

HISTORY  
OF  
CRAWFORD COUNTY,  
PENNSYLVANIA,

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CONTAINING A HISTORY OF THE COUNTY; ITS TOWNSHIPS, TOWNS,  
VILLAGES, SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, INDUSTRIES, ETC.; PORTRAITS OF  
EARLY SETTLERS AND PROMINENT MEN; BIOGRAPHIES;  
HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA; STATISTICAL AND  
MISCELLANEOUS MATTER, ETC., ETC.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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FRANCIS C. WAID, farmer, P. O. Meadville, was born in Woodcock Township, this county, April 23, 1833. Pember Waid, his grandfather, was born August 21, 1774, in Lyme, Litchfield Co., Conn., and was there married to Anna Lord, daughter of Samuel Lord, born May 22, 1776, and died February 2, 1844. Pember Waid died February 15, 1852. They are both interred in the Blooming Valley Cemetery, Woodcock Township, this county. They were the parents of the following children: Erastus S., born May 24,

1800, married Elvira Simmons (have two sons: Lisander, now in Jamestown, N. Y., and Walter, residing near Centerville, this county); Ira C., born August 15, 1801, died January 27, 1870; Mary A., born February 26, 1803 (she was visited by Mr. Waid on New Year's Day, 1885, and found "quite well," her daughter Clarissa living with her; she resides in Jamestown, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.; she married Philander Simmons, a farmer by occupation, raised a family of ten children—six boys and four girls—all of whom are now living except Ira, who served his country three years, died October 11, 1867, of illness contracted in the army; Philander Simmons moved to Jamestown in 1855 and there died December 13, 1882); Martha L., born May 18, 1804, died January 22, 1833 (she married Lathrop Allen, whose eldest son, Henry O., painted the portraits of our subject, his wife and his parents); Eliza C., born January 11, 1806, married G. Phillips (she is a widow and lives on her farm near Townville, this county, with Pember Phillips, her youngest son; her husband died May 4, 1853, and is interred at Townville); Samuel L., born June 11, 1808, removed to Michigan after middle life, and there died about 1862; George W., born January 21, 1810, died December 4, 1861; Phoebe W., born September 24, 1811, married Cyrus Goodwill, who died May 16, 1855, aged forty-five years, one month, eleven days, and is interred at Blooming Valley (she is living at present with her youngest son, Albert Goodwill, in Warren County, Penn.; Mr. Waid had the pleasure, in company with his two eldest sons, of calling on his Aunt Phoebe, the end of November, 1884, and found her well and sitting in a rocking chair that is over one hundred years old, once owned by her uncle, Samuel Lord); Clarissa U., born January 26, 1813, died June 16, 1853 (she married George Roudebush; they lived and died in Blooming Valley; George Roudebush died November 15, 1865, aged fifty-two years, eleven months, nineteen days; he was Postmaster a long time; he was a manufacturer of window sash; Ralph Roudebush, their eldest son, now lives where they did); Henry A., born January 25, 1816, removed to the West in early life, served his country in the war of the Rebellion, and died in Illinois about 1863; Andrew G., a carpenter and joiner by trade, having worked several years with George Roudebush, Blooming Valley, born May 11, 1818 (living in Dexter, Mich.), and Horace F., born July 12, 1820, lives in Blooming Valley, this county (he served his country during the late war of the Rebellion). Pember Waid was a ship-carpenter, a vocation he chiefly followed until he came to this county, where, after constructing canal-boats here for a short period, he withdrew from active life. Our subject has heard Pember Waid say he saw the British troops when they burned the American shipping at Pettibaug (now Essex), Conn. Ira C., the second son in this family and father of our subject, was born in Litchfield County, Conn., and came with Jared Shattuck, driving a four-horse team from Connecticut to Meadville, in the fall of 1816. They were six weeks on the road. The family came in the spring of 1817. He worked three years and six months for Mr. Shattuck after coming to Meadville. In the summer of 1817 he helped to haul brick to build Allegheny College. He and Jeremiah Smith, during the winter of 1825-26, helped to stock Mr. Canaday's mills, situated on Conewango Creek, nine miles below Jamestown, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., and our subject has heard his father say that Jeremiah Smith and he put forty logs into the Conewango in one day, the trees being taken right from the stump. June 12, 1825, Ira C. Waid married Elizabeth P. Morehead, of Farmington, Hartford Co., Conn., daughter of Robert and Sarah (Clark) Morehead, who were parents of eight children, viz.: Temperance, born December 20, 1796, died March 11, 1869, at the residence of R. L. Waid, Mead Township, this county, and is interred in Blooming Valley Ceme-

