

Recollections of Abner Livermore (1851)

Abner Livermore (1777-1857), an early Waterville area resident and school teacher, penned the following letter in 1851. The letter records the author's memories of local people and events from the 1790's through the early 1800's. The original document is in the collection of the Waterville Public Library.

The twenty townships at first called the Governor's purchase, were six miles square except on the east, bounded on the Unadilla river, they conformed to the crooks and bends of that river.

In the year 1800 the citizens petitioned the Legislature and Sangerfield was after a while annexed to Oneida county. Many other important events of that year should be recorded by somebody. The leap year was omitted, i.e. 1796 was leap year and the next leap year was 1801. The writer of these memories had gone back to Vermont and was married on the first day of the present century. In a few days he arrived with his better half when intelligence came of the death of General George Washington, who died the 14th of Dec., 1799. News did not fly with lightning speed then as now.

We assembled at Sangerfield Center and heard a general discourse, as was done in most of the towns of the United States. Old Mr. James Thompson was minister at that time. He owned a farm east of the Huddle, afterwards owned by Capt. Thomas Jeffers. Mr. Thompson was the first and for a long time, the only gospel minister in town. I ought to say he was a good preacher but of poor education.

Col. David Norton was one of the first settlers from the east who came with his family to reside in the twentieth township. He bought town lots in the year 1792.

Less than a half dozen families came on the same year. A log house answered his purposes a short time. He afterwards built a saw mill, barns and houses. He was the first Justice of the Peace but did not hold that office many years. Justice Hale, Esq., was appointed in his stead-likely some shift of administration.

John Jay was Governor of State from 1796 to 1800. The counsel of appointment appointed Justus Hale, a brother of Ebenezer Hale. Law suits became common. The Ten Pound Act as then called having jurisdiction to the amount of twenty-five dollars was the Justice Act.

'Squire Hale died young and his widow (a sister of Ralph Parveck) after a few years married Obediah Leach, who afterwards served as a constable for a number of years. Dr. Stephen Preston was the first physician at the Center. A Dr. Chapin came there and settled down close by him. They quarreled, Preston succeeded best. Chapin went west and was in Buffalo. His house there was burned by the British in 1813. He fought them the next year and the United States paid his losses. He and Preston met as friends and brothers the last time I saw them together.

Dr. John Safferd was an early settler. He died in December, 1804.

Joseph Tenney, afterwards a printer, who let us have a place in the poet's corner sometimes, was among the early settlers.

Thomas and Daniel King, leaders in the Congregational church, settled in the northwest part of the town. Deacon Jeremiah Raney of the Baptist Church, has a farm near them on the road to Oriskany Falls.

The early farmers brought their bags of apple seeds. The maple, beech, basswood and other trees were soon cut and burned up and bearing orchards were soon seen. The herbage of the woods made excellent pasture for cattle. Browse contributed largely to the wintering of cattle.

Many moved into the country with ox teams. Daniel Livermore came in that way in March, 1799. In October of the same year he drove from Vermont quite a lot of cows and young cattle belonging to him and me. Others drove from the Berkshire hills, Mass., some years after that date.

The southwest corner of the town was then and perhaps is yet called Terrytown. Isaac Terry, Sen., and Zeno Terry, Sen., had settled there. In the speech of the people there were old Isaac and young Isaac, old Zeno and young Zeno, and a number of other sons to each family. They had beautiful daughters, too. Capt. Page married one of Uncle Zeno's daughters, and 'Squire Aaron Stafford married one. Young Isaac went to Vermont, one hundred and fifty miles, after a sister of ours.

On the next page we must come to the Huddle and see who were first on the carpet there. Be patient, we will raise a Baptist meeting house shortly.

It has already been mentioned that in May, 1799, we had the first view of Sangerfield Huddle. There was at that time quite a huddle of log cabins, some roofed with long cedar shingles but mostly covered with slabs.

