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TREADWELL EDITION.

CROTON REUNION AT TREADWELL, N. Y., AUGUST 19, 1896.

HISTORICAL SKETCH, BY H. S. TREADWELL.

About the year 1812 a committee appointed by the State reported a bill in the Legislature... which subsequently became a law... providing that the several towns in the State be divided into school districts by three commissioners elected by the citizens qualified to vote for town officers; that three trustees be elected in each district, etc., something the same as the present law.

From the school records in this district, No. 16 of the town of Franklin, I find this record, dated March 16, 1818: At a meeting called it was resolved that we proceed to build a school house, and Amos Boyd, Isaac Ludington and David Ogden were chosen to carry it into effect.

This was done previous to the time of the organization of this district. At a meeting of the freeholders and inhabitants called by the commissioners of the town of Franklin, on the 16th day of May, 1818, the same persons that were chosen to build the school house were named for trustees.

At this meeting David Ogden, Jr., was chosen moderator. John Keeney clerk, and Herman Gates collector. (And here mention may be made that Herman Gates was killed by a tree falling on him, and John Keeney was drowned in the Ohio river.)

This road was called the Catskill turnpike. A line of four horse stages ran through here each way daily, the coaches being loaded with merchants and others going to and from New York.

About the year 1824 a postoffice was established here, Minor Treadwell being the first postmaster. At this time, when there was no property to be found to satisfy an execution in the constable's hands, he was authorized to take the body to jail, the family being left at home for friends to care for in his absence.

About the year 1824 Reuben Boyd and Mordica Clough were caught under a falling tree, on the farm of Mr. Earl, up Roaring Brook; Boyd recovered, but Clough never walked a step thereafter.

In the year 1797 Delaware county was organized. There were but seven towns in the county, Franklin being one of the seven. In the year 1800 Meredith was organized as a town, a part being taken from the town of Franklin.

and one frame house on the place now occupied by Lucius Jackson; also a tannery for tanning hides for leather there. There was a potash and pearline oven standing where Munn's store now stands; also a flouring mill known as Keeney's, up roaring Brook where George Osborn's house now stands, that ground the rye for bread for the families living in the vicinity.

This community was mostly settled by farmers clearing their land. There were no colossal fortunes in this town, farmers having but little capital and few tools, consequently there was a great deal of borrowing and lending tools and things to do with; almost all more or less depended on others. Their teams were mostly ox teams.

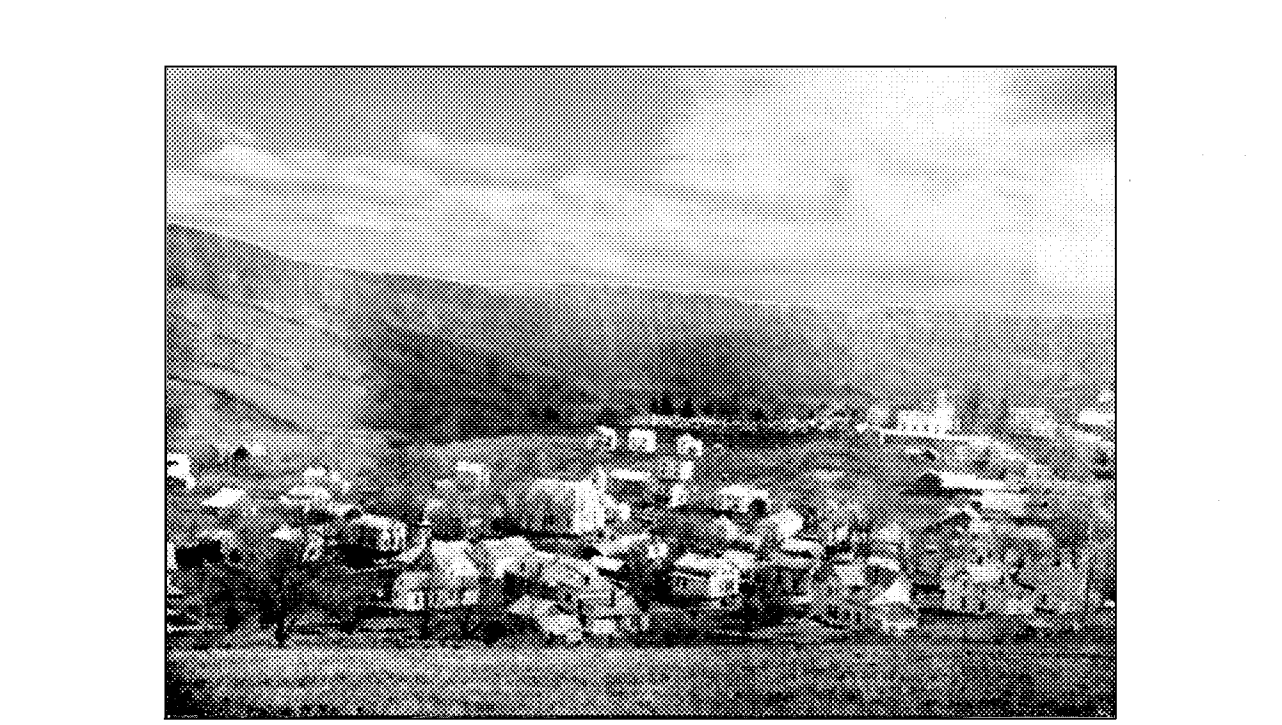
The following list of residents of Croton and vicinity forty years ago and more is taken from Jay Gould's history of Delaware county: Blair, Bourn, Bennett, Blanchard, Backus, Brownson, Boyd, Bush, Bostwick, Blake, Baldwin, Broadwell, Carver, Cook, Cutler, Case, Dezell, Drake, Elderkire, Eveland, Ford, Gay, Georgia, Gilmore, Goldsmith, Gates, Hine, Hawley, Hymers, Houghtaling, Hogaboom, Huyck, Jackson Jester, Jennings, Kellogg, Knapp, Ludington, Murphy, Middlemist, Marshall Munn, Noble, Osborn, Oles, Ogden, Pomeroy, Parsons, Prime, Perkins, Remington, Reid, Rich, Shepherd, Saunders Sherman, Stewart, Scherme (smudged) Slade, Squire, Smith, Tupper, Titus, Taylor, Treadwell, Tennant, Van Tassel, Warfield, Wolcott, Wattles, Wheat, Welton, Ward, Wyckoff, Widger.

