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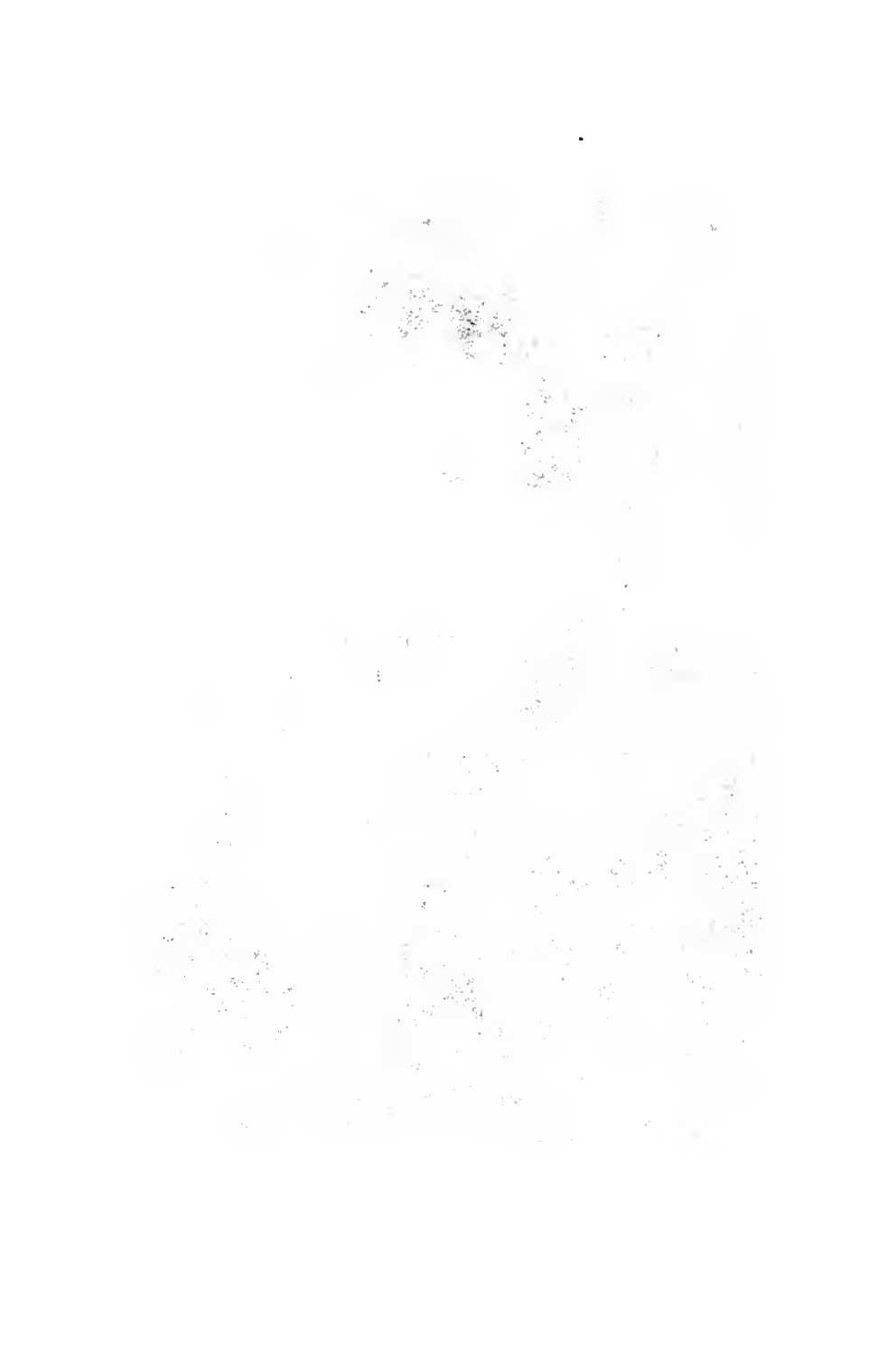






ADRIEL ELY

1791-1859









HVELIN - FOSTER BL.

11-2-1967

## 2.1.7. Sulfuric Acid

100% w/w

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF

## ADRIEL ELY

AND

## EVELINA FOSTER

HIS WIFE



MCMXII

ARRANGED  
BY  
GERTRUDE SUMNER ELY KNOWLTON  
AND  
THEODORE NEWEL ELY  

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PRIVATELY PRINTED

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## INTRODUCTION

**I**N the following pages no attempt has been made to write a consecutive history, nor even a sketch, of those whose names are mentioned herein. A collection has been made of various letters with the idea of preserving for the younger generation a knowledge of some of the traits of their ancestors, and of recording a few happenings in their lives and in the lives of those closely associated with them. Incidentally, also, there is a hint of the times in which they lived—the first half of the nineteenth century.

In the years which elapsed between the births of the first and last child many changes occurred in the home life and in prevailing customs. Realizing this, the eldest was asked to write down some of the things she remembered which had not come within the ken of the younger children. In her last days, therefore, she wrote the opening paper, leaving it as “her legacy to the family”—her “Recollections” she called it; and it is this name which has been adopted for the title-page.

To supplement her narrative, others were asked to write, in an informal way, of things which might occur to them. The material came to me mainly in the shape in which it is here presented, although,

to avoid too much repetition, some cutting out and rearranging were necessary.

The local data I have endeavored to verify by comparison with all the histories of Jefferson County now extant.

The illustrations are copies of old paintings and daguerreotypes, and it is hoped that they will add interest to this story of the two who "crossed the bar" well-nigh fifty years ago.

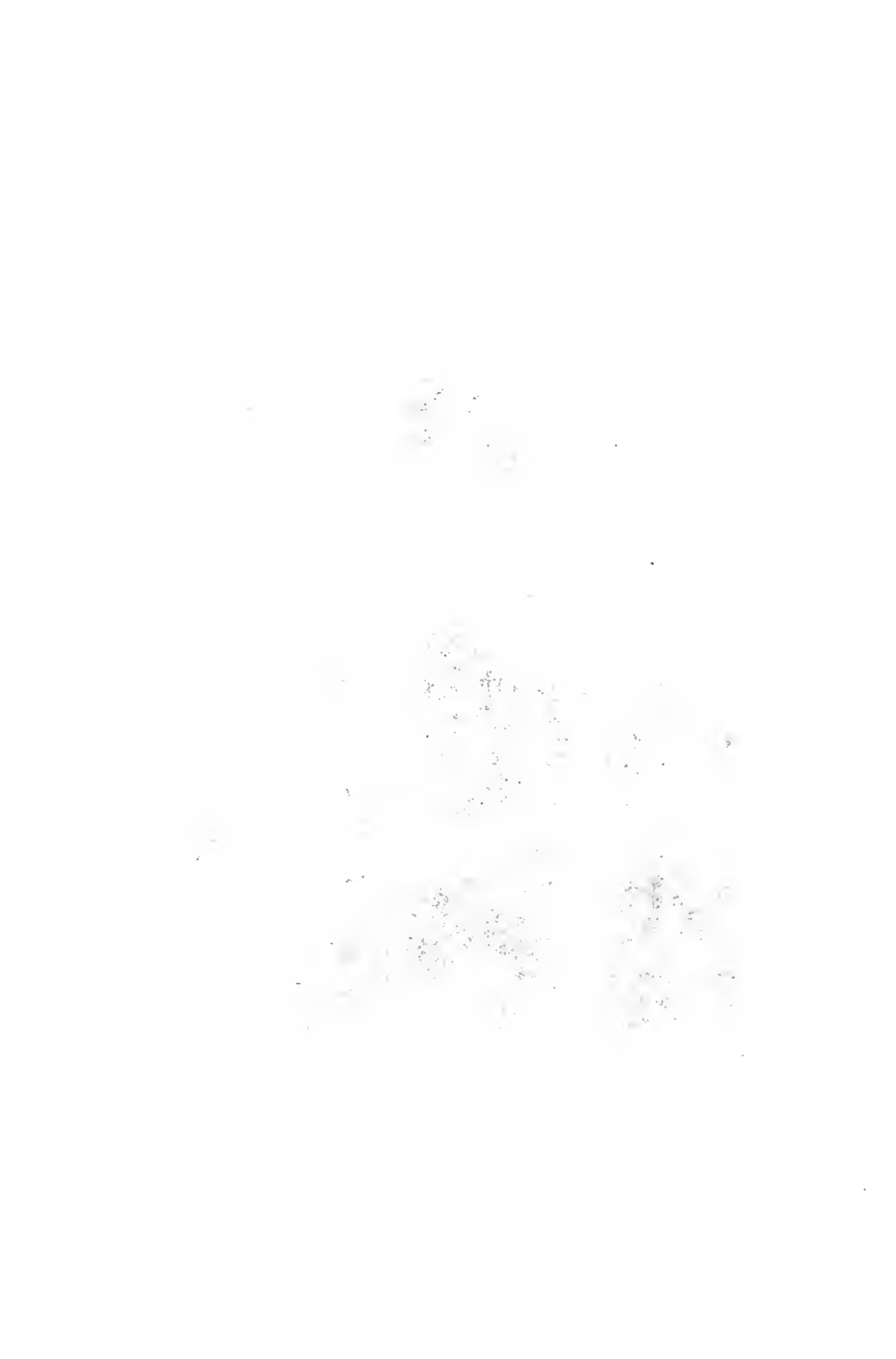
G.S.E.K.

Watertown, New York, 1912.





HARRIETT PORTER ELY RICHARDSON





## HARRIETTE FOSTER ELY RICHARDSON

### LETTER

My father, Adriel Ely, was born in Lyme, Connecticut, February 9, 1791. His parents were Adriel Ely and Sarah Stow. He was the youngest of five children and was only five years old when his mother died. His father made an unhappy second marriage, so that his home life was unpleasant. When quite young he taught school, and I do not know how old he was when he left home to seek his fortune in the West (as New York State was then considered), nor what led him to Watertown; but when there he entered the store of Jabez Foster as clerk, where he remained until he went into partnership with Orville Hungerford. How long that partnership lasted I do not know, but from my earliest remembrance he had a store of his own. Though a merchant, he did many other things—he was always a manufacturer of potash and, for many years, was occupied with the business of pensions. His great cleverness in tracing records enabled him to get pensions for the widows of Revolutionary soldiers and others which, otherwise, they never would have had. How well I remember the fourth of March and the fourth of September when the old people would gather in the store! Grand-

father used to entertain them, and glasses of wine were given to them.

Father was a bank director and, in one instance that I know of, he saved the bank from great loss. He was a friend of the widow and helped settle many estates. He had a fine legal mind, far-seeing and of quick perceptions, and was often called on to act as referee. He was so often successful in lawsuits that a man who had been beaten said: "Give Adriel Ely Dry Hill for his army and he would conquer Napoleon and all his soldiers."

He certainly had a fine head and a large heart. As, with my maturer eyes, I look back I think he was a remarkable man. I do not remember his ever exhibiting a selfish trait. If every one around him was happy, so was he, no matter how sick he felt. He would often say: "Never mind me, go on with your fun," and pleasant noises never seemed to annoy.

He was married December 28, 1826, to Evelina Foster, fifteen years his junior—a little girl when he entered her father's store. They had seven children,—Harriette Foster, Evelina, Elvira, Foster, Frederick Gustavus, Gertrude Sumner, and Theodore Newel.

A great sufferer for many years, he bore the support of his expensive family uncomplainingly and,

with many provocations, he always kept his temper. Many a man would have been on his sick-bed when he kept up and went to business.

Father was reserved and quiet in manner, and whatever of calmness, even temper, or good judgment any of us have, we inherit from him.

A member and supporter of the Presbyterian Church, he lived his religion instead of talking it. After weeks of the most dreadful suffering, borne with heroic patience, he died April 20, 1859, aged sixty-eight years. He was buried on Friday, April 22, in Brookside Cemetery, Watertown, New York.

Evelina Foster, second daughter of Jabez Foster and Hannah Hungerford, was born July 1, 1806, in Burrville, a little village about five miles from Watertown. When she was two years old her father moved into a house in Watertown, which he had built on Washington Street near the Public Square. In after-years it was owned by Mr. Loveland Paddock. There she lived until she was married, and in all her life she knew only the two homes. She must have been a very interesting girl for, though so young when she married, she had many suitors.

She was one of the pupils of Mrs. Emma Willard at the Troy Female Seminary in 1824 and 1825, when that famous school was in its infancy, and in

later years she entertained Mrs. Willard in her home.

She was so bright and full of fun that she made every place pleasant where she went, and old and young welcomed her to their circles. No company was too heavy for her to dissipate the dulness. She once said to me, "You don't know the meaning of the word fun." Her ambition and energy were wonderful, and the amount of work she accomplished was amazing. She was always a ready helper to all about her. At births, marriages, and deaths she was a most efficient assistant. She was an excellent nurse, and, although neither she nor father had any ear for music, her voice was particularly sweet in a sick-room. This was natural to her, for in childhood she went out among the sick—when only twelve she and another girl sat up with a poor woman who died during the night. I have been told tales of her going with old Diane, grandfather's slavewoman, to draw wood on her sled to poor people. It did not matter to either of them that grandfather's woodpile grew smaller—very likely not to him, either. She was always guided by her impulse and feeling rather than by reasoning, and an appeal to her heart always met with an instant response.

I am not sure whether Diane was a slave when grandfather had her, but she was spoken of as such, and I think slavery had not been abolished at that time in the state and that a few were held there then.

The four years that mother lived after father's death had much of suffering in them, and towards the last it was too great to bear recording. She had such a fine constitution that death did not get an easy prey. The release came August 14, 1863, at the age of fifty-seven years.

The old stone house on Washington Street, Watertown, was built by our father in 1826.\* He went into it immediately after his marriage and there lived all the rest of his life.

The house was first built three rooms deep, besides a hall and a bedroom at the end. Soon after, a kitchen was added, which was afterwards replaced by a better one with various outhouses attached. In the kitchen was a brick oven, where the baking was done, and also a large open fireplace with andirons and a crane for hanging kettles. I do not remember much about this mode of cooking, because we had a stove at an early date.

In that kitchen the amount of work done was amazing and never could have been accomplished but for mother's great energy and good management. There the great pieces of beef were corned, ready to be packed in barrels, and when the pigs, which we raised, were killed, the hams were cured and made ready for the smoke-house, where also hung the dried beef. Sausages, souse, and head-cheese were

\*Sold to E. Q. Sewall in 1866.

made, and the pork was cut for salting. There the great tubs of mince-meat were made, apples pared and cut for drying, and the best fruit that could be had made into the choicest preserves. There the tallow, after being tried out, was run into moulds for candles, and there the lard was carefully tried, ready for the great pans of doughnuts so much used in winter.

All the white sugar in those days came in pyramidal loaves, wrapped in heavy blue paper, and it was no trifle to cut, pound, and prepare it for use. Spices had to be pounded or ground, and the mortar was in frequent demand. All coffee came green and had to be carefully browned before being made into the delicious beverage.

Father was a liberal provider, and quantities of fresh meat and poultry were packed away in snow, for winter consumption. Then if a January thaw came great anxiety was felt. In summer father prided himself on his large vegetable gardens, where he raised the choicest kinds. In those days canned goods were unknown.

In 1843 a wing was added to the house, and in 1853 the dining-room was enlarged and upper rooms built and gas introduced.

Hospitality might have been inscribed on the walls of this dear old home. If they could talk they

would tell many a tale of welcome as well as of joy and sorrow.

