MISS RHODA PALMER GIVES REMINISCENCES

Remarkable Woman, Who Has Just Passed Her One Hundredth Birthday, Recalls Some of the Events That Have Left Their Deepest Impression Upon Her Mind—Well Remembers the Geneva of Three-Quarters of a Century and More Ago.

A feeling of sadness and loneliness steals over a person in the thought of outliving our day and generation, but this thought is dispelled by the visit to Miss Rhoda Palmer of the Lyons Road, who, on Thursday, June 24, 1915, reached her 100th birthday. One can hardly conceive what it means to be able to look back the most of those years as she can, and note the changes that have taken place as the years have rolled by. It is a wonderful thing to have a memory such as hers at 100 years of age and a keen sense of the humorous, with a spirit back of it that still enjoys a joke and can give one. She still loves to read and occasionally writes, and is greatly interested in what is going on about her at this day and age. Miss Palmer has never worn glasses and her eyes are apparently as good as when many years younger.
A visit with Miss Palmer is delightfully interesting, as she goes over some of the scenes and experiences of her childhood and girlhood. She is the daughter of Asa Palmer and Abagail Moody, and comes from the good old English stock of Revolutionary times. Her grandfather, James Moody, went all through the war of the Revolution, and was wounded in such a way as to leave him a cripple. Miss Palmer, at the age of 7 years, remembers him as he looked then.

When asked if she came from a long-lived family, she said her oldest sister lived to be 90 years of age; her father was over 80 and her mother's Hill, at 98, remarkably long-lived family. In reply to the question as to what she attributed her long life she laughingly said: she had done nothing out of the ordinary. Just lived a quiet, simple life in the country with the exception of a number of trips to different parts of the country when a girl. She has for these days were the Geneva Gazette, Mr. Bogart, editor, and the Geneva Palladium. This was about 1836. The postoffice was near Dr. Covert's present office.

Among other reminiscences spoken by Miss Palmer were these: She remembered the time when the first white men crossed the Rocky Mountains. They were Lewis and Clark's missionaries. They held a meeting in the old Methodist church on Castle street in about 1835, with some Indian Indians present. She does not remember the purpose of the conference. A number of Red Indians were held in the old Presbyterian church. Peter Wilcox, the thought, graduated the same year. Miss Palmer saw the launching of the first steamboat on Seneca Lake. The name as she remembered, was Seneca Chief.

She spoke of the time the old Scotch church, which was on the corner of Castle and Geneva streets, where the Y.M.C.A. now stands, was in its glory, and when her brother-in-law, John Simpson, was choir leader there. Mr. Simpson's home was on East Main street. The Rose store, on the west side of Pulteney Park, was the dry goods stores. On the east side, where Mr. Bader now resides, was a Young Ladies' Seminary, where Miss Palmer attended one winter. Other shops and stores were in this section. Near the old Methodist church on Seneca street was Hall's Jewelry store. One door south of the Baptist block, about where the Gala Furnishing Store now stands, was another jewelry store, kept by Mr. Sweaney. What is now known as the Chapel, or Geneva House, corner of Exchange and Lake streets, was in 1823 a hotel run by Mr. Gillespie.

Geneva was then a small town, Seneca, Linden Lane, South Main street, Water or Exchange street and a few others being nearly the size of the town. The Main school was on Geneva street, but a very few houses were on North Main street. The first Scotch Presbyterian church was on Seneca street.

The newspapers of the town in those days were the Geneva Gazette, Mr. Bogart, editor, and the Geneva Palladium. This was about 1836. The postoffice was near Dr. Covert's present office.
after a full day's work. Miss Palmer said she did not remember; but she knew a woman once who did remember, when the first person was buried in the Pulteney Street cemetery.

Another interesting thing that came to her mind was the time when there were no roads or canals and when the stage ran from New York to Albany, and from Albany to Buffalo. All the way there were toll gates at intervals. Five miles out from Geneva to Lyons was a plank road; and five miles from Lyons toward Geneva was a planked road, but there was a space without planks between. She sat on the pleasant recollection of seeing the stage come in with its four horses and the driver blowing his horn as they came swiftly in from the west and east, stopping at the General Post Office, at the Hotel, and at the Franklin House.

An amusing incident and the telling of which illustrates Miss Palmer's ability to see the funny side of a thing, was her meeting with that famous, eccentric, wandering preacher of Maine, Lorenzo Dow. She met him at a grove that was on the ground now occupied by the Church Home of Pulteney Street. He went through the country on horseback. She said that at this meeting two men were present between. She related to Mr. Dow the name of one was Root and the other Bush. They asked Mr. Dow what Heaven was like. He said, "It is a smooth, even plane with neither root nor bush on it." Miss Palmer's father, who was a Quaker, was also a strong Abolitionist. She said, "Father was a great anti-slavery man. There used to be slaves in this state, but they were freed by the Emancipation Proclamation. I remember slaves coming to our home and then they would be sent on to another abolitionist, and so on, until they reached Lake Ontario." Miss Palmer told of hearing the old woman called Sojourner Truth, so-called because she believed in going and preaching through the country. In one of her meetings a man arose who was in favor of slavery. He said that he would not be afraid to preach the doctrine of anti-slavery for fear God would "drop him dead." Sojourner told him when God wanted any dirty little job done He chose a colored person to pay some one to do it, so she proceeded to pay him what he was worth. So she was paid.

"Child, the Lord never even heard of you." Miss Palmer also spoke of a man by the name of Ray, who lived here and who was something of a poet. She quoted a line or two of one of his poems dedicated to Geneva.

They were:

"Try sons and thy beautiful daughters,
Find peace and plenty flocking at thy doors."

She also spoke of times when she would camp in the woods on the west side of Geneva and her home for weeks. In the autumn, she visited the camps. Once four squaws and a papoose slept all night on their kitchen floor. Again she mentioned the name of Red Jacket and said he could speak French and English fluently, but was too proud to use the languages except when he was intoxicated. He also spoke of the pleasant remembrance of seeing the stage come in with its four horses and the driver blowing his horn as they came swiftly in from the west and east, stopping at the General Post Office, at the Hotel, and at the Franklin House.

Another trip taken by Miss Palmer was from Brockport to Geneva. She came from Brockport to Rochester on a packet. The canal was frozen up and they could hardly get through. The first time she saw Niagara Falls was in 1844, when she went to Buffalo to visit the Erie Canal. Two years later, in 1846, she was sent to Hoboken. From Hoboken they went to Europe. From Rochester Miss Palmer came by stage. There were three seats with three passengers on each seat and two with the driver. On Sunday, June 18th, 1916, Miss Palmer's nephew, who came from Michigan to help celebrate her 100th birthday, took her in an automobile to see her old homes and birthplace on the Lyons Road and then brought her to Geneva, riding a distance of eight and one-half miles.

The organization of the Woman's Suffrage movement also comes in with the memory of Miss Palmer. It was the first suffrage convention held in this or any other country and was held at Seneca Falls in 1848. Miss Palmer is one of the original members, and is still living one. Among the noted speak-