

Pioneers
of
Old Northfield



by

Lillias Collins Cook

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FOREWORD

This has been compiled from old family records, church memos, letters and old manuscripts, in my possession or loaned me by relatives and friends. I have tried to sift facts from traditions that do not bear careful analysis and am reasonably sure the information contained here is authentic.

In compiling the *Pioneers of Old Northfield*, we have not used the story of the Burnets of Burnet Hill, whose family have played such a prominent part in the life of Livingston since early years.

This we have reserved for a story by itself. And will tell in *Lawyer Burnet's* own words some of his experiences early in the 1800's. And many other items of interest about the family. We hope to have all the data available assembled soon.

Gratitude is due to Mrs. Mabel Dickinson, Miss Elizabeth Teed, Mrs. Devereux Elms and also to Miss Louise Abbot of Bethel, Ohio, for papers and data used in this story. Also to many who have passed on who have given me information contained here.

* * *

Illustrations

Frontispiece—The Edwards Homestead. Built around 1773 or 1774.
Painted by R. Booth.

Page 16—The Collins family—Parents in insets and the twelve children. Taken early in 1870.

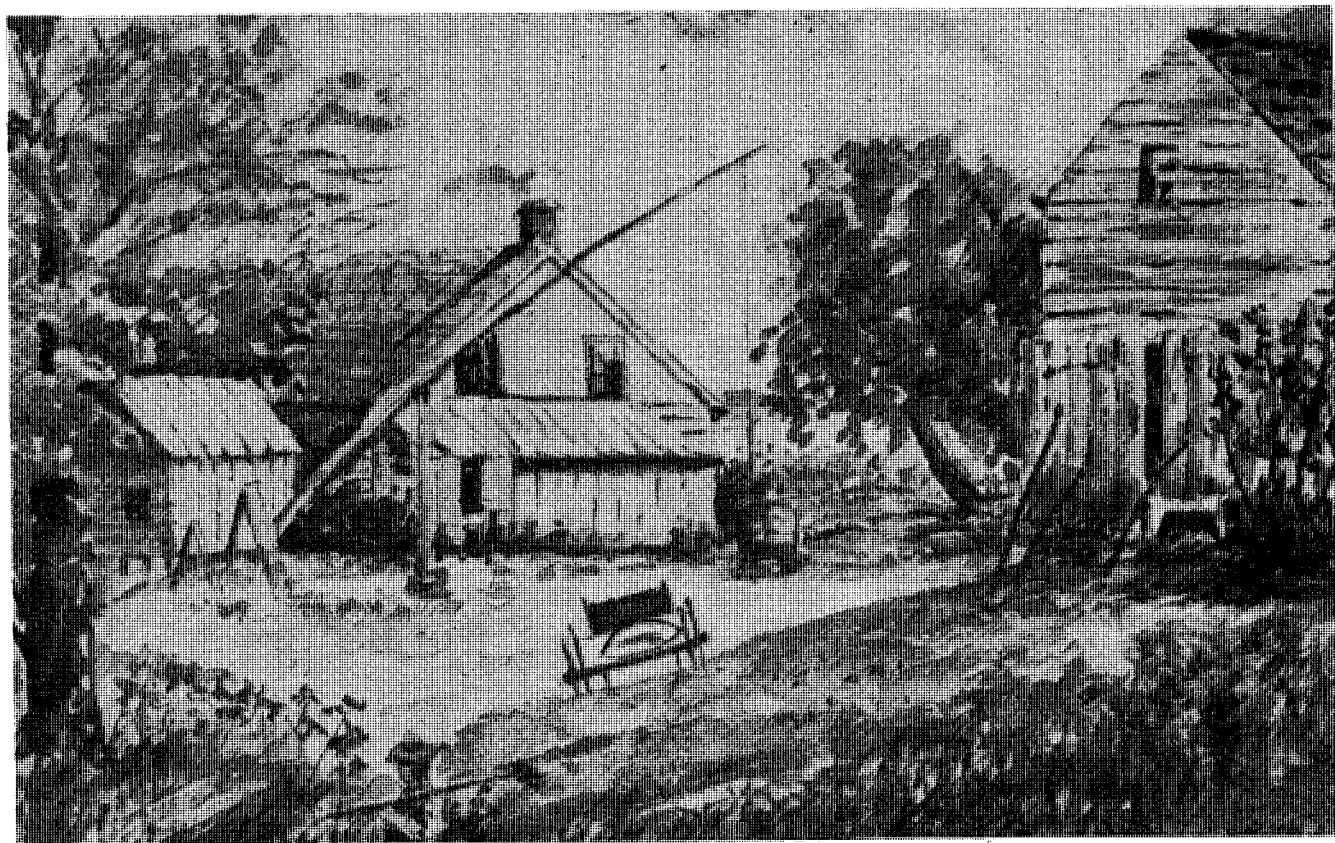
Page 18—The Johnson Homestead. Taken in the 1870's by Douglas.
Page 27—The Northfield Baptist Church, second edifice built in 1868. Sketch by Ben Kranich.

Page 39—Amos Harrison store in the 1880's.

Rhyme about the first four children of Pell and Lockie—
Abbey Melinda and James Tobye.
Enoch Edwards and Hannah Mar-rye.

Description of the Johnson place—A dwelling and an acre of ground located on the road leading from the Meeting House to Deacon Thomas Forse's.

All illustrations reproduced by James Young.



Sketch of the back of the Edwards homestead

CHAPTER 1

FAMILY PRIDE

We of the present generation, can reflect with pride on our pioneer ancestors, who down through the years have bequeathed to us their love of country and faith in our God.

Pioneers in the founding of our country, fighting in the War for Independence of the Colonies, Puritan in their habits and beliefs.

They came to America, from England, Holland, Ireland and Wales.

The land over the Newark Mountains* was an unknown territory, in the early colonial times, and so we find them settled, some in New Amsterdam, Connecticut, and Long Island and nearer home, in Elizabeth, Morristown, Columbia and Springfield New Jersey.

* Changed to the Orange Mountains, when Orange was legally named Orange, instead of the Newark Mountains Society, in 1780.

It seems that only when men, after acquiring large tracts of land in this section, had surveyors working on the tracts, was the interest in the land over the mountains able to attract settlers.

As they bought the "Canoe Brook Lotts," it was but natural, as they set up their homes near the stream, to call the first hamlet, Cannue Brook.

* * *

Cannue brook, later Northfield, has played its part in the history of the present Township of Livingston, the first school was built there in 1782.

The First Church, the Northfield Baptist, in 1786, called the Mother Church, for there has gone out from her three groups to form Baptist churches in Livingston center, Millburn and in Jefferson Village, now Maplewood.

Converts to the Baptist faith were baptised in the waters of Cannue brook, and this custom followed for many years.

In the early days of the church, Baptising in the brook attracted hundreds of spectators.

Timber for the first clapboard house in Cannue brook, was sawn by the power of the stream at floodtime in 1771.

Henry Wade, running his sawmill for seven days and nights during spring freshets. It is still standing in the center of Northfield, number 580 South Livingston avenue.

The wide acres of the Edwards Farm are now thickly covered with homes and known as Crestmont Hills.

On spring nights, men and boys, with lighted birch torches, had sport spearing the suckers which ran up Cannue brook to spawn.

The fish were poor eating, but the sport was tops.

A tradition is that the Indians built their ash canoes on the banks of the stream, and when the spring freshets swelled it into a rushing miniature river, they embarked and floated down the winding stream to the Passaic river to the south.

In 1741, we find John Stiles acquiring 1,586 acres of land direct from George II. Surveyors laid out 100 acre tracts, reaching from Cannue brook to the Passaic river. These were sold as "Cannue Brook Lotts."

In 1744, Nathaniel Camp and Jonathan Squier, "Yomen" bought 782 acres of land in the southwestern end of the present township.

In 1773, two sons of these two men, bought an adjoining tract of 649 acres from the East Jersey Proprietors.

This took in a part of Cannue brook. The hill west of Hillside avenue was called Cannue Hill.

William Penn's vast holdings, in the Province of East Jersey, included land in Cannue brook.

We find that on February 18, 1760, Richard Peters and Lynford Laider of Philadelphia, "Gentlemen," who were executors of the estate of Thomas and William Penn, sold, "All that Lott of land lying and being in Cannue brook in the county of Essex and Province of East Jersey, to Jonathan Hampton of Elizabeth, and he in turn, on September 5, 1760, sold the property to one Joshua Burrell of Newark.

In describing the lot, "One corner was at a black oak tree, in the Hanover road." The lott sold Hampton contained seventy six acres, Burrell's lot of sixty-five acres. He paid Hampton thirty nine-pounds New Jersey money for it."*

* From a paper in possession of Edith Squier Muller.

* * *

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN CANNUE BROOK

It was in 1782, that the few families, in Cannue brook, felt the need of a school. While there were few homes, the families usually contained from ten to twelve children.

Our forefathers, working in harmony with their neighbors, came together and with their oxen drew loads of stones to a spot near the road leading to Horseneck. (now Caldwell).

Besides the Meekers, Mc Chesneys, Edwards, were the Effingham Townleys, Obed Dunham, Samuel Pierson, Manning and Isaac Forse, Benjamin Reeve, Henry Wade, Theophilus Ward and Thomas Forse.

With their own hands they laid up the crude building. "Guiltless of mortar." If standing today, it would be in the center of the intersection at Northfield.

Young George Guthrie, who was later ordained as a Baptist minister, and helped form the "Cannue Brook Baptist Society" was the first schoolmaster. This was the first school, in what is now the township of Livingston and he was the first educator.

Of the early schoolmasters; we find that Samuel Potter received from a parent on account of his daughter's schooling in 1794

"Samuel Potter, debtor to cash and tobacco 2/2 on January 28,

1794. February 20, 1794, one bushel potatoes 3/. to cash on molasses 4/. total 9/2. credit by schooling 9/2."

He seems to have been followed by "Old Parish," the painter and schoolmaster. From 1800 to 1810, "Old Jenner," called "doctor" Jenner was schoolmaster.

It was in 1812, that the stone schoolhouse was replaced by a weatherboard building.

In 1811, schoolmaster: Aaron B. Howell; followed by a Mr. Burr, a licentiate preacher; A Miss Lindsley was schoolmistress in 1822, Miss Julia Carter about 1851, John Winans in the fifties, and Peter Butler in the 1860s, Lewis Monroe Burnet taught in the 1870s.

* * *

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST CHURCH

In forming the Baptist Society in 1786, there were a number of Baptist ministers who aided, but Rev. George Guthrie, now an ordained minister, baptized a number of the early converts in the waters of Cannue Brook.

The first converts who had joined the Lyons Farms Baptist Church, found that the distance was too far in those days, and meetings were held at homes in "The Short Hills" and Cannue Brook.

Minutes of the Lyons Farms Church show that: "Moses Edwards and his wife Desire, were baptized on June 29, 1785."

From the records, they were the first baptised in Cannue Brook waters.

"April 19, 1786, we find eleven members withdrawing to form the Cannue Brook Baptist Society:

Obed Dunham and his wife Mary, Moses Edwards and Desire, Content Edwards, Timothy Meeker, William Meeker, Sarah Cook, Mary Cory, Thomas Forse Jr., and Timothy Ward.

