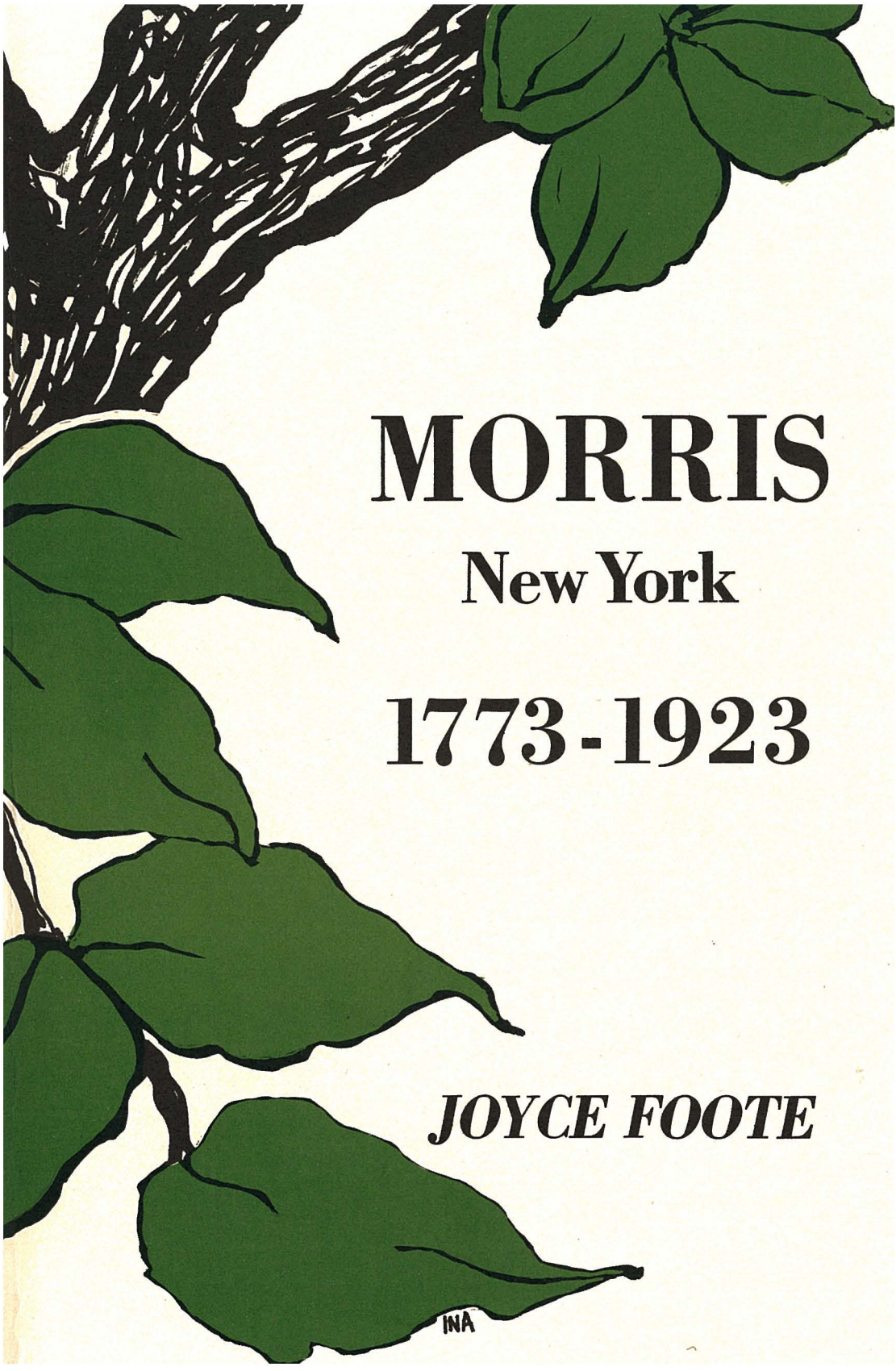

MORRIS

New York

1773-1923

JOYCE FOOTE

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Special Thanks to My Mother
Ruth M. Stryker

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FOREWORD

In preparing this volume, it is the author's purpose to preserve some of the interesting and relevant bits of history of the present village of Morris and its surrounding area.

There have been many people who have given assistance to this project by lending materials from their collections of memorabilia: Miss Helen Jenks who so willingly loaned scrapbooks kept by her sister, Mrs. Bunn Phelps; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Elliott for their pictures and the use of the Naylor Company office facilities; Mrs. Louis Light, Mrs. Richard Stafford, Mrs. Wilfred Lyon, Mrs. Charles Miller, Miss Palma Cerosaletti, and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Stanley Foote, for contributing histories of the various churches; Mr. Lewis Hall for information on the Morris family genealogy; Mr. and Mrs. Warren Ryther for providing copies of old newspaper articles collected by Mrs. Gertrude Sanderson; Mrs. Doris Whitman for numerous pictures; Mr. Lynn Harris for providing recent information on the post office; Mr. Christopher Burke of the New Berlin Gazette for permission to reprint articles from the Morris Chronicle, and the Oneonta Star for the use of the obituary of Dr. Lewis Rutherford Morris. Thanks go to Mrs. Gene Robinson and Mrs. Henry Rehrmann for clerical assistance, and to Mrs. Ina Rasmussen for designing the cover.

My special thanks to Donald Foote, my husband, for his continued encouragement; to our daughters, Natalie and Donna, for whom this material was gathered, and to my father-in-law, Stanley Foote, for many hours of editorial assistance.

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EARLY SETTLEMENT
by JOYCE FOOTE, 1970

In 1768, Sir William Johnson secured from the Indians a treaty, part of which is known as the "Fort Stanwix Deed." This conveyed the whole section of land now New York State and Pennsylvania to the King of England. This area was subsequently divided and land grants issued to individuals. One of these grants went to John Butler, one of Johnson's deputies and later a Tory leader. Butler's Patent included all lands in the present township of Morris from the northern reaches to a line about two miles below the present village of Morris. Butler later sold a portion of his holdings to Henry Hill and others who named their section "Hillington Tract of Butler's Patent." It is within this Tract that the present village of Morris lies.

Newspaper accounts provide some information about the early settlers of this area. The month of June, 1773, brought Ebenezer Knapp and his family, Increase Thurston and his family, and Benjamin Lull, sr., his wife, five sons and a daughter to the valley of the Tienuderrah (now Butternut Creek). They marked a trail through the forest from Newtown Martin, a frontier settlement between Cooperstown and Cherry Valley, to a place a few miles north of the present village of Morris. Here, with a few hand tools — axes, cultivating tools and the like — the Lulls cleared the land and began constructing their home. Their cabin was made of trees about a foot in diameter cut into lengths of twenty-four feet for the sides and 16 feet for the ends. These logs were then flattened on two sides and placed one upon another with clay between them to seal the cracks. It is believed that the house was about 8 feet high. The roof was made of a log twenty-four feet long for a ridge with poles laid together to run from eaves to ridge, and this was covered with a thatch made from rushes. The house was heated, lighted and the cooking done by means of a large stone fireplace. Their home completed, the men then began the work of clearing and cultivating the land so they could plant corn, buckwheat and other crops. They undoubtedly supplemented their food supply with fish from the stream and game from the surrounding forests. Two years later, in the spring of 1775, the Lull family secured title by purchasing this tract which they had cleared.

At this same time, the Knapps built their house across the Tienuderrah about half a mile downstream and the Thurstons built about two miles up the valley. These families formed the nucleus of the first settlement in the vicinity of what is now the village of Morris. They numbered about 20 in all.

The first marriage in the settlement took place on March 6, 1776, when Joseph Lull took for his bride Martha Knapp.

Evidently life in the settlement went on rather peacefully until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. In 1776, a party of men entered the settlement and demanded an oath of neutrality and the surrender of all weapons to the State. Not satisfied by this, the following year, 1777, a group of British patriots came into the settlement and demanded a promise that the inhabitants would not take up arms against the King of England.

The next year, 1778, two companies were sent from the garrison at Cherry

Valley to confirm a suspicion that the settlers had violated their oath of allegiance to the King and were, in fact, supplying the Revolutionists with provisions. The community leaders were taken prisoner and tried in Cherry Valley, then interned in Albany. Before long, in September, 1778, a band of Oneida Indians came to the settlement to burn, plunder and kidnap the remaining men. Little resistance was offered as several of the men were absent from their homes either serving with the Continental Army or arrested by the British. Among the captives were the six Lull men (Benjamin and his five sons: Benjamin, jr., Joseph, Nathan, Caleb, and William). The youngest Lull son, William, was not more than 16 years old when captured. He was adopted into the family of Oneida chief, Grass Hopper, and was taken to Sacketts Harbor, thence down the Mohawk River to Schenectady. He ran away from his captors and escaped to Saratoga to join General Sullivan's army where he became a member of the Third Regiment of the New York Continentals. A certificate from the Archivist at Albany gives his date of enlistment as October 1, 1778. William got a letter home to his father, Benjamin, who hired Elbert Eckert to take William's place in the army. The two men were exchanged on March 5, 1779, and William returned home.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lull and another woman, with two small children, left the settlement and made their way to Cherry Valley. The way was hard — filled with dangers of the enemy, inclement weather and ruggedness of terrain — but the journey of about thirty-two miles was completed in two days. Shortly after, the men were released from their confinement in Albany.

When the Revolutionary War ended in 1783, Benjamin Lull with his wife and one son returned to their former home and remained alone through the winter. In 1784, those others who had been taken from their homes or had fled began to trickle back into the valley.

In June, 1785, a treaty was secured between Governor Clinton and the Iroquois tribes in which the State of New York gained title to all the lands between the Unadilla and Chenango Rivers. With this treaty and the ones that followed it, the Iroquois territory was relinquished except for only a few areas set aside as reservations. These events opened this new territory to settlement.

In this same period, General Jacob Morris came to develop the lands a few miles down the valley which his father, Lewis Morris, and his uncle, Richard Morris, had been awarded as reparation for the war damages to their estates in the Hudson Valley.

The census of 1790 shows few families here, but from 1790 to 1800 there was an influx of settlers from Connecticut, some from Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. These New Englanders were joined by aristocratic French exiles forced out of France by a mass revolt. They came by blazed trail; some on foot carrying an axe and all their personal belongings; some on horseback, the wife often riding behind on a pillion; and still others by ox team. The French, whose Royalist sympathies prompted them to name the place Louisville in honor of their former King Louis XVI who lost both his throne and his head, were probably the first to inhabit what it now the village of Morris. James and Vincent LeRay de Chaumont had purchased a large tract of land consisting of about 18,000 acres and it was to these lands that the French immigrants were directed.

Records indicate that among them were the Widow Rosseau and her three sons, and Francois Cockrell from Paris. Charles Franchot and two sons, Louis and Paschal, came from Chamonelly, France. Most of these early French settlers did not remain to become permanent settlers, but moved on to other places.

At this time, all these lands were part of Montgomery County; Otsego County was established as a separate entity in 1791 with Jacob Morris as the first County Clerk. He served in this capacity until 1801. On February 5, 1796, Butternuts was set up as a township with Louis Franchot, Supervisor and Hezekiah Dayton, Town Clerk.

The decade from 1810 to 1820 brought many new settlers to the area — some just stopping by for a short time on their way to the western part of New York State or Ohio, others to remain permanently. Among the latter were the families of Noble, Washbon, Starr, Skidmore, Somers, Foote, Beers, Tillson, Cruttenden, Hawley, Winton, Braley, Blackman, Botsford, and many other names familiar to present day residents.

Early in the nineteenth century, small industries flourished in and around Louisville. There were asheries, grist mills, cotton and woolen mills, distilleries, stores and later, tanneries, a hat factory, a sled factory, a wooden-ware factory, furniture, and boot and shoe factories. These operations were, of course, small by today's standards, but they provided the necessities and a few comforts of life to the citizens of the area.

The early 1800's also saw the construction of many permanent buildings, both residential and business, in the community. It was during this period that the Manor House was constructed on the Morris family holdings a few miles below the village. In 1808-1809, the Bowne House was built overlooking the Butternut Creek just above Elm Grove. It was a large, unusual house, consisting of forty rooms, with the central section and wings octagonal in shape. The house burned but the land is now occupied by the Dugan family. Construction was begun in 1810 on the Franchot house, one of the first frame houses in the village. Judge Paschal Franchot resided in this house until his death in 1855 and during his tenure cleared his own farm which encompassed all the lower section of what is now the village. There have been some changes made to the house over the ensuing years but the original lines of the house are still evident. This house is now owned and occupied by the Medardo Gutierrez family. The Van Rensselaer House (Godley's) is typical of Colonial country house architecture. It was constructed in 1814, a large, square, stone section containing living, dining and bed rooms and a kitchen wing at the back of the house. Across the road from the Lull Family monument and burial ground, about three miles above the present village of Morris, is the site of the Lull house which was built by Caleb Lull about 1817. He resided there until his death in 1839. According to the Lull Family history, it was on this homestead farm that the first Baptist Church of Butternuts was built in 1818; regular church meetings were held there until a meeting house was constructed in the village of Morris some 23 years later.

This era of the early 1800's brought the establishment of the early churches of Louisville. Between 1808 and 1811, the Friends Meeting house was built a

Bowne House, 1808-09

Franchot House, 1810

Van Rensselaer House, 1814

short distance east of the corporation line of the village of Morris. It stood for over a hundred years and its congregation was comprised of Friends from a wide area including Delaware and Schoharie Counties as well as Otsego.

The present Zion Episcopal Church was constructed during this period on a plot of ground given by Gen. Jacob Morris. The building, substantially as it is today, was finished in 1818 at a cost of $5,000. It replaced the old Harmony Church which was situated where the Episcopal burying ground now is on the east River Road. At the time of its construction, Zion Church was an ambitious building, for the village six years later had only twenty-nine houses and a population of between one hundred sixty and one hundred seventy persons.

MORRIS MAIN STREET IN 1827

The above is a picture of part of Main Street of Louisville looking east. The white building in the picture was built early in the 1800's by Jeremiah Cruttenden. The actual construction date seems to be a matter of conjecture with some sources giving the date as 1803 and others as 1822. In any event, the building was for many years kept as a tavern. The trees seen in the picture were about fifteen feet from the fence, enabling teams to drive to the gate. Beyond the building and out of the right hand side of the picture were the hotel sheds which extended along the road toward the brook, and another road followed the brook to a distillery a short distance down stream.

The second building had been a grocery store occupied by Edward Williams and shortly after the time of this picture was moved down South Broad Street to later become part of E. M. Sloan's hardware store.

The third building was a store owned by Luther Skidmore. About 1830 to 1833, this building was moved to Grove Street and made into a house.

Davis' horse barn is the next building. There was a good sized goose pond

in front of the barn and extending across the road.

On the hill is Zion Episcopal Church. A Virginia rail fence led up the hill from Mr. Skidmore's store, along the street and around the church grounds.

It seems appropriate here to include in our history some first hand accounts of this era. The following series of articles appeared in the Morris Chronicle. In order to aid the reader in locating the properties described in the accounts the names of the present owners have been inserted in parenthesis whenever possible.

REMINISCENCES OF MORRIS

by A. S. AVERY
Morris Chronicle
September 9, 1874

Number 1

"When I was a boy." How often do we hear this remark, and how it calls up in our minds the scenes and incidents of by-gone days. Each individual sees in his mind's eye a different picture but alike real. Oh! who can stay the ravages of time? For it is Death ticking off the moments of our lives, and change — continual change, and I might add, eternal creation and destruction is the immutable law of nature. How it strikes on the ear of the young. Past history lived over again.

We will start from the old cherry tree at the East end of Main Street, and walk over the village of Morris, and tell how it used to look, fifty years ago.

There were two cherry trees here then, which "we boys" have often climbed and more often stoned. To-day this old tree is a land-mark. From the top of this high bluff on the North, "old Sayles" and Eli Cole used to take a large sled, pile on 15 to 20 cords of wood and slide it down the hill into and across the road.

Near by on the right hand is the new residence of Col. V. P. Van Rensselaer (Godley). The trees in the door-yard have just been set out and are growing finely. The residence is one of the finest west of Albany. The window glass is the largest, for but few persons had seen in that day anything but 7x9 glass in a dwelling house.

Going down the road we first come to the mill-road. The road ran down the hill through the woods on the East side of that old oak tree, and the factory store (stone house) and shed stand right in the old highway (Hargrave St.). The next building on Main Street is Joshua Weaver's Harness Shop. The next near by, is his dwelling house owned by Peleg Weeden (Keehan). The next house was a little one-story building, end to the road, occupied by Mills, and afterwards by Edward Wing, who built the two-story part of the present house in 1830, now occupied by S. G. Weeden (Jacobsen). The next was a small two-story house built by Bentley, and owned by Allen Holcomb (Faber), in the rear of which he manufactured Windsor chairs. Across the road in front of these aforementioned houses, was a clearing full of stumps, and log heaps. The next was a long one-story-and-a-half house, with two front doors, owned by Asahel Avery (Harrington), one end of it being used for a Cabinet Shop. Across the road opposite was a one-story brick house built by Gen. Jacob Morris for his son, John C., for an office, but John, not taking a fancy to living there, it was used as a dwelling

house, and at this time was occupied by Ebenezer Dewey. The next house was owned by Col. Van Rensselaer, and rented to Elijah Hitchcock, afterwards occupied by Rev. Russell Wheeler, John Roberts, Samuel Somers, and others, finally sold to Richard Garratt, and now owned by Mrs. Matthews (Field house site). Across the road, six years before (1818) was built by Mr. McGeorge, the Episcopal Church, with a half circle fence in front. The church cost $5,500. The next house was a small one-story house owned by Eliakim Howe (Gage), a tailor by trade. The site of J. K. Lull's house (Sheldon) was a hog-yard. The next house was owned by Cornelius Jenne (Harris), a shoemaker; this house was so recently altered over that its appearance is in remembrance of most town's people. Across the road, on the site of the Otsego House (Sheldon), was Davis' barn. At the foot of the steep hill in front of Squire Harrison's (Benedict) house was a goose pond. The present site of J. M. Lull's house was an orchard, and near where the stone store is, stood the tavern barn. The old Red Tavern, built by Sturgis Bradley before 1800, situated about where the kitchen of the Louisville Hotel (Morris Inn) is, was a long two-story building with a double piazza on front, and a one-story bar-room on the East end. In front of it on a green, large enough to put up a circus tent, stood the sign between two posts, reading, "Z. Roberts' Inn." Across the road, on the East of the four corners, stood a story-and-a-half red store facing the West, built by a Mr. Pratt and owned by Luther Skidmore. This store was moved and is now R. Cooley's house (A. Pickens), and the present building (Rendo) was built by Chauncy Moore in 1832.

Crossing the shunpike running from New Berlin to Huntsville, on the West corner was the two-story residence of Squire Davis, and just beyond the house was the one-story red shop and post-office, and in the rear is the Tannery, the bark-mill and fulling mill run by the water from the brook. The next building across the brook was Dr. Wing's office, moved from the opposite side of the road. We come next to the shunpike that led into the settlement known as "Hayti", on the corner stood a one-story house owned by Luther Skidmore (H. Lull). Further on stood the new red school house, built by Uri Jackson. And near the tenant house of H. R. Washbon was an old house occupied by Joseph Pearsall, who always dressed in the Continental costume of sledrunner coat, knee breeches, long stockings, and buckles on his shoes. On the road to South New Berlin, near the present site of the Matteson's tannery (near H. Crumb), was an old building called the File Factory, used afterwards for boring gun barrels, and lastly as a dwelling house.

Let us retrace our steps, and start again from the four corners.

On the South-east corner was a small red store built by Dr. Hadley and Mr. Goble, occupied by Edward C. Williams; it is now Turney's saloon (First National Bank). Next West of it was a two-story tavern (there were no hotels in those days) built and occupied by Jeremiah Cruttenden (Telephone Office). There was a picket fence in front of it, and farther out in the road were three poplar trees. The bar-room was one-story high on the west end. Where now is the Perry Block (Kinney) was the tavern shed. It was here that the first elephant in the country (old Bet) was exhibited. A road ran down by the side of the brook to the other street, and on this was Franchot & Van Rensselaer's distillery. The brick house of Dr. Wing (Buhr) was commenced in 1824; the bricks were burned

about three miles down the creek by Winton & Dayton. An old one-story house stood in what is now the garden, occupied by Cy Jackson. The next and last house on the main street was a two-story house on the present site of Lyman Brooks' house (Catholic Center), owned by Dr. Bard. And where now is Murdock's (H. Pickens trailer) barn was Eli Walter's wagon shop, and across the road opposite, was the "old schoolhouse" (D. Foote) in Lull's woods. It is said, these woods were underbrushed to furnish whips for the school-master. To say he wore up one breech "gad" a day would be a moderate estimate. In those days it was master and servant or slave; instead of Teacher and pupil. Walter's house stood where Murdock's (H. Pickens house) now stands. The house where W. E. Bunn (Lennox) lives was built by Dr. Hadley and at that time was owned by Stephen Walker, and his carpenter shop was situated about in the door-yard of L. J. Davis (Shields), it was sided up with shingles. Lyman Cruttenden had a blacksmith shop where L. J. Davis' is, and R. Cooley's (A. Pickens) garden, near the brook was an ashery. Opposite the ashery was a one-story house occupied by Frank Harris (Burdick), a basket maker. The wagon shop on the corner was owned by John Bard (Moore). Where C. H. Turney's house is was Lysander Curtis' (Lamb) gun shop. On the opposite side of the road was a small one-story house occupied by Allen Jackson (Stafford); he was killed by the bursting of a 56, on the 4th of July 1814. In those days there were no platform scales and many articles were sold at gross weight, 2,240 lbs. for a ton, and a 56 was a weight with a hole drilled into it. In this was put a charge of powder, then a crease was cut in a plug which was driven in, and then primed and fired.

The next house, I. Mansfield's (G. Mansfield), was owned by Lyman Cruttenden. The next, H. M. Perry's (B. Jacobsen), by E. C. Williams, the second story was a Masonic Hall. The next, Dr. Fox's (Collier), was the residence of John Bard, and the next was Franchot's old store, moved from the corner below, and occupied by Benj. Lull, hatter; afterwards by J. S. Bergen, and later by Obediah Seely (Merrick). Near the site of A. C. Moore's (F. Elliott) house was a small one-story white house owned by Mrs. Lewis Franchot. The rear of the Franchot (Gutierrez) house, by the creek bridge, was built by Judge Franchot in 1810. In what is now the factory pond near the old cotton house, was the Miller's house. The mill has been raised, but stands on the old site. Coming back to the corners, again, on the road to New Berlin, at the foot of the hill opposite James Little's (P. Decker) residence, was a blacksmith shop (R. Stafford), and on the left hand at the top of the hill was the residence of Newell Marsh. A little further on, about opposite the road that goes down to the sled factory, was a red house which was moved about 1830 nearly opposite Stephen Walker's (L. Foote) residence, and occupied by Norman Newell, afterwards by Rufus Sanderson, and now by Moses Luther (Gone now — R. Lull's vacant lot).

Number Two

September 16, 1874

The description given in the Chronicle last week, embraces every house on the corporation in 1824 (twenty-nine in all). It may not be inappropriate to say, that thirty years before there was not a framed house in town, and there is one person now living in town, Mrs. Benj. Draper, aged 94 years, well remembers that

time. A census then (1824) would show about 160 inhabitants. There are but two houses on the corporation to-day that have not been built or altered over, viz.: R. H. Van Rensselaer's (Godley) and Dr. Wing's (Buhr). It may be a satisfaction, also, to know when certain houses were built, we will therefore add the following as a chronology:

Avery's cabinet shop (gone now) was built in 1828; S. W. Murdock's (G. McWilliams) store, 1827; the old red school-house in 1825; Bergan's hat shop (Naylor Co., garage section) in 1830; Matteson's tannery, 1831, and burned in 1847; Avery's house (Harrington) 1832; F. Rotch's (Gregory) house, 1833-4; Stone hotel and store (Morris Inn and adjacent building), 1833; Hargrave factory, 1833 and burned down in 1850; J. P. Kenyon's store (Library), 1832; H. R. Washbon's house (Washbon & Olds), 1839; Otsego House, Yates Hotel (Sheldon's Auction Gallery), 1840; Perry Block (Kinney), 1844; Masonic Hall (old Baptist Ch.), Methodist Church, 1845; Universalist Church, 1842; Engine house, (behind Brookside) opposite Weeden's, 1835, and moved to its present location (Town House) in 1853; J. P. Kenyon's shop (Library), 1842; H. R. Washbon's office, N. Stevenson's shop (H. Lull), 1852; Episcopal rectory, 1841; Weeden's shop (Sinclair), 1847; Davis' house (Gage block) enlarged for a hotel, 1857; J. K. Lull's house (Naylor's stone house), 1842; and shop 1845; David Beekman's house (Naylor Co.) and store, 1865; Lawrence's store (Naylor Co., shipping room), 1858 and house 1858; Wing's office (Buhr) removed in 1868; School-house built in 1860, (in the north-east corner of the foundation was placed a tin box of documents); C. L. Tucker's house, 1868; J. P. Kenyon's house (Elliott), 1867; Baptist Church, 1869; A. L. Sanderson's house (Sanderson), and Dr. Still's house, in 1833; Garratt's house, 1841; J. Little's (P. Decker) house, 1852; Sam. Barrett's house in 1849; (this was the first balloon frame in town); Jaycox's house, Mordecai Wing (Catholic Rectory) in 1838; J. E. Cooke's house, Bates (Sloan), 1838.

The first newspaper was printed here in 1845, W. R. Winans, editor and publisher.

On the corner opposite Bard's (Lee's) wagon shop, S. E. Barrett built a stone blacksmith shop in 1838, which was afterwards enlarged for an iron foundry and machine shop by J. H. Bump, and finally it was all torn down or moved away, and is now a vacant corner just as it was fifty years ago.

The sled factory (gone now) up Davis Brook was originally a dwelling house nearly opposite Bowne's gate, Elm Grove, and was moved there and used by Allen Holcomb as a manufactory of tobacco boxes and inkstands. It was afterwards enlarged by taking the frame of the old woolen factory and adding to it, and used as a cabinet shop, etc., etc.

When the Hargrave factory was built, the mortar was made from sand taken from the bank back of R. Starr's (N. Foote) house, and on the bluff was found the bones of two unknown persons, buried there many years before.

The town of Morris was created by dividing the town of Butternuts in 1849. The village of Morris was incorporated in 1870. J. E. Cooke was the first president, John A. Ward the second, A. S. Avery the third, and Peleg Weeden

is the present incumbent. The Episcopal Church bell was recast in 1828, and weighs about 800 pounds. The town clock was purchased by subscription in 1847. Before we had a clock a man used to be paid by subscription (about $25 a year) to ring the bell at sunrise, 12 n. and 9 p.m. The number of houses on the corporation is 175, and the population is about 750. About 185 persons between the ages of five and twenty-one years. The Cemetery was laid out in 1862. The first person buried there was Mrs. Leonard.

We will digress a moment and give a hint by which you can tell or approximate the age of houses. For the style of architecture changes as much as does dress. When you go about the country and see an old house with ten feet posts and fifteen feet rafters, no cornice, a big chimney in the middle or at one end, and a lean-to on the back, (or side, if it stands end to the road), forming a long continuous roof, you may set it down as over sixty years old, say built between the dates 1800 and 1825. If it is a large two-story house with nine windows in front, hall through the center, cornice light, with or without portico, it was built between 1820 and 1840. If of the same shape as just described, with heavy cornice, since 1840. If one-and-a-half or two story, end to the road, with kitchen on the side, since 1840. If a square looking house, hip-roof or with chambers smaller than the ground floor, piazza and balcony, between 1840 and 1855. If built with steep roof, angular caps over the windows, with drops or brackets under the cornice (what is called the Elizabethian architecture), it was built since 1850. If flat or hip roof and brackets all around the cornice, bow window, etc., since 1860. If Mansard roof since 1865. There may be exceptions to these rules, but four times in five they will be right.

We will now speak of the manners and customs of the people. There were no railroads or canals, no telegraph or steam engines, no photographs, no matches, no horse-rakes, mowing or thrashing machines, no horse powers, no sewing machines or melodians, no buggy wagons, no elliptic springs, no cooking stoves, no coal used, no wall paper, no rubber goods, no cut nails, no corn brooms, no kerosene lamps, no steel pens, no envelopes, no solid head pins, no dentists, very few clocks or watches. It was a common thing for a shoemaker (cobbler) to "whip the cat," go into a farmer's house, put his "kit" in one corner of the room, and with one last, made perhaps, from a stick off the wood pile, make the shoes for the whole family; making the largest first, then cutting down the last to the next smaller size, etc.; the farmer furnishing the leather. Rights and left shoes were unknown. The shoe pegs were all made by hand, and I will add, that pegged shoes were once looked upon with distrust. Every-day hats were made of wool, and a fur hat, if one was able to own it, was worn Sunday and to trainings. It was a great discovery when "waterproof" hats were made. Silk or cotton plush was unknown. All cloth, wool or linen, was "spun and wove" by hand, and spinning wheels and looms were as common then as sewing machines and pianos are now.

Number Three

September 13, 1874

Every house had one or more fire-places (a cooking stove was unknown), and by the side of the fireplace was a large brick oven, (sometimes the ovens would

be built near the house out of doors). The large loaves of "rye-an' indian" bread were staple articles and hard to beat. It was the ambition of stove makers to try and make their stove ovens equal the Dutch oven as a baker. When folks got out of pearlash, they used the ashes of corn cobs as a good substitute.

In the "square room" of the well-to-do people were brass ornamented andirons in the fireplace — children, ask your parents, "what are andirons?" In the summer time this fireplace would be filled with asparagus or maple boughs, but after wall-paper became cheap, fire-boards, with a landscape on them, filled up the space.

It was a great invention when the tin-baker was made; quite an improvement on the old bake-kettle, or the board on which the Johnny-cake was baked before the fire. (Children, ask Grandma how they used to bake potatoes when she was a little girl.) At night it was necessary to bury up the fire, that is, cover the coals and brands with ashes, so the fire would keep (not go out) till morning. There were no matches in those days, and frequently people would lose the fire and have to go half a mile to the neighbors and borrow a brand or coal, to start a fire with at home. Some people had a tinder box and flint and steel, and would strike a fire in that way. If a man had a gun (flint-lock) he could put powder and tow in the pan and start a fire in that way.

One stage coach ran through the town from Cooperstown to Oxford three times a week. It was a four horse yellow coach, and looked to the children's eyes as large as a circus does now. The postmaster could have carried any one mail for Louisville (Butternuts) in his hat. The postage on a letter was as follows, to Garrattsville 6 cents; to Cooperstown 10 cents; to Albany 12½ cents; to New York 18¾ cents, and to Philadelphia 25 cents. There were no envelopes — the paper was folded up so as to tuck one edge into the other and seal with a wafer or sealing wax.

Hugh Edwards and Jim Willoughby had the honor of being drivers. It was the law then to blow a horn when they came to within 80 rods of a postoffice. It was a grand sight to see the stage coming at a ten-mile-an-hour gait, (no brake on the coach). Sometimes the driver would cut a figure 8, then swing his long whip and tick the leader's ear, and when he left the village, sometimes, the horses on a run till out of sight.

In those days barter was the rule and cash the exception. Farmers bought all their store goods and paid in grain, lumber, etc. A good farm hand received from $8 to $11 a month, and mechanics from $12 to $16 a month. During haying and harvesting 50 cents was the price per day. There are two men in town who when boys picked up stone all day for 25 cents and boarded themselves.

Hemlock lumber was worth $3.50 per thousand feet, and good pine shingles from 75 cents to $1.00 a bunch. Birch brooms 12½ cents. Good fire wood $1.00 a cord in trade. Good three years old steers from $11 to $14. I have seen Lewis Collins trying to sell hind quarters of nice lambs for six-pence a piece. Butter 8 to 12 cents a pound. The price for keeping sheep was a pound of wool per head. Good straw 1 cent a bundle. Whiskey was 25 cents a gallon, and Mr. Coleman could throw back his head, open his mouth and turn down a pint without stopping to take a breath.

The first Fair and Cattle Show in the county was held at "Butternuts" in 1835.

The paper used in school was coarse, hand-made, and each scholar had a piece of lead flatted out called a plummet, to rule it with. The pens were made by the master, from goose-quills, and excellent pens they were. The first steel pens in town were sold by George Holcomb for 3 cents a piece; the same quality of pen now could be bought for 30 cents a gross. The school books were Columbian Reader, Morse's Geography, Webster's Spelling Book, Walker's Dictionary, Murray's Grammar, and Dabel's Arithmetic. A few years later were added, or substituted, Woodbridge's Geography, English Reader, and Columbian Spelling Book. Blackboards, maps, mental arithmetic, etc., were unthought of. The principal dialogue at "speaking schools" was "Deacon Homespun and the Philosopher."

The sheet anchors of the system of medical practice were calomel and the lancet. When the doctor called, he would examine the patient, then take a lancet out of his vestpocket, ask the woman for one of her garters, and proceed to cord the arm and tap a vein, then give a dose of calomel and — call again.

It was customary, when one had company, particularly if in any wise distinguished, to set on the brandy decanter. We frequently hear it said now days that there is no pure liquor; that years ago men could drink whiskey and it did not hurt them; that there is more drunkenness now days than there used to be, etc. Now that is all bosh; there was a larger proportion of drunkards then than there is today. There could be seen every week, as many drunken men in the village with 200 inhabitants, as you can today with 700.

When women made an afternoon visit, they went at 1 o'clock and took their knitting-work, and stayed till chore time.

In regard to the valuation of property, I am fortunate in having before me the town assessment roll of August 1824, Daniel Smith, Ichobod Davis and David Shaw, jr., assessors. The total taxable property of the town of Butternuts (now Morris and Butternuts) was $387,505. The ratio was 27 cents on $1,000, and the amount raised that year was $1,073.70. We give a list of a few lots and farms; V. P. Van Rensselaer, 195 acres, $3,600; Stephen Walker (W. E. Bunn) four acres, $450; Joshua Weaver (Weeden) 39 acres, $650; Allen Holcomb, ½ acre, $250; A. Avery, ½ acre, $275; John Alexander (Tracy) 3 acres, $150; Lyman Cruttenden (Mansfield) ½ acre, $300; B. W. & C. Factory, 59 acres, $6,000, personal, $14,000; Davis, 179 acres, $3,200; P. Franchot, 458 acres, $5,000, personal, $4,000; Gen. Jacob Morris, 962 acres, $8,976, personal, $1,000; John C. Morris, 55 5/8 acres, $1,000, personal, $3,000; George Shepherd (Bowne) 145 acres, $3,400, personal, $3,000; Dr. Wm. Yates, 1,000 acres, $6,000, personal, $1,065; Richard Cole, 95 acres, $450; Dan Smith, 290 acres, $3,300, personal, $1,200; Nathan Lull (F. Rotch) 150 acres, $1,800; Luther Skidmore, 182 acres, $1,700, personal, $750, etc. By comparing this old list with the "abstract of taxes" for 1873 we find in the latter that the total valuation of the taxable property of Morris to be $419,385. In 1823 the population of this large town was 1,608, today the population of this same territory is almost 4,500.

Go into any state or territory of the United States, or in any kingdom on the face of the earth, and you will find somebody who used to live in Otsego county.

Number Four

September 30, 1874

The town of Morris has furnished some distinguished men as well as some notorious personages; either to the "manor born" or by long residence therein. Francis Rotch was one of the leading men in the State, as an agriculturist and breeder of cattle and sheep. At one time he was President of the New York State Agricultural Society, and foremost in inaugurating town fairs, when fairs meant something besides horse-racing. He became a resident of this town in 1830, and being a man of wealth his means were fully given for all public purposes, and his charities which were numerous and bountiful, are best known by his recipients. The poor of Morris miss him as much as any class of people. He died in 1874, aged 86 years, and an obituary was never fully written, because no one here felt competent to award the need of praise his long and active life deserved.

Jacob K. Lull is the oldest man living in town who was born here, (aged 80 years). He was a successful business man; a tanner and currier. He acquired a competency by his industry; raised a large family of children. In 1838 he was elected a member of the State Legislature, which position he filled with honor and credit.

Paschal Franchot was one of the first settlers of the town, coming here about 1789, via Cooperstown and Burlington, when the road was followed by marked trees. He was the first Supervisor of the town; elected County Clerk, and afterwards made Judge of the County, (what is now Justice of Sessions).

Thomas A. Filer was the first man to establish a select school approaching an academy in the course of study. John C. Morris was once Judge of the County. Nelson Dewey, Esq., son of Ebenezer Dewey, Esq., was twice elected Governor of Wisconsin. Jesse C. Smith, Esq., a son of Dan Smith, was a man of influence, and for many years a public officer in the city of Brooklyn. The town has also been represented in the Legislature, by Hon. St. Paul Seely, Hon. C. A. Church (two terms). The State Senate has been represented by Col. A. M. Smith and Col. F. M. Rotch. Mr. Rotch was one of the best artists in the country. I happen to know of a circumstance which happened some years ago, when one of his water colored paintings was sold for $50, and the money donated to the poor. He died from the effects of a fever contracted in the swamps near Yorktown, Va., 1864. Edward Walker, youngest son of Stephen Walker, is a wealthy lawyer in the city of Detroit.

The United States Congress has been represented by Hon. S. S. Bowne and Hon. Gen. R. Franchot, who have been for the best part of their lives residents of this town. Dr. Walter Wing was a very successful physician. Dr. Wm. Yates was one of Jenner's first converts, and the first man to introduce vaccination, for small pox in America. At his death in 18— (1857), an obituary of two columns in length was published in the New York Tribune. The Rev. Reuben Nelson (Methodist) was one of a large family of children who worked in Hargrave factory. It was here he lost his arm by being caught in a picker.

Dan Smith, another old settler, aided materially in the prosperity of the town in its early life, as a drover. By his purchases the farmers were able to get money enough to pay their taxes. Ansel C. Moore was a public officer for many years; a man of influence, and in business (mercantile) was decidedly successful. He was the first man to establish a banking house in town, which is to-day successfully carried on by his son and son-in-law under the name of A. G. Moore & Co. Andrew G. Washbon was a successful business man as agent for the B. W. & C. Factory Co. Upon reading the account of the firing upon Fort Sumter he gave $100 to the first man who volunteered to go in defense of his country. And when the town was in straightened circumstances to raise its quota and bounties, he stepped forth and by his exertion and influence the $44,000 in money was obtained. The Rev. Russell Wheeler came into this county in 1814. He first located in Unadilla, and afterwards was Rector of Zion Church. He was a very exemplary man, rather eloquent as a speaker, and in 1829 lived opposite the church in Morris. He died in 1861, aged 77 years. Joseph Bowne, the Quaker preacher, was one of the most eloquent speakers of his day. The "meeting house" was always full, and even crowded, when he was moved to speak. He wore the continental costume of the generation gone before. He was very sociable, well educated, and truly a good man, whose memory is cherished with reverence even to this day. He died in 1848, aged 70 years. Levi S. Chatfield was born in this town of "poor but respectable parents," and rose to the honorable position of Attorney General.

There are scores of persons once residents of this town, who are worthy of "Honorable Mention," but it is not our purpose to write autobiographies or obituaries, and we close the record and point with pride to the many public and good men who have spent a large portion of their lives in what is now the town of Morris.

Next week we will give a list of the school children of "Louisville," in 1825-30, followed by some incidents and anecdotes of the times.

Number Five

October 7, 1874

For the purpose of refreshing the memories of those who went to school in the new red school house from 45 to 50 years ago only, and to post the present generation about who used to go, we append a list of one hundred or more names: Leroy, George, and Maria Hitchcock; Zebulon, Caleb, Joshua, Hammond, Abigail, and Jane Weaver; Esther, Edgar, and Henry Holcomb; William, Hartson, and Asahel S. Avery; Nelson, James, Orrin, John, and Ann Dewey; Samuel and Ira Howe; Milton and Joseph Patrick; Wolcot Walker; James and Elizabeth Davis; Lucius, Dan, Addison, Henry, and Nancy Smith; Morris Cooper; Aaron, Harrison, Edmund, Lewis, Matilda, and Susannah Collar; Benjamin, Samuel, Eri, Nahum, and Eveline Draper; Anson, Henry, and Selinda Matteson; Gardner, Charles, and Edward Walker; Horace and Sally Bard; George, Charles, Russell, and Maria Williams; Richard, Charles, Maria, and Joannah Franchot; Uri, Edwin, Henry, Elizabeth, and Sarah Jackson; Nelson, and Lewis Drew; John, Robert, and Mary Washbon; Nicholas Shepherd; Hopestill Cruttenden; George, and Angeline Bergan; John Roberts; James P. Kenyon; Augustus Arnold; Maria, Zyphra, Julia, and Eliza Thomas; Isaac Fairchild; Jesse Butts; Charles Maxson; James and David

Ackerman; Seth and Maria Ames; William, Cyrus, and Mason Gibson; William Joclyn; Lewis and Jabez Collins; Ruth, Ann, Eliza, Euphemia, and Hugh Sherman; Luther Greenman; Marcy Van Aiken; Richard and Dan Falls; —— Histed; Russell, Charles, Amy, and Harriet Moore; Isaac Wade; Oliver and Ruth Ann Curtis; Brown and Nathan Sayles; Geo. L. Bowne; Benjamin Simmons; Sayles Marsh; Charles Griffin. And by coming down two or three years later, we will add Henry R. and Nancy Washbon; John and James Cope; Wm. P. Card; E. L. and William Payne; William and Edward Bowne; Eliza Bergan; Peleg, Charlot, Mary Ann, and German Weeden; William and Dennis Arnold; John Jay and Emeline Thomas, and others.

By going back five years earlier (1820) we add Mary and Augusta Wheeler; Stephen Walker; Nathan, Oliver, Paschal, and Jonathan Lull; Jonah and John Davis; Lyman, William, and Sally Cruttenden; Orrin and Chauncy Moore; Louise Franchot; Merlin and John Jackson; Jesse and Edwin Smith; George Holcomb; Russell Skidmore.

The names of some of the "Masters" were Richardson, Fellows, Aiken, Jackson, Vermelia, Ladd, Newland; and Mistresses Irean Wade, Eddy Youngs.

Out of this entire list I don't know of one who has been in jail or prison. The most studious scholars have turned out the most successful, with few exceptions, where strong drink has been their ruin. Six were lawyers, two physicians, and two are ministers.

Every one in the above list who may read this, will no doubt be gratified for the effort we have made to preserve this bit of history of "our boyhood days"; but to each individual named, there is a volume of history which never will be written. Between then and now, five hundred children have come and gone, and the next ten years will add another hundred to the list. A beggar's dozen is all that is left in town of those who went to school here "five and forty years ago."

Every village can generally boast of one or more eccentric or noted characters — a certain Deacon A., Squire B., or Col. C. In and about Louisville there were several, and it may not be inappropriate to record some of their "sayings and doings." And we hope no one will take exceptions to them; for they are recorded now, as they were told then — to amuse the crowd. And we have no doubt but the individuals if present, would laugh over them again as heartily as they did at the time.

Cornelius Jenne, the shoemaker, was always loaded with stories. In early life he was a sailor, and who ever knew a sailor that could not "spin a yarn." He had his by words and hearty laugh, and it is impossible to record his stories and give them the peculiar phase of humor with which they were received when told by himself. He had an excellent memory. Could give you the names of his personages, and the particular date in which the thing occurred, and he always commenced them with something like the following — "Six and thirty years ago, the 19th day of last July, if I am not mistakened, and by-gud I don't think I be, down on the eastern short of Maryland, the sailors caught a mud-turtle and put a barrel of salt on his back, and he walked off tip-toe, but when he came to a little hillock

it brought him down flat-foot, by-gud — ha-ha-ha!" "It was five and forty years ago, the 11th day of next November, if I am not mistakened, and by-gud I don't think I be, my great-grandfather killed a white bear on the island of New Zealand that weighed two tons, by-gud." "Down on the eastern shore of Maryland they used to raise 250 bushels of shell corn to the acre. That's the place to raise corn, b-y-e-g-a-d! ha-ha-ha!" "When I first came into this part of the country, they used to say Cornelius Jenne and John Aikens; but now it is 'Square Aikens and Old Jenne,' be-gud-ha-ha-ha!" "In 1803, that was five and thirty years ago, on the 27th day of last April, in the city of Charleston, I saw a sow with twenty-four pigs following her through the streets. I was there thirteen years afterwards and saw the same old sow with sixteen pigs, and by-gud I don't know but she's breeding yet — ha-ha-ha-! b-y-e-gud!"

Number Six

October 14, 1874

John Stockwell was a little old man, who used to wear a long-tailed coat, much too large for him. His business was making corn husk door-mats. He was very courageous when out of danger. It was amusing to hear him tell how he would mow down the enemy in case of war. Cannon was his favorite weapon, loaded with log-chains, which were to spread out as they were discharged, and mow down the enemy by thousands. He was an ardent admirer of Generals Washington and Jackson, and was a little proud when called General Stockwell. He was desperately afraid of the Indians, and fifty years ago the Oneidas frequently came and encamped near the village, the squaws selling brooms and baskets. The boys tormented the General by whooping and yelling in the evening around his house, near Arries'. Upon one occasion they disguised themselves and chased him into Gifford's house. "Hide me! hide me!" said John, "the Indians are after me." "Where?" said Christopher. "Anywhere, quick, quick, they are after my scalp!" So Gifford picked him up and tucked him into the oven.

John Roberts was another character. He was a large man, full six feet high, an excellent mechanic (wheelwright), and possessed one of the best memories. All the details and history of the Revolutionary war; all the public events, were at his tongue's end. He, too, like nine-tenths of the people of his day, took a little too much toddy. Here is the original of a certain story which is often requested, viz.: On a certain occasion he met Priest Hill, now in Cal., in Moore's store. Roberts, being a little full, apologetically regretted that he had not attended meetings of late; that he felt it his duty to contribute something to the dominie's salary; that he always thought a great deal of the Episcopalians, and that if he joined any church it would be the Episcopal, for they never meddled with politics nor religion.

Thomas Joclyn — "Uncle Tom" — was fond of his half pint: he was not quarrelsome, but frequently drunk. In those days, men were imprisoned for debt, and upon one occasion, Tom was seized by the constable and locked up in one of the chambers of the old red tavern. The window of this room was not fastened, and beneath the window outside stood an old table, so Tom crawled out and hanging by his hands to the window-sill, dropped himself down. The window in the room below was raised, and as his feet struck the table it tipped over,

throwing Tom head first into the room. Before he could recover from his surprise at finding himself in the house, the constable caught him again. "How come you in here?" asked the constable. "How?" said Tom; "Well I should like to know how myself; but the fact is, the house stands on a mitre."

Allen Holcomb sometimes made coffins, and upon one occasion, a townsman called and ordered one made for his child. Holcomb charged him $2.50, and the purchaser complained of the price as exhorbitant. Holcomb, being a very passionate man for a "Friend," said, "Well, when thee dies, I'll make thy coffin for nothing, and I'll make it out of hemlock so thee can go through h--l snapping."

Once upon a time Zeba Washbon employed Jo Hawley to clear off a piece of pine land, agreeing to give him a certain sum and all the ashes he could save; informing him that white pine ashes were worth $2.00 per bushel. Jo went to work, cleared it off and burned it over, but when he looked for his white pine ashes they were not to be found. Jo said nothing, but waited his opportunity. At the proper time, Washbon got Jo to sow it to round turnips. Instead of getting turnip seed he got mustard. In due time it came up very nicely. After waiting a couple of weeks, the discovery was made that they were not turnips, and Washbon asked Hawley if he had not made a mistake in the seed. "No," said Jo, "no mistake at all; you just sow some white pine ashes over the piece and you'll have as nice turnips as ever you saw."

Very few of my readers can recollect the excitement when Gen. Jackson was running the second time for President. I was then a little puny lad of nine years. The neighborhood of boys, like their fathers, were nearly equally divided into "Jackson men" and "Adams men." I was a Jackson man.

Upon a certain occasion in that summer before election, we boys were playing on the green in front of the church, and a part of the time our sport consisted in each party trying to make more noise than the other by "hollerin" "hur-r-a-w for Jackson!" and "hur-r-a-w for Adams!" The excitement increased; hard names (as we thought) were called, until it became necessary to "resort to arms!" Our reputation was at stake, our strength must be tried, our courage must be put to the test. Off went the coats and every one was preparing for the contest. I was one of the smallest boys, and wore trousers that buttoned to my coat, and wishing to appear as big as any of them, endeavored to pull off my coat like the rest, and off it came; but down went my breeches, and there I stood with my shirt on. My ludicrous appearance caused a shout from all parties, while I was so mad I cried, and gathering up as well as I could, started for home.

"What is the matter, bubby?" said my mother. "Uh-uh-uh-bo-o-o, darn him," said I, bawling as hard as I could, "Hen Holcomb called me an Adams man."

Next week we will speak of Elm Grove.

Number Seven

October 21, 1874

In copying my manuscript for the printer, I omitted from the list of schoolmates, Selinda, Elizabeth, Acksa, and Walter Wing; Jesse Butts; Andrew G.

Shaw; and no doubt there are others whom I do not call to mind.

Elm Grove was the name given to a little settlement about a mile and a half east of Louisville. A store was situated on what is now the corner where Mr. Ellis (Johnson) lives. A lane ran down to near the creek, and at the foot of the lane was Elm Grove Factory. This factory was built in 1815, by Robert L. Bowne and Co. (mill). The company consisted of the rest of the family. Here was manufactured woolen goods and satinetts. Broadcloth was made which sold for $10 the yard. All the weaving was done by hand. This company failed in 1819. The factory was afterwards owned by Samuel Starkweather, and operated by ———— Greenwood. It was burned down in 1819. It was rebuilt but never did much business. Robert Bowne & Co. owned the store, and S. S. Bowne was the first clerk. This building now stands — the first house off the creek road, towards Pittsfield, beyond Van Rensselaer's farm. William Grant, the boss clothier, lived where George Haynes now lives. Here is where Dr. Rice lived, and his son Thomas, who built a furnace and manufactured cast iron plows. A tannery was also erected here by J. K. Lull & Sons. To-day there is a large chair and cabinet manufactory owned by Geo. Benjamin (mill). Joseph Bowne lived on the Wheeler place. Silas Neff had a grocery store near where Thompson Bemiss is building a house. We give a few names of the persons who worked in the factory: Wm. Stewart, supt., Christopher Gifford, Jesse Ayres, James Gledhill, Heman Lloyd, Richard and Geo. Gibson, Peter Backus, — Raymond, and others.

The whole territory of Elm Grove proper, was laid out into quarter and half-acre lots, and many of them sold about home and in New York City. The 3 acres of Tracy's are 6 building lots bought of Robert L. Bowne by John Alexander. Wanton Weedon was the surveyor.

Chauncey Todd lived in a log house where Bemiss now lives; Enoch Lawrence where David Dye lives; James Tuttle where Lyman Bugby lives; Millard Aldrich where Job. Aldrich (D. Wing) lived; Greenwood lived in a small one-story house on the site of where Baldwin lives, (here is where old Sayles lived); Daniel Aldrich lived in an old house on the north side of the road nearly opposite the Wheeler (Sally) house; Ira Brooks in an old house nearly opposite Bowne's gate.

About 70 years ago one wing of the Bowne Mansion was built. The main building was erected by Robert L. Bowne (Peter Platt, builder), in 1817. This house is to-day one of the largest in the country, embracing 40 rooms, some of which are very large. It is pleasantly situated on a gentle rise of ground in the Butternut Valley near the Tienuderrah river, commanding a view of the valley twenty miles in extent, from New Lisbon on the north-east to the hills of Sidney on the south-west. Fifty years ago it was owned by Geo. Shepherd, by whom it was sold about 1830 to the Loomis Brothers, who sold it to Oliver and Joseph Somers, and they sold it to Hon. S. S. Bowne, and it is now owned by his two sons, Charles and John.

A framed school-house stood on the lower side of the road (Jensen) on the corner near the site of the present one. In one end was a large fire-place and the seats were made of rough slabs from the saw mill. Here many of the Lulls,

Palmers, Yates, Aldrichs, Gilberts, Alexanders, Lawrences, Todds, Moores, etc. of the district graduated.

William Gilbert first settled at the outlet of a little lake in the town of Laurens; he afterwards, in 1820, moved to the farm now occupied by his son, Butler Gilbert. It was on this farm that the three towns of Pittsfield, New Lisbon, and Butternuts joined, and a large butternut tree was made the corner; hence the name Butternuts. The tree was cut down, and three large trees grew from the stump; one of which is standing today. The device of the seal of the B. W. & C. Factory Co., is a stump with three sprouts.

Mr. Lull lived where Mr. Whitcomb now resides (Quite a history of the Lull family has been published). Nathaniel Moore lived where his son Nathaniel now lives. 'Squire Moore lived where Kirkland lives. Amos Palmer lived where Mr. Hall resides, and Dr. Yates (Latour) owned 1,000 acres adjoining on the north. The Quaker meeting-house was a double log building situated on the Bentley farm (Cruttenden) between the old burying ground and the turnpike. The old church (Harmony, as it was called after the new stone one was built), stood on the south side of the highway, near the corner. It was used for some years by the Methodists, and finally torn down. It was built by John Aiken, by what is known as the "Scribe's rule."

Bentley sold his farm to Judge Cathcart, and he sold it to Jeremiah Cruttenden.

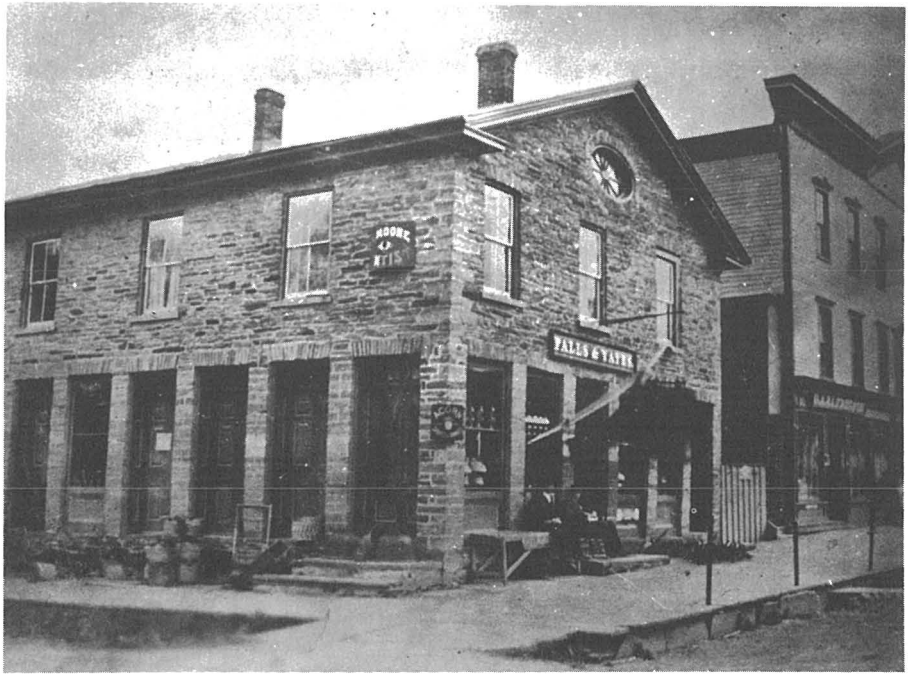
The present Friends meeting-house was built by Robert L. Bowne about 1817. A road used to run on the side hill from A. G. Moore's residence, to the old church in front of the meeting-house, and the road up the hill ran on the east side of Moore's residence. Where the factory school-house stands there used to be a large red woolen and cotton factory. Ellis Cook and John Moore commenced it, and sold out to the Factory Co. This company included the names of Judge Franchot, V. P. Van Rensselaer, Benejah Davis, Uri Jackson, Dan Smith, J. C. Morris, Joseph Gilbert, A. G. Washbon, and others. The stone factory was built in 1825, and commenced business in 1826. The cotton was shipped to Catskill, and from there to the factory by horses and wagons. Asa Ames was for many years the teamster. It was not an uncommon thing to be two weeks making the round trip. Large quantities of the cloth was peddled out through the country. A factory was once built between the bridge and Mr. Rotch's farm house (V. Gregory) but the machinery never was put into it, and the floor was broken down one 4th of July, at a celebration there.

Sixty years ago, the school-house in Louisville stood near the corner beyond the bridge, in Franchot's (Leonard's) (Paurice) lot. The district then extended to Jared Patrick's and Lemuel Brooks' on the east, and to Lyman Collar's on the west. Samuel Drew, teacher. Dan Smith lived about one mile below Louisville on the road to Gilbertsville, and for some years kept a tavern. This used to be quite a resort for persons to go and shoot at a mark. To snuff a candle 15 rods distant with a rifle ball, was considered something of a shot. Deacon Jackson lived in the next house, below, and from there to Gen. Morris' it was nearly all woods. Here we close the Reminiscences. They might be continued indefinitely, but perhaps we have already wearied the reader. Some people may think it worthwhile to cut them out and put them in a scrap book. Fifty years from now

they may be of more value. If I have succeeded in refreshing your memory of by-gone days, — of awakening a desire to come and see the old place once more,— to renew old acquaintanceship — exchange friendly greetings, and for the time feel that we are boys again, — I am satisfied. Give us your hand — good-bye. We shall meet again.

A. S. Avery

LOCAL REMINISCENCE
by A. S. AVERY
from The Morris Chronicle, 1898



Number 1: You ask me for an item about the stone building (First National Bank) on the corner of Main and Broad Streets in this village which is undergoing extensive repairs by Mr. Kenyon. Well, in 1827 (71 years ago) a story and a half building, painted red and fronting on Main Street, stood on this corner. Over the door was the sign with yellow letters reading E. C. Williams; Mr. Williams kept a dry goods and grocery store. In those days you could buy at the same store nails, screws, gimlets, etc., as well as broadcloth at $4.50 a yard, and white sugar 25c a pound. Aside from a hogshead of molasses and another of brown sugar, all the goods imported for six months could be drawn at one load on a two horse wagon ninety-one miles from Catskill in about six days, in good going.

I think that in 1829 Williams moved to New Berlin and Dan Smith and L. H. Donaldson occupied the store, and I am of the impression that during a part of this time Ansel C. Moore was the clerk. A man by the name of Sam Robinson (a relative of the Smith's by marriage) also clerked here for a time.

The corner building was vacant until 1839. Then it was used for various businesses — Bergan and Angeli, a hat store by J. S. Bergan, a shoe store by Nathaniel Stevenson, and a harness shop by Holland Yates. Since 1844 it has been occupied as a dry goods, grocery, or hardware store by many different firms, of whom we mention Jarvis and Perry, A. C. Moore and Co., Moore and Cooke, Moore and Thurston, Lull and Steele, S. S. Matteson and Co., E. A. Strong and Co., A. E. Yates. In the same building was also the private bank of A. C. Moore, then Moore and Cooke, and J. E. Cooke and Co. The latter firm failed in 1884.

When Mr. Bergan went out of business and began keeping hotel, now the Gardner house (Morris Inn), S. G. and P. Weeden opened a harness shop in the room occupied as a hat store. This was in 1840. The post-office was in this building in 1857-60 and Charles A. Bowne was the postmaster.

The building is now owned by Mr. Kenyon, who is fitting it up for the use of the First National Bank, of which he is president, and for another hardware store.

Number 2: The first building west of E. C. Williams store, mentioned in my notes last week as standing where the corner store now is, was a large two story dwelling and inn built by Jeremiah Cruttenden about 1803. It stood where the Kenyon block (Telephone building site) now is. It was a fashionable white house twenty years ago, with a hall through the center and a front room on each side, the kitchen in the rear. A lean-to on the west end was the bar room. The front chamber was the ballroom of the town and three set could comfortably dance there. There was no porch or piazza, but each side of the hall door was a seat, and a picket fence about five feet from the house enclosed the dooryard. About fifteen feet from the fence in front of the house stood two tall poplar trees. Teams driving up to the door went between the trees and the fence. Later the barroom part was raised to the height of the main building and a broad two story piazza was built across the entire front. This was rebuilt into the present three-story block by Jas. E. Cooke and Co. A dozen or more different men and firms "kept tavern" in the old building. Just now I recall the names of Thorp, Douglass, Jonah, Davis, Bergan, Resedorff, Rufus Sanderson, Church and Yates, Johnson and Kimball, and Hasea Bundy.

West of the above building were the tavern sheds where the Weeden buildings stand now (Kinney). Here about 1826 was the first caravan that I attended on my Uncle Eliakim How's paying four cents for my admission. I recollect there was the monkey riding the Shetland pony, the elephant old "Bet", a cage of monkeys, a camel, and some other animals. There was no tent cover and the orchestra sat in chairs on a platform in the manger for feeding horses. Edward Littlewood (long years afterward a resident of our town) was the leader of this band, which consisted of four musicians. One of the instruments played upon was a Chinese hurdy-gurdy, shaped somewhat like a banjo, with a wheel, shaft and crank and four strings like a violin. By turning the crank the edge of the rosined wheel vibrated the strings.

The sheds were removed and the present building erected about 1844. In it Isaac Angell had a grocery. Later it was occupied by W. R. B. Wing, Geo. Hitchcock, Pearsall and Hitchcock (dry goods), and by many others down to the

present. R. Cooley has occupied the part of the building where his store now is for thirty-three years. It is not my intention to mention all the occupants of these buildings but to preserve a history of the existence of some things and the beginnings of others.

Beyond the sheds was an alley way, now occupied by Weeden's harness shop building (Kinney), which was put up just fifty years ago. Beyond the alley was the store of A. C. Moore and Co., on the west corner of the lot. The building occupied by Sanderson's hardware store is the same building rebuilt and enlarged. The carpenter work in this building was done by George Tew and the joiner work by my father in 1828. I have a distinct recollection of going in there before the floors were all laid, on my way home from school.

A street then ran down by the side of the brook, and in the rear of the store was an old distillery. The road was closed up because twenty years elapsed without any highway work being done on it. The only dwelling house on the street was built by "Tailor" Wright (Knickerbocker) who had a shop in the west end of what is now the Club Rooms. There was a little one story house where John B. Elliott's stands, now occupied by Lesander Curtis, who had a gun shop just out on Broad Street. On the corner of Grove and Broad Streets there was a stone blacksmith shop, occupied by S. E. Barrett, later it was enlarged by wooden additions and used by N. Bates as a wagon shop, still later by H. Bump as a furnace and machine shop, and finally all torn down and moved away.

Number 3: How Main Street looked east from "the corners" 70 years ago. Just imagine the red corner store, standing on the south corner of Main and Broad Streets, facing the west, with a sign reading "L. Skidmore," over the door. From this store a board fence extended east about four rods; then a rail fence to where now stands the Payne tenement house (Sheldon Gallery). Here stood the Davis barn. From the barn to the church property was a rail fence. Now imagine a circular board fence in front of the church, with a double picket gate in the middle directly in front of the church door.

From the northeast corner of the church property to the corner of what is now Mrs. Steele's lot (Gorsira) was a board fence in front of the "brick office"; from there to the oak tree (still standing) corner of Main and Hargrave Streets was a rail fence which was continued on up the road for half a mile; opposite the Van Rensselaer garden were two black cherry trees. The brick office mentioned above was built by Gen. Jacob Morris for his son John C., but never occupied by him. It was a one story house with two front rooms, divided by a hallway. An addition was built on the back side for a kitchen and bedroom and it was used as a tenant house. The lot east of the office lot had but recently been cleaned up, the stumps and logs yet being visible. The "mill road" went down east of the gully, and the stone building on the present corner of Hargrave and Lake Streets now occupied by Messrs. Phillips and Nichols, (Clawson) is exactly in the old road.

On the north side of the street, opposite Skidmore store, was an inn; better known as the "old red tavern." It was a two-story building with a double piazza, and on the east end was a one story room in which was the bar. The building stood about where the kitchen of the present hotel is; was not always used as

an inn, but frequently as a tenant house. About twenty feet from the bar room was a horse shed connecting with the barn; back of the barn was a steep bank, and where Mr. Hoke's house (Gould Benedict) and garden was an old orchard. East of this lot stood Jenny's shoe shop (Harris), a little one-story house about 14 x 16 feet; east of this, on the site of Mrs. Thurston's residence (Sheldon), was the Jenny house, one story and a half high, with a basement used as a tenant house and cellar. The barn on the premises stood over the little brook just east of the Potter house (Pasternak), and the barnyard extended to the Beekman house (Gage). On this lot was a small one story house on a high bank forming a steep descent to the road. Here Eliakim Howe lived, and built his tailor shop about where the dining room of the present house is.

Colonel Van Rensselaer owned the next house (Field house site) and Samuel Somers lived in it. To this house in 1827 came James P. Kenyon to live, then a lad five years old. The house that stands there has the same upright today. Take off the piazza and the extension in the rear; put back the old chimney with its two fireplaces and brick oven; take off the cornice and paint the building with yellow ochre, and there you have it.

The next house was an old wood-colored house (Harrington) owned by Dan Smith and sold to Asahel Avery in 1820 for $700.00, to be paid for in cattle. It had in 1825, two front doors — one half the building was the cabinet shop. The lot was so recently cleared that there were stumps on it and a brush fence on a part of the west and north sides. The next house was occupied by Allen Holcomb (Faber). It was a small two-story house with a hall on the west side and one front room. In the rear he had a shop for making splint bottom and Windsor chairs.

The next house was a little one-story house (Jacobsen) occupied at that time by the widow Mills — mother of Daniel Lafayette, and their brothers and sisters. The next was the two-story house built by Joshua Weaver and now occupied by P. Weeden (Keehan); there was no piazza on it. About twenty feet east of it stood his harness shop, and beyond this was his barn, about where Mr. Martindale's house now stands (Quintin). The next, and last, house was Col. Van Rensselaer's (Godley), built of stone and plastered on the outside. In front of this house was a white picket fence, with one large double gate and two small ones. The fence posts were locust, brought here by farmers of Windsor, Broome County, who sold them probably two posts for a yard of cotton cloth. Seven-eighths of those posts are in that fence today.

Number 4: In 1827, all of the village of Morris west of the road leading to New Berlin and north of West Main Street was owned by Benajah Davis and Luther Skidmore. The Davis house, on the corner where the Kenyon House (Gage block) stands, was a two-story house, painted white on three sides and red on the north side; with a piazza in front and a seat on each side. The front fence was of pickets painted white. There was a green in the highway, and the road was about eight rods wide.

There was a dam on the brook, and the water from it was used to grind the bark and full the hides of the Davis tannery, which stood about what is now the rear of the brick buildings on Main Street. Dr. Wing had an office close to

the road where now is D. I. Laurence's lawn. On the corner of Church and Main Streets was a little old house where Luther Skidmore lived (Hobart Lull). On the east side of the brook beyond where Mrs. O. B. Matteson now lives (H. Crumb) was an old building, unoccupied at the time, called the file factory, and I have heard that once gun barrels were bored there. The chamber was sometimes occupied by a tenant.

I will give herewith a list of the families living then on what is now the present corporation. On the Main Street: V. P. Van Rensselaer, Joshua Weaver, Jas. Mills, Allen Holcomb, Asahel Avery, Samuel Somers, E. Dewey in the brick office, Eliakim Howe, Cornelius Jenny, F. Harris, Z. Roberts, Benajah Davis, Luther Skidmore, Joseph Pearsall on the present Washbon farm, Dr. Bard, Dr. Wing, John Roberts, and Jeremiah Cruttenden.

On Grove Street: Eli Waters, E. Walker, L. Moody and L. Curtis.

On Broad Street: Paschal Franchot, Mrs. Louis Franchot, J. S. Bergan, John Bard, L. Cruttenden, W. Jackson, Newel Marsh.

William Barnes lived at the grist mill. Boss Titus at Van Rensselaer's, Milton Patrick at Avery's, Perrin Well at Howe's, Eunice Gregory (Mrs. Lent) at Jenny's, Wolcott Walker at Davis's, Rufus Sanderson with Moody.

There may be one or two names left out and a year's variation in the actual dates but it is near enough to say that there were twenty-nine houses and about 156 inhabitants.

Mr. Jackson was killed by the bursting of a 56 at a 4th of July celebration. He was living on the site of Dr. Matteson's house. J. W. Weeden lived there later (1833) and had his leg broken while helping move the old corner store of E. C. Williams. Other casualties have happened which may be mentioned later.

These notes on olden times will probably interest some of the readers of the CHRONICLE, and perhaps a few persons may reserve them in their scrap-book. Two generations have passed away since these things happened, and I alone am left to record them.

Number 5: The Skidmore store, which stood in 1827 where Hoke's store (Rendo) now stands, was occupied in 1833 by Jenks and Weeden as a grocery store and in 1834 was moved to Grove Street and is now occupied by Mr. Ross. The first building erected east of the store was built by Geo. Holcomb for a jewelry store about 1829. He kept the first steel pins for sale, which he sold for three and four cents a piece, and the first lucifer matches that could be ignited by friction without the use of sandpaper. This building was moved and a larger one built by R. Garratt. This house now stands next beyond Mrs. O. B. Matteson's. The present building was built by C. R. Brown and occupied by him till he went to Saratoga Springs. The second story was used by A. W. Whiston as daguerrian rooms; here the first ambrotypes were made in town. A young man by the name of Noland used it for the same purpose in 1857.

N. B. Gregory was employed by Brown as a dentist in Brown's store. Mr. Gregory afterward went to France and became a wealthy man by his trade. He died a few years ago in Unadilla to which place he had retired. While Brown

occupied the store, James Oliver, Joe Broadbent and John Hewel worked for him.

When Mr. Brown moved away E. L. Payne bought the building and it was used as a dry goods store and milliner shop by Mrs. Payne (Sheldon Gallery). The fall after the big fire in September 1883, Potter Bros. occupied it. Later it was used by several different firms as a flour and feed store. It is now the property of N. Bridges and is occupied by L. L. Wallace, the Racket Store. The second story has been occupied by many different tenants for living rooms.

The next house built on this street was the rectory. Lull and Gilbert took the job. Among those who have lived there we recall Priest Beach, rector for seventeen years, Revs. Alger, Hill, Foote, Bishop Tuttle, Bishop Rulison, Cullen, Coan, Cook and Gesner. While the latter was rector the parsonage was sold to Mr. Payne, who moved it down on his lot where it is used as a store and residence by Miss Pascoe (Johnson), and the new rectory was built, which is now occupied by Rev. George Sterling.

In 1837 a building was erected between the church and the rectory for a parochial school and a Mr. Burt was the teacher. This building was later moved on to the present site of Mrs. Steele's place. Here it was used one year as a schoolhouse and was then fixed over for a tenant. Later it was bought by N. B. Pearsall and moved up nearer the road on the east side of the lot, rebuilt and occupied by him as a residence till he died. It has this year become the home of Loren Babcock (Miller).

Ezra Holbrook built the house on the corner for a three family or factory boarding house about 1847. E. Grafton's family have occupied it since about 1866. Richard Garratt built the house now occupied by Dr. Hall (Richard Campfield). This house is not a frame house but the timbers are all boards about five inches wide laid on top of each other jutting out and in half an inch plastered on both sides. Later it was enlarged and clapboarded. Here is where Squire Harrison lived many years and later his son-in-law, John A. Ward and family.

The stone house was built by Jacob K. Lull (Naylor) in 1845 for a shoe shop. Later it was the home of the OTSEGO CHRONICLE, published by William A. Smith. In 1869 Lyman Bugby had a grocery there. It afterward became a tenant house. A few years ago it was bought and repaired by P. D. Foote, who occupied it as a residence. This building was for a number of years a center of great activity in the shoe-making business. Out from the back side was wooden addition and on both floors were workmen while in front was the leather room and a stack of boots and shoes for sale. The shop was run in connection with Mr. Lull's tannery which was located two miles up the valley on the farm now owned by Mrs. A. O. Corrick. As many as ten journeymen shoemakers worked in this shop at one time. This continued for 18 years during all of which time Harvey Cook, now of this village, worked there. Among others who were employed there we recall David Bunnell, Delos Payne, Cyrus Lull, William Nash, George Coon, Peter Edgett, —— Winston, Stephen Olds, Ira Quinby Sr., and his son (Capt.) Ira Quinby, John Scudder, John Hollenbeck, Elijah P. Sweet, Creal Shaw, and William Turner.

The house west of Dr. Hall's was built by David Bresee for a dwelling and

tailor shop (Costello). It was afterward occupied by Joseph S. Jarvis, and later became the property of Dr. Bassett, the tailor shop being his dental office.

Number 6: I have been told that the Episcopal Church was built in 1818-19. In style it was a duplicate of a church in Connecticut. The builder was a Mr. McGeorge who took the contract for $5,000. When it was completed he had lost money, but the society was so well pleased with his work that he was given $500 more. There was no case to the first organ put in, and my father cased it for $60. The money was raised by contribution. Miss Lucy Todd (Mrs. Norris Gilbert) was the organist for many years. Later a larger organ was put in, having a row of pedals. In 1869-70 the church building was enlarged on the rear, and Mrs. Grimshaw gave the present organ, which cost about $2,500. Mrs. Mary Pearsall was the organist of the church for a great many years after Mrs. Gilbert.

In the southeast corner about ten feet from the ground is a rough cross marked on a stone. Inside of that stone are some documents relating to the church, put there by Rev. M. Rulison. I also put in some local history, including a memorandum of village, town, and state officers and name of the President of the United States; also a glass negative, some photographs and newspapers. I mention this, as not a half dozen persons had knowledge of the fact.

While Samuel Sommers lived just across the road the bell was rung at sunrise, 12 m. and 9 p. m. The tongue was weighted and the bell was cracked. The present bell reads on one side, J. Hanks, 1828. The town clock was put in in 1849 by a man from Smyrna, N.Y. The price asked for it was to be $300, but he succeeded in raising only $225. It has run ever since and is a pretty good clock now.

The main part of the house now owned by Mrs. Flagg (Harrington) was Avery's printing office and was moved to its present site about 1863.

In 1833 a firm in Hudson sold to the village its first fire engine. It was called a rotary pump engine, requiring about ten men to turn the cranks. It cost $300 of which the Hargrave Factory Co., gave $100. The engine house was on the Flagg or Pearsall lots. Later, A. S. Avery and John Scudder made a bee and drew it down to the brook. It is now Luee's barber shop.

The old red tavern mentioned in No. 3, was owned by L. Daniels, who sold it to Dan Smith. The bar-room was taken off in 1833 and moved to where Henry Wallace's house (Barton) now stands (later it was the barn). The tavern was torn down and the present stone one built in 1833 by Smith, and first opened as a "hotel" by J. S. Bergan. The word "hotel" was the French for Inn or Tavern. Later it was occupied by John Whitcomb, Corwin and Gates, E. E. Yates, Jackson and Gross, John Gaskin, N. Ballard, and others, and for the past twenty five years by W. H. Gardner.

The Yates hotel was built by Erastus W. Yates in 1840. Joseph Waite was the contractor. It was here that the great Ox Yoke Company was formed, in which a number of our citizens invested money which they never saw afterward. Later it was occupied by E. L. Payne and others. As a hotel it was not a success and Mr. Payne and his wife turned it into a store and residence and occupied it as such until they died a short time ago. It is still used as such.

The building now occupied by the meat market next to Hoke's store was built in 184 ; but it stood on a Broad Street site directly opposite the CHRONICLE office and was occupied by Nathaniel Stevenson as a shoe shop. Among those who worked for him I recall Joseph Coggshall, who was a fine boat maker. He had many others working for him. Later the building was moved to its present location and occupied by David Bresee as a tailor shop and then by James Little, merchant tailor. It has been used for a market a long time with living rooms upstairs.

The large white building on the corner occupying the site of the Skidmore store was built by Chauncey Moore and Jonathan Lull in 184 . Later it was occupied by R. H. Van Rensselaer, then Jarvis and Perry. A little room in the southwest corner was occupied one season as a tailor shop by G. S. Elwell. In the east side of the building was the postoffice for a time when Mr. Jarvis was postmaster and also Harley Sargent. W. R. B. Wing afterward purchased the building and carried on the drug and grocery business until he died about 1870. D. I. Laurence and Legrand Sanderson clerked for him. J. P. Kenyon succeeded Mr. Wing, then J. A. Ward and Co., and now it is owned and occupied by V. J. and A. R. Hoke.

The highway between the Skidmore store and the red tavern was about eight rods wide, and the first two circuses that came here had their tents pitched between the tavern and the traveled road. Near where the present barn stands was at one time a nine-pin alley.