tery (she married James Fergerson, and the family have all passed away except Robert A. Fergerson, who still lives on the small farm of two acres, part of the farm bought by his grandfather, Robert Morehead, on which his parents lived and on which Robert A. makes an excellent living; he is a carpenter and joiner, having learned his trade of his uncle, Joseph Finney, with whom he worked for several years, but he has since followed farming); Lydia, born November 1, 1798, died December 24, 1798; John, born December 24, 1799, died February 15, 1883; Robert, born March 12, 1802, now resides on the old homestead in Vernon Township, this county, four miles west of Meadville on the State road; Thomas, born February 11, 1808, died September 23, 1829; William C., born March 6, 1810, died April 29, 1857 (in his lifetime he did more days' work on the farm of Ira C. Waid than any person outside of the members of the family, and many hours in youth and manhood did he labor on the farm with Francis C. Waid, with whom dear recollections of those days are ever present); Elizabeth P. (our subject's mother), born August 26, 1804, died January 7, 1882, and Sarah, born August 7, 1813, died December 10, 1870, and is buried in Greendale Cemetery, Meadville, where she had erected a beautiful little monument bearing this inscription: "To my husband, Joseph Finney, born November 18, 1811, died December 6, 1853" (he was the second interred in Greendale Cemetery). Robert Morehead was a native of Ireland, born December 25, 1767, died November 12, 1851, and is interred at Meadville by the side of his wife in the old grave-yard; he was twice married; he came to America in 1787 and worked at his trade, that of a weaver, for several years in Philadelphia, New York and Newburg, N. Y. He afterward went to Farmington, Conn., and there married Sarah (Clark) Morehead, born March 12, 1771, died July 23, 1825. The record of the Clark family dates her lineage back to the landing of the "May Flower." To Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Waid were born four children: Robert L. (deceased), George N., Franklin P. (deceased) and Francis C. Our subject's parents and deceased brothers, as well as his grandparents—Pember and Anna (Lord) Waid—and other relatives not here mentioned, are interred in the Blooming Valley Cemetery, and on August 13, 1884, Mr. Waid, assisted by Sherman and Root, of Cambridgeboro, this county, and others, erected to their memory a plain Quincy gray granite monument brought from Massachusetts. It is known as the "Waid Monument." On the west side of it are the names of his grandparents, father and mother, all born in Connecticut; on the south side is his father's family record; on the north side his own family record, and on the east side the following inscription: "In memory of my father, mother and kindred, this monument is erected by F. C. Waid." The height of the monument is nine feet, and its cost \$400. At the graves of Anna and Pember Waid, also that of our subject's twin brother, Ira C. Waid had suitable tombstones erected, and after his death his widow had one placed at his grave, all of which are extant. R. L. Waid's resting place is near these, and is marked by a monument which was erected at a cost of \$175. Franklin P., twin brother of the subject of this sketch, died May 28, 1854, aged twenty-one years, one month and five days, cut off in the very bloom of youth, torn from the companionship of the brother who had accompanied him into the world, and who was his every-day associate through childhood, boyhood and youth.

Life is but a fleeting show, and submit we must, with becoming reverence, to the bereavements that teach us, as a lesson, how transitory we are, and how soon we must decay. At the demise of this noble-hearted young man a singular instance of the fulfillment, to the hour and minute, of a presentiment or prevision occurred. Franklin was prostrated with typhoid fever which con-

fined him to the house and his bed seven weeks to a day, and the day before he died he said, addressing the members of the family as they all stood near his bedside, "This is the last day I will be with you," and then, intimating that they might not believe it, added, "It is so; I will die to-morrow at noon." Next morning early he called his father to his bedside and said, "Father, this is the last day I will be with you; I will die at 12 o'clock to-day." And this he repeated hour after hour till his spirit fled to the "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," precisely as the old family clock struck the hour of twelve. The loss of his brother has been to Mr. Waid one that no lapse of time can ever restore, and the memory of him and the many happy days spent in each other's companionship, no prosperity, no adversity can ever efface.

"In my youth," writes Mr. Waid, "at the age of about sixteen, I began writing down the little transactions and common events of my life, together with such notable things as claimed my attention in our community. At the age of seventeen I was so interested in my undertaking, and did not want to lose what I had written, so I bought quite a large book, 8x10, containing about 400 pages. In this book, in the year 1851, I began writing, keeping a kind of journal, personal and otherwise. I thought it a hard task at first, and it was only with reluctance that I could persuade myself to continue, but here is the old saying, 'No real excellence without labor.' I pursued it, and instead of disliking, I loved it. It proved a source of pleasure to me then, and has been a great satisfaction as well as profit ever since. On Saturday, April 22, 1854, the day before our marriage, I found I had written the book through, except the last page, and had only perhaps improved the spare moments that would have otherwise been lost. I want others to profit from a wise improvement of their time. It is the little things after all that make a useful life. I bought N. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary March 30, 1852, and I find written in connection with my name my motto of life as expressed then and there. It is: 'BE INDUSTRIOUS AND ACTIVE IN LIFE—BETTER WEAR OUT THAN RUST.' He who said, '*To him who walketh uprightly I will withhold no good thing,*' means or implies action, and that, too, in the right direction. How important it is for the young man setting out in life to take the right path. Solomon says: '*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy path.*' David said: '*Commit thy way unto the Lord and He will bring it to pass.*' So there is something in holding communion with the Lord. Some may wonder at so many thoughts like these, but that which I love best I expect to love longest, and I want others to seek the truth which will make us free and good."

Our subject often meditates with sincere gratitude on the blessings imparted to him in his childhood by the example and teachings of his Christian, God-fearing parents. To them he feels indebted for the maxims inculcated on him that in after life led him to seize the precious moment when it was so ordained he should, to use his own words, "choose a way of his own." At the age of seventeen Mr. Waid, ever bearing in mind the injunctions of his parents to love and fear the Lord, came to appreciate that the most important thing in life was not only obedience to his father and mother, but also a recognition of the Scriptural advice as given by St. Matthew: "*But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*" Mr. Waid sought this at the State Road Church on the evening of the 10th of January, 1851, during a revival meeting conducted by the Rev. S. K. Paden and other ministers. It was a notable time long to be remembered in this community, where many sought the Lord and found peace and pardon;

young and old here bowed before the Lord seeking salvation. It was here Pember Waid learned the way of life, and continued therein faithfully serving his Master until He bade him come up higher. This meeting continued several weeks, and some, to-day, who embraced it then, are teaching the Gospel; and Mr. Waid desires to impress on every one, particularly the youth of our land, that he finds this same seeking after righteousness helps him wonderfully to solve the problem of life, and he confidently affirms that he owes all his success to a proper regard for the apostle's injunction and his parents' lessons in OBEDIENCE, INDUSTRY and ECONOMY.