Shortly after the church was formed, Abigail Walsh, Hannah Belton, Timothy Meeker, Jr., Robert McChesney and his wife Mary Ann and daughter Jane, and Jemima Brown were added*."

* Of these eighteen early members, eleven of the eighteen were our ancestors or near relatives.

* The name of Force is now spelt with a C, but in the early records and on Deacon Forse's tombstone it is spelt with an "S."

* * *

Obed Dunham, who came to Cannue brook and bought a large tract of land, married an aunt of Abner Ball. He came here from Lyons Farms*.

He became a close friend of Moses Edwards, and their lives were to be closely knit together.

His writings show he was a well educated man.

* Now Weequahic section of Newark.

In 1788, Abner Ball, of Revered memory, with his wife and young daughter, Betsy Clark Ball, came to Cannue Brook.

His hundred acre farm took in both sides of the road on the way to Orange. The land dipped down to a spring brook then rose sharply into quite a steep hill**.

Abner Ball was not only one of the pioneers, he also was a leader in religious activities and one of those who helped make the history of Livingston when Livingston became a Township in 1813.

"Being of a different denominational faith, he carefully studied the New Testament in regard to infant baptism." (Baptists do not believe in this.)

When he became convinced in regard to this point, he and his wife Rachel joined the Society June 17, 1790.

Betsy, his daughter, later married Lawyer Samuel Burnet; they had a large family, and one of their sons, Samuel Horace Burnet, married into the Edwards family.

** His property was on the west side of Sycamore avenue and across the road ran on both sides of the lane now known as Chestnut street.

* * *

The first church building was erected in 1800, and the Baptist Society was incorporated as the Northfield Baptist Church.

"It was the three deacons, who were the largest givers. When it was planned to build a meetinghouse, a hot controversy raged as to the site.

When it was built on the site favored by the largest contributors, some were so incensed, they refused to help paint the building, and for years it stood guiltless of paint."

Deacon Edwards gave of his woodland timbers and records show he also contributed money, Deacon Forse gave timbers also and sawed some of the lumber for the building. Deacon Ball in his love for the cause, made a great sacrifice and gave, "A pile of boards with which he had planned to replace his early dwelling." He gave them cheerfully and continued in the same early dwelling for years." It is interesting to note that when the church was dedicated December 22, 1801, it was decorated with pine boughs, and in the long windows of 100 panes each, "there was a lighted candle in every pane."

The Meetinghouse thereafter became a landmark.

Deeds would read: Leading from the meetinghouse to Orange, Horseneck, or Hanover, for what roads there were had no names.

* * *

During the time when the little Baptist Society was struggling for existence, it was Moses Edwards, and the two other Deacons, Thomas Forse, Jr. and Abner Ball, who carried on the work of Zion.

Moses first wife, Desire, died in 1793, and did not live to see her beloved husband licensed to preach, and ordained in 1798.

In 1787, Moses bought the farm of Obed Dunham, the latter falling out with a man who came to preach, and "Obed and the church

mutually excommunicated each other." Obed and his family migrated to Ohio.

A descendent of Obed, told me that Obed was a man who; "Would do what he thought was right, and what he felt like doing if the Heavens fell."

Moses raising his family on the broad acres he had taken over, combined farming, and blacksmithing with his preaching.

Raising not only the food they ate, but with his sheep and flax, also their clothing.

He became the first settled pastor of the church, and served for seventeen years, a longer period than any pastor has since.

"During his long pastorate, he received no stated salary but the contributions of his people were most generous."

One hundred members were added to the church during this period, considering the sparsely settled countryside, this was a goodly number.

In the days when so many preachers were preaching "hellfire and damnation for unbelievers," his teaching was ever, "God is love," and the meetinghouse to him, was always the "House of Zion."

"After a week of hard labor, he would often mount the pulpit and opening the bible, select the first text that met his eye."

His eloquence would fill the church on Sabbath days, and in summer, outside the crowded building, worshipers would sit, on horseback or in their wagons, to listen.

After the morning sermon, there would be an hour when the churchgoers from a distance, would eat the food they brought with them, and visit each other.

Then they'd attend the afternoon service, which ended in time for them to get home by early candle light.

* * *

CHAPTER IV

Moses' second wife was Catherine Ogden, widow of Simeon Ogden of Caldwell. (her maiden name was Cory).

Their first child was named Desire, who married Pell Teed; she died at eighteen, and the oldest stone in the Northfield Burying ground marks her grave.

Moses gave from his farm, the acre of ground to the Baptist Society for a burial place; his wife Desire, is buried near the west side of the Burying Ground.

Three of the pastors, and many of its deacons lie within its gates. Jane Caroline, another daughter of Moses and Catherine, became the second wife of Pell Teed.

Moses was fifty nine when he sold his farm to his son Enoch, and went to join his lifelong friend Obed Dunham in Ohio.

"It was a great loss to the church."

An eye witness at his farewell sermon, says, "There was not a dry

eye in the meetinghouse when he bade them farewell, never to meet them again on earth."

"A very liberal collection was taken to help the pastor on his way."

A number of friends of the Edwards family went with them a day's journey, before they said their last goodbye.

"He went with his family and their choicest household goods in two covered wagons, and two teams of horses, driving, by easy stages, through the wilds of Pennsylvania, over the formidable barrier of the Alleghany Mountains, and the heart of Ohio, so recently agitated by a bloody war with the British and their savage allies."

Moses was a good judge of horse flesh and dealy loved to swap horses. Writing home from Claremont, Ohio,* after they were settled in their new home, he tells of the long tedious journey over the mountains, and how "He swapped a leg weary mare for a "hoss," paid five dollars to boot, called it a good swap. Later he swapped the "hoss" for a cow who gave six quarts of milk, this after they were settled; called this too a good swap.

He found things as reasonable to buy in Cincinnati, as in Newark, N. J., and soon their home was furnished.

He found the "need for gospel service was great;" he was asked to preach in a number of places, but would accept no permanent pastorate at first.

A very human postscript was added to his first letter in 1815, when Catherine informs her Dear Friend, Rachel Ball, "That the earthenware they had packed in the chist was all broken, but her bunnit came through safe."

In 1816, we find Moses and Catherine, with some of his nephews, and their families joining the Bethel Baptist Church by letter (they had settled in Bethel, Ohio) becoming members April 27, 1816.

Moses did not found this church; it was in existence when he went there**. His son, Moses Edwards, Jr., later acted as church clerk. Moses Jr. was licensed to preach by the Bethel Baptist Church on June 4, 1831.

Moses Sr. died May 4, 1827, not living to see his son ordained.

He and his friend Obed Dunham lie close to each other in the Bethel Churchyard, in unmarked graves.

Sons of Ohio Veterans of the Revolutionary War, have marked the graves of Ohio soldiers, but Moses Edwards, who served in New Jersey, has no such recognition.

*There is a tradition in the family that Moses Edward founded the Bethel Church.

** The Claremont address was the P.O. address evidently.

CHAPTER V

THE EDWARDS FAMILY LINE

From a family Bible owned by a descendant of Aaron Edwards, twin brother of Moses Edwards, our ancestor, we are indebted for this data:

Jacob Edwards, (son of John Edwards, of Swansea, Wales) supposedly born in 1712, married Effie Speir (or Speer) in Acquankonk (now Clifton) in 1746. Jacob and Effie's family were:

John, their eldest, born 1747, married Hannah Meeker, daughter of Timothy and Desire Meeker was a Captain in the Revolutionary War;

Gilbert, born 1749, name of wife not known, killed in the Battle of Springfield;

Joseph, born 1751 married Margaret Kent;

Thomas, born 1753, married Sarah Kent;

Aaron and Moses, born July 28, 1756; Aaron married Desire Minor was a Captain in the Revolutionary War;

Moses married Desire Meeker, was a Minute Man in the Revolutionary War;

Effie, born in 1857, married Jacob Kent;

Mary, born 1759, married Michael Meeker; Nathaniel, born 1761, married Abigail Bedford;

Jacob, born 1763, married twice, one wife's name Abby Tunis.

Jacob Sr. died 1780, his wife Effie had died in 1765.

From another source I have this data:

Effie (or Fitchie) Speir was a direct descendant of Anneke Jans, about whose property so much was heard for years. Madame Jans owned or inherited a large farm in the heart of New York City. There was much litigation but the many heirs never received anything from the estate.

"Effie Spier was descended from the Hendrich Jansen Spier, who was on the Sloop Faith, in 1659, when he came from Holland to Cummunipaw, (now Jersey City). Twenty-five years later, he bought a large tract of land, extending west from the Passaic River up on the mountain.

His name on the deed as patentee was John Hendrick Speare. His older sons inherited the tract near the river, but a younger son, Garrett, received the part up on the mountain, near Upper Montclair. After his death his widow married Jan Arteen Vanderbilt."

"Anneke Jans was born in Holland in 1605.

She and Roelof Jansen came to America about 1630, with their five children; Sara, Fytje, Katrina, Jan and Anneke.

He leased a farm from Killiaen Van Renselaer near Beverwyck (now Albany) N. Y. for five years. He next received, gratis, from the West India Company, a tract of land, about where Christopher street is now located in New York City. The oldest deed is dated 1643. New Amsterdam grew rapidly then."

"The name of Speir spelled at various time as Spier, Speare, Spij, and Spuys."

This land was the cause of the legal disputes.

Descendants of Jacob and Effie, inter married into many of the old families.

"John Edwards had nine children by his wife Hannah Meeker;

Joseph who married Margaret Kent had five daughters and two sons;

Thomas married twice—1st, Sarah Kent; 2nd, Sally Potter; had seven children; Aaron and Desire Minor had nine children;

(Moses listed later)

Effie, who married Jacob Kent had thirteen children, twelve of whom lived to a ripe old age. After Effie's death Jacob married Keziak Dodd and had eight more. (He fathered twenty-one children, and now lies quietly in the old cemetery in Caldwell Presbyterian churchyard, Caldwell, N. J.)*

Nathaniel, who married Abigail Bedford had thirteen children, Jacob, married twice, had twelve."

* What a blessing that fifty per cent of the men in those days were shoemakers!

* How peaceful an old churchyard, after living with twenty-one children.

REVEREND MOSES EDWARDS

Patriot, Preacher, Farmer and Blacksmith

Our great-great-great-grandfather and his brothers were pioneer settlers in Cannue Brook.

While he was a man with but little book learning, he was gifted with natural eloquence.

One of the founders of the Northfield Baptist Church in 1786.

In 1787, he succeeded Obed Dunham as one of the first deacons. As a Minuteman, he served in the Revolutionary War; in the Battle of Springfield, he captured a British Officer whose sword was in the possession of his great-grandaughter, Hannah Edwards Baldwin for years;

In the minutes of the New York Baptist Association in the year 1797, listed under "Remarkables," is this item:

The Deacon of this church* is remarkable for what in Scotland is called Second Sight.

He foresaw who should fall in Springfield, the day before the skirmish:

He went to the persons and bid them prepare for death:

He foresaw the soldier who stole his knapsack, and the place where he hid it:

Went to the officer of the guard to complain: the officer drew out his soldiers; Edwards challenged the thief; the thief confessed the fact, and the knapsack was recovered from the place where Edwards had said it was hidden.