Major Benj. White had an unfinished frame house on or near the same spot where Amos Osborn some years afterward built a brick house. White's old house was moved back and west a little where it still stands. His nephew, Col. Amos Muzzy, had also an unfinished frame house, had raised a sign post and was a tavern keeper. A man of great pomposity, he had been a Lieut. Col. Commander of a regiment of militia in Vermont, had been a country merchant and a broker merchant, too, as well as myself. He was the first tavern keeper in the place. He could make (so he said) a brandy sling or a rum sling a shade better than any other man. Likely it was even so for when any one ordered a sling made, Major White, if present, would instantly throw the quid of tobacco out of his mouth.

Amos Muzzy was also the first postmaster in the town. With his pompous manner, however, he was not a bad sort of a man, almost every one he spoke of was his intimate personal friend. He was Supervisor of the town. Who would not feel himself to be of great importance and wisdom under like circumstances?

There were not literally giants in those days but little great men and great little men. Many a good fellow worked for White in building his mills and on stormy days and leisure hours they told stories and sang songs and drank sling with Col. Muzzy.

Leftenant (lieutenant was so pronounced by the Yankees in those days) Trask and family had left the commonwealth of Massachusetts soon after the dispersion of Gen. Daniel Shay's army, and it was said by some he had been aid-de-camp to that general before he came to this fine, new, fertile country.

Col. Muzzy's old tavern house, is, we think, still in existence, yet owned and occupied by G.M. Gifford, the tailor.

On the west side of the creek Sylvanus Dyer had erected and partly enclosed a large two-story frame house which was afterwards finished and for several years occupied by him, afterwards by Aaron Hackley, Esq., and last by Capt. Page. You see we are careful to give military titles, for such was the established custom of the times.

In or about the month of June, 1800, we were invited from Terrytown to the Huddle to raise a Baptist meeting house. We put up the frame, Major White treating us to rum and water, cake and cheese. Whisky was not yet fashionable, nor was a cold water raising thought possible 'till many years after the raising of this first meeting house in town. No steeple was raised at the time, yet it was intended to have one when they got able. Jotham Tower raised a steeple in which was placed the first bell in town. This house was on the same spot as the present brick meeting house and fronted east.

David Felton, who lived many years on Hardscrabble Hill, got the title of Judge, by being the man who took the Judge from the bench at Northampton in the time of Shay's war.

We resided in that part called Terrytown until the spring of the year 1806. We taught school each winter except the winter of 1800, when, having prepared a large cage to put a Green mountain bird in, we returned and attended a ball at Ebenezer Hale's. The managers were Capt. Risley, Capt. Beach, and Capt. Page. We mention this as showing the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Notwithstanding they danced occasionally, they were with few exceptions a prudent, industrious and a church-going people.

In the spring of the year 1801 Daniel and Abner Livermore, whose small farms in Terrytown joined, hired a worthy young man, Thomas Groves, for six months, he working for us alternate weeks. Deacon Groves and wife, the parents of Thomas, were the only professors of religion in Terrytown. An awakening and excitement were the preaching of Mr. Thompson and Elder Butler had commenced in the Center, Huddle and other parts of the town. Mrs. Groves was over-anxious that something might awaken the people of Terrytown to seek an interest in the Savior. In June, I think, I had gone on business to Payne's settlement (as Hamilton village was then called.) Daniel and Thomas were chopping wood together, and having felled a large maple that had in its fall brushed the limbs of another tree, they walked on to the body of the fallen tree to cut it for logging. Thomas insisted on cutting off the butt as being his lot. He had scarce begun cutting when a limb fell from the leaning tree and struck him on the head. Daniel called his wife, with a bottle of camphorated spirits, but Thomas expired in a few moments.

The Center had become a handsome settlement earlier than the Huddle. Major Jotham Tower had the year before I came here, built the same tavern house, in the same style of architecture that remains to the present day, for Ebenezer Hale, and an elegant two-story frame house across the road for 'Squire Oliver Norton. Jotham was young, industrious and an ambitious masterbuilder.

The first respectable country merchant's store in town was not in either of the villages. Brown & Hewett as early as 1799 had a log tavern house and frame store on top of the hill (where Nickols Edwards now lives) on the third town road as it was called.

The spring election of 1800 was opened in the A.M. of the first day (three days for election) at the log tavern house of Moses Bush in Terrytown; P.M. of the same day at Brown & Hewett's; second day at

Col Muzzy's, and the third day at Ebenezer Hale's at the Center. Geo. Clinton was elected Governor. My brother Daniel and myself attended the three days and voted for Gov. Clinton. He got thirteen votes only in the town of Sangerfield.

