

[Barrett, Amos]

Deaths.

In Ridgeway, N.Y., on the 9th inst., AMOS BARRETT, in the 82d year of his age. Mr. Barrett's death was apparently not caused so much by any particular disease, as by age, a gradual wearing out of the powers of life. He was born in Chesterfield, N. H., on the 10th day of May, 1778. His youth was spent in the pure air among the hills of Vermont. In early life he settled in Fabius, Onondaga co., N.Y. In March, 1812, he came to this town with his family, then an almost unbroken wilderness, and settled on the Ridge Road, stopping the first night after his arrival on the very spot where he breathed his last. Long and severe was the struggle with poverty in this new country. Possessed of a strong constitution and an iron will, he was peculiarly fitted for his position.—There are but few men now living that can remember the hardships and deprivations of those times. The bare necessities of life were exceedingly difficult to be procured, and when a few scattering neighbors could scrape together a sufficiency of grain to make a "grist," one of their number was deputed to take it (perhaps all their store,) "to mill." And that was an enterprise of no small moment, for Genesee Falls (where Rochester now stands) or Niagara, was the nearest mill accessible, and a number of days were required to accomplish it over a road through the woods, having to ford the numerous streams that empty into Lake Ontario, as bridges were quite unknown in this section of country. A few months after his arrival—and he had gathered his family into a snug log cabin—the War [of 1812] with Britain commenced; and when the news arrived of the burning of Lewiston by the British, while some of his neighbors fled, he, with as many as could be found with sufficient courage to face the enemy, with such provisions, fire-arms and ammunition as they could command, marched as volunteers to the scene of strife, and did good service in the defence of their firesides and their homes; and in their Nation's prosperity they were not forgotten, but were rewarded from the treasury of their grateful country. As we consign such an one to the tomb, we cannot but think of the changes he has seen during the course of his life. What varieties of fortune has been his? He has enjoyed prosperity and also suffered in adversity. What varied scenes have chequered his life? What changes have taken place around him? He has seen the country of his choice transformed from a dense forest to an open and beautiful land. Literally he has "seen the wilderness and the solitary places made glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." He has seen farms emerge from their native wildness, and forms of beauty and plenty appear. He has seen the log hut give place to fair and commodious dwellings—and the school house and the church spring up around him, and villages and cities arise on either hand. He has seen

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successive generations come on the stage of action and pass off before him. He has seen his own children that he has dandled on his knee in infancy, and whom he has guided in their tender years, all go out into active life and no longer need his care. One son and seven daughters has he reared to man's estate, and all have become heads of families, and under his fostering care comfortably settled around him, honored and respected by the community in which they live. He is gathered to his fathers to be known here no more forever. He has left a numerous train who bear his name and will perpetrate his memory. He was of a family of ten children—five sons and five daughters—five of whom survive him. Of those that survive, one sister is 65 years of age, another 73, and another 80—and two brothers respectively 88 and 90 years of age; making the aggregate of ages, including his, of 478. His father died at the age of 70 and his mother over 99 years. Br. Barrett was a firm believer in the great salvation, and was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and was buried by the brethren in the order agreeably to his request. The funeral was attended at the Universalist church in Ridgeway on the 11th, which was filled to its capacity. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. Hemphill.

Christian Ambassador, Auburn NY, Sat. 28 Apr 1860
[a Universalist newspaper]

Transcribed on 5 Sep 2008 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY