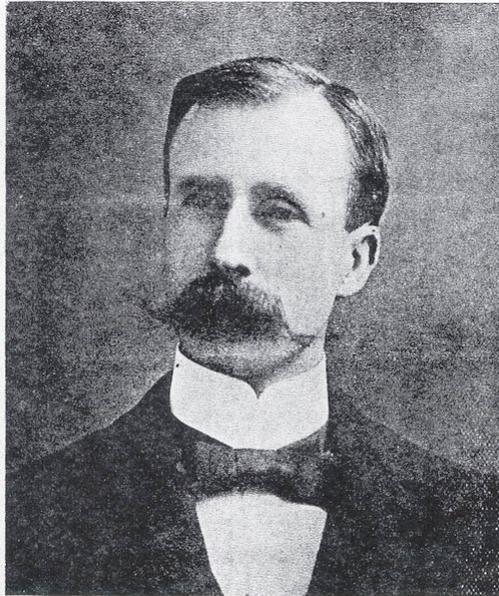


ALBERT C. MAYHAM SERIES BLENHEIM HILL



Albert C. Mayham

Published in:
The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
Frederick L. Frazee, Editor.
Founded 1872 by Dr. A. W. Clark.

Information from the bands around the Jefferson microfilms:

"The Jefferson Courier"
"Schoharie County Chronicle"
Jefferson, NY - 1904-1907
Jan. 7, 1904 - December 28, 1905 - Reel 6 of 7
Jan 4, 1906 - February 28, 1907 - Reel 7 of 7
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Harder, Peter I.	Jul. 27, 1905
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Hastings, Luther	Jul. 27, 1905
Hastings, Luther	Oct. 12, 1905
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Herron, William.....	Dec. 27, 1906
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Hilton, Charles Cooper (b.1807)	Jan. 11, 1906
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Hilton, Rebecca (b.1810).....	Jan. 11, 1906
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 Paddock, John Jul. 13, 1905
 Paddock, Oliver Jul. 13, 1905
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 Peaslee, Amy Ferguson Aug. 10, 1905
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 Peaslee, Betsey Nov. 30, 1905
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 Rider/Ryder, Solomon.....Apr. 12, 1906
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 Rivenburgh, L.....Nov. 16, 1905
 Robins, Abram.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Robins, B.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Robins, Reuben.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Robinson, J.....Dec. 7, 1905
 Rockerfellow, Mary Reed Clark.....Mar. 8, 1906
 Root, ??? (Husband of Mary VanSlyke).....Jan. 3, 1907
 Root, James.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Root, Joseph.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Root, Leonard.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Root, Liman.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Root, Lyman.....Jun. 29, 1905
 Root, Lyman.....Feb. 22, 1906
 Root, Lyman P.....Sep. 14, 1905
 Root, Lyman P.....Nov. 16, 1905
 Root, Lyman P.....Feb. 1, 1906
 Root, Lyman P.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Root, Samuel.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Root, Samuel.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Ruland, John.....Sep. 7, 1905
 Ruland, John.....Sep. 14, 1905
 Ruland, John.....Oct. 12, 1905

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Ruliffson, E. J. (Rev.).....Jan. 10, 1907
 Ruliffson, Harmon, Jr.....Jul. 27, 1905
 Ruliffson, R. W.....Jul. 27, 1905
 Ruliffson, R. W.....Sep. 21, 1905
 Rulifson, Margaret.....Oct. 12, 1905
 Rust, Nelson.....Feb. 22, 1906
 Ryder, Stephen.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Ryder, Stephen.....Apr. 12, 1906

Sage.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage.....Apr. 12, 1906
 Sage, A. A.....Nov. 16, 1905
 Sage, Alfred.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Sage, Alfred (b.1829).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Almer.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Almer (b.1832).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Almer P.....Sep. 21, 1905
 Sage, Amos (b.1831).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Ann.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Ann (b.1811).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Benj.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Benjamin.....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Benjamin (b.1811).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Charles.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Charles J. (b.1808).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Comfort (Col.).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Jul. 27, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Sep. 21, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Oct. 12, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Nov. 2, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Nov. 16, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Nov. 30, 1905
 Sage, Daniel.....Feb. 15, 1906
 Sage, Daniel.....Apr. 12, 1906
 Sage, Daniel (b. 1816).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Daniel (b.1783).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Daniel Thompkins (b.1815).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Daniel, 2d.....Jul. 27, 1905
 Sage, David.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, David.....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Delissa.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Delissa (b.1813).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Elisha.....Nov. 2, 1905
 Sage, Fanny (b.1819).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Hannah.....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Hannah.....Sep. 14, 1905
 Sage, Henry W.....Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, J. A.....Nov. 16, 1905
 Sage, J. R.....Jul. 27, 1905
 Sage, J. R.....Nov. 16, 1905
 Sage, Jasper.....Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Jasper (b.1831).....Sep. 7, 1905
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 Sage, John R. Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, John R. Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, John R. Sep. 14, 1905
 Sage, John R. Oct. 5, 1905
 Sage, John R. Nov. 16, 1905
 Sage, John R. Jan. 25, 1906
 Sage, John R. Feb. 15, 1906
 Sage, John R. Mar. 8, 1906
 Sage, John R. Apr. 12, 1906
 Sage, John R. Jan. 3, 1907
 Sage, John R. (b.1810) Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, John R. (b.1832) Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, John R. (Col.)..... Oct. 5, 1905
 Sage, John R. (Col.)..... Nov. 2, 1905
 Sage, John Randall Jul. 13, 1905
 Sage, Lois Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Lois Sep. 14, 1905
 Sage, Mary..... Aug. 17, 1905
 Sage, Philo B. (b.1824) Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Polly (b.1820) Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Russel..... Jul. 13, 1905
 Sage, Russell..... Sep. 7, 1905
 Sage, Sarah Ann (b.1811)..... Aug. 17, 1905
 Schaeffer, ??? (Wife of Lyman Perry) Apr. 5, 1906
 Schafer, Henrich Jun. 8, 1905
 Schaffer, ??? (2nd wife of Stephen Perry) ... Apr. 5, 1906
 Schermerhorn, P. V. Mar. 8, 1906
 Schofield, (Mrs.)..... Dec. 7, 1905
 Schuyler, John Jun. 8, 1905
 Schuyler, Peter..... Mar. 22, 1906
 Scoby, Zephaniah D. Mar. 8, 1906
 Scott, Russell R. Mar. 8, 1906
 Scudder, Charles..... Jan. 4, 1906
 Shafer Mary Nov. 16, 1905
 Shafer, Ada Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Ada E. Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Cornelia..... Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Cornelia E. Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Elijah Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Ezra Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Jerome Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Polly A. Nov. 16, 1905
 Shafer, Polly Ann Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, Watson Nov. 30, 1905
 Shafer, William..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Shafer, Wm. Apr. 12, 1906
 Shafer, Wm. D. Nov. 23, 1905
 Shafer, Wm. D. Apr. 12, 1906
 Shaler, George Feb. 22, 1906
 Shaver Mar. 22, 1906
 Shaver Family..... Mar. 15, 1906
 Shaver, Aaron Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Alma Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Andrew Jan. 4, 1906

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Shaver, Andrew Jan. 3, 1907
 Shaver, Catherine Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Frederick Jan. 18, 1906
 Shaver, George (first)..... Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, George (second) Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Henry Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Jacob..... Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Jacob H. Jan. 3, 1907
 Shaver, Jake..... Feb. 15, 1906
 Shaver, Jake..... Mar. 1, 1906
 Shaver, Jane..... Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Juliette Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Nathan Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Patrick Jan. 4, 1906
 Shaver, Sally..... Jan. 3, 1907
 Shaver, William..... Jul. 6, 1905
 Shaver, William..... Jan. 18, 1906
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 Shelmandine, Lewis Jul. 27, 1905
 Shelmandine, Reuben..... Oct. 12, 1905
 Shelmandine, Woolsey Jan. 11, 1906
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 Shew, Betsy Ann Dec. 27, 1906
 Shew, Cornelia Dec. 27, 1906
 Shew, Jacob..... Feb. 22, 1906
 Shew, Jacob..... Dec. 27, 1906
 Shew, James H. Dec. 27, 1906
 Shew, John Dec. 27, 1906
 Shew, John H..... Sep. 21, 1905
 Shew, John Henry Dec. 27, 1906
 Shew, John T. (Rev.)..... Dec. 27, 1906
 Shew, Kate Dec. 27, 1906
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 Silliman, Cyrus..... Dec. 7, 1905
 Silvernail, (Mrs.) John P..... Jan. 11, 1906
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 Simmons, Joseph..... Oct. 12, 1905
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 Sitzler, Ellen Nov. 30, 1905
 Sitzler, Elmer..... Nov. 30, 1905
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 Smith, Aaron (b.1820)..... Jan. 4, 1906
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 Smith, Elizabeth (Betsey).....Jan. 3, 1907
 Smith, Friend W.Dec. 7, 1905
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 Smith, Margaret.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Smith, Moses P.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Smith, OrrenJul. 27, 1905
 Smith, ReedJan. 4, 1906
 Smith, Samuel.....Jul. 13, 1905
 Smith, Samuel..... Oct. 5, 1905
 Smith, Samuel.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Smith, Thomas.....Jul. 6, 1905
 Smith, Thomas.....Jan. 3, 1907
 Smith, William C. (Rev.).....Jan. 3, 1907
 Smith, Wm. C. (Rev.).....Sep. 7, 1905
 Smith, Wm. C. (Rev.).....Sep. 14, 1905
 Smith, Wm. C. (Rev.).....Sep. 21, 1905
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 Spickerman, Erving.....Feb. 22, 1906
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 Spring, Miranda.....Feb. 22, 1906
 Spring, O. J.....Dec. 21, 1905
 Spring, Olney J.....Aug. 10, 1905
 Spring, Sarah C.....Feb. 22, 1906
 Spring, Willard.....Feb. 22, 1906
 Stanton, Allen.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, Betsy.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, DanielDec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, Elizabeth.....Dec. 14, 1905
 Stanton, Freeman.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, GilesDec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, HannahDec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, JohnDec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, Jonathan.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, Joshua.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, MaryDec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, MaryDec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, Pheobe.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Stanton, RebeccaDec. 27, 1906
 Stephens, Phoeba..... Oct. 12, 1905
 Stewart, Charles.....Jul. 6, 1905
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 Stewart, JohnOct. 19, 1905
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 Strong, Sylvester S.Mar. 8, 1906
 Stubrack, Henrich.....Jun. 8, 1905
 Sunderland, (Judge)..... Nov. 2, 1905
 Sunderland, (Miss) Nov. 2, 1905
 Sutherland, (Judge)..... Sep. 21, 1905
 Sutherland, Addie L. Nov. 16, 1905

 Taylor, John.....Jan. 11, 1906
 Taylor, John.....Mar. 1, 1906
 Taylor, Lima M.Nov. 9, 1905
 Taylor, W. W.....Mar. 8, 1906
 Tenbroeck, Joseph.....Jan. 18, 1906
 TenEyck, John.....Feb. 1, 1906
 TenEyck, Lena (b.1812).....Feb. 1, 1906
 TenEyck, Maria.....Feb. 1, 1906
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 Tompkins, Joshua.....Jul. 27, 1905
 Tousley, G. G.Mar. 8, 1906
 Traver, Mary.....Nov. 9, 1905
 Truax, Newton.....Nov. 30, 1905
 Tucker, Clark.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Tucker, DorcasDec. 21, 1905
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 Tucker, PerryDec. 27, 1906
 Tucker, SimeonDec. 27, 1906

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 Vail, Adee.....Mar. 8, 1906
 VanBuren, Martin.....Oct. 5, 1905
 VanBuren, Martin.....Dec. 27, 1906
 Vandervoort.....Jul. 13, 1905
 VanDerVoort, BetseyNov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, CatherineDec. 21, 1905
 VanDerVoort, Catherine (b.1818).....Nov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, CorneliusNov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, Elinor Maria (b.1815).....Nov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, Elizabeth (b.1758)Nov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, Elmer Doras (b.1811)Nov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, Fregiff.....Nov. 9, 1905
 Vandervoort, Jacob.....Oct. 12, 1905
 VanDerVoort, Jacob.....Dec. 21, 1905
 VanDerVoort, Jacob (b.1783)Nov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, JamesNov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, John (b.1755).....Nov. 9, 1905
 VanDerVoort, John W (b.1813).....Nov. 9, 1905
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 VanDusen, Cora E. Aug. 31, 1905
 VanDusen, James W..... Mar. 1, 1906
 Vane, Henry (Governor)..... Aug. 3, 1905
 VanGaasbeek, DeWitt C. Mar. 8, 1906
 Vanheusen, J. W. Sep. 21, 1905
 VanPatten, Becca..... Nov. 16, 1905
 VanPatten, Becca..... Nov. 30, 1905
 VanRennsselaer, Stephen (Col.)..... Sep. 7, 1905
 VanSlyke, Mary..... Jan. 3, 1907
 VanTuyl, LeGrand..... Apr. 12, 1906
 VanVoriss, Hannah Nov. 16, 1905
 Velae, J. Nov. 16, 1905
 Velea, M. Nov. 16, 1905
 Velea, P. A..... Nov. 16, 1905
 Velea, R. Nov. 16, 1905
 Velee, Mindred Nov. 16, 1905
 Veley, C..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Veley, I. Nov. 23, 1905
 Veley, Jay Nov. 30, 1905
 Veley, M. E..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Veley, M. M. Sep. 21, 1905
 Veley, P. A. Nov. 23, 1905
 Veley, R. Nov. 23, 1905
 Velley, James..... Jun. 29, 1905
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 Vernor, Martha (b.1769) Jan. 11, 1906
 Vosburgh, John..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Vraman, Thos. Nov. 16, 1905
 Vroman Jul. 13, 1905
 Vroman Oct. 12, 1905
 Vroman Mar. 22, 1906
 Vroman Family..... Mar. 15, 1906
 Vroman, Albert..... Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Andrew Sep. 7, 1905
 Vroman, Andrew Nov. 16, 1905
 Vroman, Betsey Sep. 14, 1905
 Vroman, C. Nov. 23, 1905
 Vroman, Calvin Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Catharine Apr. 5, 1906
 Vroman, Charles..... Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Charles L. Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Charles L. Dec. 28, 1905
 Vroman, Cornelius Apr. 12, 1906
 Vroman, J. Nov. 23, 1905
 Vroman, J. A. Nov. 23, 1905
 Vroman, J. B..... Sep. 21, 1905
 Vroman, J. W..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Vroman, James Oct. 12, 1905
 Vroman, James A. Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, James P. Oct. 12, 1905
 Vroman, Jesse O..... Nov. 30, 1905

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Vroman, John Nov. 2, 1905
 Vroman, John B..... Jul. 27, 1905
 Vroman, John B..... Sep. 7, 1905
 Vroman, John B..... Sep. 14, 1905
 Vroman, John B..... Oct. 12, 1905
 Vroman, John B..... Jan. 18, 1906
 Vroman, John B..... Feb. 15, 1906
 Vroman, John B..... Mar. 8, 1906
 Vroman, John B. (Capt.) Jun. 29, 1905
 Vroman, John B. (Capt.) Jul. 6, 1905
 Vroman, John W. Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Julia A. Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, L. F. Nov. 23, 1905
 Vroman, Martin Apr. 12, 1906
 Vroman, Peter..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Vroman, Peter..... Feb. 22, 1906
 Vroman, Phebe Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Phebe Jane Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Spencer Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, Stephen Nov. 9, 1905
 Vroman, Stephen Feb. 22, 1906
 Vroman, Thomas Jun. 29, 1905
 Vroman, Thomas Jul. 27, 1905
 Vroman, Thomas Nov. 16, 1905
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 Vroman, William..... Jun. 29, 1905
 Vroman, William..... Jul. 27, 1905
 Vroman, William..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Vroman, William..... Nov. 30, 1905
 Vroman, William..... Jan. 4, 1906
 Vroman, William..... Apr. 12, 1906
 Vroman, Wm. Nov. 23, 1905
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 Wales, C. Nov. 23, 1905
 Wallace, Catherine Jane Nov. 9, 1905
 Wallace, Clara Aug. 17, 1905
 Wallace, Clara Nov. 2, 1905
 Wallace, George Nov. 2, 1905
 Wallace, Henry Aug. 17, 1905
 Wallace, Henry Nov. 2, 1905
 Wallace, Kathryn Jane..... Aug. 17, 1905
 Wallace, Lucinda..... Nov. 2, 1905
 Wallace, William J. Feb. 22, 1906
 Warner Oct. 19, 1905
 Warner Mar. 22, 1906
 Warner, Alvah Feb. 15, 1906
 Warner, Alvah Jul. 6, 1905
 Warner, Alvah Jan. 3, 1907
 Warner, Alvah (b.1832) Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, C. Nov. 23, 1905
 Warner, Catrina Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, Christian Apr. 5, 1906
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 Warner, Daniel Jan. 3, 1907
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 Warner, David Feb. 1, 1906
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 Warner, Elzina..... Feb. 15, 1906
 Warner, Elzina..... Apr. 5, 1906
 Warner, Elzina (b.1835) Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, H. Nov. 23, 1905
 Warner, Harvey Nov. 30, 1905
 Warner, Harvey Feb. 15, 1906
 Warner, Harvey Apr. 5, 1906
 Warner, Harvey J..... Feb. 8, 1906
 Warner, Harvey James (b.1847)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, I..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Warner, Joel..... Jul. 6, 1905
 Warner, Joel..... Apr. 5, 1906
 Warner, Joel (Rev.) Feb. 15, 1906
 Warner, Joel (Rev.) Feb. 22, 1906
 Warner, Joel (Rev.) Mar. 8, 1906
 Warner, Joel (Rev.) Apr. 5, 1906
 Warner, Joel (Rev.) Dec. 27, 1906
 Warner, Joel (Rev.) (b.1838)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, John Henry (b.1830)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, John Henry (d.1865)..... Feb. 15, 1906
 Warner, John J..... Jul. 6, 1905
 Warner, John J..... Sep. 21, 1905
 Warner, John J..... Nov. 16, 1905
 Warner, John J..... Mar. 8, 1906
 Warner, John J..... Jan. 3, 1907
 Warner, John Jacob Feb. 15, 1906
 Warner, John Jacob (b.1806)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, John or Johannes Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, L..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Warner, Laney Jan. 3, 1907
 Warner, Lorena..... Nov. 30, 1905
 Warner, Lorena..... Apr. 5, 1906
 Warner, Lorena Elizabeth (b.1845)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, M. Nov. 23, 1905
 Warner, Mary A. Jan. 3, 1907
 Warner, Mary Ann (b.1851)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, Milo Nov. 30, 1905
 Warner, Milo Mar. 29, 1906
 Warner, Milo Apr. 5, 1906
 Warner, Milo C. (b.1843)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, Minard Jan. 3, 1907
 Warner, Minard (b.1840)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, Sarah Ann Apr. 5, 1906
 Warner, Sarah Ann (b.1851) Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, Seneca..... Jan. 3, 1907
 Warner, Seneca (b.1833)..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Warner, Seth..... Feb. 1, 1906
 Washburn, Sanford..... Mar. 8, 1906
 Welch, George..... Nov. 9, 1905
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Wellman, John..... Oct. 12, 1905
 Wells, Jason..... Mar. 8, 1906
 Wescott, Amy..... Dec. 27, 1906
 Westheimer Brothers..... Apr. 12, 1906
 White, C. E. (Rev.)..... Dec. 7, 1905
 White, J..... Jul. 27, 1905
 Whiting..... Jul. 13, 1905
 Whiting..... Feb. 22, 1906
 Whittier, John G. Aug. 10, 1905
 Wicham Aug. 17, 1905
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 Wilber, (Miss) Feb. 22, 1906
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 Wilcox, Frank W. Jan. 18, 1906
 Wild, Robert Nov. 9, 1905
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 Wixon, C. F. Mar. 8, 1906
 Wood Jul. 13, 1905
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 Wood Brothers Apr. 12, 1906
 Wood, A. A. (Dr.) Feb. 22, 1906
 Wood, Abigail Louisa (b.1827)..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Albert..... Feb. 22, 1906
 Wood, Albert Jacob (b.1830)..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Alfred A. (b.1825)..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Alice M..... Nov. 16, 1905
 Wood, Betsey Dec. 7, 1905
 Wood, Betsey Jan. 4, 1906
 Wood, Bradley Oct. 5, 1905
 Wood, C. Nov. 16, 1905
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 Wood, Clarissa Jul. 6, 1905
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 Wood, Cornelia Jul. 6, 1905
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 Wood, Edward..... Jul. 27, 1905
 Wood, Edward..... Sep. 21, 1905
 Wood, Edward..... Oct. 12, 1905
 Wood, Edward..... Nov. 16, 1905
 Wood, Edward (b.1791)..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Edward P. (b.1832)..... Nov. 9, 1905
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 Wood, Hannah.....Jul. 6, 1905
 Wood, Hannah Jane (b.1823)..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Harry.....Jul. 6, 1905
 Wood, Harry..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Henry Nov. 16, 1905
 Wood, Henry Nov. 30, 1905
 Wood, Henry Jan. 3, 1907
 Wood, Henry, 2d. Sep. 21, 1905
 Wood, Hepsy Jan. 4, 1906
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 Wood, Horace..... Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Horace..... Nov. 16, 1905
 Wood, Horace (b.1800).....Jan. 3, 1907
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 Wood, J. J. M..... Oct. 19, 1905
 Wood, J. M.Jul. 6, 1905
 Wood, J. M. Nov. 23, 1905
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 Wood, John..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Wood, John..... Nov. 30, 1905
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 Wood, Leila Nov. 16, 1905
 Wood, M..... Nov. 23, 1905
 Wood, M. S.Jul. 6, 1905
 Wood, Manda Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Margaret..... Feb. 22, 1906
 Wood, Margaret A. (b.1834) Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Mary.....Jul. 6, 1905
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 Wood, MiloJul. 20, 1905
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 Wood, Milo Nov. 9, 1905
 Wood, Milo Jan. 4, 1906
 Wood, Milo Jan. 3, 1907
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 Wright, Daniel I..... Dec. 7, 1905
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INTRODUCTION

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
November 17, 1904

A NEW PUBLICATION

PROF. ALBERT C. MAYHAM INTRODUCES NEW IDEAS

Has Just Published a "Topical Outline in U.S. History"

**Prof. Mayham a Former Jefferson Man
Now One of the Leading Educators in New York State**

The Binghamton Press of Nov. 12, contains the following:

Albert C. Mayham, principal of the Killawog Union School, has just published a "Topical Outline in U.S. History," which possessed some unique features and seems admirably adapted to general class work or individual study. Mr. Mayham graduated from the New Paltz State Normal school in '94 and his book is the outgrowth of 10 years experience in teaching. It was developed especially for his regular classes preparing for regents, and for his classes in the Cortland Summer school, where he has taught for several years, and was used in manuscript with large classes there, with students preparing for uniform and state certificates. Himself an enthusiast, he has worked out an original Methodism handling what students are apt to regard a hard and dry subject and one difficult to pass in the rigid examinations. There is, however, always something doing in his classes and his students are successful, as many in this city and county testify.

While Mr. Mayham's book is designed for the class room, its arrangement makes it especially valuable for reference, and it made delightfully well, as shown by the following extract from the preface:

HISTORY A STORY

"History is a story. It is the life of a people. The old way of preserving history was by one person telling another; father to son and son to their sons, from generation to generation. Now we print the story and keep it on the bookshelves instead of in the minds of men. If history has a value in citizen making, it is what one knows that counts. The subject should be taught and learned in narration. Facts and events alone are of no importance. Cause and sequence are everything.

"Study history in a story. Begin at home, Grandfather it may be, fought in the Civil War, his father in the war with Mexico; so on back through the War of 1812 and the Revolution against England and the earlier struggles with the mother country against the French and Indians. Often the whole story of American history in family tradition - the ancestral flight from England; settlement in Massachusetts wilderness; emigration to Rhode Island or Connecticut; taking up new lands in New York; passing the gateways of the Alleghenies to Ohio and the great west. Always some left to perpetuate the family name in each locality; always some pushing on to the land of promise, opportunity, reward.

INTRODUCTION

EARLY PIONEERS

"How came the pioneers into Broome and Cortland? Up the Connecticut, over the Litchfield Hills, from the summits of which the Catskills may be seen beyond the Hudson; through Canaan, across the Dutch farms in Columbia county to the great Indian trail on the North river at the mouth of the Catskill creek, up and over to the Schoharie, down to the West Kill, up to the Summit Lake, thence to the Charlotte Valley, into the Susquehanna, and up the Chenango and the Tioughnoiga.

"Seek first to know the every day life of the people-their homes, occupations, progress. Look beneath the surface of what is popularly known as history, to the soil from whence it issues. The woodchoppers who founded homes in the wilderness, clearing their rough acres with the axe and the charcoal pit, were nation builders quite as much as the statesmen and the warriors. Patriotism is love of home. History starts at the hearthstone."

Mr. Mayham has a series of lectures of American history, which he has delivered in courses with some of the best speakers in this part of the state. He has done considerable institute work and was president of the Broome County Teachers' Association last year.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
April 13, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"A good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains,
and depths that spring out of valley and hills;
A land of wheat and barley ... and honey;
A land where in thou shalt eat bread without scarceness,
thou shalt not lack anything in it."
- DEUT. VIII. 7-9.

In that part of New York where the Catskills break away in the north into rugged hills, there extends a bold and picturesque region through which the Schoharie has worn a narrow valley on its way to join the Mohawk in its course to the Hudson and the sea. Here, too, the Delaware takes its rise and the Charlotte runs westward into the Susquehanna. Though distinctively a highland, it is the beginning of the break in the Appalachian plateau through which a gateway opens to the west for the traffic of the continent. Though thus thrust out into the very center of the State's great thoroughfare, where the progress of more than three centuries has swept its base, it has been slow to take on the life flowing around it.

A few sturdy Germans made their way up the valley and established feeble settlements prior to the Revolution but were nearly all killed or driven out during the war. Some years later, emigrants began to come in out of New England, chiefly from Rhode Island and Connecticut. They made their way over the Litchfield Hills, from the summits of which the Catskills may be seen beyond the Hudson, through Canaan, across the Dutch farms in Columbia county to the great Indian trail on the North River at the mouth of Catskill Creek, up and over to the Schoharie, down which the weary oxen found an easier grade to the new home now not far away. A few Dutch families joined the Yankee train, and here too came an occasional Scotch-Irish immigrant. These hardy pioneers pushed the work of denudation vigorously, building rude homes and clearing farms everywhere. Three generations were born upon the soil. The first earned a competency, the second spent it, the third fled. Before the exodus, the lingering of early customs gave the country much of that primitive setting found where a rigorous climate, a hard soil, and distance from cities, make a livelihood the only promise of good husbandry.

Where the mountains send out their boldest spurs into Schoharie County, there is an eminence two miles broad by four in length, having an elevation of 2,000 feet, known as Blenheim Hill. Steep hillsides render its approach difficult, but once on the summit, the surface is comparatively level, the soil arable and well watered by never failing springs. Here the scenery approaches in grandeur anything found in the state. Mill Creek and the Mine Kill flow easterly into the Schoharie, something less than three miles apart and their valleys form the north and the south boundaries, while that of the river is on the east. To the west the limit is political and coincides with the Jefferson town line. This deflects considerably to the east but, regarded as a base, throws the whole eight square miles into a perfect rectangle, through which the town line between Blenheim and Gilboa extends longitudinally, the former town holding two-thirds of the area. The surrounding regions are everywhere deeply cut and furrowed by the streams, held back at times and broadened into small lakes, and again dashing over ledges in cascades and waterfalls. Potter Hill stands out prominently on the west from which runs a mountainous semicircle, - Mine Hill, Bald Mountain, Utsayantha, five miles away and 3,213 feet high, McGregor, Round Top, far to the south, Hunterfield Mountain the southeast, and High Knob, eleven miles to the east. Beyond these, the distant Catskills melt away in a blue skyline, the clustering peaks of Ashland, Windham, and Jewett,

showing hazy and indistinct, far towards the Hudson.

Rural free delivery, telephones, and tenant farmers, have at last modernized Blenheim Hill, but in its halcyon days, a quarter of a century back, all these were unknown. They were of the dash churn and weekly mail, when every farmer owned his land and the whole community lived in true Arcadian simplicity.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
April 27, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Were you but to come to Salona and see the cabbage which I raise in my garden with my own hands,
you would no longer talk to me of empire."

- DIACIATIAN.

Every community has its boundaries whence neighboring folklore is carried across the border. News disseminated slowly on Blenheim Hill when Hayes was president. It came up from Patchin Hollow with the weekly mail. From Shew, Cornell, Whiting and Darling Hollows, the North Road, the Baptist settlement and the Ridge, it was brought at infrequent and uncertain intervals. Communication with Jefferson and Stamford was more regular, there being scarce a family but visited one or the other village every month.

Foreign occurrences, now and then, were given circulation - tales from the great dairy settlements in Township and Rose Brook, notable events from Bovina and the Betty Brook, haying feats from Roxbury, Trout Brook and Meeker Hollow, heights on the Manor Kill and at Stone Bridge. Rumor had it that every day was Monday in Harpersfield Center and that there was no Sunday in Breakabeen. Gilboa was admitted to be on the map, thugs were said to walk the streets of Cobleskill in broad daylight, politicians inhabited Schoharie and farmers went down into Middleburgh, like Jacob's sons into Egypt, to buy corn. With these places the world came to an end and that citizen was a great traveler who had seen half of them.

The first settlers on Blenheim Hill found no indications of Indian occupancy save a single trail which left the Schoharie at the mouth of the Westkill and crossed diagonally to Utsayantha Lake. It was a connecting link between the Hudson and the Delaware or Susquehanna. The soil had never been cultivated, even after the rude manner known to the Red men. The Indian hunter seldom climbed the steep and almost inaccessible hillsides, broken and irregular, leading to the summit, though a stray warrior sometimes visited the homes of the pioneers and asked for hospitality. For centuries before the advent of the whites, the forest solitudes were disturbed only by the squirrel's tread, the song of birds, or the bark of the fox, with mayhap an occasional deer or bear picking its way through unaccustomed woods.

The traveler today may wander over Blenheim Hill and find frequent, though scarcely discernible traces of a population three times more numerous than that of the present, - depressions overgrown with briars, a cluster of lilacs, a clump of old apple trees, a large flat stone covering a hidden well, a grape vine growing wild upon the ground, a single rose bush - each betokens a habitation. Sometimes the rough wall of an old chimney, a cellar, or even the decaying timbers of a house tell of still later though abandoned homes. Family burial places, long unused, frequently unfenced and overgrown with trees are to be found upon almost every farm. Headstones, where any remain, record family names long since forgotten. Some of these old plots have even been plowed over and leveled ground no longer gives any trace of the graves beneath.

The geology of Blenheim Hill is interesting. During the later Silurian and Devonian times the region lay beneath a shallow, slowly sinking sea over the bottom of which was deposited a coarse sediment to depth of 10,000 feet. Later, perhaps in the early Carboniferous age, then the sea bottom became dry land and eventually highland, the work of denudation began and the strata of durable sandstone, 2,000 feet thick, was carried into mountainous outlines. Then came the glacier, a mile in thickness, sweeping off the soil and loose fragments of rock, grinding them together and deepening the surrounding valleys and scouring the hills. When the ice sheet melted and receded, uncovering the land, a part was left bouldery and clayey, with sand and gravel predominating in places. Now the till sheet is thin with hard pan near the surface. Newly turned loam is distinctively yellow with traces of iron. Many sections, virgin or nearly so, are rich in humus, dark brown or black.

Scarce a century back the whole area was covered with towering hemlocks. These were cut for tan bark, the great trunks burned or left to rot. The second growth was hard wood, maple, oak and beech, with hickory in the open, all giving place, in turn, to white birch and poplar.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
May 11, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Distance was nothing to this people;
time was of no consequence to them.
They desired but a level path to life, and that they had,
though the way was longer,
and the outer world strode by them as they dreamed".
- THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

Twenty-five years ago, the five thousand acres on Blenheim Hill were divided into about thirty farms, each occupied by its owner. All were to the manner born. Elder men were at the head of affairs, directing full-grown sons.

Homes were spacious, comfortable, and well maintained. Wood furnished the only fuel and tallow candles often afforded light. Floors were covered with rag-carpet, excepting the parlor, where haircloth furniture rested on ingrain. There were cord bedsteads, straw-ticks, feather beds and woolen sheets. Frequent quilting made coverings plentiful. The staple foods were the product of the farm. Buckwheat cakes, with maple syrup, were eaten every morning in the year. Canned fruit was for company and there was company most of the time. Milk and honey flowed literally. The family rose a four o'clock in summer and five in winter. A working day was longer than the sunlight. Nine o'clock was bedtime.

Dairying was the sole business. Some farms kept forty cows, several teams, - horses, mules, and oxen; large flocks of sheep were numerous; there was young stock in abundance. Two hundred fifty loads of hay, fifteen hundred bushels of grain, - oats, wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, corn - a thousand bushels of potatoes, were often produced on one farm in a average season. Apple orchards were numerous and the fruit all kept for family use, fed to stock, or made into cider. No hay or grain was ever sold.

Haying began the first of July and lasted until the middle of August. Fully a third of the land was too rough or too wet for a machine and the grass was cut with a hand-scythe. On the smoother meadows a mowing machine was used and the hay gathered in windrows with a horse rake, hand dump. There was no tedder and hay was usually pitched from the windrow. There was not a horse-

fork in the barns. Stacking was rare but hay-barns were numerous and hay was drawn to the stock-barns as needed in winter or fed out of doors.

Every spear of grain fell under the clip of a cradle and was raked and bound by hand. It was all gathered into the barns and thrashed on some of the largest farms not with a machine but by treading out with horses, six or eight at a time. They traveled without driving, round and round the floor, the straw being continually turned and kept in the track. When the grain was out the teams were taken away, the straw raked off, and another flooring put on. The grain was all cleaned in a hand-turned fanning mill. This work went on for weeks and was rarely finished before February. Straw was used for fodder. Grain was drawn several miles to mill to be ground.

Spring was tardy owing to the altitude. Killing frosts came late in May and early in September. There was work the year round, and the season did not always determine its kind. In the interval between seedtime and harvest, there were stone to draw, fences to make, and brush to cut. Fences were of stone, some a rod in width, a new wall being added after each plowing. There was not a foot of wire. Every summer had its fallow. Firewood was all cut with an ax in winter and left to season in the woods. Small wood was cut in sleigh lengths and drawn to the house to be cut up at odd times. A farmer planned on having a hundred cords ahead. Ashes were leached and the lye used in making soap. There was teamwork all winter when the weather would permit. Blizzards were common, deep snows usual and a week's shut in was taken as a matter of course.

The family road wagon was a democrat although there was always a single carriage for special occasions. Farm wagons all had narrow tires. Cultivators and drags were home made, shaped like the letter A, with teeth bolted on or wedged in. Plowing, even breaking sod, was done without wheel or coulter and with only two horses. Corn and potatoes were rarely cultivated, only a plow run twice in the row before hoeing. There were generally no rollers. Repairing was largely done at home with rough tools. Brass rivets mended anything made of leather. A hammer and handsaw did the rest. Any man on the farm could shoe a horse or shingle a barn.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
May 18, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Hidden away in this worn and care-encumbered world,
scarred with its frequent traces of primeval curse,
are spots so quiet and beautiful as to make the fall of man seem incredible,
and awaken in the great of the weary traveler who comes suddenly upon them,
a vague and dear delusion that he has stumbled into Paradise."

- CHARLES FREDERICK GOSS.

There are men and women, some of them white haired, toiling up and down this land, who recall the time, two or three decades ago, when Blenheim Hill was home. They sowed their youth and strength there, and it is not altogether their fault that there was no harvest. Had they loved the land less and their own material interests more, they could have made a better showing.

Dairying was, as has been said, the only industry. The care of stock, including milking, consumed two or three hours, night and morning. In winter the water supply near the barns sometimes failed and then the nearest spring or brook was often a half mile away. When the weather was fair the cattle and sheep would go to drink of their own accord, remaining the greater part of the day in sheltered fields with southern exposure where a foddering of hay was spread upon the snow in single fork-fulls. The hay had always to be scattered so that a cow, while eating, would stand "up

hill." On the larger farms it took a load for feeding. Sometimes the contents of the hay-barn at some distance from the house would be entirely fed out in this manner. The return trip, after a feeding, was rarely made with an empty sleigh. Generally a load of wood was brought home. In severe weather the out-door feeding was dispensed with but the stock had to be taken to water just the same. Many a time, before daylight, with the mercury below zero, a boy would take the horses and mules to water, four at a time, riding on a keen jump.

Cows were generally milked in a yard in summer. The bulk of the butter was made on grass. Milk was kept in large pans, a single pan holding a milking. The dash churn was run by dog power, a horizontal wheel twelve feet in diameter being the track on which the Newfoundland dog traveled. Some farmers used a sheep instead of a dog and even churning by hand was common. Butter was all worked with a wooden ladle, packed in tubs or firkins and generally shipped to commission houses in New York, the entire output of the season sometimes going at one time. Butter money was the one large income of the year. Other sources of revenue were numerous and varied, - wool and lambs, fat cattle, oxen, milch cows, young stock, colts, pigs, pork and poultry. There were good profits and a farm was never without money.

The nearest railroad was the Ulster and Delaware, six miles away. The most used shipping station was Richmondville, on the Delaware and Hudson, twenty miles distant. A trip to the post-office was several miles with a 600 foot grade. The stage ran every other day and mail rarely reached the homes oftener than once a week. All purchases were made at the country stores located in the nearest villages. Holidays were few. Thanksgiving was butchering day and hay was made on the Fourth of July. Libraries were scarce and Webster's dictionary usually the most conspicuous book. Newspapers were numerous, - the New York Sun, Albany Argus, Pomeroy's Democrat, Schoharie Republican, Stamford Mirror, Jeffersonian and Country Gentleman. In some homes the Tribune took the place of the Sun and the Albany Journal that of the Argus. In half the homes could be found a picture of General Grant and family and in the other half Tilden was the political saint and McClellan the war hero. Family prayers were held every morning at some hearths while there were no prayers and no priests at others. Life flowed very much the same in every home. Work was the chief business in all. No man held himself better than his neighbor. The people were intelligent, progressive, given to hospitality, proud of their blood and noted for local patriotism.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle May 25, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

- HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

The glamour which attaches to Blenheim Hill in the days of its rich prosperity must be attributed to the personality of the men and women who, most of them, spent their allotted seventy years upon its soil. They made it their home in the true sense. Their interests all centered there. To them it was the best land the sun shone upon. They were a noble generation, liberal in mind, firm in heart, and proud in the consciousness of right living. Failure came only when their work was

finished. They could not see wherein they builded futile. They all began life with bare hands and all required a substantial property. Families were large. It was in the education of their sons and daughters that they miscalculated. The common school was the pride of their heart. To make common school teachers of their children was their ambition. To earn a dollar a day was the highest wage standard. A term or two at Stamford Seminary, three months study at some Business Institute, or the elementary course at the Albany State Normal School, completed everything that could be desired in the way education. Going to college was no more thought of than a trip to the moon.

A youth, weary of drawing stone on Blenheim Hill, sat down under a tree and resolved to find an easier way of earning a living. A young man, under bi-weekly preaching that never cost over \$400 a year, heard a call to the ministry. A boy, who at eighteen was still studying a spelling book in the district school, conceived the idea of becoming a lawyer. All went out with the same preparation, measured strength with college men, and failed. Times had changed since Lincoln split rails and Garfield drove mules on the canal. The education of the fathers suited their day and their condition; that of the sons was inadequate.

The farmers of Blenheim Hill, during the years immediately following the Civil War, developed their five thousand acres to the point of diminishing returns, improved their homes, bought machinery, and put money at interest. There was not an intemperate man among them - something remarkable for a whole community. Well established, with growing sons and daughters about them, living within their means, not given to speculation, they withstood, for a decade, the hard times that set in with Grant's second term. Not until the elder men died and homesteads were divided was it revealed how little remained where plenty had appeared. Heirs who anticipated their patrimony were paid off in their own notes. Men accounted rich bequeathed farms to their sons and left them in debt. Estates melted away; homes were broken; children scattered; family names became extinct in the neighborhood. Boys and girls with the right to a good start in life never saw a dollar of inheritance.

The men who prospered on Blenheim Hill began in the clearings when the woods came to the door step and rye grew taller than the blackened stumps, their grandchildren when out from a fair country - empty. The social and economic history of the last quarter of a century has not yet been written. No fair-minded man will compare it with any previous period. The industrial world has made exceptional demands upon manual labor and children of the exodus have been drawn into the maelstrom. The factories, the transportation systems, the commercial lines, have taken these young people very largely. Under entirely new conditions, with identity lost and with no interest beyond the weekly paycheck, they are working out anew the problems of life.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
June 1, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate,
envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm,
and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."

- SHAKESPEARE.

Hired men on Blenheim Hill twenty-five years ago worked by the season, ate with the family, and put their wages at interest. In the winter they taught school, cut cord-wood or attended Stamford Seminary. Those who had settled down to working out as a life occupation were often employed by the year. Day help was migratory, hands drifting in from the river country after the

corn was planted and the hops tied, returning to the low lands in time for the wheat harvest and hop-picking. They seldom came back in winter to cut wood for the cold was greater than in the valley and the lack of the tavern with its social cheer was a hardship.

One hand, a resident and household and father of a family, probably worked on every acre of the five thousand during his long life. He always rented a house and garden, kept a cow and a horse, and raised his own pork and poultry. He lived to be seventy-five and his period of service covered sixty years. His pace was slow, but sixteen hours is a long working day. When weariness rested heaviest, in the middle of the week, he would say: "I wish it was Saturday afternoon and supper dishes on the table. He knew the full history of every person in the community. He could give complete details concerning every event of local note from time immemorial. His was the best version of the cold spring tragedy when a pair of stags went down and were never recovered. He was authority on the great snowstorm when the little gray mare Nance walked the stone walls. He remembered all the horses raised since the Mexican war, oxen that bore the yoke in Filmore's time and cows long since gone beyond the milky way.

Another farm hand, who worked on Blenheim Hill at intervals for many years, came from somewhere about the Head-the-river. He was a bachelor, middle-aged, honest, steady, industrious, temperate, frugal. He saved his money and had a snug sum in the bank. He was clean in habit, particularly in dress, and always wore a good hat, - in summer a Panama. The only time he was heard to swear was once when training a fractious calf in the art of drinking milk from a pail. His hat fell off and the calf stepped into it.

Among the many good men who worked for the farmers on Blenheim Hill back in the golden age, one in the eyes of the inhabitants was a veritable Marco Polo. He was a sailor, a native of New England, who had been all over the world. He made port but once a year and remained only through haying. He was past fifty, of wiry build and equal to his lot row at all times. Turning grindstone when a boy for two men to bear on at a time was the reason he assigned for becoming a sailor. He was a ready talker and never tired in describing the lands, which he had visited. Every Sunday he bathed and washed his clothes, going to the nearest pond for the purpose.

On the eastern verge of Blenheim Hill where the road drops suddenly 600 feet to the mile, there stood in by-gone days two log houses tenanted by families with a numerous progeny. Here dwelt a man of unique personality, long a familiar figure. He was nominally a shingle shaver but could turn his hand at anything. Intemperance was his besetting sin and profanity his accomplishment. He talked incessantly, was possessed of great native wit, and would have a successful pleader had he been educated to the law. He was given to changing his habitation and occupation at different times several tenements, working for nearly every farmer in the community. In his latter days he was converted during a revival held in the brimstone church and his ready tongue now stood him in ready service for his prayers and testimonies were loud and long.

The memory of these hired men, and many others, is linked inseparably with the history of the days when farmhands were afield at sunrise on the longest days in June.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
June 8, 1905

COUNTRY CHURCHES

SCHOHARIE MAN RECALLS INTERESTING FACTS.

Relative to Houses of Worship at West Fulton and Schoharie
- Fultonham Has the Best Attended Country Church in the State.

Historical articles are always interesting. The series of articles now appearing in this paper under the caption of Blenheim Hill are being read with much interest by readers of the Courier. Last week's Cobleskill Times contained an article about "Country Churches," which we give to our readers below. We would like to publish an article in regard to the church history of the town of Jefferson. Who will write it?

The article on "Country Churches" is signed "Schoharie Valley" and is as follows:

Speaking of churches there are occasionally some odd and yet most appropriate ideas that are developed in connection with them.

Something like three-quarters of a century ago Garrett Smith, then a young man and a carpenter by trade, built for the people of West Fulton in Schoharie county, a church, and because of the fact that the village is located in a deep valley and entirely surrounded by mountains, Smith instead of building the steeple on the roof of the church, where all steeples are usually built, placed the steeple about 600 feet above the church on the mountain directly in the rear of the edifice. When looked at from the mountain to the east the church had the appearance of having a tremendous high steeple. When you stood on the mountains to the north or south you could then see that the steeple stood about 40 feet out of line from the rear of the church. There are many who will recollect seeing the steeple standing on the mountain 600 feet above the church roof some 30 or 40 years ago. Smith's idea was that owing to the deep valley in which West Fulton is located, the steeple on the roof of the church could not be seen for any distance but standing on the mountain top proclaimed its existence for miles in every direction. Long before the elements had destroyed this mountain top steeple the originator and builder of it, Garrett Smith, had won a national and international fame as an Abolitionist and had written his name indelibly on the page of history alongside of Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Abraham Lincoln, the poet Whittier and a host of others who formed the advance guard or that marching legion whose Shibboleth was:

"We shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won."

It is said that in certain West Fulton homes photographs of the famous mountain-steepled church may yet be found.

Nearly 200 years ago (1707) when the valley of the Schoharie was first settled the Hollanders who formed the major part of the six or seven hundred emigrants, were imbued with strong religious ideas and about one of the first things they did was to build a church which was located on the high ground about 400 feet east of the present court house in Schoharie village, where the Lutheran cemetery is now located. This church was built from stone from the quarries less than 100 feet in the rear of it. The most of the stone were large blocks two or three feet square, and carved into these

blocks of stone were the names of the members of the church. Surely these old settlers are not to be blamed for doing so, for Pope, the poet, had not written his moral essays yet, in one of which he says:

"Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

This stone church served the purpose of its worshipers until the year 1796 when it was torn down and a new brick church was built, not on the old site but about 400 yards to the west, the church built then being the present St. Paul's Lutheran church of Schoharie. The leading members of the old stone church whose names had been carved in the blocks of stone brought those blocks of stone and placed them in the foundation walls of the present church under the brick work and there you can read those names today as clear and distinct after nearly two centuries of exposure to the elements, as though they had been carved but a year ago. This fact demonstrates the lasting and durable qualities of the stone of which this county has billions of yards. At the south side of the church every foundation stone has a name carved on it but this side being the entrance to the church it has been filled in of late years as high as the brick mark and the names cut on these stones are like their owners, under the ground. We give a half dozen of the thirty or more names that are carved on the Main street side of the church. Johannes Lawyer, Hugus, Diaconis and Conditer, Ecclesjae Fund D 14 May, 1750. Consum 1751. Translated into English the above would read John Lawyer, deacon and builder of the church. Began 14 May 1750. Finished 1751. John Schuyler, V.D.M. What the V.D.M. stands for we do not know. Phillip Berg, Henrich Stubrack, Margareta Ingolt, Jacob Friedorich Lawyer, Johanns Kniskern, Ludwig, Rickert, Jost Borst, Maria Sommer, Henrich Schafer 1750.

We imagine that in those early days there were not tombstones or monuments in the cemeteries as there are at present and these people took this way to hand down their names to posterity. Perhaps Cobleskill or Middleburgh or Schoharie, each with three or four large churches, would have not spare room if everybody went, but the trouble is everybody don't go and the result is that one church each would be sufficient in any of the towns above mentioned and furnish a seat for all who attend on the average Sunday. But these places are not the exception, it is so everywhere. For some unexplained reason the large majority of people prefer to remain away from church. We all go to circuses and fairs and pay for the privilege but we get inside of a church occasionally at a funeral or a festival. Do you know that there are exceptions in all cases? We have one in this case, and that is the church at Fultonham, above Middleburgh. That is the best attended church in the county or state. They call it the Union church. Union, see, not Methodist or Baptist or Lutheran or Reformed or Catholic, but Union. Certainly Thomas Jefferson was all wrong when he wrote: "What's in a name! That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

That might apply to roses but not to church names. Change the name of this little church at Fultonham to any one of the above names and see how quickly this church will lose its reputation of being the best filled church in the state, not only on special occasions but also on the average Sunday.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
June 15, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Though I'm now in young days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me."
- School reward card.

Blenheim Hill was anciently divided into three school districts known, respectively, as the Wood, the Church, and the Peaslee district. The first two were consolidated some twenty or more years ago. The last was always the largest. The buildings were the typical, rectangular red wooden structures still to be found along the highways throughout Schoharie county and two of them are used to this day. The seats and desks were constructed with the building and were all fantastically carved two generations back. A small table served as teacher's desk, a single wood-bottom chair completed the furniture and Webster's Dictionary constituted the library. The stove was fashioned on precisely the same lines as the building itself and would take two-foot wood. There were long, low, movable benches placed on either side of the stove in winter where the boys sat close and roasted, the cheer of companionship there being one of the coveted enjoyments of the day. There were no maps on the wall and no curtains at the windows. Blackboard space was limited to a few square feet, chalk was bought in lumps and the teacher made erasers out of sheepskin. The teacher built the fires and the big girls took turns at sweeping the schoolroom. Instead of Arbor Day, the first Friday in May was set apart to clean the schoolhouse. Everybody brought mops and brooms and pails and kettles. The boys carried water and the girls scrubbed and the school-ma'm gave directions, working the while with skirts pinned up and sleeves rolled to the elbows. It was the only day in the year that the floor or desks ever saw water.

Twenty-eight weeks constituted the school year and the time was divided equally between the seasons. The winter term generally began on the Monday following election; the summer session always opened on the first Monday in May. A man taught in winter and a woman in summer. Both boarded around. Public money sometimes paid the expenses of the year and that, too, when the teacher's quota was only \$100. Wages came in a single order at the end of the year. There were children less than four years of age in attendance in July. Young men who were voters were on the roll in January. Nothing beyond the common branches was ever attempted and scholarship was measured by ability to spell down the school. All pupils went bare-footed in summer, misses of sixteen among the number. The teacher wore a gingham sunbonnet and a calico dress. The farmers' sons and hired men were rival candidates for her smiles if she chanced to be attractive. She encouraged them to make love to her at night and took her turn making love to the lads in school during the day.

The routine was the same, no matter who was the teacher. There was seldom anything in the way of opening exercises, for the idea of complete separation of church and state held sway. Morning and noon the first thing after school called, two boys went after water. The privilege was coveted and there was strife to attain it. Next in point of desirability was the right to pass the water. The smaller children were accorded this share of the public service. There was a strict code to be observed - teacher must drink first, the girls next, and the boys last. All used the same tin dipper which was generally rusty and leaked.

Every boy had a new pair of boots on the first day of school in the fall. It was a momentous question whether or not the leather was spongy and the counters on the outside, but the matter of books to be studied was never up for discussion.

The last day of school was a gala occasion. There were seldom exercises of any kind, the regular program being carried out, but discipline was relaxed, the teacher and the big girls cried, and every one felt that something unusual was happening. Generally "Reward of Merit" cards were distributed, containing verses like the following:

"Cross words and angry names require
To be chastised at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother fool."

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
June 22, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"There has probably never existed, in any age or at any spot on the earth's surface,
a group of people that did not take for granted its own preeminent excellence."

- JOHN FISKE.

As you go towards South Jefferson from Blenheim Hill, and just before you reach the Baptist church, there is an old cemetery on the right. Here among the neglected, unmarked, and grass covered graves is one where sleeps an honest Irishman. He and his good wife came to America about 1790. Wearing green on his cape, he used to say, was what brought him to this country. There was also a bit of superstition connected with his coming. One morning he saw a cock fly upon a stile, clap its wings, crow, and fall dead. This omen decided his leaving Ireland.

It was in the days of sailing vessels. The ship was caught in a violent storm, disabled, and drifted six weeks out of her course. The passengers and crew came near starving. The young wife of the Irish immigrant gave birth to her first child, a boy, during the voyage. She carried in her chest a half-bushel of barley, for seed in the new land. This she doled out in hand-fulls to her husband day by day and ate herself.

This couple settled on Blenheim Hill at its highest point, near the present Jefferson town line. Here they reared a large family. After a long life, surrounded by stalwart sons, having good will of men and at peace with God, when this Irishman came to die an incident occurred which is the key his whole character. It was winter and nighttime. He was told he would not live until morning. Calling his sons to his bedside, he bade one of them saddle a horse, ride over to Blenheim Ridge, now South Gilboa, and pay a debt of six shillings. In vain the family protested that the trifling obligation could be settled later. The old man refused to die until he was square with the world. He directed that the money be taken from his pocket and given to a son. The journey was made and payment effected that night. When the boy returned, the family gathered about the bedside and an honest soul took its flight to the land of the leal.

Almost every family on Blenheim Hill, however, was of New England ancestry with Puritan vitality and energy. Cromwell would have been proud of them. Their lineage is traced direct to the days of Winthrop and Hooker and Roger Williams, when men fought the King and fled to America. The last emigrant from the East came soon after the Civil War. He was Rhode Island born and Boston bred, - a strong Abolitionist. In the quest of a farm he wanted every adjoining landowner a

Republican, and he found what he was looking for. He lived in perfect amity with his Democratic neighbors as well but the Puritan in him called for radicalism. He was clerk of the Peaslee school district for many years and kept the minutes with all the care that Governor Bradford used in his history of Plymouth Plantations.

There was no home in all the neighborhood where a visitor was more welcome or could have a better time. Culture and simplicity were there. What a privilege it was to a lad to be permitted to spend a day there! The good things to eat, the music, organ and violin, the congeniality, made such occasions joyous.

This farm was typical of the earliest days of the Republic. There was one other like it on Blenheim Hill. An ox team did the work on each. A hand-scythe cut the hay. Here were two farmers, lords of their estates, doing their own work and living comfortably upon the resources of their land. Their wants were supplied; they were happy and contented. There were blessed with ease and independence in full measure. Both farms are abandoned and desolate now, like many another in the locality. Men are not long willing to live simply and have abundance. Present times are altogether new. It is a question whether they are altogether better.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
June 29, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."
- THOMAS GRAY.

From the iron bridge over the West Kill creek in the upper village at North Blenheim, at the point where it mingles its turbulent waters with the Schoharie, to the eastern verge of the Blenheim Hill plateau, the distance, as the crow flies, is one and one-third miles, and the difference in elevation is a thousand feet. From the Summit the road runs diagonally and westerly to Welch's Corners, something over four miles.

The first farm on this road is the old Pierce place. Sixty years ago its owner was Benoni Pierce. His wife was Betsy Davis. They came from Connecticut and had nine children, now all dead. She was married at 15 and lived to be 93. Both are buried on the farm. Their youngest son, Electus, succeeded to the ownership of the farm. He married a daughter of Milo Wood and had 13 children, all now living. Electus Pierce died about thirty years ago.

Next is the Kenyon farm. Here lived, sixty years ago, Benjamin Kenyon. His wife was Susan Hall. They came from Rhode Island and had one son, Hezekiah, who married Harriet Bailey and reared a large family on the old homestead.

William Perry lived next. He went to Wisconsin in 1851, and Lyman Perry moved on the farm and lived there many years. John Perry lived a short distance west. The house, which is now gone, was occupied a long time by Perry Effner. The Perry family came from Rhode Island.

A little beyond, on the right side of the road and back some thirty rods from the highway, is a house where Wm. Clark lived in the day's agone. He died about 1851. Maxon Kenyon of Rhode Island bought the farm and lived there many years.

A small red schoolhouse, erected in 1852 by J. R. Hubbell, stands on the left. This has been known for years as the Peaslee schoolhouse and the time was when 60 children attended there. On

the right, a few rods further, is where lived Christopher and Levi Decker, brothers, who went to Wisconsin. Isaac Peaslee bought the farm about 1860 and occupied it for thirty years. He possessed more energy than any other man in a community noted for energetic people. He was a tireless worker and spent thousands of dollars in the improvement of his farm. If any man ever deserved to be successful, he did. He now lives in California.

Farther on lived George Champlin and later George Monfort. The next place was occupied by Lyman Root, a shoemaker, who lost an arm by the explosion of a gun at Jefferson on the occasion of a general training. He moved to Wisconsin and was followed by James Velley who gave way to Joseph Peaslee. The farm is now owned and occupied by Clyde O. Peaslee.

The next structure is the Blenheim Hill church, built in 1855 by Alonzo Morehouse on the site of the old Brimstone Meeting House, the earliest place of worship in all the country, built largely through the efforts of Thomas Peaslee, a local Methodist preacher. It had the old-fashioned high box pulpit and no stove. It took its name from its color outside and the hell, fire, and brimstone dispensed within. Beyond the church is a schoolhouse.

William Vroman lives on the next farm. This, and the Clyde Peaslee farm, are the only two on the road not occupied by tenants or vacant. Capt. John B. Vroman lived here years ago, William Vroman next west, and Thomas Vroman on the last farm towards Welch's Corners.

Four farms on this road and several others on Blenheim Hill are now owned by Dr. R. Hubbell of Jefferson, a grandson of Benoni Pierce. This community claims him, for he came here at five years of age and grew to manhood here. Today he owns more land on Blenheim Hill than any other man.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
July 6, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"At midnight I have heard the owl hoot in the Coliseum and the Forum, giving voice to desolation;
and at mid-day I have seen the fox in the palace where Augustus gathered the wealth,
the wit, the beauty, and the wisdom of a conquered world."

- THEODORE PARKER.

The State of New York owns a farm on Blenheim Hill. The old Maham homestead, tenantless, abandoned, bare, has reverted to the Commonwealth. The farm is situated in the southwest corner of the town of Blenheim, 2300 feet above tide. A grass-grown highway leads from the old Capt. Vroman place over the backbone to the north road. In the early day several protestant Irish immigrants settled here. - Henry Maham, Henry Creighton, and a man named Elliot. On this road also lived Thomas Smith. Henry Maham had eight sons, William, John, Cornelius, Henry, Thomas, Stephen, Charles, and James. Stephen was the first man in the town to lease a farm of Chancellor Lansing. It was Charles Stewart farm on the north road.

From near the church another road runs nearly parallel to the first, but through a valley to the north road. It has but one house, the John Wood residence. The Wood homestead, now owned by J. M. and C. A. Wood, is the last place on the south side of Blenheim Hill on the road leading from the main east and west road to Cornell Hollow. Earnest Wood resides on the next farm, the last in the town of Gilboa on that road.

Japhet Wood was born in England in 1768. At an early age, in company with two brothers, he came to America. In New York the brothers became separated, and Japhet, unable to find the others, went to North Egremont, Berkshire County, Mass., where he settled. He married and in the

year 1814 came with his family to Blenheim Hill. The children were: Rachel, Edward, Mary, Cornelia, Clarissa, Horace, Milo, Harry and Hannah. The third son, Milo, born in North Egremont, March 17, 1803, came with his father to Blenheim Hill when eleven years of age. In 1824 he married Elizabeth Cornell. He went into the forest, cleared a few acres of land and built a house on the farm just west of the homestead and now owned by a son, M. S. Wood, of Stamford. Here the young couple set up their home and lived until 1850 when they moved to the farm which, by virtue of more half a century of occupancy by the family has become known as the Wood homestead. This is one of the few old families that remains and prospers. The present representatives are all successful farmers and businessmen.

On the road leading from the church south to Cornell Hollow is the old Dr. Cornell farm. In the days when the Brimstone Meeting House flourished and the souls of the people were looked after by the circuit riders of the early Methodist faith, their bodies were cared for Dr. John Cornell, a botanic or foot doctor. His medical knowledge was original or indigenous, not acquired from books but born in him. He enjoyed a large practice and was often called a hundred miles away to treat the sick, making the journey on horseback and carrying his herbs in saddlebags. He raised a large family. Several of his sons were regular physicians.

This farm has been worked by tenants for many years. Near it, also tenant farms now, are the places owned in the days of long ago by R. Delevan Hubbell, William Shaver, and William Baker. The W. B. C. Hastings farm, next west, is owned and occupied by a son, L. M. Hastings. These farms were somewhat smaller than the average on Blenheim Hill but were all well kept and owned by men who made money and save it. Near this group, just south of the church, lived Theodorus Curtis, shoemaker, who made up leather tanned by Henry Cornell at his small tannery at the foot of Burnt Hill.

Delevan Hubbell's farm was the old Warner place. Sixty years ago, John J. Warner was a prominent man in the community, the father of a large family. One son was named Alvah, known throughout the Troy Methodist Conference as Shouting Alvah Warner. He attended all the campmeetings and revivals within a radius of two hundred miles. He enlisted in the 134th New York Volunteers under Capt. John B. Vroman, went through the Rebellion and came home shouting. When under religious excitement he would have the "power" and lie rigid but shouting for hours. A few years ago while returning home from a prayer meeting one dark night he walked off the high rocks near the Gilboa iron bridge, receiving injuries from which he died. Another son, Joel, was a teacher in the district schools for years. He moved to Nebraska and some years ago was the Prohibition candidate for governor of that State.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
July 13, 1905

BLENHHEIM HILL

"It is legend, prolonging itself,
from an epoch now gray in the distance,
down into our own broad daylight."

- NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

This historian who begins the task of searching old records, finds great difficulty in reconciling names, dates, and events. This is particularly true in matters local, where sources of information are not all available. The spelling of names, too, in old letters and documents is often irregular.

It appears from reliable data that Blenheim Hill was thickly settled a full century back. It seems evident that the first clearings were made in the vicinity of the church site. This is rendered more probably because the church would naturally have been build in the center of the settlement and also because the only Indian trail over the Hill left the Schoharie river at the mouth of the West Kill, followed Mill Creek, and passed over the church to Utsayantha Lake.

In the earliest deeds and contracts Blenheim Hill is call the "Backbone." To one who delves deep among old archives, the very numerous population in early days is a source of surprise and even wonder. The land was new and forest clad. Bare sustenance had to be wrested from the soil somehow. The settlers, most of them, came out of New England, poorer than poor, yet the records show that by 1815 they were a goodly number. What they ate and wherewithal they were clothed is something of a mystery. That they feared God and paid their church tax is established beyond a question of doubt.

The old Brimstone meeting house was built as early as 1815 but not finished inside. Rev. John Bangs preached to the people at that time. He told them that it was a great shame to leave the edifice uncompleted and hinted that he might prevail with God to strike the building with lightning, whereupon they raised several hundred dollars, Thomas Peaslee giving \$50.

The following partial list of names of those who settled near the church very early in the nineteenth century, has been compiled:

B. Robins
Wm. Soles
Sam. Lyon
Abram Robins
Reuben Robins
Simon Effner
Johnathan Effner
Samuel Decker
Griggs, 2 families
Thomas Peaslee
John Peaslee
Ira Peaslee
Joseph P. Curtis
Benj. Curtis
Liman Root
Samuel Root
Wickam, several families
David Reed
Roswell Reynolds
Jacob Armstrong
Henry Maham
George Elliot
David Creyton, or Creighton
Samuel Smith
Vroman, several families
Grandus Baker
Daniel Sage, Russel Sage family
Stephen Ryder
John Randall Sage
Amrey Ferguson

John Ferguson
Isaac Ferguson
Oliver Paddock
John Paddock
Dr. Hilton, Judge Hilton family
Morris, several families
Shelmandine, several families
Jerry Reynolds
Vandervoort, several families
Orin Picket
Sopers, several families
Whiting, several families
McArthur
Champlin, several brothers, 1806
Jacob Mulford
Ostrander
Cornell, several families
Wood, from Massachusetts, 1814
Clark, Connecticut stock
Kenyon, Rhode Island family
Pierce
Hubbell
Perry, Rhode Island stock

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
July 20, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"I have got a quiet farmhouse in the country, a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man, of the old New England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in winter, to look over the farm-account, and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep."

- DONALD G. MITCHELL.

Would you see the monument of solid stone left to the memory of the men who made Blenheim Hill, visit the locality and look about you. On 6120 acres there are 134 miles of wall, 42,880 rods. A pyramid covering an acre and rising in the air 389 feet - two and one half times the height of Niagara!

The physical geography of a country has much to do with molding the character and shaping the history of its people. After the Revolution, New England emigrants made their way along the Mohawk and through western New York into the wonderful region north of the Ohio. But while this was the main thoroughfare, the young Puritan stock came in solid front from Vermont southward to the Sound. They threaded their way everywhere through the wilderness from Lake Champlain to Lake Ontario. They crossed the Hudson in unbroken line and striped the whole Catskill region with roadways as they crowded the timber line to the west. Those who came to the long valleys and fertile lake country grew rich, laying the foundation of great estates. Those who struck the hard

mountain ridges spent years of toil there and their children clung to the rough acres for a lifetime, building walls of stone!

The same tireless energy that Milo Wood, Sheldon Peaslee, John A. Clark, Giles S. Champlin, and many others of their generation, spent upon the walls of Blenheim Hill, built the cities of the middle west at the same time. The same labor, which they put upon the rough soil there, made the Iroquois country a paradise.

The southeastern part of Blenheim Hill is wooded to this day and known locally as the Quarry mountain. A rough highway leads over it to Mine Kill Falls. Sixty years ago a man from Boston bought a farm there, built a frame house and christened the place New Boston. The name still clings to the locality. He opened a grind stone quarry but the stones grew larger as they were used and the project was abandoned. Henry Hyman, a German peddler, bought 50 acres new New Boston and moved his family into a log house. He kept his cattle in a log barn. He could not teach his cows to live without eating and they starved to death after which he gave up farming in disgust.

More than 30 years ago Maxon Kenyon undertook the cultivation of tobacco on Blenheim Hill but it did not prove profitable. About that time a number of hop yards were planted but this, too, was given up after a few years. It is more than likely that good building stone exists but no attempt has been made to develop the industry.

Blenheim Hill has had its share of tragedy. Many years ago a young man committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn. A farmer's wife, while her husband was at work in the field, in a fit of insanity took a knife and cut the throats of two or three children and then killed herself.

The old Backbone has had its comedy as well. During the Civil War a citizen was drafted. He was the father of a large family dependent upon his labor and the neighbors raised the money needed to secure a substitute. The drafted man invested the money in clothing for himself and family, a goodly supply of flour and general provisions, some needed furniture, and took to the woods. The U.S. marshal, who had already had some experience in West Kill and other parts of the town, never ventured to climb the mountain.

On the town line between Blenheim and Gilboa, separating lands now owned by Earnest Wood and H. W. Champlin, is a stone wall that has stood for half a century, or more. It is built ziz-zag like a rail fence and its peculiar course grew out of a disagreement as to the line when the old rails were removed. It runs on the south side of a field called the "Lock-up," a name growing out of another neighborly feud.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
July 27, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land."
- SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The story of the Anti-Rent War is a long one and will be told in due time in connection with Blenheim Hill history, - how Smith Peaslee could outrun a deer, escaped from the posse, how 60 horses pastured in John Mayham's wheat field, how anti-rent meetings were held in the Brimstone church, and other stories the like. At this time is given, chiefly for the names signed, the following articles of agreement. The document seems to be in the handwriting of John Mayham; his name is the first signed, and it is to be presumed that he was the leader in the movement.

We the Undersigned, Lessees of John A. King, Esq., do hereby mutually agree each with the other and each for himself as follows, via:

First, That we will offer to the said John A. King the sum of Twenty-five thousand dollars in full consideration for a conveyance in Warrantee of all his right title and interest in the lands known as the Blenheim and Baffington Patent containing Fifteen thousand four hundred and ninety acres or at the same rate be the same more or less.

Second, That we will individually pay our proportions of the said sum of Twenty-five thousand dollars in the manner following: Those lessees in occupancy of land at a Rent charge of Twenty cents per acre to pay at the rate of one dollar eighty-seven and a half cents per acre. Those in occupancy of land at a rent charge of Fifteen cents per acre to pay at the rate of one dollar and fifty-five cents per acre. And those in occupancy of land at a rent change of Twelve and a half cents per acre to pay at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per acre.

Third, We do further agree to select a Committee to act as our duly authorized agents to enter into a Contract with the said King for the sale and purchase of his said lands on the terms above mentioned it being hereby expressly stipulated and agreed that in case the said King accepts our proposition as above stated he shall upon payment of the sums due from us individually under such contract execute to each of us a Warrantee Deed of such lands as we may purchase at the rate above mentioned.

And we do further agree that every leasee who shall pay to the said King, his due proportion of the said purchase money as above mentioned, on or before the 15th day of November A. D. 1847, shall be exonerated from all liabilities or charges arising under this agreement upon payment of a sum of money to the said committee, equal to an assessment of Five per cent upon the purchase money paid by each leasee. And in case any lessee shall pay a sum less than his due proportion, for the purpose of extending his time of payment, he shall pay five per cent to the said committee on the amount so paid and ten per cent upon the amount remaining unpaid, provided that no such term of payment shall extend over three years from the said 15th November. And it is hereby understood that this article of agreement shall be of no effect unless subscribed by a majority of all the tenants of the said Blenheim and Baffington Patents.

Dated January 6th, 1847.

Henry Simons (?)	John Mayham
Solomon Franklin	R. W. Ruliffson
Reuben Franklin	S. C. Cole
George Franklin	Thos. S. Peaslee
Wm. B. Champlin	J. R. Sage
Henry N. Maynard	G. S. Champlin
Chris Kniskern	Danl. Sage 2d.
Joshua Tompkins	John B. Vroman
Wm. P. Champlin	Charles Maham
George H. Champlin	Christopher Decker
Hiram Huftaling	Thomas Peaslee
Harmon Ruliffson, Jr.	George W. Martin
Milo Wood	J. W. Atchinson
Daniel Sage	Let Perry
Edward Wood	Peleg Simmons
Caleb Hastings	Wm. Mayham
Luther Hastings	David Smith
Thomas Vroman	William Vroman

David Reed	William Jump
H. Goodenough	William Jump, Jr.
John Beach	John Perry
Peter Brady	Stephen Perry
Orren Smith	Wm. Perry
John M. Haines	Orrin Clark
John Franklin	David Baley
Alenson Teppin (?)	Robert Baley
J. White	Cornelius Baley
Seth Brown	Thomas Lines
Clark Franklin	John Cornell
Zeke Brockway	Lewis Shelmandine
----- Ames	Peter I. Decker
Jesse M. Cornell	Salar Decker
Peter I. Harder	David J. Proper
Jacob H. Miller	David Proper
Abram H. Fort	Henry Cleveland (?)
Ben. Vandusen	Henry Gardner
Abraham Pindar	Henry Ploss
Henry H. Myers	Winthrop Dyer
Elam Gallup	B. P. Curtis
Patrick Gallacher	David Craton
Wm. H. Lyon	Casper Martin
Philo Johnson	Lemuel D. Pierce
S. G. Champlin	Benjamin Frazee
John Hendrick	Jacob R. Hubbell
Mathias Benjamin	Jonathan Winnie
Samuel L. Eggleston	

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
August 3, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"The Normans were pre-eminent among all the conquering races of the Gothic stock."
- E. S. CREASY.

The Champlins were Normans and came into England with William the Conqueror. There is a tradition that the name was originally written Champ-au-lainne and was conferred by the King himself. It signifies "Clearfield" and was given to one who distinguished himself by gallant service under the Great Norman at Senlac, he being an excellent swordsman. He got, besides the name, a goodly share of rich English lands and a fair Saxon bride as well, albeit an unwilling one.

In 1638 there was living at Newport, R. I., the original representative of the family in this country, Jeffrey Champlin. The given name, which appears again and again in the family line, is strictly Norman. So also are William, Stephen, and John, and these names all are met with over and over. The date is significant. In 1837 Winthrop was elected governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony. It was a time when great excitement prevailed, owing to the teachings of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, a bright and capable woman who divided the new Boston church into two hostile camps. Her friend

and supporter, the younger Henry Vane, returned to England in August and soon after his departure, Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers were ordered to leave the colony, as Roger Williams had been and as Thomas Hooker had found it expedient to do. It was an odious act of persecution, characteristic of Massachusetts in the seventeenth century. Of Mrs. Hutchinson's friends and adherents, some went northward and founded the towns of Exeter and Hampton. Mrs. Hutchinson herself, however, with the rest of her adherents, bought the island of Aquedneck of the Indians, and settlements were made at Portsmouth and Newport.

The presumption is conclusive that Jeffrey Champlin stood with John Cotton and Captain Underhill and Governor Vane in supporting Mrs. Hutchinson, and that he followed her to Rhode Island and was one of the founders of Newport in 1638. From that time until the present, while the main line of his posterity may have been orthodox, there has always been a remnant at least standing, like him, for liberal thought.

The Champlin genealogy follows:

Jeffrey 1652-1715, married Susanna Eldred.

Emblem 1702

Jeffrey 1703

Thomas 1708

Stephen 1710

Jeffrey 1745-1797, married Mary Gardner, Feb. 21, 1768.

Polly

Stephen G.

Mahala

Thomas H.

John Wilkinson

Hannah

Jeffrey Washington, married Rebecca Perry.

Giles Stanton 1813-1894

William Perry 1818-1899

George Hazard -1897

Sally 1823-1888

Wm. Burden

Wm. Browning

Thomas 1755

William 1713

Hannah 1714

John 1717

William 1654-1715

Christopher 1646-1732

In 1805, Mary widow of Jeffrey Champlin who died in 1797, came from New Kingston, Rhode Island, to Schoharie county. Five sons accompanied her, Stephen G., John W., Jeffrey Washington, Wm. Burden, and William Browning. The other children remain in Rhode Island. It is not certain that the brothers all came at one time. They settled on Blenheim Hill or in the vicinity, some on the Ridge and one towards the lake. Jeffrey Washington made his home within a half mile of the church, near the clearing occupied by Milo Wood. The house in which Giles Stanton was born stood near a spring on what was known as the George ten-acres, only a few rods from the famous spring beside which stood the house where lived William, when he grew to manhood, on the farm known to this day as the "Bill place." Later Jeffrey Washington built a log house and removed

his family thither, on the spot where stands H. W. Champlin's barn at present. Later still he built a frame house where the Champlin cemetery is located and this was the house first occupied by Giles when he became a man. The barn, which is still standing, was covered with boards which Jeffrey carried on his back through the forest from the mill now owned by B. S. Mayham at South Gilboa. It was a large barn for those days, 26 by 30 feet.

Jeffrey Washington Champlin was an erratic man who never prospered as did his brothers. His wife was a brave and gifted woman, an own cousin of Capt. Perry of Lake Erie fame. Late in life, Jeffrey migrated alone to Wisconsin and died there.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
August 10, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"The Welsh temper, indeed, was steeped in poetry."
- JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

Joseph Peaslee came to America in 1638 from the banks of the Severn, in Wales, and settled in Amesbury, Massachusetts. Joseph beget Joseph Jr., who beget John, who beget Ebenezer, who beget Jephtha, who beget Isaac, who beget Thomas, of his wife, Isabel Wing. Thomas was born Oct. 16, 1782 in Dutchess or Albany county, N. Y. He married Eunice Babcock, about 1804. She was a daughter of Joseph Babcock and Phoebe Burdick, born April 2, 1782, at Little Hoosick, N. Y. Their children were:

Thomas Sheldon, 1806-1882.
Elizabeth, 1808-1839.
Joseph Babcock, 1810-1882.
Sarah, 1811-1813.
Lydia, 1813-1814.
Isaac, 1814-1839.
Nathan Smith, 1815-1887.

