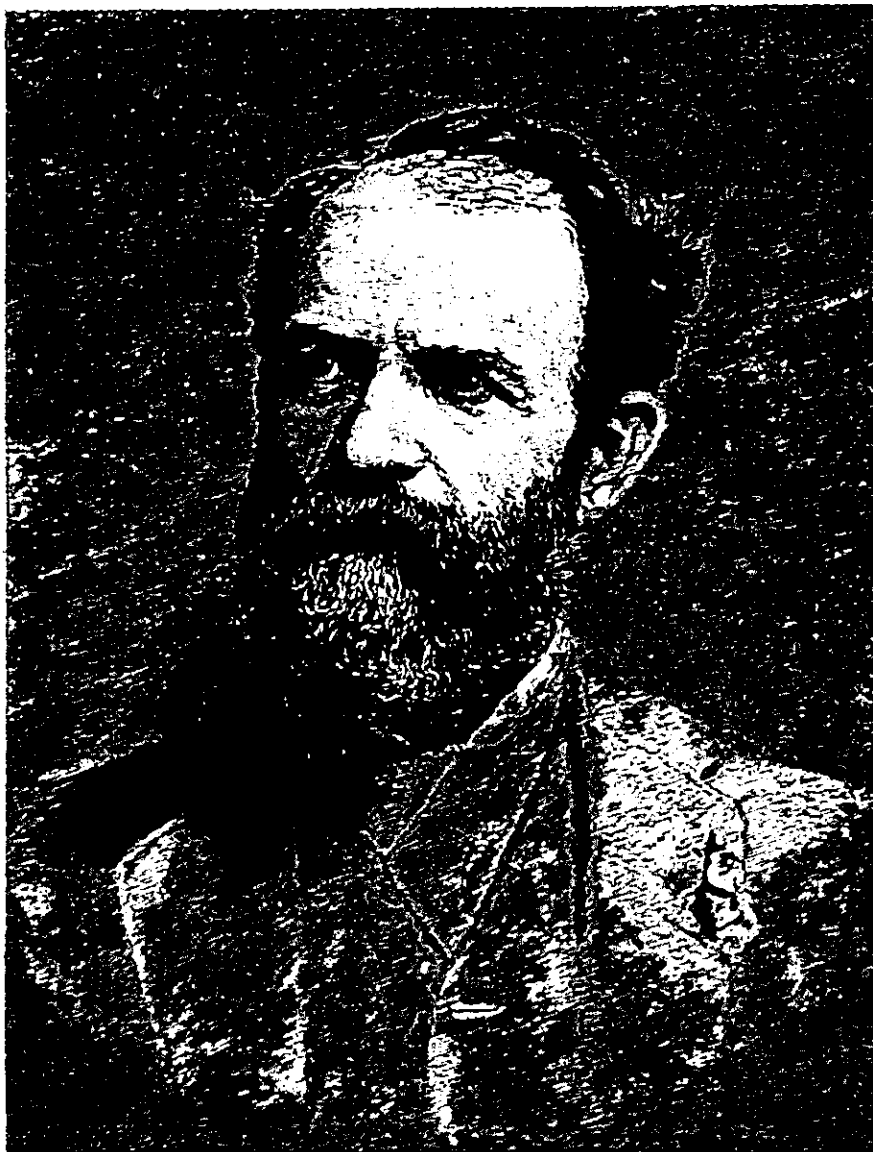


DELAWARE COUNTY HISTORY

JAY GOULD

Author Of
The First Delaware County History.



(From "Harper's," 1885)

FALL 1977

VOLUME 9

JAY GOULD

His Early Years In Delaware County

by John E. Raitt

Jason (Jay) Gould, a surveyor, map maker, history writer, railroad magnate, and often reported "robber Baron," was born on the family homestead at West Settlement, Town of Roxbury. The date was May 27, 1836. He acquired the name of Jason after his uncle Jason Gould who was a Civil Engineer living at Smith's Falls, Canada.

Jay's father was John Burr Gould, a farmer, born in the Town of Roxbury on October 13, 1792. His father Abraham Gould had been a sea captain for a time. This Abraham Gould, Jay's grandfather, was a son of another Abraham Gould (or the name Gold as records often spell it) who was killed in the Revolutionary War.

Jay Gould's mother was born Miss Mary More, a descendant of early pioneer family of the Roxbury-Grand Gorge area. Her father was Alexander T. More and she married John Burr Gould in April 1827. The early More settlers were founders of Moresville, later named Grand Gorge.

Mary More Gould died in January 1841 when Jay was but a four year old lad. She had mothered five children, namely: Sarah Burr, Anna, Nancy, Mary and lastly Jason. The father, John Burr, subsequently married two other ladies, the second wife lived only a short time after her marriage. The third wife, Mary Ann Corbin was the mother of one son, Abraham Gould.

Jay began to attend school at Meeker's Hollow located about a mile over a hill from the home farm when he was about 4-5 years old in company with his sister Sarah. There was a good school there and their father paid a certain sum for the purpose of sending his children. Next Jay attended the Little West Settlement school during the school terms.

In the summer of 1849 he attended a school at Hobart, New York for five months walking over the hill to school on Sunday nights and staying there until the following Friday night when he would walk back home.