In a year or two Brown & Hewett built a house, one room of it a store, in the Huddle. I sold them wheat at five shillings a bushel, one half money and one-half goods in payment.

Somewhat of a jealousy and strife existed for some years between the Center and the Huddle. The large schoolhouse with a swing partition where they had school meetings and town meetings was burned. The Baptists generously offered them the use of their house for a part of the time, as they did not have steady preaching. But the Center came to the Huddle very little. They met in Deacon Oliver Norton's house and sometimes in E. Hale's chambers. Some weak sisters and brothers, too, could not bear that very well as that room had sometimes been used for dancing. Well, they must have a meeting house, so said the Center and all the south part of the town, whether they regarded religion as there preached or not. Subscriptions were liberally filled up. Old Mr. Thompson, the unlearned, was not popular enough. A new meeting house, a young liberally educated minister, would make the church and society grow up to advantage. So they talked it. There was much prejudice against the Baptist close communion views. Arrangements were made with the waste of as little time as such a great enterprise would permit. Freeborn Burlingame of Paris, a carpenter and joiner was employed. A large meeting house with a steeple at the south end near the center of the green or public square, in June or July, 1804, was raised, and though we helped to raise we can not tell the exact day or year. Ebenezer Hale was the leader in the grand enterprise. Soon it was determined to dismiss Mr. Thompson though Thomas King opposed it. Joseph Tenny was willing to let Mr. Thompson go, but wanted Mr. Bell, an uncle of his, a man of liberal education to be sure, but nearly as old as Mr. Thompson. Tenny thought his influence and Mr. Bell's eloquence would certainly succeed so wrote to uncle Bell to come on. Mr. Bell having about the same time been dismissed from pastoral care down east came right on. E. Hale and O. Norton having got some hint of Tenny's scheme, had by this time by a majority of the church, invited a young candidate in the ministry (Samuel Rich) to come and labor with us on probation.

He was a handsome man, an excellent reader and a graduate of Yale College, gifts and qualifications for the ministry full middling good. After a few months preaching on trial, and a few church and society meetings, we gave Mr. Rich a formal call to settle as pastor of the Congregational church in Sangerfield. The terms finally agreed upon were a one thousand dollars settlement, and a salary of four hundred dollars per year. E. Hale and a few other forehanded individuals made up the \$1,000 settlement, part in four acres of land and a house. The same is now owned by Daniel Livermore, Esq.

We were in general captivated with our young preacher while on probation. He was a good preacher and a lover of the things of this world, too. A considerable number of the members of the church and society signed a covenant to make up by tax on themselves any deficiency in the annual salary that might happen by members moving away or otherwise. Others not voluntarily coming in to the support it soon made a heavy tax on the members, but we should not speak of the means by which they put him away, let us attend to the ordination.

While all these preparations were going on, the inhabitants - some in the church - had got into law suits, prosecutions, indictments, etc. justice's courts were common, in the common pleas, general sessions, circuit, oyer and terminer, more came from Sangerfield than any other town of the county.

Well, the ordination day came on. No doubt there are yet living those who saw the old priest, Steele,

there with his full bottomed white wig on. Steele preached the sermon and gave the charge to the pastor elect, using many of the kind expressions Paul used in his letters to his son Timothy. "Brother," he said, "to be the pastor of a church requires the exercise of all the Christian graces and virtues. Patience, brother, the men and women of Sangerfield are made up of different materials from the rest of the world (making a long pause) or else you will meet with trouble here that will make your heart ache." Many went home thinking he had represented the men and women of Sangerfield worse than the rest of the world. Understood rightly however, it meant, if we were not better than the rest of the world the pastor would meet with trouble. And he did meet with trouble in a few years, and I concluded Sangerfield men and women were like the rest of the world. Yes, in a few years Priest Rich met with trouble that made his heart ache. Some part of his affections at least were of a worldly nature. His salary failed considerably. He gave good sermons but was accused of plagiarism. He owned that he occasionally made copious extracts from other authors.