Thomas Peaslee moved from Albany county to Blenheim Hill in 1806. One of his sisters married John Ferguson whose daughter married John Mayham, father of Hon. Stephen L. Mayham of Schoharie. John G. Whittier's grandmother was a Peaslee of this stock. Thomas Peaslee was a local Methodist preacher. He gave \$50 of the \$200 raised to complete the Brimstone Meeting House and often preached therein. Tradition says that his wife attended church barefooted and wore a tow dress. Thomas himself was clothed in homespun. Before the church was completed inside the preachers used a carpenter's workbench as a pulpit stand. The story goes that Thomas Peaslee, in his preaching, would pound the bench and denounce all wearers of broadcloth, declaring that they would be punished in hell. The day came, however, when he waxed rich, as riches went on Blenheim Hill, and wore broadcloth to church himself. The original Peaslee house stood not far from the present residence of Fred Peaslee Jones but nearer the church. The home was long the Mecca for itinerate circuit riders from far and near. Uncle Thomas and Aunt Eunice, as the good pair came to be called in their old age, had a wide acquaintance and were universally respected. They both died on the same day, Dec. 13, 1857, and are buried in the family cemetery on the old homestead.

Thomas' father, Isaac, was a grand old man, married three times and had 25 children and stepchildren. He, too, was a preacher. In fact, they were a line of preachers all the way down from Joseph of 1638. Isaac is buried at Rensselaerville, N. Y.

Thomas Sheldon Peaslee was born June 24, 1806. He married Mahala Curtis, Sept. 12, 1830. She was a daughter of Joseph Curtis and Amy Conklin, born Jan. 23, 1810. Their children were:

Joseph Curtis, 1831-1873.
Susan, 1834-1858.
Amy, 1836-1854.
Isaac, 1838-Living in California.
Elizabeth, 1840-1874.
Thomas, 1843-Living in Stamford.
Charles Morgan, 1846-1871.
Martha Lorena, 1850-1854.

Thomas Sheldon Peaslee lived all his life on Blenheim Hill. He had the best education of any man of his generation in that locality and at first expected to enter the ministry. The first year after his marriage he attended Jefferson Academy to pursue the study of Greek and Latin, walking back and forth from home each day. His wife was disappointed because he did not become a preacher. He finally decided on farming as his life work and was the successful man in the community. He served the town of Blenheim as Superintendent of Schools and was prominent in the affairs of the Methodist Church for half a century.

It is not easy to give a proper estimate of Thomas Sheldon Peaslee. His life was spent in the quiet round of an isolated farming community, but he was a man of power. There were in him all the qualities that make for greatness. He possessed the masterly mind and executive ability of a statesman. He was broad in his views but thoroughly Wesleyan, with Puritan tenaciousness. He planned well for his sons and transmitted to them much of his own indomitable energy. Joseph died at 43 and Charles at 25, just as he was about to graduate from college. Thomas became a musical director of state reputation and Isaac put up the hardest fight ever man made to stem the economic tide which, twenty years ago, overwhelmed the hill farms remote from transportation lines. In a way, however, Thomas Sheldon Peaslee was greater than any of his sons. The same is true of a group of magnificent men there of whom he was one, - John R. Sage, Giles S. Champlin, Olney J. Spring, and others. Their mantles were altogether too large for their sons or grandsons.

Nathan Smith Peaslee married Ruth Conklin, daughter of Samuel Conklin and Amy Curtis, March 13, 1842. Their children were Amy Ferguson, who died at the age of five, and Fannie Babcock, who married W. S. Jones and is still living on the old Peaslee homestead on Blenheim Hill.

Elizabeth Peaslee married Joseph Curtis, son of Stephen Curtis and Lydia Palmer. They had three children, Thomas Peaslee, who served with Gen. Custer, Alva, a professor in Michigan University, and Smith, who died in Libby prison.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
August 17, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tread their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity."
- OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Sage family settled on Blenheim Hill in 1805 and, like their friends and neighbors the Peaslees, were of Welsh descent. David Sage, a nobleman of Wales, came to America in 1652 and settled in New England. A century later, some of his descendents were living in Middletown, Ct., among whom was John R. Sage. He and his wife Mary settled in New York State, Rensselaerville, Albany county, and later came to Blenheim Hill. The Sage farm is now known as the spring farm and for many years was owned by Thomas S. Peaslee. A house stood on the main road west of the Isaac Peaslee farm and another house, later, in the valley below.

The children of this family, reared on Blenheim Hill, were: John R., Charles, Daniel, Almer, Jasper, Delissa, Mary, and Sarah Ann. The last named died at Oneonta a year ago, in her 93rd year.

Sarah Ann Sage-Darling-Loudon was born on Blenheim Hill, December 20, 1811. Her first husband's name was Darling. He died many years ago and she married John Loudon in 1853, who died at Gilboa in 1876. Mr. Loudon was a private in the New York militia and served through the War of 1812. Mrs. Loudon united with the Methodist church in girlhood and was a member for than 80 years. She lived to see the fifth generation of her family. Her home for many years after leaving Blenheim Hill was a Gilboa; later she resided at Hobart and at the time of her death was living at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Northup, Oneonta.

A close friendship existed between the family of John R. Sage and that of Thomas S. Peaslee. In the hard pioneer days they were near neighbors and exchanged work, both in doors and out. In those times Ann Sage acted as nurse to the Peaslee children and Mrs. Peaslee, in turn, wove cloth for the clothing of the Sage family.

John and Ira Peaslee married sisters, daughters of Benj. Sage, a brother of the original John R., who settled on Blenheim Hill. Isaac Peaslee, father of John and Ira, married the widow of Benj. Sage. They lived between the church and the Curtis place, now the John Wood place. The Peaslees, Paddocks, Wichams, Wings, Palmers, Sages, Curtises, Conklins, Bartons, and Fergusons all intermarried. They came together from Albany county and many of them migrated to Cattaraugus county, and later to Wisconsin, making the journey with ox-teams.

John R. Sage, brother of Mrs. Loudon, left Blenheim Hill in 1848 and went to Tompkins county, living in Danby until 1863 when he moved to Enfield where he died, October 24, 1898, at the ages of 88. He was educated at the old Jefferson Academy and was a Colonel in the militia that met for general training on the village green. He married Clara Wallace, January 12, 1837, who is still living at the old homestead in Tompkins county. She was a daughter of Henry Wallace who came from Clinton, Dutchess county, and settled on Blenheim Ridge. Another daughter, Kathryn Jane Wallace, married Giles S. Champlin, and is still living on Blenheim Hill, the only survivor of her generation in that locality. She is nearly 90 years of age.

Jasper Sage, a brother of Mrs. Loudon, the youngest of the family, is still living at Logan, Kansas.

The Sage family name disappeared from the annals of Blenheim Hill history more than half a century ago. It was one of the grandest families there. The more the story of those old families is reviewed, the clearer their great worth appears. The strong face of Mrs. Loudon was typical of Blenheim Hill nobility.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
August 24, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness."

- GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

The Mayham family is one in that remarkable group of early Blenheim Hill folk. John Mayham was a leader in his day and generation and it is with his branch of the family that this sketch will deal.

Henry Maham and Catharine, his wife, migrated from County Tyrone, in the north of Ireland, and settled in Gibbonsville, now West Troy, in this state, about the year 1790.

In his native country he belonged to what was then known as the middle class, being a well-to-do farmer owning, under the British tenure of land titles, a durable lease of a small but productive farm.

Upon arriving in this country he purchased a considerable tract of land under the Van Rensselaer lease hold tenure, which embraced the lands upon which the United States Arsenal at Watervliet is now located, where he resided for a few years, and where his second son, John Mayham, was born.

He soon became dissatisfied with the unproductive, sandy soil of his new home and sold the same for a nominal consideration and removed to the town of Blenheim, which at that time was almost a wilderness country, and purchased, on the highest point of Blenheim Hills, a forest farm which he cleared and on which he resided for the remainder of his life.

His son, John, on arriving at manhood, married Betsey Ferguson and purchased a farm about two miles from the residence of his father, on which he settled and resided during his life. This farm lay in what was afterwards known as "The Peaslee District;" and here is reared a large family all of whom were educated in the Peaslee School house.

His eldest son, William, became a farmer and settled in Delaware county, and at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, joined the 144th regiment of N. Y. Volunteers, was commissioned a captain of a company, and served until the close of the war.

His second son, Isaac, became a physician and removed to Ripon, Wis., where he died at the aged of thirty-five years. His third son, Stephen L., became a lawyer; the fourth son, Thomas F., read medicine with his brother Isaac, and located as a physician in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where he has attained statewide eminence in his profession, and prominence in the political field. He served as a surgeon in the army during the war, and has since been honored by his city with six elections to the office of mayor.

The fifth son, Jay, studied law with his brother, Stephen L., and, after he was admitted to practice, removed to Fond du Lac, Wis., where he was soon elected County Judge of his county, and while holding such office, died at about the age of twenty-eight years.

The sixth son, J. Banks, also studied law with his brother Stephen L., and after admission to practice, removed to Murphysboro, Ill., where he entered as a junior partner in the law office of Gen. John A. Logan and on Logan's entering the United States service in the war, succeeded to his business and practice, was elected prosecuting attorney of his county, and on the expiration of his term was elected county judge. He died while holding that office at the age of about thirty years.

Stephen L. Mayham was the only member of this family who remained in his native county. On being admitted to practice he opened an office at North Blenheim and there commenced the practice of his profession, since which time he has been frequently called by his fellow citizens to positions of trust and honor.

His first office was superintendent of schools of Blenheim which he held for two consecutive terms. He was next elected supervisor to which office he was twice re-elected. He was then chosen district attorney and at the expiration of his term of office was elected member of assembly. He was next elected to the forty-first congress from the counties of Albany and Schoharie: and again to the forty-fifth congress from the counties of Ulster, Greene and Schoharie. On retiring from that office he was elected county judge of his county and after serving nearly four years as such, he was appointed by Gov. Hill justice of the supreme court of the Third Judicial District comprising the counties of Schoharie, Albany, Rensselaer, Ulster, Greene, Columbia and Sullivan; and while holding, under such appointment, he was elected to the same office for the full term. During his term he was appointed by the Governor Presiding Justice of the General Term, Third Department, a position which he held until the General Term was superseded under the new constitution by the Appellate Division, when he returned to the position of trial justice which he held until retired by the age limit of seventy years under the Constitution.

About the year 1865 he removed from Blenheim to the village of Schoharie where he continued the practice of his profession except as interrupted by his official duties. In Schoharie he held several important local positions. He was president of the Schoharie Valley Railway Company during the construction of its road and for some time after its completion. He was for many years president of the Board of Education of Schoharie Union Free School, a position he resigned upon becoming judge. He is a Master Mason - a member of the Schoharie Valley Lodge, No 491.

Since his retirement as judge he has been and is now actively engaged in the practice of his profession with his son, Claude B. Mayham, who is the present district attorney of Schoharie County.

Most of the Mayham family were dyed-in-the-wool democrats but never political grafters and none of them have become very rich, holding, as did their sturdy ancestor, "the honest Irishman," - "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
August 31, 1905

BLENHIM HILL

"There are few things more wonderful to me than that old people
never tell young ones how precious their youth is."

- JOHN RUSKIN.

It is written to the discredit of Blenheim Hill that, during her history of more than a century, she sent but one man through college. It would be interesting to know the chain of circumstances which shaped the course of this man's early days and marked him apart as one destined to achieve

something. There must have been good stuff in him to begin with but it is fair to presume that he did not possess a monopoly. Outside forces shaped his career and put him in the way of outstripping his co-temporaries.

Ten years ago Norman P. Champlin was graduated from Stamford Seminary. Two brothers before him, and other Blenheim Hill boys galore, had attended Stamford Seminary without graduating. He began, as did the other, attending scattering terms until the fall of 1893, when he entered and continued regularly until graduation. In June '94, he won first prize, a ten-dollar gold medal, in the Declamation Contest. The next year he won the Scholarship prize, which is given to the student who maintains the highest average standing for the year in all studies, deportment and attendance also counting. At the same time he also won the prize - a ten-dollar check - for the best impromptu essay. He was president of the class of '95.

In the fall of 1895 Mr. Champlin entered the Preparatory Department of Allegheny College at Meadville, Penn., finished the preparatory course in one year, and in the fall of 1896 entered the college proper. He was married August 23, 1898, to Miss Cora E. Van Dusen of Harpersfield, N. Y. Completing a full four year's course, he was graduated one of the honor members of the class of 1900, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Just before graduation he secured the position of principal of the High school at East Bethlehem, Penn., and taught there two years. In September, 1902 he moved to Madison, N. J., and entered Drew Theological Seminary as a regular student. At Commencement in May, 1903, it was announced that a scholarship had been assigned to him. It was the "Edward D. Easton Scholarship," given, according to the catalogue of the Seminary, to "that member of the Junior Class who shall, in the judgment of the faculty, rank highest as scholar, preacher, and man of affairs." This scholarship amounted to \$150. During his second year at the Seminary he engaged as tutor in Philosophy, Psychology, and Logic.

At the annual session of the Newark Conference held in March, 1904, he was appointed to the pastorate of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in West Orange, N. J. The work here was so heavy that he determined not to make full time at the Seminary, but postpone graduation another year. On this plan he will be graduated from Drew next May. In the spring of 1905 he was returned to the pastorate at West Orange.

'Squire Champlin placed in trust a hundred dollars for each of his grandchildren, to be paid over as they became of age. Norman was the only recipient to write a letter of acknowledgement and thanks to the old gentleman. It was the right thing to do and it pleased the 'Squire mightily, though he did not increase the gift as he might have done. The young man earned his own way through high school and college, mostly by manual labor, as his health demanded out-door work. During the last year of his college course he tutored in a private family. Upon graduation he secured the best position for the following year of any man in the class.

To Norman P. Champlin the future is big with promise. He has acquitted himself nobly. He has done what many another Blenheim Hill boy might have done, ought to have done, but failed to do. The credit is his own; his the reward. He has grasped fully what it means to be a man.

ALSO NOTED ON SAME PAGE

MAYHAM FOR SCHOOL COMMISSIONER

The Binghamton Press of Aug. 21, contained a good picture of Prof. Albert C. Mayham of the Killawog High School and mentioned him in the following manner as a candidate for school commissioner of his district:

"While this is what the politicians call an 'off year,' there is every indication that considerable interest will be manifested in Broome County politics this fall especially by the rank and file. The Republicans are counting, as usual, on a sure thing along the line, but there is already evidence of stir in the Democratic camp, and it seems likely that an exceptionally good ticket will be placed in the field. At least this is what some of the prominent Democrats are saying when they get their heads together.

"Few names have been mentioned as yet. One, however, was brought out yesterday when it was suggested that the party has an available man for School Commissioner in the person of Albert C. Mayham, principal of the Killawog Union School.

"Mention of Mr. Mayham's name was received with favor and it is declared that he will be an exceptionally strong candidate if he can be prevailed upon to take the nomination. He has been identified with schoolwork in this county for several years, has been president of the County Teachers' Association, and, next to Principal Lusk of Union, is the best known school man in the district. He had full charge of the educational edition of the Whitney Point Reporter last winter, a work that attracted attention among educators throughout the State. For several years past he has been one of the instructors in the Cortland Summer School."

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
September 7, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Blessed be letters."
- Ik. Marvel.

The compiler of this history of Blenheim Hill has received much valuable assistance from Prof. Thomas Peaslee of Stamford who confesses with him an abiding love for the region in question. Prof. Peaslee's interest has called out the following letters, written by John R. Sage of Des Moines, Iowa. Permission to publish has been secured, though they were not written for that purpose.

"It is a pleasure to know that a son of my old-time schoolmate and chum, Cornelius Mayham, is engaged in compiling a record of persons and events of the "Backbone" region. I always cherished a great respect for all branches of the Mayham family who I knew. Charles Mayham, great uncle of Albert, was one of the elder schoolmates, and afterward a teacher of the school, in the old red school house by the gum swamp, and near the "Brimstone church" on the pinnacle of the Backbone, where you and I were polished off intellectually. I shall never forget "Charley," who was a friend as well as teacher.

Among the well remembered teachers at that famous old school house were the following named men and women, most of whom are now in the Great Beyond: Rev. Wm. C. Smith, John B. Vroman, N. S. Peaslee, John Ruland, a Mr. Shelmandine, Mary Ann Loper (Mrs. L. P. Root), Margaret and Lydia Curtis, Lourena Mayham (afterward wife of John Ruland), Maria Loper. There were other teachers of note, but these are most distinctly remembered. I was quite young during the pedagogic rule of Rev. Smith and J. B. Vroman. That Backbone district was credited with the best scholarship in that town - or the southern part of Blenheim; but possibly I was biased in judgment as to that matter. I remember the incursions we made into neighboring districts to "spell down" their schools. And we maintained debating clubs for discussion of live questions of the day, and settling the problems of the universe. Though poor and hard worked, there were brainy people dwelling on

that sterile backbone of Blenheim. A goodly portion of the people were descended from sturdy New England stock, and nearly all were sons or grandsons and daughters of Revolutionary heroes.

You have kindly asked me to write something about the Sage families who were among the early settlers of the Backbone region. I will give such data, as I am able to recall, aided by a little volume containing the genealogical record of the Sage family.

All bearing the family name of Sage, of whom I have any knowledge, are descendents of David Sage, a native of Wales, who immigrated to America with his mother and became a pioneer settler of Middletown, Connecticut, in 1652. He belonged to a prolific family. One of his sons, named John, lived to the mature age of 83 years; he was the father of fifteen children, and at his death his offspring numbered 189. The genealogical record compiled in 1878 contained the names of over 800 families bearing the name, all descended from this pioneer of that old Connecticut town. Among his great-grandsons we find the names of twenty-two who served in the War of the Revolution. One of them, Col. Comfort Sage, was commander of a Connecticut regiment in Washington's army, and attained the rank of General before the close of the war. Benjamin Sage (my grandfather) served under Arnold at Quebec and at Saratoga. He was in the regiment commanded by Col. Stephen Van Rensselaer, and at the close of the war settled near Rensselaerville, where he died from effects of hardships in the service, in the year 1784. My father, Daniel Sage, was Benjamin's youngest son and was born in 1783, in Rensselaerville.

Benjamin's widow (my grandmother) was left with a family of four sons and two daughters, all under ten years, and after a hard struggle to keep the wolf from her cabin door, she married Isaac Peaslee (a widower), the progenitor of all the Peaslee families in old Blenheim. Two of Peaslee's sons, John and Ira, married the daughters, Lois and Hannah Sage and in that way the Sage and Peaslee families in Blenheim were brought into intimate relations.

Two of Benjamin Sage's sons - John R. and Daniel, migrated westward and settle in Blenheim sometime, I believe, at the close of the War of 1812-1815. I have no means at hand to fix the date of their settlement in Blenheim. Daniel, my father, was married to Phebe Rider about the year 1810, and I think he was then in Potter's Hollow. John R., married Polly Irish, about the year 1808. These brothers made their start in the world by chopping in the forests, clearing land and making potash. There's was a strenuous life in those early years of general poverty in the most sterile part of eastern New York.

John R. Sage (my uncle, after whom I was named), settled on a farm south of Westkill creek and about half a mile north of Ruth P.O. Daniel located on a little farm on the Minekill creek, near Cornell's Mill. On that little place I was born Dec. 29, 1832. A year or two after that date he bought a partly cleared farm adjoining the little farm on the north, from Andrew Vroman, located about a mile south of the "Brimstone" M.E. church, now Ruth. His family consisted of eight sons and one daughter. Two of the sons died in infancy. The names of the children who reached maturity were as follows: Benjamin, born in 1811; Daniel Tompkins, 1815; Fanny, 1819; Philo B., 1824; Alfred, 1829; Amos, 1831; and John R., 1832. All have passed over the bourne except the latter. Benjamin married Maria Mulford and lived fifteen years in the town of Jefferson near the Blenheim line.

Fanny, the only daughter, married Israel Palmer of Summit, about 1836, and they made their home on a farm in Jefferson, two or three miles east of the village. She died in the winter of 1845, leaving five children, the youngest an infant, named Fanny, who was reared by her Grandmother Sage, with her sister Phebe. The Sage family made their exodus from Blenheim by detachments. Benjamin and Philo moved to Fond du Lac county, Wis., in 1847. Amos went out to seek his fortune in Esperance, where he married and afterward went to Wisconsin. John R., the youngest son, went to Elmira in 1851, and remained in that city till 1855. Alfred married Betsey Smith, sister of the Rev. Wm. C. Smith, in 1852, remaining on the old farm until it was sold in 1854, when all the remaining members of the family moved to Wisconsin, settling near Ripon. They sought a home in

the great west because they became wearied of the hard work of making a living upon the sterile soil and hardscrabble hills of the Backbone region. It was a wise move under all circumstances, and all of them bettered their fortunes thereby.

Stephen A. Douglas once said of Vermont, his native state: "It is the best state to be born in and to emigrate from." The same remark could be applied to some of the localities in old Schoharie which are as rough and sterile as any part of Vermont. It is good to be forced to rustle for a living in one's early years, and then moved out into more inviting fields to enjoy some comforts of life.

My father's brother, John R. Sage, died in 1841, and his remains were buried in the Peaslee cemetery, near Ruth post office. His family consisted of five sons and three daughters, viz: Charles J., born in 1808; John R., 1810; Daniel, 1816; Almer, 1832; Jasper, 1831; Ann, 1811; Delissa, 1813; Polly, 1820. Not one of the descendants of these two men, so far as I know, now reside in Schoharie county. All the sons of John R. went westward, and their descendants are scattered throughout the western states or in western New York.

During the Civil War two of my brothers, Philo and Daniel Tompkins Sage served in the ranks of the Union army. I enlisted in the 121st N.Y. Vols., in 1862 as a private in Co. A., and was afterward appointed Chaplain of the regiment by Gov. E. D. Morgan, the War Governor of New York. I served until June, 1863, when I was compelled to resign on account of a serious attack of pleurisy and lung trouble. My brother Philo, was severely wounded and died shortly after the close of the war. None of our family have become wealthy, but all made a comfortable living and have given their children a fair start in life. Among the numerous descendants of David Sage, the Connecticut pioneer, a few men have become quite wealthy.

The most notable of these are Russell Sage, the New York millionaire, and Henry W. Sage, the New York merchant, who founded Sage College at Ithaca. Some of our nearer relatives, descendants of my great uncle, Daniel, also a Revolutionary soldier, who settled in Chenango county, became quite rich in that fertile valley. The children of the two Blenheim Sages were not so highly favored of fortune, but I for one am thankful for the training received in the school of "Hard Knocks". The stress of necessity developed the rustling habit and there was sufficient force within to impel a struggle for betterment of condition.

I made a flying visit at the old home in Blenheim in October, 1901, tarrying but a day on the hill, and was saddened to note the desolation apparent on some of the most productive farms. I met two of my old schoolmates, but most of them had passed over the river or migrated to the west.

If life is spared and health permits I expect to make one more pilgrimage to that sacred spot where I was born, and will take more time to view all the scenes of the olden days. Some time next year I will resign my office and retire from public life. Then I may go fishing in the trout streams of the Catskills and see if I can't pull in some of the posterity of the big fish that slipped off the little hooks used in my boyhood days.

Despite the rocks, rugged hills and sterile soil, I love the old home and all its surroundings. I have thought of the Backbone region by day, and have dreamed of it by night, through all these years of active life amid more inviting fields of labor. It would give me inexpressible pleasure to spend a goodly portion of my remaining years in that place; but it would not be home to the little family that have a claim upon me.

As to myself I have little to write. My career has been rather uneventful, though my work has been on various lines. I began as a farmer boy and was an ardent student of science. I had some experience as a teacher, a mechanic, a preacher of the gospel as I interpreted it, an editor for a dozen years, for a time on the editorial staff of the Inter Ocean of Chicago; and since 1890, I have been Director of the Iowa Climate and Crop Service, in the employ of both the state and federal governments.

In all these years I have lived a "simple life," aspiring to be useful rather than famous, or merely ornamental.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
September 14, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution."
- JOSEPH ADDISON.

The letters of John R. Sage to Prof. Thomas Peaslee, part of which were given last week, are here concluded. They constitute a valuable addition to Blenheim Hill history. When this series of papers started last April the author thought to finish the work in some half dozen sketches. The present number is the 20th and the end is no where in sight.

In 1851 I taught school in the stone schoolhouse on Westkill creek, at a place known as Marshall's Mills. It was my first effort as a teacher and I was pretty strict in government, which was the style in those days. It was a large school crowded into a rather small room, and my scholars ranged in age from 5 to 23. There were eight young men in the school who were older, heavier and stouter than their teacher, but I managed to get through without being "licked" or turned out by the big boys.

At the close of the winter term I went to western New York, and never saw or heard of any of the boys or girls of that school until a little over a year ago. The meeting was in this wise, and rather amusing. I attended a Farmers' Institute at Nevada, Iowa, and was introduced to a tall, gray-haired gentleman named Judge Geo. W. Dyer. He appeared to be about my age, and the man who introduced us remarked that the Judge was a native of old Schoharie county. This awakened interest, and the following conversation ensued:

"What town, Judge?"

"Jefferson," was the reply.

"Ah! I was born just over the town line, on Blenheim Hill."

"Indeed," said he. "That reminds me that a young man from Blenheim taught our school one winter, and his name was Sage; I shall never forget him, because he licked me seven times in one day to break me of the spit-ball habit!"

"How old were you?" I inquired with eager interest.

"Oh, I was quite a lad - about 10 or 11 I reckon," said the Judge.

"Well," said I, "you look to be about my age, and it must have been a cousin of mine who taught your school."

"I'm only 63; now what's your age?" was his reply.

"About 70," I confessed; "and now tell me if you attended at the stone school house near Totten's Mill on Westkill creek."

"That's the place," said he with a hearty laugh.

"Well then" I reluctantly confessed, "No doubt I was the young man who trounced you, but I forgive you for the painful task imposed upon me."

With that we shook hands again and each forgave the other.

It gave me unbounded pleasure to meet, in that most unexpected way, one of my boy pupils, now ranking among the best citizens and ablest lawyers in this state.

Judge Dyer informed me that he read law and was for a time partner in the office of Stephen L. Mayham, one of the ablest members of the New York bar. Mayham lived in an adjoining district, but attended the school where I "graduated," on the Backbone.

From Judge Dyer I learned that his elder brother, Winthrop Dyer, was still living on the old homestead on the slope north of the mills; but most of the pupils of my first school scattered to all points and many have passed beyond the river.

I am greatly pleased to find a spark of interest in the public mind in relation to historic events and incidents of the early half of the 19th century. Many seemingly trivial incidents of that period, even in the out-of-the-way districts of the eastern states, were potential in the formation of characters of the men who in later times helped upbuild the new commonwealths of the Union. The mental and physical stamina of the western pioneers was gained by hard struggle with adverse conditions in the rougher portions of the Eastern States. Old Schoharie contributed its full quota of the blood and brains that helped to develop the great states of the Middle West. I count it a priceless heritage to have been born in the region, under conditions that necessitated strenuous effort, toward betterment of personal fortune. In all my travels over this country, and experiences among people of the so-called upper classes of society, my heart has never ceased to yearn for sympathetic communion with the plain people who were reared among the sterile foothills of the Catskill Mountains. Friends and brothers, all of them.

That region seems now desolate compared with the smooth and fertile plains at the westward, but in due time the old farms will be transformed into pleasant homesteads, with abundant production of grasses for feeding of dairy herds and flocks of sheep, poultry, etc.

Referring to my second letter, I recall that an error was made as to the name of the place where my first school was held in 1850-51. It was Brockway's Mills instead of Marshall's, as I wrote it. My memory plays me such tricks occasionally. Within a few rods of the stone schoolhouse was the home of John Ruland, whose mother was then living and serving as his housekeeper. Within a year or two later he married Lourena Mayham, and afterward removed to Unadilla, where he died a few years ago. A goodly number of Schoharie people migrated at an early day, from 1840 to 1860, to the richer and more inviting lands in the valley of the Susquehanna. Among them were the Fergusons, whom I remember very well. He lived in a house located where the Ruth post office is now located. The farm was sold to Lyman P. Root, who made money faster with one hand than most men did with two. The Roots sold out and moved to Ripon, Wis., about the time my father emigrated to that state, in 1853 or 1854.

The Curtis and Peaslee families were the most prominent people in that Backbone school district, prior to the advent of Cornelius Mayham, senior, with his family of interesting children. Thomas Peaslee and his wife, Aunt Eunice, were people of strong characters and exercised a powerful influence in that community. Their sterling qualities are highly extolled in a little volume published by the late Rev. Wm. C. Smith. Of course these are all familiar matters to you, but I take pleasure in recounting them.

I recall vividly when I first saw you at school, a little toddler in dress suit, about four years old. I believe Margaret Curtis was the teacher, and your brother Joseph and I were among the larger boys in the summer term. Susan, Amy and Betty, I believe, were all there. Joseph and I were solid chums in those days, and I sometimes swapped spruce gum with the girls. Those were sweet times, but we did not fully realize the magnitude of our blessings. The school and the church were cherished institutions on the hill. Our people and yours and all the families named, were among the strongest supporters of the district school, and only the best teachers were sought after.

I was quite young when John B. Vroman taught the district school, but I remember him as a very earnest teacher and thoroughly competent. His mother, Aunt Betsey Vroman, was my mother's oldest sister. I do not remember attending his select school, except at the red schoolhouse. The oldest teacher I remember was Wm. C. Smith next in order came John B. Vroman, N. S. Peaslee, John Ruland and a Mr. Shelmandine from Jefferson. There was also a Mr. Merchant who taught one or two winters.

Relative to your great grandfather Isaac Peaslee, I have a very dim recollection. I recall having heard my father speak of him, but do not think he was ever a resident of Blenheim. His name was mentioned as the father of Thomas, and John and Ira who married my aunts, Hannah and Lois. He passed away some years prior to my birth. I have never met the Dubuque Peaslees, who are probably your relatives. If I chance to see any of them I will talk about their family records.

I hope next year to make a pilgrimage to Schoharie and Rensselaerville, and will look up the records at Albany if health permits. I belong to the Iowa society of the Sons of the American Revolution. We hold frequent meetings in this city for the study of genealogy and history. Next October I expect to write a paper on the overthrow of feudalism in eastern New York, with some account of the Anti-Rent War that hastened the downfall of the Unamerican system of landlordism that weighed so heavily upon those rough counties in that region. I was quite a husky boy in the time of that little conflict and all our people were more or less involved in the strife.

That old church on the hill - I can see it in mental vision, but cannot sketch it on paper. It was painted a dull yellow, which gave it the name "Brimstone Church." It was square, fronted south, with two doors—one for men folk and the other for the women. The pulpit was high, on the north side; the seats were high backed plain pine boards; there was a gallery on three sides. The church was destitute of steeple or belfry, and the women of the church did not wear frills, feathers or furbelows in those good old times of plain living and high-toned amens. The church was used for singing schools and various public meetings as well as church services. I have often heard your venerated grandfather preach and exhort in a voice that well nigh raised the shingles. It was a church that wielded a strong influence for righteousness in that community. The name of the old-time preachers and circuit riders I am not able to recall. Changes were frequent in those days. The preachers visited our home at times but I was too much hypnotized to remember the names.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
September 21, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"The interior of the church was venerable but simple"
- WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Blenheim Hill M. E. church was built in 1815 but not completed until 1821-22, according to the autobiography of Rev. John Bangs, one of the first, if not the very first, to preach therein. Data furnished by Isaac Peaslee of California, however, places the date of building at 1824 and of completion, 1835. Prof. Thomas Peaslee of Stamford, N. Y. and Rev. N. P. Champlin of West Orange, N. J., who have examined the records carefully, are inclined to believe that 1815 is the correct date.

The size of the church was 32x36, the builder B. P. Curtis, and the first cost, \$175. It was used in an unfinished condition for several years, the preachers using a carpenter's workbench as pulpit stand while the congregation sat on slabs laid on stones. Before the church was built, services

were held in a barn which stood south of the present church toward the residence of L. D. Effner, on land owned by Isaac Ferguson, now a part of the C. O. Peaslee farm. The earliest preachers were K. Knap, Siliman, and John Bangs. In 1834 a subscription paper was put in circulation to get the money to finish the church, but the edifice was not completed until the following year. The work was done by Stephen and Darius Hitchcock at a cost of about \$200.

It was in 1835 that the church received its name of "Brimstone Meeting House." The subscription paper circulated in 1834 stipulated that the church was to be built in a workmanlike manner and painted white. The building committee expended all the money subscribed and was unable to paint it white, so decided to use a less costly paint, a cream color. Joseph S. Perry took exceptions to the color and refused to pay his subscription. The building committee sued Perry before Stephen Badgley, justice of the peace. On question of color, William Baker testified that it was a brimstone color. Justice Badgley took four days to decide the case and in the meantime consulted Judge Sutherland, then a resident of the town. The suit was decided in favor of Joseph S. Perry. After that time the friends of Perry and the enemies of the church and of the building committee tried to perpetuate the name of Brimstone Meeting House.

In the summer of 1854 the church was rebuilt by A. C. Morehouse and enlarged to 32x46. The cost was \$1000. It was rededicated by Revs. Buck and Vadosen and named the Heding M. E. church by Rev. Wm. C. Smith, who presented the society with a Hymn Book and Bible. It was again repaired in 1879 at a cost of \$400 and reopened on October 20th of that year by Rev. John Johns.

The Blenheim Hill charge at first included Blenheim village, West Kill, Gilboa, Conesville, and Broome, and later Mine Kill and Shew Hollow. Finally a church was built at Blenheim village and another at Shew Hollow, the other places cut off, and the parsonage located at the former place. About twenty-five years ago the Blenheim Hill society seceded from the charge and were joined to Stamford where they remained several years. Later Blenheim Hill was reunited with the Blenheim charge.

The church shed was built in 1850. The subscription paper follows:

BLENHHEIM, FEB. 21, 1850.

We the subscribers agree to pay to G. S. Champlin and Wm. Baker the several sums set opposite our names for the purpose of building a shed at the Methodist Episcopal church on Blenheim Hill which shed is to be free to all persons who may desire to be accommodated by the same. The said subscription may be paid in hemlock lumber delivered by the first day of April next at said church at \$5 per thousand, labor at \$1 per day and good hemlock shingles at \$1.00 per bunch. This subscription is on this express condition and no other that if there is enough subscribed to build eight stalls this article is binding, if not, null and void.

G. S. Champlin.....	\$10.00
Wm. Mayham	50
M. Vely	1.00
Henry Cornell	6.00
Henry Wood, 2d.....	2.00
John H. Shew	10.00
Daniel Sage	2.00
Almer P. Sage	2.00
John Mayham.....	10.00
J. B. Vroman	5.00

M. M. Veley	5.00
Benjamin P. Curtis	10.00
John J. Warner	4.00
John Cornell	10.00
J. W. Vanheusen	1.00
Edward Wood	5.00
Jacob Decker	5.00
Milo Wood	5.00
John A. Clark	2.50
R. W. Ruliffson	2.50
C. and R. and H. R. Jr.	5.00
Justin E. Allen	1.00
George Decker	5.00
B. H. Kenyon	1.00
Thomas Elliot	2.00

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
September 28, 1905

BLENHIM HILL

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
- THOMAS MOORE.

It is growing late in September. The leaves are falling and the grain is gathered in. The frosts are heavier night by night. The grass is white in the morning when you go to the pasture after the cows and you stand with your bare feet in the warm places where the animals have rested during the night. There will be walnuts to sell and you can buy new boots before winter and before school.

Yes, there is one tree below the mudbridge where the nuts are already falling and other on the ten acres. You go out now every day, and your little sister goes too, for she can pick the nuts quite as fast as you and she will need shoes - would to God she had needed them!

You work under the trees among the leaves day by day, you and she together, and the nuts spread out to dry in the kitchen chamber grow into large piles. Your joint prospects of wealth grow also. Of course the nuts have to be divided for you are picking on shares, half to go to the owner of the trees. By and by there is a bag full apiece all your own, yours and hers, two bushels each, four dollars each, - boots, shoes and some money besides. There is the wool money too, for you each

own a sheep, and the egg money, for the little pullets will lay soon, and the interest money, for you have a note of \$12 and her note is almost as large. Surely there will be enough this year for clothes and books and Christmas!

It is the middle of October and the sun is going down. The calves have strayed and you must find them. You take her with you, down the road, through the Barkley woods and out into the meadow north of the lock-up. The mountains are glowing but shadows lie along the fields. You stop to watch the changing colors in the changing sunset sky. She stands close by your side and you hold her hand. See! Over their, 20 rods away, a fox leaps upon the wall out of the big meadow where he has been after mice. He does not see you but runs along a few yards, clattering the stones. Now he drops down on this side and continues his search with his nose in the dry grass. Neither of you speak or move, except that she clings closer to you, afraid somewhat, for she is only a slip of a girl and you are thirteen. Reynard catches sight of you now and bounds off like a flash down the slope to the south. The spell is broken. You kiss your sister and both begin to talk. You must hasten now; it is almost dark before you are through the woods and quite so when you reach the house. It is the last walk that you will ever take together.

The next morning you are ill, so ill that a physician is summoned. She is not allowed to see you now but she throws a kiss to you through the window and sends word for you to take money out of her bank to pay the doctor.

This morning she is stricken too. She is brought into your room and you lie near each other though on separate beds. Days and nights wear away and she grows weaker. You go to her bed and she kisses you and asks you how you are. This afternoon she is worse. You sit by her bed and she talks to you. She tells you that she will never get well. You cry softly and kiss her lips and her cheeks and her hands. It is night now, Saturday night, November 1, 1879.

* * * * *

Spring has come. You are alone. For months you have been too weak to go to school. You get out of doors some now but do not walk far from the house. You are afraid to go toward the burying ground. You know there is a little grave there and you want to visit it yet, you dare not. Summer passes. You have been on the road but you could not look that way. It is autumn now and one morning you are sent there! You stand dumb. You are told a second time and you burst out crying, but go. Thank God you are to go alone. You do the work that is required of you and then, -- you go up to the little mound. You are no longer afraid. The grave does not look as you expected it would. Grass grows upon it. There is a small headstone and you read the inscription. The age is right, for you have carried in your mind every house - 10 years, 4 months, 3 days. Then you look on the other side of the stone. There is the name, Kate. You weep now and throw your arms about the stone and kiss the name again and again.

