

FAMILY RECORDS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS.

MELANIA (BOUGHTON) SMITH.

Edward Deland Smith

New York:

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NOTE.

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FROM time to time, children and grandchildren of my mother, Mrs. MELANIA SMITH, have inquired of her concerning their family connections. To some, upon request, she has written letters communicating such information as she possessed. Copies being sought by different relatives, type is resorted to as a matter of convenience; certainly with no view of publishing facts, unimportant in themselves, interesting to no one but those immediately concerned. The proof sheets have been read and corrected by her. She is now nearly eighty-one years of age; her eyes and features are bright and handsome; her complexion is fresh; her step light; her form erect and well proportioned, neither spare nor stout; her handwriting clear, even, and steady; her mind strong and sunny; her spirit cheerful and generous.

E. DELAFIELD SMITH.

NEW YORK, *July* 13, 1870.

## FAMILY RECORDS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

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### GENEALOGY OF OUR SMITHS.

DEAR DELAFIELD:

I think I have heard your father say that two brothers came over from England and settled, one in Connecticut and the other in Virginia. From the one in Connecticut, himself was descended, and I suppose that was his grandfather, but I am not certain. I do not know their christian names. Your father's father was Gilbert Smith, and he had one brother, Doctor Sandford Smith, who practiced medicine long and successfully, in the town of Cambridge, Washington county, New York. He lived and died there, and is buried in Scipio, near Auburn. Dr. Sandford Smith had a large family: two sons, Dr. James W. Smith, who practiced and died in Rochester, and Lawrence Smith. Lawrence lived in Chautauqua county, and may be living. Of the daughters, there were Charlotte, Maria, Lucy, Kezia, Harriet, Catherine, and Priscilla. Kezia (now the widow Day) lived with us four years, while your brothers Sandford and Augustus were young. Harriet is now the widow of O. N. Bush, who died in Rochester.

They were our neighbors long in Rochester, while Kezia lived with them, previous to her marriage. I early lost all trace of the other daughters. Their mother was Priscilla Whippo.

Your father's father had sisters. I know of two, Eliphal, Rev. Gilbert Morgan's mother, and Mrs. Forsyth. The following in brackets is from Mr. Morgan: ["My mother, Mrs. Eliphal

Morgan, sister of Gilbert Smith, Doctor A. G. Smith's father, died 1791, aged forty, lamented as remarkable for piety and worth. Her mother Smith died in the family of Doctor Sandford Smith, her son, in May, 1805, aged ninety five years; she was a pious woman from early life, retaining all her uncommon energies to the last. The mother of the latter lived until her 105th year. The family came over in the Mayflower. The tradition is, that the first child born in Plymouth was of that family. My father, Nathan Morgan, was a religious man at the age of eighteen. He lived near New London, the residence of an early family from England, originally from Wales. A man of great worth and ability, a soldier and a patriot, he was a volunteer in the battles of Long Island, Fort Plain, and Saratoga; a member, also, of the New York legislature. He died December, 1790, aged forty, in Salem, Washington county, New York. The three graves—namely, of Nathan Morgan, his wife Mrs. Eliphal Morgan, and of Gilbert Smith, her brother—are in the Scotch Cemetery, on the right of the front gate.”] The eminent scholar, Tayler Lewis, stated, in 1845, that Gilbert Morgan was one of the most learned men in America.

Of Eliphal's children, I know of Ephraim, Lucy, (Mrs. Doctor Post,) Eliphal, (Mrs. Doctor Beach,) Eunice, (Mrs. Pool,) Nathan, and Gilbert. I know of three children of Mrs. Forsyth:—Doctor Russell Forsyth, who lived long in Albany and died there after a lengthy and successful practice of his profession. He had two sons: David Forsyth, of Clarkson, west of Rochester; and Nancy, who married a Mr. Rathbun, lived in Clarkson, and I believe moved to Albany. Both had children, but I have forgotten their names.

NATHAN MORGAN married and had several children. The Rev. GILBERT MORGAN, D. D., married MARIA McARTHUR, of Johnstown, Montgomery (now Fulton) county, New York. Their children are Gilbert, CHARLOTTE ELIPHAL, Margaret Johnson, Emily, and Smith. The last two died. Mrs. Maria Morgan

died March 7th, 1862; Emily, April 11th, 1869. She and Emily in South Carolina. [Delafield has placed granite memorials at their graves.—M. S.]

Your grandfather and grandmother Smith were both born in Connecticut. The latter lived there until after she was a grown person, and I think they married there. When they moved to our state I do not know. I know not of their living after marriage anywhere but in Otego, only that when Mr. Morgan's parents died, they moved to Salem, Washington county, to take care of the children left by them. Your grandfather, I suppose, owed money toward his farm, and started to go to Albany, with the money in his trunk to pay it and take a deed, but was taken with the small pox and died. All, of both families, were inoculated and lived through it. Your grandma took the money from his trunk and made the payment. She married again, a Mr. Stephen Andrus. He spent nearly all, and the children had nothing.

She moved back to Otego, Otsego county, New York, which was her home. Your grandma's name was Delilah Bundy. Her father and two or three brothers served in the Revolutionary war. The father died in the camp with dysentery. I have heard her relate many hardships which they had to endure. She and her sisters had to harvest their crops, and themselves carry provisions to the father and brothers, in the camp, often on horseback; beside that, they were often troubled for the necessities of life, because they were not to be had. They all lived in Otego until a short time before your father was married, when *his* branch of the families moved to Genesee county. The town is now Alexander. Some of the Bundys still live in their old place, but two or three of the brothers moved to Ohio, then called New Connecticut. I have often heard mother Smith speak the names of her brothers and sisters, but remember only a few. Peter and Elisha Bundy I recollect. One sister, Esther, married a Mr. Shepard, another a Mr. Gates. One sister was

Priscilla. Your grandmother's mother's name was Priscilla Preston. There was a large family of the Bundys. They were of intellectual force and of large physical proportions. A descendant, bearing the name, was recently District Attorney of Otsego county; and another, Major J. M. BUNDY, a man of ability and culture, editor of the *Evening Mail*, New York, delivered the annual address before the Alumni of Beloit College, Wisconsin, July, 1870. Your father was born in Otego, Otsego county, then Franklin, Delaware county. It is on the banks of the Susquehanna river.

July 12th, 1870.

MELANIA SMITH.

### SMITHS AND BUNDYS.

#### RECORDS TRANSCRIBED FROM MY OLD BIBLE.

GILBERT SMITH was born in Stonington, Connecticut, January 13th, 1756.

DELILAH BUNDY was born in Preston, Connecticut, October 7th, 1759. The maiden name of her mother was PRISCILLA PRESTON.\*

Gilbert Smith and Delilah Bundy were married January, 1783.

Their first child, a son, born October 10th, 1784, died soon.

Elisha Sandford, always called Sandford, was born October 19th, 1785.

Polly Thompson was born January 24th, 1788.

ARCHELAUS GREEN was born June 10th, 1792.

Gilbert Stevens, born August 11th, 1794.

Gilbert Smith, died March 13th, 1795, aged 39 years.

Gilbert Stevens Smith, died March 24th, 1796.

Delilah Smith, died March 24th, 1846, aged 86 years.

ARCHELAUS GREEN SMITH, M. D., died June 19, 1850, aged 58.

Polly T. Warner, died January 10th, 1862, aged 72.

Elisha Sandford Smith, died July 13th, 1866, aged 80.

MELANIA SMITH.

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ELISHA SANDFORD SMITH married Betsey Burtsall. Their children are as follows: Gilbert, Anteverta Ejesta, Delia, Mary, Ursula, Squier, Melania, Malvina, and Archelaus Green.

*Anteverta Smith* married Orasmus Wilson, and has three children: Elizabeth, James Sandford, and Douglas.

*Gilbert Smith* married and had four children: Ejesta Maria, Theodore Green, Rozilla, and Sandford Adelbert. Gilbert Smith was killed by a car in 1866. His elder three children married, but have no children. Rozilla has a daughter about six months old. Adelbert died with fever at the far west.

*Delia Smith* married Jacob Lewis, and died in Maryland. Their children were, John, Hannah More, Francis Marion, Hobart, Martha, Mary, and Sandford. Some of these are married.

*Mary* married Stephen Meredith. Is a widow. Their children are, William, Josephine, Emogene, Marion, Adelpha, Henry Augustus, Sarah, and Mary Lorain. Emogene married, and died leaving two children. Sarah and Lorain died in youth. William married, has two boys, Lewis and Edward. Josephine married Mr. Bridges, and their children are, Carrie Bell and Kate Augusta. There may be another.

*Ursula* and *Squier* are unmarried.

*Melania* married Henry Millar. Sons, Thomas and Frederic.

*Malvina* married Mr. Phillips. Their children are, George Augustus, Virginia Elizabeth, Henry Sandford, Minnie Del, Sarah Eoline, Louisiana Bell. Malvina died.

*Archelaus Green* married Jannet Meredith. Children, Florence Isabel, Virginia Elizabeth, and Charles.

