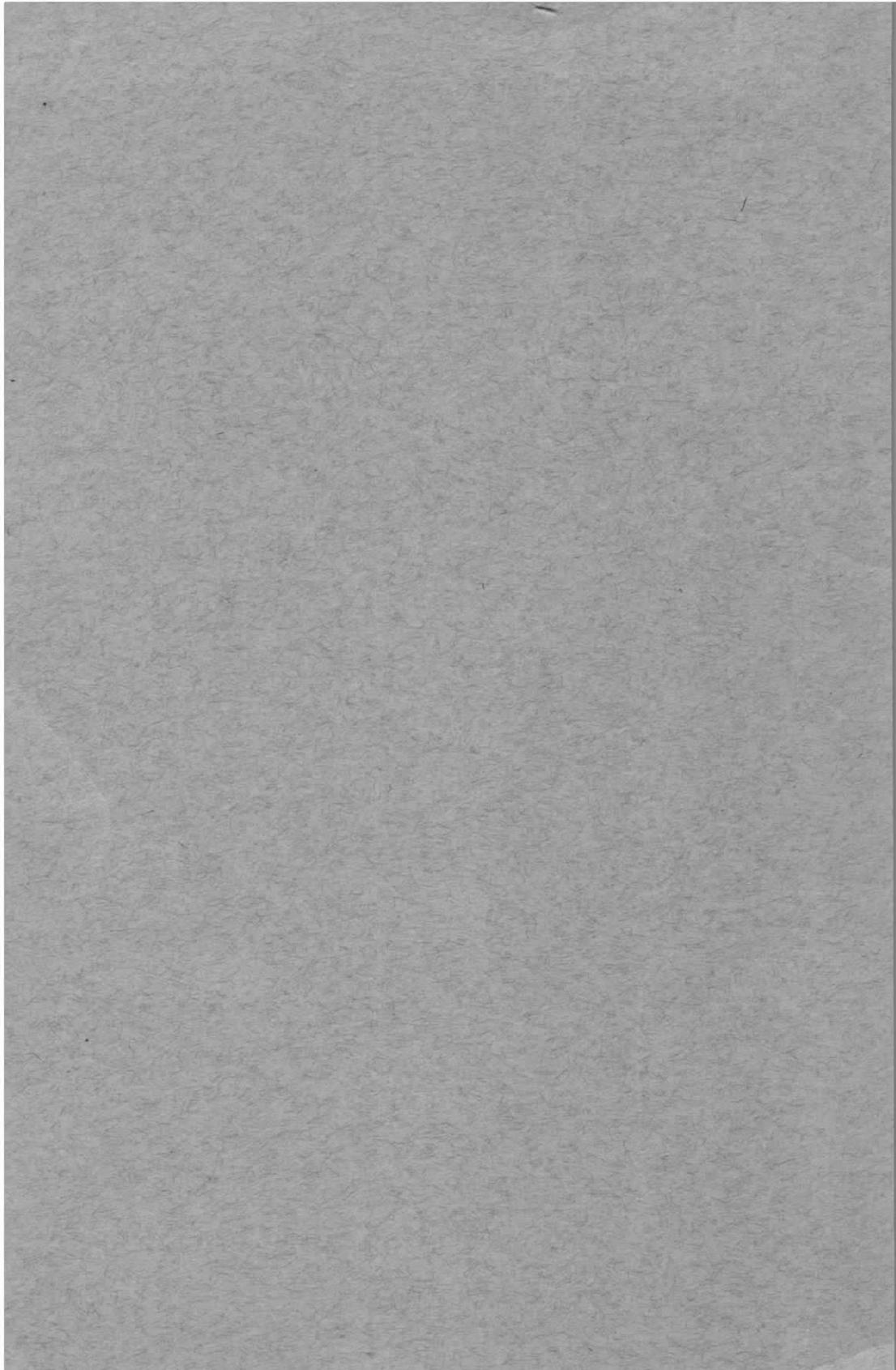


Year Book

Dutchess County Historical Society

Volume 31

1946



Year Book

Dutchess County Historical Society

Volume 31

1946

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by the Dutchess County Historical Society

DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Incorporated under the laws of the
State of New York
December 21, 1918
Certificate of Incorporation filed in the office of the
Clerk of Dutchess County
Book 10 of Corporations page 153

DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEETINGS — MEMBERSHIP — DUES

ANNUAL MEETING, THIRD FRIDAY IN MAY
SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING, THIRD FRIDAY IN OCTOBER

MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the Dutchess County Historical Society may be had by the election of the applicant at the May or October meeting or at a meeting of the Board of Trustees and the payment of the dues.

Annual Dues\$ 2.00
Life Membership\$25.00

These payments carry with them the right to hold office, to vote and to take part in the proceedings of the Society.

Annual dues are payable on January 1 of each year.

Payment of two dollars at date of election entitles a new member to a copy of the Year Book for that current year. Next payment falls due the succeeding January and covers a copy of the Year Book issued in the year ensuing.

Copies of the Year Book are mailed only to those members whose dues are paid to date.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the
DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

..... Dollars

OFFICERS

1 9 4 6

President: EDMUND VAN WYCK, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Vice-President at Large: JAMES F. BALDWIN, Ph.D.,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Secretary: J. WILSON POUCHER, M. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Assistant Secretary: MRS. AMY PEARCE VERNOOY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Treasurer: ALBERTINA T. B. TRAVER, Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Curator: MRS. HARDY STEEHOLM, Salt Point, N. Y.

VICE-PRESIDENTS FOR TOWNS

Mrs. J. E. Spingarn	Town of Amenia
C. J. Slocum, M. D.	City of Beacon
Mrs. F. Philip Hoag	Town of Beekman
Mrs. Hardy Steeholm	Town of Clinton
Lawrence Belding Cummings	Town of Dover
Mrs. Edward B. Stringham	Town of East Fishkill
Miss Edith Alden	Town of Fishkill
Benjamin H. Haviland	Town of Hyde Park
Miss Ruth A. Halstead	Town of LaGrange
Henry R. Billings	Town of Milan
Frank L. Minor	Town of North East
Egbert Green	Town of Pawling
Samuel Deuel	Town of Pine Plains
Clifford M. Buck	Town of Pleasant Valley
Miss Annette Young	Town of Poughkeepsie
	City of Poughkeepsie
Andrew C. Zabriskie	Town of Red Hook
Miss Albertina T. B. Traver	Town of Rhinebeck
Mrs. Joseph T. Tower	Town of Stanford
Mrs. R. Theodore Coe	Town of Union Vale
	Town of Wappinger
Oakleigh Thorne	Town of Washington

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The President, ex-officio

The Vice-President at Large, ex-officio

The Secretary, ex-officio

The Treasurer, ex-officio

CLASS OF 1947

Raymond G. Guernsey

Mrs. George B. Waterman

J. Hunting Otis

Herbert C. Shears

CLASS OF 1948

Mrs. Seward T. Green

Mrs. Stuart R. Anderson

Henry T. Hackett

Ronald Bogle

CLASS OF 1949

John Ross Delafield

Willis L. M. Reese

Olin Dows

Baltus Barentszen Van Kleeck

CLASS OF 1950

George S. Van Vliet

Frank V. Mylod

Harry Harkness Flagler

Franklyn J. Poucher

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The Verplanck House,—Headquarters of Baron
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Edited by AMY PEARCE VER NOOY

The Year Book is published in December. Copies of the Year Book are mailed to those members whose dues are paid for the current year. Single issues are sold for \$2.00 each and may be obtained through the secretary or the treasurer. Address: The Dutchess County Historical Society, Poughkeepsie, New York.

OCCASIONAL PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

- 1916—PAMPHLET: *Troutbeck, A Dutchess County Homestead*; by Charles E. Benton. Out of print.
- 1924—COLLECTIONS: VOL. I; *Poughkeepsie, The Origin and Meaning of the Word*; by Helen Wilkinson Reynolds.
- 1924—COLLECTIONS, VOL. II; *Old Gravestones of Dutchess County, New York*; collected and edited by J. Wilson Poucher, M. D., and Helen Wilkinson Reynolds.
- 1928—COLLECTIONS, VOL. III; *Records of the Town of Hyde Park, Dutchess County, New York*; edited by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Edition exhausted.
- 1930—COLLECTIONS, VOL. IV; *Notices of Marriages and Deaths in Newspapers printed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1778-1825*; compiled and edited by Helen Wilkinson Reynolds.
- 1932—COLLECTIONS, VOL. V; *Records of the Reformed Dutch Church of New Hackensack, Dutchess County, New York*; edited by Maria Bockèe Carpenter Tower.
- 1938—COLLECTIONS, VOL. VI; *Eighteenth Century Records of the portion of Dutchess County, New York, that was included in Rombout Precinct and the original Town of Fishkill*. Collected by William Willis Reese. Edited by Helen Wilkinson Reynolds.
- 1940—COLLECTIONS, VOL. VII. *Records of Crum Elbow Precinct, Dutchess County*. Edited by Franklin D. Roosevelt.
-

For information in regard to any of the above publications address: Mrs. Amy Ver Nooy, Assistant Secretary, Dutchess County Historical Society, Adriance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SECRETARY'S MINUTES

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

FEBRUARY 4, 1946

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held on Monday afternoon, February 4, at four o'clock at the Adriance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie.

Present: President Guernsey, Mrs. Anderson, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Dows, Mr. F. J. Poucher, the Treasurer, the Secretary and the assistant secretary.

The minutes of the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held September 26, 1945, were read and approved.

The President stated that the meeting had been called to make plans for the annual meeting to be held in May and to discuss the possibility of arranging for a pilgrimage to be held in the fall.

Dr. Baldwin was appointed chairman of the program committee to arrange for the spring meeting. He was also requested to prepare a resolution expressing the loss to the society in the death of Mr. Allen Frost.

It was decided that the custom of having an annual pilgrimage in the fall could be resumed this year and the President said he would appoint a committee to arrange for

the event.

There was considerable discussion concerning the desirability of obtaining a suitable place for housing the possessions of the society. Dr. Baldwin spoke of the possibility of obtaining such a place, with a fireproof room in a county building.

The treasurer reported that she had not yet sent out the annual bills but that they were ready for mailing as soon as the year book had been mailed.

Mrs. Ver Nooy reported that the printing of the year book had been much delayed and that she hoped it would be out very soon.

The names of the following new members were proposed and they were elected: Mrs. Edward R. Coker, Miss Frances Corbally, Mrs. Benson R. Frost, Mrs. Donald G. M. Hart, the Rev. Franklin J. Hinkamp, Mrs. Harris S. Reynolds, and Mrs. Frederick Zimmer. Mr. Harold Nestler was elected a life member.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

J. WILSON POUCHER,
Secretary.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

APRIL 23, 1946

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held at the Adriaance Memorial Library on Tuesday afternoon, April 23, at four o'clock.

Present: President Guernsey, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Flagler, Mrs. Green, Mr. Otis, Mr. Poucher, Mr. Reese, Mr. Shears, Mr. Van Wyck, the treasurer, the secretary and the assistant secretary.

The minutes of the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held February 4, were read and approved.

The secretary reported that there had been two resignations and four deaths. The report also stated that a number of gifts had been received from Mr. Theodore Rogers Brill, which would be presented at the annual meeting.

Mrs. Waterman reported that the committee originally appointed to plan a memorial to the late Miss Helen W. Reynolds had been enlarged and had held two discussion meetings. She said that the members were still considering the form which this memorial might take and that the committee included the following persons: Mrs. Stuart R. Anderson, Mrs. John H. Darrow, Mr. Harry Harkness

Flagler, Mr. John B. Grubb, The Rev. George B. Kinkead, Mr. Willis L. M. Reese, Mr. Frederic A. Smith, Mrs. Hardy Steeholm, Mr. Baltus B. Van Kleeck, Mr. Edmund Van Wyck, Mrs. Amy Ver Nooy, Mrs. Isaac S. Wheaton and Mrs. Waterman.

Dr. Baldwin, chairman of the program committee, reported that plans for the annual meeting were about completed and that Mrs. Gordon Wightman, president of the Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands, would be the speaker and that her subject would be "The Romance of the Hudson River." He said that the meeting would be held at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie, on May 15, with a business meeting at 5.30 p. m. and a dinner at 6.30. Mrs. Waterman and Mrs. Ver Nooy were asked to confer with the steward and make arrangements for the dinner.

Dr. Baldwin spoke of some tentative plans for the fall meeting and Mr. Guernsey reported that he had appointed a committee to arrange for a pilgrimage in September.

Mr. Poucher moved, and the motion was seconded, that the

trustees go on record as approving the 1945 issue of the year book. Mrs. Ver Nooy thanked them and explained the reasons for its delayed appearance.