The house seemed to be a rendezvous for relatives and friends the country round, when business or pleasure called them to town. A basket of rich fruit-cake, baked twice a year in the brick oven, supplemented by old-fashioned pound-cake and sponge-cake, with a fine cut-glass decanter of choice wine, used to be kept ready to refresh the visitors. Guests in the house were numerous and I remember at one time there were twenty-four in the family. Of all the guests I cannot recall many who became distinguished; but the society of Watertown has always been high-toned.

Any notice of the old house would be incomplete without mention of Theodore and Newel Ely, who were for so many years active members of our household. Theodore was the son of father's brother, Dr. Sumner Ely, and Newel, the son of William, another brother. Theodore came first and was for many years a clerk in father's store. Afterwards he went into the bank. He always lived in our house until it was closed and was devoted to the interests of the store. Newel came later into the store and for a long time was father's right-hand man. Both were attentive nurses at his dying bed, as well as at mother's. After father's death they managed the settlement of the estate. Both have since died as they lived, bachelors.

Evelina, second daughter of Adriel and Evelina F. Ely, was born November 25, 1829, and died April 27, 1846, not quite seventeen years old. She was a very interesting girl, full of fun, and a born musician—so fond of music that only a short time before her death, when her voice was gone, she was drawn to the piano to play. She had a beautiful alto voice and sang in church as long as she could. She was tall, erect, with rather light hair and a beautiful complexion. She was very reserved and uncomplaining, not very fond of books, and was in every respect a contrast to me. In the fall of 1845 she went to Michigan, to spend the winter with our aunt, Elvira Smith. She came home in the spring with chills and gradually faded away.

Elvira, the lovely little two-year-old daughter, had light curly hair. She was so bright that grandfather used to teach her to sing. She died, after a short illness, from small-pox. Her last word was "Hallelujah." Her burial was a sad one. Fear of the disease was so great that she was carried to the grave at 4 A.M. and, besides father, only one friend followed her, faithful Deacon Horace Hunt. Mother had varioloid at the time, contracted from nursing her.

Jabez Foster, our grandfather, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, August 1, 1777, and went to Jefferson County, New York, as one of its earliest settlers. At what age he went there or what his earliest



experiences there were I do not know, but I suppose he did any pioneer work till he was able to open a store of general merchandise. In that he became very successful and at one time became what, in those days, was considered rich. I have heard him tell of his trips to New York to buy goods, when he would be a week getting from Albany to New York in a sloop, and with only mud wagons and sleighs for the rest of the trip. He was afterwards financially unfortunate, but saved enough to support him for the rest of his life.

He married Hannah Hungerford (born in Farmington, Connecticut, September 13, 1777) and had twelve children, only five of whom reached maturity. She died suddenly, the year our mother was married (1826). He then broke up his home and went with a little daughter, Harriet, seven years old, to our father's house. She did not live very long.

He then built the Lansing house, next to father's, and lived in it a short time with his daughter Elvira. He also built the Dr. Binsse house across the river—when, I do not know. It seems to me that from my earliest recollection he was a member of our family. His must have been a hospitable house, for it was spoken of as “the minister's home,” and I heard the eccentric preacher, Rev. Jedediah Burchard, say in one of his characteristic sermons, in which he delighted in personalities, that “the latch-string of

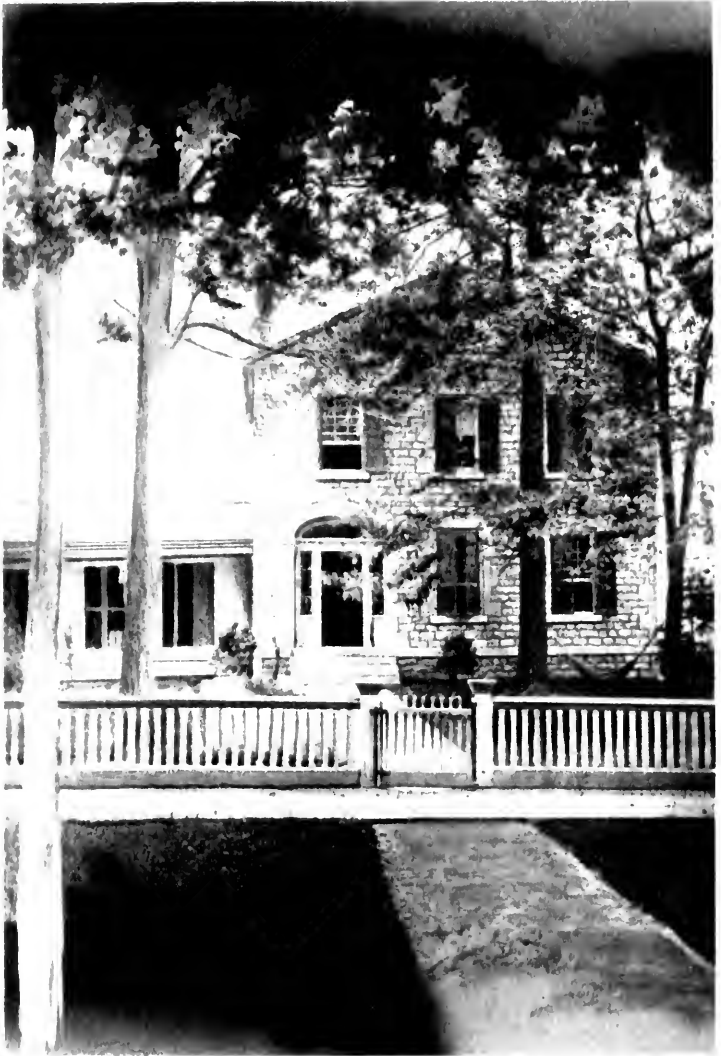
Judge Foster's house always hung on the outside." He was very fond of music, and sang in the church which he had the main credit of building. I thought it very funny when he described to me how, when he was a young man, he wore his hair braided down his back, tied with blue ribbons. He was a very genial, social man, and methodical in all his ways. His two sons, Gustavus and Morris, living in Cleveland, Ohio, he went out to visit them and there met and married a rich widow, Mrs. Jane Merwin. It was a very unwise and unhappy thing for him to do; but she did not live long. She had a child, who died from small-pox. I remember seeing her once in our house.

After her death he resumed his seat at our fire-side, and there remained until after the death of his son-in-law, Major Henry Smith, who, having gone to Mexico to fight for his country, fell a victim to yellow fever soon after his arrival.

Grandfather then thought he ought to go to Monroe, Michigan, where his daughter resided, to comfort her in her sorrow. This was a heroic thing for him to do because, not long before, he had had something of the nature of a heart attack, and he felt the shadow of death hanging about him. He bade good-bye sadly to the places he loved so well, and, a very short time after, another attack suddenly ended his life. He died December 10, 1847.

Renovo, Pennsylvania, July, 1896.









## FRANCES STERLING MASSEY

### LETTER

Your father was a perfect gentleman of the old school, a man who was looked up to for advice in all circumstances, and his judgment was correct. In his dealings with men he was strictly honorable. He was the widows' friend and the orphans' adviser, good to the poor, giving them work or money. His fondness for his nieces and nephews was noticeable, befriending them in all circumstances. Was very fond of having your mother admired and, although there was so much difference in their ages, there was not one particle of jealousy in his disposition. He was fond of entertaining his friends and always liked a house full of company. I never knew a man who would endure so much pain without complaining. One day, as he came in from his business, he came up to me and took hold of his little finger and said: "If this finger were cut off it would not hurt me any more." He suffered from neuralgia, as you know.

I can say that as much as I was in your father's family I never saw him the least out of humor. As a father and ruler of his family, in my opinion, he had no equal.

Your mother in many respects was a wonderful woman. She never spent an idle moment, and was

greatly beloved by those who served her—was fond of entertaining her friends and thought nothing too much that she could do to promote their comfort and happiness.

She was stern with her sons but very gentle with her daughters. Her love for your father was not of that violent, romantic kind which hardly lasts until the honeymoon is over, but as she lived on her love increased, and the day of his death she honored and loved him more than the day of her marriage. As children of such parents you may well honor their memory and imitate their example.

I know little of your grandfather Foster, but remember him as a most cheerful man and perfectly devoted to all of you as children. I was ten years old when I parted with our grandfather Ely (in 1824). The parting between him and my mother I can never forget. She was the only daughter he had, and she was leaving him to live in far-away northern New York. The first day's journey he came from Lyme with us in his own carriage, for in those days there was no railroad. I do not remember our own grandmother. After grandfather Ely married the second time his life was not very happy. His wife was a maiden lady, and if your father were living he could tell you of her peculiar traits. She was from a good family but never liked children.

Brooklyn, New York, January, 1897.











## CORNELIA S. HUNGERFORD

### LETTER

Jabez Foster was married July 24, 1800, in Paris, New York, to Hannah Hungerford. For a short time they resided in Westmoreland, New York; also in Turin, New York. About 1804 he removed to Burrville, New York, and opened a store in company with Mr. Converse. In 1808 he removed to Watertown village where, in company with his brother-in-law, Orville Hungerford, he transacted a large business during the War of 1812-15—the firm of Foster & Hungerford supplying provisions to the United States Army at Sackets Harbor.

About 1811 Sabbath service was held in the school-house on the hill, the site of the present Hotel LeRay, on the south side of Public Square. Judge Foster was chorister. The school-house was built in 1804, the first one in the village. The old stone church on Washington Street was built in 1820 and was the first one here. It was built under the supervision of Judge Foster at a cost of \$9000 and was dedicated June 1, 1821.

Judge Foster was President of the Jefferson County Bank from 1817 to 1819, and again from 1825 to 1826, and for years was County Judge, Supervisor, etc. His first appointment as Judge of

General Sessions was in 1813, and (to quote from Hough's History), "In every station he acquired the esteem of all associated with him by his kindness and probity of character." When he removed to Watertown, he bought a lot on Washington Street\* and built the house in which he lived until he sold it to Mr. Levi Beebee.

The first well dug in the village was on this lot. It was thirty feet deep and was the best water in the village.

While Mrs. Foster was busy near the well one day, her little daughter, Evelina, then only two years old, tried to climb up to get hold of the bucket. Her four-year-old sister, Elvira, was holding the other bucket, and when she released her hold Evelina lost her balance and fell head foremost into the well. Her mother saw her just as she went down, and, giving a scream, with true motherly instinct she went into the well to rescue her child, not thinking of the danger to herself. Some men working on the roof of a house (corner of Clinton Street) heard the scream and saw Mrs. Foster disappear. Thinking she was trying to drown herself, they wished to save her. They found her with the child on her shoulder and, by hand-over-hand use of the well-chain and by bracing her feet on the side of the well, she had got so near the top that they could reach down and help her out. The child was neither hurt nor frightened, but

the shock to the mother's nerves was so great that it was months before she recovered. An impression left on the little girl's brain was that there was an old man and his wife at the bottom of the well, and that there was a table set for supper.

Mrs. Foster was a rare woman, with great executive ability. She died, much lamented, at the age of forty-nine years.

In those old times visiting was universal among relatives, often to the third generation—also among friends and acquaintances.

The Ely home, which was most hospitable, was the nucleus of aristocratic visitors from Oswego, Lowville, Brownville, and Sackets Harbor, from the "Post." Mrs. Ely was an elegant cook, so her friends fared luxuriously, even those who dropped in to dinner or to pass the night quite unexpectedly. Judge Foster was very abstemious in eating and drinking—always left the table when he could relish more. Apple pie and milk was his Sunday-night lunch, invariably.

Adriel Ely was strict in his attendance at church, and required the same of his family.

You have heard, of course, of the Church Sewing Society functions, semi-monthly, with a feast of good things for supper,—raised biscuit, bread-cake, crullers, with rich preserves and pickles, and other good things. Marietta Hungerford was seldom absent.

She was a famous quilter; she would leave the quilt and pass into another room to thread her needle, as a long thread saves time. She was a quaint and thrifty soul. Mrs. Wardwell, Mrs. Mary Ely, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Brainard, and Mrs. William Wood are those I recall as constant attendants, with many younger ones.

I must not omit to mention the horse owned for a great many years in the Ely family, Dick by name,—“Old Dick.” He was often driven to Utica (eighty miles) one day and back the next, without signs of fatigue. He died at the advanced age of thirty-three years—that is, advanced for a horse.

Watertown, New York, December, 1907.

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\*I find a statement as to this Washington Street property in “The Gazetteer,” published in 1890, to the effect that he bought the land from Hart Massey, but the sale did not include the frame house (believed to have been the first of its kind built in Watertown) which stood on the lot. It was built and occupied by Mr. Massey and was removed by him to another location. “Mr. Benedict, who bought the adjoining plot, and Judge Foster set about building the most spacious and elegant residences by far yet undertaken in the village, if not in



the county. The one built by Judge Foster was occupied by him until after the death of his wife, when it was sold to Levi Beebee. Later it became the property of Loveland Paddock. The well, dug on the place during the occupancy of Mr. Massey, is still in use.”

G.S.E.K.

ADRIEL ELY  
1744—1829

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SARAH STOW  
1754—1796

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**Portraits unobtainable**

## SUMNER STOW ELY

### LETTER

The "Record of Connecticut Men in the War of the Revolution" (a book published by authority of the State) gives the following concerning our grandfather, Adriel Ely. He was Sergeant in the company which went from Lyme, Connecticut, at the time of the Lexington Alarm in 1775, and served twenty-nine days. He was also Second Lieutenant in Captain Martin Kirtland's company of Colonel Erastus Wolcott's regiment, which was stationed by Washington before Boston in January, 1776. He was a man of commanding stature, forceful character, and of high standing as a citizen. His children were all by his first wife, Sarah Stow. The name of his second wife was Hepzibah Turner.

My father, Sumner, graduated at an early age from Yale College and located at Clarksville, Otsego County, New York, in 1810. As an evidence of his popularity with his immediate neighbors is the fact that he was elected supervisor at thirteen annual town meetings, eleven of which were in successive years. In 1836 he was elected Member of Assembly and in 1840, State Senator for a term of four years. At that time the State Senators and the Justices of the Supreme Court constituted "The

Court for the Correction of Errors," which then was the highest in the state; and his duties as a member of the Senate and of that Court occupied a large part of his time each of the four years served. In 1840 he was elected President of the New York State Medical Society. In 1852 he was sent by that society, as its representative, to the American Medical Association. He died February 3, 1857.

My brother, Theodore Dwight, was his mother's favorite child, which speaks very loudly for him. To make those with whom he associated feel humorous and happy was a prominent trait in his nature, and that disposition manifested itself in his letters.

Your father, Adriel, went to Watertown in 1814 and was then twenty-three years old. On one of his visits in Clarksville he taught me to play chess, and I shall never forget the patience, kindness, and earnestness which he manifested in so doing.

Your sister, Harriette, and I were cousins not only in name, but also in the love which that relationship justifies. She, in company with Theodore, made several summer visits at my father's house, and I made several at your father's, so thus in our younger days we were much together, and I flatter myself when I say that our tastes and dispositions were much alike. These visits are the red-letter days of my life. Simplicity, frankness, and a total absence of affectation characterized all her acts, and her devo-

tion to her friends was equaled only by her devotion to her Maker.

Girard, Pennsylvania, December, 1907.