POLLY T. SMITH married Thomas Warner, and had children, the following: Julia Francais, Evander Smith, Archelaus Green, Sarah Thomas, Peter Bundy, Elvira Maria, Athalia Olive. Thomas Warner went to Ypsilanti to prepare a place to live, intending to remove his family there. He had left them in Le Roy. Soon he was taken with chills and fever and died. He was buried in Ypsilanti. This must have been in 1827.

Sister Warner died and was buried in Chicago, in 1862. I think about two years later, Archelaus removed both bodies to Le Roy and buried them there, in their own burial ground.

The remains of Mrs. Warner were in perfect preservation; probably petrified.

*Julia F. Warner* married David Lord. Died, leaving a son, Julian Francais Lord.

*Evander S. Warner* married Julia Lake. Their children, Charles A., died at 15, I think; Sarah, died young; Harriet Elizabeth, Sarah Theresa, Marietta Ingham, and William Jay. They live far west.

*Archelaus Green Warner* married Lecia Coleby. They had two children, Julia Adelpa and Augustus. The wife and boy died. Archelaus married again, Lucetta Lewis, a widow. They had two children, Thomas Haughton and Archie Lewis. The last died.

*Sarah T. Warner* married the Rev. Asahel L. Brooks. Their children are, Olivia, (died,) Walter Augustus, Frank Leroy, Edward Asahel, and Lillian Maria. They live in Peoria, Illinois.

*Peter B. Warner* married Martha Newell. There are two daughters, Kate Marion and Grace Elvira. Peter is a widower, and Grace Elvira has recently died.

*Elvira Warner* is unmarried.

*Athalia* died.

DOCTOR ARCHELAUS GREEN SMITH and MELANIA BOUGHTON were married February 3d, 1814, in Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. These are their children: a daughter, born January 16th, 1815, in Pittsford; died soon. Minerva, born November 30th, 1815, in Pittsford; lived a year and two days. Sandford Stevens, born September 2d, 1817, in Pittsford. Augustus Fitzalan, born October 3d, 1819, in Victor. Edward Delafield, born December 5th, 1821, in Victor; died at 20 months. Adelpa, born Feb-

ruary 2d, 1824, in Victor, Ontario county. Edward Delafield, born May 8th, 1826, in Rochester.

*Sandford S. Smith* married Frances S. Van Dyke, March 15th, 1848. Sandford S. died June 14th, 1849, in New York. Frances S., after another marriage, died at Staten Island, in February, 1866. SANDFORD was a gifted and generous man. His oration, "Physical Science," upon graduating at college, and an address before the Horticultural Society of Western New York, were extolled by General Joseph G. Swift and other competent judges of intellectual efforts.

*Augustus F. Smith* and Lucy A. Elliot were married May 22d, 1844, in New York. These are their children: Florence, born March 11th, 1845, in New York. Elliot, born July 10th, 1847, in New York. Sandford Sidney, born April 15th, 1849, in New York. Howard Augustus, born January 31st, 1852, in New York. Lucy May, born July 17th, 1853, at Fort Washington. Caroline Cornelia, February 6th, 1855, at Fort Washington; died October 19th, 1856. Leonore, born June 16th, 1858, at Fort Washington. Emma Martin, September 8th, 1859, at Fort Washington.

*Adelpa Smith* married Charles Durfee, June 15th, 1844, in New York. These are their children: Charles Augustus Durfee, born May 4th, 1845, in New York. Le Roy, born May 31st, 1846, in Le Roy; died very soon. Adelpa Maria, March 17th, 1847; lived about 15 months. Melanic Boughton, January 27th, 1849, in New York. Alice, March 5th, 1850, in New York; lived one week. Coralie Augusta, May 18th, 1851, in New York; lived three years. Adelpa Smith, June 28th, 1853, lived about three years; born in Brooklyn. Stella, April 17th, 1855, in Brooklyn; lived 11 months. Eva Sandford, born January 8th, 1857, in New York. Boughton, lived a few hours. Two were not named.

*E. Delafield Smith* and Charlotte E. Morgan were married September 17th, 1851, in North Carolina. They have had seven

children, to wit: Harold Morgan, born August 15th, 1852, in New York. Sandford Stevens, born July 13th, 1854, in New York; died December 30th, 1856. Herbert Boughton, born November 28th, 1857, in New York. Camilla, born February 3d, 1860; died April 29th, 1862. E. Delafield, born February 1st, 1862, in New York. Corinna, born December 19th, 1863, in New York. Charlotte Eliphah, born March 22d, 1868, in New York.

Mrs. Lucy E. Smith was born September 26th, 1819.

Mrs. Charlotte E. Smith was born March 19th, 1830.

Mr. Charles Durfee was born March 22d, 1808.

I write from records made by myself from time to time, and from memory.

MELANIA SMITH.

### REMINISCENCES.

I will indulge in some personal reminiscences:

I remained at my father's after marriage, (February 3d, 1814,) until May 25th, when I went to Le Roy, Genesee county, where Dr. Smith was practicing his profession, and we commenced house keeping in that pleasant village on the 9th of June, the day before he was 22 years old. That part of the country was very new, and the roads were bad, so he was led to remove to Pittsford, Ontario county, which we did on the 12th of November, 1814. We lived in Pittsford four years. There my two short-lived daughters were born, and my son Sandford.

Dr. Smith engumbered himself there with merchandising, and failed. As he was occupied largely with that business, of course his medical business suffered, though he had a partner, Dr. Hartwell Carver. He left the place, and moved to Victor in the fall of 1818. There we lived comfortably, and were

amongst my own friends and relatives. Augustus and my first Delafield were born there.

In the spring of 1823 we left Victor and removed to Rochester, Monroe county. Pittsford is now in Monroe. That year was very sickly in all the region of the Genesee river. The settlement of Rochester was new; the streets were unpaved. It was then the most muddy and forlorn place I ever saw. The society had grown suddenly to be very good, but the place was horrible, beyond any description. Bilious fevers prevailed, and black jaundice took off many good citizens. I became its victim, and only escaped with my life. My health was gone forever, and for many years I was a great sufferer. After we had been in Rochester half a year, Dr. Smith came to this city to attend a course of medical lectures, so I, with my two boys, Sandford and Augustus, went to my father's to spend the winter, and though our home was in Rochester, Adelpa was born in the old homestead at Victor that winter.

I forgot, in its place, that the little Delafield died in July of that first and most trying summer in Rochester.

In the spring we went back to our home. We removed to a better street, and all would have been well, had not I been sick all the time. After a while I improved in a measure. Rochester improved, and was soon an agreeable place of residence, and we were in a thriving state of being for several years. Doctor Smith had a desire for great things always, and sighed to go up higher, however well off he was. He long talked of New York. In Rochester, my youngest son, Delafield, was born, and our children were recognised, and much interest felt in them by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. At length the time came, and in the spring of 1836 we came to this city.

It was to me a dreaded change. A great consolation, however, was, that the boys might remain at home during their college course.

In New York we have had varied experiences, joyous and sorrowful, happy and unhappy, being involved in the common lot of mortals. Yet goodness and mercy have ever followed us. Our children have certainly been uncommonly blest.

In November, 1846, Dr. Smith was thrown from a horse, and severely injured. In his boyhood, in wrestling with a cousin, he had a dislocation of the left shoulder. Ever after, it frequently went out of joint upon the slightest provocation. A swim, a nightmare, or a sudden movement of the arm, often caused dislocation. When he was thrown from the horse, in his effort to save the weak shoulder, he put the other one out. Soon after, a swelling came between the shoulders, near the top of the spine. He continued lame, and grew weak. On the 28th of January, 1847, he was taken paralytic. I believe the fall caused it, and I think the physicians thought so. At first, all the physicians, except old Dr. Johnson, said he would die very soon; but he lived more than three years, and could walk with a cane; could feed himself when the food was cut; enjoyed reading, and read everything, leaning the book on the arm of his chair. He was mostly cheerful and resigned; often gay. He had no pain.

In the spring of 1850, Doctor Smith thought that to go west and see old friends and view old scenes, would revive him. We went on the journey the 2d of May. He bore it well. Mortimer Buell then lived in Geneseo; we went there first, and made a visit of two weeks. At first, on meeting an old friend, he would seem revived; but soon it became apparent that his case was hopeless, and he had another slight shock. We went from Geneseo to Rochester, and spent a week at my brother Selleck's. Then to Pittsford, and spent a week at brother Fred-eric's. To Victor, for a week at brother Jared's. Then to Bloomfield, and staid a week at brother Enos'. Our programme was to go from Bloomfield to Alexander, and make a visit to his brother Sandford. Then to Le Roy, where his sister Warner lived, and spend the residue of the summer with her.

