

THE BURROUGH FAMILY.

The pronumciation of this name is a little confusing to some people. The second syllable should be pronounced with the sound of "a", not with the sound of "o". I cannot say when the first of the family came over from England. Some of them were brewers. I do not know the date of the birth of my grandfather James Burrough. I never saw him, but I know that he died in 1860. He went to sea, and as I have always understood, had his own ship, or at least was in charge of one, and sailed over about all of ocean that was then generally known. His first wife was Sarah Beverly. She was never quite normal mentally, and in theyear 1824 she had an illness which made it necessary for her to be watched. One day grandfather, worn and weary while watching her, fell asleep. It was only for a moment, but it was a fatal moment. She had fled from the house. A searching party went out, but was too late. She had thrown herself into the water.

James and Sarah had five children -- James, Sarah Frances, Edward Sheldon, Elizabeth Green, and Seabury. The following year, 1825, he married my grandmother; and the next year, 1826, a little boy was born to them. This was my father, Joseph. He was born with his feet turned in. It was characteristic of grandmother that she was determined that the deformity should be corrected, and in time this was accomplished.

The land on which the house stood that grandfather had built, before his second marriage, was built in 1817 (I should have said bought). The house was built the following year. I cannot say who was the architect and contractor, but both wood and brick were used in its construction. The neighborhood was then in the new part of the city. There were not many houses there, and my grandfather may have been prompted to build there by the fact that his brother had a house on Cooke St. (this is the old Draper homestead, from which Mr. Albert Harkness recently moved). I cannot say how many of my grandfather's children were born before they moved into the Power St. house. The two yongest were surely born there.

The house was not all built at one time, and I do not know when the ell was added. The ell comprised the rooms which in my time was the kitchen, with the rooms above it. In the earlier years they evidently let some of the rooms. Those who knew the house when we lived there will recall there was a little entry leading from our back hall to the sitting room, and that it had quite a heavy door. That was the original front door. On the ffrst floor at the back were two bedrooms -- later they were made into one long room, which was our dining-room.

In the little south room over the kitchen, cousin Lucy Smith, in early womanhood, taught a little A, B, C, School for the children in the neighborhood. The room which we called, and used for a sitting-room was the kitchen in those early days. It contained an old fashioned brick oven, where the beans were pised on Saturday

nights, ready for serving on Sundays. When we lived there an arch replaced the brick oven, and over the arch stood a figure of Franklin. Grandfather never really liked the arch -- he preferred the brick oven.

When grandfather first saw coal, he could not believe that it would burn. He said it was just hard stone, but he lived to see that it really did burn.

Grandfather's eldest son James had a store in Chicago. Edward went to sea, and was known as Captain. Seabury was a jeweler. Joseph, my father, after keeping books for a time, went into the wool business in Massachusetts and in New York.