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As Uncle Sumner was nearer to us than were most of our relatives, it is a pleasure to include the above sketch of him. In addition, it should be said that he was one of the old-time country doctors with a large practice, scattered over a district of high hills and poor roads, involving long and fatiguing horseback rides and great exposure; but his vigorous constitution and frugal, temperate habits enabled him to withstand the strain and to retain until the last his strong mental and physical powers. He died in the seventieth year of his age, his death being caused by a fall received a few weeks previous. He was of large stature, six feet and one inch in height. His wife, Hannah Gilbert, on the contrary, was small; she was a gentle soul, and the pet of her six men (she had five sons). While appreciating, she was inclined to deprecate their frequent jokes, and when Uncle Sumner would remark to some visitor that her biscuits were so light they had to keep the windows shut to prevent their flying outdoors, she would say in her mild way, "*Why, Doctor!*"

One incident in the domestic life of the old Clarksville home is worth recording, because it has

become a proverb with some of us. One day, when the buttermaking was finished and the churning implements were to be put away, as they were about to descend into the cellar the big, hearty maid-of-all-work, officious in appearing to help, said to dear little Aunt Hannah in the most matter-of-course tone, "Mis' Ely, you carry the churn and I'll carry the candle." And I dare say Aunt Hannah did it. There are so many *candle* bearers in this world!

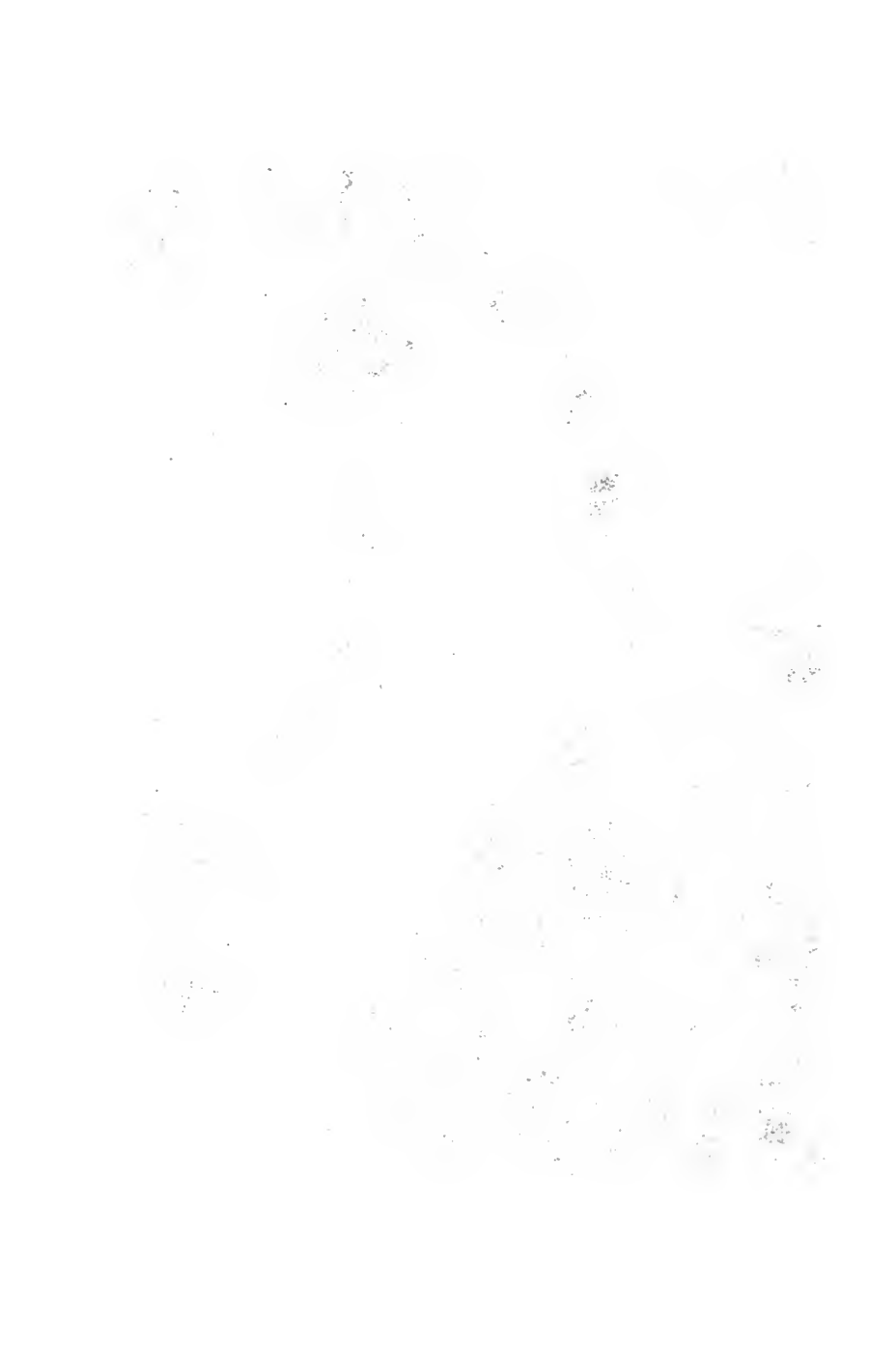
G.S.E.K.











## AUGUSTUS GOODALE

### LETTER

My earliest remembrance of your father, Adriel Ely, goes back to the time when I was a Sunday School scholar and he was my teacher in the old Session house which stood, as near as I can recollect, at the northwest corner of what is now Stone and Arcade Streets. The Session house was an annex of the First Presbyterian Church, though rather remote from the old stone structure it then was. That was about the year 1834, when Rev. George Boardman was pastor.

My idea is that Mr. Ely was rather a stern man with the boys. I know we had to behave in Sunday School, and I suppose our lessons were as well learned as is the case with the average Sunday School boy nowadays. My recollection is that he was my teacher until I graduated. When I left Sunday School, at the age of twelve or fourteen years, my time must have passed pretty much as that of the other boys. I knew all the old settlers—Hungerford, Paddock, Ely, Woodruff, Foster, Sterling, Ten Eyck, etc.; but they took very little notice of us until we got along to the twenties.

Mr. Ely appeared to me for a number of years as a rather stern, unapproachable man—not more so,

perhaps, than his contemporaries—until I had arrived at more mature years and was, fortunately for myself, invited informally to drop in any evening and to become intimately acquainted with your family, which consisted of your father and mother, Hattie, yourself, Foster, Fred, and Theodore, and also of your cousin Theodore. The collateral members were Van Vleck, Story, George Goodale, and myself. There might have been one or two others, whose names I do not recall.

Upon that invitation and my acceptance, I found your father to be one of the most genial and hospitable hosts and friends it was ever my fortune to meet, and the same cordiality was extended to us young fellows by your mother. Mr. Ely and his wife were in harmony in that respect. Perhaps it would not be becoming in me to tell you now, staid matron as you are, that after you were sent to bed, and the boys (Fred, Foster, and Theodore) safely disposed of for the night, and the deacons and minister of the church—evening callers—had vanished, about nine o'clock this stern, unapproachable father of yours would draw out the little mahogany table and say: "Come, boys, what's trumps?" and that old-fashioned whist would occupy the time for two hours or longer, and that our repast would be hot mince pie and a little "Otard, Dupuy & Co." I sometimes think I owe my long and healthy existence to the

hot mince and its qualifying company, the beverage. Your mother would always make up a hand at the whist table, and if I owe any one for my early training and teaching, which made me a pretty good card-player, it is to them.

There were winters when young ladies appeared as guests at your house,—the Misses Smith and, once in a while, a Miss Foster. Hattie Smith afterwards became Mrs. Fred Story, and Elvira, Mrs. George Goodale.

Thus two or three years of my early life were passed in an intimacy with one of the best and most genial families in Watertown, and as I look over the long past to those times, so full of pleasure to my early days, and know there is a direct representative here living to whom I can give a slight summary of them, it almost seems as if the intervening years were blotted out and I might still, of a pleasant winter night, wander up to the old stone house on Washington Street and renew the intimacy of those pleasant times.

Watertown, New York, 1903.













PAMELA B. WRIGHT

LETTER

When we look back upon the past, as I am permitted to (a long way), we often recall events of deep interest to ourselves and others, as in this instance. I was thinking of your dear mother to-day and of the very high esteem in which she was held by the community, noted as she was for her genuine kindness in countless ways, and of her spending a night in lovely care and watchfulness over me during a very critical illness, which occurred when we lived "over the river" and now dates back in the past over fifty-four years.

At that time every effort was made to procure a reliable nurse, which proved unavailing, and your dear mother offered her valuable services, with other kind friends, who watched over me until permanent relief was secured,—a condition which bears quite a strong contrast to the present time, as the necessity for "trained nurses" had not then impressed itself upon the public.

We often referred to the event afterwards with much satisfaction, as I ever remembered her tender, gentle watchfulness as that of a guardian angel.

Watertown, New York, November, 1907.







1871





## JAMES DELONG

### LETTER

My first work in Watertown was with my brother on a masonry "arch" for your father's ashery on Factory Street, where the Harmon Shop now stands. At that time my brother lived across the road. I, as a lad, was learning masonry. I had some dealings later with your father and became acquainted also with your cousin Theodore. Once, when talking with the latter, your father, overhearing the conversation, called me in and said my plan was commendable and offered to help. He said he would assist and furnish whatever money I needed and, when I got ready, I could give him a mortgage and he would wait four or five years for the payment.

But he never called for either note or mortgage, and it was about four years before I paid up. When I came to settle, he said: "You got along as well as you expected?" I said: "Yes, and better too, and you never called on me for note or mortgage." Then he asked if I should like to know the reason why, and I told him I should. He said: "You never have been to the store to order a *full* suit of clothes. If you had come in and ordered *two* suits I should have called for a mortgage." It was pretty gratifying to me to have him think me economical and judicious.

My recollection of his dealings is that he was always benevolent and kind to any one who would be reasonable. He used to help many men, and I don't know what Luther Scott and others would have done without him. He was a prominent merchant and of superior judgment, morally and legally. He always kept his friends, and I never heard any one speak disparagingly of him.

As a chess-player your father was accounted one of the first and best, and I have said many times that he was also good at law. They did not have so many lawsuits in those days, but in talking them over his opinion always proved to be right in the end and in accord with the decision rendered. He was like old school books; no flights, even in temper, not good-natured to-day and cross to-morrow. Your cousin Theodore was clerk for your father and afterwards teller in the Jefferson County Bank. You wouldn't have known he ever had any trouble—always had pleasant things to say. He never seemed to have thought of marrying.

Your father's horse, "Old Dick," was known as a superior one. Hardly a horse in town could outstep him. He was a bay horse, weighing about twelve hundred pounds.

Your house had high ceilings and painted walls. I did repairs there and kalsomining. One day your mother wanted the walls washed. She had staging

built, and the girls wouldn't go on it—said it wasn't a suitable place for a woman. She said: "Perhaps it is not." The next thing I knew I saw her up there, with clothes changed, doing it herself. Then the girls felt badly, and your mother stepped down and they stepped up. I remember her father, Judge Foster, but never had any chats with him. He was a fair-sized man, with light complexion but dark hair—made a good impression.

Watertown, New York, January, 1908.







FOSTER ELY





## FOSTER ELY

### LETTER

To the fund of "Recollections" I might add a few which mainly concern father, and which perhaps have not been mentioned elsewhere. They largely concern my personal relation to him. He accompanied me when I went to Hamilton College, and while I was there he was always generous with me. I remember a letter written when I had sent to him for quite a large sum of money, in which he said: "I gladly comply with your request, but hope you will be economical for your own sake." Before concluding his letter he adds, in reference to this advice: "Do not be mean in your expenditures and, while consulting economy, do your part as a gentleman should."

When a mere boy I told him an untruth as to where I had been, substituting a debating society for a theatre. A few days after he called me into his office and said: "In talking with Luther Scott I referred to the debate in which you said you took part, and, to my astonishment, he said the debate was postponed; so you could not have been present. That is all. You wish a new hat—here is the money." I keenly felt my punishment. No scolding, simply a grieved look. I never again intentionally deceived this noble father, who understood so well my peculiar

disposition. Once, when a little boy, I was evidently smoking a cigar in front of the old stone store. A neighbor called father to come to the sidewalk and, approaching me, said, "See, your son is smoking." Thereupon I broke the maple-sugar cigar in pieces and gave one to him and one to father. The latter then said: "Judge, don't you think it better to look after your own son than mine?"

On one occasion father said to me: "Theatres in this place (Watertown) are not those which you should attend—when older, I will take you to a first-class one in New York." Later (when I was a student at the Law School in Poughkeepsie) he did take me to New York, to the famous old St. Nicholas Hotel on Broadway (not far from Bleecker Street) and did what he could to afford me pleasure.

I have a long letter from him about the pension laws. It would do credit to one of our finest lawyers and is penned in the purest English and is both graceful and condensed. Though very reticent and not having enough self-confidence to enjoy speaking in public, he was fluent, logical, lucid, and interesting, when the subject was one with which he was familiar. I was present at the meeting of citizens in what, I think, was the old Apollo Hall on Court Street (since demolished), when the advisability of introducing gas into the village was discussed and

the gas company formed, and I remember that on this occasion he clearly and ably stated his views.

He took a deep personal interest in all public affairs, being instrumental in the erection of a new county house and, if memory plays me no trick, of the county jail also. He was one of the original stockholders of the Watertown & Rome Railroad and, I think, was a member of the party that made the trial trip over the road.

Strictly speaking, father was not a disciplinarian—certainly not as regards punishing his sons. He often said that he left that to his wife. Despite his reticence, which never suggested taciturnity, he possessed habitually a cheerful temperament. No matter whether racked with keen neuralgia or troubled about business affairs, whenever mother spoke to him he responded with a smile and a pleasant word. At times he was quite the humorist. This I infer from his remarks when in the counting-room he played chess, especially when he checkmated his adversary. I vividly recall the fact that, when at home enjoying the collegiate vacation in 1854 or '55, he suggested that I be his partner in a game of euchre. He did this because of needing another to make a second table. As I took the hand dealt to me father said he would teach me the game. Unwilling that he should know that I had learned to play cards at college I played poorly, to his annoyance, until,

once forgetting to say "Pass," I brought my hand down on the table instead; whereupon, with a twinkle of the eye, he said: "Make no more mistakes; you do not need a teacher."

At the beginning of my Junior year at Hamilton College father thought best to send me to Michigan University in Ann Arbor. Later, I wrote from there asking him to allow me to go to Mississippi and to send check for my expenses. On his acquiescence, in company with a young Mississippian (a nephew of Jefferson Davis, who was a fellow student), I went to Jackson and Canton. Recalling a remark I had heard father make to mother that his "chief concern was about Foster's future, as he doubted his ever earning money enough to take care of himself" and other words which impressed me with the fact that, if I earned money, he thought I could not keep it—I, mindful of this overheard remark, determined to convince him that he was mistaken and so, instead of returning to Michigan University, I took a school in the country not far from Canton (where, on my second visit to Mississippi, I was admitted to the bar), receiving one hundred dollars per month and free board with a planter, one of the school patrons. During the school year I received about nine hundred dollars. Despite my unnecessary expenses in going to New Orleans and other places, when I reached home I poured into father's lap about four hundred

dollars in twenty-dollar gold pieces. He said to me in effect: "I care not so much for this money because it is money, but I do care for what it represents on your part—the ability to earn and save. Hereafter I shall not in these respects be anxious about you. This money I shall keep for you and add more to it, as you intend to enter the Law School and must meet expenses of tuition and board."

Father was a Knight Templar—"Eminent Commander" from 1829 to 1831. He owned the regalia of his office, but what became of it I do not know. He finally withdrew from the Masons, assigning as a reason for his action the fact that many men in Watertown, being satisfied with its solemn services, depended upon Masonry (which, while teaching sound morals, ignores religion) for doing the work of the churches. He felt that he could serve the church better if not a Mason and, therefore, could no longer conscientiously support it as an institution. While not accepting father's view, I mention the fact as showing that he was willing to sever pleasant relations because of what he honestly deemed his duty.