For a short time in 1850 Jay Gould went to the Beachwood Seminary, a small select school located about a half a mile below the Gould home. James Oliver was the teacher. While attending this school, Jay composed composition No. 10 which he entitled, "Honesty is the best policy." (See page No. 16 elsewhere in this booklet.)

As a boy, Jay Gould was small and rather frail, much more interested in books than in farming. His father recognized this and in 1851 permitted Jay to move to the village of Roxbury to live with Edward Burhans while clerking in the Burhans' "corner store." During this time he had the privilege of getting up and making the fire as early as

he wanted it, which he generally did at four o'clock, to spend the early hours in study.

In the spring of 1852 Jay's father and family moved to Roxbury where he took over the hardware store (tin establishment so called in the 1856 map). Jay became a partner briefly with his father in this enterprise. The John B. Gould & Co. (as the firm was called) kept a ledger which carried entries made by both Jay and his father. At that time (according to Sarah) "my brother wrote with a steel pen, and my father wrote with a quill pen, which he made himself, and with ink that he made from British ink powder. He would not write with any other ink, or with any other pen but a quill pen, and kept that pen in the ink so that it would be soaked."

Jay was entrusted with the task of traveling to Albany and New York to do the buying of hardware for the store. It was on one of those trips that he found himself caught on the east shore of the Hudson River without means to get across even though the route home began on the opposite bank. It was winter time. When Jay eventually arrived home he informed the family that he had been obliged to cross the Hudson on cakes of floating ice. His sister Sarah reported, "we chided him for it."

What kind of boy was Jay at this time? He was a young man, beardless, in his early teens, standing about five feet in height with dark eyes, hair and complexion. It was said he usually wore a pleasant smile. He was at least ten years ahead of his age, very ambitious but had little time for sports or games. He much preferred to spend idle time in study or reading. By the age of 12-13 he had studied geometry and logarithms, planning to survey and dreaming of a transcontinental railroad. James Oliver, a former teacher, called him a boy of uncommon intellect, a good listener with a retiring disposition. One who was very independent and thought things out for himself, never rude or boisterous, was not profane or vulgar in his use of words and never was a great talker unless he was with you alone.

The year 1852 found Jay Gould entered into an agreement with John J. Snyder to survey Ulster County. In May of that year he wrote his former teacher James Oliver from Accord, New York to give him a description of the "modus operandi" of his survey work. "In addition to the compass we use a gno-dometer," he wrote, "an instrument the only thing I can liken it to is a wheel-barrow, only there is little more work about it, and it is got up on a little nicer scale. The wheel is half a rod in circumference to indicate the revolutions of the wheel there is a complication of clock-work and a dial with three hands attached one of which as often as the wheel goes one rod moves from to two and two rods from two to three, etc. in the same manner the other gives the distance in chains and miles respectively, the cost of the machine is \$25 and the advantage gained is evident. One person with his gno-dometer and compass forms a company within himself. As we go

through the country we make a sort of a panorama sketch of the whole country, laying down every mans house, (dwelling), shops, school-houses, tanneries, public houses and churches. Also correctly noting down the courses of the different roads and streams; then these notes which we have taken during the day we plot into a map at night, and to this add each days work for a week perhaps. Then we make our returns to Him (Snyder) and his business is to compile them all into his grand map."

From this experience Jay, no doubt, made his decision to produce his own maps. The next year he and a cousin, Iram B. More attended Albany Academy while at the same time making plans to survey Albany County and the City of Cohoes. Jay spent his time studying Greek, Latin, Bookkeeping, Double Entry, Writing and Drawing.

In April he made a fast trip to visit four colleges to see if they offered beneficial higher education for his life's work. He went to Rutgers, Yale, Brown and Cambridge. Also on this trip he took to the Fair at the Crystal Palace in New York City a mouse trap which his Grandfather More had invented and patented. Cousin Iram More made the trip with him and reported that, "when we were going in the street car to the Exposition Building, a man stole the trap, or box, stepped out of the car, and we saw him. We were both young, sixteen years of age. Both of us ran out of the car and tackled the man and held him until a policeman came to our assistance and he took the whole three of us to the police station and entered a complaint and Mr. Gould exhibited the trap to the Justice and he was terribly taken up with it." The trap was later taken to the fair and Jay reported that, "if he did not do any other thing, he made grandfather happy."

As for the trip to colleges, Jay apparently decided that he did not have the time to spend studying at a college, he had too much else to do and could increase his own knowledge by personal study. In the spring he was busy surveying Cohoes and Albany County, planning those maps while also proposing to construct a map of Delaware County, "different from the old one by David H. Burr, which map if it did posses any real accuracy is it not now deficient in almost every point of view . . . is of no practical utility now."

In August, Jay wrote to his former teacher, James Oliver to give him a description of the strange and seemingly idiotic questions which the natives asked while he traveled around surveying. "Who live in this house?" Jay would ask, to which they replied with the question, "What do you want to know that for? We explain this and often have to go through with a description of the Proposed Map. Then we get the name, next they ask what sort of an instrument do you call this 'ere thing? ha! ha! it looks like a Wheel Bar, we tell them the name and the object then they must go through a scrutinizing examination of all the different parts of the machine and often propound the following ques-

tions."

