minister a hundred years ago was very laborious. The annual Conference sometimes covered the territory of a whole state, and even more. The Conference would be divided into Districts, over which would be placed a Presiding Elder, who would live near the center of his District. These Districts would be divided into Circuits, and the itinerants would make their headquarters near the center of their Circuits. There were usually two, but sometimes three, of these on a Circuit; and there would be preaching places enough on the Circuit to require four and sometimes six weeks for each itinerant to visit, and preach once at each place. These preaching places were often widely separated. The itinerants, or "Circuit Riders," as they were called, were obliged to travel on horseback, through extensive forests, ford streams and swim rivers. At that day Methodists were few and generally poor, as was the usual condition of the pioneer settlers. The few members were formed into classes, having a central meeting place, often five miles, and sometimes even ten miles distant from those living farthest away. One member was appointed by the minister as class leader. In the absence of the minister he was authorized to hold prayer meetings and class meetings, and, if his "gifts and graces" were sufficient, he could exhort the people and stir them up to greater faithfulness in their religious lives. It was expected, at least, that the heads of families would every day read the Scriptures and pray in their families, and in secret. Once in three months, somewhere within the bounds of the Circuit, a Quarterly Meeting would be held.

The Quarterly Meeting was a time of great spiritual interest. It always lasted two, sometimes three and four days. People went twenty and sometimes thirty miles and more to attend. The following, from the pen of Rev. F. G. Hibbard, D. D., now living at Clifton Springs, in his 83d year, is in place:

"The town of Bath, Steuben County, began to be settled in 1793, in the midst of a vast wilderness, and in 1796, that section for eight miles around contained about 800 souls. Among its first sturdy occupants was John Chambers. He had experienced religion, and himself, wife and two daughters, Anna and Polly, had been members of the church before coming to Bath. These, with an elder brother, composed the family. In the month of May, 1795, a Quarterly Meeting was to be held in Benton, and Anna and Polly, the former ten and the latter fourteen years old, ardent in their first love, and hungry for the Word of life, entreated for permission to attend. The distance was about thirty-five miles, but as boats then plied up the Crooked Lake about twenty miles of the way, and with their brother to attend them, it was deemed practicable, and parental consent

was obtained for the journey. The brother and sisters were to meet at the head of the lake and embark together. Full of buoyant hope, the girls set out upon their journey, and reached the place of rendezvous in time; but to their inexpressible grief and disappointment, all the boats had left on their downward trip. This was an unexpected calamity. What should they do? Brother had not yet arrived, and for a while they stood perplexed, whelmed in sorrow. Their hearts were fixed on the *Quarterly Meeting*, and had but too eagerly anticipated once more hearing the Words of Life, and mingling their souls and voices with the humble, worshiping band.

"To return home and thus defeat all their anxious hopes, was more than they could endure. (No preaching had ever yet been in Bath). Yet, to proceed by land, and on foot, seemed a rash and insufferable undertaking. A forest stretched before them of over twenty miles in length, through which but an imperfect path lay, and as yet but one wagon had ventured through—an achievement much talked of in those days. In the middle of the forest was a log tavern, a "Half-Way House," the only human dwelling that cheered the long and lonely distance. Wild animals and reptiles yet disputed the right of soil against the invading foot of civilization, and the equally wild Indian yet strolled along his ancient lakes and hunting grounds, reluctant to leave them forever for the distant West. Besides, brother had not arrived, and if they ventured on foot at all, his protecting arm seemed necessary. Yet, after weighing all the circumstances in tearful and prayerful anxiety, they concluded that they were able to endure the fatigue, and their desire for the Word of God prevailed; they resolved to start for the *Quarterly Meeting*. Their brother, they knew, would follow, and perhaps soon overtake them.

"The day was wasting, and they had not a moment to lose. A friend instructed them to keep the lake in sight all the way, and they would not lose their path; and with these slender prospects they set out for the meeting. The sun was already fast dipping the western sky, and the shadows of evening began to fall around before our travelers reached the Half-Way House. Fears and doubts would sometimes rise, and at length the fearful possibility of having to pass the night in the open forest, exposed to the prowling wolf or the stealthy panther, flashed across their minds. The younger, girl-like, wept, but the elder resolutely encouraged her drooping spirit, and they urged their weary way forward. On they went, through tangled shrub, and fen and fallen trees, praying, fearing, hoping.

"At length, just at the setting in of night, the rude but welcome 'lodging place in the wilderness for wayfaring man' appeared in sight. Their spirits now revive. They approach and enter with many apologies for their forlorn and unprotected appearance, explain to the good landlady the object of their journey, and that they are daughters of Mr. Chambers,

of Bath, and their brother is expected to overtake them. The lady welcomed them in, informed them that she knew their brother, as he had traveled that road, and assured them that they should be hospitably entertained and protected.

"Scarcely had her kind words allayed the embarrassment and fears of our young heroines when the brother himself arrived, out of breath, with his coat on his arm, in great agitation. As he opened the door and saw his sisters, he sprang forward and clasped them in his arms, exclaiming, 'O, my sisters, I never expected to see you again; I supposed you were lost!'

"They soon, however, composed themselves to rest, and in the morning our three pilgrims resumed their journey with renovated spirits. At the foot of the lake they crossed the outlet on floating logs and fallen trees, and arrived in good season at the humble log house of Robert Chism, a Methodist, residing at the north part of the present village of Penn Yan. There they were cordially received, and joined in the services of a night watch. Valentine Cook, the Presiding Elder, was there. Next morning they journeyed on to Benton, four miles farther, and enjoyed the long-anticipated Quarterly Meeting."

In after years the elder of these sisters married Mr. Briggs, of Milo Center, Yates county, N. Y., where she and her husband lived, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, till removed by death. They were noted for piety and usefulness. He was one of the most honored members of the church till in 1857 he died, being 81 years old. She survived him fifteen years, and departed this life, being 91 years old. Hon. William S. Briggs, a worthy son of worthy parents, survives them, a lawyer of note in Penn Yan, and for many years Judge of Yates County.

In a recent letter, in answer to some inquiries, he makes the following interesting statement of his mother's faithfulness and piety:

"She was a noble and faithful woman—faithful to her Master, to her family, and to the church of which she was so long an honored member. I have often heard her relate that, in an early day, when it was an unbroken wilderness between Milo Center, then the place of her residence, and Penn Yan, then without a name (a distance of four miles), she, with others, making a little company, would walk the whole distance to attend an evening prayer meeting; and to successfully perform the journey, the men would bind up in bunches bark from hickory trees for torches to keep off the wolves which then infested the country. A faith which could inspire such sacrifices, I fear is seldom seen in these days."

A hundred years ago this family of Mr. John Chambers, the first Methodist family in Bath, prized the services of God's house and the meetings of His saints more than do Christians in these more favored days. At that time, in meetings held by the itinerants, on their circuits, many would be

awakened and converted. Now and then one of these converts would feel that he was called of God to preach the Gospel. Such would first be licensed to exhort, and if his gifts improved and his zeal continued, he would next be licensed as a local preacher ; and after he had been tried in this way, if he was still of the impression that God had called him to preach the Gospel, and if the members of his class recommended him, as one who in their judgment was called to the ministry, his name was presented to the Quarterly Conference, where a further examination of his gifts was given, and if the members of the Quarterly Conference deemed him a fit person for the sacred office of the Christian ministry, they recommended him to the Annual Conference, where he would be received on trial and sent out as a Methodist itinerant.

After he had traveled on the circuit and preached two years, if his works commended him, and if in the judgment of the Conference he was worthy, he was ordained deacon, and again sent out with authority to preach the Gospel, to expound the Scriptures, to bury the dead, to unite in marriage, and to assist the Presiding Elder in administering the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

After two years' further trial, if faithful, he was admitted into full connection with the Conference, ordained elder, and had all the rights and authority which belonged to every elder in the Methodist Episcopal Conference.

The Methodist itinerant was required to surrender all worldly ambitions. His business was to try so to preach Christ that sinners would be converted.

At that early day and later, there was a good deal of doctrinal preaching. It was sometimes, by some ministers, thought more desirable to prove another denomination unsound in theology, than to awaken and convert sinners. Each denomination tried to "prove his doctrine orthodox, by apostolic blows and knocks!" Sometimes these controversies engendered unkind feelings and even persecutions. Ministerial courtesy was then not expected, nor given, as in these days.

Who preached the first Methodist sermon in Bath is not now known. No "Circuit Rider" nor preacher of any denomination had reached Bath a hundred years ago. We have a record that in 1792 there was a Tioga circuit, the center of which was Tioga, N. Y. It was an extensive circuit, requiring six weeks to travel it on horseback. Newtown, now Elmira, was a preaching place at that time, and Painted Post soon after.

In 1793, Ezra Cole, then living at Benton Center, went to General Conference, which met that year in Philadelphia, during the month of May. His object was to have a Methodist minister sent to the scattered settlements eighty miles farther west than any had traveled before. His request was granted, and the Seneca Lake Circuit was established, and Thorn-

ton Fleming and James Smith were the circuit preachers. In 1803, the Genesee District was formed, which extended as far west as the Genesee river. In 1810, Genesee Conference was formed, which included all of Western New York and part of Canada.

In 1814, Bath was included in the regular appointments of the preachers of Newtown Circuit. Since then Methodism has been identified with Bath. There were no churches in which to hold service at that time in Bath. The Court House and school house were used, and when these could not be had, private houses were used. There is a record, showing that the Methodists could not have the use of the Court House nor the Academy, places usually used for preaching, and Mr. Gaylord, who lived in a house on Steuben street, since occupied by Joseph Bell, opened his house to them. The sermon was probably preached by Rev. Micah Seager, who was on the Dansville Circuit, which at that time, 1819, included Bath. At a later date the house of John Nichols, where the Methodists were holding a prayer meeting, was stoned, the windows broken, and other damage done. Those who committed the depredations were under the influence of liquor, showing that then, as now, the spirit of alcohol and the spirit of Christ were opposed to each other.

In 1820, Revs. James Lent and Nathan B. Gordon were on the Dansville Circuit and preached at Bath. These ministers remained two years. In 1822, Rev. Benjamin Sabin preached at Bath, and during the year Rev. Loren Grant came from Geneva to make arrangements for building a Methodist church.

On the 3d of October, 1822, the first society of the Methodist church in Bath was incorporated by electing the following trustees: John Whiting, Simpson Ellas, George Wheeler, Jeremiah Baker and Darius Read, and the necessary papers were filed in Steuben County Clerk's office, September 4, 1822.

Rev. Loren Grant and Rev. Benjamin Sabin circulated a subscription for building a Methodist Church. The frame was reared in May, 1823. It was 36 feet by 50 feet. This was the first church edifice projected in Bath. It was only partially completed, but sufficiently to be used for church services, until 1826, when it was finished with galleries and bell-tower by John Whiting and Mr. Degolier, and was dedicated by Rev. George Lane, of Berwick, Pa., then Presiding Elder of Ontario District.

When completed, remembering the difficulties the Methodists had in getting a place in which to hold their meetings, and true to the generous impulses which characterized the denomination, the trustees freely gave the use of their church to other denominations. The Protestant Episcopal church occupied it for their services until they built a house of their own, and later the Baptists used it.

The trustees under whose supervision the church was built were John Whiting, John Donahe, George Wheeler, Moses Dudley and Lewis Biles. Rev. Henry Rowe and Rev. Asa Orcutt were the pastors. In 1824 and 1825, Rev. R. M. Evarts was preacher in charge; in 1827, Rev. John Arnold and Rev. Levi Castle. In 1828 and 1829, Rev. Cyrus Story, Rev. Zina Buck and Rev. Menzer Dowd were the preachers on the circuit. In 1830, Rev. Samuel Parker and Rev. Samuel Stebbins. In 1831 and 1832, Rev. A. Howard and Rev. Augustine Anderson. In 1833 and 1834, Rev. Edmund O'Fling, Rev. John Shaw and Rev. John Dennis.

In 1835, Bath was taken from the Circuit and made a separate charge, having Hammondsport as an out appointment, with Rev. J. G. Gulick as pastor. In 1836 and 1837, Chandler Wheeler was in charge. At this time there were reported only 44 members of the society in Bath. In 1838 and 1839, Rev. William Hosmer was pastor. In 1840, Rev. E. Dowd. In 1841 and 1842, Rev. Daniel B. Lawton. The following is the list of official members of the church at that time:

Local Preacher—Loren Bennett.

Exhorters—Avery Nixon, William H. Ongley.

Class Leaders—Timothy Whiting, James McBeath, William H. Ongley, S. H. Crane, Avery Wixon, John G. Taylor, James T. Johnson.

Stewards—John Whiting, Timothy Whiting, D. B. Lee, S. H. Crane, William W. Foster, William Hildreth, John Neill, James T. Johnson, Stephen Wixon, James McBeath.

At this time there were 51 members of the church. In 1842 and 1843, Rev. Philander Powers was pastor. There was an increase in membership during his pastorate from 51 to 109. The official list was the same as the previous year, except that Johnson Durham was local elder. Worthington Secor and Elijah Barton were added as stewards, and James McBeath was made recording steward, which office he retained while he lived; and there were four additional leaders, viz: Hiram Brundage, Thomas Barton, William Sedgwick and John Brown.

1844 began with 160 members, and Rev. David Ferris, pastor. In the revised list of members given at the close of the year he reported only 131. In 1845 and 1846, Rev. Earl B. Fuller was pastor, and at the end of his second year he reported a membership of 123. During his last year (1846) the church building was remodeled, the galleries were taken out, and basement formed, with audience room above. The work was done by John Kennard. In June, 1846, it was rededicated by Rev. John Copeland, of Lima; and Rev. O. R. Howard, then pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Painted Post, preached in the evening. In 1847 and 1848, Rev. S. W. Alden was pastor.

At the General Conference held in Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1848, Genesee Conference was divided, and East Genesee Conference made out of the

eastern half. Bath was within the new Conference. Rev. S. W. Alden remained pastor, and reported at the close of the year a membership of 165.

In 1849, East Genesee Conference was held in Elmira, and Bath District was formed, with Rev. David Nutten as Presiding Elder, and Rev. J. K. Tuttle, preacher in charge. At the close of the year a membership of 177 was reported. In 1850, Rev. Augustus C. George was pastor, and reported at the close of the year 163 members. At the Conference of 1851, Rev. E. G. Townsend was sent to Bath. He remained one year. In 1852, Rev. Nathan Fellows was pastor, and in 1853 and 1854, Rev. Andrew Sutherland. I have no report of Rev. Nathan Fellows, but Rev. Andrew Sutherland reported at the close of his second year 100 members. In 1855 and 1856, Rev. C. M. Gardiner was pastor, and he reported, at the close of his second year, 121 members. In 1857 and 1858, Rev. M. N. Beers was pastor, with a membership, at close of his second year, of 124. In 1859 and 1860, Rev. George E. Havens was pastor, and reported 133 members. In 1861 and 1862, Rev. W. C. Mattison was pastor, and reported 121 members. In 1863 and 1864, Rev. William Manning was pastor, and reported 200 members. In 1865, Rev. A. F. Morey was sent to Bath, and remained three years.

It was found necessary at this time either to enlarge or rebuild the church. A subscription was circulated, and the sum of $6,000 was subscribed to build a new brick church on the ground occupied by the old one. The subscriptions were mostly obtained through the efforts of Rev. A. F. Morey and Aaron R. DePuy. Liberal subscriptions were obtained from some outside the Methodist congregation. It was then resolved to proceed immediately to build. A. R. DePuy, J. Carter and P. S. Donahe were elected a building committee. A plan of a building 41 by 90 feet, with audience room and basement, and spire on the corner, was adopted. On the 3d day of April, 1866, the job of building the church was let to Ebenezer W. Buck and Andrew J. Barton, who were to furnish all the materials and erect and finish the building for $8,300.

At a meeting of the officers of the church, it was resolved that the new building to be erected should be known as "Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church." May 16th, 1866, the corner stone was laid by Rev. J. G. Gulick, Presiding Elder of Penn Yan District, assisted by Warner Gilbert, the mason, in the presence of a large concourse of people, among whom was Rev. J. W. Lindsay, D. D., President of Genesee College, by whom the assembly had been addressed. At this time, P. S. Donahe, R. Hardenbrook, A. R. DePuy, J. M. McBeath, Nelson Barney and A. Wells were trustees, under whose administration the temporal affairs of the church were directed, and the church finished.

Rev. J. T. Brownell succeeded Rev. A. F. Morey, and was pastor in 1868 and 1869. Rev. S. McGerald was pastor in 1870, 1871 and 1872. Rev. E. T. Green succeeded him and remained two years—1873 and 1874, and reported a membership of 180. Rev. R. D. Munger was pastor in 1875, 1876 and 1877. At the close of his pastorate he reported 236 members. Rev. George Stratton was pastor in 1878, 1879 and 1880. He reported 213 members. Rev. James Moss was pastor in 1881. In 1882 and 1883, Rev. E. E. Chambers, D. D., was pastor, and reported a membership of 236. Rev. K. P. Jervis was pastor in 1884 and 1885. He reported 209 members. Rev. T. E. Bell was pastor three years. At the end of the first year he reported a membership of 300, and 100 probationers; at the end of the second year a membership of 315, and 45 probationers; at the end of the third year, a membership of 350, and 60 probationers. He was succeeded by Rev. E. G. Piper, who was pastor three years—1889, 1890 and 1891. At the end of the first year he reported a membership of 390, and 40 probationers; at the close of his second year a membership of 444, and 30 probationers; at the close of his third year a membership of 405, and 40 probationers.

During the three years of Rev. E. G. Piper's pastorate, through his energy, perseverance and wise management, with the liberal co-operation of the church, one of the best parsonages in Genesee Conference was built and suitably furnished. The present pastor has a happy realization of the saying of our Saviour, "One soweth and another reapeth. Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors."

At the Conference held in Albion, N. Y., October, 1892, Mitchellville, which for six years had formed part of Bath Charge, was taken from Bath and added to Wheeler Charge, and Rev. M. C. Dean was appointed pastor to Bath. There is now a membership of 350. The following named persons constitute the officiary of the church at the present time:

Trustees—C. S. Allison, President; W. Sutherland, Secretary; T. H. Campbell, Treasurer; T. J. Whiting, W. Calkins, A. W. Abbott, M. H. Gillett, G. W. Peck.

Stewards—A. R. DePuy, Geo. Hollands, E. S. Hardenbrook, O. Kennedy, H. A. Fritcher, Dr. J. Dunn, Charles Royer, L. D. Overhiser, D. R. Shepard, W. Sutherland, Hulda Sutton, Cordelia Smith.

Class Leaders—Wm. Crow, E. S. Hardenbrook, F. O. Gay, Edward Spraker, Frank Smith, M. H. Gillett, Alfred Case, T. D. Burke, James Spraker.

President of Epworth League—Wheeler Fuller.

Local Preachers—Grant McChesney, Clarence Sutton.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

*Sermon by Rev. V. P. Mather.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

Text:—"*And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years.*"—Deut. viii. 2.

Israel was commanded to profit withal, not from the blessing alone which was conferred upon her, but from her chastisements as well.

And so may our reviewing the past and rejoicing in the blessings which God has conferred upon this church, not prevent our profiting from any mistakes or transgressions which may have been made.

In order that we may profit from a review of our history as a church in this town, for that portion of the century past, in which we as a church are identified, it becomes us to look a trifle farther back than this century to that history of Baptists which, I trust, is dear to each of us—how through the path of persecution God has led us on to the present time. We find that, nevertheless, our denomination has been stigmatized as being illiberal, yet it was the first in this country to advocate religious freedom, for which our noble Roger Williams was banished.

We find, also, that in the year 1651, three Baptists, by the names of Clark, Crandall and Holmes, were fined £5, £20 and £30, respectively. Not having the fine in readiness, they were brought naked to the whipping post, where some friends paid the fines of Clark and Crandall; Holmes, refusing to accept of this, was given thirty lashes. Bancroft says that he "was whipped unmercifully." Gov. Robinson says, "for many days he could take no rest but upon his knees and elbows," so lacerated was his flesh. All this punishment was solely because they refused to baptize their

* The above, furnished by Rev. Mr. Mather, is but a summary of his Centennial sermon, the larger part of the discourse being deemed by him, because of its purely local character, not suitable for publication in this book.—Ed.

infants. After this thirteen others were severely punished for sympathizing with Holmes in his affliction. This kind of punishment was very common in those days, because Baptists would not sprinkle infants.

It was in this persecuting soil that the Baptists of these United States had to plant their seed. Whatever may have been the faults of Baptists in the past, they have received much persecution, but have never persecuted.

The Baptist church has never sought popularity, has never been arrogant, but has tenaciously held to the Bible as an infallible guide to faith and practice. Its growth has been against much opposition and prejudice in the past. Some of the commands of Christ have ever been mortifying to human nature, and Baptists, insisting upon these, have been at a disadvantage with some, and at an advantage with others.

The great theological discussions of the past have disturbed the Baptists but little. It would be almost impossible to imagine a council of Baptists trying one of her sons for breaking her creed.

Some have said, "How is it that Baptists hold so solidly together as a denomination, without a creed?" The truth is that our strength is found in the size and strength of our creed, which is no more nor less than the entire Word of God. Baptists have ever been afraid to formulate a creed outside of the Word of God.

So thoroughly do Baptists believe in certain things in the Bible, such as regeneration, and Scripture baptism, and so generally is this understood that but few ever seek her fellowship, who are not sincerely in sympathy with her principles; when once within her fellowship, these find the greatest liberty in the exercise of their individuality, and in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. Our people have insisted on a regenerate membership, knowing that if this be lacking, all compliances to creeds would fail to moralize the life, or prevent reproach to the cause. With Jesus Christ in the heart, men will not go very much amiss in the interpretation of the fundamentals of the Christian faith as presented in the Holy Scriptures.

Passing over the church at large, allow me to say that during the last half century our growth has been phenomenal, and that during the past decade it has surpassed that of any of our sisters. From the banishment of Williams and the "whipping post," we have grown to nearly 4,000,000. To-day finds us the most strongly identified with foreign missions of any denomination in the world, and with a great publishing house, and a large body of home missionaries; also with over $22,000,000 invested in schools and colleges, more than have any two of our leading denominations put together.

It is not with a spirit of boasting that I say this, nor at the expense of others who have wrought so nobly; but considering our early persecution and continued opposition, and even present day prejudices, if any class of

people may be justified in entertaining denominational pride, it is the Baptists.

We will now notice briefly our history as an individual church in this town, which has been one of ups and downs, with more downs than ups. Many opportunities have been thrown away because of unwise management and bad counsel, and also because of policy methods. I would to God that all of these mistakes of the past were of the past, and that the future may find this church enjoying the prosperity which ever follows obedience to doctrines which she holds so dear to her belief and polity. To-day finds us not numerically strong, neither financially; but finds us never better united, with a goodly number of earnest young members, backed by the prayerful experience of many older ones who have rendered valuable service in the past.

Dear Brethren, you are permitted to start out on another century's work. You have a great Master to serve, the greatest of creeds, a great history behind you, mistakes to warn you, blessings and promises to prompt you, and a great eternity of rewards to await you; with these, surely, you ought to do better in the future.

(Here Mr. Mather read the Covenant of the church, and spoke of the officers and deacons who had served the church.)

Statistically our history is as follows: On the 16th of March, 1842, a few brethren and sisters of the Baptist faith, living in Bath and vicinity, met in the Methodist meeting house, together with an ecclesiastical council, and were organized as "The Bath Village Baptist Church." The constituent members were twenty-one in number, as follows: Rev. M. Rowley, S. Shattuck, C. Copeland, H. Vosburg, G. Williams, J. Hedges, J. Pike, H. Holliday, E. Frink, H. Lucas, Mary Robinson, Sarah Woodard, Phebe Vosburg, Mary Vosburg, Mrs. Frink, Mary Ann Smith, Lucy Lucas, Phebe Cooper, Polly Aber, Mr. Tarney and William Woodard.

The first pastor was Rev. M. Rowley. He remained with the church from 1842 to 1845, and the others are as follows: Rev. H. Spencer, from 1845 to 1846; Rev. B. F. Balcom, from 1847 to 1848; Rev. B. R. Swick, from 1848 to 1851; Rev. J. Parker, from 1852 to 1853; Rev. E. C. Brown, from 1853 to 1855; Rev. P. Colgrove, from 1855 to 1858; Rev. E. F. Crane, from 1859 to 1860; Rev. D. B. Olney, from 1860 to 1861; Rev. E. J. Scott, from 1861 to 1862; Rev. J. D. Barnes, from 1862 to 1864; Rev. E. Savage, from 1864 to 1866; Rev. H. H. Cochrane, from 1866 to 1867; Rev. J. W. Taylor, from 1867 to 1870; Rev. I. W. Emery, from 1871 to 1881; Rev. J. C. Cubberly, from 1882 to 1885; Rev. P. S. Vreeland, from 1885 to 1890. The present pastor, Rev. V. P. Mather, settled with the church in 1890. Thus eighteen pastors in all have served the church; the longest pastorate being that of Rev. I. W. Emery.

The first edifice of this church was built in 1844; it was enlarged in 1859; extensive repairs were made in 1870; it was destroyed by fire in 1887, and was rebuilt the same year at an expense of $12,000.

There have been added to the church by baptism, since its history, 601, and over 400 by letter, thus making over 1,000 members who have been identified with the church.

In 1877, its membership was 256; its present membership is 155. While its membership in the past has been larger, it is doubtful if the church has ever been in better condition for work, or ever had a better outlook. Considering the peculiar organization of the town, this church is worthy of great credit for what it has wrought.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

SERMON BY REV. J. J. GLEASON.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

TEXT :—"*Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body what you shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat, and the body more than the raiment? Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they? And which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit? And for raiment why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you, that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these. And if the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe: how much more you, O ye of little faith? Be not solicitous, therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathen seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and his justice; and all these things shall be added unto you.*"—Matt. vi. 24–33. [Douay Version.]

BELOVED BRETHREN :—The providence of God spoken of in the text is aptly illustrated in the Columbian celebration of this year, and in the commemoration among us of the Centennial of our pretty village. A grateful nation of freemen spreads a halo 'round the memory of a Christian hero who led the way for suffering man to a better land—a land flowing with the milk of civic liberty and the honey of religious tolerance. An aureole —all too late in its placing—encircles the brow of Moses-like Columbus. Four hundred years rounded their slowly-pacing footsteps adown the corridors of time ere the fame of America's discoverer was wholly freed from the casings of degradation into which prejudice had thrust it. But now every true man who breathes this air of ours is proud, nay, is importunate, to do homage to him who sailed the unknown seas to have the gospel

preached to a benighted people who, his scientific researches taught him, inhabited the far-off, undiscovered land. We now recognize in him who planted the cross for the first time upon the sward of San Salvador, and there knelt in prayer of thanksgiving, whilst the first mass was being said upon these shores—we recognize in him a true instrument of Providence. We feel that the all-seeing eye of God had then mapped out a course which should lead our forefathers to this land, which we love so well. We feel that Europe had become congested; we feel that tyranny beyond the seas had become unbearable, and, kneeling before the omniscient throne, we praise the God of nations, who told by the lips of His Divine Son how He would have a care for His children. "And if the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe: how much more you, O ye of little faith."

It was three centuries after the first Catholic anthem was wafted heavenward on the western breeze, that our fathers here clustered 'neath the overlapping hills in the valley of the Conhocton to stand sponsors to the beauteous hamlet which we now occupy. Others will tell this week from the rostra of our village the story of its formation and dwell upon its growth. They will tell of its founders; they will rehearse the biographies of the noble and great men whom it sent to make the laws of the state and of the country. They will dwell upon the charitable, civil and military institutions of which it was the parent. It is mine to-day to speak, by request, upon the foundation and financial growth of St. Mary's parish. I believe I cannot do this pleasurable duty better than by giving you a succinct record of the church as it appears in the historical book kept by my predecessors. From it I take the following facts:

St. Mary's church history dates back some years before 1846. At that time, Rev. Thomas McEvoy, who held the charge of the parish of Java Centre, Wyoming county, N. Y., visited Bath in the capacity of officiating priest. He found about ten families of the Catholic faith settled hereabouts.

The following year, the diocese of Buffalo was formed, and Rt. Rev. John Timon was consecrated its first Bishop. Bishop Timon placed Father Sheridan, then pastor of the Owego church, in charge of the Catholic families along the Conhocton river to Dansville. Father Sheridan offered up mass on several occasions in the different houses of the Catholics here, heard confessions, baptized and administered the other sacraments to the faithful.

In the year 1850, when the Erie road was built from Corning to Buffalo, Rev. Edward O'Flaherty, who was stationed in Dansville, had added to his charge the congregation of Bath. All these years there was no church building. The priests who came to officiate usually read the divine service in the house of James Manley. Bath people well know the location

of the house, as it was situated on Washington street, then known as St. Patrick street, now occupied by Mr. B. McMenamin and family.

In 1850, Mr. Bartholomew Wilkes erected a building suitable for church purposes. A small payment was made on it by the Catholic congregation, and it was turned over to them, a mortgage being taken by Mr. Wilkes for the balance, to be paid in easy installments. The building was a commodious one for the then small number of Catholic families who assumed the debt. That structure was about 60x30 feet. It took years to liquidate the amount due on the mortgage, not to say anything of the interest.

From the years 1851 to 1855, different clergymen officiated in the new church, visiting here at regular intervals. In 1851, Rev. Charles Tierney was the visiting priest; in 1852 and 1853, Rev. John Donnelly; in 1854, Rev. Joseph McKenna. During these years, the principal families were those of Anthony Finnegan, since dead; Thomas Collins, father of Martin, Samuel and Henry Collins and Mrs. B. McMenamin, all of Bath; John Rafferty, John O'Loughlin, James Kavanaugh, Patrick Collins, Michael Tigue, Arthur McGuiggan, Patrick Howley, and some few others.

From 1854 to 1860, the mission of Bath was attended by Rev. T. Cunningham, then stationed at Corning. All the older people of this vicinity, Protestant as well as Catholic, remember and revere Father Cunningham. He died four years ago last February, at Elmira, where he was in charge of SS. Peter's and Paul's church. We quote from the Latin of the "*Acta Romano Catholicae Congregationists, in Oppido*, Bath," as penned by Rev. Michael Steger, in the year 1861. Speaking of Father Cunningham, he says: "He did wonders here for the good of the congregation; he paid off a great deal of the debt on the sacred building in order that it might not be sold at sheriff's sale. But he did this with great hardship to himself and at the sacrifice of his own personal effects. He had two colleagues in the sacred ministry who in turn visited this place with him—Rev. Patrick Burns, born in Uruguay; and Rev. John Castaldi, born in Italy."

In the year 1860, the first mission was given in the church of Bath; the exercises were conducted by the O. M. I. Fathers. Rev. Michael Steger was transferred, December, 1860, from the English speaking parish of Dansville to Bath, as the resident priest of this place. The congregation now had a clergyman of its own faith residing in its midst. It was a time for even more energy and more religious enthusiasm than heretofore. Father Steger was given charge, also, of the missions of Hammondsport and Liberty (now Cohocton). The parochial residence was built in 1861. It was a one story building, cheaply constructed, and with few accommodations. But it was the best that could be erected with the limited resources at hand.

In 1862, the congregation tried the experiment of a Catholic school. Work was started in the basement of the church; excavation was commenced; the walls and ceilings were plastered; desks were put in place, and teaching was begun in 1863. About twenty-five children attended the school. The ladies who taught in the school were Misses Kate O'Loughlin, Ellen Kavanaugh, and others. The school in the basement was continued for about five years.

For the first time in the history of Bath, a Catholic Bishop visited the community in May, 1863. At that time, Rt. Rev. John Timon administered confirmation to nineteen persons, and gave the people the Papal benediction. The census then taken shows the number of families to be fifty-four.

In June, 1864, Father Steger was transferred to another charge, and Rev. J. M. McGlew attended to the spiritual wants of the people until November, of the same year. November 9, 1864, Rev. P. Mazuret was sent to take charge of the parish. He remained here until August, 1868. During his time, what is known as the Catholic cemetery was bought of Hon. Robert Campbell. It consisted of four acres. The first body interred in the plot was that of the mother of John O'Loughlin, of this place.

From August to December of 1868, Rev. L. Vanderpool, now of LeRoy, N. Y., presided over the parish as its pastor. During that time a small school building, about 14x20 feet was erected, and the scholars were transferred from the basement of the church to the new structure. In this school the teachers were the late Mrs. Hassett and Mrs. Wolf. About January 1, 1869, Rev. M. Darcy took charge of St. Mary's church, Father Vanderpool having been promoted to a larger sphere of labor in the parish of LeRoy, N. Y. In May, 1872, the mission of Campbell was added to that of Bath, and in the same year the people of Campbell commenced the erection of the very neat little church which adorns that village to-day. The church building cost in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars. The presbytery here was considerably enlarged in 1872, the roof being raised and the house being made into a two-story building.

Rev. M. Darcy was transferred to Lockport, N. Y., June 6, 1874. Rev. J. J. Baxter, then pastor of Jamestown, succeeded him here. Father Baxter labored zealously for nearly fifteen years among the people in Bath. Whatever debt there was on the church of Campbell was wiped out, and the floating debt of some $350 on the Bath congregation was paid. The old church was enlarged some fifteen feet in length, and a new iron ceiling was placed in the church at Campbell, and the presbytery of Bath somewhat extended. August 1, 1886, the property adjoining the church estate at Bath was purchased of Hon. W. B. Ruggles, for a consideration of $3,300. A payment of six hundred dollars was made upon the same, and the

church congregation assumed a mortgage for the balance. During Father Baxter's pastorate, $2,200 of the $3,300 were paid to Mr. Ruggles.

February 24, 1889, Rev. J. J. Baxter was transferred to the Church of the Annunciation in Buffalo. He was succeeded here by the Rev. J. J. Gleason, the present incumbent.

In the spring of 1889 the presbytery was refitted and refurnished at a cost of $350. In the summer of 1890, the cemetery was laid out, roads and paths formed, a new survey made, all at a cost of some $600. In January, 1891, the balance of the mortgage on the Ruggles property, $1,100, with interest on same, was liquidated. The debt outstanding against the iron ceiling in the Campbell church was paid in 1890, and in 1891 the church was painted and the interior frescoed.

In the summer of 1891, the Bath congregation held several meetings to devise means for building a more commodious temple. There was some difference of opinion as to the site to be selected, but the majority ruled for the placing of the new structure on the Ruggles site.

You will remember, beloved Brethren, the rejoicings in the parish when our new church was opened for divine service, on last St. Patrick's Day. At that time the *Advocate*, of this village, printed the following anent the occasion :

"St. Patrick's Day, 1893, will be a memorable one for the Roman Catholics of Bath and vicinity. And well it may. A new church, something which has been a necessity for that congregation for many months, is now a present reality, and its many attendants and our people in general are glad at its completion. That such a sentiment prevails in the town was shown by the many, not members of the church, who attended the services last Friday as an attestation to their interest in the advancement of church work in our vicinity.

"October 11, 1891, ground was broken for the new church and the work commenced, in accordance with the plans prepared by Thomas Fogarty, one of the members of the church, and a capable architect and builder. The contract for enclosing the building was let to the Davison Brothers. The corner stone was laid Sunday, May 8, 1892. From that time the work has been steadily going on until now the church edifice is ready to lend its aid in the good work which the parish has been carrying on for more than forty years.

"This building, which is 48x96 feet, is built of brick and stone, and supports a tower on the northeast corner over 100 feet in height. The building is well back from the street, and has three front entrances which open into the roomy vestibule. From this, access is had to the body of the church and also to the gallery.

"The main body of the church has been provided with seats for 400, and 100 more could easily be accommodated when the growth of the church

demands more sittings. The center aisle is seven feet wide, affording an easy passage for the many funeral processions which enter and leave the church. The side aisles, too, are broad, and the seats are cushioned and separated by comfortable distances. The pews are of black walnut. The gallery will easily accommodate 100 people. The ceiling is of hard wood, and from it are suspended elaborate brass fixtures for both gas and electric lighting.

"The plastered side walls are elaborately frescoed in a pleasing and artistic manner, and correspond beautifully with the coloring of the windows, which deserve more than passing notice. These windows are all of stained glass from Davis' Sons, of Utica, N. Y. Some of them are appropriate memorials of dear ones gone before, while all are the gifts of members of the church. The most striking window is the large one in the gallery, which portrays in beautiful coloring Christ's gift to St. Peter of the keys of the church. This window was given by the members of the New York State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. The large window in the south end, over the Altar, is the gift of Mrs. Mary E. Moran, and is a representation of the Virgin Mary. The other large windows in the center on either side were presented by John Hoffman and Miss Mary Bigelow. The former shows St. Joseph and the Christ child; the latter is symbolical of the resurrection.

"The smaller windows were presented by the Altar Society of the parish, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Mrs. Bridget Collins, Rev. J. J. Gleason, Rev. James O'Loughlin, of Hornellsville, Rev. J. C. O'Reilley, of Buffalo, R. R. Flynn; and memorial windows for William Delaney, Miss Louise Futherer, Margaret O'Neil, John Fitzpatrick, Anthony Finnigan.

"The chancel is spacious, and the velvet carpet of green sets off the altar in a striking manner. It can be reached from the vestry rooms on either side.

"The church, as it stands to-day, cost nearly $15,000, of which about $13,000 has been already raised. Since the commencement of Father Gleason's pastorate, about three years ago, two very successful church fairs have been held, which have furnished $4,000. The remaining $9,000 has been raised by private subscriptions, both in and out of the church."

Now, beloved Brethren, kneeling here before the holy of holies in our new and spacious temple, let our hearts beat fast with love for the God who has watched over His church. Let our minds bear us back to the past, to give our meed of gratitude to those who were the pioneers of our faith in the valley of the Conhocton. Pray God that He may bless this land of ours, and pour His benediction upon our village and its inhabitants. Ask the Paraclete to keep the whole Church from out the hands of her enemies and deign to look with favor upon our humble efforts here. Remember the words of the text—whatever may befall in church or state, whatever

trials may be gone through, whatever tempests surge against the rock of Peter, or whatever storms threaten this land of religious liberty—remember, "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things shall be added unto you."

A. M. E. ZION CHURCH.

SERMON BY REV. B. W. SWAIN.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

TEXT :—"*Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.*"—Psalms lxviii. 31.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS :—We have assembled here this morning, after the lapse of years of joy and sorrow, seasons of peace and happiness, coupled with grief and lamentation, to begin the celebration of Bath's first Centennial. We cannot say that through these years there has not arisen anything to mar our happiness; and yet when we reflect upon the past achievements of our town, the patriotism of her sons, her loyalty to what is right, pure and good, her boldness to condemn what is wrong and sustain what is right, we must, to a degree, be filled with holy animation.

We, as a people, have much to praise our Maker for; in a retrospective view we see the hand of Providence has been working for us.

The history of Bath had nothing to mar its beauty previous to the year 1803. The struggle for liberty from British tyranny was over; peace and happiness reigned supreme; and not a human slave could be found in the township of Bath, then embracing all the territory now included in the towns of Urbana, Pulteney, Prattsburgh, Wheeler and Avoca. The illustrious and sagacious Charles Williamson, Thomas Rees, John Johnston, Hector McKenzie, William McCartney, Charles Cameron, and many others, too numerous to mention now, were settled here, and a beautiful town had been surveyed in the center of a wilderness, comprising nine hundred thousand (900,000) acres of land. These first settlers were thriving, energetic, far-seeing men—men who did not disdain the idea of being pioneers, breaking their way into the wilderness, cutting timbers, building houses, clearing lands—earning their bread by the sweat of their own brows.

But there lived a man in Prince William county, in the State of Virginia, whose name was William Helm. Mr. Helm was a noted sportsman, a veritable prodigal, and an unquestionable spendthrift; but more than

all, he was a slave-holder. Sometimes in his sporting amusements Mr. Helm was a great loser. On one occasion he was playing cards with a Mr. Graham. During the game, betting ran high, even as high as $2,700, and Captain Helm was the loser. On another occasion, at a horse race, he bet $10,000 on his favorite horse, "Mark Anthony," and again lost.

These repeated failures had a tendency to open the eyes of Mr. Helm to his extreme extravagance, and he resolved to seek for himself and family a new home in a new country. He had heard much of the famous "Genesee Country," and he resolved to see it; which resolution he shortly thereafter put into effect and came to the "Pine Valley." He sojourned here for about three weeks, and then returned to Virginia, in good health and much delighted with the country which was to be his future home.

Shortly after his return to Virginia, preparations were made for the change of homes. The large plantation, on which were raised many of the luxuries of life, and all his chattels, except his slaves, were sold. All things being ready for the journey, the poor slaves are given a short time in which to bid their friends "good-by." Oh! who can describe the sadness which existed among them as they went from one plantation to another to bid their fellow-slaves a final farewell. Melancholy, misery and distress might have been read on every face. Hope was their only consolation in their deplorable condition. O, hope! O, gift of God! O, divine torch which comes to clear up darkness! how necessary art thou to the enslaved! O, pillar of fire! at the same time so obscure and so luminous, of what importance is it, that thou shouldst always direct the camp of the Lord, and the tabernacle and the tents of the slave, through all the perils of the desert! These people thought it a very hard thing to be taken from their homes and carried to the "wilds of New York."

Some of them knew the pangs of being separated from loving and dear mothers and fathers. Mothers and fathers knew what it was to have their children taken away from them, for parental and filial love united them in one common bond, even though they were slaves. Humbolt's story of the "Mother Rock" clearly and explicitly illustrates this fact. Amidst great emotion, shedding of tears and the offering of prayers for Providential protection, they started on their journey.

Upon their arrival in this state they went to Sodus Bay, bought land and commenced to farm. This was about the year 1800. They remained at Sodus about three years, when Captain Helm became dissatisfied, sold out and came to Bath. This was in the year 1803. Upon his arrival here Captain Helm bought several farms and placed his slaves upon them, and attempted to cultivate them by means of their labor, but it was a failure. Some of his slaves ran away, others the sheriff seized for his debts, and finally his whole estate was closed out, and he died a pauper in 1825 or 1826.

I have resorted to almost every possible means to ascertain the names of those who were brought here as slaves, and of those who brought them. After much research I have obtained the following names and information connected with them :

In the year 1803, Captain William Helm came to Bath and brought the following named slaves with him : Moses and Frances Alexander, King Thomas, Edward and Frances Watkins, Harry Lucas, Daniel Cooper, Harry Jarvis, Edward Tapkin, Austin Stewart, Stephen Alexander, Jack Brown and Edward Diggings. It is known that Captain Helm brought with him more slaves than we have named here, but their names have been consigned to oblivion, and it seems impossible to resurrect them. Some of the old residents say he brought about one hundred, and others say probably not more than fifty.

Some of Mr. Helm's slaves, after their emancipation, accumulated some property. Simon Watkins, "Bath's City Mayor," did quite an extensive business here and enjoyed the implicit confidence of this community, and even of the governor of the state. He was more popular among his constituents than any other colored man of the community in his day.

Daniel Cooper, another ex-slave, attempted the purchase of a tract of land on Bonny Hill, but before it was paid for he died, leaving a widow, Mrs. Phoebe Cooper, and two daughters, the late Mrs. R. T. Henry and Mrs. Eliza Bryant, who died on the 1st day of April, 1893. Mrs. Cooper was a valetudinarian at the time of the death of her husband. Mrs. Henry was weakly constituted, and hence the burden of the support of the family fell upon Mrs. Bryant, who, of course, was not able to support it and finish paying for the land, so the land went back to its original owner.

Thomas Watkins was another ex-slave of Captain Helm. His descendants are, Mrs. Mary Nelson and "Aunt" Sophia Wilson. Mrs. Nelson's vocation has been that of a laundress, while Mrs. Wilson has followed that of a caterer. She is known throughout Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania for her ability in her chosen vocation, and has been sent for from far and near to get up wedding dinners and party suppers.

Harry Lucas was also one of Captain Helm's slaves. His descendants are, Marcus Lucas, of Corning, and Harvey P. Lucas, who died in Butte City, Montana, on the 19th of November, 1891, and Mrs. Emeline Story, the proficient caterer of the Read House, in this village.

The descendants of Harry Jarvis are, Selah Jarvis, who died very suddenly, January 17th, 1879, William H. Jarvis, the soldier, who enlisted when he was but thirteen years old, in the 38th regiment, United States Volunteers, and his brother James.

Dugald Cameron was the owner of Edward Dorsey and Phoebe Cooper. After he obtained his freedom, Mr. Dorsey accumulated a good deal of real

estate, and it is said he died a wealthy man. His descendants are, Henry, Edward, Daniel and Garret Dorsey.

Major Thornton came to Bath about the year 1803, and brought with him Jerry Diggs, Lucinda Lucas, Jennie Cooper and Jeremiah Butler. Their descendants, if they had any, cannot be found. John Fitzhugh came to Bath in 1803, and brought with him a man named George Alexander. The following were slaves, but their owners cannot be learned with certainty: Aaron and Mitta Butcher, Juba and Mima Butler, Robert Labor, John Crook, William and Nancy Tolliver. The Tolliver family took its name from the white family of Taliaferro, which is pronounced Tolliver.

The census of 1890 shows that there were 138 colored people in Bath at that time. Of that number there are twenty-five families who own or are buying homes. Some of them are very valuable and are in good localities.

Our present church was organized about the year 1838 or 1839, by Rev. John Tapkin, who used to walk from Canandaigua, Elmira, Owego and Binghamton here to preach. Those were the days which tried men's souls. Not only did he preach the gospel, but he helped fugitive slaves to find their way into Canada. Among the early pastors who have served this church may be mentioned Rev. J. A. Logan, who rose to the Bishopric; Rt. Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., as general superintendent, who is our present Bishop, and lives in Newburgh, N. Y.; Rev. John Thomas, of Auburn, N. Y., "whom to know is to love;" Rev. M. H. Ross, of Elmira, N. Y., and Rev. C. A. Smith, of Binghamton, N. Y.

From various causes, the interest the public had in our church when the present incumbent took charge of it, three years ago the 21st of this month (June), was at its minimum. I found here at that time but two persons who would acknowledge themselves members of the church, very few friends for it, and no Sunday School whatever. There was not anything in the situation to encourage a young man in the ministry. I was just from Southport, N. C., where I was accustomed to seeing from 300 to 450 people in church two times each Sunday, and a Sunday School with 300 happy boys and girls, who were anxious to find out the ways of God through His Holy Bible, with 45 teachers to explain the same to them each Sabbath afternoon; and then to be placed here with a people much discouraged and dissatisfied with the management of the connection to which I belonged, I found the situation very discouraging. But I went to work, by the help of God, to bring peace out of confusion, if it were possible that such could be done. I saw that public sentiment was against the church, the people so much disgusted with the deportment of some of my predecessors that they were trying to get the church from under the management of the connection, and discord and confusion abounded everywhere. No man ever had to work harder than I did at that time. I

attempted to hold revival meetings, hoping by that means to bring the people together, but it was a failure. A few would come, take the back seats, and laugh me to scorn. No man's pen can describe the many bitter tears shed and prayers then made by myself for the restitution of peace in the church.

I next turned my attention to the Sunday School, and attempted to reorganize it, but before I could effect any real good the annual Conference met at Saratoga Springs, September 10, 1890, and I went away to the Conference. Conference adjourned on the 15th, and, as I had been returned to the charge at Bath, I started immediately for my work. After the arrangements for my salary were made, I resumed the work of organizing the Sunday School. One meeting after another was called, but it seemed that all attempts to effect an organization were destined to be a failure. This was very grievous to me. Then I set out on a campaign through the town, to solicit the attendance of parents and children, showing the necessity of parents attending Sunday School, and the influence they would thus have in shaping the destiny of the rising generation, and saving them from the predominant influences of the saloons and other places of degradation.

On the 17th of October a few of us came together to consider the matter, and the organization was consummated. But another mistake was made. One was elected superintendent who was not able to adequately fill the place. Many of those who started with us in the organization dropped out, some of the children began to stay at home, and the situation was very discouraging. Things seemed to go on "from bad to worse," until I had the burden of the whole affair on my shoulders. Many times have I gone to the Sunday School and no one else came; but, as you know, I continued to hold meetings and to talk Sunday School from the pulpit, and to-day we have enrolled twenty-three scholars, every one of whom are quite good Sunday School workers. I earnestly hope that you, my collaborators, will keep this branch of the church of God alive, for on it her future depends.

As for the congregation, we had almost none. Our congregation was very small at all times, and there appeared to be a general dissatisfaction everywhere. No one for a while seemed willing to do anything for the support of the church. Almost all the singing, and public praying, and the lifting of collections, were left entirely to the pastor to do, which made the work very burdensome, and the financial part very embarrassing.

I went to work the best I knew how under the conditions, and soon there was a change in affairs. Many who had said that they would not aid us any more changed to be our friends, and the few who had not forsaken us became enthused with new life, and the church soon threw off that old lethargy which had hung over it for such a long time, and went

to work; and now we have a membership of fifteen, and a large congregation, so much so that the present church edifice is far inadequate for its use. On any special occasion it is filled to overflowing, and oftentimes many are compelled to leave for want of room.

The influence which the church has had in shaping the future of the young to make them peaceable, law-abiding citizens, cannot be estimated. Her uncompromising opposition to the deplorable things, such as the saloons, which have sought and even obtained a place in our town; her unswerving aim to build up Christian character; her opposition to vice and immorality and the general influence which she has used for the up-building of all that is right, pure, healthy and good, have long been felt.

As the oriental church was an important factor and force for good to the people of the East, to enlighten them in the ways of God, to save them from the miserable thraldom of idolatry, from barbarian plunder and slaughter, their children from deplorable habits of degradation, and to set an inestimable value on human life—so the modern church is to perpetuate those principles which have been committed to her trust by the fathers; to build up moral character and virtue, and to help shape the destiny of the rising generation.

The Church must grope her way into the alleys, courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken staircase, and into the bar-room, and beside the loathsome sufferer. She must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the opperative, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the Church must pass equally over all surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and, like the sun, shine on things foul and low, as well as fair and high; for she was organized, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the world. The Church must continue to do its work until "the world is filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." *

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* The Rev. Mr. Swain, at the request of some leading citizens, dwelt in this sermon at some length upon the present outlook of the negroes in the South. It is to be regretted that the demands upon our space prevent the publication of this portion of the discourse, containing, as it does, many original and valuable suggestions. We have had to confine our selections to matters of purely local interest.—ED.

THE CHURCH IN THE COMMUNITY.

ADDRESS BY L. D. MILLER, PH. D.,

PRINCIPAL OF HAVERLING FREE ACADEMY.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1893.

Delivered at a Mass Meeting at the Casino.

When a bountiful harvest has been gathered, thousands of millions of bushels, it may be, of wheat and corn and oats and barley and rye, when the garners of a nation are full of the fruits of the earth which only Mother Nature in her best of moods can give, if one should inquire for the cause that has produced all this munificence, for the cause that has produced all this abundance to feed the hundreds of millions of people upon the surface of the globe, he would find it difficult to name it; he would be told that perpetual sunshine would produce only a Sahara; he would be told that perpetual rain, so absolutely necessary to the growth of vegetation, would produce only barrenness; he would be told that a fertile soil, however fertile, unaided by other influences, would produce little, or if it produced, the product would be only thorns and briars; he would be told, if he assigned only one cause, that the work of the husbandman, unassisted by other causes, would produce only that "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick." And so when a civilization, beginning a hundred years ago in an unbroken forest, produces wealth and prosperity such as smile in this valley, when it produces a deep religious feeling and a high Christian character, when it produces an intelligence that embraces the world, and education, and refinement, and culture, and all the arts that go to beautify and make up the highest civilization, when it refines and cultivates and purifies the home—the man who assumed to assign any *one* reason for all this would be mistaken.

The influences which produced the civilization that we contemplate to-night, the civilization which appears in this audience, the civilization which we see all around us, among these hills and in this valley, has been produced by more causes than one; and yet it is fit, it is proper during this

week when many causes will be spoken of, that that one cause which perhaps more than any other has produced this high state of civilization, this wide-spread fear of God, this wide-spread honor of man, this intelligence and purity in the home life, should be spoken of, and that cause I mention as the Christian Church.

The four corner stones of human society are the family, the school, the Church and the State. Many other organizations there are that help in this great work, and I would not speak ill or speak derogatorily of any of them. Many other organizations there are that do great work, but I think I am safe in taking the four corners for the family, the school, the Church and the State; and each of these in its influence on the others is both a cause and an effect. Good homes produce good schools; good schools produce good homes; good schools and good homes produce good churches; and good churches produce good schools and good homes; and good homes and good schools and good churches produce a good State, for the State is no more nor less that the tree-top which grows out of the roots and the trunk below it.

The first way in which I shall speak of the Church as having this marked influence (and when I use the word Church I mean all the churches represented in this town and any others that have in view the elevation of man and the glory of God), the first I call attention to is the influence of the Church in making the good family, in protecting the family, in elevating the family. The very foundation of all that is good in this world is laid in the homes as they are scattered through this valley, as they exist among these hills and other valleys in this town. And this is done very largely by the influence of the Church upon women. It has been sneeringly said that "our modern churches are institutions for women." The charge is false, but if true it would be an honor rather than a reproach to them. There is no other influence in this world that tends so much to make a good home as a well educated, sensible, Christian woman; and if the churches did nothing else than educate our daughters, our wives, our sisters, our mothers, and they in turn educated us, society would be elevated in consequence, as it has been elevated by this process of education going on for so many years. The home has been protected by the Church because it has protected it from that evil which would come in and separate husbands and wives. The position of the Church against divorce, the position of the Church against those isms that would break up our homes, making indissoluble, except for the greatest cause, the marriage tie, is a position that has produced the best consequences. I am not surprised that the Greek civilization failed; I am not surprised that the Roman civilization failed. They educated their sons, they neglected their daughters; and until the great Constantine forbade it, divorce was almost as common as people's desires; and it has not been until within the last three hundred and fifty years,

since the council of Trent, that the position of the Church, on the question of marriage, has been such as to make it certain that the Church is forever against, for any but the greatest cause, the dissolution of the marriage tie. Woman was emancipated by Christianity. It was fit and proper that Mary Magdalene should be first at the sepulcher. It was fit and proper that she should be there with other women. It was fit and proper that she should wash the Savior's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head, because for women Christianity and the Church have wrought out a salvation both temporal and eternal.

The second thing that I would mention as being an influence of the Church which has done a great deal for our civilization, which everywhere does a great deal for civilization, is its position in preserving the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath. Why is it that our streets are so quiet? Why is it that so large a percentage of our population resort every Sabbath to these churches for instruction? Why is it that the children are gathered in the Sunday School, and that recreation and games are not seen on the streets of a Christian Sabbath? It is because there is a great organized army of fifteen hundred members who are against it, and not only fifteen hundred communicants, but the brothers and fathers of many more, making probably a force of 2,500, and may be 3,000, who are in favor of order and law, and the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath. The attacks on the Christian Sabbath are very covert. One proposition may be to open this, another proposition is to open that, another proposition is to open something else. I am reminded, by these attacks, of the covert way in which a pestilence comes down upon the people. In 1853, in the city of New Orleans, it was whispered about by those who were informed that here and there were cases of yellow fever, though the whole surface of the city was as smooth and gay as though nothing had happened. Every day newspapers were published, business was going on, the theaters were open, all things were as usual. The next day there were more deaths, and so on until the numbers ran up to ten, to fifteen, to twenty, to twenty-five, to thirty, to thirty-five a day, and then there began to be a panic; and the death rate went up to fifty, to seventy-five, to 100, to 200, to 300, until the population of the city was almost one-third taken. At first no attention was paid to it, but as the fever became a great epidemic, people started—those who were able to leave the city, left it in flight. Who remained? The representatives of the churches stayed there by those sick beds, and to their honor be it said, a great many others remained there. But a great many of the representatives of all churches stayed there and nursed the sick and gave their lives to help those who were unable to help themselves.

Now I say error in regard to Sabbath desecration creeps in among us just as that fever crept into that population, and it was only when the fever

became epidemic, when its ravages became terrible, that they saw it. So these little covert attacks on the Christian Sabbath come so secretly, come so quietly, that they are scarcely seen, and yet their effects, if they are not met, will be as dire in the moral world as these epidemics are in the physical world. And in this time in our history, in this Centennial year of our own town, and this four hundredth year of the discovery of our continent, comes a proposition from a great city to break down the walls of the Sabbath ; and it well becomes the Churches to lift up their voices against it. It is not merely what will happen in Chicago in the year 1893 that we fear, but it is that influence which will be shed over this great nation ; it is the influence that will be shed upon the young for the next thirty-five or forty years, unless a protest is raised that shall be heard, unless an influence shall be brought to bear that will tell against this attempted desecration.

Another influence to which I would call attention as being something that the Churches have done for this and are doing for all communities, is that the Church is a great educational force. I remember, and you remember, that the oldest college in this country is named after the Christian minister, John Harvard. You remember how, in the early history of our country, almost the first thing that men, Christian men, in every community would do was, not merely to establish churches, but to plant schools ; and the school and the Church have gone on side by side during all the periods of our history, and the triumphs which have been won for the one have been triumphs also for the other ; and learning and religion, purity and elevation of thought, have been going on and are going on, hand in hand, the churches supported to a large extent by the schools, and the schools supported by the churches.

Another influence of the Church is as a great organized force always in favor of law and order. By an organized force it is well to remember what we mean. An organized force is always a tremendous power. There is a great deal of strength in organization ; there is a great deal of weakness in disorganization.

More than 2,200 years ago, on the field of Marathon, 10,000 Greeks, organized, disciplined, obeying the mind of one man, swept through and through and broke into pieces the ranks of 100,000 Persians, and turned back the tide of barbarism from overwhelming Greece. This success was found largely in organization. At a later period, you remember how Frederick the Great engaged for seven years with France and Austria, and part of the time with Russia, with his little Kingdom of seven millions in number, organized until he was called the "Drill Sergeant of Europe," turned back the tide and saved the autonomy of Prussia. In our time, or in the time of some of us, we remember how the little organized army of General Scott marched from Vera Cruz and captured the city of Puebla with 80,000 inhabitants, the city of Mexico with 200,000 inhabitants, and yet that army

at no time numbered more than 14,000 men. Such is the power of organization. And I speak of it here because the Church is a great organized force in favor of law and order. Our sheriff in this town knows that were a mob to start in Bath to-night, every sheriff that has held the office in the county of Steuben since the county was organized knew, that if a mob was started he would have at his back the moral support and the physical support, so far as they were able, of every church member in the community. This renders the influence of the Church on society very powerful.

Another mighty power for good is the influence of the Church in the temperance cause. The one great evil of the time, now that slavery has been wiped out, perhaps the greatest evil which confronts us, is this great evil of intemperance. Many things are tried, many ways are resorted to to meet it, many things are done to parry its baleful influence, and yet the fact remains that it is taking away our young men and our boys, and that it is sweeping through the land with a tide of desolation that is appalling to the hearts of Christian men and women. But now I see arrayed against this great evil what was not so thoroughly arrayed against it a hundred years ago, the whole moral influence of all these churches, and the great body of church members to-day, of all denominations and of all persuasions, are total abstainers themselves. Members of these churches have seen this evil; they have seen that there must be a great moral force raised up to stem the tide, and the consequence is, that more than ever before the Christian Church to-day is an organization of those who abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks; and see what has been the influence of this in one hundred years, in two hundred years. History tells us that Leisler and Millburn were executed in New York city, in 1692, because a governor was persuaded, in his intoxication, to sign the death warrant. What would be said in this latter part of the nineteenth century, if a governor of the State of New York were to be found guilty of intoxication? To the honor of our governors, to the honor of our religion, to the honor of the Church and of Christian public opinion, we are never disgraced by such a thing. And yet our own state—or what is now our own state—two hundred years ago was disgraced by two political murders because Governor Slaughter, sent out by William the Third, is said to have signed the death warrants when under the influence of intoxicants.