Mr. Guernsey announced that, due to pressure of work, he felt that he must resign as president of the society. He reported that he had appointed a nominating committee, composed of Mr. Otis, chairman, Mr. Shears and Mr. Poucher, and asked that they present a candidate for president at the annual meeting.

Mrs. Waterman asked if the nominating committee would also present a candidate for the office of treasurer. Because of the illness of Major Waterman, she believed that she would not be able

to find the time for the work. The two resignations were accepted with regret.

There was considerable discussion about rotation in office and the desirability of limiting the terms of office. The nominating committee was requested to prepare an amendment to the existing by-laws which could be voted upon at a meeting of the society.

The following new members were proposed and elected: Lieutenant Bartlett E. S. Chappell, Mr. Walter L. Gilbert and Mr. Carroll Rikert.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

J. WILSON POUCHER,
Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING

MAY 15, 1946

The annual meeting of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held on May 15, 1946, at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie. There were 61 members present at the business meeting which was held at 5.30 p. m.

The meeting was called to order by the president.

The minutes of the semi-annual meeting, held October 26, 1945, and of two meetings of the Board

of Trustees, held February 4 and April 23, 1946, were read and approved.

The report of the secretary was read by the assistant secretary and reported that the society had lost seven members by resignation and five members by death: Mr. Frank A. Denton, Mr. Allen Frost, Mr. Frederick N. Morgan, Mrs. Elizabeth Mount and Dr. John S. Wilson.

The secretary's report listed the following periodicals and articles which had been received by gift and exchange:

New York History, the quarterly of the New York State Historical Association, for October 1945 and January and April 1946;

Bulletin from Headquarters House, the State Historical Association, for February 1946;

The Bulletin of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum for July 1945 and January 1946;

New-York Historical Society Quarterly for October 1945 and January and April 1946;

Albany County Historical Association Record for November 1945 and January 1946;

The Quarterly Bulletin of the Westchester County Historical Society for October 1945;

The Pacific Northwest Quarterly for October 1945 and January and April 1946;

Utah Historical Quarterly, January-April 1944;

Cornell University Collection of Regional History, First report of the Curator, 1942-1945;

History of the U. S. S. DUTCH-ESS, APA-98, August 1944—March 1946;

Large photograph of the U. S. S. DUTCHESS, photograph of

the members of her crew and copies of the news-sheet, *Fore 'n Aft*, published on board;

Partial genealogy of John and Esther Agard, (the gift of Mr. Daniel A. Roberts);

The marriage book of Lumon Burtch, Elder of the Baptist Church of Stanford, at Bangall, Dutchess County, N. Y., 1805-1855, (the gift of Mr. Carroll Rikert);

Finch Family Association, Bulletins No. 4 and 5, October 1945 and January 1946;

Mortgage given May 29, 1771, by Joseph Arnold, of the Oblong, to Isaac Haviland, (the gift of Mrs. Charles Kelley);

Letter, dated July 18, 1828, written to Mrs. Azariah Arnold, Washington, Dutchess County, by her daughter, (the gift of Mrs. Kelley);

Poughkeepsie Telegraph, June 19, 1839, (the gift of Miss Caroline Sears, Bloomfield, New Jersey);

Card of invitation to an Agricultural Pic-nic Festival, to be held at Agricultural Hall, Washington Hollow, August 31, 1882, (the gift of Miss Haviland);

A number of deeds and wills, photographs, old newspapers, diary, scrap book, daguerro-

types, linen, 1 tablespoon, 5 teaspoons; a flint-lock gun carried by James Cornwell (or Cornell) when he was a soldier in the Revolutionary War (Fifth Regiment, Dutchess County Militia); a sword carried by Captain Richard Cornwell (or Cornell) in the War of 1812; and a genealogy of the Cornell family, (the gifts of Mr. Theodore Rogers Brill).

The treasurer's report was given by Mrs. Waterman and was accepted as read and ordered printed in the year book.

Dr. Baldwin reported, for the program committee, that Mrs. Gordon Wightman, president of the Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands and president of the Hudson River Conservation Society, would give an address and show some slides depicting "The Romance of the Hudson River" at this meeting. He also reported that tentative plans had been made for the semi-annual meeting to be held in the county, probably at Rhinebeck, in October.

Mr. Guernsey reported that a committee, composed of Mr. Dows, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Steholm, had been appointed and would arrange for a pilgrimage in

September.

Mrs. Ver Nooy reported, for the year book committee, that some material was already in hand and that other articles had been promised.

Mrs. Waterman, chairman of the committee appointed to arrange for a memorial to Miss Helen W. Reynolds, reported that the committee had met and had discussed plans for raising funds for such a memorial. She urged members of the society to contribute to the fund and said she expected the committee would have some definite plan to present to the fall meeting.

Dr. Baldwin presented the following tribute to Mr. Allen Frost, the former curator of this society, and upon motion, it was voted that it be spread on the minutes of this meeting and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Frost:

In Memory of
ALLEN FROST
1877-1946

"The signal success of the Dutchess County Historical Society in its varied activities is justly to be attributed in large measure to the faithful service of its officers and other workers in their chosen field. Among those who will long be remembered with gratitude and affection must now be added the late

Allen Frost, who for thirteen years held the post of Curator in the society, besides filling other positions of responsibility in the community. Born and bred in the city of Poughkeepsie, son of a distinguished local family, he spent most of the years of a useful life in the same native environment. As he was of a friendly engaging disposition, it is not surprising that every door in the neighborhood was open to him, so that few men of our acquaintance have enjoyed so many contacts whether in banking, in business, in church, or in cultural associations. Always an out-door man, fond of sports and adventure, seeking the woods and open fields, Mr. Frost never made of these pastimes an end in themselves, but discovered in them a pathway to the realm of nature. A disciple of John Burroughs, he became a naturalist of authority, accepted as a leader and teacher in the lore of birds, animals and flowers, subjects of study that remain in the form of published articles besides a mass of unprinted notes and papers. Many would say that his most important contribution to the intellectual life of the community, and certainly the best known, lay in the annual series of free lectures which he directed as president of Vassar Institute,

especially in the lines of his own interest. A work no less valuable however, and probably the more enduring, will be treasured in the several collections of historical material that have been assiduously assembled out of the abounding resources of the county. Thus in his desk in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, named and classified with admirable skill, may be found the lists of hundred of documents such as those of the Wurtemberg Church, the Titus papers, the Henry Livingston papers and many others, together with the visual evidence of maps and photographs which were always his delight. It will be recalled that the last words spoken by the Curator in our midst pointed to the possibility of greatly increasing all these resources as soon as better facilities for their preservation may be provided. Alas that his expert services are no longer available at the very time when the promises of a safe depository are on the point of being realized! With due appreciation of the faithful stewardship that has hitherto been shown, the society now rests in the hope that similar efficiency and devotion to duty in the Curator's office may always be maintained.