"Is this 'ere brass wheel solid or 'hollar'? How far is it around the outside? Does it wear out very fast? If these are all the questions they ask about the wheel you may consider yourself fortunate. The distance clock next attracts their undivided attention. Well I do say what wont they contrive next? What is this animal anyway? What do you do with such a thing as this, tells the time of day or what? Explains to them its object and as night follows day so as a natural consequence in quick succession comes the inquires: How often do you wind it up? How often does it strike? Does it go when you stand still? Does it make any particular difference whether you go fast or slow? Next comes How much do you get a day for this business? How many are there out there at work? When will you get through? Is this a county or state expense? and a thousand other queries . . . a thousand times every day . . ."

The same month Jay wrote to Mr. Champion, editor of the Bloomville Mirror seeking an editorial in favor of the Delaware County map. "In Delaware County the Supervisors ought to encourage it (the map) by buying maps for each of the school Districts," Jay wrote, "I want you to give me an editorial to this effect . . . and for every farmer to have in his home, for every merchant and lawyer's office . . ." He was a persuasive promoter.

Soon he had surveyors busy in Delaware County. Working for him were Iram B. More, his cousin, and Mr. I.B. (Bloom) Wilcox, both of whom had assisted him in Albany County. After two or three months, I.B. More sold out his interest to Gould and Jay secured John W. Champlin to survey and shortly after Col. Zawadille.

In another short letter, Jay noted that "we had an application from a firm in Philadelphia to dispose of our map of Albany County as soon as we get the survey and map ready for the lithographers. I assured them that we would take a \$1,000 and no less . . ."

The drafting of the Delaware County map and plotting of the survey was done in a small office over the front of the J.B. Gould & Co. store in the village of Roxbury.

All of this important business and hard work finally caught up with the young man and in June he became very ill. So ill in fact that two or three weeks later he wrote a friend that he had lost 24 lbs. of flesh and had only gotten out of his room a day or two previous for the first time. His recovery was not complete, however, for the second week of August he had a severe relapse and became such a dangerously sick boy that the family despaired of his recovery. A week later his sister wrote that Jay had been weighed and with his over-coat on, (this in August), weighed 100 lbs. exactly.

They couldn't keep the active youth down for long. Late in the month found him in Albany with half of his map for the engravers and in September he was sent as a delegate to the county Democratic con-

vention at Hunter's Hotel in Delhi. He was still only a teenager.

The year 1855 found Jay Gould writing for his proposed History of Delaware County, advertising the Delaware County map to be published, and still found time for four months to teach at the Roxbury Academy. A brochure of the Academy stated that "the trustees have secured the services of Mr. Jay Gould as teacher for surveying, who is supplied with a set of excellent instruments. Young gentlemen wishing a practical, as well as theoretical, knowledge of surveying, will here find facilities not inferior to the best and more expensive schools."

Early in 1856 Jay reported the total destruction of his History of Delaware County manuscript in a fire at the printing office in Philadelphia. This necessitated his re-writing the entire book. Fortunately he had saved some notes and manuscripts which aided him although some parts were gone forever. He also found time that year to enter into a partnership with Col. Zadock Pratt at a tannery in a place which became Gouldsboro, Pennsylvania. Pratt and Gould were the country end of the business, making the leather, while the firm, Leupp and Lee were the New York City buyers of hides and sellers of the leather in the city. Lee was the son-in-law of Leupp.

Jay remained in the tanning business about four years before going to New York City and becoming involved in the railroad business. There his manipulations of railroad stocks and other financial dealings are a matter of history. It was an era of ruthlessness, sudden wealth, and dog-eat-dog diplomacy. Jay Gould amassed a huge fortune but he also contributed to the growth and progress of the United States of America through the services his railroads performed in the populating of the West.

In New York City, Jay married Miss Helen Day Miller and he sired a family of six children: George Jay, Edwin, Helen Miller (Mrs. Finley J. Shepard), Anna (she became a Dutchess) and Frank Jay.

Mrs. Gould died on January 13, 1889. Jay survived her by nearly four years. His death occurred at his home in New York City on December 2, 1892. He was then fifty-six years of age.

Jay Gould's intellect and ability, even as a very young man, was remarkable. His life was a series of great successes amid difficult and trying circumstances. Had he lived longer and channeled his great wealth to benevolent or public causes, as occurred with the Carnegie, Rockefeller and Mellon families, his name might well enjoy much greater favor and esteem among historians today. He certainly was a gifted individual.

There is no doubt of his children honoring his name. The beautiful Jay Gould Memorial Reformed Church of Roxbury, New York was erected by them in his memory.

JOHN W. CHAMPLIN And His Diary'

WHO WAS JOHN W. CHAMPLIN? Born in Kingston, Ulster County, New York, in 1831, he was brought the following year by his parents to a new home in Harpersfield, New York, about two and a half miles from the small village of Stamford. His father operated a farm and, as John grew older, he assisted his father when not attending school.

Learning came fairly easy to the young man as well as enjoyable, so much so that soon he was employed in teaching district school during the winter seasons. While thus engaged, he became acquainted with Jay Gould, a lad of about fifteen years in 1850. Mr. Champlin taught public school in Roxbury where the Gould family lived during the 1852-53 school year. It was during this time that Jay Gould and John Champlin talked about the subject of surveying and mapping counties of New York State.

It was Jay Gould's wish to hire his friend on a contract basis; however, they eventually, by oral agreement, settled on a fee of \$20 a month and "found" for surveying. Mr. Gould agreed to furnish John the necessary instruments, an odometer (for measuring distances) and a compass.

