

GENEALOGICAL GLEANINGS

OF

SIGGINS

AND OTHER

PENNSYLVANIA FAMILIES

A Volume

OF

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY

AND

COLONIAL, REVOLUTIONARY, CIVIL AND
OTHER WAR RECORDS

INCLUDING NAMES OF MANY OTHER WARREN COUNTY PIONEERS

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GEORGE SIMPSON SIGGINS

DIED.

“At his home in Harmony Township, Forest Co., Pa., at 10 o'clock p. m. on Friday the 20th day of August, 1875 George Simpson Siggins, aged 66 years.

Deceased was the father of nine children, one son and eight daughters, these and his wife survive him. We are unable to do justice to our friend, and will not attempt it.

In the language of the lines he knew so well, and which are descriptive of his character:

“A wit’s a feather, and a chief’s a rod;
An honest man’s the work of God.”

He was a lover of bees; Huber himself could not have been more delighted with their kingdom; he was as much a naturalist as Audubon or Lord Byron, “With nature’s self he seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest.” He fulfilled in his life the imaginary good man of the poet Pope.

“Who noble ends by noble means attains,
That man is great, in exile or in chains;
Like good Aurelius, let him reign or bleed—
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.”

There is no doubt that he knew more of Scotland’s great poet, Burns, than any other man in this section. He revelled over the quaintness of “Tam o’ Shanter,” he was contemplative over “Man Was Made to Mourn.”

“He was a man, take him for all in all,
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”
“He was the noblest Roman of them all.”

In brief, he had a heart overflowing with all the elements of human kindness. His countenance and manner denoted one of nature’s true noblemen. The blood of his ancestors spoke through his countenance as it were. He used Anglo Saxon with great power. Vice he handled without gloves. Yet he was true and right, just and generous. The poor marked him as their friend, they mourn the loss of their benefactor.

May his sleep be sweet. His memory is fragrant as the flowers of spring time, and the calm consideration is left to his stricken friends that he died in the summer, full of hope.

"Truth, Love and Mercy, in triumph descending,
While nature all glowing like Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

He was a passionate lover of Nature and saw God in the woods, in the fields, and flowers. He noticed all the curious little things that many pass by, always coming in from his walks, with curious plants, specimens, Indian relics, etc., many of which are now in museums, given to them by him. He was a good man, one who enjoyed the felicity of this world with all his heart, and we know that he has entered into an ever-abiding City of Rest, where we are sure he will be happy forever. He was a type of Leigh Hunt's, 'Abou Ben Adhem,' for he loved his fellow men."

From the "Forest Press," Saturday, August 28, 1875.

THE FOLLOWING SKETCH OF GEORGE SIMPSON
SIGGINS WAS WRITTEN BY HIS DAUGHTER
HARRIETT HOWE.

In 1858, June 7th to 11th, there came upon the fields of heading wheat, rye, corn and potatoes, the clover fields, gardens and forests, a blighting freeze; every green growing thing was killed, ice was frozen on all vegetation, each clover leaf had a film of ice; the sun came out in full radiance on the morning of the 11th, that was the freeze that struck the river valleys; when the ice melted every green thing wilted down, as though scalded.

I remember the woe that was expressed on my father's face as he saw the result of his labor all destroyed; there was no rebellion against the providence he could not understand. He said: Alas! Alas! a few times and then the Lord gave him courage to plan for himself and his neighbors; Mother was his wise and patient counsellor; this

was the year of the discovery of oil by drilling. Father had bought two tracts of land; he still had a few payments to make, that year he leased to the oil men and had a plentiful income; in a few days he decided to plow up his ruined grain fields, and sow buckwheat, plant corn, and gardens which matured—the farms back from the river had the greatest losses, in many cases they had no seed to replant. Father sold them buckwheat and other seed they desired at the selling price before the frost, and those with no money, he gave or trusted them for pay—and he and mother generously gave them garden seeds.

My father and his brothers were loyal union men during the civil war; he and mother had nine nephews and three young cousins who enlisted and went to the war—all but one of them were intimate visitors at our home, that was Porter Siggins, of Youngsville. I will give the names of the soldier boys:

The cousins were: Porter Siggins, Fletcher Dawson, and Charles Connely. Nephews: William Dawson, George Richardson, John Allender, William Ross Dawson, William Parker Siggins, James Patterson Siggins, Simpson Siggins, and Wilson Siggins. By marriage: Capt. Benjamin A. Smith, whose wife was Margaret Mariannie Siggins.

Those who died in the war were: Capt. Benjamin A. Smith, Porter Siggins, Fletcher Dawson, Charles Connely and William Dawson.

Father, his brothers and his Scotch friends were all readers of the New York Tribune, Philadelphia and Pittsburg papers, many of father's friends who were not so fortunate, came often to him for the news; he was cast in the prophetic mold; one thing that I well remember, though but a little child, was his recital of the Crimean war news, and enlightenment of its problems; later the project to build the railway across the continent which seemed an impossibility to them, the rocky mountains were a barrier they could not pass—so father explained that the genius

of man could tunnel the mountains; I remember a man said "well if they build the road, no one can afford to take the journey over it." I recall father's assurance that the road would be a great investment and that multitudes would go at a reasonable price. The Civil war put a stop to the construction, and the news of President Lincoln's death was carried to California over the Santa Fe Trail by Pony Express, making the fastest time on record.

When Secretary Seward made the purchase of Alaska for the United States, father was eloquent in his defense; "what folly to pay seven millions of dollars for a waste of ice, snow and impassible mountains"; father had been reading the reports of Lewis and Clark, sent out by the government to explore the Pacific coast—after reading of the mineral, animal and timber treasures of the north-western territory, he reasoned with the remarkable ocean currents that the purchase was a wise and valuable acquisition—so clear and emphatic was he that I became interested and began to read everything I found on Alaska and have continued to do so ever since. I sent to Washington for literature on that wonderful country and they sent me a rich supply, and five great maps that I had to spread over the piano to study them. I have Dr. Hall Young's books, and have heard him three times lecture and show his marvelous views. Have read John Muir's books and articles, and Frank Carpenter's reports. Dr. Young says Frank Carpenter gives a correct account in every letter regarding that great country. Dr. Young has been a missionary in Alaska thirty-eight years.

Emeline Harriet Howe.