Another thing to which I would call your attention is the elevating and inspiring influence of the doctrines of the Church. What can make such heroes of men and women as the belief that after the trials and temptations, after all the sorrow and all the suffering and all the happiness of this world, there is a great hereafter, where they shall know and be known? When, one hundred years ago, the French were in their revolution, when public opinion was seething and boiling, and the guillotine was doing its

bloody work, they thought they must blot out the Church; they must blot out men's belief in a future; they must blot out men's ideas that there is another life; so they wrote on the gravestones, "Death is an eternal sleep." And under the influence of that error, under the influence of that teaching, the blood of sixty thousand of France's best flowed in the gutter to appease the idol that they set up when they declared that there is no God. Think of the pioneers of our country, think what they endured here in our own community, think what they endured where the Pilgrims landed, think what they endured in Virginia, think what they endured everywhere in doing this pioneer work, and you will see that they were inspired by something more than the love of gain, something higher than the idea of getting a home for a few years, they were inspired with the idea of a life hereafter; and I think there is no other belief in the world that compares with it—the belief of a future life.

And the greatest lesson of the Church, which is put into the minds of children, which is put into the minds of young men and young women when the world has its greatest attractions for them, which is a solace to men in business and men engaged in worldly affairs, which is the great support and stay of those in the decline of life, is this doctrine of a future life. The belief in that state that is to come after this, a consciousness that we have something to live for more than this world can give, that there is something in integrity and purity and loftiness of thought, that love is of God and takes hold on God, and will be satisfied only with God, this idea inspires men with the highest and noblest purposes, with the highest and noblest courage, with the highest and noblest fortitude to bear all the ills that may come to them.

And now as we stand here to-night with the door of a new century just ajar, just a little we can see through into that century. What are we to see? what are we to do?

At the beginning of the great Wilderness campaign President Lincoln wrote to General Grant, "And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God defend the right." So I say to-night to all these churches, with all their organizations, the church organization, the Sunday School organization, the home organization, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Altar Society, the Character Builders—so I say to you, with a brave and noble organization and a righteous cause, may God speed the right. And as we stand at this open door of the new century, what do we see as we look around us? We see our churches built, we see our village in great prosperity, we see this village smiling with its homes, we see our school houses built and endowed, we see a great deal of material prosperity. All these things our fathers have done for us. And now the great task before us is a task of *intellectual* and *moral* building. There is something in this world grander than church edifices, however grand; there is something in this world better than church building, however excellent, and

that is *character* building, the building up of men and women into the similitude of God. I was thinking to-day that the great church of St. Peters forever commemorates the genius of Michael Angelo; that St. Pauls is the monument to Sir Christopher Wren; but I could not help thinking that the Christian world would not name St. Peters after Michael Angelo, nor would the Christian world in England, name St. Pauls after Sir Christopher Wren. The one bears the name of that man who is said to have been crucified with his head down that he might, if possible, suffer greater indignities than his divine Master, and it is called, not the church of Michael Angelo, but the church of St. Peter. And the great and beautiful edifice planned by Sir Christopher Wrean is called, not the Wren church, but the church of that immortal Christian, St. Paul.

And now, at the beginning of a new century, with all these material resources around about us, with all these organizations ready to do our work, what may we not expect? It should be our business as Christians, it should be our business as churches, to set up standards as we have the standard set up by St. Paul, as we have the standard set up by St. Peter, as we have the standard set up by St. John. Let us remember that he who sets up the highest Christian standard does more for the world than he who builds a church. The example and life of Joseph are worth more to-day than they ever were before; and I say to young men, when you want to read something of value, go to your homes and sit down and read the story of Joseph. And the man or the woman who, in our own time, as life shall go on, shall set up the highest standard in Bath, will be the most honored in the future.

And as I have thought of this opening century, of all the things that will transpire here in the next one hundred years, as I thought of the beginning in that wilderness one hundred years ago, and of all the trials of those early pioneers, I could not help thinking that I would like to be here one hundred years from to-night to hear someone speak at the next Centennial. I have often felt the spirit of that hymn which you sing,

"I would not live always,
I ask not to stay."

But I would like to be here one hundred years from now to see what standards of Christian character, what standards of manhood and womanhood will be set up, on what tableland, 10,000 feet higher, some moral plateau higher than that on which we stand, the generations to come may be. It seems to me as we start out, that what time there is left to us, a united effort should be made here that the first five years, that the first ten years, the first fifteen years of the next century, shall receive such an impetus from those who are here to start it, that its influence will be felt clear down through to the next Centennial.

PART TWO.

EXERCISES AT THE CASINO.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 6, 1893.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By Reuben E. Robie, Esq.

Ladies and Gentlemen :—We have assembled this afternoon to commence, in some befitting manner, the literary exercises attendant upon the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the first settlement of our town; to live over again, as it were, the years which have passed, since that event in our history occurred, and to recall the names and incidents in the lives of not only those who have helped to build up and make our town and village what they are to-day, but also the names and lives of all those others whom the town and village of Bath have the right to claim as their sons and daughters.

As that noble band of hardy pioneers, who first landed here on an April day of one hundred years ago, undoubtedly often turned their thoughts retrospectively to the homes and friends they had left across the great waters, to brave the hardships of a life in this then Western wilderness; so our thoughts will be turned backward as we listen to the story of those early scenes in our town's pioneer history, and to the review of the roll of those sons and daughters who have helped to make up that history, as it shall be given to us by the many gentlemen to whom it may be our privilege to listen during these commemorative exercises.

In doing all this, in preparing a careful record of all those events and incidents, as they are told us, we shall make a history, which will not only prove to be a source of great pleasure and benefit to all those whose privilege it shall be to attend these exercises, but also of priceless value to the generations yet unborn.

While in these one hundred years we have not realized, in some particulars, the expectations of those early pioneers and of many of their contemporary writers; while our village never grew to be the "Western Metropolis," as they predicted it would; yet, as a town and village, there is nothing in the past for us to be ashamed of; we have nothing to apologize for, nothing to regret, and we can confidently assert that no town nor community has ever reared sons and daughters who have made better citizens and members of society than the town of Bath has.

Of the long line of her sons who have won distinction upon the bench, at the bar, in federal and state legislative halls, in the pulpit, in the army

and in the navy, and in all the other walks of life ; and of her large number of noble, self-sacrificing, pure, earnest, Christian women and mothers, I should love to speak at length, were I not reminded that in so doing I should encroach upon the field allotted to the many gentlemen who will address us during the continuance of these exercises.

The pleasant privilege has been assigned to me, to welcome home all those who have at this time come back to revisit the scenes of their birth and early manhood and womanhood, to renew their youth, and to join with us in these observances ; and to all such, on behalf of the Centennial Committee and our citizens generally, I give you, one and all, a most cordial and hearty greeting of welcome.

As you go about our streets you will miss the forms and faces of many of those with whom you were familiar in your youth—and many of you may search in vain for more than a score of familiar faces—those who are not here to extend to you a warm and heartfelt greeting ; their names you will find recorded in yonder village cemetery. You will miss the old Court House, the old Churches, the Eagle Tavern, the Clinton House, the old Red School House, the old pumps upon the Square, the old Union School House, and countless other of the material friends of your childhood, but thanks to the noble generosity of two of our citizens, if you will but turn your eyes to the old South Hill and to Mossy Bank, the oldest of you will recognize a familiar landmark, which still remains undisturbed in its grandeur, still clothed in all its primitive verdure and loveliness.

To all those who are not to the manor born, who shall honor us with their presence, whether their homes be in sister towns, neighboring cities, or elsewhere, we extend a welcome none the less cordial and hearty, and we bid them also to join us in showing all homage to those men who sought out this beautiful valley those men who hewed their way here through the primeval forests, and to those who, coming after, populated and built up our town and village, for in so doing we, one and all, shall honor ourselves.

CENTENNIAL POEM.

By Zenas L. Parker.

A hundred years ago,
The spot on which we stand was Nature's wild domain.
No white man's foot
Had pressed its Winter snows, or Summer sands.
No white man's axe had felled a tree,
Or blazed a track in all these forest lands.
No cultured eye
Had feasted on the beauty of these crystal rills,
Or on the glory of these wood-crowned hills.
Old Father Time had wrapped them in his kind embrace
Through centuries now past.
But the echoes of the woodman's axe
Must come at last;
The time for action, and for toil,
The time to utilize God's virgin soil.

Charles Williamson, a man of Scottish birth,
A subject of the British Crown,
Believed he saw, down through the lapse of time,
Fortune and fame in this wild Western clime.
At once he planned to cross the trackless sea,
And swear allegiance to the Banner of the Free.
He made the venture,
And in December, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-one,
This Scotchman's feet stood on Columbia's plains,
And pure Scotch blood
Coursed through another freeman's veins.
Before six months had passed away,
A man, from whom our Morris street took name,
Conveyed to Williamson these chosen lands,
Of Baron Steuben fame.
On June the third of that historic year,
He led a party on his first survey
Of hill and vales and streams,

His eyes had never seen, except
Through mystic visions and fairy midnight dreams.
A land where red-skinned hunters slept,
Or chased the bounding buck or wily doe,
And with unerring aim, laid many a victim low,
As up he passed through fair Gahata vale,
Where cars now swiftly glide along the rail,
Do-na-ta-guenda caught his anxious gaze,
And inspiration tuned his tongue with praise.
Two valleys met and joined in fond embrace,
And joy seemed radiant on his glowing face.
He paused to view this panoramic scene,
With swelling heart and anxious mien.
Down through the vista of the years
With true prophetic eye he peers,
And on this lovely plain, where we in peace abide,
He saw a thriving city in its luxury and pride,
Surrounded by majestic hills,
Like Bath of English fame,
The home of Pulteney and his friends.
He gave it that laconic name.
His course from thence was plain and clear.
This unborn child,
Conceived in June the nineteenth day,
Must be a living fact, without prolonged delay.
Returning to Northumberland, his chosen rendezvous,
He organized a band of men, with settlement in view.
With needed help, and full supplies
To warrant such an enterprise;
With trust in God, and in each brawny arm,
At Captain Williamson's behest,
They launched two boats upon the river's breast.
With human muscle for propelling force,
They bared their bosoms toward the river's source.
The Susquehanna's rocks and shoals
Were passed successfully in turn,
But difficulties multiplied,
And grew at length so great,
They found it quite impossible
Two boats to navigate.
Hence one was left in care of few,
And one passed on with double crew.
Behold that clumsy oarless craft,

Upon this narrow highland stream,
Fettered with rocks and fallen trees
That in its channel lies,
And zigzag as the lightning's track
Athwart the midnight sky.
With poles and ropes and dauntless hearts,
From morn till evening gray,
They force their tiny ship along its winding way.
See ! now she's fast upon some rift or tree ;
Hark ! hear the Captain's " All together, now, *heo-he !*"
And she lifts as if by magic power,
And hastens on the long expected hour.
Thus ere the fifteenth April sun
Had closed its daily round,
Their eyes had seen and feet had pressed
This consecrated ground.
They had not come for rest and leisure ;
They had not come to seek for ease and pleasure ;
They had not come to picnic for an hour,
And hurry back if clouds began to lower ;
They had not come to war with native or wild beast,
Nor had they come on luxury to feast.
They came prepared to struggle and to toil,
To battle with the giant trees that occupied the soil ;
They came a town to build
Where these two charming valleys kiss the adjacent hills,
And on that graceful slope just south of Pulteney Square
They laid the sills.
Beneath their heavy blows, with blades of steel,
The giants of the soil began to reel,
And from the logs then cut from trees they fell,
They built for Williamson a house in which to dwell.
'Twas there, amidst the pains and throes of frontier strife,
This child political was ushered into life.
It had no garments trimmed and frilled, as babies have of late,
And hence they wrapped it tenderly in swaddling clothes,
And laid it in the lap of State,
A hundred years ago.

To-day, a full grown century crowns it
With civil stars, all burnished bright,
And girds it round with golden bands
Of genial Christian light.

Now as we enter on the century's domain,
Prepared to strike the chords upon a harp
That has ten thousand strings,
We come with tender, loving words,
Because men's characters are sacred things.
We come not here to torture, but to comfort;
We come to tell you how the *good* has triumphed
With majestic power,
Despite the *evil* of the past or present hour;
We come to strike the symphonies
Upon that princely harp,
Whose strings attach to earth,
Yet reach to Heaven above,
In consonance with Nature,
And Nature's God of love.
The Poet's license has no limit,
In speaking of the dead;
But when he deals with living men,
Their names must not be said.
This proverb now must be the Poet's guide,
And by it, in the main, he must abide.

Bath's infancy was short and sharp.
The star of empire shone brightly on its forest bed,
And Eastern sages to its wildwood shrine were quickly led.
Her pioneers were men of push and pluck,
Who came to win, but not by chance or luck;
And when they sought, but found no way,
They went to work, and *made* a way.
The first decade was pregnant with their power and skill.
They molded mind and muscle, almost at will.
The names of Williamson, Cameron, McClure and Harry McElwee,
Though long since numbered with the dead,
Are written still upon the very soil we tread.
Nor was the soil the only element
Developed by their Scotch and Irish blood;
Every vein and artery of trade and social life,
Was made a channel in which this power was rife.
They, with their noble compeers in the race,
Left an impress on mind and matter,
Which time itself will not efface.
In every prosperous, thrifty town,
A business center there must be,

Where men of every class can mingle in their deal,
And each the other's business pulse can feel.
Where bankers, merchants, farmers, all meet on common ground,
Where doctors, lawyers, workmen, in sympathy are found.
As such a center, they chose this charming spot,
And in the main, they drew the present village plot.
I need not tell you how apropos was the choice,
Nestling down upon this lovely plain,
Walled round with hills, a sheltering chain.
Cook's Hill, Mount Washington and Mossy Bank,
Romantic pictures of Bath's immortal wall,
To lovers of the beautiful, they never fade or pall.
Placed there by Him who gave the mountains grace,
Built by His hand upon their solid base,
These pictures hung there when the pioneers
First glimpsed the beauty of Gahata vale,
And will remain, till morning stars forever pale.

What owner of a home in Bath
Looks out across the stream,
And views that now enchanting pine-clad steep,
Where violets bloom and velvet mosses creep,
Forgets to thank the generous hand
That plucked it as a burning brand,
That drew the check, and bought the deed
Which saved it from the insatiate woodman's greed,
When axe was raised to fell those pines and oaks,
And leave to Bath but graceless pictures of its naked rocks.
Thus saved from conflict
With Bath's famed lumber mills,
It proudly stands to-day,
The matchless glory of her wood-crowned hills.
Childhood goes there to leap and shout,
Where joy is unconstrained ;
Artists go there with practiced eye,
To sketch the scene and show the skill they've gained;
Nature's admirers climb its rugged side,
And gaze with rapture on the landscape wide ;
Students go there to rest the weary brain
From classic toil and pungent thought,
Scholastic truth to gain ;
Parties go there with honored guests,
And find that lofty goal

To be the acme of delight,
The dream-land of the soul;
Lovers ascend that rock-bound front,
Nor dream the pathway steep;
Then glancing down on scenes below,
They view the spot where hallowed memories sleep.
They talk together of congenial bliss,
And wonder at the magic of a stolen kiss.
Back of these hills on either side,
And through the valleys rich and wide,
Are cultured farms, Bath's greatest source of wealth,
Where well-read farmers live in luxury and health.
A few examples only can be brought,
When we must pass to other fields of thought.
The veteran hackman of the town is Uncle Joe,
Joe Tharp, for short, will take us to and fro.
He's coming now behind his iron-grays,
Upon the hack he used in ancient days.
The time is Autumn, when we pass the city's bounds,
The "Noble" farm is quickly brought in view,
And charms the eye of him who passes through.
The fields are flush with corn and golden wheat,
All ready now the harvester to greet.
No foot of ground escapes the farmer's toil,
No noxious shrub is seen upon the soil.
Comfort and thrift seemed walking arm in arm,
As we passed through the "Noble" farm.
The "Miller" farm was next in line,
Though not so plainly seen.
Just out across the way in front
Lies Lake Salubria's sparkling shores,
A fount of crystal water,
The angels might adore.
Methinks the servants of the gods,
With blessings to deliver,
Had filled this hollow in the earth
From Heaven's celestial river.
Just on the eastern slope there stands
A grove of native trees,
Where picnics gather for their annual feast
And quaff its healthful breeze.
The "Wilkes" farm next appears in sight,
Stretching from hill to hill,

Displaying to the passer by
Delightful lands to till.
Then "Bowlby" wins a special prize,
For history's brightest page,
By marks of thrift and industry,
Becoming to the age.
The "Campbell" farm
Exemplifies the use of bowlder stone.
Once on the fields
In useless heaps they piled them,
Or by the road-way they were thrown;
Farmers deemed them but a nuisance—
Had no use for them at all.
Campbell makes them serve a purpose,
Builds them into fencing wall.
We enter now upon John Smith's domain,
And close with him this visiting campaign.
On every hand the evidence is clear and full
That industry and prudence have had supreme control.
Clean fields, good crops, fine stock,
And buildings all in modern style—
Prosperity puts on her blandest smile.
A hundred farmers in the town,
Are worthy of the same renown.
But time forbids, and hence the few,
Are thus held up to public view,
That farmers all may fully reach
The lesson we desire to teach.
No craft or trade, we venture here to say,
Will profit more by taking science as its guide,
Than will the farmers,
When you place them side by side.
When God in wondrous love,
Dropped the round earth down from above,
For man to occupy,
He knew that every dollar
Gained by sweat and toil,
Must issue from the virgin soil.
He never thought to give men farms,
And do the work Himself,
And man, his glorious image,
Be but a wandering elf.
He gave us brain power, mind and thought,

Blessings which gold could ne'er have bought,
To use in drawing from the ground
The coin that makes a Nation great and sound.
These men have gained good name and wealth,
By honest labor, not by tricks or stealth.
They knew the drunkard and the glutton
Would come to want and shame;
They knew that sobriety and industry
Were certain roads to fame.
When farmers' clubs or institutes
Are held within their reach,
You'll find such farmers there,
Ready to learn or teach.
They know just what and when and where to sow,
And on what soil each crop will grow,
Because they've gained a liberal store
Of useful facts and agricultural lore.
These are not the men to say,
That farming does not pay.
Have you never thought, my brother,
That no other occupation,
Brings you in such close relation
With your Father up above?
Adam and Eve, the first pair on the land,
Were recipients of a farm from his own hand,
And were told to till and dress it.
What other avocation
Takes its origin direct from God,
And finds approval in his sacred Word?
Farming draws its aid and comfort
From the fact of human *need*
While many trades and some professions
Find *their* life in human *greed;*
They fatten on the *vices* and *neglects* of life,
But die when vices cease, and men forget their strife.
God made our parents guardians of the soil;
They had no option of their own,
But were required to toil.
That duty has been handed down along the line,
As centuries passed away,
Until the nineteenth century came,
And left it binding on the farmers of to-day.
How well the duty is performed in Bath,
We here decide at this Centennial hour.

A hundred years ago,
One solitary cabin built of logs
Composed the village and the town;
Now at its close, we place upon the century's head
A most befitting crown.
No prettier county seat adorns the State's domain,
Than nestles here to-day upon this charming plain.
These splendid business blocks of solid brick and stone
Are proof of earnest work in years now past and gone.
They tell us of the Cooks, Magees and Robies of the past,
And many more, who here built fortunes in their prime,
And left deep footprints on the wasting sands of time.
Across the stream, beneath the shadow of those towering hills,
A monument of love is seen that every bosom thrills.
Large blocks of stone, hewn from that mountain's base,
Here do their loving work and find a resting place.
None knew, save Colonel Davenport, the problem there involved,
And many sought, in vain, to get the mystery solved.
'Twas in the time of war,
When civil strife the Union rent in twain;
On bloody fields the blue and gray
Were falling 'neath the leaden rain.
For widows and maimed veterans
The Union would provide;
But who would care for orphan girls,
Whose sires had fallen in the deadly strife?
Must now these household pearls
Be left a prey to poverty and fallen life?
His heart, who built that monument to Christian love,
Said, "No; I will for them an Orphans Home provide;
My princely wealth I will with these divide."
That philanthropic thought was father to the deed,
And on that graceful slope above the fairy mead,
Where morning light in matchless splendor shines,
And evening zephyrs whisper through the pines,
The site was laid.
The walls appeared in beauty all their own;
The cap-stone sat in silence on its modest throne
And yet it seemed to say, "This is the Davenport Orphans' Home,
All cap-a-pie from base to stately dome."
Behind it stands Bath's lovely moss-clad steep,
Before it crystal waters glide and smiling meadows sleep.
When here in Bath you have a leisure hour,

Go to that mountain gap, that charming forest bower ;
Look upon those plain but massive walls,
Go through those clean and tidy halls,
Visit the chapel school room in its pride,
Where science and religion drop their blessings side by side ;
Behold the happy faces of the group now gathered there,
And listen to the songs that up to Heaven they bear—
Now draw a picture on the tablet of your soul,
Of what they *are* and what they *would* have been,
Had they not found this Christian goal.
Then tell me if patriot, philanthropist or sage,
Has ever done a wiser, holier thing in any age,
Than he who builded and endowed that Orphans' Home.
His name is not more deeply chiseled
In that modest granite shaft on yonder plain,
Than 'tis engraven on the hearts of men.
While Heaven remains,
And justice reigns,
Such deeds of philanthropic love can never die ;
Should earth refuse to them a home,
They back to Heaven would fly.

The business interests of Bath,
All through the century's years,
Have been conducted well
By men who had few peers.
The competition consequent
Upon successful trade
Has put our dealers to a trying test,
And made them show their grade.
Some fine examples of success
Have thus been brought to view,
And to that sharp and trying test,
Success is largely due.
While these have well adorned the front,
And gained the loudest cheer,
Those who were distanced in the race,
Have not disgraced the rear.

We will not pass the doctors by ;
(Too oft we need their aid)
We owe them debts of gratitude
That never will be paid.

They yield their comfort, peril health—
Not simply for the fee,
Which after all, we are informed,
They sometimes never see—
They come at noon, or dead of night,
As we, their patrons, call,
And oft they save our tearful eyes
From witnessing the pall.
Our knowledge of their history,
Spans scarcely five decades,
In which no lack of skilled M. D.'s,
Has marked the passing years,
Many of whom have done their work,
And crossed the stream that bounds this vale of tears.
Of those whose honored heads wear locks as white as snow,
Two only now remain to practice here below.
These doctors—Grant and Cruttenden—
So long upon life's active stage,
Have honored their profession
And made their mark on Bath's unwritten page.
An Allopath and Homeopath (we take our choice, you see).
When they are called from earth,
As they, with us, must be,
We trust they'll find a peaceful shore,
Where doctors will agree.
A class of younger men, skillful and true
To every trust make up the residue.
Some unborn bard, with wrinkled brow,
Will write their startling history
A hundred years from now.

The next fraternity which here we call in line,
Is that in which the lawyers and the judges shine.
In the dawning of the century
Bath had greater need of choppers and sawyers,
Than it had for judges and lawyers;
Hence if they came or grew here,
They were of little use,
And as a natural consequence,
Were quiet and recluse.
The people were too busy then,
Against the law to sin,
So lawyers had but little chance

To litigate and chin.
This simple recipe for keeping lawyers still
Might well be followed in these days,
And save us many a bill.
But down along the cycles,
As the whirling years advance,
This numerous class of citizens
Has had a better chance.
In truth, though right or wrong,
It leads the van amongst the busy throng.
The legal and judicial branch
Of Government to-day,
Is in the saddle—holds the reins—
Dispute it, you who may.
Their grasp upon judicial power
Has crowned them masters of the hour.
All down the line of years Bath's bench and bar
Have been an honor to the town.
On every page bright names appear,
That clothe it with renown.
We point you to a few of the living and the dead,
Whose most deserving names will long be sung or said.
Far back within the century's years,
The Howell name stood out in bold relief;
Edward and William held long and high
The legal banner of the town,
And left a record that will never die.
Contemporary with the last, another name
Gave credit to the records of the bar,
That time will not efface,
Nor history its luster mar—
That name is Robert Campbell,
Around which cluster bright memories of the past,
And its reflected honor
Upon his worthy son is cast.
The name McMaster
Is not alone engraven on this glittering roll,
But with the masses long ago,
'Twas written on the tablet of the soul;
Attorney, judge, historian, poet, man,
'Tis interwoven with half the years
That through the century ran.
It twined its tendrils round the grand old tree,

And history will pass it down,
Through centuries yet to be.
The Rumsey name
Was entered in this bright array
In eighteen thirty-one,
And stronger grows with each revolving sun.
Few brighter lights have ever graced the bar,
Than shone there in our senior Rumsey's star.
In County, State and Nation,
An honored name he won,
And linked it with the fortunes
Of his thrice honored son,
Whose marked ability and growing fame
Are crowning glories to his father's name.
The oldest living lawyer of the town
Is Ansel J. McCall, historian of to-day,
Who holds a volume of unwritten truth
In his memory stored away.
For more than fifty years of his industrious life,
His eyes have seen, and mind acquired
The marked events that in these years transpired.
Long may he linger on the shores of time,
And hold the mental vigor of his prime.
The present bench and bar of Bath
Are holding good the records of the past;
In number and in quality
They stand a careful test.
We have the keen acumen
That puts the witness to his trumps;
We have facetious sarcasm,
The lawyer's stock in trade,
Which shows of what material
The fraternity is made;
We have the shrewd defender
Of the prisoner being tried,
When the fact that he is guilty
Can scarcely be denied;
We have the astute discerner
Of the motive for the deed,
Whether done in self defence,
Or to satisfy his greed;
We have the flow of graceful eloquence,
That brings conviction near,

And the melting glow of pathos,
That starts the scalding tear;
A judge with quick perception,
To catch the bearings in the race,
And give them to the jury,
For their verdict in the case.

When treason raised her guilty hand
To rend in twain our Union land,
Bath's noble sons said promptly, "No,
Though into battle we must go,
That dear old blood-bought flag,
Saluted all the world around,
Shall never trail on Freedom's holy ground."
That stately monument, in yonder square,
Silent since first we placed it there,
Will speak to-day through Captain Stocum's pen,
And tell the story of Bath's soldier men.

We have bankers, men of honor,
Men with whom we trust our cash,
Messrs. Allen, Hallock Campbell,
Who, when we ask for honest money,
Never give us worthless trash.
If we need accommodation,
Cash to meet an obligation,
"For thirty, sixty or ninety days?"
The banker asks, in current phrase;
Then promptly, and without excuse,
Counts out the cash we need for use.
Five mills we have to do our grinding,
Each with a paying trade;
Two roller mills amongst them,
Producing flour of finest grade.
We have builders and contractors,
Who bear an honored name;
By competence and sterling worth,
They've gained a State-wide fame.

Our manufacturing plants
Are hives of industry and gain,
Where busy hands are earning daily bread,
And nimble feet learn virtue's path to tread.

We are glad we have the fire lads,
The intrepid "Hook" and fearless "Hose" men,
The nerve and muscle of the town,
Whose active work and daring deeds
Have earned them true renown.
The fire alarm brings out their flying feet,
Ready the dreaded foe to meet;
At morn, or noon, or dead of night,
They seek the thickest of the fight,
And save our cherished homes,
That cost so much, and are so dear;
They shield our lives from harrowing fear.
All honor to our fire brigade,
The veteran "Hooks,"
And "Edwin Cooks."

Our splendid public schools,
By well trained teachers taught,
Are ornaments of priceless worth,
With richest blessings fraught.

Our fourteen churches in the town,
With spires that point above,
Are silent monitors of grace,
That tell us "God is Love."
Those consecrated bells
That hang within their towers,
As with a living voice,
Peal out the churchman's hours;
While pastors, faithful to their trust,
Make plain the pathway to the Throne;
The man who fails to walk therein,
Will find, at last, the fault was all his his own.
Five Christian pastors, in the last decade,
Have closed their life-long work of love,
And entered service of a higher grade,
In fairer fields above.
The faithful Emory, the gifted Platt,
The earnest Brush, the bright young Hosie,
And the sainted Howard, gone before,
Have left sweet memories on this mortal shore.

Three quarters of a century ago, and more,
The Farmers' Advocate began its grand career.

A rather unique citizen, Ben Smead by name,
Devised the scheme, and editor-in-chief became.
This journal had the pole, as trotting sportsmen say,
And in straight heats, it nobly won the day.
In later years, Rhodes, Donahe and McCall,
Put shoulders to the wheel, and pushed the rolling ball.
In eighteen hundred sixty,
Our honored A. L. Underhill assumed the place,
And trimmed his ship,
To win, if possible, the editorial race.
In eighteen hundred eighty-four,
Still worthy of the roughest sea,
She dropped her anchor in the port,
And set her gray-haired captain free.
Then with his enterprising son in editorial charge,
She started out on her present voyage :
She spread her sails, but not on untried seas :
May she return with top-mast colors flying in the breeze.
In eighteen hundred forty-three,
The Steuben Courier stepped out upon the stage,
And filed its claim for public patronage ;
With Henry Humphrey Hull to wield the pen,
Fresh from the roll of bright young men.
It had not long to work and wait,
But soon took rank with country journals of the State.
He lived to see the hour
When it was noted for its editorial power ;
And when he died, just in the vigor of his mental prime,
Held high degree amongst the pungent writers of his time.
He left his paper to his frail, but energetic son,
Whose early manhood had but just begun ;
And then the query ran from lip to lip through all the town,
Can Harry Hull bear up the standard that his sire laid down?
For fifteen years his editorial pen was thrown,
Till Harry Hull was well and widely known.
To champion what he thought was right,
Became the editor's supreme delight.
He left his own identity on every weekly sheet ;
Without that impress there, the Steuben Courier was not complete.
At thirty-six, he dropped the editorial roll,
And entered on the higher mission of the soul,
Leaving behind the family, the friends, the class he loved so long,
To watch and wait their coming, in the land of hallowed song.

But the Courier still survives,
With J. F. Parkhurst in the editorial chair,
And bears its usual message to its patrons far and near.
Long may it hold the vigor of its youth,
And furnish men with intellectual truth.
On May the first in eighteen hundred eighty-three,
The Bath Plaindealer, a rather modest sheet,
Made its graceful courtesy, and was sold upon the street.
Its editor and proprietor is A. Ellas McCall,
Who had chosen this profession, in which to rise or fall.
Without the least experience in the journalistic trade,
It seemed a bold adventure that young McCall had made.
But the people were enamored with the boldness of the start,
And they gave the spicy journal a generous support.
It is growing and improving, as it presses on its way,
And we'll tell you of its future, on next Centennial day.

A numerous class of noble citizens,
To whom no reference has been made before,
Within your memory and mine,
Have crossed the silent stream,
And live again upon the other shore.
Did time allow,
The Poet would delight their names to call,
And speak in detail of them all.
For pure integrity,
The name that Peter Halsey bore
Would tip the scales
'Gainst Ophir's golden ore.
The Christian pearls that ornament his name
Are brighter, far, than diadems of kingly fame.
Take this example of the good men gone to rest,
And fill the class at memory's behest:
To them in large degree we owe
The standing of the Church below.

One more long catalogue, akin to this I know,
Who linger with us yet, but they, too, soon must go;
They are listening now, the muffled oar to hear,
For well they know the boatman must be near.
And as the Poet's eye sweeps now the canvass through,
Such names as D. B. Bryan, L. D. Hodgman,
Flash up across the view.

This active class, so soon to graduate,
Have made their mark upon the Church and State.
A dash of gloom, like cloud-spot on the sun,
Comes o'er the Poet's mind,
When he is told their race is nearly run.
Peace to their ashes, whene'er they pass away
From earth and earthly toil, up through the Gates of Day.

We are glad we have a Soldiers' Home,
Where twelve hundred veterans find
Peace, comfort, beauty—all combined.
When we remember what they had to do and dare,
We honor every thread of Blue they wear.
They hungered once and in damp prisons pined
To save for us a government,
The best on which the sun has ever shined.
'Tis fitting, then, in these declining years,
That we should guard their lives
From needless want and tears.
We are glad the Home Trustees
Have furnished them the Keeley Cure,
That they may crush the strong drink foe,
As they crushed rebellion long ago.
And when they're carried to their rest,
By tender hands and gentle feet,
The mantle of a Nation's love,
Shall be their winding sheet.

We are glad we have the G. A. R.
To keep alive the customs of the war;
To tell the tales of victory and defeat;
To tell us of the clash of arms
When bitter foes in deadly battle meet;
To gather garlands for each Memorial day,
And on their comrades' graves these sweet mementoes lay.
May they enjoy their jolly camp-fires
And their feasts of soldier love,
Till Blue and Gray together
Shall bivouac on the plains above.

Our hearts are very glad to-day, not proud,
But *gladness* comes welling up within,
That we have lived to see another Century begin.

No rivalry within our hearts is found;
We're glad our neighbors prosper all around,
Glad we have two prosperous cities in Steuben,
Where live a class of noble-hearted men.
We are glad the county does honor to the Baron's name,
And casts a halo of respect around his fame.
We are glad to meet and kindly greet
The wanderers from our fold,
Back to the scenes they loved of old,
Back from the great wheat fields of the West,
Back from the humming spindles of the East,
Back from the thriving cities of the North,
And fruit clad ranches of the fertile South;
Back to the homes of childhood days,
Of budding hopes and youthful plays,
Where first they saw a mother's smile and bliss
And felt the pressure of a mother's hand and kiss,
Where first they learned to walk and leap,
And sweetly whisper, "Now I lay me down to sleep."
That you have found the latch-string out,
We fondly hope, and do not doubt.
May you return safely to the homes you love,
And make them symbols of the Heavenly home above.

But one thing yet remains for me to do—
Young men, young women of the Century here begun,
We now bequeath this Bath to you;
Our work is nearly done.
We took the germ from God's own hand;
We give to you the cultured land.
We took the Indian's wigwam, and the eagle's nest;
We give to you a city and a town, in peaceful rest.
We heard the wild wolf's howl, the Indian's yell;
You hear the engine's whistle, and the Sabbath bell.
Our homes were cabins built of logs,
Hard by yon wild-wood stream;
In bright palatial halls,
You'll eat and sleep and dream.
We made our journeys in the ancient two-wheeled cart,
Or "paddled our own canoe" upon the stream;
You'll fly with wind-like speed along the rail
In Pullman cars, propelled by modern steam.
Our corn was in a mortar placed,

And with a pestle beat;
We give to you the roller mill,
To grind your golden wheat.
We labored hard with calloused hand,
To meet our every want;
Machinery will do your work,
Run by the manufacturing plant.
We used the fat pine torch,
In battling with the darkness of the night;
We give to you a powerful flame
Of pure electric light.
Water to quench our conflagrations,
By hand power only rose;
We give to you a gushing torrent,
From the nozzle of the hose.
We had no place to gather,
When for knowledge we would search;
We give to you on every hill, in every vale,
The school house and the church.
We had the slow coach mail,
At best but fifty miles a day;
We give to you the fast express—
At fifty miles an hour
It whirls the mails away.
We were charged in cents, from ten to twenty-five,
For distance less or more;
For two cents, now, we send your mail
From East to Western shore.
We sent a post-boy, when hasty news we had to bear;
Yours will fly with lightning speed
Along the electric wire,
Or better still, by telephone
Your friend a thousand miles away
Will tell you what he has to say,
And you'll respond with equal grace,
As though you met him face to face.
We stooped to cut the ripened grain,
With tiny sickle in our hand;
You run the reaper and the binder
Athwart the grain-clad land.
With wooden flail, we threshed our grain and corn,
And then by horse-power, of man's invention born;
We give to you the powerful piston rod
Harnessed to the mighty enginery of God.

Then, we repeat, this Bath we now bequeath to you,
And to your children, who may live the century through.
Think not the love of fashion or walks of social bliss
Are paths that lead a town to permanent success;
Think not that dissipation of any kind or grade
Can be an elemental part of what true worth is made;
Think not that wealth *alone* or pride of education
Will be a lasting crown of honor to any town or nation;
But if to these you Christian virtue add,
And in purity of life are truly clad,
So shall a halo of undying fame
Begird Bath's future name.
There is a fame that flashes like a rocket on the evening sky,
Then bursts in golden bubbles there, that fall and fade and die—
Beware of such delusion.
Let reminiscence keep the past forever bright,
And forecast on the future turn her signal light;
The spiritual will hold its vigor, strong and hale,
Though flesh and blood still weep within the vale.
Let "*God is Love*" be written just above the tears
On this mighty scroll of unborn years;
Plant well your feet upon the eternal rock of truth,
And you shall find the blush and bloom of early youth
On Bath's fair brow,
A hundred years from now.

CHARLES WILLIAMSON.

By James McCall, Esq.

Charles Williamson was the son of Alexander and Christian Robertson Williamson, of Balgray, Dumfrieshire; he was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 12th day of July, 1757. We are at present ignorant of the events of his early life, but as his father was a landed proprietor, he undoubtedly divided his time between an active outdoor life and the pursuit of a thorough education, both of which were characteristic of his native heath, and stood him in good stead in the channels he later followed.

At an early age he entered the army, and April 10, 1775, was gazetted as ensign by purchase in the 25th Regiment of Foot, called the Cameronians. Later he rose to the rank of captain; and while on his way to join his regiment, which had been assigned to duty in the war of the Revolution, the vessel which carried him was captured by a French privateer, and he was taken as a prisoner into Newburyport, and later transferred to Boston. This incident, possibly unimportant in itself, led to some of the most important events in his life.

For while Charles tarried in that fighting, literary center, he was a boarder in the family of a certain E. Newell, of Roxbury, who had a wife, Margaret, and a charming daughter, Abigail. As the story goes, the captain fell ill, and the daughter either bottled up her animosity, or showed her colors, by devoting herself so thoroughly to nursing the invalid that each grew to love the other's presence. Consequently, in the fall of 1781, when an exchange of prisoners had been arranged and the captain set out for New York, Abigail accompanied him. And at New London, Conn., on December 2, 1781, they were married by a justice of the peace whom we know only by the name of Green. Abigail was born in 1756, and was, therefore, slightly his senior. Old residents repeat this bit of gossip as to the occurrence: That the captain and his future wife, on their arrival at the New London inn, were received by an important landlady of enquiring mind, who immediately gave notice that the young lady should not leave the house except under the wing of a legal protector. And the British redcoat, mindful of Lexington, made an honorable surrender to the Yankee rebel who presided over the hostelry. Where the young couple

went, where they lived and what the captain was engaged in for the next ten years, we are now unable to ascertain, except that he obtained a passport to travel in Germany, in 1784, is said to have made a tour of Europe, and, as Charles Stewart testifies, came to Balgray, in the neighborhood of Locherbie, Scotland, in 1787, with his wife and one or two children, and remained there two or three years; and that on September 17, 1790, he was elected Burgess of Loch Maben.

The observant captain had not wasted his time when first in the States, and the capitalists of Europe, whose attention was then being drawn from the crowded land ownership of the old world to the opportunities in the vast unsettled regions of the new, eagerly sought his opinion and drew upon his stock of information.

His intellectual and social qualities attracted the attention of William Pitt, then Prime Minister, and Patrick Colquhoun, Sheriff of Westminster; their acquaintance ripened into an intimacy which continued until the death of both. So, when Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, sold on contract to an "Association," consisting of William Pulteney, William Hornby and Colquhoun, the tract of land in Western New York, consisting of over 2,000,000 acres, or 3,500 square miles, stretching from the Pennsylvania line to Lake Ontario, and from Seneca Lake to the Genesee River, they turned at once to Captain Williamson as the man to carry out the scheme of settling the country and disposing of their purchase in smaller parcels. Desirous of a further acquaintance with America, Williamson readily accepted the appointment of agent of the association.

He repaired to Scotland and arranged his own affairs; he selected a party of brave, ambitious and intelligent Scotchmen to assist him in his new field; among them were John Johnson and Charles Cameron, whose uncle, Mr. Stewart, had smoothed the family frowns that greeted Williamson and his Yankee wife, and claimed his nephew's preferment as a reward.

Late in the fall of 1791, with his wife, children and assistants, he sailed for Norfolk, Va., which he reached in December; thence he went by packet to Baltimore and on to Philadelphia, where he must have first made the acquaintance of Robert Morris. January 9, 1792, he appeared before the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, took the oath of allegiance, and was made a citizen of the United States.

Anxious to obtain some idea of the work before him, and of the lands of which he was about to take possession, he went, via Albany and the Mohawk Valley, into Western New York. He gives us this graphic description of the condition of the route he traveled: "The road, as far as Whitestown, had been made passable for wagons, but from that to the Genesee was little better than an Indian path, sufficiently opened to allow a sledge to pass, and some impassable streams bridged. At Whitestown I

was obliged to change my carriage, the Albany driver getting alarmed for himself and horses when he found that for the next one hundred miles we were not only obliged to take provisions for ourselves, but for our horses, and blankets for our beds. On leaving Whitestown we found only a few straggling huts, scattered along the path, from ten to twenty miles from each other, and they affording nothing but the conveniency of fire and a kind of shelter from the snow."

Hastily exploring the northern part of the territory, he selected a town site at the junction of the Canaseraga and Genesee rivers, to be called Williamsburg, probably in honor of both Pulteney and Hornby. It is a strange commentary that Williamsburg, the first creation of the English land speculators, which in the beginning seriously threatened to rival Bath, and which existed for over fifty years, can not now boast any other landmark than waving fields of grain, while our lovely village, with the vigor of youth, celebrates its hundredth birthday.

Returning to Philadelphia, on the 11th day of April, 1792, Williamson received in his own name, from Robert Morris and wife, for a stated consideration of £75,000 sterling, a deed of what was thereafter known as the Estate of the English Association. After long consultations with Morris, having concluded that the most feasible route to the lands was from the southward, he made Northumberland, Pa., then the largest settlement near the state line, the base of his operations and moved his family to this frontier town.

He says, "Sensible of the advantages this new country would reap from a communication with Pennsylvania, his first object was to trace out the possibility of opening a communication across the Allegany Mountains; discouraged by every person he enquired of for information relative to the route, he determined to explore the country himself, and on the 3d of June, 1792, taking leave of the inhabitants on the west branch of the Susquehanna, entered the wilderness, taking a northerly course. After a laborious exertion of ten days he came to the Cowanesque creek * * proceeding thence towards the north-north-west, after six days more traveling, the party pitched their tents in an Indian clearing, where Williamsburg stands," 170 miles from the Susquehanna. Resolved that a road was practicable and necessary, his vigor and push are demonstrated by the fact that in November he had thirty miles of it made, and the whole made passable for wagons in August of the next year.

It is probable that it was upon that exploring tour that he selected the site of our handsome village. Until the first of the year he was busy in Northumberland, along the line of his new road, and in different parts of the Genesee tract. In January, 1793, he went to Philadelphia and to New York, where he staid until February 6, when a courier from the midst of

the wilderness brought him news of a mutiny among the Germans in January. He hurried back to Northumberland, and went on to the Lycoming to confer with one Berezy, who had charge of the 129 Germans. Colquhoun, without consulting Williamson, had arranged with this same Berezy to collect a colony of steady German farmers to be settled in the Genesee country, whither they were to be carried free, and where they were to be supplied with twenty-five acre farms at reduced rates. When the greater number of them arrived in Philadelphia, instead of New York, where it was agreed to land them, they proved to be a motley crowd of loafers and malcontents which poverty, laziness and necessity had gathered together in that pestilential port of Hamburg. Robert Morris concluded that the only way out of the dilemma was to use them in cutting the road to their future settlement. They were lazy and mutinous on the way; they were shiftless, ungrateful, gormandizing dead-beats while they remained at Williamsburg, and in a year or so all straggled over into Canada on the invitation of Governor Simcoe. They were the poorest investment the Pulteney Estate ever made.

In a letter of November 2, 1793, Williamson washes his hands of the whole business, and says he has expended £8,000 currency, or about $21,000, for them since they landed. Many pages of his account book are filled with items of drafts drawn on him by "Berezee"; and the entries for moneys paid out between July 21, 1792, and March 26, 1793, for the Germans who came through Northumberland, show an outlay of $13,241.60; while the second party, who landed in New York and went via the Mohawk, are charged in the same time with $10,570.60. The trial of the riotous ones at Canandaigua in September, 1793, cost more money, and other expenses and litigation followed.

April 15, 1793, Cameron reached Bath, and the Captain, who had followed two days later and gone on to Canandaigua and Williamsburg, returned a few days afterward to give his personal attention to the foundation of his forest city. Turner says he then suffered some of the hardships and privations of the wilderness, and quotes an unknown authority that, "He would lay in his hut with his feet to the fire, and when the cold chills of ague came on, call for some one to lie close to his back, to keep him warm." In July his wife and two children joined him at Bath and brought cheer to his home in the midst of stumps and rattlesnakes. Mrs. Williamson deserves praise in thus helping her husband in his enterprise. For undoubtedly he had her bring the family into the heart of the woods to show other families that they could do the same. But he must have had little time then for the pleasures of the family fireside. For in September he was compelled to go to Canandaigua to attend the trial of some of his German rioters, and after that to the cattle fair and races at Williamsburg, for which he gave one fifty-pound purse, besides subscribing two

pounds to another, and spending £15 in entertaining those in attendance. If he had any political aspirations that year, they must have succumbed to the advice of Robert Morris, who writes him in April, 1793: "My own opinion is that you and Tom (the writer's son) might be better employed than you would in going as members of the Assembly. He is too young, and you ought to be always at the receipt of customs in Ontario county for the sale of lands. * * I think you can't be judge and representative." But the next year Tom represented Ontario county in the legislature, and Captain Williamson was appointed a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the same county. Whether he anticipated this, April 23, 1794, when he expended, at New York, the sum of $16 for a sword, I know not; but it is also certain that on the same day he invested in one hundred quills, foolscap and Queen's folio, besides a dozen spelling books. His judicial labors were probably not onerous, and were chiefly confined to taking acknowledgements. In July he was at Whitestown, in attendance before the Commissioners who were endeavoring to conclude a treaty with the Indians.

Early in the same year (1794), the Captain had begun a settlement at Sodus, on the shore of Lake Ontario, and arranged for the erection of mills, a tavern, a storehouse and a wharf. It seems that the British authorities in Canada had not lost the hope of renewing the Revolutionary struggle and invading New York; consequently they had retained possession of many forts which the treaty of peace required them to surrender and looked with an evil eye on this settlement at Sodus; and Governor Simcoe, then in control of the Canadian government, even threatened to send Williamson to England in irons.

By Simcoe's orders, Lieutenant Sheaffe, commanding at Fort Oswego, on the 16th day of August, 1794, visited Sodus, left a protest against the prosecution of the settlement, and appointed a meeting with the Captain ten days later. The Captain was not afraid of all this blow and bluster, and kept the engagement. But with a brace of loaded pistols on his table he received, in the log cabin, the representative of Simcoe, who landed with great military display; and the following lively dialogue, which is worthy of the loyal captain, took place:

Sheaffe—"I am commissioned by Governor Simcoe to deliver the papers (the protest), and require an answer."

Williamson—"I am a citizen of the United States, and under their authority and protection I possess these lands. I know no right that his Britannic Majesty, or Governor Simcoe, has to interfere or molest me. The only allegiance I owe to any power on earth is to the United States; and so far from being intimidated by threats from people I have no connection with, I shall proceed with my improvements; and nothing but superior

force shall make me abandon the place. Is the protest of Governor Simcoe intended to apply to Sodus exclusively ?"

Sheaffe—"By no means. It is intended to embrace all the Indian lands purchased since the peace of 1783."

Williamson—"And what are Governor Simcoe's intentions, supposing that the protest is disregarded ?"

Sheaffe—"I am merely the official bearer of the papers ; but I have a further message to deliver from Governor Simcoe ; which is, that he reprobates your conduct exceedingly for endeavoring to obtain flour from Upper Canada, and should he permit it, it would be acknowledging the right of the United States to these Indian lands."

This was a bold answer from one who had not consulted the war office ; but the Captain at once notified the government at Washington, prepared for war, and sent a letter detailing all the insolence of Simcoe to William Pulteney to be shown to Prime Minister Pitt. But Mad Anthony Wayne taught the Indians and their British friends a lesson, and prevented our seeing how bravely the Captain could take up arms against his native land.

In 1795, Captain Williamson entertained at Bath the Duke de la Rochefoucault de Liancourt, who thus describes his manners, his wife and his life in the backwoods : "And here it is but doing him common justice to say, that in him are united all the civility, good nature and cheerfulness which a liberal education, united to a proper knowledge of the world, can impart. * * We spent four days at his house, from an early hour until late at night, without ever feeling ourselves otherwise than at home. Perhaps it is the fairest eulogium we can pass on his free and easy urbanity to say that all the time of our stay he seemed as much at his ease as if we had not been present. He transacted all his business in our presence, and was actively employed all day long. We were present at his receiving persons of different ranks and descriptions with whom the apartment he allots to visitors is generally crowded. He received them all with the same civility, attention, cheerfulness and good nature. They came to him prepossessed with a certain confidence in him, and they never leave him dissatisfied. He is at all times ready to converse with any who have business to transact with him. He will break off a conversation with his friends, or even get up from dinner, for the sake of dispatching those who wish to speak to him. From this constant readiness of receiving all who have business with him, should any conclude that he is influenced by a thirst for gain, this surmise should be contradicted by the unanimous testimony of all who have had dealings with him, those not excepted who have bought land of him, which many have sold again with some considerable advantage to themselves. But were it even undeniable, that money is his leading or sole object, it is desirable that all who are swayed by the same passion would gratify it in the same just, honorable and useful manner.

His way of living is simple, neat and good. Every day we had a joint of fresh meat, vegetables and wine. We met with no circumstances of pomp or luxury but found ease, good humor and plenty. * * * She (his wife) is yet but a young woman, of fair complexion, civil, though of few words, and mother of two lovely children, one of whom, a girl, three years old, is the finest and handsomest I ever saw."

In the fall of 1796, after the erection of this county, he was elected a member of the Assembly from Ontario and Steuben, and held the same office for four successive terms. On March 23, 1797, John Jay, Governor of the State of New York, commissioned him a "Lieutenant Colonel, commanding a regiment of militia in the county of Steuben."

And it seems that in the midst of his judicial, legislative and military duties, which sometimes interfered with the extensively advertised fairs and races, he was called upon to entertain in a most regal manner the fastidious speculators in land and horse-flesh; but in the midst of all that, he turned his versatile talents into the realm of architecture; and Maude, who visited him in 1800, says: "Here (that is, on his Springfield farm) Capt. W. has built an excellent mansion, much superior to the one in Bath village, and which he proposes as his future residence. The plan is original, Capt. W. being his own architect. I have seen no plans for country dwelling houses that I would more readily adopt than Captain Williamson's; this is a single house, with two stories and wings. The Americans have a great antipathy to wings; they invariably hold to the solid column, the cellar kitchen and the dormer windows." In this house, with its high ceilings and heavy mouldings, Colonel Williamson dispensed his generous hospitality on a liberal scale. For years it was famous for the brilliant assemblies which gathered the beauty, wit and fashion of the Genesee and Susquehanna valleys. But he did not devote himself entirely to races and social gatherings, which were only some of the many means he employed to make this district attractive to settlers who boasted family and fortune. He found time in 1798 to write a very readable little pamphlet of thirty-seven pages, being a "Description of the Genesee Country; its Rapidly Progressive Population and Improvements." He was a believer in the merit of printer's ink, and this offshoot of his pen is well done.

More than that, he improved the navigation of the Conhocton and Canisteo, built bridges, hotels, jails, court houses, school houses, mills and theatres, placed boats on Lake Ontario, and built or contributed to the building of the State road from Fort Schuyler to Geneva, the "Niagara Road," the one from Lyons to Palmyra, the one from Hopeton to Townsends, the one from Seneca Falls to Lyon's Mills, and the one from Cushong to Hopeton; and he was a heavy stockholder in the great bridge across the outlet of Cayuga Lake. All these required money; his principals

declined to advance any more, and decided to take advantage of an act authorizing aliens for three years to take title to lands, and placed a new agent in charge. Accordingly, there was an accounting and appraisal; Williamson assigned to his principals $551,699.78 worth of bonds, mortgages and notes, and on March 31, 1801, conveyed to them the unsold lands which were valued at $3,547,494.58; besides the original purchase, he conveyed over 5,000 acres of land just west of the Genesee, the Cottinger tract in the Morris Reserve, six hundred acres in the Military tract, besides thousands of acres in Otsego, Herkimer, Chenango, Clinton, Albany and Montgomery counties. Under his administration he had expended in purchasing lands, making improvements and other expenses, $1,374,470.10; he had received for lands sold, $147,974.83; besides this there was an indebtedness outstanding of about $300,000, the most of which was the unpaid purchase price of land outside of the original purchase. It showed, I believe, a better condition of affairs than either party anticipated. For the Pulteney Estate spent but little after that, and has ever since kept up the sale of lands at continually advancing prices.

The Colonel's integrity was unquestioned, and the English syndicate should thank him for his devotion to his trust and for many shrewd financial moves. A large part of his payments he made in drafts; and when his principals were slow in remitting funds he raised money by drawing on Morris, or some other friend at a distance, and hazarding the loss of three or four per cent. interest and twenty per cent. damages for non-acceptance, in the hope of getting money by the time the draft should be presented to meet it.

Colonel Williamson must have experienced great disappointment in relinquishing the trust at a time when he believed he was about to bring it to a successful issue; and it is not strange. We are ignorant of the exact state of the feelings he bore toward his principals and they toward him, except such as is thrown on the canvas by letters of Troup on the subject of settlement, and the following from Sir William Pulteney to Dr. Roneayre, under date of Weymouth, October 10, 1804:

"I am much obliged to you for sending me that part of Mr. Troup's letter which relates to Mr. Williamson. * * He supposes that I have instigated some persons to resentment against him, which I can assure you is not the fact. I disapproved of the large sums Mr. Williamson had drawn for, but I never entertained any doubts of his integrity, ability or good intentions, and I shall certainly be very glad to see him when he comes over. Some persons in America, he says, had impressed him in a belief that he had everything to apprehend from me, if he came to England, than which nothing could be more untrue, and I can in no way account for it. I feel myself much obliged to Mr. Troup for the letter he took the trouble to write me on my affairs, and the interest he takes in Mr. Williamson is very satisfactory to me."

After his settlement with his principals, Williamson found himself in possession of several farms, village property in Geneva and Bath, wild lands, bonds, mortgages, and much personal property. He owned the whole of Bluff Point, and once contemplated erecting a magnificent castle on its towering heights. There is a legend among the "oldest residents" that he was wont to ride on horseback along the west shore of Keuka Lake to about Gibson, and then swim his steed bearing him on his back across the lake to his commanding domain.

He maintained his headquarters on the Springfield farm, upon which he had put Major Thornton and his charming wife. Williamson's wife was in Albany much of this time. He busied himself with his personal affairs, and for pleasure or business was a frequent visitor at New York and the large cities of the country; once he made the journey from New York to Bath within one week. It would seem from some letters written about the time of his retirement from the agency, that his domestic relations were somewhat strained, probably owing to the difference of temperament and breeding of himself and his wife. He was fond of entertaining and attending all social gatherings. He joined the Masons; and his personal account book shows that on November 16, 1802, prior to a visit to England, he gave a supper to the society of Masons, at Metcalf's Inn, at an expense of $45.24. That was the same year that all his taxes in the town of Bath were only $8.14, and that he gave $500 to Canandaigua Academy.

About January 10, 1803, he sailed for Falmouth, England, and spent the summer on the British Isles. By December of that year he returned to this country, where he remained until at least the close of 1806; for Charles Williamson Dunn, the first white child born in this town, has related that he saw the Colonel at Major Thornton's funeral in December, 1806. About that time he again crossed the Atlantic, and left the Genesee Country for the last time. It must be that it was at this period of his life that he was sent by the English Government to Egypt to investigate the condition of affairs in that illy-governed monarchy, over which Great Britain finally established her protectorate. His report was so carefully and justly drawn that he was publicly thanked in the House of Commons; and notwithstanding it ran counter to his interests, its truthfulness was acknowledged by the Pasha of Egypt, who presented him with a jeweled sword. In 1808, he was sent on some governmental mission to Cuba; and on the return voyage from Havana he died of yellow fever, in the 51st year (1808) of his age. And so he died, as he had lived, in the midst of danger, hardship and toil.

George McClure, who had known him intimately in the early days of Bath, passed this well rounded eulogium upon his character: "He was a

perfect gentleman, high-souled, honorable man, generous, humane, obliging and courteous to all, whether rich or poor."

And Turner, who made a thorough study of the early history of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase, adds: "Well educated, possessing more than ordinary social qualities, with a mind improved by travel and association with the best classes of Europe, his society was sought after by the many educated and intelligent men who came to this region in the earliest settlement; and he knew well how to adapt himself to circumstances, and to all classes that went to make up the aggregate of the early adventurers; changing his habits of life with great ease and facility, he was at home in every primitive cabin, a welcome, cheerful and contented guest, with words of encouragement for those who were sinking under the hardships of pioneer life; and often ready with substantial aid to relieve their necessities; when found prostrated with disease he would furnish some bracing tonic or restoring cordial."

In 1830, the Penn Yan *Democrat* said of him: "Col. Williamson was a gentleman of great worth and enterprise; and his memory will be cherished by the early settlers of this country with every demonstration of respect to which the character of a great and good man is entitled. Under his agency the settlers experienced the benefits of a liberal and enlightened policy. He was not restrained by those narrow views which covetousness creates in sordid and avaricious men. The rapid settlement and development of the country under his direction was beheld with wonder and admiration. Mills were erected, roads constructed, and every avenue to market opened of which the nature of the country admitted. These, with many other improvements, are both an evidence of his zeal for the prosperity of the settlers, of his unwearied exertions to increase the value of the property confided to his care, and form a striking feature in the history of his administration. No wilderness ever disappeared and became the abode of a numerous population in so short a period as did this, under his agency. Oppressing the settlers by exacting the performance of hard and ill-judged contracts, or driving them to despair by incessant demands of compound interest formed no part of his system. The remuneration of the proprietors from the future ability of the settlers to pay was the leading feature of his policy."

G. H. McMaster, in his "History of Steuben County" (published in 1853), says: "Captain Williamson was a man of talent, hope, energy and versatility, generous, brave of spirit, swift and impetuous of action, of unquestionable discretion in business, a lover of sport and excitement, and well calculated by his temperament and genius to lead the proposed enterprise."

Colonel Williamson had two brothers, John Hope, who was born September 5, 1755, and died December 4, 1796, and David, who was also a

Captain in his Majesty's service, and became Lord Balgray. The Colonel's wife died at Geneva, N. Y., August 31, 1824. The children born to them were, (1), Christian, born November 1, 1786, died at Bath, September 27, 1793; (2), Ann, born about 1792, married D. S. Buchanan, and died after 1826; (3), Charles Alexander, born November 12, 1794, died May 14, 1849. Charles A., in 1825, married a Miss Clark, of New York, and resided for a time in Geneva, N. Y., and then removed to Scotland. He had several children. His eldest son, David Robertson Williamson, Esq., was born in Geneva, February 13, 1830, and now lives at Crieff, Scotland, where he occupies the Robertson estate, containing fifty square miles of land.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By Ansel J. McCall, Esq.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :—A century has closed since the settlement of our town and village. We have assembled to-day to commemorate the event and pay our homage to the memory of the noble pioneers from whose toils and privations we have derived so fair a heritage. For one who had witnessed them, to narrate these interesting occurrences in their order from the beginning would be an easy task. But to gather from such meagre materials as stray newspapers, old account books, musty letters, moss-covered tombstones and vague traditions the history of a town and that of its denizens for three generations is no trifling labor. To condense and collate even the events that are notable and present them in an address of reasonable length is also an arduous and delicate undertaking. You will, therefore, pardon me for any short-coming in the chronicles which I have endeavored to present in as simple and truthful manner as possible.

The settlement of our village came not about in the ordinary way, was not the work of chance, but the result of a fixed and definite purpose. A brief review of the transactions which led to it seems necessary to be given.