On Monday, the 17th of June, he was taken with a decided apoplexy, and was speechless. On Wednesday, the 19th, he died, at brother Enos'. We had telegraphed to New York on Monday, and just before the burial, our sons, Augustus and Delafield, drove up. In my sorrow and weakness I was made glad. Our daughter was on her way, but was hindered by sickness, and did not arrive in time. He was laid in the old burying ground on Victor Hill. Augustus put up stones to his memory, and they returned to the city. I made a visit to his brother and sister each, and then went and staid at my sister Edna's, in Geneseo, the remainder of the summer of 1850. My health was very poor.

It was a singular Providence, that from the death of Gilbert Stevens Smith, your father's young brother, to the death of Delilah Smith, your grandmother, a space of 50 years, no death occurred within the immediate family.

MELANIA SMITH.

DOCTOR ARCHELAUS G. SMITH.

Doctor SMITH was a man of uncommon capacity. His powers, both of body and mind, were noble and enduring. No man desired or designed greater things, or was more untiring in carrying them out. His plans were unusually wise. He had high aims for his family's comfort and standing. For the accomplishment of these he would toil, eat the bread of carefulness, and deprive himself of rest. His ambition was too exalted to be ever realized, though he was a great man in his profession, and was so considered by all who knew him. He was ever planning some advantage for his family or for some friend, and liked particularly to be engaged in opening opportunities for education or for business to the young and struggling. His heart was full of kindness to all who seemed in trouble of body, mind, or position. When he had money, his purse was open.



But he was judicious in his mode of helping others, and sought to place them in such circumstances as to sustain a just pride and enable them to be self-sustaining. Most of his life he was pecuniarily embarrassed. His noble bearing and independent manner gave him an appearance of wealth, on account of which he sometimes suffered much injustice. He had faults, but principally of manner; and I think none of them sprang from anything more than a too intense and ardent temperament, sometimes causing him to act without due consideration. He was easily led, but could not be driven. Honest himself, he was frequently deceived by its counterfeit in others. He had nothing of suspicion in his composition naturally; but when a person was once found to have deceived him, he never looked upon the most friendly and candid act with any degree of favor. He would never be convinced but that all was designing and perfidious. He loved his children to idolatry; was proud of them; and grieved when he thought them in the wrong. If his plans failed, I think it was mainly when committed to the execution of others. He trusted too implicitly. He was a high-strung, noble man, with a noble mind; and his freedom from reserve toward others, indiscriminately, caused his warm heart some chilling checks and rebuffs. He was a warm friend; rarely an enemy to any man unless the seeds were sown by some other hand. His abilities and energies naturally aroused envy and jealousy, and he would not conciliate if the motive of enmity appeared to him bad. He had a high temper when aroused, but was seldom the aggressor. Unwise in his treatment of a dissension, and reckless of consequences, he would yield nothing to threats, but everything to kind advances.

The foregoing, in relation to DOCTOR SMITH, is from my diary, written in the summer of 1850, immediately after his death. The following, enclosed in brackets, was written by my son Delafield.—M. S.

[One of the grandest characteristics of my father was a certain intellectual and physical energy and daring which I have never seen excelled. These were undoubtedly augmented by early successes. They were illustrated, in youth, by his studies at night, whereby he acquired his profession, after toiling all day a farm-boy in the field, and acting as postmaster's assistant through the evening, poring over medical books by flaring candle light, interrupted by the necessity of delivering letters to frequent applicants. His mental concentration was shown in actually learning nearly by heart two quarto volumes of Webster's dictionary; and his studies of the Greek and Latin derivations of words were so thorough, that he appeared like a man of collegiate education, although he had never attended anything but a district school. His anxieties and efforts for the education of his children derived strength from his own experiences. His memory was so remarkable that he used no written memoranda of the names or residences of his patients, even when in an extensive medical practice. His knowledge of localities seemed almost intuitive. He was fond of historical and biographical works. Was familiar with Milton and Byron. Read little fiction. Liked philosophical disquisitions, and abstract commentaries on human nature. Mechanical inventions and natural sciences were a favorite study. He dwelt much upon English parliamentary debates and upon our own constitutional and congressional discussions of the era of the revolution and the days of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun. He was an original thinker, and talked with an unaffected emphasis which aroused attention. Having at the first stages of his career commanded, in his profession, all the business he could attend to, first in a sparsely populated country place, then in villages each larger than the one last left, and finally in a growing city of Western New York; he sought the metropolis with a spirit undoubting and undaunted as to perfect success. The first year promised the ultimate fulfilment of his wildest expectations. But the

loss of expected money due him from a man to and with whom he had made loans and deposits in Rochester, and the failure, also, of returns from investments in the wood lands of Maine, compelled him to make changes in his original location and mode of living in New York, whereby he lost prestige and position until a period in his life when physical endurance and mental hope were in a measure broken. His reputation as a medical man was good in this city; but it never equalled the celebrity which, both as a physician and surgeon, he acquired in Western New York. In the state convention of a political party, held at Syracuse, New York, in the summer of 1860, I was a delegate, and a member of a select committee consisting of three from the city and two from each of the seven other judicial districts into which the state was divided. Of the seventeen members of that special committee, a majority, and I think the number was twelve, stated that my father had performed surgical operations upon them. Some were unimportant. For instance, General Wadsworth, of Geneseo, had simply his palate shortened. Others, however, were of difficulty and danger. State Senator Halstead, for example, had sustained, at my father's hand, a complicated operation upon the hip joint. My father was spoken of in terms of praise and gratitude.

He had an exalted sense of honor. He had a proud and high bearing, natural to him; and at the same time a frolicsome spirit, making me think of a spirited but playful Arabian horse which he used to pet when I was a child. He was exacting in his ideas of character and breeding; loathed, as he used to say, *suaviter in modo* without *fortiter in re*; worshipped fair dealing, integrity, high aspiration, and manly effort; built fulfillments higher than promises; shunned pretence; despised meanness; loved courage; encouraged a kind but not a cowering approach; sometimes condemned too hastily, but would ultimately melt in kindness. He delighted in "a man of genuine feeling," and would sometimes angrily declare—"That man has no heart." He was

wounded in spirit at the helpless period of his paralysis, but a marvel of patience and gratitude. An ungrateful man was his abhorrence. He was pleased to acknowledge obligations.

My father was a man of large and portly frame. His head and front were remarked as striking and imposing. His eyes and brows were black, capable in expression of the extremes of softness and of severity. The mouth was small, teeth perfect, lips not full, and, with the chin, were stamped with firmness, character, and intelligence. The nose was large and shapely; brow prominent and clear; hair at the sides black and iron gray, and at the top silvery white, growing up, not however stiff but singularly soft; ears small and handsome; arms and legs graceful, strong, and large; hands and feet little and round. He was "light on his feet," possessed, and dignified. In his youthful sports, he was once matched with an Indian in a boyish race, and I have seen him jump over high objects. He was the noblest looking man I ever saw. And I never heard from him a dishonorable suggestion or sanction; never a low or cruel expression. He hated oppression and hypocrisy; loved his country and his race. Benevolent, just, and fearless, he was free from the common vice of condemning others to exalt the world's opinion of his own virtues; and his tender traits of character were set in an intellectual frame, so that you ascribed them not to his weakness but his greatness.]

The above closes my quotation from Delafield.

Dr. Smith's last act was one of benevolence and mercy to a poor fellow-creature who had a broken hand, and who sought him, as many invalids did, on his last visit to Western New York, where he died. His first appearance of failing, a few weeks before his death, was from the time of walking to see a woman who was very ill, and had long been so. We had known her, years before. This had a great effect on his mind. He was much excited by the exertion and anxiety.

MELANIA SMITH.

## BOUGHTONS.

Of the BOUGHTONS, I know nothing further back than my grandfather, except that his mother's maiden name was SEYMOUR, and that the progenitors came from England. They lived originally in Connecticut; that is, in relation to their life in the new world.

My grandfather Boughton was one of six sons, and his name was Hezekiah. There were sister

Hezekiah Boughton married Abigail Penoyer, October 12th, 1749. These are their children: Hezekiah, Enos, Abigail, Selleck, Sally, Jared, Seymour, Theodosia. At what period, I do not know; but they must have moved to West Stockbridge, for they are known to me only as residents there until a later time. They lived there when my parents were married, I know.

My father's brother *Hezekiah* married Huldah Wilson, and had children as follows: Althea, Harry, William, Claudius Victor, Huldah, Sally, Charlotte, George Hezekiah. Althea married Roger Sprague, had a large family, and removed to Michigan. Died there. Harry married, had one or two children, lived somewhere on the Genesee river, and there died. William was a Baptist preacher. He married twice and had several children. He died. The children were left in the western part of this state. I know little of them. Claudius Victor was quite a prominent man. He married twice and had a number of children. He lived long in Pittsford, near Rochester. His son, Reuben H. Boughton, is a man of some note in Lewiston, on the great Ridge Road, west of Rochester. Huldah married Birdsey Brooks, and left a large number of children in East Bloomfield, I think. Sally married Henry Scoville, and left children, I suppose in Lockport. Charlotte recently died an old maid. George Heze-

kiah Boughton was long a prominent merchant in Lockport, and lately died, leaving several children.