In reckoning of accounts with Capt. Bailey (afterwards called Chief Justice Bailey) there was found due a shilling. Lacking the change, to decide, they turned up a copper which should have the shilling. For this they accused him of gambling. Many would have given him a dishonorable discharge.

A counsel was called and he was dismissed in good standing. the Rev. S. Rich had invested considerable property in the cotton factory which did well for a time but in the end was a losing business.

Then came on the Rev. Evan Beardsley from Vermont in the spring of 1816, a year long to be remembered for its cold season, soon after the snow storm on the 6th of June. Mr. Beardsley was to be installed as pastor of the church at the Center. True there was a respectable minority opposed to hurrying the installations so quick. Uncle John McLeish said in his country the clergy were in earnest at the throne of grace, that the seasons of the year be ordered in mercy. As to this little man Beardsley there was not a word out of his head on the subject. And there you see my beans all killed with frost. They are going to install that same little man.

Well, Mr. Beardsley was installed; was a good and quite a popular preacher for some years. We shall have occasion to speak of him again hereafter. That church was Congregational. Mr. Beardsly was Presbyterian or became such in a few years.

But we must return to the Huddle. We have been rambling about in Terrytown, the Center and elsewhere too long, got away before our story, a little too much.

When we left, Col. Muzzy was making a sling a shade better than anyone else, tippled too much himself, was pompous of military titles. Would to God I had been free of the same vanities I record of him. I have told you when I first saw the Huddle. I passed right through to Clough's tavern in the third township, and took supper, expecting to find my brother Daniel in the third town, but found he had moved to Terrytown. I was then by moonlight piloted through the woods by a Mr. Coleson and found my brother. I went to Vermont and kept school in sundry places. My first songs are mentioned. My first petti-fogging was before 'Squire Oliver Norton. I had resided in Terrytown and in the Center, became a citizen and taught school in the Huddle. Some of my scholars ought to be mentioned; Aaron Stafford, Truman Stafford, Janny Hawley, Leverett Barker, Jeremiah Clarke, Miss Tower, (J. Clarke's wife afterwards), Mary Stafford, Clarendary Childs, and more young gents and ladies were my senior scholars. More than one hundred names from four or five to four or five and twenty years of age in a small school house. (The house stood a little west of the meeting house and is now, 1886, the home of Mrs. Barton). The management of this school was the hardest winter's work I ever did. I did not have

the pleasure of knowing they had improved in education as well as when I had taught in Terrytown, in Whitestown, in Paris (Capts. Simon Hubbard's district,) as each of the others had in my opinion done better than this Huddle school. Isaac Terry, Jr., and Elisha Plank were trustees.

Well, having got sick of school teaching, Samuel, Abner, and James Livermore entered into co-partnership; bought out Eri Allen - quite a (refuse) store of goods at or very near the prices he bought them at in the city of New York. he gave us a good recommendation to his creditors in the city, which however was of very little use as he had failed for thousands in meeting his engagements in the city. We had taken down some money, some ashes, pot and pearl, and managed to get some \$3,000 in goods on credit.

Our store in the huddle had been built some years before by Major Jotham Tower for Kane & VanRensselaer of Utica, and had been occupied a year or two by Robert Benedict. He had broke and come out poor. Eri Allen was by this time a broken merchant.

Brown, the first merchant in the place, died. His partner, Capt. Lodowick Hewett, settled the estate and came out rather poor.

Jotham Tower had built a store, got a mere handful of goods from Utica, traded a short time and sold out to Josiah and Reuben Bacon who were doing a pretty fair business at the time we commenced trade, on or about the 1st of March, 1807.

The greatest snow storm ever known in this country before or since commenced on the last day of March. it was very cold and the storm continued a week. A great body of snow fell and drifted badly.

Nearly one hundred inhabitants of the Huddle turned out with teams and shovels to break the road to the Center. About half way there they met the Center people working their way through the snow drifts to get to the Huddle. Thus it required the energies of these two villages all day to break one mile of road, the most public road in town, too.

Another cold snow storm came on the 16th day of April. Here some one discrediting the story will say: "How do you know this and give the date so exact?" to which I answer in the scripture expression: "In those days we lived so many years and begat sons and daughters." Here I refer to my family record. James Clinton Livermore, my second son, was born on the 16th day of April, A.D. 1807. I remember the day and remember the night and the cold storm as well as if it were yesterday.

