

This is taken from a book published in July 1896 entitled *Memorial to the Pioneer Women of the Western Reserve* which contains write-ups about the female pioneers in townships in the Western Reserve.

Remember, some families are found in more than one city, so be sure to check out all of the city information.

A special "Thanks" goes to Betty Ralph for transcribing this for the site.

Orange

Orange township lies fifteen miles nearly east of Cleveland. The land is high and rolling, rising in places into steep and rugged hills. Though possessing small claims to wealth, its people are intelligent and enterprising. Perhaps no township on the Western Reserve, of equal population, has sent out a greater number of young men, to fill the places of usefulness and trust. Many who grew up among the fields and glens of this quiet town, are now filling places in the ministry, or have won honorable place in the profession of law and medicine. A representative, a senator and a president spent his boyhood and learned lessons which developed a character which made him famous, among the hills and rocks, the woods and streams of Orange. No saloon has ever cast its baleful influence upon the youth of this quiet neighborhood. "Far from the madding crowd" its law-abiding citizens pursue the even tenor of their way.

In the southern part of the township is "Burgess' Grove," known throughout Northeastern Ohio as the place when, for nearly twenty-five years, the Western Reserve Pioneer Association has held its annual gatherings. Here the people not only from nearly every county on the Reserve, but those who have emigrated to distant states, have come by thousands, to do honor to the remnant of that noble band, who subdued the wilderness and laid the foundation of this prosperous portion of our state.

The history of the pioneer women of Orange is that of all other intrepid spirits who helped to make the Western Reserve the very keystone in the arch of our republic - the fairest spot in the Eden of God's heritage to his chosen people; a tale of lives made up of lights and shadows; of hardships and privations; of trials and bereavements; of years of toil uncomplainingly borne, then a folding of weary hands in quiet sleep; an entrance into the "rest that remaineth."

Well may their daughters rise up and call them "blessed," and esteem it an honor to collect the frayed remnants of memories, and weave them into a memorial more enduring than sculptured marble. In gathering the leaves scattered along the highway of those unobtrusive lives, which, unknown to themselves, were making histories that shall live when the famous deeds of heroes and conquerors have been forgotten, one thought is impressed upon our minds with the force of conviction.

In those pioneer days, every married couple were one, and that one was the man. Ask for information of this, or that woman, who braved the perils of pioneer life and you are met with the reply. "Why! I don't know. Don't seem as if she did much of anything. If it was the man, now, I could tell you a lot." But from among the dust and rubbish of the well-nigh forgotten past we have succeeded in gleaning some bright jewel of remembrance, which we hope may save from utter oblivion the names of a few of our country's uncrowned queens.

In the midst of the cares and labors incident to a life on the frontier these heroines, coming from homes of culture in the East, retained their innate refinement amid the most unpromising surroundings. Their love for the beautiful found expression in efforts to adorn and brighten their rude forest homes. Hop vines, Virginia creepers and wild cucumbers were trained over the doors and windows of their cabins, and the sweet blue myrtle flowers and spray of despised "robin-run-away" mark the site of homes long since deserted, and the names of their former owners almost forgotten.

Down in a sunny corner of many a grandmother's garden, a single damask rose, brought, it may be, from the distant girlhood home, bloomed in fragrant beauty. A bed of spicy "grass pinks" held a place of honor, while great double "marigolds" did their best to stare the sun out of countenance. Hollyhocks and four o'clock, and many other homey darlings found place in this cherished spot.

The houses in many instances were built without nails or glass, and the furniture was of the most primitive fashion. Bedsteads were made by driving poles into the log walls and lacing them across with strips of elm bark. Chairs had splint seats, and tables were clumsy homemade affairs. The musical instruments were the "great wheel" on which wool and tow were spun; the "little wheel," for spinning flax, and the loom where the cloth for the entire family use was woven.

The cooking was done before an open fireplace, the cooking utensils were a large iron dinner pot, a tea kettle, a long legged "spider" and a bake kettle. Some favored families were the fortunate possessors of a tin baker or reflector. But you should hear the sons and daughters of those pioneer mothers tell of the matchless bread which came from the shining tin baker, or the toothsome biscuit, brown and sweet, taken from the bake kettle. No pies were ever made like those which came to perfection with fervid embers heaped below, and fiery coals upon their heads, with a lower crust made of rye flour, and the upper of wheat flour, and the space between filled with huckleberries or sorrel, thus economizing the use of sugar.