My father's brother *Enos* married Clarissa Jones. Their children are, Selecta, Harriet, Clarissa, Sophia, Sophronia, and Marian. The last died young. Selecta married Abram Beach, long of East Bloomfield, but removed to Pennsylvania. Both dead. They had children, but I know nothing of them. Harriet married Charles Grandison Fairman. They long lived in or near Lockport, and had several children. A son, Franklin Fayette Fairman, was once at our house in this city. He was married. Clarissa married Mr. Saddler, and lived in that same region. They had children. Sophia married Erastus G. Adams, and left one child, Ann Eliza Adams. She is now the widow of Charles F. Dickinson, and lives in Victor. His first wife was my sister, Minerva C. Boughton. Sophronia married Otis Wilmarth, and had many children, but the whole family died in Victor, it seemed prematurely.

[There is, I find, one daughter living, of Otis and Sophronia Wilmarth. Her name is Paulowna, and she has one child at least. I do not know her husband's name.]

My father's sister *Abigail* married Nicholas Smith—not a relative of Doctor Smith's family. Of children they had, Ava, David, Anna, Ira, Sally, Erastus, Betsey, Phileus, and Hezekiah. David and Erastus died unmarried. Ava went to North Carolina when my father and uncles did in the year 1799; married there twice, and was drowned, leaving one son in Carolina. I know no more of his son. Ava had one daughter, Lurania Smith, whom he sent by my parents, when they returned from the south, to his mother in Victor. She married Rufus Humphrey. She died, leaving several children, in that town. Anna married Josiah Morehouse. They had a large family and removed far west. Ira married Mahalah Redway. They had several children. Among them were Electa, Anna, and Ira. Sally married Erastus Ingersol. They had a large

family. Among them were Erastus, Melania, (named after me,) Angelina, Anna. They moved to Michigan, and she is dead. Betsey married David Wooster, a Baptist preacher, and lived in the western part of our state. They had two children. She may be living. Philenus and Hezekiah married and have children. Philenus lives in Pennsylvania, I think. (Since dead.) Hezekiah at the west; I am inclined to believe in Michigan.

My father's brother *Selleck* died unmarried in 1787, and is buried in Old Stockbridge.

My father's sister *Sally* married Joshua Ketchum. She died early, leaving three children, I believe. One of them, Jared, married and left children in Victor. The daughter, Sally, was a poor cripple. There was one Lewis.

My father's brother *Seymour* married Clarissa Dewey. They had four children, Daniel Sawyer, Louisa, who married and died soon, Emily, and Penelope. D. Sawyer died young. Colonel Seymour Boughton was killed by the Indians, while the burning of Buffalo was going on, in our late war with England. He undertook to escape through a swamp, and the Indians overtook, tomahawked, and I think scalped him. Leaving his horse, he evidently hoped to hasten his speed. Some one found the body and the horse. He and his little son, Sawyer, are buried in Avon. His widow, with the daughters, Emily and Penelope, went to her friends in Sheffield, Massachusetts.

My father's sister, *Theodosia*, married Daniel Sawyer. Their children were, Franklin Fayette, Frances Delia, Rhoda, Lavinia Theodosia, Thesta Maria, Seymour Boughton, James Thompson, John Swift. Franklin F. married and had many children. Several died young. He lived long, and died in Petersburg, Indiana. His widow and some of the children live in Washington, Indiana, I think. Frances D. married a Mr. Sikes, and had one son. She then married John McIntire, and had two children, Mary and William. Mary is Mrs. Davisson, and I believe lives in Washington, D. C., now. Her husband was recently consul

of the United States at Bordeaux. William was a Union officer in the war of the Rebellion. He removed to Minnesota, town of St. Cloud, three years ago, and his mother went with him. They moved from Petersburg when they went there. Rhoda, Lavinia, Maria, all married, each died leaving one child. I have forgotten the names of the husbands and of the children. James Thompson died young. Seymour B. had weak lungs, and was obliged to go south when young. He married, had several children, and I think died in New Orleans. He was a methodist preacher. John Swift Sawyer is a physician, and lives in Vincennes, Indiana. He has a family. He and his sister, Frances D. McIntire, only, are living.

MELANIA SMITH.

JARED BOUGHTON, my father, was born February 19th, 1766, in Connecticut.\*

OLIVE STONE, my mother, was born January 2d, 1770, in Old Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Massachusetts.

They were married in Columbia county, New York, in 1787. Their children are Selleck, Melania, Frederic, Lyman, Olive, Minerva, Minerva Carolina, Charles Stone, Eliza Collins, Jared Hezekiah, Edna, and Enos. Selleck was born March 20th, 1788, in Old Stockbridge, Mass. Melania, October 11th, 1789, in Old Stockbridge. Frederic, June 1st, 1791, in Victor, Ontario county, New York. Lyman, September 6, 1793, in Victor. Olive, December 16th, 1795, in Victor. Minerva, February 15th, 1797, in Victor; died July, 1799, in Virginia. Minerva Carolina, July 14th, 1800, in North Carolina. Charles Stone, March 1st, 1803, in North Carolina. Eliza Collins, August 15th, 1805, in

\* Connecticut then exercised jurisdiction over his birth place; but, by a subsequent settlement of the disputed boundary line, he proves to have been a native of the state of New York.

North Carolina. Jared Hezekiah, November 15th, 1807, in North Carolina. Edna, December 25th, 1812, in Victor. Enos, September 10th, 1815, in Victor.

My father, JARED BOUGHTON, died February 10th, 1852. My mother, OLIVE BOUGHTON, died January 17th, 1849. They died in Bloomfield. Are buried in Victor.

My brother Selleck married Clarissa Brace. The following are their children: Elisha Brace, who lived to about thirty, and died. Olive, who died young. Edward Smith, Romeyn, Minerva Carolina, Ruth, Clarissa, Jared, Mary. The last four died young. Edward S. married, lives in Rochester, has three children, Selleck, Gertrude, and Romeyn. Brother Selleck's son Romeyn married, but has no children. Minerva C. married D. A. Woodbury, and lives in Rochester; they have two sons, William and Edward. Sister Clara died in 1857 in Rochester. My brother Selleck, long an eminent lawyer, died, not unexpectedly, July 11, 1870, at Rochester.

My brother Frederic married Elizabeth C. Collins. Their children are, Seymour, Maria Edgeworth, Gertrude Amelia, Love Lee, Daniel Collins, Caroline Sprague, Frederic Augustus, Cornelia Augusta. Seymour married and has three children, Christine Adelpa, Maria Pratt, and Frederic. Maria E. married James H. Pratt. They lost three little boys, Frank, Frederic, and Henry. Then had a daughter, to whom the mother gave the name of Julia Cleveland, and then soon died, in great suffering. That daughter is a fine pretty girl living with her father in Albany. Gertrude A. lived till about fifteen. Love and Daniel died soon. Caroline S. died at about twenty, with consumption. Frederic A. entered Harvard College, but his health failed and he went to California. Lived some years, having to shut himself up closely all the wet and cold weather. It was before there were any comforts and conveniences there. He finally died suddenly with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs. Cornelia A. lives with her brother, Seymour, in Pittsford, Monroe county, New York. Sister Betsey died May 23d, 1846, in Pitts-

ford. Brother Frederic died February 14th, 1860, in Pittsford. He had married again. The widow survives.

My brother Lyman married Dinah Boughton, a distant relative, and had a daughter, Elvira Richards. His wife lived seven years, a most miserable invalid, and died. They lived in Michigan, where the climate seemed to destroy their health. He came again to Western New York, and married Juliana Turrell. They had several little ones, who died soon. Then a son, Charles Lyman, who is married and lives in Michigan. I know little of them. Elvira R. married, and died soon after. My brother Lyman died May 2d, 1841, in Michigan.

My sister Olive married James Williams. Their children are, Julia, Celia, Eliza, Emily, Augusta, Charles Rollin, Simon Bolivar, Minerva, Ethan Stone, and Eunice. In 1826, they moved from our state to Ohio, and afterward to Logansport, Indiana. The climate destroyed them. Julia married and lived in Ohio. She died leaving six children. Celia married twice and had children. Emily married, had one child, and her husband died. Augusta married and has children—two pairs of twins. Rollin died at fifteen with chills and fever. Bolivar and Minerva died young. Ethan died at Panama at nineteen. Eunice married and went to the Rocky Mountains. She had one child, and died. Eliza never married. Emily, the widow Seymour, and Eliza have gathered all of the motherless ones of their sisters and have brought up several, who are lately married, and the others are still with them in Ohio. A work of love and charity indeed and in earnest. James Williams died from the effects of climate, in 1837. Sister Olive Williams, same cause, died August 25th, 1839.

My sister, Minerva C., married Charles F. Dickinson. They lived in the town of Rush, near Avon; had one son. She died when he was ten days old. His name is Charles Boughton Dickinson, and he lives in the town of Ripon, Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin. He is married and has children. My sister,

Minerva C., died November 14, 1829, and is buried in Victor. Again Charles F. Dickinson was married to Ann Eliza Adams. He died recently in Victor, leaving a widow and two daughters.