Number 7: The Butternut Woolen and Cotton Factory Co. built the four story stone factory building about a mile below the village in 1825 (on Bernard Barton farm). It is still standing but fast falling into ruin. It was a chartered company that previous to its charter ran a satinet factory east of the old factory schoolhouse. It was a large wooden building painted red. Judge Franchot, Col. Van Rensselaer, Gen. Jacob and John Cox Morris were the heaviest stockholders. The same company in 1831-32 built the "Hargrave Factory" in the village near the old grist mill. Eight double houses were built about the same time, or a year or two later, for about $300 apiece. Some of the first tenants were the Butterfields, Codys, Paynes, Stewards, Mrs. Alpin, Mrs. Sherman, Nelson Weeden, the Hodges and Cards; all with families to work in the factory and to board others who worked there. The price paid by the boarders was $1.25 a week in factory pay which was orders on the factory store. The stone building now occupied by Phillips and Nichols as a residence was the factory company's store. The hands in the factory were paid no money, but had to take their pay in goods from the store on due bills. These due bills the minister had to take as the factory hands' share towards his salary, and doctor took them as pay for his services among the hands. The bills were good for their face value in trade at the factory store only, other stores taking them at a large discount. Farmers took them in exchange for wood and produce. There were a few men in town who would advance the cash on these bills at a still larger discount, and this was about the only money the factory hands got hold of. The purchasers of these due bills at about half price, exchanged them with farmers for wood and needed produce at their face value, and thus got their fuel, etc. at half price. Peleg Weeden and James P. Kenyon were among those who worked in the factory. They worked

about fourteen hours a day and received as wages $1.50 per week in due bills. E. H. Holbrook was the superintendent for the factory company and Andrew G. Washbon was the general agent. The factory burned down on the morning of March 16, 1850.

It was in this factory that Reuben Nelson, who afterward became one of the most prominent of Methodist preachers, lost one of his arms, his hand being caught and drawn into the "spreader" where the bolts were made for the cards.

The little one room one story house now situated on a corner of Lysander Winton's lot (N. Foote) on Hargrave Street, was built by Eliakim Howe and stood on a lot where Mr. Dunn's (Gage house) now stands. It was used for a tailor's shop. After Howe moved away, it was occupied by H. Glover and later by O. M. Welch for the same purpose and still later by Mr. French who kept a select school and then by Mr. Lynch. Of the eighteen boys who attended that school I guess that George Hitchcock and myself are the only ones living today.

Howe's dwelling house on the same lot, afterward was occupied by Dr. Brownell, Dr. Garrison, Horace M. Perry, Mrs. Gillett, mother of Mrs. David Beekman. It was then moved away, and now stands about half way up Liberty Street on the east side and is occupied by Horace Hendrix (Hall).

The old grist mill, the ruins of which stand near the Fair ground entrance was built by Franchot and Van Rensselaer about 1805. The mill house was on the north side of the mill, where is now the deepest part of the pond. Mr. Hewlett, grandfather of Mrs. Ross, was about the first miller and later a Mr. Barnes. When the dyke was built to increase the water supply for the cotton factory, the grist mill building was raised and a stone story put under it. At one time this basement was occupied by G. E. Holcomb for wood turning. Tom Shaw was then the miller.

Job Aldrich built a large part of the dyke on a contract of $100. He is supposed to have made fifty cents a day for self and team. Where is now the Fair ground was a large swampy wood-lot.

The stone used in Hargrave factory which was a large building four stories high and built of stone, was quarried from the Smith (now Elliott's) ledge and delivered for 50c a load. The sand was obtained in what is now Lysander Winton's garden. The graves of two French persons were found in this same hill.

THE LOCAL STONE AGE, 1830-40

Louisville (Morris village) passed through its stone age in the decade 1830-40, according to an article in the Morris Chronicle in 1917. The Washbon farm house, the Rotch house (now Gregory), the Gardner hotel (now Morris Inn), the building next east of the hotel, and the corner building now occupied by the First National Bank were all built of stone during the decade named. There is no accurate record of the exact year in which each was constructed, history is somewhat misty as to who built them, and tradition disagrees as to where the stone came from.

The material is all native stone and the corners are large dressed stone. One of the paper's subscribers thought the stone came from the ledge up the brook

at the foot of Patrick Hill; but other information from J. P. Kenyon, who saw them all built, is that the stone came mostly from a ledge on the Captain Dan Smith farm (now Peter Gregory), or up the McNitt brook, and that Capt. Dan Smith was the builder or at least contractor who put up these buildings.

The Rotch house was put up in 1833-34, the stone hotel and store next to it in 1833, and the Bank building about the same time. The J. K. Lull shoe shop (now Naylor's stone house on East Main Street) was built in 1845, and a stone foundry building and blacksmith shop was built on the corner of Grove and Broad Streets, but was long ago torn down. Zion Church, also of native stone, was built in 1818.

Of all these buildings mentioned we doubt if any has housed as many different tenants and as many different businesses as the old store east of the hotel. As Jonathan Lull and Edwin Gilbert were in business together in that store in the 1840's, it is not unlikely that they built it and were its first occupants, for Mr. Gilbert built the white house (now Gould Benedict) on the knoll adjoining the store property and occupied it until he and his family moved to Honesdale late in the forties. Lull & Gilbert was long a prominent firm here, and besides doing a general merchandising business they ran an ashery which was located on Water Street. This ashery business was quite extensive here then. There were three such businesses — the one noted above, another on what was the D. F. Wightman farm (now Dugan) and another on part of the Ernst Thurston farm (now Friedman). This present generation knows nothing about that industry. Ashes were collected by teamsters and brought to the ashery, and were leached in big vats, the lye boiled down in large iron kettles until potash or pearlash was a resultant. This potash was shipped away and probably some of it found its way back to the stores as salaratus or cooking soda.

After Mr. Gilbert left Morris, his partner, Jonathan Lull, continued in the same store for some years in partnership with his nephew, Warren Lull. This store was in 1869 a dry goods store run by Murdock & Matteson, both of whom had been clerks for Mr. Lull, and in a part of the store was the post office with Harley Sargent as postmaster. In 1870, Jonathan Lull was again in business there, and was succeeded by his son, Adin Lull, and H. C. Steele. Later on James Falls ran a hardware store there and it deteriorated into a saloon; later a feed store and now (1917) it is used on one side for a pool room and with Smith's barber shop on the other.

Up-stairs was used at first as a hall for the Odd Fellows Lodge, and head-quarters for the Know Nothing Club. At one time, Miss Dietz conducted a select school there. Later Dr. M. Matteson had his office there, after which it was cut up into living rooms and has since been used for such purposes. We have only noted a few of the businesses and a few of the tenants of this venerable old building, but to our knowledge it has never stood empty.

Several years ago an addition built of wood was erected on the east side of the building, and has been occupied by the post office for a long time. Up-stairs Nathan Bridges had his law office and it is now (1917) the office of the Safety Co-operative Fire Insurance Co., E. C. Miller, Secretary.

MORRIS OF OTHER DAYS

by H. S. MATTESON

from The Morris Chronicle, 1908

Since we are having a little of the history of our Butternut Valley, perhaps it would be interesting to readers to have something of the past of the village of Morris. We shall go back only to about the year 1847.

At that time there was but one house on High or Liberty streets, and that one stood where Amos Palmatier (Valentine) now lives. Where the houses at the head of Liberty Street stand, there were stumps and rotten logs and an abundance of wintergreens. There was a farm land where the street now is, through which Mr. Skidmore's cows went to their pasture at the top of the hill.

From the corner of Liberty Street up West Street there were only four houses before coming to the then called Tannery Brook: the Sherman house (Card), Frank Harris' (Pierce), George Bedell's (Hanson) and O. B. Matteson's (Washbon) now (1908) owned by C. D. Carpenter. We will not forget the school house near the same location of the present High School building and of it and the memories we may say something later on.

Up North Broad Street from the hotel corners on the west side of the street, there was but one house, the Willy Washbon house, standing very near where the tenant house on the Shaw farm (R. Lull) now stands. On the east side of the street from the stone hotel the Wm. P. Card (Ten Eyck) house and shop, and the last house on that side now at the top of the hill (Joy), were all that street had. A road ran from the top of the hill down the bank to the Lull and Gilbert ashery or commonly called potash factory, and Holcomb shop, which stood where the Charles Wood mill stood later.

Down South Broad Street on the west side of the street below Grove Street, there were only four houses, the John Shaw (Philip Gregory) house, Mrs. Sanderson's (Sanderson), the Louis Franchot (F. Elliott) house, now called the Moore place and the Franchot house by the Butternut Creek bridge, now owned by Edwin Thrasher (Gutierrez). On the east side of this street there were no houses below the corner where Richard Cooley (Merrick) lived, and none on the whole of the street east of this (Lake Street) except the then called factory houses, the Gifford's (Arnold), George Mather's (Clement) and Lysander Winton's (N. Foote). The stone house on the corner was used as a factory store, and there was the house standing below it (Grenz) and the stone cotton mill wheel stood where Phillips and Nichols grist mill (tractor plant) now stands, and the old red grist mill standing on the bank of the pond. All the rest of this section from the cotton factory to Broad Street was a part of the Franchot farm.

To get to the factory store and grist mill with teams we had to go either down Broad Street to Hargrave Street or up Main Street to the same street. To walk to the places there was a turnstile on the corner where the Cooley house (Merrick) stands, with a path to the land which ran out as far as the Gifford (Arnold) house.

West of the Wing house (Buhr) on the south side of Main Street a house stood close to the gate entrance to the Wing property, the Nathaniel Stevenson

house, now owned by Dr. Stebbins (R. E. Quintin), and quite a large house stood where the next house now stands (site of Catholic Center), occupied by Augustus Steere. On the corner where Alvere Cook (M. Kinney) now lives was a small building used for a shoe shop. On the opposite corner stood a barn on the Rotch farm (site of Hopkins house), and about where Alfred Bennington's (D. Foote) house stands was an old schoolhouse; at my first recollection used as a dwelling house and Boss Titus, a colored man, occupied it. There was only one other house on that street before coming to R. R. Ripley's (Merritt Bridges), that being the Enos Ford (E. Goodier) house.

Up Church Street there was no building on the east side. But the west side of this street has seen less changes during the past 60 years than any other street in town, except perhaps the north side of Main Street from the Gardner Hotel (Morris Inn), the Chauncey Harris (R. Card) and O. A. Edwards (Aplin) houses being the only ones built, until the Sloan (Robinson) house, built this year on the corner, in the 60 years, but at that time there was a house standing about where the Sloan house now stands.

So much for the boundaries of the village of Morris over 60 years ago.

While the boundaries of Morris were, as seen above, much smaller than now, its business interests were very much greater.

Just across the bridge beyond the O. B. Matteson house on West Street stood a large three story building used as a tannery, B. H. Matteson being the proprietor (near H. Crumb property). Here were several men at work, among them we can remember Henry Jackson, Andrew Parcelle, O. B. Matteson and Andrew Clark. The top story of this building was used for the storage of hemlock bark, and it used to be a great place for the boys to play. We can remember the swing that was always there, and how dusty the place was when the bark mill was running. One could always tell who had spent time there by the dust and aroma of the bark.

Up at the end of what is now Water Street was Holcomb's Shop (R. Lull), where they manufactured chairs, tables, wooden ink stands, and soap cups. Just above this shop was the Lull and Gilbert potash factory. In my first recollection Jonathan Babcock was the manager and Thomas Jaycox and Fayette Mills drove the teams through the surrounding country buying ashes to be used there. I am not just sure what was done with the output from this industry but think it was used largely for making saleratus (see LOCAL STONE AGE article).

On North Broad Street Wm. P. Card (Ten Eyck) did quite a business in wagon building.

Just about where V. J. Hoke's woodshed stands in the rear of his store, was a small building (gone now) in which Nathaniel Stevenson made boots and shoes.

On the corner of Grove and South Broad Streets, opposite the Kenyon red shop, was a foundry run by Henry Bump and I think Moses Luther worked with him (site of Fuller's house).

The Kenyon buildings on Grove Street (Village garage and James) were full of workmen, all kinds of wagons being built, besides a big business was

done here in the manufacture of wagon hubs, which were sold all over the country. Among the workmen in these shops we remember LeGrand Sanderson, Geo. Churchill, John S. Kidder, James Lull and Enos Ford.

About where the late Charles Smith's shop stands (between Merrick and S. Tremlett), S. S. Seely manufactured the celebrated Anderson's Dermader (a skin cream). The whole output of this remedy was for several years made here and sold and shipped everywhere. Besides Seely we remember only Hiram Potter and Martha Montgomery as helpers in this business. In connection with the Dermader business, Seely did quite a little in making butter molds. They were round with any device one might wish on the stamp, and made in pound and half-pound sizes. While they were not quite as convenient as the present square ones in use, they were very neat.

The Cotton Mill was running and employed a large force.

We must not forget the shoe shops of Jacob K. Lull (Naylor stone house) and the one Nathaniel Stevenson built and ran where I. C. Carey (H. Lull) now lives. In each of these shops were from six to eight men. We remember John Scudder, Stephen Olds, Wm. Laurence, Orlando Greig and C. D. Shaw, and in each of these shops, as well as in every other business in town, were apprentices, something almost unknown in these days.

The blacksmiths in town were Dennis Bacon who built the stone shop near the bridge on North Broad Street, Samuel and James Barrett (V. Barton site — building gone now); we remember a blacksmith shop which stood in the forks of the road just above the Van Rensselaer farm.

Around the village in several places were small shops where men made butter ladles. Edward Payne had a shop on Liberty Street and Moses Foote and others had a shop under the J. K. Lull shoe shop. There was a time when it was said that more ladles were made in the town of Morris than in the whole country.

We almost forgot to speak of the Bandbox factory run by Elisha Thurston (Jackson) on High Street. These were made of wood cut out with a large knife or chisel, and after being put up in shape were covered with wall paper.

We must not forget to speak of the dairy industry of the village. There were times when taking in just the village alone there were kept from 20 to 25 cows. During the summer these cows pastured in the highways, and either one leading out of Morris would have its drove of them every day, many times feeding out over two miles. Winters they were around the streets during the days ready to eat the straw from any farmer's sleigh that might be standing there.

So much for the industries of Morris. But when we come to look at the distance that all of them had to haul their products it is surprising. For the cotton factory, cotton in the raw was hauled, in boating season, from Catskill or Albany, and this was true of other products. Other than this they hauled to Utica, Deposit and Fort Plain. During the canal season much of the goods in stores and the farm produce was hauled to and from Sherburne and Norwich over the Chenango canal to Utica and then over the Erie to Albany.

We have spoken previously of the business done in Morris years ago as to

manufacturing, but said nothing in its mercantile line.

Our first remembrance goes back to when Lull and Gilbert, Jarvis and Perry, A. C. Moore, Cal Bergen, George Hitchcock, Dr. Wing, E. W. Yates, and Briggs were the principal business firms in town, except for the factory store.

The business was done very much different than now. The merchants usually made at least two trips to New York each year, and did their buying for six months trade. In return for goods anything from the farm was taken — butter, eggs, apples, oats, corn, rye, geese feathers, woolen yarn, stockings, mittens, dried apples, and anything else that might show up, like shingles and lumber. We have known times when among the merchants combined one could find a thousand bunches of shaved hemlock shingles and thousands of feet of lumber.

To help out between their New York trips there were Yankee notion wagons run through the towns which supplied them with thread, needles, buttons, suspenders, etc. Church Brothers of Norwich came through regularly with their cracker wagon and some candies. Warnick and Brown used to have a team around supplying tobacco and cigars. They sold and delivered the goods as they went, the present day commercial traveler was not known.

We must remember that anything shipped from New York had to be hauled, as we said earlier, from Utica, Fort Plain, Deposit or Catskill. The price per hundred was not much more than that of today is from Oneonta or Mt. Upton. To know how this could be done and pay expenses may be a question with some, but to stop over night at a hotel (then spoken of as a tavern) did not cost very much more than a dinner and horse feed does now. Our money was in sixpences and shillings. Meals cost a shilling each with lodgings for a sixpence and the proprietor did not object in the least to a farmer out for a load taking out his lunch box and eating his dinner on the stoop or in the bar room. Not so now, for we have seen very often in sitting rooms and halls, notices put up which said "No lunches allowed to be eaten in this place."

As far as the business of delivering shingles, lumber, farm produce, etc. in town by the farmers, more of it could be seen in the village of Morris than can now be found in the whole of Otsego County.

We remember one man, John Lawrence, who lived on a farm, now a part of the Leander Moffitt farm, who often came to the village with an ox hitched to a wagon or cutter.

Farmers' wives had no scruples or the least hesitancy against riding into town behind an ox team, and we have not the least doubt but that they enjoyed their days' shopping equally as well as do the wives of today who may come in their surries or with their pneumatic-tired buggies.

In our trade we knew nothing about granulated sugar except for a pound of loaf sugar, bought now and then, for special use when special company might come, they had to use brown sugar.

Anything in the line of the numerous cereals now on sale was not known, and yet we lived like kings on what we did have, and we must admit that as we are writing this there is a sort of a longing to have a breakfast or a supper that

would taste as good to us as we remember those did without fruit or cereals of any kind.

To have sold a bunch of bananas or a box of oranges would have taken a month's time.

We presume that the people in Morris these days wonder how those of forty and fifty years ago could live through the long winter without the lecture courses and other entertainments of today. We propose to speak of some of the things that helped to while away the long winter evenings.

For a great many years there was the old fashioned singing school, which was generally held once each week for at least eight to ten weeks, and finished up with a grand concert made up of those who were of the winter's class. We had considerable time spent in preparation for these grand finals, and one who has never gone through one of those singing classes can, in the least, imagine the good times we always had. Generally each church took an interest in forming the classes, and it was a common thing to have a class that would number close to one hundred.

The first singing school teacher that I have any remembrance of was a Mr. Cady. He was a good teacher as far as the singing was concerned, but being rather a nervous man did not have very good success in keeping good order in his classes. Later on L. M. Wariner had classes in Morris for several years. He was a jovial genial man who always was ready for a good time in its place, but when the class was called to order everyone knew that Wariner was at the head and it was in order to attend to business. To say that those singing school sessions were pleasant and entertaining will, we know, be vouched for by any who may read this if they were one of the class.

To tell of the splendid times we had when each winter for several years the lyceum was in existence, would be of itself a long article, and we will only briefly mention some things.

There were subjects for debate each week; also a paper edited by different members of the lyceum, who were appointed for that purpose by the president. We cannot recall just now the name given that paper, but do remember that it was spicy and full of good bits on members of the society. Among the membership were the clergymen, doctors, lawyers, many of the business men, and teachers and scholars of the school. Among some of the strongest debators were C. A. Church, A. S. Avery, H. R. Washbon, W. H. Bunn, M. Matteson, A. E. Daniels, D. M. Campbell (a teacher of our school), Dewitt Clinton, Milo Grass and many more that we are sorry we cannot recall. This lyceum was always held in the schoolhouse and it was always filled to its utmost capacity. Perhaps the greatest and most interesting (at that time) question that was ever before the lyceum was one in 1860, "Resolved. That the signs of the times indicate Civil War." This question occupied the time of at least two meetings, and was decided in the affirmative.

During the Civil War there was an amateur theatrical organization developed, and through it, with its entertainments, nearly $300 were raised and sent to the U. S. Sanitary Commission to be used in hospitals for sick and wounded soldiers.

This kind of entertainment became quite a power for raising money for various purposes and did good work in raising money toward the erection of a soldiers' monument (Hillington Cemetery) believed to be the first one erected in Otsego County.

These amateur theatricals were of so much value towards financial aid and entertainment, that at the time of building the first two story schoolhouse arrangements were made for scenery and stage for plays and elevated seats were provided to the extent that there could be seated about 250 people.

Somewhere about the years 1867 to 1870 there was a Good Templar's Lodge with a membership of about 350. This Lodge, through presenting the time-worn play, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" raised a good big sum of money, and nicely furnished and carpeted the upper room of J. P. Kenyon's wagon shop on the corner of Grove and South Broad Streets. This play was put on in the Yates Hotel ballroom and was, as they say, on the boards nearly two weeks.

We cannot resist the desire to mention some of those who had parts in these entertainments, and we hope that those who may read will excuse the liberty we take. They were A. S. Avery, Ed Grafton, S. S. Matteson, H. D. Whitcomb, A. C. Bunn, Celest Yates, Elizabeth Lunn, H. S. Matteson, Joanna Van Rensselaer, Cora Lull, Elizabeth Sherman, Emma Bunn, Helen Payne, C. L. Whitcomb, Fred Gilbert, Abbie Bowne, Charley Coats, Frank Payne, Albert Cruttenden.

We wonder how many there are who will read this who were members of John Thayers's dancing school, and how many ever had a part in those little town dances that were got up many times after school had closed, where from twelve to fifteen couples would spend a pleasant evening in either the Gaskin or Yates House ballroom, with Ed Scudder, Wm. Palmatier and Sammy Weeden for an orchestra, and those grand times that the girls always gave us boys with their Leap Year rides to New Berlin or Mt. Upton for destination, with a supper and dance.

These were some of the general means of our entertainment in the years ago.

The next thing in order in our reminiscences will be the churches. All that are in Morris today (1908) were there in our earliest recollection, but we cannot recall very many of the ministers.

The first Baptist minister that we can remember was Elder Baldwin who, if we are not mistaken, gave up preaching at the time he was in Morris, and he built the house where Ora Backus (Rathbun) now lives. We will turn aside just a little here to say that Elisha Thurston laid the wall which now stands along the sidewalk in front of the above house, at least 55 years ago, and we doubt that another can be found in the condition that this wall is, for all that it has stood more than half a century.

Among the membership of the different churches we will mention some of those who were the so-called burden bearers. In the Baptist Church were Deacon Jackson and family, Deacon Stetson and family, J. K. Lull and family, Jonathan Babcock, Elisha Thurston, the Drapers, Augustus Foote, Jesse Wood and his sons Noah and Russell. In the choir were Jonathan Babcock, B. H. Matteson,

Dennis Arnold, Betsey Garlick; the Music Montgomery, Silas Seeley played a violin and S. G. Weeden a trombone for instrumental music.

In the Methodist Church were Jonathan Hollister, David Bresee, John Gadsby, William Davis, Charles Tinker, Zacheus Tobey; these men and their families were the ones who kept the church in order.

In the Universalist Church there were Jonathan Lull, Nathaniel Stevenson, Asa Tillson, E. W. Yates, A. S. Avery, C. A. Church.

In the Episcopal Church were Frank and Nelson Pearsall, Isaac Mansfield, Jared Todd, Hopestill Cruttenden, William Lemuel, Bela and Lyman Brooks, the Franchot, Morris and Van Rensselaer families.

In The Friends Society there were the Bownes, Leggetts, Harveys, Stephen and Asa Wing, Walter Cornell, Jabez Collins and Chester Moore. These were the families who made that Society.

Of all of those mentioned we know of only two that are now (1908) living; Noah Wood and Isaac Leggett.

So much for the churches and their membership. Now some of their methods.

I am not sure that all of the churches held two services each Sunday but we do remember that the Baptist did. They had a service in the morning and after the service an hour's intermission during which time the minister went home and had a lunch. The members who came from outside the village generally brought a lunch. Some of the members cooked after the Sunday School and the rest of them had a social visit. The then-called entry was usually filled with ladies, and the men could be found around the sheds, discussing topics in general.

We remember once of hearing, as one objection to an afternoon instead of an evening service, that it would stop horse trading and other deals being made during the recess. But we are sure this could not be true, though there might possibly have been the beginning of some deal that came off later in the week.

There were two events of great importance in the churches of those days — the minister's donation and the annual Sunday School picnic. The donation called for a large amount of hard work and generally the results were not very large. In memory I can see the treasurer or perhaps a deacon sitting at a table keeping a record of the donations of different ones. Now and then there would be a transaction that today I am thinking would cause a smile. For instance, some good brother would appear with a couple bushels of oats or some other grain and ask that half be credited on his salary subscription and the other half as a donation. But this was the best they could do, and we cannot doubt but they got their reward.

Now for the picnic. This was looked forward to for weeks by the children, and was quite often a union picnic, taking in any of the Sunday schools that would unite. We were all requested to meet at the meeting house, and when once formed into line, Mr. Morse and two of his sons would head the line with their fife and drums. I fear that this martial music was more of an inspiration toward fighting than praying. After being marched around all of the squares in the village we

brought up at the Rotch (Gregory) Grove on Grove Street, where we were allowed to break ranks and make ourselves free with the 'lemmade' of which there was generally a barrel full, which might have taken at least half a dozen lemons to make, but being sweetened with brown sugar and all the lemon peelings floating on top of it had at least an appearance of being rich and strong. I am afraid the Sunday school scholars of today would not want to do as we had to do then. It was no uncommon thing to see barefoot boys in the line. But this did not in the least interfere in the pleasures of the day.

We remember of once attending one of these picnics and having, because of a stone bruise on one heel, to wear our mother's shoes. And after all these years we can almost feel the same chagrin as we did that day, with the thought that everyone there knew I had by mother's shoes on. But we are sure that none did for in all these years which have passed no one has ever mentioned the matter to us.

To give a history of the old schoolhouse and all of its recollections would mean quite an extensive article, so we shall not go extensively into detail.

My opinion at this time of life is that I must have been more ambitious in searching after knowledge early in life than I was later on because my beginning was when I was four years old and Artemus Holdredge was the teacher of my first schooling. As I remember now Charles B. Harris and myself composed the class.

Although more than three score years have passed I can call to mind distinctly just how the old room looked and the red covered book with the alphabet and words of three letters, with pictures of a cow, hog, dog, etc., to help along in the struggle to master them, as Charley and I stood on either side of the teacher who held the book on his lap.

To say that the days and years spent in the Morris school were pleasant and happy ones is hardly to be appreciated except by those who were my associates. And when I think of the fact that today (1908) there are among the present pupils in the school grand and great-grandchildren of some of my old time schoolmates it seems almost as if it could not be possible that one's memory could bring things so fresh and plain.

In honor to those who have to bear the burden of management of the school all these past years, I must say that with only one or two exceptions it has had teachers who were qualified and capable.

As I think today of where the scholars came from I can see great changes in the district. From down the creek would come the Falls, Scottons and Wilburs, who lived on the Washbon farm, making in all eleven. From the road towards South New Berlin came the Drapers, Mattesons, Traceys, Moores, Peter Thurston, William Bass, William Gibson, Charles Arnold, Charles and Gaylord Bacon and three from the Goodrich farm, making eighteen. Aside from these the school was made up of those who lived in what is now the corporation of Morris.

To see the stalwart boys and strong healthy girls who walked a mile or more to school all sorts of weather would be something surprising to those scholars of

today who, if they have to exceed half a mile to travel, must need be carried with a horse.

When I think of the methods of teaching in those days and those of the present my conclusions are that there must have been some good material to work with or the old Morris school could never have put out as many as it did who were successful as teachers and in other professions as well.

For a good many years whenever a change was made in teachers it meant a change in methods as well and it could not be otherwise than a hindrance towards good work.

Before becoming a graded school we remember several of those who filled the position of trustees. Nathaniel Stevenson, William F. Card, B. H. Matteson, C. A. Church and A. S. Avery were among the most prominent in our recollection, and all of these men took great interest in the welfare of the school, and those of today should be grateful for their good work.

Under the trusteeship of C. A. Church the school was graded and Orlando Blackman was made the principal with two lady assistants, Miss Bush and Miss Metcalf. Under this management the school made a great advance and we are proud to say that in our opinion it has ever since kept its place as one of the best in our county.

To speak of those who have gone out from the Morris school as successful teachers would make a large list, but to say it reaches scores and possibly to the hundred mark is safe.

For the scholars of today to have seen the old schoolhouse and grounds they would consider it rather a small affair, a little wedge shaped ground with a fence around it and a small one story building with an entry about six feet square would be its appearance, and yet we had more good times in the old building and its surroundings than have ever been found elsewhere.

We cannot forget now and then a day when things were not as pleasant. Because those were the days when the teacher was the sole disciplinarian, and when one was sent across the road into the Rotch (Gregory) Grove to cut a small beech with which he was to be switched, it could not be other than an unpleasant affair, especially for the one who was personally interested in that special program. But personally, since the years have gone we have forgotten these unpleasant experiences because the pleasant ones were so much the greater.

One rather strange thing I find in life is that there is a little more of a feeling of fellowship with those who were our schoolmates than with others, though we may have had years of acquaintance with them.

SCHOOL HISTORY

by JOYCE FOOTE, 1970

The first school for what is now the village of Morris was a log structure built before 1800. It was located across the Butternut Creek on the Franchot holdings across from the present Hillington Cemetery entrance.

In the early 1800's the school was located on Grove Street in Lull's Woods (now V. Gregory) on the present site of Donald Foote's house. In each account of the school at that location mention is made of the convenience of the location to the woods which provided switches for the schoolmaster.

In 1825, the "Red Schoolhouse" was built on the triangle of land given by Nathan Lull. This building was located on the present school property very near the intersection of West Main Street and West Street. In 1861, when a new schoolhouse was built on the same land slightly behind the "Red Schoolhouse", the old one was moved to Liberty Street and is now the residence of Larry Gardner. The new structure was a large, two story building with two finished rooms downstairs and one large one upstairs which was not finished as it was not expected to be needed. It was built by J. P. Kenyon at a cost of $1275.

Union School, 1860-1894

In 1869, the school was organized as a Union Free School, the first one in Otsego County. It became an Academic School in 1875, and in 1883 the first training class was established.

In 1890, the school boasted fourteen graduates from the Academic School and the Alumni Association was formed.

During these years the school enrollment grew and in 1894 the grounds were enlarged by the purchase of an acre of land adjoining the school property. The building put up in 1861 which had been enlarged many times to meet the increased enrollment was sold and moved to Grove Street and is now owned by Gladys Rowe. A commodious new building was constructed at a cost of $8,000, and the new institution became a High School. This building was located about where the flag pole is now.

There were twenty graduates of the new High School in 1895; in 1897 there were only seven graduates due to the change in Regents requirements but the school received a commendation from Albany as some schools had no graduates that year.

Morris High School, 1894-1932

During the late 1800's and early 1900's district schools were in existence and these individual districts contracted with Morris High School to send their pupils to that institution. Some means of transportation had to be provided for those students from the districts to the High School. In some instances the pupils were brought from their homes to the village on Sunday evening and left until the school week was over. Early catalogs of the school give tuition rates for ten week terms as follows:

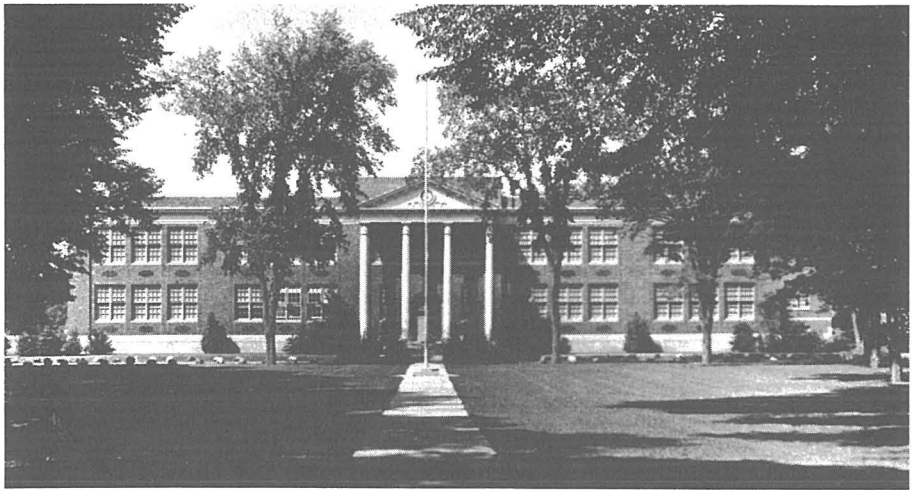
Academic Department, for two or more advanced subjects	$4.50
Academic Department, preliminary subjects and one advanced	4.00
Academic Department, post-graduates	2.00
Grammar Department	4.00
Intermediate Department	2.50
Primary Department	1.50

Board could be had in private families in Morris for $1.50 to $2.50 per week. Rooms, furnished or unfurnished, without board, for 50c to 75c per week.

There were provisions made for those districts who chose to transport their students to school daily. The Morris Chronicle in 1912 carried the notice that Adelbert Herring had the contract for transporting the children of District No. 7 (the Foote District — South New Berlin Road) to and from the high school. Mr. Herring had a "prairie schooner" built and with two horses on it carried a fine load of merry youngsters, numbering fifteen. Records show that in 1915, the following school districts voted to contract with Morris High School for the next year: The Wing or Naylor District on Patrick Hill, The White Schoolhouse District in Elm Grove, the Foote District, and a part of the Gibson District in Pittsfield just above Carl Utter's.

Thirteen Districts were consolidated into the Morris School District throughout the period from 1917 on until in 1929, the Central District #9 was formed. The present building was ready for use in 1932. The Dr. Lewis Rutherfurd Morris Central School was erected at a cost of about $330,000, one half of which

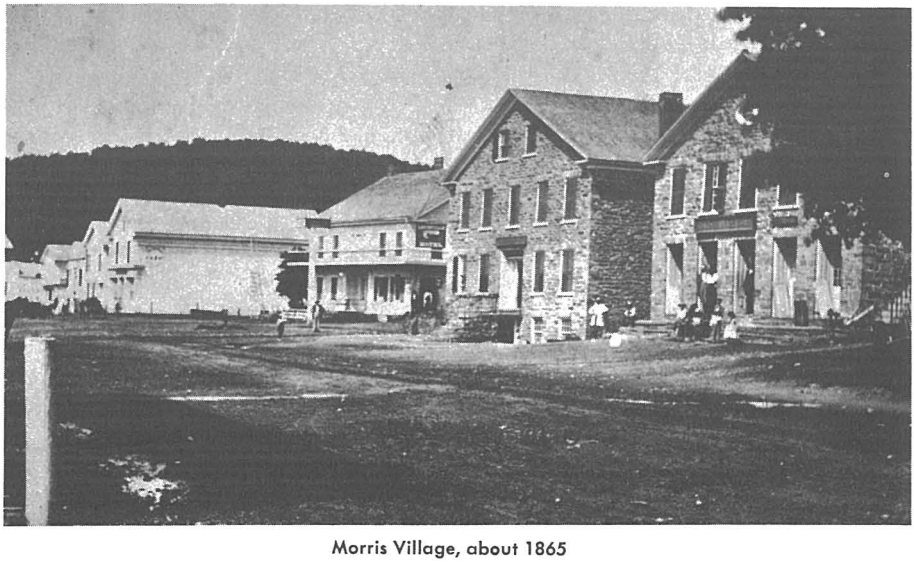
was provided by Dr. and Mrs. Morris, and provision was made for 500 students. In 1954, an addition consisting of five classrooms, kitchen and cafeteria was built adjoining the rear of the existing structure; the bus garage was constructed at the same time.



Morris Central School, 1932

MID-CENTURY MORRIS
by JOYCE FOOTE, 1970

In the preceding chapters we have traced the growth of the community from its frontier days to the establishment of a permanent settlement. Some early records of the area show the growth in population from 160 in 1824, to 750 at one time during the later 1800's.

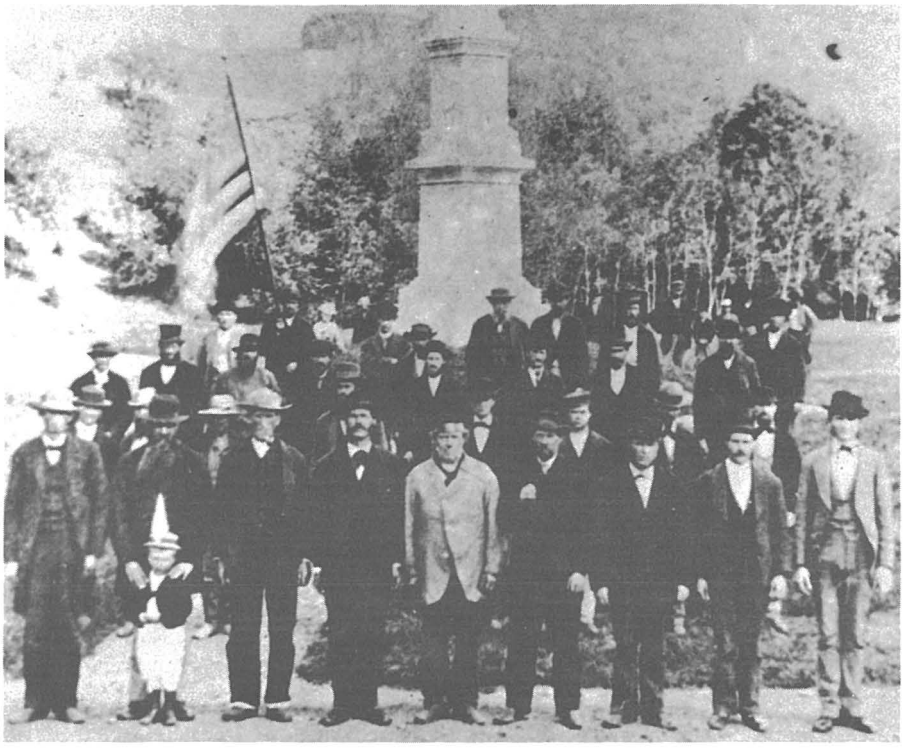


Morris Village, about 1865

In 1860, Richard Franchot, son of Pascal, was elected to Congress from this district. He served in this capacity until 1862, at which time he was made Colonel of the 121st Regiment, New York State Volunteers. The list of Morris men who served, along with him, in the Civil War is extensive and cannot be included in this account. A majority of the area men who were in this War were in the 121st or 152nd Regiment. The 121st was organized in the summer of 1862, and shortly thereafter left for the south. The regiment was ten miles from Antietam when that battle occurred. It did not take part in the battle but was deployed on September 19th to the scene of the battle to gather up abandoned muskets. In December of that same year it was in reserve at Fredericksburg. The regiment finally went to White Oak Church and established permanent winter quarters there. In April, 1863, Hooker began the second attack on Fredericksburg and Mary's Heights and the Chancellorville Road. It was here that the 121st did its first real fighting and the results were appalling. It lost on Marye's Heights and around Fredericksburg 287 men out of 540 who entered into the battles. This carnage occurred in only 15 minutes of combat. As soon as the 121st had gone to the front, the 152nd was enlisted. This group left Herkimer on October 21, 1862; it spent the winter in fortifications in and around Washington. In May, 1863, it went south as far as Yorktown where it received the news of the successes of the Union Armies at Gettysburg and at Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. This unit was ordered to New York City on July 14th due to the Draft Riots, and there it remained until October 14th; it spent the winter of 1863-64 at Cole's Hill at Culpepper, Virginia. When Grant assumed command of the Union Armies in 1864, this regiment joined in the Campaign of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburgh. It was at the Wilderness that George Kidder, a young sergeant was felled. It was in his honor that the George Kidder Post G.A.R. was named. Spottsylvania followed the Wilderness and here Jay Bancroft and James Kelsey were killed. Then came Cold Harbor which brought death to five Morris boys: Richard Bennet, George L. Davis, David H. Lewis, Alvin Kinney and Edward Pearsall. Cold Harbor was a failure and Grant moved his army off toward Petersburgh. On the Jerusalem Plank Road disaster came to the 152nd Regiment, and particularly to Co. C which included 43 young Morris men. By some oversight, a gap in the battle line had been left between the groups. The enemy passed through this gap, flanking the 152nd. The order was given for the men to save themselves. The regiment lost four officers and forty-two enlisted men who were taken prisoners. Co. C was the greatest loser. Sixteen of the Morris boys, and they were boys only 17, 18 and 21 years old, were captured and taken to Andersonville. Of the sixteen, records show that seven lived and nine died.