John Champlin surveyed in Delaware County for three months in the fall of 1853 and again in September of 1854. The spring and summer time he used to attend school at the Delaware Literary Institute at Franklin, New York.

Late in the year 1854 John Champlin moved to the state of Michigan, undertook the study of law, was admitted to the bar in June of 1855. He had a successful law practice which was climaxed, from January 1, 1884 until December 31, 1891, by his seat on the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan.

During part of his survey of Delaware County, Mr. Champlin kept a little red pocket-book diary. This was in the fall of 1853. He noted the weather, places he was surveying but perhaps the most interesting notations concern the meals and lodgings "found." What follows is that diary - plus added editorial notes in parenthesis.

THREE MONTHS SURVEYING IN DELAWARE - J.W. Champlin Diary.

Tuesday, Sep. 27th: Started at head of the Delaware. (Stamford, N.Y. was at one time called Head of the Delaware.) Came across the mountains to Beaverdam (Roxbury). Everybody thought I was surveying for the railroad. Got as far as Geo. Lee's (Hardscrabble Road) and took dinner. Went as far as Hiram Powell's and put up; took supper then went up to Henry More's to an apple-cut. Cut the apples then had an old time till 2 o'clock. Then went to Beaverdam. Slept with Abe (Abel Crosby) and Jim just one hour and three-quarters. Started for H. Powell's, took breakfast, then it commenced raining; drizzled most all

day. Got as far as Sandy More's and tarried all night. Had a glorious time with the trio. Never had a better visit. Never enjoyed life better and never expect to again. Abe was there and Jim was there.

Wednesday, Sep. 28th: This morning opened cold and windy and closed cold and windy. I went as far as Moresville, (Grand Gorge) and took dinner at Jenkins and then went to the foot of Clay hill. Came back; left my wheel at Hardenburg's, then came as far as Chas. More's. Staid all night. Slept sound as a nut. Took supper and breakfast and departed. Had a great time in surveying on the Schoharie Kill - getting the county lines. Saw Philene More; had an excellent tho' short, conversation with her. Took dinner at Mr. Newcomb's. Came back to Moresville. Took supper. Sat alone. 1st-plate of bread. In front, a dish of apple sauce; on right, plate of cakes marked with hearts; on left, tea bell; in front, candle stick; on right, plate of cakes-ginger; on left, 4 sauce plates; in front plate of butter; on right, round cakes with holes in them; on left, my plate; on right, plum sauce; in front plate with three baked apples; on left, sauce plates-4; on left, sugar bowl; in front, candle stick; on right, pickles; on left, milk pitcher; in front, crackers; on right, stirred cakes; on left, plum sauce. Saturday morning I surveyed for C. More. Stayed at Job W. Clark's all night. Wrote a letter to Thomas. Monday took stage and came to Job W. Clark's, then went to Moresville; commenced work. Surveyed through to county line then came back to Carter's, and Al. and we went to J.S. More's where I had another glorious visit with the trio.

Tues., Oct. 4th: Surveyed cross roads; went over eight miles. Stayed (at J. Moffatt's)

Wednesday, 5th: Started for Township. Took dinner at D. Sinclair's. In the afternoon it rained some. I got as far as E.N. Metcalf's and tarried here all night. This afternoon I wrote a letter to my friend E.M.

Thursday morn (6th): Still rainy. The land here is high and steep. On the whole what you might call mountainous. The weather is cold and very windy with some hail. I got as far as J.B. More.

Friday morn (7th): Very cold. This forenoon I finished up the district I had surrounded. Came across Jason (Jay Gould) at A. Vandyke's. He left a Hungarian by name of Wm. Zawadille to go with me to learn to survey. (Mr. Zawadille was a refugee from Hungary and a friend of Jay Gould). Took dinner at J.B. Gould's. (John Burr Gould, father of Jay, living in village of Roxbury). Started after dinner and ran toward Dimick's as far as Schermerhorn's.

Saturday, Oct. 8th: Started this morning about seven o'clock. Cold and frosty. Surveyed down as far as Batavia Kill, thence up that stream to LaFarkins, where we took dinner. The country here looks poor, as well as the inhabitants; farms poorly fenced; houses small and going to decay, people rough and ignorant. Dinner, buckwheat cakes and honey. After dinner ran up the stream as far as Ballard's store. Here is a decided improvement in the face of the country. Looks a little more

like living. From here we came across the mountain to Beaverdam having survey this day 15 miles and 30 rods.

Sunday morn (9th): Pleasant. This morning I wrote a letter to Frank. Walked with Jay and the Col. (Zawadille) and came back; then walked with Abe. Had a pleasant walk. Eat supper at Mr. Gould's - the kindest folks in the world - then went to bed.

Monday morn; Oct. 10th: This morn started at Beaverdam went up to stone church, thence toward West Settlement. Got home at dinner. Afternoon surveyed the mountain. Got back at Gould's at sundown. Had a good walk with Abe.

Tuesday morn (11th): Cold. Started over Hacksknoll into Batavia Kill. Here is the most beautiful part of Roxbury. Took dinner at E. Mead's (near present day Vega). About 3 o'clock had a snow storm. We surveyed as far as J. Ballard's and then staid all night. The weather looks very much like winter and it storms. When I arrived here I asked a fellow, with a face and hands besmeared with blood, if I could stay. He looked astonished - said he'd see. He went into the house and soon came out and said I could stay. I went in, and the matron, a stout fleshy woman of about 30, was mixing cake, and a girl of 18 was spinning. Had warm biscuit for supper. After supper, peeled and cut apples, in which exercise I took part. My man Fryday (Col. Z.) made himself quite familiar with the children to the great terror of our good matron. We went to bed and I had a good night's rest.