* Deacon Moses Edwards

These and many other instances, are credible from the character of the visionary and the attestation of others."

CHILDREN OF REV. MOSES EDWARDS

Moses Edwards and Desire Meeker were the parents of:

Joshua; Jonathan; Caleb; Enoch, our ancestor; Abner; Asher; David; and Rebecca. Desire died September 5, 1793.

^Catherine Cory Ogden, his second wife had; Desire; Lot; Jane Caroline; and Moses Jr.

Caleb Edwards went to Ohio a year after his father, and became a lawyer practicing in Indianapolis.

Lot remained in New Jersey and became a physician.

Rev. Moses Edwards Jr. followed in his father's footsteps and became a preacher.

* * *

Our great-great-grandfather Enoch Edwards, was born July 22, 1778;

His sweetheart, Hannah Reeve, born on the same day and date; They were married the day they were twenty-one, July 22, 1799.

Lockie, our great grandmother, was born July 12, 1800.

Rusha, born August 22, 1801, married Eben Teed;

Tobias, born August, 1803, married Adaline Wilcox.

Sarah, born December, 1805; unmarried;

Aaron, born October 28, 1807, married Jane Hand;

Catherine, born October 1809, died at 14;

Julia, born August 5, 1811, married Andrew Baldwin;

Susan Adaline, born June 20, 1813, married John O. Squier;

Jonathan, born October 29, 1815, went west.

Hannah, born January 15, 1817, married Samuel Horace Burnet;

Moses, born January 8, 1819, unmarried.

Enoch Edwards had a long record of activities in Township affairs, holding various offices for over forty years.

He also served as a Freeholder for 27 years.

* * *

REEVE LINE

Benjamin Reeve, son of William Reeve, married Lady Hannah Mitchell, who came to this country with her father, George Mitchell, from Coloraine, Ireland, shortly before the Revolutionary War.

Our ancestor, George Mitchell, was killed in the Battle of Springfield. Captain Isaac Reeve, brother of William Reeve, was in the War, also.

"William Reeve, father of Benjamin, came from England; he was in the battle of Springfield with two sons, one son, wounded in the neck, was carried in to his mother. She held her finger to the wound to check the flow of blood, but when a second son was brought to her, she turned, loosening her finger, and he bled to death. (The second son was mortally wounded)."

CORY ANCESTRY

Of our Cory ancestry, which traces back to Desire Cory, third wife of Timothy Meeker, indications are she came from the family of Corys, of Columbia,* Morris County, New Jersey.

* Now Florham Park

Moses Edwards' second wife, seems to have been a relative of Desire Cory Meeker, although this cannot be authenticated.

CHAPTER VI

TIMOTHY MEEKER OF REVOLUTIONARY FAME

Our ancestor, Timothy Meeker, was descended from William Meeker, who came to this country from England, in 1630, with the Massachusetts Bay Company.

He and his two sons, Joseph and Benjamin, came to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and were members of the 80 Associates. Joseph Meeker, No. 10, and Benjamin, No. 11.

Warrants were granted them for surveying the quantities of land due them by the consessions.

William Meeker built the Old House in 1675; Benjamin inherited the Old House by will. It was a historic landmark for years. It was razed in 1914.

Joseph was Sheriff of Elizabethtown in 1709.

Benjamin is supposed to be the grandfather of Timothy.

Timothy, believing in the holy state of matrimony, was thrice married; we are descended from his third wife, Desire Cory.

He located on what is now South Orange avenue, where the Park Reservation has the deer paddock.

In the Battle of Springfield, in 1780, we find seventy year old Timothy, with nine sons, two sons-in-law (and a grandson, Joshua, too young to carry a musket, acting as a drummer boy, with a Company from Elizabethtown.)

We note that a man by the name of Sharp, kept a tavern near the cross roads, of what is now West Hobart Gap Road and South Orange Avenue. It was found that he was giving information to the British, and he was run out of the country. (This was about a mile from where Timothy lived.)

On the night before that eventful battle in Springfield, many of the farmers drove their livestock up to Timothy's woodlots and concealed them there.

A number of the mothers of small children concealed themselves and the children, in a place called 'Round Hollow,' on the farm of William Reeve.

Others hitching up their horses and oxen to all sorts of rigs, bundled in their children and old folks, and drove in the night to Cheapside, now West Livingston, where they camped in the meadow before the loghouse of the Squier family. Dame Squier, so the tradition goes,

coming to her door in the early morning, was astonished to see the motley group before the house.*

* This was on the homestead farm of Edith Squier Muller.

"After she recovered from her first Amaze," she set about preparing food for the refugees.

GENERAL WASHINGTON PAYS A VISIT TO TIMOTHY

Hannah Edwards Baldwin, of beloved memory, gave me this tradition: General Washington, curious to see the man, Timothy Meeker, who had furnished an army of his own, with his nine sons, two sons-in-law and himself in the Battle of Springfield, some time later stopped on his way to Morristown with his two aides, and while watering their horses at a spring across the way from Timothy's farmhouse, pondered on a way to speak to Timothy without being known.

Timothy, coming in for his nooning rest from work in the fields, saw the soldiers. Always hospitable, he came to them and invited them in to dinner.

Glad to break their ride to headquarters, they accepted. Dame Meeker, flustered at unexpected company, exclaimed, "Had I known we would have guests, I would have had a fowl for dinner."

"Tut, tut, woman," replied unsuspecting Timothy, "this fare is good enough for General Washington himself."

After dinner, Washington drew Timothy out in regard to the struggle for Independence, and on leaving said, "My friends, you have given me courage, I am General Washington."

Across the mountain from South Orange Avenue, where Timothy had his farm, his sons and grandsons settled along the Northfield Road, on the way to Orange, with their farms on both sides of the road and growing families. This section soon became known as Meekertown. Their frontage extended from Cedar street to the crest of the Second Orange Mountain, and their farms probably extended over to the Meeker homestead land.

Grace Meeker of Ottawa, Kansas, a descendant of Timothy Meeker, Jr., and Sarah Parsel, has the discharge papers of the Meekers who were in the Continental Army.

TIMOTHY MEEKER FAMILY RECORD

Timothy Meeker, born 1708, died December 22, 1798.

Married 1st, Sarah Pierson;

Second marriage, Munn;

children:

Joseph, who married Molly Smith;

Sarah, married Isaac Smith;

Third marriage, Desire Cory (our ancestor).

children:

Jonas, married Sarah Osborn;

Timothy, married Sarah Parsel;

John, married 1st, Perry; 2nd, Rachel Force

William, married Hannah Tichenor;
 Amos, married Johanna Force;
 Cory, twin brother of Amos, married Vanity Ward;
 David, married Phoebe Parsel; Jonathan, twin brother of David,
 married 1st, Lydia Saunders; 2nd, Phoebe Tompkins;
 Isaac, born in 1760, married Peggy McChesney; (eldest daughter of
 Robert McChesney)
 Hannah, married Captain John Edwards;
 Polly, married Daniel Day; died in 1793;
 Desire, our ancestor, married Rev. Moses Edwards, died September
 5, 1793;
 Phoebe married John A. Feazler.

CHAPTER VII

THE MC CHESNEYS*

Robert McChesney was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1745, he married Mary Ann Welch in 1768.

They came to Cannue Brook in 1773, with their two year old daughter, Margaret, always known as Peggy. He bought Lott No. 8, of the 100 acre Cannue Brook lotts, located northwest of the present South Orange avenue and Old Short Hills road.

Setting up their loghouse on the hilltop acres, they found many things of interest, and strange in their new world home.

Robert, who had been a weaver in the old country, now essayed farming. Clearing the woods for cultivation, he became interested in a little animal with a white stripe over its back. As he didn't know what the "Little Crature" was, he tried to pet it. (And thus increased his knowledge of the woods and its inhabitants!)

In 1788, Abner Ball came to Cannue Brook, his land adjoining Robert's on the hilltop, and Abner, "Spent several days clearing trees and underbrush, so they could see the McChesney home."

A long lane led in from Old Short Hills Road to the first loghouse. It was in 1788 that the McChesneys joined the Baptist Society.

Robert and Mary Ann McChesney had eight children;
 Samuel McChesney, our ancestor, was born in 1775; married Mary, daughter of Jonathan Meeker, who was born in 1782;

They had eleven children;
 Their tenth child, Mary Ann McChesney, was born in 1821, and married James Collins, my grandfather;

Hugh, born in 1823, married Sarah Collins, sister of James Collins.
 (Robert's son Joseph, was born in 1777, married Sarah Dickinson, in 1818. Joseph migrated to Ohio, with his wife and seven children, six more were born to them making a family of thirteen.)

* This data for those descended from Robert McChesney.

Samuel's son, Joseph, born in 1806, had a farm in Irvington, New Jersey. It extended from South Orange Avenue to Springfield Avenue, and took in what is now Irvington Center.

Harriet, born in 1805, kept house for her brother. She was a maiden lady and Joseph either a bachelor or a childless widower.

Their niece, Amelia Collins, lived with them when a girl.

Joseph was a devout man, a member of the Irvington Christian Church. He held family prayers daily and strict observance of the Sabbath day. Keeping it holy was a must with great uncle Joseph and Great aunt Harriet. He died when eighty, and the big farm was sold, nephews and nieces being the heirs.

Robert McChesney died in 1823, his wife Mary Ann, passed away in 1825. Descendants of Robert, later built a fine farmhouse on the property, near the Old Short Hills Road, known for years as the McChesney homestead. Hugh and his wife lived here until they moved to Orange Valley.

WHEN THE BEAUTY OF THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS UNSPOILED BY MAN

Giant trees, of the virgin forest, added to the beauty of the pastoral scene, as our forefathers cleared the fields for tilling.

Sycamore (button ball), black locust (bean tree), oaks, maples and the flowering white locusts, with the stately beeches shaded the high-way to Orange, the first over the Mountains.

Old diaries have items where the mud is spoken of, often, on the road. In fact, it was bad on mountain roads, but when Newark was reached, they could hardly describe the mud they encountered.

Spring and fall rains added to the roughness on the mountain road, washing stones bare, "thank you ma'ams" kept some of the road bed from rushing down hill, but a trip to Newark and back took hours.

They rose early and sallied forth with their horses or oxen and had to hurry to get home before candle light. With no lanterns and the condition of the roads as it was, this was a must.

So under such conditions, there was never a business of logging over such roads. Old diaries show an occasional walnut tree sold standing for a couple of dollars to someone, down under the mountain."

Sometimes logs were taken below for use in cooorage, as barrels were much in demand for "syder" and pork barrels.

New Jersey soon became famous for its "Jersey Lightning,"* and apple orchards prospered on the mountainside and in the valleys.

The writer of "Livingston, a Community," drew on his imagination in picturing Livingston as a logging center, with campers cutting wood as a business. It just never happened.

* Apple Jack

CHAPTER VIII

THE COLLINS FAMILY

There is a family tradition that the Collinses are descended from Lord Pell Collins, of England.

An English friend tells me that in Tewksbury, in the Midlands, England, there is a Collins family, who have been there for generations and are definitely English.

A Collins is, or was, the Mayor of the town.

Collinses and Pells have intermarried in this country in the early days. The records in Stonington, Conn., show intermarriages; a village near Stonington is named Collinsville.