Agricultural statistics of the period during the Civil War indicate that the area had certainly been improved over the years. In 1864, according to an early history of Otsego County, Morris had 18,480¾ acres of improved land out of a total area of 24,035 acres. The principal crops were hops, maple sugar, apples, oats, potatoes, Indian corn; 154,703 pounds of butter and 10,359 pounds of cheese were made in that year.

The 1870 census shows an interesting comparison to the one done in 1850. In the 1850 census nearly every farmer had at least two working oxen and very few horses, but each farmer usually had quite a flock of sheep. The principal agricultural products were grains, butter, cheese, maple sugar and flax. The 1870



Soldiers Monument, Hillington Cemetery, dedicated at the close of the Civil War

census records more horses and cows but not many oxen, more butter and cheese with more fluid milk sold, more honey produced and many hop yards. In a Morris Chronicle article published in 1947 written by Mrs. W. W. Sanderson she adds to these figures the interesting statement, "All this is a far cry from the present day of no oxen, few horses, and every farmer a car. No hops, butter or cheese and all fluid milk. Who of the older generation does not remember the social pleasure of hop-picking?"

The year 1866 saw the birth of the Morris Chronicle. There had been a newspaper printed in Morris prior to that time but it was not successful. The Otsego Courier, printed at "Louisville, Butternuts p. o., October 31, 1845, Vol. 1, No. 25," came into the hands of Mr. Carpenter while he was editor of the Chronicle. The office was up stairs in the Bunn building which stood where Naylor Company garage building is now. The paper had six columns to the page and carried numerous advertisements of local businesses. Also included was a list of advertised letters by C. Jarvis, the postmaster. One would infer that in those days no one went to the post office until a letter was advertised for them; there were 54 on the list for the week of the newspaper. Another interesting item was an advertisement that Dr. Wing keeps groceries and family medicines. He has vinegar, tamarinds, quinces, apples and pears for sale; also superior flour received from Utica. There are also two school advertisements: The Gilbertsville Academy advertised for pupils, rates running from $3 to $8 per term and tuition for the year including board, washing, lights and fuel, $100. Zion's Church Parochial School advertised

tuition per term of twelve weeks at $1.50 up to $4 for the higher branches with $1 extra for instruction in drawing, painting and embroidery, all under the care of Mrs. E. W. Patterson. Mr. Winans was certain that his newspaper would be a success judging from the following, taken from the Otsego Courier, "The way the subscribers are flowing in is a caution. Somebody is at work. Keep doing, and we'll show you a paper in these diggings one year hence. Pay no attention to the idle stories of busy-bodies who are reporting the lie that the Courier is to be discontinued. We can't die when the skies are so bright." In spite of his optimism, Mr. Winans was forced to discontinue publication of the Courier shortly after, and no permanent newspaper came to Morris until the Chronicle.

The Morris Chronicle was established by William A. Smith in January, 1866, and published from time to time. There was a shortage of paper which caused suspension of publication for a time. This and other handicaps kept the publisher from a schedule of publication but between 1866 and 1869, two complete volumes were published. In May, 1869, the paper was sold to L. P. Carpenter and remained in the hands of that family through the years until April 28, 1920, when it was sold to B. Franklin Waite. So far as we are able to learn the first home of the Chronicle was in the stone building built in 1845 by Jacob Lull for a shoe and leather store and presently owned by Mrs. H. W. Naylor. The Chronicle's next home was in the building now owned by Warren Kinney and from there moved to the site of Sheldon's Auction Gallery. Following this, it made its home on South Broad Street in what it now the American Legion building, and here it stayed for thirteen years until, in 1900, it was moved into a building of its own on Main Street, now the Naylor Company office. Still later it occupied the Library building. The Chronicle always held a strong place in the affections of the people of Morris and faithfully recorded local history.

INCORPORATION OF VILLAGE, 1870

from Morris Chronicle, 1907 and 1912

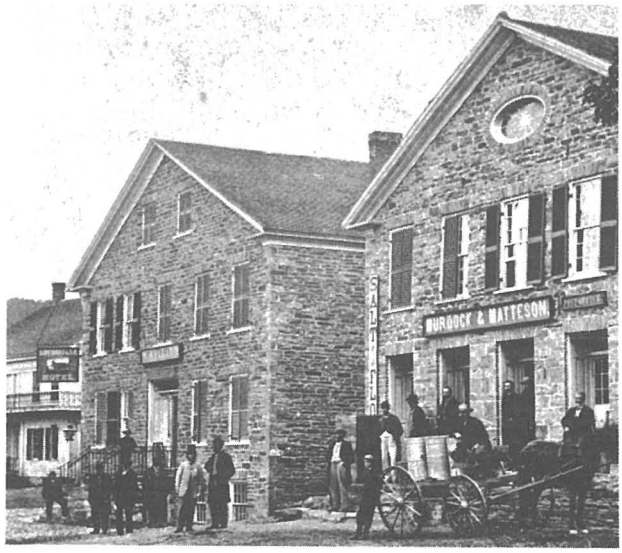
Turning back to the files of the Chronicle we find that on July 29, 1870, the people of the village of Morris voted on the question of incorporation. Votes cast 126; for 94, against 32; majority for 62.

This election was held after all the legal technicalities had been observed including a survey of the territory proposed to be included within the corporate limits, and the publication of the Election Notice which contained a complete description of the survey made of the 500 acres of territory proposed for incorporation signed by 22 of the citizens, as follows:

Walter H. Bunn
John A. Ward
Merritt Matteson
James E. Cooke
Monroe Wilcox
James Pope
W. M. Potter
Willis E. Bunn
Richard Cooley
M. J. Harrington
A. L. Sanderson
E. M. Harrington
L. P. Carpenter
B. H. Bates
Otis B. Matteson
Isaac Bowne
Chauncey Harris
D. I. Laurence
S. S. Matteson
Samuel G. Weeden
Chauncey L. Tucker
S. W. Murdock

The papers of incorporation were filed with the Secretary of State, and the first village election was held August 29th, resulting as follows:

President — James E. Cooke
Trustees — J. M. Lull, Wm. P. Card, J. P. Manning
Collector — Wesley Thurston
Treasurer — J. P. Kenyon
Street Commissioner (appointed) — William Gifford.



Stone block, Louisville Hotel, Kenyon House about time of Village Incorporation

NOW AND THEN, 1873-1903

by E. E. CARPENTER

from the Morris Chronicle, February 11, 1903-July 1, 1903

We are permitted to print from a series of letters written by a resident of this village to friends who moved from Morris to the West about thirty years ago.

Thirty years is a long time, and in the old village that you love still, although so long gone from it, the changes have been so great that but few familiar faces would greet you on the street, for you must remember that, while the population of the village when you moved away was 650 and is now 600, that 300 people have died here since 1873, and nearly as many more have, like you, moved away, and others have come to take their places. You want to know about the old town, you say; well, suppose we take a walk together, you and I, as we used to when we were boys and girls together.

Let us begin at the creek bridge near the cemetery, and the latter you would never know. It has become so densely populated. You remember that there were scarcely twenty graves on the flat and now it is covered, and the evergreens that were then perhaps five feet high have completely covered the hill and the flat. We may speak of this later. The creek bridge of your day has long ago disappeared

and in its place was put a neat iron bridge with two sidewalks in 1877. As we stand on the bridge ready to start up-street you will note many changes at once. Where then on the right was the orchard and meadow belonging to R. Leonard who lived on the left in the big Franchot house (Gutierrez), is first a street now known as Mill Street running to the mill, then comes a house built and occupied by William Churchill (Robert Elliott), and next another house built and occupied by Richard Churchill (Olds), and next is a large white house which was built by Walter A. Wing who moved into the village for a time from his farm. It is now owned by E. E. Ferry (McKown) of Mechanicville, whose family lives here. Mrs. Ferry is the elder daughter of John Patrick whom you remember as a farmer on top of the hill near the Wing Schoolhouse on the road to West Laurens. He and his younger daughter still live on the old farm. All this property long ago passed out of R. Leonard's possession, and where he lived Edwin Thrasher (Gutierrez) now lives; he moved there from the Todd place up on the New Berlin road. Mr. Leonard and his wife still live in Morris, in the little house on West Street, where Rev. Mr. Crosby lived once, and where 30 years ago DeWitt Clinton (Hanson) lived. Mr. Leonard has been confined to his home and bed almost helpless for many years, and has come to be eighty or more years old.

The William Hurlbutt place (Wickman) is about as it was; Mr. Hurlbutt is dead and his widow lives there. The house across was built shortly after you left, by Rev. L. B. Ford, the Baptist pastor. It is now owned and occupied by Leroy Sanderson (C. Decker), whose wife is dead, and whose daughter Katharine and niece, Gerty Foote, live with him. The eldest daughter, Lulu, is now Mrs. Geo. M. Jarvis of Cooperstown. The next house now is the Baptist parsonage; it was built shortly after you moved away. Across the road in the big house still lives James P. Kenyon (Ray), who although over 80, you would recognize at once. He is as he was then one of the busiest men in town. His wife is also the same as in other years. With them live their son Lynn and his wife, who was Mary Sholes.

An unfamiliar sight to you would be three houses standing close together opposite the Baptist Church. Dr. Fox built two of them on that vacant lot of his about twenty years ago. They are occupied one by Mrs. James E. Cooke (Whitman) and her son, Livingston, and the other by E. E. Carpenter (Carl Smith). Mr. Cooke, you remember was the banker, but has been dead it seems as if many years. Ed Carpenter was a boy with us thirty years ago, but like all the boys then is a business man now, one of the editors of the CHRONICLE. He has a son who is the local editor of the Otsego FARMER at Cooperstown and is married; a daughter married and living in Laurens, and another daughter married to a young farmer in Pittsfield; and a small boy and still younger daughter are his also. The third house was built by a Mrs. Nathan Drew (Wick), a few years ago, and was sold by her to Mrs. L. P. Carpenter, who moved there when her husband, the editor of the CHRONICLE, died in 1900. Another handsome new house is just beyond on the same side of the road, built and occupied by Edwin Gaylord (Johnson). He came here from Garrattsville and worked at blacksmithing for several years, but now deals in wagons, harnesses, etc., taking life easier than of yore.

The house next to the Baptist Church was a new one 30 years ago, built, you remember, by Chauncey Tucker. It later became the property of Richard Falls,

who moved into the village from his farm two miles down the creek. He and his wife both died there. The house then became his son's, James A. Falls, who was a hardware merchant, and then moved to Afton where he is in the same business with his son Roscoe as a partner. The place is now owned and occupied by George Whitman (Akulonis), cashier of the Bank. The next house on the corner built by John Buzzell 33 years ago, is now owned by F. H. Isbell (D. Valentine), the livery man. Across the road is the A. C. Moore property looking just as it always has, except that like all the other places in town, it has no front fence, and not many places have line fences either, making the whole of Broad Street look like a park. Mr. Moore and his wife have long been dead, and the place is now owned by J. P. Kenyon (Francis Elliott). On the opposite corner, where J. P. Manning lived, now resides Richard Cooley (Merrick), one of the two business men of the town thirty years ago, who are still in business here, as then. His son, George, is a prominent business man of Sidney, and his daughter, Fannie, is the wife of Jas. H. Folts, whom you well remember as a farmer boy and who still lives on the old farm. Their son Richard lives with his grandfather Cooley, and is in business with him. Mr. Manning moved to Schenevus. He is dead and his widow and daughter Anna live in Oneonta.

The next house was Henry Van Deusen's. It is now owned by C. R. Smith (Bauder), who has a wagon shop on the lot also. He came here from Otsdawa some years ago. Dr. Fox lived next, you remember. He is dead, as is also his wife. A son, Chas. T. Fox, is a physician living in Gilbertsville; a younger son Theodore resides in New York. The eldest, Ansel, is dead. His widow and son Earl live in Sidney. The house is now owned and occupied by Albert Dexter (Collier) and family, who moved into the village from a farm in Dimock Hollow.

Across the road is the house then just completed by Chauncey Tucker. It has long been owned by John T. Elliott (Goetcheus), who came here with his family from New York and bought this place and two farms down the valley, the Capt. Dan Smith place and the Richard Falls farm, now owned by Ira Davis, but not the Ira Davis you knew here. The one you knew was the son of Luther J. Davis, and now lives in Milford. Grandy Sanderson (Sanderson) lived in the next house. His widow lives there now. The two boys, George and William, are in business here, the former making and selling a proprietary medicine, and the latter running a hardware store; his wife is the daughter of your old acquaintance Albert Cruttenden, and they have a boy and a girl. The Horace Perry (B. Jacobsen) place stands yet in its old place and is occupied by his son Frank Perry, who after a long residence South has come back here to live with his family of two boys and two girls. Frank is not actively engaged in business, but is anxiously awaiting the coming of a railroad. His brother George lives in Texas. In his house Miss Augusta Wheeler died last year. You well remember her.

Dr. Still's house has been quite considerably changed. The doctor long since died, and his gentle wife, whom everybody loved. Their daughter is Mrs. Freer of Gilbertsville and in many ways of grace and excellence is a reproduction of her mother. The place is owned and occupied by John Shaw (Philip Gregory), whom you remember as Mrs. Jonah Davis's farmer for many years. Miss Elvira Falls, a daughter of Richard Falls, lives in a part of the house. Her brother, Scott, is in business in Sidney. The old red shop where Lee & Yates (Moore's site)

were in active business still stands on the corner. It is unoccupied except that the blacksmith shop is run by Sheff. Stone, who came here from Otsdawa. Up this street now run several telephone lines and a telegraph line. The former, you know, undreamed of thirty years ago, but now running to village and farm homes alike all over the country.

Where Isaac Mansfield (Mansfield) and his good wife had just moved thirty years ago from a farm on south hill their son Charles and family reside. Isaac died at a good old age, respected by all and full of honors. His wife followed him a few years later. Their son Charles is the only one of the five boys living here. He is a merchant and has two young boys of his own growing up. John Wilcox (Fuller) owns the place across the road, which was occupied as a Methodist parsonage some of the time in your day. John is engaged in business in Syracuse. Mrs. Wilcox and her daughter reside here, the latter a teacher in the school. One son, Charles, is in Binghamton, and the other, Frank, is with the Borden Milk Co. at Mt. Upton. Rev. W. G. Queal, you remember, lived next to where Walter H. Bunn had just moved out, to go to Cooperstown to accept the position of County Clerk, and where Mr. Mansfield had just moved in. Mr. Queal was the new M. E. pastor. The place is now owned and occupied by Dr. Merritt Matteson (Richard Stafford), who has three girls, one, Mrs. Henry Barker, residing here, her husband being the merchant tailor; another, Anne, a teacher in Brooklyn, and the youngest, Alice, a teacher in the high school. The doctor is as he was except with hair and beard the color of snow.

Across the road where Hannah Haynes and her sister lived, the former still lives, but now as the wife of John Smith (Cooke). Where Charles Turner had his home and saloon, E. M. Sloan (American Legion), who came here from Hartwick, has a hardware store, and in the little building next (Lamb), where Uncle Billy Hargrave had a shoe shop, J. C. Bailey has a barber shop. Next is a new building. It was occupied for several years by the printing office, but is now a feed store run by V. L. Curtis (located between Lamb and rear portion of bank — burned).

You say that in my last letter I said nothing about the second floor of the red shop (Moore's site) on the corner of Grove Street, where the Good Templars thrived for a number of years. They had vacated that place, of rich and pleasant memory along temperance work and merry social times, thirty years ago, becoming reduced in numbers and enthusiasm. For a time they had rooms over D. I. Laurence's (Naylor Co.) store, and in other places, having their ups and down, until now there is no active organization. Mention of the workers calls up most pleasant memories, Walter A. Wing, Dr. Bunn, C. A. Bowne and his wife, their daughter Ella, now Mrs. Lee Cruttenden of Cooperstown, and niece Emma, C. L. Nearing, Fred Gilbert, Mattie Yates, now Mrs. Nearing, Mrs. Harvey Cooke, Dr. Bassett and so many others; why at that time nearly everybody in town belonged to the Good Templars. Their room over the red shop was afterwards and for a long time occupied as a paint shop by Ed. Grafton, and is now used for that when used at all, but not by him; he died some years ago.

The big stone building on the corner of Broad and Main Streets was vacant thirty years ago, except in the part which was occupied by A. G. Moore & Co.,

bankers. Mr. Moore soon after died, and then two of his daughters and later his widow. The eldest daughter is the wife of Dr. Allaben and lives in Margaretville, Delaware County. The store part of the building had recently been vacated by Moore & Thurston. Both of these men are dead. Mrs. Moore lives here with her daughter Lizzie. The store afterwards was occupied by Henry Steele, who still resides here with his sister Anna, their mother but recently died, and the other sister, Augusta, a few years ago. After Mr. Steele came hardware stores by different owners, the last one being Arthur Yates, son of Everett Yates. The property then went into J. P. Kenyon's hands and has been considerably changed. The front part is occupied by the First National Bank, and the rear, with an entrance on Broad Street, is a furniture and art store and the telephone central office, with six or seven lines running from it.

Volney J. Hoke's store, young man on left is Louis Card, Mr. Hoke is on right

On the other corner of Broad Street James P. Kenyon had succeeded W. R. B. Wing in the drug and grocery business. The store is used for the same purpose by V. J. Hoke (Rendo).

The next building up Main Street (Andrews) was used sometimes for one thing, sometimes for another. About the time you went away I think Jerry Dunkle and his wife and child lived there and he ran a barber shop. It later became a meat market and has so continued ever since; a stranger to you runs it, Schuyler Woodard of Pittsfield, but his assistant you would know, if somebody told you; it is Sandy Winton. He lived on the farm with his uncle, Sedate Foote, "when we were boys," but we used to see him in town once in a while. He married one of Wilson Dilworth's daughters, and they have one girl. The next building is

owned by Nathan Bridges (McWilliams) and occupied as a Department Store by Henry Foote, son of Sedate Foote, and a pretty small boy when you lived here. This store was Helen Payne's millinery store, she having succeeded her mother for a time, while the latter and her husband, E. L. Payne, ran the hotel next door as the Otsego House (Sheldon's Gallery). This building is now entirely empty. Mr. and Mrs. Payne are dead, Helen, as Mrs. Chas. E. Ford is in business in Norwich, and her sister, Mrs. Frank Moore, resides in Boston.

Gardner House after remodeling

The old stone hotel (Morris Inn) looks almost as it always did. A new roof and a third story have been added. It was known to you as the Louisville Hotel. The same old sign swings on its creaking hinges, but carries the words Gardner House, and Henry Gardner is still the genial landlord, a little changed by age, but easily recognized. Gardner's hall which was new then, has long ago been cut up into sleeping rooms. The stone store next door (Melius) where J. M. Lull had a store and Harley Sergent kept the post office is now empty. It has been used since as a hardware store, saloon, feed store, and last as a millinery store. A part of it is occupied by Perry Foote, barber, and a wooden addition on the east end (gas station site) is used for a post office on first floor, John Shaw, Jr., postmaster, and by N. Bridges & Son, lawyers, on the second floor. The son is Merritt Bridges and he is the district attorney of the county. He is married, his wife being the daughter of the man best remembered, probably by old residents, of any man in town, Maurice Shanessy. Mr. Bridges' wife died a year ago, and he and his daughter Elsie live together on Lake Street, in that house where thirty years ago Mrs. Stevenson and her three daughters lived (Milliken).

There isn't very much change in the looks of the house where Jonathan Lull lived. It is owned and occupied by V. J. Hoke (G. Benedict). The next house sometimes called in your day the old "Ginnie place", (Harris) and which had just been rebuilt, and was occupied by Mrs. Kinney, is owned by Mrs. Joel Thurston, formerly of New Lisbon and her daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Sanderson. The next house is a new one; that is, would be to you. It was

built by Isaac Bowne, but is now owned and occupied by A. E. Potter (Pasternak) and his sister. Across the road next to the Payne hotel is a house you never would recognize. It is the old Episcopal rectory, which Mr. Payne bought and moved down to his lot, and rented. It is now owned by C. M. Platt (Johnson) and has been fixed over into a grocery, bakery and residence. Mr. Platt married the second daughter of Edwin G. Whitcomb, who was the widow of Frank Yates, son of Everett Yates. Her son Donald, now married, is associated with Mr. Platt in the business. You will always see Mr. Whitcomb also about the place, somewhat older than you remember him. His eldest daughter lives in Oneonta, and his youngest in North Adams, Massachusetts.

The next place is unchanged (Costello), but does not contain the same occupants. You well remember Dr. Bassett the dentist and his two boys. The doctor and his wife live at South New Berlin, Charley is a practicing dentist in Sidney, and Dan is an undertaker and furniture dealer in the same village; both are happily married.

Squire Harrison lived in the next house, the funny-built house with four inch boards laid on top of each other out and in and plastered on the outside. He and his wife are long since dead, and after them their daughter Eliza, who married John A. Ward, lived there. They now live at Oneonta; have one son, an electrician in New Jersey, and two daughters, Mary and Lizzie, both living at home. The house was clapboarded and repaired by Mr. Ward and is now owned and occupied by Dr. Hall (Richard Campfield). This Doctor Hall is the Will Hall you used to know when he wore knee pants and was in the primary department of the school. His wife is the second daughter of John T. Elliott.

The little stone building across the lane (Naylor), which was Jacob K. Lull's shoeshop once, and then used for everything else, including a grocery and residence about thirty years ago by the well remembered Lyman T. Bugby, of enormous fame as a talker, is now owned and occupied by Perry Foote, who has repaired it and made of it a convenient and pleasant residence. His wife is a daughter of Alex Thomas, whom you remember as the man who attended Leonard's saw mill and was the village mason. A son of his is Earl Thomas, proprietor of the Faskin hotel at Edmeston. A daughter of his also is Mrs. Newel Chase, living here in the village. Mr. Thomas' widow resides with her son at Edmeston.

On the Episcopal rectory grounds stands a fine residence for the rector. It was built ten years ago under the administration of the enthusiastic young rector, R. H. Gesner. Thirty years ago Rev. Chas. T. Coer was the rector and had just been ordained. Many rectors have come and gone since then, and the present one, Rev. Geo. H. Sterling, has been here since 1894 or 5. His greatest work has been the building of a large Parish House, on the vacant part of the property east of the church. It is two stories high, the second floor being used for a public hall and the lower part for the guilds and societies of the church. The house is in great demand.

Down Main Street again and we find the Jacob K. Lull (Sheldon) house just as it was when built, and we can in imagination easily see the venerable old gentleman standing on the front steps; but it is a dream. He long ago passed away. The house is owned by Mrs. Tew, who is a sister of Hannah Haynes

Smith. The next house is the large white house built thirty-four years ago by David Beekman (Gage). The family afterward all moved away and died, David, then his wife, and then the daughter, Lily. The place is now the property of Z. K. Dunn, who came here from Pennsylvania, and whose wife was a sister of Nathaniel and Jeff Gifford.

You want me to tell you of the men of thirty years ago now living here? I presume you, in your far-off home, can in your mind see many men walking the streets of Morris that fail to meet me as I go and come. Suppose I should stand on the corner of Main and Broad Streets this afternoon how many men whom you knew do you suppose would pass by? Let's see, at 5 o'clock Pete Weeden and Dick Cooley would go by on their way to supper. For thirty-five years one could set his watch at five o'clock when these two men start for supper and hit it right ten times out of twelve; and I guess Mr. Weeden hasn't missed in over fifty years. I have been told that Weeden's harness shop hasn't been closed more than three half days (except on Sundays) in near sixty years.

Probably Leroy Sanderson would go by, and maybe Dick Churchill; both old grayheads now, and Dick with a big fierce white mustache. That old gentleman going across the road so slowly and with the aid of a cane, hair and whiskers snow white, is Albert Tobey; he lives with his daughter at the Kenyon house. Here comes another man you used to see every day, Stephen Wing, aged somewhat, but changed for the better. Lots of people grow better as they grow older. Stephen and his sister Achsah still live in the old home. This white-bearded man just driving into town for his mail, you might recognize; seems as if I should if I hadn't seen him in thirty years. It is Charles A. Bowne, and he carries his eighty years exceedingly well. He has his law-office up at his home now. His lovely wife died a few years ago, and what a loss to him, to the whole family, and to her great circle of friends. His brother John is also dead, about two years.

You would easily recognize D. I. Laurence as he passes; time is dealing generously with D. I., and he is enjoying this side of his life, living quietly at the old place with his wife and daughter, free from private business cares, but busy in many things beneficial to the town's progress. It wouldn't bother you much to pick out Bill Southern; you'd know him by that limp he brought back from Dixie. He is running William Card's wagon shop at the old stand, and has five boys, most of whom are as big as their father. And then you'd notice Jim Hargrave by the limp which he also got down South. He's got a son in business here, Charles, and another, Will, at South New Berlin.

Maybe you think that tall angular man going along on the other side of the road there is Henry Van Rensselaer. Oh, no; Mr. Van Rensselaer died a good many years ago, also his wife and daughter Anna. This man with his father's beard and physical frame is the son Franchot, whose brother Vol is in Binghamton, and his sisters Jo and Kate are living near Boston. I guess you know Dan Winton. About all the change I see is in the length of his whiskers; he wears them six inches shorter, and his hair is just as scant as ever. Probably you would recognize Ed Scudder, Herb Sweet, Orvil Edwards, John Shaw, Charley Sheff, J. P. Kenyon, Hank Gardner, and Dr. Matteson. But you wouldn't know that man with the big bushy snow-white hair and whiskers unless he came and spoke to

you; it's Orlando Greig. He is still our village cobbler, and he and his wife own and live in a rebuilt house where James Barrett lived. Their daughter Mabel is married, has a grown-up family and lives in Binghamton. And there comes Shanessy, his step the same in style but shorter in length, because he is thirty years older. His wife, who was Zina Falls you remember, died two years or more ago. He lives at his old home which is also the home of his daughter and her husband, Merritt Bridges. Shanessy gave up his cart and stopped peddling about a year ago, although he goes over his old territory occasionally.

I recall also Silas W. Murdock and Silas Matteson and John Ward, who are all living in Oneonta; Dr. Bunn, now an Episcopal clergyman near or in Greater New York; Ed Stevenson of Beatrice, Neb.; E. E. Winsor of Grand Rapids, and others, like yourself, in far-distant homes, known here in memory only. But by far the majority are gone from earth, and as we stand here with mind running back into the past we lose sight of the present, and with you look into familiar faces: Ruggles Star, Rufus Sanderson, Squire Harrison, Jonathan Lull, Henry R. Washbon, Dr. Fox, Lafayette Payne, Ansel Moore, Albert Moore, James E. Cooke, Lyman Brooks, Bela Brooks, Wm. P. Card, Nathaniel Moore, Tommy Jaycox, Matt. Harrington, Otis and Benjamin Matteson, James Little, Joseph Mott, Henry VanDeusen, Billy Wenmoth, John Buzzell, Elijah Sweet, Jonah Davis, Grandy Sanderson, Elder Daniels, Nelson Pearsall, Nathaniel Stevenson, William Turner, George Churchill, Alex Arries, W. F. Leonard, Henry Whitcomb, Sam Weeden, Ed Grafton, Luther Davis, Enos Ford, Harvey Cook, James and Ham Pope, L. P. Carpenter, A. S. Avery, Bill Gifford, Daniel Bresee, Adin Lull, Willis Bunn, and the many, many more. We come back reluctantly to the present, our thoughts still lingering there —

"Oh, for a touch of the vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still."

Let's see, I believe I left off in my last letter at David Beekman's new house. I forgot to mention the lane that runs down from in front of the J. K. Lull place. I can't remember that it was then known as "Pig Tail Lane," but that's what they call it now. You recall that John Winton lived down in there (Walling) and teamed it to New Berlin and Oneonta. His wife died some years ago, and he now lives at Garrattsville with his daughter Anna, who married a farmer up there, Willis Estes by name. Warren, John's son, lives somewhere in the eastern part of the country.

The Matthews house, opposite Zion Church, is unchanged. The Matthews sisters built a house down on Hargrave Street, next to where Gib Potter lived, and moved there and died there. Dea. Russell Wood bought their old home, and he and his wife died there. It now belongs to a son, Warren J. Wood (site of Field house — gone). The Avery (Harrington) property stands as of yore. Mrs. Avery is dead some years ago and Mr. Avery but recently. I know you can vividly remember Mr. Avery, and the whistle he used to blow on his fingers whenever he wanted his son Ben, and Ben always started for home when he heard it, and it could be heard near a mile away, as far as the upper pond where it was quite likely to find Ben hunting or fishing. Ben now lives in Auburn and Frank, his older brother, in Oneonta, where he has been employed in the D. & H. shops nearly twenty years.

Opposite the Avery house down in the large vacant lot was the building once used as a schoolhouse. Here Mrs. Hewel lived with her daughter Libbie and two sons, all our playmates, Lou and Bing. Libbie married a Mr. Teal and lives now in Pittsburg, Pa., and her mother lives with her. Lou is running a restaurant here in the village, and "Bing," or "Ed." is a painter and decorator, doing a good business in Oneonta. Their house was bought about the time you left here, and was moved up to the other end of the lot and rebuilt into a handsome dwelling by Nelson B. Pearsall (R. Miller), and on its old site Mrs. Steele, who came here from Albany, built a large and elegant residence (Gorsira). Mr. Pearsall, of blessed memory, died some years ago, mourned by every person in the town; his wife lived a few years longer. Their house is now the home of Loren Babcock, who before your time and mine was a resident of Morris, and three years ago returned here. You well remember his two boys who attended school with us, Sumner and Charles. Sumner died while a teacher in the Albany normal school. Charles is a principal I think in one of the New York City schools.

The Holcomb house (Faber) next to Avery's long ago passed to other hands and has been used as a double tenant house for years. Samuel Weeden's (Jacobsen) house is next, but uncle Sammy and his good wife, once the life of the town in jolly and harmless fun, have passed away. I know when you read his name there arises before you his smiling face pearing over the top of his "big fiddle." The Peleg Weeden (Keehan) place is unchanged except an addition built when Bert was married and brought home a wife. Mrs. Weeden died two years ago, and the daughter Carrie has come to keep the home for her father. She is the wife of Dr. J. B. Wells, the dentist. Mr. Weeden is the oldest active business man in town, and he still goes and comes to his shop with the regularity of the clock, just as he has done for nearly sixty years. The firm which used to be S. G. & P. Weeden is now P. Weeden & Son.

Three new houses stand on what was a vacant lot beyond the Weeden place (B. Quintin, Godley, Hathaway — gone now). But one of the residents probably known to you. That one is Eugene Davis, who was a farmer's boy when he went to school with us. He is married and has a son and daughter and a son-in-law. The old Van Rensselaer manor house (Godley) stands as it used to. It is occupied by Franc who owns the upper farm. It is owned by Vol Van Rensselaer and his wife of Binghamton, who with their family and friends fill the old house full during the summer months. Edwin Grafton's widow lives on the corner still (Fay), and her daughter, Mabel is with her. Mabel teaches music in the high school and is organist in Zion Church. There is no change in the Flagg place (Andrews), except that the old gentleman is dead. His widow lives there with her grand-daughter, Mabel, the daughter of Ed. Flagg. Orson Jr., and his wife also live there. Libbie years ago married Richard Coy, and lives on Hargrave Street, and has one boy.

Speaking in the preceding paragraph of three new houses opposite Hargrave Street made me think of other new houses in the village, and I counted them up. I find that one-third (or fifty) houses have been built on what were vacant lots thirty years ago in this village that had not many over 100 houses. Besides these new houses, there is hardly a house in the village that has not been either

rebuilt, added to or improved in some way. This new part doesn't include any of the new or rebuilt business blocks caused by the big fire in 1883 and by natural decay. Besides these fifty new houses, there have been five streets opened, as follows: Maple Street runs from in front of the W. P. Card wagon shop (TenEyck) to the Methodist Church, Mill Street runs from the bridge on South Broad Street to the grist mill, High Street (Christian Hill) has been extended to come out on West Street near the O. B. Matteson place (Washbon), Spring Street runs out of Main Street towards the lower factory ground from just below the Rotch (V. Gregory) gate house, and Mechanic Street runs from Hargrave to Mill Street. I don't know but this last street was in existence thirty years ago — think perhaps it was. On it N. H. Briggs, now a prominent contractor and builder of Oneonta, built the first house (Gould & Bridges office) and lived there in the early seventies. You can easily realize that so many vacant lots as fifty being occupied and the new streets have changed the looks of Morris quite a bit, and for the better.

Some time previous to 1871 George Goodrich, who was keeping the hotel on the west corner of Broad and Main Streets (Gage block), moved to his farm on West hill and the building was used after that for eight years or more for whatever it could be rented. James Little occupied the old barroom for his tailor shop; the basement was used for different purposes. Pete Toussaint, a colored gentleman, ran a barber shop there awhile; the Good Templars occupied it at one time; it was then used as a feed store by J. W. Dunbar and then by Mortimer Watson and Jas. Pope. Many different families lived in the various rooms of the big house. We recall Mrs. O. R. Potter and her daughter Ada; the latter married O. B. Matteson Jr., and they reside at Scranton, having two children, James, a Princeton student studying for a physician and surgeon, and Grace who has become a trained professional nurse residing in New York. Other families who lived there were named Barton, with a son and daughter; Emory Cobb and wife, and a Mr. Crandall. Mrs. Stanton also had a millinery store there, and By Peters had his dental office on the second floor.

In 1878 Mortimer Watson and wife came here and opened the house as a hotel again. He made a success of it, and in the spring of 1883 he bought it and had the building entirely rebuilt on a larger and more modern scale. It was three stories high, flat roof with a cupola on top and with front piazzas. Albert Harris did the work.

The next building to this was Beekman & Ward's store (Naylor Co.) which did an immense business in those days. Upstairs J. E. Holdredge had a tailor shop, then Ervan Butler (who is still a resident here and works in Ripley's shop). Mr. Holdredge has long been a successful business man of Oneonta. J. C. Cooper also had a tailor shop there. You recall Beekman & Ward's clerks probably: Ansel Fox and Ed. Stevenson, and later Arnold Potter. Mr. Ward sold out his interest to this Mr. Potter and H. C. Potter, his brother, and the firm for a few years was Potter Bros. & Co. The brothers then bought out Mr. Beekman and still run the business.

The next building was D. I. Laurence's store (Naylor Co.), and thirty years ago his brother John and wife lived on the second floor. It was some times a

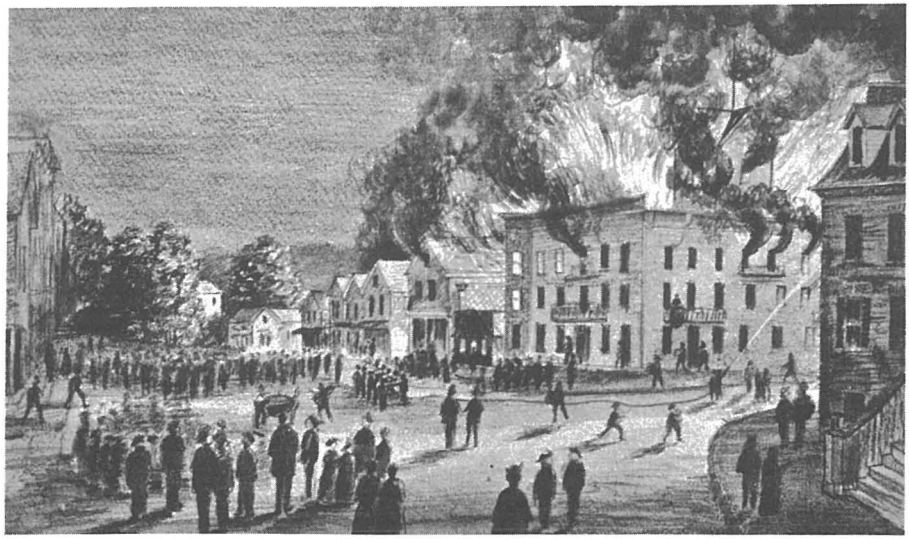
Good Templars' lodge, and then used for dressmaking — shortly after you went away by Grace York and Carrie Mann, both now dead, the former as Oscar Hurlbutt's wife, but two years ago, leaving a daughter the image of herself, and now married and having a child of her own. Mr. Laurence had just taken his store back into his own hands from Henry Whitcomb, who had purchased it in 1868 or 9, in company with Dr. McClintock, the latter dying soon after. Mr. Laurence carried on the business for some years longer.

Uncle Tipple lived in the next house (Naylor Co.), and Mrs. Cramer, the milliner boarded there. John D. Buzzell afterwards lived there, and then Chas. H. Lawrence bought it. Thirty years ago Dr. Bunn had his office in the basement of the next building (Naylor Co.), C. A. Bowne later occupying it as a law office on the next floor. I think this room was also occupied by Henry R. Washbon, and Nathan Bridges, and Dr. Fox had an office there. C. A. Bowne had a third story put on the building which was used by the Good Templars. Dr. Bunn left town in 1874 and with his wife went to China as a medical missionary. He was there five years, when his wife died and he returned home with his three boys. He is now in Brooklyn, one son is dead, another is in the U. S. army, and a third is a lawyer in Greater New York. The basement of this building was later and until 1883 used as a meat market.