Wednesday morn (12th): The weather is not so chilly as it was yesterday. There is some snow on the ground. In about two hours we had breakfast, during which time I wrote to Ed. Our breakfast consisted of two bowls of potatoes and some rye bread. Our bill was 50 cents. Hence this question: If two bowls of potatoes are worth 25 cents, what are a bushel worth, and the following was proposed by the Col.: If 2 bowls of potatoes are worth 25 cents; what cost a dinner with chicken? To-day we surveyed over the mountain to county line then came back and surveyed toward Ballard's store. Took dinner at R.D. Sloat's and put up at E. Ganoung's. Had a very good supper then went to bed. Slept first best. Got up in the morning, eat breakfast. Paid 50 cents and started. This morning was frosty but not very cold. We finished Batavia Kill and then came over into Red Kill. Here the land looks poor and the people poorer. The houses are small and cheap built, having a poor appearance. The farms are poorly fenced. It being now noon I am at J.H. Hammond's where I have the promise of a dinner. I have eaten dinner and surveyed to Clovesville. One the way some fellows proposed to make us say "Down Rent," but did not make it out. Clovesville lies between two mountains and is strung along perhaps a quarter of a mile. There is two taverns, two or three stores, and some other kind of crafts are carried on. There is two or three nice houses and a dozen of a meaner appearance. I am stopping at the temperance hotel.

Friday morn (14th): The weather this morning is cold and frosty, but gives promise of a pleasant day. We took breakfast then started for the county line at the top of Pine Hill. Here it runs through the middle of a house built by one Niltse who was over-fond of mutton, and when a constable came from Ulster he would step across the room and he was in Delaware, and when one came from Delaware he would step across the room and be in Ulster. About half way down the hill is the ruins of the place where Greene shot the man; the house and barn are complete ruins. As you descend the stream there is a high range of mountains on the left whose margins skirt the stream. On the right there are a range of high hills bordering close upon the brook so that it leaves little or no space for flats. We surveyed as far as Bendle's Hotel. Got my boots tapped and took dinner, then came down as far as N. Dimmick's, (Arkville) and here stopped for the night. Here the Glovesville stream empties into the Delaware, and here there is quite a quantity of flats. I took supper, went to bed, slept good.

Sat. morn (15th): The weather this morn is frosty, but bids fair for a pleasant day. We started and went up to Beavertown. I could not get any horse so I did not go home. I staid with Abe all night.

Sunday morn (16th): Is another pleasant day. I tried J.S. Ingraham for his horse, but could not make a raise. He said he was sometimes penurious enough to compute the interest on his Bible, and see how much more money he would have had if he had not bought it. But Abe, the dear fellow, got Bruce Smith's horse, and then we went home. Got back about ten.

Monday morn (17th): We started to go down the river. I surveyed up dry brook. Had a poor compass; 'twould not work. Went back to Margaretville and Jay sent for another. There was a law suit here.

Tuesday morn (18th): Another frosty morning. I started to survey intersections in Clovesville. I surveyed up Red Kill and down a cross road and up to the county line toward dry brook. Here on top of the mountain I came across old Johnny Ferguson that I have heard my father speak of. It was his son who went substitute for my grandfather in the last war. (War of 1812). The old man looked smart, and even went down to meeting on foot, a distance of two miles. I staid in Clovesville and wrote an anniversary letter to Ed.

Wednesday morn (19th): I surveyed up the Bush Ridge road. Came around by Pine hill and went up the Portertown road until night bid me close my labors. Came to a house owned by J. Morrison, a one-eyed man, and I asked him if I could stay. He gusses so, and I drove in. I went in the house and such a dirty hole I never got in before. The old man and woman were natives from the bogs of Allan and dirty as any pigs. She wore a hood all the time; she eat in it, and I guess she slept in it. I made out to eat some supper. The old man couldn't see what I was making a map for. The son's wife had on a dirty night cap and wore an awful smutty face with a pair of cross eyes. Shortly I went to

bed, but did not sleep much. I got up in the morning, ate a little and started. I went up to the county line, then came back and ran up the county line again. I stopped at A. Houtan for dinner. Had an encounter with a couple of bull dogs. They scared me and I scared the woman. Didn't get any dinner here. Then went on to Miss Kelly's, an old maid. Got dinner. She would not take any pay. I then came over to Big Red Kill and run over into Batavia Kill, then back again. The weather is the warmest that I have seen in 4 weeks. I went down to Beadle's, and staid all night.

Friday morn (21st): Looks like rain. I run over to Pink St. (a road leading through the country near the Red Kill) and back again. It rained very hard. I got as far as A. Routan's and staid all night.

Saturday morn (22): Still rainy. After breakfast I started for Gould's. Got there about 11 of the clock. I surveyed no more this day.

Sunday morn (23rd): Cloudy. I got up and shaved, then went to church. Heard an excellent sermon from Dominie Lee afternoon. In the evening wrote to S.G.C. and E.M. I woke up Jay at ½ past 12 and he started for Kingston. I then went back to bed.