It is well known that the colonies of North America derived their political existence from Royal Charters with grants of territory of uncertain extent and indefinite boundaries, sometimes overlapping and covering the same domain. There had been many and serious controversies between them about their respective rights, threatening to result in open hostilities. The Revolutionary War temporarily composed these sisterly quarrels, but as soon as peace was declared, their independence established and measures taken for a more perfect union, these differences loomed up again. It was insisted that the glorious result was due to the joint efforts of the whole confederation, and that, as a consequence, the unoccupied and disputed territory should become the property of the National Government, to be disposed of for their joint benefit.

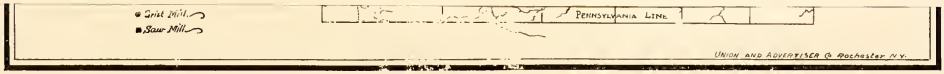
May 27, 1784, Massachusetts presented a petition to Congress setting forth her claim to land embraced within the bounds of the State of New York, and asking for the appointment of commissioners to adjust the difference ; but it resulted in nothing. In 1786, the legislatures of New York

and Massachusetts respectively provided for the appointment of commissioners to compromise the dispute. They met at Hartford in November of that year, and on the 16th of December, executed a compromise agreement embracing mutual cessions, grants, releases and provisions, whereby all interfering claims and controversies between said States, as well in respect of jurisdiction as of property, were finally settled and extinguished, and peace and harmony established between them on the most solid foundation.

By the settlement thus effected, New York retained the right of government, sovereignty and jurisdiction over all the lands in dispute, and to Massachusetts was ceded the rights of soil or preemption of the soil from the sole occupants, the Seneca Indians, of 240,000 acres between the Owego and Chenango Rivers, commonly known as the Boston ten townships, and also of all the lands in New York west of a line beginning at the 82d milestone on the north boundary of Pennsylvania (now the south-east corner of Steuben county), and running on a meridian line due north to Lake Ontario, excepting one mile in width on the Niagara River. If you will stop and consider its situation, its soil, its climate and its products, you will agree that it is the fairest portion of the earth that the sun shines upon. It was a noble and generous act on the part of New York to agree to this cession. Without a doubt, she could have successfully resisted the claim; but when such patriots as Clinton, Livingston, Yates and Benson advised the compromise for the sake of peace and harmony, we know that it was wise to do so.

Notwithstanding the bestowal of so munificent a gift, without an adequate consideration, Dutch skill and Scotch thrift made New York the Empire State of the Union. For her generosity attracted to her domain the best blood of Massachusetts, so that whatever the latter State gained in money she lost in men. It is men that make a State. Massachusetts saw in these lands only a means of liquidating the heavy indebtedness which oppressed her. Having quickly disposed of the ten townships to a Boston company, on the 1st day of April, 1788, she contracted to sell to Nathaniel Gorham and Oliver Phelps her rights in the residue of the territory for £300,000, Massachusetts currency, payable in three equal annual installments, with interest, in consolidated securities of her State. These obligations at that time were only worth 20 per cent. of their face value, so the actual price was only £60,000, or $300,000—a small sum for nearly six millions of acres of land.

Phelps and Gorham at once opened negotiations with the Seneca Indians, and at a council held at Buffalo Creek, a treaty was concluded on the 8th of July, 1788, by which they obtained title to the eastern portion of the tract, estimated to contain 2,200,000 acres, agreeing to pay therefor five thousand dollars in hand, and an annuity of five hundred dollars.



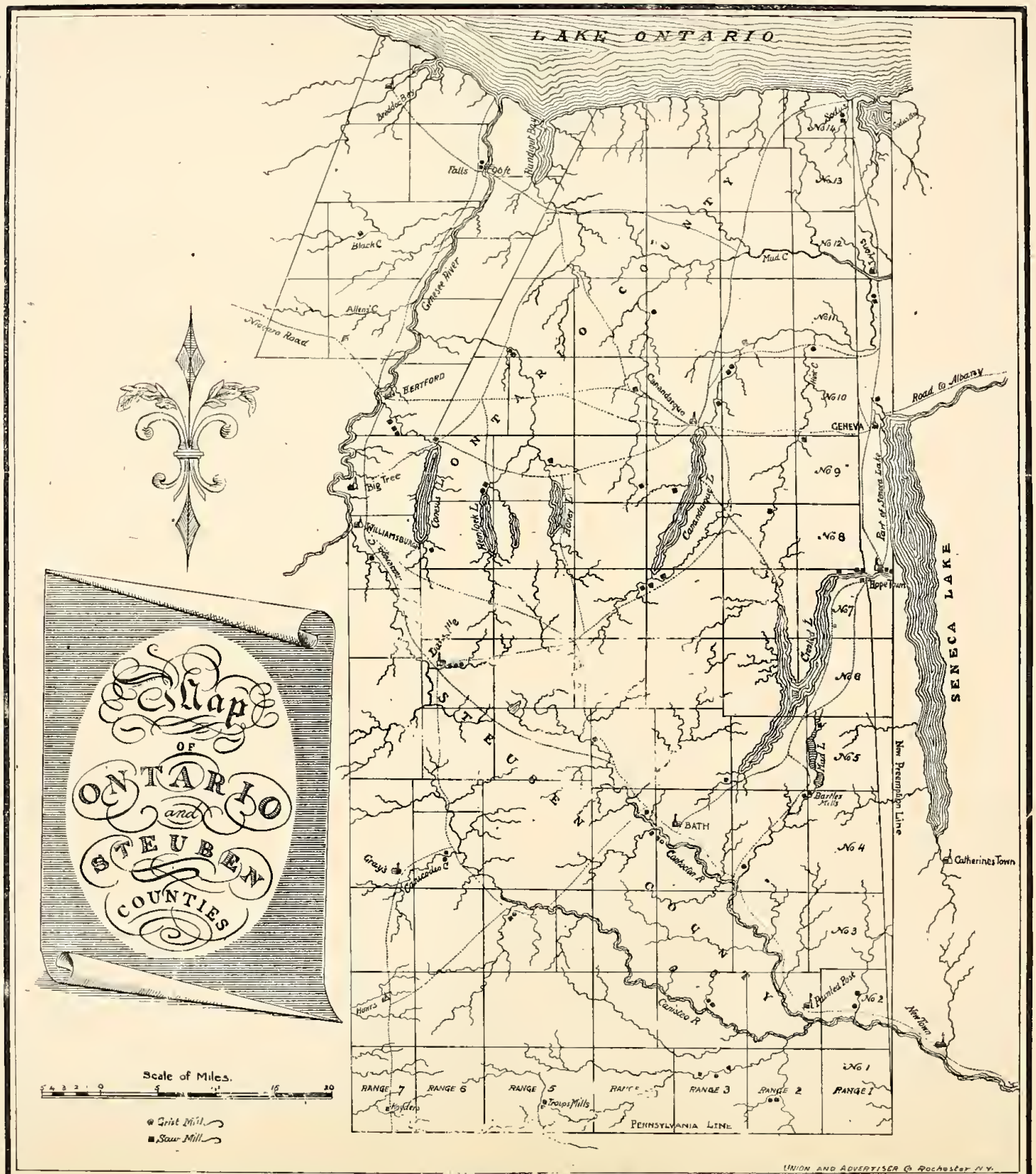
THE PHELPS AND GORHAM PURCHASE.

This portion was bounded on the north by Lake Ontario; on the east by the preemption line, so-called; on the south by Pennsylvania, and on the west by the following boundary: Running along a meridian line from the Pennsylvania line to the confluence of the Canaseraga with the Genesee River, thence northerly along said river to a point two miles north of Canawagus village (near Avon); thence west twelve miles; thence northerly, and twelve miles from the Genesee River to Lake Ontario. This territory became known as the "Genesee Tract," and included what is now Steuben county. Phelps and Gorham immediately caused the same to be surveyed into ranges of townships six miles square. This was the commencement of a system of surveys which has been adopted by the Government in all the western states and territories. The surveyor who devised this most simple and admirable plan is not known.

Phelps and Gorham opened an office in Canandaigua, and commenced the sale of the townships thus surveyed. The distance of these lands from the inhabited districts and the difficulty of reaching them for the want of feasible highways and water communication, necessarily retarded the sales, and in consequence of a rise in the value of the securities in which payment was to be made, the proprietors found themselves unable to keep their engagements. In their embarrassment they applied for aid to Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, the Revolutionary financier, who purchased from them the unsold lands, except two townships reserved by them, and the preemptive right in the western portion, and assumed their obligations. For the nominal consideration of five dollars, on November 18, 1790, they executed a conveyance to Morris of such lands. Morris forthwith directed his agent in London to offer these lands for sale. In a short time a contract of sale of the lands ceded by the Indians was made with an English syndicate, consisting of William Pulteney, a capitalist, William Hornby, late Governor of Bombay, and Patrick Colquhoun, an advocate of Glasgow, for the sum of $333,333.33. Pulteney's interest was nine-twelfths; Hornby's two-twelfths, and Colquhoun's one-twelfth.

At this time aliens could not legally hold title to land in the State of New York. It was, therefore, necessary that the syndicate should select a person who could take the title and convey such lands as they deemed it advisable to sell. Captain Charles Williamson was chosen—a most fortunate selection. [The data of the foregoing abstract of title is gleaned from the papers of George S. Conover and Howard L. Osgood, well-known local historians.]

Provided with the requisite authority from his principals to carry out the purposes of his appointment, in December, 1791, he sailed for Norfolk, Va., accompanied by his family and several reliable young Scotchmen as assistants. Upon his arrival he proceeded at once to Philadelphia to meet Robert Morris. On the 9th of January, 1792, he was duly naturalized by



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the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and became a citizen of the United States. There being no direct road leading from Philadelphia to the Genesee country, he proceeded, by way of New York and Albany, to make an examination of the purchase before completing the contract, and left Albany on the 15th of February for the Genesee. He confined his explorations to the region of the Lakes and the Genesee River. He was charmed with the country and satisfied of its value. He determined to locate his headquarters on the Genesee River at the mouth of the Canaseraga. Many years of cultivation by the Indians had prepared these broad and rich river bottoms for the white settler. Captain Williamson returned to Philadelphia, and on the 11th of April, 1792, received from Morris a deed of the tract in pursuance of the agreement.

Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey were well populated and more contiguous to his purchase than New England; he saw the necessity of opening a more direct communication to the Genesee from those States. He moved his family to Northumberland, a frontier town at the junction of the north and west branches of the Susquehanna. On the 3d of June, with a small party of surveyors and woodsmen, he set out to explore a route to the Genesee River. He proceeded with his party up the west branch to the mouth of the Lycoming, now the site of the city of Williamsport, and up that stream to the mouth of Trout Run, thence up that stream to its source; then taking a northerly course, crossing Laurel Hill to the headwaters of the Tioga River, he came down that stream to its junction with the Conhocton at Painted Post. The party followed up the Conhocton to the head of Springwater Valley, about six miles south of Hemlock Lake, and thence made their way over the hills to the inlet of Conesus Lake; crossing the valley and continuing westward along the southerly base of Groveland Hill, they pursued their course down the Canaseraga to its junction with the Genesee, the point selected for a settlement, and given the name Williamsburg. Captain Williamson was satisfied that a good highway was practicable by this route—the distance being less than one hundred and seventy miles and shorter by one hundred than any other from the west branch of the Susquehanna.

The exploration of this route led him to change his plans. He discovered that the south-east portion of the tract was rough and hilly, much of it timbered with pitch-pine and scrub-oaks, and by no means to be compared with the rich bottoms of the Genesee or the smooth slopes surrounding the Lakes. It was at once apparent to him that if he put upon the market the best lands first, the poor and broken lands would remain on his hands unsold for a long time. He also saw that this forbidding part of the country had some advantages; it was nearer the southern settlements, more healthful and abounded in purer streams; so he resolved to make his headquarters and chief settlement in their midst, saying, "As

nature has done so much for the northern plains, I will do something for the southern mountains."

As he proceeded through the valley of the Conhocton, he was struck with the beauty of the intersection made by a broad valley extending north to Lake Keuka ; the Senecas had given it the name of Dona-ta-gwenda (an opening within an opening). As it was near the centre of the southern part of the tract and at the head of navigation on the Conhocton River, with its abundant water power, he determined to locate there his chief town and the headquarters for the sale of his lands. The site bore a striking resemblance to that beautiful valley in England where the Avon winds gracefully around the base of a hill and encircles a charming plateau upon which has stood for centuries the ancient city of Bath—the seat of the Pulteney family. This fact led him to adopt the name for his embryo forest city. It was, also, a delicate compliment to the chief proprietor of the territory, his patron.

Captain Williamson made application to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania for aid in opening the part of the road in that State along the line he had surveyed ; but that Commonwealth refused to grant any assistance ; and he was lucky in getting even permission to build it at his own expense. The Captain was a man of action, and resolved to do it himself. He employed a corps of stout Pennsylvania woodsmen early in the fall and commenced the work vith vigor. Hammond & Brown had charge of his English hands and Benjamin Patterson, of the German contingent—a band of a hundred or more scalawags picked up in the German slums by one Berezy, who had induced Patrick Colquhoun to agree to furnish them farms on the Genesee River. Instead of being a help in the work they proved an incumbrance, and in addition caused Williamson a world of trouble. Early in November, about thirty miles of it, sufficiently wide for wagons, had been opened, and by the last of December the working party had completed it to Dansville, Livingston county. By the following August it was completed to Williamsburg. It was a wonderful undertaking for a single individual, independent of State aid, to push a highway through a wilderness without an inhabitant to furnish encouragement and labor, and devoid of food and the materials of construction. It has ever since been known as the Williamson Road, and was subsequently adopted as the post route.

The great road having been finished as far as the point selected for the new town, in March, 1793, as soon as navigation was opened, Captain Williamson organized a party of thirty woodsmen, surveyors and settlers, to proceed at once to clear the ground and lay the foundations of his new town and settlement on the site previously selected by him. He placed the same in charge of his faithful henchman, Charles Cameron, who pushed out with the party in two Durham boats—which may be called the May

Flower and Speadwell--laden with tools, provisions and necessaries, and made his way up the north branch to Tioga Point. These boats carry from five to eight tons, and are poled up the stream. or where there is a strong current or rift are cordelled, or "warped," up by the passengers and crew by means of long ropes. From the Point the navigation was more difficult; so Mr. Cameron left there one of the boats, with much of the freight, in charge of a few men, and proceeded with the other up the Chemung and Conhocton, and on April 15, made a safe landing on the banks of the latter stream at Bath, near the present location of the Delaware & Lackawanna depot, a little more than thirty rods from Pulteney Square.

Let us for a moment contemplate the scene here presented to these bold pioneers, whose mission it was to prepare homes for themselves and build a city. The broad valley was covered with a dark and dense forest of oak and pine; there was not a break in any direction, save the narrow opening cut out for the great road on the ridge, now the line of Morris street. The hilltops were crowned with magnificent white pines, dark and sombre, adding at least a hundred feet to their apparent elevation. The work before them would have appalled less adventurous spirits. But they were made of sterner stuff, and fell to with a will to accomplish their purpose. The resounding blows of the axemen, the crash of falling timber, and the crackling of burning brush, joined with the cries of the master builders, so frightened the denizens of the forest that they betook themselves to South Hill; even the terrible rattlers sought their holes. When night came on and the camp-fires were blazing dimly, they tell us a pack of wolves sent up the most unearthly howls; moping owls from every tree-top answered, "Whoo-Whoo!" while the ill-boding ravens from their high perches croaked dismally their disapproval of the invasion of their domain. All were unheeded and the work went on. The wolf, the raven and the owl have disappeared. The forest of pines has vanished. The crowning glory of the hill-tops is gone. Rich farms, cottages, villas and churches have taken their places. All is changed save that the gentle slopes to the north and west present the same general contour, the grand old South Hill, now partly bald and bare, still overlooks the valley, and the same silver stream flows at its base on its winding way to the Susquehanna and the sea.

The first comers were not romancers, but stern workers who braced themselves for the toils and privations before them. Thomas Rees, Jr., the surveyor, with his corps of assistants, commenced at once to plot the village, locate the streets and squares, and number the lots, while Cameron and his helpers, after clearing the ground and making rustic cabins in which to shelter themselves, proceeded to erect a log building on the south side of Pulteney Square, of sufficient capacity for the accommodation of Captain Williamson's family and the transaction of his official business.

On the north side of Morris street, about twenty rods west of the Square, they next erected a log structure for John Metcalf's hostelry. James Henderson, the mill-wright, sought out a mill site on the Conhocton River, now owned by John Baker and occupied by his flour-mill, and with his crew commenced building a saw-mill to furnish boards for floors, doors and roofs for the new land office, hotel and other structures being put up. It was the first saw-mill in the town, and was completed on the 25th of August. These were stirring times. Every man was working with a will. The axes of scores of choppers resounded in unison, and the boom of the falling pines echoed from mountain to hill. The shouts of the ox-drivers and the "heave-yo" of the house builders made merry music. Captain Williamson in a few days was on the ground in person, superintending operations and cheering the faint-hearted by his presence and stirring words. All was life and activity where he showed himself.

It would seem, from a memorandum in Captain Williamson's account book, that his family arrived in Bath from Northumberland about the 10th day of July, and were duly installed in the log palace prepared for them. Some other families occupied rude cabins in the neighborhood. James Rees, of Philadelphia, had been placed in charge as chief clerk in the land office, and Metcalf's grand hotel had flung its gay banners to the breeze, and there nightly gathered roystering woodsmen to recount their labors and forget their toils in deep potations. Even then whiskey was plenty; but their fare was coarse. The same account book shows that the chief supplies purchased were pork, flour and corn meal. True, there was an abundance of game in the forest and fish in the river, but the workmen were too busy to take them. Charles Cameron, in 1848, in referring to his expedition, states, among other things, "We suffered from hunger and sickness a great deal. I am now the only survivor of those merry Scotch and Irish boys who used to be so happy together." Turner, in his history of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase, adds, "These pioneers had a distinct view of the elephant. Provisions failed and they were at one time three days without food; as they cleared away the forest, the fever and ague, as it was wont to do, walked into the opening, and the new-comers were soon freezing, shaking and then burning with fever in their hastily constructed cabins."

CAMERON'S PARTY.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Cameron did not give us the names of his associates and something of their personal history. Old letters and account books render it quite certain that the following named persons were of the party, viz: Andrew Smith (known as "Muckle Andrew," from his size and strength), the grandfather of John L. Smith, now occupying

part of the ancestral estate three miles below this village; William McCartney, the first settler in Dansville, and one of its most prominent citizens; Hector McKenzie, who removed to the West Indies about 1802, and there died; Henry Tower, the builder of the mills at Alloway, a large dealer in produce, once a merchant in Elmira, where he entertained Louis Phillipe and his brother—these four were young men from the neighborhood of Williamson's home near Balgray, Scotland; Thomas Corbett, the first settler at Mud Creek: Thomas Rees, Jr., the surveyor who surveyed and made a plot of the village, which is the standard now in use; Alexander Ewing, who subsequently settled at Mt. Morris, and had a daughter who married John H. Jones, of that place; William Ewing, a surveyor, who later removed to Ohio, and became the progenitor of a distinguished family of that State; John Metcalf, the first innkeeper, the father of John Metcalf, who served for years as county clerk, and Thomas Metcalf, a former merchant and innkeeper in Bath; James Henderson, the mill-wright, later a prominent citizen of Ontario county: Samuel Doyle, a Revolutionary soldier, the great-grandfather of Miss Nancy Smith, of this village; his brother-in-law, Joseph Arbour, Richard Armour, John Scott, Charles McClure, Peter Loop, Mr. Upton. Benjamin Patterson, the hunter, and Joseph Bivens, who kept the first inn at Bloods, now Atlanta—most of these were Scotch-Irishmen from the west branch.

We have reason to believe that the following named persons, or some of them, were also of the party, as they were here during the summer of 1793, their names appear on Captain Williamson's books and they had been residents on the west branch in the neighborhood of Northumberland: Hector McKay, William Lemon, Samuel Ewing, John Ewart, Samuel Ewart, George More, George Baittie, Francis Conway, William Carol, Robert Biggers, the tanner, who in 1793 purchased thirteen acres lying on the south side of Morris street, west of the cemetery, where he erected a tannery (some years ago Jared Thompson discovered the remains of tan-vats in the edge of the swamp, but there was no one living who could remember the tanner or his works); Obadiah Osborn, the mill builder, who subsequently purchased a farm in Addison; George McCullough, a blacksmith, who became the purchaser of the mills below Corning, and died in that town; Robert Hunter, the schoolmaster; Jacob Glendening, Andrew Shearer, Dr. Schott, Gottleib Dougherty and one Paul.

Captain Williamson, it would seem, had previously advised Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, who had the management of the affairs of the syndicate, of the name and location of the town, for under date of June 15, 1793, he writes the Captain as follows: "I am glad you are so much pleased with your new town of Bath. I hope it may prove a healthy spot, for on this much depends. It is certainly a position infinitely more convenient than Williamsburg, and on this account I am glad you mean to fix your resi-

dence there." The Captain, out of compliment to his friends and patrons, had named the principal street running east and west, Morris; the public square, Pulteney; the broad street parallel to it with a similar square, St. Patrick; the street between them, Steuben; and that connecting them, Liberty—names which they have ever since borne, except St. Patrick, which was foolishly changed to Washington a few years since.

On the 27th of September, Christian, the eldest daughter of Captain Williamson, died, aged eight years, and lies buried in the old cemetery on Steuben street. It was the first death in the settlement. According to tradition, the first birth was a daughter of Samuel Doyle. The Captain states in his published narrative that previous to the setting in of winter a grist-mill and saw-mill located across the Conhocton (at the end of the bridge) were nearly completed, and that already fifteen families had settled in the town. Besides his own, the only families that are known to have been living here at that time were those of Metcalf, Doyle, Dunn, Corbett, Turner, Aulls, Paul and a German family named Gottleib.

1794.—A stalwart young Scotch-Irishman, Henry McElwee (always called Harry), made his entry into the new town on New Year's day, 1794, and tells us: "I only found a few shanties in the woods. Williamson had his house near the site of the present land office, and the Metcalfs kept a log tavern upon Morris street nearly opposite the Mansion House. I went to the tavern and asked for supper and lodging; they said they could give me neither, for their house was full. I could get nothing to eat. An old Dutchman was sitting there, and he said to me, 'Young man, if you will go with me, you shall have some mush and milk and a deer skin to lie on, with your feet to the fire, and another to cover yourself with.' We went up through the woods to where St. Patrick Square now is. There the Dutchman had a little log house; there was no floor to it. I made a supper of mush and milk, and laid down by the fire and slept soundly." In the spring, under the direction of Williamson, McElwee made the first substantial clearings, being the Pulteney Square and four acres behind the agent's house for a garden, for the cultivation of which the Captain imported a gardener from England. His name was Dominic Quinn. He was the father of Edward Quinn, a prominent attorney who resided at Watkins forty years ago, and married the eldest daughter of General William Kernan. He further states that the trees on the square were carefully chopped close to the ground. A single pine was left standing in front of the agency house for a "Liberty Tree." It was trimmed so as to leave a tuft on the top, and bid defiance to the elements until after 1820. It was blown down not long after that.

In the spring of '94, George McClure, another Scotch-Irishman, in company with his uncle, James Moore, from Northumberland, after various adventures reached the new town and thus describes his advent: "We

put up at the only house of entertainment in the village—if it could be called a house. Its construction was of pitch-pine logs, in two apartments, one story high, kept by a kind and obliging family by the name of Metcalf. This house was the only one in town, except a similar one for the temporary abode of Captain Williamson, which answered the purpose of parlor, dining-room and land office. There were besides some shanties for mechanics and laborers. I called on Captain Williamson and introduced myself as a mechanic. I told him that I had seen his advertisement, and in pursuance of his invitation had come to ask employment. 'Very well,' said he, 'young man, you shall not be disappointed.' He told me I should have the whole of his work if I could procure as many hands as were necessary. We entered into an agreement. He asked me when I should be ready to commence business. I replied, as soon as I could return to Northumberland, engage some hands and send my tools and baggage up the north branch to Tioga Point, that being then the head of boat navigation." As agreed, he went back, shipped his baggage and tools, and forthwith returned to Bath on foot, procured his effects at Tioga Point, boated them up, and commenced with a will to build up the town.

A large number of settlers came in this year; and among them were Isaac Mullender, with his wife, three sons and three daughters, direct from Scotland (One of the daughters afterwards married Charles Cameron. Mr. Mullender removed to Geneva in 1797. A grand-daughter, Miss Jane Mullender, now resides in Waterloo), Richard Cuyler, John Shearer, Richard Carpenter, Dr. William Pretre, the surgeon of the settlement, John Weyman, William McElwee, Frank Scott, Gustavus and Brown Gillespie, Joseph and Robert Dunn, Robert Sterret, James McFarland, Samuel and John Metler, Samuel Baker, Amos Stone, William Barney, William and Eli Read, who with their families settled in Pleasant Valley near William Aulls, and Daniel McKenzie, a carpenter direct from Scotland.

THE DISTRICT OF WILLIAMSON.

The previous winter, Charles Williamson had been appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of Ontario county. As yet there were no towns with prescribed boundaries in the county. The act of the Legislature erecting the County of Ontario provided that the Justices of the Sessions should proceed to divide the new county into two or more districts for town purposes. They had, in 1791, made the "District of the Painted Post," which embraced the entire territory of the present County of Steuben. All the then settlers were located on the Chemung, Tioga and Canisteo Rivers. In 1793, Jedediah Stephens, of Canisteo, was elected Supervisor of the district. At the January session, 1794, through the influence of Captain Williamson, there was

made a new district, embracing all the territory west of the second range, under the name of Williamson, as appears by the adjustment of certain accounts between the district of Erwin, or Painted Post, and the district of Williamson, made by Eli Mead and Eleazer Lindsley, of the first part, and Jedediah Stephens and George Horneil, of the other, on April 26, 1794, recorded in the minutes of the district of Painted Post, by E. Lindsley, Jr., town clerk of that district. There is no record of this division to be found in the Clerk's office of Ontario county. Bath was included in the new district; but when and where its town meetings were held is not now known. The records of the town clerk have been destroyed, or lie moulding in the rubbish of some garret. If they could be brought to light they would furnish a rare treat to the local antiquarians.

As yet there were but few post-roads or postoffices in the country. The nearest place for deposit of letters on the south was at Northumberland, one hundred and forty miles distant. To meet the want, Captain Williamson employed his own post-riders to and from that place, who made the trip once a fortnight. Tommy Corbett rode to the Block House and exchanged packages with Alexander Smith, of Lycoming, who filled the route from that place to Northumberland. Charles Cameron was the local distributor of the letters here. After his removal to Sodus, William Kersey performed the duties until the Government office was established, January 1, 1801, with Dugald Cameron postmaster.

THE SIMCOE IMBROGLIO.

In mid-summer, while McClure, with his deft workmen, was busy erecting new dwellings and McElwee, with his stout woodsmen, was mowing down the green forest and the gallant Captain was dashing here and there projecting settlements and improvements, a real war cloud loomed over his new possessions and caused much alarm. The Indians in Western New York were sullen and by no means pleased with the rapid intrusion of white settlers upon their old hunting grounds. The British Government still held their posts at Niagara and Oswego. Colonel Simcoe, the Canadian Governor, who himself had no good feeling toward the intruders, hearing of Captain Williamson's newly formed settlement at Sodus Bay, in hot haste dispatched a trusted Lieutenant, on August 16, to notify the Captain to "vamose the ranch" forthwith, or suffer the consequences. Fortunately, the Captain was absent, or there would have been a genuine *casus-belli*.

The whole country was aroused. An express was forthwith sent to Governor Clinton, informing him that the sovereignty of New York was denied. His Scotch-Irish blood was up. On September 11, he issued orders to Colonel Gansevoort to prepare immediately for the defence of

the new settlements. The Colonel commissioned Captain Williamson to build a suitable block-house in Bath, as well as at Sodus, for protection. The Captain was not idle ; he called for proposals to prepare the timber and prosecute the work. Young McClure, aching to get a blow at the bloody prelatists who had so bitterly persecuted his covenanting ancestors, dropped his hammer, girded on a rusty sword, recruited a company and commenced drilling them at once.

The United States Government took the matter in hand ; negotiations were opened ; the British relinquished their arrogant demands, offered adequate apologies, and the threatened storm blew over. The old swords were turned into plow-shares ; the timber for the block-house was used for better purposes ; and the stockades for Pulteney square made capital fence posts. News was first received here of Wayne's great victory over the Western Indians in August, resulting in the absolute submission of the whole race, and was transmitted to Albany.

In the fall, Colonel Pickering held a treaty with the Six Nations, at Canandaigua, and settled all differences with them and buried the hatchet forever. William Savary, a Quaker minister from Philadelphia, selected by the Indians to look after their interests, attended the conference. He passed over the Williamson road as far as Blood's Corners, going and returning from the treaty. We learn from his published journal that there was not a settler between Bivin's (now Atlanta) and Bath, and that Tommy Corbett's tavern, at Mud Creek, was the only house between Bath and Painted Post. He tells us that Captain Williamson entertained him right royally at his mansion for the night, on his way home, but makes no mention of the growth or size of the town.

1795.—Peace being assured and all apprehensions from Indian raids having been allayed, 1795 opened brightly for the Genesee country, and Captain Williamson was on his "high-heels," as they say, and pushed improvements vigorously. Strangers came pouring in from far and near and the Captain sometimes was put to it to entertain them ; but he did it. McClure tells us that the Captain said to him one day that he expected much company shortly and had not the room to entertain them. "He asked me how long it would take to erect and complete a house forty by sixteen feet, a story and a half in height, all material delivered, no plastering, all ceiled. I replied, 'Three days.' He said, 'Do it.' Working night and day, the work was accomplished to his satisfaction in forty-eight hours. He paid me $400 for the job." In June the Captain was visited by the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, a French exile, and several of his companions, and sumptuously entertained them for many days. From the Duke we learn that some settlers had recently established themselves at Kanona, but their names are not given.

This year the sales of land were brisk, emigration heavy, the crops promising; and the Captain resolved to commemorate the same in this town by a grand fair and elaborate races. A race course of regulation standard was carefully cleared and graded east of May street, upon the farm now occupied by Freeman D. Hopkins. It was a half-mile track; David W. Lyon remembers well the line of it near the foot of the rising ground upon which Mr. Hopkins' house now stands. That that grand affair was widely advertised is clear from a notice inserted by the Captain in the *Western Sentinel*, of August 11, 1795, a paper published at Whitestown, Oneida county, which states that the "Fair and races at Bath were postponed to the 21st day of September, on account of the meeting of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and Circuit at Canandaigua, of which he, as Judge, was compelled to attend on the first Monday of September."

Among the new settlers will be found the names of Robert Campbell, the father of Lieut.-Governor Campbell, Alexander McDonald, John Morrison and Dugald Cameron, the grandfather of Messrs. John and Ira Davenport—all Scotch; also Daniel Cruger, father of General Cruger; Dr. B. B. Stockton, from New Jersey, and William Kersey, the Quaker, a surveyor, for years employed by Williamson.

COUNTY OF STEUBEN.

1796.—March, 1796, a new County was erected from the south part of Ontario, and named Steuben, through the influence of Colonel Benjamin Walker, a close and intimate friend of Captain Williamson. The Colonel had been the aide of Baron Steuben, who had just died, leaving the Colonel his residuary legatee. It was provided in the act as follows:

"That it shall and may be lawful to and for the Justices of the Court of General Sessions for the said County of Steuben, or a majority of them, at any General Sessions of the peace, to divide the county into as many towns as they shall deem necessary, and that the said Justices, at any such General Sessions, shall fix and direct the place or places, in each of said towns so made, at which the first town meeting for electing town officers shall be held, and all future meetings in any such town shall be held at such place as a majority of the inhabitants thereof shall by open vote at any town meeting appoint."

The county officers were appointed by the Governor and were as follows: Charles Williamson, first judge; William Kersey, Abraham Bradley and Eleazer Lindsley, judges; Stephen Ross, surrogate; George D. Cooper, county clerk; William Dunn, sheriff. All of them duly qualified except Charles Williamson.

On June 21, 1796, in pursuance of the act, the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the peace met in the land office, at Bath,

William Kersey presiding, assisted by Judges Bradley and Lindsley, and some of the justices of the peace in commission, and an order was made and entered that the said Justices report upon the erection and division of towns at the next October term of the Court. At that term the minutes show that all the justices of the peace of the county were present, and it is presumed that they then and there performed their duty, but no report can be found. The *Albany Gazette* contains the following statement:

"Agreeably to a provision in the law erecting a part of Ontario into a new county by the name of Steuben, the Court of Sessions have divided that county into the six following towns, viz: Bath, Painted Post, Frederickstown (afterwards Wayne), Middletown (afterwards Addison), Canisteo and Dansville."

Bath was bounded on the north by the county line, east by Lake Keuka and Frederickstown, south by Painted Post and Middletown, and west by Dansville, as subsequent records and the exercise of municipal jurisdiction show.

Bath was now the capital town of Steuben county. Captain Williamson determined to make it all the name implies. His first move was to establish a newspaper. William Kersey, the newly appointed Judge, an attache of the land office, was dispatched by him in the spring to Pennsylvania to procure the necessary material. Kersey, from York, Pa., under date of April 18, 1796, writes the Captain: "The printing press is not yet completed, but the workmen tell me they will have it done in a few days." James Edie, of Northumberland, a practical printer, was engaged to bring on the press and material, which he did early in the summer, and formed a partnership with the Judge, under the style of "Kersey & Edie," and set up their press in a log building on the south-west corner of St. Patrick Square, where now stands General Averell's residence. It was there, on October 19, 1796, that was issued the first number of the "*Bath Gazette and Genesee Advertiser*, published by William Kersey and James Edie, Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., $2.00 per year." This was the first newspaper printed in the State west of Oneida county. It was printed as a small folio sheet, fifteen inches by nine, with three broad columns, and was fairly done. According to Turner, it was running in 1799. It was probably discontinued in 1800, on the retirement of Captain Williamson from the agency. What became of the press is not known.

He erected this year a frame building on the north-west corner of Pulteney Square for school purposes. It was there the late Colonel W. H. Bull used to say that he attended school and received his preliminary education. During the summer he directed his men to put the race track in thorough order, and caused a flaming advertisement to be published in the New York and Pennsylvania newspapers, announcing that a fair and races would

be held at Bath on the twentieth of September. It is said that not less than two thousand persons were gathered in the new capital to witness them.

Judge G. H. McMaster, in his history, gives the following graphic account of the affair: "On the day and at the place appointed for the race in the proclamation, sportsmen from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore were in attendance. The high blades of Virginia and Maryland, the fast boys of Jersey, the wise jockeys of Long Island, men of Ontario, Pennsylvania and Canada, settlers, choppers, gamesters and hunters, to the number of fifteen hundred or two thousand, met on the pine plains to see the horses run—a number as great, considering the condition of the region where they met, as now assembles at State fairs and mass meetings. * * The races passed off brilliantly. Captain Williamson, himself a sportsman of spirit and discretion, entered a Southern mare, Virginia Nell. High-Sheriff Dunn entered Silk-Stocking, a New Jersey horse—quadrupeds of renown even at the present day. Money was plenty, and the betting lively. The ladies of the two dignitaries who owned the rival animals, bet each three hundred dollars and a pipe of wine on the horses of their lords, or as otherwise related, poured seven hundred dollars into the apron of a third lady who was stake-holder. Silk-Stocking was victorious."

Captain Williamson's object in these displays was to attract attention to his purchase and new metropolis. He was anxious to make rapid sales of the land in his charge; and he knew that it was necessary to create some excitement which would bring strangers to look at them. If a Methodist camp-meeting like that at Ocean Grove had promised similar results, he would have resorted to that device.

Weld, an English traveler, who visited the town in the fall of 1796, writes: "Bath is a post and principal town in the western part of the State of New York. Though laid out only three years ago, yet it contains about thirty houses; it is increasing very fast. Among the houses are several stores and shops, well furnished with goods, and a tavern that would not be thought meanly of in any part of America. The town of Bath stands on a plain, surrounded on three sides by hills of moderate height. The plain is almost wholly divested of trees, but the hills are still uncleared and have a very pleasing appearance from the town. At the foot of the hills runs a stream of pure water over a bed of gravel, which is called Conhocton Creek. There is a very considerable fall in the creek just above the town, which affords the finest seats for mills possible. Extensive saw and flour mills have already been erected upon it."

He also says that speculation was at a fever heat (as in Chicago in 1836–7), and gives us the following letter:

To the Printers of the Wilkes-Barre Gazette:

GENTLEMEN—It is painful to reflect that speculation has raged to such a degree, of late, that honest industry and all the humble virtues that walk in her train are discouraged and rendered unfashionable. It is to be lamented, too, that dissipation is sooner introduced in new settlements than industry and economy.

I have been led to these reflections by conversing with my son, who has just returned from the Lakes or Genesee, though he has neither been to the one or the other;—in short, he has been to Bath, the celebrated Bath, and has returned both a speculator and a gentleman; having spent his money, swapped away my horse, caught the fever and ague, and what is infinitely worse, that horrid disorder which some call the terraphobia. We can hear nothing from the poor creature (in his ravings) but of the Captain, Billy (Williamson and William Dunn meaning), of ranges—townships—numbers—thousands—hundreds—acres—Bath—fairs—races—heats—bets—purses—Silk-Stockings—fortunes—fevers—agues, &c. My son has a part of a township for sale, and it is diverting enough to hear him narrate its pedigree, qualities and situation. In fine, it lies near Bath, and the Captain himself once owned and for a long time reserved it. It cost my son but five dollars an acre, he was offered six and a half a minute after purchase, but he is positively determined to have eight, besides some precious preserves. One thing is very much in my son's favor—has six years' credit. Another thing is still more so—he is not worth a sou nor ever will be at this rate.

Previous to his late excursion he had worked well, and was contented at home on my farm, but now work is out of the question with him. There is no managing my boy at home, these golden dreams still beckon him back to Bath, where, he says, no one need either work or starve, where, though a man may have the ague nine months in the year, he may console himself in spending the other three fashionably at the races.

Hanover, October 5, 1796. A FARMER.

Some of the settlers this year were Dr. B. F. Young, Dr. Shults, Philip Gilman, George D. Cooper, William Cook, Daniel Curtis, James Edie, James Miller, Fisher Whitney, John Woodard, Josiah Wright, David Jones, James Love, Leonard Beaty, George Dixon and Finla McClure, the father of the General.

The *Federal Gazette*, of Baltimore, under date of April 18, 1798, says: "The obvious route to market for produce of the Genesee country is by the river Susquehanna."

ERECTION OF THE COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.

1797.—In 1797, the town organization was completed and preparation made for the annual town meeting. Bath embraced all the territory now

included in the towns of Urbana, Pulteney, Prattsburgh, Wheeler and Avoca. The following is a copy of the first minutes in the town records:

"At a town meeting held at the residence of John Metcalf, in the town of Bath, for town officers to serve in said town, on the 4th day of April, 1797. After the votes were taken by ballot, it appeared that the following gentlemen were duly elected, viz; Charles Cameron, Esq., Supervisor; James Edie, Town Clerk; William Aulls, Patrick McKell, Hector McKenzie, Commissioners of Highways; Gustavus Gillespie, Collector; Amos Stone, George Dixon, Abijah Peters, Constables; Daniel Cruger, Patrick McKell, Overseers of the Poor; Amos Eggleston, Joseph Inslie, William Read, John Woodard, Henry Bush, Henry McElwee, Jacob Phillips, Overseers of the Highways; Eli Read, Andrew Smith, James McKell, Thomas Streeter, Fence Viewers; Robert Biggar, Samuel Miller, Samuel Baker, Assessors; Samuel Baker, Silas Beers, Pound-Masters; George D. Cooper, John Sheather, Charles Williamson, Benjamin F. Young, Commissioners of Schools."

The Supervisor elected at that meeting having resigned, a special town meeting was held on the 19th day of June of that year, and George McClure was elected to fill the vacancy. The number of road districts was seven, and two hundred and thirty-five persons were assessed for highway purposes.

There were a number of ordinances passed with regard to fences, estrays &c., as well as giving a bounty of twenty shillings, in addition to that given by the State, for every wolf and panther killed within town. In 1810, the bounty was extended to Indians, which shows that these wild foresters were still prowling in this vicinity. In 1828, ten dollars was the bounty for the scalp (written "sculp" on the record), of a full grown wolf. At that period our youthful citizens were frequently startled in the night time with the frightful howls of these destructive animals from South Hill.

The Court House and jail were completed this year. The Court House was a wooden structure, a story and a half high, with a portico, flanked by wings, and located on the east side of Pulteney Square. It was built at Pulteney's expense. It was a neat and commodious structure, and well fitted for the purposes for which it was intended. The first record we have of its occupancy by the court was at the June term in 1798. One of the wings of the old one, when the new Court House was built in 1827, was moved to the lower part of Morris street and fitted up for a dwelling on the property of the late Matthew Shannon, where it stood till a few years ago. The jail was constructed of squared timber, and stood on the lot in the rear of the Hewlett cabinet shop.

A splendid regiment of militia was organized, and Captain Williamson was appointed its Lieutenant-Colonel. He was ever afterward styled Colonel Williamson. To give notoriety to his new metropolis he built a

theatre at the junction of Steuben and Morris streets, where now stands Major Stocum's residence. In the *Bath Gazette* of December 2, 1797, a flaming programme appears of a tragedy, comedy and songs to be give on January 1, 1798. "Doors to be opened at half-past five; tickets to be had of Captain George McClure and Andrew Smith. Pit, six shillings; gallery, eight shillings." The town continued to improve in appearance and population. The annual fair and races were held, but with less pomp and circumstance.

1798.—In the early settlement of a wooded country, the roads, as we all know, are exceedingly bad and difficult to travel. One hundred years ago no other mode of transportation than that by natural water ways was regarded with favor. Great efforts, therefore, were made hereabouts to remove obstructions from the smaller affluents of the great rivers, so that navigation would be open from the interior to the sea. In the spring and fall the Conhocton from Bath, with little labor, was fairly navigable for rafts, boats and other craft. All the products of the north-western part of the State (which were principally lumber and grain) were expected thus to reach the great marts of Philadelphia and Baltimore. In the spring (1798) Bartles started from Mud Creek two rafts of boards, which in a very brief time and at a very small cost were landed safely in Baltimore. This settled the question of navigation for that species of craft. Immigration was so great into the town and surrounding country that as yet there were no surplus farm products for export. As Bath was then at the head of navigation, it is not strange that a man with Colonel Williamson's sanguine temperament overflowed with bright anticipations of its growth and greatness, and believed that it was bound to become the great commercial metropolis of South-western New York. The first river bridge in the county was constructed across the Conhocton this season, at Bath. Henry A. Townsend, Joseph Grant, William Howe Cuyler, John Wilson, James Woodruff and Daniel Bennett were the new comers.

1800.—In March, 1800, Messrs. Swing and Patterson built an ark eighty feet in length by twenty in width, at White's saw-mill, on the Conhocton, five miles below the village of Bath, loaded it with wheat and lumber, and on the fourteenth of that month started for Baltimore, which port they reached in due time with their freight. Two others with like freight, in the month of April, followed from Bartles' mills, on Mud Creek, and met with similar success. They were the first ventures of the kind, and created quite a sensation throughout the country. This species of craft was the invention of a Mr. Kryder, who, in 1792, built one at Standing Stone, on the Juniata, loaded it with wheat and whiskey, and ran it down the Susquehanna to Baltimore. It was constructed as follows: A frame was made of three sticks of square timber, eight by twelve inches; the two outside timbers, fifty-five feet long, were placed eight feet from the center

stick, which was seventy-five feet long. These were securely framed together by means of shorter ties, or girths, mortised into them. At the bow and stern a similar timber extends from the ends of the outside pieces uniting at the end of the center piece, so as to make the extremities sharp enough to aid in giving direction to its movements, and to meet with less resistance. This frame was then completely planked and calked as tightly as possible. It was then turned over, the planked side being under, and the whole shoved into the water. Studs or studding four or five feet long and five feet apart were mortised into the outside timbers, and planked up on the outside. The inside was ceiled so as to make a tight, rectangular box or hold. In the solid posts, at the terminal points, was firmly imbedded a stout wooden pin to hold the oars, which directed the course of the craft, but did not propel it. The oars were made from small, straight white pines, light, dry and tapering, some thirty feet in length and eight inches in diameter at the butt, in which was cut a gain for about five feet to receive the blade. This was made from a plank about fifteen feet long and eighteen or twenty inches in width, sawed for the purpose, tapering, being about two and a half inches thick at one end, an inch at the other, rounded at the thinner end and fastened securely in its place in the oar-stem with wooden pins. At a point where the oar will balance, a hole is bored and a slot made to give play vertically to the oar when it is placed on the oar pin, and so balanced that the blade will just dip lightly in the water. The small end of the oar was whittled down to a convenient size so that it could be readily grasped by the hand. The ark, except at the bow and stern, and a small space in the center where the cabin was built, was securely covered with boards, as well to protect the cargo as to furnish a smooth walk for the oarsman.

Captain Williamson was greatly elated at these ventures; rafting and ark building became a lively business upon all the streams in the spring-time. Bath was now boomed all over the country. It was at the head of navigation and the shipping point to market for grain, lumber and other products. In 1804, Wilson, the poet, in *The Foresters*, when he reached Newtown (now Elmira), gives this graphic picture of the river navigation during the spring freshet upon the Susquehanna:

> "Here, when soft spring dissolves the wastes of snows,
> And wide and deep the roaring river flows,
> Huge loaded arks rush down the boiling tide,
> And winding through wild woods triumphant ride.
> Hills, towering steeps and precipices high,
> Rich plains and hanging rocks behind them fly;
> The watchful pilot every eddy eyes,
> As down the torrent's foaming course he flies;

Views, with stern look, the frightful falls disclose,
And down the outrageous breakers headlong goes;
A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
Columbia's harbor shelters them at last."

Storehouses were built at convenient places for storage. Two stood near Davenport's office, and three at the foot of Ark street. During the winter, loaded sleighs came crowding in from Geneva and Genesee with produce to be shipped, and business was lively in the village. When the spring freshets came, the arks were floated to the storehouses, the grain was poured into them in bulk, and the pilots, with their jolly helpers, cut loose the cables and began their returnless voyage to Chesapeake Bay. Their course was down the Conhocton and Chemung to the Susquehanna, and down that noble river to tide-water. These frail vessels did not always reach their destination. About one in ten emptied its contents into the river, as it was dashed upon some unknown obstruction, or was stranded on the shore. Thousands upon thousands of bushels of grain found their way to market through this precarious channel. A quarter of a century later, when Bath was on the eve of realizing Williamson's expectations, the canals were constructed; and lo! its glory departed. The ark of the Conhocton passed into history; the rats took possession of the storehouses; the roofs caved in; the beams rotted away, and what was left of them tumbled into ruins.

1801.—The Legislature of New York, having passed an act authorizing aliens for three years to take the title to real estate, in 1801, Colonel Williamson conveyed the unsold Genesee lands to his principals, and resigned his trust. Colonel Robert Troup was appointed his successor. The resignation of Colonel Williamson was a sad blow to Bath, and was deeply deplored by all the settlers in the country. He was greatly loved and respected. He promoted education and the establishment of religious societies, and was earnest in pushing improvements that promised benefit to struggling humanity. When he gave up the agency, many of his old friends and associates sought homes in other places. The Bath *Gazette* suspended publication; the theatrical company disbanded and the old theatre fell into ruins; the famous race-course, for a time, was abandoned, and pines and scrub oaks covered its track.

Colonel Williamson had commenced building, in 1799, a grand country seat on his Springfield Farm, so-called, a mile and a half below the village, near Lake Salubria. It was the largest private dwelling in Western New York, and calculated to dispense hospitality on a princely scale. Although constructed of wood, it was considered magnificent, with its spacious parlors, broad halls and grand assembly room, with their high ceilings and heavy mouldings, all finished and furnished exquisitely after the latest

style. It was flanked by two wings, each as large as an ordinary dwelling house, set off with piazzas and porticoes. The grounds about were artistically laid out and graced with ornamental trees and shrubs, and the then rare Lombardy poplars. On its completion, in 1801, he placed it in charge of Major Presley Thornton, a kinsman of Washington and an officer in the Revolution, who had just come from Virginia with a young wife of rare wit and beauty. She was long known as "The Madam," from her graceful and commanding ways. The Colonel made his home with them after he retired from the agency, maintained the establishment, and dispensed its hospitality with a generous hand. The place became famous for its brilliant assemblies. For there gathered on such occasions all the beauty and aristocracy from all the Genesee country, and even the distant Susquehanna.

The Major died in 1806, and the Colonel soon after left for Europe and never returned. The Springfield Farm, with the appurtenances, passed into other hands. The purchaser failed and it fell to his creditors, and soon the famous mansion, with its gardens and walks, showed signs of decay and became a picture of desolation—the abode of the owl and the bat and other uncanny things. Thirty odd years ago it was taken down to give place to the present farm house of Mrs. R. B. Wilkes.

The Major brought with him a few slaves as household servants. He was followed the next year by Captain William Helm, a wealthy planter from Prince William county, Va., with his family and a retinue of about forty slaves. He purchased a number of farms and set these colored people cultivating them. He built a fine mansion on the present site of the First National Bank, and lived there in great splendor, says Austin Stewart, his born thrall. He purchased and rebuilt the old grist mill erected by Williamson, near the bridge, and engaged John Richardson, the grandfather of Clinton Richardson, as miller, who ground the first superfine flour. He entered into large speculations. His wife died, and on the death of Major Thornton he married his widow. His money soon gave out and his enterprises failed. Some of his slaves ran away; some were seized by the sheriff and sold to satisfy his creditors, and his whole estate vanished. He became intemperate; the Madam left him, and, in 1826, he died in penury in this village, cared for only by one of his former chattels.

John Fitzhue and Samuel Hanson Baker came here from the South with a few slaves soon after the advent of Captain Helm. From the slaves brought by these families sprang our colored population. In 1800, there were only twenty-two in the county, all slaves; in 1810, only one hundred and sixteen, of which eighty-seven were slaves. Since 1860, the race here seems to be gradually diminishing.

Owing to the large amount of business transacted at the Land Office, the long and frequent sessions of the Courts, and the better cultivation

and improvement of the lands in the vicinity, Bath was enabled to hold its own during the commercial depression of the first ten years of the nineteenth century.

In 1804, William H. Bull came, with his father, Howell Bull, from Painted Post, and has furnished the memoranda from which has been made a bird's-eye view of Bath in that year. He may have omitted some dwellings, but of those given there are now standing only three, viz: the residences of Mrs. James Lyon, Miss Jennie Wilkes and Mrs. Samuel Balcom.

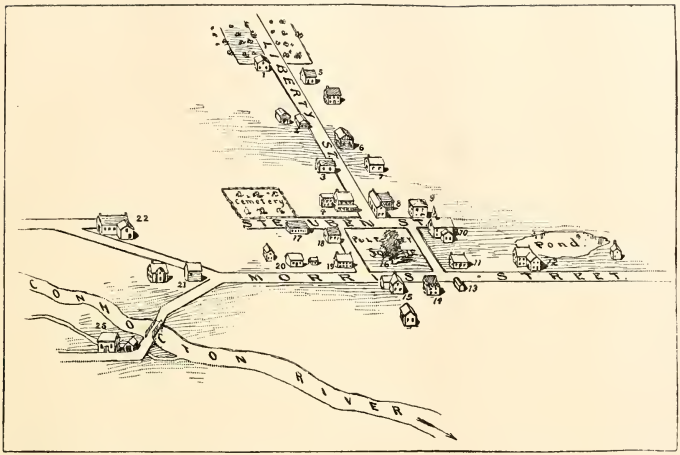
The Presbyterians, in 1806, organized in the village the first religious society. The first church edifice of the society was dedicated in 1825.

1808.—In 1808, the stone jail was erected on the north-west corner of Pulteney square, and was regarded quite impregnable; yet now and then an expert fellow would manage to dig his way out. It was taken down in 1846.

In 1811, Edward Howell and his brother William came to Bath, and about that time William Woods, Moses H. Lyon and John W. Fowler. Mr. William Howell has left us an accurate description of the town at that date, which we copy verbatim:

"In the year 1811, the only streets in Bath were Morris, Liberty and West Steuben from Pulteney Square to its junction with Morris street. There were nine dwelling houses on the north side of Morris street, extending from the square to Stewart's Hill, as follows: On the McCay corner a dwelling house, formerly occupied as a tavern; then the Cuyler house, Warden house, three small houses, a blacksmith shop, a log house and the Campbell house. There was only one house on the south side of the street. On the south side of Pulteney Square there was the agency house, where the agent of the Pulteney estate lived, and the land office, and back of them were several long, low houses, built of logs and sided up with clapboards, which had been used as servants' quarters.

"On the south side of West Morris street, from the land office to where the Erie depot now stands, there were four or five dwelling houses, one of which was constructed of squared logs, and stood on the lot where Abram Beekman now resides. Near the depot, where A. S. Howell now lives, there was a small frame dwelling house and a blacksmith shop. On the north side of Morris street (west of the park) there were six dwelling houses, five of them occupied as follows: Ira Pratt, Metcalf Tavern, John McCalla, D. Cruger; on the corner, Spring's Tavern. On the opposite corner on Steuben street, was the county jail, a stone building, and on the south side of the jail a small frame building which had been occupied as a store. On the north side of the park there were two dwelling houses on the opposite corners of Liberty street, the one on the east corner being the Townsend house, on the west corner the Captain Helm house, and there



Village of Bath in 1804.

1—Log house, formerly printing office of the *Bath Gazette*.
2—Bull's Tavern.
3—Log house.
4—Helm's residence.
5—Frame house, afterwards occupied by Rev. J. Niles.
6—Log house.
7—H. A. Townsend's house.
8—McClure's house and store.
9—Grocery.
10—Court House.
11—Turner's house.
12—Jonathan T. Haight, lawyer.
13—Log house.
14—Pulteney Land Agent's residence.
15—Land office.
16—Liberty tree (blown down in 1825).
17—Bath Jail.
18—School house.
19—D. Cameron's house.
20—Metcalf's Tavern.
21—Blacksmith shop.
22—Theatre.
23—Helm's grist and saw mills.

were some small buildings and a barn extending up to the old cemetery. East from the Townsend house and extending as far as where Beekman's factory now stands, was a row of small frame buildings, occupied for shops and groceries. On the east side of the park there was the Court House and a small frame building used for a school house, which stood where the building now is which is occupied by the Misses Hafford (now the site of the Surrogate's office). There were two small log houses, which had been sided with boards and painted red, which stood on or near the old Episcopal church lot.

"There were no buildings on the south side of Steuben street except the old log jail, which was on the west side of the new jail, and used for a barn. On the north side of the street, west of the old cemetery, were several small houses, and near the junction with Morris street, on the north side of Steuben, there was quite a large house built of squared timbers, and near the point of the triangle between the streets, at their junction, there was a large frame building which had been erected for a theatre, and was known by the name of the 'Old Theatre.' There were no other buildings on either side of the street until you come to where Judge Cook's house now stands, and there was a frame house, partly finished, which had been built by Mr. Taylor, who was the father of the first Mrs. Cameron.

"There was a bridge across the river where the present one now stands, and a frame house, the same which is now occupied by Mrs. Cameron, and farther up the road and near where Esquire Lindsay now lives, was a grist-mill and distillery, and two or three small houses. The water for the mill was taken out of the river a little below where Cook's mill now stands, and carried in a ditch to the mill, and then back to the river down below the bridge.

"On the east side of Liberty street was a dwelling owned by Henry A. Townsend, next north a log house, for years occupied by "Billy" Edwards, above a small house afterwards used as a hat shop, and the Niles house, near where the Episcopal church now stands. Nearly opposite, on the west side of the street, stood the old *Gazette* printing office, where Dr. Higgins long resided. Then came the Howell Bull tavern, and next south a log house on the ground subsequently owned by the late Reuben Robie,"

THE WAR OF 1812.

During the war of 1812, there was much excitement in Bath, situated as it was in proximity to the Canadian line and the Indian reservations. It was the chief rendezvous of the newly organized regiments of the county. Several of her citizens played prominent parts on the frontier. General McClure, Majors Cruger and Gaylord, Captain Read and Lieutenant Kennedy rendered efficient service. Two companies were drafted on Pulteney Square in 1813. When Buffalo and Black Rock were burned, on the

30th of December, 1813, and the British threatened to invade the country, a great alarm arose, and expresses were sent flying through this region calling for re-enforcements *instanter*. Another draft was ordered. It was mid-winter. The proceedings on the occasion are thus graphically reported by Judge McMaster: "One batallion was mustered on Pulteney Square. The snow was deep, the wind keen, but the soldiers stood formed in a half-moon with the fortitude of Siberians. Colonel Haight, mounted upon a charger, rode up with great circumstance and made a vigorous and patriotic speech, calling for volunteers and exhorting every man to go forth to battle. If half the corps volunteered a draft would not be necessary. Nearly half the number offered themselves at once. Then the deluding drum and fanciful fife began to utter the most seducing melodies. The musicians again and again made the circuit of the regiment. Drummers pounded with marvelous energy, and the fifers blew into their squeaking tubes with such extraordinary ardor that if the safety of the Republic had depended upon the active circulation of wind through those ear-piercing instruments, all apprehension of danger from the invaders might have been instantly dismissed. Occasionally a militiaman broke from the line and fell in behind the musicians; but most of the legionaries who had resisted the first appeal stood in the snow, proof against drums and fifes and the Colonel's rhetoric. The draft to complete the corps was finally made, and the batallion started for the seat of war in high spirits."

1816.—In 1816, there was something of a boom, the village was incorporated and a seal adopted; but, so far as is known, no steps were taken to complete the organization. General McClure had again taken up his residence here, purchased the property lately owned by Constant Cook, and erected mills. In the spring he ran to Baltimore a million feet of pine, one hundred thousand of cherry, and five hundred barrels of flour; but not meeting a favorable market, he shipped his cherry to Boston and exchanged it for machinery necessary for a woolen factory, which he erected on the mill property. If he had had money to carry out his great enterprises, he would have made Bath a great manufacturing as well as commercial centre.

He performed a feat that attracted world-wide notice. Upon a wager of $50, he proposed in ten hours to take the wool from a sheep's back and manufacture it into a dress suit. He performed the feat in less than nine, and wore the suit that evening at a party. There was a gay time in the village on the occasion. Captain Bull, with his ear-piercing fife, and Billy Edwards, with his thundering bass drum, discoursing martial music, followed by a mellow crowd of revelers, escorted McClure to the entertainment.

Vincent Mathews, the most prominent attorney in Western New York, took up his residence in the village and occupied the dwelling since the

property of Mrs. Franz Wolf. William B. Rochester, afterwards Circuit Judge, became his partner. Capt. Benjamin Smead, the veteran editor, brought his printing press from Albany and commenced the publication of the *Steuben and Allegany Patriot*; he subsequently changed the name to the *Farmers' Advocate*. John Magee came to the village soon after. Dr. Simpson Ellas and William Woods arrived here the previous year. William W. McCay and Peter and John Gansevoort followed the next year.

Professor Joseph Henry, the distinguished scientist, in a conversation had with him many years ago, stated that during the year 1816, he was a member of a corps of surveyors who were engaged in running the line of State road from the Hudson to Lake Erie by the way of Bath. When they reached this village they were received with quite an ovation from the citizens, and Dugald Cameron gave a grand ball in their honor. They were anxious to attend, but they were somewhat travel-stained and their linen was sadly defective, and there was no chance to correct it by purchase or otherwise. In their dilemma they bethought themselves that their drawing paper, with the aid of knife and shears, could be transformed into cuffs, collars and bosoms, which was speedily done, and they made a respectable appearance. This was the first introduction of paper collars.