Later when young apple orchards came into bearing, the prudent housekeeper mixed sweet apples with sour, thus economizing the use of sugar.

There, too, was cheese, full cream made by heating the milk in a kettle, over the open fire, pressing the curd in a hoop placed beneath a fence rail, one end of which was secured under the corner logs of the house, the other weighted with stones. Potatoes roasted in ashes, made a dish fit for the gods, and spare rib suspended before the fire attained a degree of perfection undreamed of in these days of modern improvements.

Foremost in the list of women who came to Orange to make homes in the undeveloped wilderness stands the name of Mrs. Serenus BURNETT (Jane BURNSIDE) who, in the month of May, 1815, came from Trumbull County, with her husband and infant son, to the fertile lands along the Chagrin river. An old record says, "The township lines had been run, but in an area fifteen miles square, no white man had as yet made a home, and the district was without a name."

Into this wild country came this adventurous young couple, bringing all their worldly belongings on an ox sled.

The question with them was, how to obtain a farm without money or its equivalent. They had learned that by going seven miles into a country covered with heavy timber, the best river bottom land could be purchased for two dollars and fifty cents an acre, and the purchaser could take as long as he pleased to pay for it, by paying six per cent interest annually.

Here the young couple decided to make their home. This section of county was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians, and elk and deer were often seen from the door of their house. Bears roamed through the dense forest, and wild turkeys perched in the trees within calling distance. It was not safe for a person to go from the house unarmed, as hungry wolves prowled near and their howls mingling with the dismal cry of owls in the tree tops, struck terror to the hearts of the dwellers in that lonely home. Mrs. BURNETT spent an entire year without seeing the face of a white woman. Her only visitors were Indians of whom she had a mortal dread, but she made a point of giving them food when they came, thus winning their good will.

One day she was suffering from toothache. An Indian came in and, seeing the state of the case, he went into the woods, returning with the root of some plant, which he bade her put in the cavity of the tooth. This she did, receiving immediate and permanent relief; indeed, it is said, so thorough was the cure that she never afterwards suffered from that troublesome ailment.

Mrs. BURNETT lived to see the wilderness give place to cultivated fields, the Indian trail to well-traveled roads, mill houses and comfortable homes in place of Indian wigwams and log cabins, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive rang out where once re-echoed the cries of wild beasts and the Indian war-whoop.

Her husband built the first frame barn in Orange, in 1824, and the first frame house in 1830.

Of Mrs. BURNETT's family of seven sons and three daughters, one son alone survived her. She died in 1864.

Mrs. David GRISWOLD (Polly BAKER) married in 1787 and emigrated from the state of Vermont, settling in Orange in 1816, on what is now the James BELL farm near Chagrin river. She is believed to have been Mrs. BURNETT's first white neighbor.

Having built their log house, she, with her husband, proceeded to prepare a place for the planting of their first crop. Having felled the trees and cleared up the brush they, with an ax,

made holes in the ground, into which they dropped kernels of corn, pressing it in place with the foot. Tradition says that this primitive method of preparing a seed bed proved eminently successful, and the virgin soil returned an abundant harvest.

Time never hung heavily on the hands of this pioneer wife and mother. The responsibility of clothing the family rested upon her. She carded, spun, wove and colored the wool and flax grown upon their own farm, using the bark, berries and leaves of certain trees and shrubs for dye-stuffs, supplemented by the indispensable blue dye-tub. Butternut and walnut barks made a durable if not handsome color for men and boys wear; white oak, chestnut and the berries of the sumac made lighter shades for dresses and aprons for mother and the girls.

After spinning and weaving came the cutting and making, and each house mother was her own dressmaker and tailoress. Mrs. GRISWOLD often sewed late into the night by the light of a hickory bark fire, while the wolves kept noisy vigil just outside. Three sons and three daughters grew up under her loving care and guidance, and went out from that lowly house to do their appointed work in the world's great battlefield.

Mrs. Jesse KIMBALL, nee Rhoda CONVEY, made the journey from Cattaraugus County, New York, by ox teams in 1817. They decided to settle in Orange and, having selected a site for the future home, a log house was erected having a "shake" roof and stick chimney. The door was made from slabs split from a white-wood log, hung with wooden hinges and fastened with a wooden latch.

There were no neighbors nearer than the two or three families who had commenced clearing on Chagrin river, two or three miles away, or it might be a solitary man living in a shanty somewhere in the woods.