Largely identified with the history of Croton are its churches. The Baptist people for many years constituted a large part of the church at West Meredith, though they held regular services in the school house in their own village.

The pioneer Methodists in the place were David Gay and Almira his wife, who came from Sharon, Conn., in 1819. In 1823 Rev. John Bangs organized a class, consisting of six members, Mr. Gay being the leader. They met in the school house, and the organization was of slow growth at first, but in 1849 a church edifice was built, it being then and up to 1858 part of a circuit which included Franklin and North Franklin.

The name of East Franklin was changed to Croton in 1847, and remained so until in 1895 the postoffice department arbitrarily made another change, giving the residents a choice of names. The decision was in favor of Treadwell, which might appropriately have been the original name of the place, in honor of the early settlers and first postmaster.

The writer of this paragraph remembers Croton best during the decade beginning in 1855. During those years a generation of young people were sent out into the wide world who have come back to this reunion, many of them, bearing laurels of victory over the conflicts of life, and rejoicing in the strength of ripened



THE VILLAGE OF TREADWELL.

school (in a new and modern house) the great grand children and great great grand children, of those who first listened to its tones.

years. It was under the tutorship of such teachers as the Misses Blair, Miller and Brown, and of Messrs. Dibble, Parsons and Cable that the boys and girls, young men and maidens were not only taught the elements of education but had instilled into their lives the principles of true and sturdy manhood and womanhood, which has done them good service in their contact with their fellow men.

Minor Treadwell was born in New Milford, Ct., January 14, 1784, and died January 15, 1863. Was married to Polly Roberts, of New Milford, Sept. 3, 1805. From this union were born Dimis Eliza, June 24, 1808; Orrin Roberts, July 3, 1811, died June 13, 1848, at Croton; George Benjamin, March 25, 1818, died Apr. 23, 1889; Annis, Dec. 31, 1820.

Mr. Treadwell was by trade and occupation for the greater part of his life a carpenter and joiner, and for many years, in the days of hand threshing, manufacturing fanning mills. He kept the village "tavern" awhile and was postmaster for some years.

HERMAN TREADWELL, one of the pioneers or first settlers of what was then East Franklin, came from New Milford, Conn., in 1823, and occupied a log house which stood on the present site of the hotel.

were carpenters, and they built many of the first residence of the village. Herman Treadwell's family consisted of Hartson, Andrew, Charles, (born in New Milford) Chester, Robert, and Sally (Mrs. Lyman Smith). There are now living, Hartson, Charles, and Mrs. Smith.