Rachel Pell was a descendant of John Pell, who was patroon of a lordly estate on the Hudson. He married an Indian Princess and had ten children, Rachel traced her lineage back to one of the sons. Andrew Teed, of Long Island, and later of Bergen County, was born either in 1712 or 1719, the exact date is not known.

He married Rachel Pell and came to Horseneck, as the northern section of Livingston was then called. This was in 1757.

Like the patriarchs of old, Andrew increased in children and lands.

And what is now Livingston Center, became Teedtown, only old-timers called him "Tid" and the locality "Tidtown."

Of the family of Andrew and Rachel were two daughters, Sarah and Abigail, who became the first and second wives of Ebenezer Collins.

Ebenezer Collins was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and came to Teedtown from Morris County.

Ebenezer and Sarah, his first wife, had one son, Andrew, who went west to Ohio in 1815. He married a widow, a Mrs. Green.

Their son, Gilbert, amassed a fortune, they resided in Columbus, Ohio, and he served as Mayor of Columbus for a time.

Their children were: Cassius, Homer, Curtis and Maude.

He occasionally came east to visit relatives.

The children of Ebenezer, and his second wife, Abigail, were Pell, our great-grandfather; William, a singer of note, having a tenor voice, he sang in the Caldwell Presbyterian Church and also taught voice.

In singing contests, then popular, he was a favorite; tradition says it was due to the sweet timbre of his voice.

He married Amanda Brundage, they had one daughter, Adelia, who married Daniel Baker. They were lifelong residents of the Force Hill section of Livingston.

James Collins, the third son, became Brigadier General of the Essex County Militia, of the State of New Jersey.

(Later the Militia was merged into our present National Guard.);

Rachel Collins married Benjamin Teed, of Sugar Loaf, N. Y.;

Sally Collins never married.

Note: There was a Mary Collins who married a John Teed in 1783; Hume Collins who married Pell Teed. They may have been Sisters of Ebenezer.

CHAPTER IX**LIVINGSTON GUARDS**

One of General Collins' associates was Colonel Chester Robinson, of Orange, N. J. Colonel Robinson was head of the Orange Regiment, the latter trained on the Commons down Main street, a strip remains of the Commons, before the North Orange Church and running down to Oakwood avenue.

George W. Cooke, husband of Hannah Collins, daughter of Pell and Lockie, was elected Captain of the Livingston Guards, Company of the Second Battalion, of the first Regiment of the Essex Brigade; he received his commission from Governor Franklin Fort, January 8, 1853.

He trained his men on the Commons west of Rose's tavern, in Teedtown.

His book of records lists the following as belonging to his Battalion: James T. Collins (nephew of the General), Sidney Collins, Benjamin Collins, George Courter, William Douglas, Augustine Earl, Brazilla Hopkins, Alonzo Hopkins, Jackson Hopkins, Samuel Hopkins, James Kipp, George Kent, Hugh McChesney, Corneilus Meeker, Isaac Marsh, Woodruff Parkhurst, Montgomery Rose, Tobias Teed and Gibson Teed.

Training Day was a big event with the Militia, and was held on the Commons once a year at Centerville, now Roseland.

Hundreds came to the event, under the leadership of General Collins.

Tradition says that over a thousand came to the maneuvers, on June 3, 1853.

My grandfather, Joseph Johnson, paid dear for attending.

It was Covenant Day, at the Northfield Baptist Church, and members were obligated to be present at this meeting, held prior to Communion Sunday.

His absence was a serious offence, he was waited on by the elders and the pastor. The old church book states that, "Brother Johnson did not show a 'fitting spirit of repentance' and he was turned out of the church."

CHAPTER X

Pell Teed Collins, our great-grandfather, was born March 6, 1794. He was a farmer and shoemaker.

Lockie Edwards, daughter of Enoch, was born July 12, 1800.

They were married by Rev. William Watson, pastor of the Northfield Baptist Church, October 28, 1818.

In the following twenty-two years, Lockie gave birth to twelve children. Seven girls and five boys. There was not a break in the family of children, until the youngest was sixty.



The Collins Family: Pell and Lockie, parents, in inset—twelve children: Abbey, James, Enoch, Hannah, Sidney, Sarah, Rachel, Vashti, Louisa, Benjamin and Amanda.

William

Pell died July 6, 1856, and Lockie, October 1, 1860. Both aged 60.

They lie in the Livingston Baptist Churchyard.

Lockie, like her father, Enoch, was of small build; her first born child, Abbey Melinda, was born February 9, 1819. She weighed three and a half pounds at birth and was so tiny that for weeks they carried her around on a little pillow, instead of in their arms.

Abbey grew into a healthy young woman and, at 21, married Joseph Johnson.

He was born in Paterson, and came to Northfield when a boy, learning the shoemaker trade, with Richard Barnwell, at Northfield.

Joseph had two sisters, Mary Ann, who lived in New York, and was twice married, and Jane, who married Morris Meeker and lived in Meekertown.

Abbey and Joseph were married by Rev. Isaac M. Church, pastor of the Northfield Church, September 28, 1842.

In 1848, they purchased their homestead of Richard Barnwell, on what is now 435 South Livingston avenue.

Joseph had his own shoemaking business at his home, and during the Civil War he, in partnership with Samuel H. Burnet, made shoes for the soldiers, shipping the shoes out by way of Morristown.

Joseph had the first machine to sew shoes that came over the mountain. At this time fifty per cent of the men in Livingston Township were shoemakers.

Children born to Abbey and Joseph were:

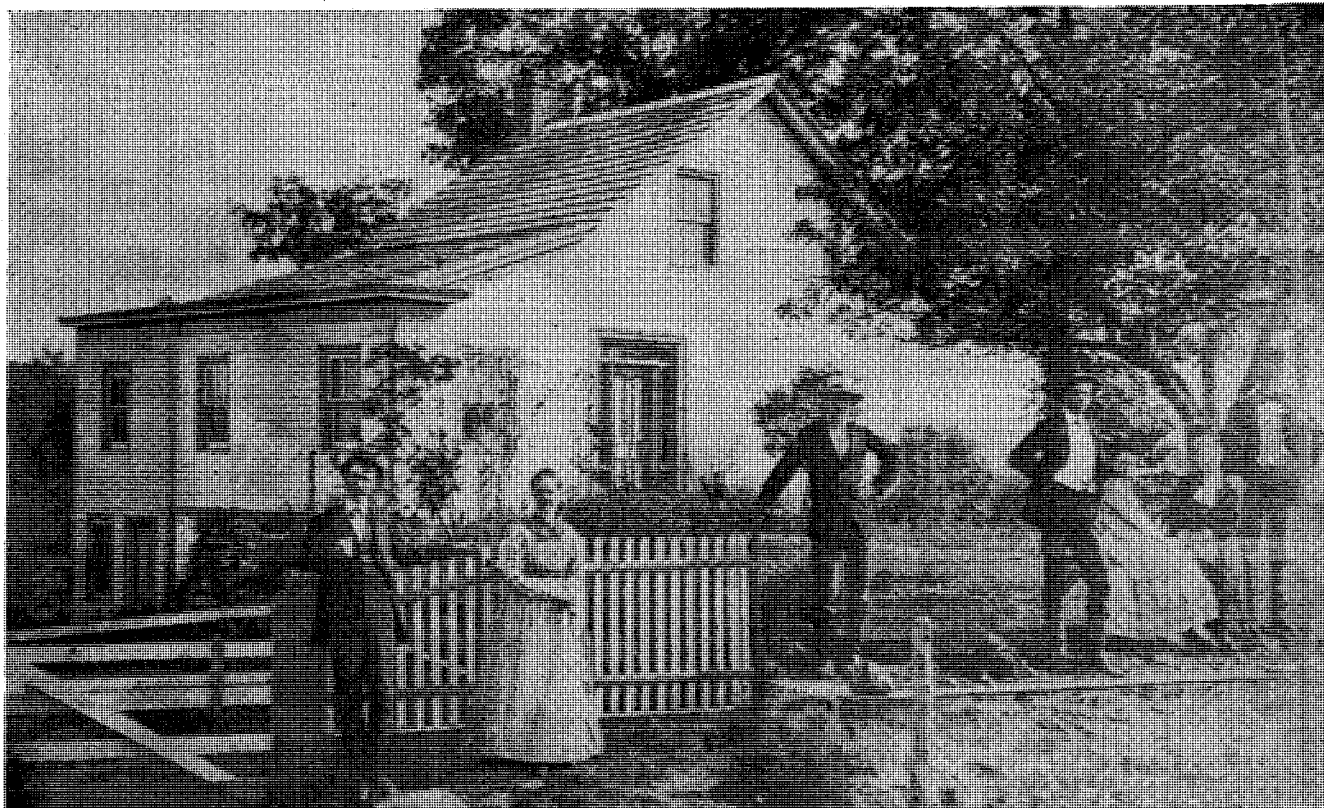
Sarah Louisa, who married Anthony Kuhlman; Moses who married Anna Selnoir, always called Annie;

Charles, who married Eliza Palmer, when they were both along in years. The Palmer homestead, on Cherry lane, is now part of the South Mountain Reservation of the Essex County Park system. And the spring where Mrs. Palmer cooled her milk and butter is called Tulip Spring, and the farm is used as a picnic site.

William, married Katherine Sophia Burnet, adopted daughter of John Robertson Burnet and his wife Phoebe. (Katherine was the daughter of Maria Burnet Ward, who died when she was a baby.) J. R.'s sister's child.

Melissa Jane, youngest child of Joseph and Abbey, married her cousin, Benjamin Collins. It was not until she was forty that she discovered her talent for painting. Cultivating her talent, she did many pictures in oils and water colors, winning prizes in Newark exhibits.

She directed a group of members of the Woman's Club of Livingston, in an Art Class she aided in forming when she was in her seventies. When the Northfield Baptist Church celebrated their 150th anniversary, she painted the scenery for the historical pageant. This when she was 78.



The Johnson Homestead. Charles, son; Abbey, mother; Joseph, father; William, son.
Seated, Melissa, daughter; Annie, wife of Moses. Standing, Moses.

James Tobias Collins was born September 22, 1821. Married Mary Ann McChesney, descendant of Robert McChesney.

Mary Ann was born January 30, 1821. They were married by Rev. James Waterbury, pastor of the Northfield Baptist Church, December 24, 1847.

Evelyn, their first child died when a young girl.

Cecilia, born June 3, 1850, married William Emmons.

His father, John Emmons, had purchased the former Deacon Thomas Forse, Jr. farm and sawmill in 1830.

Cecilia's father, at this time, lived across the brook on the farm formerly belonging to his ancestor, Benjamin Reeve.

Aunt Cecilia was tall and slender, with big blue eyes and a sunny smile. William Emmons, Mr. Emmons' bachelor son, became interested in his neighbor across the brook. As Mrs. Emmons remarked, "Celie threw out the bait, and Bill would nibble."

So in the course of time, they married and lived on the Emmons farm. The farm is now the Livingston Memorial Park, and the homestead owned by County Superintendent of Schools Frank Stover.

George Rodney Collins, son of James and Mary Ann, was born June 28, 1852, married Anna Maxfield;

Benjamin Franklin Collins, born August 29, 1854, married his cousin Melissa Johnson;

James Buchanan Collins, born November 9, 1856, married Lottie Griffith;

Amelia Louisa Collins, born April 21, 1856, married Franklin Ford.