The next building was Willis Bunn's hardware store (Naylor Co.) with its broad front steps and it doesn't take much stretch of the imagination now to see Willis with his knife and pine stick enjoying his leisure hours whittling. This store was a great center for the discussion of all questions local and national, and Mr. Bunn always had his opinions and wasn't afraid to express them. In the back shop one could always find Matt. Harrington. Thirty years ago he and his family had just moved from rooms over the store into their new house just completed on Grove Street (Nichols). Mr. Harrington died in Oneonta a few years ago, where he had lived for some years, and where now his widow resides with her daughter Vivian; their elder daughter, Nina, died some time previous to her father's death. Mr. Bunn went out of business about the year 1880, and was succeeded by his son-in-law S. S. Matteson, who, in company with Jas. E. and William M. Cooke, moved the store over to the store adjoining the Bank of J. E. Cooke & Co. The Bunn building was then rented for different purposes. I recall a man named Z. Casper, a clothing dealer, as one occupant, and in 1883 L. A. Hewel had a confectionery store and restaurant there.

In September 1883 all these buildings I have described were destroyed by fire, together with all the barns, sheds and outbuildings of every description from Broad Street to the brook, some twenty in all. And all have been rebuilt except the Bunn hardware store building. A vacant lot still marks that site. The hotel that was built by Mr. Watson in the place of the one burned is a model of modern hotel-building. It is owned by James P. Kenyon, but run by Ed. S. Watson. Mortimer Watson and his wife are both dead. The daughter Emma is the wife of H. W. Weeden.

Potter Brothers at once rebuilt their store of brick. D. I. Laurence and C. H. Lawrence did the same, putting up a party-building. D. I. put a fine store in his part and continued his old business for some years, and then sold out, altho



Fire in Morris, September 8, 1883

Brick party-building constructed after fire

still owning the building. The store is now run by him who was that tow-headed youngster of other days, George Folts. The second floor is now Dr. Wells' dental office. C. H. Lawrence had his part fixed up for his market, later it became the home of the First National Bank, now it is occupied by Mr. Lawrence as an implement store, he living in the pleasant flat up-stairs. He is doing a large business, buying and shipping produce and dealing in tools and implements of all kinds for the farmer.

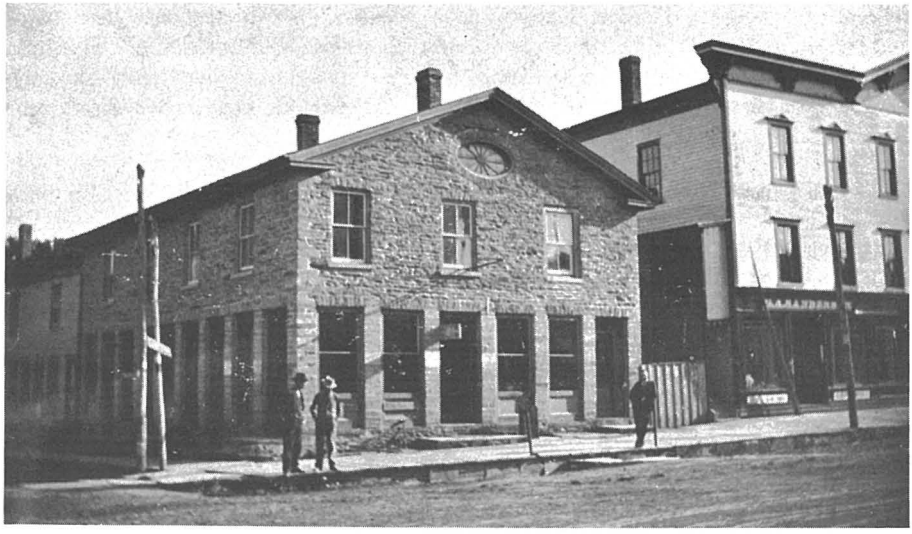
The Bowne lot remained vacant until 1900, when E. E. and C. D. Carpenter bought it and put up a wooden building, now the home of the MORRIS CHRONICLE (Naylor Co.).

The fire was a hard blow to the village and an epoch in its history, but out of the ashes a finer row of buildings was put up, and you would not recognize that side of the street were you to see it now.

When you and I first knew the big wooden building next to the stone store on the corner of Main and Broad Streets (Telephone building site) it had a big double-deck piazza reaching out over the sidewalk. From the top center of which hung a sign reading R. Sanderson. In 1869 James Pope sold his farm below the village, bought this old hotel property, and moved in. Ben Bates lived there, too, and ran a livery in the barn in the rear. Mr. Pope took down the old two-story piazza in 1880, had a small piazza built along the entire front, and made the old bar-room over into a store, and he and Harvey Cook went into partnership in the boot and shoe business. They also conducted a feed store in the rear. The quite extensive repairs were made by J. P. Manning. Families came and went in the living part of the old house year by year. In 1880 Grandy Sanderson rented the store part, put in a stock of drugs and groceries and started in business for himself, after a long service as clerk in the corner store first for W. R. B. Wing and later for J. P. Kenyon. Mr. Sanderson died in 1882, and his son George succeeded to the business when only about 17 years old, and he made a success, continuing until he voluntarily retired in the spring of 1901, I think it was.

Do you remember the old quoit grounds in back of the Perry block, by Pope's old feed store? Why, I can shut my eyes and see Charley Turney, Greig, Jim Pope, Ham Pope, Harvey Cook, John Shaw, Leroy Sanderson, Jason Cooke, Egbert Babcock, pitching quoits, just as plain as though it were yesterday; in the summer after supper, when the long twilight allowed the game to go on until 8 and even after that hour, so interesting would the game become that white papers would be placed on the "hub" so we could see it. Well, there's been no quoit pitching there in more than twenty-five years. James Pope is dead, Ham Pope is dead, Harvey Cooke also. Charley Turney lives in Waverly, Egbert Babcock lives in Laurens and his daughter Ida, whom you remember as a little girl, is now and for several years has been principal of the high school at New Rochelle. Jason Cooke lived somewhere in Minnesota the last I heard. You know he married Mahala Greene, who came here as a tailoress for J. E. Holdredge. The rest of those "old boys" are still on earth here.

About 1882 James E. Cooke and William Cooke bought the property of James Pope, and rebuilt it entirely, putting up a large square three-story building with three stores on the lower floors, and living flats on second floors, with two halls on the third, and thus it stands today, the largest block on the street, and owned by J. P. Kenyon. The stores in the block have always been occupied, the one next to the stone building, first by D. I. Laurence after the fire and while his store was being rebuilt; next and until two years ago by G. A. Sanderson, and since by L. A. Pearsall & Co. (this being Louis Pearsall, until his death, and J. P. Kenyon, Mr. Kenyon still continuing under the firm name).



Bank building and adjacent store complex

The middle store has had numerous occupants, sometimes a dry goods store as at first by Jason Cooke for Daniels of Norwich; then for a pool room and now as a fruit store and restaurant by L. A. Hewel. The next store was first occupied by Jas. A. Falls and J. M. Palmer as a hardware store; later by George Joslyn with dry goods etc., and now for several years by C. I. Mansfield.

The Perry block is the only building on the street whose front remains unchanged and that didn't used to have any front entrance to the second floor. Charley Turney occupied the first floor as a store thirty years ago. Then came Robert Weisner, that unique German, with his "Schtop a leedle — Hot Beanuts." Later James Little occupied it as a tailor shop and store. It has been used by various people, and is now occupied by Mrs. A. N. Cruttenden for a millinery store. In the other half you will find R. Cooley just where he was thirty or thirty-five years ago. The second floor was occupied by the printing office until 1882, when the office was moved to the new Cooke building next door which was its home a number of years. The rooms since then have been occupied as a law office, living rooms, and now by Misses Martha and Jennie Gifford, dressmakers, two girls in the primary department of the school when you lived here. The rooms over Cooley's store were used by Mrs. Cramer for her millinery business. Later by Fox & Matteson, doctors, then by Dr. Fox alone, then by Dr. James W. Hine, dentist; then by C. A. Bowne, lawyer; now by Henry G. Barker as a merchant tailor. The building now belongs to P. Weeden and Mrs. R. Dalmon (Kinney), heirs of Samuel Weeden.

The next building is still Weeden's harness shop (Sinclair). It has a new front. Thirty years ago the second floor was occupied by Mrs. O. Adams and her daughter Ella, the former a milliner and dressmaker, and the latter a music teacher. Remember she was Esther the queen, the first time Prof. Goodrich brought out the "Cantata of Esther" here: Geo. Yates was Haman, George Whitney, Mordecai, and Amelia Matteson, the prophetess. Mr. Whitney is a merchant in Milford and Miss Matteson is the wife of James Gould Washbon, a

successful lawyer in Harper, Kansas, now. "Esther" has been given here twice since then, but never with quite the interest as at first. Prof. Goodrich died two years ago. Mrs. Adams and her daughter moved away from here years ago, the daughter becoming the wife of Rev. W. H. Harrington, the Universalist pastor at that time.

You would rub your eyes twice before you would recognize the next building on the street (Library), where Murdock's store was thirty years ago, and the little place adjoining where Mr. Avery had the postoffice, succeeding Harley Sergent, whose health had given out. Mr. Murdock is now a resident of Oneonta, where his son Ralph is a boot and shoe merchant; the other son Walter is in business in Greater New York, and the daughter, Martha, is the wife of Lieut. Don Strong of the U. S. Army. Mr. Murdock closed up his business here in 1885. Later the store came into J. P. Kenyon's hands. It was occupied by a Mr. Scofield as a hardware store and later by W. W. Sanderson, who still occupies it. Mr. Kenyon had the building entirely rebuilt and finished off with a handsome front. Mr. Kenyon also moved the little old engine house which stood almost over the brook, up close to the main building, put a glass front in it and occasionally rents it for a barber shop or other small business.

The little creek that runs through the village, crossing under Main Street near where my last letter stopped, still runs on its way; but it dries up oftener than it used to. You remember that just below the old wooden bridge there was always a deep hole retaining the water in the driest summer. What a cool pleasant place that used to be on a hot summer day. Remember those noble old willows which lined the west bank of the creek below the bridge? And how their wide-spreading branches made a great shade over the bridge, on the rail of which we all had our initials cut, and the chairs there made such a comfortable place for loafers young and old? It's a bare spot there now. The town and Daniel Mills bought a strip of land adjoining the creek of the Wing property. The town and village in 1880 put up a large two-story building across whose front Ed. Grafton painted in big letters "Engine and Town-House." In the rear and on his part of the land Uncle Daniel put up a house and barn (Ripley). This is now occupied by his son John. Uncle Daniel cut down all those magnificent willows, leaving not a sprout growing. As one result, a sudden flood of water came down the creek last July and swept away nearly a third of the land and all the banks where the old willows grew.

In 1878 a stone arch bridge gave place to the old wooden bridge of pleasant memories, and this in turn will in the near future give way to a larger one made of iron. You remember the strip of land across the road (fire house site) that belonged to the Jonah Davis farm. This was bought by D. I. Laurence and added to his pretty little place (McNitt) and made into a beautiful lawn. D. I. now owns all the land back of his house up to Maple Street, which formerly was a part of the Davis farm, excepting a strip, building lot wide, along Maple Street. He lives there in his house, enjoying his beautiful flower garden, vegetable garden, poultry yard, and his horse, keeping all up in neat and tasty appearance. To enjoy it with him are his wife and his daughter Ada, who married our school time friend John M. Palmer, and whose untimely death it is quite likely you heard of a few years ago.

The little brown building on the corner (H. Lull), where Nathaniel Stevenson had his shoe shop when we first knew it, and where thirty-odd years ago David Ehle had a meat market, he and Menzo Goodrich succeeding Peter Becker, and where that characteristic genius Stephen Olds lived in the third story, is still standing, although much improved. It was occupied by Washbon & Bridges for a number of years as their law office. Perhaps twenty years ago it was bought by Ira Carey, who came here from Laurens, and started a meat market. He has fixed the place up considerably and enlarged it. He still keeps a market in the rebuilt basement, and lives on the floor above, while in the third story his son Norman Carey has the telegraph office and a photograph gallery. Mrs. Norman Carey was William Palmatier's daughter, a sister of Charley Palmatier. You remember Charley, if you can't recall her. Charley is now a Universalist minister in Allegany or Steuben county. William Palmatier died some years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Carey live in the old home up on Water Street. They have a daughter.

Across Main Street is the brick house of the Wing estate (G. Buhr) practically unchanged. Stephen and Achsah live there in the wooden part and rent the brick part. Now it is occupied by William W. Sanderson, whom I have referred to before as the youngest son of Grandy Sanderson, and whose wife is the daughter of Albert Cruttenden. From this house on down Main Street and up West Street toward South New Berlin, and around the whole of Grove Street but one house is occupied by the owner of thirty years ago, and that one is Mrs. O. B. Matteson's (Washbon), unless I except Shanessy, who had just moved into the new house built by Leroy Hall on West Street (Maurice Bridges), and still occupies it. Up Church Street not a house is now owned or occupied by those who lived there thirty years ago, and not even the descendants of those who lived in them then now live on that street. On Liberty Street, that is up that hill leading to what we used to know as Christian Hill, from the old Baptist Church (Masonic Temple), Hannah Turner (D. Quintin) and Ed. Scudder (Messenger) occupy their old homes. Everyone of their neighbors are new-comers, and up on High Street, the Christian Hill of other days, Herb Sweet (Johnson) and Amos Palmatier (Valentine) are all I can recall of the old residents of our first days there, and Amos is the only one living just where he did then. I may refer to this portion of the village at another time.

Where Nathaniel Stevenson lived and died, Dr. Stebbins (Myers) now lives. Nathaniel Stevenson's family is a scattered one. His widow I think lives in Cobleskill with her daughter, Eliza. The other daughter, Carrie, is married and lives out West, Frank also, and Ed. lives at Beatrice, Neb. One of his boys, Arthur, was a soldier of Uncle Sam's in the Philippines. Charles lives in Chicago, and George, the piccolo player, was a resident of Greater New York the last I knew about him. Dr. Stebbins came here from Franklin about 1880 or 1879, and has rebuilt the house beyond recognition.

Lyman Brooks and his wife lived in the next house (Catholic Center). Mr. Brooks died at a good old age years ago, his wife following in a few years. The place then went to Isaac Mansfield and then to his son Charles, by whom it is owned. At present it is occupied by Oliver Beers. Remember him don't you? He is now nearing 90 years of age, and lives here with his daughter Jennie, who a year ago married Hyde Hunt of Nebraska, but who has taken up his residence here.

Mrs. James R. Angell lived in the corner house (M. Kinney), and I don't know by the 'Squire himself was alive when you left here. Used to be a great man to ride horseback if he wanted to go anywhere. Uncle Lyman Brooks was, also, and it was almost a daily occurrence to see the old man when well towards 80 years riding the old mare to water or to his little farm up on the sidehill. Mrs. Angell was the mother of Alvera, James E., William, Stewart and Jason Cooke, all now dead but William and Alvera. Alvera lives in the old place on the corner. Beyond this corner things have changed. Beginning at the opposite corner and going down Grove Street we find three new houses (Hopkins, D. Foote, S. Foote), the first one occupied by Amasa Winton (Hopkins), who lived on a farm up beyond Kenyon's sawmill. He still owns and works the farm, but lives in the village; and his wife — ah, when I mention her name memories of early school days will come to you, and the faithful years of teaching in the primary department of the school will be remembered — she was Julia Draper. Maybe she has changed in looks some, but I who have seen her every day fail to see it very much.

From this house begins "The Rotch Grove" (Gregory). The grove itself is there, but long ago Mr. Rotch died, also his wife, and his grand-daughter, Annie Hudson, went away. She married an artist named Morgan, and for years their home has been in Versailles, France. He died a few years ago. Mrs. Morgan was here visiting a year or so ago. The property was bought by James E. Cook, and then was sold by Mrs. Cook, after her husband died, to Captain (now Major) Quinby, at present retired, after a service of a generation or more in the United States Army. Before your time and mine Ira Quinby was a resident here, going to Colorado several years before the war. There he enlisted in the army and served through the Rebellion. He then entered the regular army as a lieutenant and was retired by the age or service limit two years ago as major. He has come back to the town of his boyhood days, where with his interesting family of boys and girls he is taking his earned honors in comfort. The little old gate house still stands at the entrance of the winding way to the high pillard old stone mansion.

Just beyond is a new street running south (Spring Street), and on the corner stands a large white house which was built by Rev. J. S. Southworth (J. Quintin), who bought about one-half the Rotch farm. The place is now the property of William Shaw, always known by the boys as Jack Shaw. Jack has always been a thrifty fellow. He married a daughter of John Gill. They worked for years for Squire Samuel Gilbert in Gilbertsville, they saved their money. First we knew he had bought the farm above mentioned; and when Mr. Gilbert died, the heirs were so pleased with the faithfulness of Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, that the Jonah Davis farm in this village was deeded to them. Thus Jack Shaw has become one of our largest land owners and wealthiest citizens. He lives on the Davis farm — on the farm where he was brought up and got his lessons of thrift from his father, John Shaw, Mr. Davis's farmer for many years and then carrying on the farm for the widow until her death.

March Washbon lives down on the Henry R. Washbon farm (Washbon), it having become his property. His brothers are in the West. James Gould, a lawyer in Harper, Kansas; Fred, also a lawyer in Anthony, Kansas, a chip off the old block in physique, oratory and ability. Arthur lives at Harper with Gould, Russell is also west somewhere. And you ought to know the third Henry in the

family, son of March. He gives promise of many family traits, the developing of which will be watched with interest. He is about 14 years old now. March also has one daughter.

The old Baptist Church (Masonic Temple) still stands on the corner of Liberty Street and is still used by the Masons for their lodge rooms. Both the Chapter and Blue Lodge are prosperous, but an almost entire change in the membership has taken place — the "kids" in pinafores or knee pants thirty years ago, are the staid and active members today, with an occasional old-time exception like Volney Hoke, Clayton Peck, Billy Southern and some others something less than a hundred years old, who still retain an interest in the square and compass.

Elder Daniels lived in the house east of Masonic Hall (Cecil Smith). His wife, whom he married about 1870, will also be well remembered by you — in fact by everybody who knew her. Their niece and adopted daughter, Emma Niles, you also remember, a girl of the sweetest disposition and lovely character. She died of consumption. How well I remember her funeral in the M. E. Church, and the hymns that were sung, of her own selection, "Good Night," and "We shall meet beyond the river." Sorrow was universal among her young companions, who loved her so well. And as I look back over the time since then, some twenty-six years, I count many who have already joined her "beyond the river," and to whom her "good-night" was really a good-night and not "good-bye," two of whom were very dear to her and to you. I refer to Charley Leonard and Emma Leonard; Ida Davis was another. Mrs. Daniels died two years later. The elder afterwards married the widow of Harvey Cook. Now all are dead.

James E. Cooke lived in the next house (Sloan), which he rebuilt entirely and then sold to H. B. Parker I think, who came here as an undertaker from Hartwick. He later sold it to E. M. Sloan, who also came here from Hartwick, as an undertaker and hardware merchant. He still occupies it.

In the big white house next toward the village and the corner of Church Street lived in our day Tommy Jaycox (Catholic Rectory) and his wife Clarissa. Remember Tommy? Remember his bob-tailed Morgan Horse which he would hitch to a stone boat and draw off all he could pile on of wood, planks, or even stone — didn't seem to make any difference which to either the horse or Tommy. Clarissa used to keep school boarders, too. Remember Ceylon Kenyon and his sister Celestia, and Geo. Jones? All dead now. In part of the house lived Ben Bates and his good wife, who was a faithful friend to her boarders and looked after them with a motherly interest. She but this winter entered into her rest, living in Norwich at the time, where her husband now has a home. One of the girls who boarded there then is a grandmother now. Remember Charley Lawrence's ladle shop in the back part of the wing of the house? And do you recall Frank Morgan who used to be around there most of the time? The mention of all these must revive many old memories in your memory receptacle. They certainly do in mine. Things long forgotten I supposed, come fresh to my vision, as I write these words to you, and with joy and sadness mingled about equally I renew with you the half-forgotten acquantances of long ago. Not "half-forgotten" either, now I recall them, but fresh and pleasureable as tho' it were but yesterday we were all together again. When Aunt Clarissa died Tommy went to live with

his daughter Emma Gardner. He lived to a great age, and died but two or three years ago, well over 90 years of age, able almost to the last month to come to the village a mile on foot. He retained for several years the distinction of being our oldest voter. The house is now owned by Mrs. Hiram Potter. She was Lina Jaquish; you remember her father who ran the wagon shop just out of the village on the New Berlin road. Mr. and Mrs. Potter also occupy the place.

This letter has certainly been a long one, but it only touches an event or two of interest in less than a dozen of the old homes of Morris. All of which shows how many changes occur and how fast local history is made even in a staid old inland town almost untouched by the mighty strides of progress going on in the outside world.

You well remember thirty or thirty-three years ago — just a generation back — "Christian Hill" as it was then called (now Liberty and High Streets) was the most populous portion of our village. "Younguns till you couldn't rest nights" — or days either, so the old lady Mrs. Lynch (Sprague) used to think and she was seconded by her still older neighbor Mrs. Humphrey Wilbur (Alger). To these two the boys seemed thorns in their sides. We used to gather on the corner to play ball and woe to the youngster and his ball when it went over Humphrey's fence! The children were so thick up there that you couldn't move without stepping on one. I think it was Ed. Scudder, wasn't it, who said he counted fifty children owned from the Masonic Hall up Liberty Street and around the corners of High Street? And of them all the nearest approach to any home that has had hardly a change is Ed. Scudder's (Messenger). He and his wife and Lily still live in the old home, and the only changes are age and a son-in-law. Speaking of Ed. Scudder reminds me of Billy Cook, Adin Lull and Ed. Stevenson and often Sammy Weeden, and when these five used to get together for an evening of music and wind up about midnight with an out-door serenade to their different neighbors. The music of those serenades on the quiet of a mid-summer night are among "the sounds that linger" with me yet.

The only other home is Amos Palmatier's (Valentine), and but he alone is left in it. When I first knew it, it contained Amos and Ann his wife, Granny Palmatier his mother, and his children, Minnie, Jennie, William Henry, and the baby — Martha. I well remember my first visit on the "Hill." I saw an aged woman with a stick in her hand and sharp sounds issuing from her firm-set mouth looking about the yard for "William Henry." I learned afterwards that this was one of Granny's pasttimes of frequent occurrence. It didn't seem to hurt William Henry much, and I suppose it gratified the old lady as she thought she was doing her duty. But she is a long time dead, so is Ann the wife; Minnie, who has become what she then gave promise of being, a noble woman, is now the wife of Rev. John B. Cook, a prominent minister in the Wyoming Conference; Jennie is the wife of Richard Mills of Newark Valley and Martha quite long ago married Will Lull, whose father used to run the woolen mill two miles down the valley. Henry lives I think somewhere in the Mohawk Valley. So Amos is left there alone.

You remember that a high board fence ended the street right there, and you also remember the little red house under the apple and pear trees across the road

from Mr. Palmatier's. There in that humble cottage was an ideal home. There lived Royal and Huldah Potter (Roffe), and Helen Ripley and her three boys, Ben, Rapha, and Nelson. The memory of every one who knew "Christian Hill" thirty years ago will ever linger around this home. The war that had just closed, leaving a cloud over the whole land, had cast a dark shadow over this home. But as one of the boys of that home has so well said:

"Most sunny and warm the home was, tho' it was one of the humblest;
She who had suffered so much and had told her grief to the Saviour,
Drove back the falling tears as her thought traced the days of her sorrow,
Out of the conflict arose with the calm of a queen and a victor,
And lived with a smile on her face, all for the sake of her children."

And those boys! Their delight was in tricks and pranks upon each other and upon the old grandfather, who bore with wonderful good-nature the surplus of youthful mischief, especially as it was developed in the oldest of the trio. When I first knew the home Ben was the student of the family with literature in mind, Rapha was the fisherman, hunter and worker, Nelson was a little pugged-nose carroty-haired boy almost in aprons, with a great desire to follow Rapha whether or no. Remember how we used to go over to Matteson's pond just across the lots under the hill? You couldn't find it now — there is none. Then in the winter it was our skating place and in summer where we fished and went in swimming. Royal and Huldah Potter both died in one year — 1883 I think. The good mother soon followed. The boys had grown to manhood and entered into the battle of life, strong and courageous because of her who guided their young minds and turned their feet into right paths, and the influence of whose true and exalted life is to-day a power for good to every one of them every day of their lives; Ben (Rev. B. P. Ripley) a minister in the Wyoming Conference in Pennsylvania. Rapha (R. R. Ripley) who owns and runs a steam power wooden-ware factory (Merritt Bridges) in Morris, employing four to six men and whose wife you may remember as the little freckled faced black-eyed daughter of "Billy" Wenmoth, now grown to a sedate and comely matron, with one son whose looks will always betray his parentage; and Nelson (Rev. N. B. Ripley), like his oldest brother, prominent as a minister in the Methodist Church, now for some years located at Otego, and for twenty-three years a successful pastor in the Oneonta district. The little old house where they lived has been entirely rebuilt, and was sold by R. R. Ripley to V. L. Curtis (Roffe) who now occupies it. It is no longer at the end of the street, for the street was long ago extended westward to the O. B. Matteson place (Washbon) and then south to West Street.

Of the other families who lived on "Christian Hill", you remember Ben Genung, Oliver Kinnie, E. P. Sweet, E. Thurston, senior, Albertus Thurston, Alex Thomas, Wesley Thurston — all of them with large families. To recall them all would be a hard task. With the exception of Herb Sweet (Johnson) and Libbie Thomas (Brown) not one of any of these families now reside there. You well-remember "Doc" Thurston, who walked with a crutch; he became a telegraph operator in the Oneonta railroad yards, and died some years ago; his younger brother Will, lives I think in Edmeston. Their father, "Bert" Thurston as we first knew him, became quite a successful Methodist minister and died a few years ago. His daughter Mary lives in Oneonta. Wesley Thurston's family

grew up, married and moved away. His widow is Mrs. Pickens of this town, a widow a second time with a number of grown up boys. Alex Thomas' large family is also scattered. Of the boys, Will lives at Hartwick, Earl is landlord of the Gaskin House at Edmeston, Robert lives in New Berlin, and the mother, long time a widow, lives there or at Edmeston.

Two of the original characters on "Christian Hill" were John Scudder and Oliver Kinnie. The former lived to see all of his older neighbors die, and himself died at an advanced age some years ago. Oliver Kinnie once said that if one stepped to his door after a snow fall during the night he would see tracks to and from every house on the hill where the women had been to borrow or return something before breakfast. But, if true, this but showed the family clan-ishness of the dwellers of the "Hill." Mr. Kinnie and his wife are dead, the former many years ago, the latter but a short time since. Clark is the only one left I think, and he is a prosperous farmer and trader near New Berlin, with an interesting family of wife, a son and a daughter. Like a great many other homes on "Christian Hill", Oliver Kinnie's home gave a boy's life to his country in the War. Alvin Kinnie never came home from the southland, neither did Sidney Scudder nor Stanley Sergent.

Out on the corner of Church Street lived Delos Flagg (W. Crumb) and wife, three boys and a girl, Luzerne, Orson, Harvey and Frankie. They moved to Michigan shortly after the first son's death. There Delos and Harvey died. The daughter then married and moved on to Washington or Oregon, taking her mother along with her, and in this home but recently the mother passed away. Orson I hear lives somewhere in Ohio. You don't forget their neighbors just below, Chauncy Harris and his wife and their son "Rell." They are all dead.

Harley Sergent, the post master, lived on the upper corner (Brown). His son Marvin still lives in Morris, down on one of the Morris Manor farms. I must recall to your mind the old gentleman who lived in the next house up the hill — Uncle Joshua Matteson (Gassler). Remember his old horse that we boys used to borrow? Uncle Joshua long ago passed to his reward, but he has grand children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grandchildren here yet, but the names of the latter are not Matteson, and the indications are there never will be any of that name in the third generation here. The old house has been entirely rebuilt. Its occupants now are Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Harris, who are no less than our old schoolmates, Rufus Harris and Candace Bagg. They have been married long enough to have boys and girls grown up, and to have at least one grandchild.

Back to the corners, then "Christian Hill" proper, let us go. To-day the houses are all repainted and in better condition than then. The streets have side-walks now, the houses have lawns, but the old place is strangely silent, and the boys and girls who play there now are not one quarter as numerous as then, not half as noisy, nor do they have half the fun, or else we have forgotten ourselves.

Down the hill two houses then lived Devillo Fenton, often called probably for good reasons then "Devil-o." He lives now in Seymour, Conn., where he has become an expert workman in the brass roller mills. He has a grown up son, married I think, and I don't know but Devillo is a grandfather. Albert Sweet

(Laubmeier) lives in Oneonta. Henry Sweet (Johnson) is a cheese maker and lives somewhere in the southern tier of New York State. Herb Sweet, who lives here yet, has one son Warren, who is a school teacher on Long Island and is married, his wife being a daughter of George Ford, a farmer on the South New Berlin road. Elijah Thurston (V. Crumb) and his wife, who built a new house on the last corner of the "Hill", are both dead.

But the hill is there yet and down it in the winter the coasting is done as of yore. The sidewalks are made impassable by the bad boys who will ride on them, just as we bad boys did then; and they win the disapproval of the dwellers along the walks; just as we did of other dwellers. And may-be the boys of today have just as much fun as we did, but it doesn't look like it.

You remember well a generation ago that old line of horse sheds between the dining room of the old stone hotel (Morris Inn) and the barn. The property was then owned by W. M. Potter and William Harrington. Summer evenings after supper I with other boys used to climb on the roof of the sheds to watch the big boys play ball there in the street. The big boys were Bert Carr, Herb Sweet, Henry Sweet, George Edwards, and others practicing up a nine of the new fashioned game with a hard ball. By the way, speaking of ball playing, my mind runs back to the only crack nine Morris ever had — the "Lightfoots," composed that year of the following players in the first nine: Bert Carr, catcher; Billy Stanfield, pitcher; Herb Sweet, short stop; Bill Harrington, first base; Jim Hargrave, second base; Bill Southern, third base; Ed. Hargrave, left field; Henry Sweet, center field; George Edwards, right field. Then for substitutes there were Charley Taylor, George Hall, Dave and Am Bellamy and Curley Bemiss. Those were days when baseball was played for fun. The clubs we played with mostly were the Haymakers of New Lisbon, and the Fearless of Laurens. The Morris club was a lusty one and put up a great game for those days. It would astonish the present lovers of the game to have witnessed one of the games we used to see. Every man of the Lightfoots made more scores in every game than whole nines make now days. I recall some of the results. One with the New Lisbon club stood 98 to 22 in favor of Morris! Another, between Laurens and Morris, 35 to 37 in favor of Laurens. The Laurens club were champions of everything nearly. It was no uncommon thing for a good runner to make 10 to 15 scores in one game. The Haymakers of New Lisbon got up quite a club of good fellows, but they were outclassed by the Morris club. Among the Haymakers were Horace Harrington, Al. Lull, George Chapin, Clayton Peck, Fred Gilbert, Ira Starr, Hank Gardner, George Gilbert, names that will awaken old and pleasant memories among those interested.

Before the season of 1869 was over the Lightfoots had defeated the best picked nines of Chenango and Delaware counties, and between them and the Fearless of Laurens honors were hotly contested and about evenly divided.

But I started in to talk about North Broad Street, but was diverted by other memories. It is so hard to keep in a continuous line there are so many things of interest which come trooping across the vision of the mind when we once let our thoughts run back into the past. The vacant lot in the rear of the present Kenyon house (Gage block) barns was a part of the old tan yard which years

and years ago was attached to the tannery occupying the lot now covered by the CHRONICLE office and barns and buildings of C. H. Lawrence. When we were boys the old vats were still in existence at the rear of that vacant lot. Sometime in the seventies two houses were built on this lot, and one was occupied by O. A. Edwards and the other by Mrs. Nathaniel Moore when the big fire of 1883 swept the corner clean. The latter house was burned. Edwards' house and cooper shop were saved by hard work. The one that was burned was not rebuilt (gas station site) and the whole lot and the other house is now owned by Ella Coggshall Mansfield (Anderson), and in the next house, that little white one where Mrs. Brooks lived and Mrs. Slack, Mrs. Jacob Coggshall (McIntyre) lives now. The next place was D. J. Bresee's house and shop (Grange Hall), Mr. Bresee being the undertaker of the village, and he and Chauncey Harris running a cabinet shop in the basement. Mr. Harris became blind for a number of years before he died. Mr. Bresee carried on the business for years alone, and it is but a few years ago that he died suddenly of pneumonia. Mrs. Bresee lives in Greater New York with her daughter Alida, who married Edwin Hopkins, a school teacher. A roll call of the primary school thirty years ago might have disclosed Alida Bresee's name. She afterwards was a successful teacher in the school for a long time. You remember Clarence Bresee of course. He married and had a family of children, all of whom died in one season with the diphtheria. He died later, and to his wife shortly after was born a son, Archie. He and his mother live at New Berlin. Ed. Bresee was nearer our age. He succeeded to his father's business, but was not a success in it, and turned his attention to painting and house finishing. The last I knew of him he lived in Utica. The house is now rented. The large show room is used as the voting place for the second district.

Across the road lived Samuel Barrett (Barton), and in the little stone shop he had his blacksmith shop. The family then consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Adda the daughter, now Mrs. A. A. Lull of Edmeston, Henry, and Ed. I don't know where either of the boys are now. Mrs. Barrett was a splendid woman but very domestic. As long as I knew the family I never saw her on the street away from her home — never on Main Street or at any store in the village, and this was not because she was an invalid, for she was not, but it seemed she prepared her own home entirely. You remember the croquet ground just beyond the shop? Here's where Greig and Sam Barrett and Nelson McNitt, and others, some of them customers of the shop, would while away a good many hours waiting for a horse to be shod, and a good many after the horse was shod and ready to go home — sometimes the shades of night would find a farmer knocking the balls and contradicting on strikes, who had come early in the day to get his team shod in a hurry to get home! And you remember that span of "bob-tails" that Hanky owned; as much as a man's life was worth to ride behind them, and still a pleasure to ride behind with the owner hold of the reins. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett passed away a long time ago. The place was bought and occupied up to a year or more ago by Henry Wallace, who came here from New Lisbon. He used the shop for a steam cooperage. Now he has become a farmer and the shop is shut up and its machinery idle. The house is now let to tenants.

As we cross the creek that runs under the North Street bridge, a neat iron bridge, we now come to the blacksmith shop and handsome residence of Oscar Hurlbutt (Robert Stafford) on the left side of the street. Thirty years ago the

site of this place was a part of the Jonah Davis (R. Lull) farm. It is now one of the finest homes in the village, occupied by Mr. Hurlbutt and his daughter Georgia and her husband, George Strait. Mrs. Hurlbutt, whom you remember as Grace York, died two years ago. The place is on a corner now, corner of North Broad and Maple Streets. The latter, a comparatively new street, running to Church Street. There is but one house on it, a pleasant little home owned by Mrs. Julia Smith (Klindt), Mr. Hurlbutt's sister, whose husband, a son of Uriah Smith, was killed just after he was married in the War of the Rebellion.

The property above the bridge on the right side of the road looks a little familiar and especially so the old yellow shop, Card place (TenEyck). Mr. Card has been dead several years. His widow lives there with her daughter Tillie and son Frank. Asa and Eugene are both residents of Oneonta. Another daughter, Sarah, was married about the time we are going back to, to Sidney Tillson. He met a violent death by drowning a number of years ago while cutting ice. She and her children live on and run the farm together which was her husband's. The shop is now run by Wm. E. Southern, who worked for Mr. Card in our day, and who has worked in the shop for I guess nearly forty years — ever since the war, anyway.

Just above this shop O. H. Greig some years ago built a shoe shop. We have now reached the corner of Water Street, and it was occupied by one of the characters of the village, Jim Barrett, and it is known on the old village map as Pear Tree Cottage (Mallory). It has been entirely rebuilt and is occupied by O. H. Grieg and wife, and one of their daughter Mabel's sons, Silas, lives with them. Mabel married Charley Wilcox and lives in Binghamton.

The James Little house (P. Decker) is on the next corner. No one of the family left there now but Miss Mary Little, who has recently, since her mother's death, bought the property. The boy Fred who lived there thirty years ago, one of our schoolmates, is like ourselves nearing the half-century mark, and is a resident of Brooklyn and has been for many years.

Mrs. Nathaniel Moore (Miles) and her daughter live where George Hall used to, and N. W. Carey (F. Rendo) and wife live in the William Palmatier house. The time of which I am writing Jonah Holdredge (S. Pickens) lived in the next house, but it was shortly after bought by Uriah Smith and is now owned by his daughter, Kate Smith Barnes, who lives there with an adopted son. Then the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, two jolly old people, and their three daughters. Flora married Charley Wood, Mary, Charley Angel and the other, Kate, Gillett Barnes. A boy, Arthur, and a girl, Bertha, came to Mr. Wood's home. His wife is dead. The boy has become a man and is married. He and his father are in business in Sidney. The daughter lives at home with her father. To Charley Angell's home came a daughter, Lulu, who lives with her father in Sidney. The wife and mother is dead. Gillett Barnes, the husband of Kate Smith, died a few years ago. A brother, Leroy Smith, a prominent business man in Albany, was killed two years or more ago by being accidently shot during the street car strike and riots in that city at that time.

From this place up you would not recognize the street. The house where Chas. Maxin lived (P. Knickerbocker) has fallen into bad condition, having

passed into many different hands and receiving but few repairs. Charley Maxin, the son, has gone from here. He amounts to as much as he always gave promise of doing.

Where L. P. Carpenter lived in the year I am writing about, Frank Harris and wife now live (Buhr). You remember Frank; he drove team for years for W. F. & R. Leonard, and occasionally furnished the chin music at auctions. He's got to be an old man now. His son Alfred lives with his parents. He clerks it in Folts' store and is married.

The last house on the street was owned and occupied by Joseph Mott (M. Knickerbocker). Ah, you recall that name and the man who bore it. The family then consisted of Joseph and Diana his wife, Abbie and Sarah their daughters, and Charles, the son. Abbie married Charley Griffin, you remember. She died a few years ago, leaving one son. Sarah married George Thayer and lives in Green Island, near Albany. Charles lives I think in Wayne county and is doing well in business. The mother died a good many years ago and Joseph some years later. He was a man of prominence in the town in those days. He owned the freight route to Oneonta; he was sexton of the M. E. Church; he was general regulator of the village and was a stickler for everything to move along right, according to law, especially corporation matters and the school. He never missed a school meeting, and the records of the district find him and a few others who shall be unnamed here, voting solidly together on every question, and usually in the negative, except on their own motions. All in all, the town would have been a lonesome place in those days without Joseph, and I don't know what the young people would have done without him. He was always ready in the winter time to take his big team and his big sleigh and carry loads of us anywhere we wanted to go. We venture to say that no man is more remembered to-day in Morris than Joseph Mott.