In his seventeenth year, when his twin brother and he chose the good way, their parents presented each of them with a Bible. George N. Waid has Franklin's Bible, and our subject still possesses his own, but has found it necessary, after twenty-two years of wear and tear, to have it rebound, and, of all books, he contends, that one is still his choice. "The truth set forth there," says he, "is grander than any scene in nature. How I love to contemplate it. I have had the pleasure of looking on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson River, and several times in my life of surveying the grandeur of Niagara Falls with other scenes and wonders in nature, and it was only when I viewed them in the light of inspiration that I received the greatest amount of pleasure. I would 'look through nature up to nature's God.'"

The early days of our subject were spent in assisting his father about the farm, and attending the common schools. (He has two school-cards, one given to his twin brother, the other to himself, both bearing this date: "June 18, 1838; Lucinda Gleen, teacher.") From this he went direct to Allegheny College for two terms (the fall of 1851 and the spring of 1852). In that spring Mr. Waid boarded with his uncle, Joseph Finney; "one of the best uncles he ever had." His wife was Mr. Waid's mother's youngest sister. Mr. Finney was a carpenter and joiner, one of Meadville's most expert workmen. He gave employment to several men, and erected many buildings in his day, both in town and country. In 1845 he built Ira C. Waid's house, where our subject's son, Guinnip P., now lives. When Francis C. Waid and his twin brother, Franklin P., were boys, Mr. Finney, while he was building the house spoken of, made each of them a hand-sled of common ash flooring, and one of these sleds remained in existence till worn out, not very long ago, by Mr. Waid's youngest son, Fred F. There were six children in Joseph Finney's family, only one of whom is now living—Joseph R., a dentist in Pittsburgh, Penn. The eldest son, David Finney, who learned his father's trade, built, in 1861, the house Francis C. Waid now lives in; also, at a later date, George N. Waid's house.

At that time (the fall of 1851 and spring of 1852) there was no academy at Meadville nor Saegertown, but being acquainted with S. S. Sears, who graduated in 1852 from Allegheny College, Mr. Waid was induced by him to accompany him to Waterford, Erie County, where he (Mr. Sears) had received an appointment as teacher; and so our subject became one of his pupils during the fall term of 1852, in company with C. R. Slocum and E. T. Wheeler, boarding with Matthew Smith, a farmer. In the fall of 1853 Mr. Waid attended, one term, the academy at Meadville, taught by Samuel P. Bates and Thomas Thickstun, C. R. Slocum and he boarding, during that term, with Mr. Henderson. These four terms comprised his entire education outside of what he obtained in the common schools. Our subject relates with characteristic pride how that the first dollar he ever earned was got by picking strawberries along with his twin brother and selling them at five cents per quart, with the proceeds of which they had the privilege of buying their own clothes, and still they had some "spending money." At the age of fifteen he made his

first trip from home, assisting Charles Hodge and Bowers in driving cattle from this county to Heard's Corners, four miles from Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., and on his return he had his first ride on a railway train, from Albany to Schenectady (sixteen miles). Mr. Waid has, since then, ridden many thousands of miles, but no journey has ever given him so much pleasure as that short trip on the cars. He also sailed on the lake steamer "Bunker Hill," from Buffalo to Erie, (the lake was rough but he did not get seasick, though glad when they came into port), footing it thence home, thinking, as he plodded on his way, he had seen part of the world in earnest.

The day Mr. Waid informed his parents that he was about to get married, his mother said to him, "Well! if you do so, my son, you will have to work for a living." Shakespeare says there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything;" and the following homily from the pen of Mr. Waid himself, in reference to his love for labor, will testify that he fully endorses the aphorism "there is good in everything." "If I have to say it for myself," says Mr. Waid, "(and there is truth enough in it to bear me out), over thirty years of my life have been spent in the solution of that problem, and I am not yet tired, for—I LOVE LABOR. I know it is a saying few utter, but I am one of those few, and to-day I thank my mother for so much advice given in so few words. That knitting represented in her portrait in this volume means something. I am truly glad the days and years of my life have passed so joyously on the farm. It is written in the good Book: '*The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich and He addeth no sorrow with it.*' Prov. x, 22. How true it is!" Mr. Waid was married on his twenty-first birthday, April 23, 1854, which, falling on a Sunday, he claims caused no interruption to daily labor. The partner of his choice, Miss Eliza C. Masiker, is a daughter of Jacob and Clarissa (Wood) Masiker, early settlers of Randolph Township, this county, and who came from Hinsdale, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. In Jacob Masiker's family were eight children: Ara, Willis, Matilda J., Eliza C., Avery W., Moses, James H. and George K. Moses was a soldier in the One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, was in several battles and was wounded in the right elbow, having almost lost the use of that arm ever since (he owns sixty acres of the old homestead in Randolph Township, this county, and there resides); James H. was a soldier in the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks in front of Richmond; George K., being in Iowa, enlisted in a regiment there and died in the hospital. Jacob Masiker died January 30, 1860, and is interred in Blooming Valley; Clarissa, his widow, died several years after in Cattaraugus County, N. Y., the land of her nativity. "*Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord.*" (Prov. xviii, 22). Jacob Masiker had but two daughters and Mr. Waid says he has often thought, and has had time enough since his marriage (over thirty years) to think how fortunate he and Mr. Cutshall were in finding them when they did. The words of Solomon proved literally true. They had found "*a good thing,*" even if they failed somewhat in their expectations.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis C. Waid have been born three children, viz.: Franklin I., married to Maggie E. Moore, March 15, 1877; Guinnip P., married to Anna M. Slocum, March 31, 1883, and Fred F., born March 6, 1868. Boys seem to predominate in the Waid family, for the children of Ira C. Waid and those of R. L. Waid were all boys, and Francis C. has made no change to the seeming rule, but, as the family record shows, George N. has outstripped his parents or either of his brothers in raising a family. Franklin I., after marriage, lived with his father-in-law, having charge of the farm

which he worked for about three years; then in 1880-81 he worked on C. A. Buell's farm. In 1882 he took charge of part of his father's farm. In 1883 he went to Knoxville, East Tenn., where he found a place as Superintendent of Col. William H. Easiley's farm of over 1,600 acres at Muddy Creek Station, Loudon County, on the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad. Here he remained about one year. In October of 1883 his parents visited him and they then had the happiness of seeing, as the Colonel remarked, "the sunny South, even Knoxville, the garden of the world." Mr. Waid supplies the following short and suggestive account of something he saw on Col. Easiley's farm: "One morning the Colonel called for me at the residence of my son, Franklin, and took me a horseback ride over his farm. After looking over a portion of his large farm, we came to his corn-field of 100 acres, and as we rode into the corn, which was planted about four feet apart each way, the height of the stalks and ears surprised me. I had seen corn in the West, but this was east Tennessee. Though sitting on a large horse I had to reach up as far as possible to touch the ears of corn, which beat anything in this line I had ever seen. My son had cut one of the tall stalks of corn and laid by to show us when we came how tall corn grew in Tennessee. The stalk measured sixteen feet, four inches and had two ears; one ear I have now, which I brought home. In company with George N. Waid and G. W. Cutshall, I again went to east Tennessee, December 14, 1883, with the intention of buying a farm for my son, but did not purchase, not being suited. The farm was near Greeneville, Greene Co., East Tenn., known as the College farm, owned by Mr. Williams. We visited, near Greeneville, the family burial-place of ex-President Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. His three sons are interred here." At present Franklin I. is in the employment of George Bush, of Warren County, Penn. Guinnip P. is living on the old homestead, where his paternal grandparents lived, and is doing, as his father was wont to before him—working part of the farm on shares. He began work on the farm immediately after marriage. Fred F. is a rising young man whose commendable disposition endears him to all who know him. At present he is attending school and, like his father, loves his book, and does his part manfully on the farm. During the past summer Fred wanted a little piece of ground on which to plant potatoes and beans and to till for himself, and his interest in the crops being half, he said, as they were not very good, he would take \$5. His father paid the money and thought nothing more of it. But in a few days Mr. Waid went to the bank and Mr. Dick, the banker, asked him if he had a boy by the name of Fred. Mr. Waid said "Yes." "Well," returned Mr. Dick, "he has left \$10 here and taken a certificate." This was a surprise to Mr. Waid, and he began to think his son had commenced younger than he did himself in that line of business. The other \$5 Fred had earned little by little. On Monday morning following his wedding Mr. Waid at once commenced an engagement on the farm with his father, at \$15 per month, working eight months in the year, for about four years and teaching school the remaining four months.

(It may not be inopportune to mention here that long before railroads were built in this county, and even for many years after, Ira C. Waid's residence was known as the "Drovers' Home." It was the regular stopping-place for drovers, summer and winter, and our subject has seen as many as three droves of cattle on the old homestead at a time, in charge of fourteen men, for his mother to cook for, and that by an old-fashioned fire-place, as she was among the last in the community to introduce a cook-stove into the house. One drove of cattle, numbering 600 head, from Texas, once put up at the "Drovers' Home," the largest that ever passed that way.)



Mr. Waid then began farming on his own account, renting part of the farm at first and later working it on shares. He taught, in all, eight district schools and thereby became well acquainted with many children who grew to manhood and womanhood, and many also who have long since passed away. All these schools were in Crawford County, and the first school he ever taught was the first school established in Blooming Valley, then (1851-52) part of Woodcock Township. This schoolhouse stands east of the Advent Church, and is now used as a dwelling-house, while the present school building, large and beautiful in appearance, is located on a rise of ground more central, a little south of Main Street or State road.

In 1858 Mr. Waid's father, knowing his son's desire to become the possessor of a little home, sold him fifty acres of land once owned by Pember Waid and where Francis C. now lives, for \$1,300, and this land was paid for in the following manner: Ira C. Waid gave George N. Waid, who was then living in Lee County, Iowa, the sum of \$500 to help him buy a piece of land, and also sold R. L. Waid thirteen and a half acres—known as the Goodwill Lot—crediting our subject with \$500 on his purchase, which gave him a good start with what he had earned and laid by. He (our subject) paid the balance more easily than he expected. "James Chase and wife," says Mr. Waid, "while visiting at my father's place, made a remark in my hearing from which I tried to profit. He said 'a young man who had his health and could get good wages and the farmer get high prices for everything he had to sell either in Meadville or Titusville (this was soon after the oil excitement when times were good in this section) was to be *pitied* if he did not save something more than he spent.' This was seed sown on good ground, and I then began to produce more in order that I might have more to sell. I have but little faith in the old maxim which young men so often repeat—'The world owes me a living.' Better go to work to earn something before you ask for pay." After George N. Waid came home from the army and had recovered his health sufficiently to work a little on the farm, he and Francis C. carried on the labor on their father's farm until 1865. On September 9, that year, our subject bought George N. Waid's entire interest in his father's estate, paying \$1,500, which greatly assisted George N. in buying the property he now owns. At the death of his parents, Francis C. Waid became the owner of two-thirds of the old homestead (at that time the farm comprised 160 acres). R. L. Waid's eldest son, Orlando, is now living on what was his father's share of the old farm. Nick P. Waid, R. L. Waid's second son, lives on thirty-five acres of land lately bought in Richmond Township, this county.

Francis C. Waid is now owner of 300 acres of land under a high state of cultivation, located on the State road five miles east of Meadville and one mile from the village of Blooming Valley. There are six buildings on the main farm used for the storage of hay and grain; the main barn is 32x88 feet, the horse barn 28x36, connected with the main barn by a shed 16x48 feet. On the farm is a large cider-mill that has been in use since 1858. For grinding purposes, horse-power is used, and the first building erected by Ira C. Waid was in 1858, the two-story 24x36 feet structure, substantially put together but so arranged the horses were not under cover. In 1878 our subject put up an addition on the east side of this building 28x36 feet, making the mill 36x52 feet under one roof, and this is devoted to a good many other uses than as a cider-mill.

It is safe to say (if his natural reservedness permits) that Mr. Waid is the wealthiest farmer and the largest tax-payer in Woodcock Township. The census of 1880 on farm reports shows an income of about \$2,500 on his farm for

that year, but it is not in real estate alone that his wealth exists, for he is to-day the holder of \$20,000 in county bonds and other securities, and is also assessed with \$20,000 money at interest; and besides all these he has other pecuniary privileges. He is somewhat known as a money loaner; and one thing is a little remarkable in his favor—in *all his dealings he has never yet sued a person to get his due*. Twice in his life he has been sued, and when he writes the history of his life, he will tell the reason why; at present he has patience to wait. On being asked one day by a friend how he succeeded in accumulating so much property, Mr. Waid quaintly replied, "By earning one dollar at a time and then putting that one to work to help me earn another." Indeed, the life of our subject is an example of that power of patient purpose, resolute working, steadfast integrity and earnest piety, showing in language not to be misunderstood, what it is possible to accomplish, and also illustrating the efficacy of self-respect and self-reliance, in enabling a man to work out for himself an honorable competency and a solid reputation.

For three years or more Mr. Waid had been thinking of buying a farm for his eldest son, or Guinnip P., with the intention of his making a life home of it, so on January 29, 1885, he purchased of Rev. A. S. Goodrich one containing nearly 100 acres, known as the Jabez Goodrich farm (Jabez Goodrich was father of Rev. A. S.), situated on the State road four miles east of Meadville, two miles west of Blooming Valley and less than a mile from the home of F. C. Waid. Our subject offered Mr. Goodrich \$45 per acre for the property, and they agreed not to survey it but simply "chain" it. Calling Martin Carpenter, of Blooming Valley, to come and see fair play between old friends (and for that matter relatives), Mr. Waid and Mr. Goodrich took each an end of the chain, and January 28, 1885, though a bitter cold day, tramping around and through deep snow drifts, and frequently having to change their course, they finally reached their point and found the measurement to be 97 acres and 124 perches, which would bring \$4,399. On examining the amount, Mr. Waid protested that it did not look well. "Permit me, Archibald," said he, "to change that sum." "What!" exclaimed Mr. Goodrich. "Oh! call it \$4,400," quietly returned Mr. Waid. This business transaction was completed January 30, and Mr. Goodrich returned to the field of his ministerial labors at Ridgeway, Elk Co., Penn. The purchase of this farm almost at his very door, after going all the way to east Tennessee for the same purpose, as already narrated, reminds Mr. Waid of a former transaction. When he was teaching school and had some opportunity of looking about him, especially in quest of a partner for life, he failed to find the object of his choice, but on coming home he discovered in his parents' kitchen a young lady doing house-work, and that young lady is now Mrs. F. C. Waid. "If I am as well satisfied with the farm I have just bought," says Mr. Waid, "I will indeed be contented." Our subject has also a little property (three houses) in the Second Ward, east side Green Street, city of Meadville, and a wood lot situated about two miles east of his farm in the adjoining township, Richmond, and forty-five acres bought of Daniel Smith, April 10, 1874, lying south and adjoining the farm, but in Mead Township, and which has been very much improved since purchased. The last timber on this lot was removed during the month of March, and at present it is in meadow, except about five acres, which is used as pasture.

Our subject says there are three things he can always love—a book, a newspaper and a friend. In connection with books there is another thing Mr. Waid dearly loves—the Sunday-school, which has with him but one term, and that is not yet out. His parents taught their children to go to Sabbath-school in child-

hood at the old State road, and our subject was there last Sunday and wishes to continue. In youth he bought a very small Testament and for several years he carried it in his pocket instead of a plug of tobacco. He was satisfied then and is yet with the choice he made. "I cannot remember the time when my father," says Mr. Waid, "did not take from one to three or four newspapers; I loved to read them. Since we were married we have taken the papers; we began with one but now take seven or eight; the Meadville *Weekly Republican*, then I think known as *The Spirit of the Age*, has been a weekly visitor with us ever since we were married. S. S. Sears took my name as a subscriber in 1854. He who would have friends must show himself friendly and there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Acting on this rule will bring friendship by deserving it and especially so when we have the aid of that Friend spoken of. The earth in her bountiful goodness produces all the necessaries of life; but what is life without the interchange of thought?" On his farm, on the north side of the State road, is a field, nearly all meadow, 100 acres in extent, it having contained its present number of acres since 1873. There is and has been since this land was cleared a lane on the east side of this field, also a lane on the west side, a sugar bush on the north end of the lot and a young grove of 130 sugar maples at the northeast corner. The north end of this field gently slopes to the north. Near the sugar bush is a never-failing spring in addition to the one about to be spoken of, and on the beautifully rising ground, perhaps eighty rods from the sugar bush, is a hay-barn. There are also several handsome shade trees (maples) that adorn the field, which is most beautifully located and is just sufficiently undulating to be free from the monotony of a constant level or from abrupt hills. In addition to the natural rolling and graceful surface which nature has given to this most attractive portion of the earth, she has supplied it with an abundance of the Lord's best gift to man—pure, sparkling water. Near the east side of the field is one of the most abundant and never-failing springs to be found in all the country, its crystal-like current gushing from the earth and flowing diagonally across the entire field, thus supplying it *ad libitum*, with ever refreshing water. Like Jacob's well of old, this spring supplies water to all who may come, when, by reason of drouth, other sources fail. People passing by exclaim, "How beautiful that field is! What made it so? Labor?" Yes, the work and indomitable perseverance of two or three generations have made this fair meadow what it now is. Here our subject's grandfather, Pember Waid, and father, Ira C. Waid, toiled for many long years, spending a large portion of their lives, assisted by other help, on these same acres, and Mr. Waid himself feels that he will never regret having devoted much diligent toil to improving and beautifying that field. But there was something more than mere manual labor employed. Thought had to precede and accompany the work that brought this luxuriant meadow to its present beautiful and productive condition. This field, containing, according to the deed, "100 acres and allowance," was purchased October 7, 1823, of Jared Shattuck, for the sum of \$500. What a change in value and appearance it now presents, over sixty years from the date of its purchase!