Some of his fine qualities he must have inherited from his father, Adriel Ely. Judge George Ely of Lyme, Connecticut, who recently died at an advanced age, told me that, as a boy, he often saw grandfather Ely, and that he was tall, had a fine presence and withal much dignity, and that he was

one of the first citizens of the county, inclusive of New London, and held by all in the highest respect. His military service consisted in being a Lieutenant, and his descendants are entitled to become members of the Sons of the Revolution, if they so desire. I have a deed of land in Lyme to which are affixed the signatures of Adriel Ely and Adriel Ely, Jr. (our father). Grandfather was buried in the quaint old Ely Burying Ground in that town.

He was one of those who had a claim against the United States Government in the matter of the French Spoliation Claims, by reason of the loss of the schooner "William" and cargo—Sylvester Pratt, master. The petition of George Ely to the "Honorable Judges of the Court of Claims" shows that this schooner was a duly registered vessel of the United States, Adriel Ely and Amos White being joint owners of ship and cargo. It sailed from Middletown, Connecticut, October 1, 1798, for Demerara, British Guiana, laden with live stock and merchandise products of the United States. On said voyage she was captured by a French armed vessel, acting under the authority of the French Republic, and was condemned, confiscated, and sold for the benefit of her captors. This capture was in violation of the law of nations and treaties between the United States and France. That the owners had a valid and admitted claim upon the French Republic

is clearly shown by the ratification, etc., between these two countries exchanged July 1, 1801. The amount of the indemnity petitioned for by the heirs of Adriel Ely was \$6575, being one-half of the total claim. George Ely, as administrator of Adriel Ely, made an affidavit in the county of New London (probably in Lyme), before James Griswold, Notary Public, January 17, 1887. George G. Sill of Hartford signed as attorney. The latter said that he represented more than \$200,000 of similar Spoliation Claims. Both men are now dead. Up to this time the money claimed has not been recovered.

Stamford, Connecticut, November, 1907.





## JEANNETTE HUNTINGTON RILEY

### LETTER

You ask me to go back sixty years and write what I can remember of your father and mother and of your early life. So many things have happened in the interval that I can scarcely think of a thing that will be interesting to you or to your children. I remember you as a child very much loved and petted by all, but more especially by your mother. You were, as I remember, rather quiet and painfully particular, neat, orderly, and fond of books. \**“Bub,”* as we all called him, was a frolicsome boy, hale and hearty and loved by every one. When your mother called Katy, about five o'clock, to look him up in order to wash and dress him for tea, she would tell her to wash up all the boys in the street, and when she found Bub to bring him in and dress him! It was quite unnecessary to wash up all the boys to find Bub, for his dancing, laughing eyes would betray him. He was one of the good-natured kind, who always had an army of friends who depended on him as a leader, and, as a rule, he was quite equal to it. I can never forget the look on your father's face when your mother would tell him of Bub's pranks. He was the proudest father, and the cousins, Theodore and Newel, were equally proud, and your mother was

\* T. N. E.

proud also, but she pretended she did not know what to do with him. I don't remember either one of you ever being punished. Bub made friends with everybody—he liked every one and every one liked him—he was hail-fellow well met. You were, I think, sort of distant, especially to strangers.

I remember Fred as a great overgrown, good-natured, good-hearted boy, in roundabouts—would do anything you asked him to do. Foster was more distant and used to amuse us very much by going to the barn to practise elocution. In summer we could hear him in the house. We used to make lots of fun of him and, as I think of it now, I don't think it was very much to our credit, for he worked so hard to accomplish his end and make an orator of himself that he should have been encouraged.

I remember Hattie as being also painfully particular and orderly and very exquisite about everything she did—it must be just so. She married soon after I knew you all. I was very fond of her; she was a conscientious, good friend. I knew her better after her marriage when we both lived in Auburn. I was a stranger there and used often to see her and became much attached to her and was fond of her children, especially the boy, Joe. Your mother, as you must know, was one of the most hospitable ladies in Watertown—knew every one and was justly proud of her ancestors. She never allowed

the larder to get low and was called about the best cook in Watertown in those days—rather rich than otherwise—never scrimped anything. She was very generous to her friends and gave with a lavish hand to those she loved. She was especially fond of her niece, Nelly Foster (a daughter of your uncle Gustavus), who was there a year or two when I was there so much. She was a very lovely girl, amiable and so pretty and ladylike, but rather quiet, I thought. You may remember her, as I do. She died of consumption, and I recall how bitterly your mother felt at the time because, after she went back to her home in Milwaukee, she employed a homeopathist. In those days it was almost a crime to employ a homeopathist, and one took his life in his hands who did so.

Nelly's sister, Hannah Maria (Kneeland), I thought was the prettiest woman I ever saw, with a wonderful complexion and such refined manners that to see her was to love her. With her beauty and grace, one would almost wonder that she had not been spoiled.

Your mother was a warm-hearted woman, and when she loved, she loved with her whole heart. She was so fond of her sister (your Auntie Vie, as we all called her), and your early life was so interwoven with hers, this would hardly be complete without bringing her in—she was one whom every one loved.

Your mother's house was always full. I don't call to mind a time when there was not some one there. When young men were coming in, even after ten at night, there was a friendly light and the latch-string was sure to pull and they were always sure of a welcome. There was no regular time for closing the house—eleven o'clock was early bedtime.

I often think how times have changed, and I don't believe they begin to have the good times we had in those days. There were no old folks—fathers and mothers were brothers and sisters to their children—and all had a good time. I wish I could pen down those things I half remember that flit through my mind; but perhaps it is better that I do not recall. Those were days when we had resources within ourselves; we were not dependent upon theatres, excursions, etc., though there were many large parties given during the winter. There were no cottages in the country for summer—people had homes in those days and staid at home, occasionally going a trip somewhere; but nowadays they have four or five homes and travel most of the time. I only wish they knew of the good old times for their own sakes.

I feel I ought to say something about that faithful hunchback Katy, who took as much interest in every one connected with that household as your mother did, and when you or Bub needed correcting she took you in hand and, as a rule, I think you both

obeyed. She loved you as her own, but I think Bub was her favorite. She took care of him when he was a baby and he learned to love her, for she was always on hand when he needed her and she was the first one to hear his troubles. I wonder if he remembers his dear old nurse of sixty years ago!

I have said nothing of your father. Well, he was one of the grandest men. I was very fond of him. Unlike most men with cares, worries, and sickness, he never seemed annoyed if I went to his office—I was always welcome and could ask him any question, no matter how important or foolish, and he would always give me a polite and civil answer and carefully explain things so as to make them clear. Although his health was poor for so many years he enjoyed a good joke or a little fun, even if too feeble to take part in it. He was so fond of your uncle Jabez Foster and spent more time at home when he was there; and often, sitting in the wing, I used to hear them visit, and also with your aunt Kate (uncle Jabez's wife).

Oh my! how that takes me back! I can see it as clear as though it happened yesterday. I love to dwell upon those times and cannot realize it is sixty years ago, it all comes so fresh to my mind. And Auntie Vie and your mother—how they did enjoy those annual reunions when your uncle Jabez came home from Jacksonville, Florida, where he went

every winter for his health. Dear me! when we all meet in the mansions prepared for us, I wonder if we shall renew and review those old times! Your dear father was such a good man. I had great reverence for him. He would come in just gasping for breath, and your mother would help him take off whatever he needed to remove and give him a little wine or whiskey—he would look so white but would soon recover so that he could do the carving, which he was an expert at. Theodore (D.) used to sit beside him and help him, for it meant work to carve for a table of ten to eighteen or twenty, as it often was. I wish you could remember him as well as I do, for it would give you great pleasure, I am sure.

Dear old aunt Marietta would come with her thimble to help us out; she was a very practical woman and very blunt and sometimes said things that hurt, but she did not mean to and on the whole was a dear, kind woman who did a great deal of good. I believe everybody's favorite was cousin Melina Lee. Not one of the cousins do I remember with such reverence—a Christian in every sense of the word; she lived it day by day. If any one spoke ill of another to her, she would have an excuse ready in her sweet, lovely way.

There was another, aunt Betsey, the sweetest—no other word would express her character. Her husband, your mother's uncle, Orville Hungerford,

was a dignified and some might have said a cold, stern man; but to me, only a young girl, he was always exceedingly kind. I am always proud to say I had an uncle who went to Congress when it meant something! My dear old grandfather, Anson Hungerford, was his brother; he was a Colonel in the War of 1812; a farmer, very quiet, never showing us any particular affection; but we loved him and enjoyed having him come to our house to visit.

I am so glad, as I have reviewed the past, that I have lived to see and know so many of these people, for they were all so good. It seems to me that you must remember much that I have referred to, but possibly not. There was not much of the "good old times" after I left there, and I guess it is sickness, death, and sorrow that you can remember best.

Dexter, New York, July, 1908.









FR. EDWARD GUSTAVUS ELY



## FREDERICK GUSTAVUS ELY

### LETTER

I remember grandfather Foster, but he died when I was quite young. He was one of the early settlers and a merchant. Besides having built several houses in Watertown he was said to have owned much of the land from Washington Street back to Massey Street. He also, with others, gave the land on which the First Presbyterian Church now stands.

Father was a merchant all his life and was, as well, an attorney for the soldiers who served in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Mexican War, prosecuting their claims for pensions from the Government. Through his knowledge and ability he was enabled to procure many pensions with back pay for the widows of soldiers who served during the Revolution, and for a number of soldiers themselves whose claims had been rejected by the Government. I remember very well some of these old people who came to the store, twice a year, to get their money and a little sangaree, which was made and kept in a pail in anticipation of their coming. He was very successful in obtaining pensions, land warrants, etc., for those in the later wars.

Father had also a very good knowledge of the law, drawing many contracts, deeds, mortgages, and

other legal documents for many of the town and country people who had dealings with him. He was appointed by different Judges and served in many cases as Referee, and I never heard of his findings being overruled. I have heard Judge Allen, Judge Mullin, and others urge him to obtain a certificate as a lawyer, saying he was fully qualified and the examination would be a mere form. I do not think he ever sought an office, but served as County Treasurer and, for several years, as Supervisor from Watertown, and it was through his efforts that the present County House was built in 1855. I remember writing the notices to the other supervisors, calling a meeting for that purpose. The old poorhouse, together with the manner in which the insane were housed and treated, was a disgrace. Father was a trustee of the Jefferson County Institute and other schools, church trustee also, and Sunday School superintendent. He selected the ground and started the movement for the new cemetery (Brookside) and, in fact, did all the work in the organization and completion of the project. It was dedicated in 1854, and father wrote to E. H. Chapin, a noted lecturer of that time, for an address on the occasion. Mr. Chapin replied that a written one would cost one hundred dollars and an unwritten one, fifty dollars. They took the unwritten! Father was President of the Cemetery Association from 1855 until the time of his death, in 1859.

He was a stockholder and director in the Jefferson County Bank and was consulted daily as to the affairs of the bank. Before I was old enough to take much interest in his affairs father was along in years and was in poor health. He was very reserved as to himself, and I do not remember ever to have heard him tell of his early life or of any of his exploits. I have had others tell me that he was very powerful physically and that they had witnessed him in feats of strength, such as throwing barrels of salt, weighing 330 pounds, into a wagon without taking out the end board. General Sumner told me that, when he lived in Watertown, he and father sailed a wagon down Washington Street, he looking after the sail and father doing the steering, a very difficult thing to do, as the General said. This was done on a wager, I have understood, and the course was from the First Church to the Public Square.

After father had been in Watertown awhile he visited Lyme, Connecticut, going and returning on horseback.

New York City, November, 1907.





## MILTON H. MERWIN

### LETTER

I remember that, in my early days, I was surprised at the readiness with which lawyers were willing to refer cases in the Supreme Court to the decision of your father, Adriel Ely. The reason for this I soon discovered. He was an upright, honorable man. His business as a merchant made him familiar with accounts and business dealings. He was possessed of an intelligent and comprehensive judgment. He had practical common sense to an unusual degree, and his standard of right and wrong was high.

He had an unusual ability to determine fairly what lawyers call questions of fact. Litigants had confidence in the man and his judgment, and therefore his conclusions were apt to be satisfactory. Though a layman, his view of the law, founded as it is on common sense, was apt to be at least as nearly right as the average view of the professional man. In the language of the present day, he was a square man.

Utica, New York, April, 1908.

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Judge Merwin lived in Watertown for some years but removed to Utica after he was elected

Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. He said once to some one that "Watertown had had one man who ought to have been on the Bench, for he possessed the qualities which fitted him to be a Judge, and that man was Adriel Ely." His more recent letter is only an elaboration of the same opinion.

G.S.E.K.







THE LIBRARY OF THE

## THEODORE NEWEL ELY

### LETTER

The idea of a book of family reminiscences appeals to me strongly, and it is very good of you to undertake the not easy task of preparing one. I am glad to contribute my mite to these recollections although with the consciousness that, inasmuch as you were a part of our Watertown home while I lived there, and as the difference in our ages is not great, I am writing of things you already know.

It is difficult, too, when one has reached my age after an active life in a field calling for constant service, to remember with accuracy the events of one's childhood days; this is the more so because I have been deprived of close association with you or others of the family to keep alive my early recollections. It is also hard to differentiate between one's recollection and tradition.

In thinking this matter over I had planned to write chronologically, but I soon found that I was getting much mixed in my dates and therefore decided not to attempt an orderly sequence.

There was, however, one important item of which I distinctly remember the date; it was the marriage of our sister Harriette to Charles Richardson. I was six years old and Harriette was twenty-five.

Elaborate preparations were made for the wedding feast. A long table was set in the dining-room and another in the wing, beneath which were good hiding-places for one of my size. The luxurious settings of these tables seemed to have furnished good opportunity for an appetite of six.

I remember that among other things there were high pyramids of macaroons festooned with spun sugar, fruits, and candies. All of these were fashioned by Ragg, the confectioner. This man locked himself up in the kitchen pantry so that no one could learn his methods of working. My recollection is that the great round wedding cake was moulded in four parts so that it could be baked in the brick oven, which was at the right of the cook stove, which latter, by the way, had replaced the large fireplace in front of which it stood. These four parts were put together and frosted, and over the whole was built what seemed to be a wonderful temple in white confection. I think that this temple was preserved for several years. This much do I remember in regard to the wedding.

I remember father's nephews, Theodore and Newel, whom father had taken to live in our family. They came long before my time and were grown men when my knowledge of them began. Theodore was my particular friend and counselor. He seemed to understand what a boy needed and gave me freely



of his time and sympathy. I learned to copy that vertical handwriting of his which, with all my attempts, I could not equal in beauty and grace. He taught me also free-hand printing from pure Roman letters. He showed me how to whittle and, at one time, how to sit still for five minutes for a reward! The remembrance of this latter episode clings to my memory very persistently. He was a fine man and we loved him through all his life, and I am glad to bear his name. The other nephew, Newel, was a strict business man and did not care so much for us children. We bothered him, I guess.

Do you remember that there was a large lot back of our stable with a little stream running through it, on which I built a miniature flouring mill run by an overshot water-wheel, and that you made the small sacks for the flour? I think that a grass-hopper team did the hauling and that the wagon had white button wheels. Then there was a wooden rocking-horse whose head and neck "somehow" became detached from the rest of the body, which made it easier to give him a drink than it would have been to carry the whole body to the water hydrant!

My recollections of father and mother are not very mature. Father died when I was thirteen and mother died four years later.

For father I have retained an impression of great admiration. He was always very attentive to me and

often took me driving with him about town and far into the country. One of the trips—to Perch River Farm—was a specially favorite one. John Sharp, a burly Englishman, and his wife, Betsey, presided over the farm—both were very good to me and never forgot to bring out the sugar and cakes.