On a quiet and balmy day in the spring of 1818, when but few were on the street, startling outcries brought to the doors and windows all the villagers, who saw an immense covered Canastoga wagon drawn by five horses with mounted driver, followed by a brawny fellow with a great whip in his hand. It contained living freight that sent out yells and screeches which would have frightened Pawnee Indians. Captain Helm, with confederates, had seized a number of his old slaves and their families, pitched them into his great wagon, and was now on his way to Olean where he expected to ship them to Kentucky for sale. There was no interferance here, but before their arrival at Olean most of them had escaped. He, however, succeeded in getting off with two of the children of Harry Lucas. Helm was indicted for kidnapping, and, in 1820, was tried and convicted. He was imprisoned a short time in the county jail and fined a small sum—which he never paid. Thomas McBurney, first Judge of the county, was tried the same year in the Court of Oyer and Terminer for a similar offense, was convicted and fined $1,000.

1820.—Erastus Shepard issued the first number of the *Western Republican*, in Bath, on the 18th of July, 1820. It was the organ of the Buck Tail party, so called, and made things hot for Captain Smead's *Patriot*. The factions of the Democratic party having coalesced, in 1823, it was suspended.

1821.—Stephen B. Leonard, a newspaper man of Owego, had a contract for a weekly mail from Owego to Bath in 1816. In 1821, in company with a Mr. Bacon, he established a semi-weekly stage line over the same

route. The stage was a two-seated lumber wagon drawn by two horses, and was the only public conveyance to and from Bath, until John Magee, in 1825, started his magnificent four-horse Troy coaches to be run daily to Owego, Rochester and Angelica. The hour of departure from Bath was four o'clock in the morning. These grand carriages, resplendent with plush and paint, drawn by four mettlesome steeds, as they rattled at early dawn in summer over Pulteney Square and up and down the streets to pick up passengers and mails, were a sight that richly repaid the loss of a few hours of sleep. The drivers' horns heard from a distance gave early notice of their arrival in the evening. The rumble of the loaded coaches and the rhythmical tread of the steeds, as they quickened their pace under the startling crack of the coachman's whip, broke the quiet of the closing day. The villagers then were all a-stir, as well to hear the news as to observe the dust-covered and perhaps distinguished passengers who came in such state; and the town put on the appearance of a wide-awake commercial center. This mode of conveyance was regarded a great advance, for passengers could now reach New York by these stage coaches in three days and nights so comfortably, as was then thought. Colonel Williamson, a bold rider, could make the journey to that city on horseback in less than seven full days, which he did many a time, out-stripping all the then public conveyances.

Perhaps no event in the village during the past century made so marked an impression upon the people at large as the trial and public execution, April 29, 1825, of Robert Douglass for the murder of Samuel H. Ives, of Troupsburgh. The gallows was erected on the first elevation north of the village on the south side of Geneva street, ever since known as Gallows Hill. The execution was attended with much ceremony. The culprit, seated on his coffin, was drawn in a wagon by a white horse to the place of execution, guarded by several military companies. John Magee was the sheriff. An immense crowd was gathered from far and near to witness the affair. Douglass was the first person to pay the penalty of the Divine as well as civil law in this county, and his execution and the attendant circumstances furnished household gossip for years. It was an epoch from which the citizens of that day measured time and counted years.

1826.—The most notable event occuring the next year was the trial of Sundown and Curly-Eye, two Seneca Indians, charged with the murder of Joshua Stephens, of Canisteo. The famous Red Jacket and other prominent chiefs were gathered here at the time with their interpreters, Horatio Jones and Jellees Clute. A rough element from the Canisteo was also on the ground, having no friendly feeling toward the red men. The Indians had a camp in a grove near the cemetery. One night, Mr. D. W. Lyon says, there was a gun fired into their camp, causing great alarm amongst the Indians, and leading them to fear that the Canisteo men

might do them some injury. Immediately upon the acquittal of the prisoners the whole party departed at once, and no Indian has been seen in this vicinity since.

Colonel Bull had erected the first brick house in the village, as well as in the county, in the summer of 1824. In 1825, P. C. and J. R. Gansevoort began to erect, and finished the next year, the first block of brick stores on the east side of Liberty street, generally designated as the Masonic Hall. It was three stories in height, and arranged for three stores. J. G. Higgins and John R. Gansevoort occupied two of them as variety stores, and Dr. Gansevoort kept some hardware and drugs in the other. The Masons had their lodge room in the third story. The building stood upon the ground now occupied by the Davison and Wilkes blocks. Later, Underhill & McBeath occupied the portion abutting upon the alley for a bookstore and bindery. It was burned during their occupancy. The abduction of Morgan by the Masons, in 1826, created great excitement and intense feeling against the fraternity, which lasted for several years and eventually led to an abandonment of the lodge. It was Lodge No. 57, and was organized in 1797.

1827.—In 1827, the old wooden Court House erected by Colonel Williamson, on the east side of Pulteney Square, was removed and replaced by a large two-story one of brick. On April 17, 1828, David Rumsey, Sr., issued the first number of the *Steuben Messenger*, the organ of the Anti-Masonic party. Judge David McMaster was for some time its editor. In August, William M. Swain commenced the publication of a campaign paper called the *Steuben Whig*. It opposed the election of General Andrew Jackson. Swain removed to Philadelphia and established in that city the *Public Ledger*, which was a success, and is now owned by G. W. Childs.

In 1831, our citizens, having abandoned the project of opening a canal from the Conhocton to Crooked Lake, procured a charter for a railroad instead. Surveys were made, but the scheme failed. The Steuben County Bank was incorporated March 9, 1832, under a charter running thirty years, with a capital of $150,000. On its organization it met with great opposition from a portion of the residents, growing out of the distribution of the stock. Notwithstanding, it succeeded financially, and during the period of its existence paid annual dividends of 11 per cent. and accumulated a surplus of $96,000, or thereabouts. In 1833, William P. Angel bought the good will of the *Steuben Messenger* and established the *Constitutionalist* as the Whig organ in the county.

1836.—In 1836–37, a spirit of speculation similar to that of 1796–97 prevailed throughout the country. Buffalo was the centre of it in this region. Many of our citizens caught the fever. Some took up their residence in that city, and remained long enough to reap a profit; but those who lived here suffered sorely from its fruits. For several years after, the village felt

the effect and few or no improvements were made. With the hope of checking this decadence, a new act incorporating the village was obtained from the Legislature, May 6, 1836. The first election under it was held at Gould's Hotel (the old Clinton House), June 7, following, and John D. Higgins, TenEyck Gansevoort, Benjamin Smead, Moses H. Lyon and John T. Andrews were elected Trustees; Ziba A Leland, John M. Campbell and Henry Brother, Assessors; Robert Campbell, Treasurer; Levi C. Whiting, Clerk; Elisha Hempstead, Collector, and O. W. L. Warren, Constable. By that charter, as amended from time to time, the village is still governed. The political campaign of 1840 was an exciting one; commencing in 1839, it continued even after the election had passed. Business was almost entirely suspended. Mass meetings, pole raisings and mammoth parades took place. It is still known as the Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign. There were in it many amusing episodes that would make an interesting chapter, but we must pass them by.

After the canals had been opened (to the north), diverting the currents of trade from this place, its people looked to the construction of the Erie railway, which was then in progress and approaching, for relief; but unfortunately, some would say, the line was diverted to the Canisteo valley; so Bath was left out in the cold, and Corning and Hornellsville received the benefits that would otherwise have been hers.

We will give a picture of our village at that time (1841), with the story of its wonderful resurrection, and how came about its present beautiful appearance:

In 1841, the public squares and streets were open pastures, ungraded, unenclosed and unadorned—they lay just as they were when first cleared. There was not a shade tree, except a few scraggly Lombardy poplars on the south-west corner of Pulteney Square. That now beautiful piece of ground was then rough and uneven; well-trod paths crossed it in every direction. Vagrant cows grazed thereon; "mendicant swine" (as a learned counselor designated them) rooted and wallowed in soft places, and squawking geese, even, at times pastured there. It also served as parade ground for the militia floodwood, at their annual trainings. Captain Ralph K. Finch there drilled his ragged Invincibles. Caravans and circuses spread their ample tents, where the ground was smooth enough to admit of it. Political gatherings and parades found ample scope for evolutions upon it. There were no sidewalks. The streets were as uneven as a rail-fence, and intersected by mud-holes and bordered by ponds. Such was our village in 1841.

A few country villages in the State had commenced to beautify their public grounds and streets by grading and planting shade trees. Ours caught the infection, but the old fogies opposed the innovation, lest it should interfere with their surplus. And at last it became an issue at the

charter election. The bachelors of the village, of which there were a goodly number, resolved quietly to take a hand and set the ball in motion. The night before the election they secretly organized and made the following ticket: For Trustees, John McCalla, Amos Babcock, James Shannon, Robert Campbell, Jr., and Levi C. Whiting; Assessors, Addison F. Ellas, George Edwards and Marcus C. Warren; Treasurer, Lewis Shoemaker; Clerk, Charles W. Campbell; Constable and Collector, Thomas Hess. The ticket was successful, and there was great excitement. The veteran editor, Captain Smead, in his *Democratic Bugle*, the next week, gave the following account of the result, which we copy verbatim:

"BACHELORS TRIUMPHANT."

OUR GOVERNMENT UNDER THEIR CONTROL.

"Our Charter election was held on Tuesday last (May 6), a day to be remembered in the annals of our village. A keen-eyed politician would have discovered early on that day, from the patrolling of our streets and the marshalling of troops, that a contest was approaching—that an important event was at hand. We filled an extra pipe and sat down quietly in our editorial chair to reflect on our favorite doctrine of *equal rights*, and to admire its beauties, until the hour of battle should arrive. We marshalled the Democratic Phalanx, and marched from the *Advocate* office to the polls, to slaughter their ancient foes, the Federalists; judge then of our astonishment, when the announcement was made to us, 'The Bachelors are in the field with a ticket of their own!' We rallied all our *matrimonial* forces, and called upon the 'Blue Light Federalists' of the *Constitutionalist*, to come forward and aid us once more in 'saving the country!' But then, our labors were in vain; we were routed—horse, foot and dragoons!"

The Board of Trustees at once organized by electing John McCalla, a typical bachelor, President, who forthwith issued the following inaugural, explaining the movement, and the reasons therefor:

"*Brothers and Citizens:*

Like all rebels against constitutional, as well as petticoat governments, the Bachelors of Bath feel called upon to give this explanation: We can now with propriety state some of the reasons which have impelled us to make *Bachelor* and *Anti-Bachelor* the distinctive parties in the late contest. It is not necessary to notice the many *contemptible flings* by which the opposition endeavored to lessen us in the estimation of the community. A single instance will suffice. 'A few years since, a prominent and distinguished gentleman, General George McClure, who claimed to

represent us in the Legislature of this State, had the audacity to propose a repeal of the tax on *dogs*, and place it on *old bachelors*. The insults on insults, wrongs on wrongs, which have been heaped upon us, we have borne with patience, and could still bear, but we believe there is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue. We resolved, therefore, to say to our opponents in a manner not to be misunderstood, 'Thus far, and no farther!' Notwithstanding our corporation taxes have been very considerable heretofore, our village, beautifully situated, and possessed of great natural advantages, presents none but a dilapidated and somber appearance, tenfold worse than any bachelor's wardrobe; our public squares are an eyesore—lumbered with rubbish—our main streets defiled with mud-holes, floating old hats and drowned cats. We propose to make a change in the condition. Under the auspices of the present Board of Trustees we anticipate our beloved village will rise Phœnix-like, and become the admiration of all beholders—a spot where the traveler would love to dwell. This is about *similie*."

Aroused by this stirring appeal the trustees threw off their coats, took hold of the plow, the hoe and the scraper, and the work of grading the Square was prosecuted with such vigor that the results will be found recorded in the *Constitutionalist* of October 6th, 1841, as follows: "Our bachelor corporation have commenced the promised improvements in good earnest under the supervision of the President of the Board. The work of grading the Square has been completed. In the last two weeks, plows, scrapers and wagons have been in active service and the trustees with hoes, shovels and spades, contemplating the piles of earth, reminded us of so many deputy grave-diggers. To a countryman inquiring, "What on earth are they digging?" a wag replied, "Digging the grave of bachelorism." And so indeed we trust it may be; not that we wish them to die off, but that they may be joined to their idols.

President McCalla was a rare character—famous for his dry jokes, quaint sayings, and queer catch-words. Every villager and countryman always called him "Uncle John." His residence was on Morris street, and his maiden sister, Nancy, kept his house for him. Edward Hubbell, when a callow youth, scarcely nine years old, made him a theme of one of his extemporized ballads, commencing thus:

> "'Uncle John!' he was a hatter by trade,
> He lived with Aunt Nancy, Aunt Nancy, a Maid,"

He took great pride in his office, and during his term Pulteney Square was graded, fenced and ornamented with those beautiful trees which have added so much to the adornment of the village, and furnish a lasting monument to the *Bachelors* of Bath. In this country, however, parties and politics are very changeable. The Bachelor party proved no exception.

Self-interest or passion induced most of its members to desert its ranks, and "go over to the enemy." It is even hinted that it was to win the favor of the ladies, who always encourage improvement and adornment, that the major part engaged in the movement. All, with the exception of "Uncle John" and Tom Hess, the alpha and omega of the ticket, joined the army of benedicts; these two were true to their colors to the end. Not one of the goodly company of bachelors is now living. Reforms never go backward. From the work thus begun has been evolved our two beautiful parks, and the embellishment of our avenues and streets with a magnificent border of most beautiful shade trees that charm every beholder, realizing the promise of the Bachelor President, that by these improvements, Bath would become "a spot where the traveler would love to dwell."

1843.—April 15, 1843, rounds out the first fifty years of the existence of this village, and your chronicler proposes here to close his narrative with a general description of the village and its residents at that time, as the newspaper files and public records from that date are full and complete, so that any future historian will have at his hand all the material facts necessary to write up its history. Besides, it is expected that there will be present to-day many gentlemen who can give you from memory all the principal occurrences since that period, whom all desire to hear, and for that reason the field should be left open to them. The village then seemed gradually improving and new buildings and blocks were going up. Colonel Bull, in 1842, surveyed and plotted William street, now one of the most beautiful avenues in the whole village. It was not fully opened for some years on account of legal complications. For preservation we give below the names of the leading men and firms then doing business in the village:

William S. Hubbell represented this district in Congress. William W. McCay was the Pulteney agent; John W. Fowler and James Read were his assistants. Mr. McCay was president and John Magee cashier of the Steuben County Bank; Constant Cook, County Judge; David Rumsey, Surrogate; William Hamilton, County Clerk; Hiram Potter, Sheriff; Edward Howell, District Attorney; Ralph K. Finch, County Superintendent of Schools; Levi C. Whiting, Postmaster. The settled clergymen were, Rev. Isaac W. Platt, Rev. P. L. Whipple, Rev. O. Frazier and Rev. Mr. Powers. The law firms were E. & W. Howell, McMaster & Read, Rumsey & VanValkenburgh, Barnes & McCall, Leland & Ferris, and James Shannon; the physicians, J. D. Higgins, G. A. Rogers, E. B. Pulling, J. C. Morse, Daniel Seever; druggist, Alexander Hess; book-sellers, R. L. Underhill & Co. and Frank Metcalf; newspaper publishers, Benjamin and Henry D. Smead and Whittemore & Co.; merchants, Magee & Cook, W. S. Hubbell, Henry Brother, Robie & Hunter, Amos Babcock, Dudley & Edwards, Tilman & Woodruff, John R. Gansevoort, George S. Ellas, Timothy & Levi Whiting; grocer, E. L. Platt; flour-mill, B. Hallock; shoe-

makers, Orrin Smith and Secor & Rose; saddlers, Moses H. Lyon and John Abel; carriage-makers, Disbrow & Ward; tailors, Briggs & Hess, William Woodward and T. A. Wilcox. Nichols & McPherson kept the Clinton House; R. Brower, the Eagle; James Lewis, th Mansion House, and James French, the Farmers' Inn. The only survivors of them all are John Abel, Simon Bovier, Caleb R. Disbrow, S. D. Hunter, M. F. Whittemore and myself.

The office of the great Pulteney Estate stands to-day where it was originally located a century ago, in full operation, untainted with embezzlements or defalcations, a monument to the integrity and wise policy of the various agents who have controlled the management, during a period, unaffected by foreign and civil wars, anti-rent and other domestic convulsions.

On the doctrine of compensation, Bath can console herself, if she has not become famous or blossomed into a city, that she has escaped the ills that usually follow such advancement. No destroying flood, devastating fire, death-dealing cyclone or wasting pestilence in one hundred years has visited her border.

In this narrative it has been my aim to give a truthful, plain and unvarnished statement of the history of our village, that can be verified. No facts have been distorted for the purpose of embellishment or to round out periods.

In conclusion, let me say that the object of this celebration has been, in a great measure, attained—securing Colonel Williamson's portrait, and widely advertising Bath. Much valuable historical material has been gathered which in a short time would have been lost forever. An interest has been aroused in the young, as well as in the old, in local historical study which will extend to that of the country and of the world at large. It has also awakened a desire in our citizens to learn something of their noble pioneer ancestors who left them so precious a patrimony, and must induce them, if they possess a spark of patriotism, to revere their names and memory, and preserve them untarnished forever.

PART THREE.

SYMPOSIUM AT THE CASINO.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 6, 1893.

REMINISCENCES.

By William Howell.

[Before commencing the duty assigned to me, I desire to pay a kindly tribute to the memory of one who has doubtless been in the thoughts of many of those here present; one who would have felt the greatest interest in this anniversary. We have known him as a poet who had brought honor to his birthplace, and whose labor and research had constituted him an authority in all matters pertaining to the early records of the county; indeed, it would seem difficult to mention the history of Bath or Steuben county without calling to mind the name of Guy Humphrey McMaster.]

The practical requirements of life, at the present time, seem to leave but little opportunity for sentimental reflections on the past; but, in assembling here to-day, we are testifying to a desire to turn aside for once, at least, and to permit ourselves on this occasion the free indulgence of retrospect. We will soon go back to the routine of life that Providence has marked out for us, but to-day we will give ourselves up to the past, and, in turning over the torn and worn pages of the old book, endeavor to bring back again the life and the spirit of one hundred years ago.

A great writer of history has said that the circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from ignorance to knowledge—these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call "important events." If this be true, the materials at our hand to-day are not unworthy of our attention as a study in social progress and development. Our pursuit will not be diverted by any so-called great events; there are no wars and tumults to record, no long descriptions of battles and bloodshed; whatever we may find to interest us must be drawn from uneventful, every-day life and experience.

I shall not attempt to refer at length to the individual history of those whose names stand out prominently in the course of events beginning with the year 1793, but my endeavor will be confined merely to a brief reference to points that may illustrate life and character, in the effort to awaken your further interest in the subject.

It may at first be stated that the country around us was a part of the territory ceded to the State of Massachusetts by the State of New York on the 16th day of December, 1786, and conveyed by the State of Massachusetts to Nathaniel Gorham and Oliver Phelps, on the 31st day of March, 1788. Two townships of the same, lying on the Canisteo River, No. 3 in the fifth, and No. 4 in the sixth range, containing 23,040 acres each, were conveyed to Arthur Erwin, Solomon Bennett, Joel Thomas and Uriah Stevens, on the 17th day of September, 1790. These persons, and others who came in the spring of 1791 to settle on their lands, were the first white inhabitants of the territory afterwards comprised in the county of Steuben.

Messrs. Phelps and Gorham sold a large part of their purchase to Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, by whom it was conveyed to Sir William Pulteney, and others, of England. The Phelps and Gorham purchase extended about forty-five miles from east to west, and eighty-four from north to south, and contained about 2,200,000 acres. In the year 1790, the New York Legislature formed a county, named Ontario, from all that part of the State lying west of a meridian line drawn from the 82d milestone on the Pennsylvania line to Lake Ontario. The whole of this territory was then called the "Genesee Country" which name, in the Indian language, signified a *pleasant valley*.

The purchase made by Sir William Pulteney, and the commencement of operations under the direction of his agent, Captain Charles Williamson, were the beginning of wonderful changes in the Genesee country. Williamson made his first journey to the southern part of the territory in the summer and fall of 1792. He came through the forest from Northumberland; thence thirty-eight miles to the place where Williamsport now stands; thence twelve miles to Trout Run; then crossing the Laurel Ridge mountains to what is called the Block House; then passing on to points where are now located the villages of Blossburg, Canoe Camp, Tioga, Lawrenceville and Painted Post, and thence eighteen miles towards the headwaters of the Conhocton, where he selected the site for his city in the forest, and here, named in honor of his patron's only daughter, he planted the town of Bath, in the center of a wilderness of 900,000 acres.

It may be of interest to the antiquarian to note here that Henrietta Laura Pulteney was created Baroness Bath, County of Somerset, July 26, 1792, and Countess of Bath, October 26, 1803. She married Sir James Murray, who assumed the name of Pulteney, and she died without issue, August 14, 1808, when her titles became extinct.

Captain Williamson's plan for his new settlement was comprehensive and far-reaching. He well knew the advantages of concentration, and believed that if he at once laid the foundations of a town and could bring a small number of operators to the ground, he would soon have something visible to attract a larger emigration. The advantages of concentration

were shown by some of the French settlements in Canada, on the St. Lawrence, where farms were laid out with narrow river fronts, and the houses built within a short distance of each other. Captain Williamson, in his letters, urges the advantages to be secured, in the settlement of all new countries, by having the farms so located that the dwellings would not be far separated; but in many instances this method was not followed, or was found impracticable under the existing conditions, so that in numerous cases settlers would commence their clearings and erect their log houses miles away from their nearest neighbors.

The first necessity of the infant metropolis was a saw-mill; and we are told that one was finished early in the season of 1793, and before winter a grist-mill and another saw-mill, nearer the town, were nearly ready for use. Several other settlements were begun this year, the principal of which were Sodus, Honeoye Lake, Canaseraga and Pleasant Valley, and roads were opened in many directions.

The County of Ontario was now divided, the northern part retaining the old title, and the part set off was called Steuben, after the Baron of that name.

Captain Williamson, in the effort to induce emigration to the country, published several enthusiastic letters, from which I will now make a few extracts, giving his description of the many attractions offered by the new settlements a few years after the founding of Bath. He says: "The rapid progress of this new country in every comfort and convenience has not only caused the emigration of vast numbers of substantial farmers, but also men of liberal education, who find here a society not inferior to that in the oldest country settlements in America. The schools are far from being indifferent, and even the foundations for public libraries are already laid. The gentleman fond of a rural life, or the amusements of the field, may here gratify himself; he may find a situation for a country-seat that will please the most romantic fancy; the excellence of the climate and soil will afford him every certainty for a great return for his trouble and expense as a farmer, and with little care his garden may equal any gentleman's in England. Indeed, with the advantages of soil and climate, the great variety of situations can only be equaled in the finest parts of England.

"You will find that the climate of the Genesee country not only forms a very interesting part of its advantages, but also of its natural history; those parching heats that on the south side of the Allegany mountains seem to dry up every particle of nourishment from the plants, are never known in this country; in almost every instance a hot day is succeeded by a plentiful shower, which preserves throughout the summer a constant verdure, and affords to us the finest pastures and meadows on the continent; the nights are proportionally cool, and a traveler from the sea-coast

is surprised to find, in the dog-days, a couple of blankets a comfortable covering. The frosts have never been so severe as to stop the operation of the mills, provided very trifling precaution is used. So remarkable was this circumstance in 1797, that a number of sleds came from Pennsylvania to the Bath mills, a distance of seventy miles. All this is owing to the relative situation of the Genesee country. It is bounded on the north and west by great bodies of water which do not freeze, and in this direction there is not one mountain. The northerly and westerly winds which scourge the coast of America by blowing over the Allegany mountains, covered with snow late in the spring and early in the fall, are tempered by passing over these waters; and these mountains to the south of us do, at the same time, prevent the destructive effects of the southerly breeze in winter, which by suddenly thawing the frozen wheat fields would destroy thousands of bushels. While the Lakes and the Allegany mountains are in existence, so long will the inhabitants of the Genesee country be blessed with their pleasant, temperate climate. The town of Bath has this season increased considerably, and much improvement has been made on the different roads leading to it. The opening a market to Baltimore for our lumber and fat cattle has also raised a spirit amongst the inhabitants to improve the navigation of the Conhocton. A handsome Court House, and a very secure and convenient gaol are added to the number of our buildings, and the inhabitants have recently encouraged a clergyman to settle amongst them."

He also states that in that year, 1798, the printer of the Bath *Gazette* "dispenses weekly not less that five hundred papers." It may be interesting to us to examine briefly the contrasting conditions of life as shown here one hundred years ago, and as we see it around us to-day. It is a well-known fact that the occupations and daily experiences of men have exerted great power in moulding and stamping their characters, and that the influence of natural surroundings has been by no means an insignificant factor in shaping the destinies of nations. The mountains and hills, the desert and the ocean, are cited in numerous instances in the Sacred Scriptures as showing their wonderful power over the minds of men, and we may readily trace the development of character in the pioneers of this country, as influenced by their conditions and surroundings.

And first, their experience, filled as it was with new and peculiar obstacles, hopes and fears, tended to produce an alert and resourceful character. We are apt to forget that the life was often one of continual anxieties, and, even here, not the least of them was the possibility of an Indian outbreak. When General St. Clair was defeated by the Indians, in the year 1791, it is said that many of the Genesees were in that battle fighting against our forces, and that the fact was well known that some of them were in the battle of the next year, when they were defeated by

Wayne. Although, after this defeat of the Indians on the Miami by General Wayne, in the summer of 1792, it was not generally supposed that there was much danger of another outbreak, yet the savages came to this country in great numbers for the purpose of hunting and making sugar, and so little confidence was felt concerning them as to keep the settlers continually on their guard. I have been told by an old resident that as late as 1796 or 1798 some of the settlers left the county on account of their fears of another Indian war.

These apprehensions, together with the feeling of isolation, the heavy labor of clearing away the forest and subduing the soil, and the conflict with obstacles unknown at the present day, tended to form a character differing in many interesting traits from that of any other people. It is not surprising that one prominent characteristic of the pioneer was self-confidence, and that he was brave, hardy and enterprising.

It has been held by students of moral philosophy that as the refinements and luxuries of society increase, there is a corresponding diminution in active sympathy between man and man, and in the personal services rendered by each to the other. However this may be, it is certain that in the primitive condition of the pioneers there was an unwritten law that men were bound to help each other; and their raising bees, logging bees and chopping bees gave evidence of their hearty willingness to assist their neighbors without money or price.

Nor did these gatherings fail to exercise a considerable influence on their lives and characters. They were important means of maintaining social intercourse and exchange of ideas, while to men whose lives were for the most part solitary and uneventful, these musters of the widely-scattered settlers inspired a feeling of strength and confidence. But while his virtues are fully recognized, the pioneer is sometimes criticised for not attending as carefully as he ought to matters of religion, and particularly in paying too little attention to the observance of the Sabbath day. But it must not be forgotten, in a broad view of the question, that if his peculiar virtues were fostered, so were his shortcomings nurtured by his environment. He was often compelled to be a law unto himself; there was no public opinion to influence him and the forest, like Crusoe's island, gave no sound of the "church-going bell."

Strictly speaking, the pioneer life within the boundaries of the village itself was of short duration; for although much of the surrounding country remained for a long time in forest, and more than forty years after the first settlement the wolves would occasionally be heard of an evening, howling among the classic shades of Mossy Bank, yet from the first clearing away of the timber from Fulteney Square, Morris, Liberty and Steuben streets, the appearance of Bath, we are led to believe, was very different from that of the ordinary frontier settlement. The plan from the

first was to provide for the growth of an important city; and although the failure of the Conhocton's water supply, the building of the Erie canal, and the invention of the steam locomotive seriously interfered to destroy commercial relations with Baltimore, and the dream of Williamson has never been fully realized, yet there has always been much to stimulate the pride of the dwellers in this beautiful town, and I believe that all of them have ever felt a peculiar interest in its character and associations that time and distance have never effaced.

The trades and professions were well represented at an early day, and the first newspaper in Western New York, the Bath *Gazette*, already referred to, was established under the auspices of Captain Williamson, in 1796. During the next thirty years or more, many enterprises flourished that have since become extinct. Pure medicinal whiskey was distilled from the native corn; John McCalla, the hatter, on Morris street, manufactured the genuine old-time regulation beavers; a few years later books were printed and published at the old Bath bookstore, the press work by George Richardson, and the binding in good, honest sheepskin by James McBeath.

But to reach the Baltimore market by means of the turbulent waters of the Conhocton was the absorbing question for many years. The most romantic episode during the period of maritime prosperity was the wonderful voyage of Deacon Hopkins. He loaded a raft with lumber, and one fine morning, in the spring of 1798, he bade farewell to his friends and stepped on board. The steering oars at bow and stern was manned, the hawser was cast loose, and the ponderous craft swept out on the broad bosom of the Conhocton at high flood. The difficult preliminary navigation of Campbell's Hole and Hunter's Bottom were safely passed and, after perils by rock and shoal in the foaming Chemung and the mighty Susquehanna, the long voyage to tide-water was accomplished.

But disappointment awaited the Deacon on his arrival at Baltimore, for he found that there had been a great decline in the value of his cargo. He was told, however, that lumber was in great demand in the island of Cuba, and he forthwith chartered a schooner, to which he transferred his freight and sailed for Havana. On this voyage he was overtaked by a hurricane, and was compelled, amid much grief and tribulation, to throw overboard a large part of his cargo. At length, on his safe arrival at the islands, he found that the hurricane had so befriended him in blowing down nearly all the houses that his remaining stock of lumber sold for more than he had expected for the whole, and he found himself realizing a handsome profit. But he was not satisfied with this result. He sailed for Rio Janeiro, where he purchased a load of mules, and returned with his cargo to Havana; but another decline in prices rendered this operation a failure, and after closing up his books he voyaged back to Baltimore, and

from thence traveled by horseback to Bath, returning, after his long absence, square with the world but rich in experience.

Among the names of those living in the early times, whose strong individuality and exceptional characteristics have been impressed upon the society of their day, and who have lived in tradition for generations after, may be mentioned that of Madam Susan Thornton. Many of us remember her in her old age, when she resided on East Morris street, and an old gentleman once related to me his impressions of her appearance, some years after her marriage with Captain Helm, one morning when he saw her walking across Pulteney Square from the Agency House to that of her husband. Their residence then stood on the corner, afterwards occupied by the Clinton House, and now by the Bank of Bath. He described her stately and graceful carriage, the brightness of her eyes and her handsome, attractive face. She was prominent in that period of festivity and lavish hospitality, when the old customs of Virginia were transplanted to the banks of the Conhocton, and many interesting events occurred in the life of this lady, to whom was always given the title of "Madam."

I have no record of the schools of Bath previous to the year 1813. In that year the village school was taught by Mr. William Woods; in 1815, by Mr. Welles, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Court, residing at Penn Yan; in 1817, by Mr. S. Hull, a nephew of Mrs. Townsend; in 1820, by Mr. George Huntington; in 1822, by Mr. Plumley. In a *Farmers' Advocate* of December 14, 1831, appears the following advertisement by Mr. Eli Eddy:

"BATH SELECT SCHOOL.—Subscribers to this school are hereby notified that the winter term has just commenced under arrangements highly favorable to the improvement of the scholars. The school is furnished with Holbrook's apparatus and various other articles for illustrating the subjects of education; besides globes, maps and drawings on subjects of natural history. Patrons of the school are respectfully invited to call every Wednesday P. M. to witness the performances of the scholars in reading, speaking and writing lessons in their respective studies."

The opening of Haverling Union School, in the year 1847, was considered a very important event. It has ever since been the pride of the people of Bath, and for many years has ranked among the first schools in the State. As a monument beside which the sculptured marble appears insignificant, it will carry down through the ceaseless round of years the name of Adam Haverling. His most devoted occupation during the latter part of his life was the promotion of its success, and he left behind him a liberal provision for the continuance of his bounty. His bust, it will be remembered, used to be seen over the bookshelves of the old school library, until destroyed, with all the other contents of the first building, when it was burned some thirty years ago. At his funeral, when he was

buried in the new cemetery, the school attended in procession, and the old banner, carried by Thomas Faucett, was brought out for the last time.

The first principal of the school was Mr. Hathaway, followed by Mr. Samuel Hallett (afterwards prominent in Pacific Railroad affairs), and then by Mr. E. J. Hamilton. The last named gentleman came to Bath from Wellsboro, Pa., and under his administration the school maintained a most remarkable reputation. His talents as a teacher were indeed exceptional, and he was ever held in the highest esteem by all who came under his influence. No Rugby boy ever felt greater respect and veneration for Dr. Arnold than is, even to this day, yielded to Professor Hamilton by his former pupils, and widely scattered as they are, and many of them filling important and responsible positions in the world's work, I believe that each one still feels a sentiment of pride in the thought that Mr. Hamilton had once been his instructor. Of his accomplished wife, who occupied the position of preceptress, it is difficult for us to express our highest admiration for her character. The memory of her kindly influence and the brightness of her intellect will always live in the hearts of those who were permitted to know her.

No old Haverling boy will forget to pay a kindly tribute to the patience and watchful care of Miss Melinda Hull, who for so many years presided in the primary department, and who is still living among us in the enjoyment of a peaceful old age.

These recollections are doubtless of little value to the general public, but they may perhaps awaken an interest in some of those veterans among us who can boast of having passed through all the grades of Haverling school, from the time when they were matriculated in the basement, until the day when they proudly stepped on the upper platform and roused the hearts of admiring friends by "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," "The Vulture of the Alps," or "Bingen on the Rhine."

At the present luxurious time, when every hamlet is favored with a brass band and drum major, it is difficult to realize the exalted station occupied by the music makers before the war. He must be degenerated indeed, and dull to all the finer emotions, who can now recall without a thrill of excitement the sound of the pealing fife and the rattling, booming drums, as the old "Bath Artillery," under the stern command of Captain Whiting and Lieutenant Bonham, left their armory in Congress Hall and wheeled out of Orchard street into Liberty, with their white and scarlet plumes waving in the wind; their ponderous muskets, with glittering bayonets pointing to the sky; each man carrying at his belt a sheathed cheese knife, modeled after the swords used by the Romans at the battle of Pharsalia. But it was the head of the column—the music dressed in their blue frock-coats with scarlet facings, and "buttons all over 'em," that roused the enthusiasm of the street. First came the fifer, Julius Smead, a

master of the art. I can see him now, wheeling round at intervals to mark that the drummers kept step and maintained the proper distance, his eye frequently lifted to the zenith in the effort to bring out a high note of the "White Cockade" or "The Girl I Left Behind Me." We shall not see his like again, and well he deserves a niche beside the great Antony Van Corlear, the trumpeter of New Amsterdam.

Next appeared Miles Terrill and Merlin Graham, expert manipulators of the snare drum, and under whose skillful strokes that instrument was capable of producing effects that would be vainly imitated by the degenerate pounders of sheep-skin of the present day. Last, but far from least, in fact the groundwork and foundation of the whole, came the ponderous bass drum booming and roaring under the fierce and well-timed blows of Ira Edwards.

Such was the "Martial Band" of our younger days, and many of us may often doubt whether any combination of brass or reed has ever fully supplied its place, although for the finer purpose of a moonlight serenade, we confess to many tender recollections of the "Bath Cornet Band," in the days of Jefferson French and Samuel Van Pelt. There are now probably but few members of the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company who are aware that the organization once possessed an ambitious brass band of its own, but the older members, who used to enjoy its rehearsals, will never forget it; and while memory lasts they will recall with melancholy pleasure the spirit-stirring strains of "Number Six."

There were not wanting, even in the early days, certain amenities of life, which, though not characteristic of the Puritan Fathers of New England, are yet interesting as proving to us that our progenitors were not always engaged in grinding toil to the exclusion of occasional relaxation; for, as we all have heard, there occurred in September, 1796, the great race between the thoroughbreds, Silk-Stockings and Virginia Nell, in which the former won the Steuben sweepstakes and a fame that has lasted even to this day; and as the old play-bill tells us, on New Year's night, 1798, the beauty and fashion of the forest city were assembled in the old theatre at the corner of Morris and Steuben streets, to see the curtain rise on the comedy of the "Sultan," as given by the actors imported from Baltimore. We must conclude that the performance was exceedingly lengthy, or else that the Bath society of that day was really not given to late hours, for the programme announces, "Doors opens at half-past five; curtain will rise at precisely half-past six."

But they have all long since finished their work and played their play, and the last lingerer of their generation has gone. If you walk a short distance up Steuben street, from the corner of Liberty, you will see where some of them are quietly sleeping in the old cemetery, and many others are now lying under the oaks in what was once called "Campbell's Grove."

"Verily, they do rest from their labors;" and to their toils and sacrifices, their battles with the forest and endurance of hardships and exposures, we owe the smiling fertility of these broad acres around us, and whatsoever is now spread out to charm us in this beautiful valley, which they redeemed from the wilderness and prepared for our occupation.

"We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor."

But their works do live after them. And as for us, standing in the rising dawn of a new century, and realizing the debt we owe to those who laid the broad foundations of our prosperity, let us yield them to-day their full meed of praise; let us honor the virtues of a type of men and women that, together with the old days, have passed away forever.

REMINISCENCES.

By Hon. Justin R. Whiting.

Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :—When I received the invitation from your President to visit you on this occasion and address you, I was somewhat surprised, but I was more greatly pleased. I at once decided to accept the invitation, not with the idea that I had anything to say that you wished to hear, but I wanted to see and I wanted to hear.

As I left Bath when only two years of age, I practically knew nothing of it or its people ; but when I first learned to talk, or at least when I was asked to tell where I was born, I was proud of the fact that I was born in old Steuben.

When I grew older and had occasion to record, as I have at various times, my birthplace, I was again proud of the fact that I was born at Bath, in old Steuben.

I very early developed a great desire to visit my birthplace. My father, who was a merchant and often went to New York to buy goods, finally brought me East to visit my uncles and aunts and cousins. I think I was only ten years of age when I made this, my first visit. We arrived here in the evening. On the next morning, my father having gone on to New York, I got up bright and early to see what the place was like. The sight that charmed me most was Mossy Bank. To me it was the highest mountain in the world. I had never even seen a hill, for I had been reared in Michigan where, in early days, dry places were called mounts. The very day after my arrival, for my especial pleasure, my cousins planned an excursion to the top of Mossy Bank. Well do I remember how hard I struggled to keep up with the rest, sometimes hesitating with fear. Well do I remember the pride and satisfaction I experienced when I looked down on the pleasant valley below me. It was the first time that, from an elevation, I had ever viewed the habitations of man. It did not lessen man's greatness to me, but it increased my awe for the Creator. We spent a most delightful day, until when, on our return, in order to save distance, we were crossing a planted field, we were startled by the shouts of the owner. To say that I was frightened feebly indicates my condition when I saw the man with a dog, and I was told also with a gun, making hastily for us. I didn't stop to see whether he had a gun or not, but I heard the

dog bark and I started for the river; I think I led them all, although the youngest of the party. When I reached the river I hardly knew what to do, for I had always lived on the bank of a river that was three-quarters of a mile wide and sixty feet deep; but the dog was close behind, and I plunged in regardless of consequences. I assure you that I can remember well the satisfaction I felt upon reaching the other side. I think my cousins were not as frightened as I was, and I am now disposed to believe that they were somewhat responsible for my fright. The next day my cousins arranged another tour, and we went on a picnic to the lake near where my cousin, James Lyon, then lived. The boys, on this occasion, brought along a double-barrelled shot gun, which they, after some persuasion, induced me to shoot. The gun was leveled across a large stump, and I was told that it was aimed at a flock of ducks. I didn't see any ducks, but I was induced to pull the trigger and shoot. From the way that I was kicked over, I believe that an extra large charge was put in for my benefit. I was assured when I regained my feet, that I had killed two ducks.

Each day brought new revelations. I had uncles, aunts and cousins in every direction, boys and girls, and I visited them all. I remember that I fell desperately in love with one of my girl cousins. Although she was much older than I, I was charmed with her beauty and amiability. I staid here about two weeks and had as delightful a time, I think, as ever a boy had in his life. I went home with pleasant recollections of Bath, and they have never been effaced from my memory.

From time to time I have returned to Bath, but I have not kept track of the social and commercial changes that have occurred, yet I know that great changes have taken place here similar to the changes that occur in other places. The surroundings of Bath have changed but little. Mossy Bank looks the same to me that it did when I was ten years old. I presume that the country roads leading into Bath are unchanged and most of the environments are as they were, but I imagine that if some one were to return to Bath to-night, who lived at the time of the anniversary which we are now celebrating, that he would discover great changes, not only in the habits but even in the faces of the people assembled here to-night. To bring to mind the sturdy manhood of the people of that day, and to call up the memories of those who have more recently passed away will well repay for all the labor and expense of this celebration and reunion. From the struggles, the hardships and the sacrifices of the pioneers has come the general intelligence of to-day, and has made the American people the foremost people of the world, the most intelligent and most independent people.

I used to think a few years ago that all depended upon political organizations; that one party would save the country and that another party would ruin it. A little practical public experience has convinced me

that that is all wrong ; it is intelligence that controls both or either parties. The party that cannot live up to or fulfil the demands of intelligence to-day in the United States must pass out and give way to the party that will.

And as to-night we are the recipients of blessings bestowed on us by those who appreciated the value of an education, so to-day devolves on us a great responsibility for the well-being of those who will follow us.

In conclusion, I desire to express my appreciation of the motives and arduous labors of those who have so successfully managed this reunion. I believe it will reflect great credit upon Bath, and it will be of lasting benefit to the young people here, who soon must come up and take the places of the older ones in the city and Nation. It will broaden their minds ; it will give them a higher appreciation of the responsibilities they owe to each other and to their country ; and so Bath will continue to maintain the high rank it has ever held in the great Empire State, in the greatest Nation of all civilization.

REMINISCENCES.

By Hon. Irvin W. Near.

History of Kennedyville.

My contribution to this occasion is such facts, circumstances and statements as relate to and are connected with the early settlement, history and progress of that part of the town of Bath, which was embraced in and formed school District No. 3 of this town, at the beginning of and during the early and middle portion of the present century, and particularly the part that was first known as Kennedy's Corners, Kennedyville, and later on and now, as Kanona.

School District No. 3 began on the easterly, near what was known as the "Half-Way House," and extended westerly and up the Conhocton River, nearly to the "Eight-Mile Tree" and almost a mile and a half on each side of the river. This territory now lies in the three towns of Avoca, Bath and Wheeler.

The first school house was located at the central point, now known as Kanona, at the confluence of the Five-Mile Creek from the north, and Campbell Creek from the south, with the Conhocton River, which here flows from the north-west, in a south-easterly course, forming three wide, productive and luxuriant valleys, so that at this place of the meeting of the waters was, in location, an attractive place for the early pioneers and tourists, and it has been ever since and now is unsurpassed in that respect.

The first mention of Kanona comes from the memoirs of the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, a Frenchman, who made a tour of this country in 1795. He says that in that year there was a small settlement at Kennedyville.

At the time of the opening of Williamson's road from Bath to near Tuscarora in Livingston County, in 1793, an inn was kept at this point by one John Mahon. It is said that at the time of the completion of this road, Mahon, who had kept an inn at the mouth of the Five-Mile Creek, located in Sparta.

All of the streams on the northerly side of the Conhocton River, crossed by this road, were designated by the number of miles they were from Bath—as Five-Mile, Ten-Mile, Twelve-Mile Creeks, and so on.

Bath was then the great central point—the expected future metropolis of Western New York—from which all distances were measured and computed; the proximity of any point to Bath, then, determined its value as a place to locate. I do not know that longitude was ever reckoned from Bath, but presume it was, because all other known measurements began there.

The first real settler at Kanona was Col. Henry Kennedy; he came in 1800, and purchased the land where the village is now located. Col. Kennedy was born in Scotland, in 1765, of Scotch-Irish parentage; he was the first of the family to settle in America. He first located in Johnstown, in Fulton county, New York, shortly after he attained his majority, doubtless attracted thither by others of his countrymen who, through the aid and influence of Sir William Johnson, had formerly located there, and had founded a rich and prosperous community, and from which the Johnson Greens, who so largely contributed to desolating the Mohawk Valley during the Revolution, were recruited. Kennedy came from Fulton, then Montgomery county, to Herkimer county, and from thence to Kanona. He built the first saw-mill, on the site of the ruins of a later mill, near the D. L. & W. R. R. station. He also kept a tavern on the spot where is now located a brick hotel, and from this circumstance the place became known as Kennedy's Corners and Kennedyville. The name of the first clergyman is forgotten, while that of the first to minister to the physical necessities and provider of entertainment survives. It is so in many localities. Is the judgment just?

Henry Kennedy held a colonel's commission at one time in the State militia. It is asserted that he served in the Revolutionary war; of this I have not sufficient evidence. He held several local offices, among them that of Justice of the Peace. He had a family composed of the following children: sons—John, Hiero, James and William; and daughters—Anne, Sarah, Hannah, Cornelia, Susan and Dolly. He was a man of undoubted honesty and integrity, of stern and tyrannical disposition, and in his family rigorous and exacting, enforcing obedience to his mandates with a "Penang lawyer." He died at Kanona, April 26, 1826, aged 61 years, leaving his widow, Anne Kennedy, and the above-named children. John, better known as Colonel John, and of whom more will be said, was born in Herkimer county, and died in the town of Dansville, in Steuben county, October 8, 1833. William died in 1834; Hiero, in 1836; James died at an early age. Of the daughters, Anne became the wife of Daniel Raymond, Sarah the wife of Joseph Wheeler, Cornelia the wife of Franklin Glass, Susan the wife of Chauncey Sackett, and Dolly or Dorinda the wife of Bernard Fox; Hannah never married.

John Kennedy served with distinction in the war of 1812 with England. He was an Ensign—a rank now known as Second-Lieutenant—in a

company of drafted men; this company was on the Niagara frontier; they volunteered to cross the river and make the attack on Queenstown Heights. The Captain sought shelter in a place of safety; the First-Lieutenant, John Gillet, was severely wounded; the company became confused and demoralized; Ensign Kennedy with great enthusiasm and intrepidity reorganized his scattering comrades, reformed the column, placed himself at its head and, with other American forces led by Lieut.-Col. Winfield Scott, made a gallant and brilliant assault upon the British and Indians on the Heights, and drove them to the woods. Ensign Kennedy was personally complimented upon the field by Gen. Wadsworth, upon whom the command of the Americans had devolved, for his bravery. It was in the attempt to rally his retreating forces, caused by this attack, that the British General Brock fell mortally wounded, perhaps by a bullet from a musket of one of Kennedy's men. British reinforcements coming into action drove the Americans down the bank to the river's edge, but as Kennedy's Captain and others of a like mind, in their discretion, had taken most of the boats to save themselves, a large number of Americans, of whom Kennedy was one, were taken prisoners, sent to Halifax and from thence were paroled and sent home for exchange. Before his parole had expired, we find Kennedy, now Capt. Kennedy, in command of a company at Fort Erie, in Canada, in defiance of his parole; in his patriotic enthusiasm he prominently participated in that brilliant sortie from Fort Erie, which resulted in the raising of the siege of that Fort by the British.

At the close of military operations on that frontier, Kennedy returned home, and to peaceful avocations. It is said that Col. Kennedy's parole had not expired at the time of his death—he was never exchanged.

Col. Kennedy was a member of Assembly from Steuben County in 1825, and was sheriff of the county in 1826–29. Col. Kennedy married Flora, a daughter of Maj. Asa Gaylord, of Cold Springs.

Brigham, Elijah and John Hanks settled at Kanona in 1804; Elisha Hanks and Jeremiah Wheeler in 1805. All came from Vermont. Brigham Hanks was a blacksmith; his first shop stood upon the spot where the brick stores now stand. He was a man of considerable education. He was the first postmaster, appointed when the office was first created in 1820, during the administration of President James Monroe; he was also clerk of School District No. 3, and secretary of the various meetings of which any record is preserved. He removed to Illinois many years ago and died there. Elisha Hanks settled on the Bradley farm and Elijah and John Hanks and Jeremiah Wheeler located and lived nearly a mile south of the village, up the Campbell Creek valley.

In a letter from Brigham Hanks to his brother Elisha Hanks, then in Vermont, dated August 21, 1805, urging him to come to this locality, after recounting the cheapness of land, its amazing fertility, the

abundance of crops and the ease with which they could be raised, the plentifulness of game, he added "You, can get good whiskey here, they sell a gallon of it for a bushel of rye." Think of this, ye candidates for "jag cures," with what frugality these pioneers enjoyed a spree! Elisha could not resist these allurements. He died at Kanona, May 14, 1848. Elijah Hanks died at the same place, Sept. 26, 1853. A peculiarity of these Hankses—they each had a family of seven children. One of the daughters of Elisha Hanks became the wife of John Ostrander, of Kanona, another married Job Goff, of Hornellsville. Brigham Hanks, a valued and respected citizen of Wellsville, N. Y., is a son of Elijah Hanks.

Finla McClure, Jr., shortly afterwards settled on the river above Kanona, on what is known as the Snell farm, now in the town of Avoca.

Edward Howell, early in life, and about this time, lived on the farm later occupied by Henry and Alexander Shaver, still later by Ambrose Gray. Here Mr. Howell first undertook to be a farmer. He afterwards moved to Bath, and became one of the learned and honored lawyers of the State.

Col. John Taylor, of Trenton, N. J., came to Bath in 1797, and settled on the farm, on which the "Half-Way House" was built; a part of the present house was built by him. Col. Taylor was a soldier of the Revolution in the New Jersey line. He served seven years; he was with Washington during most of the service and was his intimate friend during and after the war. While the patriot army occupied New Jersey, in the dismal winter of 1776–77, Washington made the home of Col. Taylor his resting place. Col. Taylor lived to be ninety years old. Of his children, a daughter was married to Dugald Cameron in this Half-Way House. A son, George W. Taylor, named for George Washington, by whom he was held at baptism, located and settled on Five-Mile Creek in District No. 3, nearly a mile above and north of Kennedyville. Here in 1820, he built a large grist-mill, the only one in the vicinity at that time; this mill did a large business for a number of years. Taylor, about the same time, built and operated a distillery at the same place; for a long time it did a flourishing business and, with the mills, supplied victuals and drink to all the country about. After this grist-mill ceased to be operated, it was taken down and the timbers sold to Mr. W. W. McCay, by whom it was removed and converted into a barn, now standing on the Soldiers' Home farm, on the hill southerly from the principal buildings. Col. Taylor married, for his second wife, the widow of Col. Eleazer Lindley, who was the proprietor of the town of Lindley. Mr. Wm. B. Taylor, of Canisteo, is the son of George W. Taylor.

Erastus Glass came about 1806. He built a saw-mill below Kanona, about three-fourths of a mile, on the site now occupied by Baker's Mills. Thomas, better known as "Tommy" Moore, an honest, jolly, good-natured

Irishman, the son of James Moore, who was born in Ireland and came to this county with George McClure, lived and died on the farm cleared by his father, above Kanona, on the northern side of the river nearly opposite to Mr. Howell's early home. A daughter of Thomas Moore married Isaac H. Hill Esq., whose memory is loved and respected by all who knew him. Another daughter, Jane, a kind and noble woman, died a few years since; like one I have before mentioned, she never married. "Some one had blundered."

In 1830, Clinton Nixon, who was a merchant and trader, built a sawmill and a tannery in the eastern part of the present village, nearly opposite to the late residence of ex-sheriff Oliver Allen.

John Ostrander came about 1812, at an early age; he was a hotel keeper, merchant and lawyer; he was a man of broad and comprehensive views, quick and keen preceptions, of good habits and excellent business ability. He spent the remainder of his life at Kanona and died there in 1865. Four of his five sons volunteered, and did splendid service in the Union army, in the War of the Rebellion. Ostrander had an extensive acquaintance in all the country about, and a great reputation for his skill and success in trying "horse suits" in Justice Court; his services were in constant demand, for horse-trading was then, more than now, a legitimate business.

The following is told: A man who had the blood of half a dozen different races in his veins—a sort of a polyglot—traded horses and got cheated; he resorted to the law for redress and started to retain John Ostrander. On his arrival he found that his adversary had secured Ostrander. Finally he secured the services of John Van Loon, then a rising young lawyer of ability. The cheated horse-trader, upon being teased by the fellows who hung around the taverns, upon his disappointment in obtaining the lawyer of his first choice, retorted, that "Loon could not open his mouth as wide as 'Strander but he could hop on to the law."

Kanona was the favorite stamping ground for the horse-traders of a generation ago—a class of men who made their living by swapping horses or any thing else—they combined traits of boldness, cunning, shrewdness and general knowledge—

"A smack of Lord Waterford, reckless and rollicky,
Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan;
The keen penetration of Paddington Pollaky;
Genius of Bismarck, devising a plan;
The spirit strategic of Cæsar or Hannibal,
Skill of Sir Garnet in thrashing a cannibal;
The dash of a D'Orsay, divested of quackery;
Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray;

Victor Emmanuel, peak-hunting Peveril;
Thomas Aquinas and Doctor Scheverell,
Tupper and Tennyson, Daniel Defoe,
Anthony Trollope, and Mr. Guizot."

I have known one of this guild, to start out, with a spavined, wind-broken, weak-backed horse, harness, old sulky, a silver watch, and poorly appareled, to return, after a couple of weeks' raid through the country, with a good pair of horses, harness, a fine top buggy, gold watch, and clothed in broadcloth and fine linen.

Among these traders "Jim" Deyo, "Nub" Barker, "Jo" Rice, "Jim" Covert were expert artists. These nomads, and the horse-law-suits bred and nourished by their skill, have disappeared from this locality.

Samuel W. Burnham, who at an early day, lived on the Campbell Creek road, between the river and Wheeler's, was an intelligent, keen and active man. He had a great reputation as a successful pettifogger, and his services were eagerly sought for by those who were in want of his assistance.

Upon one occasion, before a Justice of the Peace in the then town of Howard, Burnham was engaged on the trial of a law-suit for trover and conversion. He represented the defendant; Dan H. Davis, of Liberty, a man of fit calibre for Burnham, was for the plaintiff. After wrangling all day and a greater part of the night, varied with an occasional scrap, such as pulling hair and kicking shins, Burnham moved the Court that the action be discontinued, and made a long and ingenious argument in support of his motion. Davis responded with confidence, stating that there was no foundation, right or authority for the motion. The Court, believing what Burnham said was true, and being tired and worn out by the contention of counsel, and not having the ability to comprehend the position of either, granted the motion and discontinued the action on the application of the defendant, who at once got out of the county with the property in dispute.

Russell Kellogg, George Dawson, Samuel Fyler, Zera Bradley and Oliver Allen, all of whom are now dead, were active and prominent residents of Kanona, and contributed to its prosperity. Of Oliver Allen more than a passing notice is due; he was elected sheriff of the county, he then residing at Hornellsville, in 1849. His term was one of great activity, and he discharged the duties of the office with credit. He was truly a leader of men and, in the Canisteo Valley no man was more esteemed or had a larger following. He was possessed of remarkable personal strength and courage, and was always ready for any emergency, regardless of the consequences to himself. During his term as sheriff, a great deal of lawlessness and annoyance prevailed in the towns bordering on Pennsylvania,

caused by a gang of thieves, who would come into this county, steal horses, cattle, sheep and other property and run them over the state line into the Pennsylvania wilderness. The local officers and Allen's deputies had not succeeded in arresting any of these malefactors. Sheriff Allen resolved to visit the infested districts alone, so, taking several pairs of handcuffs, he started out, and arriving unsuspected in the locality, he soon got on track of the evil doers. He followed two of them to a house, rapping for admittance. A man came to the door, Allen immediately siezed him, hand-cuffed him to an apple tree by drawing his arms around the tree and putting the handcuffs on his wrists, leaving the prisoner embracing the tree in this manner; then, with the help of some residents who had been aroused, pursued and captured the second, and shackling them together, he brought them both to Bath and lodged them in jail, remarking that it would "be some time before they would again eat butter on their potatoes."

After the expiration of his term of office as sheriff, he moved to Kanona, purchased a farm just east of the village and lived there for more than ten years. Shortly after the time his office ended, the American or "Know Nothing" Party was formed, and rapidly assumed such magnitude as to threaten the existence of the two great parties—the Whig and Democratic. The Canisteo Valley was a fertile field for the growth of the new and mysterious party, whose transactions were carried on in lodges to which none but those invested with the pass-word could gain admission.

Allen was appealed to by his old party associates in Hornellsville for help; he went over and made the tour of the valley and, by personal appeals to his old acquaintances succeeded in staying the further growth of the new party in that locality. In a short time throughout the Northern States a like result prevailed and upon the demoralization and discontent then prevailing, the Republican party, like a young giant, sprang into being, and in this county such men as Robert Campbell, William M. Hawley and Oliver Allen were the foremost champions of its principles. For a number of years after this, ex-sheriff Allen was prominently connected with the management of the canals of this state. He died in the town of Canisteo about 1866.

About the year 1836, a new class of people emigrated to the locality that I am now considering, and its vicinity; they came from the Mohawk Valley; their fathers and grandfathers were among the makers of America. They were the associates of, and co-laborers with Philip Schuyler, Peter Gansevoort, Nicholas Herkimer, Douw and Jellees Fonda and Sir William Johnson. They were with Col. Marenus Willett in August, 1777, at Fort Stanwix, when the stars and stripes were then and there for the first time flung to the breeze. This first flag was made by this garrison; the blue of the Union was from Capt. Swarthout's camlet cloak, the white

stars and stripes were out of the officers' shirts and the red stripes were furnished by the scarlet cloak of one of the women of the fort. It was in the free and pure air of the Mohawk Valley and by these patriots that "Old Glory" was baptized—"by Angel hands to valor given."

They participated with Herkimer in the bloody and decisive battle of Oriskany, the turning point in the War for Independence, the conflict which in fact made America free.

Among these settlers were the Snells, the Grays, the Wagners, the Shavers, the Billingtons, the Bellingers, the Shultses, and the Dygerts. By their industry, steady habits, frugality and thrift, fearing nothing but sin, they greatly improved the farms and villages, and added immensely to the moral and material wealth of the county. The first settlers had directed their attention to lumbering and taking the product to market; the land was only valuable to them for its timber. For the well attended churches, thriving schools, fine cultivated farms, comfortable and pleasant dwellings, prosperous and happy homes, the credit must be given to the Mohawk Dutch.

The first school teacher in this district was Ann Parker. She lived in the westerly part of the district; this was in 1800. She taught by going around from house to house, imparting instruction in the same manner as shoemakers and tailors performed their work at an early day. It was called "whipping the cat." Her qualifications were her good moral character, retentive memory and great physical strength and endurance. She was able physically to enforce her precepts and teachings upon the children and, occasionally, upon adults. She was unable to write, claiming that none but the highly educated possessed that qualification, and consequently it was not embraced in the branches taught by her.

The first school house in District No. 3 was built, in 1810 upon the site now occupied by the brick stores, and was next to the blacksmith shop of Brigham Hanks. At a school meeting held on the 23d of November, 1813, Reuben Montgomery, Henry Kennedy and Finla McClure were elected trustees, Brigham Hanks was elected clerk and John Hanks collector. "It was voted that where the school house now stands be the site for the school." It was also voted that "there shall be no tax raised in this district this year." The meeting adjourned until the 27th inst. at 5 P. M. At this adjourned meeting, the views of those present were different from those that prevailed at the original meeting, for it reconsidered the former action in relation to no tax, and voted to raise $50 for the necessary repairs of the school house and for fire-wood.