Soon after the family were settled in their new home, Mr. KIMBALL had occasion to go to Willoughby. As the trip could not be made in a day, Mrs. KIMBALL was necessarily left to spend the night alone with her children. As the darkness descended she put her little ones to sleep, pulled the latch string, and, taking her knitting work, prepared to spend the night as comfortably as circumstances would permit.

Sitting there alone, listening to the every sighing of the autumnal wind, she was startled by a sound of a different character. Turning quickly, she was horrified to see the face of an Indian peering in at the space between the logs to serve as a window. He had seen her light and came to investigate. Making some remark in his native language, he withdrew as suddenly as he had appeared. But she was too thoroughly frightened to sleep and sat until day dawned, not daring to make a light, while the wolves howled ominously.

Her only daughter married Elias TOWNE, and mother and daughter rest in the cemetery at Orange Center.

Mrs. Caleb LEACH (Mercy DEANE) was born and married in Vermont, coming to Ohio in 1820. The journey, made with teams, occupied several weeks, the last part of it having been made from Buffalo on the ice. Coming in sight of the new home on Chagrin river, one of the little girls asked: "Where is the house?"

The rude log hut having been pointed out, she exclaimed in dismay: "Oh, that can never be the house, it must be the pig pen."

Yet under the skillful hands of this ideal pioneer mother, the log hut became a home, to which, in later years, her children came, as to a shrine, hallowed and made beautiful with the memory of that mother's self-denying love.

Mrs. LEACH helped her husband clear and improve three farms, one in Orange, one in Warrensville, and the third in Russell, besides rearing a family of eleven children, ten of whom were daughters. Now, having finished her earthly work, she has heard the Master's word: "It is enough," and has "gone up higher."

Mrs. Henry ABELL (Julia A. LUCE) is the oldest living resident of Orange, she having made it her home for seventy-two years. She came with her parents from Hubbard, Ohio, when but three years old. She tells her grandchildren of the days when, going to school in warm weather, she carried a stick with which to clear the logs of snakes and lizards before she could cross the creeks and swamps. She remembers the fashion of going to church horseback, of home-spun clothing, and of hand-braided straw hats; of the old ladies who came to church carrying reticules, in which were their neatly folded handkerchiefs, and some heads of dill or fennel with which to beguile the weary, restless little ones into keeping quiet through the "seventhly, finally, lastly, and in conclusion," of a two hours' long sermon on a hot Sunday afternoon.

Many other memories keep her company as now, in the eventide of her busy life, she recalls scenes of the past and contrasts them with the present.

Julia SMITH (Mrs. Seth MAPES) came from New York in 1815. She, with her husband, spent ten years in Mayfield, Ohio, before removing to Orange in 1825, settling on the farm now occupied by her grandsons, Perry E. and John P. MAPES.

When Mrs. MAPES came to Orange the ROBBINS and BULL families in Solon were the nearest neighbors to the south. There were a few families on Orange Hill, in the north part of the town, where Mr. John KING had taken up a farm in 1818; and there were the BURNETT and GRISWOLD families on Chagrin river. There was not a church in town, nor a schoolhouse within five miles.

Mrs. MAPES is remembered as a very busy woman, doing with her might what her hands found to do, not only for her own large household, for the sparsely settled neighborhood. She was essentially public spirited, and was active in advancing the cause of education in this newly settled portion of our state. The first school in this part of town was held in her weaving room and was taught by Samuel HARDY.

The first schoolhouse was built on the north part of the MAPE's farm. It soon became too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing population. A more commodious building was erected near the place where Thomas HURST's house now stands.

Henrietta PATCHEN was born in Scripto, Cayuga County, N.Y., in 1811, removing to Ohio with her parents in 1831. In 1832 she became the wife of John D. MAPES and commenced

housekeeping in the house with his father and mother. The house was much more commodious than the majority of those occupied by the early settlers. It was built of hewed logs, had glass windows that would "shove up," the doors were hung on iron hinges and were fastened with boughten latches. It also had a brick fireplace and chimney, and was altogether a very aristocratic residence of the times. The mother and daughter-in-law must have been ideal women, for their lives passed most harmoniously, each doing her part in the household and each sharing the burdens of the other.