Two objects attract the attention of the people as they pass the homestead of Mr. Waid, and those are the large field spoken of and a big wood-pile. For twenty years or more there have been several hundred cords of stove-wood of various lengths piled up in the wood-yard all the year round, so that when the dry wood was removed the green might take its place. Some years there have been as much as 400 cords on hand at a time, and never at any time less than 200; so "Waid's big wood-pile" has become a sort of proverb. It is worthy of

remark that this wood is generally hauled into the yard during the winter and cut by hand with the cross-cut saws during the spring before farm work opens. Orlando Waid and Franklin I. Waid, Mr. Waid's eldest son, cut fifteen and a half cords in one day, and our subject, with other help, split and corded the wood and measured it, perhaps the best day's sawing ever done on the farm.

Mr. Waid says: "I have hired men who can cut more wood in a day than I can or ever did, and I have been frequently asked: 'How much did you ever cut in a day?' On March 10, 1865, my brother George N. required some wood cut, so with an ax I cut, split and piled two and three-quarters cords of eighteen-inch sugar-tree wood; and next day I cut, split and piled three and one quarter cords same kind of wood. Do you ask me if I think I ever did a better day's work? I believe I did. On the day I was thirty-five years old Henry Smith and I set out in front of his residence and grocery, on the corner of State and Grove Streets, Meadville, nine sugar maples, quite large trees, all of which grew well and now greatly add to the looks of that part of the town. Life is desirable when we do good. I think it was in the spring of 1870 that I had the pleasure one day, along with my brethren, of setting out twelve trees by the State Road Church, nearly all of which are now living. (The sheds were built in December, 1879; the house repaired and new style windows put in, in 1882. The first house was erected in 1824, the present one in 1847. I understand there was a log schoolhouse in which meetings were held years before 1824, and it is said on good authority that the first meeting held in this community was about seventy-two years ago at Edward Douglas' place, about one mile northeast of the State Road Church.)" Thomas W. Grayson, Esq., of the *Crawford Democrat*, when he and his wife called on Mr. Waid two years ago, said, on looking over the farm: "It is one of the grandest farms in the county; such clean fence-rows and beautiful fields; and that large field looks like a young prairie! (This was soon after haying). "Farm life," adds Mr. Waid himself, "includes more than mere agricultural labor, for it offers opportunities, if embraced, which bring greater peace and happiness than any other occupation, or as great, at least."

Mr. Waid does his farming on the same principle he does his voting—acting in each the best he knows how, and then trusting the result with Him who doeth all things well. Mr. Waid's first vote (in 1854) was challenged, and his chagrin may be imagined when he had to confess he had no property—not even a cow. So in this instance he voted on his age, being twenty-one years old the 23d of April that year. After that his wife allowed him to call the cow, which was her own for benefit of both, his property, and it was accordingly assessed to him, since when he has had no difficulty in casting his vote. It is written, "*Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men.*" Years ago, when he first plunged into practical farming, our subject would sell the hay off his farm, and some people advised him not to do so, as he would soon impoverish the soil. But he did not stop there; he tried to be more "*diligent in business,*" and so returned to the farm one of two loads of manure for every load of produce taken therefrom, and as years have rolled by, he has increased the number of loads of manure, which accounts for the present fine condition of the land. Mr. Waid and his family, like other farmers who have raised a variety of crops, have made the growing of hay the main specialty for the past twenty years. During the last twenty-five years our subject avers they have taken off the farm and teamed to Meadville market as many loads of wood and as many tons of hay as any one he knows of, and nearly an equivalent in manure has invariably been returned to

the soil, thereby increasing the productiveness of his land. In December, 1865, Mr. Waid sold hay, only a few tons, from \$28 to \$30 per ton, and in the spring of 1866 it fetched \$40 and some as high as \$45 per ton. These were the highest prices obtained by him. The lowest sum he has any knowledge of having been fetched was \$3.50 per ton. Hay brings at present (winter 1884-85) from \$12 to \$13.

"Prof. A. B. Hyde," says Mr. Waid, "who was connected with Allegheny College twenty years, but who is now in Denver, Col., would greet me thus: 'How do you do, *happy farmer?*' and the suggestive appellation was so true I could not go back on it. I miss him now, but I often think of the man who spoke those words. In childhood and youth I loved the company of good men, and when I had an opportunity I sought them out, in order to hear their counsel and profit by what they would say. If I were to go on a journey and had never learned anything of the way, how glad I would be to converse with some faithful friend who had already traveled that way; so when we find men who have been a little more successful than ourselves, we are anxious to know how they managed it. I want to be doing something to-day that will bring good, now or in the future, and I know if my motive is right, and my action is good, it will bring the object sought. You want proof? '*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*' Youth, if you would be safe, do not lose sight of the old landmarks. In some of the short speeches at our wedding and birthday celebrations, some of my friends, with Dr. Weter in his remarks said, 'F. C. Waid is a man who is noted for attending to his own business, and letting other people's business alone.' In my reply to that statement I have this to offer. In my school days I read of two men—one who attended to his own business, and the other who neglected it, and frequently meddled with his neighbors' affairs. Well, the sequel is this: the man who minded his own business is said to have made a thousand a year, while the other man failed to make a comfortable living. And since the reading of that story I have tried to imitate the man who made the thousand dollars. A tree is known by its fruit. There stand in our front yard a short distance from the walk that leads to the house, two large pear trees, one on the right hand, the other on the left; they were probably set out sixty years ago by Pember Waid, and have borne fruit since my first recollection of them. They are thrifty and in good condition, promising, unless some misfortune happens them, to bear fruit for the sixth generation. My two eldest grandchildren have eaten of their fruit, and for aught I know the sixth generation may." There is also a pine tree on the east side of the walk set there by our subject's eldest son over twenty years ago. He brought this tree from the forest, more than a mile distant, and did all the work himself in transplanting it, as the other members of the family cared nothing for it. But the tree grew, and now they value it.