Monday morn, Oct. 24th: I started for Johnson Hollow, and it commenced snowing, and I went as far as Montgomery's and put my wheel in and came back. It snowed all day and pretty much all night. Jay got home in the evening, having went to Andes instead of Kingston. He got a compass of Douglas. I went over in the evening and played two games of chess with Esq. Cowles. It was a draw game both times. I came home and went to bed.

Tuesday morn (25th): I went up to Montgomery's and got my wheel, and in the afternoon I took the stage to Col. Dimmick's.

Wednesday morn (26th): It froze pretty hard last night. I commenced at the Col's. and surveyed to Margaretsville. It was slow getting along. I got there about ten and bought a strap to carry my compass, then I started for Andes. I commenced surveying at Platte Kill. I took dinner at McLean's in Clarksville. (A. McLean's Hotel in Clarksville or later Dunraven). I surveyed to the foot of Palmer Hill, then came back to E. Bryant's. (Hotel next to District school No. 4). Staid all night.

Thursday morn (27th): It is very rainy. I went up as far as wheel, but it is so rainy I came back and have been here all day thus far. The land here lays well for grazing. The general course of the valley is north-west; it is watered by Sprout brook. The land on the north side gently slopes back for about a mile and ends in a sharp ridge of hills which separates it from Weaver Hollow. On the west of the stream are a range of mountains rising abruptly, and covered with hard wood. This is in the town of Andes. It was up this stream that the railroad was surveyed. The rise to the foot of Palmer hill was 100 feet to the mile. This route was abandoned. I have got a cold and sore throat. It rains still and it is now dark.

Friday morning (28th): It rains yet. About ten it stopped, and I started and run over Palmer hill to the village of Andes. This village is situated near the head of Tremper's Kill. It contains in all (houses, stores and shops) 90 buildings, a great many of which have a neat and tidy appearance, and the village is surrounded by high ranges of hills; the land seems well adapted to grazing and butter is the chief article of export. Sand's brook empties into the Tremper's Kill near the lower end of the village.

Saturday morn (29th): I started toward Delhi: I followed up Sand's brook to its source. Crossed into Bovina and down the Tunis lake stream to its junction with the Little Delaware. The land in Bovina is very uneven - high hills and deep valleys. I took dinner at McMurray's, (at the Hook) then crossed into the town of Delhi. I surveyed to Delhi - 12 miles. I stopped at Judson's. (C.L. Judson Hotel later the American House at corner Main and Meredith Streets). In the evening I attended a railroad meeting.

Sunday morn (30th): Frosty and pleasant. I wrote three letters today. 1 to Abe, 1 to Jay, 1 to father. I took a walk about four o'clock, and by this means I lost my supper. I went to bed. (Apparently the dining room closed before he returned from his walk).

Monday morn (31st): Pleasant frosty. I surveyed as far as Hamden and through the village. There are some very nice residences between Delhi and Hamden and some nice flats, and all in all the farms have the appearance of prosperity. But Hamden is a dirty, filthy looking place, although some exceptions may be made.

Tuesday morn (Nov. 1st): Pleasant. I started and surveyed down the river. In some places the flats are broad and in some places narrow. There are one or two very nice houses between Hamden and Walton. The river now has got to be quite heavy and it descends with a considerable rapidity. Walton is indeed a fine, thrifty looking village. The houses are mostly new and elegant. I got bled here by a tinman who charged me 25 cents for tacking on a piece of brass on my box. I went across the Del. and staid at D. More's all night. (David More had moved from Roxbury to Walton and his farm was in the area of the present Fair Grounds).

Wednesday morn (2nd): Very pleasant. I surveyed down the Del. After you leave Walton there are no more flats of consequence until you come to the Den. (Beerston). Here for half a mile are nice flats; then the mountains close nearly to the river. They are high, abrupt and rocky. I came as far as Odell's Hotel on the summit between the two branches. (D.B. Odell's Hotel at Apex). The grade of the plank is excellent thus far. (Here he is speaking of the Plank Road between Hancock and Walton, the construction of which began in 1850. It was built by the Delaware Plank Road Company.)

Thursday morn (3rd): It looks like rain here this morn. I had breakfast of fried pork and potatoes and slept on straw and paid 7- for the

privilege. I hastened on to Hancock. Got there about 2 o'clock. Found Bloom there with his wheel and compass broken. I gave him a dollar to go home with and then rode up to A.S. Maynard's (location about at Fish Eddy). Staid the night. They appeared glad to see me.

Friday (Nov. 4th): Cool but pleasant. I went with Thomas to-day. Saw their farm. They have got some handsome flats and some heavy timbered slanting lands. There is a great deal of wealth on their farm and it will require a great deal of labor to get it.

Sat. morn (5th): Cool. I and Thomas started and went to Hancock. I surveyed the village. We had dinner and some oysters and then went to his house. Staid all night.

Sunday morn (6th): Cold. I made a plot of Hancock and then we went up the river a mile and made a float and came down. I enjoyed the ride capital. Then I took a boat ride.

Monday morn (7th): Very cold. I started up Reed's brook. After I had got up about four miles my needle troubled me very much. Owing to the presence of some mineral substance which attracted it. It did so until I got nearly to the west brook. This is the roughest road I was ever on. Roots and mud holes and logs.

Tuesday morn (8th): Very cold. Snows and blows. It storms so hard to-day that I can do nothing.