On the 4th day of May, 1814, the before-named trustees made a contract in writing with Dauphin Murray, whereby, in consideration of $180, he agreed "to keep and teach a common English school, to-wit: reading, writing and common arithmetic, for the term of one whole year, in said

school district, in the school house next adjoining the blacksmith shop of Esquire Hanks, to commence on that day and from thence next ensuing and to be fully completed and ended;" the said sum was to be paid, $90 on the first day of May next ensuing, and the remaining $90 on the fourth day of May, 1815. The modern teacher and scholar would not enjoy this solid year of school, at this figure, without any vacation. It appears that Dauphin Murray gave satisfaction, for by a contract dated May 5, 1815, signed by Elisha Hanks, Jared Spalding and Erastus Glass, who were then trustees of this school district, and Dauphin Murray, he agreed to teach the "Three R's," one whole year, but at the increased sum of $275. Murray appears to have been a man of some parts; he wrote a good hand, was good in figures and fair in composition and grammar. He was alternately pedagogue and publican. He kept an inn at Kennedyville about the same time. He left the country and went west in 1824.

Among the later teachers in this district were Hon. George Huntington, afterwards a state senator; Hon. Edward J. Farnum, now living at Wellsville, N. Y.; Andrew J. Brundage, Esq.: Captain Henry S. Wood and Captain Manley T. Matthews, both good soldiers in the Union army. The former died in the service of his country during the War of the Rebellion, the latter died after the close of the war.

The schools at Kanona have always maintained a good record for efficiency, order and instruction; none of its pupils need be ashamed of the instruction received there. The patrons were people who were intelligent, critical, always ready to investigate, and were familiar with the current literature of the day. I do not claim that it is classic ground, yet several of the songs of a generation ago, among them, "Minnie Clyde," "Kittie Clyde" and "The Old House at Home," were written in District No. 3.

The first religious organization was that of the Universalists, of which Henry Smith, Elijah Hanks, Joseph D. Shuart, Royal Knight, Simpson Ellas and Christopher Rowe were prominent members. The Christians organized a society about the same time, composed, in part, of John K. and Daniel Towner, Franklin Glass, Shepard Spalding and Vestus Chapin; this was about 1826. These two organizations united and built a church at Kanona, in 1833, and maintained religious services therein for a long time. So "free grace and undying love" here early found an abiding place. The church building was quite recently burned. The early Universalist clergymen who lived and labored for this community were Rev. Elijah Smith, who died here, and Rev. Morgan L. Wisner, a brother of the late Col. R. P. Wisner, of Mt. Morris, a well-known and able lawyer.

The Presbyterians, who came here early, were affiliated with the church at Bath until 1831, when they built a church at Kanona. I do not think that the resolution to build this church was prompted by the same

influence that led to the building of the parent church. Those prominent with the Presbyterian organization here then were George W. Taylor, James A. Otis, Brigham Hanks and David Tilton. Rev. Mr. Everett was an early pastor of this church. The celebrated revivalist, Littlejohn, frequently conducted services in this church. The Presbyterian meeting house was, after a number of years, transferred to the Methodist Episcopal organization; they still maintain religious services in this building. The Wheelers, Henry Pier, a Justice of the Peace for many years, the Norrises and Cases were prominent Methodists. Among the early clergymen of this denomination located at Kanona were Revs. J. C. Stevens, Charles T. Gifford and John T. Canfield.

The general religious sentiment of the people of Kanona has always inclined to liberal views. They were critical, yet honest and intelligent in their ideas. It has been said by a number of Presiding Elders of the Methodist church, that at no place did they take so much care, and expend so much labor and thought upon their sermons as at Kanona, because of the intelligent and fearless criticism of their audiences.

I do not think Kanona was in its earlier days a very good field for physicians; for some reason they remained but a little time. Among these were Drs. Brown and Patterson.

Besides Mr. Ostrander, the following lawyers, all of whom are now dead, were located at Kanona, and there laid the foundations for the achievements and good record of their after lives: Andrew J. Brundage, who moved to, lived and died at Monroe, Wis.; John C. Van Loon went to New York and died there; Peter M. Tolbert located at Rochester, Minn., and died there; George S. Jones, a lawyer of more than ordinary ability and a gentleman in all things, went to Belmont, Allegany county, N. Y., was associated in business with Hon. Wilkes Angel, and died there. Of those who are living, you can conclude from the sample before you.

Before the building of a railroad through the Conhocton valley, the transportation of produce, live stock and goods through Kanona, by reason of its location, was immense. I doubt if there was another place in the State, west of the Cayuga Bridge, that equaled it. On many occasions, from 150 to 250 wagons and other vehicles stopped over night there. The accommodations of three large taverns, including beds, tables and floors, were insufficient for the throng. Truly, the dream of Williamson was in part realized, but instead of the products and wealth of Western New York seeking Bath for market and shipment, by way of the Susquehanna system of communication, these caravans passed on through Bath to Hammondsport, and sought markets by an intruder of the St. Lawrence system of waters, and the canals.

Teamsters from Coudersport, Pa., from Cattaraugus, Allegany, Livingston, the western and northern portions of Steuben county, made calcu-

lations to stay over night at Kennedyville, and by an early start the next morning reach Hammondsport by sunrise, unload their burdens, and load up with merchandise and other goods that had come as far as possible by water—then the only means of transportation—get back to Kennedyville, remain again over night, and in the morning resume their homeward journey. This was the route and means of travel and transportation for years. During the season of marketing grain, the highway from Kennedyville to Hammondsport was as thronged as the roads now are at the time of the Steuben County Fair.

Great droves of cattle were driven from what was then the far west—from "clear on to Ohio and Michigan"—to market, through Kennedyville. About 1850, a plank road was completed from Hammondsport through Bath to Kennedyville; when these droves reached the plank road, they were alarmed at the unusual sound produced by their feet. Many a time, mischievous boys and frequently adults would make some unusual noise, shake a paper at or shy a stick or stone into the drove; thus started, and being unused to the plank road, away they stampeded in a manner that would do credit to a herd of Texas steers of the present day, carrying everything before them, until stopped by the toll-gate, unless sooner rounded up by the cowboys of that day.

Ark building was a thriving industry at Kennedyville for a long time; it was the ship-yard for Bath. The Hanks Brothers were largely engaged, with George W. Taylor, Matthew Neely, with his sons William and Samuel, and others, in building the crafts that were to navigate the waters of the Conhocton, Susquehanna and its tributaries. The principal point where arks were built and turned or launched into the waters was on the bank of the river in the rear of the present residence of W. A. Dawson, Esq. Some of them were loaded at Kennedyville, but they were principally taken to Bath for their cargoes. When these arks, with their cargoes, arrived at their place of destination, they were broken up and sold for lumber. The running or navigating of arks and rafts, made of pine lumber, was a favorite occupation of the early settlers of our county. They were hardy, courageous men, full of life and fun, and possessed of great physical endurance, as the following incident will show: McElwee, of Mud Creek (now Savona), James French, of Bath, Hopkins, of Kennedyville, and Ira Lane, of Howard, had all been down the river with a June "fresh." They returned together by some public conveyance and on foot over the Laurel Mountains as far as the "Block House," near Blossburg, Pa., where they remained over night. They concluded to walk to their several homes; so starting at daylight the next morning, they began their journey. McElwee reached his home, fifty-three miles from the starting point, in the afternoon. The others reached Bath, fifty-nine miles, the home of French, later on. Hopkins, or "Hop," as he was called, and Ira Lane thought they

would go on to Kennedyville, sixty-three miles, before stopping ; arrived there, Lane, refusing the earnest invitation of "Hop" to stay over night with him, decided to go home, which he reached at midnight, a distance of seventy-one miles from the "Block House." This was a fair walk. How would some of our modern college athletes enjoy a walking-match with Ira Lane?

In the early days, the general election was held three days. In the town of Bath, it was held the first day at Mud Creek ; the forenoon of the next day at the Eight-Mile Tree (Avoca) ; in the afternoon at Kennedyville, and the third and last day at the village of Bath. These polls were attended by the candidates, or their supporters and heelers, providing the inducements and munitions of war, for the support of their choice. Then, there was no registration of voters ; booths and voting machines were unknown ; nor were there any city offices, the holding of which disqualified a candidate from serving as a legislator.

The name of the postoffice was changed from Kennedyville to Kanona in 1852, through the exertions of Brigham Hanks, the younger, assisted by Hon. Reuben Robie, then the member of Congress from this Congressional District. The reason for the change was because of confusion in the prompt transmission of mail matter by reason of the existence of a postoffice called Kennedy in Chautauqua county. The name adopted was the Indian name of Five-Mile Creek, and signifies rusty water, by reason of the fancied resemblance of the waters of this creek, at times, to iron-rust. The change was proper and appropriate ; other localities should do the same. As far as possible, localities and all civil divisions of the country should bear the name given by the Indians to some stream, lake or mountain of the vicinity.

The first railroad—the Buffalo & Conhocton Valley railroad, now the Rochester Division of the N. Y., L. E. & W. R. R.—was built through the town of Bath, passing through Kanona, in 1853. From that time on everything relating to transportation and travel became changed ; the old thorough-braced stages went west, and have disappeared with the days when they were necessary. The D., L. & W. R. R. and the Kanona & Prattsburgh railroad are later enterprises, adding largely to the facilities of this locality.

When the War of the Rebellion broke upon the country, there was no more loyal response to the call to arms from any section than was made by the people of old School District No. 3. The blood that ran in the veins of those who had participated in the siege of Fort Stanwix, in the battles of Oriskany, Saratoga and Bennington, of Queenstown Heights, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie, of Palo Alto, Buena Vista and Chapultepec, was on fire with patriotic enthusiasm, for the preservation of the Union. Of those who went, and of those who died on the battle-field, in hospitals or

in prisons, and those who returned, and their loyal and gallant services, a comrade and companion in arms will fully detail their names and glorious deeds; for this reason, I reluctantly forego the grateful task.

Since the war closed, the era has been "modern times;" with that I do not propose to further weary your patience. I have been asked to tell you something of "Old Bath;" how well or how faithfully I have done it, you will determine; the mistakes you will correct, and I am sure that for my many sins of omission or commission, you will grant me indulgence, and, I hope, a full pardon.

The history of the town of Bath is proud, noble and prosperous. Her sons have been prominent in the State and in the Nation, their examples beckon on the youth of to-day to lead pure, useful and noble lives. In this history, School District No. 3 has borne as conspicuous and as noble a place as any other locality of this town. Its sons and daughters have well sustained their parts and added to the credit, by their good citizenship and obedience to duty, of the glories of the first century of the town. If the records of the second century can show as well, at its close, then indeed will the meeting place of these beautiful valleys,

"Where loving memory tenderly and fondly clings,"

justify the good judgment and sagacity of those who selected, planted, nourished and cultivated it in these hundred sleeping years.

REMINISCENCES.*

By Rev. L. Merrill Miller, D. D.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—When I first received an invitation from your committee to be present here and say a few words to-night, I said to Mrs. Miller, "To be sure, I must go to Bath and see what of the old faces are left, and if possible renew some old acquaintances I made a great while ago;" although to-day, if I had acted as I had been appointed, I would have been at Saratoga Springs, making an address before the Presbyterian Congress connected with the missions of this State and the missions of the United States.

But my first love was here, in connection with the dear people of my youthful pastoral charge. Not only that, but many of you understand very well that my first love was here in another direction, and for which, like Jacob of old, I labored seven years, and got her and I have her still.

Mr. Chairman, a century is a short time, as we read it in the history of the great nations of antiquity. They arose, as you know, from very small colonies and, advancing by slow growth, became powerful among the nations and accomplished the deeds that have rendered them famous through the hundreds of years following. Since then things have changed. The slow coach which carried those years has disappeared. Improvements come upon us with the magic of steam and electricity, and even as we talk of them they are done.

It is only four hundred years since Columbus gave this western hemisphere to the east; some of the nations of antiquity have numbered nearly three times as much before they reached the acme of their pre-eminence and their glory.

Our own Republic is only a little over one hundred years of age. In 1783, at the close of the Revolution, we were declared a free and independent people, and our mother country admitted our right to be a nation. It was ten years after that, 1793, that the settlement of Bath began. A tide of improvements, slowly at first, flowed into this quiet valley, as well as throughout our broad domain, that enable us to celebrate this Centennial day with the acclaim, "Behold what God hath wrought." As you

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*Two or three items are printed in this report which were not given in Dr. Miller's speech on account of limited time.—Ed.

look back over this one hundred years to-night and recall the events which have been detailed to-day, you are justly amazed when you compare them with the great events of the past the doing of which spread over so many hundreds of years. Visit now the distinguished capitals of the old world; look at their ornate and massive cathedrals; survey the miles of paintings at Versailles, Florence, Rome and Berlin; view the monuments so wonderful in their artistic beauty and grandeur, the story of deeds accomplished —and you must gaze at them with the remembrance that they were hundreds of years in the perfecting, and also that hundreds of years ago some of the cathedrals were commenced which are not entirely finished at this time.

Returning to the events the story of which has just been repeated to us, and looking at the significent tokens of wealth and taste and charity, the substantial churches and the homes of elegance which adorn this village, we may well wonder and congratulate one another.

Forty-nine years ago last month, introduced by the Rev. Isaac W. Platt, one of the noble names of Bath, I came here a boy preacher. On the 12th of May, my first Sabbath, I preached three times in the old white church, with a tall, sightly spire on the south side of Pulteney Square—having ever green Mossy Bank in the back ground. That old wooden building was, for that period, a very pleasant and commodious structure, but a very different thing from the substantial and ornate church which fills its place to-day. The high pulpit, reached by long flights of stairs was in the north end of the church. A lofty gallery ran around three sides and a number of square pews furnished prominent sittings to the old established families. I remember well my arrival by the old stage coach in Bath at midnight. Coming from Rochester, my former home, up the Genesee Valley we climbed over the hills this side of Dansville and then wound along down the valley of the Conhocton. The first thing I said the next morning as I came out on the veranda of the old Clinton House, was, to a friend who stood there: "How did I get into this cup, and how in the world do you get out of it?"

The only face that I knew, except that of Rev. Isaac W. Platt, who persuaded me to come here, was that of my friend Ansel J. McCall, whom I met as I left the hotel. We became acquainted with each other in Hamilton College. Of course I was glad to see him, and now as pleased to acknowledge the many kindnesses and introductions I received at his hands and at the hands of his sainted mother, Mrs. McCall.

Already has been detailed, in the papers read, many names that need not be repeated. I shall only add a few and specify some particulars. Four elders of my church, Dr. G. A. Rogers, Messrs. Lewis Biles, John W. Fowler and Peter Halsey were not only my strong coadjutors but were marked men in the community. Messrs. Edwards, Gansevoort, McCay,

Rumsey, VanValkenburg, Hubbell, Howell, Campbell, Lyon, Magee, McMaster, Cook, Hull and Robie were leading citizens and gave me tokens of their friendship. Col. Davenport, one of our most successful business men, was ever unostentatious, though liberal, in his charities and gifts. We, as well as others, were the recipients of many favors from him, of which the world knows nothing.

Pulteney Square in those days was a cheerful place. The south side had the white church in the center with green fields beyond, watered by the Conhocton and flanked by one of the most beautiful of the "everlasting hills." The old Woods place, occupied by Mr. L. C. Whiting, son-in-law to Mrs. Woods, was next east of the church, then the Howell residence and office, beyond which was the Episcopal church.

To the west of the church was the old land office, the noted Hubbell store and a harness establishment. Beyond these rested the genial residence of Mr. Moses Lyon, one of the most solid, honest and successful early residents of Bath. Steuben County Bank and the attractive home of Mr. John Gansevoort were on the west side; on the east, the residences of Judge Leland and Mr. W. W. McCay (either side of the old Court House and County Clerk's Office) opened their welcome doors to cheerful and winning social life, where many of us were pleased to gather. The north side was full of active life at the Clinton House and the Eagle Tavern and business places beyond. This picture would not be perfect, however, to me should I fail to add that there was near the old church a cheerful study and parlor, formerly the office of Judge Woods, which Mrs. Woods kindly gave into my possession, during the early part of my ministry, and, at the same time, Mrs. Gansevoort gave to the young minister a free home with many comforts and attractions.

The Rev. Mr. Whipple was the excellent pastor of the Episcopal church. He was the type of a good and noble man. Closely associated with him in many ways, I found him a genial and loving friend, anxious to be of service in any desirable way. The very summer after my settlement, Dr. Pulling, a very worthy physician, was called to perform a dangerous operation in a critical case. A slip of the knife slightly wounded the thumb of his left hand, from the poison of which he speedily died. Mr. Whipple was faithful in his attendance upon Dr. Pulling and his patient, who also died, and contracting the same disease, the clergyman and two others died. During Mr. Whipple's illness my ordination occurred; after which I visited him, when putting his hand upon my head, he added his blessing and wished me great success in the work of calling souls to Christ and in building up His Church among you.

There is no accounting for the intelligence sometimes found in dogs of famous story. I have one for you. My friend, Mr. Fowler, and his family were punctual and constant attendants on our church services. They

had a dog who was for a time a regular visitor at the services, until once, left shut up in the house, he broke through a closed window and found his way to the sanctuary as usual. He used to come into the pulpit and seat himself beside me until at the last singing he would quietly and sedately march out and start for home. A remarkable thing about it was that the next Sabbath after I was married, he ceased coming and never came again. I have never satisfied myself whether he left me in disgust because I was married, or because he thought I had some one sharp enough to look after me.

That others thought I was a young man when I first came here is sufficiently evident as I tell you that, with a Byron collar and a ribbon necktie, I was often mistaken for one. On a certain occasion, going rapidly, as I usually walked, I came to the turn to cross the Davenport bridge. A teamster driving fast from the opposite direction, reined in his horses with a loud "Whoa!" and shouted, "Boy, can you tell me which of these roads I shall take to go to Cooktown?" "Yes, sir; that is the way." As I rushed on and he drove away, I had the impression, "Well, I must be a boy, as others see me."

The first marriage at which I officiated was in the Dudley settlement, at Mr. Peter Hunter's dwelling, when Mr. Hiram T. Baker, of Warren, Pa., was married to Miss Mary A. Hunter. I was put to the blush on that occasion. There was a pier glass on one side of the room, before which the couple stood. Being a little shy of each other, they slipped apart somewhat and left me watching myself in the glass to see how I looked talking. That was an embarrassing introduction to the marriage service in which I pronounced them man and wife under difficulties. The last marriage service I performed, just before coming here, numbered 1,598 couples which I have united in wedlock. It is only necessary to add that I have passed being afraid of pier glasses or anything else in that direction.

I was early introduced to Captain Smead, a man with a strong character, not easily forgotten. At once he began talking politics to me, which I warded off the best I could, for in that day and until this, I have never been in the habit of disputing in such matters, although most people know my political preferences and the way I would be likely to vote. Nobody ever encountered Captain Smead without finding that he thought nothing in the world was like the *Advocate*, his and his party's paper. He believed in it and in its sentiments then, and held to them strongly as long as he lived.

Another character in that day was my unique friend, Captain Bidwell, who was a member of my congregation. When present, he sat in one of the square pews at my left hand, watching the gallery as well as the pulpit. Should the choir fail, as occasionally it did, in those days, he was on hand with his tuning-fork, and loudly calling out, "Portugal," or "Mear,"

would with his uplifted arm beat time to his singing, leaving others to follow as best they could.

The boys and girls here to-night would have been glad to have been acquainted with the simple-minded, good-natured "Old Story," who, with his horse, a moving rack of bones, with ropes for harness, and a tumble-down rig, used to visit us with large quantities of the ripest and most famous black and thimble berries. The only drawback in the eyes of the purchaser was the allegation that he always picked them into his old boots and shoes. His great ambition was, as he said, "to get a pair of good nags, if I have to pay twenty shillings for them."

Mrs. John Magee, to whose strong character, good sense and helping hand, Mr. Magee was wont to attribute much of his success, was a Virginia lady of position, and widely known. A warm friend of mine, and an essential help to the Presbyterian church, she left to my trust several thousand dollars, which, according to her wishes, were distributed to the mission work of our boards, as well as in other work. Mr. Magee gave to me, in her memory, for my new church in Ogdensburg, a marble font of large proportions and of ornate design and finish. It is prominent among the beauties of that pleasant sanctuary.

I remember very well Madam Thornton, respecting whom several things have been said here to-day. I am glad to add one word more. Past her prime a little, as I first saw her, she was still stately in her uprightness and queenly in her movements. With all her singularities and unique use of language, which many of you understand, she had also wonderful and sterling qualities. In the great reverses which came to her, from being the owner of many slaves and much property, and holding a high position in society, and thence down to real poverty and need through severe experiences, she manifested singular patience and fortitude. The nearest to complaint, which I recall, was once her saying, "I should be very content, while I staid here, were I sure of the same fare my old servants always had in my kitchen." She came to Ogdensburg, where I saw her to the last. Supported by simple faith in Christ, and trusting to him as the Resurrection and the Life, she calmly waited her decease. To friends, telling her death was near, she replied, "Hush." She wished to go quietly and silently. I am glad to add this simple testimony concerning Madam Thornton to all that has been said about her to-day.

There was a notable colored man here, whose name was Simon Watkins, who was Major-domo in a good many things, and was called the Mayor of Bath. At that time Mr. Hubbell was our Representative in Congress. Mr. Hubbell and Mr. Watkins were great friends. Simon was a Democrat of the strongest kind, and, getting a picture of himself, he handed it to Mr. Hubbell, as he was leaving Bath for Washington, with the request that, with his respects, he would give it to His Excellency, James

K. Polk, the President. Our Congressman executed his commission. On his return, Simon asked him, "What did the President say?" Mr. Hubbell, with that naivete which belonged to him, a quirk in his eye and a smile on his face, replied, "He said, 'Ah; that is a splendid nigger; I would give a thousand dollars for him.'" That was enough for Simon. He was a Democrat no more, and ever after that was a first-rate Republican.

Our friend, Hon. I. W. Near, has been telling us of Kennedyville. I had an experience there myself which I must mention. The occasion was a marriage in high life between Mr. D. T. Tolliver and Miss Elizabeth Nichols, well-known colored people and acknowledged leaders in their best society life. Simon Watkins was Major-domo on this red-letter day, November 29, 1848. A carriage was sent to convey me in state to the most popular hotel in Kennedyville. I found the hotel in complete possession of my colored friends, and all under the lead of Mr. Watkins. Several white waiters and myself were the only white faces allowed there that day. By and by the hour of the wedding came, and the doors of the dining-room were withdrawn. In the centre stood the bride and groom and, on either side, six bridesmaids and six groomsmen, making a great circle, and flanked with a large crowd, in which the dresses were resplendent indeed—why! the rainbow was outshone, and all of the colors in this room could n't begin with the glimmer and sheen of that occasion! The ceremony proceeded just as faultlessly as I could make it, and closing as effectively as possible, I made a polite bow. Quickly Simon stepped out before me and smilingly exclaimed, "Mr. Miller, very nicely done! But you no kiss the bride." "Simon," I retorted, "it is the minister's privilege to kiss the bride first; and did n't you see that man who stole the kiss almost before I had the words out of my mouth, making them man and wife?" "Oh," said he, "you got out of that very nice."

Mr. McCall, this afternoon, told us of two executions. There was a third, that of Nero Grant, of Hammondsport, June 25, 1846. I was called as a clergyman to officiate. It was conducted privately in the hall of the old jail, and the impression created by it was apparently greater and more lasting on the community than either of the others, with all the publicity which attended them.

Among the ninety-one funerals at which I officiated, while here, those of two of our young people were particularly sad. The first occurred October 20, 1844, a few days after my ordination, and the service was conducted in our church. Miss Sarah Wood, our skillful organist, a sweet singer and lovely young lady, died very suddenly. Her decease was a general surprise throughout the village as well as to her friends and the church. The large funeral and general mourning indicated her estimation among the citizens and the extent of the loss to all.

By the presence of the Hon. Sherman S. Rogers here to-night I am reminded of the death of Robert C. Rogers which occurred in California, October 17, 1850. He was buried at Sacramento City. My own brother, as well as Ansel J. McCall, were associated with him in California. The unexpected news of his death reaching here, stirred deep regret throughout the town at his decease and aroused wide-spread sympathy for the bereaved family. Possessed of acknowledged talents, great frankness and integrity, as well as a loving and forcible nature, he gave promise of a useful and successful life, and for him it was easy to cherish great expectations. The spontaneous desire to give expression publicly to our sorrow resulted in a largely attended and impressive funeral service on December 1st, just after the arrival of the news of his decease. As the funeral of Miss Wood occurred just after my coming here, so that of Mr. Rogers was among the last that closed my pastorate here.

Advancement is the order of the age in which we live. We are not content to live without changes and an essay of improvement. Its inspiration enters into everything, even into changes of names of places. It leads us to attempt the classic. There is no more "Mud Creek" in our beautiful valley; it is Savona. There is no more "Kennedyville;" it is Kanona. There is no more "Blood's Corners" it is the mighty Atlanta.

We have been called by our chroniclers to behold and admire what has been accomplished during the past hundred years. Can you anticipate one hundred years yet to come? If you can, you must have a very fervid imagination. Think, for a moment, of what has transpired during the last hundred years. The continent from ocean to ocean, has been spanned and threaded by railroads. From a little more than three millions of people we have increased to almost seventy millions. In everything essential to our prosperity the progress has been simply marvelous, and unprecedented in the history of nations. It is *one* century we have been talking of. The existence of the great nationalities, held up in contrast, has spread over *many* centuries. Give to this Republic another hundred years of growth and what may we not expect?

The marvels of electricity are with us. The lighting up of such a room to the brightness you have here to-night is one of the new things. Wonderful as are the rates of speed in traveling, it is debated whether one hundred miles an hour shall limit the flight of the iron horse. The talk is now of a flying machine that shall cross the ocean with wings more speedy than the rate over the rail.

When you look at the amazing revelations which were made last year in the Columbian Celebrations of New York City and in the churches and school houses of our broad domain, and consider the presence of the great nationalities of the earth in the magnificent war ships which passed peacefully up and down the water-ways of our Metropolitan city in the very

heart of the Nation; and then come on to the great Columbian Exposition of the whole world at Chicago to-day, where the mass of wonders is so mighty that more than a hundred and fifty miles in and around the "White City" must be traveled over, and months taken, to examine the exhibits minutely—*then*, and *only* then, can you begin to imagine the grand future that is to come.

Look at Bath, as it is, after striding along at its moderate rate. You can call to mind the small churches and the unpretentious residences of 1844, the period of my coming here. We had pleasant, though small, congregations in our churches, and pleasant people in the dwellings, and in many a cheerful parlor happy gatherings of a social, charitable company of citizens who lived kindly together. And looking back yet farther, it is not a hundred years since Rev. Seth Williston, D. D., a relative of the H. H. Hull family, preached the first sermon heard in Bath in the old Court House—spoken of to-day—to a congregation of about thirty persons, while at the same time the rest of the town, numbering about sixty, were on the green in Pulteney Square, around a gaming table. That was the beginning. Now, what elegant churches you have, supplied with a competent ministry, and supported by a large number of communicants and intelligent and appreciative congregations. To-day, beside elegant residences and large business facilities, you have a superior educational institution, a valuable free library, a royal home for the orphans, richly endowed, and an extensive home for the soldiers, with all needed facilities for cheerful protection, adequate support and a wide range of comfort. Anticipate, if you can, one hundred years, and you can only conclude that greater and better things are yet to come.

What great and good things we may expect! Oh, yes, friends, we were made in the image of God. His image intellectually, morally and spiritually is impressed upon us. We came from God. He has given to us all the goodness that blesses and cheers our homes. And as He inspires us with a sense of right and truth, we cherish, with all hope and faith and expectation, the result that the kingdoms of this world shall become, according to His promise, the kingdoms of our blessed Lord, the abodes of righteousness and peace. In that assurance there come all the achievements of the highest civilization possible; there come all the best improvements for which we can hope, and the realization of the dream of the centuries—the true Golden Age. These verities are in the wake of the Christian life; and as we come to their increasing experience, and wonder at every thing, we continually say, "Behold what God hath wrought."

REMINISCENCES.

By Clark Bell, Esq.

The Early Pioneers of Bath and Its Vicinity,

The centuries are the mile-posts of human history. Since the birth of Christ, only eighteen have marked the march of events upon the earth, to which we of this generation are about to add another. They stand like sentinels, with far outstretching arms, touching midway, silent but eloquent witnesses of the rise, the progress, and the fall of nations.

It has been said that one-third of a century is the fair average of human life, or a generation, but there are men now living on the earth who, more than one hundred years ago, touched living hands as old then as theirs now; so that two lives thus in actual contact extend often more than two hundred years. How few men, thus connecting the age of the closing century with the infancy of the coming, could form a line which would reach from us back to the very cradle of our Lord.

The Nation now occupying this western continent is now celebrating its discovery, only four hundred years ago, and has invited all peoples to witness the phenomenal advance made by this new, cosmopolitan race (called Americans, after the country in which they live), in the recent past, indicative of a future unparalleled in the history of the world. The Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone, in estimating our probable population at the middle of the next century, is under, rather than beyond the mark.

It is natural, in the reminiscences incident to a review of our National progress, that every section of the common country, and the people in each section of a state, should recall the part its locality has played in the progress that now excites the wonder and admiration of the civilized world.

At the termination of the Revolution of 1776, when success had crowned the efforts of the American patriots, and the Republic was established upon those lines that have widened and broadened into the American Nation of to-day, Western New York was a wilderness. Of the Indian tribes, the Iroquois, the most powerful and warlike of them all, had settled at the head of the chain of lakes, which embellished the loveliest portion of the State, now called the Lake Country.

There was here and there an outpost settled by the white man, like the old fort in the valley of the Schoharie, the settlements at Cherry Valley, those in the valley of the Wyoming, those on the Canadian frontier, and the points nearest in touch with the settlements on the sea-coast, where the adventurous pioneers had entered the wild unbroken wilderness of the West.

The struggle for mastery between the French and the English along the Canadian frontier, in which the Indians were sometimes allies of the one flag, and sometimes of the other, had left the white settlers of the colonies, sufferers at the outset of our Revolutionary struggle with the mother country, victims of the terrible massacres of Wyoming, of Cherry Valley, and that near Niagara, and had roused the most intense feeling among the early pioneers against the Indians who had been arrayed against the white settlers by the alternating successes of the early French, English and Indian wars.

The Iroquois, as called by the French, and the Six Nations, by the English, were the owners of all that magnificent domain west of the Hudson River, north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. On the north, their lines reached into Canada; far south into the lands where are now the Southern States, they held unlimited sway, and many tribes paid them tribute. Originally, there were five of these tribes—the Mohawks, dwelling near that river; the Oneidas, on that lake; the Cayugas, around the Cayuga, and the Senecas, the most powerful of all, held all that lay west of the Seneca Lake. In 1712, a tribe of southern Indians were driven by their enemies north, and were received by the Iroquois, named the Tuscaroras and given a home between the Oneidas and Onondagas, thus forming the Six Nations.

The headwaters of the Susquehanna River reached back past the city of Harrisburg, past Wilkes-Barre and Sunbury, water-ways which, traversing the mountain ranges and fed, by its east and west branches, the Tioga, the Chemung, the Canisteo and the Conhocton, led through the hundred silvery lines of their tributaries into the extremest spurs of the Allegany Mountains, and opened to the canoe of the red man, for centuries before Columbus was born, from the south-east, an enormous empire of this continent over which the Six Nations held imperial sway. This river and its tributaries drained a vast area of country, and much of the very waters which made the bulk of its deposit into the Chesapeake had come from the mountains and valleys of Steuben.

Here on these grand camping grounds, at the head of the central lakes of New York, sat the most powerful and war-like of the aboriginal tribes; and here met in councils, and were the homes of the Six Nations, who could reach by canoes, with only slight carriages, their allies or their enemies, from the Chesapeake Bay, on the Atlantic, to all the remotest

tributaries of the Great Lakes of the north and northwest, the Father of Waters, the Mississippi, in the west, and the Ohio on the south.

The Indian chieftain warriors of the early days, who occupied these commanding points, could send their messengers by canoe to the very headwaters of the tributaries of Lakes Huron, Superior and Michigan, with slight portages at a few points; with the tributaries of the Delaware on the east, the Allegany and the Ohio on the south. The natural and commanding advantages of this position, upon the divides that separate the water-ways of the continent, held and controlled by the Iroquois, have been lost sight of by us in the marvelous changes wrought by steam and electricity in the brilliant onward march of our civilization in the century just closing.

The Phelps and Gorham purchase, and the contracts by which the Pulteney Estate became possessed of that princely domain in Western New York, was the moving and impelling power that opened the way for the settlement and development of this wilderness to the early pioneer settlers of this region. Deeper down, however, than the impetus lent by the owners of this great estate, was that spirit of push, progress and adventure that has characterized the American name throughout all periods of its National life.

Bath became from the beginning the centre for the early settlers, the headquarters, the point from which the products of the section were floated down through the rivers, in arks and rafts, to the great cities upon the lower Susquehanna and the sea. All grain, lumber and products were thus borne to the world's markets from the interior of the State before the age of steam, and to run the rivers on the freshets was the universal ambition of all the younger men for the first half of the present century in Steuben.

All this region was covered by that magnificent growth of timber, especially the white pine, that now lies in the early structures of the great cities. The raftsmen of the Canisteo rivalled, and perhaps excelled, those of the Conhocton as carriers by the rivers. The timbers of the Astor House, in New York, came from the shores of Lake Keuka, as I was told by my old client, Merrit Potter, famous as a raftsman and dealer in lumber in the early days.

The era of steam railways was not inaugurated until the first third of the century had passed. In 1792, the Western Inland Lock Navigation Company, of the city of New York, was incorporated, with Philip Schuyler as president, to open communication between the Seneca Lake and Lake Ontario. The Erie Canal, proposed in 1808, started in 1811, through the efforts of DeWitt Clinton and his confreres, was completed and opened October 26, 1825; and the Crooked Lake Canal Company, connecting the Lakes Keuka and Seneca, made the head of Lake Keuka, eight miles from Bath, the head of canal navigation for that part of Western New York,

commenced in 1830, was opened and completed in 1833. The era of transportation by canal superseded, to some extent, that of the ark and raft on the rivers, except for lumber and timber, and the Erie canal did the carrying trade of the State in 1833, when the fierce whistle of the locomotive was first heard here and there by the early settlers.

When my father moved to Hammondsport, in 1835, there were only two railroads completed in the State, the Mohawk & Hudson, from Albany to Schenectady, fifteen miles in length; the Saratoga Springs & Schenectady, twenty-one miles in length, and the New York & Harlem Railroad was in process of construction, and had completed seven miles in 1834, from Prince street to Eighty-Fourth street, then called Yorkville (*vide* Williams New York Annual Register for 1834).

The same authority gave, in 1834, thirty-two lawyers in Steuben County, of whom twelve were in Bath, viz: Robert Campbell, Jr., Daniel Cruger, George C. Edwards, Edward Howell, William Howell, Ziba A. Leland, Joseph G. Masten, D. McMaster, Sr., Henry W. Rogers, David Rumsey, Jr., George Woodruff, J. William Woods; and at Hammondsport, four—B. W. Franklin, M. L. Schemerhorn, W. G. Angell and Morris Brown, in whose office at Hammondsport, I read law in 1850.

It is a notable fact that every one of these men are now dead, having mainly finished their careers in the Courts of Steuben. I knew these all personally save Daniel Cruger, Joseph C. Masten, William Woods, George Woodruff and M. L. Schemerhorn.

In 1834, a line of stages ran daily from Bath to Rochester, seventy-four miles, there connected with lines running to Olean, Cattaraugus County, seventy miles, which line connected with the great through stage line from Bath to Geneva, and with the first through line established by Colonel Williamson at the commencement of the century. These stages were the old-fashioned four-in-hands, mounted on thorough-braced leather springs, and the horn of the driver on the Bath and Geneva line sounded near Cornelius Younglove's farm, a mile before the stage stopped at Hammondsport to change horses, to notify passengers of its coming in advance, and across the valley at the head of the lake for the stage coming from Geneva. A line of stages then also ran from Catskill to Portland Harbor, on Lake Erie, 324 miles, via Ithaca, Catherine's, Mud Creek, Bath, Canisteo, Angelica, etc., and the lines of packet boats on the Erie canal were then in full operation. Three daily lines from Schenectady to Utica, eighty miles, through in eighteen to twenty hours, fare, $3.50. A daily line from Utica to Rochester, 160 miles, through in thirty-eight hours; one from Utica to Oswego, ninety-nine miles, in twenty hours; one from Rochester to Buffalo, ninety-three miles, in twenty-four hours; and a daily packet from Geneva to Montezuma, connecting with the through lines. Then came the era of railways, dividing the carrying trade with the canals.

The packet boats superseded the stage coaches in my boyhood, as they also ran night and day, served meals on board, had berths, and made better time. The introduction of the railway, however, drove the packet boats out of the water, and they are now, only after a half a century, almost entirely forgotten, and probably not one-quarter of my hearers ever saw one.

From the beginning, the settlement at Bath occupied the most conspicuous position in the settlements of this portion of Western New York. The original charters of the companies and States were so loosely drawn on their western boundaries that Massachusetts and Connecticut were each granted a portion of the land covered also by that held by the State of New York, which included the present boundaries of that State. The controversies over these charters were amicably settled by State Commissions, in December, 1786, at Hartford, Conn., confirming the sovereignty of New York to the territory of the State, but yielding to Massachusetts the right of pre-emption of the *soil* from the Indians to all lands west of a line that ran, starting eighty-two miles west of the north-west corner of the State line of Pennsylvania, and running due north through the Seneca Lake to Lake Ontario, excepting a mile wide the whole length of the Niagara River, reserved by the Indians as portage grounds. Massachusetts also obtained the pre-emption rights to ten townships.

The Connecticut claim was not settled till 1800, when Congress passed a law authorizing the President of the United States to release to Connecticut 3,300,000 acres, known as the Western Reserve (now within the State of Ohio), on condition that Connecticut ceded all claims lying west, north-west or south-west of the old boundary line of 1733, which was accepted by Connecticut, and New York's title confirmed.

At the Declaration of American Independence, probably no white man dwelt in Western New York. The depredations of the Indians upon the frontier settlements at Cherry Valley and Wyoming aroused such indignation that Sullivan's expedition to check these invasions and punish the Indians was sent out in 1779. He followed the Susquehanna and Tioga Rivers to Elmira, then crossed to the head of Seneca Lake, and passed between Lakes Seneca and Keuka, around the foot of Canandaigua Lake, and thence to the Big Tree, on the Genesee River, destroying their villages, fruit trees and corn fields, and killed all that came in his path.

In 1784, 1785 and 1786, we made treaties of peace with the Six Nation tribes, by which we obtained the Indian title to a few reservations. In 1789, New York obtained its cession from the Cayugas. The Legislature, in 1782, set apart what was known as the military tracts of 1,680,000 acres, divided into twenty-eight townships of one hundred lots, each of six hundred acres. Each private soldier and non-commissioned officer of the

State troops had one lot assigned him, and the officers larger awards in proportion to their rank.

The pre-emption rights of Massachusetts to 6,000,000 acres were sold to Phelps and Gorham, in 1787, for $200,000, or, more exactly, £300,000, Massachusetts currency, payable in consolidated securities of the State, worth at the time two shillings English in the pound. The purchasers were Massachusetts men, and they went through the wilderness and made their headquarters in Canandaigua, in 1788 and opened a treaty with the Indian chiefs, Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother. July 8, 1788, they concluded a treaty for 2,000,000 acres, which the Legislature of Massachusetts ratified, November 21, 1788, and Phelps and Gorham relinquished the rest of the tract to the State of Massachusetts. They opened a land-office at Canandaigua, surveyed their land and cut it into ranges and townships, the former six miles wide, and the townships in each range were fourteen, cut into lots of one hundred and sixty acres each. They commenced selling, and in 1790, sold nearly all that remained then unsold (1,264,000 acres), at eight pence an acre, to Robert Morris. Mr. Morris sold his contract to Charles Williamson, who conveyed his title to Sir William Pulteney, an English gentleman. Colonel Williamson then acted as the agent of Sir William Pulteney and his associates, and commenced the sales to actual settlers. The property was called afterwards the Pulteney Estate. Colonel Williamson opened a land-office at Bath, and one was also opened at Geneva, N. Y.

March 12, 1791, the State of Massachusetts sold to Samuel Ogden 500,000 acres lying west of the Phelps and Gorham purchase (except one-sixteenth sold to Robert Morris), and this tract was conveyed to the latter, which extended from the north line of Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario, and was bounded on the west by a line twelve miles from the south-west corner of the Phelps and Gorham purchase to Canada. The residue of the lands were sold by the State of Massachusetts to Robert Morris, which covered all the residue of the State west, and was known as the "Holland Purchase."

Bath was founded on the great divide which separated the higher water-sheds of the great American rivers. From three miles down the valley road to Lake Keuka is the Cold Spring, whose waters, flowing through Lakes Keuka, Seneca and Ontario meet the sea, thus passing the gateway of the grand St. Lawrence River. A few miles from Bath on the Mitchellville road along the same divide, I remember a barn from the eaves of which on the one side the water ran through the Wheeler Creek and Conhocton to the sea by the Susquehanna, and from the other by the Lakes to the St. Lawrence Gulf. Bath was, by natural selection, the centre of the early pioneer settlers of the head water navigation by the rivers to the sea.

Lake Lamoka at Wayne is within cannon shot of Lake Keuka, 395 feet below the water level of the former, whose waters flow into the Conhocton at Savona, passing through Lake Waneta which, via Bradford, was head of river navigation for ark and raft before the age of steam.

Lake Waneta is a most beautiful sheet of water. The mounds on its shores are full of reminiscences of the red man. It is the finest fishing grounds of the State even to this day, and I have picked up arrow heads and stone implements and weapons there, where I have for years wet my fishing lines in its waters, and the farmer turns them up continually now with his plow.

It is to commemorate the men who came here and wrested this region from its former masters, who transformed the wilderness into the fertile fields and farms and homes of to-day; and to speak of them and their descendants, who, since the Revolutionary War have borne any part in the wondrous changes, that we are met to-day.

The settlement of the Genesee Valley commenced in 1788, and it is probable that the first settlement was made at Geneva at the foot of Lake Seneca in the same year, six or seven families locating there. There are records of a settlement at Canandaigua, at the foot of that lake, in the year 1789. They came in up the Mohawk from Schenectady by boat, and by Wood Creek and Oneida Lake to and through the Canandaigua Outlet.

Colonel Charles Williamson settled in Bath in 1792. A company from Berkshire, Mass., had settled the year before, 1791, at Naples at the head of Canandaigua Lake. Colonel Williamson transported his flour from Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, and his pork from the city of Philadelphia up the rivers by canoe. This whole country was then called the County of Ontario. From the census of 1790, it would seem that all of the present County of Steuben was embraced within the towns called Painted Post, containing ten families and fifty-nine souls, Wayne, one family and nine people, Erwin, eleven families and fifty-nine souls, Canisteo ten families and fifty people. In the whole County of Ontario, including the settlements in the Genesee country and around Canandaigua and Geneva, 205 families and 1081 population. In all of the present County of Steuben there were twenty-one families and 118 people, and not one in the present township of Bath.

The construction of roads was the most successful means of opening and starting the settlements. The State Road from Utica to Avon was the first road through Bath. It was perfected in 1794. The first stage passed over it from Utica to Genesee, starting its first trip upon September 30, 1799, and run thence regularly. In 1800, this road was established by law as a turnpike road. Colonel Williamson was quick to see the value of the construction of roads. He said that fifty families settled on the State Road in the space of four months after it was opened, and he and his company

constructed many roads, opening the lands for sale to the early settlers as a matter of public policy. In May, 1799, the Manhattan Company, of New York City, commenced building the long bridge across the Lake Cayuga, completing it in September, 1800. I have driven across it when a boy, and its old timbers are still, some of them, standing in the lake. Five years before it was built there was hardly a white settler there, and the timber used in its construction was in the forest in undisturbed possession of the Indian.

In 1796, Steuben County was created. Prior to 1789, Montgomery County embraced all Western New York west of the pre-emption line. When Steuben was first created, Barrington and Starkey and part of Jerusalem were in Steuben, but now form part of the County of Yates. The western tier of towns was afterwards taken off the west side and attached to the County of Allegany, and part of a township and the village of Dansville detached and added to Livingston. Later, Dix and Tyrone and part of Wayne were taken off Steuben to help form the new County of Schuyler. The population of Steuben in 1796 was 1,788; in 1810, 7,246; and 1820, 21,989; 1830, 33,975; in 1840, 46,138; in 1845, 51,679.

I have been requested by the Committee to say something regarding a few of the prominent men connected with the early history of Bath and its vicinity within my own time and those I have personally known. My father emigrated from Jefferson County, N. Y., to Hammondsport, then the head of canal navigation on Lake Keuka, in 1835, attracted by the excitement incident to the founding of a village at the head waters of that lake, where I spent my early life and resided until 1861, when I removed to Bath, at or near the outbreak of the Rebellion; and I shall speak of some of the men I knew who were prominent actors in the early life and history of Bath and its immediate vicinity.

If I were asked to name four men outside of the learned professions who were foremost in influence in Bath in early days, who, in my judgment, were most conspicuous and influential in its development and progress, and who most impressed me, I should name John Magee, Constant Cook, William S. Hubbell and William W. McCay. In speaking of these men, I shall divide the group, and place in contrast Mr. Magee and Mr. Cook, who by their joint action played so important a role in the development of this region, especially in constructing the railways, which revolutionized the trade and commerce of the State and overthrew all preconceived ideas of men as to its future. John Magee was the elder of the two, born September 3, 1794, near Easton, Pa., the son of Irish parents, Henry and Sarah Magee, who emigrated about 1784. His father was a cousin of the prelate Archbishop William Magee, of Dublin, who died April 5, 1868, in his seventy-fourth year. Constant Cook was born three years later in Herkimer County, November 10, 1797, and was the son of

Philip and Clarissa (Hatch) Cook, a farmer in that county. His boyhood was spent on a farm until his marriage in 1819; he moved in 1820 to Cohocton, N. Y. His early life was one of severe manual labor and he told me, as a boast, that he shod two pairs of horses all around upon his wedding day.

In 1812, John Magee, with his father and his brother Hugh, enlisted in the war, and served in a Michigan regiment, and he was one of the army surrendered by General Hull to General Brock in November of that year. Released in January, 1813, young Magee joined Major Chapin's command, and in June, 1813, was again taken prisoner at the Battle of Beaver Dams, near St Catherine. He escaped at the imminent risk of his life, by securing a horse and running the guard under a shower of bullets. He distinguished himself in the service. Attracted by the prospects of Bath, in 1816, he settled there with his brother Jefferson, at 22 years of age, and commenced life at chopping cord-wood, and the severest kind of manual labor. He did not marry until January 6, 1820, when he was 26 years of age, a year after Mr. Cook had married his wife. In 1818, he was constable and collector of Bath, and in 1819, was appointed deputy sheriff by Henry Shriver, sheriff, whom he succeeded as sheriff in February, 1821, on the death of that officer. So successful was his official course that he was elected by the people in 1822 and held the office the constitutional term. This office brought out the sterling qualities of Mr. Magee and brought him also into great prominence, and he early gave attention to the establishing of stage lines from Bath. It was in these enterprises that John Magee and Constant Cook met as business associates, and in the development of which, and in the subsequent construction of a section of the Erie railway from Binghamton to Corning, of which Mr. Cook took the active management, associating with them his cousin, Charles Cook, of Havana, John Arnot, of Elmira, J. S. T. Stranahan and John H. Chedell. Mr. Magee was elected to Congress in 1826 at the age of 32 years, and served in the 20th, and was re-elected and served in the 21st Congress.

Mr. Cook, in 1840, was made one of the Judges of the County Court, serving three years, and, although not a lawyer, took, and always thereafter kept, the title of Judge Cook, in Steuben County. The success of the joint efforts of Cook and Magee in the Erie Railway construction was followed by like results on the Buffalo, Corning & New York, from Corning to Buffalo, and later the Blossburg Coal Company at Arnot, near Blossburg, Pa. The Steuben County Bank was organized in 1831, in which Mr. McCay and Mr. Magee were associated for many years.

Both Magee and Cook were typical and representative Americans. They had strong characters; each was eminently the architect of his own fortune. Trained by hardship and privation in early life to habits of labor, thrift and strict economy, they each amassed enormous private for-

tunes. Positive and aggressive men, they each made enemies, and each had great obstacles to overcome in the way of success.

They were firm and fast friends to those whom they liked, and the man who opposed either, or sought to thwart or overcome them recognized, before he finished, that his hands were full. Uneducated in the learning of the schools, they were profound students of human nature, of men and of affairs. It was a common saying, especially of Mr. Magee, that he was illiterate and could hardly write his name. It seems incredible how such an idea should ever have obtained currency.

Mr. Magee was all his life immersed in accounts and financial transactions, frequently of enormous magnitude. While not an accountant, he thoroughly understood accounts, and from his earliest duties as constable and deputy sheriff to his bank presidency and railway construction, through a long life, no day ever passed in which he was not engaged in accounts, often intricate and difficult, save in his public life and in his relaxations. His acts of generosity were many.

I regard these two men as the truest, best types of successful, honorable men the county of Steuben has ever produced, for I rank them both as Steuben county men. And it will be difficult to find in the State or Nation two lives more honorably or notably devoted to the development of a section of the State than those of John Magee and Constant Cook.

William W. McCay and William S. Hubbell were men in every way as remarkable, but men of a different type. William W. McCay was the son of John S. McCay, who emigrated from Ireland to Geneva in 1800, and who died in Pittsford in 1819. Mr. McCay was born April 9, 1790, being four years older than Mr. Magee, seven years older than Constant Cook, and nearly eleven years older than Mr. Hubbell. In business life they were, however, contemporaries. He died November 21, 1852, at the age of sixty-two years, being of shorter life than either of the four men. He was a clerk in the Land Office at Bath in 1828, and had been since 1817 or 1818, when Dugald Cameron, the agent of the Pulteney Estate, died.

Through the courtesy of Hon. A. J. McCall, I have the draft of a letter to Colonel Robert Troup, in the hand-writing of Hon. Edward Howell, recommending William McCay for that position in the land office at Bath. I give it to show, not only the estimation in which Mr. McCay was then held, but the vast importance to the early settlers of a proper selection of a man for that position :

BATH, June 8, 1828.

To Colonel Robert Troup, Chief Agent of the Pulteney Estate:

SIR—The death of Dugald Cameron, Esq., who was so long the instrument of dispensing your patronage and favor to the settlers on that part of the Pulteney Estate laying in this county, has produced among its

inhabitants feelings of the deepest regret and apprehension ; regret for the loss of a man so long honored by your confidence, and through whom so much of your liberality and kindness has been extended to them, and apprehension that a successor, equally qualified to advance the prosperity of the county and carry into effect those enlarged and liberal schemes for the prosperity of your Agency which have so eminently characterized your administration, could not be found. Having so deep an interest in the appointment to be made, we have been led to consider the character and qualifications of every person within our acquaintance, and encouraged by the candor and affability with which you have uniformly received all communications on subjects affecting the interests of your Agency, we beg leave to submit the result of our reflections upon the subject. It appeared evident to us, upon the first view, that the candidate must possess, in addition to that high standing and character for talents and integrity which we knew requisite to obtain so important a trust at your hands, an intimate acquaintance not only with the affairs of the Estate, but of the settlers, individually, to enable him to discharge the duties of the station with the greatest usefulness. And among all our acquaintances, there is no other person who so entirely unites in himself all the qualifications requisite to a correct discharge of the duties of sub-agent in this county as William W. McCay, Esq. We have most of us been personally acquainted with him as a clerk in your land office at this place for ten or eleven years past, and all of us have had business with your Agency during the last three or four years, have necessarily transacted a great part of it with him (owing to the many engagements of Mr. Cameron from the office, in the care of his private concerns, or in his inability to transact business by reason of the feeble state of his health), and the indefatigable industry, undeviating integrity and evident devotion to the affairs of the Agency have at all times excited our admiration and obtained our entire confidence.

"While we submit for your consideration the decided advantage which Mr. McCay possesses over every other candidate, who can be named, in the intimate acquaintance which he has acquired, as well of the interests of the Estate and the system of business pursued in the land office, as of the circumstances and character of almost every settler upon that Estate, we cannot forbear to add that he has acquired that knowledge by ten or eleven years of devoted and laborious exertions to recommend him to you as in every respect qualified for the station, and can add, with the most perfect confidence, that his appointment would give to the settlers upon the Estate, and inhabitants of the county at large, entire satisfaction."

Mr. McCay was a contemporary of Mr. Magee, of Mr. Cook, and this flattering recommendation was signed by the former, and, I think, by the latter, and by the leading men of Bath, led by Edward Howell, of the Bar.

He was appointed and held the position until his death, in connection with his duties in the Steuben County Bank. Mr. McCay was a highly cultured, polished gentleman of most agreeable presence and manners. His complexion was fair, his eyes blue, and his hair light. He was one of the most agreeable and handsome men in Bath. Socially, Mr. McCay was a universal favorite. If asked to describe him to those who never saw him, I should say he was a typical Irish country gentleman of the present day, in the higher circles of the Irish gentry.

He had a large family of sons and daughters. He dispensed a generous hospitality, and entertained in a style far excelling any other gentleman I knew in Bath. He paid great attention to dress and personal appearance, and while in no sense a fop, was always well dressed, always a thorough high-toned, courteous gentleman. He usually wore a ruffle in his shirt and was usually in full dress at dinner at his own table, and maintained the old English habit of keeping the gentlemen for nuts and wine after the ladies had left the table. As an agent of the Estate he was admirable. He well understood the policy of the Estate, was master of the subject of the causes of difficulties with the settlers, and helped in a most conspicuous and successful way to maintain with the community that respect for and confidence in the administration of the Pulteney Estate and its probity, honesty, fairness and liberality of dealing, which have ever characterized its management since my earliest recollection. In my judgment, no wiser selection could have been made of an agent, and I feel sure the owners must have entertained this opinion.

His favorite daughter, Fanny, married the son of N. H. Howell, the celebrated lawyer of Canandaigua, and I am indebted to her for glimpses of his private and domestic life, which showed him to be one of the most lovable of men.

William S. Hubbell was born January 17, 1801, and died November 16, 1873, at 72 years of age. He was one of the most magnetic and charming men I ever knew. I feel sure no man in Western New York was his equal in personal beauty, grace of manner, or ability to please, especially for those he liked or sought to win. Lord Chesterfield would have been glad to have accepted him as a model in grace, address and charming manners.

The leading trait of Mr. Hubbell's character and career may be said to be his unconquerable cheerfulness and amiability of temper. No obstacle daunted, no impediment overcame or thwarted him. Disaster and reverse only sharpened him for future contest and future victories. I doubt if a man in Bath ever saw him discomfited, or met him without his constant and perennial smile; it was not assumed, it was a part of his nature. He, after the death of his wife, gave the wealth of his great affectionate heart to his daughters.

Mr. Hubbell was a Democrat, and represented his district in the 28th Congress. His eye was black and brilliant, and his hair as black as the raven's wing. He was a perfect foil in complexion to Mr. McCay, but for charm of manner and magnetic personality William S. Hubbell was my youthful beau ideal of a high-toned, polished gentleman and a thorough man of the world. I could give many examples of his kindness of heart and acts of generosity, especially to the young men, as I could of Mr. Magee and of Mr. Constant Cook; but I group these four lustrous, luminous names, not so much with the pioneer history of Bath, but as a view of that middle distance which we admire in the contemplation of a picture, between the far background and the present view.

Joseph Fellows was born at Redditch, in Worcestershire, England, July 2, 1782. His father emigrated, with his wife and seven children, in September, 1795, to Luzerne County, Pa., where the city of Scranton now stands. At fourteen he commenced the study of the law with Isaac L. Kip, was admitted to the bar, and shortly after entered the office of Col. Troup, then the general agent of the Pulteney Estate. In 1810, he came to Geneva as a sub-agent in the Pulteney Land Office, and the detail duties there were discharged by him until the death of Col. Troup in 1832, whom he succeeded as general agent, which position he held until his death.

As I recall Mr. Fellows, he was tall, slender and ungraceful in his habits, and lacked the polish and culture of Mr. W. W. McCay, the sub-agent at Bath. He was a bachelor, very modest and retiring in manner, had few intimates, and was not a popular man with the settlers, being regarded as eccentric and peculiar by those who knew him but slightly. He was always honorable, exactly just and fair in his dealings. He conducted the business of the Estate with strict integrity, and was really, as I believe, as indulgent and liberal as his predecessors had been. There are many of the old settlers who could testify to the kindness he had shown them in extensions and acts of leniency, kindness and sympathy. Regarded by many as miserly, he was, on the contrary, really a man of charitable impulses and of a good heart. He died at Corning in 1873, two years after he had surrendered his agency.

THE BLACKS.

Slavery existed by law in New York when Steuben county was first settled, and at the commencement of this century. Among the leading men who came, many were slaveholders in feeling, and many in fact.

In 1803, Captain William Helm came and settled in Bath. He was a wealthy planter from Prince William county, Virginia, and brought with him a large number of slaves, with whom he attempted the management of farms and mills. Tradition says that he brought one hundred slaves, but it is beyond doubt that he brought only about fifty. John Shether,

who took up the land from the Pulteney Estate where the village of Hammondsport now stands, in 1796, was a Captain of Dragoons in the Revolutionary army, and enjoyed the confidence and favor of General Washington. He was from Virginia, and brought a few slaves in, as did other planters and settlers from Maryland and Virginia, among whom I can name Major Thornton and Captain John Fitzhugh, who subsequently married a daughter of Captain Helm. From an early day there was a large black, or colored, element in the population of Bath.

The Rev. John Smith, a Presbyterian divine, who lived at Hammondsport, N. Y., from 1845 to near the time of his death in 1856, was born in Virginia, in 1776, and was married in 1808 to Mary Laird, of Virginia. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary officer and a slaveholder. The bridal party traveled from Virginia to Cherry Valley, N. Y., (where he was called to preach) in the saddle, the young clergyman, mounted on horseback, with his bride riding on a pillion behind him ; and her favorite slave, Hannah, who refused to be separated from her mistress, riding another horse beside him.

Hannah lived in his family till after his death, and that of his wife, her mistress, and in the family of their children, one the wife of Morris Brown, serving both Mrs. Brown and her children, and later in the family of another of Mr. Smith's daughters, the wife of Fletcher M. Hammond, M. D., of Penn Yan, and the grandchildren of each, until her quite recent death at the advanced age of ninety-five years.

General Samuel S. Haight, grandfather of Governor Haight, of California, and father of Mrs. Henry Welles, bought of Captain Helm a negro lad named Simon Watkins, whom he held as a slave until 1813, when he was manumitted, as appears from a record filed in the office of the town clerk of Bath, dated April 25, 1815, signed by Elias Hopkins, one of the Judges of the Steuben Common Pleas.

The town records of Bath show that Captain Helm filed a list of the birth of his slaves' children in 1805, and William Dunn registered the birth of his slaves' children in the town clerk's office in 1800.

Mr. John Fitzhugh, who came from Virginia, sold a slave to General Howell Bull, who filed a certificate of the manumission of the slave, Aaron Butcher, November 24, 1813. The act freeing slaves was passed April 9, 1813. The act of emancipation brought the black race into immediate contact with the whites, politically and socially, and this colony and their descendants formed no inconsiderable part of the population in Bath, much more than in any other town of Western New York.

Simon Watkins was the most distinguished, and ablest of the colony of blacks. Born a slave, in 1785, he was in his nineteenth year when Captain Helm brought him to Bath. He was, by universal acclaim, the uncrowned king of his race in Bath, from the date he had purchased his freedom from

General Samuel S. Haight to the day of his death. Unable to read or write, he was a man of extraordinary power, both physical and intellectual. He engaged in business as a butcher and purveyor, for which he showed great adaptation and ability. He was, at the same time, although black as night, one of the leading and most conspicuous figures in Bath, as long as he lived, in many respects.