My brother, Charles S., married Caroline Lettice Markham. Their children are, Homer, Horace, Gertrude, and William Lyman. Homer married and lost his wife without children. Again married and has two children. He lives in Kansas. Horace became General Boughton in our rebellion. He now lives in Texas and is unmarried. Gertrude married George D. Cutler. They live in Avon, Livingston county, New York. They have two children, Horace and Minerva Cutler. William Lyman died young. My brother Charles died January 16th, 1841, in Rush. The widow married a Mr. Davis. They visited here recently. His three children, Homer, Horace, and Gertrude, are about erecting a memorial at the grave of their father in that place.

My sister Eliza married Bennett Lewis. They live in Ohio. Have children, namely: A daughter, also a son, both died young, Ezra, Harriette, Cornelia, Charles Bennett, Jared, died at a year old, Addison Storrs, Eliza, died young with small pox. Cornelia married the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, and soon died. Charles married, has a son, Albert. Charles lately lost his wife.

My brother, Jared H., married Sarah Maria Martin. They had two sons, Jared Martin and William Lyman. Martin is married to Delia Peck, and they have had four children: Ellen Maria, ('Little Nelly' died at near six years, much mourned by all,) William Martin, Frederic Jared, and Sarah Maria. William L. died at about five years.

My sister Edna married Mortimer Buell in 1832. These are their children: A daughter and son, died very young; Pomeroy Birdsey, lived about eight months; Catharine Maria; Augusta Williams; Arthur Stone; Albert Mortimer; twin daughters, died soon; Jesse, and Walter. Arthur S., a man of much promise, was indulging in his favorite recreation as a sportsman, after a year of study and labor in a law office, when

he died from the accidental discharge of a gun, September 3d, 1862, about nineteen years old. Albert M. went to the war, behaved with bravery and fortitude, and died from disease contracted there, but died at home November, 1864, aged seventeen. Catharine M. married Collins Hart, and they have three daughters, Carrie, Edna, and Olive Hart. Augusta W., a singularly lovely person, married Martin Warren Cooke. They had a little son, who died at two years, named Arthur Delafield, after Augusta's brother Arthur, and her cousin my son Delafield. They now have a little daughter, born about the 23d of October, 1869. Her name is Katharine.

My brother Enos married Hannah Maria Stone. They have three children, Gilbert, Edna Buell, and Mary. The daughters died. I suppose Gilbert is a promising youth.

MELANIA SMITH.

My parents lived in Stockbridge until my brother Selleck and I were born. The summer of the year 1789, father went to what is now Victor, leaving his family at his father's the while. He and his cousin, Jacob Lobdell, with some others, took oxen and cows, with seeds of all kinds, and implements for carrying on their work, together with provisions to last till they could raise them, and went forward with true hearted zeal. They raised summer crops and sowed wheat for the next year. They built a cabin. In the autumn he returned home, leaving some of the party to take care of every thing through the winter. He reached Stockbridge October 10th, the day before I was born. He found the ground covered with snow. During his absence his mother had died with consumption. She is buried in Stockbridge. In February of the next year, 1790, our family moved to Victor. I suppose I was carried, as I was only six months old! Brother Selleck was two years. West of Albany there were few houses, few roads, few bridges and ferries. We camped out some nights and forded many streams. The journey

was a hard one. There is a meagre account of it in two volumes, entitled "The Phelps and Gorham Purchase," and "The Holland Purchase," by a Mr. Turner.

My mother suffered severely for some years from fear of the Indians. But I think they never offered insult nor injury to any of us; yet when hungry, in a few instances, they took from the paus the food she was cooking and ate it. Mother never dared to make resistance. In my childhood, all my dreams were of Indians and my trying to hide from them. They used to come with great baskets on their backs, filled with whortleberries or cranberries, to sell. They always came with no noise, wearing moccasins and opening the door slyly, and only peeping in, which would always alarm any one at first. I do not know how soon, but within a few years, all of my grandfather Boughton's children moved to Victor. He had bought the whole township of six miles square, and given farms to all the married ones, namely: Hezekiah, Jr., Abigail Smith, Sally Ketchum, Enos, Jared; and came there with his unmarried ones, Seymour and Theodosia. Grandfather lived on Victor flat. Uncle Enos and father on Boughton Hill. Aunt Smith south of us. Aunt Ketchum over west. Uncle Hezekiah died on the journey, and is buried in Victor. His family long lived in Canandaigua.

While we were gone south, uncle Seymour and my cousin Ira Smith made visits to us. Uncle returned, went east, and married; lived some time in Canandaigua. Aunt Theodosia married and lived in Palmyra. Grandfather died in August, 1798. Is buried in Victor.

We were a neighborhood of brothers, sisters, parents, children, nephews, nieces, uncles, aunts and cousins. We had a good minister, Rev. Reuben Parmalee, whose wife was a relative of my mother. We had a good school on the hill, and a good singing school. In all things we were a united band of relatives. New settlements are apt to be more harmonious than old ones. My grandfather gave the land for the school house and burying

ground on Boughton Hill; also for the main highway. I remember him as a mild, agreeable man, with blue eyes and fair complexion, medium height, but broad shoulders. My grandmother Boughton, I have heard, was a very decided character, with black eyes, and thoroughly intellectual. She has always been represented as a superior woman. My aunt, Theodosia Sawyer, was a handsome woman.

Not very long after my uncles and aunts came, several of my father's uncles moved there with their families. Of these there were, Eleazar, Matthew, Seymour, Nathan, and Levi. I do not know how many daughters there were. One married Mr. Lobdell. I do not know her name. I have heard father speak of old aunt "Bash," as he called her. I suppose it was Bathsheba. She was another daughter. I knew Jacob Lobdell and Boughton Lobdell, my father's cousins. No sisters of grandfather moved to Victor. The uncle, Levi, I knew well, and his family. They came pretty early. Of the children there were, Nathaniel, John, Hannah, Betty, Nancy, Polly, Morris, Horace, and Elsie. They all married. Hannah married her cousin Jacob Lobdell, and Elsie her second cousin Philenus Smith. Betty, Nancy, and Polly married Taylor, Brooks, and Brace. Morris married a niece of the Rev. Gilbert Morgan, named Mary Jane Pool. She soon died and left a little daughter.

The uncle, Eleazar, was old and lived with his son Eleazar, who had the following children: Asel, Eleazar, Dinah, Deborah, Linus, George, Caleb, and Theodosia. With all these, my father's cousins, I used to go to school, as well as with my own cousins. The old uncle Seymour had a son Seymour. As there was my uncle Seymour, also, he was called Charlie Seymour. Whether there were more, I know not. The old uncle Matthew never came to Victor. The old uncle Nathan moved to Ohio, then called New Connecticut. Some of his children came to Victor. Mrs. Wilmarth was his daughter. She was the mother of Otis, Belinda, Dorothy, Ezra, Lyman, Nathan, and Polly

Wilmarth. Harvey Boughton, who lives in Rochester, is the son of the old Nathan. There were a host of my father's cousins and second cousins in Victor. Many of them I have never learned to know to which family they belonged. Of men, there were Abram Boughton, David Boughton, De Forest Boughton, and others too many to remember. Of women, one who married Morehouse. They had children, Jabez, Josiah, Elizabeth, Sally, Polly, Betty, Lois, and Hannah. Among the names they married were Hall, Lowe, Seymour, Haney. One own cousin of father married a Brooks, one a Steele, one a Norton.

Victor promised well for years. Finally it was discovered that there was a flaw in the title of some of the land. Many went west, the old died, and it is a poor town now. Descendants of Boughtons, there are still some. How many, I do not know.

My uncle Enos Boughton was a speculator for years. My father endorsed for him, and lost much of his property thereby. To retrieve their fortunes, father, uncle Enos, and uncle Sawyer went to North Carolina in the summer of 1799. I remember that we went through Canandaigua; that we went to the Crooked Lake; that we were in boats on the Susquehanna river many days, and that at Baltimore we went on to a ship to go to Edenton. The first night my little sister was very ill, and in the morning our family were obliged to go ashore and seek some place to stay. My sister remained very ill, and my cousin, Catherine Hall, mother's sister's daughter, who lived with us, was also taken sick. Both died with dysentery, and my brother Lyman and myself were both sick when they died. We were at Old Point Comfort, in Virginia. I remember that my sister Minerva was a beautiful, black eyed child of eighteen months, and my cousin a lovely girl of eighteen years. We buried them there among strangers.

We were in that spot six weeks. It was most trying to father and mother. I now realize more than I did then, though I felt the loss of the dear ones exceedingly. We arrived at our place of destination and met the other families in September, having left Victor in June.

Their project was to make lumber of the juniper, or white cedar timber, which grew in the swamps of that region. My father and uncle Sawyer hired black laborers, and worked with a will, but very soon uncle Enos returned with his family to Victor. They could not brook the privations and hardships. He died in Lockport many years afterward.

