

**NEW WOODSTOCK  
AND VICINITY,  
PAST AND PRESENT**

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New Woodstock and vicinity, past and present by Mrs. Anzolette D. Ellsworth & Miss Mary E. Richmond

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**MRS. ANZOLETTE D. ELLSWORTH & MISS MARY E. RICHMOND**

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and      ⊙   ⊙   ⊙   ⊙   ⊙   ⊙  
Vicinity   ⊙   ⊙   ⊙   ⊙  
Past and Present**

✦ Compiled by ✦

**Mrs. Anzolette D. Ellsworth**

AND

**Miss Mary E. Richmond**

“ We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine.”

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CAZENOVIA, N. Y. :  
J. A. LOYSTER, PRINTER.  
1901.



*Photo by H. J. Puffer, 1904*

*Bird's-Eye View of New Woodstock*

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*Photo by Marshall*

"We Two"



*Photo by Hyatt*





## → PREFACE. ←

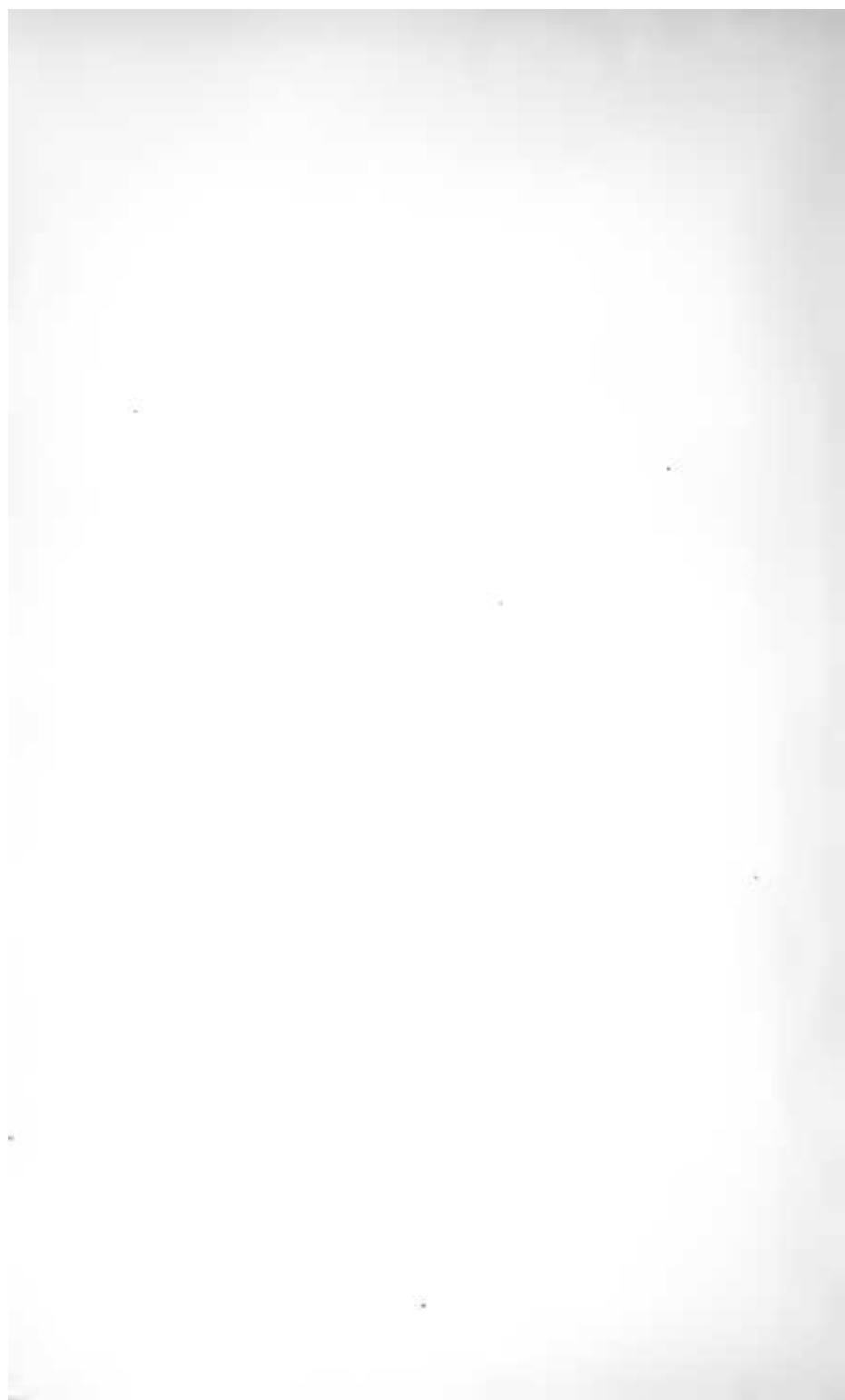
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**I**N a history as limited as this must of necessity be, beginning in the latter part of the eighteenth century, extending through the nineteenth, and ending in the first year of the twentieth, one feels that only the merest outline is in many cases given. In the general sketches of New Woodstock and West Woodstock, an effort has been made to avoid repetition, yet to mention the early settlers of whom there are no personal sketches. The work has been difficult and is incomplete, owing to the lapse of time making the data obtainable not always reliable.

The compilers have been agreeably surprised at the interest manifested by nearly all the inhabitants of New Woodstock, as well as by many who formerly resided here, and are grateful to those who have helped to carry forward the work to completion.

They desire particularly to acknowledge their obligations to Hon. L. L. Ainsworth, of West Union, Iowa; Henry C. Lyon, of Boston, Mass.; the late Mrs. Jane Underwood and her children, Prof. L. M. Underwood, of Columbia University, and Miss Sarah J. Underwood, of New York; Miss Mary Fiske, of Detroit, Mich.; E. W. Moffett, of Fayetteville, and H. M. Kellogg, of Cortland.





## A Friendly Endorsement.

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BOSTON, MASS., November 26, 1900.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

So you are going to print a book about New Woodstock? Well the only wonder is that no one has ever "set out" to do this before the end of the blessed Nineteenth century, for although it is a little city—a very little city if you please, it is one of the dearest places on earth, and one of the most picturesque in location. Its charms are recognized not only by its own sons and daughters, but by strangers as well. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people," is one of those fascinating passages of Holy Writ, that was perpetually getting paraphrased in my youthful mind something after this sort: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so are the beautiful hills round about this lovely village;" and I do not think it would have been very foreign to the spirit of my love for my native village to have called it "Zion, city of our God" for was it not the embodiment of all that was good and sacred to my youthful mind?

This love for New Woodstock has never grown cold. No blasting disillusionment of later years and wider wanderings has ever fallen upon my ideal of the childhood time. Her streets, her homes, her stately maples, her lovely environment of valley and hill, are all as tenderly loved and as enthusiastically admired by me today as when they constituted the only world I knew. Fifty-three years, full of as eventful experiences as many of my latter ones have been, are quite enough to dispel the veil of youthful delusion, (if it were only that.) But this has not been the case. Time and experience have only confirmed my pride and love for the nestling village between the encircling hills. I have carried into many foreign countries fondest memories of the place which comprehended my "world" for the first twenty years of my life. There dwell many of my surest, tried and best-known friends and kindred, and in its quiet cemetery sleep so many loved ones of the long ago.

It is perhaps a bit paradoxical, but we discover that the serious and dignified is often next-door neighbor to the whimsical and the trifling; so