As one who enforced the laws without judicial powers, quieted disturbances without writs, punished small offenders without the trouble of trials, and compelled among his people observance of the laws by the force of his example and his strong will—Simon Watkins exercised more power and influence than any Justice of the Peace in Bath for forty years. He was always an aid to the Sheriff on extraordinary occasions, and when Sheriff John Magee took the condemned murderer, Douglass, to Albany, before the Supreme Court, Simon Watkins had him in charge. He performed the same service for Henry Brother, Sheriff, in the case of Nero, convicted of the murder of Jim Pease, at Hammondsport.

He ruled the refractory and turbulent of the colored element of Bath with a rod which, while it was as of iron, was always for their and the public good. He had the confidence and the esteem of every prominent man, not only in Bath, but in the towns around it, and until the day of his death was a unique and a conspicuous feature in Bath, and a power and factor in its civilization.

There were several men in this colony of Blacks who, deprived of the benefits of any education, demonstrated their ability to succeed and overcome obstacles in a marvelous way. I may mention among these, Pratt, whose family showed good traits; Harry Lucas, so long a resident and barber at Bath, and universally respected; the Shethars, who settled at Prattsburgh, and who were successful and respected farmers.

Old residents of Bath will recall Simon Watkins, his brother, King Watkins, Old Black George, and Jimmy, who lived up by the foot of Magee's Hill. The most polite of the negro colony, by a large majority, was Stephen Henry, who was attached to and very devoted to the Cameron family.

I recall two famous men among the negro race, whose origin I am unable to state, but whose ancestors, I think, came in as slaves with the early settlers. Peter Gilbert was a giant physically. I would match him against three Indians in a fight, and I don't recall any white man of his day who would wish to tackle him in a rough and tumble fight. He could chop, easily, double the usual amount of cord-wood in a day, and cradle two acres of wheat as easily in a day as an ordinary man would one. Peaceable, kind-hearted, true to his friends, and devoted to those he loved, Peter Gilbert was a warm friend of mine when a lad, and his own worst enemy.

Sol Perry lived at Prattsburgh, when I was a boy attending school

there at Franklin Academy, in 1849 and 1850. He was tall, coal-black, powerful, and in all ways a conspicuous man of his type. He had an insurmountable and almost unparalleled taste for rum, which he never overcame, never outgrew. He had the rare faculty of getting outside of it without seeming to swallow. This gift furnished him with untold drinks among the students of Franklin Academy when I was a student there. No matter what you gave him, he would put the bottle to his lips, and it would run down his throat like a rivulet, without a gurgle, and without any perceptible swallow. It was a most unique physiological mystery. I do not quote it on hearsay. I have repeatedly, in my school days, witnessed the phenomenon, which he seemed to enjoy as much as I did. He was a successful farmer, notwithstanding his love for grog, and bought and paid for his farm, which he left to his children, and was quite successful as a man of business and affairs throughout his life.

I recall the woman Hannah, who lived with Rev. John Smith, at Hammondsport, and with his children and grand-children. She was a straight-forward consistent, God-fearing woman and devoted her life to the comfort and welfare of her mistress, Mrs. Smith, during her life, and was as devoted, as affectionate and as much trusted by her children and grand-children, whom she had known, loved, and most of whom she had nursed in their infancy. Thoroughly aware of her rights to freedom, she never exercised or considered it in that family, and in her case, slavery ought to be said to present the least repulsive aspect possible under our civilization.

Judge Lazarus Hammond brought Jim Pease into Hammondsport. He lived with his wife, Dolly Pease, in a small cottage next door to the school house, where I went to school, when a boy, when Darius Read was a teacher. He was a very successful fisherman for trout in the lake, which avocation he followed as a calling when not at work for Judge Hammond, and he was also a good man for work when required, when the trout were not in season. Whether he was ever a slave, I do not know. He paid for the house and lot in which he lived, and had the deed made to his wife. He always called himself "Judge Hammond's nigger." He was most devoted to the Judge and his family.

He was killed by Nero, who cut his head open with an axe in a quarrel. Judge Hammond, as I recall the circumstance (and I saw Pease when dead, the day of the homicide), was present and incited Pease against Nero, to compel Nero to be quiet. Nero seized the axe and struck Pease in an encounter, after Pease had twice knocked Nero down with his fist. It was not a deliberate murder, and Nero had been drinking and was quite intoxicated. Public sentiment was strongly against him, and so was Judge Hammond, and he was executed in the county jail, having been convicted of murder in the first degree.

Peter Howell was the slave of Edward Howell's father. He had his freedom after the act of manumission. In 1833, he gave a power of attorney to Edward Howell, Esq., of Bath, to bind out his son, Charles Howell, to Albertice Nixon, as an apprentice to learn the trade of a tanner and currier. Peter Howell, who had assumed the name of his old master's family, then lived in Unadilla, Otsego county, New York.

Through the courtesy of William Howell, Jr., Esq., son of the late Edward Howell, Esq., I am enabled to give a copy of the power of attorney, under which Edward Howell was authorized to sign articles for Charles, the son of his father's old slave:

Know all men by these present:—That I, Peter Howell, of the Town of Unadilla in the County of Otsego, and State of New York, have made, constituted and appointed, and by these presents, do make, constitute and appoint Edward Howell, Esquire, of Bath, in the County of Steuben, and State aforesaid, my true and lawful attorney for me, and in my name to execute an indenture of Apprenticeship binding my son, Charles Howell, a minor, an apprentice to Albertice Nixon, of the said Town of Bath, for the purpose of learning the tannery and currying business, and for whatsoever my lawful attorney shall do in or about the premises, these presents shall be to him, a sufficient warrant.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this eleventh day of September, in the year 1833.

PETER HOWELL.

Signed and sealed in presence of

HENRY OGDEN.

I copied the letter in which the power was enclosed:

DEAR SIR:—Peter is in good health and gets along comfortably, and feels gratified by your kind attention, and friendly regard. He is much obliged by your offer to bind his son Charles in his behalf, and is glad to find Charles willing to be bound, and that he is pleased with his situation and business. He is anxious that Charles should stick steadily to the business, and become master of his trade. Himself, also family, are in good health. He desires to be affectionately remembered to you, etc.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

H. OGDEN.

REMINISCENCES.

LETTER BY E. H. BUTLER.

[Mr. E. H. Butler, of Buffalo, was to have been the next speaker. On account of illness in his family he could not be present. The following letter, however, from him was read by the Chairman :]

Hon. J. F. Little, Bath, N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. LITTLE :—Your letter of April 29th, inviting me to attend the celebration of the Anniversary of the settlement of your town, is at hand. I will certainly be present if I can be ; I am always interested in anything that concerns Bath's welfare, and it will do me good, I know, to see you all enthusiastic over the progress, socially and politically, your town has made in the past one hundred years.

I cannot contribute anything, though, unless I prevail on someone to give me the points, and to whom could I turn but yourself—the walking encyclopedia of Steuben? I might contribute lots of things, but would they take? I might, like the average historian, tell the people that Mossy Bank and Spaulding Bridge were contiguous once upon a time, that where the Methodist church now stands and the site of Perry Breen's cafe were identical before the volcanic eruptions of years ago which changed the old landmarks and wiped out the Corning gravel train. I might go further and say that the bounds of Hodgmanville extended to the artistic knoll upon which Gov. Campbell placed his mansion where he studied statecraft, and the inheritance of which by his son is just now the talk of the country, according to the New York World.

To deal with personages would be beyond me. Do you think I could tell them that Judge McMaster was a merry soul, and that "Nub" Barker was the Chesterfield of the early days? Could I say that our modern hotels were nothing compared with that of "Abe" Yost? Could I say that Judge John Butler, of Cohocton, was the Beau Brummel of later days without directing the glances of the assembled multitude to the confirmed bachelor, Capt. John Little? In fact, I do not know what I could tell them, unless I pointed out the prospects of the place during the next one hundred years. I might picture Editor Parkhurst as sitting on the

bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, "Tony" Underhill as Postmaster-General, the descendants of all the old soldiers comfortably ensconced in the Soldiers' Home, voting for Bath's village trustees, Mr. Davenport sitting in the Presidential chair at Washington, a bronze and gold statute erected to the memory of your Ward McAllister, Mr. DePeyster, and one of ivory to commemorate the greatness of that apothecary, Sam Seeley. What could I tell them? I will try to be with you on that occasion, but as for the paper, I fear I will have to be excused. With best wishes I am,

Very truly your friend,

E. H. Butler.

THE SCHOOLS OF BATH.

By Charles F. Kingsley, Esq.

In the very first year of the settlement of the town of Bath, 1793, a school was established here, and Robert Hunter was the school master. This fact is authenticated by Charles Williamson's cash book, which is now in the hands of Hon. A. J. McCall, in this village. In this cash book we find the following original entries:

"1793, June 13. To cash advanced Mr. Hunter as school master at Bath, $20.

"1794, February 7. Robert Hunter, on acct. of salary, $1.61.

"1794, April 23. 1 doz. spelling books and ½ ream cartridge paper, 1 shilling, 1 pence."

The first school house was built on the north-west corner of Pulteney Square, where Mr. Hewlett's furniture store now stands. In the picture of the village of Bath in 1804, from personal recollections of W. H. Bull, which is printed in the History of Steuben County, published in 1879,* locates the site where this first school house stood. This school house was probably erected before 1800, as Colonel Bull states he went to school in that building in 1805, and that it had been built some years then. A Mr. Dixon was then the school master. This school house was removed when the old stone jail was built, in 1808.

A school was kept in a small frame building on the east side of Pulteney Square, a little south of the old Clerk's office, and was taught by Elam Bridges, of Prattsburgh, in 1811. This building was not on property owned by the District, nor was it built for school purposes.

The first conveyance for school purposes was on October 4, 1803; Sir William Pulteney to Samuel Baker, William Read and Eli Read, of fifty acres of land in Pleasant Valley, for the use and benefit of public schools. This was then in the town of Bath. Afterwards, by an Act of the Legislature, chap. 115, laws of 1815, the grantees in said deed were directed to convey the fifty acres to Cornelius Younglove, Amos Stone and Lazarus Hammond, Trustees for School District No. 7 of the town of Bath, which was done.

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* This map is reproduced in this book.

1815, February 1, the Duke of Cumberland, and others, conveyed to Thomas Aulls, William Holmes and Otto F. Marshall, Trustees of School District No. 5, of Bath, two acres in lot No. 33, of Kersey's allotment, on the west bank of Canoni Creek. This is now in the town of Wheeler.

The first conveyance I find on record of land in the present boundaries of this town was on December 29, 1812—Henry A. Townsend, and wife, to Dugald Cameron, Howell Bull, Luman Hopkins, and Samuel C. Haight, Trustees of Bath school; consideration $50; conveyed sixty feet on the north side of Steuben street, where the most easterly building of Abram Beekman's sash and blind factory now stands. In 1813, a two story-building was erected on these premises, the lower story of which was used for a district school, by District No. 5 of this town, and the upper story for the society of Free Masons, and it was known as the "Old Academy."

In the spring of 1824, the Old Academy was burned down, and what was known as the "Red School House" erected in its place; and on October 8, 1824, Henry Townsend, who had conveyed the same lot in 1812, as before stated, conveys the same to George C. Edwards, Lewis Biles and Daniel G. Skinner, Trustees of School District No. 5, in the town of Bath, as a site for a school house, and for no other purpose.

Henry W. Rogers, in a letter published in the *Steuben Farmers' Advocate*, January 17, 1879, states that this was the first school organized under the District system, which commenced in 1824; that he was the first teacher; that his salary was $250 for twelve months; had no vacations except January 1, July 4, and Christmas; and while he was teaching he made "liberal use of the ferule and rule," with satisfactory results. He also, in this letter, states that prior to this time "schools were maintained by private enterprise."

And I was fortunate to find one of the first subscriptions, which is still in a good state of preservation, and reads substantially as follows:

"BATH, 20th November, 1812.—James Read agrees to take charge of the school and teach reading, writing and arithmetic (and surveying to those who wish it), for space of four months, commencing 1st Dec., at $2 per quarter for each scholar, surveying to be extra."

This was signed by the following persons:

Samuel S. Haight,	$4
Dugald Cameron, paid	3
Robert Campbell, paid	5
Daniel Cruger	1
Samuel Nixon	2
Elisha Hanks, paid	1
Henry A. Townsend, paid	2
William Helm	3
Benjamin Roberts	2

Ira Pratt, paid..... 1
James Clark..... 2
Samuel Marther..... 2
Russell True..... 1
George W. Hyde, paid..... 1
W. Feenthmer, paid..... 1
John Smith..... 1

The Red School House was burned down September 11, 1849, and the lot upon which it stood was afterwards the cause of an expensive law-suit, brought by Reuben Robie, et al., Trustees, against William Sedgwick and Richard Hardenbrook, and was decided in favor of the Trustees, and is reported in 35 Barb., 319, and 4 Abb., Ct. App. 73. Judge Johnson, in delivering the opinion of the General Term, states that the evidence in the case shows that no record of the original organization of this District can be found; that corporations of this description may exist by prescription.

After a very thorough examination of all the records in the Town Clerk's office and in the County Clerk's office, I have been unable to find any records of the formation of our school districts prior to 1847. At the first Town Meeting held in the town, April 4, 1797, at the tavern of John Metcalf, the following persons were elected Town Commissioners of Common Schools: George D. Cooper, John Sheather, Charles Williamson and Benjamin F. Young. And while such Town Commissioners and Town Inspectors of Schools were annually elected, there is no record of their proceedings, and it is fair to presume that they have been lost, or destroyed by fire.

Said Commissioners were to divide the town into school districts, each to have three Trustees. The Trustees were to report to the Town Commissioners, and they to the County Clerk, and the County Clerk to the Superintendent of Common Schools; and by act, Chap. 152, laws of 1815, the Town Clerk to be Clerk of Town Commissioners.

In 1784, the Regents of the University was formed. Governor George Clinton was the first Chancellor, by Chap. 242, laws of 1812, a Superintendent of Common Schools, to be appointed by Council of Appointment, at a salary of $300 a year. Under this act, Gideon Hawley, of Saratoga county, was appointed such Superintendent, without any clerk, and held the office until February 22, 1821, when the office was abolished, and the Secretary of State was to be, ex-officio, Superintendent of Common Schools, which state of things continued to April 4, 1854, when the first Superintendent of Public Instruction was elected; salary $5,000 a year. The total expenses of his department for 1892 were $37,220.42, a very large increase over the $300 paid to the Superintendent of Common Schools in 1812.

In February, 1844, Town Superintendents of Schools were elected at the annual Town Meeting, the offices of Town Commissioners and Town Inspectors having been abolished ; and at the Town Meeting in 1844, Peter Halsey was first elected such Town Superintendent, and this system continued until 1856; Dr. Joseph S. Dolson, who is now living in Hornellsville, being the last Town Superintendent, having been elected in February, 1855. In 1856, Town Superintendents were abolished, and the Board of Supervisors was authorized to appoint County School Commissioners, to hold office until January, 1858. In the fall of 1857, George McLean, of Prattsburgh, was the first one elected School Commissioner for this school district.

In the old District No. 2 was what was known as the "White School House," where the colored church now stands, on the east side of Pine street. William Howell taught school there in 1826. Mrs. Sally Ann Woodruff taught there in 1838. At this time the white and colored children went to this school without regard to "age, sex or previous condition." Marcus Bauter followed Mrs. Woodruff as teacher. John Emerson also taught a number of terms in this same school house. After the law was passed allowing colored people to have a school by themselves, women teachers were generally employed, among whom were Misses Helen G. Pawling and Maria Faulkner. 1867, March 1, the district leased this building to the colored people for a church, and it has been used as such ever since.

There was a school established at Kanona at a very early date. We find the following records among some of the old papers which are still in existence :

"At a school meeting, November 23, 1813, Reuben Montgomery, Moderator, and Brigham Hanks, Clerk, Voted that where the school house now stands be the site for the school,"—showing that a school house was built before 1813, but the site was not owned by the district. "May 5, 1815, Dauphin Murray entered into a contract with Elisha Hanks, Jared Spaulding and Erastus Glass, Trustees of School District No. 3, in the town of Bath, to keep and teach a common English school, to-wit : reading, writing and common arithmetic, for the term of one year, in the school house next adjoining the blacksmith shop, owned and occupied by Brigham Hanks, Esq." It also appears that said Dauphin Murray taught this school in 1814. He was also one of the early hotel keepers in the place.

The first school house erected in the south-eastern part of the town was built of logs, near the four corners where the Marshall Stewart house stands. John Wicks was one of the earliest teachers in that section. He made his home with Andrew Smith, grandfather of John L. Smith. Religious meetings were held in this school house.

Among the earliest preachers was Father Fish, of Campbelltown. On a beautiful Sunday morning in the spring of the year, he announced that he should hasten through the sermon in order to get home to take care of the sap, which he feared would go to waste if he were not there to attend to it. He usually brought his gun with him for it frequently occurred that a deer would cross his path and he must needs have some other weapon than "the sword of the Gospel" to procure food for his family in those days.

The following report, made by Hon. Edwin L. Church, Superintendent of Common Schools, in the town of Bath, in August, 1847, gives a very good history of the schools at that date, and is as follows:

"Number of entire school districts in the town is sixteen, and the number of parts of districts is eleven. That the number of joint districts, the school houses of which are situated wholly or partly in said town, is five. And one school for colored children. That the whole amount of money received by the Superintendent for that year was $1,020.69. That the school books mostly in use in said town are as follows: Sanders' First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers, American Manual, Smith's, Olney's and Mitchell's Geographies; Davies', Adams', Daboll's and Smith's Arithmetics; Brown's and Kirkham's Grammars; Davies' and Day's Algebra; Comstock's Philosophy; Sanders' Spelling Book. Number of children taught, 1382. Number of children over five and under sixteen, 1526."

July 8, 1846, a Union School was formed by the consolidation of Districts Nos. 2 and 5 in this village and forms the present School District No. 5. G. A. Rogers, Washington Barnes and Richard Brower were elected Trustees.

Adam Haverling donated to this Union District the site on which the present Haverling Union Free School stands, which was accepted by a meeting of the taxable inhabitants of the District in the following resolution, passed March 6, 1847:

Resolved, That we accept with feelings of respect and gratitude Mr. Haverling's generous offer of a lot adjoining St. Patrick's Square for the site of the Union School house, and tender to him for ourselves and children, for his providence and care for their comfort and happiness, our grateful sense of his kindness and our wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

Resolved, That the moderator and clerk sign and transmit to Mr. Haverling a copy of the preceding resolution.

April 13, 1847, a contract was made by W. S. Hubbell, Constant Cook and John D. Higgins, as Trustees of District No. 5, with Sylvanus Stephens, to build a school house on the lot, which was to be three stories, including basement, the outside walls to be of stone and brick, for the sum of

$2,180.66. And this building was first used for school purposes May 15, 1848.

This building burned down Jan. 29, 1866, and the present beautiful and substantial school house was built in its place, at a cost of about $25,000, including $900 paid for a lot in front of it on Liberty street. Samuel S. May was the builder and David Rumsey, Robert L. Underhill, L. P. Hard were the Trustees.

In 1887, Hon. Ira Davenport gave to the District a lease of an acre of land lying north of the old school grounds. So we have now very large and commodious grounds for the school children.

The Principals of the Union School from 1848 to 1868 were as follows: ———— Hathaway, Emerson J. Hamilton, Charles W. Gulick, James Buell, James A. Broadhead, William S. Hall, C. C. Wheeler, J. H. Strong, J. C. Higby, Henry A. Smith, Z. L. Parker, and J. Horace Crum and Edward Wilson, (joint Principals).

At a meeting of the legal voters of this District held August 6, 1868, the present Union Free School was formed, and G. H. McMaster, L. P. Hard, L. D. Hodgman, R. Hardenbrook, Abram Beekman and S. Ensign were duly elected members of the Board of Education. And it is a remarkable fact that L. D. Hodgman and Abram Beekman have been duly re-elected members of the Board of Education ever since, and they are the only persons now living who were elected in 1868, making a continuous service of a quarter of a century.

September 7, 1868, Haverling Union Free School with its Academic department was opened to the public. And it at once took rank with the leading union free schools of the State. Prof. Z. L. Parker, our poet of this day, was the first Principal and continued to the end of the spring term of 1869, when he was succeeded by Prof. L. M. Johnson, who taught one year, and was succeeded by Rev. E. H. Lattimer, who taught to the close of the spring term of 1873. He was succeeded by Dr. L. D. Miller, the present Principal, who has had the charge of the school from September 1873, to the present time, a period of twenty years, and by his earnest and efficient efforts has brought our school up to its present high and noble standing.

The following are the names of the teachers in Haverling Union School: L. D. Miller, Ph. D., LL. B., A. M., Principal; Miss Rebecca L. Leeke, A. M., Preceptress; Charlotte Sedgwick, Anna Freeman, Lillian Ostrander, assistants in the Academic department. Miss Freeman has charge of the drawing, and Miss May Cowley of the music; Miss E. Faucett, No. 8; Margaret Smith, No. 7; Harriet Bushnell, No. 6, Mary Wilkes, assistant; Margaret DeLano, No. 5, Anna D. Kysor, assistant; Hattie Hawe, No. 4; Cornelia Hardenbrook, No. 3; Mary McMaster, No. 2; Mary McNamara, No. 1, Frederica Henica, assistant.

Board of Education:—L. D. Hodgman, Chairman; C. F. Kingsley, Secretary; Abram Beekman, William S. Burns, Wm. P. Sedgwick and Clarence Willis.

The total expense of the school for 1892 was $10,174.33, of which $4,500 was raised by tax upon the District which had an assessed valuation of $1,853,317.03. The number of children over five and under twenty-one years of age living in the District, 874.

The following are the numbers of the Districts with names of the Trustees: No. 1, Board of Education, Savona, organized in 1891, A. F. Burt, President; J. E. Bedell, W. E. Joint, C. J. Tomer and D. M. Collier. No. 2, Harrisburgh Hollow, Charles Morse; No. 3, Irish Hill, Samuel J. Faucett; No. 4, Unionville, Ed. Moore; No. 5, Bath, Board of Education, before given; No. 6, East Union, Isaac Dudley; No. 7, Chamberlain's, Robert Robinson, Jr.; No. 8, Kanona, Matthew McCormick, Henry Wheeler, Daniel Shoemaker, Jr.; No 9, Mt. Washington, Wykoff Wixson; No. 10, Wolf Run, Frank Moss; No. 11, Babcock Hollow, Philip M. Little: No. 12, Eagle Valley, Duel F. Ward; No. 13, Spaulding's Bridge, Frank Carpenter; No. 14, Sonora, Atwood Labar; No. 15, Freeman Hollow, James Stinson; No. 16, Veley District, Amos Blunt; No. 17, A. O. Sutton; No. 18, Oak Hill, James B. Gilmer; No. 19, Cossville, George K. Bowlby: No. 20, Campbell Creek, John H. Walker; No. 21, West Union, William Carrigan; No. 22, Knight's Settlement, Melvin Snell; No. 23, Buck's Settlement, John McAndrew; No. 24, Moore Settlement, J. K. Peters; No. 25, Bowlby District, John L. Smith.

The amount of public money appropriated for last year was $5,803,35. The number of scholars in this town over five and under 21 is 1877. Resident pupils attending school, 1474. Foreign pupils attending school, 153. Number of schools twenty-five, and the number of teachers, forty-three, employed for a period of thirty-two weeks at least.

Text books in general use: Robinson's Arithmetic, Robinson's Algebra, Wentworth's Geometry, Brown's Grammar, Swinton's Readers, Warren's Spellers, Monteith & McNally's Geography, Steele's Philosophy, Barnes' History, Barnes' Penmanship, Steele's Physiology.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

By Ira Pond Smith, M. D.

On the battle-fields of our country are many small tablets, with this pathetic inscription, "Unknown." These men fell where they fought, and died where they fell. Are they less worthy than he over whose last resting place rises the storied urn or the sculptured marble? They gave for their imperilled country all they had to give—their lives. So, also, it might be written over the last resting place of many of those who fall on the greater battle-fields of civil life, and especially is this true of physicians—men who in their day were men of ability, education and influence. Their names are unknown to the younger generation, and are but vague memories to the older. Verily:

> "Little of all we value here,
> Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year."

This reflection came to the writer after a well-nigh vain attempt to secure some facts in relation to the physicians of the town of Bath during the first century of its history, they having been very meagrely treated by the chronicler and the historian.

First, a word as to the nature of the diseases and injuries which the early physicians had to treat. It is believed that the pioneer was in greater danger from the forest itself than from its denizens. While the animals of settlers were in danger from the thieving bears and hungry wolves, he was safe. In fact, the first case of injury from these animals has yet to be reported. While their voices from the dark and gloomy forest frightened the timid, they were not dangerous. The settlers were on good terms with the Indians. The most dangerous foe with which the early settlers had to contend was the concealed reptile, of which both history and tradition agree that Bath was well stocked. But in the falling trees, and rolling and floating logs, and the illy-constructed mills, there was real danger, and they caused much surgery for the early practitioners of this section, which, with the malignant fevers common to all new countries, made the life of the early physicians one of great labor and responsibility.

I can do but little more than give a list of the prominent physicians of the town for the century.

There came to what is now Bath, with Captain Williamson, two physicians, Dr. Benjamin B. Stockton, from New Jersey, and Dr. Daniel Schultz, from Germany. Dr. Stockton became the owner of a large tract of land in the vicinity of Morgan's bridge. He gave the name to what is known as Stockton Run, sometimes erroneously called Stocking Run. He returned to New Jersey after a residence here of a number of years.

Nothing is positively known of the history of Dr. Schultz. There was a Dr. William H. Pretre here in 1794–95; also a Dr. B. F. Young, of whom no dates can be given. This is about all that is known of the physicians of Bath for the first quarter of the century.

Seventy-five years ago, in 1818, the Steuben County Medical Society was organized, being one of the oldest organizations in this section. The first name on the roll of this society, from Bath, is that of Dr. John D. Higgins. To write correctly of men with whom we are well acquainted is attended with difficulty; to write of those belonging to a former generation, the difficulty is much greater. The date of the coming of Dr. Higgins to Bath, I am unable to fix. He was a nephew of the noted "Parson" of the same name, and, like him, was a marked character. He was something of a politician, always carrying a copy of the Constitution in his hat. He was a prominent member of the Medical Society, being its President in 1828 and 1849. He was also a member of the first temperance society organized in the town, in 1828. He lived and died on the lot on which the residence of General Averell now stands, the date of his death being May, 1854. He was a good physician and a good man.

Dr. James Faulkner, the second name on the roll of the Society, and a "Charter" member, lived at Mud Creek, now Savona. He stood high as a physician, and was renowned as a surgeon throughout this section. He was an uncle of the late Dr. Faulkner, of Dansville, the banker.

Measured by what a man stands for in the community there is in the list of physicians of Bath no name superior to that of Gustavus A. Rogers. He was born at Unadilla, Otsego county, N. Y., in 1798. He was a student of Dr. Knapp, of Guilford, Chenango county, and attended lectures at Yale, by which institution he was licensed to practice. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was also conferred by the Buffalo Medical College, of which institution he was a Curator. He came to Bath as early as 1823, having joined the County Medical Society that year, and was its President in 1826, '33 and '37. He married a daughter of Robert Campbell, one of the pioneers of Bath. He had a family of nine children, of which Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo, a man of National reputation and of influence in the affairs of the State, is one. Harry W. Rogers of Chicago, a man of worth and standing, is also a son. Dr. Rogers removed to Buffalo in 1856, and

died in Chicago in 1872. He was a tall, fine-looking and cultured man. He was universally admitted to be a good physician and surgeon, and above all, he was a high-toned, Christian man.

In the list of physicans of Bath is one name that has been prominent in the history of the State for many generations—that of Gansevoort. Ten-Eyck Gansevoort was born in Montgomery county, in 1803, a son of Conrad Gansevoort, of Albany, and a relative of Col. Peter Gansevoort, of Revolutionary fame. He was educated at Union College, graduated in medicine at Philadelphia in 1825, and came to Bath the same year. He married Helen R. Lyon, a sister of Moses Lyon, in 1828—a woman of culture and refinement, one of Bath's worthies. They had four children—Conrad G., of this village, and Mrs. B. F. Angel, of Geneseo, being the only ones living. The Doctor was in affluent circumstances, kind to the poor, universally esteemed as a citizen, and was one of the leading surgeons of his day. He and Dr. Rogers were the surgeons in the celebrated Morgan case. He died in Bath in 1842, in the prime of life, being but thirty-nine years of age.

Simpson Ellas was born in New England in 1784, and came to Bath in 1814. He was regarded as a skilled physician, but having many other interests consumed much of his time. The late Colonel George Ellas and Addison F. Ellas were his sons, and Mrs. A. J. McCall is his daughter. Charles A. Ellas, the druggist, is his grandson. He died in Bath in 1867. One writes of him as a tall, erect, well-dressed and most exemplary man.

David Henry.—The date of this physician's coming to Bath I am unable to state. He bought the Seely lot (his residence for many years), in 1815. He had both legs amputated as the result of freezing. He was popular as a physician. He died in 1839, aged fifty years.

James Warden, a prominent physician of the olden time, was a member of the Medical Society in 1820. I am unable to say when he came to Bath, or when he removed. He was a man of wealth for his day. He had a kind and benevolent face. He died at Mead's Creek.

Thomas Shannon was a native of Ireland, and was born in 1819. He came to Bath when eight years of age, where he was educated. He taught school for some time. He was a student of Dr. Terry, of Savona, a graduate of the Geneva Medical College, and a member of the County Medical Society. He was esteemed as a physician, and with good reason, as he devoted a long and laborious life to the public service, a large part of which was spent at Savona. He died at Campbell in 1881, and his remains rest in Grove cemetery. He was a good and faithful physician, and a genial companion.

Andrew Baker came to Bath from Howard. He became a member of the Medical Society in 1843. He removed to Norwich, Chenango county,

where he died. He made a good record while here, as all the older people agree.

Daniel H. Shipman, another name in the list, practiced here for a time, joining the Medical Society in 1835. He died at Syracuse. He was a professor in the Geneva Medical College for a time. He is also very favorably mentioned.

Addison Niles came to Bath from Prattsburgh in 1842. He was a son of Dr. Noah Niles. He was a thorough student, but a theorist. He was the President of the Medical Society in 1848. He lived many years on the place where the *Advocate* building now stands. He removed to Quincy, Ill.

John C. Morse, another prominent name in Bath's medical annals, came to Bath in 1843. He married a daughter of Robert Church. He had a son and daughter. He went West in 1857. He was regarded by all as a good physician. Though sedate and reserved, he was social in his nature, and, as one said, always a gentleman.

Henry C. May, a native of Bath, was born in 1830. He belonged to the old Red School House era, an era that produced many good men. He attended the Franklin Academy, was a student of Dr. Niles in 1853, and was graduated at the University of Michigan in 1856. He began business in partnership with Dr. Dolson the same year. In 1857, he removed to Corning, where he remained (save about four years, when he was a Surgeon in the war), until 1890, when he was appointed to a position in the Pension Office, at Washington, D. C. Dr. May has been prominent in the profession of town and county, and in the church. He was President of the County Medical Society in 1875, and was prominent in the organization.

Ebenezer B. Pulling came to Bath from Hammondsport in 1824. He died as the result of a post-mortem wound, in 1844, the particulars of which it is unnecessary to state, save to say that he was in no way responsible for it. He was regarded as a man of honor, and a good physician, by his contemporaries. His untimely death was universally mourned.

John H. Read was born in Bath in 1820. He was a student of Dr. Church, of Hammondsport. He practiced here several years. His widow and two daughters, Mrs. James H. Scott, of Bath, and Mrs. Keeler, of Hammondsport, survive him. He died in Bath in 1864.

Among the physicians of Bath in *ante bellum* days was Ira L. Babcock. He was an active member of the Methodist church, having been sent as a missionary by that church to Oregon in early life. He lived here for a number of years, on the Hagadorn lot. He removed to Norwalk, Ohio, in 1859, where he died.

Samuel Ensign, a conscientious, pains-taking, cautious physician, and a worthy Christian man, succeeded Dr. Babcock. He removed to Tipton, Ia.

Stephen Hagadorn came to Bath from Cohocton, prior to the war. At the first battle of Bull Run, having a son in the ranks, whom he was visiting, he was taken prisoner. After spending some time in Libby prison, he returned to Bath, broken in health, and he never recovered. He was prized as a physician and esteemed as a man. His residence was at what is known as the Hagadorn place. He died in 1863 or 1864 at Bath.

A prominent name in the medical history of Bath is that of Joseph S. Dolson. He was born at Campbell, in 1825, the son of a Methodist clergyman. He was left an orphan at five years of age. He was educated at Elmira and the Cazenovia Seminary. He was a student of medicine with Dr. Terry, of Savona. He attended lectures at Geneva, New York City and Albany, from which institution he was graduated in 1848. The major part of a long and active life has been spent in Bath. Dr. Dolson has held many positions, both professional and political, among them, President of the County Medical Society, Coroner (a position he now holds), an Assistant Surgeon of the 161st Regiment, New York Volunteers, Surgeon of the Soldiers' Home, a member of the Bath Pension Examining Board. He was also Superintendent of Common Schools, Postmaster at Bath, etc. He contributed liberally to public enterprises—the Soldiers' Home, the church, the soldiers' monument, &c. He has often said to the writer that it gave him pleasure to make money, for the satisfaction of spending it for a worthy cause. The struggling young man had a friend in Dr. Dolson. He is now, all regret, an invalid, residing at Hornellsville, where he has two sons, Charles A. and Edwin L., in the practise of law.*

Mrs. Amelia A. Dolson, the wife of Dr. J. S. Dolson, a reserved, sedate and dignified woman, was licensed to practice by the Steuben County Medical Society, which she has done, in company with her husband. She did a large business in her specialty. She is now devoted to her invalid husband.

The last thirty-seven years of the century, a tall, erect man, latterly with a snow-white beard, has been a marked figure on the streets of Bath. Dr. Alexis H. Cruttenden was born at Morris, Otsego county, in 1822. He was educated at the common schools and at Albany, and was graduated in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York. He came to Bath in 1856, where he has remained to this time—being the longest continuous practice in our history. He was Coroner for a term. He was a Pension Examiner for a quarter of a century, and a member of the Bath Pension Board from its organization to a recent date. He married Miss Julia M. Stephenson. He had four children, two of whom are living.

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* Dr. Dolson died at his home in Hornellsville, July 10, 1893.

He has held a prominent place in the medical, and especially in the surgical, history of the town, and is entitled to a prominent place in its annals. His recreation has been in his garden among his flowers, he being an expert in their culture.

Among the prominent *post bellum* physicians is the name of Farrand Wylie. He was born in Covington, Wyoming County, in 1819. He was graduated in medecine in 1847, at Geneva. He entered the army as an Assistant Surgeon, in 1861, in the 86 N. Y. Vols. He was promoted to Surgeon of the 155 N. Y. Vols; served three years and three months. He came to Bath at the close of the war, in 1865, where he remained to his death, which occurred in February, 1893. Dr. Wylie was a fine-looking man, strong in body and in mind. He held a number of public and civil offices; having been Coroner and Surgeon of the Soldiers' Home, and a member of the Bath Pension Board.

Agnes Seely Wolf was born in Orange County, N. Y. She was educated at the Elmira Female College. She was graduated in medicine at the Woman's Medical College, New York City, in 1876, when she came to Bath, where she practiced until failing health caused her to retire. She died in 1892. She was Vice-President of the Medical Society. She was a bright, educated woman.

The writer of this article, Ira P. Smith, was born at Dansville in 1835. He attended school at the Rogersville Union Seminary, and the University of Michigan; was a student of medicine of Dr. Chas. S. Ackley, at Rogersville; graduated in medicine at Albany in 1859; practiced at Avoca until August, 1862, when he entered the service as an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the regular army, where he remained two years. He came to Bath; in 1866, was married to Harriet A. Smith a daughter of John J. and Jane Rutherford Smith, and a grand-daughter of Andrew Smith, who came from Scotland with Capt. Williamson. He has three children. He has held a number of offices both professional and civil, that of President of the County Medical Society, Coroner, Member of the Board of Pension Examiners, President of the Bible Society, etc.

James W. Black was born 1829, was educated in Bath, graduated at the Geneva Medical College and was a Surgeon of the 144 N. Y. Vols. He practiced many years at Almond, when he came to Bath, where he died, in 1874. He was a genial man and a popular physician.

Dr. William B. Brown was born at Bath in 1858. He was educated at Haverling and the Buffalo Medical College. He went abroad in 1881. He was an able, bright and generous man. He died in 1889, in early manhood, universally mourned.

J. Stratton Harlow, the son of a clergyman, came to Bath in 1864, from the army, and went into business with Dr. Dolson. Dr. Dolson retiring, he remained at the old office. After a term of a few years, he

went into practice in New York City, when his health failing, he returned to Bath, where he died in 1875. He married Sarah Dudley who, with one son, Augustus, survives him. Dr. Harlow and Dr. Brown, had in a remarkable degree, that undefinable something that, for want of a better term, we call magnetism.

The following physicians were in practice here during the latter part of the century. They had good reputations but I have not sufficient data to make other mention than their names: David Ward, John B. Flemming, Dr. Sibley Daniel Seber, Lewis Haws, Andrew Black, and John W. Dorr.

Drs. A. De Wolf and Dr. B. F. Grant have been prominent homœopathic physicians during the latter part of the century. Dr. De Wolf came from Dundee and was in business many years. Dr. B. F. Grant was born in Bath in 1827. He was educated here, and was graduated at the Cleveland Homœopathic College in 1866. He is now a member of the Bath Pension Examining Board. He has been President of the Homœopathic Medical Society for the Southern Tier. He has been popular as a physician and is a genial man.

Dr. Truman H. Purdy was born and educated in Bath. He was a graduate of a New York Homœopathic College. He practiced for seven years. He failed in health and died August 15, 1886.

I will add a list of the younger physicians who are now here: Drs. Ambrose Kasson, Thomas H. Pawling, George C. McNett, Chester T. Stewart, John O. Aldrich and Orlando W. Sutton, of Bath. Drs. Tomer and Gillett, of Savona, and Dr. Franklin Lawrence, of Kanona. Drs. Sutton, Aldrich and Lawrence are Eclectics.

This comprises a list of the physicians of Bath for the century. While these men were fair exponents of the science of medicine for their day, and some of them very able ones, marked and radical changes have taken place, not only in the practice, but in the trend of thought—in the object to be attained. The old-time physicians allowed the enemy to get posession of the citadel of life, then he did his utmost to expell him. While the modern physician exerts himself to keep the enemy out; that is to say, in the first half of the century, sanitary science was unknown; in the last half, it has grown to an importance second to none. In our day, not only physicians, but all intelligent persons, are as much concerned in the prevention as the cure of disease. The case only need be stated to make the advance apparent.

Until a late date in this century the insane were regarded as possessed of an evil spirit, and were to be shunned. Now they are regarded as the victims of disease, to be treated with kindness and sympathy—a position

much more in accord with the teachings of Him who spake as never man spake.

In the early part of the century chloroform was unknown. The surgeon was forced to operate with his patient in great suffering, and his friends suffering little less: now the victim of the surgeon's knife is made "to sleep, perchance to dream," at will.

Then the science of dentistry was unknown; now the turnkey has given place to the elaborate paraphernalia of the dentist's office. The saddle bags of the old-time physician, filled with compounds, more efficient than palatable, has given place to the delicate preparations of the modern pharmacist. While much has been gained by the segregation of medical learning, something has been lost. The modern specialist has not the breadth of learning of the old-time physician.

Some of these men were doubtless charged by their contemporaries with being harsh and unfeeling. A word, not in apology, but in explanation. The physician is often misjudged; being often called where all is consternation and dismay, he is forced to assume a bold and determined manner, else he would be as nervous and unmanned as the bystanders, and, at once, be in contempt. The lawyer will sit facing a jury with countenance unmoved, and listen to evidence that he well knows will be fatal to his client. If he became nervous, it would be a confession of weakness. As well charge him with lack of interest in his patron, as to charge the physician with lack of sympathy, when he assumes a bold and determined manner, where all is confusion, sorrow and dismay. Under a brusque exterior is a sympathetic and kindly heart. I make no apology for the coarse and unfeeling man, though he be a physician. The man who can thrust the surgeon's knife through the limb of his fellow, without feelings of sympathy and sorrow, if he is not on the wrong side of the bars of the penitentiary, is fit only for the society of those within.

A word as to the physicians of Bath in the Civil War. The great crisis of the century on this side of the world, and one of the great crises of history, occured between 1861 and 1865. A great responsibility devolved on the medical profession during that time. It was borne, and well borne. No physician need be ashamed of the record of his profession during that time. The science of military surgery was greatly advanced throughout the world by the American War. The following were army surgeons during the time: Dr. Farrand Wylie, Dr. Joseph S. Dolson, Dr. Henry C. May, Dr. Ira L. Babcock, Dr. Samuel Ensign, Dr. James W. Black, Dr. J. Stratton Harlow, Dr. Lewis Hawes, Dr. Seeley Brownell, and Dr. Ira P. Smith.

Much has been truly said of the trials and privations of the pioneers of this section, but what may be said of the heroism, courage and self-sacrifice of the early physicians, who in the darkness of the night, its

stillness broken only by the sighing forests and howling wolf, wended his way through well-nigh trackless forests, and across bridgeless streams, trusting to the sagacity of his faithful horse, until he reached the log house of the struggling settler. There, unaided by consultation and illy provided with instruments, he fought a brave fight with disease and death. While it is not asserted that these physicians were faultless, or worthy of imitation in all respects, it is claimed that they were brave, self-reliant and determined men, doing a laborious, important and often unrequited duty, and that they are worthy of a prominent and honorable place in the annals of the first century of the town of Bath.

MILITARY HISTORY OF BATH.

By Major John Stocum.*

The honor has been conferred upon me. by your General Committee, of compiling a history of the Militia of Bath, which I will endeavor to do to the best of my ability.

First, let me note something concerning the earlier days of our town in a military way. In Peck's History of Steuben County, we read of a former distinguished citizen of Bath: "In May, 1812, John Magee, with his father and brother, Hugh, enlisted at Detroit. in the rifle company of Capt. A. de Quindra. This company went immediately into active service, had several skirmishes with the Indians, and took part in the battle of Brownstown, on the 8th of August of that year. His company, belonging to the command of Gen. Hull, was surrendered, with his army, to the British forces, under Gen. Breck, the 16th of the same month. Magee was a prisoner until March of 1814." On his release from Fort George he re-entered the service and still further distinguished himself, especially as government messenger between Fort Niagara and Washington.

Daniel Cruger, a citizen whose abilities have shed lustre upon his adopted home, was Major during the war of 1812, where he served with distinction upon the staff of Gen. McClure in Canada.

In the Mexican war there is a record of prominence to be accorded to our village. Early in the summer of 1846, President Polk decided to send a force of volunteers by sea to the Pacific coast. A regiment, to be known as the 7th New York Volunteers (to contain ten companies, of one hundred men each, rank and file), was designated for this service, Col. J. D. Stevenson, of San Francisco (then a resident of New York city), being empowered to muster in the new regiment. It was decided to draft one company in Steuben county, and William E. Shannon, of Bath, at once volunteered to raise Company A. In a very brief space of time it was done, and the complement of one hundred men ready for the front. The officers of the company elected were : Captain, W. E. Shannon ; 1st Lieut.,

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* In the preparation of this article, the writer would acknowledge the great assistance rendered by the Rev. B. S. Sanderson, who kindly wrote out and put in shape the notes of the author.—J. S.

Henry Magee; 2d Lieut., Palmer V. Hewlett; Sergeants, J. C. Van Loon, H. D. Alden, Melvin Boch and J. E. Crandall. Among the names of privates we find Warren S. Hodgman, John C. Emerson, John Magee, H. S. Biles, Finley M. Pawling, Elijah M. Smith, Henry M. Osgood, and many others.

Leaving Bath, August 1, 1846, upon its arrival in New York city the company was accepted as Company I of the Regiment, and put in camp on Governor's Island, where it remained for some weeks. Sailing, with three other companies, in the *Susan Drew*, after a prosperous voyage of six months, in March, 1847, they were landed in what is now San Francisco; soon transferred to San Diego, where they remained until mustered out of service in 1848. Capt. Shannon died of cholera, in Sacramento, September 25, 1850, and but very few of the company from the immediate vicinity of Bath are known to be living.

While not properly a part of my subject, a word may be said here concerning what was known as the "Trainings." Soon after the organization of Steuben county (in 1796), in common with the rest of the State, all our male inhabitants between the ages of seventeen and forty-five were enrolled as State Militiamen, and had to spend one day in the year at "General Training," as it was called. Personally, as a boy, I well recall the impression made upon my youthful mind by the wonderful appearance and eccentric evolutions of these citizen-soldiers as they "trained" in and about the old park of our village. At the outset this general training was somewhat sporadic in character, but with the increase of population, definitely organized companies were formed. Among the earliest of these seems to have been a company of light artillery, under the command of Col. William H. Bull. It was organized, I believe, as early as 1823, and was in active service for many years, at least eighteen or twenty. Its one gun, a brass six-pounder, at the disbanding of the company, was ordered by the State officials to Dansville. A rifle company was also conspicuous in these early days. In 1825, while John Magee was Sheriff, both of these companies formed a guard around the gallows at the execution of Robert Douglass. The early town records mention, also, a Light Horse Troop, conspicuous in that famous procession which accompanied the remains of Dugald Cameron from Hammondsport to Bath, in 1828.

Among the early officers prominent in these and less definitely organized companies of the then militia, we find such prominent citizens of this section as Gen. O. F. Marshall, Col. Tyler (who acted as Marshal at the execution of Douglass), and Col. Barnard. Later on appear as leaders on training days such men as Phineas Warren, Stephen Grant, L. H. Read, R. L. Finch, David W. Lyon, Capt. Cross and "Parson" Higgins. Major John W. Whiting was Brigade Inspector at this time (namely, during the "Forties,") and John Kennard a staff officer under him.

At their "trainings" the rank and file did not present the soldierly appearance of the National Guard of to-day. They had no regular uniform, nor were all equipped with muskets, but many of them were soldiers at heart. Such men as Col. Williams, of Prattsburgh, or Jacob Van Valkenburgh (way back in '35 or '36), the earliest mounted officers I can recall, either on horse or afoot, presented always the gallant bearing of true warriors. Training in Bath died out forty-five years ago. The movement creating a more definite State Militia had started, its impulse being felt in this section of the State, as elsewhere. To Levi C. Whiting belongs the credit of the work in this direction done in Bath. At this date (1852-1857) he was Foreman of the Champion Fire Company. In this he saw the nucleus for his company of soldiers. Through his energy were mustered in seventy-five men, forming a company of the 60th Regiment of the 27th Brigade of the N. Y. S. V.

Our Armory Hall was in the old Arcade Building,* in Orchard (now Buel) street, and there we met weekly for drills, so that on great days, like the Fourth of July, and the like, we could make our appearance upon the streets of Bath to fascinate all beholders with our display of the martial spirit. The original complement of officers was : Capt., L. C. Whiting; 1st Lieut., William E. Bonham ; 2d Lieut., Theodore Schlick ; Orderly Sergt., John Stocum. Of the seventy-five originally enlisted, my memory recalls only the following as now living in Bath : J. P. Hand, Ira P. Edwards, T. P. Purdy, Jerry Van Loon, C. E. Hopkins, D. D. Chapin and A. Butler. Gen. Robert B. Van Valkenburgh was in command of our Brigade. Every year our company attended the brigade encampment. Once we went to Avon, again to Elmira, and twice, I remember, the tents of the brigade were pitched upon the slopes of Robie Hill, in this village. In 1855, Capt. Whiting was promoted to be Colonel of our regiment, and I was honored with the Captaincy of the company, my commission being signed by Hon. Myron H. Clark, Governor of the State. The company continued its organization until 1858, the interest being well maintained during the whole period,

With the outbreak of hostilities, in 1861, the call to arms in defence of the flag was most nobly responded to by the loyal citizens of Bath. The Elmira Rendezvous, as it was known, gave to this section great celebrity. Bath men were to the front there. Fifteen regiments—the 22d Cavalry, 1st Light Artillery, 50th Engineers, 12th, 13th, 21st (commanded by Col. now Gen. William F. Rogers, the present Superintendent of the State Soldiers' Home), 23d, 24th, 26th, 27th (whose Colonel was the present President of the Board of Trustees of the Home, Gen. Henry W. Slocum), 33d,

* The Fred Moris Factory occupies the site.

25th, 64th, 85th, 86th and 89th N. Y. Volunteers, were all centered at Elmira, under the command of our old Brigadier-General, Robert B. Van Valkenburgh, of Bath. Another Bath man, Capt. William Rumsey, was his A. D. C. and Assistant Adjutant General until September, 1861, when his place was filled by still another Bath man, Capt. Ira Davenport.

Gen. Van Valkenburgh afterwards raised the 107th N. Y. Volunteers, which he commanded until December, 1862, leading it at the battle of Antietam.

The requirements of the service are that volunteers be mustered in by an officer of the Regular Army. By a curious coincidence, one of the officers detailed for this duty at this Elmira rendezvous was a Bathite, the sole representative of our town (if we mistake not), in the Regular Army, Lieut. Wm. W. Averell. This officer deserves special mention at our hands, since to him is accorded the distinction of attaining the highest rank during the war of any officer from this county.

Graduated at West Point in 1855, he served with distinction upon the frontier in the 1st Regiment of Mounted Rifles, U. S. A., achieving prominence in the wars against the Indians in 1857 and 1858. His service on the frontier was terminated by a severe fracture of the hip, which kept him home on sick leave for the next two years. He was Adjutant-General of Col. Andrew Porter's Brigade in the First Battle of Bull Run. Soon after he was appointed Colonel of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, and immediately thereafter, in September, 1861, to the command of the 1st Brigade of Cavalry organized during the War, of which he was at the head during the campaign of the Peninsula, in 1862. After the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula, Col. Averell was given the command of a Division of Cavalry. In 1862, he was appointed Brigadier-General, serving with distinction in the Army of the Potomac, in West Virginia and in the Campaign of Sheridan. He was six times brevetted for gallantry in particular actions, in one of which he was severely wounded.

At the time of his retirement from the Service he held the rank of Brevet Major-General of the Regular Army. Since the War, Gen. Averell has held the important post of U. S. Consul General to British North America (1866–1869), and is now the Inspector General for the Board of Managers of National and State Homes for disabled veterans of the Army and Navy.

Another well-known citizen of Bath alluded to above, deserves a mention here, Major William Rumsey, now one of the Supreme Court Judges of the State. After recovering from a serious wound received at the Battle of Fair Oaks, Va., he served with General Averell as his Adjutant General during the greater part of the War. He was a dashing cavalry officer, a thorough soldier, and obtained the deserved promotion of Brevet

Lieutenant Colonel for conspicuous acts of gallantry during the campaign of 1864.

The first company to leave our village for the seat of war was a company recruited and commanded by Theo. Schlick, attached to 23d N. Y. Infantry, Col. Hoffman, of Elmira, commanding. This was the first regiment going from our Congressional District (the 27th), and Company A. was entirely composed of Bath men. Cornelius F. Mowers and George E. Biles were the Lieutenants. The enlistment was for two years, during which time the company saw considerable active service, participating in the engagement at Chantilly, the Second Battle of Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg. It was mustered out of service May 23d, 1863. In the late summer of 1861, it was my privilege to recruit Battery E., 1st N. Y. Artillery, one hundred men. Chosen as Commander, my Lieutenants were Charles G. Wheeler and Robert H. Gansevoort. Relieved of my command soon after reaching Washington, Lieut. Wheeler became Captain and Edward H. Underhill, 2d Lieutenant under Capt. Wheeler. The Battery saw gallant service in the Peninsular, at Antietam, Yorktown, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness and many other notable encounters. It was mustered out of service June 16th, 1865. Lieut. Underhill was in the Battery during all its service, being remarkable for reckless bravery, notable among daring soldiers. When the Battery was mustered out of service, he commanded it as Captain. The first gun fired on the Peninsular, as the Army of the Potomac advanced on Yorktown, was fired by this Battery. Last summer (1892) the major part of the survivors were my guests for a day at Ruby Cottage, Lake Keuka.

In the fall of 1862, the 161st N. Y. Infantry was recruited, in which Regiment, I commanded company F. On reaching the front, we took part in the famous Banks expedition to New Orleans and Baton Rouge, thence to the surrender of Port Hudson in 1863. John F. Little and James Faucett, of Bath, were my Lieutenants.

In 1863, severe illness incapacitated me, compelling my return home. The company, under the command of Capt. Little, continued in active service, participating in Sherman's celebrated march through Georgia from "Atlanta to the sea," and in other prominent actions until the close of the war. While we were in the field, Schlick's company returned to Bath, having served their original time of enlistment. But the call of duty was too imperative for any who could go, to stay at home. So urgent was the necessity that Capt. Schlick and Lieut. Benj. Bennitt found no difficulty in recruiting a company from this vicinity in the summer of 1863, with which they returned once more into active service. This company was one of the 22d Cavalry, N. Y. V.; while serving in which each of these gallant officers was made a Major. Major Schlick fell on the

field of battle. Major Bennitt, after active service as a lawyer after the war, died but two or three years ago at Hammondsport.

In 1864, President Lincoln issued his memorable last call for three hundred thousand volunteers. Among the regiments then mustered in was the 189th, New York, of which I commanded Company A., two other companies being recruited, also, from this village and its immediate vicinity under the command of Capt. Burrage Rice and Walter Crosby, the latter at the time Principal of Sonora Academy. This regiment was in active service until the close of War. My own company was recruited in nine days. The gallantry of the men under me, notably on one occasion, demands particular mention. On Sunday, April 9, 1865, while deployed as skirmishers, we drove back into Appomattox the last Rebel Battery Gen. Lee ever sent out. Mustered out of service at the close of the war, we reached home and separated, to pursue the avocations of peace, May 13, 1865. Brief and imperfect as this sketch has been, enough has been said, I trust, to show the whole-souled way in which the sons of Bath fought valiantly for country and freedom.

My story need not be continued much longer. Military operations in Bath for the past twenty-eight years have not been considerable. A company was recruited by me in 1867, as a part of one of the regiments of the 20th Brigade of the National Guard S. N. Y. We served for seven years, performing the usual duties of militiamen. In 1874, we were mustered out of service and since then no company of soldiers has taken our place. It may not become me to say it, yet in closing my paper, I must express my regret that for a score of years Bath has not counted among all its organizations a company of soldiers. Military drill and discipline do so much for a man, that their absence is a distinct loss. As a veteran (do I not speak, also, for my soldier comrades?) I do wish that, among other beneficial results, there should flow from our Centennial Celebration the formation of a company of soldiers. The young men of our village in peace would acquire the habits and virtues of men of arms, that in war they could stand in the forepart of our Country's defenders, prepared to protect the glorious liberty and freedom of these United States of America.

[NOTE.—Captain Stocum has prepared with considerable industry full and complete lists of the survivors of all the regiments mustered from Bath for the Civil War. We regret that lack of space prohibits their appearance in this book.—ED.]

THE BENCH AND BAR.

By Charles H. McMaster, Esq.

The evolution of judicial procedure in this State has been one of the remarkable political phenomena of the past century. In the early days of the Republic, disputes were determined by the old English law of battle. Then might made right. The contest was short, sharp and decisive. This procedure had its origin among the rude German tribes; it was transplanted into England by William the Conquerer, and, among other English customs and rules of law, was adopted by our forefathers in this country. It was employed in military, as well as civil affairs, and in both criminal and civil actions. In criminal actions, the accused and his accuser joined battle in person and determined the guilt or innocence of the prisoner by physical prowess and skill.

In civil actions, the procedure was applied principally to suits involving the title to real estate. The parties to the action appeared before the proper tribunal, and each selected a champion. The champion of the plaintiff marched into the ring prepared for battle and threw down his glove, or gage. The defendant's champion then came forward and picked up the glove and the issue was joined, and hence the name for the procedure, "wager of battle."

The issue having been joined, the action was forthwith determined by the champions in battle. It is worthy of note that in that early day, if one preferred a charge against another affecting his honor, then he must hazard his person to sustain the charge, if the accused so required; but where property only was concerned, each party had the right to select a professional Sullivan or Corbett to take the risk for a proper fee. In these degenerate days the fighters, when not training for a contest for a big purse, elect to pose their burly forms on the Vaudeville stage, in company with clowns, burlesquers and jugglers. In ancient times they determined important civil rights and discharged the functions of the most learned and dignified profession of the ages. The law of battle was formally repealed in England in 1819, but it had long been in disuse.

Here in Bath, the chronicler says, "For two years after the first settlement (1793) no lawyer appeared in the village, but litigations were settled by compromise or according to the English law of battle."

Possibly in the course of those two years, when the gallant Captain Williamson and his brave pioneers had cleared away Pulteney Square and had erected his own rude mansion, the settlers living in cabins of logs along openings in the forest already marked out for Morris, Steuben and Liberty streets, a dispute arose between two settlers as to the title to a tract of land. Settler Pine laid claim, by virtue of superior title, to a tract upon which Settler Spruce was located. Settler Spruce declined to yield, and no compromise could be reached. The gallant Captain is appealed to; a Scotchman by birth, and well versed in the forms of English legal procedure, he directs that the issue shall be determined by "wager of battle." Blackstone says that for the place of contest, "a piece of ground sixty feet square is selected, enclosed with lists and on one side a court erected for the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who attend in scarlet robes. When the Court sits, which ought to be by sunrising, proclamation is made for the parties and their champions; the champions are dressed in a coat of armor, with red sandals, bare-legged from the knee downwards, bare-headed and with bare arms to the elbows. The weapons allowed them are only batons, an ell long, and a four-cornered target.

"When the champions thus armed with batons arrive within the lists, or place of combat, the champion of the tenant, or party in possession, then takes his adversary by the hand and makes oath that the tenements in dispute are not the right of the demandant (plaintiff), and the champion of the demandant then taking the other by the hand, swears in the same manner that they are. Next an oath against sorcery or enchantment is to be taken by both the champions in this or similar form; 'Hear this, ye Justices, that I have this day neither eat, drank, nor have upon me neither bone, stone or grass; nor any enchantment, sorcery or witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased or the law of the devil exalted. So help me God and his saints.' The battle is thus begun and the combatants are bound to fight 'till the stars appear in the evening; and if the champion of the tenant can defend himself 'till the stars appear, the tenant shall prevail in his cause; for it is sufficient for him to maintain his ground and make it a drawn battle, he being already in possession; but if victory declares itself for either party, for him judgment is finally given."

We may imagine that on a certain fine June day in the year 1795, the lists having been duly set up in Pulteney Square, the boundaries thereof being duly marked by stumps and logs, at day break the parties and their champions appear to determine the issue. In lieu of Judges, Captain Williamson and a fair retinue of retainers attend to preside at the battle. All the settlers in the clearing turn out to witness the contest and occupy such vantage stumps as they can find for a good view of the contestants.

The necessary preliminaries having been performed, the battle begins. Instead of armor the champions are encased in stout buckskin suits. Their

long staves swish and whack; and, with such intermissions as the Court permits, the contest lasts until the stars appear, and results in a draw, which is a victory for Mr. Spruce, the tenant, and final judgment is entered in his favor. Thus may have been determined a hundred years ago the title to the most valuable piece of property in Bath to-day.

In the year 1795, a few lawyers settled in Bath, the advance guard of a brilliant company to follow. But it was not till the year 1796 that the lists were finally broken up, the champions and their staves made their exit, and trial by wager of battle became a past procedure.