Wednesday morn (9th): It rains very hard and so continues throughout the day. I wrote two letters to-day.

Thursday morn (10th): It snowed some last night and snows some yet. I started for the East branch. I went up Robinson's Brook and down Baxter's brook to Harvard, a small village in Hancock, and then I went down to Twaddles where I found the Col., and relieved him of his distress. I then came back and had supper, dried my feet and went to bed. About half a dozen sat in the bar room and talking of deers and rafts and lays and chopping and oxen.

Friday morn (11th): I surveyed the village and then I went up six miles to the mouth of trout brook. As I was coming up the river I stopped where there were some men working on the road. They had a yoke of oxen and they hitched them to an old hemlock tree and started it. It run right across the road and jerked the oxen in the river and one of them drowned. The country up the trout brook is covered mostly with beech, with here and there a sprinkling of maple and cherry. On the west side of the brook is a high range of mountains the whole length of the brook. On the east side of the brook the land gently slopes back, but the soil is very wet and I should think cold. I surveyed down to the river road and staid all night to Mr. Marvin's. As the mountain on side of the west branch lies strewn with windfalls, plainly speaking that the storm king has been there.

Sat. morn (12th): Rainy. I started as soon as it held up a little and went to Colchester. I got there just night. Stopped at Williams' Hotel (H. Williams' Hotel in Downsville). There was a law suit here. The jus-

tice was a long, slim, lank fellow. He looked like Dr. Timothy Smallbones, the apothecary. One witness looked like Jeremiah Saddlebags returning home singing a California glee song. They would ask the witness some half dozen questions and then light their pipes and rest until they smoked them out. I went to bed.

Sunday morn (13th): Rains. I wrote three letters; one home, 1 to Jay, 1 to Col. Zawadille. Colchester is a pleasantly situated village on the right bank of the Del. river (east branch) and contains about 60 dwellings besides a tannery and 3 or 4 stores, etc., etc. The streets are wide and well arranged, and the houses have a neat appearance.

Monday morn (14th): Cool and misty. I started for Walton. Got to the top of the mountain and met J.B. More. Went with him to Walton. Got there about 3 P.M. Staid all night. Took a ride in his wagon to the river. Got my feet wet and had the pleasure of drying them.

Tuesday morn (15th): Pleasant. I started from Walton and went up 6 miles and surveyed to R.S. Williams and then put up. A school miss staid there who was very sociable, and, moreover, very good looking. Her name was Mary Johnson from Hamden.

Wednesday morn (16th): Pleasant and atmosphere bracing. I surveyed down to the village and then found the Col. and gave him the clothes and \$8.00 in cash. I surveyed two streets and took dinner and then started for Hamden by way of Williams Hollow. I went as far as T. Fuller's and staid all night. He had just been building a new house, but had not got it finished yet. There were three beds and a trundle in the room where we slept. I slept in one, two strapping girls in the one on the left and two little girls in the trundle and two hired men in the one on the right.

Thursday morn (Nov. 17th): Rainy. After dinner I started and went to Hamden. Stopped at J. Batwick, Jr. (Hotel of J. Bostwick, Jr. in Hamden). Wrote to Gould. Saw A.M. Maynard..

Friday morn (18th): Pleasant. I surveyed through Lansingville (DeLancey) and Gregory Hollow. In the afternoon it rained some. I went down to Colchester and staid. A.M. Maynard was there. He staid all night also. He is a perfect b'hoy to carry on.

Saturday morn (19th): Fair. Came up to Cousin Joseph Martin's and stayed over Sunday. He has got an excellent farm and beautiful productive flats. As nice as any I have seen on the river.

Monday morn (21st): Rainy. It is holding up a little. I started up Basin Clove. Got as far as J. Clapperton's and then took dinner. The country up this hollow is very rough. After dinner I continued up and left my clothes to be washed at one Miss Patterson's, and I got up as far as J. Wrenwick's (J. Renwick near the head of Basin Clove) and there I stayed all night.

Tues. morn (22nd): Foggy. I surveyed over to the Gregory hollow road and then down that hollow to Mr. N. Bradley's, where I took dinner. I then took the East brook road. This is next to the worst road in

the country. The East brook is newly settled and the road is almost impassible on account of the stone, roots, rocks and mud holes. I came out on the basin clove just before dark and stayed all night at J. Signor's. He has a farm of 198 acres and wishes to sell it. Price, \$2,000.

Wednesday morn (23rd): Damp. Looks like rain, but warm. Surveyed up Terry Clove and over the mount to the old Esopus Turnpike, about six miles. In Terry Clove I saw some dairy farms, and it has the appearance of having been settled some time. There is a negro here who has acquired a considerable property and lives in a two-story white house. I surveyed to the poorhouse, and went up to Delhi, and there, to my great, great joy, I found 7 letters for me - 1 from Mary, 1 from Mattie, one from Ellen, 1 from Fannie, 1 from Adalaide, 1 from Abe, 1 from Jay, and also 1 for Col. Zawadille. I stayed at D.C. Thomas'.

Thursday morn (24th): Cold. About 10 it commenced freezing. I surveyed to Lansingville and two interesections, and stayed all night in Lansingville.

Friday morn (25th): Froze sound as a nut. I started and surveyed Terry Clove, and then over into Fall Clove, and stopped at the house of J. Mallock. (A short way below Wamsley's or today's Bryden's Lake).