William McChesney Collins, born January 2, 1862, like his ancestor Timothy Meeker, was thrice married; 1st, Helen Day; 2nd, the widow of Dr. Swain; 3rd, Mrs. Laura Marsden.

CHAPTER XI

James Tobias Collins, volunteered when the Civil War broke out; and marched away to "Save the Union." Leaving his wife with their young family, William a babe in arms.

They were living in Buttermilk Valley, down Featherbed lane from Northfield. The farm was near what is now the intersection of West Hobart Gap road and South Orange avenue.

He gave his wife the seven hundred dollars bounty money, which he received as a volunteer.

Money which she never used, but handed back to him on his return from the war.

Uncle George and my father, Ben, little shavers, managed to use the team and plow. They had horses, several cows, pigs, chickens, and geese.

With the aid of her children, she managed to wrest their living from the soil. She saved all her goose feathers and made each of their children a goose feather bed (much prized in the sixties).

Grandfather found pay small and slow in the Army, he seldom had his remittance that he could send it home. But at the end of the war he came home unharmed. He was over six feet, with blue eyes, and as I remember, an abundant head of wavy white hair. The nickname given him by his brothers, was "old Russell."

Grandpa's second wife was Catherine Kent, a sweet old maid of Cheapside. Her father, Miller Kent, was an active member of the Hanover Presbyterian Church when the Methodists planned their church home, in the 1850's, Mr. Kent gave them the land, to build on, from his farm. Later he also gave land for their parsonage. He is referred to, in their church history, as "A Presbyterian Gentleman."

The Kent homestead was a delightful old colonial farmhouse. It stood near the church. Step grandmother Collins was a devout church woman and a member of the Presbyterian Church choir.

My father and mother, then not married, "stood up" with her and grandpa, when they were married at the Kent homestead. Uncle George Collins always had the joke that he was married "A year before his father."

The homestead, moved to the corner of Hillside avenue, is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spurr.

Many an evening, I have sat in a corner, while Grandma and Grandpa Collins, and my father and mother, sang unaccompanied, the grand old anthems of the church. I think step-grandmother liked her step children, but one thing she did disapprove, and that was their levity when they came home for a visit on Sundays. With their Irish strain of humor, their love of laughter was understandable. But to a "Blue Presbyterian" such as she, it was nothing short of breaking the Sabbath, the way they enjoyed visiting with each other.

CHAPTER XII

Enoch Edwards Collins, born in 1823, married Phoebe Baker of Jefferson Village, (now Maplewood). They had two children, Thomas and Marion; neither ever married.

Great-uncle Ed owned a farm, where later William Diecks bought. It is now part of the East Orange Water Reserve.

He was a shoemaker. Great aunt Phoebe was one of the early members of the Methodist Church, in Cheapside.

Judging by an old daguerreotype, she must have been a beautiful woman. She died young, and the children were brought up by relatives in Maplewood. Tom had a glorious bass voice and sang in Orange churches.

Great uncle Ed always had a supply of hazelnuts, on his shoemaker's bench; he was ever ready to stop work and crack them for youngsters. I always associated the smell of leather with hazelnuts.

* * *

Hannah Maria Collins, was born February 6, 1825. George Cooke, whom she married, was born at Silver Mine, Connecticut, July 27, 1820.

He came down from Connecticut for his bride, but arrived a day late. Great-grandmother Lockie was much perturbed, but the blue-eyed bride was calm. A wedding feast had been prepared and the guests had arrived. Everything was ready but the bridegroom.

The next day he came; the reason for the delay was not poor transportation, he explained. It was due to the tailor, who had not completed his wedding garments on time. He could not start for Northfield until he had: "Fitting apparel for his nuptials." As stated before, he later was Captain of the Livingston Guards. George and Hannah had eleven children:

Lydia, who married John Cobb;

George, who was twice married, 1st, to Emily Bell; 2nd, to his sister-in-law Irene Cooke; she bore him one son, Percy;

Lockie Cooke died young with consumption;

Vashti and Maria Cooke, were both invalids, Vashti, with a curvature of the spine and Maria, with a rheumatic heart. They were a greatly beloved pair and lived to be nearly ninety.

Everyone who visited them went away happier for having been with them. Two dear old saints, with their sense of humor and interest in every friend and relative, and how keen their interest in politics.

Like their parents, they were deeply religious.

James married Irene Clute; they had two sons, Edward and Ray.

He was a musician and composer. The words and music of "Mysterious Voice of Music," composed shortly before his death, was his best. He was a violinist; he organized the first brass band in Northfield and was their leader and instructor.

He was in the last stages of consumption (or as it is now called, tuberculosis) when he went, by water, to California, thinking he might benefit. But it was too late.

The night he died, his last word was "Mother." In Orange, N. J., across the continent, his mother sprang up in bed, and answered, "Yes, Jim."

Later, figuring the difference in time, they found that due to the close tie of love between them, she had answered to his dying call.

George and Hannah lost four children when young.

Phoebe, their youngest, married Dr. John Houston of East Orange. He was an accomplished player of the pipe organ as well as a physician.

In their later years, they located at Midvale and West Milford. Dr. Houston had a large country practice and he did much good

among the Mountain Whites farther up in the hills.

They were both active in the Midvale Methodist Church. Phoebe neighbored with everyone. Within a radius of ten miles, she would assure you, that all the people were, "Neighbors of ours."

She went "home" a short time ago, to her last resting place in the hills she loved so well, having lived in Orange caring for sister Vashti, after her husband's death.

* * *

CHAPTER XIII

Sarah Frances Collins, fifth child of Pell and Lockie, was born January 8, 1827.

She married Hugh McChesney and became sister-in-law to her brother James. When she and Hugh left the Homestead on Old Short Hills road, they became property owners in Orange Valley, N. J.

He developed a prosperous business, with a sandpit he had, on his property, and opened up McChesney street.

His oldest son, Samuel, married Augusta Ball of the family of Balls of Maplewood, and had a hatting business when Orange was a hat manufacturing center.

Children of Hugh and Harah were:

Sarah Frances, who married William Wallace Squier;

Alice, who married Hampton Allen;

Louisa, who married Norman Hulbert;

Sidney, who married Caroline Smith;

Laura, who married Frank W. Meeker;

Hubert, who married Fanny Webb;

Sarah married Robert Irving; Jessie, who was a fine musician, died in her early thirties. Two or three children died as infants.

* * *

Sidney August Collins was born August 18, 1828; married Amelia Kranich, who was born in Germany May 15, 1832; they were married in April, 1951;

Children:

John I., married Maggie Cluss;

William E., married his cousin Hannah, daughter of William and Mary Collins;

Sidney, married Kate Cluss, sister of Maggie;

Sidney was Editor of the Rockaway Record, resided in Rockaway, N. J.

Johanna, married Frank Cole;

Abraham Lincoln always called Linn, married Sarah Bowen;

Harry, married Ollie Smith;

Lockie, married Ernest Dobbins;

Julius and Pell died in infancy.

* * *

Rachel, born July 31, 1830, married Brazilla Hopkins, who was born February 13, 1831.

Children:

Daniel, who married Margaret King;

Alonzo, married Elizabeth Sweeny;

Amanda, married Henry Vogel;

George, unmarried;

Lockie Louisa, married William Herbert Barnard.

A family joke was told, that Great-aunt Rachel's neck was so long because she stretched it looking over the hill, towards Emmons place, when she was a sweetheart of Ike Emmons.

She and Isaac Emmons were engaged but a lovers' dispute came up, and Ike went to sea. When he returned, two years later, Rachel and curly headed, laughter loving Brazilla were happily married.

* * *

CHAPTER XIV

William Collins was born September 14, 1832. He married Mary Yeager of New York, July 5, 1858. They had a long and happy life together for 68 years—both living to be 92.

Great-aunt Mary was 18 at the time of her marriage.

Children:

Hannah, who married her cousin William;

Pell Teed Collins, who married Elizabeth Naylor;

Benjamin, married twice; 1st, Anna Croot; 2nd, Elizabeth Good;

Enoch Edwards, married Mary Jane Bowen, sister to Linn Collins' wife;

Mathew, married Anna Ming;

Ebenezer died in early manhood;

Julius, always called Joe, married Frances McVey.

Great-uncle Bill's birthday, in September, was a time when kinsfolk from far and wide came to celebrate his birthday with him.

Many such reunions were held after his family returned to Northfield, in 1892, after living for years in Morristown.

He and his family lived on the old Edwards homestead.

He and his brother Sidney, with their young families, had moved to outskirts of Morristown. Later the place was called Collinsville in their honor.

His sons, Pell, Mathew, Ed and Joe, were well known for their quartet singing. And the Collins brothers were much in demand when entertainments and concerts were given.

The farm that William and Sidney bought later, was just off Horsehill road, Morristown. It was a sightly place and someone exclaimed after settling there, "This is Paradise." And Paradise it was from then on. It was fun to say, when going there to a dance, "We are dancing tonight in Paradise."

* * *

Vashti was born September 29, 1843. She married Edward Kranich, brother of Amelia, wife of her brother Sidney. They settled in Elizabeth.

Children:

Alfred; Vasco; Benjamin; Edward; William; and John. Six sons, all artists like their father, developing his talent, and all worked in different branches of art. Five died before reaching middle age, unmarried; John, the youngest, settled in Pennsylvania, married there.

* * *

Louisa Jane was born June 3, 1834. She inherited the gift of her great-grandfather, Moses Edwards.

Hers was not a vision of happenings to come; it took the form of a panther which would appear suddenly before her. It was always the forerunner of a death in her family or of a dear friend.

Sometimes she would meet it out of doors, and again it would seem to stalk about the livingroom. Stalking to a fro and switching its tail.

Once it stalked ahead of her when she was returning cross lots, through the woods, from our house.

The visitations made her unhappy, but there was nothing she could do about it. She was engaged to Peter Meeker, a descendant of Timothy. When she refused to elope with him, and leave her ailing mother, they broke their engagement. Years later, for his second wife, he married Hannah Burnet, daughter of Samuel Horace Burnet, of Burnet Hill.

And Samuel Burnet, whose first wife was Hannah Edwards, married Louisa Collins, Hannah's niece, as his second wife.

This brought the former sweethearts into the relationship of "mother" and "son," if they wished to call each other thus.

A queer quirk of fate.

* * *

Benjamin Collins was born March 11, 1838. He married twice: 1st, Melinda Wright.

Children:

Aaron; John; Willard; Clarence. Four sons.

His second wife was a widow, Belle Meritt.

Children:

Amy; and Caroline.

Great uncle Ben had a fine tenor voice. He was a shoemaker by occupation.

Amanda, twelfth child of Pell and Lockie Collins, was born July 25, 1840. Like great-aunt Louisa* she married late in life. Her husband was Jacob Pryor.

They adopted a daughter, May. Lived in Elizabeth.

Great-aunt Amanda was a tall stately woman, and in spite of great-aunt Louisa's insistence that, "She was better looking than

'Mandy,' 'Mandy' had the looks. Although great-aunt Louisa was a fine looking woman.