Father, himself a fine horseman and admirer of good horses, could not resist buying a promising colt if he saw one and would bring it home for us to train. Father gave me riding lessons when I was about six. The inverted V of my little legs did not fit the fat ponies very well. The thing that he impressed most constantly upon me was that I should never be afraid. As I grew older he instructed me in making out business papers which might be useful in after-life. The filling out of pension papers for the fourth of March and the fourth of September of each year was a great occasion, for the old pensioners used to gather in father's office to sign them. Everything of course had to be written out in long-hand, and sand was used for blotting the ink.

My recollection of father's personal appearance is that he was tall and broad-shouldered, rather spare, with a strong but kindly face that never showed anger no matter how sorely he might be tried. His great physical strength was not in evidence in my time, but I learned from the conversation of his old friends and contemporaries accounts of what it had

been. When he was in his prime he was said to have been the strongest man in that part of the country. But when I knew him his health had been shattered by over-exertion at a large fire where he had worked to exhaustion.

I also recall father's holding me up in his arms to see the first train over the R. W. & O. come into Watertown. The building of this railroad necessitated a warning sign over the crossing of the main road to Sackets Harbor. It was while going to and from the Sand Banks Farm and Ashery that we passed under this sign, and from it I learned my first long sentence: "Railroad Crossing! Look Out for the Cars!!"

By the way, that farm holds many pleasant recollections for me. It was a most interesting place. The vegetable garden was large and fruitful, and supplied our home bountifully. There was an ashery where potash was made, the "boiler" being a witty Irishman named Pat. He was short and stout and his favorite pastime was guying a farmer named Luther Scott who spent too much of his time talking politics. Once I heard Pat say to Scott: "Misther Scott, I hear that England is going to war with Great Britain," which so excited Scott that he ranted for several minutes and argued that there was no danger of that taking place. He never saw the joke.

Along the side road leading into the farm was an interesting Irish settlement. Everything Irish was there,—wakes and ructions of every description. The most important weapons of the women were rocks put in long stockings and used as clubs. There was a woods of fine maple and ash trees back of the farmhouse. I remember how several real but tame Indians and their squaws used to come that way with bows and arrows and baskets for sale, and how some of the smaller baskets were filled with fine granular maple sugar. The Indians showed me how to make bows and arrows. It was on this farm, when I was older, that I learned during my vacation how to mow, reap, bind, and plough.

Father had men of diversified trades working for him. I remember Mr. Buck, a bookbinder by trade, whose duty it was to look after the gathering of vegetables, and I have a very clear recollection of his trudging to and from the garden with a market basket over his arm. He gave me useful information in regard to bookbinding.

This recollection of Buck recalls two or three other men who worked for father. One of them was named Phillips. He was a ship carpenter by trade but had taken up house-building. I received very careful instruction from him in the use of carpenter tools. At that time the carpenter trade was less restricted than at present, and a carpenter was sup-

posed to be a general mechanic. One particular trick that Phillips taught me was how to strike a curve with a chalk line. Then there was Phillips' son who had been a sailor before the mast, who showed me all sorts of knots and splices. There was also a surveyor for whom I acted as rodman and chainman, and from whom I learned much in regard to surveying and the parting off of land. The household servant I remember best was Katy Reynolds, the nurse. She was very efficient and particularly careful of my interests as against the rest of the family—bless her memory!

I think it was Squire Sabin whom I used to see playing chess with father in his office. General E. V. Sumner, who was then Colonel of Cavalry stationed on the outpost of Fort Leavenworth, always visited father during his furloughs, and his coming was looked forward to with excitement because he had so many graphic stories to tell of the Indians.

I have mentioned General Sumner, but I should also have mentioned Mrs. Sumner, who was mother's dear friend—and, too, the boys Win and Sam Sumner (afterwards Generals in the United States Army) who used to come to see us. Our cousins, Marcellus Massey and Frank, his wife, and their sons, Rob, Fred, and Morris, used to come to our house in the summer from Brooklyn. George Whitney and May (afterwards Mrs. Outerbridge) also came from

Philadelphia. I think that I got more out of Fred Massey than any of the others, as he taught me boxing, the use of Indian clubs, baseball and other athletic sports. He was at that time the first base of the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn. Rob was a good musician, and very witty.

I need not say much about the weather except to use the slang expression, "the winters were fierce." I remember going out one morning on the side porch of the dining-room to look at the thermometer, to find that the bulb was broken and the mercury frozen, which indicated thirty-nine degrees or more below zero. There were other records, however, that showed forty-five degrees below. At the same time, I remember freezing my ears going two or three blocks, and that I came near losing them.

Father taught us all how to play cards and was particularly insistent that we should learn to play whist with accuracy and judgment.

My recollections of mother are very tender. She was a good mother and a remarkable woman. In her last illness, which occurred when I was sixteen, she displayed such patience and fortitude during intense suffering that it has left a deep impression on my mind. But there were happy times before that. I was the "baby" of the family, for even you beat me by almost two years. It would take a long letter to tell you all that mother did for

me and to me. With all her social and charitable activities she always seemed to have time to show her sympathy or give an encouraging word. But that was not all; she did not hesitate to punish, as well as to pet. The punishments, although they were not infrequent, have long been forgotten and the comforting words have remained as fresh in my recollection as if it were yesterday rather than almost fifty years ago that she left us.

I have been told that mother was a fearless rider, but within my memory she had given up such vigorous exercise as horseback riding. She was devoted to her flower garden, and I remember that I was pressed into service to help keep it in order. I found it quite a job to make enough long wire pins to fasten down the runners of the verbenas that roamed over a large round centre bed, and it was hot work using them! Mother was always full of fun and fond of a good joke.

Then there was that wonderful silver-plated Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine—a great novelty that was to do up the family work in no time. Alas! it was never idle, and meant more things, not more time. I can remember how full of seamstresses that room in the south wing used to be. Mother was very skilful in embroidery, and, owing to some taste that I had for drawing, I was requisitioned for copying and making patterns.

Before closing, I think as a matter of record that reference should be made to the schools in Watertown at the time of which I am writing. The excellent private schools that we attended used memory exercises and restricted the use of text-books. These schools prepared scholars for the Jefferson County Institute, where a corps of remarkable teachers drilled us thoroughly. You remember how Mr. Cavert, the Principal, kept us at Latin for six solid years. One of the teachers was that mathematical wonder, Mr. Otis, who made mathematics a most interesting study, and long before we had any instruction in calculus he showed us how expeditious we would find it for practical use as compared with algebra. He was known far and wide as an authority on his subject. Then there was Fitzhugh Ludlow, who had us in French and rhetoric. He was a noted man and author, having written among other books "The Hasheesh Eater." He was very odd in his personal appearance but very bright. The course in free-hand drawing was very carefully attended to. I recall this course, for during the preparation of a study of a plaster bust of Sir Walter Scott I knocked it over and smashed it, which caused considerable consternation, because such models were not easily obtained at that time.

I am glad to pay this tribute to the methods of the Institute, because there seems to have been a



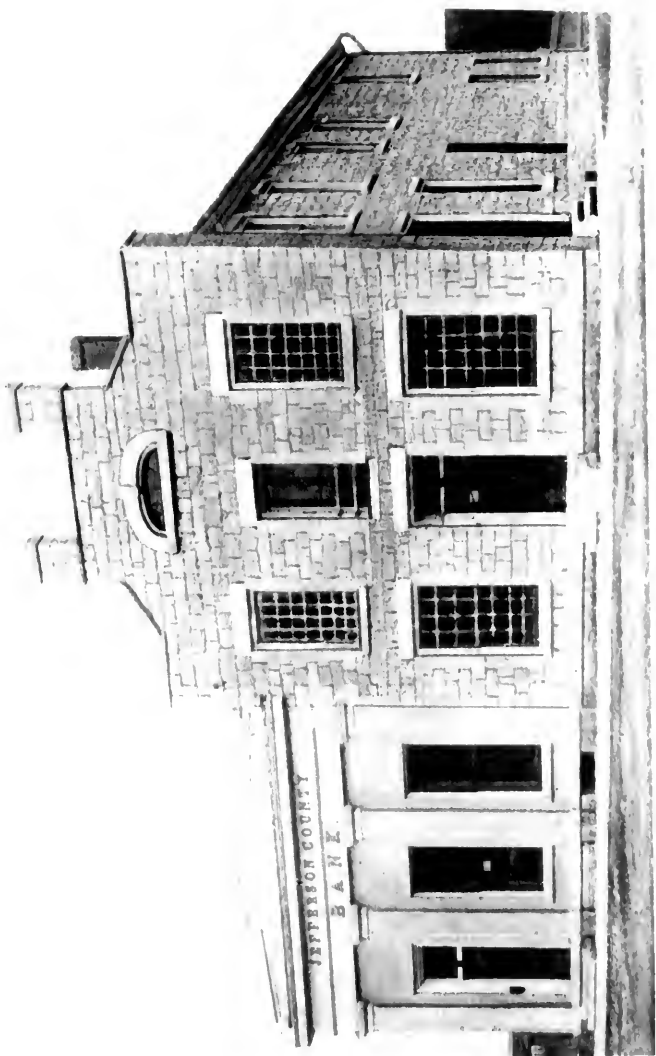
departure from these strict standards in the requirements of our present schools. When I was seventeen I took and passed the examinations for the second year at the R. P. I. without any preparation other than that referred to. In fact the work in the Jefferson County Institute covered some of that done in the third year at the R. P. I. It was these splendid and careful teachers that made this possible.

This letter is already long, but I am conscious of having covered only in the most meagre way the many interesting events of our home life. There were constant happenings which to a boy were big things but in the light of after-life seem unimportant.

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, June, 1912.







SECRETARY AND OFFICE  
OF  
JEFFERSON COUNTY

JEFFERSON COUNTY BANK



## MARY S. TREADWELL

### LETTER

Eveline Ely is always associated with all that is merry and mirth-provoking. Our home being right across the street and a tie of blood, as well as of friendship, connecting the two families, of course there was frequent communication, and many a funny tale was told of incidents in early life as well as in later years among that rare circle of friends who enjoyed so many pleasures of life together.

The late John Safford Fiske, in speaking of that circle (to which his father and mother belonged, together with Judge and Mrs. Mullin, who contributed so richly to its attractions, Mrs. Wardwell, with her beautiful character, Mrs. Mary Ely, Mrs. Wood, and my father and mother), said: "Now that it is no more, it seems as if this world held nothing else so good." There were the old-time hospitality, the reading societies, the oyster suppers, and those reunions where all took tea together at least as often as once a week; the missionary boxes, filled by loving hands for those less fortunate in circumstances; the long drives together; the trips to New York in spring and fall and to Alexandria Bay in summer, meeting at both places the same dear friends from Oswego. We often think that life was simpler in those days

than now, and yet to be such famous housewives and mothers was not such a simple matter, after all; but they all set the example of work themselves, and their households were willing to follow in their ways.

My mind goes back to one occasion when the Reverend Doctor Brayton and his wife were present, among other guests, at our house. The few of us left who remember Dr. Brayton think of him as the impersonation of all that was dignified, formal, and reserved, though not forgetting his many sterling virtues, but for this time, at least, he forgot his dignity. Mrs. Ely and Mrs. Wood were doing what they could to entertain the guests—perhaps to entertain themselves as well—when some one asked Mrs. Wood to sing. Neither she nor Mrs. Ely had any powers of musical expression but that did not deter them. Mrs. Ely at once went to the piano and offered to accompany Mrs. Wood, and she sat and executed with all the manner of a very near-sighted musician (a neighbor of ours, who played with many flourishes), while Mrs. Wood sang, or rather attempted, sixty-seven verses of Wordsworth's "Simple Child" with high crescendos and tragic low tones. The effect upon the audience was remarkable. Dr. Brayton walked the floor in what was almost an agony of mirth, with tears streaming from his eyes, while the other members of the company were almost in hysterics.



Mrs. Ely's powers of story-telling none who knew her can ever forget; and a very excellent tale she could make of almost any material and, as my father used to say, always improved it with each repetition. One, which she told with great gusto, was of a sleigh-ride taken soon after my father's return from his wedding trip. I have an idea they might have been going to Canada and were crossing the St. Lawrence on the ice but, wherever it was, somehow the sleigh upset and all were scattered promiscuously in the snow. Mrs. Ely used to tell how she was buried deep down in a drift and almost gave herself up for lost, when finally a rescuer appeared, who turned out to be my father, and began to dig her out. He dusted off the snow and began to kiss her, but when he found she was not my mother he threw her down in the snow again and then went off and left her!

I wish I could recall more of the happenings of those fair days, but the years are many that have passed since these dear ones left us, and time brings forgetfulness, and only a few of the sunny memories linger.

Watertown, New York, April, 1908.







TER ELY  
SWEL ELY  
GERT ELY KNOWLTON

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## GERTRUDE SUMNER ELY KNOWLTON

### LETTER

Harriette, in writing of our mother, has spoken of her energy, her industry, and her fondness for fun and frolic. With these she combined great reserve as to the things which concerned herself—a reserve hardly to be expected in one so full of life and spirit, and which few of her acquaintances suspected. Her illnesses and her cares were many, but she was always uncomplaining, and her energy and dislike of idleness often kept her moving, when others would have succumbed to the pain she was enduring.

It was not a light thing to have two of her husband's nephews brought into her home when she had young children of her own, and to have them remain there permanently—seven children and two nephews to be mothered! But she was a good aunt and friend to them and won their undying devotion. Their names combined were handed down to her youngest boy, because his little two-year-old sister called him "Fid Lewie"—her baby names for Theodore and Newel.

Mother had a quick, bright mind and many anecdotes were told of her ready repartee—one or two of which may be recorded. She was fifteen years father's junior and perhaps also looked young

for her years, so that an acquaintance once expressed surprise at her being the mother of one of the older children. "Oh," was the instant reply, "that is Mr. Ely's daughter by his *first* wife!"

In spite of the fact that the journey had to be made by carriage, stage, and the slow-going packet boats, she sometimes went to Michigan to visit her sister, Elvira Smith, and it was during one of these visits that she went with a party of friends (one of whom was an Episcopal clergyman) to Jackson. While there they visited the State Penitentiary, happening there at the hour of daily service. After leaving, the reverend gentleman remarked that he had been greatly impressed by the admirable manner in which the prisoners took part in the service, their responses, etc. Quick as thought, mother (ardent Presbyterian that she was!) said: "Oh! then the convicts are all Episcopalians!" It weighed heavily upon his mind all day but towards night a happy inspiration came to him, and he said to her in a solemn tone: "Mrs. Ely, the Presbyterians were all hanged"—a good retort, though a little late! Referring to this trait of hers in later years, Mrs. Judge Merwin of Utica said: "I used to think Mrs. Ely the wittiest woman I knew, and she was also a most efficient one, but so jolly withal that she never made us younger and less competent ones feel uncomfortable, as happens sometimes."



An extract from one of mother's letters shows the kind and the amount of work done by the old-time housekeeper. December 14, 1862, she writes: "We have been very busy the past week; Tuesday, we made about five gallons of mince-meat, and it is delicious too; Friday, made sausages, tried lard, made a jar of soured pork and Saturday, Mary Ann made head-cheese."

Sewing machines were a new toy at that time and she had one of the first instalment brought to Watertown—a Wheeler & Wilson. A day's work of sewing, etc., is mentioned in a letter of February 16, 1859. "After some clearing up of the house and two calls," she says, "I made the skirt of my dress. At three o'clock Jeannette Huntington came and the dress was finished that night—it fits very nicely. (Fancy making a *modern* dress in one day!) We had ten calls in the evening, so that I did not work any." She speaks of "passing most of an afternoon showing Mrs. Mullin how to work the sewing machine," and enumerates articles of underclothing she had made for different friends who had no machines and adds: "I have not finished a garment for myself, nor do I much care to." Mrs. Jenkins mentions their working on Mary Sumner's wedding outfit in 1860. Mrs. Jenkins was General Sumner's oldest daughter, and she and her son George once spent nearly a year with us and she says: "During all the time I lived in

your parents' home nothing unpleasant ever occurred—all was peace, harmony, and kindness, never to be forgotten." She was often with us after that, and during father's long last illness she took her turn every third night in sitting up with him (the trained nurse was not in vogue then). She was also with us when mother died.