A friend of Mr. F. C. Waid, while on one of his frequent pleasant visits to the hospitable home of the latter, and when in the reception room, remarked: "You are quite a Tennessean, I see you have a fireplace in this room." "Yes," replied Mr. Waid, "and use it when we have occasion to. My mother was the last person in this neighborhood to give up cooking by a fire-place, and I know of but one other family in this community who use a fire-place to sit by, and the race is between us. Besides, I never find the same comfort sitting by a stove as by the cheerful chimney corner, and our friends, when visiting us, so well enjoy the 'old new thing,' in cold weather, we can afford to keep it up on their account, and so in 1884 you find in my house the good old-fashioned grate with its cheery fire and cosy hearth." Yes; there is indeed the good old-fashioned fire-place with its many hallowed associations that are understood by

us to-day just as they were understood by our forefathers centuries ago; associations that are linked as closely as love can unite them with all the holy ties of domestic happiness and peace, ever reminding us that, as the "sacred refuge of our life," be it the palace or cot, be it regal and stately, or "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home"

Francis C. Waid's parents only paid one visit to the land of their nativity (Connecticut) after coming to Pennsylvania, and it was a notable and pleasant coincidence, not only in their lives, but in the lives of our subject and his wife, that they four should form the happy party to perform that dutiful and almost sacred pilgrimage and to remain together during the entire visit. Mr. Waid himself, in his own graphic manner, thus speaks of this interesting episode in their lives:

"A good man lives his life twice over, and in this sense I think of my parents. From my earliest boyhood until their journey through life closed I have heard them speak of relatives, friends and schoolmates in Connecticut. *Hearing of and seeing* are two different things, like faith and works, but the one often leads to the other; so after a lapse of forty-eight years, my father, mother, my wife and myself, on August 24, 1864, left for the land of my parents' childhood and youth. My eldest son—Franklin I—who was then only in his ninth year, drove us to Waterford in a two-horse carriage, and returned home the following day. The good visit opened with my old familiar friend with whom I had boarded when attending the academy in 1852, and we had the pleasure of calling on relatives and friends at several places. In the town of Saybrook, Conn., my father met some of his old schoolmates, and after crossing the Connecticut River and coming into the town where he was raised, we put up at the home of Benijah Bills, whose father was still living in the same building. In conversation with him, Mr. Bills said that he had worked many a day with Pember Waid in the shipyard. Three of my father's aunts were living, aged seventy-eight, eighty-two and eighty-six respectively. Visiting the old schoolhouse and play-ground, we found the boys playing (it being noon recess) as merrily and boisterously as my father and his chums did on the same ground half a century before. 'There,' said my father, 'is the hickory tree I have told you so much about; it does not look as big as I thought it would be, but it is the same old tree; here we played base ball,' pointing out the spot.

'Here the meadow, there the tree, the wonted scene,  
Where in boyish glee so oft we gambolled on the green.'

"On this I felt like paying my father a compliment, but I was relieved by my mother saying: 'Ira, you look and act more like a boy now than your youngest son.' 'Good!' exclaimed I; 'I have a mother if my father is a boy.' In company with Mr. Brockway, father showed us where the old cider-mill stood and how they used to make the cider when he was a boy. There lay the old bed rock with a groove cut in circular form, perhaps a foot wide by two or three inches deep, in which a large stone wheel ran to crush the apples, and near by lay a portion of one of the stone wheels partly covered by grass and rubbish. After viewing this I did not wonder at my father building a cider-mill and a good one in its day. When we came to the house where Pember Waid had lived, my father stepped up to the door (which was open) and, taking off his hat, said: 'I have got home now, I will go in without knocking.' My father seemed to me to be as well pleased as anybody could be. The impression made has never been forgotten. We gathered wild grapes by the same place where he had picked them in childhood's sunny days along with his brothers



and sisters. In meeting with relatives and friends my pen is inadequate to relate more than a few of the joys that came to each of us. We visited Forestville, Farmington and the city of Hartford, where my parents looked, for the last time, on those whom they loved so well. Altogether it was one of the happy events of our lives, and one we shall never forget. Frederick A. Tiffany, with whom we seemed to make our home during our visit in that locality, is my father's cousin. He (Mr. Tiffany) had visited my relatives in Crawford County previous to our going to Connecticut, and once since with his wife he visited my parents and myself and family, and my father had the pleasure of taking them to other relatives and friends, where they rehearsed for the last time."

To speak of the many acts of charity, liberality and good works of Francis C. Waid might be here considered an act of superfluity, but is it not written in the Scriptures: "Let your liberality be known to all men?" Reference might, in a becoming spirit, be made to the ministers of the Erie Conference, who can speak in Mr. Waid's behalf as to his relationship in assisting to build and repair churches, in furthering missionary work, etc., not to mention what he has done for his own church, his "Pilgrim Home," on the State road. Mr. Waid has long since realized the fact that "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*" Several years ago our subject was present at the dedication of a church at Saegerton, but did not arrive in time to hear the text. After a good sermon came the "tug of war" to raise the amount necessary to free the church from debt. Mr. Waid was waiting for an opportunity which soon came. Being anxious to know what the text was, he rose to his feet and said, addressing the speaker: "Sir, please to repeat the text, as I came too late to hear it, and I will donate \$100." "Good!" exclaimed the speaker, "I hope there are more of you who want to hear the text." Business then moved on in a lively manner. The text was from Matthew v, 16: "*Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*" Similar scenes occurred at Blooming Valley, Townville and some other places where Mr. Waid was present.