* And this is the record of the twelve children of Pell and Lockie Collins. A complete record of their great-grandchildren could not be obtained and rather than have some omitted, grandchildren only are used.

* The family name of Louisa has never been, and never will be, pronounced Louise. It is a distinctly different name.

CHAPTER XV

THE EDWARDS HOMESTEAD AS I REMEMBER IT

The clapboard house stood on a knoll facing south; a wide lane with the wagon path on one side led up to the house.

The rail fences, on both sides of the lane, were grown up with wild roses and other flowering shrubs. It was a beauty spot in springtime.

The entrance to the lane off of what is now South Livingston avenue, was almost opposite the residence of Mrs. William Ashby.

It was well named Deacon's lane. For down it, over the years had paced, with the communion service of pewter, son of four generations of Edwards, who had served as deacons in the historic old church.

The house had four good sized rooms downstairs, divided by a large hall, that opened out both front and back.

Upstairs, there was the same arrangement of rooms, and a large attic space in the middle, over the lower hall.

Lilac bushes were on both sides of the front door, and the old doorstone was worn, with the generations of feet that had passed over it.

A back shed kitchen opened into the back yard, and near this was the old well sweep, an Indian stone, hollowed out years before, always filled with water for any hen or chicken who came for a drink.

In front of the house was a garden spot, where Hannah and Tryphena had their flowers and herbs. It was surrounded by a picket fence.

In one corner was the old May rose and sweet syringa. In another corner, the old sweet shrub bushes, (the blossoms used to dry and put among the linens).

Hannah prided herself on her moss roses, spice pinks and sweet williams. The old time red peony blooming in May, purple iris (called flags), and the hardy red poppies. A white June rose was much prized; it was very fragrant. Enoch with the scythe kept the lawn as closely mown, as a present day power mower would.

East of the garden was the small stone icehouse.

Hannah Edwards, daughter of Tobias Edwards, taught in the Sunday school, was church clerk, led the choir, and gave vocal lessons to the young people.

Every so often everybody in the village would spend an evening at Great Uncle Tobias' for a "Sing."

Whether singers or not they went, and the gracious manners of Hannah and Tryphena always made the affair an enjoyable occasion. (This was in my mother's time.)

Today descendants of these pioneer ancestors of ours are scattered from New Jersey to California, and from Florida to Canada, but Moses Edwards' prayer in 1815, that his children and their children's children, and their children's children after them should carry on the Master's work in the old Northfield Baptist Church is fulfilled. For there are still many of his descendants serving faithfully there in this year of 1953.

CHAPTER XVI

DOCTOR VERSUS HOME REMEDIES

Before telephones or cars were in existence, country folks had to depend on concocted home remedies to alleviate suffering before a doctor could be brought.

Our ancestors must have had iron constitutions, or so many of them would not have survived many of their ills, after they were forced to take from helpful relatives and neighbors, their doses of herb infusions and exterior applications.

Take for instance, Robertson Burnet's handy man and next door neighbor, Adam. "Adam had a bad spell; his wife came for me to go for the doctor. But by Phoebe's J's advice, I had run down to Kipp's for possum grease, for his asthma. And the two Phobes' made a mustard poultice.

"Phoebe J's husband, returning from New York gave Adam turpentine; I got up the horse for James Kipp to go after the doctor, not having time to go myself, but his mother would not let him go.

* Robertson's wife's name was Phoebe.

"So word was sent to George Hoffman (two miles away), and he brought Doctor Kitchell, the next morning. Adam was better."

DR. TIMOTHY KITCHELL

Dr. Timothy Kitchell had a wide practice and covered it on horseback. He lived in Whippany. His house still stands, on the left adjoining the cemetery, on Route 10.

He was family physician to many of the Northfield people.

Philhower, in his history of Morris County, paints this word picture of the doctor:

Dr. Kitchell never abandoned his practice of making his calls on horseback. The doctor used to wear a frock coat of snuff color and a wide brimmed hat. He always carried a faded umbrella, to protect him from sun or rain. It was seldom raised, but often used as a spur, quietly stimulating the flanks of the mare, urging her into a foxtrot, which was her fastest gait.

"The man and his horse were worthy of an artist's brush, they were so admirably fitted. There was nothing ridiculous in their appearance, nothing to cause more than a smile on the part of a stranger.



Northfield Baptist Church, 2nd edifice, built in 1868

"Dr. Kitchell was a dignified old gentleman, with a kind benevolent expression. He carried his medicine in his saddle bags, and never tied his mare, leaving her to graze by the roadside."

When calling at my grandfather Johnson's, he would delight my mother, when she was a little girl, telling her he would buy her kitten, and giving her five cents, would say he would get it the "next time" he came.

* * *

It was in the 1860's that a big fair was held in the old church.

By this time the green timbers, used in 1800 in building the edifice, had warped, and it was often colder inside the building than out.

It was decided to rebuild and the fair was held after the interior had been dismantled.

Hannah and Tryphena Edwards, the Burnet girls, Hannah, Betsy and Fanny, Abbey Johnson, Sarah McChesney, Mary Ann Collins, Juliet Wade and Kate Monroe Burnet were leaders in working for the fair.

Every woman vied in bringing her best viands for the supper.

And (hold your breath) two quilts were sold on shares, a falling off from their forefathers teachings.

The fair was a big success and through the energy of the pastor, Rev. James Craig, who went out and raised funds, a neat building was raised in 1868.

CHAPTER XVII

SCHOOL DAYS IN THE SIXTIES

Peter Butler was the schoolteacher.

Mr. Butler used to glare over his specs at his pupils when they had been misbehaving, and shout, "Do you want me to beat and bang you about like a passel of puppy dogs to make you behave?"

Spring freshets overflowed all three roads Canue Brook crossed; Mr. Butler, living down in Buttermilk Valley, was cut off from the school.

The delighted children raced down Featherbed lane (now West Hobart Gap road) and Mr. Butler, raising his voice from the opposite side of the flooded area, would call, "School's dismissed."

When cold weather came, and deep snow covered the ground, the Farley boys living in the old Henry Wade house, would dig a path, in the field across the road, down towards the brook.

Carrying water from their well, they let it run down the slope; it would freeze over night (where Harrison place now is).

At noon next day, the children would rush for Farley's.

Mrs. Farley would let them use an old extension table. This upside down would be filled with the children and after a vigorous push, they would toboggan down almost to the brook. The legs of the table upside down would make excellent posts to hang on to.

The first spring day would find all the boys racing for Deep Hole, down the lane, promising to return promptly when they heard the bell.

They usually disregarded the bell. When they did come, Mr. Butler would be standing in the doorway, and switch in hand, would give each barelegged youth a stinging cut as he passed.

* * *

Our kinsfolks of the older generation never missed an opportunity to enjoy a "Sing," and being light footed as well as light hearted, were always ready for a dance.

It was the custom in the fall, after harvest time, to give the parson and his wife a Donation Party.

Children went in the afternoon and enjoyed games and swinging in a big swing, with plenty of goodies to eat.

At night, came the adults laden with gifts from their farms.

It was in the 1860's, that a heavy rain storm came up while they were at the Dominies'; and rather than venture out into the storm and the dark muddy roads, they stayed all night.

John Robertson Burnet did not attend the party, but when his wife Phoebe came home next morning from Northfield, and told him that everybody stayed all night at the ministers, he was scandalized to find they had spent the night dancing!

"What," said Robertson, "would have our Puritan fathers thought of such conduct?"

* * *

When word was brought over the mountains that President Lincoln had been assassinated, the grieving Northfield folks draped the meetinghouse in black and held a memorial service.

* * *

A kinswoman of ours won the title of a "perfect housekeeper."

Finding out that they were going to bring a surprise party to her home, she took up the rag carpet in the living room, beat it until there was not a speck of dust left, scrubbed the floor, then relaid it.

When the "unexpected guests" arrived, and the local fiddler, Levi Talbot, came to the back door, she gave them permission to take up the carpet; "My," said the women looking on, "Her floor is so clean you could eat off of it." They raised no dust when they danced that night!

* * *

CHAPTER XVIII

NATURE WAS GENEROUS

While the country remained unspoiled and real country, nature was most generous to our forebears. From the time wild strawberries turned red in the meadow land, until the time to harvest nuts of all kinds in October, there was wild fruit for the picking.

Raspberries, blackberries, elderberries, huckleberries, wild grapes and black cherries.

Many wild greens were used for food. Overhead, while berry picking in the meadows, would come the song of the bob'o links as they rose from their nests. Nature was more than generous of stones, too, in Northfield, and along the roads for miles were the stone walls, the stones picked from the fields and drawn there with oxen. The walls were soon festooned with wild grape vines, and along the walls grew the hazelnut bushes.

Wild grapes were much prized for sweetmeats. They were halved while green, seeds removed, and then "done up" with brown sugar. A delicious conserve. No gleaners came in those days to strip the hazelnut from the bushes before they ripened.

It was a gala time for youngsters, when an older brother went with them up on the hillsides and thrashed the hickory nut trees, or they gathered butternuts and black walnuts as they fell. When the first frost opened chestnut burrs, then there was a scamper for the woods. To get ahead of the squirrels.

It was considered bad luck to set out a black walnut tree, so these trees bore in the places where they came up.

Small game was plentiful, and young men had great sport when hunting time came around. My father used to tell about hunting with a fellow called Lishy.

Lishy shof into every clump of bushes he came to. When remonstrated with, he'd say, "Wall, thar mought be a rabbit thar."

* * *
HAYIN' TIME

Every farmer had a piece of "low medder," mostly in the Cheapside river meadows.

The main part of the river meadows mowed, was off South Orange avenue near Columbia Bridge.

The hay was of great value, not only for bedding stock, but stacked in the yard, young cattle would browse on it all winter. It helped out with their fodder. The meadows were mown with hand scythes, and treacherous with springholes.

"If one fell into a springhole or a marshy spot, he would hang his shoes and socks on a bush, to dry, and mow barefoot. If a sudden light shower came up, he would get under the wagon to wait for it to pass."

The last day of haying on the river meadow, was picnic day for the family. The women folks would bundle the children into a spring

wagon, and go along to the river and have a picnic dinner, near the river banks.

The Three Pinoaks was a favorite spot. With a crude table set up and a stone fireplace, the dinner was soon cooking. The youngsters fished, the men hayed and the women watched the dinner cooking. It was usually a chicken potpie, with dumplings, corn on the cob, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, potatoes with the skins on and huckleberry pie. The latter baked at home.

Just before sundown the wagons were piled with hay, and they were lucky if a snake or two didn't get tossed up on a load with the forks of hay. *

On the trek home as many youngsters as the tops would hold would be piled on. And proud the boy, who when they were out of the treacherous river meadow, was allowed to hold the lines going home.

Game wardens were scarce in those days and if a net was drawn by the men, there was no one to object.

To see a bushel of catfish, sunfish, pickerel, bass, and perch, tumble out, a glittering mass, was a sight not soon forgotten. It was a sorry day for fishermen when carp was put in the Passaic river later.

Great-uncle Ben Collins used to say that the proper way to cook carp was to "cook it in plenty of butter, brown it well, then raise the window and throw it away."

The boys prided themselves on raising and training their colts.

They often had young horses that developed good speed on the road.