Boyhood passes. You are alone. Many a time, when no one knows, you visit the little grave and sit by it and kiss the stone and cry.

Manhood comes. Once, when you have not seen the sacred spot in years, when you have waited just as long as you can wait and your heart is full, you make a pilgrimage there just for an hour. Alone, you sit by the grave at night, you stretch yourself upon the ground, you wet the stone with tears, you call the name that is cut upon the marble, you pray. Then, comforted, you go away again, and only the fox and the birds of night and angels and God know of your coming and your going.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
October 5, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Have then thy wish!" - He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnetts and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe.
- SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The writer of this history finds himself somewhat hindered just at present because data, records, and notes are either in transitu or beyond his reach. Several stories, however, will make an interesting sketch.

Col. Effner, an early pioneer, was sent to Congress where he became a strong defender of the Constitution and a terror to the southern members. At one time a South Carolinian challenged him to a fight a duel. Col. Effner accepted but demanded the choice of weapons, which was accorded him. "I will take those which God Almighty gave me," said the Blenheim Hill Congressman, holding up a pair of powerful clinched fists. The duel did not take place.

Darius Baker of Greenwood, Delaware, stands for the following story, which comes to the writer from Dr. A. W. Clark: "You are aware," so Mr. Baker relates, "that the Anti-rent war commenced in Albany county, thence spread to Rossman Hill and from there to Blenheim Hill. I went with my parents there and there were others from the Hill there too. After the men came home an "Anti-rent society" was formed. I do not believe there was ever a band of men that could be called together any quicker than the "Indians" of Blenheim Hill and Eminence. No settler was allowed to blow a tin horn except in cases of emergency; then the first one blowed, and the next, and so on until the signal had been carried from house to house to the North Road settlement. Here a man or woman would take a horn and go to the top of the hill toward West Kill from which elevation the well known sound would be sent far out over the forests and back would come the answering signal from Eminence."

At one time Sheriff Brown came up to serve a writ on Stephen Mayham, uncle of Stephen L. He lived on what is known as the Charles Stewart farm. The Anti-renters had a young man living near Blenheim village to guard the trail from that quarter. Word was sent that the Sheriff was enroute but he was permitted to proceed. He did not find his man however and returned to Fink's tavern for the night where he was joined by an under-sheriff named Bouck and the two proceeded to enjoy themselves. In the meantime horns had echoed over the old Backbone and a goodly array of Indians were assembling under the leadership of the noble chief, Red Jacket. The band put on war paint and feathers and took the trail for Fink's tavern where the two officers of the law were holding high carnival. All at once the room in which Brown and Bouck were sitting was filled with Indians, the pair were taken prisoners and marched up the West Kill to Baldwin's Heights where Red Jacket proceeded to read the law of the woods. Sheriff Brown promised to return to Schoharie and not molest the settlers again. He was released and he kept his word.

The two men were not captured that night without a struggle. Bouck was a powerful man weighing 180 pounds. Just as the Indians burst into the room he ran behind the bar and closed the door, intending to throw glasses and bottles at his would-be captors. Before he had time to grab a single missile, a young man scarcely over 21 years of age, the youngest "buck" in the party, slender but strong, discerning in an instant what Bouck was about to do, placed on hand on the bar, cleared it with a bound, caught Bouck and hurled him over the bar. It was lightning work and it probably saved several lives for Bouck would have thrown to kill had he reached a bottle. Strong as he was,

he was no match for the number of "Indians" who fell upon him as he came sailing among them. The young man who had thus distinguished himself was a Sage; a brother of John R., and one who later went to Wisconsin.

The Anti-rent war, and the causes which preceded it, must be reckoned with in accounting for the politics of Blenheim Hill. The landlords, like John A. King, were rich Whigs. It was the Democratic Party that favored and finally secured legislation and constitutional changes which gave to the people of Blenheim Hill the rights which they sought. It was the Anti-rent vote that defeated Henry Clay for president. Perhaps John Mayham did it. Some of the early day Democrats, Col. John R. Sage, late of Jacksonville, Tompkins county, for one, followed Martin Van Buren into the Free Soil party and later became Republicans.

Here is still another story. Samuel Smith, father of the Rev. Wm. C. Smith, late in life prepared to visit his near relatives and old neighbors who had migrated to Wisconsin. The Susquehanna road had just been built and Mr. Smith went to Richmondville to take the train. He had never seen the cars in his life and when the mighty engine puffed into the station he gazed in awe and wonder and refused to get aboard. As the train pulled out he stood transfixed upon the platform, waved his hand in farewell and exclaimed, -"Pass on, pride and popularity, I'll not go with you."

Additional light is thrown on the date of building the Brimstone church by the finding of an old account book kept by B. P. Curtis. He and his brother William worked on the job in 1823, then in '24 and '25. The last entry is as follows:

Aug. 18, 1825, due on the meeting house job	\$95.45
rec'd	<u>.85</u>
remainder	94.60

Here is another interesting document, showing how long it took the good folk to complete their meeting house:

"BROOME, N.Y., June 11, 1836.

Received of Isaac Ferguson thirty-five dollars in full for finishing the church in Blenheim.

DARIUS HITCHCOCK."

A cut of the Brimstone Meeting House will be given later. The author of this history has received a large pencil sketch of the old edifice made by Miss Helen Clark from a mental picture furnished by Prof. Thomas Peaslee. From this sketch he will make a pen-and-ink drawing and from that a cut will be made. Prof. Peaslee writes: "You can cut a hole and put in view the high pulpit and desk and gallery on each side. Put the pulpit in the north end opposite the doors. Draw a boy of 10 or 12 stepping from the gallery on the 6-inch top of the pulpit rail and crossing over to the other gallery." Will someone have a photograph taken of the present church and get a cut made? The historian would like to use both cuts together. The picture from which was made the beautiful landscape cut, the Barkley meadow, was photography by Bradley Wood.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
October 12, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!"
- WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"A District Recorder for District No.9, in the town of Blenheim."

I, Joseph Simmons, do solemnly swear that I will in all things to the best of my Knowledge and ability well and faithfully Execute and perform the trust Reposed in me as Clerk in school district No. 9 in the Town of Blenheim in the county of Schoharie.

JOSEPH SIMMONS.

Sworn before me this

30 day of March, 1818.

VALENTINE EFNER, Justice of the Peace.

I, Ira Peaslee, Jacob Vandervoort, Stephen Curtiss, do solemnly swear that I will in all things to the best of my Knowledge and ability well and faithfully execute and perform the trust Reposed in me as Trustee of school district No. 9 in the town of Blenheim in the county of Schoharie.

IRA PEASLEE.

JACOB VANDERVOORT.

STEPHEN CURTISS.

Sworn before me this

30 day of March, 1818.

VALENTINE EFNER, Justice of the Peace.

I, Daniel Sage, do solemnly swear that I will in all things to the best of my Knowledge and ability well and faithfully Execute and perform the trust Reposed in me as Collector in school district No. 9 and that I will make Just Returns on my doings to the Trustee of said district in the town of Blenheim in the county of Schoharie.

DANIEL SAGE.

Sworn before me this

30 day of March, 1818.

VALENTINE EFNER, Justice of the Peace.

It is concluded on for the schoolhouse to stand near the Brook by Mr. Baker's on the Delaware road.

It is voted that the schoolhouse should be built and finished by the first day of November next.

It is agreed on that every man shall have the privilege to work out his assessment, his wages not to exceed six shillings per day.

July the 25, 1818. A district meeting has been held at the house of Stephen Curtiss.

It is voted that the schoolhouse shall stand east of the Brook in the highway if the land can't be purchased.

February the 10, 1819. It is agreed that the schoolhouse shall be finished on the ground where it now stands.

It is agreed that Joseph Vandervoort shall finish the schoolhouse as we the trustees have agreed with him.

It is agreed upon that there shall be one hundred and fifty dollars raised for the purpose of finishing the Schoolhouse.

Our annual meeting is adjourned to the first Saturday in June.

HENRY MAHAM, moderator.

JOHN CORNELL, Clerk.

ANSY FERGUSON, Collector.

WILLIAM H. CORNELL, first trustee.

JAMES P. VROMAN, second trustee.

GEORGE ELLIOT, third trustee.

At a meeting of the Freeholders and inhabitants of School District No. 9 in the Town of Blenheim, held pursuant to adjournment at the School house on the 4th of November, 1820:

Resolved unanimously that George Elliot be moderator and P. Galiger Clerk of this meeting.

The following gentlemen were chosen trustees for the ensuing year, viz: Henry Maham, Jonathan Smith, Joseph Chatfield, Benjamin P. Curtis, Collector.

Resolved unanimously that our next annual meeting be on the Second Saturday in October at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The following is the names of those that agreed to Furnish the Schoolhouse with window glass 7x9, viz: Vroman 3 lights, Cornell 3, Maham 3, Smith 3, Curtiss 3, Elliot 2, Moon Jr. 2, Gallager 2, Stephen Maham 2, John Cornell and Daniel Sage to furnish the putty.

At Special meeting held pursuant to Special notice, at the School house on the 10th day of Dec. 1821:

Resolved, that five dollars shall be raised by tax for the purpose of repairing the School House with window glass to the amount of 32 in number at 7 Cents per Light and also Any of the Scholars or any person who shall Break or Cause to be Broken any of the Lights Shall Cause to have them put in, in five days after the offence or pay ten cents for Each light.

Resolved that every inhabitant of this School District that shall send their Children to this school shall draw their proportion of firewood according as the master thinks proper.

The 13th of Nov. 1824: Resolved that Every person that sends to the school shall get wood that according to the number he sends and if he neglect to get wood that James P. Vroman shall get it and charge it to the neglecter.

Resolved that one-third of the public money shall be applied for the summer School and the remainder for the winter School.

On the 27th day of Sept. 1828: The money received from the Commissioners of Common Schools was \$15.50 and the same was applied to the payment of Teachers approved by law. The sum paid over and above the public money was \$22.00. The sum total of all the school bills amounts to \$38.60.

Report to the Commissioners of Common Schools for the year 1831:

To the Commissioners of Common Schools of the Town of Blenheim, We the Trustees of School district No. 9 in Said Town in conformity with the statute for the support of Common Schools, do Certify and Report that the whole time any school has been kept in our district during the year ending on the date hereof, and since the date of the last Report for said district, is six months, all by Teachers duly appointed and approved in all Respects according to law. That the amount of money received in our district from the Commissioners of Common Schools during the said year and since the date of said last report, is Seventeen Dollars, and that the same has been expended in the payment of wages of Teachers duly appointed and approved in all Respects according to Law.

That the number of children taught in said district during said year and since said last Report is fifty. And that the number of children Residing in our district on the first day of January, instant, who are over five and under sixteen years of age is forty-six. And that the names of the parents, or other person with whom such Children Respectively Reside, and the number of residing with each are as follows, viz:

PARENTS & C.	NO. CHILDREN.
Daniel Cornell	5
Thomas Cornell	5
John Cornell	3
Milo Wood	1
Edward Wood	5
Abel Cornell	4
Luther Hastings	2
Isaac Ferguson	3
Benjamin P. Curtis	4
Grandius Baker	4
James Vroman	1
Henry Maham	3
George Elliot	4
John Peaslee	2

And we further report that our School has been visited by Inspectors of Common Schools, or one of them, during the year preceding this report, once, and that the sum paid for Teachers' wages, over and above the public Monies apportioned to said district during the same year amounts to \$5.50.

Dated Blenheim, this first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and Thirty-one.

ISAAC FERGUSON,	} Trustees.
EDWARD WOOD,	
ABEL CORNELL,	

Oliver Paddock taught in No. 9 as early as 1810 or 1815. Abial Wellman, daughter of John Wellman and grandmother of John Stewart, taught as early as 1825 and perhaps earlier. Thomas S. Peaslee taught as early as 1835 in "the school house by the birch tree on the Grandius Baker farm." John Ruland, F. G. Baldwin, Reuben Shelmandine, Cornelius Maham, Dean Merchant and John B. Vroman, taught before 1844. A little later came Lorena Mayham, Margaret Rulifson, Phoebe Stephens, and Abigail Gibbs.

The schoolhouse built in 1819 was a frame structure and took the place of a log schoolhouse built at least ten years earlier "by the birch tree on the Delaware road." The other Blenheim Hill district was started as early as No. 9 and a log schoolhouse stood on the "Birch lot" east of the house where George Monfort lived a generation back. Daniel Sage called them the "educational institutions," and such they were.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
October 19, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, 'War! War! War!'"
- T. BUCHANAN READ.

The exodus from Blenheim Hill began almost as soon as settlement started. At first Cattaraugus county, then Wisconsin, and finally anywhere called the people away from the old Backbone. Reasons for leaving were many and varied. There is now living in the Badger state a venerable lady over 80 years of age, a daughter of Ira Peaslee, born on Blenheim Hill. Her father's family was one of several that made the western journey with ox teams sometime between 1830 and 1840. Speaking of why her people left Blenheim Hill, she says: "They were discouraged. The country was so cold, bleak, and barren, they thought they might just as well die on the road to Canaan as starve and suffer on Blenheim Hill."

Those who went in the last days were actuated by various motives, some of which are stated in the opinions here quoted. J. J. M. Wood says: "People left to better themselves and the world, as there was not room nor opportunity on the Hill for both betterments." Robert Mann says: "D... hard cold country and no railroad." H. W. Champlin says: "The people got too d... lazy to work." Prof. Thomas Peaslee says: "They did not leave to any great extent until after they were well acquainted with grief, cold, hunger, poor soil, hard labor. Hard labor was a part of their religion." M. S. Wilcox says: "The people left to better themselves all around." Isaac Peaslee says: "If I had my life to live over I would not work so hard on a cold, bleak, and unproductive country. I made a mistake in the application of my industry and energy. I would not live there now for all the country I could see from the cupola of the barn that I built."

In 1840 there were 70 children attending school in the district nearest the church. In 1865 the number of children between 5 and 21 was only 23. To quote Prof. Thomas Peaslee again:

"The war for an idea came at a time when there was some money on Blenheim Hill and I doubt not in the least that more of the young men would have entered college only for their patriotism. There was a great scattering of them. Many never came back. The spirit of war dissipated all thoughts of college education. The blow was very severe."

Giles S. Champlin, in his day, always contended that the war struck the death blow to Blenheim Hill. He sold wool at \$1.00 per pound and declared that it was the worst thing that ever

happened to him financially. He was a Douglas Democrat in 1860, and when his favorite candidate was defeated, vowed never to cut his beard until a Democrat should return to the White House. The ills that came to Blenheim Hill were political, he thought, and how near right he was is not the purpose of this history to determine.

Of the generation, born after the war, Fred Peaslee Jones was the only one who planned to make Blenheim Hill his home. He owns today one of the best farms, the original Thomas Peaslee homestead, occupies the finest residence, and is probably worth more money than any of the scores who went away from the Backbone to seek their fortunes. It is the purpose of these sketches to follow those who measured strength with the outside world. Among them, perhaps, Dell Hubbell was the most promising.

A. G. Hubbell was born at Gilboa and removed to Blenheim Hill with his parents when three years of age. His father owned the old Warner farm and the boy attended the district school near the church. When he was sixteen years of age he went to Franklin as a student of the Delaware Literary Institute but completed his academic studies at Stamford Seminary. In 1884 he entered Eastman's Business College at Poughkeepsie and graduated at the age of 19. He had already taught several terms in the district schools and continued teaching for some time after graduation.

September 2, 1885, Mr. Hubbell married Miss Inez Peaslee, the youngest daughter of Isaac Peaslee and a lady of rare accomplishments. In 1889 he went to New York and engaged with Edward Ridley & Sons as bookkeeper. Five years later he removed to Oneonta where he still resides. For nearly ten years he was engaged in the marble and granite business as a traveling salesman covering four states. On the first of January, this year, he was made district organizer of the Order of the Golden Seal with headquarters at Kingston.

Mr. Hubbell's wife died Jan. 17, 1904. He has two daughters, Leona and Lorene. The eldest was married at Oneonta only a few weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbell, as young people on Blenheim Hill, twenty years ago, enjoyed a wide acquaintance and were extremely popular. No social gathering was complete without them. They were leaders in a goodly circle which included South Jefferson, Shew Hollow, and the North Road. It was a happy group of young folk that went the rounds of the spacious and hospitable homes in this circuit back in the 80's. Who could draw a just picture of a winter evening's party at John Stewart's, Isaac Peaslee's or W. H. Decker's? The happiest days of old Blenheim Hill came just before its fall. The young people, from their merry-making, fled away, and left the old Backbone desolate.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
October 26, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"So, day by day, and week by week;
so, month after month, and year after year, *work on*,
and in that process gain strength and symmetry,
and nerve and knowledge, that when success,
patiently and bravely worked for, shall come,
it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it."

- J. B. HOLLAND.

It has seemed to the editor that this history of Blenheim Hill should include a sketch of the man whose love for the locality is unbounded and whose pen is fast making the region famous. To this suggestion a close friend of Mr. Mayham has responded and the regular installment of copy is laid over this week to make room for the following contribution, uniform in style with the series,

which fittingly brings into the circle one of the staunchest representatives of the old Backbone country.

Albert Champlin Mayham was born at South Gilboa, Schoharie county, N. Y., February 19, 1866. He is a great grandson of Henry Maham, through Cornelius, senior, and Cornelius. His maternal grandfather was Giles S. Champlin. At the age of ten he came to Blenheim Hill and spent his boyhood there. He attended school in the Peaslee district and at eighteen entered Stamford Seminary, completing his academic studies four years later at Cobleskill Academy. He taught three winters, on Blenheim Hill, Cornell Hollow, and at South Jefferson, respectively, and a year at Bridport, Addison county, Vermont.

After spending two years as a law clerk, reporter, and journalist, at Middleburgh, Cobleskill and Jefferson, he resumed teaching; was a year at Coldenham and another at Pine Bush, Orange county. He then entered the State Normal School at New Paltz and was graduated with honor in 1894. The same year he went to Lyndonville, Orleans county, as principal of the Union Free school there and the next year was elected to a similar position at Manchester, Ontario county.

Mr. Mayham's career at Manchester is a part of the town's history. During his first year a fine new school building was erected, costing \$12,000. For the five years that he remained in charge of the school, there was a marked and steady increase in registration, non-resident students, teaching force, and rank. While a resident of Manchester, Mr. Mayham served the municipal corporation three years as clerk and in the spring of 1899 was elected president of the village and unanimously re-elected the following year. In the fall of 1899 he was the democratic nominee for School Commissioner but was defeated, Ontario county being overwhelmingly Republican.

His work as president of the village of Manchester brought him into more than local prominence. He was elected as a reformer and so well did he succeed that the corporation tax-rate was divided by four, a most remarkable showing. Graft found no place under his administration and the people's money was expended for legitimate purposes only. When he left Manchester, Jun. 26, 1900, just five years to a day from time that he first entered the town, the Enterprise, a local newspaper, had this to say of him:

"It was with feeling of profound regret that we bade good-bye to our honored friend, Prof. Albert C. Mayham. During his residence here some five years he has ever labored for the interest and welfare of both school and village. It is entirely unnecessary to remind our local and vicinity readers of the success of his untiring efforts in that direction, in which labors he received the co-operation of Manchester's reliable citizens, by all of whom his upright manhood will ever be held in honored remembrance. We are happy in the knowledge of having known Albert C. Mayham, and his departure comes to us in the way of a distinct personal loss."

Mr. Mayham became a resident of Cortland, N.Y., in the summer of 1900 and very soon thereafter was stricken with typhoid fever, which, with complications, came near costing him his life. He was unable to work for a year and had not entirely regained his health when he resumed teaching at Killawog, Broome county. He remained there a principal of the Union School for four years and was last spring re-elected but resigned on Sept. 4th to accept a position as principal of the High Street school, employing nine teachers with 350 students, at Warwick, Orange county. His departure from Killawog is thus chronicled in a local paper:

"Our community was yesterday much surprised and disappointed as the announcement that Principal Mayham had resigned his position here. He was called by telegraph on Saturday to Warwick, Orange county, and a fine position offered him, which he with some reluctance accepted and, immediately sent his resignation to the Board of Education here. Principal Mayham as been here for four years and has brought our school up to a high standard morally and intellectually and regrets are heard on every hand at his sudden departure."

Professor Mayham is married and has an interesting family. His wife, formerly Miss Harriette B. Armour of Albion, N.Y., is a woman of culture, a graduate of the Albion High school and the Brockport Normal. She has studied at Chautauqua several summers and is an artist. Her tastes, however, are exclusively domestic. Mr. and Mrs. Mayham have three beautiful children, Beatrice Armour, the eldest, nine years of age, resembles her mother. Albert C. is a sturdy three-year-old and loves no one else quite so well as his dad. Dorothea Hortense, born Jan. 23, 1905, is the pride of the household. They have an attractive home in the picturesque Tioughnioga valley, where Prof. Mayham indulges his love of rural life in the cultivation of a large garden, the raising of thoroughbred poultry, and the possession of a fine Jersey cow, Blenheim Hill stock. If the Professor takes you into his confidence and talks to you on agriculture, it is easy to discern that the life of a farmer is the one towards the realization of which all his efforts are directed. It is in his blood, like his Democratic politics and his Unitarian religion. The Democratic party, by the way, has honored him this fall by nominating him for the office of school commission in the western district of Broome county.

Albert C. Mayham has played the part of a self-reliant man to the credit of his family name and the honor of old Blenheim Hill. He owes nothing to fortune. He has fought and earned his way. He has achieved success in his profession and holds today one of the finest positions in the schools of the Empire state. For the past four years he has been instructor in History in the Cortland Summer School, does some Institute work, and is the author of a United States History. He is in demand as a public speaker and is becoming well known on the lecture platform.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
November 2, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"In that Mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared
The stranger feasted at his board."
- HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

From a family history written by Elisha Sage of Cromwell, Conn., it appears that the Sage family is of Scandinavian origin. The name was first Sage, and signified among the Scandinavian tribes, "literary man" or "historian." When these people came into France, conquering and naming Normandy, they softened the final a into e and added a French prefix, Le Sage, the name coming to denote "landowner." As these spread from Normandy to other countries the name underwent various changes, such as Sauge in Germany and Switzerland.

The name is first found in England upon the Abbey battle roll in 1066, made by William the Conqueror after the Battle of Senlac when he divided the English lands among his favored followers. It is a strange circumstance that the Sages and Champlins, firm friends and neighbors on Blenheim Hill, should have fought side by side at Hastings and should have shared the rich Saxon estates which their chief gave to their Norman followers. As a special mark of favor, William gave a Sage coat-of-arms which is in the possession of the family today. From England the Sages spread to Scotland and to Wales and in the latter country it is not all unlikely that the family became associated with the Peaslees.

Col. John R. Sage married Clara Wallace in 1837. They began housekeeping on the Vandervoort place, the house standing on the lower side of the road east of the George Monfort

house, "where the plum trees grow," as the site was long designated in local history. They lived here only a short time when Mr. Sage bought what is now the old Champlin homestead. Here, he planted the butternut tree, a landmark, and set out the orchard which surrounds the present residence of Giles S. Champlin. Mr. Sage's father being now dead, his mother desired him to come and live with her on what has for many years been known as the Spring place. Against the wishes of his wife and his own better judgment, he sold his home to Giles S. Champlin, senior, and moved on the old homestead with his mother.

In 1844, Col. Sage moved to Tompkins county with his family. It was early spring and the journey in lumber wagons took six days, staying overnight at taverns on the road. There were five little children. It was Sage "grit" and Wallace "endurance" that made the journey possible. Ah! the same qualities made the Republic! A Sage fought at Senlac!

Tompkins county was then the far west to Blenheim Hill folk. It was a Sunday when the little band reached Ithaca, tired and homesick. Ory Ferguson came with one load and Col. Sage drove the other team himself. John Perry of Blenheim Hill and Thomas Campaign of Worcester accompanied the family and both worked for Col. Sage on his new farm through the season. It was a better farming country than Blenheim Hill and the Colonel prospered but his wife never forgot her girlhood home and now, at the age of 86, still longs for the old Schoharie hills.

Later, when railroads were built, there was visiting back and forth. In fact, Giles S. Champlin and his wife drove to Tompkins county on a visit. Mr. Champlin said he was never sick of Blenheim Hill but once and that was only two weeks. He had visited Col. Sage in the early spring. The season is much earlier in Tompkins county than on the hills among the Catskills. The fields were green, the leaves had started, and the whole country, was beautiful about Ithaca when Mr. Champlin started for home. When he reached Blenheim Hill it was winter, such winter as often lingers there in early May. For a fortnight he was sick! But spring, though tardy, came at last and with it his old love for Blenheim Hill returned and remained with him while he lived.

Those two men grew up like brothers. They were always friends but very unlike. They could never agree on religion or politics. They, with Sheldon Peaslee, as boys, attended Sunday school in the vicinity of Patchin Hollow and their teacher was Miss Sunderland, evidently a daughter of Judge Sunderland. To John R. Sage was awarded a prize of a Bible for learning the most chapters. One of his daughters has the book now. He could repeat chapter after chapter when over 80 years of age. The three attended Jefferson Academy together also.

Col. Sage and Squire Champlin carried on a life-long correspondence but unfortunately their letters have since their death, been destroyed. They contained many political disputes, which, in war times, grew fierce, but ended in peace. The Squire once wrote: "It is no use Colonel. You and I do not see these things alike any more than when we were boys at school. You had your way and I had mine. You remember when you drove the sheep they followed *you*; when I went after them, *I drove them*. I never could wait to coax. So it is now. I must *drive*."

Col. Sage was on of the Jackson Democrats who followed VanBuren after free soil. When he became a Republican he tried to convince Giles Champlin and George Wallace, his brother-in-law, and Daniel Sage, his brother. The two latter were much disgusted with "John's black Republicanism" but Mr. Champlin took his old friend's missionary letters in good part though he had no love for "free nigger" as he called the issue. Col. Sage gave a son to the Rebellion. Oh God! what a price has been paid for this Union!

Col. Sage was an anti-renter but never wore a disguise as did his brother Daniel. He was once arrested for an "Indian," being mistaken for Ezekiel Cornell. He was taken to Gilboa but released through the influences of Luman Reed. Daniel was taken and held a week but nothing found against him. While the Colonel was under arrest his family was at home alone but James Porn, an "up-renter," looked after the folk.

Mrs. Sage and Mrs. Champlin are both living, the last of that generation. They came from Clinton, Dutchess county, in childhood. Their father was Henry Wallace, and their blood, Holland Dutch. When the family came to Schoharie county, about seventy-five years ago, the journey was made in the winter season and they crossed the North river on the ice.

Some of the children of Col. Sage recall their school days on Blenheim Hill and remember as teachers, John Vroman, Daniel Sage, Louisa Mayham, Harriet Bailey, and Lucinda Wallace, the last a sister of Mrs. Sage and Mrs. Champlin. She became the wife of William Mayham and is still living near Stamford.

Among the most pleasant recollections of the historian's life is a visit to the Tompkins county home of Colonel Sage in the summer of 1894. A grandson of Cornelius Maham and Giles S. Champlin was welcomed to his heart of hearts. Together, the hand of the elder man tightly clasping that of the younger, they went far back in memory over the fields and highways of Blenheim Hill. The spot where the plum tree grew, the butternut tree, the orchard, -- a hundred landmarks were recalled. God bless the land! An early life spent there and the acquaintance of such men as lived there make this history possible. Letters are coming to the historian every day from far and wide like this: "I have received the Couriers and cry over them. I cannot read the history and not see it all and think I am there too." Grand old Blenheim Hill!

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
November 9, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"And pace the sacred old familiar fields."

- ALFRED TENNYSON.

John Van Der Voort and his good wife Elizabeth were among the very first pioneers who came to Blenheim Hill, probably as early as 1794. They settled along the Indian trail leading from Patchin Hollow, living for a time in a log house not far from the Perry's. About 1810 he built a frame house on what is now known as the Isaac Peaslee farm which stood for 40 years but was taken down just before the war. The siding was brought on a horse from the mill in Patchin Hollow, the boards being tied on each side of the animal. There was only a path through the forest and Mr. Van Der Voort walked back and forth, up and down the great hill, a three-mile journey, leading the faithful horse with its load of lumber.

John Van Der Voort was born March 3, 1755; died July 3, 1836. His wife was born Dec. 13, 1758; died Sept. 8, 1835. Their children were James, Peter, Cornelius, Fregiff, [the historian follows copy but questions the spelling of this name] William and Betsey.

Jacob Van Der Voort was born in Dutchess county, N.Y., in 1783; died Dec. 1, 1819. He married Catherine Acker Dec. 9, 1809. their children were all born on Blenheim Hill, Elmer Doras, Nov. 11, 1811; John W., Feb., 20, 1813; Elinor Maria, May 15, 1815; Catherine, Sept. 1, 1818; Phebe E., Jan. 13, 1820. Elinor Maria married Robert Wild; Catherine married John A. Clark, father of Dr. A. W. Clark; Phebe E. married George Decker. John W. died in 1837 in Bloomington, Wis. Elmer died in 1849 in Larachita Parish, La., of cholera. His widow came to New York state and after a time married Horace Griggs. They settled on the farm near South Jefferson now owned by George Welch. Later he sold his farm and went west.

Catherine Acker, wife of John Van Der Voort¹, was born in Dutchess county, Dec. 8, 1794 and was 15 years of age when she was married. After her husband's death she remained a widow nearly two years and then married Edward Wood, Sept. 20, 1821. He was born in Berkshire, Mass.,

April 12, 1791, and died in Wisconsin in April 1867. Catherine Acker-Van Der Voort-Wood died Oct. 17, 1871. Their children were Hannah Jane, born March 4, 1823; Alfred A., born Oct. 15, 1825; Abigail Louisa, born Dec. 11, 1827; Albert Jacob, born Jan. 25, 1830; Edward P., born May 25, 1832; Margaret A., born Aug. 28, 1834. Hannah married John Vosburgh. Alfred A. became a physician and married Permelia Dyer, Aug. 12, 1849; Abigail married Stephen Vroman, March 13, 1845; Albert married Margaret H. Dingman, April 2, 1851; Edward married Lima M. Taylor, March 5, 1856; Margaret married Peter Vroman.

At the time of the marriage of Edward Wood and Catherine Van De Voort, he lived on the Barkley farm now owned by Henry Wallace Champlin. Shortly after his marriage he settled on the Jacob Van Der Voort homestead. The Wallace family, which also came from Dutchess county, was related to the Ackers. Mrs. Catherine Jane Wallace-Champlin's mother was Mary Traver and her mother was Elizabeth Acker. The Barkley meadow, a cut of which was given on Sept. 28, stretches eastward from the site of the house where Edward Wood lived in 1821. It is the finest location for a home in all the Catskills. A woodchuck now occupies the old cellar, a large flat stone covers the old well and a hop vine grows at will along the wall. Just back of where the house stood is a small orchard of very old apple trees.

Harry Wood, brother of Milo and Horace, and a relative of Edward, has come down to us as a man of sterling qualities. He was smaller than either of his brothers but large of bone and muscular, very strong and equal to two ordinary men in logging, peeling bark, chopping wood, swinging a cradle or a scythe, especially the latter as he cut wide and low at the heel and toe, --in fact, he was an expert. He was a useful member of the community, strictly honest, peaceful, of a religious turn of mind, possessing a quick and receptive brain, with a keen sense of the humorous. This last quality was likely, though unconsciously, of great relief to him in his poverty, afflictions, and struggles. He reared a large family by the work of his hands and there were as many stones on Blenheim Hill then as now. His face was usually serious. You could not hear him laugh when he told a clean story but if you saw his face you would be sure to note the twinkle in his eye and detect how well and keenly he enjoyed the telling.

"I remember," relates a gray haired man who knew him, "how my younger brother and I spent many a day with him in the field hoeing corn and potatoes. When we could not keep up he would threaten us with all manner of whippings if we did not do our work better. It was our plan to keep up if we had to slight our work. Then, while we were bending our backs to the task, he would quickly hoe two or three hills apiece for us and say --'Now keep up or I'll thrash you so you can't hoe tomorrow.' He would give us a rest at the end of the row and sometimes tell us a story.

"My brother and I were anxious to raise some watermelons. He said 'you boys don't know how to raise watermelons. I'll tell you how. First you must have good loamy soil. Take the soil where a stone wall has rotted down and left the stakes and riders standing, hoe it up well and drop your seed, but not too thick in such rich soil. The seed will soon sprout and grow, the vines will run up the stakes and along the riders and the watermelons will hang down like great water pails.' He did not crack a smile. While the vision of melons as large as water pails, ripening in the sun, hung before us we asked him if he ever raised any. He replied that he was not old enough but he had heard his uncle Bill Cornell tell of a man down in Connecticut who had raised them that way.

"Labor with uncle Harry was made less severe by his good humor. His genial smile, his long stories, are fresh in my memory though a half century has passed since I hoed corn with him as a boy. Later I taught his children, Obedia, Manda, Nathan, and one whose name I cannot recall. I tried to do well by them. After a time the family migrated to Minnesota where prosperity crowned a lifelong struggle and uncle Harry was gathered to his fathers. Blessed be his memory, peace to his ashes, eternal peace to his soul, I would utter could I stand by his grave today with uncovered head.

¹ Original text is John Van Der Voort – Believe this should be Jacob Van Der Voort.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
November 16, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and look after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust."
- PURITAN BOOK, 1643.

BLENHEIM, March 17, 1832: At a meeting of the freeholders and inhabitants of Dist. No. 18, the following persons were chosen to office, --

- Thomas Peaslee, Moderator.
- Isaac Ferguson,
- Benjamin P. Curtiss, } Trustees.
- Joseph Curtiss , }
- Thomas S. Peaslee, Clerk.
- Jeffrey W. Champlin, Collector.

Resolved by a majority of votes present that the school house shall be on the southeast corner of Thomas Peaslee's land upon the end of it and I. Ferguson adjoining.

April 2: Resolved to build a new house as follows, -24 by 18 feet upon the ground, well covered with good merchantable lumber, to be planked with 1 1-2 inch hemlock plank on the inside and well lathed and plastered except the entry which is to be partitioned with boards with four shelves in the school room for clothes. The floor to be pine boards lined with hemlock. It shall have 96 lights of glass and a stove two and a half feet long placed in the middle of the house with the pipe passing through the plaster and a brick top and the above described house to stand on a stone foundation laid below the frost and in lime and sand above ground.

Resolved to raise the sum of \$150 to build the above house, to be let to the lowest bidder and finished by Nov. 1.

Children of school age, Jan. 1, 1833:

Benjamin P. Curtis	5
Isaac Ferguson	4
Joseph Curtis	4
John R. Sage	2
John Mayham	5
Ansy Ferguson	4
Peter Vandervoort	4
Jeffrey W. Champlin	2
George Elliot	3
Henry Maham	4
Jane Baker	3

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

Thomas Vroman 3
Luther Hastings 2

Annual meeting, Oct. 3, 1835: Motioned and carried for the school house to be removed to the south-west corner of the lot occupied by Seth Perry on the north side of the highway.

Thomas Peaslee, Chairman.
Cornelius Maham, Clerk.
Horace Wood, Collector.
Thomas S. Peaslee,)
Thomas Vroman,) Trustees
Seth Perry,)

Feb. 7, 1839: Daniel Sage, moderator. Agreed to buy a half acre of land on lot 72 on the corner opposite to the old site for a site. Resolved to build a house on said site after a plan proposed by B. P. Curtis, 18 x 30 feet. This house to be sold to the lowest bidder within ten days by giving security satisfactory to the trustees, benches, pail, shovel, table, and all appendages. This house to be done by the 1st day of June next. \$205 voted to build.

The trustees report for 1839:

Public money received	\$13.69
Paid besides public money	17.64
No. of children taught	52
Children over 5 and under 16	43

Valuation of District No. 18, Blenheim, March, 1839:

B. P. Curtis	\$900
George Elliot	430
Joseph Curtis, 2d	300
Luther Hastings	200
Thomas Vroman	300
Andrew Vroman	50
Samuel Lyon	35
William Baker	300
Daniel Sage	450
Edward Wood	500
Henry Maham	1500
Thomas Peaslee	550
Thomas S. Peaslee	850
Henry Wood	100
Isaac Ferguson	675

Nathan S. Peaslee, first librarian, 1839. Voted to purchase books according to the circular.

From Jan. 1, 1840 to Oct. 2, 1841: School kept by qualified teachers six and one half months.

Received library money	\$5.25
Common school month	21.02
Teachers' wages	53.75

Text-books in 1844: Olney's Geography, Smith's Arithmetic, do. Grammar, Perkkan's (?) Grammar, Daballs's Arithmetic, Town's Spelling Book, Sander's Readers,----- Philosophy.

Rate Bill, District No. 18, Blenheim, for the term ending March 12, 1844.

NAME.	DAYS.	AM'T.
Benjamin P. Curtis	385	\$5.69
Ann M. Curtis	29	.42
Thos. Vraman	407	6.01
Wm. Baker	121	1.78
Edward Wood	192	2.83
Sally Maham	84	1.24
George Elliot	176	2.66
Daniel Sage	245	3.62
John J. Warner	135	1.99
Thos. S. Peaslee	30	.44
Joseph Curtis	50	.73
Mindred Velee		62 .91
John Cornwall	9	.22
Jane Simmons	23	.33
Lyman P. Root	50	.73

The rate bill of 1846 shows T. S. Peaslee to have sent children to school the greatest number of days, 426 1-2, with Cornelius Maham a close second, 412.

Feb. 18, 1847, T. S. Peaslee resigned his office of trustee before Cornelius Maham and F. P. Martin, Justices of the Peace. Cornelius Maham chosen to fill vacancy.

Dec. 4, 1847, School District No. 18 changed to No. 10 by T. S. Peaslee, Town Superintendent.

A record of Dean Merchant's school for the winter term commencing Nov. 20, 1848 in Dist. No. 10, Blenheim and Gilboa.