All her happy married life has Mrs. John D. MAPES spent in the old homestead. Here her children, three sons and four daughters, grew up, and one by one have gone out from it into homes of their own. Here the aged father and mother were lovingly cared for until, weary of the cares and burdens of life, they laid them down. And here, in the house built about 1840, this venerable lady still lives, serene in her beautiful old age, beloved by children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who listen delightedly to her reminiscences of early days in Ohio.

Mrs. Electus ARNOLD (Electra LANGWORTHY) left her home in Great Barrington, Mass., in 1826 with her husband and young family, to brave the perils of pioneer life in the new state of Ohio. The journey was made by way of the Erie canal to Buffalo, thence to Cleveland in a sailing vessel. Their first home was in Euclid, where they spent three years, settling in Orange in 1829. Mr. ARNOLD's mother, Mrs. Elijah ARNOLD (Annis GRAHAM) made the journey with them, and remained an honored member of her son's family until her death, in 1860.

The younger Mrs. ARNOLD was, in many respects, a remarkable woman. She possessed all the industry, thrift, and frugality of her New England ancestry, combined with much executive ability. She was an accomplished spinner and needle woman, and had by her own labor, prior to her marriage, accumulated a sum, which was of material service in the purchase and furnishing of the new home.

Hospitality was a marked feature of her character. The circuit riders were welcome guests, and slaves, fleeing from bondage over the underground railroad found shelter and rest, and were carried on to a station yet nearer the longed-for goal, under the free light of the North Star.

Her only daughter, Eliza, married Charles THOMAS, and spent her entire life within a mile of her girlhood home. Her sons, five in number, are citizens of Solon, Orange and Warrensville.

Mrs. Zadoe BOWELL (Anna HILL) was one of those women who leave their impress on the time and state in which they live. She came from Virginia to Pennsylvania with her parents about 1800; was married in 1810, and removed to Warren, Ohio, the journey being made on horseback.

In 1811 news of HULL's surrender was received, and every man in the settlement, excepting one who was sick and another who was lame, marched to the defense of the frontier, against an expected attack by the British. Mrs. BOWELL was left alone with her

two-month old babe. Happily, the alarm proved to be groundless, and the sturdy backwoodsmen, after an absence of a few days, returned to their homes.

It is related of her that not a yard of cloth of any kind was purchased for the use of her family until she had been married fifteen years. All the flax and wool were grown on their own farm and spun and woven and made into clothing by herself.

In addition to the care of her family, she assisted her husband in protecting their sheep from the wolves, and in preventing the foxes from carrying off her geese, as well as planning improvements upon the farm.

Having heard of the cheapness of land in the new townships near Cleveland, it was decided to dispose of the home in Warren, and again try their fortune in the wilderness. This decision was carried into effect early in 1830.

Mrs. BOWELL had a taste for horticulture, and it was her custom, as soon as settled on a farm, to plant apple seeds, from which to form the nucleus of an orchard, perhaps having faith in the adage: "Eat apples and live forever." She was fond of relating her first experience in the art of improving fruit by grafting.

A man from New Jersey called at her house, and seeing her nursery of thrifty young trees, began to expatiate upon the advantages to be gained by the, to her, new process of grafting, until she, with fear and trembling, consented to permit him to try the experiment upon some of her cherished nurslings. The result proved to be in the highest degree satisfactory, and the third year from grafting, she gathered four and one-half bushels of apples of fine quality from one tree.

Mrs. William STONEMAN, nee Nancy BOWELL, has been a resident of Orange since 1830. Her early life was passed upon her father's farm where, under the teaching of a wise mother, she became skilled in all that pertains to the art of home making. She was also learned in the now nearly lost arts of spinning and weaving, of knitting and hand sewing, doing with her might what her hands found to do, of which there was no lack in her mother's large family. Of eight children, six were daughters; so often the girls were called upon to assist in pulling flax, husking corn, or, perhaps, to load and mow hay, or to take care of the vegetable as well as the flower garden.

It was no small task to prepare the flax and wool for the family wardrobe, and this, too, fell to the lot of the "girls." Mrs. STONEMAN relates that upon one occasion there was an unusually large amount of that work to be done, and the need of dispatch was great; so she and her sister decided that they could help matters by increasing their working hours. The morning sun, as it looked above the hilltops, found them at their self-appointed task. All day the tireless spindles hummed, and the midnight hours heard the click of the reel as it told the knots of finished thread, still on, stopping only for meals, all through the hours of a second day, and till a second midnight toiled, when their father discovered their little plot, and without further ado, sent them to bed.