Speaking of Joseph Mott and the teaming which he used to do recalls that in '69 or '70 the disastrous epidemic of epizootic swept over this country among horses. There was one week in Morris, perhaps you remember, when there was hardly a horse well enough to drive. On one day not one of the three stages left the village, nor was there a pound of freight drawn into or out of the village, because drivers could neither borrow nor hire a horse on account of the "epizoot." Quite a number of horses died of the disease. Speaking of freight being hauled out of Morris reminds me that Joe Mott drew 1800 sleds to Oneonta one fall which had been made by Egbert Babcock here. And in '69 or '70, I think, A. L. Parcell made in one season 3,000 sleds in the old shop on Water Street. Sleds were also made in those days by Spafford & Wood. For a number of years the making of children's sleds was quite an industry here; 3,000 sleds meant a good many loads of freight.

Speaking of Joseph again brings to mind his big team and the new band wagon, and I know when I mention the band wagon old and familiar faces come to your mind of those who filled that wagon. I can see high up on the front seat Billy Wenmoth and his big bass horn. Then came Ed. Scudder, and Delos Flagg with their cornets, Dan Winton with his alto and his whiskers, Hi Kinne, full-grown and strong of lung and long of limb, on the baritone, Charley

Hitchcock, tenor, Sammy Weeden with his trombone or clarinet, and quite often Ase Avery with a piccolo, and always Bill Palmatier with the big drum. Joe Mott would miss a freight trip any time to take the boys any where they wanted to go. This organization was of great interest to us boys. After it, other bands in Morris have come and gone, some better, some worse, but none composed of a set of fellows who enjoyed themselves more. Of those old boys Ed. Scudder and Dan Winton still live here, Hiram Kinne lives at Hartwick Seminary. The others are all dead.

Just above Joseph Mott's place on Water Street there was for a time, you remember, a little wooden shop occupied by John Buzzell as a blacksmith shop. To my mind John was the ideal blacksmith, and whenever I read Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith," John's stalwart form and good natured geniality comes to my vision: —

"The Smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
With the muscles in his brawny arms
As strong as iron bands."

Of John's family but one is now living, his second daughter Martha, (Mat Buzzell in those days), who is now Mrs. Jadwyn of Carbondale, Pa., and a widow.

When I first knew about the big two-story wood-colored shop at the end of Water Street it was occupied by Edgar Holcomb, who ran turning lathes there. It afterwards became a sled factory, a paint shop and a carpenter's and repair shop. The last when owned by John Winton, and was his when it was destroyed by fire. Just above it was a pond and until Mr. Parcell put in a 12-horse power engine in 1870, this pond furnished all the power used to run the machinery. A look at the brook there now would make one hesitate to believe there was ever a steady enough flow of water in it to turn a water wheel to a mill — but I can remember when there were three mills on it within two miles of each other, and all run by water power.

After the fire the property was bought by R. Wood and his son Charles, and upon it was put up a large three-story building, well filled with wood working machinery, and with a large engine and boiler in the basement — there were planers, saws, matchers and machinery for making blinds and doors etc. One night the cry of fire ran through the village, and in two hours the entire plant was ashes and old scrap iron. It was never rebuilt. The property is now J. P. Kenyon's. There is no mill by a dam site, nor any dam by a mill site, but it all has become a level piece of land to be mowed or cultivated or pastured. The big house opposite was built by Charles A. Wood and occupied by him for a few years. He later moved to Sidney and went into business; selling his place here to W. H. Wood of Sidney (Buhr), who moved here a few years ago and still occupies the place. The Mott place (M. Knickerbocker) is owned and occupied by Frank Davis, the youngest of William J. Davis' boys, and who in turn has a number of boys and girls.

Up in the white house overlooking Water Street and a large part of the village, William Wightman (Louis Foote) now lives. Then Mr. and Mrs. Stone lived there, and their son Fred and daughter Mary, about our age, in school with

us, and you readily recall them. Remember that day in school when Prof. Griswold took Fred by the coat collar and rolled him over several times on the floor? Wm. Wightman's wife died a few years ago. You of course remember his son Hoyt and daughter Mary. The latter is Mrs. George Edgerton and lives on her father's farm in Pittsfield. Hoyt died several years ago, after a varied experience. He learned the cheese maker's business after he quit school and school teaching. For two years he managed a factory on a ranch in Argentina, South America. His last months were spent at his home here, his health having failed him.

The only house remaining unnoted by me up there is located on the upper corner of Broad and Water Streets (Carsten). It has had many occupants. Leroy Sanderson lived there several years, Egbert Babcock also. I remember Gib Potter lived there, the horse-trader — a smoother talking chap the profession never knew, one of the characters that went to make up the Morris of years gone by, whose transactions are still discussed by older residents. They were not all transactions that would bear the closest scrutiny nor the light of day.

Little did I dream, when I began these letters to you that they would grow to the number indicated above, nor prove as interesting to you as you claim they have been, and your insistency that I continue them I fear is exhausting my capacity to supply the demand, at least in an interesting and entertaining manner. You asked me to tell you something of the street running out of the village toward South New Berlin, now named West Street. I am afraid I can comply with your demand but meagerly.

Thirty years ago Miss Sophonia Sherman (Card) lived in the first house of course you remember. Her mother lived with her, also a niece Celestia Bergan. The latter lives I think somewhere with her mother in Kansas, married. Miss Sherman and her mother are both dead years ago. A sister, Mrs. Cushman, owns the place. She lives still at New Berlin, and has a son who has become quite noted in the educational world — Blinn Cushman, a graduate of Cornell. He is married. The house has had many tenants and is still rented.

The next house was owned and occupied by Norman Newel (Pierce). The very first I knew him he was a blacksmith at Card's Shop on Broad Street. But for some years before his death he was unable to work. His daughter Cornelia was the primary teacher in the school for quite a long time, well-remembered by us, but perhaps better by the boys and girls who came on just behind us, as a most genial and lovable woman. You remember she married Charles A. Payne, who came here and taught school a short time after the well-remembered and never-to-be-forgotten Prof. Griswold. She died a good many years ago leaving a son who is now 31 years old and in the employ of the D. & H. Railroad Co. His father married again and lives at Otego, Dr. Chas. A. Payne now. Another daughter of Mrs. Newel, Celestia, married Net Ballard and for a good many years they have lived in Manhattan, Kansas, where he is a prominent merchant and where the other daughter, Mrs. Higginbothan, lived. Mrs. Newel lived for a long time after her husband died, but has now been dead seemingly a long time. You remember Ed. Brooks? He and his brother Charley lived at their grandfather, Wm. Brooks', on the hill east of the village and went to the village school. Ed. went to Carbondale soon after he reached his majority, and there he married.

Later he came back to Morris, went into partnership with C. I. Mansfield in the dry goods business. He bought the Newel house and lived there while he remained in Morris. Tiring of business here he and his wife went back to Pennsylvania. He was taken sick and died there. The house still remains his wife's, and she is married again. The house is rented and for sometime has been occupied in one part by Loren Sharts and his wife, who I guess must hold the distinction of living in a rented house without moving longer than any other family in town. Lavinia Benjamin lives in the other part. You must well remember her. Next to the youngest daughter of George Benjamin, the chair-maker at Elm Grove. She married another old friend of ours, Mel Lewis, and lived happily many years, a larger part of the time in Rochester. A few years ago he came back to Morris to die, and thus she has again become a resident of her native town.

The next house thirty years ago was a new one built by L. P. Carpenter (Skoglund) on a lot he had bought of Mr. Newel, he having come to Morris three years before with his family from Oneonta, and purchased the OTSEGO CHRONICLE of Wm. A. Smith, changed its name to the MORRIS CHRONICLE and so published it until his death in 1899, and it is now continued by his sons, E. E. Carpenter and C. D. Carpenter. The first school teacher the latter had was Miss Newel, and the first day he went to school, a little stranger in town, the boys stuffed him in a box and locked him up in the woodshed. He came home with torn clothes, and a determination to stay away from that schoolhouse ever after. I remember it well when his older brother came to school with him next day, saw the teacher about the trouble and started him off again. It was smooth sailing after that first initiation. The house mentioned is now owned by Olney Braley. You may not remember him, but you do his daughter Katy who attended the Morris school with us when her father lived on a farm over beyond the lower Dimmock Hollow school house. Remember that night we went over there to a party? What an awful cold winter night it was. Ed. Barrett took a load of us young people and drove his brother Henry's bobtails. Katy has long been Mrs. S. S. Wheeler of Pittsfield, Mass. George B. Folts makes his home here at Mr. Braley's, as does also the latter's elder daughter, Mrs. M. L. Colvin, and her daughter Helen, the primary teacher in our school.

Up the hill in the yellow house (Rathbun) lived Uncle Jabez and Aunt Lois Collins, and their niece, Eliza Smith. What a hospitable home that was and how much it was used in the old days when the Friends used to gather at the Morris meeting-house for their quarterly and yearly meetings. Uncle Jabez's house was full of visitors then. Nearly all like him, stern of visage, but with a heart tender and sympathetic as a little child's. He was a man with an awful temper, but when the storm passed sorrow overwhelmed him for his weakness. He and Aunt Lois both sleep in the old burying ground surrounding the quaint old Friends meeting house. He died but a few years ago at Smyrna, where he had moved. Miss Smith now lives at East Greenwich, R. I.

The place is now owned by Charles Curtis, who thirty-years ago lived somewhere beyond Dimmock Hollow, but later in Unadilla, and moved from that place here when he bought Mr. Collins' old home.

I think when Elder Crosby, the Universalist minister, moved out of the next

house on that street thirty-three years ago, Dewitt Clinton (Hanson), a farmer living near the town line of Morris and Butternuts over beyond lower Dimmock Hollow, bought the place and moved here. He was an auctioneer of widespread acquaintance and notoriety, having followed the business steadily for forty years. He had a son, Will Clinton, "Bid" he was known by. He worked as a devil in the printing office and as such was quite a success. When he was still a boy he and Mary Pope, (you remember her, Ham Pope's daughter), went riding one Sunday, and when they came back they were man and wife. Later they moved back to the old farm, and have ever since lived in that community, raising a family, who in turn got married and Will and Mary are now grand-parents. De Clinton and his wife also moved back to the old place, and there they died. The house on West Street is now occupied by Russell Leonard and his wife.

The house next up the hill was owned then, you remember, by Erastus W. Yates (Davis), the father of Alpha, a school boy when we went to school. Mr. Yates is dead, also his wife, and so is Alpha. When the latter died he was in business in Chicago. The place is now owned by Mr. Yates' daughter, Mrs. H. S. Matteson. She married Henry Matteson about thirty-two or three years ago and moved to the Matteson farm, where they lived for a long time. Henry became interested in farmers' institutes, first in his own county. His services as a speaker on dairy topics soon came into demand all over the State and through his writings he became known as an expert not only in this State but in the western states. A few years ago he accepted an appointment in the State Dairy Department as a milk expert, a position he is still successfully filling. He and his wife gave up the farm, his work in the State Department demanding all his time, and they moved to the village and into the home of her girlhood days, which they have rebuilt into a pleasant modern residence. An incident of my boyhood days comes fresh to my mind when I speak of E. W. Yates.

You remember his horse "Old Spot" don't you? One year they celebrated the "ever glorious" in Gilbertsville. Nearly everybody in Morris attended. Every boy here took "his girl." When I had got my parents' permission to do likewise it was late — every horse and buggy in town was engaged. I went and laid the case before Mr. Yates. He said I could have "Spot" that day for $3, but he had no buggy. I searched the town over and finally found an open buggy unengaged and secured it for a dollar. Well, we went off in style, drove clear to Mount Upton for dinner. Drove back to Gilbertsville and put up with a great crowd of people at Wash Gardner's hotel. About 2 p.m. it began to rain and it rained the wettest water all the afternoon and all the evening that ever came down. All the young people occupied the second story of the balcony. Just inside was the ball room. All the boys and girls danced but me. My girl wanted to but I didn't, and I was in mortal fear all the afternoon that some of the boys would tease her away into the ballroom, but she was faithful. We all came home after midnight in darkness so thick you could cut it with a knife. The trip cost me $7.50, and it took all summer to earn the money to pay up. I have never been away from home to a Fourth of July celebration since. I was satisfied. The girl? She moved to the west thirty years ago, married and is happily situated so far as I have been able to learn. I think if we should ever meet again that Fourth of July would be one of the topics of our conversation. The world has long rolled half way between us, but the days of old seem but as yesterday, queer, isn't it?

Maurice Shanessy lives in the next house with his daughter Anna and her husband, Merritt Bridges (Maurice Bridges). Speaking of Shanessy just now brings to my mind Elder Pilkinton, the Methodist pastor here in the "Then" of which I write. It also brings to my mind Elder Daniels and his wife. There arose trouble in the church over some hastily expressed opinion of Mr. Pilkinton regarding the domestic affairs of Bro. Daniels. Shanessy was then a trustee in the church and regularly attended there. Whether it was regular once a month or a year doesn't concern this history — but when he went anywhere that's where he went, and that's where he was a church official. The outcome of the trouble was that Mr. Pilkinton didn't return to Morris the next conference year. A mass meeting of the people was held to express their indignation at what they thought was a wrong interference by the Presiding Elder in not returning Bro. Pilkinton to Morris, where he was liked; for he was the keenest witted man we had in town, a great preacher, and the capability he displayed in stripping hypocrisy from hypocritical Christians was a continual delight to sinners. But he didn't come back. The indignation meeting was a success. James Pope was elected chairman and Dr. Still secretary. Joseph Mott, John D. Buzzell and Maurice Shanessy were appointed to draw up a set of resolutions. This was done, endorsing Bro. Pilkinton in every respect, and the resolutions were unanimously passed after an interesting and eulogistic discussion. Mr. Pilkinton later became a prominent minister in the denomination, a D. D., and I think died but recently in or near Brooklyn.

On top of the hill in the old big white house lived Otis Matteson (Washbon) and his wife and their family of boys and girls, Amelia, O. B. Jr., Hattie, Louis and Adaline. Great times we used to have there. O. B. was a playmate of mine and boyhood friend. His father was a tanner by trade, and he also learned it, having to work away from home. At one time he worked at Holmesville. One Sunday afternoon I remember I carried him over there, driving their old sorrel horse, Dandy. I borrowed a carriage for the occasion of James Pope, and lied to him to get it, but he knew I did, so may be it has been overlooked. I drove from Holmesville over the hill to Gilbertsville, and on the way I smoked about my first cigar, one that O. B. had given me. I had to eat an apple at the same time, to keep from throwing my stomach out of my mouth. I was a kid then, but I couldn't smoke with any more comfort now. In fact I had to give up learning. Probably I didn't have stick-to-itiveness. But when a boy comes right down to death's door every time he tries a cigar, he's going to quit if he can't see any improvement after about the tenth trial — at least I did. Well, I spent the evening at Gilbertsville and got home about midnight. Now why I did all that foolishness is a mystery to me now. Shows what boys will do. I believe the boys of to-day are an improvement in some respects to what we were.

Of the Matteson family the mother remains and with her in the old home is her youngest daughter, Adaline, now Mrs. C. D. Carpenter. Amelia married James Gould Washbon and lives in Harper, Kansas; Hattie married Andrew Gould Washbon and lives in Sidney; Louis is an express agent at Athol, Mass., and O. B. Jr., is in the same business in Scranton, Pa. All have been very successful in life.

Down the hill where the remains of the old tannery was and the file factory, Chas. Hargrave (Harold Crumb) has a pleasant home and a harness shop. He is

the oldest son of James Hargrave, who lives farther up the road in a house which he built himself a few years ago (Thompson). Farther on up the road Uncle Billy Hargrave lived and his wife. These you well-remember, genuine characters from Dickens' — for they were both born in London I think. They have been dead a long time. Their house has also disappeared, having been torn down a few years ago.

Half way up the hill a pleasantly located white house is just seen through the apple and shade trees. I first knew it as the home of Chas. P. Kinne and wife and their son Hiram. It was up back of their house where in 1869 the "Lightfoot" ball club was started and where they played their first practice games, before renting grounds down in H. R. Washbon's one hundred acre meadow. It later became the property of Alexander Arries, who had for years been Mr. Rotch's farmer. Here he and his family lived for many years; the wife and children, Allie and Cecily, and some before her marriage an older daughter Mary, now Mrs. Geo. Bedell. Cecily is now Mrs. W. D. Johnson of Cooperstown, and her mother lives with her. Allie lives at Fremont, Nebraska. Mr. Arries carried on his face the twinkle of a Scotchman, in his make-up the humor of a Scotchman, off his tongue rolled the quaint language of Scotland, and he was saturated with the poetry of Scotland's greatest poet, Bobby Burns. He was a sturdy man all his days, and had saved enough in his years of toil to make his evening of life easy and above lacking any of its necessities. After his death the old place was sold. It is now owned by Herbert Tibbitts. Yes, he was the stage driver "Then," but now he is a farmer. One of his daughters, Bessie, is a professsional nurse and is now in Utica. The younger daughter, Ethel, teaches school and lives at home.

The "Rotch Hill" in front of the last place mentioned, which you so well remember for the giant maples which crowded its slopes and crowned its top, you would scarcely recognize now. Hardly a tree is there left — all have fallen beneath the woodman's axe. The hill became the property of James Hargrave, and he at once proceeded to clear the woods off, and cultivate the land. It is now owned by A. E. Baulf, familiarly called "Chub" Baulf. He has a house on it, numerous outbuildings and a large new barn. The sidehill which you remember as covered with woods is now under cultivation, and has in turn been meadow, pasture, cornfield, grainfield, and has been fenced off and is used for all of these at one time, becoming, in fact, a farm in itself. Probably more profitable than when the noble maples covered its sides, but not nearly as grand and picturesque to look upon.

This isn't much of a letter is it? In its rambling it may have touched on some things that will start a train of thought in your mind, the following out of which will be pleasant and interesting to you, causing the chords of old memory to happily vibrate to the music of the long ago.

This closes the series of letters which we have published for eighteen weeks. We have been surprised at the interest they have created. They were called forth at the start by the receipt of a letter from an old friend of the town last winter, and it came to the mind of the writer that perhaps a gossipy letter just between ourselves might be extended to take in many more, and so they have continued. In justice at least to the many who have been accused of writing the letters it is proper to state that the author of them is E. E. Carpenter.

MAIN STREET IN 1904

This view of Main Street looking west toward the four corners was taken in 1904. The first building on the left is the Payne Block which later was a feed store and is at present Sheldon's Auction Gallery.

The next building was Henry Foote's store, later occupied by Gage Brothers as a bakery and grocery, and now McWilliams' Hardware.

Next is the building in which Schuyler Woodard conducted his meat market, empty in 1904, and presently a restaurant belonging to Earl Andrews.

The building on the corner of South Broad Street was for years Volney Hoke's grocery and drug store, later the property of McWilliams and Miller who had a general store, and now a grocery store owned and operated by Edward Rendo, the near side used as a barber shop by Royce Webster.

Across the corner is the building which houses the First National Bank.

Next comes the Kenyon Block, the building having been razed and the new telephone building constructed on this site. In 1904, the lower part of the old building was occupied by three stores, L. S. Pearsall & Co., L. A. Hewell with his candy, newspaper, ice cream and novelty store, and Kenyon & Burt, dry goods merchants. The second floor of this building had three living flats and the third floor was a large hall occupied by the Macabees.

The old Perry Block comes next in which was a millinery shop run by Mrs. A. N. Cruttenden, later by Mrs. Charles Lawrence, and still later by Mrs. Charles W. Carpenter who had a millinery and fancy goods shop. At one time the central office of the Butternut Valley Telephone line was located here. The second floor of this building was occupied by Henry Barker, a tailor, and the Misses Martha and Jennie Gifford, dressmakers. This building is now owned by Warren C. Kinney who has an insurance agency on the first floor; the second floor is an apartment.

In the adjoining building now owned by Don Sinclair and occupied by his coffee shop was the harness shop of P. Weeden & Son. H. W. Weeden had an insurance office in this location.

The next was the hardware store of James Kneed, now the Kenyon Free Library.

Across the brook is the Town & Engine House.

The first building on the right was the post office of which John W. Shaw was postmaster and was later occupied by Albert Smith as a barber shop and by Schuyler Woodward as a grocery and meat market. This is the site of the gas station, at this time. On the second floor of this building were the law offices of Nathan Bridges and his son, Merritt.

The stone building comes next and was occupied by Foote & Smith's barber shop and pool room; upstairs Mrs. Mary Hoke had a millinery shop. There is a barber shop in the building now.

Next comes the former Gardner House, now the Morris Inn.

On the next corner was the Kenyon House which was the post office and Gage's store later and now houses the Centennial Headquarters and Barry's store.

The brick building which now houses the post office was owned and occupied by Potter Brothers as a grocery and dry goods store.

The second brick building was owned by the D. I. Laurence estate and was occupied on the ground floor by George B. Folts as a drug and grocery store.

The third brick building was owned by Charles H. Lawrence who for many years conducted a hardware and agricultural implements store there. The second floor was occupied by Dr. J. B. Wells, a dentist, in 1904, and was later the law offices of Merritt Bridges.

These three brick buildings are now part of the H. W. Naylor Co. complex and are used in the production of veterinary medicines, as is the next building which adjoins the brick buildings.

The wooden building visible in the picture was built in 1900, by L. P. Carpenter's Sons as the publication office of the MORRIS CHRONICLE.

The last building discernible was the home of D. I. Laurence, later the property of Thurlow Thrasher, still later occupied as an office and residence by Dr. W. L. Allen, physician. At this writing it is owned and occupied by James McNitt.

Below that, the roof visible in the picture, is the building used by Nathaniel Stevenson as a shoe shop in 1861, later the Ira Carey residence and meat market. On the third floor was the photographic studio of N. W. Carey and the Western Union Telegraph office. This building is now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Lull; the first floor is now an apartment.

THE QUAKER CHURCH
by Louise Light, 1970

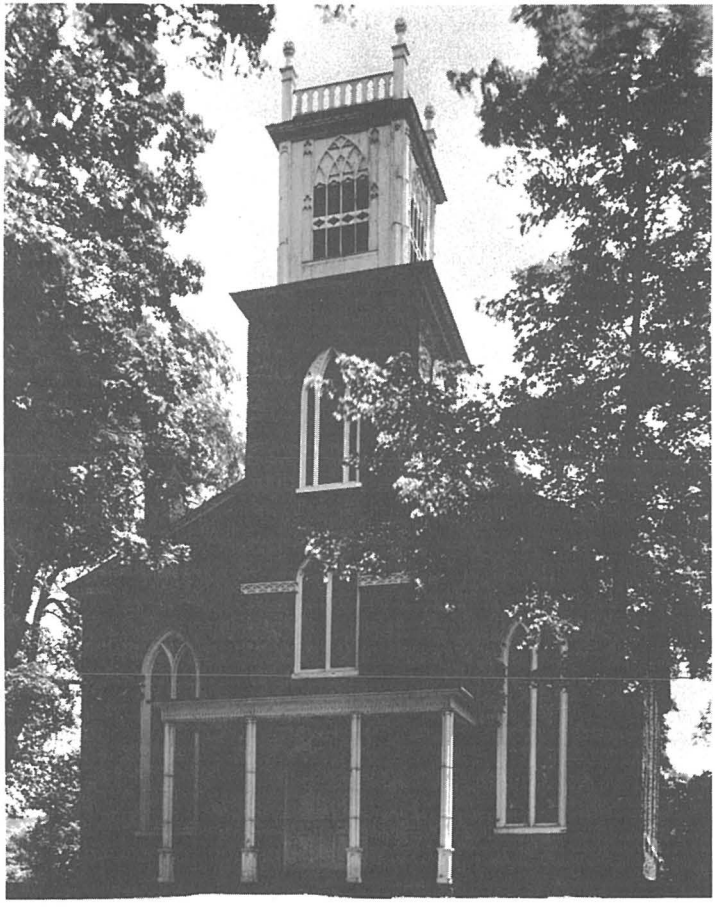
Friends Meeting House

A short distance east of Morris Village at the rear of the Quaker Cemetery, stood the Butternut Friends Meeting House. It was built in 1808-11, and was the second structure erected here by the Society of Friends. The first was a log building which stood further south. When the church was built, it faced a road which was abandoned in 1834. This road connected with the back road to New Lisbon, ran to the rear of the Fayette Wing farm house, past the Quaker Church and continued on between the R. Paurice and L. Light places. It then followed along the crest of the hill, past the Sherwood Holmes farm house and on to the sharp bend between Bernard Barton and Clayton Bellows where it joined the present road.

In the church there were two front doors, one reserved for men, the other for women. Inside was a movable partition which separated the sexes. It had a gallery across the front and at either end. Opposite the entrances were the high seats where sat the elders and preachers. In the early years, this church served a very large area, some members living as far away as Middleburg, Schoharie County. Many times the building was filled to capacity when people came from far and near to hear such renowned traveling preachers as Joseph John Gurney of England, Joseph Hoag of Vermont, Henry Knowles of Massachusetts, and Joseph Bowne of New York City. Bowne later lived and preached here for many years. Other preachers over the years were Caleb Braley, Jarvis Rider, David Bennett and Anthony Youmans. Among the old families associated with this church were the Sodens, Leggetts, Trumans, Wings, Bulls, Youmans, Collins, and Bownes. More recently the Naylor, Cornell, Draper, Chase and Hay families were among the members. It has been said that perhaps the last service here may have been conducted by Lee Southerland, an employee of the First National Bank of Morris.

In 1929, the building was razed and the wood used to build the Brookside Restaurant, leaving only the cemetery to remind us of a once prominent group of kindly and exemplary people.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH
by Joyce Foote, 1970

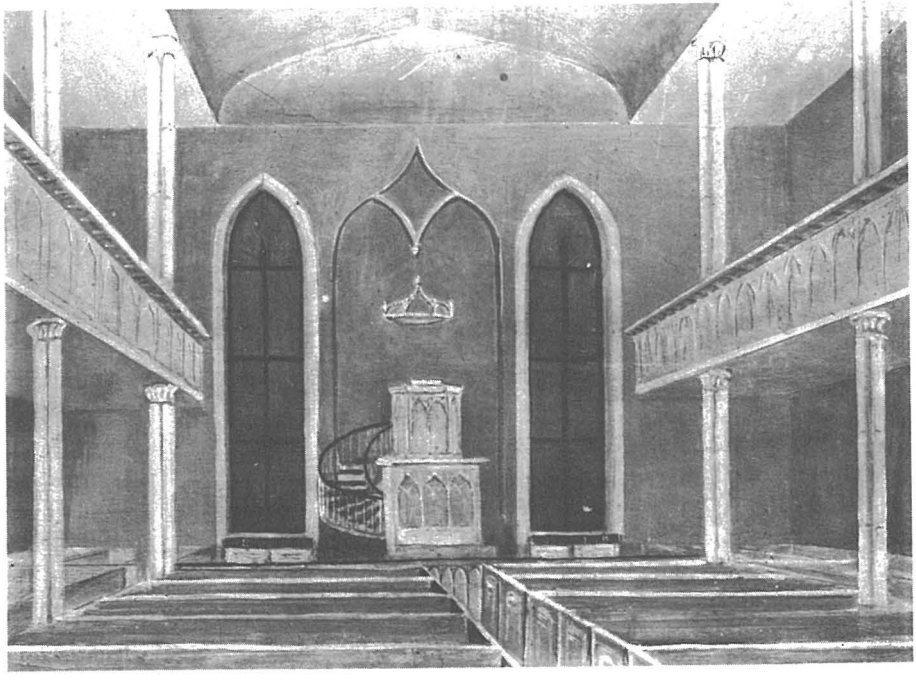


Zion Episcopal Church

The first Episcopal Church organization in this area grew out of services held at the homes of the settlers. Neighbors gathered at the cabin of Ichabod Palmer for prayer meetings and, from time to time, services were conducted by itinerant preachers. The Rev. Daniel Nash was the first clergyman to be a permanent pastor in 1797, working here and in Exeter. In the early 1800's, his ministerial duties extended to Cooperstown and Unadilla. At this time, 1801, "Harmony Church" was erected on the old Church Burying Ground. This is said to be the first Episcopal Church in Otsego County. Father Nash continued his ministry here each month until 1814, at which time he was joined by the Rev. Russel Wheeler. Rev. Wheeler became the officially recognized rector of the church in Butternuts and, in the spring of 1818, construction of the present building was begun on land given by Gen. Jacob Morris. It was completed in November of the same year and a decision was made to change the name from Harmony to Zion. Dedication and consecration ceremonies were held on Nov. 22, 1818, and the Rev. Wheeler was formally instituted as rector, a position he held for eighteen years.

The Rev. Orsamus H. Smith succeeded Rev. Wheeler in 1836, and was here for two years. The next rector, the Rev. Amos B. Beach, took charge in 1838, and remained for seventeen years. During his tenure, Mr. Beach accomplished much by way of spiritual and temporal growth. Under his direction, the rectory was built, a school-house erected, a parish school organized, an organ installed in the church, the clock installed in the church tower and a Sunday School established.

Following Mr. Beach there were four rectors: Rev. William H. Hill (1851-55), Rev. William J. Alger (1855-58), Rev. William J. Early (1858-60), Rev. George L. Foote (1860-62). In 1862, the Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle assumed the rectorship of the church and stayed for five years until he was elected Bishop of Montana, Utah and Idaho. He later was Bishop of Missouri. He was followed here by the Rev. Nelson S. Rulison who did much in his two and a half years as rector. During this time, the Morris Memorial Chapel was constructed, the church was enlarged by adding a large recess chancel with organ room on one side and robing room on the other; the side galleries were removed, the old windows were replaced with stained glass and the interior was newly furnished; the whole church remodeling cost was in excess of ten thousand dollars. Mr. Rulison was, in turn, succeeded by Rev. F. N. Luson (1870), Rev. Thomas H. Cullen (1870-72), Rev. Charles T. Coer (1872-74), and Rev. Hobart Cooke (1874-80). In 1875, during Mr. Cooke's pastorate, Mrs. Jonah Davis gave the beautiful marble font in memory of her husband. In the fall of the same year a new organ, costing something over three thousand dollars, was presented to the church by Mrs. Grimshaw. At that time, the church membership numbered nearly three hundred communicants and a curate, Rev. Ernest A. Hartmann, was engaged and filled that position in 1877.

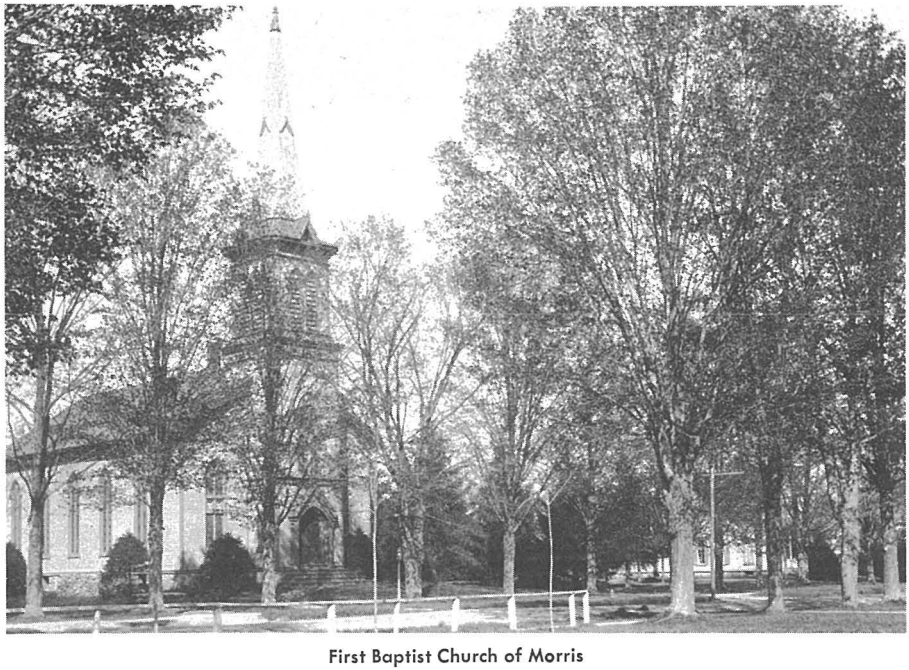


Interior of Zion Church before renovation

The Rev. Edwin Coan (1880-83), Rev. Henry L. Teller (1883-84), Rev. Robert W. Rhames (1885-89), Rev. Walter C. Stewart (1890-91), Rev. Richmond Gesner (1891-94) served the parish. The present Rectory was constructed while Mr. Gesner was here. In 1894, the Rev. George H. Sterling began a pastorate which lasted sixteen years during which time the Parish House was erected. He was followed by the Rev. Mortimer Ashton who remained from 1911 to 1918. The Rev. E. E. Hutchinson succeeded Mr. Ashton in 1918 and was rector until 1933; he was replaced by the Rev. Curtis Denney who served the parish until 1947. From 1947 to 1949, the rector was the Rev. Arthur Laedlein. In 1949, the Rev. Carl Truesdale became rector and remained until his death in 1961. Latest and present incumbent is the Rev. William J. Matthers.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF MORRIS

by MARGARET STAFFORD, 1970



First Baptist Church of Morris

For nearly two centuries the Baptists have inhabited the Butternut Valley. According to old church records, the first settlers arrived from Warwick, Orange County, New York, and were members of the Baptist Church. Ebenezer Knap, Increase Thurston and his son came in the summer of 1772, and built log cabins but returned to their homes for the winter. These men returned to the area near New Lisbon with their families and the Benjamin Lull family and thus the history of the Baptist Church with its many hardships and sufferings and its progress and development was born.

No history of the Baptist Church would be complete without the Lull family for, through the continuing faithfulness of these people, the church truly

was built. The first meeting of these first families for a worship service was held in the Knap home and these meetings continued for some time, possibly several years. Records indicate that probably the Indians strayed into the meetings at times and listened to their songs and prayers. Benjamin Lull, Jr. was their religious leader while the other men of the settlement were away. In 1776, the settlement was disbanded due to the Revolutionary War and the Indian situation. The Lull family returned to the area in 1783, and in due time others followed; they formed a small group of believers. A visiting preacher came through in 1784, ministered to the group and even baptized several at this time. These were trying times for these settlers and the work nearly became extinct, but the Lord blessed them with a new settler around 1792, a Baptist lay preacher, and the work began.

In 1793, in the home of Joseph Lull which was near the house now owned by Konrad Isele, a meeting was held and a fully organized church was formed with ten members. The little church grew and in 1798, a pastor was called and the word spread that there was a church with a preacher, and it prospered during this period. That first preacher stayed until 1803; his salary was $100 a year; $20 to be paid in money and the balance in the necessities of life. A parsonage was erected in 1799, a log house built on ten acres of land purchased from William Lull. The church services were held in this log parsonage for several years. In 1817, with 108 members, it was evident that there was a need for a separate church and, at a cost of $614 one was built. This was a particularly interesting accomplishment as the first pastor had left in 1803, and until 1820, there was no regular preacher. As was common in those days, the preachers in other settlements came and preached intermittently for the encouragement of the congregation.

The work progressed, the preachers came and went, and by 1840, the need for a church in the village was envisioned by the pastor and congregation so property was purchased there and a church completed in 1841. This church was spiritually strong however financially weak. The Baptists worshipped in this building until 1869, when it was deemed necessary to expand and the land could not accommodate this expansion program. The property was sold and is now the Masonic Temple; the site of the present Baptist Church was purchased for a sum of $1100 and the present structure was erected at a cost of $15,000; it was dedicated free of debt in June, 1870. The membership at this time exceeded 200. We are, therefore, celebrating this year, 1970, 100 years in the present church building. The present parsonage was erected circa 1875.

The church was called the First Baptist Church in Butternuts from its inception until 1868, when it was changed to be known hereafter as the First Baptist Church of Morris.

Basically, the structure of the church remains as it was when built except for the steeple. The original steeple, known as the "highest in the valley," had to be removed in 1923. Time and progress have added the necessities of modern living: gas lights and then electricity, central heating and running water. A beautiful pipe organ, a real asset to the church, was installed in 1905, at a cost exceeding $1400. About half of the amount was a memorial by Joseph Little

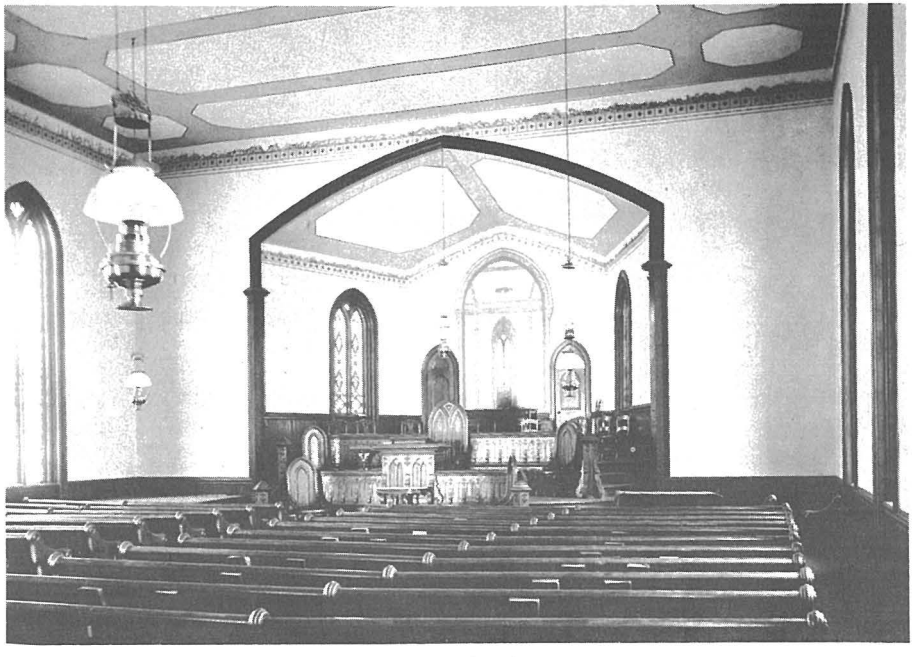
in honor of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Little. The organ has spiritually blessed many through the years and has added much to the worship services. In 1961, a complete renovation of the organ was undertaken and it was restored to its original beauty. Music being a fundamental part of the ministry of this church, it has truly been enjoyed by the congregation and many friends for many years.