J. F. B.

Mr. Otis, for the nominating

committee, presented a slate of officers and it was moved and seconded that the secretary cast one ballot for the election of the following persons to office: President, Mr. Edmund Van Wyck; vice-president-at-large, Dr. James F. Baldwin; secretary, Dr. J. Wilson Poucher; assistant secretary, Mrs. Amy Ver Nooy; treasurer, Miss Albertina T. B. Traver; curator, Mrs. Clara Steeholm; trustees of the class of 1947 (succeeding Mr. Charles M. De La Vergne and Mr. Edmund Van Wyck), Mrs. Katherine B. Waterman and Mr. Raymond G. Guernsey; trustees of the class of 1950, Mr. George S. Van Vliet, Mr. Frank V. Mylod, Mr. Harry Harkness Flagler, and Mr. Franklyn J. Poucher; vice-president, representing the town of Pawling, Mr. Egbert Green.

Mr. Guernsey introduced the new president, Mr. Van Wyck, who said that he was happy to have been chosen president of the organization and that he appreciated the responsibility and the honor which had been bestowed upon him.

It was moved and passed that a unanimous vote of thanks be extended to Mrs. Waterman for her many years of devoted and painstaking service as treasurer.

The following new members were proposed and elected: Mrs. George Amato, Mrs. J. Newton Boyce, Miss Edna R. Kennedy, Mr. Harold D. Schenck, Mrs. Harold D. Schenck, Miss Gladys Schenck, Mrs. F. Jay Skidmore, and Miss Anna E. Wells.

Mr. Otis explained that the trustees felt that rotation in office was desirable in any organization and the nominating committee suggested that an amendment be made to the existing by-laws which would limit the term of office of president and vice-president-at-large to two years, with the privilege of re-election once, after which he would not be eligible to succeed himself; that the trustees be elected for terms of four years each, after which they would not be eligible for re-election until a year had passed.

As there was no further business to be brought before the meeting, Mr. Otis moved, and the motion was seconded, that the members adjourn to the dining room, where 147 persons were served an excellent dinner.

Following the dinner, Mrs. Wightman showed a number of interesting slides, showing scenes on the Hudson River. She gave an instructive address, describing the pictures and she urged the

members of this society to help in the preservation of the beauty of our great river.

Mrs. Wightman invited the members of this society to attend a picnic meeting at Half Moon Anchorage on June 26, to meet

with the Hudson River Conservation Society.

On motion, the meeting adjourned, with an enthusiastic vote of thanks to Mrs. Wightman.

J. WILSON POUCHER,
Secretary.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

SEPTEMBER 26, 1946

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held at the Adriance Memorial Library on Thursday afternoon, September 26, at four o'clock.

Present: President Van Wyck, Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Dows, Mrs. Green, Mr. Guernsey, Mr. Otis, Mr. Poucher, Mrs. Waterman, the treasurer, the secretary and the assistant secretary.

The minutes of the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held April 23, were read.

For the Helen Wilkinson Reynolds memorial, Mrs. Waterman reported that Mr. Flagler had had a conference with the Mayor of Poughkeepsie and had requested that the lease on the Glebe House be renewed for 99 years. She explained that Mr. Flagler was unable to attend this meeting and she read a report which he had prepared, outlining a plan for a memo-

rial to Miss Reynolds. Dr. Baldwin, for the program committee, reported that arrangements had been made for the semi-annual meeting to be held at Rhinebeck, October 18. After discussion, it was decided, because of shortage of tires and other considerations, to combine the proposed fall pilgrimage with the semi-annual meeting.

Mr. Dows invited the pilgrimage to make a stop at his home, "Gleburn," two miles south of Rhinebeck. This invitation was accepted. A vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Baldwin, in appreciation of his work in arranging for the meeting.

Mr. Otis, for the committee appointed to prepare an amendment to the by-laws of the society, reported that the amendment would be presented to be voted upon at the fall meeting and that a copy would be sent to each member be-

fore that meeting.

Mr. Guernsey reported that the 150th anniversary of the founding of the Nine Partners Boarding School, now known as Oakwood School, would be celebrated in November and that the cooperation of this society was desired and that its members would be invited to attend the celebration.

The following new members

were proposed and elected: Mrs. Henry Carpenter, Mrs. J. G. Dutcher, Miss Marie Ficken, Miss Mabel Lawson, Mr. Ward C. Moon and Mr. Edwin R. Van Kleeck.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

J. WILSON POUCHER,
Secretary.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

OCTOBER 18, 1946

The semi-annual meeting of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held on Friday, October 18, in the chapel of the Reformed Dutch Church at Rhinebeck. There was an attendance of about 75 members at the business meeting at 11.30 o'clock.

Mr. Van Wyck, the president, called the meeting to order.

The minutes of the annual meeting, held May 15, and of a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held September 26, were read and approved.

The report of the secretary was read by the assistant secretary and listed the following items which had been received by gift and exchange:

New York History, the quarterly of the New York State His-

torical Association for July 1946;

The Bulletin of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum for July 1946;

The New-York Historical Society Quarterly for July 1946;

The Westchester Genealogist for May-June, 1945;

The Pacific Northwest Quarterly for July 1946;

Industrial Bulletin (monthly magazine of the New York State Department of Labor) for July 1946;

Your New York State Tomorrow (published by New York State Postwar Public Works Planning Commission), July 1, 1946;

Manuscript record of the De La Vergne family; eight deeds, 1758-1814; receipt book of Dr.

Benjamin De La Vergne, 1787-1795; a dueling pistol owned by Dr. De La Vergne; from the estate of Mr. Charles M. De La Vergne. (the gifts of Miss Alethea D. Halliday);

Pamphlet, "Where to Live and the House to Live in," published by Harvey G. Eastman, Poughkeepsie, 1872. (The gift of Mrs. Gaither M. Beam).

The report of the secretary also noted that the society had lost the following members by death: Dr. R. Huntington Breed, Mr. Theodore Rogers Brill, Mr. Peter M. Cornell, Mr. M. Glenn Folger and Mrs. James D. Keith.

The treasurer's report was given by Miss Traver and was approved and ordered printed in the year book. Mrs. Waterman, the former treasurer, moved that the society have the treasurer's books audited. The motion was seconded and passed.

The curator, Mrs. Steeholm, reported that she had been going over the possessions of the society. She said that the more valuable manuscript material, which had been housed at the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library during the war, would shortly have to be removed and she felt that a fireproof place should be obtained. It was moved and passed that Mrs. Steeholm be

empowered to obtain such a place, at the expense of the society, as a repository for those articles until such time as the society may secure a more permanent location for them.

Mrs. Ver Nooy reported that the material for the year book was practically all in the hands of the printer and that the issue would undoubtedly be out in December.

Mr. Flagler reported, for the committee which had been appointed to arrange for a memorial to Miss Helen W. Reynolds, that he had talked with the Mayor of Poughkeepsie with reference to obtaining a new lease on the Glebe House for ninety-nine years. He said that the Mayor had assured him that the Common Council would act favorably in the matter at the next meeting. Mr. Flagler outlined a plan for a new building which might be placed in the rear of the Glebe House, on the same property, which would provide a home for the society and a suitable memorial to Miss Reynolds.

Mr. Guernsey, for the committee which had been appointed to submit an amendment to the present by-laws, read the amendment that his committee had prepared and which was printed in the notice of the meeting. Dr. Baldwin suggested that the

words, "at large," be inserted which would clarify the meaning intended. The motion was then made and passed that the following amendment be added to the existing by-laws and that those by-laws be printed in the year book:

A president and a vice-president-at-large shall be elected for a term of two years, and each shall be eligible to succeed himself but once, after having served one full term.

A secretary, a treasurer and a curator shall be elected for a term of two years.

No trustee shall be eligible to succeed himself after having served one full term of four years.

The following new members were proposed and elected: Mrs. Jean Courtney, Mr. Charles C. Griffin, Mrs. Lewis F. Hicks, Mrs. Helen Ludolph, Mrs. Joseph J. Mastroianni, Mr. Kenneth W.

Porter, Mr. Herbert J. Thomsen and Mrs. Herbert J. Thomsen.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned for the morning. After a visit to the post office to view the murals painted by Mr. Dows, the group went to the Beekman Arms, the oldest hotel in America, where they much enjoyed the exhibit of antiques and old prints and where a delicious luncheon was served to 104 guests.

After luncheon, the gathering assembled in the Reformed Dutch Church where the Rev. Mr. Blanchard gave the interesting address published in the year book.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Blanchard and Mrs. Spurling and the members left for the "pilgrimage" part of the day's program.

J. WILSON POUCHER,
Secretary.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

OCTOBER 26, 1945 - MAY 15, 1946

PERMANENT ACCOUNT

Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, October 26, 1945	\$5,694.99	
Deposits and interest to date	82.59	
		\$5,777.08

CHECKING ACCOUNT

Receipts

Balance on hand, October 26, 1945	\$1,105.50	
Received from dues and sale of books	858.00	
		\$1,963.50

Disbursements

Lansing-Broas Company, printing postcards	\$ 5.90	
Postcards and postage	19.28	
Honorarium, Assistant Secretary	50.00	
Honorarium, Treasurer	50.00	
Flowers, sent Mr. Frost	8.00	
Rhinebeck Gazette, envelopes for year book	19.75	
New York State Historical Association, dues	3.00	
Postage on year book	21.00	
Check to Helen Wilkinson Reynolds Memorial Fund	3.00	
Addressing, packing and carting year book	15.00	
Rhinebeck Gazette, printing year book, copyright, etc.	372.52	
Swan Engraving Company, plates for year book ...	12.39	
Lansing-Broas Company, binding year book	72.35	
Check book	2.06	
		654.25

Balance on hand, May 15, 1946\$1,309.25

THE HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS MEMORIAL FUND

Balance on hand, October 26, 1945	\$1,677.52	
Received in contributions and interest	29.82	

Balance on hand, May 15, 1946\$1,707.34

INVESTED FUNDS

War Bond, purchased April 1943, matures April 1955, valued May, 1946		\$ 760.00
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Respectfully submitted,

KATHERINE B. WATERMAN,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

MAY 15, 1946 - OCTOBER 18, 1946

PERMANENT ACCOUNT

Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, May 15, 1946	\$5,777.08
Interest to October 1, 1946	87.04
	\$5,864.12

CHECKING ACCOUNT

Receipts

Balance on hand, May 15, 1946	\$1,309.25
Received from dues and sale of books	144.00
	\$1,453.25

Disbursements

Editorial work on year book	\$ 200.00
Honorarium, speaker at meeting, May 15	25.00
Reply postcards and postage	13.45
Lansing-Broas Company, printing cards, spring meeting	4.95
Honorarium, Assistant Secretary	50.00
Honorarium, Treasurer	50.00
Lansing-Broas Company, Letterheads and envelopes	13.05
Annual contribution toward expenses of Glebe House	120.00
Lansing-Broas Company, printing cards, programs and letters, fall meeting	27.10
Postcards and postage	18.25
	521.80

Balance on hand, October 18, 1946	\$ 931.45
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THE HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS MEMORIAL FUND

Balance on hand, May 15, 1946	\$1,707.34
Interest to October 1, 1946	17.10
	\$1,724.44

INVESTED FUNDS

War Bond, purchased April 1943, matures April 1955, valued October 1946	\$ 767.00
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Respectfully submitted,

ALBERTINA T. B. TRAVER,
Treasurer.

OUR PRESIDENT SAYS:

Our annual meeting, May 15, 1946, was again held in the evening with a business session at 5:30 p. m. and a dinner at 7 o'clock. This plan seems to be very favorably received and it gives many of our members, who cannot attend a daylight meeting, an opportunity to be with us. Mrs. Gordon Wightman, president of the Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands, was our guest speaker and Mr. Wightman operated the slides which illustrated her talk. Her address on the Hudson valley was most enthusiastically received by her hearers and the pictures were beautiful.

* * *

Your new officers feel keenly the responsibility of carrying on the work of the society and will give of their best efforts toward that end. It is very pleasant to know that we shall continue to have the advice of Mrs. Waterman and Mr. Guernsey as members of the Board of Trustees.

* * *

At the semi-annual meeting, held at Rhinebeck October 18, 1946, the society adopted changes in the by-laws relating to the terms of office of the president and the trustees. We feel that these changes make for the real good of the society, bringing in new ideas as well as spreading the work and interest among a larger group of members.

