

[Ellis, Henry]

Garnered Sheaves

Died at the family residence in Victor, N.Y., at 1:30 p.m., Sept. 1, 1884, Henry Ellis, aged 85 years, 8 months and 21 days.

Mr. Ellis was descended on the paternal side from Welch and Irish ancestry, traceable to one Richard Ellis, who came to this country in 1717, and a few years later married Jane Phillips, of Easton, Mass. Second in the line was Benjamin—his wife Phebe attaining the remarkable age of one hundred years. Third in descent was Samuel, the father of Henry Ellis. Of the six children born to Benjamin Ellis, nearly all lived beyond eighty years, and some of them into the nineties—a fact which attests rare obedience to the physical and moral laws of life. Judging from the character of the subject of this sketch, there must also have inherited in their genes much of the sturdy integrity and kindness of heart which predominate in those races across the sea from which he sprang, mingled with a New England tenacity of purpose, so essential to a well poised, consistent life.

Henry Ellis was born December 10, 1798, at Florida, Montgomery county, N.Y. On December 29, 1823, he married Isabel Bennett, of Duanesburg, Schenectady county, N.Y., who for fifty-one loving years walked faithfully by his side, his [sic] death occurring January 24, 1875. Early in the spring of 1824 he moved to Victor, arriving at what is now known as the Ellis homestead on April 6th of that year. Here he continued to reside for fifty-nine years, surrounded by children and children's children, three generations of whom revered the good patriarch, and profited by his wise example. Two sons and two daughters survive him, Bolivar Ellis, Ontario's County Clerk, Daniel Ellis, Mrs. Nancy M., widow of Thomas C. Turner, and Jane E., wife of Byron North. Ten grand children and twelve great grandchildren perpetuate his name and memory. In the spring of 1883, he removed with his sons to the village of Victor, where he has since lived, often making the circuit of his children's homes, returning from his last visit only a few days before his death. It is gratifying to remember that his mental faculties retained their clearness up to the hour of dissolution.

Politically he was always a Democrat, closing the record of franchise at the last presidential election. In religion he was a Universalist, firm in belief, strong in faith, abounding in good works. At the organization of the Victor church, April 26, 1845, under Rev. J. M. [James Munroe] Cook, he was admitted to membership and chosen deacon, an office which he actively honored for more than thirty years, and nominally held to the end of his life—his son, Bolivar, officiating in his stead, when the infirmities of age rendered it no longer possible for him to serve. The last illness was of short duration, only three days, and when the shadows of death were gathering,

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Brother Ellis testified in an unmistakable manner, to his unfaltering trust. The funeral took place on Wednesday, Sept. 3, in the Universalist church, the pastor, Rev. S. Herbert Robin preaching a strong discourse from Mark 1:10. Among the decorative emblems was a testimonial to the sacred office made vacant, near the head of the coffin, grouped upon a stand draped with white and black, was the tankard, one cup and plate from the communion service crowned with full bunches of grapes, through which was woven a white satin ribbon inscribed with our Saviour's words at the last Supper as recorded by Mark in the 14th chap. and 26th verse: "I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day that I drink it new in the Kingdom of God." Upon the plate lay a card with the words "Henry Ellis, Deacon of the Universalist Church from April 26, 1845 until his death."

The honorary bearers chosen were Wm. C. Dryer, Truman Dryer, Lawson Dewey, Asel S. Loveland, Alden L. Covill, and Albert Ketchum. The carriers were Hiram Ladd, Jabez Wilder, Luman P. Miller, and John Olney.

The interment took place at Boughton Hill Cemetery on a beautiful spot overlooking the fertile valley which stretches between it and the old homestead, plainly discernible in the distance, where so many years of his exemplary life were spent.

Between the lines of this tribute, written in letters of light, we may read this fitting epitaph: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

M. E. W.

Victor, Sept. 9, 1884.

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