

**AUTO-BIOGRAPHY WITH AN
ACCOUNT OF THE ANCESTRY,
RELATIVES, AND FAMILY OF
ANSON AUGUSTUS BOYCE**

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Auto-biography with an account of the ancestry, relatives, and family of Anson Augustus Boyce
by Anson Augustus Boyce

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ANSON AUGUSTUS BOYCE

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A U T O - B I O G R A P H Y
WITH AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
ANCESTRY, RELATIVES AND FAMILY
OF
ANSON AUGUSTUS BOYCE.

THE NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTORY.

I have been induced to prepare from memory most of the following pages of my biography, and after reading the pencil manuscript to my dear wife, to write out the same.

I wish to leave to my children, grandchildren, and some personal friends a permanent record of my life, which has been an eventful and interesting one, in its example and influence. While I have made mistakes, and have been unfortunate in some business transactions, especially in real estate matters, I have preserved my integrity under many temptations, and have kept uniform good health by established habits of industry and regularity in living.

Inheriting, as I have, an excellent constitution from my blessed and saintly mother, I have now almost reached the age of four score years, with a fair prospect that I may at least survive to the end of this century, if not beyond 1900.

While I have earned probably \$50,000 in the forty years of my active business life, I have now not one tenth of this sum left, in my old age, but I have, as I trust, what is far more valuable, a *good name*.

A. A. B

SANTA BARBARA 1891

base 11/20/13

DEDICATION.

Knowing all its imperfections I will dedicate this "Reminiscence" of eighty years from my boyhood days, to which my retentive memory reaches back, to the one dear Companion, (my beloved wife Sarah,) for now about sixty-three and a half years past. By her Christian example she induced me near fifty years ago to be baptised and confirmed in the Episcopal Church at Utica. By her sweet temper and winning manners she has often restrained and guided my conduct to the "better and safer course." I will here repeat as my desire when issuing a late circular in regard to printing this private record of a long and varied life, that it is sent to my early friends in the East and perhaps to some later ones in California, *upon the condition that no portion of it shall be given over to or used by any newspaper.* As a fitting date when I hope this book will be finished and issued by the Committee of Kappa Alphians (as a holiday Souvenir) I will sign this of her next birthday, April 2, 1904.

A. A. B.

SANTA BARBARA, April 2, 1904.



I was born in a log house in the town of Homer, now Cortland, in Cortland County, New York State, on the 21st day of July, 1812, as my mother has told me. I remember my grandparents, Samuel Boies and Alexander Turner. I well remember my own father, Obadiah Boies, born in Blandford, Massachusetts, who died in Cortland village January 25, 1823, when I was about ten and one-half years old, for I was alone in the parlor bedroom with my mother and heard him speak his last words, after months of confinement to his room and bed by that insidious and fatal disease, consump-

tion. He was a very kind father, dignified and intelligent, as also successful in business as a farmer, also a magistrate for many years under appointment by the governor. His death was a loss to us beyond any mortal estimate.

My mother, Esther Turner, was born in Salem, Washington County, New York State, and died in Lockport, New York, in October, 1873. She was acknowledged to be a superior and remarkable woman in judgment and of experience in her household, and in the management of my father's estate, (of about \$15,000) then a large sum, earned by farming, dealing in stock and other property, by his own strong hands and his clear head. Mother was left a widow for fifty years with five children to bring up and educate, the youngest of whom, named after our father, was but a few days old when we were left fatherless in our youth.

I was the middle one in our group, having a sister and a brother older, and a sister and a brother younger. Their names were Sarah Jane and William Curtis Boies and Harriet E. and Obadiah Boies. My sister Sarah, the mother of my two nieces, Hattie and Jennie, was my guide and teacher in infancy and my choicest adviser in childhood, until her death in Lockport, New York, in December, 1835, where also my brother Obadiah died in the same house, and of that same dreaded disease, consumption, about 1845. My younger sister, who like my elder one, (married the Hon. Nathan Dayton, a man of high reputation as a lawyer, and a judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Western New York) died in New York City February 2, 1881, after several years of infirm health, leaving one son, Charles N. Dayton. Next and last my good elder brother, Curtis, (who was a Presbyterian minister of great sincerity and purity in life for about thirty years, when, owing to impaired health, he retired to an easier,

congenial and rural pursuit of fruit raising) on the twenty-third of September, 1887, breathed his last in his adjoining home in Lockport, where our dear sainted mother had departed to her Haven of Rest fourteen years before. Thus was I left the sole survivor of parents, brothers and sisters.

Of my grandparents, I well remember my grandfather, Samuel Boies, living north of Homer village when I was a lad six or eight years of age. About the table before meals all of the older ones present partook of a glass of wine of the pure New England kind before taking their seats. But I have a much more distinct and very vivid recollection of my grandfather, Alexander Turner, for I spent many happy hours of my youth in his companionship. He was fond of telling me stories of the wars of Napoleon, who I think he called the "little" but really great "Boney." He also told me many things from the Bible, especially about Sampson and how he set the foxes' tails afire, and also about Daniel in the lions' den. As he was at Saratoga as a soldier under Washington when the British army under Burgoyne surrendered, he doubtless told me much about this and other battles of our seven years' Revolutionary War. I slept with him often when staying over night at the house of Uncle Aleck a mile up the hillside from East Homer, and I noticed the many peculiar ways he had of folding his pants and putting them under his pillow, and then laying coat and vest across the bed. His vest pockets were large, and in one he kept his spectacles in a wooden case, and in the other he put his tin box with plug tobacco. I could now plainly mark out the shape of these things, as well as his cane. Of my grandmothers, I never saw one and can but faintly remember the other.

When I look back for now seventy years, at the earliest period of memory, I can see the ground in the