PUPILS.	DAYS.
M. M. Curtis	11
P. E. Palmer	30
S. E. Maham	19
Amy Peaslee	9
M. I. Maham	21
C. Mayham	15
J. A. Maham	39
T. C. Maham	38
D. Baker	39
W. Baker	38
L. Rivenburgh	38

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

C. Peaslee	8
M. J. Baker	25
M. J. Curtis	24
P. A. Velea	35
J. R. Sage	41
C. Maham	32
J. Velae	16
I. Peaslee	6
O. Curtis	27
J. A. Sage	7
S. Peaslee	4
L. Curtis	17
M. Curtis	17
John Wood	34
H. S. Curtis	5
J. Curtis	29
J. Peaslee	2
N. S. Peaslee	½
M. Velea	18
A. Maham	7
R. Velea	21
C. Wood	18
A. A. Sage	12

Partial list of teachers.

1849	R. G. Baird
1853	Jay Mayham
1855	Susan Peaslee
1856	J. C. Peaslee
1857	Martha Baird
	Susan Peaslee, winter term, 15 weeks, wages \$15 per month.
1858	Betsey Peaslee
	Mary Shafer
1859	John Wood
	Ellen Creighton
1860	J. C. Peaslee
	Becca Van Patten
1861	J. C. Peaslee
	Mary J. Baker
1862	J. Perry Champlin
	Lovinna Mattice
	Addie L. Sutherland
1863	Thomas Peaslee
	Jane Champlin
1864	Mary J. Baker
	Marinna Conklin
1865	Lois Becker
	Polly A. Shafer

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

1871	Helen Clark Mina Martin
1873	Mary Murphy Mary E. Franklin
1874	Hannah Van Voris Alice M. Wood
1875	Ella Wood
1878	Leila Wood Ella Wood
1879	Willet Baker Mary C. Best
1880	C. O. Peaslee Ella L. Wood
1884	Lynn Hallock Nettie Cating

The men who taught on Blenheim Hill during the winter terms twenty-five and more years ago were superior instructors. They did their work better than the same grade of work is being done in the best union schools today. One of the best of these typical district masters is Lynn Hallock. His home for many years has been at South Jefferson. He is a farmer, son of a Baptist minister, and splendidly equipped in every way for the important work which he has done so successfully. Many of his students have gone on through High school, Normal or College. His good work in the district schools is a blessing to his country.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
November 23, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willow brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near."
- Samuel Rogers.

The population of Blenheim Hill has decreased to such an extent that probably half the area could be bought today as its assessed value. Any number of farms are offered at \$10 per acre and some even less. Schoharie county as a whole has lost 1581 people in the last five years and it is likely that the old Backbone has suffered only its share of decrease. Here is a somewhat remarkable condition: There are today a few fine farms and prosperous farmers left on Blenheim Hill. These farms, thirty years ago, were not the best there. Nothing in location, soil, or other natural advantage makes their cultivation more easy or more profitable, yet their owners have continued to live upon them and make money while farms on every side have been deserted. The trouble cannot be with the land. It is a good country.

One of the finest country places in the whole Catskill region is the Wood homestead on the southern verge of Blenheim Hill in the town of Gilboa, the home of J. M. & C. A. Wood. The Wood farms have been in the possession of the family for nearly a century. They are well kept, the barn buildings are ample and in excellent condition, and the house, a cut of which appears this week, is a typical Blenheim Hill residence, bespeaking thrift, enterprise, comfort, and all that goes toward the making of a good home.

Wood Brothers make dairying their business but have also for many years been engaged in breeding good horses. They were at one time extensively engaged in buying cattle for the eastern market, taking large droves over the old route to Catskill, through Columbia and Dutchess counties and into Connecticut. They have worked hard, made money, and spent it wisely in the improvement of their estate.

The Wood family is one of the oldest, most prolific and most respected on Blenheim Hill. It is Democratic in politics and Methodist in religion. While it has clung to the old homestead for several generations it has also contributed its share in giving to the outside world men of character and prominence and has been especially rich in the production of physicians and ministers. Wood blood is good blood. It has figured largely in the history of the school district nearest the church, a history which is resumed in this article.

At a special meeting of the voters of School District No. 10, towns of Blenheim and Gilboa, Jan. 2, 1850. Voted: that we have eight months school in the year 1850; that the district raise \$56 for teacher's wages for winter term; that the district raise a tax to pay for 6 cords of maple wood at 60 cents per cord; that the district raise \$32 for the support of the summer school for four months; that the district raise \$1.00 per week to pay teacher's board for 4 months (summer term); that the wood bill for the summer term be rejected; that the district raise \$1 for contingent expenses for the ensuing year.

CORNELIUS MAHAM, Chairman.
N. S. Peaslee, Clerk pro tem.

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

A list of names of scholars who attended the school in district No. 10, Blenheim and Gilboa, during the term commencing Nov. 1, 1852 and ending March 4, 1853.

JAY MAYHAM, teacher

I. Peaslee	L. R. Baker
E. Peaslee	H. Craton
T. Peaslee	E. Craton
C. Peaslee	D. W. Craton
M. J. Curtis	M. Craton
A. Curtis	P. Palmer
C. Warner	R. E. Palmer
I. Warner	F. M. Palmer
M. Warner	J. A. Vroman
H. Warner	Wm. Vroman
L. Warner	J. W. Vroman
M. E. Veley	J. Vroman
R. Veley	E. Lanagen
P.A. Veley	O. Curtis
I. Veley	E. L. Wood
C. Veley	L. Wood
H. L. Curtis	M. Wood
H. M. Curtis	C. Vroman
W. Baker	L. F. Vroman
M. J. Baker	C. Wales
A. Baker	Jacob Peaslee

To Bartholomew Becker, School commissioner of the First District of the County of Schoharie:

Report of the Trustees of District No. 10 in the town of Blenheim for the year ending Sept. 20, 1865.

Public money		\$53.71
Teachers wages	\$35.85	
Library	1.61	
Supervisor's hands	16.25	53.71
No. weeks school		28
Children between 5 and 21		23
Children attending school		25
Average daily attendance		22
Volumes in library		40
Value of library		\$25.00
Value of school house lot		5.00
Value of school house		65.00

Schedule:

PARENTS.	CHILDREN.
J. C. Peaslee	1
Theodore Curtis	2
John Wood	2
Fanny Flin	2

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

Anthony Cheskelskie	3
William Vroman	3
William Shafer	5
William Baker	1
Nathan S. Peaslee	2
T. S. Peaslee	1
Champlin Hastings	2
J. C. PEASLEE, CLERK.) Trustees
THEADORE CURTIS,	
JOHN WOOD,	

Valuation, 1869.

C. Vroman	\$ 600
Wm. Vroman	600
Wm. Baker	900
Willard Baker	150
Wm. D. Shafer	1200
T. S. Peaslee	1700
N. S. Peaslee	1400
T. Curtis	300
J. Delany	1400
P. Lee	650
J. C. Peaslee	1200
A. Ciculski	250
John Wood	1500

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
November 30, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Still sits the school-house by the road
A ragged beggar sunning."
- JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The good Quaker poet was the grandson of a Peaslee. Noble race! For a century the blood has been the main stay of joint district No. 9, Blenheim and Gilboa. And what a grand old district too! Way back in 1818 Daniel Sage took a solemn oath to well and faithfully execute and perform the trust reposed in him as collector; and, ye men in these later days of graft, note this clause in that historic oath: "AND THAT I WILL MAKE JUST RETURNS OF MY DOINGS." These words have ever been the key-note of Blenheim Hill citizenship and no men ever lived up to this standard better than did those bearing the name of Peaslee.

Fred Peaslee Jones is still clerk of District No. 9, succeeding his father and grandfather in that office. A picture of his residence and farm buildings is given in this issue. The house was built about 30 years ago and is the finest on Blenheim Hill. Mr. Jones is a graduate of Stamford Seminary and one of the best informed men in the community. He is a Republican, has been a Justice of the Peace, and is an all round good citizen. His wife is a daughter of John Wood. Both are members of

the Heading M. E. church. While other Blenheim Hill boys scattered to the four winds, Fred Jones settled quietly on the parental acres and proceeded to enjoy life. It was a wise choice.

Scholars attending school in District No. 9 during term commencing Nov. 23, 1857.

Susan Peaslee, teacher.

Willard Baker	Mary J. Baker
Abbey Baker	Lewis Baker
Stephen Baker	William Vroman
John W. Vroman	Julia A. Vroman
James A. Vroman	Milo Warner
Lorena Warner	Harvey Warner
Betsey Peaslee	Thomas Peaslee
Fanny B. Peaslee	Daniel Sitzer
Libbie Sitzer	Elmer Sitzer
Calvin Vroman	Ellen Creighton
Mary Creighton	Jay Veley
Charles M. Peaslee	Ellen Sitzer
Adelia Sitzer	Henry Creighton
David Creighton	Abram Yanson
Spencer Vroman	Polly Ann Shafer
Ezra Shafer	Jerome Shafer
Elijah Shafer	Thomas Barkley
Amelia Decker	

Scholars attending during term commencing Nov. 17, 1862.

Thomas Peaslee, teacher.

Fanny Peaslee	49
Charles Peaslee	63
Lewis Baker	53
Stephen Baker	62
Albert Vroman	56
Charles Vroman	62
Phebe Vroman	58
Watson Shafer	62
Jerome Shafer	62
Delia Curtis	41
Calvin Vroman	43
Abigail Baker	17
Henry Wood	37
Nathan Wood	25
Roman Effner	41
Elijah Shafer	32
Benjamin Curtis	30
James Wilson	36
Polly Ann Shafer	25
Ezra Shafer	45
Ada Shafer	28

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

Cornelia Shafer	14
Newton Truax	6
Obediah Wood	28
Abraham Yanson	15

Thomas Peaslee being duly sworn deposes that the foregoing is a true and accurate list of all the scholars who attended the district school and the number of days they respectively attended the same as above set forth.

Thomas Peaslee.

Subscribed and sworn
Before me this 23 day
of March, 1863.

G. S. CHAMPLIN, Justice of the Peace.

Scholars attending during the term commencing May 11, 1863 and ending Sept. 5, 1863.

Jane Champlin, teacher.

Clyde Peaslee	45
Phebe Jane Vroman	78
Charles L. Vroman	78
Jesse O. Vroman	80
Ada E. Shafer	88
Cornelia E. Shafer	93
Emma L. Caniff	63
Stephen A. Baker	42
Roman Effner	68
Adelia M. Curtis	78
Benjamin Curtis	55
James A. Vroman	33
Watson Shafer	45
Schoharie County ss	

Jane Champlin, being duly sworn deposes that the foregoing is a true and accurate list of the names of the scholars who attended the district school of joint school district No. 9 in the towns of Blenheim and Gilboa during the term commencing the 11th day of May and ending the 5th day of September and the number of days they respectively attended.

Jane Champlin

Sworn and subscribed
To this 24 day of Sept.
1863 before me.

G. S. CHAMPLIN, Justice of the Peace.

In 1857, Susan Peaslee as teacher received \$15 per month for the winter. In the summer of 1859, Ellen Creighton received 14 shillings a week. In the summer of 1860, Becca Van Patten received 14 shillings a week. J. C. Peaslee's wages for the winter of 1860-61, amounted to \$46.50. J. Perry Champlin received \$15 per month. Jane Champlin taught 17 weeks in the summer of 1863 at 12 shillings per week. Marinda Conklin was paid 14 shillings in 1864. Emma Champlin received \$70 for the winter term in 1872. Ella Wood received \$133.99 for the year in 1874-5. In 1883 Lynn Hallock was paid \$100 for the winter term, and in 1885, \$102.25.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
December 7, 1905

BLENHEIM HILL

"Praise ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through His courts proclaim."
- CHARLES WESLEY.

Much data has already been given concerning the Blenheim Hill M. E. church and there is more to follow. Several different men, working on different lines, have collected material relating to the history of the society of the buildings, and of the early ministers. These records do not agree. Out of the mass of material at hand and still coming to hand it is not possible to get at the facts. This much is certain: Sketches have been printed in the past and memoranda entered largely on "information and belief," without a careful regard to the exact truth and the men who have been working for the past six month under the direction of the historian have been finding statements that cannot be brought together.

EXTRACT FROM DISTRICT REGISTER,
Rev. C. E. White, Editor.

"Blenheim Hill, sometimes called the Backbone, was another appointment on the Jefferson circuit. [This was 1821 that Jefferson was formed] It had previously been part of the Delaware circuit. The preaching place at that time was in an old log school house which stood near the site of the present church. [I doubt this last, yet it may be true -- Peaslee] Mrs. Milo Wood, who died at the Jefferson camp meeting in 1881, told the writer, [Rev. White], that her father was Methodist when he came from Dutchess county before she was born, in 1805. Methodist services were established soon after. She had a distinct recollection of a visit made at her father's by Revs. Arnold and James Youngs, preachers on the Delaware circuit in 1818. They both brought their wives, and Mrs. Schofield brought a young babe and showed the presents she had received in passing around the circuit. Among the gifts was a new silk dress which the little infant was to wear. In 1821, Blenheim Hill was transferred from Delaware circuit to Jefferson circuit under the pastoral labors of John Bangs and Henry Eames. Preaching was still held in the old log school house. Patty Morey, now over 90 years old, was married in 1823 and moved that year to Blenheim Hill. She speaks of many precious seasons of revival in that building. David Poor speaks of preaching in the same school house in 1826. In 1833, Broome circuit was formed and Blenheim Hill was made one of the appointments. John Bangs and William Lull were the preachers. In that year the first church of Blenheim Hill was built, an interesting account of which will appear in the history of Broome circuit."

Prof. Peaslee, who sends this sketch, adds:

"Here the quotation ends. You will see from authentic information sent you from the day-book of Benj. P. Curtis that Rev. White has the date of the building of the old church wrong. The other matter may be of some use to you. Mrs. Betsy Wood's father was Wm. Cornell (Uncle Bill), and came of the early settlers. He had some means and leased 400 or more acres of land.

From another source comes the following:

"Blenheim Hill, previous to 1821, was a part of Delaware circuit. The preaching place at first was in an old log school house which stood near the site of the present church. There was also preaching at Wm. H. Cornell's. Methodist services were established soon after 1805. From 1805 to 1821, Blenheim belonged to the Delaware circuit and Bangs preached there off and on.

In 1821, when Blenheim Hill was transferred to the Jefferson circuit, preaching was still held in the old long school house. [This quite certainly is an error].

In 1833 Broome circuit was formed.

Appointments on Jefferson circuit from formation were as follows:

- 1821 – John Bangs, Henry Eames.
- 1822 – John Bangs, Roswell Kelly.
- 1823 – Jesse Pomeroy, Quartees Stewart, C. Pomeroy.
- 1824 – Daniel I. Wright, Quartees Stewart.
- 1825 – Daniel I. Wright, John Wait.
- 1826 – Friend W. Smith, D. Poor, John Finnegan, sup.
- 1827 – Cyrus Silliman, Alex. Calder, John Finnegan, sup.
- 1828 – Alex Calder, Philo Ferris, John Finnegan, sup.
- 1829 – Philo Ferris, John Bangs.
- 1830 – Eli Denniston, Paul R. Brown.
- 1831 – Eli Denniston, Paul R. Brown.
- 1832 – Harvey Brown, J. Robinson.

A sketch of the old Brimstone meeting house is in the making. If anyone can give information that will add to the picture, let them speak. Regarding the historic structure, Dr. R. Hubbell writes:

"I note you expect to publish cut of old church. I hope it will be a correct one. Prof. Peaslee and I disagreed about the windows when I last talked with him. I claim they were small windows two rows one above the other. He thought they were long, ordinary church windows. I talked with John Wood today. He agrees with me and says the windows were small with small 7x9 glass. He agrees with me as to position of church. It stood with gables east and west, with two doors on south side. The doors were wide apart; the eastern one was ladies entrance and the western one was for gents – with one chimney near center. As you passed in the outside doors there was a stairway to the gallery at the left of the west door and at the right of the east door a high pulpit in the center of north side of church was reached by stairs. Galleries extended around three sides of the church east, south and west pulpit was so high preacher could look into the galleries."

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
December 14, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Memory, a pensive Ruth,
went gleaning the silent fields of childhood,
and found the scattered grain still golden,
and the morning sunlight fresh and fair."

- GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

On the eastern brow of Old Blenheim Hill there are several hundred acres of land that have been in the Clark family for three generations. This land is now held in two farms, owned by LaGrand and LaGrange Clark and Ralph H. Clark, respectively. They are two of the few remaining good farms on the Backbone and both were carved out of the ancient wilderness by men of the Clark name and blood.

Randall Clark, the progenitor of the family, was born in Charleston, Rhode Island, October 28, 1788. His father's name was Job Clark of Charleston, R.I., and his mother was Anna (Wilcox) Heron. The date of their marriage was 1776. The family came from England and was of good Puritan stock. When a lad of eight or ten, Randall came to New York state with his two oldest sisters, Prudence and Eunice, and made his home with them for a time. When he became a young man he returned to Rhode Island where he found that his father, who was left a widower in 1796, had married again and there were then two children by this second marriage, Thomas and Sarah. While on this visit to his old home he met Dorcus Tucker of Kingston, R.I., fell in love with her and made her his wife. He then bought a farm in Rhode Island but sold it about 1825 and returned to New York, stopping for a time with his sisters, Prudence and Lucy, who had come to New York state about 1800.

Prudence Clark married Stephen G. Champlin of Rhode Island who was one of several brothers who came to Blenheim. He bought land and settled on Blenheim Ridge, the farm being now owned by John More and joins the farm of Cornelius Mayham. Stephen G. and his good wife lived here for the remainder of their days. Lucy Clark married Joseph Perry, and settled on Blenheim Hill.

The records from which the historian quotes state that this Joseph Perry was an uncle of Commodore O. H. Perry of Lake Erie fame. A record of the Blenheim Hill branch of the Perry family was carefully compiled by the historian when a boy in order to establish his own relation to the great Commodore through his great grandmother, the wife of Jeffrey Champlin. When Dr. Clark was in Rhode Island in 1903, in search of material for his history of the Clark family, he found these records to be correct. The wrong data herein mentioned was obtained in an indirect way and Dr. Clark will set the matter right in his Clark family history. That he was one of those Rhode Island Perrys there can be no doubt but Commodore Perry's uncle Joseph was Captain Joseph Perry who married Elizabeth Stanton, parents of Rebecca Perry who married Jeffery Washington Champlin, parents of Giles Stanton Champlin. The Joseph Perry who married Lucy Clark was a son of Capt. Joseph Perry and a brother of Rebecca Perry, and thus a cousin of Commodore Perry.

To return to Randall Clark: He purchased a large tract of land, mostly timbered, adjoining the lands of Joseph Perry. Here he carved a large farm out of the wilderness and reared a family of twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. All reared families except two: Ashel, who died in 1838 and was buried on what was to have been his wedding day; and Hialmer, who died in 1855, shortly before he was to be married. All have now passed on to that land from whence no traveler returns. The children were:

Benjamin T.
Eliza A.
Alfred.
John A.
Ashel.
Orrin B.
Stephen.
William A.
Hialmer.
Charles.

Lucinda.

Mary J.

The first four children were born in Rhode Island; all of the others on Blenheim Hill. Alfred, Lucinda and Charles lived and died on Blenheim Ridge, Orrin B. at Auburn, N.Y., Mary J. at Walton, Delaware Co., N. Y., Eliza A. at Kingston, Rhode Island, the other six on Blenheim Hill.

The brothers were all farmers excepting Orrin B., who was a carpenter. The family, in many ways, was a remarkable one. Randall Clark was a man of good common sense, industrious, respected, prosperous. He and his good wife shared the hardships of the early pioneer days and made their lives a success. Mrs. Clark died first, July 13, 1860, at the age of 68. The son Stephen then took possession of the farm, caring for his father until his death, which occurred July 28, 1864 at the ripe age of 75 years, 8 months and 24 days.

From the lease under which Randall Clark occupied his first farm on Blenheim Hill it appears that the land was owned by Jacob Southerland. The document bears date of Nov. 27, 1827, and conveys Lot No. 153. This lease was assigned by Randall Clark and wife to Orrin B. Clark, Ap'l 10, 1847, and by the latter to Stephen Clark, Jan. 24, 1851. This tract remained lease land until Jan. 5, 1887 when R. H. Clark, son of Stephen Clark, bought the soil of the Reed estate.

The Clark family history will be made the subject of several sketches. It is one of the strongest names on the Backbone and still has some worthy representatives there. It is Rhode Island stock, like the Kenyon, Perry, and Champlin families. Randall Clark, standing at the head of the line, is a striking figure and he left a strong posterity, men and women who played well their part. Ah! it is a good thing to have Hill blood in ones veins.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
December 21, 1905**

BLENHHEIM HILL

"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
his leaf also shall not wither;
and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

- FIRST PSALM.

John A. Clark was born at Charleston, Rhode Island, March 10, 1818; died on Blenheim Hill, June 13, 1885. He was the third son of Randall Clark and the fourth in a family of twelve children. His father migrated to Blenheim Hill about 1826 when the subject of this sketch was a small boy. Thus early the lad became acquainted with all the hardships of pioneer life. He remained at home until he became 21, assisting his father and brothers in clearing away the wilderness. On March 14, 1839, he married Catherine Van Der Voort, a daughter of Jacob Van Der Voort, who lived on the farm in the town of Gilboa now owned by Dr. Best and still known as the Van Der Voort homestead.

The young people began their married life in a log house on fifty acres of land purchased of Mr. Clark's father. The tract lay west of the highway leading to Shew Hollow and extended westward to a road now closed which once ran parallel to this highway. To this fifty acres Mr. Clark added from time to time until he could walk a mile or more in a straight line from one corner of his land to the other. East of the highway he bought to the New Boston settlement. West of the old closed road he acquired two tracts, the Sage place and the William Mattice farm. The former extended to the main highway to North Blenheim, north of which he secured still another farm that his brother William, making 350 acres. This last farm was sold to Maxon Kenyon and the

homestead of today has 225 acres.

On this farm Mr. Clark spent his life at hard labor. In 1844 the log house gave place to a new frame house which is still occupied by his sons, Le Grand and La Grange, who now own the homestead. Though it has stood 61 years it is a good house today. All necessary barn buildings were erected from time to time and all were kept in good repair. Dairying was made the business of the farm, the milk from 35 cows being cared for in small pans according to the old fashioned method of butter making. In winter there were 60 head of cattle requiring attention three times a day, and two of the stock barns were from a quarter to a half mile away from the other buildings.

Most of the land in Mr. Clark's large farm he cleared himself and fenced with stone wall. Bark peeling was part of his regular work in his younger days, the product being delivered at Gilboa. In the 20 years from 1850 to 1870 he built 1000 rods of stone wall on his farm, an average of 50 rods each year, more probably than any other man on Blenheim Hill. While he labored from early until late out of doors his good wife was equally industrious in the household. All the milk was cared for by hand. When one contemplated the work done by the women of Blenheim Hill, the women of the second generation, when the single cow of the pioneer gave way to the large dairy of his prosperous son, the wonder is how they every managed to accomplish so much and it must be remembered too, that they were all mothers of large families. Remarkable women! Grand, noble, superb women, your grandmothers and mine. Catharine Clark lived to be 77 years of age. She survived her husband ten years and died Oct. 26, 1895. She was a great and good woman, a loyal, helpful wife, a devoted mother. Length of days, and long life, and peace were hers and her spirit returned unto God who gave it.

Nine children were born unto Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and all but one are still living. A dear little bright-eyed red-cheeked girl, Ida, was taken to the "better land" when six years of age. The other children are:

Almon William.
Alzada.
Linden. W.
Vinton F.
Le Grand.
La Grange.
John J.
Ida M.

Mr. Clark was a warm friend of the common school. A part of his every day business in the winters of 1850-60 was to carry his children to school. He could be seen in those days with his large sleigh, his half-dozen boys, his girls and the teacher perhaps, plowing through the snow drifts morning and night going to and returning from the school house which stood about a mile north of the present Peaslee school house on the same road. It was a grand school in those days, the history of which is coming later. There were several other large loads of children to be carried to and from the same school, --Stephen Clark, B. H. Kenyon, John Mayham, G. S. Champlin, O. J. Spring all contributed their quota.

John A. Clark was a success. All who knew him spoke well of him. He was a good neighbor and a good townsman. All through his active years he was a hard worker. As a farmer he had no superior in the community. He was also a good stone mason. At shearing sheep he had no equal in all the country round. These things are worthy of mention. They made men in those days, men who made an honest living, men who builded homes and raised large families and educated them. Mr. Clark was a Republican from the organization of the party but never an office seeker. He was a strong advocate of temperance, branded old cider as the "Devil's kindling wood," and left six sons who never touch liquor nor use tobacco in any form. It can be written to the credit of the Clark blood that there has never been a black sheep in the family. When Randall Clark and Dorcas Tucker

came from Rhode Island as man and wife they were to bring good and lasting qualities to Blenheim Hill, qualities that have been handed down to the present day.

Mr. Clark possessed a strong clear mind to the very end although he suffered much in body toward the last. He worked long and well and his memory is cherished by all who knew him. When they, too, shall have gone to the land of the leal, the record of his achievement will be handed down and he will be honored still.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
December 28, 1905**

BLENHEIM HILL

"That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation
and welcome to somebody out of doors,
- to somebody at that moment coming
on towards the snug small home
and the crisp fire,
- there is no doubt whatever."
- CHARLES DICKENS.

Twenty-five years ago, when Isaac Peaslee occupied his large farm on Blenheim Hill, it was usual to speak of the school house which stood some thirty rods from his residence as the Peaslee school house. At that time also, the district was frequently called the Peaslee district. The historian, through a habit acquired then, has been using the same name in this record but that he is in error appears from the following, written by an old school-mate:

"Another suggestion - you speak in this letter before me, and it has appeared in print several times if I remember correctly, of the district where we attended school as the Peaslee district. Is that not a mistake? My memory tells me that "Peaslee" has always been the name attached to the district by the church, and that our district was known early as the Perry district and later as the Champlin district. This was confirmed by several to whom I mentioned the matter last summer. I think that you will find that I am right in this. I hope that you will not accuse me, even silently, of being critical, but I feel that you want everything straight."

The corrections stands approved. Thus far no data has come to hand concerning the history of this district although several searches have been made without results. Records will doubtless be found however. The first log, school house probably stood among the birches east of what is known as the Monfort house. Later there seems to have been a school house built nearly a mile further east on the road leading to Blenheim on lands owned by Joseph Perry from which circumstance the district became known as the Perry district. Later still, probably half a century ago, the site was changed and the present frame structure erected, the name being changed to the Champlin district very likely because Giles S. Champlin was the largest land owner in it. It is known as the Champlin district at the present time and has among its taxpayers, H. W., G. S., and R. H. Champlin.

The attendance here in the early days was doubtless as large as in the district nearest the church where 70 children were often taught at one time. This number had fallen half in the early seventies and another decade reduced the roll to less than a dozen. The registration continued to fall for some years after that until finally a school was maintained with only one or two pupils and some days with none at all. Conditions have bettered a little and for the last few years there have been at times as many as four or five children of school age in the district.

A quarter of a century back, the Champlin district was maintaining a strong school on the old

lines. The trusteeship changed every year, the office traveling in a small circle, Isaac Peaslee, J. Perry Champlin, and B. H. Kenyon. Teachers changed every term but there was good work done. The text-books used were the National series of Readers and Spellers, Davies' Arithmetic, Monteith's Geography, Swinton's Grammar, Barnes' History and Northam's Civil Government. Really the last term of the good old times was that of the winter of 1883-4, with J. M. Cornell as teacher.

There were only ten pupils that winter but the most of them ranged from fourteen to eighteen years of age and well advanced in their work. A boy in his eighteenth year had walked to Stamford before the opening of the school in the fall and purchased an algebra but when he took it to school the teacher assured him that algebra had all gone out of fashion, that it was not being taught any more and that it was of no practical account anyway. The pity is that both teacher and boy actually believed it.

This much can be said however. At the close of that term of school the older scholars were better prepared for their life work and possessed a better education than two-thirds of the present day High School graduates with their 48 and 60 and 72 count certificates. Jess Cornell might not teach algebra or Latin but he could teach the common branches better than any other man who ever did it for a dollar a day and boarded around. He was at the head of his class and it was a strong class too for it included such men as Charles L. Vroman, Roscoe Bailey, and Lynn Hallock. All told, there were four of the grandest men who ever presided over a district school and in justice to all concerned the historian must confess that he knew the last as a teacher only by reputation and that Jess Cornell happened to be his instructor during the last term of his district school experience. The district by the church always maintained that Mr. Hallock was the best in the world while the other three, on a full vote in the Champlin district, were ever tied for first place. They were superior men and no mistake.

What a term it was, that winter of 1883-4 in the Champlin district! Here is a letter from one who was then a small boy: "I remember Jess as a teacher but cannot recall anything that happened." But those who were older can remember. There was probably not a single case of disorder during the term, nor a single unprepared lesson. Those things came as a matter of course but what strong teaching power there must have been back of it all to create and hold such conditions. They were days of peace. Aye more. They were days of joy, great, unbounded. But this is another story and will come later.

J. M. Cornell is a man about 50 years of age now. He is a farmer and lives in the town of Gilboa just over the southern brow of Blenheim Hill. His father, Simon Cornell, and his grandfather, Dr. Cornell were both very closely connected with Blenheim Hill. A sketch of the Cornell family is being prepared and this history would in no wise be complete without it. Jess Cornell, in his youth, attended Stamford Seminary like nearly every other boy on the old Backbone and in that vicinity. When he began teaching he was soon one of the men sought after by districts where a good school was wanted. He married Miss Etta Clark, an esteemed lady, a daughter of the late Stephen Clark, one of the foremost citizens on Blenheim Hill in his day. Mr. Cornell is a Democrat and has been elected Justice of the Peace in the town Gilboa.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
January 4, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

"It is one of the most impressive spectacles of human life
to see a man enter a primeval forest and
set himself to subdue nature with not implement but an axe."
- CHARLES FREDERICK GOSS.

A story has just come to the historian which should find its way into every school history in the land. Uncle Milo and Aunt Betsey Wood were pioneers on Blenheim Hill. The account of their marriage and of their first housekeeping has already been told. When they started out together their only wealth consisted of an axe and a spinning wheel. One day, when the snow covered the ground, he, in his bare feet, was chopping a fallow. All at once his poverty and utter nakedness filled his thoughts, the strength in his arms failed and he stood still, disheartened and discouraged. In this mood he left his work and started for the house but when he neared the dwelling he heard the wheel buzzing and Betsey singing at the top of her voice. He stopped and listened. First it was a good old Methodist hymn and then came "Home, Sweet Home." That settled it. His bare feet were no longer cold in the snow. He returned to his work and not until years after did his wife know how near he came to giving up and how her singing saved him.

I turn the pages of history and read the names of men called great because of military distinction, because of statesmanship, or because of achievement along other lines which for a time kept them in the public mind, but I find no story in all history which shows truer greatness than does this one of Milo and Betsey Wood. I would teach my children this story rather than accounts of battles and Congresses. I am glad that I can tell my girls and my boy that I actually saw Uncle Milo and Aunt Betsey Wood when they were old, when the little log house had become a goodly mansion, when the follow land had become a smooth, productive meadow, and when the axe and spinning wheel had grown into a snug property worth several thousand dollars.

The writer feels that this history is beginning to reveal Blenheim Hill to those who live there and who have lived there. It is helping to rescue from forgetfulness and oblivion much that will be precious to posterity. It is, in a small way, doing some justice to a noble race of men and women. It is bringing out, also, through the fine illustrations of homes and landscapes, some of the beauties of the old Backbone. The one shown this week is a view taken from near the residence of Ralph Clark. Many more pictures will come later. The outlook here shown is the one, then wooded of course, which marked the site of the first Clark and Perry settlement. It was very unlike their old Rhode Island home.

Hazard Clark was born at Kingston, Washington county, Rhode Island, May 20, 1783, and died at South Hill, in the town of Maryland, Otsego County, N.Y., Jan. 18, 1855. His wife was born Jan. 4, 1779 and died June 8, 1841. They were married in 1801 or 1802. From Kingston they moved to Berkshire, Mass., then to Red Hook, Columbia county, N.Y., then to Catskill and finally to Blenheim Hill, where they lived for a time near the Perrys. From their the family went to Otsego county and lived at South Hill, Worcester and Hartwick. After the death of Mrs. Clark the old gentleman returned to Schoharie county and lived for some time about 1853 at Shew Hollow. At the time of his death he was living with his daughter Susan who married Briton Wilbur.

The children of Hazard and Eunice Clark were: Nancy, born 1830 and married Aaron Smith, 1820; Job W., married Hepsy Wood; William P., married Diana Soules; Zeruah, married Charles

Simmons; Eliza, married Reed Smith; Lucy married James Sickles; Maria, married Charles Newcomb; Susan married Briton Wilbur.

Nancy Clark was a twin, her brother dying in infancy. After her marriage to Aaron Smith they lived in the town of Worcester for several years and in 1843 migrated, with a family of 12 children, to Victoria, Knox Co., Ill. One more child came to bless them in their new home. Seventeen years later, in 1860, with several families of their married children, they left Illinois and were six months crossing the plains to Oregon. Mrs. Smith lived to be 76 years of age. One daughter, Almira, was a noted philanthropist in Nebraska and for six years was president of the W. C. T. U. at Lincoln.

While most of the pioneers on Blenheim Hill were New England folk, they were not all so. A few families came up from the Schoharie valley and among them was Jacob Shaver. His son Andrew Shaver married Margaret Mulford. They had ten children, six boys and four girls: Nathan, George, Patrick, Henry, Aaron, George, (the first George being dead) Catherine, Jane, Alma, Juliette. Catherine married Joseph Curtis; Alma, Charles Scudder; Jane, William Vroman; Juliette, John Manchester. They are all dead excepting the last who is living near Hobart, Delaware county. The others are buried in the Peaslee cemetery, Blenheim Hill.

Grandius Baker came to Blenheim Hill in 1819 from Dutchess county, N.Y. His grandfather came from England. Grandius settled on the farm now occupied by Samuel Adams. His family consisted of six sons and three daughters. Mary married and moved to Wisconsin. William remained on the old homestead. James went to Illinois and became a man of property and influence. Sarah married a Curtiss and moved with her husband to Cattaraugus county. Darius married Sala Ann Armstrong. Willard, Louis and Stephen all lived for a considerable time on Blenheim Hill.

Information concerning Blenheim Hill families is coming to the historian from many sources. Much more extended sketches will be given of the Shavers and Bakers and many others. Many letters promising data have been received but it is a long and hard task to collect material. Keep working, and send the facts at hand and others when they come to light. There are many families yet to be heard from.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
January 11, 1906**

BLENHEIM HILL

"O wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave noisome town and business care;
Gird up your loins for strenuous toil,
And build the home once more.

Go back to strawberry-scented slopes,
And fragrant fern, and ground-mat vine;
Breath airs blown over hold and copse
Sweet with the birch and pine."

- ANON.

There is a tradition that a few families of wealth and blue blood lived on or near Blenheim Hill in the long ago, -families that kept servants and furnished their tables with good things to eat and drink from Albany or New York; in short, families that belonged to the aristocracy. The historian has been searching for something authentic concerning these people of the purple but

results, so far, have been disappointing. One of the grandest of these old time gentlemen was Dr. Wm. P. Hilton, but very little can be learned of him. He was certainly one of the famous New York family by that name. The Hilton home was on the North Road and the farm joined the Thomas Sheldon Peaslee farm on the east and the N. S. Peaslee farm on the south. There was a saw mill on the Hilton place. Some of the foundation stones are still in place but the site of the old dam is now a meadow. It is hopeful that more complete data will yet come to light.

From Rev. O. P. Dales of Pine Hill and his sister, Mrs. J. P. Silvernail of Rochester, wife of Prof. John P. Silvernail, professor of elocution in the Baptist Theological Seminary, comes the following record of the Hilton family marriages, births and deaths:

Dr. Wm. P. Hilton, born May 2, 1769, married to Martha Vernor April 20, 1790; died in Blenheim, N.Y., May 17, 1851.

Martha Vernor Hilton, born Jan. 16, 1769; died April 24, 1841 in Blenheim, N.Y.

Sons and daughters:

John V. Hilton, born May 5, 1791; went to Illinois and died there.

Ann Hilton, born March 2, 1793; went to Michigan married and died there.

William Hilton, born Sept. 28, 1795; unmarried; lived and died in Blenheim, N.Y., April 17, 1856; buried in Jefferson, N.Y.

Margaret T. Hilton, born Aug. 24, 1798; unmarried; died in Harpersfield, N.Y., January 1879, and buried at Jefferson, N.Y.

Mary Hilton, born March 16, 1801; twice married; first to Pelton, second to Annin; died in Cayuga, N.Y., in the early seventies.

Peter Hilton, born March 26, 1803; died in Blenheim, N.Y., April 24, 1843, and buried on the old farm.

Martha Hilton, born July 19, 1805; married Alexander Dales Aug. 16, 1853; died in Malden, N.Y., 1859, and buried in Harpersfield, N.Y.

Charles Cooper Hilton, born Sept. 2, 1807; drowned in 1809.

Rebecca Hilton, born Jan. 30, 1810; married Simon Effner, died in Blenheim, N.Y., June 28, 1840.

Richard Hilton, born Oct. 21, 1812; moved from Blenheim, N.Y. to Wisconsin and died there.

Rev. O. P. Dales' father married Martha Hilton. In the year 1856 he lived on the Hilton farm and worked it that season and the following one. Mr. Dales writes: "I lived with them there part of the first year. William Hilton (Uncle Billy, we called him) and his sister Margaret (Aunt Peggy) occupied the lower part of the old house, and we the upper part. Uncle Billy died in the spring of 1857, just before I joined the New York Conference. Dr. Hilton did not come to Blenheim until

after my stepmother, Martha Hilton, was born. Of his previous history I can tell you nothing only that he was a regular physician and practiced his profession. I remember the old Blenheim Hill church and attended church there several times. I also have a pleasant recollection of several families about there, the Peaslees, Woods, Curtises, ect."