Then the Steuben County Bar was formed, judges were appointed, a Court House and jail were built, and another system of jurisprudence was established. The forensic period in the history of our Bench and Bar dawned. A period in which many able counselors and eloquent and brilliant pleaders appeared upon the scene and played leading parts in the Courts of Western New York. The Court House became the lists, the lawyers the combatants; the rules prescribed were rules for debate and examination, instead of the conduct of a fight in the arena. Upon these lines the affairs of justice have been administered down to our own time. During the forensic period, which extended to the adoption of the new State Constitution and the first Code, in 1847, he was the greatest Judge who could banter the lawyers with the keenest wit, who could annihilate a witness with a look, and proved himself the greatest terror to unfortunates, whom he sentenced, often with severity, and always with copious and eloquent instructions upon the heinousness of wrong-doing and the terrors of a future state. The most successful lawyer was the brilliant advocate who held the audience spell-bound by his lofty eloquence, made the jurors tremble at the awfulness of their responsibility, and caused the prisoner to weep like a penitent before the altar. This period, too, has passed. The adoption of the various Codes, the consolidation of the laws, the definite rules laid down by the Judges for every form of procedure, have eliminated, to a great degree, the spectacular business common to our Courts of justice during the forensic period.

The study of the codes and the rules of practice has taken the place of the study of the arts of the orator and the tragedian. The extension of the right of appeal has made the race, in almost all great legal battles of this day, to the slow and not to the swift. Few cases of importance in our day reach a settlement within ten years.

Our modern procedure is a machine, good in some parts, weak in many, slow and cumbrous. The spirit of romance and chivalry that once pervaded our halls of justice has vanished, and the atmosphere of the counting-house now prevails. Of the three methods of procedure—the

battle, the forensic and the mechanical—the first possessed that great virtue in matters of justice, promptness of decision, and the twin merit that the decision was final.

In the field of the exact sciences, the artists and builders of the past century have held fast to principles known at its beginning, have amplified and developed them, until in the matter of locomotion, in the matter of heat and light, and of nearly all the material things that administer to our peace of mind and comfort of body, we enjoy blessings that our forefathers did not dream of. In legal jurisprudence, however, our legislators have well-nigh abolished the most important feature of an issue at law between parties; viz, a final decision. They have extended the right of appeal and multiplied the rules of procedure, until, in this day, in the State of New York, it is possible for a wealthy and determined litigant to postpone settlement for a wrong for a term of years, and even beyond the natural life of the injured party.

Now, as one hundred years ago, the safeguard for litigants lies in a compromise. A trial at Circuit before Judge and jury, and an appeal to General Term, and an appeal to the Court of Appeals—the course which the Code has staked out for the parties to a civil suit in the Supreme Court to travel—has proved almost as hazardous to litigants, and far more expensive, than the old form of trial by champions in the lists "from sunrise until the stars appear in the evening."

Macaulay says, "Religion is not an exact science." When we observe, as we constantly do, our Court of the General Term laying down the law applicable to certain facts brought out in the trial of an action under the Code as thus and so, and the Judges of the Court of Appeals laying down a different rule as the law, we are forced to the conclusion that the administration of the law of the land is not yet an exact science. The remedy would seem to be to shorten mightily the staked course which litigants must run.

In criminal cases a decided improvement has been made. In the conduct of the trial, the punishment of offenders and, in capital cases, the execution, the methods of procedure are far better than ever before. The rights of the accused, no matter how poor or vile he may be, are now assured. Justice in nearly every case is tempered with mercy and, except for notorious law-breakers, the sentence is reasonable and humane.

One of the most remarkable executions of the past century, in this State, occurred at Gallows Hill, now within the corporate limits of the village, on Friday, the 29th day of April, 1825. On that day, near the hour of noon, Robert Douglass, a young man twenty-three years of age, who had been convicted of the murder of Samuel H. Ives, of Troupsburgh, was taken from the Bath jail for execution. "At the hour appointed six companies of militia, armed and equipped," says a writer of

the period, "paraded in front of the stone jail on the north-west corner of Pulteney Square." The prisoner was brought out, draped in the habiliments of the grave, to be placed in an open wagon containing his coffin, but choosing to walk, he was placed between two officers and marched to the place of execution. Sheriff John Magee, mounted on a milk-white horse, gave the order to march and the procession, headed by a military band playing the Dead March, moved up Liberty and Geneva streets to Gallows Hill, where Douglass was hung in the presence of 10,000 eye witnesses—a scene worthy of the dark days of the French Revolution, a spectacle that happily is no longer possible with us.

The first term of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the County of Steuben, convened on the 21st day of June, 1796, in the frame Court House on the east side of Pulteney Square. In 1829, a brick Court House was erected on or near the same site. In 1859, this building was destroyed by fire, and in the following year the present Court House was built. At the first term of Court the Honorable William Kersey was the Presiding Judge. "Judge Kersey," says the chronicler, "was a grave and dignified Friend from Philadelphia. He performed the duties of Lord High Chancellor of the county for several years, when he returned to Pennsylvania, greatly esteemed by the people whom he judged." Abraham Bradley and Eleazer Lindley, Esqs., of Painted Post, were the Associate Judges. George Hornell, Uriah Stephens and Abel White were qualified as Justices of the Peace; Stephen Ross, as Surrogate.

The following attorneys and counselors appeared in due form: Nathaniel W. Howell, Vincent Mathews, William Stuart (who presented a commission under the Great Seal of this State to perform the duties of District Attorney in the Counties of Onondaga, Ontario, Tioga and Steuben), William B. Verplanck, David Jones, Peter Masterson, Thomas Morris, Stephen Ross and David Powers.

The first Court of General Sessions was held in the autumn of the same year. In addition to the Judges of the Common Pleas, offenders encountered the following array of Justices of the Peace: John Knox, William Lee, Frederick Bartles, George Hornell, Eli Mead, Abel White and Uriah Stephens, Jr.

Since that year three generations of the disciples of Blackstone have come and gone in Bath. Here, as elsewhere, they have been leaders of men and their influence upon the social as well as legislative affairs of the village, the county and the State has been most potent. They have been men of superior education, of marked ability in their chosen profession, and faithful to the trusts confided to them.

The first lawyer to arrive in Bath was George D. Cooper, of Rhinebeck, on the North River, who settled here in 1795. He was appointed the

first Clerk of the county. Others who came a few years later were Samuel S. Haight, Esq., and Willian Howe Cuyler. The chronicler says: "General Haight had an extensive practice, and a numerous and interesting family of sons and daughters." He afterward removed to Allegany county.

Mr. Cuyler came to Bath from Albany. He is described as a "fine, portly young man of very fashionable and fascinating manners of the Chesterfield order." He was killed by a cannon ball from Fort Erie while acting as Aid-de-camp to General Amos Hall in the War of 1812. Daniel Cruger, William B. Rochester, William Woods, Henry Welles and Henry W. Rogers, members of the Steuben County Bar, and, for a time at least, practitioners in Bath, studied law in Mr. Haight's office.

General Daniel Cruger was a leading member of the Bar and an influential politician. He was elected a member of the Legislature in 1812, and was chosen Speaker of the Assembly. In 1813, he served with credit as Major of Infantry under General McClure on the frontiers. In 1816, he was elected a Member of Congress. In 1833, he removed to Virginia where he died in 1843.

Hon. William B. Rochester, who presided at the trial of Robert Douglass, for murder, practiced law for a time in partnership with Hon. William Woods. He was elected a Member of the XVIIIth Congress, in 1822, and, in 1823 was appointed Circuit Judge for the Eighth Judicial Circuit. He subsequently removed to Buffalo. His health failing, he took passage for Florida in the steamer *Pulaski*. The steamer was wrecked and Judge Rochester, with a large number of passengers, was drowned.

The following is an extract from his eloquent exhortation to the prisoner when on March 22, 1825, he sentenced Douglass to be hung: "Think not, deluded man, that by paying the penalty inflicted by human laws, your sins will be thus washed away. O, no! there is something within us that intimates to the impenitent sinner a dread of eternity. Independently of Revelation all Nature declares that there is another and a higher tribunal, before which we must all render a full account of the deeds done in the body. Yet it is a tribunal which tempers justice with mercy. Remember you can hope to avert the vengeance of an offended God. Watch, then, and pray without intermission or reference to worldly objects, during the few days which remain in store for you. Lose not, for the sake of your immortal soul's salvation, a single moment in making lively preparation for the hour of death and day of judgment. Avail yourself of religious instruction and pious admonition which will never be withheld in this, our Christian land, from the most degraded culprit, and bear in mind, until your latest breath, that your offense is rank, and will be fatal to all your hopes of eternity unless atoned for in this life by the severest

upbraidings of an excruciating conscience, and by repentance and faith the most sincere, devout and unceasing."

Hon. Ziba A. Leland was educated at Williams College, Mass. He came to Bath in the year 1822. He was a lawyer of much force and learning, and became eminent as a practitioner. In 1838, he was appointed Judge of the old Court of Common Pleas, as the successor of Judge Edwards, who died in office. He died at Mechanicsville, Saratoga county, about 1873.

Hon. Edward Howell came to Bath from Sidney, Delaware county, in the spring of 1811. He studied law with Daniel Cruger. In 1818 he was appointed County Clerk, and soon after was made postmaster. In 1829, he was appointed District Attorney. He was subsequently elected to the Assembly, and was a Member of Congress. "Mr. Howell," says a contemporary, "stood for many years at the head of his profession in this section of the State." He possessed the confidence of a numerous clientage and the respect of the people to an unusual degree. He died in 1871, at the age of 76 years.

Schuyler Strong came to Steuben from Orange county. In 1822, he formed a partnership with William Woods. Soon after he became associated in practice with Edward Howell. He took a leading part in the defence of Robert Douglass, tried for murder in 1825. His associates were Edward Howell and Ziba A. Leland. The fact that Douglass was tried twice, his conviction at the first trial having been set aside for irregularity, shows the zeal with which he was defended.

Hon. William Woods was one of the early and distinguished lawyers of Bath. He was a native of Washington county, and studied law with Hon. Samuel Nelson, late Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He had a very large practice, and was one of the most popular men of his time. He was a Member of the Legislature in 1823 and in 1828; a Member of Congress from 1823 to 1825, and Surrogate of the county from 1827 to 1835. Mr. Woods, although only 37 years of age at the time of his death, which occurred in 1837, had been for a number of years known to his many warm personal friends by the familiar sobriquet of "Old Uncle Billy Woods."

Hon. David McMaster was born in Unadilla, Otsego county, 1804. He was graduated at Hamilton College in the class of 1824. He commenced the practice of the law in Bath in partnership with Hon. Henry W. Rogers in 1827, and continued in active practice in this village until 1847, part of the time as the partner of Judge Leland and of L. H. Read. Mr. McMaster was the first County Judge and Surrogate of the county elected by the people under the new Constitution. In 1856, he was re-elected. The following story is told of him by one who witnessed the closing scene. During Judge McMaster's last term in office, one Totten was tried before him for forgery. A. P. Ferris, the District Attorney, and Samuel H. Hammond

prosecuted, and David Rumsey and Luther C. Peck, of Nunda, appeared for the prisoner. Hammond and Peck were both men of high temper, and through several days that the trial lasted, wrangled and abused each other without cessation. The Judge protested and expostulated without avail. Finally, says my informant, Judge McMaster lost his temper. He stopped the progress of the trial, and leaning far over the bench, shook his finger at the irate lawyers, and said in loud tones: "I have talked to you, I have remonstrated, I have addressed you as a gentleman should address gentlemen, but without effect. Now, if this conduct is repeated, I will send you both to jail." As the record does not show that the lawyers went to jail, the trial doubtless proceeded smoothly thereafter. The anecdote is interesting chiefly as showing how fractious lawyers can pester a mild-tempered Judge.

Hon. Henry Welles, one of the ablest of the early practitioners in this county, was born in Kinderhook, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1794. He enlisted in a military company recruited in Steuben county during the War of 1812. He distinguished himself as a brave and gallant soldier in the fighting about Fort Erie. In November, 1814, he returned to Bath and studied law in the office of Vincent Mathews. After his admission to the Bar, Judge Welles opened an office in this village, and practiced his profession most successfully for a number of years. In 1824, he was appointed District Attorney, and, as such, he prosecuted Douglass. In 1829, he resigned the office of District Attorney and continued in active practice at Bath until about ten years later, when he removed to Penn Yan. He was elected one of the Justices of the Supreme Court for the Seventh Judicial District under the new Constitution, in 1847.

Henry W. Rogers came to Bath from Sidney Plains about 1827. He taught school, and read law with Hon. Henry Welles. He formed a partnership and practiced law with David McMaster, and afterwards with Hon. Joseph G. Masten. Messrs. Rogers and Masten removed to Buffalo about the year 1836. Mr. Rogers was made Collector of the Port and Prosecuting Attorney, and Mr. Masten became Mayor of the city and a Judge of the Superior Court. Mr. Rogers was a polished and courtly gentleman, a lawyer, well-read and of sound judgment. He was a capital speaker, and possessed a wit as bright as a flash of sunshine; though keen, it was not cutting; it excited pleasure and not annoyance among his hearers. He died at Ann Arbor, Mich., a few years ago.

Hon. George C. Edwards was born in Stockbridge, Mass., September 28, 1787. He came to Bath and engaged in the practice of law in 1818. In 1825, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held until his death in 1837. He published, in 1830, "A Treatise on the Powers and Duties of Justices of the Peace," which had a large

circulation at that time. Judge Edwards was a familiar figure in early days in Bath, and was universally esteemed.

The following is quoted from an old manuscript by General McClure, one of the first settlers in Bath: "General Vincent Mathews resided for many years in Bath. He was said to be at the head of the Bar for legal knowledge, but was not much of an advocate. Judge Edwards, Schuyler Strong, Jonas Clark, Jonathan Haight, John Cook, and Leland and McMaster are all that I remember of the old stock. Ah, yes; there is one more of my old friends, Cuthbert Harrison, a Virginian—a young man of good sense, and whether drunk or sober he was a good-natured, clever fellow." Mr. Harrison is said to have been a man of fine talents, and one of the most eloquent advocates in the western part of the State.

Robert Campbell, Jr., son of Robert Campbell, one of the first settlers in Bath, was born in 1808. The senior Campbell is described by one who knew him as "one of Nature's noblemen, kind, genial, honest and true." The son was educated at Hobart College, Geneva. He studied law with Cruger and Howell, and was admitted to practice in 1829. For a year or two he practiced his profession at Auburn, but returned to Bath within a short time. He was a partner of General Cruger and afterwards of Samuel H. Hammond and Guy H. McMaster. He is described by a contemporary as a scholarly, laborious, conscientious and successful lawyer. In 1846, he was an influential member of the Constitutional Convention. He was elected to the second highest office in the gift of the people of the State in 1858, when he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor. He was re-elected in 1860. Mr. Campbell, although not an eloquent speaker, was a lawyer of keen perceptions, and so steady in his application to the duties of his profession that his clients were often better served than they would have been by a more brilliant but less painstaking attorney.

Hon. L. H. Read, who practiced law in Bath for a number of years, was a descendant of one of the early settlers of Pleasant Valley, now in the town of Urbana. He studied law with Edward and William Howell. In 1839, he formed a partnership with David McMaster. In 1850, he was appointed Chief Justice of Utah. After serving on the Bench one year in Utah, he resigned his office and returned to Bath, where he died soon after.

Hon. Samuel H. Hammond formed a partnership with Robert Campbell and practiced law in Bath from 1836 to 1842. He is thus described by a contemporary: "Though gifted with rare powers, he disliked the routine and drudgery of a law office, and books of reference were his abhorrence. The scenes of Nature, the wild solitudes of mountain and glen, the sports of hunting and fishing, were, on the contrary, his delight, and he often found them so tempting a pastime as to seriously interfere

with anything like a systematic attention to professional duties." He was a son of Lazarus Hammond, the founder of Hammondsport. He was admitted to practice in 1831. In 1843, he removed to Albany, but returned to Bath in 1857, and became the law partner of A. P. Ferris. In 1859, he was elected to the State Senate from this district. He died, in 1878, at Watertown, where he resided after 1864. As a boy, some of the pleasantest hours of the writer of this sketch were spent in thumbing a volume of which Mr. Hammond was the author, "Hills, Lakes and Forest Streams," a story of the woods, told in a style more charming, one cannot find, even at this day.

Hon. David Rumsey, one of the most skillful and successful practitioners in the history of the Bath Bar, was born in Salem, Washington county, N. Y., on December 25, 1810. He studied law with Hon. Henry Welles. He was admitted to practice in 1832, and formed a partnership with Hon. William Woods, which continued until the death of the latter. In 1842, he was associated with Robert B. Van Valkenburgh in the practice of his profession. In 1846, Mr. Rumsey was elected to Congress, and was re-elected in 1848. In January, 1873, he was appointed, by Governor Dix, a Justice of the Supreme Court, and in the autumn of that year was elected to the office. He continued to perform the duties of that office until disqualified by age, in 1880. A notable feature in connection with the history of his law office is the fact that it was the training school of five Justices of the Supreme Court. Besides himself, there were R. B. Van Valkenburgh, who became Justice of the Supreme Court of Florida; James M. Barker, Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Lloyd Barber, Judge of the Circuit Court of Minnesota, and William Rumsey, who succeeded his father as Supreme Court Judge of this district. With a thorough knowledge of the law, Judge David Rumsey possessed the rare faculty of grasping the thoughts of jurors and leading them along by plain methods of logic and reasoning to the conclusion he desired.

William Howell, a brother of Edward Howell, practiced law in Bath for more than fifty years. He was a man of culture, and a successful practitioner.

Hon. Washington Barnes settled at an early day in Painted Post. He was elected County Judge and Surrogate in 1860, when he removed to Bath. He afterwards practiced law, in company with Hon. Ansel J. McCall, for a number of years. A friend says of him: "He was a very earnest and conscientious man in all his dealings."

Alfred P. Ferris, Esq., was educated at Franklin Academy, Prattsburgh. He came to Bath in 1840. He studied law with Ziba A. Leland and Samuel H. Hammond. He was admitted to the Bar in 1843, and continued in the practice of his profession in Bath till his death in 1888. At

the special election in June, 1847, he was elected District Attorney, and held the office until January 1, 1851. Mr. Ferris was well known to the present generation of lawyers, and was ever most courteous to the young men of the Bar.

Hon. Guy H. McMaster was born in 1829. He was graduated at Hamilton College, in the class of '47. He was admitted to practice as a lawyer in 1852. In 1863, he was elected County Judge and Surrogate, and was re-elected in 1867. He was again elected to the same office in 1877. In 1883, he was elected Surrogate, the office of County Judge and Surrogate having been separated. He was the author of the "Old Continentals" and a "Pioneer History of Steuben County." Speaking of him as a Judge, the "Historical Gazetteer of the County" says: "His rulings were given with promptness, and so accurate was his judgment and so great his knowledge of the law, that during the fourteen years that he was County Judge, no new trial was ordered by the Supreme Court in any case tried by him."

Hon. William B. Ruggles was born in Bath, May 14, 1827. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1849. He was for many years one of the ablest practitioners at the Bar in the county. In 1876 and 1877, he was a member of Assembly from this district. In 1877, he was appointed Deputy Attorney General of the State, and was afterwards elected Superintendent of Public Instruction by the Legislature. In 1883, he was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Insurance. Mr. Ruggles was an earnest student, and a man of extensive range in literary knowledge. He always took an active interest in the local affairs of the village, especially in educational matters. He was for a number of years a member of the Board of Education, and took a leading part in establishing the Bath Library.

Hon. William E. Bonham read law with Hon. Washington Barnes, with whom he practiced for a number of years in this village. In 1864 and 1865, he was a member of the Legislature from this district. "Judge" Bonham, as he was called by his friends, possessed a rare legal mind. He was most courteous in manner to all with whom he came in contact. When he left Bath for Hornellsville, where he lived the last years of his life, his departure was generally regretted, not only by his clients but by the community at large. He was deeply attached to Bath, and was never happier, while a resident of Hornellsville, than when seated in company with any old friends from the First District, he recalled memories of the years that he had spent here.

Perry S. Donahe came from Avoca to Bath in the early forties. He studied law with A. P. Ferris. After gaining admittance to the Bar, he practiced law in the village until his death, in 1879. He was Town Clerk from 1845 to 1851. In 1851 he was elected County Treasurer, and re-elected in 1854. Mr. Donahe, in the early years of his residence in Bath, varied

the monotony of legal practice, by teaching school. He taught for a time in the old red school house which stood on the present site of the Beekman factory. His influence on the present generation of lawyers in Bath was fully as great as a teacher as it was as a lawyer. He did not spare the rod and he did not spoil the child.

Hon. Robert Van Valkenburgh was born in Prattsburgh in 1821. He was educated at Franklin Academy in that village. He took an active part in the political campaign of 1840 as the editor of the *Constitutionalist.* He was then a student at law in the office of Hon. David Rumsey. He was admitted to the Bar in 1841, when he formed a partnership with Mr. Rumsey, which continued until 1862. He married, in 1842, Catherine F. Rumsey, a sister of his partner. Mr. Van Valkenburgh was a stirring, active man, a great favorite with all who knew him. He was a member of the Champion and Eagle Fire Companies, a prominent figure in the State Militia from 1855 until the breaking out of the War, and was a member of the State Legislature for four years. He was Captain of the old Bath Artillery, organized by himself. In 1855, he was made Colonel of the 55th Regiment of New York State Militia. He had command of the rendezvous for volunteers at Elmira from the day after the call for troops by President Lincoln until the year 1862. He was elected Member of Congress in 1860, and re-elected in 1862. During the darkest days of the War he was called upon, together with Gen Diven, of Elmira, also a Member of Congress at that time, by the President to raise a regiment for service in the field. They raised the 107th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers. Mr. Van Valkenburgh was made Colonel, and commanded the regiment at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. His wife was taken seriously ill at that time, and he soon afterwards resigned his command in the army to care for her. She died not long after. In 1867, Col. Van Valkenburgh was appointed, by President Johnson, Minister Resident to Japan. He returned from Japan, in 1871, with a second wife, Mrs. Anna Schoyer. He went to Florida, and, in 1872 he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, which office he held until his death in 1887.

Such, in brief outline, were the men who, during the past one hundred years have been the representatives of the Bench and Bar of Bath. The list does not include a Seward, a Conkling or a Folger, but I will venture the assertion that there is not another village in this State that can claim as her sons so many lawyers who have been eminent for their ability on the Bench and at the Bar. The English author, James Bryce, says: "The lawyers are the aristocracy of America." A hasty glance at the fee bill may tend to confirm this view. However, Mr Bryce bases his opinion upon other grounds, viz: their intelligence and patriotism. He finds that much of the success of our complicated system of government, with its

numerous checks and balances, has been due to the wise direction and paramount influence of the lawyers of the country.

As in the old wars, the lawyers of Bath were well represented, so in the last great war, several of Bath's attorneys bore a brave part. Besides Gen. Van Valkenburgh, Col. William Rumsey, now Justice of the Supreme Court, and Captain John F. Little, formerly Surrogate of the county, went to the front for the Union cause.

THE LOCAL PRESS.

By George B. Richardson.

I stand here to-day in answer to an invitation from the Centennial Committee of Bath "to prepare an article on the Local Press."

The first pioneer of this section of the country was the hunter with his trusty rifle; the next, the sturdy woodsman with his ponderous axe, and close behind these came the great lever of civilization, the *Printing Press.*

Not many years ago the people of Prattsburgh held a loan exhibition, and among the articles exhibited was an old writing-book, made up of several sheets of foolscap paper, tacked together and covered with a newspaper. Upon examination, the cover proved to be a newspaper printed in Bath village nearly ninety-seven years ago. The name of this sheet was the *Bath Gazette and Genesee Advertiser.* This was unquestionably the first paper printed in Bath. William Kersey and James Edie were the publishers, and the first number was issued early in October, 1796. The materials for the production of this paper were brought from Northumberland, and the printers were from the same place. The publication of the *Gazette* was continued some four years. In 1798, Colonel Williamson said: "The printer of the *Ontario Gazette* dispenses weekly not less than one thousand papers, and the printer of the *Bath Gazette* from four hundred to five hundred."

In 1816, Captain Benjamin Smead was setting type in Albany, and in the latter part of that year made arrangements with Daniel Cruger, of Bath, to establish a printing press at the county seat of "Old Steuben." In pursuance of this agreement, he purchased an outfit for a printing office and came to Bath, and near the first of December, 1816, issued the first number of *The Steuben and Allegany Patriot.* This was the second paper printed in Bath. The *Patriot,* under different names, remained in the Smead family up to April 4, 1849, when it passed into the hands of William C. Rhodes, who continued its publication as the *Steuben Farmers' Advocate.* On January 30, 1857, the office took fire, and the establishment was entirely consumed.

Mr. Rhodes sold the good will of the concern to P. S. Donahe, who, on the 31st of May, 1857, resumed the publication of the *Steuben Farmers' Advocate,* A. J. McCall, editor. In the summer of 1860, Mr. Donahe sold

out to A. L. Underhill. Up to this time the *Advocate* had been printed, first on a "Ramage," and afterwards on a "Washington" hand-press. Soon after Mr. Underhill took possession, he introduced a power press, driven by a steam engine; since then he has added more presses and other materials, laid aside his engine and introduced a water-motor in its place, and to-day has one of the best equipped printing offices in this section of the State. The *Advocate* has been in the Underhill family for a third of a century, and from present indications it looks as though it might remain there down to the "third and fourth generations."

Erastus Shepherd commenced the publication of the *Western Republican* at Bath, in September, 1819. In November, 1822, he changed the name to the *Steuben Republican*, and in February, 1823, its publication was suspended.

The Steuben Whig was published in Bath during the political campaign of 1828, by William M. Swaine, who afterwards established the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

The Steuben American was started in Bath, January 1, 1856, by A. L. Underhill, and published until the summer of 1857, when it was sold to P. S. Donahe, who used the materials when he commenced the publication of the *Steuben Farmers' Advocate*.

The Steuben Messenger was commenced in Bath by David Rumsey, the first number of which was issued on the 17th day of April, 1828. On the second day of December, 1830, Mr. Rumsey sold out to S. M. Eddy, who continued its publication for a time, and sold out to W. P. Angel. When Mr. Angel got control of the paper, he changed the name to *The Constitutionalist*, and continued its publication until sometime in 1834, when it passed into the hands of Charles Adams. On the 10th day of February, 1841, Mr. Adams sold out to R. L. Underhill, and the paper was continued in the name of M. F. Whittemore & Co., R. B. Van Valkenburgh, editor, until the spring of 1843, when it passed into the hands of George B. Richardson and John Dowe, who continued it as the *Steuben Democrat* until some time in 1844, when its publication was suspended. In 1848, the *Democrat* was revived by L. J. Brush, and in 1849 it passed into the hands of George H. Bidwell, by whom it was continued until 1852.

The Primitive Christian was printed in the office of Richardson & Dowe, in 1844. Rev. Jabez Chadwick was the editor and publisher. It was an octavo, and issued monthly. It lived less than two years.

The Temperance Gem was printed in the *Advocate* office, for Jennie and Caroline Rumsey, in 1854. It was afterwards printed in Elmira.

The Rose, a literary monthly, was published in the office of Richardson & Dowe, for J. C. Vincent, in 1844, and was discontinued when the editor enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican War.

In the spring of 1843, when the firm of M. F. Whittemore & Co. dissolved, the *Constitutionalist* went down; this left the Whigs without an organ. At this time Henry H. Hull was at Corning, publishing a small paper called the *Corning and Blossburg Advocate.* The leading Whigs of the county wanted an organ at the county seat, and therefore gave Mr. Hull a call to move to Bath—an offer he gladly accepted, and soon after came on with his printing materials. He took in Moses F. Whittemore, a practical printer, as a partner, and commenced the publication of *The Steuben Courier*, with the name of Henry Clay at the mast-head as a candidate for President. The *Courier* was for a long time printed on a Washington hand-press, but after a time Mr. Hull added a Potter newspaper power press, and soon after connected it with machinery, by means of a wire cable in the sash and blind factory of A. Beekman. The *Courier* was at first a six-column paper, 21 x 31 inches, and was the only Whig organ in the county. Mr. Whittemore retired in two years, and Mr. Hull conducted it alone until 1856, when Charles G. Fairman, of Elmira, was taken into partnership for nine months. In 1854, upon the formation of the Republican party, the *Courier* became, as it is to-day, the exponent of Republican principles. In 1864, Mr. Hull formed a partnership with Enos W. Barnes, and the firm of Hull & Barnes existed, with the exception of six months in 1868, until July 1, 1875, when Mr. Barnes retired, and Harry S. Hull, son of the senior partner, took his place, and the firm name was H. H. Hull & Son, for a year, when the partnership ended by the death of the senior member. Harry S. Hull conducted the paper alone until his death, July 9, 1890. Some months after, the *Courier* was bought by the Courier Company, Limited, which is now conducting the business. The form of the *Courier* has recently been changed to a quarto, the job department enlarged, and it is to-day a first-class establishment, with most of the modern improvements. J. F. Parkhurst is the editor-in-chief, and H. Oliver Elkins is the assistant editor.

The Saturday News was established by Enos W. Barnes, who issued the first number on April 25th, 1868. It only lived some five or six months.

The Tri-Weekly Conservative. Chas. Clute commenced the publication of this paper in August, 1868, and continued it for about six months. It was a spicy little sheet.

The Bath Echo was published by Clute & McCall for four or five months, in 1874.

The Bath Sunday News was published about six months, in the year 1881, by L. R. Smith & Co., A. Ellas McCall, editor.

The Bath Plaindealer was started May 5th, 1883, by A. Ellas McCall, Orson L. Drew and William Black, with office in the basement of the Opera House Block. It was afterward moved up stairs and now occupies a store in the Ives Block. Mr. Drew retired in May, 1884 and Mr. Black in

December the same year. It has since been run by Mr. McCall alone. It is an eight page paper, containing forty-eight columns, and has recently entered upon its eleventh year. It is said to be established on a sound financial basis.

The Savona Rustler, issued weekly, was established May 19th, 1888, by S. L. Ward, and is at present published by Claude Wall as the *Savona Weekly Review*.

I will here correct a few errors which have been published in regard to the "Local Press" of Bath. J. H. French who issued a Gazetteer of the State of New York in 1860, in speaking of Bath, says: "*The Steuben and Allegany Patriot* was started at Bath in 1815, by Benj. Smead." I have a letter in my possession, written by Captain Smead, addressed to General Cruger, of Bath, dated Albany, July 28th, 1816, in which he says: "My residence in this city during the last session of the Legislature, enabled me to learn your character and influence in the Assembly and in your county." This letter was written with a view of establishing a paper in Bath, as will be seen by Captain Smead's letter to General Cruger, dated at Albany, September 25, 1816, in which he says: "I received your reply to my proposition for establishing a Republican paper in Bath." He further adds: "I beg you to write to Judge Buel, editor of the *Argus*, Albany, and to Mr. John A. Stevens, editor of the *Messenger*, Canandaigua, for any knowledge you may require of my moral and political character, and mechanical and editorial ability. With the former I have assisted to complete the laws and journals of the last Legislature, and with the latter have had about two years' intimate acquaintance. Since completing the laws, I am upon Smollett's and Hume's History of England." Mr. French says: "*The Farmers' Gazette* was commenced in Bath in 1816, by David Rumsey." This statement also lacks confirmation. He further says of the *Constitutionalist:* "Its publication was continued successively by R. L. Underhill, Whittemore & Van Valkenburgh, etc.," when the truth is R. L. Underhill owned the materials, M. F. Whittemore was the printer and R. B. Van Valkenburgh the editor.

In 1868–69, one Hamilton Child, published a Gazetteer and Business Directory of Steuben county, and as he copied from French instead of ascertaining facts for himself, we have these same errors brought down as truth. If these pretended historians would work half as hard to get facts to put into their histories as they do to get dollars out of them, they would probably get just as many shekels and the people would get much more authentic history.

PART FOUR.

EXERCISES AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1893.

OUR PIONEERS.

[The exercises on Wednesday morning took place upon the Fair Grounds, no building in the village being sufficient to accommodate the thousands of citizens and strangers present to participate in them. A unique feature of the occasion, and one worthy of more than passing mention, was the presence of the school children of the town (fully a thousand in number), who had marched in procession to the Grounds, and completely filled the Grand Stand, each carrying a small flag. The children added much of enjoyment to the exercises by their excellent and hearty rendering of patriotic songs. After prayer by the Chaplain of the Day, Rev. Marcus N. Preston, the following song, written by the Chairman of the Centennial Committee, General Averell, was rendered by the children.—Ed.]

Where pioneers undaunted
  Left homes and kindred dear,
Sought wilds with danger haunted,
  Now happy roof-trees rear,
  Our homes belov'd are here.

Where perils aye beset them
  And toils untried, severe,
Shall we for aye forget them?
  Not while our homes are here,
  Our homes belov'd are here.

Their legends shall not perish,
  Of trials, want and care,
Their relics proudly cherish
  And keep like jewels rare,
  In homes belov'd while here.

And as each generation
  Shall pass with smile or tear,
Let every consecration
  Exalt the pioneer,
  In homes belov'd then here.

THE WILLIAMSON MEMORIAL.

[Not the least interesting feature of the Wednesday morning exercises at the Fair Grounds, was the presentation of a portrait of Captain Charles Williamson, the founder of our village, the gift of his grandson. After a graceful introduction by the President of the Day (R. E. Robie, Esq.), the gift was presented to the village by James McCall, Esq., and accepted on behalf of the Corporation of Bath, by Byron L. Smith, Esq. The full remarks of each follow.—ED.]

MR. ROBIE:

Two gentlemen of Bath, while traveling abroad, last season, visited the ancestral home of the Williamson family, and there met the present head of the family, the grandson of the first settler of this village, Colonel David R. Williamson. As a result of that visit, Colonel Williamson has sent to them a portrait of his noted grandfather, with the request that it be presented to and preserved by the corporate authorities of the village of Bath. That portrait will now be presented on behalf of Colonel Williamson to the village of Bath, by James McCall, Esq., and accepted on the part of the corporate authorities of the village by Byron L. Smith, Esq.

MR. MCCALL:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Go back to 1793, June 7. It is Friday. The busy villagers are still discussing the news of the second inauguration of George Washington, the coalition formed by Pitt against France and the violent death meted out to Louis XVI. by the French revolutionists, accounts of which are contained in a well-thumbed New York newspaper brought in last evening by Benjamin Patterson. From the broad-mouthed chimney of the small log house, which dots the little clearing south of Pulteney Square, rises a curling blue column of smoke delicately outlined against the dark green background of South Hill. The sun cannot yet shoot his rays into the clearing, and the odor of pine and fir sweetens the air. The rough-hewn door of that log building opens, and out of it walks a tall, slender man of thirty-five. He is erect, and has the manly bearing of a soldier and the carriage of a courtier. Beneath a broad-brimmed felt hat looks out a smooth-shaven countenance that would remind you of Robert Burns. Upon his brow is the mark of Scotch frankness, Scotch vigor and Scotch grit. Across his features is the play of

humor and the smile of gentility. Clad in a cutaway coat, velvet waistcoat, buckskin knee-breeches and high-topped boots, whip in hand, he strides toward the well-groomed bay mare which, saddled and bridled, stands in charge of faithful Michael. With the grace and agility of a cavalier he vaults lightly into the saddle, and, casting an eagle eye over the busy woodsmen and builders, gallops off through the cuttings of Morris street for Canandaigua.

That man is the Pole Star of the great Genesee country. It is his head that has planned the development of this new region. It is in pursuance of his orders that these men are laboring in this clearing; others checking the Conhocton with a dam two miles above; those working in that highway between Dansville and Williamsburgh; and others still building Durham boats at Northumberland. To him apply all strangers searching for new homes; upon him are poured the complaints of those whose lack of thrift and hatred of work have led to bad harvests; in him is to be found the sympathy of a fellow Scotchman and the generosity of a comrade in the British service; and upon him depends the success of all industrial improvements and all social gatherings. He must be in New York or Albany this week buying new supplies or settling with his banker; next week he must be in Bath entertaining some English traveler or French exile; the week after he must go to Williamsburgh to parley with the Indians or remonstrate with the Germans; and before the month is out he must inspect the improvements on his farm at Geneva, and write long letters to his principals in England. To successfully accomplish all this required a man of wonderful versatility and endurance. Such this young man we have just seen dashing through the woods proved himself to be.

His position as agent, with the fullest of powers, was indeed unique and important; his opportunities for experiments with men and nature were many, and his manner of life exceedingly fascinating to one of his make-up. In his enthusiasm, Rochefoucault of him exclaims: "He is here universally respected, honored and beloved. How glorious in my esteem is his career! How fortunate and enviable his situation! How much more important than that of a dissipated courtier or a mercenary stock-jobber!"

Gerome has wrought on canvass a wonderful picture of Napoleon standing alone in the African desert and contemplating the herculean labor represented in the Sphinx and the pyramid of Cheops. And it has been said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew is mightier than the conqueror of armies. Have you ever thought what a stupendous work it was to transform Western New York from a dense forest into fertile farms?

This same young man sternly braved the dangers and stoutly bore the toils that he might lay the foundation of this pyramid of industry. Ere

this you must have guessed the name of this "Baron of the Backwoods." It is Captain Charles Williamson, and his features are now before you.

As a matter of explanation and a condensation of the remarks of yesterday, I will simply add that Colonel Charles Williamson had two children who survived him, Charles A. and Ann. Charles A. Williamson resided in this country for a long time, and married a Miss Clark, of Rochester. They had several children, the oldest of whom was David Robertson Williamson, of Crieff, Scotland.

In the foot-hills of the Scottish Highlands, in that fair county of Perth, where the broad and fertile valley of the Earn leads from Crieff to the gray-topped mountain of Ben Vorlich, which looks down into the clear waters of Loch Earn, stands Lawers House, a handsome white building, the ancient seat of the Robertson family. Set in a background of beeches and oaks, which fill to the top the sloping hillside, the ancestral home looks to the southward down a broad avenue of greensward bordered by stately oaks, and extending unbroken across the valley. From the hospitable porch we see sleek cattle grazing in the meadows; swans are floating in the curling pond below; a small lodge is to the left; a handsome little family house to the right; trim hedges of thorn; a few maples whose seed came from the Genesee valley; pretty drive-ways which circle through the grounds; a neat chapel in the distance; while a clock in the quaint belfry at the western extremity of the big house marks the hour of day. That is now the home of David Robertson Williamson, Esq. He is a worthy scion of a most distinguished grandfather—a leading gentleman of his county, foremost in every industrial enterprise, honored and revered by the country wide, a good shot and an expert horseman. When I saw him, last October, he appeared greatly interested in hearing of the present condition of Steuben, and pleased to learn that his grandfather and himself were not forgotten in the land of his birth.

In this little pocket-memorandum, which has bravely stood the ravages of ninety years, is a short entry made in the small handwriting of Charles Williamson, just as he was about to sail for England. It reads: "Jny 5, 1803. Paid Mr. Robinson for my miniature, $30. Paid for setting same, $30." That little miniature was a farewell gift to his charming friend, "Madam" Thornton, and remained in her possession in this village until 1810, when she kindly presented it to his daughter, Ann, in Scotland; and the country for which he had done so much, and to which he had given the best years of his life, was left without an image of his kindly face. That little miniature now hangs among the ancestral portraits in the grand staircase of Lawers House, and opposite is a large bust portrait in oil, painted, probably, about 1790. We endeavored to obtain a photograph of this, and the genial Mr. Williamson promised to assist us.

Imagine my surprise when, after some correspondence, the following letter, teeming with the politeness and generosity of the author, was received. It reads as follows:

LAWERS, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND,
TREDEGAR LAWERS, CRIEFF, N. B.
1st MAY, 1893.

To James McCall, Esq., Bath, U. S. A.

MY DEAR SIR.—I send from this place to-morrow, as my gift to the Trustees of the village of Bath, an oil painting copied from the portrait of my grandfather, Colonel Charles Williamson. The said painting I hope the Trustees will place in the Free Library or the Court House or in any similar building that the Trustees may consider suitable. I may remind you that you saw the original portrait of my grandfather within Lawers House. And I pointed out to you the valuable sword presented to my grandfather by the Pasha of Egypt of that day, for the important service given; and for the satisfactory political results following my grandfather's mission to Egypt, he received the thanks of England's House of Commons. My grandfather had the reputation in this country of being a brave and chivalrous soldier; his regiment was the 26th—the Cameronians (and one of his great-grandsons is now an officer in that regiment and was wounded in the last Egyptian War.)

My grandfather was last sent on a commission by the British Government to report on the State of Havana, and, while returning to England, he was smitten with yellow fever and died at sea, A. D. 1808. My grandfather was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 12, 1757. I showed you my grandfather's watch, which I generally wear. I will look over some of my grandfather's papers, and, if I find memoranda of interest, I will send you copies of the same. I have before me a work of two volumes: "Travels through North America," by the Duke de la Rochefoucault. In that work my grandfather is most honorably mentioned, published A. D. 1799. Of my grandfather's life in America you know probably more than I do. In answer to your complimentary suggestion in letter of 21st March, 1893, you must excuse me saying anything about myself. I am,

Very truly yours,

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

Would that the distinguished donor were standing in my place to charm you with his manners, as I know he would, and to observe the wide-spread feeling of gratitude which I am sure is welling up in your breasts, to be thus honored by his gift. I confidently trust that you will treasure it as a precious souvenir and place it in some safe depository, where the men, women and children of this generation, and those that come after, can look upon those manly features and draw inspiration, energy and reverence from that good face.

Without further remarks, I therefore have the honor, on behalf of David Robertson Williamson, Esq., to present to the Trustees of the village of Bath, the portrait of its founder, its citizen and its friend.

MR. SMITH:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It gives me great pleasure on behalf of the Trustees of this village, and on behalf of the citizens of Bath, to accept from Mr. McCall, the representative of David Robertson Williamson, this splendid painting and memorial of his ancestor and the founder of this village, Captain Charles Williamson.

We have assembled here today to commemorate his work and its results, and to hear from others fitting tribute in historical detail to the fruits of his great undertaking, and to listen to a recital of the perils he encountered and the difficulties he overcame. Surrounded by the monuments of a new civilization, the wide streets, the brick blocks, the comfortable dwellings of our citizens, it is hard to conceive the courage and powers of endurance which the founding of a settlement in the heart of a wilderness required a hundred years ago.

The example set by the man whose lineaments are traced upon this picture may well encourage us all to beautify, to build up and make more prosperous this village of Bath. We accept this friendly gift in the same warm spirit with which it is tendered to us. We honor the ancestor, and extend most hearty greetings to his generous descendant who has so kindly remembered us on this occasion.

THE CENTENNIAL ORATION.

By Hon. Sherman S. Rogers.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:—I accepted the invitation to address you on this occasion with pleasure, for this is my native town. Robert Campbell, my maternal grandfather, was one of the pioneers in Captain Charles Williamson's wilderness-settlement. Here my mother was born. My father began his professional life here, and for more than a quarter of a century was a resident of this village. My brothers and sisters, eight in number, were all born here. Here I spent my early manhood, and began the serious work of life. Here I married my wife, herself the granddaughter of an early settler, Dugald Cameron, and, although it is almost forty years since I ceased to reside here, I have always kept in touch with the old village, and if I can hardly claim *now* to be a Bath boy, I have never for a moment forgotten or been sorry that I once was one.

This little river tripping lightly through the meadows is as familiar to me as to the lad who has just escaped for the day from the school yonder that bears the name of Adam Haverling. Since my boyhood there have been many changes in hill and valley, but I have little difficulty in finding the old landmarks. Magee's Hill, where the sun went down, is not greatly altered. Doubtless, in due season, the sumacs will blaze across its front as they used to fifty years ago. The pine "thicket," whence "Tom" Hess and his hounds chased deer and foxes, and which then stretched miles away down the valley towards Hammondsport, has nearly disappeared. The deep woods which, in my early years, half encircled the pretty lake, whose rechristening you are to witness to-day, and stretched unbroken over the crest of Mount Washington, has given way to smiling farms; but the lake remains pure and crystal as of yore. Veterans of the War have possession of the Eldorado farm, and the solid encampment that the State has there provided for them lends to it an aspect as strange as it is gratifying, but I can yet point out there, at the sharp bend of the river where it rushes against the steep rocks, the mysterious "Burke's Hole," to which "all the boys" said "no bottom had ever been found." The old storehouses at the "Basin," where it was said the arks used to lie, and those on the south side of the Bridge, too, have long since disappeared, but the Old Elm that was in its prime in Dugald Cameron's time, and many years before, still stands,

wearing again its noble coronal, and promising to bud and blossom for other generations. Yonder is the grand South Hill with its primeval forest, bearing a foliage of maple and ash and elm, of linden and birch and hemlock, as varied and as full and beautiful as it did when the ten platform rafts were a common sight on the river, swollen and impetuous with the spring freshets, at its foot. There, at least, Nature has kept her gentle seat quite undisturbed. There the partridge drums and the hermit thrush whistles its exquisite note as they did long years before the surveyors planted the village, or Patterson, the hunter, led the first settlers into these pine plains. The "roll ways" from "Lyon's" down to "Baldhead" are no longer visible, but an *old boy* can yet discern their places by the younger and fresher growth that has reverently covered their nakedness.

There have been greater changes in the people. I might look in vain to-day for even one representative of many families well-known here in my boyhood, and here, too, is a great concourse of strange forms and faces. I am grateful, however, that there are also here some friends and neighbors, and many sons and daughters of the friends and neighbors whom I knew as the best of Bath in the years long gone by.

To a people young as that inhabiting this Western Continent a hundred years covers a vast tract of time. To older nations it is but a hand's breadth, but to us, viewing it from some standpoints, it seems a great part of eternity ; and when any community arrives at the dignity of a century's life it is not surprising that the impulse is irresistible to gather in the familiar places and recount the history of the past with its achievements great and small. The fittest do not always survive in the conflicts of men or nations, but the fact of survival is instinctively recognized as some indication of worthiness. There mingles, therefore, in such a celebration as this, together with the neighborly instincts and a sense of kinship—because so many of us feel that this town is our Common Mother—a becoming civic pride. In the "Genesee Country," just beyond your western borders, the Scotch captain who planted this village founded also what he supposed would be the city of Williamsburgh. Long years ago it ceased to be. Few at this day know that it ever existed, even in the imagination of its founder. He builded better here, and, remembering its early trials, Bath seems to be a true survival.

This history of the settlement of new countries is always interesting. Few things are more strongly stimulant to the imagination. The spectacle of great bodies of men and women turning their backs upon their old homes and every familiar object in search of more fruitful lands and a larger life ; the story of a brave and determined few, who, in search of spiritual liberty, dare the dangers of a stormy and unknown sea and every peril of a wild and inhospitable land ; what more than these can stir the blood and quicken the imagination and arouse the sentiments which most

exalt and ennoble? In a less degree the same is true of that pioneer life which the ancestors of many of us led. The family traditions of young men and women, strong only in the possession of sound bodies and stout hearts and mutual affection, parting from the homes of their youth and seeking new homes in the unbroken forest, braving the perils of wild beasts and wild men, of storm and flood, devoting their lives to the severest labor and undergoing privations of every sort, this is the story of the pioneer's life, and this is the story of the first white men and women who broke in upon this wilderness.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon it. With it you are familiar, and in the order of these Centennial exercises it belongs to others. I would, therefore, if I may be permitted to do so, address you more in the vein of reminiscence, and that, too, chiefly of Bath as I knew it before the railroad invaded the Southern Tier. In doing so I may now and then import from one period into another, for it is difficult to speak with perfect accuracy on such themes. One need not be a lawyer to be impressed with the unreliability of human memory.

To the great majority of my hearers, probably, most of what I have to say in this vein will seem ancient history, for it is a fact of common observation that the measurements of time are most unreal if they far transcend the limits of personal experience. It is only a hundred years since Charles Williamson built the first log cabin in the Conhocton wilderness, but to every young person present the story of that early settlement seems as far remote as the pitching of Abraham's tents on the plains of Shinar. I beg you, therefore, to believe that I shall not attempt to exhaust my subject.

* * * * * * * * * *

Before the dawning of my memory of men and things in Bath, the work of the pioneer had been substantially done. All that strange and picturesque life that Captaim Williamson initiated in the backwoods, which McMaster in his little volume has described so well, and with such wealth and felicity of illustration—a sort of pioneer advance on horseback, as it were, which, after Williamson's departure from the scene, was compelled to dismount and go on foot—had long passed. The log theatre had disappeared. The race course, for the most part, was grown up with small pines and oaks. The distillery near the foot of Magee's Hill had been dismantled or had fallen into a state of "innocuous desuetude." At the south end of the old wooden bridge across the river one or two, and a little further down two other old store-houses were still standing, relics of the time when the commerce of the West,—meaning the Phelps and Gorham Purchase and the outlying districts,—was expected to seek the seaboard by the Conhocton, the Chemung and the Susquehanna, but their uses had been almost forgotten.

The hill sides, with the exception of the clearing on Magee's Hill were still covered with forest, but the river valley was well cleared and cultivated, while to the north, as far as Gallows Hill, there were fields grown up here and there to small oaks. Beyond that on the main road were heavy woods of yellow pine, with here and there a clearing and here and there a farm, till the Cold Springs were reached, and there were grist and woolen mills, a saw mill, and the mansion and farm known as Uncle Harry Townsend's. Thence on to Hammondsport was a well settled country. On the Marengo road were the Haverling farm, the Marengo farm, and still further on the farms of the Brundages and John Faulkner. Following the River Road west, as it now lies in my memory, the valley was cleared and cultivated as far as Avoca, but the hillsides, in the main, were still crowded with forests, out of which, however, as well as from the hill land bordering the valley, had been cut most, but by no means all of the great white pines. The hemlocks had not yet come into their estate and were a humble and uncared-for multitude.

Below the village the most notable object was the Springfield mansion, a relic of early grandeur, with its long semi-circular avenue of Lombardy poplars.

A little farm house on the west side of the Lake, near the highway, was the property of the village watchmaker, Elisha Hempstead, and sixty rods or so farther towards the village the farmstead of George Newcomb. There are a few here to-day who will recall the delusive sign over his horse-barn: "Entertainment for Man and Beast."

Between Newcomb's and the village there was no other building until upon Morris Street was reached the residence of my grandfather, Robert Campbell. It is still standing; but the great wood-colored weather-stained barns, which made the place notable in those days, have long since disappeared. You will bear with me, I am sure, if I hold your attention for a few moments in the discharge of a pious duty to the memory of this modest and excellent man, whom not only the whole village loved and respected, but who was in those days "Uncle" to the entire county. He was an old man as I first recollect him. Born in Galston Parish, Ayrshire, about the year 1765, he was left an orphan at a tender age, and, as he has told me, not very kindly cared for by a kinsman, he often sought temporary solace at the house of William Burns, and well remembered Robert, the gudeman's gifted son.

After serving a seven years' apprenticeship to the trade of a joiner, he emigrated in his early manhood to this country, and found his way, from Philadelphia I think, to Bath about the year 1793. Here he became a prosperous mechanic; built many of the early mansions of the village; and bought a large farm on its eastern border, the remnant of which is now the property of your distinguished townsman Judge Rumsey. Of his

sons, the youngest, William, an old and worthy citizen of this town, alone survives. The late Lieutenant-Governor Robert Campbell was his second son, and the present Comptroller of the State of New York, the Hon. Frank Campbell, a grandson. My mother was his only daughter. He died at his residence in this village in June, 1849, and was, I think, almost the last survivor of the earliest group of settlers in this town.

The village at the time of which I speak must have had, I should say, a population of about twelve hundred people, of which, perhaps, two hundred were blacks.

John Magee's fine new house at the head of Morris Street, Robert Campbell's at the foot of that street, my father's house on Steuben Street (the lot corners now on Campbell Street), the old McClure house with a Grecian front just above the junction of Steuben and Morris streets, and Col. Bull's brick house at the head of Liberty Street, marked, with sufficient definiteness for my purpose, the limits of the village, except that between the junction of Morris and Steuben, on the road to Belfast Mills, there were a number of little half-tumbled-down houses occupied by colored people, and at the mills General George McClure had erected the fine mansion which afterwards, for many years, was occupied by the late Judge Constant Cook. This house is now held, I believe, by Judge Cook's youngest son, Mr. Edwin Cook. St. Patrick's Street (now Washington) had been laid out a broad avenue, but was little more than a cow pasture. I think Dr. Simpson Ellas and Thomas Pawling, the carpenter, then lived on the sites occupied by them and their descendants for many years. John Thomas, the colored man, had a cabin not far west of Dr. Ellas's. These, as I remember, were the only houses between General McClure's and the farm house on the old race course, so long occupied by that worthy man, James May, and between that point and the place where the McMaster house now stands was an extensive forest of yellow pines. In effect, Morris, Steuben and Liberty streets included the entire village. In the center was Pulteney Square, on the east side of which were built the Court House and Clerk's Office, substantially on their present sites, and the residence of Mr. McCay, the local agent of the Pulteney Estate; on the west side, at the south-west corner, was the stone jail. Then came the Steuben County Bank and the residence of John R. Gansevoort, formerly Dugald Cameron's, on the corner of the Square and Morris Street. On the south side, at the westerly corner of the Square, was the saddler-shop of that generous and hearty citizen Captain Moses H. Lyon, and close at hand the store of William S. Hubbell, and, I think, also that of Henry Brother. Then came the Land Office, the Presbyterian Church, a symmetrical wooden structure of the conventional New England type, then the residence and law office of William Woods, and the residence of Edward Howell and the law office of the brothers Edward and William Howell. On the north

side at the corner of Liberty Street were, on the east, the Eagle Tavern and on the west the Clinton House. But I must not further particularize these descriptive facts. They are interesting to the survivors of that early time, for at the mention of these old places a thousand memories come crowding to their minds.

It was an attractive and significant little village that sat here among the hills. Small as it was it had a distinct and distinguished individuality. The time has passed for such villages. It is not probable another will ever be planted or grown. The railroad and the electric telegraph with what they represent make it impossible. In those days Bath was almost as far from New York as it is now from Hawaii. Few of its citizens had ever seen a half dozen consecutive copies of a daily newspaper, and yet they were intelligent men. It was a stage center, but the stage routes for the most part stretched away into regions still more remote from the cities, centers of intelligence and incident. The great events of the village day were the arrivals of the northern and eastern stages. "Is the Geneva in?" "Is the Owego in?" were the evening salutations of the mildly inquisitive citizens. The stage driver's horn was the music of the setting sun. The day's work over and the evening chores done, the more earnestly intelligent citizens wended their way to the post-office and sat on the counters until the mail, with its handful of city weeklies and semi-weeklies and its scant tale of letters, had been distributed; but the majority did not indulge in a taste so vigorous. The next day, or even later, when some neighbor should have told them that there was a letter in the post-office for them, would do very well.

There were no "hustlers" in Bath in those days. If not beneath the dignity of the subject and the occasion I might perhaps say that Capt. Williamson must have been one—and died without knowing it. But I can personally recall none (unless it were Simon Watkins) in that decorous and deliberate village until the locomotive had invaded the Southern Tier. That was the opening of the new era, and Levi C. Whiting, Postmaster, Captain of the Eagle Fire Company, Captain of the Bath Artillery and Commander of the "People's Barge"—the favorite "store" of the village —was "on deck" to receive it.

But to return. In this little village was every essential element of dignity. If it had not great age, full forty years had ripened it, and it was distinctly at the head of the forces of civilization for a large territory. Corning had not picked the shell; Hornellsville was little more than a backwoods lumber camp; Avoca, a cluster of houses with a tavern and blacksmith shop; Penn Yan was a comparative parvenu many miles away; Elmira, or Newtown as the ancients called it, still further distant, had not yet begun to feel the gracious impulse of commerce on the Chemung Canal. Bath sat among the hills in quiet self-possession and stateliness.

There was the seat of justice. Nowhere in this or any other land was justice administered with greater decorum and dignity than by Judge Robert Monell at the Circuit and Oyer and Terminer, and George Cunningham Edwards in the Common Pleas. There, too, was the land proprietor's representative. About the stiff rooms of the Land Office there was a seclusive chilliness that spoke of English aristocracy and a plethora of capital that must seek relief by investment in countries far remote. Far up the little valleys, where the farmer's wife weaned her child on vension and hominy, and the little clearing was in throes with its first wheat and potatoes; over the hills in the lumber camps, everywhere through Steuben and Allegany counties. the agent of Sir William Pulteney and his successors was a dread potentate who wielded more than Jovean thunderbolts.

Here, too, was the Steuben County Bank, with the great gilded eagle and half eagles on the pediment of its Grecian front, and its power over financial life and death—bearing on the face of its bills the figure of the famous German baron, and the signatures of those solid men, John Magee and William W. McCay as Cashier and President.

Here, too, was the seat of political power. John Magee, one of the most remarkable men the county has produced, had represented the district twice in Congress. Daniel Cruger had been representative in Congress and Speaker of the State Assembly. Captain Ben Smead, typical Jeffersonian-Jacksonian editor, from the snuffy seclusion of his little sanctum in the Eagle Tavern Block, with the consciousness of power and its responsibilities, instructed the unterrified Democracy of the region in the duties of citizenship through the *Steuben Farmers' Advocate;* while Charles Adams, in the *Constitutionalist*, carried on a plucky but losing fight for the Whigs—for Steuben was nothing if not Democratic, as that term was then understood—and it was only when the Democratic brethren were not in harmony that a Whig had the least prospect of success at the polls. It was, indeed, a great political event when that popular gentleman, Henry Brother, made his first winning contest for Sheriff.

Nor were the citizens of Bath, at the time of which I speak, unmindful of the dignity of learning or unskilled in the conventional amenities of social life. From the traditional period of the early glories of the village the women of Bath had been noted for their beauty and the generous hospitality of their homes, and who that ever saw Madam Thornton, even in the stately decadence of her fortunes, will doubt that the minuet and cotillion in Bath would answer the most rigorous demands of the Eastern cities?

There was a generous scholarship, too, in Bath. I recall Dr. Francis More, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, who taught here a grammar school, and who left Bath to take part in the struggle of Texas for independence. His successor for a brief period was a Mr. Fitch—but who that

ever saw Ralph K. Finch, who followed soon after, as he sat upon his schoolroom stage or dais and presided over the Classical School from early in the thirties, nearly or quite a whole decade, will ever forget him? Mr. Finch was a graduate of Dartmouth, a ripe scholar, and a teacher who magnified his profession. In his youth or early manhood he had made some voyages, the reminiscences of which he liked to recite on Wednesday afternoons to the school. He was the type of an English master, and as those were the days of heroic discipline, I can testify from a personal experience, the memory of which, after the stress of many years, has not yet become indistinct, that no English pedagogue ever more conscientiously and vigorously applied the ferule. I do not know whether he commanded the affection of his scholars, but he certainly did their respect, and laid the foundation of much excellent scholarship. Mr. Finch was the first County Superintendent of Common Schools, and gave up for that office his own private school. He was accidentally drowned in the river about the year 1844 or 1845. After Master Finch's retirement the village was never long without a good private school, until the establishment of the Haverling Union School, upon a scale so liberal that its function seemed no longer required. I remember well an amiable young teacher named Herkimer; Curtis C. Messerve, a graduate of Dartmouth or Bowdoin, a strapping son of New England, who had the power of inspiring his scholars with some of his own enthusiasm for learning; James F. Chamberlain, a graduate of Union, a conscientious and dignified man, and a disciplinarian to the very tips of his and the boys' fingers; and Isaac H. Hill, the last of my schoolmasters, also a good scholar and a most amiable gentleman. I do not know if he be living to-day, but living or dead I shall ever remember him with affection.

The village, too, had many ripe scholars; among the earlier ones I recall David McMaster, and the Rev. Isaac W. Platt, Edward Howell and Robert L. Underhill; the last two were not college bred, but no one could question the right of either to the title of scholar.

As my memory recalls one by one these men and scenes, the temptation to dwell upon them more fully is almost irresistible. Form after form among the lads with whom I went to school rises before me, but the time forbids even the mention of their names, and yet there are a few that I cannot pass by. There was Edward Shannon. He was the son of Robert Shannon, a venerable Irish gentleman, who in my youth owned and occupied the old Springfield farm. He was father of the late Mrs. Bartholomew Wilkes, so well known by all the old residents here. Edward was his youngest son. Though many years my senior, my recollection of him is so vivid that I am sure I am not mistaken in describing him as a young man of brilliant talents and attractive character. Master Finch had

great pride in him, and to the entire school he was a young hero—a marvel of literary accomplishments.