My sister Olive and myself were sent to Providence, Rhode Island, in the summer of 1807, to a boarding school. We were there a little over two years; then father and all our family came on, and, after visiting mother's parents, brothers, and sisters, (what remained of them there and near Stockbridge,) took us to our old home in Victor. Uncle Enos' debts had stripped my father of his possessions there, and he had to buy the old homestead as though it had never been his.

Uncle Sawyer's family and ours had lived within calling distance of each other for ten years, with but little other society for whom we cared. It may easily be believed that we loved as one family. And truly it was so. We were all society for each other, of every age, and the parents taught the children. We left them in Carolina, but they moved to Petersburg, Indiana. It was hard to leave them, knowing well that we should meet no more in this world, at least as a whole. I never saw any of them after 1807. Father and mother once visited aunt after her husband and some of her children were dead. She died in 1852; uncle, only a few years after we left them. Father was last of his family. (See notes of his "Conversations," at page 41.)



[The strict integrity, justness, industry, and moral principle of my beloved father are proverbial with all who knew him. With a good constitution and a strong intellect, he could accomplish more than most men can; while to know his duty, was to do it with alacrity. He was a lover of home, and enjoyed every domestic blessing with true faithfulness and devotion. He was an untiring reader in all leisure moments, and read to a good purpose. Decided in his politics, and public spirited, he was ready at all times to enter into every good work. Though the most retiring and modest of men, he "could not be hid," and he was often honored by his townsmen with important trusts. Although emphatically a laboring man, he was in all respects a true gentleman. His education was liberal, and he buried not his talents but used them. He loved the Bible. My dear mother, a woman of unusual gentleness and intelligence, was a worthy companion for such a man. May I meet them when age and infirmity are exchanged for perpetual youth, and where no fear of change shall ever come.] The above, within brackets, is from a journal, and was written in 1858.—M. S.

#### PENoyERS.

Robert Penoyer (brother of William Penoyer, who lived in England, and who left money to Harvard College) came to America in early times. It appears that William made his brother Robert his agent. Thomas Penoyer, son of Robert, was born March 29, 1658. He married Lydia Napp.

Samuel Penoyer, son of Thomas, was born April 3d, 1696. Samuel Penoyer married Theophila Selleck February 25th, 1719. They were married in Stamford, Connecticut, by Rev. John Davenport. These (Samuel and Theophila Penoyer) were my father's maternal grandparents. Abigail Penoyer, daughter of Samuel and Theophila Penoyer, was born September 2d, 1730.

Hezekiah Boughton and Abigail Penoyer were married by Rev. Robert Silliman, October 12th, 1749. These were my father's parents.

The Penoyers came from France to England. Professor Silliman of New Haven had a brother Selleck. I have no doubt that they were related to the same Sellecks that we are. Selleck is an uncommon name. In my childhood we spelt it Sillick. Uncle Enos Boughton investigated it within my recollection, and found it more properly Selleck.

#### STONES.

My maternal grandfather was Charles Stone. He married Tryphena Collins, daughter of Oliver Collins and his wife, who was Elizabeth Hall.

I know nothing further back, except that I heard mother say her ancestors came from England and Wales.

My mother was Olive Stone. Her paternal grandparents were Stephen Stone and Elizabeth Leming. Mother's brothers and sisters are Lorain, Luther, Aaron, Phena, Dan, Bernice, Charles, ETHAN, Amanda, Lydia, and Stephen.

*Lorain* married Rice Hall. Of their children these are some: Abel, Electa, Luey, Ruth, Catharine, Erastus, and Betsey. I remember seeing them all, and that several of them were married and had children, but cannot recall much of their history. Catharine was the cousin who lived with us. She went south with us, and died in Virginia. Uncle Hall died, and aunt married Mr. Brewer. They long lived in Tyringham, adjoining Stockbridge.

*Luther* married Olodine Slosson. They had a large family. He was a merchant, I believe, in Arlington, Vermont. Though I once saw him and some of his family, I have mostly forgotten about them.

*Aaron* married *Lucina Deming*. They had two children, *Stephen* and *Phena*. Uncle *Aaron* educated his own children and grandchildren. He lived in *Chenango county, New York*; reached an advanced age; and was blind several years.

*Phena* married *Elisha Pease* and had two children. *Bernice* married *Jacob Pease*. Their children are, *Experience*, *Laura*, *Amanda*, *Louisa*, *Clarissa*, and *Harry*. *Pedie*, as she was called, married, has children, and is a widow. Lives in this state. *Amanda* married, lived and died in *Avon*, there leaving a son. *Louisa* and *Harry* lived several years at my father's, and then went to *Cincinnati* to uncle *Stone's*, where they lived till his death, I think about thirty years. *Harry* died. *Laura* married, has children. Lives in or near *Cincinnati, Ohio*. She was always an invalid. *Clarissa* married *Jonathan Hawks*. They had, *Caroline Bernice*, *Olive*, *Eliza*, and *Martha Ann*. All married. *Caroline* and *Olive* died, each leaving one child. *Eliza* is a widow with two children. *Martha* married *Mr. Parshall*, and lives in *New Geneva, Fayette county, Pennsylvania*. Her parents and her aunt *Louisa Pease* all live with them. She has three children.

*Charles* married *Polly Spring*. They had a large family. In his old age he lived in *Cincinnati*. He has lived in *Chenango county*, and been a thriving farmer.

*Dan* was a physician, and practiced long and ably in *Vermont*, I think in *Bennington*. Late in life he married a widow with several children. He had some children. I know only one, another *Dan Stone*, who lived long, and died in *Cincinnati*. My uncle, *Dr. Stone*, graduated at *Williams College*. When *Adelpha* was there, she spoke of it, and found that he was remembered there. I once saw some one, who had met some of his descendants in *Vermont*. I have forgotten who it was. He died about 1848.

*Amanda* was all her life an invalid. Died about forty.

*Stephen* died a little child, with measles.

*Lydia* married *Oliver Collins*, a cousin. Had several children. They long lived on the old homestead, in *Stockbridge*, and took care of grandma. He was hurt, so was a cripple many years. When he and grandmother were both dead, Uncle *Ethan Stone* took the family to *Cincinnati* and provided for them. To one of the daughters, *Maria Melissa*, he gave one-fourth of his estate. She had lived with him several years.

My uncle, *Ethan Stone*, was a lawyer. He was a graduate, but of what college, I have forgotten. He married *Maria Storrs*, and had one son, *Henry*. His son died when about a year old. Having no children and being of a benevolent heart, he helped all who needed it, especially if they were of his own blood, but more especially if they were industrious and prudent. By means of the encroachments of a canal somewhere in or near *Cincinnati*, he lost a large amount of property, but he always had enough to bless his brotherhood with. He never gave large sums, but by a little here and there, with encouragement and a lift into business, he did much good all his life. Aunt *Maria* died in 1849, with cholera. Uncle lived until 1852. When he died he left about three thousand dollars to me. I thank him and I thank God for putting it into his mind.

I remember going with father and mother to visit my grandfather and grandmother *Stone*. I must have been about six years old. They were very genial people. I think grandfather was tall. Grandma was about my height. Or you might say want of height. Several of the family were large people. Uncle *Ethan* was a large man and also tall. Several of my *Boughton* uncles and aunts were also tall. I recollect having a delightful visit. Of course every one petted me, as I lived far away. I recollect that when I was about eight, grandfather and grandmother came to *Victor* for a visit. Mother was delighted and all were well pleased and happy. Father had just returned from

Irondequoit Bay, where he and eleven other men had been to fish. They took salt and barrels with them. They caught, dressed and packed twenty-four barrels of fish; two barrels each for the twelve. I remember that they were enormously large salmon. When the dear old people were to go, mother prepared a large package of the fish for them to carry home; but how was she disappointed when they were gone, that the salmon were forgotten and left behind. Not many months after, grandfather died and all were left to mourn; the more as we had seen him so lately. As I have before said, when we returned from the south, we went to Stockbridge, all the family together, and made a visit to grandma and the few relatives who remained there and in the towns around there, including Tyringham.

About 1826, I think, mother heard that grandma was sick, and she and father went to see her. She was confined to her bed, but had still a good memory, and conversed very freely. They could not stay very long. She died a few weeks after they left her. Grandfather must have died about 1797. I do not know his age. Grandmother died about 1826, aged ninety-six. They lived and died in Old Stockbridge, on what is called Stockbridge Plain, and are buried in that old grave yard.

MELANIA SMITH.

MY DEAR DELAFIELD:

About two years ago I wrote a few lines for my grandson, Charlie, who was fond of the region I celebrate, and wished it for a small literary society of which he was a member and the president. As it is in accordance with my feelings, I hope you will pardon the egotism and apparent vanity which I exhibit in its insertion. I give a little explanation. Mark Hopkins is President of Williams College. Mills, a student of that college, was the first man to propose sending missionaries to foreign

lands. The haystack was the place where Mills and a friend were wont to meet for prayer and consultation on that absorbing subject.