Mrs. Margaret M. Hubbard of Jefferson, a daughter of the Dr. Hilton's adopted daughter who married Woolsey Shelmandine writes as follows: "The Coopers were in no way related to the Hiltons except Dr. Hilton's family. Dr. Hilton married a sister of Charles Cooper's wife. (Charles was the father of John Taylor and Rev. Charles Cooper). The old place where Dr. Hilton lived was given to Margaret and William by their mother's people for taking care of their father and mother. Dr. Hilton was a poor man and had no property when he married.

There are other and still more shadowy personages among the early Blenheim Hill folk of whom this history hopes to speak. By and bye, perhaps, a thread of romance will be put to the weaving, and there will be ample material for a good story and a long one. Men and women who could brave the hardships of the old Backbone could love deeply as well and there is many a lovetale in the hiding all the way down through the last century. There were ardent thoughts in the mind of more than one lad as he trudged over the old Indian trails from the East to the West. There were hopes in the hearts of many a New England lass journeying along the same route. There were happy homes builded in the great woods.

The little bits of rare literary gems that have stood at the head of every one o' these history sketches have not been chosen at random. The present one is no exception. It will bear re-reading. Even now, in more than one breast, according to the letters to the historian, there is a wish to take up the trail again. The pictures that have appeared from week to week awaken old memories. Aye more. They show that Blenheim Hill is indeed a good country. Many long in truth for the simple life. "I would much rather tend my sheep," says one correspondent who left Blenheim Hill years ago and made his mark in his profession. Then, after speaking of his work, which has been a success, he is moved to say of it: "Bah! I am sick of it. It is a snake and a delusion."

Thus the many who went away look back with longing, envious today of the few who remained to enjoy the sweet content of a rural home. Amid the deserted and abandoned farms these few homes stand out in bold contrast, --the Wood homestead, the Fred Peaslee Jones place, and, shown this week, the residence of Ralph H. Clark. What more could any man desire in life than to call this place home, to follow the peaceful occupation of a farmer, and to have the respect of an entire neighborhood?

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
January 18, 1906**

BLENHEIM HILL

"It has always been a favorite idea of mine
that there is so much of the human in every man,
that the life of any one individual, however obscure,
if really and vividly perceived in all its aspirations,
struggles, failures, and successes,
would command the interest of all others."

- HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Martin family is good old Blenheim Hill Stock. The direct progenetor, William Martin, came from Scotland about the time of the Revolution. His wife's name was Coventry. William and

his bonnie Scotch bride had quite a little gold and silver and halted on the lands near Kinderhook in Columbia county. Along came the British and cleaned them out completely, taking money, cattle and everything, leaving them without a home and penniless. After this misfortune they came to Blenheim and leased a parcel of land just above the present village on what is now the Frederick Shaver farm. Here they commenced life anew and on a level with most of their neighbors.

While engaged in making a living and recovering their lost wealth, they reared a large family. It was good robust, honest and industrious stock, some of which, in due time, followed the old Indian trail from the Schoharie to the Delaware and landed on the old Backbone. William Martin's family consisted of the following: William, Andrew, Casper, George, Robert, John, Margaret, Betsey, Jane, and Polly.

Casper married Charlotte Beach, daughter of John Beach, Sr. Their children were Robert, William, Orrin, George Washington, Betsey, Catherine, and Sally. Casper lived on the present Hallock-Bailey farm near South Jefferson, where his son George was born. Casper moved from there to Blenheim Hill and lived on the John B. Vroman farm. From there he went to Darling Hollow and lived on the farm now owned by his grandson, John Raymond Martin. Casper is buried in the old Mayham burying ground near Welsh's Corners. It is Casper's son George who stands out boldly as a typical representative of Scotch-American blood and Methodism.

Rev. George W. Martin was born June 25, 1823. His boyhood was spent on Blenheim Hill where he was schooled in many virtues. "Here," to quote from a letter in the possession of the historian, "he imbibed pretty freely from a good pure spring of Methodism, with others who went out to teach and preach the words of the Master. I could mention some especially that he was in close touch with and who gave him encouragement but suffice it to say that at this particular period the air on Blenheim Hill was well impregnated with the spirit of Methodism and he drank deeply according to his capacity. He went forward to his life work for the Master with a clear cut sense of duty and an unflinching step. He overcame by hard and constant labor his lack of scholastic training in early life. He put himself in touch with master commentators of the Bible. His brain was quick to catch and retain. He was a self made man so well made that he was able to cope with those in the front rank among his ministerial brethren.

"One noticeable feature, so necessary in a minister, was his ability to see at a glance conditions as they existed and then, with firmness and tact, he went about doing the work of the Lord. His Scotch blood, his tall and commanding person, his big, warm, generous heart, and his soul of fire made him a marked and unique figure in any religious gathering. He possessed an unusually fine tenor voice and used it in his work with marked effect. He imbibed the spirit of song on Blenheim Hill also, that region which has sent out many another sweet singer.

"Rev. George W. Martin, as he walks the streets of Stamford today in his 83d year, with his staff, his firm step, his white flowing hair and his saintly face, might well be taken for the prophet Elijah returned to earth. He has fought the good fight. He has finished his course. Firm in heart and faith, his eyes fixed on the other shore, he awaits the signal, ready."

George W. Martin married Sallie, daughter of David Reed and Elleanor Crosby, in November 1843. Their children were: William C., Elleanor, John Raymond, Ida, George, Ella. He settled in Darling Hollow on the farm now owned by his son, John R. He was converted under the preaching of Rev. Burr in the school house in Darling Hollow and baptized by immersion in the Mill Creek, Rev. Charles Palmer performing the office. He was a local preacher for a time and then entered regular ministry. His appointments were as follows: East Jewett, 1867-68; Blenheim, 69-70, Eminence, 71-73; Bloomville, 74-76; Gilboa, 77-79; Pine Hill, 80-82; Clovesville, 83-85; Ashland, 86-87; Davenport, 88-92; Summit, 93. Superannuated in 1894. His revivals were many and his converts were thousands. At a revival in West Fulton 100 sinners were saved. While at

Eminence he preached regularly at six different places. He had to start out before daylight in the winter and break his own roads.

The following items taken from the old "Prattsville District Register," written contemporaneous with the events, are interesting and quite characteristic of his work:

"Ashland. There has been a gracious revival on the Ashland circuit, lasting eight weeks and resulting in forty conversions. Rev. G. W. Martin is pastor" District Register, Jan. 1884.

"When Brother George W. Martin revisits his former circuits, he is heartily welcomed. We recently witnessed the marks of favor which he received from his former parishoners at Pine Hill. * * * George is a pleasant companion, a true man, and a useful minister of the Lord Jesus" --Register.

"Ashland. Rev. G. W. Martin, pastor. The West Settlement church has been repainted, reroofed, and furnished with blinds at a cost of two hundred dollars. There has been a gracious revival at Red Falls. About twenty have professed to be reconverted or reclaimed." --Register Feb. 1885.

To return to the children of Casper Martin and Charlotte Beach: Robert married Keziah Reynolds, daughter of Richard Reynolds. William married Nancy Pervis. Sarah married Joseph Tenbroeck. Catherine married Joseph Hunt. Orrin married Clarissa Badgley, daughter of Stephen Badgley. Casper and his wife were among the founders of the Blenheim Hill M. E. Society.

Robert Martin and his wife Keziah Reynolds had a daughter Nancy Jane who married Stephen L. Caniff. Their children were Emma, who married Stephen Baker, and Nellie, who married Frank W. Wilcox. Robert Martin lived on the William Shaver farm, died there and is buried at South Jefferson.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
January 25, 1906**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Tis a rough land of rock, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord, nor cabined slave;
And friends will find a welcome - foes a grave."

The town of Jefferson was a part of Blenheim until February 12, 1803 and a goodly portion of Gilboa also until March 16, 1848. The adjoining sections of the three towns have had a common history and belong almost to one neighborhood. The Baptist church at South Jefferson has always had some members from Blenheim Hill and every family on the Backbone has attended church there, now and then. The Baptist neighborhood, as the eastern sides of Mine Hill and Potter Mountain are called, has been in good repute since time immemorial. There has been some marrying back and forth and much courting that never reached matrimony; warm, old fashioned sparking it should be called. The two communities have frequently exchanged school teachers and some excellent instructors have come over from the Baptism parish.

Taken all in all, perhaps Roscoe Bailey was the most typical district school master that ever came to Blenheim Hill, as he was in many ways the best. The Baptist neighborhood may well be proud of him. Added to a common school education he possessed some academic training received at Stamford Seminary. He taught in the Champlin district two winters about twenty-five years ago. He was then a young man of perhaps twenty-six, rather tall, somewhat slender, with all the bearing of a scholar. He bore a most striking resemblance to Noah Webster, if one may trust the picture that was always found in the front part of the Dictionary. The likeness was not mere fancy and never a

boy was there in school who did not study the frontispiece in the big wordbook and compare it with the master's face. He usually wore black and generally a Prince Albert coat, all of which helped to mark him as a man of letters.

He was quiet in school and his demeanor was copied by the pupils as a matter of course. He knew his work thoroughly and was one of the best teachers of his day. He knew something of science, higher mathematics and Latin, all of which made him a better teacher of the common branches. He followed the old lines, however, and never departed from the ways laid down by the fathers. His results were uniformly good.

Roscoe Bailey was a great reader, a lover of good literature, and possessed a poetic mind. Having seen him through boyish eyes and known him through boyish senses, he appears now, looking back, as a man of much more than ordinary promise. The plan of a teacher's boarding around was in vogue then, and many were the journeys that he made with his pupils tramping through the district after keep and lodging. These walks were always interesting, to one lad at least. The master saw things and talked about them. Small life in the woods, trees by the wayside, the distant mountain tops, burial plots long neglected, stone piles, --everything had a meaning and told a story.

Mr. Bailey later married a Blenheim Hill girl, a daughter of Electus Pierce. He then purchased a farm on the side of Potter Mountain where he resides at the present time, a prosperous farmer surrounded by a happy family. He found a good wife, man's greatest blessing, and elected the vocation which brings the greatest amount of happiness.

The historian wishes to give, this week, a few extracts from the many letters received since this Blenheim Hill history started. They are deeply appreciated and will be read with interest. First, Editor Frazee writes:

"Your Blenheim Hill history is the best thing that ever happened to the Courier."

C. W. Bardeen, editor of the School Bulletin, says: "I am much interested in the articles."

Rev. Norman P. Champlin, West Orange, N.J., says: "While on my vacation I took occasion to procure and read all the articles on Blenheim Hill that have appeared in the Courier. I was very much interested in them and think they are excellently gotten up."

Dr. R. Hubbell, Jefferson, N. Y., says: "I am very much interest in your history. Would like to see it in book form."

John R. Sage, Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I cannot tell you how much I prize your Blenheim Hill sketches. I hope you will put them into a volume and that your work will receive adequate reward. I want to meet you some day."

Dr. A. W. Clark, Jefferson, N. Y., says: "Words fail to express how much I prize your Blenheim Hill sketches. I cannot thank you enough for what you are doing in this history."

If this history appears in book form, and the demand for it to be so issued is becoming stronger day by day, it must be all re-written, condensed, and made complete. These sketches will continue to run in the Courier as long as material comes to light and as yet the sources show no signs of giving out. The present article is No. 39. Back numbers of this newspaper have become scarce and are already valuable. A complete file was some time ago requested for the Schoharie County Historical Society and now the State Historian is on track of them. If the story is prepared for book form it will be after all available data is in. Then the whole ground will be gone over very carefully. In the mean time, let every available scrap be sent to the historian. As these lines are penned, a letter has just come to hand telling of the moving of a house on Blenheim Hill some 60 years ago with 96 pairs of oxen. No wonder that when one pair fell into the great cold spring they were never recovered.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
February 1, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view."
- SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

The historian has for some time been in correspondence with Rev. Joel Warner, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Kenesaw, Nebraska, and from him and other members of the Warner family expects to receive much valuable data for these sketches. The following letter, a most interesting one, is given in full.

THE WARNER FAMILY.

The Warner history, like many another, has a "Three Brother" story. It states that three brothers came to America from Germany and settled, one in Albany County, N. Y., one in Connecticut and one in Schoharie Co., where a town grew up through his enterprising influence which bears the name of Warnerville.

Seth Warner was a descendant of the brother who settled in Albany county. He served in the Revolutionary war and rose to the rank of colonel. He was born and brought up in Berne, Albany Co. N.Y. One son of Col. Seth Warner was named Johannes, or John, who also married and settled in Berne. His wife's name was Dorothy. They raised a family of four children - two sons and two daughters, viz: John Jacob, David, Catrina and Christina. John Jacob Warner of Blenheim Hill married Miss Lena Ten Eyck, daughter of John and Maria Ten Eyck of Berne, Aug. 12, 1828. John Jacob was born Dec. 1, 1806, and Lena was born Feb. 3, 1812. They started out with no resources except their bare hands and good health. They had been taught principles of frugality and integrity and to cherish the Holy Bible as the lamp to guide their way. They early united with the Lutheran church and prized the means of grace and social relations. They began housekeeping at once, he engaging at lay's work and she, having a knowledge of tailoring, assisted in making a comfortable living.

Two sons were born in Berne, -- John Henry, Sept. 18, 1830 and Alvah, Jan. 12, 1832. In the latter part of 1832 they moved to West Kill Hollow, Scho. Co., remaining there during the winter, he working on timber. In the Spring they rented a farm on Dutch Hill, modernly known as Eminence, where they stayed six years. Four more children were added to them during this time, viz: Seneca, born Dec. 12, 1833; Elzina, Aug. 18, 1835; Christian, May 18, 1837 and Joel, Oct. 4, 1838. In the spring of 1839 they moved to Blenheim Hill and engaged to work the farm of Thomas Sheldon Peaslee. They often referred to those six years with the Peaslees as being very harmonious and happy. Never having a scrap of paper and never a word of disagreement. Here three more boys were added to their family: Minard, born July 1, 1840; Daniel, Dec. 18, 1841; Milo C., March 24, 1843. In the Spring of 1842 the scarlet fever scourge took from them Seneca, Minard and Daniel who they laid to away in the cemetery near Nathan Smith Peaslee.

John and Alvah now being 13 and 12 respectively, Mr. Warner bought a strip of land to secure the help of the boys and establish a permanent home. It contained 53 acres, mostly a forest of wood of nearly every kind, a log house and a small frame barn. This unpretentious home was one fourth of a mile south and one fourth of a mile east of the Brimstone Meeting House, on the south

side of the road near a bridge which crosses a brook running through the north east corner of the land. Dr. Cornell's farm joined his on the south.

Two more children were born in this log cabin, and a pair of twins about four months after the old house was abandoned for a better one: Lorena Elizabeth born March 23, 1845; Harvey James, April 11, 1847; Mary Ann and Sarah Ann, June 26, 1851. These twins were the last of the family, and they were named by Lyman P. Root. Mary Ann died when she was about six weeks old.

Every thoughtful observer of life knows that the fireside is the earliest and most influential of schools. The nursery is the child's university. When the nature is uninscribed and plastic the home writes the first and most lasting impressions. More that is elementary -- a key to all the rest -- is learned in the cradle and beside the mother's chair than in all after time. Here dawns upon the mind the conception of life. Here ideals are imparted. Happy the boy or girl whose heart throbs with the memory of a good and happy home, however lowly. Hence in narrating any human life the instant and critical inquiry touches this decisive point.

It was a kindly turning of Providence in this family's favor that they were born when and where they were, amid Puritanic environments. This means much. It indicates lofty thought. It stands for holy living. It implies domestic economy regulated by gravity and decorum and virtue above the frivolities of the hour. It signifies that definite ideas of right and wrong were implanted. Here the children early learned to measure life and their nascent intelligence was seasonably instructed in the chief articles of human being and doing.

Then, too, that old log house was warm with plenty of fuel and the course bread of their own labor. Log heaps, that might have warmed scores of families, went up in flames to clear the land for raising crops. After the burning, this new fallow ground was sown to rye and harrowed in, among the stumps and stones, with a yoke of oxen. In some places the stones were in ledges and standing up edgewise, but the rye found root enough to yield good crops. It was not harvested with a reaping machine, nor could a man do much with a cradle, but the most of it was gathered with a sickle. Their principal diet consisted of rye bread, buckwheat cakes, potatoes, pork, milk and apples. An orchard of seven rows and nine trees in a tow had been planted on the place. The house had two rooms on the ground floor and one up stairs. One room below was kept as a spare room for the teachers and ministers and visitors. The other was the living room and kitchen with an old-fashioned fireplace. The parents slept in this room, and the smaller children in a trundle bed, which was rolled underneath the high bed when not in use. The older children occupied the upstairs.

The mother's lot was one of unremitting toil and care. Not all the heroines of earth become famous. She sacrificed much for her children. Besides her own household work in cramped quarters she not only made the clothes for the family, but cut and made fine suits for the neighbors all by hand, for sewing machines were not then known in those parts. She provided herself with a loom and, after she and the girls had spun the wool or the flax into yarn, she would weave it into cloth of various patterns for suits, carpets, quilts and dresses. Such goods were often traded at the store for other necessities. A small flock of sheep and a field of flax were a part of the yearly products of the farm. The large family took no small portion for home consumption. How she managed to do all this and take care of the milk and butter and look after the house would be an enigma to the women enjoying so many modern improvements. And yet no duties, however urgent, every interfered with the morning devotions.

“My father read that Holy Book
To brothers, sisters dear
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her angel face! I see it yet

What thronging memories come
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home."

And when the father chanced to be away from home, the mother would take his place, and then the children would often rise from their knees with eyes suffused in tears.

"And then to her labor she cheerfully repairs
In confidence, believing that God will hear her prayers."

After six or eight years of close economy, the debt on the land was reduced to \$150, and Lyman P. Root, getting the Wisconsin fever, sold Mr. Warner the 53 acres adjoining his on the north and separated by the road, for \$600 on the installment plan. The little log house became more and more inconvenient for the growing family and it became a serious question whether to build an addition or a new house. A neighbor's son had built a house about a mile and a half distant and had it nearly completed when he was taken sick and died. Mr. Warner bought this house agreeing to pay for it in laying 100 rods of stone wall. The house was moved this distance on runners over the smoothest country that Thomas Vroman could select. The neighbors far and near turned out to haul it to its destination. It took three days to move it. The neighbors kindly donated their services. It was a two story house 22x36 and still stands on the old farm greatly improved by the recent owner, now deceased, --Delevan Hubbell. Mr. Warner and his oldest son, John, afterward added a wood shed and bedroom.

On the northwest corner of this newly purchased land stood a commodious barn which was torn down and rebuilt near the house. In the swamps were old moss-covered pine logs sunken deep in the mud which were as sound as ever, except the outside sap portion. These were taken to the saw mill and made into good building lumber.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
February 8, 1906**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?"
- ROBERT BURNS.

In the circular letter sent out many weeks ago in the interest of this history, the question was asked: "Can you pay old Blenheim Hill and your ancestors a hearty and loyal eulogy in praise, poetry, or essay?" The poetry has been written and the historian is glad to acknowledge the following contribution and make it a part of these sketches. Mr. Warner says, "A few of the present generation will remember Warner's Log Cabin, the subject of my song, in which they first lived when they purchased their farm on Blenheim Hill, where I was born."

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD
BY HARVEY J. WARNER**

*The heart how it treasures the mem'ries of youth,
And weaves in our bees its lessons of truth;
They turn back the thought of manhood's set ways
To childhood, engaged in innocent plays.*

.....

The anxious brow of manhood, and life's cares,
Have crept by stealth upon me unawares,
And onward borne me, many years of life
Unceasing in the heart of business strife.
I would not alter fate, but of't reflect,
And back to childish scenes my thoughts direct;
Though time's rude finger has with toil combined
In striving to erase them from the mind,
And bury all beneath life's wear and care,
That recollection will its task despair.

I would pursue the reminiscence dear,
And in my memory keep it fresh and clear,
Like blooming flowers that send forth sweetest scent
Upon the air, by day and night, and blent
With vieing fruits, make fragrance in a room
That please the sense and chase away the gloom.
Reflect, Oh thought! with pruned wings retrace
The scenes that youth's glad springtime did embrace,
The homestead view, and every kindred spot
Related to my childhood's lowly lot.
The old log house that stood beside the stream,
Round which my memory as a subtle dream
Does ramble o'er in a delirious state,
A roving bankrupt in the clutch of fate.

Oh lightning thought! Electrify the long
Dim path of years that kept my feet from wrong,
And pent the years of golden youth away
From scenes that lure sweet innocence astray.

The farm and house, the church and school all stood
Surrounded, in a Christian neighborhood.

I would upon that humble cabin look,
And feel my spirits glow, as in the brook
When I a boy with water wheel did play,
And pass content the summer days away.

That old log house, so humble and obscure,
A welcome gave to every motive pure;
There looks of love, the mirror of the mind
From eyes that glowed with virtue ever kind,
Kindled and fed our hearts of earthen mold,
That grew within the circle of their fold,
And blent with these a soul replete with joy,
Which stood as sentry o'er each thoughtful boy;
By love and tenderness our souls were stirred,
And trained our morals by God's Holy Word.
Her whispered prayers our evening slumbers blessed,
Our infant griefs by her were hushed to rest.
My thoughts go back to them, I hear her now,
And feel her loving kiss upon my brow;
Her tears, her counsels, and her prayers outlast
A thousand other trophies of the past, --
My mind this consecrated boon shall keep
Revered, kept sacred, from time's rudest sweep.

Within this house of logs at morn was heard
The reading of a portion of God's word;
Within this shrine would this fond group repair
And pour their soul's wants to their God in prayer;
In concert join, all hearts and voices raise
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
Then kneeling, jointly seek God's promised aid,
Supporting him who the petition made.

Spurn not our home, so humble and so poor,
Three sons the Country served, and helped secure
From rebels; when our Lincoln called for sons,
They were first volunteers to shoulder guns.
One son since then, a minister became,
To warn the sinful, and to aid the same
To better manhood, on to virtue's goal, --
Helped save to heaven many a tainted soul.

Thou garden of my youth! much honored home,
My heart still turns to thee where're I roam!
Those paths that wind 'mid woods of gorgeous pines,
And forest glades, and fields with creeping vines,
With these companions, innocence and health,
Bestowed far richer boon than princely wealth.

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

The rippling brook that separates the farm,
Kissing the flowers, bedecking them with charm,
Which would its way through wood and grassy glades,
Through clumps of lillies fair, and green arcades,
Where lusty trout, and mint, and grasses grow,
Where smiling flowers their sweet perfume bestow, --
Oh! that my life like thine had ever been
A stream of blessing to the souls of men.

Oh! it is sweet to linger hear again
And youth renew, and hear the native strain
Of birds, and watch the squirrels flit so free,
Now leaping far, which shakes the leafy tree.

Where, where are those who walked with me in youth,
Who played beneath the old tree's shady booth,
The gnarled oaks, and pines of lofty tower,
With fragrance floating from each field and flower?
The drifting change of years, and fate's stern hand
In concert rent and scattered that pledged band;
Yet, memory through all the mist appears
To weave a garland for their native spheres,
And from the gray, green cushioned rock, review,
And bring them back in voice, and likeness true;
I see them all, as in the years long past,
And hear their words, their smiles behold at last.

Father and mother, since the war have died,
And lie in Peaslee graveyard side by side.
Crissie and John and Alvah, also gone,
Inhabit now their mansions 'round 'God's throne.
Six still remain, their life work to prolong,
But soon we too shall join the heavenly throng;
Then, when my spirit drops this mortal clay,
And plumes its wings for worlds of endless day,
Down will I cast once more a lingering look
To that dear, humble homestead, by the brook.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
February 15, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

I have been revelling in the back numbers of the Courier which I received last week. While in Kenesaw in body my veritable self has been on Blenheim Hill. No novel was ever more captivating to me than this history of yours." - REV. JOEL WARNER.

"Want to congratulate you most heartily. You are getting even more interesting as your pencil shortens, and am glad to know that it will not soon wear out." - FREDERICK L. FRAZEE.

"I desire to congratulate you upon this idea of local historical sketches. I am greatly interested in the same, and shall prize them very much. The original Thomas Peaslee who settled on Blenheim Hill is my great grandfather. My grandfather was Joseph B. Peaslee of the town of Cherry Valley, and my father is Rev. Isaac D. Peaslee." - CLARENCE L. PEASLEE.

Letters like the three here quoted are an inspiration. The historian has been at work of late upon the period covering the Anti-rent War and already several sketches are on the printer's copy hook. It is the desire of the writer to gather every detail concerning the great local struggle and information will be gladly received. Relate incidents as you saw them, as you remember them, or as you have heard about them. Your story may be just the one that will help to make more vivid the capture of Daniel Sage, the shooting of Smith Peaslee, the flight of Giles Champlin to the quarry mountain, or the escape of Jake Shaver when he ran swifter than the wind from the old church through the Warner swale and down on Burnt Hill. Those interested in the Backbone will be glad to read something further concerning the Warner family and the historian is pleased to use the following vivid sketch:

O youthful hopes, O youthful years,
The dream of bliss through smiles and tears,
I cannot call three back again
Without the touch of keenest pain.

The days of our youth are the most absorbing and emotional of life. There stands the old house, every room of which we could find with our eyes shut, though we have not been in it for forty years. There was a sitting room where a family group every morning and evening gathered, some of them in heaven now. There was the old barn where we hunted Easter eggs, and the place where the horses and cows stood. There is where the orchard was that once bore apples, and such apples too. There is the brook down which we rode to water the horses bare back and with a rope halter. How we would like to puddle in the water as we did nearly 60 years ago.

John Henry, the oldest son of John Jacob Warner, not only had a rugged constitution but he possessed a vigorous intellect. Laboring hard during the summer he improved the winter months and long evenings in study. The old Daball's arithmetic, English reader, Kirkham's Grammar, elementary spelling and Olney's geography were his principle books, which he so thoroughly mastered that he was able to teach school at the age of seventeen. Margaret Curtis, his favorite teacher, once remarked that he would seize every scrap of paper and mentally devour it. By this process he became generally well informed. He taught in Shew Hollow, Baldwin Hollow, West Kill Hollow, Rossman Hill, Eminence, Blenheim Hill and near West Fulton. In the summer of his 17th year he worked for Giles S. Champlin at \$7 per month. The next summer he worked for N. S. Peaslee at \$10 a month, and again the next summer at more advanced wages. These intelligent families were a benefit to him intellectually. After that, instead of hiring by the season, he worked by the day or month until bark peeling began; when he put in a few weeks at this, and then worked by the day through haying and harvesting. This brought him greater remuneration. At 21 he married the daughter of Rev. Morey of Rossman Hill, bought a farm near there, farming during the summer

and teaching in the winter. John was short and stout, a good wrestler, either at square, back or side holds. He was also a good tenor singer. Prof. Baird appointed him as leader of the Blenheim Hill choir in 1852 after giving them a thorough winter's drill in the round notes. There were the Mayhams, the Woods, the Curtises, the Peaslees and the Warners, and others, many of them could improvise a quartet in their own family upon the shortest notice. Music was in the air for many years thereafter.

One of John's most intimate associates was John R. Sage. Many were the discussions they had on science, literature and theology. In the winter of 1853-4, after young Sage had left the Hill, they carried on a lengthy controversy by mail on the doctrine of Universalism, which John R. had espoused.

John Henry was quite a child of the muses. On Rossman Hill, after a hot contest over the moving of the school house, and his party being victorious, he dropped into verse as follows:

Oh, kind friends as you pass by,
Read these lines and heave a sigh,
Drop a tear and weep and mourn,
For our cause is lost, forlorn.

Once we had a school house here,
One we cherished and held dear,
But now it's gone, Oh gone, and where?
And we are mad now we declare.

But our anger does no good,
For we've done just all we could
We've spent our time and money too,
More than this, what could we do?

We've ran to Fulton night and day,
We've sought relief in every way,
At length to Randall we applied,
For help, but Oh! it was denied.

Then what to do we did not know,
The school house sure was like to go,
At length we found another plan,
The town clerk's record now we'll scan.

Fulton was where the school supervisor lived, and Randall was the state superintendent. These are only a few specimen verses. A doleful minor tune was set to them and sung with feigned grief.

While all the boys except Harvey were in the war, the old Warner home became a hospital of typhoid fever, and the home circle was never again united on earth. Two were carried to the Beyond by this malignant disease. It first made its attack upon the father and went through the whole family at home, prostrating the entire household. The mother was the first victim of death. She suffered about three weeks, and on the 3d of April, 1865 she passed away. The good neighbors held the funeral and buried her while the family were stricken and helpless. She left behind the evidence of a Christian character. She had ever been a stimulating spirit to energize the ambitions of her children

for usefulness. The neighbors had been extremely kind during this siege. Not only did they do all in their power to alleviate their suffering and sorrow but they cared for the stock. John and Elzina both left their homes and went and helped until they too were stricken with the fever. Mary Jane Baker was teaching the district school, and she spent the most of her time out of school with them. She also took the fever and died. She was a woman of great promise, an excellent teacher and a true Christian. Elzina just barely survived and is still living. But while the rest of the family were just beginning to move about they were summoned to the death bed of John on the 19th of May, 1865. His funeral was held in the church on Rossman Hill, attended by the entire community. He had been an active member, a trustee and S. S. Superintendent. His wife died at the age of 61. He had but one son, who has raised a fine family of two boys and one girl, who spent a few years on Rossman Hill, but many years in Gloversville, N.Y.

Alvah Warner, the second son, never married, and his whole ambition was to attend religious meetings. He helped on the farm when there were not services of this kind. He would often be away for weeks assisting in revival work or attending camp meeting.

When the news came that the seceding states had taken up arms in open rebellion, every household on the Hill was instinct with patriotism. Alvah had often had severe attacks of sickness and was considered exempt. Joel was attending the State Normal school at Albany and had been drilled in the Hardee's tactics. The neighbor boys came together and he trained them. This with some patriotic speeches inspired enthusiasm. John B. Vroman caught up the lead and proposed enlistments. Many thought that by going together in this company they would be looked after better. Most every one that could go enlisted in Co. E., N. Y. Infantry. Alvah did not know what to do about enlisting. He prayed to know his duty. If he felt called to go he would. At the usual prayer meeting he could think of nothing else but "go too." But this he thought might be the devil trying to draw his mind from the service, so he led in prayer and told the Lord all about it and asked that "if that was His call running through his mind to show him more plainly and fit him to decide, for he knew nothing about tactics, swords or guns." He seemed wonderfully blessed in the prayer. Later in the meeting he rose and told the people the Lord had told him to go, and His Spirit seemed manifest in every sentence. He bade them good bye and arriving home, he stated his intentions to start in the morning to join the company with Joel at Schoharie, who was first sergeant. He went to Blenheim and gave his name to a recruiting officer. Immediately he was troubled with doubts and fears. He remained over night with a Methodist brother and in the morning was asked to read and pray. He thought it impossible. He had never felt the heavens so like brass. He took the Book and chanced to open to the 91st Psalm. This very encouraging Psalm settled his misgivings and putting his whole trust in the Scripture promises he went through the war nerved for every conflict and danger. He passed through Alabama and Georgia, over the Lookout mountains and so on to Richmond. In several battles in which he engaged, the ground about him lay strewn with the dead. Bleeding, suffering, groaning and dying met his gaze and grated on his ears amid the report of bursting shells, the firing of muskets and the shock of cannon. They marched through nine states, he engaged in nineteen battles, on at Atlanta, Ga., which lasted eight days. He went out with an inflated regiment of 1500 strong. Company E. had 125. At the close of the war there were only ten of the original volunteers of the regiment and six of these were in Co. E. when they received their discharge. He returned without a scratch and only partial deafness caused by a shell passing close by his ear. Otherwise he returned as sound and fleshier than when he went. He had verified the promises in the 91st Psalm.

Alvah died under painful circumstances in the village of Gilboa Nov. 1, 1884 in the 54th year of his age. Returning from a prayer meeting he mistook his way near the bridge in the darkness, accidentally stepped from the side walk, and was precipitated 25 feet on the rocks below. He was rescued, and he lingered for nine days in pain, but conscience to the last, giving his friends the

strongest assurance that all was well. No doubt his work was done and this was his time to receive the final roll call and be translated to that realm where employment will be unaccompanied with toil.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
February 22, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

"No class of men in any community is entitled to more respect than are physicians. They usher us into the world, receive our confidences, counsel us, cure us, and when the iron tooth of time overtakes us, they close our eyes and start us on the 'journey from whose bourne no traveler returns.'"

Richtmyer Hubbell, M.D., of Jefferson, is probably, everything considered, the most successful man ever raised on Blenheim Hill. He owns today nearly a thousand acres of land on the Backbone and another thousand in the surrounding towns. As a physician he has had a large country practice for the past forty years, extending into three counties. In this time he has served two generations and treated cases covering about all known diseases. He has attended at the birth of more than a thousand children and probably as many deaths. For the last few years he has contracted or lessened his outside practice, doing less riding, but still has a very large office business. He has traveled thousands of miles over the hills and through the valleys of Schoharie, Delaware, and Otsego, in the night time all alone with his faithful horse, while the people were slumbering in their beds. In addition to his professional work, he finds time to look after his vast business interests, working from early in the morning until late at night and sometimes all night.

Dr. Hubbell is a breeder of registered Jersey cattle and has some choice specimens on his various farms. He is a stockholder and director in the Jefferson Water Works Co., the Gilboa Water Works Co., the East Worcester Water Works Co., the Jefferson Telephone Co., and the Charlotte Valley Telephone Co. From 1880 to 1882 he established and carried on the Jefferson Banking House, the only bank ever in that village. For the past thirty years he has resided in Jefferson. A cut of his residence on Main St. will be given later in connection with an extended sketch of the Hubbell family.

Richtmyer Hubbell was born on the banks of the Schoharie river, near the iron bridge, at Gilboa, N.Y., February 2, 1843. The next year his parents moved Blenheim Hill on the Benona Pierce farm where they lived for many years. Here he grew to manhood. Having decided to become a physician, he entered the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery where he was graduated in 1866. He immediately located at Harpersfield, Del. Co., N.Y., where he had a large practice for eleven years. He was several times elected town clerk and three times supervisor. He has held the position several times of president and secretary of the Eclectic Medical Society of Delaware, Otsego and Schoharie counties. In 1877 he removed to Jefferson where he has since resided.

Dr. Hubbell has been twice married, --to Amelia and Rose E. Decker, daughters of the late Jacob Decker of Blenheim Hill. He has had five children, Frank, Benona, Fred, Hattie and Grace, all living and residing in Jefferson.

The historian has been seeking data for a sketch of Dr. Hubbell ever since this story of Blenheim Hill began. He at last consented to write a brief account of his boyhood days which adds a most interesting chapter to this series of articles on the Backbone and its people. The narrative follows:

My father was Jacob R. Hubbell. My mother was Harriet Pierce. I attended school for many years in the Perry district, later known as the Champlin district. In fact, all my schooling, except one term at a select school at Gilboa and a term at the Roxbury Academy, was obtained at that district school. The first school that I attended was in 1849. It was held in an old dwelling house located down on the lot northeast of the present school house about midway between that and the Rev. George W. Martin place at the foot of the old side-hill orchard then owned by John Perry. The teacher was Miss Cordelia Martin. The old school house was repaired the next year and occupied until 1852 when the present school house was built by my father who was a carpenter as well as a farmer. I drew the lumber from Jacob Shew's saw-mill at Shew Hollow with a pair of oxen when I was nine years of age. Mr. Shew would load the heavy lumber and I would dump it off.

An excellent school was maintained in that school house for many years. It was said to be the banner district in the town in those days. There was a beautiful grove on the west and north of the school grounds. I remember in an address made by Nelson Rust, the first School Commissioner under the present system. He referred to the grove and said to us: "Boys, preserve the grove. It is beautiful and healthy." It has nearly all disappeared now.

Among the teachers I remember the following: Emaline Knapp, Ferdus Baldwin, Henry Mayham (Judge Mayham's brother), Joseph Peaslee, (the last two were the best teachers I ever knew) Samuel Armstrong, Volney D. Perry, Helen Martin, Miss Desilva, Miss Wilber, Elizabeth Young, Lucinda Champlin, J. Perry Champlin, P. R. Dyckman. In the winter of 1861-2 I had the honor of teaching the school. I remember it as a pleasant and I thought a profitable winter. I boarded around and occupied the best and coldest bed, and ate the best victuals that the country afforded. The farmers generally hitched up the team to the long sleigh and carried their children and teacher to school. The wood that had been baked on the stove the day before was soon ignited in the bit box stove and in a few moments the children would warm their shins on the low long benches next to the stove.

Other teachers in that vicinity at that time were Mary Jane Cornell, Thomas C. Mayham, Joel Warner, John S. Mayham, Darius and Mary Jane Baker, Warner and Mayham are ministers; Mayham became school commissioner.

In those days the children were taught to commence at the bottom and work up. They were taught their letters before they formed words. They became good readers, writers, and spellers, with a fair knowledge of the other common branches. During the winter we, with the neighboring districts, had spelling schools, and grammar schools which were very enjoyable as well as profitable. Smith Peaslee, Peter Brazee, Isaac Peaslee served as presidents of the grammar schools.

I had forty-four scholars that winter, and believe that forty of them are still living. This low death rate shows hardy stock. I give their names from the roll kept by me:

Almon W. Clark	Ella L. Kenyon
Alzada Clark	Susan M. Kenyon
Linden W. Clark	Joseph S. Perry
Vinton F. Clark	Rozelia Perry
Lagrange Clark	Orlenzo Perry
Legrand Clark	Seymour J. Pierce
Hielmer M. Clark	Elvena Pierce
Elvira S. Clark	Louisia Spring
Serena E. Clark	Sarah C. Spring
Euphema D. Clark	Miranda Spring
Helen A. Clark	Willard Spring
Ruliffson Clark	James Finch

Ralph Clark	Margaret Wood
Susan Champlin	Erskine Spickerman
Louesa Champlin	Erving Spickerman
Gertrude Champlin	Riley Spickerman
Jane Champlin	William H. Efner
Henry W. Champlin	Charles W. Efner
Emma Champlin	William J. Wallace
Giles S. Champlin, Jr.	Elizabeth Mahan
Elisha H. Kenyon	Mary Mahan
Louisa M. Kenyon	Thomas Peaslee

My boyhood was spent on the old farm and in the district school. Father and mother would put in a good supply in the fall of apples, potatoes, vegetables, salt pork, sausages, hams, a fat beef, a barrel of cider-apple sauce, a barrel of sour-kroust, etc., etc. Mother would spin the wool that had been carded at Gilboa or Stamford woolen mills and the flax that had been raised and prepared on the farm. These were made into cloth in mother's old loom with which the family was clothed. Occasionally we would have a spinning bee and an apple-cut bee. I remember going out with a pillow-case filled with pound packages of tow and flax, inviting the neighboring women to our spinning bee. Each woman would take a pound of tow or flax and spin it into yarn which they themselves would return at an appointed afternoon. The husbands and young men would come in the evening, have supper, and perhaps a social dance. The yarn would be compared to see who had spun the finest and smoothest thread.

Two characters used to appear in the neighborhood about once a year when I was a boy. One was old Jakie Ball, an itinerant tinker. He mended all the pans and tinware, made the skimmers and ladles and fire shovels and, like the similar character mentioned in "The Green Mountain Boys," he peddled all the gossip of the neighborhood, making no little trouble sometimes. I remember him with bedticking suit, old white hat on his white head, with a large wire hoop around his neck over one shoulder billed with his tool and skimmers.

The other was an itinerant cobbler by the name of Harry Bartlet. He had strayed in our section from one of the river towns. He came from a good family and was well educated and when I knew him was a dapper little old gentleman. It was said he had been disappointed in love and had tried to drown his sorrows with strong drink. The baleful habit had him in complete subjection. He was a good shoemaker and would appear about twice a year to make up the boots and shoes for the family out of the leather that had been tanned from the dekin skins and cow hides from the stock that had been slaughtered during the year. The upper leather was tanned by Mr. Patridge of Patchin Hollow, below the bridge and the sole-leather at Major Dyckerman's tannery about the bridge. I can see the old man coming with his little kit of tools on his back and almost feel the new boots on my feet after he went away. He died in a drunken debauch at one of the rum holes in Patchin Hollow.

Two other characters would occasionally wander over the Hill who excited both my curiosity and fear. They were two clever negroes from Patchin Hollow, descendants of former slaves. Their names were Lon Pell and Charley Carley. They were the only colored persons I had ever seen until nearly grown up.

I worked as a farm hand summers and attended school winters until I was sixteen; after that I taught winters until I was twenty-one. As a farm hand a good young man could engage for eight months for \$100. He was expected to be on hand early and late every day except possibly he would celebrate the glorious fourth at Jefferson or the Head-of-the-River. The farm work consisted generally in getting in and cultivating a few spring crops, peeling bark for Dyckerman's tannery, haying, mowing by hand, summer fallow, drawing stone, building wall, breaking sod and putting in

rye or wheat for the winter bread crop. About 1860, George Shaler, a hardware merchant of Gilboa, supplied a great many of the Blenheim Hill farmers with the Buckeye mowing machine. In the winter came chopping fallow, piling and burning the logs. Millions of feet of first-class lumber was burned in clearing off the land. Logging and drawing stone was often done by a bee. A few cows were kept. The cream was separated by the gravity system, the only system known, and about 100 lb. made from a cow. This was carted to Catskill every fall from which place groceries for the family were obtained. The small sum of money remaining was applied on the farm mortgage which was bearing 7 per cent interest or, if it was lease land, to pay the annual rent. A few sheep were kept for mutton and clothing; one black sheep for stockings. This was about the annual routine of farming on Blenheim Hill in my boyhood days. There were no labor strikes, boycotts, or lockouts. Everything was harmonious between the employer and employee.

In 1859 and 1860 I taught school at Shew Hollow, 1861 in the Perry district on Blenheim Hill, 1862 at Eminence. In 1863 I migrated to Oasis, Wisconsin, where I found several families who were born and brought up on Blenheim Hill, Edward Wood, Sr. and Jr., Albert Wood, Dr. A. A. Wood, Stephen and Peter Vroman, John Fosburg, Lemuel Pierce, Lyman Root, Edmund Allen, several of the Whitings, Christopher and Levi Decker. I labored on a farm and studied medicine with Dr. Wood during the winter. I taught school at Almond, Portage, Co., Wis., and was in the office of Dr. Guernsey. In the fall of 1864 I enlisted in Co. M, 1st Wisconsin Heavy Artillery. I went into Camp Harvey at Madison a few weeks, when we were shipped to Washington, D.C., and assigned to Fort Lyon on Alexandra Heights. We remained in Virginia until the close of the war. I acted as Corporal and company clerk; had charge of all the records of the company. I was present at the second inauguration of Lincoln. I heard him speak the immortal words "With malice toward none with charity for all," and was in Washington when he was shot. I look back with pleasure upon my army experience. I received my discharge at Milwaukee in July, 1865. While I enjoyed myself exceedingly in Wisconsin and liked the country very much, I returned to old Blenheim Hill.

I consider myself fortunate to have spent my childhood in a country place where the air and water are pure and exhilarating; the scenery sublime and beautiful. I am glad that I grew up in simple and modest circumstances, which knew neither want nor luxury, so that I became naturally frugal and in condition to enjoy and appreciate the smallest pleasures; where I was taught the wholesome lesson that labor and frugality bring health, wealth and contentment.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
March 1, 1906**

BLENHHEIM HILL

"If, in the far future, our successors wish to know what were the real life and atmosphere in which the country folk that saved the nation grew, loved, wrought, and had their being, they must go back to such true and zestful tales as your History of Blenheim Hill."

The name Hubbell, which originated in Wales, is said to have been derived from Hubba, a Danish chief who camped upon a hill. It passed through many changes, including Hubbas hill and Hubhil, before the present form of spelling was adopted.

Richard Hubbell was born in Wales in 1627. He came to New England in 1645 and two years later took the oath of allegiance to the New Haven colonial government. In 1664 he moved to Fairfield county, Connecticut, and in 1685 became one of the original proprietors of Fairfield

township. He died Oct. 23, 1699 and his body was buried in Stratford buying-ground now included within the city of Bridgeport. He was the ancestor of all the Hubbells in Schoharie and adjoining counties. A history of his descendants was published some years ago. The book contains about four thousand names. He was three times married and had fifteen children. From him the line of descent is traced directly as follows: Samuel, Nathan, Peter (first), Peter (second), Matthias, Jacob R., Richtmyer, reared on Blenheim Hill.

Matthias Hubbell came with his parents to Blenheim from Connecticut when a boy. He married three times. His first wife's name was Sophia Richtmyer of German ancestry. They lived on Blenheim Hill on the place call New Boston. They were buried in the cemetery in Gilboa Village. Jacob R. Hubbell was a son by this marriage. He lived all his life in Schoharie county, much of the time on or near Blenheim Hill. He, like his father, was a farmer and carpenter. He married Harriet Pierce, daughter of Benona Pierce and Betsey Davis. R. Delevan Hubbell who lived for forty years and died on the Warner place, was a half brother of Jacob R.

Benona Pierce was born at Rehoboth, Massachusetts, in 1781; died on Blenheim Hill in 1855. He was a descendant of Capt. Michael Pierce who came from England in 1645 and was killed in an Indian battle during King Phillip's War. The line of ancestry is: Michael, Ephriam (first), Ephriam (second), Mial, Job (first), Job (second), Benona, Harriet. Benona and Betsey came to Blenheim Hill and settled on the eastern brow of the mountain in 1827. Harriet was then seven years old. They had nine children: Hiram, Hannah, Lemuel, Lovell, Carlton, Harriet, Foxy, Electus and Electa, the last two named being twins. Electus married Clarissa Wood. He died young leaving thirteen children all now living. The Pierce family was related to President Franklin Pierce, but being ardent Whigs they did not support him but voted for General Scott.

Jacob R. Hubbell and Harriet Pierce were both born in 1820. They had six children, -- Richtmyer, Charles B., Hiram P., Elizabeth, Sophia, and Fred, deceased. The family is one of the strongest that Blenheim Hill ever produced. Two sons are prominent physicians, Dr. Richtmyer at Jefferson and Dr. Hiram at Stamford. Charles is an undertaker and has carried on a successful business at Jefferson for forty years. Fred was a telegraph operator and a most promising young man. Elizabeth married J. Perry Champlin, now deceased. She owns the old John Mayham farm on Blenheim Hill which was Mr. Champlin's home for many years. She resides at Jefferson. Sophia married J. E. Preston of Sharon Springs.

Dr. R. Hubbell has furnished the historian with many interesting stories of Blenheim Hill life forty years ago. A few of these follow.

"Almost every farmer in those days kept a yoke of oxen which was the principal and often the only team. I have seen them driven to carry the family to church. They were very handy for drawing stone, logging, plowing, and especially for moving buildings, which was a common occurrence. They were moved bodily, --sometimes a long distance, --a mile, more or less. When a boy I drove my father's oxen to several of those moving bees.

"I remember a house that stood midway between Giles Champlin's and Wm. H. Decker's being moved through the fields and down the hill to the place where Jacob Curtis now resides. James W. VanDusen had it moved and lived in it many years. Part of it stands there now. It was moved in 1854. The mode of procedure was this: long sticks of timber were cut and hewed on one side, one end sharpened or beveled on the round or bark side making a runner or shoe. These were placed under the long sills of the building. Long cross timbers were bolted across each end, using iron drag teeth for bolts. Long slim trees were cut for tongues, which were attached to each of the projecting runners with very heavy chains. The oxen were placed astride the tongues, hitched front and back to it by chains. Ten or fifteen teams, as the case required, were so hitched on each tongue. When all was ready the boss would stand in a door or window, give orders, see that the building moved squarely and that everything was moving right. If an ox fell, as they sometimes did, being

hitched ahead they could not be drawn under the building. But few accidents attended these bees. The work was given freely and much enjoyed by the people.

Regarding the same subject, Prof. Thomas Peaslee says: --"I remember of seeing thirty pairs of oxen draw the Warner house up from the side hill below Jake Shaver's place, now Ernest Wood's to its present site on the Hubbell farm. Pole chained together made a tongue for each string and two strings and sometimes three strings were poled together, which kept them compact and all in line. At first it was an awkward squad but they soon became manageable. Someone rode in the gable window and shouted "gee" and "haw" to avoid rocks and holes by the wayside. Some of the road had been brushed and stone but to no alarming extent. When the house went over a knoll it would plunge ahead and sometimes take the whole string of oxen off their feet. Several immense chains were broken but only one pair of oxen were injured and they not very much. It was, so to speak, the wheel pair.

Devon oxen are the strongest and quickest in the world. All were of this breed at that time. I remember we had four pair of them then."

Speaking of the Perry school district, Dr. Hubbell says:

"The fine meadows all around the old school house were a swamp with deep holes, so much so that I have seen cows sink in the mire to that they had to be assisted out with ropes. It was all covered with alders, tamerac, and cat tail flag so thick that we could hide away from each other. Where Isaac Peaslee lived was an old house occupied by Levi, Christopher, and Sally Decker and their mother. Sally was a maiden lady. Her fad was cats. She kept probably twenty beautiful cats. All had names that they answered to. The house had an old fashioned cat hole that entered the room near the chimney. We scholars would often call on her at noontime and she would show us her cats with delight. They moved to Wisconsin. The place was bought by Hezekiah Kenyon and by him sold to Isaac Peaslee in 1860."

Dr. Hubbell has in his possession the old original deeds of the Pierce place and the Kenyon place.

The Pierce place was deeded by Abraham Keyser and Catharine, his wife, of the city of Albany, dated March 15, 1827, to Benonia Pierce. This deed was recorded in Schoharie county clerk's office in 1841 by Thomas McArthur, county clerk. Mr. McArthur lived in the town of Jefferson, taught in the old Academy and died on the farm now owned by Jay Zeh.

A mortgage was given by Pierce to Keyser of same date, March, 1827, and was recorded in Schoharie county clerk's office the same month by Alex. Marselus, clerk. The endorsements on the bond and the satisfaction were made and signed by W. C. Bouck of Bouck's Island. He was afterwards governor of the state.

The Kenyon place was deeded by John Taylor of Albany to John Freymire, dated June 7, 1803, and later deeded by him to Benjamin H. Kenyon.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
March 8, 1906**

BLENHEIM HILL

"If the angels that Jacob saw sang when they appeared,
then I know that the ladder he beheld
was but the scale of divine music
let down from Heaven to the earth."

- HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A partial list of the preachers on Blenheim Hill was published some months ago. Through the efforts of Rev. Norman P. Champlin of West Orange, N.J. the list is now made complete. Previous to 1833 Blenheim Hill was on the Jefferson Circuit and still earlier on the Delaware circuit.

The cut of the Brimstone Meeting House was made from an India ink pen sketch made by the historian. It is based on three pencil sketches made by Miss Helen Clark, John R. Sage, and O. B. Curtis, respectively. None of the pencil pictures were alike. Miss Clark's has the two doors in the end of the building with no window between them and only two above, while there are six windows on the side, three above and three below, 30 panes in each window. Mr. Sage's has the doors on the side with window between and three windows above; six windows on end, 24 panes in each window. Mr. Curtis' has doors on the side, window between, three above, also three windows on end, 108 panes in each window. Consensus fixes the size of the window panes at 7x9 inches. All of the pictures were submitted to Dr. R. Hubbell who writes: "I have talked with several old people who remember the old church and from all that I can gather I think the O. B. Curtis sketch is nearest correct except there should be only two windows in end where he has three."

The picture made by Miss Clark was suggested from the memory of Prof. Thomas Peaslee. Under date of Jan. 11, he wrote the historian: "Saw Mary Reed Clark Rockerfellow in Middleburgh. Her memory is good at 84 years. She thinks I am right in regard to the old church."

On Feb. 22, Prof. Peaslee again referred to the old church and said: "I still think the gables stood to the North and South. We went into the building from the South; all agree as to that. I think there were three windows in each end and four on each side; two above and two below. The upper windows were to light the gallery that took in most of the upper part. The lower part would have been dark without at least two windows on each side. In fact, it was not well lighted."

O. B. Curtis says: "The doors were on the south side. There were two." Considerable data has hitherto been given regarding the old church. It was built very largely through the efforts of Thomas Peaslee.

During the Anti-rent war the old church was made a prison. Many stories concerning it will be told in connection with the war history. Under date of Feb. 27, Mrs. N. K. Hoagland of Schenevus, a venerable lady of seventy, a daughter of John J. Warner, says: "The Brimstone church was a perfect wreck inside when the trouble ceased. To repair it at that time was a heavy burden on the people."

Broome Circuit --

1833	John Bangs, Wm. Lull.
1834	S. M. Knapp, Wm. M. Furguson.
1835	S. M. Knapp, one to be supplied.
1836	O. Munger, one to be supplied.
1837	Philip L. Hoyt, Ezra Cook.
1838	Wm. Lull.
1839	F. W. Sizer, Wm. Lull.
1840	Sanford Washburn, Chas. Gorse.
1841	O. W. Munger.
1842 and 1843	Sylvester S. Strong.
1844	Benj. M. Genung.

Gilboa Circuit --

1845	Parley Stoddard.
1846 and 1847	Daniel I. Wright.
1848	Jason Wells.
1849	Russell R. Scott, DeWitt C. VanGaasbeek.

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

1850	Wm. Lull.
1851	Wm. C. Smith, one to be sup.
1852	W. C. Smith, Abrah. Brundage.
1853	Adee Vail, Robert Kerr.
1854	Adee Vail, Delos Lull.
1855	Bradley L. Burr, Gurdon Crippen, Zephaniah D. Scoby.
North Blenheim Circuit --	
1856	B. L. Burr.
1857 and 1858	Charles Palmer.
1859 and 1860	John E. Gorse.
1861 and 1862	Edwin Clement.
1863 and 1864	P. V. Schermerhorn.
1865 and 1866	Jacob G. Slater.
1867	G. W. Ferris
1868	E. A. Boggs.
1869 and 1870	G. W. Martin.
1871 and 1872	W. W. Taylor.
1873 and 1874	C. F. Wixon.
1875 and 1876	H. F. Odell.
1877 and 1878	Jacob G. Slater.
1879 and 1880	G. G. Tousley.
1881	Herbert A. Durfee. (part of yr.)
Stamford Circuit --	
1882	Platt N. Chase.
1883 and 1884	Charles G. Deming.
1885, 1886, and 1887	O. A. Merchant
1888 and 1889	Edwin Hunt.
North Blenheim Circuit --	
1890 and 1891	Harry Cornford.
1892 and 1893	Frank B. Crispell.
1894	C. W. Miller
1895 and 1896	J. W. Lissenden.
1897	John H. Windeler.
1898 and 1899	Mindo G. Vulcheff.
1900, 1901, and 1902	D. N. F. Blakeney.
1903 and 1904	W. H. Peters.
1905	F. R. Berry.

Rev. Champlin writes: "It was quite a task to get this matter all straight but I think it is correct. You will see a few instances where a "supply" was sent and the name is not furnished. But these do not materially lessen the value of the list."

Several people have been asked to describe the Brimstone Meeting House. Rev. Joel Warner of Kenesaw, Nebraska, says:

"I ought to be able to describe the old Brimstone Meeting House of Blenheim Hill for I was nigh well cradled in it. It was the first church of which I have any knowledge and probably the first one I ever entered; and until it was torn down in 1852 or '53 it was about the only church I had ever seen. Nearly every Sabbath until I was fifteen years old I entered its sacred court, and also nearly

every Thursday evening for prayer. "Uncle Ben Curtis" was the class leader. I can see him and the old church yet when I shut my eyes. Here, when I was thirteen years old, I learned to read the round notes under Prof. Baird from the old American Vocalist. The next winter, under the preaching of Rev. Wm. C. Smith and his colleague, Couchman, I knelt at the front seat and publicly confessed Christ, and with scores of others united with the Methodist Episcopal church. Here too, under the superintendency of John B. Vroman, aided by Lonking's notes, I got my early knowledge of the Scriptures.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections presents them to view."

The old Brimstone church stood on the south side of the road running west to the red school house, with the doors to the south, one entrance on the west for the men and one on the east for the women. While occasionally a man would enter on the women's side, I do not remember ever seeing a woman enter the church on the men's side. There was an aisle on either side which extended from the door to the pulpit on the north end, with short pews on the east and west sides, and longer pews in body of the church, separated in the center by a low partition to divide the sexes, who kept on their own side of the house.

The pulpit was like a large dry goods box built up against the north end of the church, supported by corner posts and elevated five or six feet above the audience floor. This was surrounded with a large altar about a foot above the floor with a railing and a kneeling bench in front. These and the aisles were carpeted. There was one entrance to the altar on the men's side and also to the pulpit. The several steps up to the pulpit also had a railing upon which the minister would support himself with his right hand as he climbed up. Then there was a door which he would open and enter, close it and kneel down and offer a short secret prayer. This receptacle would comfortably seat three men. A tall preacher's head would be elevated at an angle of about 45 degrees above the average part of the audience, and a short man would appear to be standing in a large hogshead and preaching through the bung-hole.

On each side of the entrance to the church was a stairway leading to a large gallery which extended around the three sides. These steps were built from the door along the south side of the church to the corner, then turned and followed the sides to the head of the stairway. These were also protected by a railing. The gallery would probably hold 100 people--nearly as many as the audience room below. It, too, was separated by a partition, only admitting one passage way by the upper south window. I am not sure about the windows, but the gallery was lighted about the same as the main room. Besides the doors I think there was but one window below on the south and only one directly above on account of the stairs. I think there were six on each side - three below and three above. On the north end were two windows below and possibly two above."

John R. Sage of Des Moines, Iowa says: "My last view of the dear old meeting house was had over 55 years ago. This sketch represents the plain structure where I attended divine service and Sunday school in early youth but it may be at fault in some of the minor details. It was severely plain almost barn like, but was a noble structure to my boyish imagination. There my sister's funeral services were held in the winter of 1845, and that even made it a hallowed place to my heart.

The dear old edifice ought to have been preserved as an historical landmark in that region, which is being made famous by your genius as a historian.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
March 15, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

"The Catskill Mountains have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of the spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons."

- DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

The story of Utsayantha was a century old at the coming of the first settlers on Blenheim Hill, and was told, with many another Indian tale, in the rude log cabins of our forefathers. With the clearing of the forests, well under way by 1840, disappeared many of the old legends. The historian hopes to restore some, at least, of the lost traditions. He remembers hearing, when a boy, of the aged squaw who had charge of the doors of day and night to open and close them at the proper hour; who hung up the new moon in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars; who, in times of drought, would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, to float in the air until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the corn to grow, and the fruits to ripen. He has seen the clouds thus brought together and wafted over the land. He has heard the voice of the old squaw, too, when in angry mood she darkened the sky and sent torrents of rain over the hills. Thus nurtured, he believes that he may safely engage to relate the old stories, mindful that they will not be taken as fully authenticated, yet any student of American history may easily establish the truth of the main thread in them.

In 1688, when the English Revolution provoked a war with France which was soon carried to the wilds of America, there was living in Canada, near Montreal, a young Indian lad of much promise, skilled in all the arts of woodcraft and of war. When the Mohawks swarmed down the Richelieu during the following summer, he got his first real experience in semi-civilized fighting under Count Frontenac and his bravery won for him special recognition from the great Frenchman who was at that time governor-general of the province. A year later he was one of the war band that set out in the dead of winter for an expedition up Lake Champlain with orders to conquer New York. The party got not further than Schenectady, which they burned and hurried back to Canada.

Frontenac's young Indian brave, however, was left behind though by accident. The attack had been sudden and resistance slight, yet he was severely wounded probably by a stray shot from a Frenchman's own gun. In the confusion of the massacre, the burning houses, and the flight, the unfortunate young red-skin was not missed by his companions until several miles of the retreat had been covered and it was then not deemed prudent to halt or to send back a rescuing party for well the Frenchmen knew that the Mohawk warriors would be hot on their trail if there seemed a chance, however slight, of overtaking their enemies within the confines of the Iroquoian country.

The wounded Indian was able to conceal himself for several days, through his native fortitude alone could never have saved his life. With great effort he made his way for some distance out of the burned village and lay hidden in the snow in a sheltered spot under the projecting shelf of a great rock that marked the sight of a little spring. It was the fountain that saved him, not however by its waters which refreshed him again and again, but here came one morning, the fifth after his misfortune, an Indian girl to drink. The tale of the fearful massacre had spread rapidly through the Mohawk villages and many savages visited the charred houses of the white men's town, surveying the fiendish work of the French devils from the North. The spring near which the wounded Indian lay was on a trail little used though by no means abandoned and the dusky maiden had taken it that morning by mere caprice on her way to Schenectady. She was a Mohawk girl, the daughter of

Etowankaum, a Sachem of whom more will be told later, to whom she speedily communicated the dying condition of the youth and by whose orders he was immediately conveyed to the chief's wigwam where his rescuer became his vigilant nurse and constant attendant.

Spring came before the young Algonquin was able to return to his people but though his limbs were now strong enough to make the journey, his heart refused and he sought to marry the beautiful Mohawk girl who had so tenderly and so faithfully cared for him in his distress. To go back with her to Canada would be impossible for he well knew that his tribe would not receive him. To become a Mohawk was contrary to his own brave spirit for the blood of Algonquin chiefs coursed thro' his veins. At last Etowankaum, who looked with favor upon his suit, suggested a way out of the difficulty.

"Go my children," said the old chief, "head your canoe to the southward, up the beautiful river which we call the Schoharie, the river that mingles its waters with our own. I myself have often been up that vally, the fairest that the sun shines upon. Great cliffs shelter it on either side. Spring comes earlier there than along the Mohawk and winter is less severe. Larger ears grow upon the maize. Deer feed upon the long level bottom lands. Game of all kinds abounds. No white man has ever entered there. No Indians dwell there now. The Great Spirit has kept it for you. He has placed mountains to the east and south and west to shut out your enemies. A wide door opens on the north to the land of the Mohawks. Go my children. Take the valley. It is yours. To you my son I give the name of Kargon-donte. May you become the great chief of the Schoharies."

The marriage of the young lovers was now celebrated according to the custom of the tribe and arrangements made for their departure. So many desired to accompany them that only by an edict of the Sachems was the number kept within limits. How many were permitted to go is not certain. A few Indians outside of the Iroquoian group seem to have joined the new Schoharie tribe, either at the outside or a few years later, - Indians of the Lenni Lenape who lived along the Delaware and its tributaries. Some authorities state Kargon-donte welcomed to the valley from the surrounding tribes such as were discontented and such as were in debt, in which case Schoharie became a refuge for the Mohawks, Mohegans, Discororas, and Delawares.

That the tribe prospered is attested at the time of the Palatine migration in 1712 when the Dutch settlers found it to number 300 warriors besides women and children. Of the reception accorded the Germans and of Etowankaum's share in their coming, more will be said when the story of the Vroman and the Shaver families is told though it may be stated here that the exiles were hospitably received.

Kargon-donte and his followers made their way up the valley in the spring of 1690 and began the building of their village at the foot of the great cliff which the Germans later named Vroman's Nose, opposite the mouth of the Little Schoharie. Fire and girdle quickly exposed a sufficient area of corn land and when the summer's sun shone upon the growing crop there was already the promise of a bounteous harvest. Plenty and feasting came in autumn for not only did the ground respond with fullness to their rude culture but the hunters rarely returned empty from the woods.

Hunting parties often made long journeys through the forest, following the indistinct trails, old but seldom used, which only the experienced eye of an Indian could detect. One of these lay up the river some twelve miles to the site of the present village of Blenheim and thence over Blenheim Hill to Utsayantha Lake though this beautiful sheet of water had not as yet received its name. It was in fact upon one of these excursions to the head of the Delaware that an adventurous young officers from Canada who had known Kargon-donte in Montreal and was paying him a visit with the purpose if possible of enlisting him on the side of France, accompanied the chief and met the handsome Indian girl whose tragic death gave a name to the tranquil sheet of water and whose ashes rest upon the summit of that grand old mountain to the south. The story of her love, betrayal, and suicide has often been told but the identity and fate of her false suitor have never before been disclosed in print.

The young Frenchman spent nearly the whole autumn of 1695 in the vicinity of Blenheim Hill, visiting the Indian maiden whenever opportunity offered. He constructed a camp near that spring which today fills, or twenty years ago did fill, a large circular watering trough just to the left of the main road as travel the highway from North Blenheim via the John Mayham farm going toward the Blenheim Hill church and some fifteen rods beyond where stood, sixty years ago, the Sage house. Here after a time he brought the innocent Indian girl, persuading her that he had made her his wife according to the usages of France and here he deserted her to return to Canada. Retribution was not slow in coming. The following year, 1696, he went with Frontenac when he invaded the country of the Onondagas and was killed by an Iroquoian woman who thus unknowingly avenged the death of another of her sex.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
March 22, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

"Honest, laborious men, who had once been thriving burghers of Manheim and Heidleberg, or who had cultivated the vine on the banks of the Neckar and the Rhine. Their ingenuity and their diligence could not fail to enrich any land which should afford them an asylum."

- MACAULAY.

It was during King William's war that the events occurred which were recorded in the last chapter. In 1697, the year following the death of the young Frenchman who had betrayed Utsayantha this war ended with the treaty of Ryswick. There were but four years of peace and the Indians of Canada began burning the frontier settlements again, slaughtering and torturing the colonists. Queen Anne was not on the throne of England and it was during her reign and largely because of this war with France that the first white settlers came into the Schoharie valley. It came about in this way. The only route from Canada southward lay along Lake Champlain. War parties of French and Indians were constantly making their way over this water-course and falling upon the settlements along the Hudson and in Massachusetts. Peter Schuyler was mayor of Albany. The Iroquois Indians were on the side of the English but they had suffered a severe blow in 1696 when Frontenac had completely destroyed the strongly fortified town on the Onondagas. Schuyler saw the necessity of more generous and effective measures on the part of the English government for the protection of New York against the French and their allies, the Canadian Indians and to secure such action visited England accompanied by five Sachems of the Mohawks, one of whom was Etowankaum. The Albany mayor and his band of Mohawks were granted an audience by the Queen and the result of this visit was very successful so far as promises go for "the government engaged to send to the province of New York a sufficient armament for the conquest of Canada," although as usual the government neglected to keep the engagement. It was Schuyler's idea also to induce the home government to send settlers to fill the upper Hudson and the Mohawk country as a still further protection against the French, just as Oglethorpe a few years later planted his colony of debtors at Savannah that the new settlers might serve the patriotic purpose of protecting Charleston from the Spanish attacks from Florida to which it was then exposed. The time was propitious, for London was just then full of Palatines and the Board of Trade and the wise men of the city as well were at their wits' end to know what to do with them.

This leads to the story of the Germans who settle Schoharie and among them the Warners, Deckers, Shavers, and Vromans who came to Blenheim Hill, good people and worthy

representatives of that great wave of immigration from the heart of an old and polished European nation which sought a refuge and a home in the western wilderness, bringing thither all the sterling qualities of industry, steadiness, thrift and piety. The old High Dutch families of Blenheim Hill were in all ways equal to their Puritan neighbors in the cardinal virtues, even every whit as intelligent and godly.

If you look at an old map of Europe, made any time before the Napoleonic wars, you will find the Palatines, or the Pfalz, on the upper Rhine between Wurtemberg and Westphalia, though principality maintained an important placed among the German States. Its location on the border between France and Germany rendered it a favorite battle ground and contending armies often laid waste its broad acres, sacked its towns and appropriated its castles. Within boundaries that changed frequently it may be said to have contained an area of something over 3000 square miles, more than twice the size of Rhode Island. Heidelberg was its capital.

Every student of European history is familiar with the war of the Grand Alliance and the war of the Spanish Succession, both traceable to the ambition and rapacity of Louis XIV. One object of the French king was to make the Rhine the eastern boundry of France, the glory of Napoleon's achievements at a later day. At the time when the feeble French and English colonists in America were striking at each other through hundreds of miles of forest, when small bands made their way over the trails on snowshoes to burn frontier villages, Louis was sending 50,000 trained soldiers into the Rhine country to render a half-million of human beings homeless, to sack every great city above Cologne, to burn villages without number, and to butcher the unoffending inhabitants by thousands. Macaulay says: "The roads and fields which then lay deep in snow were blackened by innumerable men, women, and children flying from their homes. Many died of cold and hunger, but still enough survived to fill the streets of all the cities of Europe with lean and squalid beggars, who had once been thriving farmers and shop keepers."

It requires no stretch of the imagination to go back two centuries to the pleasant farms and vine-clad Hills of the Rhine and find there families of Warners, Shavers, Deckers and Vromans, progenetors of the Blenheim Hill families by those names. They were a happy folk in Germany and prosperous withal but when war devastated the land they made their way to their beloved river and, in sheer desperation, constructed rude rafts and entrusted themselves to the current, hoping to be carried beyond the reach of the brutal soldiery of France. One can scarcely picture a more woeful leave-taking of the fatherland. The river bore them on through Mainz, through Treves and Koler, and landed them almost starving in Rotterdam, where in company with thousands of other fellow sufferers of the Palatinate they were speedily shipped to England that Holland might be rid of them.

Thrown naked upon the shores of England, these unfortunate people were cared for at the expense of the government and by public charity. Now let us return to Peter Schuyler and his visit to London. The flocking Palatines, pouring in great crowds upon the city, had to be provided for in some way. Queen Anne, tender hearted and good of soul, became greatly interested in the exiles and took them under her special care. Their immediate needs were looked after and steps were taken for their final settlement in America, largely through the efforts of Schuyler and the Indian chiefs who accompanied him, the Mohawks especially, being struck with the wretched condition of the poor homeless Germans, offered to share with them their hunting grounds in New York. Their generosity was carried so far that the Sachems made a regular transfer of the Schoharie valley to Queen Anne as a home for the Palatines.

Before any movement of such magnitude can be carried out by a government much time is necessary for the completion of arrangements. Finally it was agreed between the Lords of trade and Governor Hunter of New York that the Germans should be established upon the banks of the Hudson and of the Mohawk and that they should be employed in the manufacture of naval stores, tar, pitch, plank, etc., from the great pine forests. It was not until well towards the end of January, in

the year 1710, that the great migration was actually ready to set sail for America, -- a fleet of ten ships bearing three thousand weary souls, their hearts set upon finding in America a home like that which they had been driven from on the banks of the Rhine. There were Warners, Vromans, Deckers, and Shavers in the ships. Keep this fact in mind.

The fleet separated in a storm and one was lost. In it were near kinsmen of the Blenheim Hill folk who for generations told their children the story of the ill-fated "Herbert," the sinking of which has been commemorated by the good Peaslee poet, Whittier, in the Phantom Ship –

"For still on many a moonless night
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light,
The spectre kindles and burns in sight."

The German settlement on the Hudson did not prosper but through no fault of their own. Finally the people decided to abandon their new found homes and make their way on their own account to the good land given to the Queen for them. Late in the autumn of 1712 about fifty families trudged on foot up the Hudson to Albany and made the journey over the Helderbergs, cutting their way through the forest at the rate of a mile a day. Before the toilsome migration was over, winter closed in upon them but they were kindly received by Kargondonte, chief of the Schoharie tribe, whose father-in-law, Etowankaum, had promised queen Anne a home for them several years before. The Indians shared their harvest with the newcomers and showed them every kindness. The following spring a second company came to Schoharie over the same route. Their own records say: "In the same year in March 1713 did the remainder of the people proceed on their journey and by God's assistance travell'd in a fourtnight with sledges thro' the snow, which there covered the ground above 3 foot deep, cold and hunger, joyn'd their friends and countrymen in the promised land of Schorie." Thus did the Vromans, the Deckers, the Shavers, and the Warners travel to Schoharie from the Rhine.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
March 29, 1906**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him."
- SHAKSPEARE.

There is a wide difference of opinion regarding the old Brimstone Meeting House and two letters have lately come to hand which will be read with much interest. Isaac Peaslee, writing from Georgetown, El Dorado Co., California, says: "As I remember it the old church faced south. You entered door near the south-east corner; also at door on south-west corner. The door at south-east corner was for ladies, and the one at the south-west was for the gentlemen. The gentlemen in those old puritan days were not allowed to sit in church with ladies, not even their own families, strange though it may seem yet it is a fact. The windows as I remember were two on the south and three on each east and west side, none on the north. The windows were narrow but extended upwards from about eight feet from the ground, past the gallery. I think the glass were 7x9 and the windows were in three sections.

The windows on the south were between the doors. Those on the east and west were, one near the south-east and south-west corners for as a you entered the gallery from those corners the windows were partly hid by the steps leading to the gallery. The other two windows on the east and west were about equally divided as to distance. The one farthest north was about on a line with the aisle in front of the alter which was a square railing in front of the pulpit. The gallery was very low. A man with a high hat could not stand erect under it. The stoves were located under the gallery stairs, stovepipe running north to about the center of aisle and with an elbow it was carried to about the center of the church where it was connected from both the stoves to an upright pipe which led to the chimney which was placed on top of the church a little north of the center. The seats ran east and west except those on each side of the pulpit, which ran north and south. The first recollection I have of being in this wonderful church was when I was but two years old and quite likely the cause of my remembering it so distinctly was that on that occasion my mother took me there to have me baptised and when the old minister sprinkled the water on my head I cried like a little piper. About the next thing I remember was of seeing the whole country there gathered in by the Up-Renters to answer to charges for violating the law. The next thing that comes fresh to my memory was of going there to singing school to a man by the name of Cottrell, who traveled through the country on foot carrying his bass-viol on his back and giving a music lesson every night in the week. It was said by him that he had to follow that kind of work to keep from going crazy and if I am not mistaken he was taken several years later to an asylum where he died."

Milo Warner of Gilboa says that the gables of the old church stood north and south. When the building was taken down the shingles were given to his father and he sorted them as he came from school. Many of them lay between the church and the wall which was there at the time.

Under date of March 9th, Prof. Thos. Peaslee of Stamford writes:

"The Courier is just at hand and I behold what to some may be taken for the old Brimstone church, but not your humble friend Thomas. I do not question the pen work, but the conception. I now lay down my pen and will go at once and see the building which was one the M. E. church of Stamford, built in 1833, and now used by Dr. Churchill for a wagon house. I think the most of churches in the part of the country built in those early days were largely on the same general plan. John Bangs superintended many of them as per his autobiography. Some five or six years ago I was in Gilboa and attended an Old School Baptist meeting with Milo Warner, and the moment we entered the church our minds at once reverted to the old church of our youth on Blenheim Hill, and after church we talked it over. They were so similar; this one stands nearly north and south, that is the gables face the south where they go in. The church here is at a rough measurement, 30 or 32 by 60 feet, and double door in one corner of the gable end, and evidently there was on in the other corner, or near the corner. The gable has one window of some size and one small one up hear the top, six or eight on eight side, two sashes each, the upper contains 25 lights, 7x9, and the lower sash 20, 7x9. These side windows are well up from the sills and would light both above and below. There was a gallery. Now six feet on a man's nose or legs would be noticeable. Even so on a building, especially when you take the internal arrangements and construction into artistic consideration.

It seems that there is little or no dispute as to the internal arrangements of the old church. The entrance is not in doubt or controversy. The stoves were set respectively in the south, west and east corners. The pipe on either side ran up north, made a turn, and went into a very much larger pipe or drum in the center of the church, and beyond that point north and south just in front of the pulpit and thence into the chimney. This large amount of piping saved wood and utilized the heat as well.

Cut off four or five seats at the north end on both sides of the pulpit and face them toward the pulpit, respectively, and you have cut down the length of the aisle even for a 36 foot church. Now

place the building sidewise and take off the same six feet from the aisles, pipe, etc., and you have a very absurd sort of a picture.

How would the present church strike you if the doors were in the south, the pulpit in the north, and gallery on the south, east and west, and aisles, pipes and stoves as per old church? Bah! It's absurd! Draw a sketch as per Isaac's description and place it in the cut of the church as in the Courier of today and it would not fit at all. This strikes me about the way the other fellows look at it. Moss is growing on their memory. Then, too, what a travesty, burlesque, or satire, as you please to call it, upon Uncle Ben's genius – a man who had come in only a year or so from the outside world, Schenectady county, a man whom we knew could make a grain cradle or one for family use., build a desk and fit the joints so you can not even to this day see how or where they came together. No, its asking too much. Almerin Martin, S. L. Mayham and others not a few, say I am right."

