

# BETHINKING OF OLDE ORLEANS

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## William Glidden's story

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The following excerpt is taken from the 1889 "History of Clarendon" by Copeland publishing. This gives a first-hand account of life in this region during the early settlement times about 200 years ago.

"I was born in 1810, in the town of Stansted, in Lower Canada. I came into Clarendon when I was six years of age — 1816. The frost killed our wheat and we made bread out of potatoes. Father and uncle came to where Perry Glidden now lives, and began to chop, fixing to build a shanty.

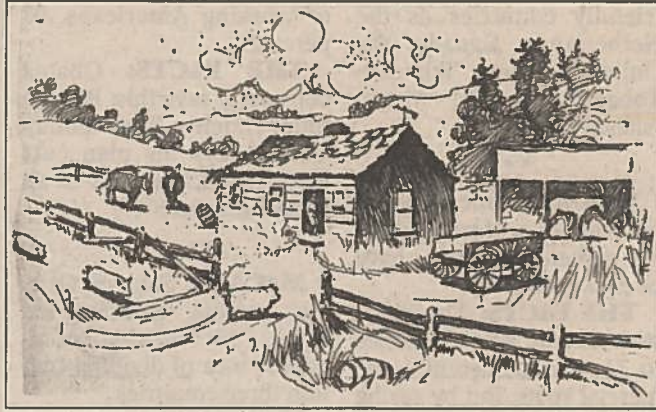
"When we came through Rochester there were one or two stores, one grist-mill, one saw-mill and one or two taverns.

"We went to our shanty, near where Samuel Skinner lived. The roof was of elm bark, and the windows were greased paper.

"Father brought a bushel of corn in 1817 for \$3.00, out of which mother gave us Johnny-cake three times a day. After this was gone, mother said one night to father, "Asa, what shall I have for breakfast?" Father cried and could say nothing.

"Father went over to Babcock's, and he gave him the privilege of cutting early rye, and we had boiled rye pudding and milk. Father took one bag to Farwell's to grind, and mother woke up when he came back, and gave us each a piece of shortcake. Then this was pieced out to us, and we ate roasted corn.

"We had two hogs, and someone stole one of them. Jeremiah Glidden came to our house on Christmas day with steers .... and we had benches to sit on. Glidden said: "All must sing, and others tell stories." This was



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

Christmas Day, 1817.

"The spare-rib was put on a large pewter platter, and I was barefoot and had no shoes. In the spring I would boil sap barefooted.

"We cut down trees for bedsteds and used elm bark for cords. I cut wood when I

was eight years of age.

"I never went hungry after the first year.

"We only staid near the Skinner place from March until October 1816, and then went into our new log-house where now Asa Glidden lives."