Earliest records of the Baptist Sunday School were in 1845, when a donation of $10 was given to Foreign Missions. The growth of this group was slow and wavering, meeting for many years only on a part time basis six months of the year. However, 1865, finds the Sunday School on a regular weekly schedule and flourishing steadily. By 1868, the attendance reached 170 and the offering sometimes reached fifty cents. By 1877, the Sunday School reported 236 members, the largest enrollment in its history to date. To-day a well-graded school meets regularly with a goodly enrollment and a fine staff of teachers.

For over twenty years, each summer has found a well-attended Daily Vacation Bible School which reaches out into the community and the surrounding area to provide many young people the opportunity to know God.

Always a mission-conscious church, as evidenced by the donation made in 1845, the interest has grown steadily in the years since until, at the present time, we have partial support in 22 missionaries serving the Lord throughout the world, with a mission emphasis of about $4,000 a year.

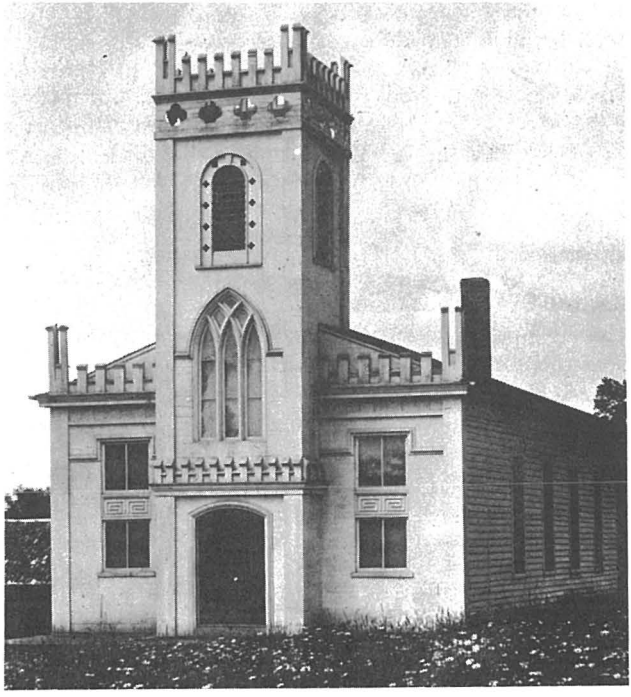
The work of the church today goes forward steadily as in the past, now under the leadership of the Rev. Winston Maricle. Having served this pastorate less than a year, he anticipates new programs and growth in the continuance of the witness long established by the Baptist Church.



Interior of Baptist Church before renovation

We are affiliated with the Conservative Baptist Association of America, supporting this association in their Home and Foreign Mission efforts. Truly the Baptist Church has been blessed through the years by God and this association with the Conservatives best helps us emphasize the true meaning of the church to preach the gospel.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH
by RUBY FOOTE, 1970



Universalist Church

In the year 1840, the Universalists of the Butternut Valley began taking subscriptions to raise the money to build the Butternuts Universalist Church. After only one year enough money had been raised to begin construction. The church was built in 1841 and the Rev. O. Whiston presided at the dedication ceremony.

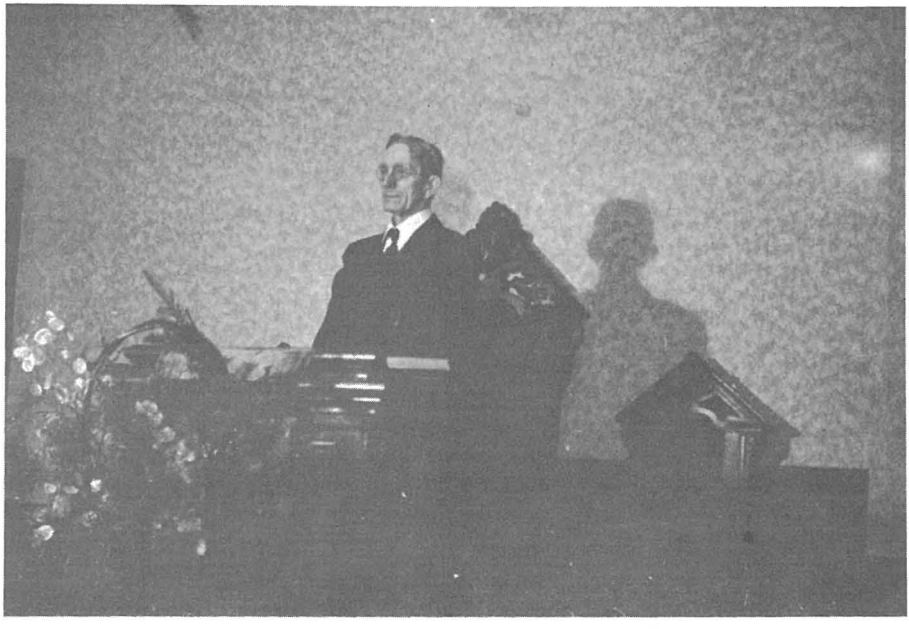
The first service of record was held on December 4, 1842, with the Rev. David Pickering as preacher. The Constitution was adopted in the same year and the church roster consisted of thirty-five members. Some of the people on the list were: Angeline Pickering; Betsy Suddington; Stephen and Rachel Wilcox; Stephen and Betty Adsit; Olive, Enzer, Sense and Rodmich Lull; David Walker; Susan Cooke; Camilla, Moses, Cephens, Mary and Aser Tillson; Henry Butts; Ruggles Stan; Olive Bens; Thomas Rier; John Whitcombe. The first communion was held on December 25, 1842 and this date each year was set aside for the annual meeting. Among the early ministers were: Rev. D. S. Marcy (1849),

Rev. J. J. Smith (1852), Rev. C. S. Bailey (1859), Rev. C. W. Tomlinson (1862), Rev. J. S. Palmer (1862), Rev. T. A. Jackson (1863), Rev. F. B. Peck (1864), Rev. O. K. Crosby (1866).

On April 5, 1867, the forty-eight members of the church voted to change the name from Butternuts Universalist Church to Morris Universalist Church. The Universalists held their centennial in Gloucester, Massachusetts in 1870. A committee was appointed to raise funds to purchase a communion service for the church in 1871, under the direction of Mrs. Eliza Stevenson and Mrs. Yates. The membership list of 1875, contains the names of the following: Mr. and Mrs. William Clinton, Clara and Walter Wing, Mr. and Mrs. Orvil Edwards, Ezera and Angeli Mcintyre and Florence Williams.

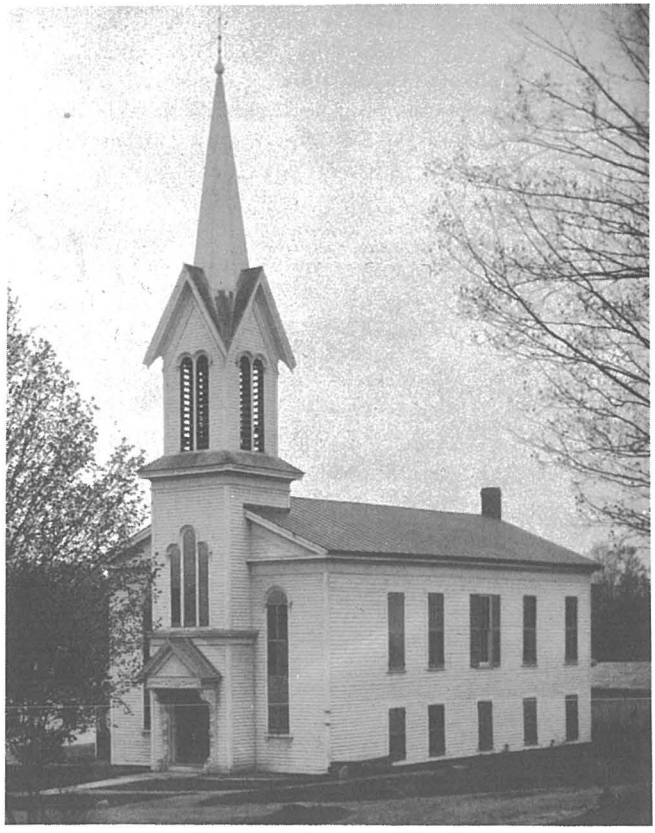
The Rev. W. H. Harrington (1871), Rev. O. Perkins (1873), Rev. Rees Williams (1875), Rev. L. F. Porter (1877), Rev. E. M. Whitney (1879), Rev. J. H. Ballou (1881), Rev. E. W. Fuller (1884), Rev. George Adams (1890), Rev. W. Ballou (1894), Rev. G. A. King (1899), filled the position of minister to the congregation until the coming of the Rev. F. G. Leonard in 1900. The Rev. Mr. Leonard remained as minister until 1941, surely a record worthy of note, forty-one years of service to his people. Mr. Leonard died in May, 1943, after the Rev. Gale Bascomb had taken over for him in 1941. The Rev. Wyman came to the church in 1945 and it was in October of that year that the members voted the church to be closed temporarily. The church was reopened from June 1 to November 1, 1949, under the Rev. Alcock; the church was used by the Catholics from 1946 until their church was opened in 1950.

The building was never again used as a church and today is owned and occupied by Mrs. Arthur Austin.



The Rev. Mr. Leonard of the Universalist Church

MORRIS UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
by MARTHA LYON and MABEL MILLER, 1970



Morris United Methodist Church

From A. E. Chaffee, *History of the Wyoming Conference,* records from 1828 indicate that Rev. Joshua Rogers was the first preacher who rode the Chenango Circuit. Louisville was one of eighteen "societies" on this circuit. The first meetings were held in private homes.

At a meeting of the society, held in the schoolhouse in Louisville, town of Butternuts, on February 20, 1841, over which F. D. Higgins and Allen Tinker presided, the society became incorporated and elected John Gadsby, Sutton Pearsall, Mordecai Wing, Samuel E. Barrett, and William Paine as trustees. The corporate name of the society was "Trustees of the First Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Louisville."

In consideration of $100, Mordecai Wing and his wife, Hannah, deeded the Society a lot containing twenty-five rods. On this lot the first church was built in 1845, at a cost of about $2,000. The Rev. John Pilkington was pastor in 1870, when plans for improvements were recorded by John P. Manning, Secretary of the Trustees. They voted "to purchase the land in the rear of the Universalist Church, expand the sheds thirty-seven feet to enclose the lot

on two sides, move the church back fifteen feet, build eleven feet in front besides the projection of the tower which will be four feet, raise the church five feet to make the basement eight feet high, seat it with the old slips and put in a furnace for heating the audience room above which will be furnished with chestnut lumber, put the pulpit in the back end of the church . . . and plaster entirely new, paint the walls, put a gallery over the entry, put in new sash and glass, shingle the church anew, build a nice steeple of suitable size, install a good bell, all of which is estimated to cost $5,000." Records indicate that the plans were carried out. Some of the expenses were as follows:

677 feet of chestnut	$15.55
Planing of chestnut	2.70
220 feet of oak plank	4.45
1000 feet of pine	16.00
1 days wages for 1 man	1.50.

The bell was purchased on October 7, 1870, from the Jones Company, proprietors of the Troy Foundry. It weighs 1,216 lbs. and cost $482.76. An organ, pulpit furniture and communion set were also purchased at this time.

On March 31, 1882, Silas W. Murdock and his wife, Emily J., deeded the society a parsonage property for $1,000. In 1886, this property was sold for $900, and the present property purchased for $1700.

A. E. Chaffee's, *History of Wyoming Conference,* further states that "A. E. Daniels, Joel Davis, E. D. Thurston, G. W. Green, William R. Lynch, B. P. Ripley and N. B. Ripley, entered the ministry from this church."

In 1905, stained glass windows were installed as memorials. In 1940, an annex was built on the rear of the church with a kitchen on the ground floor and a Sunday School room above. This was a gift of Nathaniel Gifford in memory of his mother, Mrs. Adeline Potter Gifford. In this period a chancel Guild was formed. Under the inspiring leadership of Roy K. Bartlett who designed most of the projects and generously supported them, the members made altar hangings with the help of Mrs. Arlina Pickens Miles, fashioned shields of the apostles, changed the gallery above the entrance into a Peace Chapel, and constructed the chancel furniture, the carpenter work being done by Howard Mallory.

The church was changed from a pulpit-centered type to a divided chancel in 1946. The pulpit furniture purchased in 1870, for $85 was sold for $109 and the proceeds were used for the remodeling.

From October 26 to November 2, 1947, was the Cetennial Celebration. Preaching at the special services during that week were Rev. Samuel Little, pastor; Dr. Charles E. Vermilya, former pastor; Professor Frank G. Lankard of Brothers College, Drew University; and Dr. George R. Savige, District Superintendent of Oneonta District, Wyoming Conference. The oldest living members of the church were honored at this celebration. Among them were: Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mrs. Sam Benjamin, Mrs. Will McWilliams, Mr. Chester Backus, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. Marvin Gifford and Mr. Willard Gifford.

In 1953, the woodshed downstairs was transformed into a classroom by the men of the church. The room was dedicated to the memory of Pastor Charles E. Vermilya.

Pastor Wilfred L. Lyon spent alternate summers abroad, leading teen age Christian Friendship Caravans. During his absences he arranged for British theological students to serve the parish. These outstanding young men were Brian Rippin in 1956, David Monkton in 1958, Karl E. Hellberg of Sweden in 1960, Brian Dann in 1962, Donald Eadie in 1964, John Hope in 1966, and John Tindall in 1968.

At the date of this writing, the membership roll totals 310. Weekday released time instruction is held from October through April with an average enrollment in grades one through six of 140 children. Vacation Bible School which is held for two weeks each summer has an average attendance for 90 to 100 children. Sunday School attendance ranges from 75 to 80 students.

Mrs. Hazel Dyckman is organist; the Lay Leader is Paul Field; Chairman of the Administrative Board is James Pasternak; Chairman of the Council on Ministries is Gary Fisher. Mrs. Sidney Pickens is President of the Women's Society of Christian Service.

The Pastors from the time of organization to date are: MARTIN MARVIN, WILLIAM BURNSIDE, RICHARD COOK, J. T. WRIGHT, GEORGE C. ELLIOTT, D. S. HOLLISTER, WALTER JEROME 1851, W. C. MCDONALD, DWIGHT WILLIAMS 1852, H. S. RICHARDSON 1854, J. W. MITCHELL 1855, J. T. CRIPPEN 1856, T. P. HALSTEAD 1857, A. S. SOUTHWORTH 1858-1859, E. H. OWEN 1860, A. E. DANIELS 1861 (buried in Morris Quaker Cemetery), A. M. COLGROVE 1861, H. V. TALBOT 1862, H. N. VANDEUSEN 1863-1864, W. L. THORP 1865-1867, JOHN PILKINGTON 1868-1869, JOHN W. MEVIS 1870, JAMES C. SHETLAND 1871-1872, W. G. QUEAL 1873, W. B. THOMAS 1874, C. G. WOOD 1875, J. S. SOUTHWORTH 1877-1878, WILLIAM EDGAR 1879-1880, LIMAN B. WEEKS 1881-1882, LEVI JENNISON 1883, T. F. HALL 1884, J. B. COOK 1885-1887, E. R. D. BRIGGS 1888-1890, FREDERICK JONES 1891-1892, G. F. ACE 1893-1894, LEVI JENNISON 1895-1898, E. L. JEFFRY 1899-1900, E. E. PEARCE 1901-1902, H. M. REID 1903-1906, S. C. SIMPKINS 1907-1908, E. D. COOK 1909-1911, CHARLES C. VOLZ 1912-1916, J. COLEMAN 1917, SCOTT B. CLARK 1918, HARRY E. BROOKS 1919-1921, CHARLES YOUNG 1923, THOMAS F. CROW 1924-1927, ROBERT L. CORNELL 1927, LESLIE A. MILLER 1929-1930, CHARLES E. VERMILYA 1931-1941, LEIGHTON E. PITKIN 1942-1943, SAMUEL LITTLE 1944-1950, CHARLES DEMPSEY 1950-1952, KENNETH GOMBERT 1952-1953, WILFRED L. LYON 1953-

Interior of Methodist Church before renovation

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MORRIS
by PALMA CEROSALETTI, 1970

Church of the Holy Cross

The earliest known Roman Catholics to arrive in Morris between 1870 and 1970, goes back fifty and more years to the time when the Berthold Leska family came to live in the village, and the Charles Cerosaletti family purchased a farm on Patrick Hill. Mrs. Lynn Foote came to Morris shortly after the two families settled here.

For many years there was no church nearer than Oneonta for the increasing number of Catholics living in the community. The majority of these people attended St. Mary's Church in Oneonta. Religious instructions for their children began at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hamlin under the supervision of the Rev. Arthur A. Cunningham, pastor of St. Mary's. Mrs. Hamlin instructed the young people, but later an assistant priest from the Oneonta parish came regularly to give lessons in catechism.

Then, twenty-four years ago, in July, 1946, the Most Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Albany, established a parish in Morris. Prior to this, in 1943 and 1944, a number of Catholics from Morris had met with the Bishop and made known to him the desire of the Roman Catholics from this area for a church nearer home to better serve their needs.

Bishop Gibbons appointed the Rev. Edwin A. Dugan to be the first pastor of the newly created parish which included Gilbertsville, other areas near Morris, and a mission church in Edmeston. Chosen as trustees of the Morris parish were Harold Hamlin and Edward Oehler. When Mr. Oehler left in 1951, Eugene Cerosaletti was appointed trustee.

The first Mass in the new parish was celebrated by Father Dugan on Sunday, August 4, 1946, in the Universalist Church. Richard and James Hamlin served as altar boys and Miss Thelma Leska, who became the first organist of the parish, played the organ and was soloist. In true ecumenical spirit, the trustees of the Universalist Church loaned the building to the Catholics for their use. Masses were held there for three and one-half years.

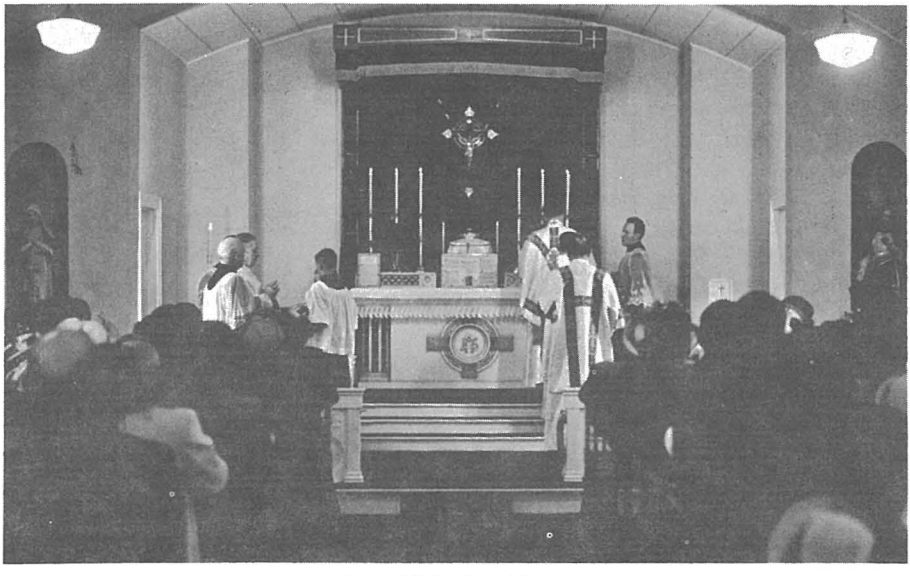
The Rev. Joseph A. Kelly succeeded Father Dugan as pastor and it was he who undertook the project for the construction of the "Church of the Holy Cross," the name having been previously chosen by Father Dugan.

Work on the new structure was begun August 31, 1949, by Edmeston Supply Co. The architects were Gander, Gander & Gander of Albany. The building, measuring 32 ft. by 70 ft., with a seating capacity of two hundred, was constructed of wood covered with white asbestos shingles. Stained glass windows were installed. The church was erected on land located on West Main Street adjacent to the house which Bishop Gibbons had purchased on March 19, 1946, for use as a rectory. This rectory became the Parish Center when the present rectory was bought in 1954.

On Sunday, April 16, 1950, the dedication of the new church was held. Bishop Gibbons blessed the church and presided at the Solemn High Mass which celebrated this very special event.

In the following years, other dedications were held. While the Rev. Joseph N. Chmielewski was pastor the shrine to Our Lady of Fatima and the blessing of a new organ took place on May 29, 1962. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cunningham from St. Mary's Church performed the ceremonies.

A church sign was dedicated on December 12, 1965, by the Rev. Charles E. Walsh, pastor. The sign was presented in memory of Jean Cerosaletti by her husband, Eugene.



Altar of Holy Cross Church

Electronic chimes were installed in the church and dedicated on July 24, 1966, by the Rev. Harvey J. Thompson. These chimes were given by Mrs. Rita Rock and Frank Rock in memory of Harold Rock.

The Rev. Thomas Quinn and the Rev. Joseph H. Reger also served as pastors of the Church of the Holy Cross. The Rev. Jonas Ruokis spent some years in Morris as assistant to Father Kelly and Father Quinn. The Rev. Paul C. Pilson, the present pastor, was appointed after the death of Father Thompson in September, 1969.

In the nearly quarter of a century since the establishment of Holy Cross Church, the needs of the parishioners in the village and outlying areas continue to be met. This is shown by an increase in the number of Masses, the greater participation of the laity in the Mass itself, and the expansion of religious learning opportunities for both younger and older youth groups.

HISTORY OF THE MORRIS POST OFFICE
by JOYCE FOOTE, 1970

It is possible to trace the economic and social development of a community through its postal services. As the growth of the community changes so does all of its communication facilities. There is a direct, clear correlation between the development of a community and the development of its post office.

From Avery's Reminiscences which appeared in the Morris Chronicle in 1874, and which take the reader back to the year 1824, the post office was in the one story red shop standing on the present post office site. This building was later moved to Liberty Street and is now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Quintin.

In those days the mail facilities were very primitive, as was the community. There were no stamps; newspapers were brought once each week by post riders. The Cooperstown Federalist and Watchman were the only papers available. In 1810, Stephen Cook carried the papers but in 1813, he started for Connecticut on horseback to get parts for some clocks he had made and never returned. John Winton began carrying the mail in 1813, and he and his son, Barlow, carried it for twelve years. They began their mail trips on Sunday night, went to Cooperstown, Richfield Springs, Utica, then down to Norwich, Oxford, Unadilla, Otego, then home to Morris, taking the entire week to make the trip on horseback. When he returned to his home post office in Morris, he entered the village blowing his tin horn to notify the people of the village that the mail had arrived.

In 1824, a stage coach ran from Cooperstown to Oxford three times each week, making Morris part of the trip. The four horse, yellow coach was driven by Hugh Edwards and Jim Willoughby. It was a law then to blow a horn when within 80 rods of the post office. Mr. Avery tells us, "It was a grand sight to see the stage coming at ten miles an hour gait. Sometimes the driver would cut a figure 8 then swing his long whip and tick the leader's ear and, when he left the village, sometimes the horses were on a run till out of sight. The postmaster could have carried any one mail for Louisville in his hat. The postage on a letter was as follows: to Garrattsville, 6 cents; to Cooperstown, 10 cents; to

Albany, 12½ cents; to New York 18¾ cents and to Philadelphia, 25 cents. There were no envelopes; the sheet of paper was folded so as to tuck one edge into another, and sealed with a wafer or sealing wax."

In these early days, Mr. Benajah Davis, sometimes referred to as Squire Davis, owned the building used as a post office and also served as postmaster. There are no records available to tell us who succeeded him nor where the post office was located but Ansel C. Moore served as postmaster for eight years some time during this period. The records indicate that Chester Jarvis was postmaster for a four year term and at that time the post office was located in the east side of the present Corner Store then occupied by Jarvis & Perry. Harley Sargent served as postmaster next and was in this location for a short time, then moved across the road to the part of the stone building now owned by Mr. Melius and used as a barber shop. The census of 1850 shows that Harley Sargent was in office then and another record shows him to be postmaster in 1852, but his term of office must have been a broken one as, from 1857 to 1860, the postmaster was Charles A. Bowne and the post office was in part of the stone building which is now the First National Bank. Mr. Sargent is on record as postmaster again in 1870, and records indicate that he held office for 25 years.

The next location for the post office was the small room in the western part of the present Kenyon Library building. At this time, A. S. Avery was postmaster; he was in office for sixteen years. It is uncertain how long the post office stayed at this location before it was moved to the wooden addition to the stone building east of the Morris Inn. It was in this location that Lucien Wallace and his son, Jay, were in office for four years during Cleveland's first administration. Daniel C. Winton followed them and served four years while Benjamin Harrison was President; George Folts was postmaster for four years during Cleveland's second term. John W. Shaw was the next postmaster and served for seventeen years.

It was on September 1, 1909, while Mr. Shaw was postmaster, that Levern Lull was appointed carrier for the first rural mail delivery from Morris. From an account of his appointment to this position which appeared in the Morris Chronicle the reader can share this experience. Mr. Lull's route began at the post office and took him "down Broad Street to the cemetery corner, thence to the corner where Graham Leslie lives, thence to Bourgeois' and return to corner, thence to Maple Grove and across the creek to Gilbertsville village, thence up the creek road to Morris Manor, thence up the Dimmock Hollow Road and east over Harris Hill to Ray Hyde's and across the creek to Filer Corners, thence over the hill to Lindberg's (not going to Maple Grove) and to Pearsall's Corners, thence west to Gifford's Corner, thence on down the hill to the cemetery corner" where he began and back to the post office. The area covered was twenty square miles and served 436 people in 104 houses. Mr. Lull was required to start at 7:30 a.m. and must return not later than 2 p.m. His annual salary was $720, and he was required to furnish his own rig. Levern Lull served in this capacity until 1945. It was also during Mr. Shaw's tenure that the post office was moved into the Gage Block where it remained for 28 years.

Scott Gage was postmaster from 1922 to 1935 and was followed by Lee Starr who served from 1935 to 1950. Mr. Gage was rural mail carrier for a two year period from 1945 to 1947. On April 1, 1946, the post office was returned

Morris Post Office

to the site of the first post office; this time to a building owned by Dr. H. W. Naylor and remodeled to meet the needs of a second class post office with its increased volume of business and work force. Lynn Harris was appointed rural mail carrier in December, 1947, and continued in this position until January 29, 1965.

Percy Gould was postmaster from 1950 to 1954, at which time Scott Gage returned to the position and filled it until 1964. For one month following Mr. Gage's retirement, Miss Helen Jenks, a long-time post office employee, was acting postmaster. Miss Jenks began her postal career in 1923, and, following forty-two years service, retired in November, 1965. Lynn Harris was appointed postmaster in January, 1965, and is the present incumbent. Bill Barton was sub-carrier from February, 1965, to July, 1967.

At present, a rural route and two Star routes go out of the post office. Ward Collier has the rural route similar to the one instituted by Levern Lull only now he covers fifty-four miles and serves about 600 people in 185 homes. There is a regular clerk, Mrs. Jeanne Quintin, and three substitute clerks, Mrs. Jane Knickerbocker, Mrs. Margaret Clement, and Mrs. Alice Quintin, to help with the $30,000 a year business handled in our present facility.

THE MORRIS FAMILY
by JOYCE FOOTE, 1970

The role of the Morris family in the development of this valley warrants inclusion in an account of this nature. To begin the account we will return to the seventeenth century. The following information has been taken from an account of the family and has been authenticated by Lewis Rutherfurd Morris Hall.

"In the first half of the seventeenth century, William Morris, or Mau Rys,

was a resident of Monmouthshire, Wales, on an estate called Tintern situated near historic Tintern Abbey. To him four sons were born: Lewis, William, Thomas and Richard.

"Colonel Lewis Morris, the eldest son, inherited the paternal estate of Tintern. In early life, Col. Morris became attracted to the West Indies, having made a voyage thither in 1633. After the triumph of Cromwell he removed to the island of Barbades where he bought a magnificent estate. Col. Morris became interested with his brother, Richard, in the purchase of Bronxland in the Province of New York (1670) whither he moved after his brother's death."

Through succeeding generations these lands remained in the Morris family and this Colonel Morris was the forefather of the Morris family member who settled in this valley.

The following information is taken from an article which appeared in the MORRIS CHRONICLE.

Before the Revolutionary War there resided on large tracts of land within what is now the limits of Greater New York three brothers Morris — Staats Long, Lewis and Richard. The two latter zealously supported the cause of the colonists while Staats Long as zealously cast in his lot with King George. Staats Long's wife was the Dowager Duchess of Gordon. He became an officer in the King's service and later was governor of Quebec. The King, in 1769, granted Staats Long a patent of 30,000 acres of land in the Butternut Valley, located south of a line running east and west about two and one-half miles below the present village of Morris.

When Lewis Morris, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was in attendance at Philadelphia, in July, 1776, upon the Congress which passed and signed that immortal document, a large body of British troops landed upon his estate at Morrisania. They burned a thousand acres of valuable timber, carried off his stock, destroyed many of his buildings, and drove his family away. After the war, in which Lewis and Richard put their services and fortunes at the disposal of Congress, the State was appealed to, and to indemnify for the loss of Morrisania the Morris Patent of 30,000 acres was taken from Staats Morris and given to his bothers, Lewis and Richard.

Lewis Morris had a son, Jacob, who at the age of 19 years entered the army as aide-de-camp on the staff of Charles Lee. Later he was on the staff of Gen. Nathaniel Greene and probably accompanied that general in his southern campaign in 1781. After the war he entered into business in New York City and also served in the Senate and Assembly of the New York State Legislature. In 1787, when he was thirty-three years old, General Morris left his New York home and came to the primeval forests of the Butternut Valley to live. He settled upon a thousand acres in the north part of his father's and uncle's patent. He found a wilderness never before inhabited and lived to participate in the opening and settling of all the vast territory of Central and Western New York, for sixty years of a busy life was before him when he came to his new home. He at once took a leading position in the affairs of the new country, as a contemporary of Judge Cooper of Cooperstown, and he lived to see cultivated

farms, thriving villages and teeming cities take the place of the unbroken wilderness he first knew.

General Morris brought with him into this wilderness a sawmill, and his first work was to set up that mill and saw out lumber for a house; thus his first house was a frame dwelling instead of the log cabin universal in those days. It stood on a knoll on the south bank of Mill Creek, a few rods below the present Manor House. On the site today grows an elm tree whose trunk is more than two feet in diameter. He built a second house still further south, later occupied by his son, Lewis Lee Morris, and during his life time by James Rutherfurd Morris, the General's grandson, and later still by Mrs. Laura Morris Hartman, his great granddaughter. Jacob Morris was member of the Assembly of the State of New York in 1793, 1795 and 1796. He was County Clerk of Otsego County in 1791. He was Supervisor of the Town of Butternuts from 1802 to 1808 and again in 1824.

Morris Manor House, 1805

The Manor House was built in 1805. It was later owned by Dr. Lewis Rutherfurd Morris of New York City who, with his family, occupied it summers. Dr. Morris rebuilt the interior and enlarged the house; he had built an elaborate squash court, bowling alley and billiard room near by; also new modern barns, a stone creamery, and other out-buildings; he had added to the estate by re-purchasing adjoining farms that originally belonged to it; he beautified the grounds, especially Mill Creek across which a massive dam of concrete and masonry forms a little lake reaching up into the glen and falls of St. Mary. This ravine and the "hutted knoll" form a scene in Cooper's famous novel, "Wyandotte." So concludes the Chronicle account of the first member of the Morris family to occupy the family holdings and a brief mention of those who followed him.

On May 18, 1900, Miss Katherine Stauffer Clark, daughter of a former

senator from Montana, William Andrews Clark, was married to Dr. Lewis Rutherfurd Morris in St. Thomas Church in New York City. Excerpts from a newspaper account of this wedding follow:

"The ceremony was surrounded with a degree of magnificence significant of the great wealth of the Clark family. Dr. Morris is of the colonial Morris family, and the relatives and friends of his family make up a roster of names closely identified with the history of this city for generations past. There were 6,000 invitations issued.

"The ushers were Dr. Everett M. Culver, the bride's brother-in-law; William Andrews Clark, Jr., her brother; Nebold Morris, G. Franklyn Lawrence, Wirt Howe and Dr. Charles Thorndike Parker. The groom's man was William H. Harriman.

"There were only two bridesmaids, Miss Christine Pomeroy of California, a niece of the bridegroom, and Miss Mai Pfouts of Butte, Montana, a childhood friend of the bride. They wore gowns of white mull over pink silk, with pink sashes, terminating in long fringed ends trimmed with Cluny lace and white straw hats with pink roses, and they carried bunches of pink roses. Behind them came the matron of honor, Mrs. Everett Mallory Culver, the bride's sister, who wore a costume of white liberty satin profusely trimmed with applique lace and a big picture hat trimmed with lace and pink roses, and like the bridesmaids, carried pink roses.

"A little murmur went through the church as the bride entered escorted by her father, who gave her away. She wore a gown of heavy cream white satin with long train. Her waist was arranged with a yoke of point lace and ruffle just below to give a fichu effect. On the middle of the front fullness of satin below the yoke the middle point of a large and exquisite point lace shawl was caught and was prettily draped over the skirts as it descended, the other two points of the shawl on the lower edge of the skirt sloping out toward the train. The long sleeves were entirely of point lace relieved only by a couple of bands of satin near the top. Her hands were ungloved and she carried a satin-bound prayer-book. Her long tulle veil was caught with a spray of orange blossoms.

"At the altar the bridal pair were met by Rev. Dr. J. Wesley Brown, who performed the ceremony.

"The honeymoon is being spent in the South, and on June 20th, Dr. and Mrs. Morris will sail for Southampton where they will join Dr. and Mrs. Culver on a steam yacht cruise in European waters. They do not expect to reach New York again until late in the Fall. The bride's traveling costume was of tan cloth, the skirt having a wide piece set on around the lower edge and stitched, with the Eton jacket to correspond.

"Among the presents to the bride were a stomacher of diamonds centering in a large pigeon blood ruby and a canary colored diamond, and a tiara of diamonds and emeralds, these two gifts being from the bride's father; a three-diamond ring; a set of diamond slides for a neck ribbon; a diamond bowknot; and many silver, porcelain and china pieces."

James Rutherfurd Morris died in 1903, and the following is an account of his obituary as printed in the Morris Chronicle, May 27, 1903. "James Rutherfurd Morris died on Saturday, May 23, at about 10:30 a.m. on the estate where he was born seventy-five years ago. Mrs. Morris, who was Elizabeth Howe, daughter of Professor Henry Howe of Canandaigua Academy, and sister of Judge Howe of New Orleans, died a few years ago while they were at the daughter's in California. Mr. Morris is survived in his immediate family by two daughters, Mrs. Hartman, who lived at the old home, and Mrs. Pomeroy of San Francisco, and by one son, Dr. Lewis R. Morris of New York. A brother, Charles Lee, resides in Australia.

"James R. Morris came of a noble ancestry whose name has been honored and prominent in the Butternut Valley for a hundred and twenty years. He was the son of Lewis Lee Morris, a son of General Jacob Morris, who settled on the vast estate given the Morris family by the government as part remuneration for their loss sustained by the destruction and confiscation by the British of their property at Morrisania. Gen. Morris' father was Lewis Morris, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is enough to say that James R. Morris kept the family name inviolate, and by his generosity, geniality, integrity, and hospitality added honors to it.

"Shortly after his marriage he moved to Chicago and engaged in the milling business. This he continued with much success until the financial crash in the late fifties left his customers ruined and caused him much financial loss. In this connection Mr. Morris used to tell a little anecdote of interest. One of his customers owed him $500. He offered Mr. Morris all he had in settlement, $200 in money or the title to a large plot of ground outside the limits of Chicago. Mr. Morris gladly took the $200. That plot of ground is now the center of Chicago near where the great Masonic Temple stands. Mr. Morris regarded this as one of the times when Fortune knocked at his door and was unrecognized.

"Mr. Morris returned to the Butternut Valley and took his father's farm, his mother then being a widow. Here he made his home, and it was always a gracious and hospitable one.

"Among his neighbors Mr. Morris was highly respected and loved. To him any of them who were in trouble or distress always felt free to go, knowing that he possessed a sympathizing heart, a willing ear, and was wise in his counsels and interested in their welfare. Especially to the immediate community in which he had spent his life is his death felt to be a great loss.

"Mr. Morris was a life-long active member and liberal supporter of Zion Church. The funeral service was held this Tuesday forenoon in the beautiful little All Saints' Morris Memorial Chapel, which was erected on the Manor estates largely by the efforts of James R. Morris; interment was in the churchyard surrounding it, where his kindred rest.

"James R. Morris' circle of friends was a large one, and to each member of it his death comes as a personal loss."

To recapitulate the Morris Family lineage and bring it up to date we must go back to Staats Long, Lewis and Richard Morris. None of these men

ever saw this Morris Patent which was granted first to Staats Long and then later, following the Revolutionary War, to Lewis Morris and Richard Morris. It was not until 1787, that a member of the family arrived in this area.

That man was Lewis Morris' son, General Jacob Morris. He came with Abijah Gilbert who had purchased some of the lands in the Morris Patent. They came from New York up the Hudson River to Albany and then by boat and wagon to Otsego Lake. From there they went down the Susquehanna River, to the Unadilla River, up the Unadilla to the Tienuderrah (now Butternut Creek) and up this waterway to their holdings.

General Jacob Morris' son, Lewis Lee Morris was the father of James Rutherfurd Morris whose obituary is immediately preceding. Lewis Lee Morris' sister, Mary Ann, was married on December 24, 1804, to Isaac Cooper, brother of James Fenimore Cooper and son of Judge Cooper. In 1813, they moved to Edgewater, still one of the finest residences in Cooperstown. Mr. Cooper died in 1818, from injuries received in a wrestling bout with his brother-in-law, Richard Morris.

James Rutherfurd Morris' children were Laura Merrill Morris Hartman, Anna Lee Morris Pomeroy, and Lewis Rutherfurd Morris. As has been previously recorded, Dr. Lewis R. Morris married Katherine Louise Stauffer Clark and they were parents of one daughter, Katherine Elizabeth Clark Morris.

Dr. Lewis Rutherfurd Morris died on December 9, 1936, at his home in New York City. The following excerpts are taken from an obituary as printed in the ONEONTA STAR.

"Dr. Morris was widely known for his generous gifts not only in Morris, which was named for his family, but in Oneonta, to which he donated Neahwa Park, and Norwich, where he contributed largely to the remodeling of the hospital there. The central school at Morris, which bears his name, was made possible by the generosity of Dr. and Mrs. Morris, who contributed half of the original cost.

"Born in Morris 75 years ago, September 27, he was the third and youngest child of James Rutherfurd and Ellen Elizabeth (Howe) Morris. The family was one of rare culture, and all its members were leaders in their communities.

"Dr. Morris was a man of strong convictions and attachments. He was devoted to his home and family, including his three grandchildren, who were his especial love and pride. He was loyal to his God, his country and his friends. People whom he had helped were legion.

"The loving sympathy of hundreds of friends will be extended to the devoted wife, and daughter in their grief."

Katherine Elizabeth Clark Morris, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morris, was married on January 12, 1924, to John Hudson Hall, jr. of New York City. Mrs. Hall died on March 20, 1968, and was buried in the family burial ground adjacent to All Saints' Memorial Chapel. She was the mother of three children: John Hudson Hall, jr., Lewis Rutherfurd Morris Hall, and Katherine Morris Hall. John Hudson Hall, jr. is married to Erika Elisabeth Pick and they have two children, Katherine Carlotta Maria Hall and John Hudson Hall, III; Lewis

Rutherfurd Morris Hall is married to Gemma Francesca Stagni; Katherine Morris Hall is the wife of Clifford Rudd Berry and they have three children: Clifford Rudd Berry, III, Katherine Elizabeth Berry, and William Andrew Clark Berry.

LIBRARY NOTES
by JOYCE FOOTE, 1970

A committee of twenty interested citizens met in May 1919, to discuss the establishment of the Kenyon Free Library.

This was not the first library in the village, however. When the present library collection was organized, a volume was donated by D. C. Wanzer which had previously been No. 78 in the "Butternuts Library at Louisville" in 1815. The book was "Napoleon's Disastrous Campaign into Russia in 1811 and '12" and was written by William Dunlop.

"The rules governing the Library were pasted in the book. Members were fined six pence if they failed to attend the annual meeting, and trustees were fined one shilling if absent from a quarterly meeting. Fines for keeping a book overtime varied according to the size of the volume from 1c to 3c a day. Unfortunately no names of officials or members were found anywhere in the book. It would be interesting to know who were the leaders in this library in a little village within the bounds of which there was no church edifice. The Episcopal Church then stood near the Old Church Burying Ground, and the Baptist Church was three miles up the valley, while the Friends meeting house stood at the bend of the road now going up the hill to the right beyond the cemetery." So states an article in the Morris Chronicle of March 3, 1920.

During the early 1900's there was an active Book Club in the community. We have in our possession one of the volumes of this rotating collection of the 1905-1907 period which was given to us by Alice Joy. Forty books were circulated among forty members, each keeping a volume for a two week period.

When the Kenyon Free Library of Morris was organized, it was decided that the corporate body would consist of persons over 16 years of age who would subscribe to the Record Roll and pay an annual fee of one dollar. This fee represented membership in the organization and entitled the holder to vote. The Library would be open to all individuals in the area, regardless of membership. Trustees would be elected by the members. The Committee on Organization acted as the first trustees, to serve until June 30, 1920. Sub-committees were appointed to solicit books and periodicals, and to select fixtures for the library and reading room. Mrs. Levern Lull was named treasurer and would record members.

According to a Morris Chronicle Article, Mrs. Kenyon donated "free for one year the use of the rooms in the Kenyon House." She also offered "to furnish a librarian, to wire the rooms for electric lighting and to donate a large number of volumes as a nucleus for a permanent public library in this village." A Committee on Organization was appointed: Mrs. R. R. Ripley, Rector Hutchinson, Sup't. Cossart, Carl J. Smith and E. E. Carpenter.

Each citizen was requested to give any books they may have to the Library and the response was gratifying. On the first Library Day nearly 600 books were donated and 78 people became members of the Library Association. The Boy Scouts collected the books and the Girl Scouts solicited membership fees. It was determined that the Library would be open to all persons within the village of Morris and its surrounding territory.

The library rooms were open for inspection on July 5th. Miss Katharine Sanderson was engaged as Librarian. Shelving was installed and the Library opened for circulation on August 1st.

At the first annual meeting of the Kenyon Free Library, held on June 30, 1920, the librarian reported a collection of over 1,800 books with a total circulation of 5,560, one-fifth of which were juvenile books. There were 391 borrowers and 124 paid up memberships. Thirty magazines were in constant use on the library tables.

The Library Board of Management had been organized for the ensuing year. The officers were:

President — Harrison Cossaart
Vice-President — Mr. Hutchinson
Secretary — E. E. Carpenter
Treasurer — C. J. Smith
Finance Committee — Mrs. Kenyon, Mrs. Woolverton, Mrs. Levern Lull
Book Committee — Mrs. Kenyon, Miss Sanderson, Miss Light
Administrative Committee — Mr. Cossaart, Mrs. Frank Card, Mrs. Ross Cameron
Entertainment Committee — Mr. Cossaart, Mrs. Earl Gage, Mrs. H. H. Linn, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. A. Smith.

In November 1921, the Kenyon Library was moved to its present home. In December, a large assemblage of patrons and friends was present to accept the handsome home presented to them by Mrs. Franklin Yates, the former Mrs. Lynn Kenyon. The gift was accepted in behalf of the trustees by the Rev. E. E. Hutchinson.

The Library has continued to serve the residents of this area through the years since its establishment.

MORRIS, 1880-1923
by JOYCE FOOTE, 1970

A brief look backward to 1880, shows that Morris was at the height of prosperity. The census of that year reported 772 people, an increase of 140 from the 1870 report.

Shortly after 1880, a series of financial disasters struck the village. On September 8, 1883, fire swept clean all the buildings, twelve of them, located from the Main and Broad Streets corner west. As previously mentioned, all of these buildings were rebuilt, many of them an improvement over the earlier ones,

but certainly the economic shock to the community was felt by all. Shortly after the fire, the bank failed. Then the large cotton and woolen mills closed causing additional distress to the area.

From these events the village ran down hill rapidly. The population records reflect this; in 1885, the population was 601; in 1890, 592. As this depression ended, the population increased to 625 in 1898, but did not again reach the figure of 1880.

Even during the lean years the village did not stand still. A number of fine residences were built, a system of street lighting was installed, a water works system was put in at a cost of $13,000, a new school was erected and a national bank was organized.

George Wilcox, standing, with passengers on Oneonta Stage

The name of George R. Wilcox is familiar to many present-day inhabitants of this area. For thirty-six years, from 1893 to 1929, Mr. Wilcox drove a stage between Morris and Oneonta and never missed a trip during the time he held the contract. For the first twenty-six years, until he switched to a Model T Ford, he drove a two-horse stage, making one round trip a day with passengers and mail. His contract specified that the driving time each way should be three hours, but a longer time was permitted in case of unusual road or weather conditions. There were scheduled stops at West Laurens and West Oneonta. At one time, Mr. Wilcox kept two teams of horses, one in Morris and one in Oneonta, and used one team each way. Later he stabled both teams in Morris and alternated them by days. The competition was keen in the bidding for the mail contract each year, so keen that for a period of four years Mr. Wilcox was paid an annual fee of one cent from the United States Government, paid quarterly by checks in the amount of one-fourth cent each. Another time he was granted the contract on a

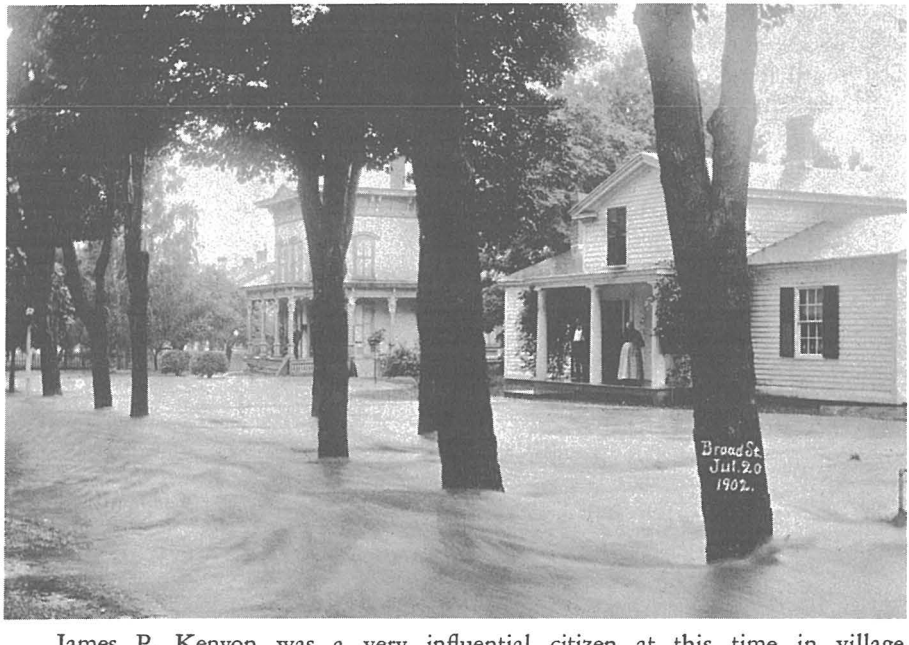
bid of twenty cents a year payable by a treasury warrant for five cents quarterly. These were not cashed but were kept as souvenirs to be exhibited to his friends until the government demanded that they be redeemed. Mr. Wilcox depended on passenger fares and freight charges to make his living.

A certificate of incorporation was filed in 1898 by the Morris Gas Company. A gas machine was purchased which was capable of supplying 500 lights. Daniel Holmes of Norwich installed the machine and laid mains through the business section on Main Street and down Broad Street as far as Grove. Later the mains were extended throughout the village and gas lamps were installed.

In April, 1900, a fire company was organized under the name of "The Active Hose Company of Morris" which it continued to use until October, 1928, at which time it became "The Morris Fire Department."

In the same year, the Morris Chronicle office was constructed adjacent to the block of brick buildings which replaced the wooden ones destroyed in the fire of 1883. This wooden structure is now the office section of the Naylor Company.

On July 20, 1902, Silver Creek reached flood stage and overflowed its banks inundating Main, Grove and Broad Streets. An unusually heavy summer rain caused the deluge. The waters raged down stream, flowed over the Main Street bridge, flooded the business district and continued on down South Broad Street. The Grove Street bridge could not contain the remaining waters and another flood occurred there, too. These waters also flowed toward South Broad Street where they joined the stream from the four corners and continued down South Broad to the Butternut. All three of these streets were littered with debris as the waters receded and returned to their natural channel and usual calm demeanor.



James P. Kenyon was a very influential citizen at this time in village history. Mr. Kenyon came to Morris from Cooperstown at the age of five years to live with Samuel Somers. Mr. Somers was a tailor and when Mr. Kenyon was 15 years old he began to learn the same trade but, after two years, apprenticed to the firm of Wing & Waite. While working for them he helped to build a number of houses constructed in the 1837-41 period. When he was nineteen

years old, in 1841, he began a wagon building business in the two large shops on Grove Street which he built for this purpose. He followed this business for over thirty years and he and his workmen turned out quantities of buggies, carriages and lumber wagons, all made by hand of wood and iron. In 1867, Mr. Kenyon built Bracketvilla, later known as Kenyonstead, now the home of the George Ray family. In 1870, Mr. Kenyon bought the drug and grocery business of W. R. B. Wing. With the capital which the various successful businesses brought him, Mr. Kenyon purchased real estate in the village. He served the village in many capacities; he was president of the village, president of the Fair Association, director of the First National Bank and its president for seventeen years. He was married to Pamelia Pearsall in 1847, and they had three children: Charles, who enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1864, but was taken sick at Norfolk, Virginia, with brain fever, and died in April, 1865; Lila J., who died in 1867 at the age of 17, and Lynn B. with whom James P. Kenyon resided at the time of his death at age 88, in 1910. Lynn B. Kenyon inherited his father's real estate holdings and, in his turn, became a citizen of influence in the community. He was married to Mary Sholes in 1902; they had no children. Upon his death in 1918, his wife inherited the family's holdings. She was directly responsible for the establishment of the Kenyon Free Library as noted in the preceding chapter.

One of the buildings which the elder Mr. Kenyon owned was the stone building which now houses the First National Bank of Morris. Beginning in the late 1890's, Mr. Kenyon had the entire building renovated to accommodate the bank. Mr. Kenyon was president; George Whitman was cashier. Carl J. Smith entered the Bank in 1913, following his graduation from Morris High School. Upon the resignation of George Whitman who had been cashier for twenty-four years and who resigned to devote his time to his duties as secretary of the Linn Manufacturing Corporation, Mr. Smith was named his successor in 1919. A Morris Chronicle account of his election reads as follows: "The new cashier has come up among us as one of our boys and everyone has the utmost confidence in his efficiency, integrity and probity. The Bank under his management will continue on the prosperous road, of this there is no doubt." Mr. Whitman later served as president of the bank although not actively engaged in its business. When he died in 1957, Mr. Smith was elected president, a position which he still holds.

An article in the Morris Chronicle of November 10, 1915 reads: "H. H. Linn, who is wintering here with his tent show, is at work in Kenyon's machine shop on Grove Street building a caterpillar gasoline tractor with runners to use when sleighing comes." Mr. Linn continued work on the tractor throughout the winter but, in April, 1916, the Linns announced that they would be leaving for the summer with their show. The Linns returned to the village the following September and took up residence in the Dunn house, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gage. Shortly after their return, the following article appeared in the Morris Chronicle: "It is rumored that Morris is to have a farm tractor plant, for the manufacture of small farm tractors. The machine will be known as the Linn Geared-to-the-Ground Tractor, caterpillar type. The experimental machine was built by Mr. Linn last winter and worked out on snow in Syracuse. He used it on the road all summer with his show, hauling three wagons, and since its arrival in Morris has given two or three demonstrations of pulling, plowing and manoeuv-

ering on uneven ground, which has astonished the spectators. One of the features of this particular machine is its ability to pull three times its own weight on heavy ground or soft ground. Demonstration shows that logs 10 or 12 inches in diameter are no trigs, as the machine surmounts such obstacles with perfect ease. Its ability to travel on snow roads is another great advantage . . . What this machine cannot do in overland traffic is impossible to be done, on either dirt, mud, snow or ice, in the woods, field or on the road. It is greatly hoped that this project will mature, as this industry is well suited to Morris situated as it is in the center of a great farming community, and this particular product is able to deliver itself to the customer or any railroad station on its own power." The project did mature and papers were filed in Albany in December, 1916, by George Whitman, Holman H. Linn and Merritt Bridges for the Linn Manufacturing Corporation of Morris.

The first tractors were manufactured in Kenyon's machine shop on Grove Street. The first improved Linn Tractor was tried out in May, 1917; this was a "cling to the ground" tractor which incorporated some improvements to the original tractor. This new tractor was a heavier one greared to lumbering and heavy road work. Additional improvements were made throughout the years and the tractor proved to be all its manufacturer claimed. In 1917, the Linn Manufacturing Corporation purchased of Phillips & Nichols the Hargrave power plant; this sale included the water rights, grist mill, saw mill, cheese factory, the stone house and the frame house. A new building was constructed to house the factory. Surely, this industry did much for the economy of the village. It provided employment opportunities and brought several families to Morris.

Linn Manufacturing Corporation plant and tractors

The year 1917, brought the declaration of war against Germany and, as they had during the Civil War, many young men volunteered their services. By the end of the year, seventeen young men from the community were in the army or navy. A list of Morris' Roll of Honor published in the Morris Chronicle of Oct. 16, 1918, follows:

OUR ROLL OF HONOR

Somewhere in Europe

Colonel George R. Greene
Sergeant Dale Houghtaling
Lieut. Scott E. Gage
Francis Bogart
Corporal Dean L. Davis
Ralph Dixson
Hugh C. Hopkins
Allen Wild
Stanley Cornell
Frank Simonds
Verner Haynes

In the United States

Lieut. Howard W. Naylor
Melvin A. Hand
Frank Jenks, in Panama
Leslie Jenks
George Mansfield
Harold Tillson
William Simonds
Sergeant Chas. G. Wilson
George Elliott
Charles Elliott
Ralph G. Carrick
Gilbert Ferguson
Thomas Haynes
John Nichols
Lieut. Roscoe Davis
*Allen Wild
Leon Leggett
John Francis Hay
Perry Peters
Lynn D. Carr
Emory VanValkenburg
*Elmer R. Shippee
Edwin Dwight Hunt
Lee Folts
John Chase
Harold Chase

In the Naval Service

Fred Davis John Fay Henry Hand Lee Webster

During the war, the Red Cross was very active in the area and the townspeople purchased Liberty Bonds in great numbers. The Fourth Liberty Bond issue sales were reported in the newspaper cited above as being over the $100,000 mark.

In October, 1918, the Morris Power and Light Company was formed and a contract was let to the Burt H. Shepard Co., of Syracuse, for putting in an electric lighting system in Morris village. Poles were set, wires strung and, in December, the electricity was turned on and used by those places wired for it, namely, H. H. Linn's, George Whitman's, Ellery Linn's, Carrie Colvin's, and Carey's market. The street lamps had not yet been received but they were installed shortly after and, on Saturday, January 18, 1919, the electric lights were turned on our streets for the first time. A Morris Chronicle of the following week states: "It was a mighty interesting sight to us way-backs and a historic event to our village." Prior to this lighting system, those homes which had electricity had

**Made the supreme sacrifice*

their own dynamo, gasoline engine and storage batteries. By the end of 1919, a large number of residences, business places, churches and other public buildings were wired for electricity.

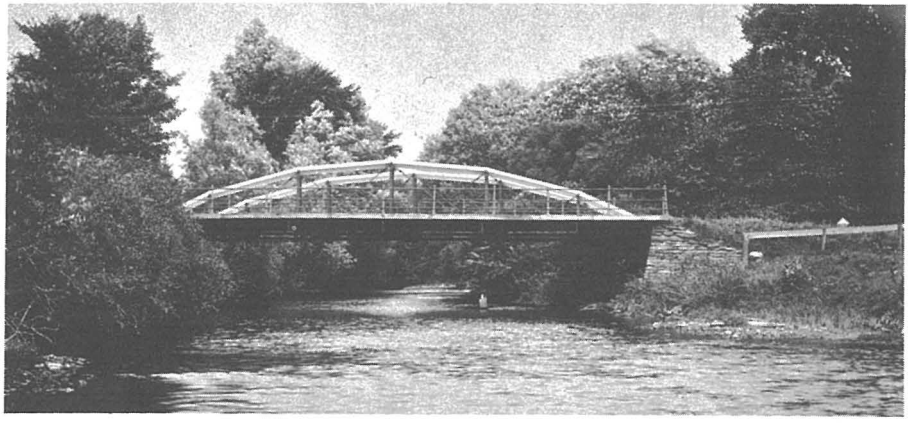
On August 2, 3 and 4, 1922, the Morris Chautauqua was held in a tent on the Ripley lot on West Main Street. The Radcliffe Chautauqua was brought to the village and the program consisted of a pageant, The Spirit of America, by the Children of Morris, a concert by the Porter Concert Company, a presentation of the Mikado by the Tooley Operatic Company, a lecture by Mr. Harley Swift and a magic show by the Irwin Novelty Company. This program was well received by the inhabitants and lives in the memories of many present-day residents.

In 1923, Gage Brothers formally opened their grocery and bakery in the former Kenyon House which they had purchased and had remodeled with plate glass windows and a brick front. The Morris Band which had been re-activated the preceding year provided the music for the event which was attended by a large number of residents.

Through the years Morris has changed from a predominantly manufacturing community in the 1800's to an agricultural center. But the nature of the village has changed very little in many ways. The inhabitants still have a strong sense of community pride, loyalty to their neighbors, faithfulness to their churches, interest in their school program and activities, and are generous in their support of community activities. The latest census placed the population of the village at 667 persons. Many of them are employed within the confines of the village at the H. W. Naylor Company, the First National Bank, or as independent businessmen and merchants; an even larger number travel daily to Oneonta, Sidney, Norwich, Greene, Cooperstown and other nearby areas for employment.

Main Street looking east, about 1890

Picture Section



Old Cemetery Bridge

Sloan's Hardward Store, South Broad Street

Hop pickers

C. H. Lawrence's store used by First National Bank

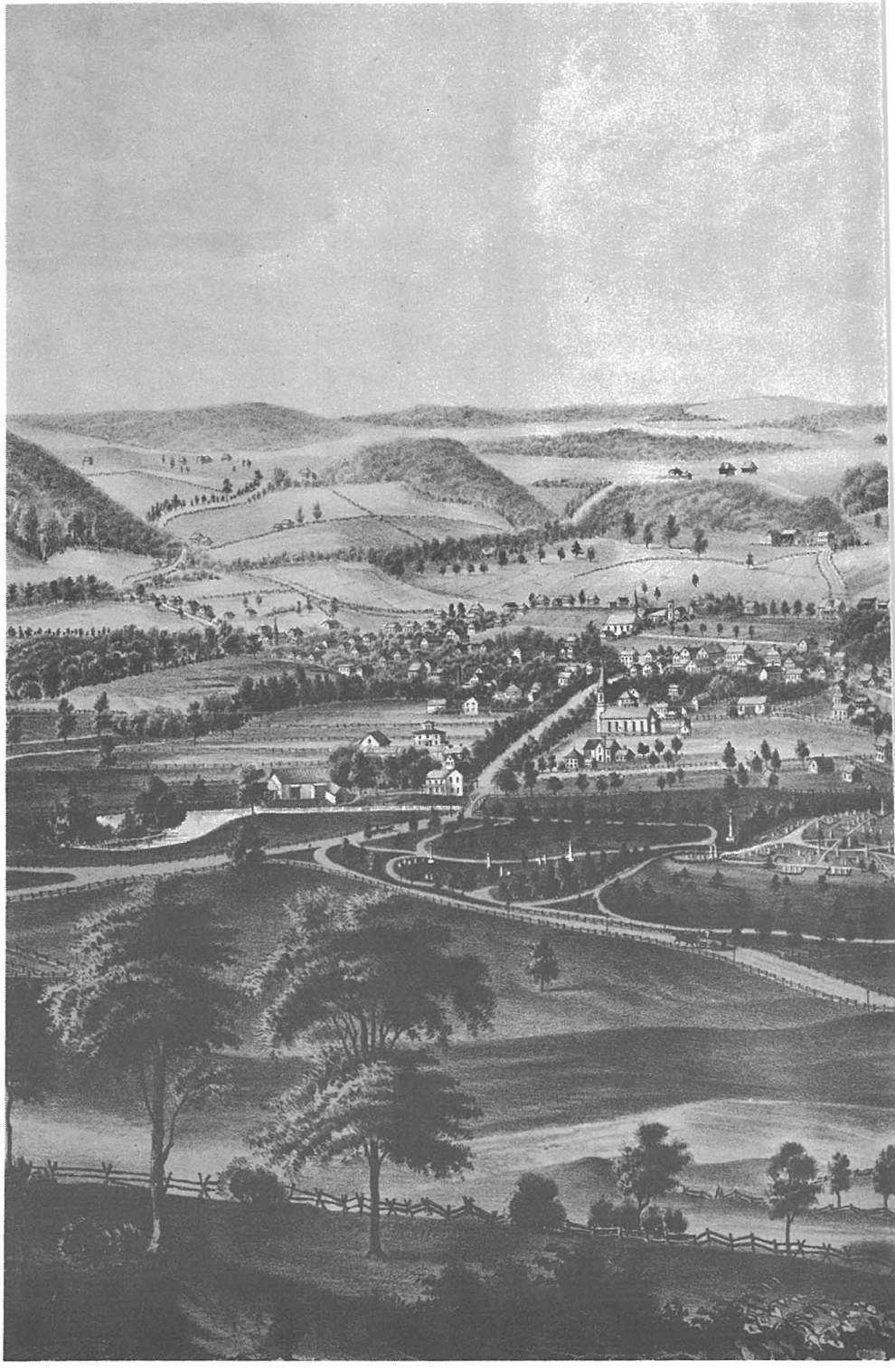
C. H. Lawrence in his store

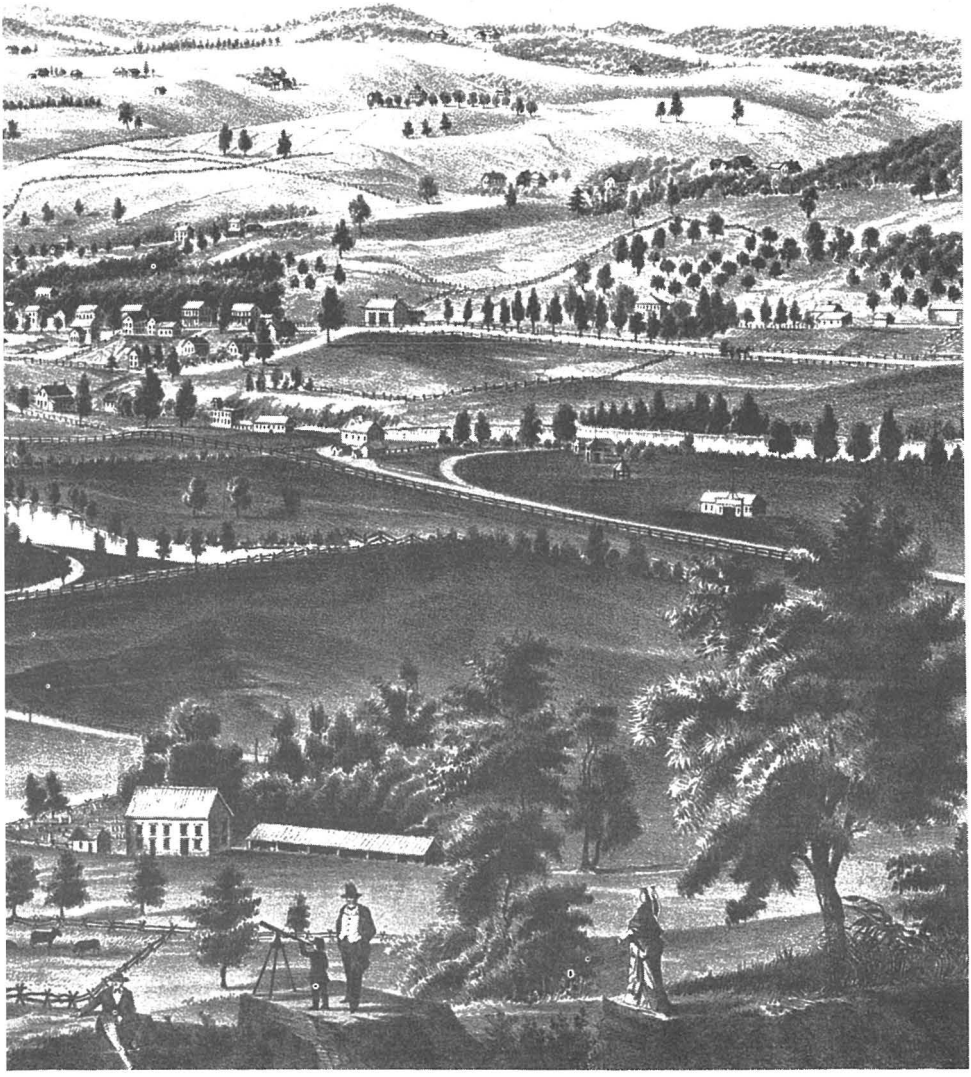
C. H. Lawrence's store

East Main Street, south side, about 1897

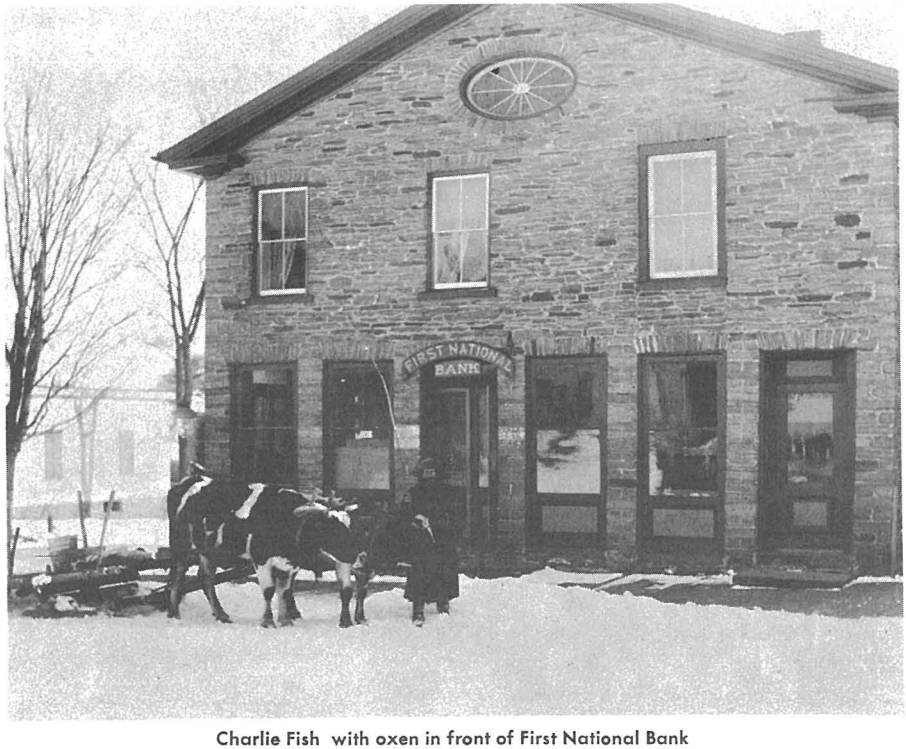
Looking down South Broad Street from four corners

Main Street looking west

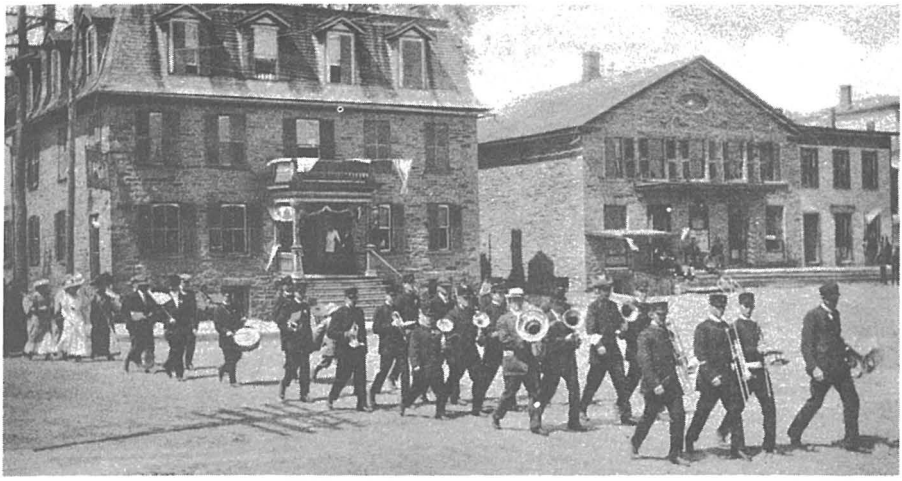




Main Street at the turn of the century

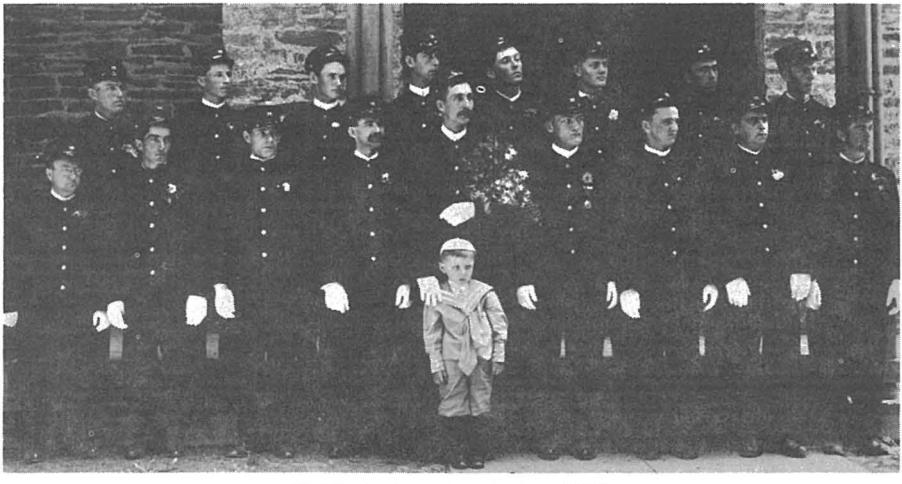


Charlie Fish with oxen in front of First National Bank



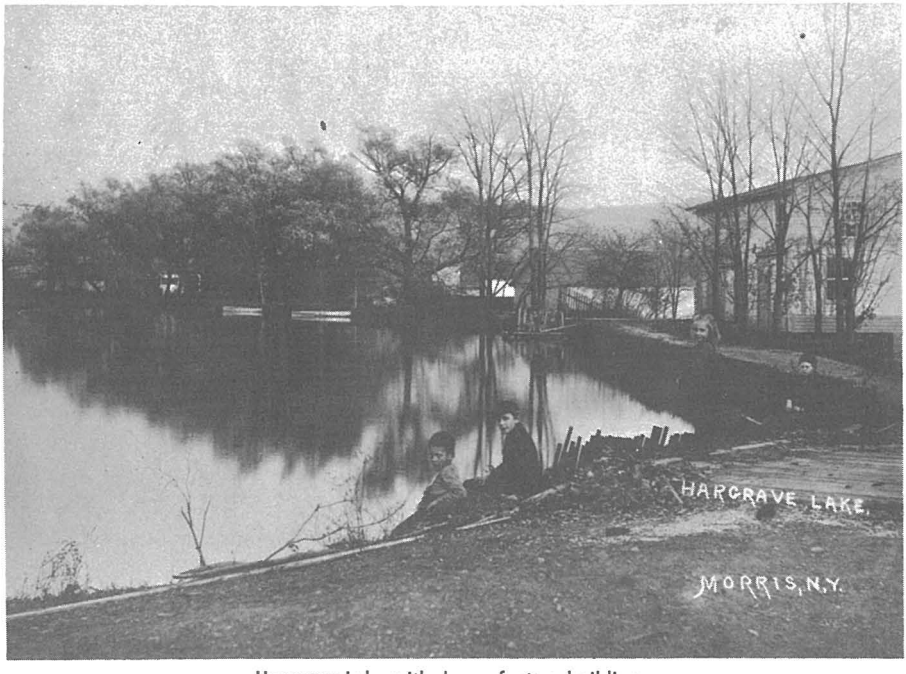
Gardner Hotel and Morris Band

Fair Grounds



Morris Fire Department, about 1915

Pleasure boat on Hargrave Lake



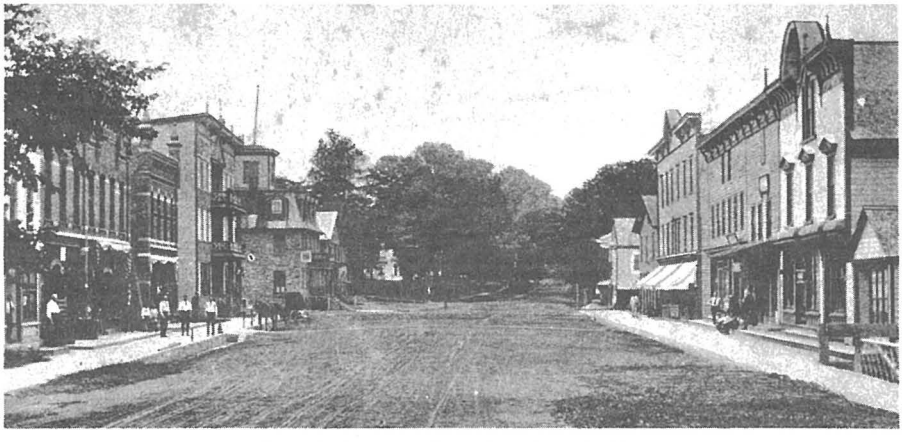
Hargrave Lake with cheese factory building

Raphael and Mary Ripley with son, Alden, at their home on Grove Street (Bridges)

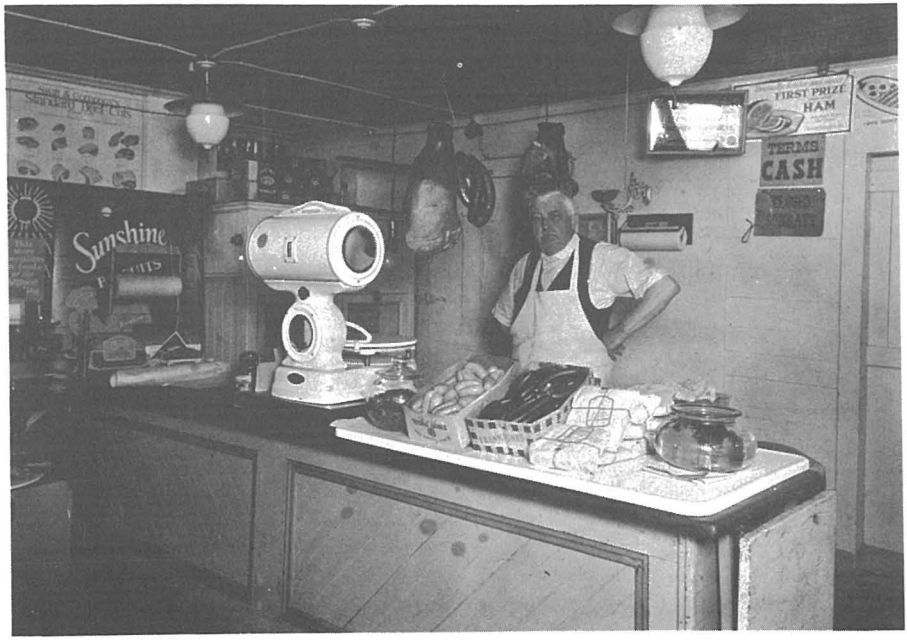
Van Rensselaer — Godley Home

Morris Manor after renovation

Main Street looking east toward four corners, about 1914. Left to right: C. D. Carpenter, E. E. Carpenter, Charlie Lawrence, Al Harris, R. R. Ripley, Frank Card, Homer Davis.



Main Street looking east from Silver Creek bridge



Norm Carey in his meat market

South side of East Main Street