Mother had an intense love for little children—the younger and more helpless, the better—and although not so demonstrative with them when they grew older, the following extract from a letter of Mrs. Jenkins of May 14, 1862 shows how one boy, who had spent much time under her roof, felt towards her. She writes: "A letter from George says he would like to stop over one train to see your mother, as he does think Mrs. Ely one of the best women he ever knew. That same mother of yours has a way of her own in winning the hearts of boys, although she pretends to despise them so much."

Mother was a fluent and easy letter-writer—her chirography and spelling were also of the very best. Of money matters she knew nothing, and of mathematics, little. I was amazed one day to hear her say, in response to a question, that she "liked cube root very much." When the visitor had departed I said: "Mother, I thought you did not know anything about cube root." She said: "I don't; I thought she asked me if I liked cubebs!" She was a good card-player,

and some one says of her: "Mrs. Ely was a rare whist-player, keeping track of every card played and, at the same time, talking all the time."

Elsewhere, Cornelia Hungerford has spoken of the quilting parties and of the First Church sewing societies, held in the few houses large enough to accommodate them. I remember the interest I took in the opening of the huge covered baskets, filled with the work to be done. After a long, industrious afternoon of sewing (and no doubt of gossip), a bountiful supper was served and the baskets were passed on to the house of the next entertainer. On the occasion of quilting parties I was puzzled to know why my services were so frequently in requisition for threading needles (and perhaps none too well pleased, either), but I have a more sympathetic understanding now! Aunt Marietta (Hungerford) was always a conspicuous figure at quiltings, as well as at other times, and equally well known was her son-in-law, Colonel Browne.

He was the bane of us children and, I suspect, of our mothers too, sometimes; yet I dare say we should have missed him, for he was friendly and attached, though always complaining and hungry! The temptation to play tricks on him was ever present with the youngsters.

Mother's closest friend, perhaps, was Mrs. E. V. Sumner; they were friends before marriage and until

death, having been schoolgirls together in Lowville, before mother went to Mrs. Willard's school in Troy. Mrs. Sumner's children once said to her that they believed she cared more for Mrs. Ely than she did for them, and Mrs. Sumner replied that she had "known her longer!"

The same affection existed between father and General Sumner, and however great might be the separation in point of time or space the friendship was not marred. I remember, on one occasion, when General Sumner returned after long service in the West among the Indians, that he and father (both six-footers) fell on each other's necks and embraced like women. He was a Boston man coming from Montreal to Watertown, where he went into business. He got his commission while there and went on General Jacob Brown's staff in 1819.

To the many early residents in Watertown, whom it was "good to know," were added at that time other delightful people, living in Brownville. They were constant visitors at our house—the Browns, Kirbys, Bradleys, Howes, and others. Major General Jacob Brown was Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and his spacious old stone house still stands as a reminder of the charming social life of the village in those days. There was a large army element there then, as well as at Sackets Harbor, and our house was a favorite resort. To illustrate

the free use of it, Harriette used to tell the following story. "As a girl," she said, "it was my duty to see that there was a fire kept in the front parlor (it was an era of wood stoves and open fires), but one cold, stormy day, when there was no apparent prospect of out-of-town visitors, I lazily neglected my task and was no less dismayed than provoked when a sleigh appeared just before the noon dinner, containing Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant and wife from the Harbor, and I was obliged to start up a fire for them. He afterwards became the famous General, but his name always recalled to me the young man who put me to so much trouble!"

Our principal garden was on the "flats" or "sand-banks," where father owned considerable land in connection with his Ashery. The garden portion was very large and was surrounded by a high picket fence, with a padlock on the gate. We children enjoyed the unlocking of that gate, after the daily morning drive to get vegetables for dinner. Certainly no better ones were ever produced than those grown in that fertile, sandy soil. A little further on were the ducks in the pond near the Ashery, and the woods close by where grew the wintergreen berries amid their "glossy, aromatic leaves."

In those days the quotations for "pearl-ash" were watched as eagerly as other quotations are watched nowadays, for the market price of that commodity

regulated that of the potash from which it was made. Father had several teams in use at the Ashery, and they were kept going night and day. Long before his time, during the early settlement of the town, "the manufacture of potash was an important industry, as was the case in all heavily wooded sections of the country, and was about the only production of the settlements that would pay the expense of transportation to market and leave a fair margin in favor of the producer."

One of our pleasurable jaunts as children was a drive out to father's farm at Perch River where an Englishman named John Sharp held sway. But better than that was a visit to Uncle Anson Hungerford's farm near Burrville, especially in the spring when they were "sugaring off." The last boiling of the sap was done at the house, and Aunt Sally always gave us liberally of the maple syrup and sugar. Uncle Anson was the father of Cornelia Hungerford, the writer of one of these letters.

Aunt Marietta, already mentioned, married his brother. She was the daughter of Captain Burr who gave his name to Burrville, or Burr's Mills. It was the first settlement in that locality, as the falls there could be utilized for saw and grist mills—the first necessities of the pioneer. Later, when the falls and great water power of Black River could be handled,

Watertown became the centre, and Jabez Foster, with others, went there about 1807.

The First Presbyterian Church was organized in Burr's Mills and was removed to Watertown when the exodus of the settlers from that point took place. Mention having been made of the stone church, built in 1820, it is fitting to insert here an account of the final service held in it. In a letter of May 15, 1850, Harriette writes: "Last Sunday, Mr. Brayton preached his last sermon in the old church. It was a most beautiful discourse from the text, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.' (Psalms 127:1.) He gave a very interesting history of the church, containing a beautiful and deserved tribute to my grandfather. It was sad, very sad, to say good-bye to the old church with so many sacred associations connected with it, and there were many tears shed and many hearts ached that day. I never realized before how trying it is to be deprived of a place of worship. We shall meet for the present in the Second Presbyterian Church, but the house is not nearly large enough to accommodate both congregations. The work of demolition has been going on very rapidly at our church since Sunday. The bell was tolled previous to being taken down; we shall miss it very much, though I shall not so much as many others because I have a beautiful new watch."

This last paragraph brings vividly to mind an almost forgotten fact, that is, the original and logical reason for church bells, and shows that even as late as 1850 they were more or less a public utility. It was the custom to ring a bell at nine o'clock in the morning and again at nine o'clock at night.

Thanksgiving Day was then a state and not a national affair and with us, as in New England, it was a day not only of family reunion and feasting but of religious observance, and it was an invariable custom to begin the day with going to church. It was one of the big days of the year—perhaps *the* big day—certainly as far as the dinner was concerned. The variety of edibles was bewildering, as I recall them. Of course the traditional turkeys, one roasted, the other stuffed with oysters and boiled, a goose and several ducks, a chicken pie, all the proper vegetables and pickles and chicken salad. Then came mince pie, pumpkin pie, apple pie, rice pudding, Indian pudding, cake, preserves, apples, nuts, raisins, etc. Dinners were not served in so many courses, nor with so much china as at present, but if tables ever “groaned,” they did it then. At the period of which I write our best china was gilt and white—a plain band of gold. The old blue china, which collectors now prize, had had its day and been relegated to the shelves of our kitchen pantry. Cornelia Hungerford has told me that she remembers dinners at our house



numbering forty guests, and I find a still larger tale in an old letter of mother's, written in the thirties to her sister. She says: "We had the largest Thanksgiving dinner ever given among our relatives—we had sixty in all—the connections on both sides of the house, and only wanted yours and Gustavus' family to have made it complete. I had not a little anxiety, but it went off very well and I was fortunate in my cooking. It all came upon me and I was never so completely worn out before. It is, I rather think, the last one I shall have." But other years brought her fresh courage and she extended the same hospitality many, many times again.

One year the dinner was at our house, and the alternate year at "Cousin Melina Lee's." When there we children went to Park Street directly after church, and happy were we if we could find even a trace of the snow which we felt was due on that day. We wore little red mittens with white specks, with which this same dear cousin Melina kept us supplied. She was one of mother's dearest cousins—more sister than cousin.

Memory suggests another occasion which to me, as a child, was more memorable because of the attending festivities than because of its real import. It was the first wedding in the family, and took place February 10, 1853. On that day Harriette was married to Charles Richardson of Auburn, New

York. Her bridesmaids were her cousin Harriette Smith (Story) and Kate Lansing (Boyd), and the ceremony was performed by the Reverend Isaac Brayton, who, for twenty-seven years, was pastor of the First Church.

The following account of the event is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Robert Lansing. "The wedding," she says, "passed off very pleasantly, quite to the satisfaction of all. Bride and bridesmaids looked well—Harriette, never so well before. It was a perfect jam! Mr. Brayton performed the ceremony beautifully. The tables were loaded,—ten turkeys, ducks, chickens, oysters enough for another party; the oysters the finest, and the pickled ones brought already prepared from New York.

"Two tables, one in the wing and one in the dining-room—a centre pyramid on each of macaroons with spun sugar over them—it looked like spun glass. Hattie had many handsome gifts,—a splendid pearl bracelet from the groom, entirely of pearls strung on hair, several rosettes of them, with a light clasp of gold. She had a magnificent fan, costing eighteen dollars, &c, &c. The wedding party was very expensive, at least two hundred dollars."

I see that Mrs. Lansing was deceived as to those pyramids as well as I—we children thought we had sampled everything, but discovered next day that one was made of cocoanut and we had missed it!

The wedding cake was a wonderful creation—about thirty inches in diameter. It was baked in four sections, in specially constructed tins, as it was too large to be baked whole in any existing oven. Mother mixed the cake, but it was sent to a confectioner to be baked. He then joined these four parts and covered it all with frosting. In the centre was a marvelous structure that resembled a temple, and something like a fence around the whole cake, and various ornaments everywhere. It was this same confectioner, Mr. Ragg, who, upon the day of the wedding, shut himself up in our kitchen pantry and spun the sugar over the pyramids mentioned. We did so want to see how he did it, but our thirst for knowledge was not gratified, and to this day the process is unknown to me.

Mrs. Lansing lived next door in a stone house built by grandfather Foster after he parted with his former home. Her daughter, Cornelia, was my playmate from babyhood. Together we exploited not only our own places, but the fascinating pond back of Mr. Paddock's house (grandfather's old place). It adjoined her grounds, and we would creep through a gap in the fence, with fish-hooks made of bent pins, to try our luck. Needless to say we never caught anything, and our fear of Mr. Paddock was wholly an unnecessary one, but our guilty little "consciences made cowards" of us, just the same!

All grounds (or front yards as they were then called) were enclosed, and it was while I was trying to walk her front fence with her and T. N. E. that I received the fall which nearly cost me my life. My head struck the stone flags which then formed the sidewalk on Washington Street, and I can see those two children now as, too young to appreciate the seriousness of the situation, they stood on the fence above laughing at me, while I staggered towards home before becoming unconscious—the beginning of a long and critical illness. (August 1, 1850.)

It seems to me that mother's life must have been made miserable by the large number of accidents in which her children indulged. It was a tragic time when Fred walked in, holding his hand over his forehead, and said: "Mother, I am shot." It was the proverbial "not loaded" gun which did the mischief. He looked into the barrel and the result followed naturally. The bullet entered just over the eyebrow but, providentially glancing upwards, it missed the fatal spot.

In this connection it may not be out of place to give an account of another accident which befell me and left a lasting mark. Harriette, in a letter dated December 22, 1849, writes: "We had a terrible fright last Tuesday evening (18th). Mother, Gettie, Bub, and I were sitting at the tea table; father had just gone to the store and the boys had not yet come

up. Gettie, thinking the water in her tumbler was not perfectly clean, got up to empty it on one of the plants in the window seat and in some way missed her footing and fell, breaking the tumbler and with the broken pieces cutting her pretty little chin to the bone. It was cut from the right corner of the mouth obliquely to the centre of the chin and just under the chin was cut both ways. The upper part of the wound took almost the form of an S and barely escaped cutting the lip in two. The first impression was that the whole chin was gone. It did not take long to get Dr. William (Trowbridge) here. He did it up very nicely (no stitches), but was obliged to lay it entirely open to be sure there was no glass in it.

“The poor little patient thing sat during the whole of it with her hands folded, perfectly still, willing that the doctor should do whatever he chose. I think I never saw mother more frightened, and there were other pale faces here that night. Gettie has been prohibited from speaking, smiling, crying, or chewing, and she is able to eat only such food as she can swallow without masticating. She has found it rather difficult to keep her little tongue still, but the wound is healing nicely.

“It will probably scar her for life, but, bad as it is, we feel that we cannot complain, because it might have been so much worse. The doctor says, if it had cut a quarter of an inch farther it would have severed

the facial artery, which might have been difficult to secure.”

Faithful Katy Reynolds deserves more than a passing notice. She came to live with us when Theodore was a baby and remained for eleven years. I think she received in wages, as did the other house servants, one dollar per week. Thereafter, Katy was with us as often as our necessities demanded and her health permitted. She was a character in her way, capable in many directions, and could supply a lack anywhere in the house. She was a natural cook—I once tried to get a receipt from her and after giving me her rule she added: “And if I have an egg in the house, I put it in.” Eggs or no eggs, the result was always good. We were fortunate in having her with us during mother’s last illness. She assisted in the nursing and prepared her meals, coaxing her failing appetite as she alone could do; nor was mother unmindful of her long service in the making of her bequests.

Katy was deformed and not strong and was also subject to severe headaches, which sometimes made her very irritable. She always felt it her privilege to scold us whenever she pleased. Mother was patient with her, for she appreciated her worth and devotion to the interests of the family; she also knew that if Katy fretted at us, she would allow no one else to do so. Katy was even inclined to interfere when

mother thought a little discipline advisable, and many a dainty did she smuggle up to the little boy, who had been her baby, when he was confined by mother's edict in an upper room on short rations. When the punishment took a severer form, that same boy's little sister's heart was torn, as she stood weeping outside the door while chastisement was being administered within—her tears were usually more copious than his. He would come out and ask: "Do I look as though I had been crying?" What Katy was doing at such times I do not remember, but she was probably raging somewhere!

While mother believed in the application of the rod and slipper on occasion, no one else, teacher nor other, was ever permitted to apply them to her children. She used to harrow my very soul by tales of the severe whippings the children of her time received from their teachers. Upon reaching home, the parents often repeated the punishment which some harsh teacher had seen fit to inflict. Discipline was not lax in those days! Mother said she decided then and there that if children were ever given to her no one but herself should ever punish them. She begat in me a lasting hatred of corporal punishment, and I could not see even her administer it to the little boy without rebellion and anger, though I dare say he deserved all she gave him! The bare possibility of its ever being applied to myself roused all the evil in

me, and an unlucky speech of mine, to the effect that "I should like to see my father strike me one blow; I'd start my boots to the poorhouse if he did," brought upon me no end of teasing questions as to when I was going, etc.

We used to speculate sometimes upon the number of offers of marriage mother had. She would admit nothing herself but, gleaning from the tales of others and from circumstantial evidence, we brought our count up to nineteen! One man offered himself to Aunt Elvira first and when refused begged her "not to tell Eveline," as he was going to ask her next!