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
April 5, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

"The Blenheim Hill History is the best thing in the line that I have ever struck. Anyone riding over the Backbone would never suspect that there was so much history lying around loose. The Courier and Prof. Mayham have done the Hill a great service."

- REV. E. J. RULIFFSON.

The historian is glad to add another chapter concerning the Warner family to that already given, the following having been contributed by Rev. Joel Warner:

"There is a Chapel in Florence with a fresco of Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco, until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. So I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of us, was all covered up with obliterations, until Prof. Mayham and the Jefferson Courier began to marshal the writers from the several states whither they have migrated from Old Blenheim Hill, and they are taking away the covering and the old picture is beginning to shine out again like a grand Mosaic in all its original beauty. Looking back, we see it, as though it were yesterday. You hear the brook go babbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You take a drink from the old well. You go for the cows at night and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Thank God for that home.

Milo Warner, fourth of the sons who grew to manhood, seemed the most tactful and practical farmer of all the boys. In early boyhood and also in his teens he had several severe attacks of rheumatism, and it was thought he could not endure the exposure of farm life. So he was apprenticed to D. K. Frisbie of Gilboa to learn harness making. When the war had been in progress for some time, he came home and announced his determination to enlist. His parents tried to dissuade him from the thought, but he could not be turned aside. He went to Norwich and enlisted in the 4th N. Y. Heavy Artillery. The regiment were all raw recruits, and their first active service was at Fort Allen. There they served picket duty five or six miles from the fort. One rainy night in January, when the rain froze to ice as it fell, he said he there first learned what real homesickness was. In a battle at Spartanburg Court House he was wounded and sent to the rear. The ball passed through his leg above the knee, and he was confined in the hospital five months. Thus he escaped many severe battles. He joined his regiment again at Petersburg in time for many of those severe and stubborn encounters in which the northern and the southern army suffered great loss. His

regiment, in a charge at South Side, R. R., were repulsed and many taken prisoners. Among them was Milo. Being intercepted by Union forces they were kept on the March about two weeks in transit to Andersonville and Libby prison where they suffered the ignominy and privation which has been recounted by other victims of that miserable den. Uncooked dry corn on the ear was all the food given them. He was not exchanged until the surrender of Lee and the termination of the war, when he was sent to his regiment and regularly discharged. He was corporal in his company. He has been a resident of Gilboa since the war, and now occupies the home his father bought when he retired from the farm and where he died at the age of 73.

The other two sons, Joel and Harvey, think they have gained distinction enough by writing this brief history of the Warner family, in which they have both had a share.

As to the girls, Elzina married Nathan K. Hoagland of Gilboa who worked at farming for about ten years and then they moved to Schenevus and engaged in the mercantile business and raised a family of thrifty children who have grown up married and left them. They have recently retired from business.

Christian married Gilbert G. Houck, who now lives at Grand Gorge. Their son, Harvey Houck, is a prosperous farmer at that place. They had two daughters, one died recently. Christian died in 1879.

Lorena married Robert Cartwright, who has been for many years a prominent man in Sidney, and through whose aid and influence has helped to make the town one of the most prosperous on the D. & H. railroad. He represented Delaware county in the Assembly about ten years ago.

Sarah Ann married Rev. J. Hall, who has retired from the ministry and lives at Sidney also in comfortable circumstances.

Most of the family are lying in the Peaslee cemetery waiting for the resurrection. The old people side by side after a life long journey. There also the dear old neighbors who used to tie their horses under the shed of the old country Meeting House and sit in the old church pew singing "Duke Street," "Balerna," "Antioch" and a score of old hymn tunes which are still ringing in our ears. Oh, they were a glorious race of men, and men who did their work well, who raised a splendid lot of boys and girls. They are now in the silent city on earth, as to their bodies, but as to their souls, they are in jubilant neighborhood before the throne of God.

Oftimes in the busy and dusty streets we wish we were home again on that cool grass where was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat. Many new and beautiful plants and flowers are in our windows, but none stirs in the soul so much charm and memory as the old marigold, the poppy or the field daisy. Thank God again for an early Christian altar at which we were taught to kneel. Thank God for a Christian home.

Dr. A. W. Clark has very kindly furnished the following data concerning the Perry family: - The Perry settlement was made by Rhode Island folk on heavy timbered land on the eastern part of Blenheim Hill about the year of 1805. Joseph Perry was born in 1773; died March 31, 1841. Married Lucy Clark. Children: Joseph, married Eliza Paddock; Lyman, married a Schaeffer; John, married Jane Martin; Stephen, married Charity Freemyer; William, married Louisa Caniff; Eliza, married Martin Effner; Harriet, married Peter V. Mattice; Polly. The children of Joseph Perry and Eliza Paddock were: Lyman, married Catharine Vroman, first wife, and Eveann Benjamin, second wife; John, married Mary Carl; Stephen, married a Kniskern for the first wife and a Schaffer for the second wife; Betsey, married Christopher Mattice.

The Peter Mattice family was raised on a farm that joined John A. Clark on the south. The house was on the west side of the road about midway between J. A. Clark's and John Allen's. The barn is there now. There were nine boys and one girl in the family. They were extremely poor. The clothing of the children, winter and summer, consisted of homespun, the principal garment being a heavy tow shirt that came down below the knee. The food was pudding and milk, all eating from

one dish with wooden spoons. Mr. Mattice accumulated property enough to leave each of his sons a good farm. He moved from this farm to Minekill Falls where he kept hotel and died. His son, Peter V. Mattice, followed him. His son Adam was at one time Member of Assembly. Peter Mattice was followed on the old home farm by his son Christopher, he by J. R. Hubbell who lived there from 1852 to 1856.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
April 12, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

"They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night."
- MACAULAY.

From time to time various disconnected sketches have accumulated in a pigeon-hole in the historian's desk. They are from various sources and cover a variety of subjects, but all interesting. Some of them are here given.

One correspondent writes: -- "Farms that have been rented on Blenheim Hill have deteriorated and run down. Farms that have been occupied by their owners and cared for will compare favorably with the good farms in other sections. Take the Smith Peaslee farm, Perry Champlin, Giles Champlin, Clark farms, Wood Bros., Wm. Shafer's old Sage farm, Jacob Curtis, John Wood, the old Hilton farm, Ezekiel Cornell farm now occupied by his sons, Austin and Frank, the Shew farm, the Jacob and George Decker farms, occupied by W. H. Decker, Champlin Hastings farm now occupied by his son Luther. These farms will now produce nearly double what they did 40 years ago. At that time Giles Champlin made more butter from a cow than any farmer for miles around. As late as 1893 Martin Vroman who lived on the old Pierce farm, and Perry Champlin on the old John Mayham farm made as much butter per cow as many of the fancy or prize dairies that have been published in the agricultural journals. The same soil and air is still on the old backbone, all it needs is the man at home, --cultivation."

From another source comes the following: -- "Stephen Ryder, a native of Dutchess county but later a resident of Blenheim, gave four daughters in marriage to men of Blenheim Hill. Phoebe Rider married Daniel Sage. They were the parents of John R. Sage of Des Moines, Iowa. One sister of Phoebe Rider married William Vroman, one married Stephen Perry and another married Amos Soper. Stephen Rider lived to be a centenarian and was something of a genius in mechanics and philosophy. He constructed bass viols and violins and at one time made an electric battery. His sons, Solomon and Henry, removed to Tioga county at an early day and accumulated considerable wealth. The old gentleman died about 1858 or 9, having spent his last years at the home of his sons. He was possessed of much strength, mentally and physically."

"Blenheim Hill was a profitable territory or place for peddlers when I was a boy," writes Dr. R. Hubbell. Their visits were frequent with their pack on their back and jewelry box in their hand. I remember four brothers staying at our house over night. Their names were Westheimer. I remember how amused I was to hear them converse with each other in their native German language. I have since learned that they became wealthy merchants in New York city. Another German peddler by the name of Henry Hyman came in from Albany. He bo't a 50 acre farm of my grandfather Pierce

located on the quarry road now owned by Clark Brothers. He undertook to keep his oxen and cows through a long winter without a sufficient quantity of hay. In the spring of 1853 they all died of starvation while he was away on a peddling trip. That ended Hyman's farming. John A. Clark bought the farm and cleared it up."

One writer going back half a century in memory says: -- "The school commissioner in those days was Bartholamew Becker. Uncle Botta as he was called was an old fashioned school teacher, a good surveyor, an excellent penman and a faithful commissioner. He held drills for examining teachers in nearly every town. The examinations in those days were oral questions not uniform. The object was to find out what the applicant knew. Twice a year he came around with his blue umbrella and record book to examine the schools. It pleased him to get at the school house early in the morning before the fire was built so that he could criticise the teacher for being tardy."

At a special school meeting held at the M. E. church, March 4, 1871, Thos. S. Peaslee appointed chairman; resolved that the district build a school house after the following plan, -- on the old site, balloon frame, 18x26 feet, posts 11 or 12 feet, covered with sound house pine siding, R. R. cornice of suitable width, roofed with good hemlock shingles, studding not to exceed 16 inches apart, 6 windows, 12 lights, 8x14 glass for school room, also one window over outside door to light the hall, one light high, 8x10, said door to be in the north end. Voted that the inside of the house be lath and plastered, arched overhead with brick chimney in south end. School room to be seated with seats and desks to seat 30 pupils. Floor to be good pine or spruce, 1 1-4 inches thick, planed and matched. Also two movable benches for class seats with backs, with a door into the hall. The hall to be 6x18 feet on the north end. House to be painted with two coats of paint, outside red trimmed with white, inside including hall, desks, etc., lead colored. The house to stand on good stone foundation, built in a workmanlike manner, pointed with lime and sand. Job of building to be let to lowest bidder, said bidder to be a resident of said district No. 10, school house to be finished before May 15. N. S. Peaslee, Clerk.

March 11, 1871: Voted to recind a former vote to arch the school room. Voted to make the room square instead of arched. New school house finished May 15, 1871. Cost \$400. Underpinning \$12.50. Stove and other furniture \$15.96. Desk, chair, etc. \$4.50. Total \$432.96. Copy of a tax to build school house for Dist. No. 10 in the year 1871.

Wm. D. Shafer	\$42.24
Wm. Baker	81.68
Wm. Baker, house and lot	10.56
Wm. Vroman	21.12
Cornelius Vroman	21.12
Thos. S. Peaslee	84.48
Nathan S. Peaslee	49.28
Joseph C. Peaslee	42.24
John Wood	52.80
Calvin Raynor	8.80
James Mayham	21.12
J. M. Delany	<u>49.28</u>
	\$434.72

At the annual meeting, Oct. 9, 1877 T. S. Peaslee, chairman, W. S. Jones, clerk. Voted that the district buy six cords of good hard body maple or black birch wood, 24 inches long, delivered fitted for the stove. Let to Stephen Baker at \$10.45. voted that the district use as text books the

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

National Readers and Spellers, Monteith's geography, Payson, Dunton and Scribner's copy books, Quackenbosh's grammar, Davies' arithmetic and algebra.

July 25, 1885, ordered by LeGrand Van Tuyl, School Commissioner, that Dist. No. 10, be hereafter known as Dist. No. 9.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
April 19, 1906

BLENHEIM HILL

The following poem was written in August, 1900, upon the occasion of a visit to Blenheim Hill after an absence of several years. It was published the year following in a magazine and is copied by permission. The sentiments expressed in the poem are shared by many another who has wandered away from the old Backbone.

A PROMISE.

My eyes are dimmed by falling, burning tears,
My heart is sore, with memory's pages bare.
I read again the tale of bygone years,
The hopes and dreams of youth once written there.

I stand amid the scenes my childhood knew,
And look upon the fields I trod of yore.
The distant hills are green, the mountains, blue,
As in the days that can return no more.

This meadow is the same as when a youth,
I cut the grass that grew upon its mould.
The cornfield there, the grain, the trees, --in truth,
All are the same they were in days of old.

I fix my eyes upon the distant field,
No change is there; the very fence rows stand.
The hills beyond, their old-time beauty yield;
There is not change in sky nor cloud nor land.

Far to the south, in range of yonder dome,
A roof is lifted scarce above the crest.
It marks my birthplace, there my early home.
A memory only, now, like all the rest.

I look to north, beyond the fir trees there;
A structure small just shows itself to view,
The old red school-house, lone, deserted, bare, --
Fit tomb for hopes that perished long ago.

Yet nearer, to the west, I turn my eyes
And see the clustering buildings, full a score,
Half hidden by the fields that gently rise
To eastward; once my home but home no more.

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

I lift my eyes to heaven; --God above,
Make answer thou, tell me the meaning clear;
Why dost thou teach me so this scene to love,
Yet keep it from me, though thou lead me here?

"Look son," the Father answers, "feast thine eyes;
Look yet again; let all thy soul be filled.
I placed thee here, I gave thee earth and skies,
I taught thee how these very fields are tilled.

"But thou didst wander forth from out this land.
Thou sought afar the treasure here that lies,
'Twere best that thou shouldst go, 'twas my own hand
That led thee forth, that kept from thee the prize.

"Of love and home till thou should learn full well
The worth and want of both This precious boon
I know that thou its value now can tell.
Yet go forth once again. 'Tis all too soon

"For thou to sit thee down. Thou canst not rest
While yet the noontide hour is scarce at hand.
Keep thou this secret ever in thy breast:
I will restore to thee in fee, this land.

"Go now, son, turn thy face again away.
The time of sowing even is not passed.
Thou shalt return. I promise thee a day
Of harvest, in all fullness, at the last.

"Thou yet shall see the sun rise morn by morn
As thou didst see it in thy days of youth.
These hills, my seasons, changing, shall adorn,
And thou shalt see them change. Keep thou the truth:

"Because thou lovest all that I have made,
And lovest this fair land of all the best,
*Thou mayest sit thee down in evening's shade
And 'mid thy childhood's scenes thou mayest rest"*

NOTE: Articles dated APRIL 26, 1906 through DECEMBER 13, 1906 were published in this series but have not been retyped. A photocopy of the book in its entirety is included in the next section.

"The Anti-Rent War – An Episode of the 40's"

by Albert C. Mayham

December 20, 1906

BLENHHEIM HILL

"Harp of the North, farewell!
The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks of deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.

During the last two years Albert C. Mayham has written and the Jefferson Courier has printed twenty-six full seven-column newspaper pages of Blenheim Hill History and there have been used in connection with the same about forty illustrations, nearly all made especially for this work. If printed in a book it would make a volume of over six hundred pages. No other locality in Schoharie county has ever received so much attention historically, and few others in the state. Although a goodly supply of extra copies were printed from week to week, it has long been impossible to supply the calls for a complete set of back numbers containing the history. Files of this paper for the last two years will be kept in many a household and handed down for generations. What is to be the future of Blenheim Hill? It all depends.

I. The old Backbone may continue to retrograde and in another decade or two lose the last of its old line inhabitants. There is no son in the Wood, the Peaslee, or the Clark families to inherit the lands and keep up a family name. Giles Champlin has a boy just entering his teens and Henry Champlin has a son some years younger. There is no assurance that they will cling to the homestead. Fred Jones has no son and the Curtis boys are confirmed bachelors. It may be that nature will reclaim the soil and reforest it.

II. A colony of foreigners, looking for cheap land in a desirable location, may buy up the abandoned farms and make them profitable again. This is being done all over New England and in many places in New York. Large numbers of Poles have gone into Orange county, taken swamp land worth \$15 an acre and made out of it rich onion meadows worth \$600 an acre. There are whole communities of them there growing rich. The same thing is happening in Ontario county with celery and potatoes, in Orleans county with peas and beans, and so it goes from one end of the state to the other. The poor from all over Europe are slowly but surely getting possession of the soil of the state. They do not rent, they buy. They do not locate singly, but in communities. They turn their attention to anything, even dairying and fruitgrowing. One hundred years ago Blenheim Hill was colonized by New England men, with a few good Irish, Scotch, and Dutch. A century has seen the passing of this race. It may be now that Swedes or Poles or Norwegians or Bohemians will come in and possess the land. If they should, values will rise a considerable, waste places will be made productive and all natural resources developed. But the few remaining native born families will sell out and the old order of things will pass away forever.

III. Some man with capital and brains, like Dr. Hubbell who already owns 1500 acres there or some other man with like energy and capacity, may consolidate the whole area into a 5000 acre estate, enclose it with twelve miles of fence and convert it into a great sheep ranch. There may be established one or several clusters of summer cottages owned and occupied by city people who are seeking one of the most desirable locations in all the Catskills. These residences would in no wise interfere with the sheep industry and the presence of several thousand sheep in great flocks would only one on the elevation add to the natural charms of the landscape. There are three superb locations for summer homes: one on the elevation owned by Dr. Hubbell near Ralph Clark's; one on the Champlin homestead known as the ten and the twelve acres lots; one, the highest of all, on the

old Elliot place near where Henry Maham lived and died.

IV. Sheldon Peaslee and Giles Champlin always contended that only large farms could succeed on Blenheim Hill. They were right. Divide the eight square miles into about ten farms and make of them great dairy farms, keeping 50 cows each. build a butter factory on the original Champlin farm at the famous "Bill spring." Locate the post-office there and establish also a co-operative store. Let each farm be run to its full capacity, including the raising of young stock, horses, sheep, hogs, and poultry. Maintain one good school near the creamery and store, employ two teachers and let the principal be a man who might increase his income by poultry raising, and preaching on Sunday (note the comma). Put every home on the telephone. Build tenement houses near the store, employ labor by the day, pay cash and let the men all board themselves. Get the city colonies just the same and thus have a good local market for almost everything that can be raised. Shoot the first man who talks saloon or brings whiskey on the mountain. Keep up the old homesteads and the old names. Get some children growing. Live.

It goes without saying that, of the four futures here discussed, the historian favors the last two with first choice on the fourth. He would like to see this dream realized. He would like to return, year by year, and find the old hill prospering as aforesaid. Finally, when school is out for him, he would like to come back and settle down in a little cottage on Blenheim Hill with the sweet minstrel Thomas on one side of him and some other good saint of the Backbone on the other, and old friends and neighbors, and kinsmen all around, and the glorious hills in the distance, and God over all. And here he would like to spend the autumn of his life and gather at his hearth his children and the children of the community, and instruct them in the history of their tribe and tell them stories of their people that they may not forget. And here, when his course is run, he would like to die as becomes a christian, and sleep in the land where lies the bones of his forefathers. Amen.

Blenheim Hill will produce anything that can be grown in New York state. We never ate larger or better strawberries than at Fred Peaslee Jones' last summer, grown in his own garden. We never saw better grass standing than that on the meadows of the old Pierce farm. With proper care the forest will provide firewood for local needs forever. With so much to commend the locality, there ought to be an immediate readjustment of line fences and a start made towards bringing every acre of the 5000 under a management having for its object the greatest possible good to the community. Long live Blenheim Hill.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
December 27, 1906**

BLENHEIM HILL

"All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind."

-- Lord Macaulay.

About a year ago, Rev. Joel Warner wrote the historian as follows: "I enclose a clipping regarding Benj. P. Curtis, which I filed away some 15 years ago or more. I presume you can get date of birth and death. He was class leader of the M. E. church on Blenheim Hill for many years. He was very deliberate in speech and movement, but generally correct. He must have died before the general election of 1888. He raised a fine family. You surely must have a history of that family. Margaret was one of the best teachers we ever had. She married Rev. O. P. Matthews. Nearly all the children taught school."

HIS LAST DRUM CALL.

ONE OF THE OLDEST MEN IN SCHOHARIE COUNTY ANSWERS THE FINAL "LONG ROLL" --HIS INTERESTING LIFE.

Benjamin P. Curtis, aged 94 years and 24 days, died at Blenheim Hill yesterday of pneumonia. "Uncle Ben," as he was called, was born at Duanesburg, where his father, Joseph Curtis, and mother, Lydia Palmer, died, full of years. He came to Blenheim Hill when about 25 years of age. He married Eleanor Kline. They had ten children, nine of whom are now living. "Uncle Ben" had never been sick since he was 13 years of age, when he had the measles, and there had never been a death in his family until that of his wife about six years ago at the age of 87. Since that their son William has died. "Uncle Ben" bought a farm when he first settled in Blenheim and lived upon it until a short time before his death. About 70 years ago he was converted at a Methodist meeting held in his barn and joined the M. E. church at the time, remaining a consistent member until his death. He was a great bible reader and had read that book through between 35 and 40 times. He could read and write at the time of his sickness without glasses and was ill but three days. He was known far and near as an expert upon the kettle drum, an attainment acquired at a drumming school at Duanesburg. His teacher was a drum major in the revolutionary war, and he said that Benjamin was the most apt scholar he had ever had. Last Fourth of July he got out his drum and celebrated the day at home. He was a substitute in the war of 1812. During the anti-rent trouble he was an active anti-renter, and his home was headquarters for many of the anti-rent Indians. In politics "Uncle Ben" began as a staunch Andrew Jackson Democrat, but when the Republican party was formed he joined it and cast his vote for Jas. G. Blaine in 1884. He was honest, industrious, kind, and intelligent. Few men had fewer enemies or more friends than "Uncle Ben," and he lived to see all his acquaintances pass away.

Henry Hager of Blenheim, a County Judge of Schoharie county, was Member of Assembly in 1828-29, a personal friend of Martin VanBuren and a man prominent in the councils of the Democratic party. His grandson was named for the distinguished statesman of Columbia county who sent his namesake a five-dollar gold piece. Henry Hager had a sister Dortha who married John Shew. Their children were Kate, Jacob, Cornelia, Tunis, John Henry, and Betsy Ann. John Henry lived on the old farm at Shew Hollow all his life. He had two sons, James H. now living on the old homestead, and Rev. John T. Shew, now deceased. Jacob Shew was known far and wide for his great strength. Betsy Ann married Jacob Decker who lived all his life on the Decker farm now owned by his son. Their children were, Mary E., Amelia, Martha, William Henry, Francelia, and Rose.

Benjamin Kenyon married a McKillip. Her father was a sea captain. He came here with the Kenyons from Rhode Island. There was a large family. They lived in a log house on the George Decker lot. Mother McKillip was tall, muscular, with a wild pioneer look, and could sing like a lark. She seems to have been Scotch for she knew all the Highland ballads. She was a favorite at quiltings, huskings, and apple cuts and could dance a hornpipe better than any other female in the neighborhood.

Stuffle Decker went to Wisconsin in 1853 with the Peaslees. He carried a corn-cob all the way with which to scratch himself. The men all got the prairie itch and used the same cob. When they reached Wisconsin they found much larger cobs and Stuffle threw away the one he carried. They all walked forty miles to visit the Lopers.

The Beggs family were Scotch Presbyterians and fled from near Belfast in the time of Queen Mary and settled in the north of Ireland where they became Orangemen. William Beggs married Isabell Allen, Jan. 13, 1824. Their children were:

James, born Oct. 24, 1824.

Jane, Oct. 4, 1826.

John, Aug. 27, 1828.

George, Nov. 4, 1831.

George II, Dec. 8, 1834.

William, March 22, 1837.

Levi, Jan. 7, 1842.

James married Sarah Deyo; George married Addie Southerland; William married Loama Benjamin; Levi married Ella Patterson. Isabell Allen had a brother, George Allen, who was a merchant in Philadelphia. He died rich and left her considerable money which she distributed among her children.

About thirty years ago, Sally Yanson, sister of Giles Champlin, gave the historian the following data which is now published for the first time.

Capt. Joseph Perry of Rhode Island, a brother of Commodore Perry's father, was an officer in the Continental army during the Revolution. He married Mary Stanton. She died at the age of one hundred years and three months. Their children were: Mary, who married Perry Clark; Sally, who married James Kenyon, grandparents of Mrs. Brown of Boston and of Maxon Kenyon, Jefferson; Amy, who married Thomas Champlin; Susan, who married Simeon Tucker, parents of Clark and Perry Tucker who settled in Albany; Joshua; Joseph, who married a Hull, and a Perry for his second wife; William, who died a boy; John, who never married; and Rebecca, who married Jeffrey Washington Champlin. The brothers and sisters of Mary Stanton were: Hannah, John, Pheobe, Giles, Allen, Joshua, Jonathan, Rebecca, Daniel, Freeman, Betsy.

Jeffrey Champlin married Mary Gardner. Their children were: Jeffrey Washington, who married Rebecca Perry; Thomas, who married Amy Perry; and Stephen, who married Prudence Clark; Wilkison, who married Lottie Chote; William, who married Amy Clark; Mahala, who married William Herron; Polly who married a Kenyon; Browning, who married Amy Wescott.

Jeffrey Washington Champlin and Rebecca Perry had eight children; four died in infancy. Those who lived were Giles Stanton, George Hazard, William Perry, and Sally M.

**The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
January 3, 1907**

BLENHEIM HILL

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."
-- Thomas Gray.

A letter from Henry Conklin of Herkimer county furnishes the historian with the following data.

"My grandfather, John Conklin, was an Englishman, reared in England until he became a man. Then he came to America, landing in New York and living there until he married Ruth Barto from France. They made their home at North Hemstead, Long Island, where Mr. Conklin followed

the sea, being a fisherman. He was lost in a storm. He left four children, John, Mary Ann, Samuel (my father), and Amy Catherine who married Joseph Curtis. John 2d followed the sea for several years but finally abandoned his calling, lived a landman's life on Long Island for a few years and then went west. He was never heard of again. Samuel ran away from home and followed the sea until he was sixteen. Then he came home and worked at the carpenter's trade until he was twenty-one. Samuel and Amy were the two members of this family who came to Blenheim Hill. Samuel married Mary (Polly) Curtis, daughter of Aliah Curtis and Ruth Cheesman. The latter family came from Holland. Ruth Cheesman was born in Holland, Feb. 20, 1777. They were all Methodists. The Barto family belonged to the Episcopal church, French Huguenots."

The following information comes from John R. Sage of Des Moines.

"In the early years of the last century Mary VanSlyke at the age of fifteen years married ---- Root, and by him bore five boys, -- Joseph, James, Samuel, Lyman, and Leonard, residing at that time near Cooperstown. At the age of twenty-six she married a second husband, Mr. Samuel Smith, and removed with him and her boys to a new farm near the Mayham and Elliott homesteads, and just across the line in Jefferson. There they reared the Root children, and begat six children bearing the name of Smith, -- William C., Thomas, Moses P., Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cynthia. This large family were well reared, and were educated in the public schools in Jefferson and Blenheim Hill. Of the Root family, Lyman P. became most prominent and wealthy. In his boyhood he lost a hand, but with the other managed to paddle his own canoe. He married Mary Ann Loper, eldest daughter of Amos Loper of Blenheim Ridge. It is related when he sought the hand of the this noble and talented lady, her father objected to the match because of the fact that he had but one hand with which to support a family. To this objection Lyman Replied: "With my one hand I have the ability to make more money than you can with both of yours." And within a few years he forged ahead of his father-in-law and all his relatives as a money getter. The other Roots were industrious but never very prosperous. The eldest of the Smith family, William C. Smith, obtained a liberal education, and after a successful career as a teacher, entered the ministry of the M. E. church in which he attained high rank, closing his life as a pastor of a church in New York city. Thomas Smith removed to Wisconsin, and Moses closed his days at or near his early home. The three daughters are living, I believe. Margaret married a lawyer named Baldwin, Elizabeth (Betsey) married Alfred Sage, and Cynthia married one of the Allen boys of Shew Hollow, and now resides in Wisconsin. Betsey is now a widow and resides in Omro, Wis., where her husband died in Dec. 1902.

I am unable to give any further information relative to this Root-Smith family, direct descendants of Mary VanSlyke. She was possessed of much energy and force of character, and withal was most devoutly religious. Her last husband, Samuel Smith, was very upright and industrious, but was always poor. His family was fortunate in this respect, being obliged to hustle for themselves at a very early age. Their heritage of industry and integrity was better than mere dollars or lands. They made good in life. The descendants of the Root boys are scattered throughout the west, as are most of the offspring of the Smith children."

The Peaslee cemetery is the largest on Blenheim Hill. The following inscriptions were copied for the historian by Marion Jones, the little daughter of F. P. Jones.

John R. Sage
died June 15, 1841, aged 59 years, 6 mo. and 22 days.
John R. Sage is buried here,
Five sons he left to fill his sphere,
Three daughters and an aged swain,
With a hope in heaven to meet again.

In memory of Sally, wife of Jacob H. Shaver
died Dec. 31, 1844, aged 69 years, 9 mo. and 25 days.

In memory of Jacob Shaver
died Jan. 13, 1844, aged 89 years, 4 mo. and 8 days.

In memory of Andrew Shaver
died May 14, 1843, aged 50 years and 5 mo.

In memory of Dolphus,
son of Jacob and Betsy Curtis,
died Oct. 10, 1833, aged 1 year and 8 mo.

Nathan S. Peaslee
died Nov. 8, 1887, aged 71 years, 10 mo., 21 days.

Ruth Conklin, wife of Nathan Peaslee
died March 14, 1873, aged 50 years, 10 mo. and 5 days.

Thomas Peaslee,
died Dec. 13, 1857, aged 75 years, 8 mo. and 27 days.

Eunice, wife of Thomas Peaslee,
died Dec. 13, 1857, aged 75 years, 8 mo. and 11 days.

Joseph C. Peaslee,
died June 28, 1873, aged 41 years, 8 mo., 9 days.

Phebe J. Wood, wife of Joseph Peaslee
died May 11, 1885, aged 47 years, 7 mo., 7 days.

Famie M., wife of Israel Palmer,
died Feb. 10, 1845, aged 25 yrs, 6 mo.

William S. Jones,
born July 2, 1846, died Aug. 10, 1902.

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

James Barkley,
died Dec. 1, 1881, aged 42 years, 10 mo., 7 days.
His last words:
"Jesus has accepted me."

Elizabeth Peaslee, wife of James Barkley,
died June 30, 1874. Born April 16, 1840**.
"We shall meet each other there."
(** Note birth date in original article was printed 1940)

Eleanor Klein, wife of Benjamin Curtis
died Nov. 12, 1881, aged 87 years.

Benjamin Curtis,
died March 4, 1888, aged 94 years.

Samuel Smith,
died in Jefferson, Scho. Co., N. Y.,
March 8, 1869, aged 81 years, 5 mo., 8 days.

Mary A., daughter of John J. and Laney Warner,
died Aug. 8, 1850, aged 1 mo., 12 days.

Noland Peaslee, son of James and Elizabeth Barkley,
born April 22, 1865, died July 10, 1875.
"How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried in our only boy."

Bessie May,
daughter of James and Elizabeth Barkley,
died Sept. 21, 1885, aged 16 years, 2 mo. and 13 days.
"She was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her,
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her."

Minard, son of John J. and Laney Warner,
died May 2, 1842, aged 1 year, 11 mo., 1 day.

Daniel, son of John J. and Laney Warner,
died May 2, 1842**, aged 4 mo., 14 days.
(** Note death date in original article was printed 1942)

Seneca, son of John J. and Laney Warner,
died April 20, 1842, aged 8 years, 4 mo. and 7 days.

Laney, wife of John J. Warner,
died April 3, 1865, aged 53 years, 2 mo.
"Blessed are they that doth command merits

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"
for they may have right to the tree of life."

Joseph J. Warner,
died June 4, 1878, aged 71 years, 6 mo., 3 days.
"He is not here for he has risen."

Alvah Warner,
died Nov. 1, 1884, aged 52 years, 9 mo. and 18 days.
"I am the child of the King."

Milo Wood,
died Sept. 22, 1884, aged 81 years, 6 mo., 5 days.
Elizabeth, his wife,
died Aug. 28, 1884, aged 79 years, and 6 mo.

Emery S., son of Milo and Elizabeth Wood,
died March 31, 1855, aged 16 years, 10 mo., 20 days.

Horace Wood,
born Sept. 19, 1832, died Sept. 20, 1901.

Charlotte, wife of John Cornell 2d,
died Oct. 28, 1845, aged 27 years, 3 mo. and 16 days.

Mary Wood, wife of John G. Dean,
died Sept. 2, 1887, aged 36 yrs, 6 days.
"It is well with me."

Electus Pierce,
died March 5, 1875, aged 46 years.

Horace Wood,
died April 10, 1865, aged 64 yrs, 26 days.

Ellen Cornell, wife of Horace Wood,
died April 26, 1868, aged 56 years.

Nellie C., daughter of Horace and Ellen Wood,
died Jan. 11, 1865, aged 24 yrs, 6 mo. 8 days.

Sacred to the memory of our loved one
Henry Wood,
died March 20, 1882, aged 57 years, 2 mo., 13 days.
"If a man die shall he live again.
Jesus said: Because I live ye shall live also."

Albert C. Mayham's "History of Blenheim Hill"

Mary, daughter of Mrs. Maggie Keating
died Feb 27, 1874, aged 5 yrs, 24 days.

"Dear mother, wipe away your tears,
Your child has gone to rest;
God gave your child,
He takes the same,
For He hath thought it best."

Rosa Isabel, daughter of Elliot D. and Emeline Reed,
died May 27, 1866, aged 1 yr, 3 mo. 7 da.

"The flower fadeth."

J. Delbert, son of Elliot D. and Emeline Reed,
died Nov. 29, 1876, aged 8 years, 2 mo and 10 days.

Emma L., wife of Stephen Baker,
died May 27, 1881, aged 26 yrs, 6 mo.

"Sweet rest in heaven."

Robert T. Canniff,
died Mar. 19, 1848, aged 52 years, 7 mo. 7 days.

Polly, his wife
died April 17, 1877, aged 83 years.

Robert D., son of the above,
died Oct. 26, 1845, aged 9 years, 6 months.

The Jefferson Courier and Schoharie County Chronicle
January 10, 1907

BLENHEIM HILL

"The principle by which they lived meant standstill in the midst of change; it was conservative, not creative; it was against drift and destiny."

On the morning of March 24, 1884, in one of the most substantial and well-to-do homes on Blenheim Hill, a youth of eighteen arose at four o'clock and prepared hastily for a journey. There was little to do as all necessary arrangements had been made the evening previous. He did not arouse the household but, after dressing, proceeded to the kitchen where he found a lunch set out for him. This finished, he extinguished the light and, taking with him a goop sized grip, stepped out into the night. The air was clear and cold and he walked with a brisk step over the frozen road. His pockets held \$237.16 in notes and cash, the sum total of his earthly possessions, if we except a certificate carefully folded with his money, bearing date the 10th of the same month, which licensed him to teach a common school for a term of six months. Both the money and the license by boy had earned himself and with this equipment he was going forth to make his way in the world. Up to that hour the lad had never been more than ten miles away from home, -- a shocking statement, but true nevertheless.

This brief narrative has an important bearing on the history of the old Backbone. It shows to what a late date oldtime customs prevailed there. The story reads like colonial biography. The only thing that started the youth out a four o'clock in the morning was habit. Four o'clock had been his rising hour. They sleep later in the community now, -- and travel more. A boy goes to Europe occasionally. The old order of things has passed away completely and it is well. Better that every farm should be abandoned and that the region should revert to forest than keep children there until they grow up, held by a ten-mile tether.

With so much that is new and good and desirable, tending to improve conditions on Blenheim Hill, there are many things about the old life that should not be forgotten. Boys have been leaving the community for sixty years, carrying with them the stern lessons of the fathers. "Keep those little ones at school until they acquire a good education," wrote Joseph Perry from Rhode Island in 1847, and every father in those days followed the advice as he understood it. Even as late as twenty-five years ago, when a number of men and boys were walking along the Delaware road one evening on their way to attend a revival meeting at the church, R. W. Clark remarked in all earnestness to Isaac Peaslee. -- "I believe that we are to become on Blenheim Hill a peculiar people, zealous of good works." As far back as Dec. 30, 1844, Giles Champlin, then a man of 31, was writing an essay on Moral Courage from which the following extract is made:

"Upon close examination we find that a considerable degree of what we generally call moral courage is absolutely necessary in order to qualify us to fill any important station or to make any permanent improvement.

When any duty presents itself for our consideration we should be directed rather by a sense of what is right or wrong than by reflecting what will be likely to please the public generally, or what will this or that one think or say. Such arguments as the latter (if arguments they may be called) should never have the least consideration in our determinations."

When Sheldon Peaslee studied Latin while he built stone wall, every person in the neighborhood received an up-lift. The danger is that with rural free delivery of mail and a telephone in every home, together with the prospect of a railroad through North Blenheim, the Backbone community will cease being a peculiar people for there is much that made them so that they can ill afford to loose.

In concluding this history (the present sketch finished the work) the writer regrets that many families have been passed almost in silence. A large number of circular letters were sent out, but it has been impossible to get all the data desired. When the history was conceived two years ago it is doubtful if it would have been undertaken at all if its magnitude could have been foreseen. It has been a delightful task, however, and has brought to the writer many letters of encouragement and commendation. He has long indulged the hope, which has been intensified during the writing of this history, that the old Backbone might be reclaimed, -- those homesteads that have been abandoned. The dream is very likely an idle one. Yet he delights to tell his children the story of the good land and to them it has become in imagination an enchanted region.

Blenheim Hill is little more than 100 miles from New York city and less than 40 miles from the Hudson river. Its elevation of 2000 feet together with its favorable location is bound, sooner or later, to bring it to the attention of the metropolis. Once discovered, its future is assured. The writer feels that he has at least drawn the chart which will lead to its discovery.

It was suggested, almost at the outset, that when the sketches of the Backbone were finished the writer might take up the history of Blenheim Ridge also. In the mean time that field has been explored by an early childhood friend of the historian, Rev. E. J. Ruliffson, who promises to do the work and who is in every way qualified to tell the story. It will be a tale worth while. The Ridge has

had a great history. It was through this beautiful street on the morning of May 19, 1873, that the writer made his way on his first day at school, and many a summer day thereafter his bare feet left their track in the dust of the same road. And here, among the earliest scenes of his childhood, let the long, long story of the mountain end.