And when Fort Sumter fell and the war trumpet was sounded through the land, no hamlet in all the North responded more promptly or more liberally to the call for volunteers.

MINOR TREADWELL.

At a meeting that was called, your servant was installed Historian for this occasion, certainly— O, I've racked my sluggish brain To bring't to life again. But it's useless, for it's passed the noon-mark.



Mr. Treadwell was by trade and occupation for the greater part of his life a carpenter and joiner, and for many years, in the days of hand threshing, manufacturing fanning mills. He kept the village "tavern" awhile and was postmaster for some years.

Just about half a mile from Sam Remington's mill. "Multiply and replenish," like the rest in those days. Was the Scriptural injunction obeyed always. To old Deacon Brownson's for a visit one day. They harnessed the horses and hitched to a sleigh. They filled up the sleigh with all it would hold; Those inside were roasted, those outside were cold. Aunt Sally always ready for the few or the many; George says, "We've all come but Rill, Rat and Granny."

A POEM, [Written by Hon. C. H. Treadwell just before his death, but not completed, and there are undoubtedly some crude things about it which he intended to embellish and complete had he lived.]

Once upon a time I made a little rhyme, And the people thought surely a poet I must be.

My friends, we're glad to meet you, And happier still to greet you. After years of change and isolation. But to look into your faces And seek there passing traces Of the loved ones that we used to know.

He had ruled this land so long, with undivided sway, He really felt he had no right to act to his displeasure. His duty was to tackle him, and abuse him without measure.

Mr. Treadwell was by trade and occupation for the greater part of his life a carpenter and joiner, and for many years, in the days of hand threshing, manufacturing fanning mills. He kept the village "tavern" awhile and was postmaster for some years.

Uncle Nate was a man with main chance in his eye; Kept a store and distillery where he worked up their rye. He also made potash, and run blacksmithing as well; Made wagons and sleighs, in fact everything to sell. In fact in this place, the "High muck a muck," Making prices at both ends was always his luck. One night the robbers broke into his store; They sampled his liquors 'till there was no room for more; The goods were marked so high they left them on the shelves, Only taking a few things that they could use themselves.

He and A. Bostwick lived neighbors, and they were brothers-in-law; He saw that Nate would own it all, and balked and would not draw. They could have had the village then, if they had worked together; While Ammon could act as fireman, and Nate would control the lever. As soon as Ammon sold off a lot, and a house was built upon it. In some mysterious way 'twould slip, and Uncle Nate would own it. The church then had voted to build a church at Croton.

'Twas then he found dry river was hard to run a boat on— The war had waxed so very hot the church took up the fight And by a vote excluded them, to keep the records bright. (An heroic thing for the church to do, With most of the wealth in the hands of those two.) Nate was not all bad; no, no!

If you wanted him as a fast friend, you must with him agree; You must fight for him, feel like him, and vow you loved no other— You'd found the road to his pocket book, and he'd treat you like a brother.

At length John Bangs came here to preach; as his name would indicate. He was a banger, and he banged right from the shoulder straight. A man of powerful physique, and with a voice to match, He'd bang the devil wherever found 'till he couldn't come up to the scratch. All the sects would get a bang, if the came to hear him preach; Backsliding sinners, too, if they got within his reach; And ornaments of every kind, he didn't think were right; He'd bang and bang and bang at them, 'till he banged them out of sight. And no one there could stand his bangs, without a sense of guilt— The hardest cases, from his bangs, were often seen to wilt; But the biggest bang of all reserved, and always kept in store For those he'd hit who, fluttering, stamped for the door.

Of Henry Noble I must write a history of the plight With the doctors. In those good days of old, though Of reason befit, some thought him possessed Of the devil, because he would swear so. At a council 'twas decided—the paraphernalia provided— First drow him and then his life to restore. So with a rope 'round his waist, everything fixed to their taste, They dumped him into eight feet of water or more.

The next I shall speak of is Nathan J. Frear. To speak of his virtues to me is not clear, But I'm bound to say the best that I can: For one of his age, a very young looking man. Uncle Charlie Bennett you would always find "in it," If a friend was in trouble anywhere. He was everybody's friend, there to stay unto the end; In joy or sorrow, you'd always find him there.

You need Hood's Sarsaparilla to enrich and purify your blood, create an appetite and give sweet, refreshing sleep.

TERAH JACKSON.

Uncle Tera comes next, and he lived on the hill,