Mother's was a generous nature. She was loyal and true in her friendships, and the following extract from a letter from Sumner Stow Ely, dated August 15, 1863, shows that she inspired the same feeling in others. He writes: "My attachment to your mother deepened and strengthened from year to year, as time and opportunity showed me more and more her disinterested, self-sacrificing spirit, her genuine kind-heartedness, and her deep and abiding affection. As long as my memory lasts I shall not forget her presence in my father's last sickness. To us sisterless men it was an angel's visit indeed."

I never remember father as a well man, but I have been told that he was a man of vigorous health until the fire on Beebee's Island, when the cotton



mills were burned (July 7, 1833). It was a fire of sufficient magnitude to require the services of all the men available, and father worked hard and long. Whether it was due to fatigue, exposure, or the inhalation of smoke I do not know, but he was never well from that day and developed a cough which troubled him always. In a letter of February 24, 1859, mother foreshadows the nature of his last illness and the end—she writes of his trouble in breathing and of his inability to lie down and of the want of action in the lungs. He had intervals of apparent improvement after that, riding out and going to business a few times; then came the long confinement to the house. Before this, when in his usual health, he was not in the habit of coming to breakfast; but about nine o'clock he would go into the pantry, pour a little wine into a glass, break an egg in it and swallow it whole. Thus fortified, he would go to his business, and one of his friends used to say that "Adriel Ely was the only man he knew who could lie in bed late in the morning and earn a good living." He was tall and spare (six feet and one inch), and had soft, fine, silky hair—the sort one likes to stroke—and as long as I can remember he wore wide linen cambric shirt ruffles, with hems rolled and whipped.

Although he came to Watertown when twenty-three years old, the memory of old Lyme was ever dear to him, and it was probably the thought of the

Connecticut River shad of his earlier days which made him like to handle and clean any particularly fine fish which found its way into our house.

His store was a general gathering-place as well as headquarters for the various things in which he was interested—it was an adjunct also of the Ashery. The weigh-room was an important place, but the counting-room was where he transacted his business and where also, in intervals of leisure, many a game of chess was played.

When father made his trips to New York to purchase goods, he was accustomed to carry the necessary gold in a belt, which he wore under his clothing. Mother went with him usually in the spring and fall, and it was more or less of an event to her neighbors, as well as to herself, for she executed many commissions, and the opening of her big trunk was of interest to them as also to us. She would sometimes bring back a packing trunk filled with oranges, as they were not plentiful with us at that time. Bananas also were a great rarity. Although a purveyor of good things for others she was a simple eater herself, and it used to disappoint me to hear that, when at the St. Nicholas in New York, she would perhaps eat a bowl of bread and milk or a plain beefsteak (which she could have any day at home!) and thus neglect the opportunities which that famous hotel afforded.

Besides the sand-banks garden we had a good-sized one behind our house for flowers, vegetables, and small fruits, such as currants, raspberries, and back-breaking (!) strawberries. There was an asparagus bed, in the midst of which stood a peach tree which bore "nothing but leaves," and there were apple and pear trees and every variety of plum that I know anything about. Over the large ice-house in the rear was a trellis where we raised delicious blue and white grapes. They were troublesome to cover when frosts threatened but well repaid the care, for they lasted into the winter, when, with red sealing wax on the tips of the stems, they were carefully packed away in cotton in the deep drawers of the many storerooms and closets in which the house abounded; the stone partition walls of the house being thick enough to form small closets or cupboards. The large, roomy cellars afforded abundant space for the winter stock of provisions. Apropos of cellars is a story told of the youngest boy of the family who, when a very small child, was missing one morning. Mother was out of town, but the search was thorough and prolonged both in and out of the house. Katy Reynolds upon going into the cellar, which seemed a most unlikely and unattractive hiding-place, heard a happy little voice calling: "Katy, Katy, come here and see!" Nobody was in sight but, following the voice, she found the lost

child inside a partially emptied barrel of sugar, into which he had managed to climb and where he was quietly enjoying his fill of sugar while the town was being turned upside down for his recovery.

Mention having been made elsewhere of the service of our grandfather, Adriel Ely, in the War of the Revolution, I may insert a similar notice of our great-grandfather, Jabez W. Foster, as found in a list of the Connecticut Fosters:

“Corporal Jabez Foster of Lebanon, Connecticut, was in Captain Tilden’s Company at Lexington Alarm—at Bunker Hill, in Captain Clark’s Company, in Colonel Israel Putnam’s Regiment. Corporal of Captain Tilden’s Company in 1778.”

In the local history of Lebanon it says: “This company, to get to Bunker Hill, marched ninety-three miles in three days; arrived in time to fortify all night before the battle and see the thing through the next day. To have had an ancestor in the battle of Bunker Hill is equivalent to a patent of nobility in this county.” Jabez Foster was in the Continental Army three years after the battle of Bunker Hill.

In politics father was an “Old Line, Henry Clay” Whig. He died two years before the Civil War, so that he was spared the anguish of that time. Mother undoubtedly voiced his sentiments in expressing her own when she wrote the letters from

which the following extracts are taken. November 18, 1860, she writes: "I feel strongly about preserving the Union and am willing to wait to see if Lincoln will not make a good President." Again she says: "I am firmly set against the dissolution of the Union. Peace, peace should be the desire of all good citizens." "Should there be a separation of the states the South would regret it, as the North. It seems very hard that so much trouble and ruin should be caused by a few wicked, hot-headed men. God grant that our Union may be preserved! He can save it from its enemies." "This subject lies near my heart and I must speak." "What would my sainted husband feel, were he living! He was for preserving the loved Union."

Again on February 17, 1861, she writes: "Colonel Sumner is with Lincoln, by invitation, on his way to Washington and will remain there until after the fourth of March. I can but hope and pray that our Union may be preserved. It looks a little brighter the past few days, still it is dark enough. I do not know that Lincoln is to blame for being elected, and he may do better than is expected—we cannot tell at present. I despise Abolitionists and like the South, still I think they have acted rashly; they might at least have waited to see what would be done. They have had their President for the last twenty-five years, and they ought to be willing the

North should have one. All I care for is to have our Union saved and to live in peace.”

The war followed quickly after this and separated her from one she loved.\* She died during the war and knew neither the fate of her son nor of the Union for whose preservation she had so fervently prayed.

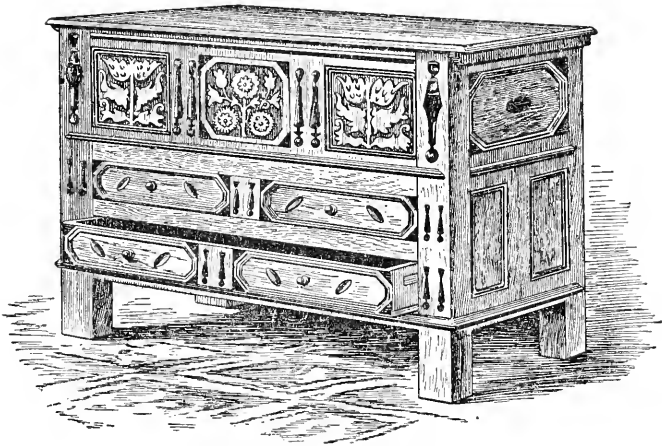
I can think of no more fitting close to these “Recollections of Adriel Ely and Evelina Foster his Wife” than the wife’s tribute to her husband, as I find it in a letter to one of her sons, written six months after his death (October 22, 1859). “My prayer is,” she writes, “that you may be successful in all of your undertakings and that you may, in all things, be worthy of the name of your blessed father. All I would ask for my children is that they follow in his footsteps. He was as nearly perfect as it is possible for one to be on this earth.”

“When I allow myself to think of the dreadful loss I have sustained I am almost crushed, but I strive to divert my thoughts by keeping busy, and, as I am quite well now, I am able to do it.”

And so, for the four years that remained before her “course was finished,” this brave woman “fought a good fight and truly kept the faith.”

\*F. E.

Watertown, New York, 1910.



CHEST AND DRAWERS BROUGHT BY RICHARD ELY  
FROM ENGLAND TO LYME, CONN., 1660



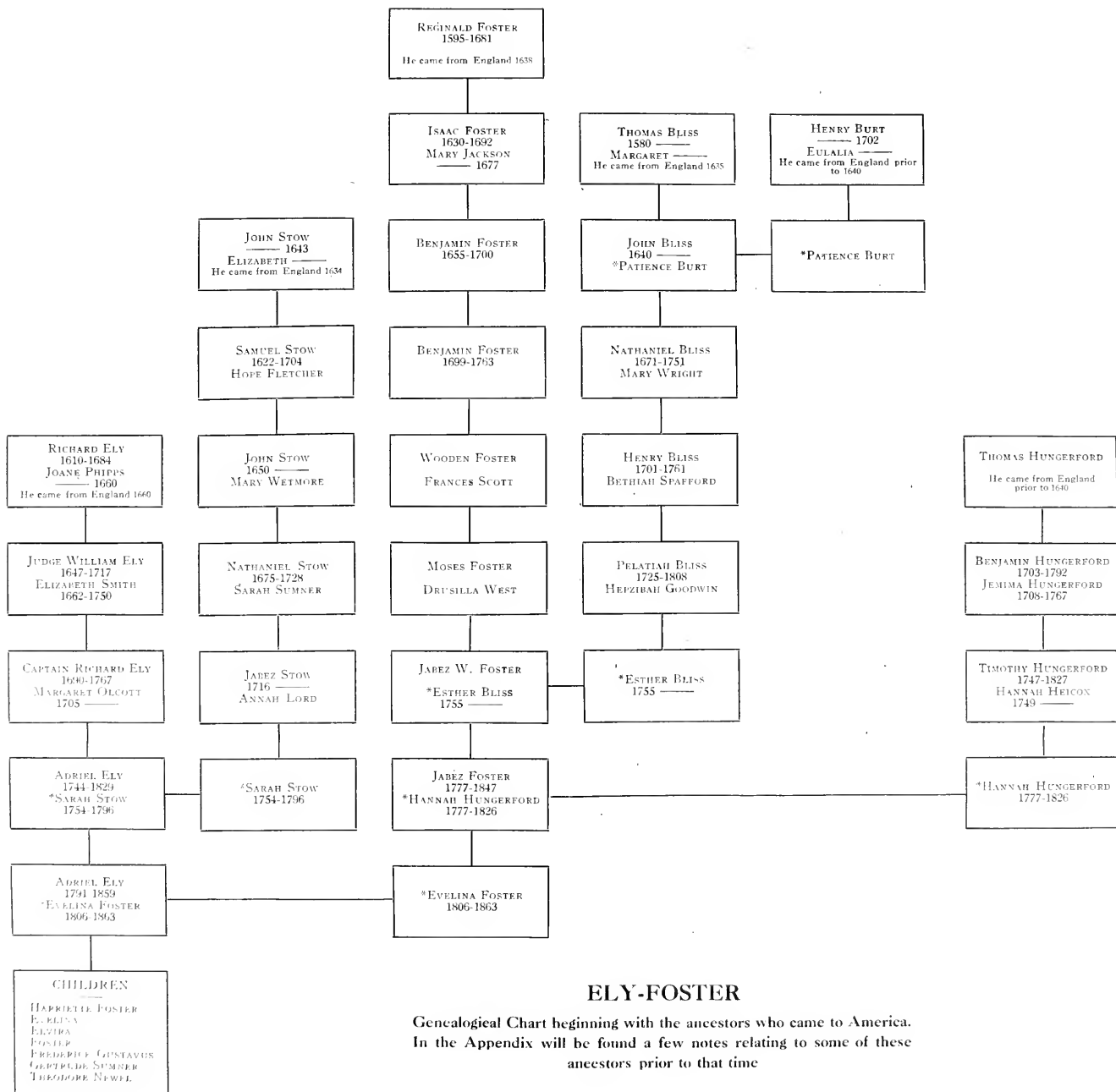


HENRY BURT  
——— 1702

EULALIA ———

He came from England prior  
to 1640





## ELY-FOSTER

Genealogical Chart beginning with the ancestors who came to America.  
In the Appendix will be found a few notes relating to some of these  
ancestors prior to that time



# APPENDIX

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## APPENDIX

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### ELY

Much of interest concerning the Ely family, prior to the coming to America of the Richard Ely mentioned in this genealogy, may be found in a book entitled "The Ely Ancestry," published in New York in the year 1902. The origin of the name, the traditions, as well as the facts relating to those who bore it, the coat-of-arms, etc., are treated at considerable length therein.

Richard Ely left his home in Plymouth, Devonshire County, England, and came to America in 1660. He resided first in Boston and later settled in Lyme, Connecticut, which at that time was a part of Saybrook. Mr. Ely was a widower when he came to America, his first wife, Joane Phipps, having died in Plymouth, January 7, 1660. She is supposed to have been a sister of Constantine John Phipps (Baron Mulgrave), the great navigator and Commissioner of the Admiralty. A younger brother, Viscount Normandy, was an officer of the British Army. She had four children, the eldest of whom, William (afterwards Judge Ely), was in the line here followed.

Richard Ely's second wife, Elizabeth Cullick, was the widow of Captain Cullick, one of the most noted

men in the colony of Connecticut. She was the sister of Colonel Fenwick, a member of Parliament.

Richard Ely had three thousand acres of land, including what is now called Ely's Ferry. Later the town of Lyme set off to his sons, William and Richard, thirteen hundred acres adjoining their father's land for three hundred pounds, making an estate of over four thousand acres in the possession of the Elys of Lyme. This was spoken of as the "Great Meadows" or "Ely Meadows."

There are two family relics of peculiar interest which belonged to Richard Ely—a tankard and a ring, both bearing the shield exhibiting the fleur-de-lis. There is also a "chest and drawers of oak, carved by hand, with ornaments of ebony—of baronial type and of massive strength." This was a piece of his household furniture, brought from England in 1660.

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The Ely Reunion, held in Lyme, Connecticut, in July, 1878, brought together about six hundred of the descendants of the original Elys—among them some who now bear other names and live, perhaps, far removed from the New England homes of their ancestors but are still *Ely* at heart.

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#### OLCOTT

Thomas Olcott of Hartford, Connecticut, an original proprietor, whose lot in 1640 is exhibited on



the ground plan, with his name written Alcock (often it appears Alcot), was a merchant who died late in 1654 or early in 1655—the inventory of his estate (large for that day) being of date of February 13, 1655. His widow, Abigail, died May 26, 1693, aged seventy-two years.

Thomas (son of Thomas and Abigail Olcott) of Hartford, Connecticut: born perhaps in England: freeman in 1658. Died in advanced years. His widow, Mary, died May 3, 1721.

Thomas (son of Thomas and Mary Olcott) of Hartford, Connecticut: married Sarah Foote of Hatfield, Massachusetts. She was the daughter of Nathaniel Foote, the third of this name (born January 10, 1647: died January 12, 1703). Sarah Foote's mother was Margaret Bliss (born November 12, 1649: died April 3, 1745).

Margaret (daughter of Thomas Olcott and Sarah Foote) was born April 12, 1705. Married Captain Richard Ely in 1730.

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#### STOW

John Stow of Roxbury, Massachusetts, came in 1634, arriving, says the church record, May 17, in one of those six ships that came in, as Governor Winthrop tells, in the week of the General Court's meeting. He brought his wife Elizabeth and six children.

Was a freeman, September 3, 1634. Was represented at two Courts in 1639. Was described as "an old Kentish man." His wife died in August, 1638, and he died October 26, 1643.

Samuel (son of John the first and Elizabeth ——) was born in England in 1622. He was freeman in 1645, while an undergraduate, but had his degree a few weeks after from Harvard College. Went to preach at Middletown, Connecticut, about 1653, where no church was gathered for many years. He seems never to have been ordained but was the only minister there before 1668 and is referred to as the "first preacher of the Word" in that place. He married Hope, daughter of William Fletcher (spoken of as "one of *the* Fletchers of Middletown"). He died May 8, 1704.