In Crawford County, as in many other localities, it is customary to hold birthday celebrations and wedding anniversary parties, so, as he says himself, Mr. Waid found he had gained a day (if it did take fifty years to find it out); his fiftieth birthday and twenty-ninth wedding anniversary were celebrated April 23, 1883. One of the presents was a reclining chair valued at \$12.50; in return the family likenesses were distributed to the party. The family group known as "F. C. Waid's Family, 1884," is still being offered, and is said to be the best they have had taken. The daughters-in-law in the family are consistent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Our subject has held several township offices; in politics he is a mild Republican.

In this volume appear portraits of our subject and wife, his father and mother and their children, except the twin brother, and the only reason his likeness is not in this book is because his portrait was never taken, or Mr. Waid would, if possible, find greater pleasure in placing it here than those of either of the other brothers which appear, but his image is so engraved in his memory that, as has been said, neither prosperity nor adversity can ever efface it. There also appear portraits of the other members of the family, and it is due to the memory, love and respect Mr. Waid bears toward his parents and kindred that such remembrances of them are placed on record in the history of Crawford County. In Mr. Waid's youth, being so much in the company of his twin brother, it became a common expression with him to say "Frank and I," but it has almost become as frequent for him to express himself thus: "George

and I," referring to George W. Cutshall, they having spent so much of their time together in labor on each of their farms and elsewhere, as well as in visiting at home. They have traveled thousands of miles in each other's company and, as Mr. Cutshall says, "have crossed many a wooden bridge and some iron bridges, together, safely." In the Bible it is written by the wisest man, "*Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.*" G. W. Cutshall was Mr. Waid's father's friend, and he was also a true friend of our subject in their youth, before either was married, and the relationship which they have sustained toward each other since is one in which true friendship has existed and is now fully realized and appreciated by both parties. So Mr. Waid has chosen Mr. Cutshall from among his friends as one on whom he might have the pleasure of bestowing a lasting token of esteem and friendship by having his consent to place his (Mr. Cutshall's) portrait in the history of Crawford County, another testimony to Mr. Waid's proverbial generosity.

*"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children, and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just." (Matthew, v, 40.) "And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." (And verse 44.) "But I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. (1st Corinthians, xiii, 13.) And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."*

In conclusion Francis C. Waid says, "Here I not only desire to express my thankfulness to the Giver of all good, but also to them who are so deserving, and may life continue on as pleasant, as peaceful and as happy in the future, until we arrive at our long Home."

GEORGE N. WAID, farmer, P. O. Meadville, was born in Woodcock Township, this county, October 27, 1829; son of Ira C. and Elizabeth P. (Morehead) Waid, natives of Connecticut. Ira C. was a son of Pember Waid, of Connecticut, and settled in Woodcock Township, this county, in 1816, locating on the farm now owned by Francis C. Waid, which they cleared and improved. Mrs. Ira C. Waid was a daughter of Robert and Sarah (Clark) Morehead, former a native of Ireland, and who settled in Vernon Township, this county, in 1818. To Ira C. Waid and his wife were born four children, viz.: Robert L., deceased; George N.; Franklin P., deceased, and Francis C.—the last two named were twins. Our subject was married, April 30, 1855, to Mary J., daughter of Cyrus and Priscilla (Gilbert) Bean, early settlers of this township, formerly of Bucks County, Penn. To this union were born ten children: Iowa (born in Lee County, Iowa, wife of Walter Joslin, and living in this county), Elizabeth P. (born in Lee County, Iowa, wife of William Riddle, and living in Bolivar, Allegany Co., N. Y.), Blanche E. (also a native of Lee County, Iowa, wife of Augustus Anderhalt, and living in Union, Erie Co., Penn.), Greely (died March 27, 1864, aged two years, ten months and five days), Grant N., Ira C., Jennie L., Plunmar B., Lloyd, and Charley (born October 21, 1881). Mr. Waid moved to Iowa in 1855, taking a span of good horses with him, and bringing them back to Crawford County on his return home in 1860. While in Iowa our subject was visited in the spring of 1857 by his parents, and in the fall of 1860 by his brother, Francis C., who then for the first time saw "the West," and he accompanied his brother and family on their journey fifteen days after leaving West Point, Iowa, as far as Indianapolis, Ind., where he left them, thence returned to Erie, Penn., by rail, and from there to Meadville by stage. Our subject's father assisted him in buying a piece of land in Iowa, on which he built a house and which he



farmed until his return home, but several years afterward sold, as renting property so far away was not profitable. Mr. Waid has resided since 1865 on his present farm located on the Dickson road, four miles northeast of Meadville, and one mile north of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the State road. He has a saw-mill for custom work, which he operates during four months in each year. Mr. Waid enlisted during the late Rebellion in July, 1862; received a gunshot through the lungs at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, and was honorably discharged on account of disability February 18, 1864. Francis C. Waid, George N. Waid, and their brother-in-law, George W. Cutshall, have traveled many thousand miles together. In 1876 they visited the Centennial; in the fall of 1880 they had the pleasure of visiting friends and relatives in Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska; and in December, 1883, they made a trip to Knoxville, East Tenn., on which occasion Mr. Francis C. Waid's mission was one of business and to see his eldest son. Mr. Waid in politics is independent. His portrait appears in this volume through the liberality and as a complimentary tribute from his only brother now living, F. C. Waid.