Our firm in trade was S.A. & J. Livermore. Samuel, had a store and a pot and pearl ashery in Brookfield (the little new village was nicknamed Negro City before any black man was there. Laban Olby, a blacksmith and black man came there afterwards and was called mayor of the city). Part of the goods I had purchased in new York city were taken to Brookfield. I managed the store and ashery in the Huddle, and Samuel and James in Brookfield.

In the fall we bought quite a drove of beef cattle. Samuel went to market with them and barrelled a part at Catskill, and sold the rest in Dutchess county. I forwarded what pot ashes we had, and made satisfactory payments in New York city and we filled up with a good supply of fall and winter goods.

Probably I have wasted too much time in these matters. Ashes with all country merchants and with many farmers on new lands was the principal thing.

Sangerfield never raised a great quantity of wheat, and we sent some to Albany, but Genesee wheat sold for one shilling per bushel more than ours.

We have mentioned that Benj. White built the first mill. 'Squire Justus Tower in 1800 or 1801 built a saw mill and flouring mill. In the spring freshet of 1801 or 1802 great quantities of flood wood came down the stream. 'Squire Tower with two or three others were on the flood-wood with pike poles to shove the floating logs over the saw mill dam, when the whole dam went off. 'Squire Tower was drowned, and his body was not found till looked for about two days. My brother Daniel and myself were in the search when found. 'Squire Justus Tower was supervisor at the time of his death. He was a mechanic of great talent and enterprise. There was not only the loss of his life, but the loss of a considerable part of his property. The saw mill was gone and the grist mill was almost ruined, but was repaired and put in operation some years after by Capt. Wm. Osborn.

John Williams, a tanner, came to the Huddle about the year 1801. He and Jotham Tower married daughters of Deacon Abel Hawley, of Paris. Josiah Bacon took another of his daughters, and Truman Stafford the youngest. The deacon's daughters were beauties, well educated and accomplished.

Muzzy was appointed postmaster in 1800.

Col. John Williams was appointed postmaster in the spring of 1808. All things with him were conducted honestly and square. Some years afterward, however, party spirit caused his removal. It was said by many that the writer of these memories had a hand in his removal, and the appointment of Col. David Norton in December, 1809. Well, the post-office was moved to the Center anyway. Citizens of the Huddle soon convinced me that the ought to have a post-office, so not long afterwards the village was named Waterville. I wrote to the postmaster general and got Reuben Bacon appointed. This was May 20. 1822. He was honest and capable, and we had not then in the village a Democrat fit for the office, that is in my opinion. Blanks were forwarded to me for the appointment of Reuben Bacon, Esq., and to see that he gave good bail, by Gen. Granger, postmaster general.

The war of 1812 was very unpopular in Sangerfield. President Madison gave a proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer soon after the declaration of war. Priest Rich read the proclamation, and he observed he did not know how as that church and society would keep the fast. Said he: "So many as will meet and keep the fast manifest it by rising in their pews." Capt. Josiah Hartwell alone arose.

The first general, i.e. regimental training was when we belonged to the county of Chenango. The regiment was commanded by Col. David Norton and Lieut. Col. Nathaniel Haskell at Col. Haskell's (Sorrel Hill) in Brookfield.

Such muddy roads as we traveled then have not been seen in Sangerfield these many years past. The first draft of militia was for the service of 1812, a call for only three months service. Ensign Aaron Stafford went to Sackett's Harbor, acquitted himself with honor; and in 1813 Lieutenant or Adjutant A. Stafford went in a regiment commanded by Col. F. Stranahan to the Niagara frontier; was wounded and a prisoner at Queenstown the same day and in the same action that the British General Brock was killed.

Stafford has or ought to have a pension. A Sergeant Green in 1812 was drafted but said he would certainly be killed or die if he went into the army, Reuben Tower went as his substitute, did required duty, and returned home well. In the meantime Green had died and was buried at home.