Dearly they loved a "brush." They gave and took challenges to race, and never if they could help it, took the other fellow's dust.

It mattered not if they were in farm wagon, or sidebar buggy, with their best girl, the youth shook out the lines, the girl grabbed her hat, and the "brush" was on. * * *

CHAPTER XIX

A HARD SHELL BAPTIST

Enoch Meeker, descendant of good old Timothy, lived in Northfield, keeping bachelor hall on his little farm on Hillside avenue.

He served for years as one of the Deacons of the Northfield Baptist Church, was Superintendent of the Sunday School, during the young days of our parents, and even into the time we youngsters went to Sunday School. "Deacon" was long on religion and short on grammar.

He was firmly convinced that anyone who did not believe in fore-ordination, predestination, immersion and close communion had a slim chance of ever going to Heaven.

The young folks were in the habit, in our parents day, of attending Sunday School and church at Northfield, in the morning, then in the afternoon, in a group, they would walk down Northfield road, and

go to the Little Church in the Hollow, as they designated the new church between the mountains.

Deacon usually drove down.

This Sunday afternoon, the invitation was given Christians present to partake of the Lord's Supper.

Up jumped the dear old deacon, "Taint right, taint right," he exclaimed.

Great-uncle George Cooke reached over from his seat and getting a firm hold of deacon's coat tails, pulled him down into his seat.

"You are not in a Baptist Church," he whispered.

Everybody addressed Deacon Meeker as "Deacon," and I was dumbfounded when my father told me, "Little girls should not say 'Deacon,' but call him Mr. Meeker." It didn't seem right.

Believing that the Lewis Kirsten story will be of interest as it gives the founding of the Church in the Hollow, it follows:

DOING THINGS THE PIONEER WAY

It was in the 1840's, the Lewis Kirsten, great-grandfather of Dorothy Kirsten, the opera star, came to Northfield from his native home in Germany.

He came to the home of his friend, John Andrew Hoffman, who had bought an extensive tract of land, on the road leading from the Meetinghouse to Hanover, now West Northfield avenue.

Lewis knew no English, but his friend told him he could get him work. "First," said his employer to be, "I must see him eat, for as a man eats, so he works."

At the close of the meal he was hired.

John Andrew Hoffman had a daughter, a slender dark-eyed girl, and Lewis became deeply interested in her.

He purchased land in what is now Cherry lane, on the eastern slope of the Second Mountain, and built a five room cottage.

He and Johanna Wilhemina Frederica Hoffman began their married life there.

Proudly he wrote of his new home and the happiness of he and Hanna, urging his parents to cross the ocean and make their home with them.

The dwelling stood across the roadway from what is now the head of the Orange Reservoir. The Rahway river teemed with fish.

As time went on and children came to them. Lewis had always planned to be a loyal citizen of his new country, and he was anxious that his children, and those of his neighbors, should have an English education.

There was a school at the foot of the First Orange Mountain; if standing today, it would be in front of the West Orange National Bank. But it was a long way to go, and few, if any, children in Pleasant Valley attended there.

Farms had been cleared, apple trees were now bearing, cattle and sheep were roaming the fields. And Pleasant Valley was a beauty spot.

Pleasant Valley, it was rightly called.

In springtime, the dogwood vied with the fragrant apple blossoms, and the scent of the wild grapes blooming, as they trailed over the stone walls, gave a delicate promise of the harvest to come.

In the autumn, a time of joy to the children, nuts of all descriptions were to be had for a climb to the mountainside.

Lewis looked out on the valley and saw that it was fair.

He went out among his neighbors, and talked the need of a school in their community.

His father-in-law, John Andrew Hoffman, gave him the privilege of cutting timber from his woodlots, in Northfield, for the framework of the building.

Parents and friends gave money to buy clapboards and windows.

Lewis was a carpenter; he gave freely of his time and labor.

A neat building soon rose on the triangle of Northfield road and Cherry lane, at the foot of the Second Orange Mountain.

A little mountain spring overflowed into a tub across the way, and ambled down the slope to the river below. At first, Lewis was stumped for school trustees for none of the men were English speaking. Bennert Hirt and John Klem lived adjacent to the school. He solved his problem by asking them to serve, and he, self appointed, did the writing and business end of the school administration.

The building had a small porch, was guiltless of paint, long benches ran along each side of the room, while in the middle of the room stood a box type stove. Parents hauled jags of wood to the schoolyard, and the bigger boys worked the wood up into stove lengths.

When the roll was called for the first session, twenty boys and a like number of girls responded.

There were no district lines. Children trudged from Jesse Rogers where the deer paddock now is, in the park. The Cookes came from Millburn way, walking the entire length of Cherry lane, and the Meekertown children came down the hill. These, with the children living nearer in Pleasant Valley, made up the school. School was held for three or four months in the year, depending on how the school money held out.

Samuel Parkhurst, from Hanover, taught one term.

Jane Atchinson, daughter of Dr. Timothy Atchinson, pastor of the little church, taught gratis one year.

Then, "Over the hill from Northfield way came Daddy Winans, with a bundle of birch switches for the girls and a passel of hickory gads for the boys."

As one old lady remarked, "As a teacher he didn't amount to much, but his switches certainly could sting."

A Miss Smith taught for awhile. Miss Smith had a beau, the beau had a horse and buggy. He would call at the school during school hours. After a conference on the porch, Miss Smith would re-enter the room, drape her watch and chain around Lydia Cooke's neck, give her an encouraging pat and say, "Now Lydia, watch the time

and children, I'll be right back."

And blithely she would join the beau for a snort dash over the hills.

I. M. Dobbins of Verona succeeded her, walking to and fro from Verona.

Then came Robert Palm; he threw away the dried switches and gads and installed a merit system, controlling the big boys, in habit of bullying former teachers, and who cared nothing for whippings.

Robert made the schoolhouse a community center and many a musical and literary time was enjoyed by the parents.

He later became the first mayor of Verona. He enjoyed recalling his youthful experiences as instructor in the little school between the mountains.

Miss Anna Kirsten, to whom we are indebted for much of this data, stated that all the settlers between the mountains were of French and German descent.

They were: The Hellers, who became the well known tool makers of Newark; LeClercs; Vessos; Riecheys; Hirts; Joliet, (they had the tavern in St. Cloud; Neiddermeyers; Myerhoffers; Huberts; Savalles; Kirstens; Lenzs and Darnstadts.

They were all farmers with trades on the side.

All were patriotic and loyal to their new country.

When they found that President Lincoln was in need of men and likely to draft more, they volunteered to form a Company, and once a week they walked miles to a house on Mt. Pleasant avenue, where they drilled.

They dubbed themselves, "The Shirttail Parade."

Bennert Hirt was the only man who rode; he mounted a mule for these occasions, and would urge him on by calling, "Git-Gip."

Miss Kirsten recalled how her father laughed many a time over their doings.

And "Git-Gip" became a nickname that clung to Mr. Hirt for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER XX

In a little house, on what was later Reichey property, just above the Rahway river, on what is now the old alignment of Northfield road, dwelt an elderly clergyman, Rev. William Reiman, by name.

His house was always open, to the Christians there, for prayer and meditation. He administered the Lord's Supper in his home, John Andrew Hoffman, who was a jeweler, made the pewter communion service for this purpose.

It was in the sixties, that a Sabbath School was started in the schoolhouse.

Mrs. Sylvia Jennings of Northfield, wife of David Jennings, taught the children. She was childless, loving little children; she taught a class in the Northfield Baptist Sabbath School in the morning and in the afternoon went to the "Hollow."

The schoolroom soon became too small for the class, and she took them across the way, to a grassy place at the foot of the Second Mountain; there, with the sunshine filtering through the branches of the giant forest trees, she, on the Sabbath day, taught the children the Holy Word of God.

Abraham Baldwin, newly wed to his second wife, driving over the mountain road was charmed with the sylvan scene. And he stopped and joined the group. He was a worker in the Congregational Sabbath School, in the Congregational Church, in Orange Valley.

He interested the pastor, Rev. C. S. Hayes, and both took a deep interest in the situation.

In course of time, a church was built on the corner of what is now Cedar avenue and Northfield road.

Lewis Kirsten, happy to have a church in Pleasant Valley, constructed the church and parsonage adjoining.

And thus came into being the "Little Church in the Hollow," which our folks from Northfield way loved to attend on Sunday afternoons.

In later years, wealthy New Yorkers, with summer homes on the "Ridge" crest of the First Orange Mountain, were responsible for the present St. Cloud Presbyterian Church mainly the J. Crosby Browns.

The little church had become too weak to be self-supporting, and members merged with the wealthy St. Cloud residents' church.

The City of Orange, when the Orange Reservoir was built on the Rahway river between the Mountains, bought all the farm land adjacent to the stream.

And later the Essex County Park system took over all the land on the south side of Northfield road, in their development of the South Mountain Reservation.

The West Orange Grammar School on St., Cloud avenue, had its beginnings in that founded by Lewis Kirsten. A tavern is now located where the little church stood. Lewis Kirsten built a large house near Rock Spring, opposite what is now the present Corral tea room. In his later years, he conducted a store at his home. When he sold to the Park, he was given a life right to his home.*

* Demolished at his death.

Quite a number of the settlers, when the Park took over, moved to St. Cloud; others went over to what is the Pleasantdale section between the Mountains. Alfonse Le Clerc and his wife came to Livingston, and bought the John Crane home, opposite the Teed home-stead, on South Livingston avenue.

His grandson, Royden Gunther, was a well known resident of Livingston.

CHAPTER XXI

How the farmers, from Northfield way, patronized Bennert Hirt's feed and grocery store, at the foot of the Second mountain.

Mrs. Emily Bell, daughter of the late Bennert Hirt, related the origin of the store that later did a flourishing business. It just grew.

Bennert Hirt came to Pleasant Valley in the late sixties. His health was failing. He purchased five acres of land, and erected a three room house, two small rooms above, and a large one on the first floor.

A Mr. Coult, who lived in a lane, now known as Cedar avenue, made canes out of dogwood, which grew in such abundance on the east slope of the Second mountain. After he cut the canes and polished them, several hundred being ready at a time, he would hire Bennert Hirt to cart them to his New York store. (This in the days when it was stylish for every man to sport a cane.)

Bennert Hirt made the trip to New York, in a long covered wagon, drawn by a team of mules.

Neighbors soon began to ask him to bring provisions back to them, when he returned from the city.

Finally they begged him to open a small store, where they could procure dry groceries.

He made his lower room into two, and opened up his store, bringing a barrel of molasses, a barrel of flour, a kit of mackerel and a few other sundries, and was ready for business.

He found a growing demand for ground grain, and set up a grist-mill, running it with a steam engine.

He drove up in the country and bought grain for his mill.

Business increased, and for years his son Bennert, Jr., carried on the business.

Farmers, from Northfield, were glad to save the haul from Orange, over the steep grade of the first mountain, and get their supplies from Hirt. The Second mountain was steep until the cut was made later.

For years the Second mountain was called "Bennie Hirt's hill" by Northfielders.

When our men folks traveled over the mountains in the cold winter mornings with their milk, to be delivered to Orange customers in the early hours before sunrise, they would light a lantern and put it between their legs under a woolen blanket. It made a satisfactory warmth, and an occasional glance under the blanket kept them informed if they were in danger of scorching.