Mrs. S. often spun "four runs," eighty knots, of woolen yarn, and fifty knots was an ordinary day's work.

In her middle life she was active in church work and all the plans for the aid of suffering humanity found in her efficient support. Her interest in public affairs has not lessened, now that her life is nearing its sunset. No one has manifested more interest in the preparation of the History of the Pioneer Women of the Reserve than has Mrs. STONEMAN, and to her, more than to any other person, are the members of our committee indebted for material for this sketch of the pioneer women of Orange. Out from the wonderful storehouse of her memory she has brought incidents and anecdotes of those who had part on the world's stage more than a half century ago. It is like listening to a beautiful old chronicle, these reminiscences of what, to us of a later generation, seem to be the scenes almost of a different world from that of the hurrying, bustling present. So now, as the shadows are growing long toward the eastward, this pioneer woman sits in the home her hands help to rear, serenely awaiting until the Father shall say: "It is enough. Come up higher."

Mrs. John STONEMAN, Sr., nee Ann NEWCOMB, came with her family from Devonshire, England, about 1843. Her husband was a member of the Queen's Guard. Her father was a prominent physician, and she studied medicine with him prior to her marriage. Her knowledge of the healing art proved a boon to her neighbors, who did not hesitate to call on her in every emergency, and, as she was possessed of what at that time was considered a good degree of worldly wealth, no one deemed it incumbent upon him to tempt her to let her left hand know what her right hand did, by offering to pay her for her services, and to furnish her medicines as well.

She kept open house for all who claimed her hospitality, and especially those from England, whether previously known to her or not. It was an established rule of her house that the tea kettle should be kept filled and boiling, so that a cup of tea might be offered at any time of day or night. The minister's room was seldom unoccupied. One of Mrs. STONEMAN's sons says he cannot recall a time when there was not a preacher in the house. So her life passed, filled with good deeds to those about her, yet never suffering her own household duties to be neglected, and her memory is kept bright in the hearts of many to whom she ministered.

In 1803 Elizabeth HOPP was married to Ira HANDERSON, at Claverack, N.Y., where they resided until the summer of 1833, when they were caught in the tide of emigration which set in that year and which landed them among the hills of Orange, where they purchased the farm settled by Caleb LEACH, upon which considerable improvement had already been made, but to eyes fresh from the east it appeared very like a wilderness. After the purchase of the farm they returned to New York for the winter, returning the following spring with their family and settling at once on their farm.

Here Mrs. HANDERSON spent the remainder of her life, ministering to the comfort of her family and friends, and doing good as she had opportunity.

On a sunny hillside on the farm, which is now the home of the fourth generation of her descendants, she and her husband are buried. "After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

Mrs. Thomas HANDERSON's (Catherine POTTS) former home was in Livingston County, New York. She relates that at the first sight of the Chagrin River in 1833 and irrepressible shudder seized her, and a premonition of evil crept over her. When, in less than a year

later, her little son, William, was drowned, and in 1839 her husband met his death from an accident while bathing in the same river, she felt that her aversion was prophetic.

Mrs. H. was of a singularly hopeful, sunny nature, always inclined to look upon the bright side, and during all the year of trial, in which she "walked life's weary way alone," her happy cheerful spirit never forsook her.

Her elder daughter, Caroline, became the wife of Washington GATES, a prominent citizen of Chagrin Falls. Her son, Henry E., after graduating from Hobart College, Geneva, N.Y., went to Louisiana, where he entered upon the duties of a private tutor. He enlisted in the Confederate army, was taken prisoner at the battle of the wilderness, and at the close of the war he settled in New York City, but later removed to Cleveland. Ira HANDERSON, a nephew, enlisted in the 103d O.V.I. and served during the war.

Mrs. Almon SMITH (Susan Henrietta SQUIRES) came from New York and settled in Orange in 1832. Her early life was filled with trials and bereavements, which seemed to bring out the strength and beauty of her character. She seemed to us, who knew and loved her, to have been one of the chosen ones who have "come through great tribulation," and that refining fire had purged her from earthly dross and made her fit to walk with the saints in white.

Mr. and Mrs. SMITH were charter members of the Orange M.E. Church, organized in 1839. Religion made a part of the daily life of this saintly woman, and all the trials through which she passed but served to deepen her trust in the never failing love of God, her Savior.

Early left a widow with six children to be nurtured and cared for, she, like many another pioneer mother, bravely took up the burden of life and went forward.

Soon after the death of her husband, her eldest son, a lad of fourteen, was killed by lightning. A younger child choked to death from swallowing a chestnut. At the breaking out of the Rebellion one of her two remaining sons enlisted, and served from '61 to '65, coming home to die from consumption; and as this loved one went down into the shadowy valley, his mother's love and prayers sustained him. "Sing, mother, sing," was his request when weariness and pain robbed him of rest, and she sang on the "Land of Beulah," and the "Rest for the Weary" till the tired eyelids fell o'er tired eyes, and he slept the last long sleep.

About 1860 Mrs. SMITH married Mr. James HENRY, of Solon, and in that quiet village the later years of her life were spent. Two daughters and one son survive. One daughter, Susan, married Charles WHITLAM and resides at Cleveland; Sarah (Mrs. Elam BENNETT), of Twinsburgh.

Mrs. Amos BOYNTON (Alpha BALLOW) was a native of New Hampshire. In early life she removed to New York, where she married, coming soon after to Ohio, settling in Orange in 1829.

The particular corner of the woods out of which she and her husband proposed to carve a home had not a tree felled upon it, and the road to it was marked by blazed trees.

There was no house upon it, not even a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, but people were hospitable in those days, and the weary travelers found shelter in Granny MAPES weave room, where they remained until the trees could be cut down and a habitation constructed. Here her children grew to useful manhood and womanhood, she teaching her sons and daughters lessons of truth and self-reliance. Out from the home made lovely by her presence, she passed to the life that shall never end, and her memory is held in reverence by the granddaughter who rules her family wisely and well in the quaint old homestead.

The history of the GARFIELD family is too well known to need repetition, yet we feel that this sketch of the pioneer women of Orange would be incomplete without mention of the one woman who in her life had a greater experience of the vicissitudes of fortune than any other whose feet have pressed the soil of this Western Reserve.

It has been our good fortune to gather a few incidents in the life of this remarkable woman, which have not, to our knowledge, appeared in any Life of GARFIELD. They are contributed by her daughter, Hetty, Mrs. Stephen TROWBRIDGE, of Solon.

Every native Ohioan knows the story of the settlement in Orange in 1831 of Abram GARFIELD and his wife, Eliza BALLOU; of the sudden death of the husband in 1833. Hetty (Mrs. TROWBRIDGE) was at that time twelve years old, and the eldest of the family of four children left thus early with only the mother's frail arm between them and the cold charity of the world. One can readily understand how this woman-child became her mother's confidant and comforter, as well as an efficient helper in rearing the little flock left fatherless.

At the time of her husband's death, the farm was unpaid for, and only thirteen acres cleared, and Mrs. GARFIELD was advised to give her children away, rather than to attempt the seemingly hopeless task of paying the indebtedness and keeping her children together. It is not recorded that these well-meaning persons offered anything more tangible than advice.

But the mother-love was too strong, to willingly give up the beauty and winning sweetness of the young lives given to her care, or to trust to others their education and development of character. So the battle commenced; the land, excepting thirty acres, was sold, and the debt canceled. Mrs. GARFIELD and her small helpers planted corn and potatoes, and laid the first fence built on the place. Hetty and ten-year-old Thomas carrying the rails between them, while mother laid them in place. After the day's work on the farm was finished, and the little ones sent to their well-earned rest, the mother sat by her lonely fire, plying her needle by the light of a tallow candle, till long after midnight hour, to finish a garment for a neighbor, then in the early morning, calling her trusted little daughter to carry it to its owner, and receive the meager pittance which was so necessary to the comfort of the family.

For making a man's pants and vest from heavy fullered cloth, Mrs. GARFIELD received 75 cents, and other work was paid for, proportionately. She also did spinning and weaving for her neighbors. Said Mrs. TROWBRIDGE, "We all had to work, everyone who could lift a pound."

The incidents in the life of this pioneer woman would more than fill the space allotted to our entire sketch. We will only give one, as related by her granddaughter.

One of the neighbors owned an old horse, blind and lame; one who should long ago have been gathered to his fathers, but which the master was in the habit of working until the poor old creature fell from exhaustion, when the fiend in human shape, with kicks and blows and curses would force it to rise to its feet. This scene Mrs. GARFIELD had seen repeated, day after day, until on a certain occasion, the brutal master had abused his defenseless victim, until her righteous indignation could endure no more, and finding that her male friend considered the matter as none of her business, as a man was supposed to have the right to do what he pleased with his own property, she took the case in her own hand, and borrowing a shot gun, herself put the abused old horse beyond the reach of his inhuman master.