Amos Eastman, an orderly sergeant, was drafted and A. Livermore, sergeant major, went as his substitute. Both these old men, we suppose, are alive yet. Cowards suffer much, the brave die but once. Sangerfield, whether the church kept the fast or not, did her part well in the war of 1812. A company of six months' volunteers was raised by Capt. Knapp at Waterville in the spring of 1814. My son, John Stafford Livermore, and my nephew, Daniel Livermore, went at the age of thirteen and did duty like veterans in the service under Gen. Peter B. Porter, and received an honorable discharge by that general before their term of service ended. They both were discharged sick and probably both were entitled to pensions. Able to live with a pension, too, some day. I say let soldiers who are entitled, rich or poor, have a pension.

As to military concerns. At an early day we had three full companies of militia in the town of Sangerfield. The West company, commanded by Capt. Silas Parke, the Center by Capt. Nero Hale, and the East company by Captain N. Ford.

A company of light infantry was soon raised, commanded by Capt. Gad Chamberlain. The militia were soon reduced to two companies, one company south of Cherry Valley turnpike, the other north of that road.

I had for several years served as Sergeant Major. Without my consent my name was forwarded to the council of appointment, and an ensign commission in the South company was sent me. I must qualify to commission (such was the law) or go into the ranks. Stephen Leonard was captain. He had the rheumatism and declined training all that year and resigned.

Lieut. A. Winchell moved away so I had to command the company as ensign commander. At this time I was on my little farm in the south and received the next winter a captain's commission. Before the company's training day I moved back to Waterville.

By an order of Col. J. Williams I issued orders to non-commissioned officers to warn the company to appear equipped, etc., at the Center. Lieut. Amos Norton and Ensign Samuel Jewitt convinced the colonel that I having moved out of the beat had no right to command two companies. I gave orders to Lieut. A. Norton and he gave orders to another set of non-commissioned officers, so all the companies were warned, by his authority and by my authority. Readers will be surprised to see how vain we all were of military titles.

It cost great sums to dress and equip then. Custom required officers to treat with liquor and give dinners to musicians, clergy, etc. We had become as tenacious of military titles as old Col. Muzzy. I privately visited Brigadier Gen. Oliver Collins and Major Gen. Nathaniel King, and they sustained my right to command.

Training day came. All dressed in style and well equipped were on the ground early. This double warning excited the curiosity of all the south part of the town. We gent officers felt rich enough. Sideboards in the parlors were well supplied and all friends were invited to drink.

Lieut. Norton told me it was his right to command ensign, and I expressed the same opinion. As soon as the clock struck nine I said to lieut. Norton: "give orders to the non-commissioned officers to parade the company." He replied, "I was just a-going to do so, for I mean to command the company." I told the sergeant to parade the company. "I observe, Lieutenant, you have obeyed my orders well so far." "Put on your hat and sword," said gent officers, "lets go on parade." They replied: "It is customary to wait until the orderly sergeant announces they are ready." I hurried out, drew my sword,

called "attention, order arms, orderly sergeant call the roll." He replied "he was just going in to call the lieutenant and ensign." I ordered in a stern voice, "Call the roll or I'll call it myself." He complied, William Ferguson, one of the soldiers, stepped out and civilly inquired what all this meant. I replied by reading my commission.

We were surrounded by spectators.

As to my right there was a difference of opinion in the ranks and among the spectators. I looked at my watch and observed it was grog time. I handed two Spanish mill dollars to a corporal, saying, "We will march out of the crowd and take some drink." "To the right face, forward, march." They all marched, and we drank. I promised the lieutenant and ensign that after commanding this one day I would resign and give them a chance of promotion. All went well then and in a few years Col. Amos Norton (my lieutenant) commanded the regiment.

Two gallons of good old rum had some influence in my favor, no doubt.

Amos Osborn built the first distillery in the Hollow, just below the first grist mill. We country merchants bought of him by the hogshead at five shillings or sometimes six shillings per gallon. Wood and coarse grain were plenty, and as he paid cash the people thought it fine times.

Zachariah Mallett came and he also went into the distillery business. Some years passed away before it was generally known or thought to be a money making business.

Afterwards many others went into the business. Amos Osborn was out of the business before it was overdone or unprofitable, or dangerous of success with fair, prudent management. Some have since failed in the distilling business.