John (son of Samuel Stow and Hope Fletcher) was born June 16, 1650. He married Mary Wetmore, November 13, 1668.

Nathaniel (son of John Stow and Mary Wetmore) was born February 22, 1675. He married Sarah Sumner, February 11, 1702 or 1703.

Jabez (son of Nathaniel Stow and Sarah Sumner) was born April 13, 1716. He married Annah Lord. A sea captain of Saybrook, Connecticut.

Sarah (daughter of Jabez Stow and Annah Lord) was born in Saybrook, Connecticut, in 1754.

Married Adriel Ely. Died in Lyme, Connecticut, February 17, 1796.

Adriel Ely (son of Adriel Ely and Sarah Stow) was born in Lyme, Connecticut, February 9, 1791. Died in Watertown, New York, April 20, 1859.

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FOSTER

Reginald Foster was the patriarch of the family in America. He was descended from an ancient and respectable family in England and was born there about 1595. He was of Little Badow, County Essex, and belonged to the Foster (or Forster) family of Bamborough Castle, County Northumberland, fifteen miles from Alnwick. They were distinguished for their exploits against the Scots, mentioned in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Reginald married in England and came from that country at the time so many emigrated to Massachusetts in 1638, and, with his family, was on board one of the vessels embargoed by King Charles I. He settled at Ipswich, Massachusetts, with his wife, five sons, and two daughters. He died there in 1681. The names of his sons (born in England) were Abraham, Reginald, William, Isaac, and Jacob, ancestors of a numerous progeny settled in various parts of the United States. One of his daughters, Mary, (or it may have been a daughter of his son Isaac), married first a Wood and after his death, Francis Peabody.

His other daughter, Sarah, married a Story, ancestor of Dr. Story and of Judge Story. It is remarked of this family that they all lived to extreme old age—all married and all had large families.

Isaac (son of Reginald Foster) was born in England, 1630. Married May 5, 1658, Mary Jackson, daughter of William of Rowley. She died November 27, 1677, having had twelve children. He married twice again and had three children by his last wife. He died in Ipswich, Massachusetts, February 8, 1692. Isaac Foster was a graduate of Harvard College in 1671. When a committee of the town of Charlestown, Massachusetts, was about selecting a successor to Rev. Thomas Shepard in 1678, the opinions of Rev. John Sherman, Rev. Increase Mather and Rev. Pres. Oakes were requested as to the "fittest person" for their minister, and these gentlemen recommended Mr. Foster as the "fittest and suitablest person" for the place. While at Charlestown he was admitted freeman in 1679. Soon after he went to Connecticut and preached in Hartford.

Benjamin (son of Isaac Foster and Mary Jackson) was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, June, 1665, and died there in 1700.

Benjamin (son of Benjamin Foster) was born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, about 1699, and died in Scarboro in 1763.

Wooden (son of Benjamin Foster) married Frances Scott.

Moses (son of Wooden Foster and Frances Scott) married Drusilla West. Lived in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Jabez W. (son of Moses Foster and Drusilla West) of Ipswich, Massachusetts, was born at Machias, Maine. Married Esther Bliss in 1776.

Jabez (son of Jabez W. Foster and Esther Bliss) was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, August 1, 1777. He came from Connecticut to New York State, where he married Hannah Hungerford in Paris, New York, July 24, 1800. His first son was born in Westmoreland, New York, in 1801. In 1804 his first daughter was born in Turin, New York, and about that time he moved to Burrville, New York, and opened a store. Orville Hungerford (his brother-in-law) was his clerk. He is said to have moved to Watertown about June, 1805. His second daughter was born in Burrville in 1806, so it is probable that, although he had opened a store in Watertown, he retained his home in Burrville (five miles away) until he had completed the house in Watertown into which he moved about 1808. There eight more children were born to him. He died in Monroe, Michigan, December 10, 1847.

Evelina (daughter of Jabez Foster and Hannah Hungerford) was born in Burrville, New York,

July 1, 1806. She died in Watertown, New York,  
August 14, 1863.

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BLISS

Thomas Bliss of Belstone, England, was born about 1550 and died about 1640. He was a wealthy land-owner: was a Puritan, persecuted by civil and religious authorities under Archbishop Laud: impoverished, imprisoned, and ruined.

Thomas (son of Thomas Bliss) of Belstone Parish, Devonshire, England—later of Braintree, Massachusetts, and of Hartford, Connecticut—was born about 1580. He married Margaret ——, in England, about 1612. Owing to religious persecution he was compelled to leave England and in the autumn of 1635 left Plymouth, England, for Boston, Massachusetts.

John (son of Thomas Bliss and Margaret ——) of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, was born in Hartford, Connecticut, about 1640. He married Patience Burt, in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Nathaniel (son of John Bliss and Patience Burt) of Springfield, Massachusetts, and of Enfield and Lebanon, Connecticut, was born in Longmeadow, Massachusetts, January 26, 1671. He married Mary Wright in Springfield in 1697 and died in 1751.

Henry (son of Nathaniel Bliss and Mary Wright) was born in Enfield, Connecticut, October 25, 1701. He married Bethiah Spafford of Lebanon about 1724 and died in 1761.

Pelataiah (son of Henry Bliss and Bethiah Spafford) of Lebanon, Connecticut, was born May 6, 1725. He married Hepzibah Goodwin of Lebanon June 19, 1744, and died August 31, 1808.

Esther (daughter of Pelataiah Bliss and Hepzibah Goodwin) was born December 28, 1755. She married Jabez W. Foster in 1776.

Jabez (son of Jabez W. Foster and Esther Bliss) was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, August 1, 1777. He married Hannah Hungerford in Paris, New York, July 24, 1800. He died in Monroe, Michigan, December 10, 1847.

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#### BURT

Henry Burt and wife came from England to Roxbury, Massachusetts. In 1640 he removed to Springfield, Massachusetts, and was there clerk of the writs (though record of the birth of his own children is not found). He moved to Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1672: was there through the famous trial of his sister for witchcraft. Later he moved to Longmeadow, Massachusetts, and died April 30, 1702. His wife, Eulalia, died August 29, 1690. A tradition is preserved that she was laid

out for dead in England and put into the coffin. At her funeral, signs of life appeared and she recovered, came to New England, settled in Springfield, and had nineteen children! What degree of credit may be yielded to this account may well be asked. We have the names of eleven of her children—three sons and eight daughters. The daughters all married (and some of them several times) and had large families—one of them, Mary, having eight sons and eight daughters.

Patience (fifth daughter of Henry and Eulalia Burt) married John Bliss of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, in Springfield, October 7, 1677.

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#### HUNGERFORD

The Hungerford name is one of the oldest in Great Britain. It was taken from the town of Hungerford, Wiltshire, England. The family came over from Normandy with William the First and fought with him at the battle of Hastings in October, 1066. After the Conquest they received large grants of land from the king.

The Hungerfords are descendants of noble ancestors. Sir Thomas Hungerford was Speaker of the English Commons in 1398. His son and heir, Sir Walter, was summoned to Parliament as Lord Hungerford. He fought under Henry V. at Agincourt, where he took the Duke of Orleans prisoner.



He was Lord High Treasurer under Henry VI. The family settled in the county of Cork about 1640, and had various grants of land. He died August 9, 1449, leaving two sons, one of whom, Sir Robert, succeeded as Lord Hungerford. He was attainted of treason for his activity in the Lancastrian cause, March 4, 1466, and beheaded. His son and heir, the fourth Lord Hungerford, suffered death in the same cause.

The above is taken from Collins' Peerage of England and might be brought down further as regards the family in England. In this country a map of Hartford, Connecticut, in 1640 shows a parcel of land owned by Thomas Hungerford. Later, the records of East Haddam show that in 1692 a grant of land was made to Thomas Hungerford (supposed to be a son of the above Thomas) in Machamoodus (now East Haddam) and that in 1704 deeds were executed to him. This is all the information to be obtained from these records, but the descendants of the Hungerford family have the following tradition:

Thomas Hungerford was the first settler of that name who came from the town of Thetford, England (eighty miles northeast of London). He was the father of John, Green, Thomas, and Benjamin.

Benjamin Hungerford was born December 20, 1703, and died February 1, 1792. He married

Jemima Hungerford, who was born January 17, 1708, and died July 17, 1767. Their children were: Prudence, Matthew, Jemima, Rachel, Lydia, Benjamin, Stephen, Susannah, Timothy, Jacob, and Mary.

Timothy Hungerford was born in April, 1747, and died in August, 1827. He married Hannah Heicox,\* who was born in Bristol, Connecticut, in 1749. Their children were Nancy, Hannah, Anson, Timothy, Lorraine, Dexter, and Orville.

Nancy married Josiah Bradner.

Hannah married Jabez Foster.

Anson married Sally Coe.

Timothy married Mary Richardson.

Lorraine married Daniel Brainard.

Dexter married Marietta Burr.

Orville married Betsey Stanley.

Hannah (daughter of Timothy Hungerford and Hannah Heicox) was born in Farmington, Connecticut, September 13, 1777, and died in Watertown, New York, October 16, 1826. She married Jabez Foster in Paris, New York, July 24, 1800, and was the mother of twelve children.

Their children were: Gustavus Adolphus, Ambrose Sylvester, Elvira Lorraine, Evelina, Ambrose Sylvester, Jabez Hamilton, Hannah Jenett,

\*The name of Heicox varies in its spelling—is sometimes written Hickocks, or Hickox.

Asa Montgomery, Morris, Frederick, Hannah Jenett, and Harriet.

Evelina (daughter of Jabez Foster and Hannah Hungerford) was born in Burrville, New York, July 1, 1806. She married Adriel Ely in Watertown, New York, December 28, 1826, and died there August 14, 1863.



## THE UNION

WATERTOWN, N. Y., APRIL 28, 1859

### DEATH OF ADRIEL ELY

In the name that heads this article the business men of Northern New York will recognize an old and estimable friend and acquaintance. For more than forty years he has been intimately and extensively connected with the business of this county—and no man in the county has achieved a more marked success as a business operator.

In every department in which he engaged, in all the relations of life in which he was called to act, in the discharge of every duty, in the fulfilment of every obligation, Mr. Ely was a pattern of imitation for those who would aim to secure success and leave an honored name. It is not sufficient to say of him that he lived and died, but that he achieved—that he was conqueror in life's conflicts—that human life acquired caste from his having been a component part—that the world received benefit from his having lived and labored in it. Mr. Ely pursued his business with an ardor equalled only by that with which he discharged the duties of a christian life—for his history is not only a record of temporal triumph but of christian faith. Adorned with christian graces, and clad in the christian armor—he con-

tended manfully for the mastery here and the conquest hereafter. Having performed all his duties faithfully, efficiently, and well, he has entered upon an everlasting inheritance—where his work is praise, and his enjoyment, the blessed rest of the ransomed.

We shall not attempt a detailed biography of Mr. Ely—only a brief note of the leading events of his life. He was born in Lyme, Connecticut, February 9, 1791—being the fourth in direct descent from Richard Ely, the first of the name who emigrated to this country from Plymouth, England, about the year 1660. He settled at Lyme where he purchased large landed estates—a portion of which is still known as the “Ely Meadows.” Adriel Ely, Sen., the father of our departed friend, was a farmer—and the subject of this notice was educated to the severe toil of a farmer’s life—putting his strong hand to the plow, and breaking up the rude soil of Connecticut, in the farmer’s garb. He was the youngest, and the last to leave the world, of a family of five children—Hon. Sumner Ely of Otsego, late a Senator of this state, and father of Theodore D. Ely of this place—William S. Ely, who died long since in Brownville, the father of Newel Ely, of this place—Horace Ely of Connecticut, father of Rev. Zabdiel Rogers Ely who married a daughter of the late Orville Hungerford and died some years ago

in this village—and a sister, the wife of Erastus Sterling, who also died in Brownville.

Mr. Ely left Lyme on horseback in 1814, came to the residence of his brother, Doctor Sumner Ely of Otsego, and thence to this place. He has since resided here. He commenced as a clerk in the store of Olney Pearce—then was partner and afterwards purchased the interest of Mr. Pearce and continued the business in his own name. At one period he was in company with Orville Hungerford, doing business under the firm of “Hungerford & Ely,” but for a long period he has been doing business principally as a merchant in his own individual capacity.

To all improvements of our village and county, Mr. Ely has contributed with a wise counsel and a liberal hand. He was one of the early pioneers and constituted a strong, bright “link in the chain” that connects the present with the past. He has done as much as any other one man to bring us up from our primitive poverty and weakness, to our present condition of wealth and power and prosperity.

In his prime, Mr. Ely was a man of great physical strength, a ready and comprehensive intellect and extraordinary force of character—resolute in purpose, fearless in action, and liberal, independent, and honorable in all things. It is no disparagement to any man in this intelligent community to say that

ADRIEL ELY was his peer. The death of such a man is a public loss. He died on Wednesday morning the 20th inst. His funeral was attended on Friday, at half past one o'clock, by a large concourse of people from his late residence to the cemetery. "Brookside," is eminently a fitting place for *his* last sleep, for he was one of the early and efficient projectors of the laudable enterprise of preparing the new cemetery. His mind and hand have been engaged from the first, and his great good taste evinced in laying out and beautifying that final resting place for the dead.

Mr. Ely leaves a widow—a daughter of the late Judge Jabez Foster—and five children, three sons and two daughters.

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DEATH OF ADRIEL ELY, Esq.—At a special meeting of the Directors of the Jefferson County Bank, held at their Banking House on the 21st April, Robert Lansing, Esq., V. P., announced the death of Mr. Ely, he having been a Director for 36 years, last past, and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of Adriel Ely, this Bank has been deprived of a strong friend who, for many years, has been an efficient member of this



Board and has enjoyed our highest confidence and regard.

Resolved, That, as a manifestation of our esteem and respect for the deceased, we will attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a record of these proceedings be entered upon the minutes and published, and that a copy be transmitted to the family by the Cashier.

O. V. BRAINARD, *Chairman.*

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At a meeting of the Trustees of the Brookside Cemetery, held on the 25th inst., JUDGE HUBBARD in the Chair—the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of the Board of Trustees of Brookside Association deeply sorrow for the loss of their presiding officer, ADRIEL ELY, Esq., through whose zealous and efficient labors in a great degree, the Association has attained its present prosperity.

Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted family of the deceased our warmest sympathies in their great bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of the above resolutions to the family of the

deceased and cause a copy of the same to be published in the papers of this village.

W. C. BROWN, *Secretary.*

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OBITUARY

August 14, 1863

In this village Friday evening, the fourteenth August inst.

MRS. EVELINA FOSTER ELY,

Relict of the late Adriel Ely, Esq., aged fifty-seven years

Mrs. Ely was the second daughter of Judge Jabez and Hannah Foster, whose history was lately published in the columns of the Reformer. She was born in this town and is well remembered by all the "old inhabitants," who were her contemporaries, all along through her childhood and youth as well as in her riper years, on account of that happy combination of social virtues which constituted her the life and soul of every circle—whether at the village school, in the company of the young, in society with the middle-aged, or, in later times, with the old and grey-headed.

Her name was the synonym of all that is hearty and exuberant in happy childhood—cheerful in youth, and genial and matronly in age.

But it is in the sacred precincts of the family circle, where she was the presiding genius and where she was best known and appreciated, that her loss will be most severely felt and where the sympathy of friends and the consolations of our holy religion are most needed, for there it was that her characteristic traits did most culminate.

Watertown, New York.



THE ELY TANKARD

