As we recall her in her beautiful old age, unspoiled by prosperity, the same benevolent light upon her face which shone upon her children in the rude log cabin, we think of her as one whose name is worthy to be enrolled with the noblest in the land.

Miss Jane JACKSON came from Marrich, Yorkshire, England, with her parents in 1835. Her entire life has been given to the service of others, forgetful of self of self's interests. To her mother, she was a tower of strength, at once daughter, counselor and efficient helper - her right-hand supporter. So long as her mother lived, we find this devoted daughter doing her utmost to lift the burden of care, and to lighten her labor.

In a family of nine boys and three girls, the eldest sister found ample opportunity for the exercise of self-denial. At her mother's death, she and her youngest sister removed to a farm given them by their father. Here the quiet years sped by, the sisters turning their attention to the cultivation of flowers, of which both were passionately fond. Since her sister's death, Miss Jane is assisted by a favorite nephew in the care for her farm, and spends the evening of her life in recalling the scenes of her girlhood, which is renewed in the children growing up around her. Could her mother speak, her tribute would be "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Miss Jesse LUCE (Sylphina HANCHETT) came from Jamestown, N.Y., stopping at Berea. Her first married home was in Brooklyn Township. She became a resident of Orange in 1839, and still lives on the farm upon which they first settled. She has always been very active in Church work, and is held in kindly remembrance by the circuit riders, who found many unwilling to share with them the single roomed log house, but at Sister LUCE's the latch-string was always out, and the "prophet's room on the wall" always in readiness for the welcome of the bearers of the Gospel message.

Her life has been one of those who strive to walk in the footsteps of the Man of Galilee. She has a family of seven sons and two daughters, Diana, Mrs. Perry MAPES of Illinois, and Olive, wife of Rev. H.W. Dewey.

Mrs. Henry BASTER, nee Anna ROLFE, emigrated from England in 1842 and settled on Chagrin River, in the north east part of the town. Mrs. BASTER found ample opportunity for all the exercise of her motto: to do all in her power for "God and Humanity," in this new country where money was scarce, physicians were few and far between, and trained nurses unknown.

She was an excellent nurse, and had considerable skill in the practice of medicine and minor surgery. She often left her home to attend the sick for miles around. She expected no compensation, consequently was not disappointed when none was offered.

Her son remembers one occasion when she was called to a family, sick from typhus fever. She remained several weeks, filling the place of physician, nurse and maid-of-all work. After their recovery the head of the house presented her with twenty dollars, the only money she was ever known to have received.

Her daughter, Anna, was one of the first graduates from Willoughby College. After teaching six years in the institution, Miss Anna married Prof. BROWN of the same school

Mrs. Jacob SAWYER, Jr., (Sabrina GOODALE) removed to Ohio from the State of Maine in 1838. She was a woman of strong personality. Her droll and witty speeches are well remembered by the older inhabitants. Hers was a home where open handed hospitality reigned. The latch-string was always out and every one found a hearty welcome.

She was an ideal housekeeper, and the remark is made, "One could never go to Aunt SAWYERS without finding her sweeping."

She was a skilled cook, and her baked beans and "rye and Injun" bread were at once the envy and despair of her neighbors. In her early life in Orange a pound of tea would last her a year and five pounds of store sugar would last six months, and with economy, even longer.

Her husband was a soldier of 1812, and in the later years of her life she drew a pension. She was lovingly cared for by her children and grandchildren, and her pension was used to carry gladness into the abodes of poverty and suffering.

Mrs. SAWYER was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church for more than fifty years. She lived to see her descendants to the fifth generation. She died in Cleveland at the home of her only surviving daughter, Mrs. Phineas DOLLOFF, having completed her ninety-second year.

Two daughters lived to maturity; Martha, Mrs. William MERVIN and Armina, Mrs. Phineas DOLLOFF.

Mrs. Nancy SAWYER ODELL was also a native of Maine. Her experience was peculiarly hard. Her husband died, leaving her almost destitute of means, and for many years she supported herself by going from house to house, spinning, weaving, and knitting. She was quite famous for her skill in knitting men's "double mittens."