* * *

At some future time, perhaps next fall, we hope to be able to resume the pilgrimage for which our society has become famous both at home and abroad. It did not seem justifiable to the trustees, in view of the continued shortages of cars, rubber, etc., to make an extended tour this year.

* * *

With all the beautiful days with which we have been blessed this fall, it would happen that the statutory day for our October meeting would come upon one of the very few rainy days of the season! However, the business meeting, held in the chapel of the Reformed Dutch Church at Rhinebeck, was more largely attended than most and real

member-interest was shown. The new by-laws were explained and we were much pleased with Mr. Flagler's report for the Helen Wilkinson Reynolds Memorial committee. All of the details of the lease for the Glebe House have not been worked out, but it is felt that the memorial now begins to take shape and will provide the society with a definite aim and purpose.

We are most grateful to the Rev. Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Olin Dows for the interesting and instructive informal talks which they gave us and we appreciate the gracious hospitality extended by Mr. Dows, his mother and his sister at "Glenburn." We are indebted to the members of the Chancellor Livingston Chapter, D. A. R., and to the Reformed Dutch Church at Rhinebeck for their kind reception. We extend our hearty thanks to our program chairman, Dr. Baldwin, to Mr. and Mrs. Spurling and Mr. Winne for their efforts which made possible the very pleasant and satisfactory day in spite of the rain.

* * *

Our society is always pleased when asked to participate in the anniversaries of our county organizations and we were especially glad to be invited to help celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Oakwood School on November 8, 9 and 10. Many of our members were able to attend the various events, particularly the meeting at the old Nine Partners Meeting House at South Millbrook, on the Sunday afternoon. One of the outstanding pilgrimages of our society was made in 1935 to this same meeting house. We are proud of the record of this splendid school and we wish it all success in the years to come.

EDMUND VAN WYCK.

BY-LAWS
DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NAME

The name of this organization is: The Dutchess County Historical Society.

OBJECT

The object of the society shall be to discover, procure and preserve whatever may relate to American history in its several phases—social, economic, military, political, literary, artistic, etc.—but particularly material regarding the history of Dutchess County in the State of New York;

To encourage the writing of papers and the delivery of addresses on subjects of historical interest;

To collect objects of historical value and arrange for their preservation.

MEMBERS

There shall be three classes of members: Annual, Life, and Honorary.

Annual Members shall pay annual dues.

Life Members: Any person who shall pay at one time at least twenty-five dollars shall become a life member and be exempt from further dues.

Honorary Members: Any person who, in the judgment of the Board of Trustees, has attained distinction in historical work or research may be elected an Honorary Member and shall be exempt from dues.

All three classes of members are active members.

OFFICERS

The officers of the Dutchess County Historical Society shall be:

A president

A vice-president-at-large

A vice-president from each town in the county

A vice-president from the city of Poughkeepsie

A vice-president from the city of Beacon

A secretary

A treasurer

A curator

Sixteen trustees

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees shall consist of:

- The president, ex-officio
- The vice-president-at-large, ex-officio
- The secretary, ex-officio
- The treasurer, ex-officio
- and sixteen trustees

There shall not be duplication on the board—no one person may at the same time serve as an executive officer and a trustee.

MEETINGS

There shall be two stated meetings of the society each year: an annual meeting on the third Friday in May, and a semi-annual meeting on the third Friday in October.

Other meetings may be called by the president, or by the vice-president-at-large, or by the secretary, or on the request of three members.

Ten members shall constitute a quorum.

Meetings of the Board of Trustees may be held at any time on the call of the president, of the vice-president-at-large, of the secretary or of any two members of the board.

Five trustees shall constitute a quorum.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS

President: The president shall preside at meetings of the society and of the Board of Trustees. He shall initiate and direct the activities of the society in conjunction with the Board of Trustees.

Vice-President-at-Large: The vice-president-at-large shall act in the absence of the president as need occasions.

Vice Presidents for Towns: It shall be the duty of the vice-presidents for towns to stimulate interest in the objects of the society in their several localities.

Secretary: The secretary shall keep a record of all meetings of the society and of the Board of Trustees; shall notify all persons elected to membership; shall notify members of the time and place of meetings; and shall perform all the duties of the secretary of the society.

Treasurer: The treasurer shall collect and disburse all moneys of the society under the direction of the Board of Trustees.

Trustees: The Board of Trustees shall transact any business of

the Society and have general management of its affairs, including the election of members.

DUES

The dues shall be two dollars, payable at the time of election and thereafter annually upon the first of January.

Any member in arrears for dues for six months may be considered as having resigned from the Society.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Officers shall be elected at the annual meeting on the third Friday in May.

Vacancies in any of the offices may be filled at any meeting.

ELECTION OF TRUSTEES

Sixteen trustees shall be elected in four classes, each class to serve four years.

The trustees in active service in October, 1928, shall continue in the terms for which they were elected.

To the trustees in active service shall be added in October, 1928, the following:

Two trustees whose terms shall expire in May, 1929;

One trustee whose term shall expire in May, 1930;

Three trustees whose terms shall expire in May, 1931;

Four trustees whose terms shall expire in May, 1932.

REPORTS

The officers of the society, standing committees and special committees shall report to the society at the meetings in May and October upon such matters as are in their charge and shall inform members of the condition of the society.

ORDER OF BUSINESS

The order of business at any meeting of the society or of the Board of Trustees shall be as follows:

Reading of the minutes of the previous meeting.

Reports of officers.

Reports of committees.

Election of members.

Unfinished business.

New business.

AMENDMENTS

These by-laws may be amended at any regular or special meeting by a majority vote of those present, provided a notice of the proposed amendment shall have accompanied the notice of the meeting at which it shall be acted upon.

AMENDMENT

Adopted October 18, 1946

TERMS OF OFFICE

A president and a vice-president-at-large shall be elected for a term of two years, and each shall be eligible to succeed himself but once, after having served one full term.

A secretary, a treasurer and a curator shall be elected for a term of two years.

No trustee shall be eligible to succeed himself after having served one full term of four years.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

It was decided that it would be more practical this year in view of the shortage of tires and other considerations, to hold a combined semi-annual meeting and pilgrimage than to attempt two trips into the county. Accordingly, Dr. Baldwin, with the assistance of Mrs. Sumner Nash Spurling, town historian of Rhinebeck, and the Rev. Frank D. Blanchard, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of Rhinebeck, arranged for the meeting there and a pilgrimage in the neighborhood of that village.

After the meeting and before leaving the church, Mrs. Spurling spoke briefly and described the points of interest which she felt should be viewed in the village and extended an invitation from the Chancellor Livingston Chapter, D. A. R., to visit the home of the chapter.

The tour, escorted by the State Police, drove north on the Post Road and east through the village. Because of the rain it seemed inadvisable to make the various stops which had been planned. The cavalcade did, however, stop at the house of the local chapter of the D. A. R. where they were hospitably welcomed by some of the members. This house was the first home of General Richard Montgomery and his bride, Janet Livingston and formerly stood on the Post Road until its removal to the present location in 1860.

Following the visit to the D. A. R. house the pilgrimage was escorted to "Glenburn," the home of Mr. Olin Dows, where they were received by Mr. Dows, his mother and his sister. Mr. Dows pointed out many historical items in the house and gave the informal and interesting talk which is published in the year book. After serving coffee and cakes the assemblage was invited to visit his studio where he had arranged a pleasing exhibit which included family portraits, old photographs of Glenburn, some old deeds and documents, books, some of them the published verses of his mother; and the original drawings for the murals which he painted for the Hyde Park post office.

At dusk a very happy pilgrimage dispersed for home.

GLENBURN*

Mr. Van Wyck, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It's a great pleasure to my mother, my sister and me to welcome you to Glenburn. Twenty-six years and a few days ago you honored this place with your visit, but then you just passed through. My grandfather addressed you at the Beekman Arms and I wish today I could give you such a lovely and knowledgeable talk as he did.

As you all know better than I do, Glenburn was a part of the Beekman-Livingston land grant and belonged to Thomas Tillotson. His granddaughter, Julia Lynch, used to play in the Fallsburgh creek, under the falls and in these woods. When she was twelve, in 1830, her grandfather gave her this piece of about sixty acres. Shortly afterwards she and her parents built a cottage where she lived with them until 1843, when she married Stephen Olin, Methodist preacher and president of Wesleyan College. Eight years later he died and she returned to Glenburn to live. In the woods at the head of the falls she used to hold a Sunday school and later founded the Hillside Methodist Chapel. Before rural free delivery Glenburn was a separate post office. When Julia Olin died in 1889, her son, Stephen Henry Olin, my grandfather, inherited Glenburn and lived here much of the time until he died in 1925. Then the place passed to his daughters, my mother and my aunt, the latter turning her share over to me. Hence this piece of land has not been sold since the time of the first deeds.

The house itself has been changed a number of times, and you can follow these changes in an old drawing and some photographs laid out in my studio. The house was first painted a dark brown with red trim, a summer cottage in the simple Victorian manner. We always understood that John Brown, Mrs. Sumner Spurling's father, was responsible for its appearance and excellent construction. Just after the turn of the century it was considerably changed, new roads and bridges

*A talk given by Mr. Olin Dows at Glenburn on the occasion of the Pilgrimage made by the Dutchess County Historical Society October 18, 1946.

were built, the house was greatly enlarged in several installments and painted white. The designing was done by the architects Henry Bacon and Harrie Lindeberg, while Edward Burnett pebble-dashed the old red clapboard stable. This room, in which we stand, was designed by Henry Bacon. Finally, when my mother and I came here to live nine years ago, we torn down one of the wings, a third of the house, where you noticed the small sunken garden made in the former foundations. Theodore Dominick remodeled and simplified the remaining structure.

There are a few items of historical interest in this room and in the dining room that may be worth a moment of your attention. In the four windows are the coats of arms of the four families who first owned the land: the Beekmans, the Livingstons, the Tillotsons and the Lynchs, taken from the old sitting-room. You all recognize Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Margaret Beekman, one of three (the others being in the Mills house at Staatsburg and at Montgomery Place). The earlier portrait of her husband, Robert R. Livingston, is less well known and is by an unknown painter. It looks much like a Wollaston. The other pictures on the walls are a copy of Stuart's Tillotson by Albert Sterner, portraits of my grandfathers, Stephen Henry Olin by Ellen Emmett Rand, David Dows by Albert Sterner, and Stephen Olin, again by an unknown painter. On the desk are two small pictures of Henry Beekman and his wife and in the corner a bust of Edward Livingston. The other desk was used by the Livingstons and Tillotsons as a mail box and both Margaret Beekman Livingston's and Thomas Tillotson's names can still be seen on the upper cubby-holes where the various cleaners have failed to rub them off. In the dining room where we will go presently you will see two semi-circular tables given by Washington to Tillotson. And if, after coffee, you feel inclined to look at more things, I have laid out in the studio a few family portraits and other pictures, documents and deeds, photographs and books connected with Glenburn and the people who lived there.

OLD FORMS WITH NEW FACES*

Mr. President, Friends of the Dutchess County Historical Society. When Dr. Baldwin extended to me his most gracious invitation to speak to you I had for some time been endeavoring to learn what expressions of olden time had left distinctive traces in our present thinking and acting. It seemed as though I might have sufficient material to interest you today. Should that prove to be an elusive search I chose the general subject, "Old Forms with New Faces." Well, the search is not a will-o'-the-wisp but it has proved to be a "wisp o'-the-will," so far. I find that the search is to be a long one. Hence we shall seek our old forms in other places.

I have been reading innumerable old letters and documents, some bits of which may interest you.

More than one hundred years ago, in 1839, William Tremper wrote to his mother, "I have been to Delaware County and bought some stock to winter, and got my money again for the stock that I lost there last fall. My pork brought me only \$5.25. Last fall I got it for \$9.00. Buckwheat from \$1.50 to \$2.25 and money very scarce. But we have enough of everything, with the blessings of God, to live comfortably."

The form is ever the same. Young men, by the grace of God determined to succeed, they are ever with us. Yet how different is the face of things. Then the prices were low and the money scarce. Now the prices are high and the money abundant.

Again, more than one hundred years ago, in 1841, John N. Schultz writes to Mrs. Catherine Tremper, "We have had here lately a reformed drunkard from Baltimore, lecturing on total abstinence. A society has been formed on the plan adopted in Baltimore and a number of those who were formerly inebriates have joined. The society in Baltimore began with six drunkards one year ago last April. Numbers have been added since until it contains between two and three thousand members, a majority of whom are reformed drunkards. These go to different places lecturing or rather relating in their simple tale of truth

*Address made by the Rev. Frank D. Blanchard at the semi-annual meeting of the Dutchess County Historical Society, held on October 18, 1946 at Rhinebeck.

and stating incidents and forming new societies.”