Sat. morn (26th): Pleasant. I surveyed to Terry Clove, and then over through Huntley hollow. This is an awful rough road, through fields, woods with trees across it, etc., etc., a full match for Reed's brook. I got to J. Martin's about 4 o'clock.

Sunday morn (27th): Cold. I did little or nothing to-day but fix my wheel.

Monday morn (28th): Looks like snow. I run up the river through Sprague hollow, and up the Trempers Kill to J. Weaver's. Stayed all night. This valley is devoted chiefly to dairying.

Tues. (28th): Pleasant. I run up to Andes, took dinner at A. Shaw's. (Shaw's Hotel or Union Hotel). Wrote to Jay and then surveyed toward Delhi. Bothered to get kept. Tried three times, and the 4th made it out. Went without my supper. Stayed at A. Grant's.

Wednesday morn (30th): I surveyed past Landrie's lake. (Lake Delaware). This lake is 245 rods long, and quite a nice sheet of water. It has no inlets, but has an outlet sufficient to run a grist mill in the dryest time. I surveyed to Kingston turnpike, and then went to Delhi and got 6 letters - 1 from Jay, 1 from Stephen, 1 from Shout, 1 - Al, 1 from Ed, 1 from Day. I came back and stayed at Terry's.

Thursday morn (Dec. 1st): Cold. I had a task getting across the Little Delaware. To-day I came to the road where Graham murdered Cameron and McGilvera. The road has been altered from where it used to go at that time. I saw the same house where he lived. They had all been to a raising over in Fish Hollow. It was a log barn, now in ruins mostly. In the afternoon there was a thunder storm gathering, and just at night it burst forth. Cameron and McGilvera started for home. Soon after Graham followed. It was now dark. There route lay across a moun-

tain thickly covered with timber. Graham overtook and passed them. Went to where he had formerly made sugar. There he had found a handspike sharpened 4 square. He then concealed himself behind a rock and after they had passed by him he stepped up behind them and struck out their brains. It was so dark that he could only see to hit their heads, after they had fallen, by the flashing of the lightning. He had stabbed it down endwise and had several times missed their heads, making deep holes in the ground. Thus he worked until he had disfigured their faces inhumanly. He then left them, and threw his handspike into a brush heap and then went home. The next morning the two wives came to his house inquiring for their husbands; he said that he guessed they had killed each other, for he left them quarreling. He said he would go with them and look. He led the way. Just before he got in sight he put his hands before them and said "They are both dead." Cameron was 36 and McGilvera 27 years old. This was on the 24th of July, 1813. The road is now altered from the place where they were killed.

MONEY NOT EVERYTHING

(Delaware Gazette - January 27, 1909)

John Burroughs, the celebrated naturalist, who was born at Roxbury, in a very interesting interview concerning Jay Gould said: "I knew Jay Gould when he was in sore need of 70 cents, and knew him when he had \$70,000,000, and I am confident that Mr. Gould was happier when he hadn't even a dollar," said John Burroughs, the celebrated naturalist and scientist, in an interview on the "making of money." Mr. Burroughs also said: "I do not believe in the doctrine attributed to John D. Rockefeller, that if you want to make your wife happy all you have to do is to give her plenty of money. I do not believe that possession of money and happiness are synonomous.

"I sat behind Jay Gould in school, and once he wrote a composition on a slate for me when I needed ideas. That day he needed seventy cents and I gave the sum to him for two old school books - one a German grammer. I saw him later in life, but I do not think he was happy. Why? There was that money fire blazing in his eyes, and I am sure it reached his brain and consumed his life, sending him to an untimely grave."

RICHEST SOIL - Roxbury from the red school house to Hardscrabble, four farmer's wives weigh 850 lbs. - a little higher up the ground is a little poorer, the next four farmer's wives weigh 450 lbs. - Delaware Gazette - 5/15/1878

(Advertisement)

MAP OF DELAWARE COUNTY

The subscriber proposes publishing a new and complete map of Delaware County upon the latest and most approved plan being entirely constructed from actual surveys.

The surveys and delineation will be made by surveyors experienced in the business and will embrace the survey of all the Town & County lines of every public road and railroad embracing the line of the proposed Newburgh and Syracuse railroad showing the most feasible route; and the delineation of all the lakes, streams, etc., together with the general topographical features of the county, also the location of all the dwellings, stores, churches, hotels, mills, etc., the whole will be laid down on the scale of one inch to the mile making a large and ornamental map. They will be delivered to subscribers handsomely colored and mounted at \$5. per copy.

The names of all the principal property holders will be inserted (carefully including those who subscribe in advance to the map).

Jay Gould, Publisher Albany, August 1853
(Agreement)

..... 185..

This agreement made between Jay Gould, Publisher of the Delaware County Map, and of the town of County of Delaware, purports as follows: The said Jay Gould promises to have or cause to be engraved on the border of said Map now in process of publication, a View of the Residence of the party of the second part with the words beneath it, to wit:

And the said party of the second part agrees to pay to the said party of the first part, Dollars, to be paid on the issue of the Maps.

Delaware Gazette, October 3, 1900 - At the Shavertown Fair, a farmer exhibited some choice apples and his hired man, for a joke, picked some from the same tree and entered them. The Hired man received a premium on his apples while those of his employer were labeled "mis-named."