Your Mother,

MELANIA SMITH.

I love the name of Berkshire,  
I love its hills and dales,  
Its springs and rocks and brooklets,  
Its dells and grassy vales.

I love the dear old Stockbridge,  
Where first my being knew  
The vital thrill of life-blood,  
The breath of heavenly dew.

I cherish ever with me  
The pond and Stockbridge Plain;  
'T was there my parents married,  
But did not long remain.

There lived my aged grandpas  
And grandmas—and three lie  
Within its sacred burial place,  
Where dear ones ever lie.

I twice have made a visit  
To that dear ancient home;  
But now no tongue would greet me,  
Unless 't were from the tomb.

Old Williams, I have never seen;  
That gem amidst the mount!  
Though honored in my memory,  
And in my heart's account.

An uncle, I remember,  
 Was educated there,  
 And recently a grandson,  
 With many good and rare.

The name of Hopkins I revere,  
 That good old man of God,  
 The name of Mark proclaims him saint,  
 And so he's thought abroad.

I reverence the haystack,  
 Piled up among the hills ;  
 I love the spirit of those prayers,  
 And hail the name of Mills!

The halls of Williams College,  
 And all the mountains there,  
 Are sacred to my fancy's eye,  
 E'en as the pilgrims are.

The statesmen of the old Bay State  
 Were glorious in their prime ;  
 Their noble minds and worthy deeds  
 Were truly the sublime.

Men of renown, in every town,  
 To principle were steady ;  
 And be the case whate'er it might,  
 Were sturdy, true, and ready.

I've never been in Boston,  
 Though much I've wished to be ;  
 "The Athens of America,"  
 "The Cradle of the Free!"

The many stalwart sons there nursed,  
 Have given us strength and fame,  
 And sure no land of native worth,  
 A greater share may claim.

The dear old Massachusetts men  
 Were wonderfully right ;  
 They loved the way of peacefulness,  
 "But when assailed, they'd fight."

I do not know if in these days,  
 A lower standard serves,  
 If men have more of selfishness,  
 And less of changeless nerves ;

But O, I love New England!  
 In all our country's shocks,  
 New England's sons, and daughters too,  
 Are firmer than her rocks.

MELANIA SMITH.

The verses were written December 2d, 1867.

Orange Stone and Enos Stone, spoken of in the volumes respecting the two purchases in Genesee, were distant relatives of my mother. They finally lived in Rochester. There was one Isaac Stone, who was of the first settlers of Rochester. He had several daughters. Among them was Eliza, who married a merchant, named Ira West, of East Bloomfield. They moved to Rochester. Another, Delia Stone, went as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. She married and died there. There were several families of Stones in Pittsford when we lived there, who mother said were of the same race, but we made no account of the relationship. Simon Stone, who lived in the village of Pittsford, next door to us, for some years, was also a distant relation. My brother Enos' wife is his daughter. Her name is Hannah Maria, and by reason of her sweet temper she is often called "Honey;" her mother was Sarah Gilbert. Hence the name of Enos' son, Gilbert Boughton.

MELANIA SMITH.

As I have said, my grandmother Stone was a Collins. The Rev. Aaron C. Collins, who long preached in East Bloomfield, was a distant relative. My brother Frederic's wife was his daughter.

The Rev. Reuben Parmalee's wife was sister to Aaron C. Collins; and the mother of Collins Hart, who married Katharine Buell, Sister Edna's daughter, is the daughter of Samuel Collins, brother to Aaron C. Collins. Reuben Parmalee was long the minister of Victor.

As I have before said, my mother's sister Lydia married her cousin, Oliver Collins. He must have been a son of a son of the old Oliver Collins, my mother's grandfather.

In regard to my father's place of birth, there seems to be a discrepancy. I suppose it is owing to the removing of the lines of the states of New York and Connecticut. I have often heard father say that he was born in Connecticut. The Stamford records also show it. I have heard him say that his family lived in Old Canaan. He states in his conversations with Delafield that his eldest brother was born in Canaan; that himself was born in Salem, Westchester county, now South Salem, New York.

MELANIA SMITH.

NOTES TAKEN IN A CONVERSATION WITH HIS GRANDFATHER BOUGHTON,  
BY E. DELAFIELD SMITH, WHILE THEY WERE DRIVING.

I copy the whole, although most of it is embodied in what I have before related as my remembrances, except the things which are in reference to settlements and difficulties in the new country. A few things which my father relates respecting our ancestors, I did not know. In his notes, written in 1844, Delafield says:—

ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 20th, 1844, grandfather Boughton and myself started from Victor in his carriage, he having volunteered to take me to Rush. He talked at my request of the earlier history of himself and grandmother, and also of the settlement of western New York, and his eminent connection with it as a spirited pioneer. He was among the first of those who braved toil and hardship, to make the wilderness of the Genesee Valley blossom as the rose. He talked with remarkable regularity, showing astonishing power of remembrance and facility of arrangement. [He was seventy-eight years of age then.—M. S.] His statements were of course somewhat desultory, and my notes, having been chiefly taken on the way, fail of doing him justice. I have copied them very much as they were taken.

The Boughton family came, probably, from Wales. It is supposed the Penoyers were among the manufacturers that emigrated from France to England in the reign of Louis XIV., in consequence of religious persecution.

Hezekiah Boughton, my grandfather's father, was born at Norwalk, Connecticut, on the 2d of November, 1725, old style. Abigail Penoyer, his wife, was born in Stamford, Connecticut,

September 2d, 1730. They were married in 1749. At Stamford, with the Town Clerk, I can trace grandfather's descent from Robert Penoyer. [Jared Boughton is the fourth generation from Robert Penoyer.—M. S.]

From Canaan Parish, i. e., Stamford and Norwalk, they moved to Salem, Westchester county, New York, now South Salem. There Hezekiah Boughton was a farmer. My grandfather, Jared Boughton, was born at Salem, Westchester county, New York, February 19th, 1766.

An older brother, Enos, was born in Canaan, and died at the age of four years. Hezekiah junior was born December 31st, 1752. Enos, a second, May 26th, 1755. Abigail, July 31st, 1757. Sarah, October 17th, 1760. Selleck, February 5th, 1763. Jared, as above. Seymour, July 6th, 1769. A daughter, did not live. Theodosia, January 10th, 1775, now living in Indiana. [Since dead; died in 1852.—M. S.]

In 1787 my grandfather, Jared Boughton, and grandmother, Olive Stone, were married in Columbia county, New York. They went there for the marriage, to avoid the ceremony of the publishing of the bans practiced in New England. It was a common evasion of a disagreeable law. Grandmother's father was Charles Stone, born in Guilford, Connecticut. His father lived in Guilford, and his name was Stephen Stone. The mother of Charles Stone was Elizabeth Leming. The Stone family came from England to the Plymouth settlement.

Grandmother's mother was Tryphena Collins, daughter of Oliver Collins, who married Elizabeth Hall.

My grandmother, Olive Boughton, was one of twelve children, six boys and six girls. Two of her brothers and two sisters settled on the Susquehanna. Ethan and Charles Stone, great uncles of mine, are living in Cincinnati. A widow Collins died December, 1846. A brother lives in Broome county. [All these mentioned are dead.—M. S.]

In the spring of 1788, the Boughtons heard of a fertile country, the Genesee.

Charles Stone, my grandmother's father, had a large tract of land in the Chenango country, on the Susquehanna river, now partly Broome county. He bought it, hoping to settle all his children on it, that they might be near him. My grandfather went there to explore, but did not like it as a place to settle. They returned to Stockbridge.

In the spring of 1789, grandfather and his brother, Enos, again visited this new country, travelling most of the way in a boat. They came to the Schenectady in wagons; then on the Mohawk to Fort Stanwix, where there was a portage of three miles to Wood Creek; down the Creek to Oneida Lake; down the Lake to the outlet to Three River Point, then up the Seneca river to the mouth of the Canandaigua outlet, on up to within six miles of Canandaigua. The party cut a road to Canandaigua, and then went about seven miles to get a team of four oxen and a cart, which, being obtained "for the whole of two silver dollars," they put in requisition to convey the tools and provisions through their road to Canandaigua. With their axes and a few provisions, they came to what is now Victor. Here they built a log cabin near the line between Victor and East Bloomfield, just east of Brooks' on the north side of the road. Drew poles with an old white horse, borrowed for the purpose. Near here was a brook, which was one inducement to make this at least a temporary stopping place. About June their cattle came by way of Catskill to the Chenango river, then down the Susquehanna to Tioga Point in Pennsylvania; thence up the Chemung river to Newtown, now Elmira; thence to the head of Seneca Lake, down its west shore to Geneva or Canadesago. Jacob Lobdell and Hezekiah Boughton, Jr., brought the cattle in June. The company work away and prepare for the necessities of life. Planted potatoes, but they did not grow. Planted beans and other garden vegetables. They sowed buckwheat and eight acres of wheat.