He read law, but had hardly entered upon the practice of his profession in Bath during the last year of the Mexican War, when his adventurous spirit led him to take the captaincy of a company of soldiers in what was known as Stevenson's regiment. The company was raised here and in this vicinity. The regiment was intended for service in California, and embarked for that then far distant country in the fall of 1846, arriving there in March, 1847, but though the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo was not made until more than a year afterward, the regiment saw but little, if any, more than garrison service. With it went DeWitt Clinton French, Calvin Emerson and that manly, generous-hearted young man, Elijah Martin Smith, and others of the Bath boys. They all remained in California. Shannon entered upon the practice of his profession there, and his name will live in its history as the mover in the convention which formed the first constitution of that State of the clause which forever forbade in all its borders slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime. He died of cholera in October, 1850, at Sacramento, and was buried there by the side of Robert Campbell Rogers, my elder brother, whom he had tenderly cared for in his last illness a few days before his own decease.

At Finch's school in the old Brick Block (there was but one brick block in those days), at a little side seat on the platform, sat the best boy in the school, James Platt. He occupied that conspicuous seat because he was a model scholar and an example to all the room. A lad younger, and much smaller, sat by his side. If I were to say that the younger pupil held this place partly because of the good influence exerted over him by Platt, and partly because Master Finch desired to have the small boy within close inspection and easy reach, no violence would be done to the truth of history. Never was the saying that the boy is the father to the man better exemplified than in the case of James M. Platt. Studious, thorough, faithful, respectful, orderly, no teacher ever had occasion to reprove him. With his fellows, too, he was as much a favorite as he was with the masters. Generous, accommodating, unpretending, merry; we all loved him. His manhood was what his boyhood promised; it could not have been more or better.

When after many years of absence from his boyhood's home the old church called him to the pulpit which his revered father formerly occupied, it seemed as if every condition of fitness had been most happily answered. When the pastorate upon which he then entered, with all the devotion of a sincere and sympathetic nature, was closed by death, Guy McMaster, the friend of all others who knew him best, wrote these words:

"On the morning of the second Sunday of March, the Rev. James M. Platt, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian church in this village, after

performing the public ministrations of his office before the congregation, 'closed the book,' commended his people to the Divine love, and departed from the house of God on earth to enter, after a few days of suffering, the mansions of the Majesty on High, in sure expectation of that eternity of service which, to his mind, was the only conceivable form of an eternity of rest.

"He was but fifty-seven years of age. The powers of his intellect had, perhaps, reached their full development; but the enriching influences of study, of experience, of inward communion with his Lord and Master, combined, year by year and day by day, to build him up to ever broader and higher spiritual proportions. Truly, in the words of a brother in the sacred ministry, uttered over his coffin as it rested at the pulpit steps on the passage from the home to the tomb, here was 'a noble man of God.' That sums it all up. The three words nobleness, manliness, godliness, need but a fourth, loveliness, to build all sides of a character 'which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.'"

Probably the most brilliant man the county ever produced was Guy Humphreys McMaster. From his earliest years he was easily foremost. Here was no other such mind—clear, strong, logical, as true as the unswerving scales of justice. What store of brilliant fancy, what power of imagination, what wide grasp of knowledge were his; and beneath a cold and shy exterior what unfeigned and all-embracing sympathy. I dare not trust myself to speak of him as I would, for, from our earliest years, he was my most intimate and best-beloved friend. Green be the turf above him!

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It is unquestionable that Captain Williamson's village at an early day bore the reputation of a somewhat unruly and riotous character. The Virginia and Maryland gentlemen, who, attracted by Williamson's free-handed and generous methods, came here with many slaves, probably found it none too straight-laced for their own liberal views of social life.

McMaster says, "It has often been flung in our faces as a reproach that when the first missionary visited Bath on a Sunday morning he found a multitude assembled on the public square in three distinct groups. On one side the people were gambling, on another they were witnessing a battle between two bulls, and on the third a fight between two bullies. We are happy to say that the truth of this rascally old tradition is more than doubtful. Aside from the manifest improbability that men would play cards while bulls were fighting, or that bulls would be trumps while men were fighting, the evidence adduced in support of the legend is vague and malicious." So far McMaster. I have quoted the passage to give point to a reminiscence of my own.

There must have been a strong infusion of staid and decorous Puritanism in the early village or the labors of the Rev. John Niles, hired in 1807 to divide his time equally in missionary work between Bath and Prattsburgh, and of the Rev. David Higgins and the Rev. Isaac Watts Platt, his successors, pastors of the Presbyterian church in Bath, must have been specially prospered, for the village, as I first remember it, would do no discredit to a staid New England community. About the stage barns, there were, naturally, some boisterous doings, and now and then in other places through the village was somebody who gave little heed to the sacred character of the day, but the observance of the Sabbath was general and faithful. The churches were well attended, and the pulpits provided strong meat for the listening congregations. I have in my mind now a scene which would greatly surprise my young hearers. At the corner of the Square, near the present Nichols House, I see a half dozen or so of boys, most of whose parents belonged to the Presbyterian church, playing ball on a fine spring Saturday afternoon. There were the McMaster boys and Robert Leland, the younger Platts, the Rogers boys, and perhaps others. It seems to me that I was behind the bat, when suddenly a large, impressive looking man stalked across the ball-ground. It was the Rev. Mr. Platt going to the school-room to catechize the boys in the Westminster Confession. It would hardly be true to say that it was a gleeful crowd who followed the pastor; but the game of ball was at an end and there were no absentees from the Catechism lesson.

I have already spoken of Judge Edwards. Let me sketch in a few words his personal appearance, for, though I was not more than seven years old at his decease, I believe I am not mistaken in thinking him one of the most notable men who ever filled judicial station in this county. He was about six feet in height, spare, of dark eyes and complexion. His daughter, Mrs. Dudley, greatly resembled him. He dressed like a gentleman of the old school, in a sober suit of brown, always wearing a large white cravat without collar, and as he walked carrying his right hand thrust into his vest across his breast. No other human being has ever seemed to me so much like George Washington—so grave and so awful. His monument in the old burying ground—the first effort in the county up to that time, I think, toward anything more imposing than the white marble or gray sandstone slab—shows the estimate in which this just judge and good man was held by his fellow lawyers. The late David McMaster, who married his eldest daughter, and whom you all so well remember, was a man and a judge of similar type—sedate, modest, firm, and as true to duty as the needle to the pole.

A pious affection has preserved to this day the old law office of Edward and William Howell. I have said that no more villages like Bath of the ante-railroad day could ever again appear. Imagine, if you can, two men

like those Howell brothers in any Western village or city at the present day. But in Bath during the first half of this century they were not wholly misplaced. They were simply, in stately dignity, in formal but sincere courtesy, in unaffected homage to learning, gentlemen of the old school, indeed; the finest product of an unhurried and thoughtful period which was passing away. The elder brother was at the head of the Steuben Bar—and a very respectable body it was—when I first remember him. He held the place for many years until physical infirmity compelled him gradually to yield the primacy to younger men. William Howell never entered Court, but was the model of a painstaking and faithful attorney and conveyancer.

Among the institutions belonging to the period of which I speak, but which has passed with it, never to return, is what I might call the Country Store Club. There was some opportunity for social conversation, for interchange of news and ideas, at the village inns—the Eagle Tavern and the Clinton House. There, a citizen sociably inclined, might meet, perchance, by the wood fire in the public sitting room an interesting traveler sojourning for the night, or two or three of his fellow townsmen, and under the inspiration of the last Albany Evening *Journal* or *Argus* have a political tilt that helped to relieve the tedium of the long evening. But the moral atmosphere of the village forbade much visiting so near the bar-rooms, and grave citizens with boys to bring up felt that precept and practice would harmonize better if the elders sought their social intercourse somewhere else. So the Country Store Club was a natural evolution. When the nights grew long and it was comfortable to gather about the box stove, without notice to members from Dean or Secretary, the nightly sessions of the club began. They were continued through the winter and spring until the lengthening days and warm weather made protracted sidewalk-intercourse pleasant. There were no initiation fees or dues, no constitution or by-laws, no entertainment of meat or drink, no proposal of members. The club was free to all, and in one evening you might sometimes meet a roving member in all the symposiums. When the night came and with it the mails, and the oil lamps were lighted, the members came drifting in until half a dozen or more filled the chairs and the more convenient places on the counters, and remained until nine o'clock, when the village curfew rang from the steeple of the old Presbyterian church, and immediately along the little street there was a clang of bars and closing shutters and the club separated for the night. Through the evening a little trade over the counter went on, adding a not unpleasant variety to the interest of the habitues, and giving to the principal debaters of the evening temporary rest and refreshment for the discussion that had not yet been fought to a finish. There were several of these clubs on Liberty Street. Those that I remember best held their nightly convocations—one

at the store of Reuben Robie, another at that of Dr. Rogers, and a third at the store of George S. Ellas. This last named was rather a younger body than the others. George Ellas himself was a man of much wit and reading, as well as business thrift and energy, and conversation never languished when he was present. But the men who gathered at the stores of Reuben Robie and Dr. Rogers were of graver and more sedate character. At Robie's the talk was chiefly of the old settlers, of politics and business, of farming, of the crops and the freshets, of the frosts and the droughts. At the Rogers symposium the debate took wider range. Dr. Higgins was often there, especially when the constitutional rights of the States were under discussion. Between his brown wig and the top of his hat, gently cushioned by his red bandana, he always carried a small copy of the Constitution of the United States. No man could advance wild views upon the Constitution in the Doctor's presence, with impunity. The appeal was always and at once to the text as written by the fathers.

How well I remember the face and form of George Huntington, worshiper of Thomas Jefferson, ex-State Senator and afterwards Justice of the Peace, as, tramping up and down in the ecstasy and fervor of debate, he denounced Nicholas Biddle and the "rascally banks," or defended with hot eloquence the doctrine of Universal Salvation against the assaults of his relentless Calvinistic opponents! William Hamilton, grave and silent as an Iroquois chief, sat by with only an occasional grunt of assent or dissent. James May often came in from his farm and was a good listener. Uncle Eli Bidwell, the oldest blacksmith in the village, badly bent from the shoeing of horses and oxen, but still vigorous, sat by ruminant, always preferring as a seat the mild end of a nail keg. Norman Daniels, the big carpenter, often filled a place on the counter. Once in a while one of the village pastors or Edward Howell dropped in and gave the talk a more elevated tone than usual, and now and then Lazarus H. Reade, after finishing the newspaper at the "Eagle" and exhausting the combative powers of such antagonist as he might find there, dropped in to give a final fillip of interest to the proceedings of the evening by his brilliant conversational audacities. Now and then—oh, rare delight!—the conversation turned upon the early time,—the wolves that invaded the sheepfold, the panthers that lurked in the tree tops and dropped upon the traveler with unpleasant unexpectedness, the bears that sought out the promising pigs, the deer the farmer found browsing in his little wheat field in the early dawn, and that most interesting and fearsome of all reptiles since the fall of our first parents—the rattlesnake. On such an evening there was general amity, and Squire Hamilton took an extra charge in his long white clay pipe.

There was always perfect decorum. No matter how heated the debate might be, it was by self-respecting citizens, and never violated the

conditions that made it proper to be heard by the little lads who sat on the counter listening with eyes and ears. Men in those days studied the Constitution, and discussed political topics with each other seriously; more seriously, I think, than now, when the business seems to have been turned over to the daily papers. Sometimes I am inclined, also, to think the same or something worse has been done with their patriotism; and the agnosticism of the time has driven out religious debate.

To the early settlement of Bath two things lent a picturesqueness that was peculiar. The first was the personality of Captain Williamson, the other the immigration hither of Southern gentlemen with their slaves. My earliest memory recalls a succession of negro houses filling all the space between the old village graveyard and the forks of the road above, and many more, besides the house of Simon Watkins, between that point and the Belfast Mills. On the plains between Gallows Hill and Epaphras Bull's were the little clearings of 'Zekle and Cato Thompson; and John Thomas, chief hog killer to the village, adorned upper St. Patrick's Street. Among the gray-haired colored people were King and Sam and Simon Watkins, George Alexander, Cooper, Uncle Billy Tolliver, Ned Tompkins, Juba, Scipio Africanus Johnson and Aaron Butcher, the barber, who, tradition said, shaved Governor Clinton and assured him that "the beard was sure to come if the handle of the razor did not break." And there were Aunt Nancy and Mammy, Minty, and Julia, and Jinny Alexander and many others whose names I do not recall. Edward Dorsey and Stephen Adams were in their early prime. I mention their names especially because they were men of high personal character, a credit to any race. These freed men and women and their decendant were, for the most part, of course, a poor and humble people but with all the gentle and winsome qualities of the race. They had a pastor in those days, the Rev. John Tappan, a very respectable man, who had but a slight infusion of negro blood in his veins; and at the "White School House" they had the advantages of the common school. Few of them accumulated any property, though they had reasonable opportunity to do so, and their numbers have gradually decreased. Of what value, as an object lesson, the more than sixty years' history of the freed colored people in Bath may be is an interesting subject for examination and discussion, but can hardly be entered upon here.

* * * * * * * * * *

But I must pass on now from these memories of the early time.

When the New York & Erie locomotive came rushing west, with its Cyclopean eye looking for the Great Lakes, and found the way to them through the Tioga and Canisteo valleys, it did not require a prophet's vision to foresee that the old Shire-Town would have to fight for its primacy with ambitious Addison and crafty Corning. Indeed, the conflict was not long

delayed, and it was little consolation to Bath to know that Addison's victory had been a barren one. See, too, what a rent the envious Schuyler made!

Perhaps still further dismemberment awaits old Steuben, but there can be little doubt that Bath will continue the seat of county dignity so long as the State and its county system shall remain. The physical proportions of the county will be much less than in the period of which I have been speaking, but not its power as an instrument of civilization.

The Bath of that early day was a little country place, secluded, self-contained, provincial. The beautiful village of to-day has become in some sort a suburb of the great cities, sharing with them most of the good which they possess, but happily exempt from most that is bad, and is in touch with the entire continent.

In the transition from the Old to the New something may seem to have been lost, but it is certain that far more has been gained. There is not a boy or a girl in all this assembly to whom the whole world—and I use the expression in its largest sense—is not now open. Every original thought, every beneficent invention, every true work of art, is in some sort the property and possession of all. The barriers of time and space are disappearing so rapidly that we may well enough say that they are no longer hindrances to civilization. No one need now complain that he cannot get out to sea. If he prefers to loiter by the little mountain stream far up among the hemlocks and dream away his life there, he can do it: but the open valley is close at hand, and there are many ways thence to the broad oceans that flow round the world.

Every sound-minded and sound-hearted man loves to think he has done something worthy of grateful remembrance. It is a solace for the years that need consolation. Every good citizen loves to think that the place where he was born is illustrious, or, if not illustrious, that its record is honorable. The citizen of Bath is not without this satisfaction. The record of the past one hundred years is one of public order, of reverence for law, of sincere regard for the institutions of religion, of devotion to the duties of citizenship, of a pure and healthy social life. The second century opens with greater opportunities and greater responsibilities. You are citizens of America Majora. It will be well if your descendants gathering here—as we hope they will—in the Second Centennial Celebration shall be able to repeat the eulogium which of the first century we pronounce today.

CHANGE OF NAME.

At the close of Mr. Rogers' oration, the Rev. Benjamin S. Sanderson arose and said:

MR. PRESIDENT—It is to be regretted that in the selection of names for the various landmarks of our beautiful village, that of our founder should have been passed over. I am authorized by the General Committee of the Centennial, to propose the following resolution, as the formal close of our public literary exercises:

Resolved, That, in grateful recognition of the well planned labors of Colonel Charles Williamson, the name of Lake Salubria be hereby changed to Lake Williamson.

The resolution was received with hearty applause, and was unanimously carried. With the Parade in the afternoon, and the Old-Time Reception in the evening, both of which are fully described in the Introduction, the Celebration of the First Centennial of Bath terminated.

FINIS

PART FIVE.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

[We reprint here the *Round Robin* sent to Hon. Ansel J. McCall (*vide Introduction*, p. 9), adding, as a matter of permanent record, the signatures which were attached thereto. To obviate any captious criticism as to the omission of these signatures from the Introduction itself, the writer of that portion of the Book desires to make a personal explanation. If the Introduction is read carefully it will be found that, *as tracing the growth of the Centennial spirit and the evolution of the enthusiasm which became wide-spread June 6th and 7th last*, the text of the letter itself was of first and sole importance, and the mention, "numerously signed," was sufficient. The letter is reprinted here, and the signatures appended, as a matter of historical record. There will thus be put, in a convenient place for those who have to submit the literary program of the second Centennial of Bath, let us say, a list of names which is fairly representative, we suppose, of those who were prominently identified with the professional, commercial and social life of our village at the close of its first century of existence.—B. S. S.]

Hon. A. J. McCall:

DEAR SIR—Your fellow citizens, undersigned, are desirous that there shall be a fitting celebration of the first Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of our village of Bath in 1793, and of our County of Steuben in 1796.

We are sensible that a proper celebration of these events cannot be fully and intelligently realized without a coincident publication of graphic annals of our town and county from the earliest times. It is therefore our earnest desire to have available to our people on those occasions such a sketch of our social birth and history, in convenient form, from the earliest pioneer days to the present time, in order that valued memories may not be lost, but cherished and perpetuated. Happily for our aspirations, your long and worthy life has brought from the early years of the century rich memories and priceless materials, which enable you better than any other man living to tell the story of the first hundred years of Bath and of Steuben county.

We earnestly request that you will kindly gratify your neighbors and friends, the people of Steuben, by the preparation of such a history. We will attend to its publication, under your permission and direction.

Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., August 1, 1892.

WM. W. AVERELL,
GEO. W. HALLOCK,
C. F. KINGSLEY,
REUBEN E. ROBIE,
REUBEN R. LYON,
MOSES DAVISON,
S. G. LEWIS,
AUGUSTUS DE PEYSTER,
A. L. UNDERHILL,
J. CARTER ROBIE,
SAMUEL S. SEELY,
FRANK CAMPBELL,
J. F. PARKHURST,
GEORGE S. HAVERLING,
A. H. CRUTTENDEN,
M. N. PRESTON,
CHAS. A. ELLAS,
Z. L. PARKER,
H. W. BOWES,
W. W. ALLEN,
A. R. DEPUY,
JNO. F. LITTLE,
M. RUMSEY MILLER,
D. M. McMASTER,
B. F. YOUNG,
WM. H. SHEPARD,
W. P. SEDGWICK,
WM. E. HOWELL,
JOHN BEEKMAN,
E. S. UNDERHILL,
W. H. HALLOCK,
E. BERKMAN,
H. W. PERINE,
A. C. BRUNDAGE,
BENJ. S. SANDERSON,
A. BEEKMAN,
JAMES LYON,
GEO. HOLLANDS,
L. D. HODGMAN,
J. J. GLEASON,
J. DUNN,
WILLIAM RUMSEY.

APPENDIX B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[In response to the invitations sent out by the General Committee of the Celebration, many responses were received. The reading of them constituted a pleasant feature of the weekly meetings of the Committee. A few from the authorities of State and Nation, were read to the public at the exercises on the morning of June 7th. The compass of this volume would be unduly extended were all this mass of correspondence to be printed in these pages. Nor would it serve any useful purpose, as the majority of them are simply polite regrets on account of the writer's inability to participate personally in the proposed exercises, accompanied with expressions of interest in the Centennial contemplated. In addition to those from officials (which of course are printed, having been read in public and thus forming properly a part of the record of our Centennial), we include in this book a few others, selected mainly for one of two reasons; either because of the personality of the writer, or because in the letter itself there is some additional data bearing upon the early history of Bath. At the close of the printed correspondence will be found a complete list of the writers of letters turned over to to us, with the other manuscript from which this volume has been compiled.—ED.]

1.—FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, 1893.

Mr. A. J. McCall, Bath, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR—The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 15th instant, inviting him to be present at the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of your town, which will occur on the 6th and 7th of next month. It would give him great pleasure to join you in so interesting an occasion as that contemplated, but the pressure of public duties is such that he does not see how it would be possible for him to leave Washington at that time. He directs me, however, to thank you heartily for this continued evidence of your thoughtfulness and regard. Very truly yours,

HENRY T. THURBER,
Private Secretary.

2.—FROM SENATOR HILL.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 19, 1893.

Mr. Ansel J. McCall and Others:

DEAR SIRS—I am in receipt of your letter of a recent date, inviting me to attend the Centennial Celebration of Bath on the 6th and 7th of June.

I thank you for the invitation but regret that engagements out of the State at that time will prevent my acceptance of the same. I remain,

Very respectfully,

DAVID B. HILL.

3.—FROM THE GOVERNOR.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.
ALBANY, May 18, 1893.

Messrs. A. J. McCall, George W. Hallock, and others, Committee, Bath, Steuben County, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN—Governor Flower is in receipt of your letter of recent date, and regrets exceedingly that he is unable to accept your invitation for the 6th and 7th of June next. He expects at that time to be in Chicago, and it will therefore be impossible for him to attend your celebration. Assuring you of his appreciation of your courtesy, I remain,

Very truly yours,

T. S. WILLIAMS,
Private Secretary.

4.—FROM GEN. W. W. AVERELL.

[TELEGRAM.]

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, June 6, 1893.

Hon. A. J. McCall:

Please present my greeting to our people and children to-day.

W. W. AVERELL.

5.—FROM GEN. GEORGE J. MAGEE.

CORNING, N. Y. May 3, 1893.

Hon. John F. Little, Bath, N. Y.:

MY DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your favor of the 29th inviting me to participate in the Centennial Celebration of your town which is to take

place on the 6th and 7th of June. I accept the invitation with pleasure and shall try to arrange to be present one of those days. I regret, however, that I shall not be able to prepare any sketch, either historical or biographical of the events or men connected with the history of Bath, as I practically left the place when I was thirteen years old, going to school and afterward to college—although I was a student at the "Haverling Academy," when I was fifteen years of age, for a time, and I remember that you were there and on one occasion came to my rescue when Mr. Gulick was about to ill-treat me. I am not sure that this occurred in 1855 or 1852 or 1853. I mention the little incident to show that my recollections of Bath are, as to dates, somewhat obscure. After leaving college and returning from Europe, I went to Watkins and lived there, and since that time my relations, socially, have not been intimate; and the only business relations sustained have been with the old Steuben County Bank matters. Still, I am with you in wishing success for the undertaking, and as above written, shall expect to be on hand for the Centennial—but please excuse me from any address or written article. With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

GEO. J. MAGEE.

6.—FROM C. H. BERRY.

WINONA, MINNESOTA, MAY 13, 1893.

Hon. A. J. McCall, and others, Committee, &c.:

GENTLEMEN—Your invitation to attend the celebration of the first Anniversary of the settlement of Bath is received. I would be glad to attend, and more especially, perhaps, could I claim ever to have been a citizen of that part of Steuben county. Bath was, when I came to the county in 1828, the Mecca to which all pilgrims from the "Pulteney" lands, and all lands, went to pay their *dues*, if not to pay their devotions. Of course its history is practically the history, or associated with the history, of the whole county, and still more than that; and such, I think, will be the general view.

If I could be with you on that occasion, it would be my wish, not only to recall local history, the acts and plans of Colonel Williamson and his contemporaries, the broad schemes of inter-state navigation and transportation, of which Bath, by position, was thought to hold the key, and other like considerations—but I would also, so far as I could, bring back those white men, hunter and farmer combined, who first settled along the rivers, and hunted in the then pathless forests, blazed the paths, and opened the roads for the use of others. Those persons had not all disappeared when I came there, but few remained, and the lives of all of them

were fast becoming mere traditions. All of them were soon retired. Time has now run until those men are to this generation as though they had belonged to a pre-historic age. Even with those who followed them so closely as I did, their names fall faintly on the ear of memory, as the report of the hunter's rifle then from time to time reached the listener, from the recesses of those dense and distant woods. They are being forgotten. Not even the little green hillocks which usually mark the beds of their immediate successors, tell their resting place, much less recall their names. In the objects of your notice, I bespeak for those "heralds of the day" a deserved remembrance.

With kind regards and earnest wishes for the success of your celebration, I am, Yours truly,

C. H. BERRY.

7.—FROM WILLIAM ROCHESTER MONTGOMERY.

CITY OF HILLSDALE, MICH., June 2, 1893.

To Messrs. Ansel J. McCall and Others, Committee of Bath, N. Y., Centennial Celebration, June 6 and 7, 1893.

GENTLEMEN—I had a slight hope that I might be with you agreeably to your request in the printed circular of April 15, 1893. I am obliged, however, to write to you thanking you for your kind consideration and sending you the following synopsis of my humble life.

My father, Harvey Montgomery, was born in the City of Philadelphia, Pa., 1789, and died in Detroit, Mich., in 1869.

My mother, Mary Eleanor Rochester, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester (who gave his name to the City of Rochester), was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, April 27, 1796; died at Rochester, N. Y., March 2, 1849. My father and mother were married May 19, 1812, at Dansville, N. Y., where my mother resided with her parents. My father was then residing in Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y., where he kept a store two or three years. My parents moved to Rochester in 1816.

I was born in Bath, March 12, 1813, before my mother completed her 17th year. I am Colonel Rochester's eldest grandchild, and the eldest child of my father, and the eldest grandson of my father's father, William Montgomery, of Philadelphia, bearing the family name of Montgomery. I was named William after my grandfather Montgomery, and Rochester after my grandfather Rochester, which entitles me to my long name.

I have not seen my birthplace but once since I left there in 1815 or 1816. In 1824, my father went from Rochester to Philadelphia with a horse and gig, taking me with him, then eleven years of age. From Philadelphia he drove to Doctor John C. Rudd's school, Elizabethtown (now Elizabeth City), N. J., where he left me in the tutelage of Doctor Rudd and his

esteemed wife, and of the Rev. Edward Ballard, classical tutor. One of my class-mates was Henry J. Hartstene, afterwards Commander in the United States Navy, and another was Joseph Nabbett Warren, now living, eminent for his virtues, in Troy, N. Y.

I left Geneva (Hobart) College, in 1830, where I was intimately acquainted with my father's friend, Joseph Fellows, also a Bath man. I met, too, in Geneva a dancing master by the name of Shepard, whom my father had known in Bath. I availed myself of this dancing master, a gray-headed man. I studied law with my uncle, Henry E. Rochester, and Judge Samuel Seldon, of Rochester, and with John C. Spencer, of Canandaigua, in 1832. I was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court in law and equity, in May, 1835. My licenses were signed by Chief Justice Savage and by Chancellor Walworth. I practiced law in Rochester till 1844, acting as Clerk and Attorney for the city from March, 1839, to March, 1842, three terms.

In 1844, I moved onto a half-section of wild land (320 acres), in Camden, the southwest township of this County of Hillsdale. There I remained till 1855, clearing up heavy timbered land. I cleared and fenced 150 acres of this one-half section. I then accepted the office of Register of Deeds, to which office I was elected in November, 1854, and held the office four terms—eight years.

I have also represented this county in the Legislature in 1851 and 1852. I was also elected Supervisor (ex-officio Assessor, of this county) for Camden and Hillsdale City, twenty-five years, and was chosen Chairman of the Board of Supervisors thirteen times.

I am now past eighty years old and doing business as an Attorney in the special calling of Conveyancer and Abstracter of land titles, etc. I write this manuscript with my own hand.

All my aunts and uncles, brothers and sisters of my father, are dead. All my aunts and uncles, sisters and brothers of my mother, are dead, save the youngest, Mrs. Louisa Lucinda Rochester Pitkin, widow of Hon. Wm. Pitkin, of Rochester, N. Y. I append a list of the children of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester and Sophia Beatty Rochester, his wife:

Judge William Beatty Rochester, born 1789, died 1838; Nancy Barbara Rochester, born 1790, died 1792; John Cornelius Rochester, born 1792, died 1837; Sophia Eliza Rochester, born 1793, died 1850. She died the wife of Jonathan Child, first Mayor of Rochester. Mary Eleanor Rochester (my mother), born 1796, died March 2, 1849; Thomas Hart Rochester, born 1797, died 1874; Catharine Kimball Rochester, born 1799, died 1835. She was the wife of Doctor Anson Colman. Nathaniel Thrift Rochester, born 1802, died 1883; Anna Barbara Rochester, born 1804, died 1805; Henry Elie Rochester, born 1806, died 1889; Ann Cornelia Rochester, born 1808, died December 31, 1892. She was the widow of William S. Bishop,

Attorney at law, and subsequently of Seth Gates, ex-Member of Congress. Her step-son, Dr. L. Merrill Gates, is President of Amherst College, at whose home she died. Louisa Lucinda Rochester, born September 22, 1810, still survives (the only surviving child of the twelve children), in the city of Rochester, N. Y.

Please accept this as a labor of love from an octogenarian who was born in your oft-remembered city, with greetings and aspirations for your prosperity and that of the one hundred years old city you represent.

Very respectfully, your congenital brother.

WILLIAM ROCHESTER MONTGOMERY.

8.—FROM PERRY P. ROGERS.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 5, 1893.

Messrs. A. J. McCall, Geo. S. Haverling, and others, Committee:

GENTLEMEN—I have an invitation to attend the Centenary of your beautiful village, which I hoped to accept, but am obliged to decline. I was a resident of the town of Bath from my fifth to my ninth year—1831-1835. In the former year my father, Jabez J. Rogers, bought of one McBeth the "article" and "betterments" for a farm on Goff's Brook. Of that period I have only pleasant memories. It was a day of small things; houses were small, many built of logs, but the latch-string was always out; honest, open-hearted hospitality greeted the visitor, even the stranger within the gates. Ceremony was ignored, modern etiquette an unknown quantity; a hearty *bonhomie* I have never seen equaled, characterized social intercourse; none were rich, and a man's worth was not gauged by his possessions. All were workers, almost without regard to age or sex; raiment was homespun, of wool or flax, patched as occasion required, and every farmhouse could have furnished the original of the good Quaker poet's "Barefoot Boy."

Educational advantages were limited, and not every child could fully enjoy such as they were; but no one was spoiled by sparing the rod. Boys and girls "made their manners," on entering and leaving the school-room, and to the "wayfaring man" on the highway. And as

> "Buirdley chiels and bonnie hizzies
> Are bred in such a way as this is,"

they grew up to be strong, useful men and women, with a purpose in life. Many have followed the Star of Empire in its Westward course, and everywhere, at home and abroad, have honored themselves, their parentage, and the good old county of their birth. Lumbering was the leading industry, but much wheat, of excellent quality, was grown, marketed at the mills along the Conhocton, or drawn (often by ox teams) to "Pegtown," as Hammondsport was then profanely called.

I remember a few of the early settlers between "Kennedy's Corners" (now Kanona) and Howard. Among them, Finla McClure, Jonathan Clisbee, Reuben, Henry and Allen Smith, brothers, from Sheshequin, Pa.; Daniel and David Tilton, John Donahe, James and Francis Otis, Russell Bouton, William Goff, the Hoaglands, Wheelers, Chamberlains, Bradleys, Neelys, and many others—good men and true, each and every one of them, serving well their day and generation, loyal, honest and brave. They caused the desert to blossom like the rose, the wilderness and solitary place was glad because of them. They labored, and others have entered into their labors. They blazed the way for our advances; their faithful toil, patient self-denial and sore privations made possible the progress of to-day.

Our fathers, where are they? All have departed, entered into the rest that remaineth, "each in his narrow cell forever laid," sleeps in God's acre, somewhere, and their children and grandchildren, gray-haired men and women, rise up and call them blessed.

We do well to honor the memory of the pioneers, and as we reverence, so let us emulate their virtues. Very resp'y yours,

PERRY P. ROGERS.

9.—FROM HENRY C. MAY, M. D.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 5, 1893.

Hon. Ansel J. McCall, Bath, New York, Chairman, Committee, etc:

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor inviting me to participate in the festivities commemorative of the one hundreth anniversary of the founding of the village of Bath. As a native of that beautiful village, nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to accept your invitation, if it lay in my power to do so.

You do yourselves great honor in thus honoring the memory of the pioneers, who pushed their way in flat-boats from the Susquehanna up the rivers to that beautiful country, and laid deep the foundations on which rest the fair fabric of your beautiful village. The forests conquered, the fields yielding their bountiful harvests, the stately old mansions, your churches and schools and hum of industry, are all monuments of the patience, heroism, patriotism and virtues of the fathers who have preceded us.

May the memory of the "olden times," which you will recall in these anniversary days, be the pride of the old and young of to-day, and prove a stimulus and encouragement of the generations yet unborn, as, coming on the stage of future activities, they read and rehearse the records you now make and transmit to our descendants. Wishing you every success in your worthy endeavors to honor the past and encourage the future, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY C. MAY.

10.—FROM J. C. STEPHENS.

CANISTEO, N. Y., May 29, 1893.

Hon. A. J. McCall, of Bath, N. Y.

DEAR SIR—Having received your invitation, to-day, to attend the Bath Centennial Celebration on the 6th and 7th of June next, I avail, or take the opportunity to write you of an occurence that took place when there were but five families in Bath, of which your father's was one, viz:

That Rachel Gilbert, the daughter of Elisha Gilbert, then of Addison, N. Y., who was born November 19, 1782, being but eleven years old, rode on horse-back from Addison to Painted Post and thence up the Conhocton Valley to Bath, nearly all woods then, and did the housework for a Mr. Taylor and his four men (who built the saw-mill for Captain Williamson), and remained there thirteen weeks, your kind mother assisting her daily (the child woman). In 1804, she married Nathan Stephens, of Canisteo, by whom she had five sons, all of whom passed their three-score years and ten.

Yours,

J. C. STEPHENS.

11.—FROM M. RUMSEY.

ST. LOUIS, June 2, 1893.

Mr. Ansel J. McCall, and other Gentlemen of the Centennial Committee, Bath, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN—I am in receipt of your kind and thoughtful favor inviting me to participate in the due celebration of the Centennial of Bath. I indeed regret that circumstances will not permit that I be with you in person. You may, however, rest assured in spirit I will be present, and with you rejoice that our little town of fifty years ago has grown to such magnificent proportions. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land?" was born from a poetic inspiration which strikes a responsive chord in the heart of every man. What feelings, then, of veneration, of joy and of congratulations must animate us on that day, when, for the first time, our native town celebrates with *eclat* the one hundredth anniversary of her birth! A century of vigorous growth from the swaddling clothes of the bye-way town to the sturdy city of commercial manhood. Many years, though days they seem, have passed since I, with youth's ambition fired, bade friends and Bath good-bye. I have waged with the world beyond, the suns of many climes, and the frosts of many lands have warmed or chilled my brow. The waves of many waters have cradled me to sleep; cares and responsibilities weighty, the consequence of a busy life, have often well-nigh overwhelmed me. The moments of rest free from mental toil have been few;

few and brief though they have been, to me they have been most refreshing, for an enjoyment, than which none is greater, has been mine, for in those seldom moments the pleasures of memory have proven a rejuvenating tonic. Then, reminiscences of the past, long gone by, yet vividly present as of yesterday, crowd my weary brain and lull me as a child to rest. The pleasures of childhood's days, thoughts of boyhood's sports and boyhood's friends, made the man a child again—and I lived in Bath. Full many well known and well beloved faces arising amidst those memories have passed away from earth to e'en brighter homes beyond; others in lands far off abide. These will join with us, and in joy acclaim the one hundredth birthday of our natal town. And those of whom first I spoke, if the celestial spirits of the departed dead think aught of those whom they have left behind, may we not hope that even they, touched by the magic sounds arising from the echo of the inspiring words of liberty and life, native land, native heath, will, in accord with our souls, hail thee, Bath, wishing thee a thousand, yea, ten thousand returns of this festal day. May thou and thine advance in wisdom, wealth and commercial supremacy, until Bath, prosperous though she be to-day among her sisters of the Empire State, shall shine illustrious among the fairest cities of our fair land.

I have the honor of remaining, Gentlemen,

Yours truly,

M. RUMSEY.

12.—FROM FANNY MC CAY HOWELL.

60 NORTH LAFAYETTE ST.,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., June 3, 1893.

Mr. John F. Little:

DEAR SIR—It would have given me pleasure to contribute to the program of literary exercises for your Centennial Celebration at Bath, this week, but your letter of May 3d has been wandering, and probably would not have reached me at all, had it not been advertised. Mrs. F. B. Gilbert has received a "bidding to the past," and if the Gilbert name had been upon my letter, it would have come to me without delay, as the family is large and long resident in this city.

However, there are so many left of the old set, that you will not miss what I might have said. As it is, I can only send my best wishes for a successful occasion, and my kindest regards for each and every participant in the same. My filial sentiments to the dear old town are sent herein:

"Where'er I roam, whatever
Realms to see,
My heart untram'ld fondly
Turns to thee."

With thanks for your letter, and many regrets that I did not receive it earlier, I am, Very truly yours,

FANNY MCCAY HOWELL.

13.—FROM HIRAM POTTER.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., May 25, 1893.

Centennial Committee, Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.

DEAR SIRS—I would gladly avail myself of your invitation to be present at the Bath Centennial Celebration, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6th and 7th, were it in my power to do so. But my! my! what memories it calls up, inside, of Old Steuben, even to me whose experience was not very extensive within her borders, and notwithstanding I have not the proud distinction of being a Centenarian. And yet your invitation well-nigh makes me feel like one. Soon the roll-call of my early days in Bath and elsewhere in the county, will meet with no response, save from the grave.

But when I recall how, when a boy, I was all night long, on a cold winter night, making the trip in an old-fashioned four-horse stage coach (no railroad through that region then), over a rough and rugged road of mud-hubs (there was no snow at the time), from Painted Post to Bath, stopping at Cooper's Plains, Besley's Tavern, and "Mud Creek," to warm; while now the rushing railroad accomplishes the distance, I suppose, in less than a half hour. Is it not naturally pardonable, in consideration of such changes, if one feels that he must be at least bordering on centenarian grounds?

But I am falling into dreams. I wish you all conceivable happiness at your Centennial, and only regret that I cannot be with you bodily, as I certainly shall be in spirit.

Yours sincerely,

HIRAM POTTER.

14.—FROM L. D. FAY.

WELLSBORO, PA., May 25, 1893.

A. J. McCall:

DEAR SIR—I have received a notice from your Committee of the Celebration of the Centennial of the village of Bath, to come off the 6th and 7th of June. I shall surely be there if health permits. I would be more than pleased if there could be found an old stage coach that I could hitch up four horses to, and drive it through the village as I did in 1840—the year that I commenced driving stage—I don't think there is any one of the drivers that drove that year that are living now, but myself. I am in quite good health now, running my train every day; have not lost but three or four days from sickness for the past two years.

Yours very truly,

L. D. FAY.

15.—FROM MRS. LOUISA L. R. PITKIN.

156 SOUTH FITZHUGH STREET,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 15, 1893.

Committee:

The following trifling reminiscences are sent, not for their value, but as an acknowledgment of the courtesy of an invitation for June 6th and 7th prox:

Possibly there are not many (if any) among the residents of Bath, who recall Mrs. Thornton–Helm as a *personal* acquaintance so early as 1817. I spent the summer and fall of that year in my brother's family, in my 7th year. School life in B. is among my most pleasant recollections. A gentleman teacher, whose name I do not retain, daily intercourse with Virginia Thornton, Amelia Helm and Washington Helm furnished my recreation. Mrs. Thornton is a historical personage. Her seat at the left of the preacher, *on the platform*, was a weekly observation of my child life.

Her stately form, brunette complexion, with the invariable "turban" upon her head, made her a fair representation of her distinguished ancestress, Pocahontas.

Mrs. Thornton's hospitality was proverbial. Next door neighbor to my sister, Mrs. M. E. (Harvey) Montgomery, she was the source of helpfulness in many ways during Mrs. M's. extreme youthfulness as a housekeeper. She married at 16 years of age, going from Dansville to Bath, and always felt unbounded gratitude for Mrs. Thornton's kindness. Mr. Montgomery's two eldest children were born in Bath—Wm. Rochester Montgomery in 1813. He now lives in Hillsdale, Michigan. The second, Sophia Harriet Montgomery, died in her 21st year in this city.

My brother, Wm. B. Rochester, was some years a resident of your beautiful town—beautiful for its surrounding hills, etc., etc. He married for his second wife, while there, Miss Amanda Hopkins, of the adjoining village of Springfield. Her only remaining child is Gen. Wm. B. Rochester, of Washington, D. C., ex-Paymaster of the United States Army.

The antique view on your program with its back-view of hill, is well remembered by me.

Respectfully,

LOUISA L. R. PITKIN.

16.—FROM F. C. JOHNSON.

WILKES-BARRE, PA., May 16, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. MCCALL—I have yours of the 29th ult., and have delayed answering, hoping to get some information. Though people from this region settled around Bath later, I don't believe any of them were in

the early movement of 1793. Matthias Hollenback had a branch store there, but I don't know how early. I have an invitation to be present at your Centennial, and should greatly enjoy attending, though I fear I cannot.

Yours very truly,

F. C. JOHNSON.

17.—FROM R. K. WARREN.

PORTLAND, Oregon, May 24, 1893.

Capt. John F. Little, Chairman Entertainment Committee, Bath Centennial, Bath, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—Deeply do I regret the impossibility of participating in the exercises and enjoyments of the Centennial Anniversary of my native town.

The revival of memories which have been slumbering for years, the recollection of incidents, which, half-forgotten, come back to us but dimly, is most delightful at any time ; but to be present when such reminiscences are made the special object of the occasion, and more especially to mingle with friends united by the ties of a common birthplace, of a common association and of a common pride, is a privilege which, though I must bring myself to forego it, I would consider one of the highest to enjoy.

Allow me to express my high appreciation of your kind remembrance, and through you to extend to your Committee, and to all who shall be present that may remember me, my most cordial greetings, with the sincere wish that it may be a most delightful occasion.

Sincerely yours,

R. K. WARREN.

18.—FROM CATHARINE MC CLURE WHEELER.

ELGIN, June 2, 1893.

Mr. Otis:

DEAR SIR—In a wakeful hour of last night, I found myself meditating on Bath and the Centennial. Bath and its early inhabitants are very dear to me, and associated with the earliest recollections of my childhood days. My parents were married in Elmira, in 1808. My mother was the daughter of General Matthew Carpenter, of that place. My father was a brother of General George McClure, of Bath. Their bridal trip was made, in company with young friends, on horseback, to their future home, about forty miles. Railroads had not become fashionable, and the new roads of the country were too rough for carriages, even if one were fortunate enough to possess them.

My first attendance at church was in the old Court House, the Rev. David Higgins, pastor (Presbyterian). We came every Sabbath, summer and winter, and heard two profound sermons. Stoves were a luxury unknown, except small foot-stoves, which answered a good purpose keeping the feet from freezing. Early in the century a Deacon Hopkins lived a short distance below Bath, I think near a small pond. Charles Howell married one of the daughters, and a man named Rochester married another. Rochester moved to Rochester, N. Y., and if I am not very much mistaken, gave the name to that place. At one time there were slaves in Bath; I forget the year slavery was abolished in New York State. Samuel Haight (my uncle) owned a man named Simon Watkins. He married and became a very respectable citizen. At one time, I recollect, slave-catchers came from the South, caught half-grown boys, tied them hand and foot, threw them into large covered wagons and drove off with them. Simon stood at his door with a shot gun in his hand, and threatened to shoot the first man that entered his house. It is my opinion that at that time the slaveholders must have had friends in Bath. I can give no dates, only what I remember as a child.

I was in Bath and helped to celebrate her Fiftieth Anniversay when a young girl. I was born in 1811. My husband, Rev. C. Wheeler, preached in Bath in 1837–38.

It tires me very much to write, or I would try to do better. Someone sent me an invitation to visit Bath. I should be very glad to do so. Do what you think best with this. Love to your family.

CATHARINE McCLURE WHEELER.

19.—JOHN F. MEGINNESS.*

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., May 23. 1893.

A. J. McCall and Others, Committee:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Centennial of the founding of Bath in 1793. It would afford me much pleasure to be present on the occasion as it will doubtless be very interesting, but I fear that business engagements will prevent me. The story of the founding of Bath, coupled with the history of Charles Williamson, and "the horse races in the wilderness," is ever an interesting one. In the land office at Harrisburg, Pa., is a well preserved draft of his famous road which he cut through from the Loyalsock to the New York State line, in 1792, and over which he conducted his company of emigrants. They were the founders of Bath.

Yours,

JOHN F. MEGINNESS.

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* Author of the "History of the West Branch Valley, Pa."

FULL LIST OF WRITERS OF CENTENNIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

1—John A. McCall, President N. Y. Life Ins. Co.
2—Harriet Maxwell Converse, New York City.
3—Robert L. May, Denver, Col.
4—Henry C. May, M. D., Washington, D. C.
5—William Rochester Montgomery, Esq., Hillsdale, Mich.
6—Mrs. Fanny McCay Howell, Grand Rapids, Mich.
7—H. R. Haight, San Diego, Cal.
8—Gen. W. W. Averell (sent from Tacoma, Wash.)
9—President of the United States, Washington, D. C.
10—David C. Robinson, Elmira, N. Y.
11—Grattan H. Wheeler, Tacoma, Wash.
12—E. H. Butler, Buffalo, N. Y.
13—Senator Hill, Albany, N. Y.
14—Governor Flower, Albany, N. Y.
15—Commander J. A. Howell, U. S. Navy.
16—H. B. Plumb.
17—Rev. W. D. Wilson, D. D., L. L. D., Syracuse, N. Y.
18—L. D. Fay, Wellsboro, Pa.
19—William H. Engle, M. D., Harrisburg, Pa.
20—L. B. Proctor, Albany, N. Y.
21—J. R. Selover, M. D., Applegate, N. Y.
22—Rev. Almon Gregory.
23—Mrs. Louisa L. R. Pitkin, Rochester, N. Y.
24—M. Rumsey, St. Louis, Mo.
25—R. K. Warren, Portland, Ore.
26—Charles T. Blood, Ithaca, N. Y.
27—Jas. F. Howell, Fishkill Landing, N. Y.
28—Hon. James C. Smith, Canandaigua, N. Y.
29—J. C. Stephens, Canisteo, N. Y.
30—Hiram Potter, Chattanooga, Tenn.
31—Rev. George D. Stewart, Fort Madison, Iowa.
32—Hon. J. Sloat Fassett, Elmira, N. Y.
33—A. F. Barnes, Wellsboro, Pa.
34—"Steuben Club," Bath, N. Y.
35—James McCall, Esq., Bath, N. Y.
36—Thomas Hassett, Albany, N. Y.
37—Hon. Justin R. Whiting, St. Clair, Mich.
38—Hon. George J. Magee, Watkins, N. Y.
39—Hon. Sherman S. Rogers, Buffalo, N. Y.
40—Rev. L. M. Miller, D. D., Ogdensburg, N. Y.
41—Hon. James M. Barker, Pittsfield, Mass.

42—Irvin W. Near, Hornellsville, N. Y.
43—William Woods Whiting, Pittsfield, Mass.
44—Harry C. Heermans, Corning, N. Y.
45—James Roblee, Canisteo, N. Y.
46—Hon. William Rumsey, Bath, N. Y.
47—William Howell, Antrim, Pa.
48—John S. Minard, Fillmore, N. Y.
49—Clark Bell, Esq., New York City.
50—F. C. Johnson, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
51—C. H. Berry, Esq., Winona, Minn.
52—Prof. Z. L. Parker, Bath, N. Y.
53—George P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y.
54—A. R. Scott, Geneseo, N. Y.
55—Gen. N. M. Crane, Hornellsville, N. Y.
56—A. C. Knapp, Chicago, Ill.
57—Hon. Harlo Hakes, Hornellsville, N. Y.
58—Mrs. Catharine McClure Wheeler, Elgin, Ill.
59—William A. McCall, North Cove, N. C.
60—Perry P. Rogers, Binghamton, N. Y.
61—J. M. Dudley, New York City.

APPENDIX C.

A fitting close of this CENTENNIAL RECORD would be a summary of the official, professional and business activity of Bath, as it existed in June, 1893. As accurately as possible it is appended :

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

President—T. W. Gould.

Trustees—O. W. Sutton, M. D.; E. E. Aber; W. H. Phillips, D. D. S.; B. L. Smith, Esq.

Treasurer—William A. Dutcher.

Clerk—Thomas Shannon, Esq.

Attorney—L. A. Waldo, Esq.

Assessors—C. A. Ellas, H. S. Bennett, Thos. Fogarty.

Police Justice—Clarence Willis, Esq.

Chief of Police—David Ormsby.

Street Commissioner—Nelson Covell.

Chief of Fire Department—John McNamara.

Ass't Chiefs of Fire Department—Cameron Cotton, Geo. H. Parker.

Fire Wardens—John Wager, Morris Rothschild.

TOWN OFFICERS.

Supervisor—William H. Nichols, Esq.

Town Clerk—William W. Lindsay.

Justices of the Peace—William W. Lindsay, Clarence Willis, Esq., Frank Hardenbrook, Edwin R. Fuller, John K. Bancroft.

Assessors—William V. Longwell, James Little, John R. Hedges.

Commissioner of Highways—Royal C. Clark.

Collector—Harvey W. Cowan.

Overseers of the Poor—John L. Stocum, William M. Wagner.

Constables—Emory W. Hardenbrook, Chas. Dudley, Robert B. Wilkes, William S. Gray, Jerome H. Freeman.

CHURCHES.

The Presbyterian Church—Rev. M. N. Preston, Pastor.

St. Thomas Church (Episcopal), Rev. B. S. Sanderson, Rector,

Centenary (M. E.) Church, Rev. M. C. Dean, Pastor.

Baptist Church of Bath, Rev. V. P. Mather, Pastor.

St. Mary's Church (Roman Catholic), Rev. J. J. Gleason, Pastor.

Zion (A. M. E.) Church, Rev. B. W. Swain, Pastor.

THE BAR OF BATH.

Miller, M. R., Surrogate.
Kingsley, C. F.
Kingsley, Jas. R.
Kingsley, Chas. L.,
Little, Jno. F.
Lyon, Reuben R.
Lyon, Robert M.
McCall, A. J.
Miller, L. D.
McMaster, Humphrey,
McMaster, C. H.
McCall, James.
Nichols, W. H.
Parkhurst, J. F.
Robie, R. E.
Rumsey, Wm., Justice Supreme C't.
Smith, B. L.
Shannon, Thomas.
Willis, C.
Waldo, Lucius A.

THE PHYSICIANS OF BATH.

Alexis H. Cruttenden, M. D.
Ira P. Smith, M. D.
Ambrose Kasson, M. D.
Orlando W. Sutton, M. D.
B. F. Grant, M. D.
Geo. C. McNett, M. D.
Thomas H. Pawling, M. D.
Chester T. Stewart, M. D.
E. P. Stuart, M. D.

SOCIETIES AND ORDERS.

Grand Army of Republic (2 Posts), Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Maccabees, Royal Arcanum, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Good Templars, Patrons of Husbandry, Edwin Cook Hose Co., Rescue Hook and Ladder Co., Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Steuben Club.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Liberty Street.

Nos. 2-4—Perine & Davison, H. W. Perine, agent, and Moses Davison, dry goods, etc. Second floor, J. F. Parkhurst, law office; Thos. Hassett, stenographer. Third floor, Odd Fellows Hall.

No. 6—Isaac Adams, grocery. Second floor, W. H. Shepard, insurance.

No. 8—Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank; A. Beekman, Prest.; Frank Campbell, Cashier. Second floor, Reuben R. Lyon, law office.

No. 10—Daniels & Carroll, grocers; Norman Daniels, Ward Carroll. Second floor, Dr. M. F. St. John, dentist.

No. 12—Dr. Dunn & Co., druggists and stationers; J. Dunn, E. A. Banlch. Second floor, O. H. Smith, insurance. Third floor, G. A. R. rooms.

No. 14—J. M. Ringer, jewelry and stationery. Second floor, J. M. Ferris, insurance; John Abel, harness.

No. 16—Chas. S. Allison, merchant tailor. Second floor, Thos. Craig, shoe shop.

No. 18—G. W. Peck & Co., hardware.

No. 20—W. J. Jones, druggist. Second floor, Cameron Cotton, billiard parlor. Third floor, Cotton & Davison, machinists.

No. 22—Sliney & Hoffman, grocers. Second floor, Phillips & Lantz, dentists.
No. 24—W. P. Sedgwick, jeweler. Second floor, A. Osgood, dentist.
No. 26—A. Rich, merchant tailor and clothier.
No. 28—S. G. Lewis, grocer. Second floor, Lindsay & Fay, milliners; Mrs. Carrie Fay, Miss Helen Lindsay.
No. 30—F. J. Richards, barber shop.
No. 32—J. M. Collins, saloon.
No. 34-36—J. M. Messerschmitt, hotel and restaurant.
No. 38—Rothschild & Loeb, clothiers. Second floor, Dr. B. F. Grant. Third floor, Catholic Temperance Society.
No. 40—Flynn & Co., grocers; R. R. Flynn, A. L. Underhill. Second floor, Dr. Geo. C. McNett.
No. 42—Post Office and Telegraph office. Second floor, *Steuben Farmers' Advocate.* Third floor, A. B. DeGroat, photographer.
No. 52—N. Ingersoll, second-hand store.
No. 1—First National Bank; H. H. Cook, Prest.; W. W. Allen, cashier. W. H. Nichols and M. R. Miller, law office. Basement, Geo. Johnson, barber shop. Second floor, C. F. Kingsley, law office; Polley Boiler Cleaner Co.; Clarence Willis, justice; Wallace Orcutt, pension agent. Third floor, Rescue Hook and Ladder Company.
No. 3—S. S. Seely, druggist. Second floor, Dr. O. W. Sutton.
No. 5—Geo. W. Hallock Bank; Geo. W. Hallock, Prest.; W. H. Hallock, cashier. Second floor, B. L. Smith, law office; Bath Gas Company's office. Third floor, Edwin Cook Hose Company.
No. 7—Berkman Bottling Co. Second floor, Geo. Landers, tailor. Third floor, dancing hall.
No. 9—Simon Bovier, hat store. Second floor, W. W. Lindsay, justice; Castle & Son, shoemakers. Third floor, John Coumbe, photographer. Basement, Chas. Longwell, meat market.
No. 11—Star Clothing House; P. P. Tharp. Second floor, Jennie Clark, millinery; Misses Shoemaker, dress makers. Third floor, Grange Hall; Hannah Parker, dress maker.
No. 13—Church & Alden, dry goods; E. L. Church, E. D. Alden.
No. 15—S. Engleman, notions, etc.
No. 17—Brownell & Co., hardware; C. S. Brownell, W. W. Allen.
No. 19—Wylie's Book Store. Second floor, Dr. C. T. Stewart.
No. 21—Robie's, dry goods; J. C. Robie, agent. Second floor, R. E. Robie, law office.
No. 23—S. W. Wood, grocer. Second floor, James McCall, law office.
No. 25—C. A. Ellas, druggist.
No. 27—John McNamara, hardware. Third floor, Masonic Hall.
No. 29—A. Kausch, jeweler; J. H. Scott, agent, boots and shoes. Second floor, Dr. T. H. Pawling.

No. 31—M. H. Tharp, shoe store. Second floor, J. F. Little, Thos. Shannon, law office.
No. 33—Read House, J. B. Touzeau, prop'r.
No. 35—Robinson's Liquor Store, E. L. Robinson, agent.
No. 43—Jos. Maloney, barber shop.
No. 45—Stetson's meat market.
No. 47—*Bath Plaindealer* office. Second floor, Steuben Club.
No. 49—F. H. Olin & Co., bakery.
No. 55—Miss Dyer, dressmaker. W. M. Hyde, laundry.
No. 57—A. D. Boileau, wagon shop.
No. 59—John Boileau, blacksmith.

West Steuben Street.

No. 7-9—Hewlett & Co., furniture.
No. 15—A. Beecher, restaurant.
No. 17—T. H. Appleby, collar and harness factory.
No. 21—Bath Tubular Hame Co.
No. 25—Robert Stewart, blacksmith.
No. 29—Joy's Steam Mill.
No. 47-51—Stocum & Son, John Stocum, John L. Stocum, furniture.
No. 26—A. Butler, planing mill.
Fred Niver, blacksmith.
No. 48—Gregson & Smith, shoe factory.
No. 2—T. P. Purdy, Ag't. paint store.
No. 4—W. V. Longwell, meat market.
No. 6—Stansbury & Leavenworth, sewing machines and stationery; Mrs. R. L. Sutton, music store. Second floor, telephone office.
No. 8—Aber Bros., E. E. & G. M. Aber, groceries. Second floor, Miss Jennie Richardson, ladies' shoes. E. A. Page, tailor.
No. 10—John Hoyt, meat market. Second floor, Geo. Quackenbush, harness shop.
No. 12—G. H. Ferris, jeweler; T. W. Barber, groceries. Second floor, E. A. Hines, barber.
No. 14—E. B. Hodges, baker and grocer. Second floor, Henry Bradt, shoemaker. John Gould, picture frames and upholstery.
No. 16—Ulrich's Hotel, Chas. Ulrich, proprietor.
No. 18—Edward Conley, hardware.
No. 20—Mrs. Delia Boyle, saloon.
No. 22—Frank Lee, laundry.
No. 24—F. J. Johner, saloon.
No. 30—Philip Plough, shoe shop.

East Steuben Street.

No. 7—R. Seager, billiard parlor. Second floor, Dr. A. Kasson.
No. 9—Seymore Miller, barber shop.

No. 11–17—Nichols House, J. R. Laidlaw, proprietor.
No. 19–23—A. Beekman, sash, doors and blinds.
No. 25—Fred Smallidge, livery.
D. B. Boileau, carriage shop.
Miss Hannah Dudley, florist.

Buel Street.

No. 5—*The Steuben Courier.* Second floor, Davenport Free Library.
No. 7.—Gould & Nowlen, plumbers.
No. 9.—Charles Haley, barber shop.
No. 11—Fred Moris, harness factory.
No. 13–15—Cornwell House, J. F. Gleason, proprietor.
No. 25—Jos. Tharp & Son, livery.
No. 6—Andrew Crook, marble dealer.
No. 10—J. Futherer, shoe shop. Second floor, Miss Futherer, millinery.
No. 12–16—Robinson House, Murphy & Shoch, proprietors.

Howell Street.

John Brewster, grocery; Lloyd Woodbury, meat market.

Morris Street.

East—S. L. Holcomb, cigar factory; E. E. Carrington, ice dealer.
West—James Faucett, grain, produce, coal, etc.; Bath Mills, S. Packard.

Cameron Street.

Fluent Bros., wagon shop; Geo. W. Murray, paint shop; M. Bowes & Co., coal, oil and produce; James Poole, malster; Joseph White, feed and cider mills; W. M. Smith, apple distillery.

East Washington Street.

M. V. Barton, blacksmith shop; Richardson M'f'g. Co.; M. Fenton, grocery.

Halsey Street.

Utopia Cigar Factory, D. W. Raysor, proprietor.

Haverling Street.

S. E. Van Scoter, florist.

Exchange Street.

M. Collins, Carregin & Thorp, blacksmiths; E. D. Chapman, wood yard.

East William Street.

Davison Bros., planing mill; G. H. Hardenbrook, foundry and machine shop; E. S. Hardenbrook, tin shop; H. M. Jewell, bottling works.

Pine Street.

Ward Carroll, cooper shop.

Lackawanna Street.

Steuben Co. Vineyard Association, wines and brandies; L. H. Balcom, coal.

East Liberty Street—Rear.

Jacket Can Factory, H. Cooley, Supt.; W. H. Loomis, wagon shop; Thos. Fogarty, builder; Frank Lindsay, livery; J. F. Beekman, livery.

Chestnut Street.

E. Aulls, foundry.