

**THE FARMER BOY WHO
BECAME A BISHOP: THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649581672

The Farmer Boy Who Became a Bishop: The Autobiography by Anson Rogers Graves

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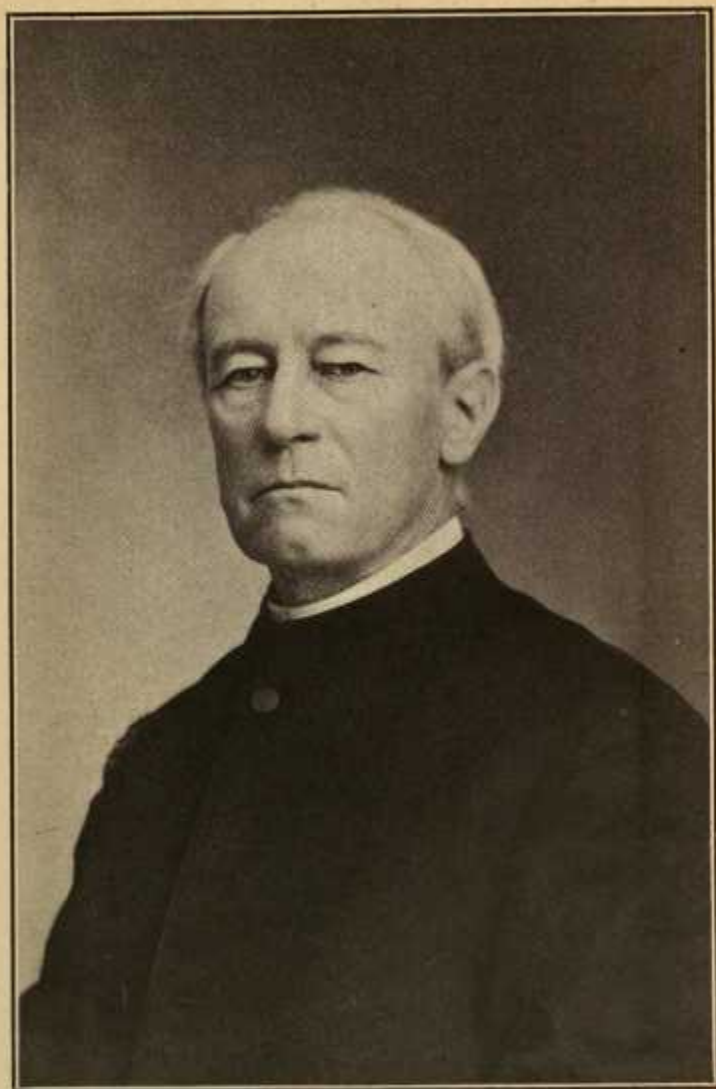
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ANSON ROGERS GRAVES

**THE FARMER BOY WHO
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ANSON R. GRAVES AT SIXTY YEARS OF AGE.

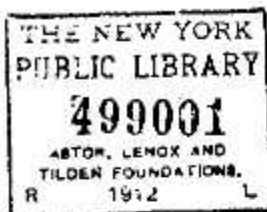
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THE FARMER BOY
—WHO—
BECAME A BISHOP

The Autobiography of
The Right Reverend
ANSON ROGERS GRAVES,
S. T. D., LL. D.

THE NEW WERNER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO
1912



Copyright, 1911
By
Anson R. Graves

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DEDICATION.

I dedicate this book to all boys who
want to make something of themselves.

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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

AMONG the green hills of western Vermont, where the Pond Mountains almost overhang the beautiful Lake Austin, I was born on the 13th day of April, 1842. It was in the Town of Wells, Rutland County. We then lived by a small stream, the outlet of the lake, on which was a small flouring mill. In a room attached to this mill my father had a shop in which he manufactured hats, both the ordinary wool hats and the high beaver hats worn by many men on special occasions.

My father, whose name was Daniel, was the son of Daniel Graves of Ira, Vermont, who kept the hotel, manufactured shoes, leather and potash, and represented the town in the legislature. He had come as a young married man from Old Hadley in the western part of Massachusetts. My great-grandfather was Deacon Nathan Graves, who was fifth in descent from Thomas Graves, formerly of Hartford, Connecticut, and who came to this country from England about 1640. Deacon Nathan Graves, my great-grandfather, lived on Chestnut Mountain in Hadley, Massachusetts, and both he and his boys were considered great hunters. As they lived at the time of the Revolutionary War, no doubt game was plenty

in western Massachusetts. Perhaps it was from them that I inherited my great fondness for hunting wild game. Nathan Graves bore arms in the French and Indian War and also in the Revolutionary War. My grandfather, Daniel, was too young, but five of his older brothers fought in the Revolutionary War. The great-grandfather of this Nathan Graves, John Graves, and his brother were killed in King Philip's War. My mother was the daughter of Jedediah Rogers, who had moved from Norwich, Connecticut. He was fourth in descent from James Rogers of New London, Connecticut, who came from England about 1635. My grandfather Rogers, when a child, saw the burning of New London by Benedict Arnold in the Revolutionary War.

I was rather a feeble child the first two years and nervous, but gradually became strong and active like my brothers. One of my earliest recollections was attending a district school over Culver Hill when I was three or four years old with my older sisters and brother Orson. My brother drew a hand sled to school in the winter and on our way home we would all get on and coast down the Culver Hill for a quarter of a mile. There were two or three ridges across this road down the hill to turn the water into the side gutter. These we called "thank you ma'ams" and as the sled would strike these and take a jump we would all shout "Thank you ma'am."

One time, when I was about four years old, while