After a sleet storm, the First Mountain was a fairyland.

After your horse had slid around the first curve, and you turned Blue Bird's corner and entered the Straights,* the road would be overhung with the beech trees bending low, and the city of New York would stand out against the blue sky like a mirage of a celestial city.

* The long stretch from Blue Bird's Corner to Sim Harrison corner at the foot was known as the Straights.

Cheery greetings would be called back and forth, as neighbors going up and down would pass each other.

The jingle of sleighbells and such friendliness is a thing of the past.

Gone are the dogwoods that made the mountain road beautiful in the springtime.

A wide highway instead, speeding cars, friendly greetings a thing of the past. Gas fumes, instead of pure mountain air.

Progress? Perhaps!

CHAPTER XXII

"DADDY" HINDS WAXES ANGRY

They had an irreverent way, those ancestors of ours, of calling schoolmasters and preachers by the name of "Daddy."

Rev. William Hinds was always called "Daddy Hinds."

In the seventies, it was, that the annual Sunday School picnic was held at Genung's Grove, just over the Columbia bridge, in Morris County.

A heavy shower came up in the afternoon, and the picnickers took refuge in Genung's barn. There was a smooth barn floor, and some thoughtful soul had brought along his fiddle.

And soon the adults were whirling about to the tune of the Irish Washerwoman. Rev. William Hinds was a Cockney Englishman, who made harness through the week and preached religion to the Northfield folks on Sunday.

He endured the dancing, but when he found later "that fiddle," reposing on the seat of his wagon, he let out a roar, "Get that Devil's H'angel h'out of my wagon!"

* * *

CHAPTER XXIII

EVERY DAY WAS BARGAIN DAY AT THE RAGMILL

It would be an eye opener for the present day matrons of Northfield, if they could look back into the 1880's, and realize the bargains the women bought after a day spent at the Ragmill.

It really was a millend store, owned by J. Edgar Williams, and was located on the crest of a hill, just over the line from Montclair.

He started the business in 1878.

It was a two story house and the remnants were piled into corners of the rooms.

The velvets, satins, silks and laces were sold over a counter.

Small fry would beg to stay home from school and go along. As it was in the days before Truant Officers were thought up. Permission was granted.

It was customary for "ma" to pick out a certain type of goods and instruct her offspring to, "Get a hold, and pull out all of that kind from the heap."

From Northfield, it took an hour to drive to the Ragmill, on the top of Verona hill.

It didn't matter if the seats of the surrey or farm wagon were full of neighbor folks, the youngsters could always crowd between their feet, or sit backwards with their heels swinging over the tailboard.

It was a good lark and they knew new dresses were in the making when "Ma" went to the ragmill.

Sometimes in the pulling out process, another youngster would be on the other end, tugging at the same piece; complications would ensue and mothers would have to arbitrate.

All goods was sold by the pound, and "Ma" would get enough material to clothe the whole family for five dollars.

In the eighties, few ready made dresses were bought, as the women were proficient with needle and sewing machine. If they were not, there were always a sister or aunts, who were. Considering that dresses then were several yards around the hems, it is a marvel that so many dresses came out of such a small outlay.

Great-aunt Hannah Cooke,, driving over to Verona with a surrey load of women, asked a small boy if they were in Verona.

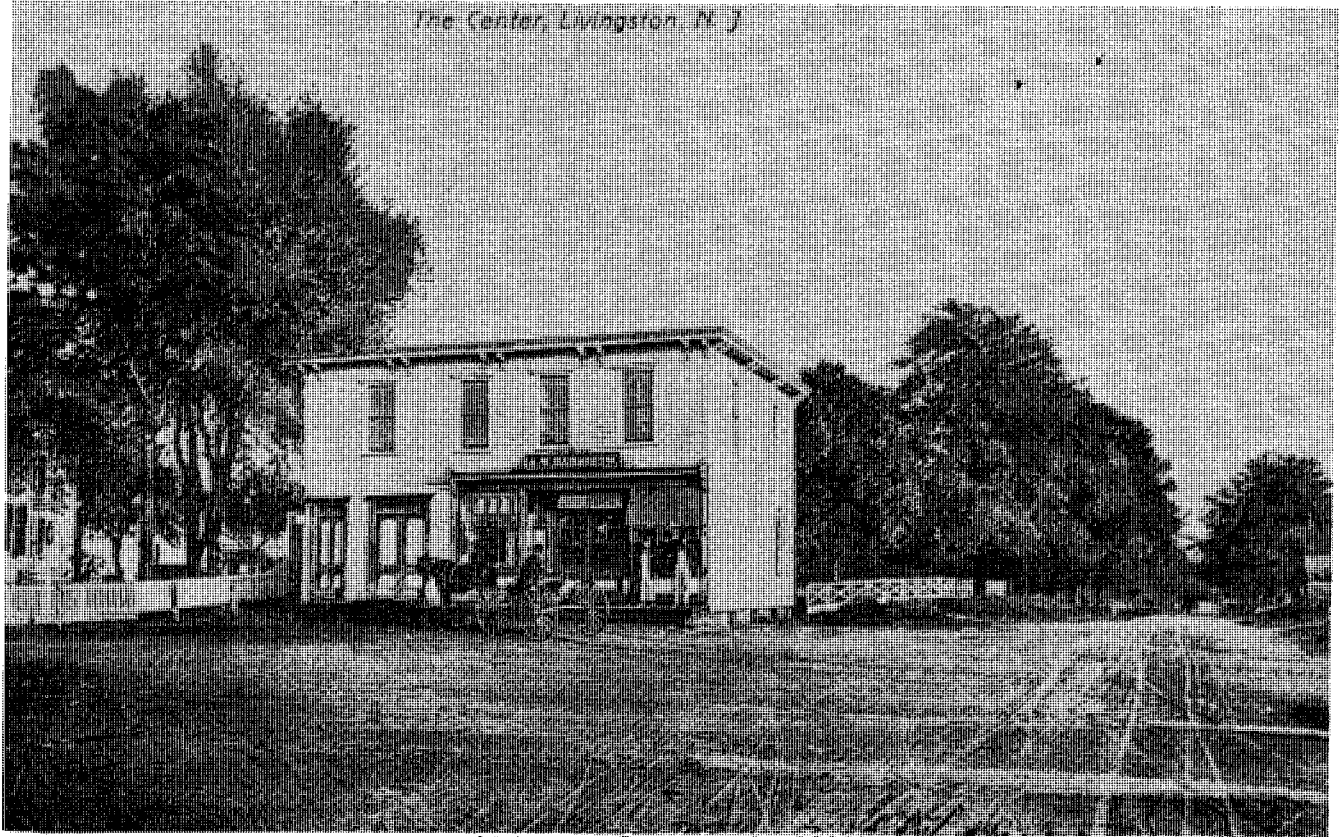
"Yah," replied the boy, "and the Ragmill is up there on the hill."

"How did you know we were going there?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Aw," replied the boy, "Every time we see a wagonload of wimmen, we know where they are goin'."

The material sold at the ragmill was not shoddy, but could compare with that sold in the big city stores of today.

The Center, Livingston, N. J.



Livingston Center in the 1880's

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SATURDAY NIGHT GATHERING

In the eighties, my father took a position as clerk in the general store at Livingston center.

We lived in one side of the old Rose tavern, converted by Amos W. Harrison into a spacious two family house.

Saturday night after "Amos" had closed the store for business, the men from around the center would be congregated in the store for a social hour.

Great-uncle Ed Collins had a front room with us, and he was totally down on the men folks, who forgot their supplies Saturday nights and tried to rouse my father on Sunday morning, to get forgotten parcels from the store across the way.

One Sunday, at an early hour, we heard great-uncle Ed throw up his window; "Billy Hopkins, what do YOU WANT?"

"I forgot my flour," said Billy.

Great-uncle Ed gave a snort of disgust, "Go home you big 'Galoot'," and slammed down the window. My father slipped out and pacified indignant Billy.

Among those who congregated these Saturday nights were: Will Parker Teed; Uncle Eben Teed; "Cap" Nealy; Ely Halsey; Ben DeCamp; Billy Van Zee; the Maxfield boys; the Hopkins men; Billy Ward; Dave Flynn; Ben Collins and George Collins. Will Parker Teed, who loved old Livingston days, wrote many a homespun rhyme about them.

Through the courtesy of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Inez Teed, I am using his poem describing those Saturday nights in the old store:

THE OLD POT STOVE

by Will Parker Teed

How dear are old companions
Whether dog, or horse or man,
For whom we've formed affection,
As every mortal can.
And I stop and think and sigh
As through this maze I rove,
The dearest charm, I now recall
Was once an old pot stove.

Tw'as forty years ago or more,
When every chap in town
Would go to Amos' grocery store
And squat himself right down,
On bootbox, soap box, or what not,
With Cap, Dave, Jim or Jove,
And many more with uncle Eb
Around an old pot stove.

We weren't much on larnin' then,
For we never had the show
Like city swells, who'd sometimes call
And stand around and blow
As how they knew astronomy,
When in their pates we drove
A lesson in propriety
Gleaned around the old pot stove.

We weren't much on sarmons,
Like the Parson used to preach
How we must be half drowned
Ere Heaven we could reach.
Or how that blamed old Sinner,
With his thousands scolding wives
Could ere be conducive
To tranquil peaceful lives.
And we had our opinions
Of those of solemn mien
Who nosed in our Dominion
Or scoffed at our canteen.
We never could drink cider
Or chaw tobaccer then
Around a radiator, no, no, not one in ten.
The proper place for such things,
Was in a country store,
Conducted by our good old friend,
Some thirty years or more,
Who, when the evening trade was done,
Would put the shutters up,
Then pass around the pitcher,
So each could take a sup.

Then up would climb Bill Maxfield
On a flour barrel head,
And on his accordion
The soul of music shed.
Then Ben and Dave and Billy Van
And all around seem'd in a trance.
When clip, clip, clip, the spell was broke,
Great guns how they could dance.

How many of those nimble feet
Were stilled long, long ago.
And we are left, so few to greet,
So few to tell and know
Of what that old pot stove had seen,
While dealing out the cheer,
From hickory logs like meteor
On every chilly year.

Twas just the other day,
I met one of the few
Surviving members of the Guild;
And asked him, if he knew
Or could he tell about the time
The good old stove had left?
And then he answered, "Bout the time
When we were sore bereft."*

Now that made me wonder,
And close my eyes and dream,
And in a far off vision
Through mystic haze I seem
To see those dear old faces,
Snug in a cozy cove,
Smilin' in their Glory,
Around that Old Pot Stove.

* Referring to death of Ben DeCamp.

* * *

As we have gone back over the generations that our ancestors lived and loved in the old days of Northfield, we have tried to picture for our readers how the countryside looked, how our forefathers lived, raised their families while working hard in the country life, still, enjoying many real pleasures. Scoffed at perhaps, by those living today in a push button era, they made their own good times, were patriotic and sincere. What more can one ask of life?

And always was love of their God foremost in their thoughts. Our pioneer ancestors have proven in these pages that God and their country came first.

"Family Pride?" Why not, with the record before us?
So we write finis to our tale of bygone days.

Lillias Collins Cook,

Roseland, N. J., May 16, 1953

* * *

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