Considerable capital is yet embarked in the business. Men belonging to temperance societies will sell them wood, cattle, hay, swine, etc., though they will drink no whiskey.

Waterville has never been a place noted for intemperance. Some have tippled a little and yet have reformed. In a view of the whole, for half a century, the great majority have been a sober, industrious, virtuous, enterprising people. They have obtained useful patent rights and built up a fine village. While in Boston some few years ago I mentioned my former residence as Sangerfield, village of Waterville. They asked: "How far is that from the Huddle?" So in Michigan I have heard inquired how far is Waterville from the Huddle. If my vote could do it the Huddle would be the name again. Were I to return there let me reside on Christian street. The street is so recorded by that name in the surrogate's office in the sale of the real estate of Samuel Rugg to Amos Osborn, sold at vendue by A. Livermore, administrator.

The inhabitants of the Huddle (ah, Waterville, we must say) were patrons of education. Amos and William Osborn, John Williams, Josiah and Reuben Bacon, the Towers, Othniel Williams and some others were men of good education. A school house was built, then a large one, and care was taken to employ good teachers. I have had the honor to serve them as a teacher, trustee and collector. By law a school district could tax themselves no higher than four hundred dollars.

A plan of a house was drawn estimated to cost \$1,600. \$400 was voted as a tax and the residue was raised by subscription.

A. Livermore's name was on that for a small sum, and others above mentioned for liberal sums. All was cheerfully and promptly paid. The new brick school house (academy we called it) finished. Mr. Burchard taught the first high school in the academy.

There were other good teachers after him. Some of my sons and daughters have taught in that house. I lived near it on Christian street several years. Philo Gridley (now Judge Gridley) taught at the same house one or two years and read law at the same time with Othniel Williams, Esq. Afterwards when a young lawyer he had his office in a wing of Dr. Palmer's house. He married a daughter of Col. John Williams.

We had a good public library, Col. Hearsey, librarian. We met there for debates and to recite compositions. In reply to Mr. Gridley, A. Livermore recited "His Dream."

In those days we wrote compositions, had debating school, etc., for improvement in education. As to advantages of early education P. Gridley had a decided advantage over the rest of us. Col. Hearsey and Dr. Haven were good scholars, and Dr. Sh. Bartholomew and Dr. C.W. Hull, who formerly lived in Waterville, were excellent scholars.

In the early settlement of this country the roads were very muddy and bad, especially in low swampy lands.

About the year 1806 a turnpike road was laid from Utica to Oxford, over Paris Hill, through the Huddle and Terrytown. That road was finished in 1807 and toll-gates were erected in Terrytown, Paris, New Hartford and various other places down the Chenango river. It was a poor road at all times. It was a losing concern to the stockholders, too. Its income was not enough to pay gate-keepers and repairs, and in ten or twelve years the charter was given up. With very little alteration the same road is a public highway.

The route through Sangerfield and Brookfield, on the east side of the swamp, where a plank road is now made, was deemed so bad as to render it impossible to make a good passable road there. So they talked when the Oxford turnpike was made.

Business was behind hand badly in the Huddle for several years.

Country merchants did but little business, except in a smuggling trade to Canada (we remember with sorrow the embargo). Great business on the Cherry Valley road until after the Erie Canal was made. From that time Waterville has continued to gain and Sangerfield is a rich and flourishing town.

The Center people have pulled down the meeting house, built another in a more appropriate modern style near where Dr. Stephen Preston's house stood.

Col. Muzzy, Col. David Norton, Col. Parker, Col. Saul Smith, Col. John Williams, Elias Montgomery, Capt. Thomas Jeffers, Amos Osborn and many other of my former friends and neighbors have gone to their long home. Many others have moved to the west where some are still living, Col. Amos Norton lives in Michigan and visited me this year. He is in the lumber business and is said to be rich.

Joseph Tenny lived in the west part of Sangerfield, was printer for many years. He published most everything sent him.

There were but few Methodists either in Waterville or the Center but quite a society in the south part of the town, and formerly Waterville and other parts of the town had but few Episcopalian professors, some, however, occasionally attended church on Paris Hill and contributed to the building of a church in that place.

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