Victor was No. 11 in the 4th range of townships. All of New York was really east of what is now Montgomery county. In the fall of 1789, grandfather and his brother, Hezekiah, went back to Stockbridge on horseback. In February, 1790, grandfather moved his family to Victor. He was accompanied by his brother Seymour. They arrived on the 7th of March, with uncle Selleck, aged two years, and Melania, (mother,) aged six months. Grandmother was the first white woman ever in Victor, mother the first white girl, and uncle Frederic the first white child born there. A few days before grandfather's first coming to these regions, two families came to East Bloomfield. In January, 1793, grandfather and grandmother went to Stockbridge for a visit, and took Selleck with them.

Deer were plenty. Grandfather once saw thirteen in a flock. Bears and wolves were often seen. In three years, they made another visit in Stockbridge, with Melania and Olive. [Olive being but a few weeks old.—M. S.]

In June, 1790, a cavalcade came on. Grandfather's brother and another came with cattle and a flock of sheep. By this time there was a scow with which to cross Cayuga Lake. When grandfather first came with the family, they crossed that lake upon the ice.

At the Mohawk they heard of the death of the brother, Hezekiah Boughton, Jr. He died a few miles east of Canandaigua. Grandfather's father and sister, Theodosia, went and met at Schenectady Jacob Lobdell and Nicholas Smith, October, 1790, and thence brought the sister Abigail Smith's family to Victor. They built a cabin at the foot of Turner's Hill. The name of grandfather's grandfather was Eleazar Boughton, and of his wife, Elizabeth Seymour. Grandfather remained near the line dividing Victor and Bloomfield only about six weeks. After that he built nearly opposite the new house on the flat, now Joseph Rawson's. Then the final arrangements were made with regard to the division of the land. Boughton Hill fell to grandfather.

It consisted of (i. e., what he obtained) 513 acres. He had also 240 acres, in addition, easterly from there, and owed only four hundred dollars, which he paid. He had indeed, in all, more than 1,400 acres. Grandfather built a cabin on Boughton Hill in the spring of 1792. The old oak tree stood solitary as now. The lands around for a wide extent were nearly cleared. It seemed to be designed that there should be a residence just about as far from the road, and just about in the place, selected by grandfather. The Indians had been there; and in the vicinity had built their fires. The ashes still remained. Under the oak tree were numbers of their graves.

Grandfather's mother's father was Samuel Penoyer, whose wife was Theophila Selleck.

Phelps and Gorham, of New England, in July, 1788, purchased from the Indians the principal part of western New York. The bargain was made in Geneva. Four or five years afterward they purchased another tract more westerly, at a treaty held in Canandaigua. Another company, evading the spirit of the law, which prohibited both companies and individuals to purchase lands of the Indians without consent of the Legislature, obtained from the savages a durable lease of these same lands, though whether this lease included the tract west of the Genesee river grandfather does not know. As the titles of the two companies consequently clashed, the result was that three townships were given to the lessees, Livingston & Co., by the purchasers, Phelps & Co., and thus a settlement was made. Grandfather and his brother Hezekiah, hearing at Stockbridge that the Indians were not disposed to treat with Phelps & Co., concluded to look at the Chenango country. Grandmother could have had land there, as her father was proprietor of about 1,000 acres.

While there, they heard that the Indians were about to hold a meeting in relation to selling the Genesee country after all, and finding company, they came, five of them, to Geneva, where Phelps and Co. held their treaty. They reached there within a

week of the close of the business. Grandfather and his companions looked about, made inquiries, and after four or five days, returned with a most favorable account of the country. The treaty was held in July; and in the fall of 1788, William Walker, appointed agent of Phelps and Company, came on, accompanied by Enos Boughton, and erected a store house, with other buildings, at Canandaigua. Then was the first timber cut for that town, and the first cabin of that town built.

During the fall Enos obtained a contract of Walker for what is now the town of Victor, and before spring sold somewhat more than two thirds of it. Grandfather's father purchased about a fourth of it, including Boughton Hill. An uncle of Dr. Ball took the northern half.

But for the sacrifices made in extrication of his brother, grandfather Boughton would have been a man of large fortune; and as it was, he distributed liberal sums to his numerous children.

*The above copied from notes of E. Delafield Smith.—M. S.*

My father's father lived in West Stockbridge. He sold his farm there, in order to go with his children to the new country of the Genesee.

Within my recollection, my parents went on horseback to Stockbridge for a visit, in addition to the two journeys in a sleigh.

My parents had a great amount of taste. Witness the grove in the rear of his house, and the open space in front. He was a victim of the failures of others, so that his hands were measurably bound, and he held to the principle of duty, before the indulgence of pleasure or ease.

MELANIA SMITH.

### GENEALOGICAL SUMMARY.

I learned several things from my father's conversations. Though it involves some repetition, I make this summary.

Eleazar Boughton married Elizabeth Seymour. These are my father, Jared Boughton's, grandparents. His father's side.

Robert Penoyer came over early from England. His son, Thomas Penoyer, married Lydia Napp. These are my father, Jared Boughton's, great grandparents, on his mother's side.

Samuel Penoyer, son of Thomas, married Theophila Selleck. These are my father, Jared Boughton's, grandparents; his mother's side.

Abigail Penoyer, daughter of Samuel and Theophila Penoyer, married Hezekiah Boughton. These are my father, Jared Boughton's, parents.

Stephen Stone married Elizabeth Leming. These are my mother, Olive Boughton's, grandparents, on the father's side.

Oliver Collins married Elizabeth Hall. These are my mother, Olive Boughton's, grandparents, on her mother's side.

Charles Stone married Tryphena Collins. These are my mother, Olive Boughton's, parents.

Jared Boughton married Olive Stone. These are my parents:

Gilbert Smith married Delilah Bundy, always called Dillie. These are the parents of Archelaus Green Smith, M. D. Archelaus G. Smith married Melania Boughton. These are the parents of Sandford S. Smith, Augustus F. Smith, E. Delafield Smith, and Adelpa Smith, (Mrs. Durfee.)

MELANIA SMITH.



I have finished, dear Delafield. It has been a labor of love. A labor of love to the living and the dead. How many dear relatives and friends spoken of here have been my companions in life for years. How many have been my comfort and solace in my daily travel in the world, this scene of responsibility and effort. How many loved faces I see, familiar faces, long ago laid in the grave, covered by the clods of the valley, and turned to dust below them, awaiting the fiat of their maker to arise, shake off the dust and the last vestige of mortality and corruption, to inherit the new bodies and the glorious lives prepared for them above. Happy shall I be if I may meet them there, at the right hand of God, to go no more out forever. My son, may you be there!

With the feelings which nature dictates, I could not be in a state of perfect blessedness without you.

Ever your loving Mother,

MELANIA SMITH.

NEW YORK, July 12th, 1870.

## TO THE OCEAN.

Ancient Ocean, old as time,  
Raging on, through every clime;  
Roaring, rising, breaking, foaming,  
Wilt thou never cease thy roaming?

*Glad* obedience dost thou pay  
To thy Maker, night and day;  
Or would'st thou o'erwhelm the world  
Were thy liberty unfurled?

Consolation 't is to know,  
Thou canst never further go.  
Though thou rage, old tyrant Ocean,  
What avails thy dread commotion?

God, thy Maker, once hath said,  
"Here shall thy proud waves be staid—  
"Hither, but no further come,"  
There, and only there, thy home.

Ocean, when to man a friend,  
Many favors thou dost lend;  
When a foe, a foe indeed,  
Causing many hearts to bleed.

Thy dread bosom doth embrace  
Millions of the human race;  
Old, insatiate, billowy wave,  
Thou art cruel as the grave.

Mighty and majestic deep,  
Ships upon thy bosom sweep;  
There "Leviathan" doth play,  
Swallowing up thy bloody prey.

When the Judge the dead shall call,  
Thou must yield up great and small.  
Spend thy fury, roaring, foaming,  
Soon thyself to naught art coming!

Now thy tumbling surge I hear  
Sound like thunder to my ear.  
There—a ship is just in sight!  
Pressing on, with sails so white;

Art thou waiting for her blood,  
Wide, inconstant, boundless flood?  
God can quiet thee, old Ocean—  
He can speak, and still thy motion!

MELANIA SMITH.

QUOGUE, Suffolk County, L. I.,  
September, 1833.

SUGGESTED BY

DIES IRAE.

"Day of wrath, that woful day,  
Shall the world in ashes lay,  
David and the Sibyl say."

Day of joy, triumphant day!  
Prophets and Apostles say—  
Let the Sibyl go her way.

Day, O day, when fear is gone,  
Day, when prayer and hope are done;  
Full fruition! Victory won!

Every sorrow, every care,  
Vanished as in empty air;  
Look you for it? 'T is not there.

I will sing the glorious song;  
I will join the angelic throng;  
Praises to our God belong.

Unto me that day draws near;  
Time fades fast to eye and ear;  
Christ, my Lord, grows doubly dear.

Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine;  
In me truth and grace shall shine  
When I'm wholly, wholly Thine.

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