She had the true Yankee horror of becoming dependent upon public charity, and after her decease it was found she had saved from her scanty earnings a sum more than sufficient to defray the burial expenses.

Mrs. ODELL's only daughter, Augusta, was the wife of George FIRCHWORTH of Solon. She served five years as nurse in the United States Regular Army. She was a very

eccentric character, but she was overlooked by those who knew her genuine goodness of heart. She was untiring in her devotion to the sick, frequently leaving her home to do what she could to ameliorate the suffering of a neighbor or friend. She rests beside her mother in beautiful Mount Hope.

Mrs. John DURANT was a native of England, and in 1843 settled on an unimproved farm in Orange. Mr. DURANT soon found employment in the Doty brick yard in Cleveland, leaving to his wife the task of caring for the family of three children, and making improvements. She cleared land, and raised garden truck and poultry, which she marketed herself, walking the entire distance to the Public Square, (the then market place) and back in one day, carrying butter, eggs and chickens to the amount of forty pounds weight.

Mrs. Elias B. PIKE (Elizabeth BARNES) was born in Vermont. Her parents came to Munson, Ohio, in 1842. Mrs. PIKE was married in 1846, since which time she has lived in Orange. Quiet and unobtrusive in her character, her beautiful life flows on, the law of kindness written in her heart, and words of loving sympathy upon her lips. She has three children, Andrew S., a successful farmer of Solon; Evalyn, wife of C.C. LOWE, deputy in the probate office, and George W., employed in the office of the L.S. & M.S. Railway.

Mrs. Ellis HOUGH (Clarissa BAYARD) removed to Iowa, where she now lives. Anna is the wife of a well-to-do farmer in Warrensville.

Her daughter, Mary, married and lived in the time when

The greatest of all things was to work;
The meanest of all things was to shirk.

And this to her seemed to have been both law and gospel. She took pride in having her housecleaning done earlier in the spring than any of her neighbors; her clothes on the line at the first crack o'day Monday morning. Four o'clock, winter and summer found her household machinery running. Everything was done by rule, and she drove her work; work never drove her. Every day, and every hour in the day had its appointed task, and it must be finished at a set time. Her hands, it would seem, were never idle. It is remembered that when she went to a neighbors' on an errand or for a social chat, she took her knitting, and knit as she went. After some year's residence in Orange, she returned to her former home in New York, making the journey with an ox team, carrying two children with her. The indispensable knitting work went too, and as the patient oxen plodded along, she whiled away the hours with swift-flying fingers, shaping stocking, mittens, and red-tasseled night caps, for future use. Nor did she tarry by the way for such slight matters as the washing of the children's clothes, but stopping by some way-side stream, the clothes were cleansed and hung upon the wagon to dry, while the little party continued their journey.

Susan PARKINSON (Mrs. John WHITLAM) brought from her home in bonnie England, a gay, pleasure loving nature which made her a leader in the social circles of Orange, in 1836. An invitation to her house was always accepted with alacrity, for it was well known that any entertainment planned by Mrs. WHITLAM was sure to be a success. All who came were made to feel at home. No matter what the occasion, whether a quilting frolic, a husking bee, or a quiet tea drinking, the genial hostess was queen of the revels. The fame of her

hospitality became so wide-spread, that at length her home became a sort of half-way house for teamsters and others on their way to the town of Cleveland, and the benighted way-farer was sure to find entertainment for man and beast, even when demanded at more untimely hours.

Mrs. WHITLAM has passed on, but her memory survives in the hearts of many who loved her for her abounding kindness.

Another woman who helped to build of the prosperity of the Western Reserve, was Mrs. Margaret GERSTMEIER, wife of Jacob GERSTMEIER, who came from Germany in 1836 or '37. She had no children, but almost her entire life was devoted to the care of her own and her husband's parents. After the death of her husband, she still cared for his aged, and nearly imbecile father, providing for him, and waiting upon him with untiring patience, until, when having passed his ninetieth year, death mercifully set her free from the burden so uncomplainingly borne. There are other martyrdom's than those by fire and fagot, and surely Mrs. GERSTMEIER would seem to have won a martyr's crown.

Mrs. Mary A.B. PATRICK
Historian
Mrs. Ellen E.B. ARNOLD
Chairman

Orange Committee - Mrs. Sara WARNER LANDER, Mrs. Evalyn PIKE LOWE, Mrs. Jennie GOON GIFFORD, Miss Annie McVEIGH, Miss Margaret L. STONEMAN