I have read with great interest the work being done by “Alcoholics Anonymous.” The preacher said, “there is no new thing under the sun” and as far as the form is concerned this demonstrates it.

One more of these letters held my attention. From Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1864, George Tremper writes to his brother. In this letter he mentions something from a former letter and then continues, “Since then my opinion has not changed in the least. It cannot with propriety be called even a one horse town for there is nothing doing at all unless at the provost marshal’s office and there is plenty.”

There you have the type of thing for which I have been searching,—“a one-horse town . . . there is nothing doing at all.” The vast majority of soldiers have given that a good face-lifting. And most of us have the picture deeply embedded in our way of thinking.

On April 22, 1697, Henry Beekman received a grant of land covering this locality, embracing a number of square miles, for which he was to pay forty shillings, or about ten dollars, yearly tax.

In 1723, we find the north ward, or towns of Red Hook and Rhinebeck, assessed for approximately \$5,440, paying a tax of about \$270. That is lifting the eyebrows,—\$10 to \$270. By comparison, Poughkeepsie in those days was assessed for about \$4,500, and paid somewhere around \$200 tax. In 1945 the assessed valuation of the town of Rhinebeck was in excess of \$5,000,000, paying taxes in excess of \$144,000, and Red Hook was assessed about \$3,500,000. And, again by comparison, Poughkeepsie, town and city, were assessed for more than \$67,000,000.

A lot of rouge has been added to these faces.

For you who care for figures, I dare say this is interesting but for me there are old forms which have appeared with new faces that are far more intriguing. Yonder, hard by the church, flows a gentle stream, fast taking form as a park. Let us walk along its banks. Out in the country was Rutsen’s grist and saw mill, now the Miller estate. These were two mills in one. Lumber went forth for houses and barns, ships and wagons. Man and beast looked in this direction for food.

A little further along the stream, many years later, stood Hill’s tannery from whence came the material for shoe and harness and belting.

Walking down the stream a little we find where Schuyler's saw mill and woolen factory stood. Material for clothing was available here.

Isaac Davies ran a grist mill about 1796, some of the old timbers of which may still be seen at Benjamin Tremper's place.

A little east of the Post Road stood Benner's grist mill and woolen factory built before 1730. Faint traces of the buildings may still be seen in the stones by the stream.

On the west side of the Post Road was General Montgomery's grist mill.

On with the stream we go until we come to Rhinebeck creek. Below the junction, where Van Steenburg's mill now is, was a saw mill, oil mill and woolen factory.

At the falls below stood a paper mill.

At Fox Hollow was a grist mill and woolen factory. Here teazel still grows wild, I believe. This is the reminder of the burs that were long ago imported from England to raise the nap on the cloth.

Near the river was a grist and a saw mill.

Here, then, are ten properties on which were located seventeen mills. To summarize,—there were four saw mills, six grist mills, four woolen mills, one paper mill, one oil factory and one tannery.

In addition to these there were a wagon industry, a plow factory and a sewing machine factory.

For many years these industries served the country well. Then appeared a representative of the American Woolen Company, proposing concentration of industry for the woolen mills. Greater efficiency, greater service, was beginning to be the watchword. The great corporation proposed to take over all the small factories for a consideration. Some accepted, some refused, but all ultimately passed into the larger enterprise.

Mr. Singer came along and took over the sewing machine and now some of you own American Woolen Company stock or Singer Sewing Machine Company stock and wear store clothes. It is the same old business but it has a new face.

When I was a boy my father owned a grist mill. In those days grist was a mixture of corn and oats and wheat. Basically, I believe, it still is. There were six grist mills along this stream. Then came the great milling industry with its proposal of corporation. Now the grist comes to us by rail, but the form remains with youthful countenance.

Thus one might continue with the tannery and the United States Hide and Leather Company, the saw mills and the lumber industry, the paper mill and the paper industry. Thus has it been throughout the county.

As we have walked by the stream, shall we linger a little longer by the stone walls? Many of you have visited the county clerk's office in Poughkeepsie and observed the photographic maps on the walls. The stone walls marking the boundary lines of the patents are very distinct. However, these were not built by the patentees.

When the first settlers came into the county they each dug a large hole in the ground. The sides were lined with wood to prevent the dirt from falling in. The floor was covered with wood. Overhead logs were placed and covered with sod to keep the rain out. Thus you have the temporary home. A patch of land was cleared of trees and stones were gathered in heaps. I have seen a few of these. Some crops were planted.

Later the stones were carried to lines and laid in fences or walls. Some were used to build houses. These walls were not so much to prevent straying cattle as to clear land.

Within a couple of miles are some of these old stone walls. Great trees show that they were laid one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago. Disputes of the long ago show that these fences fostered a responsibility, ownership, individuality. Trespass, location of the fence, straying cattle are the evidence of the foregoing. In the early days of the village we find an ordinance requiring the fencing in of pigs to prevent them from straying in the streets. Here is the responsibility of the owner.

With these conceptions prosperity developed. With prosperity the need for communications and training became evident. The produce of farm and factory needed roads. The children must be taught the

fundamental rights and duties. With the principles fostered by fences becoming a part of behavior, the walls were no longer needed so many of the old fences were carried away to build roads and school houses. One of those fences is at present being carried away to become a part of a new school to be erected in our village.

Simply stated, I am endeavoring to show you that old stone fences as educators and means of prosperity have put on new faces in schools and highways.

Let me conclude with the church. In the early days this church was the only church in the village. To the north the stone church has the same record. They acted as a moderating influence in community life. An incident will show this influence. A certain Mr. B visited the family of his son-in-law, Mr. V. During the evening meal Mr. B rebuked one of his grandchildren on three separate occasions. The third time he slapped the child. His son-in-law at once retaliated, whereupon the grandfather seized a chair to do violence. Before any real damage was done they cooled off. The daughter and mother of the child stood by not knowing what to do.

This matter was brought before the consistory of the church. After some deliberation the consistory came to the conclusion that the father-in-law should have withdrawn when he saw that his son-in-law was out of humor. It was their judgment that he should, therefore, abstain from the ensuing communion. The son-in-law was held to be the greater offender because he failed to respect age. He was, therefore, to abstain from communion until further notice.

The mother of the child presented the real problem since she was not in any way involved in the squabble. Since, however, she had been in the presence of such unseemly doings they felt that she was in no frame of mind to attend the next communion.

The church no longer indulges in such strenuous methods. With the passing years her face has taken on the kinder lines but she still remains the most potent factor for good in the community.

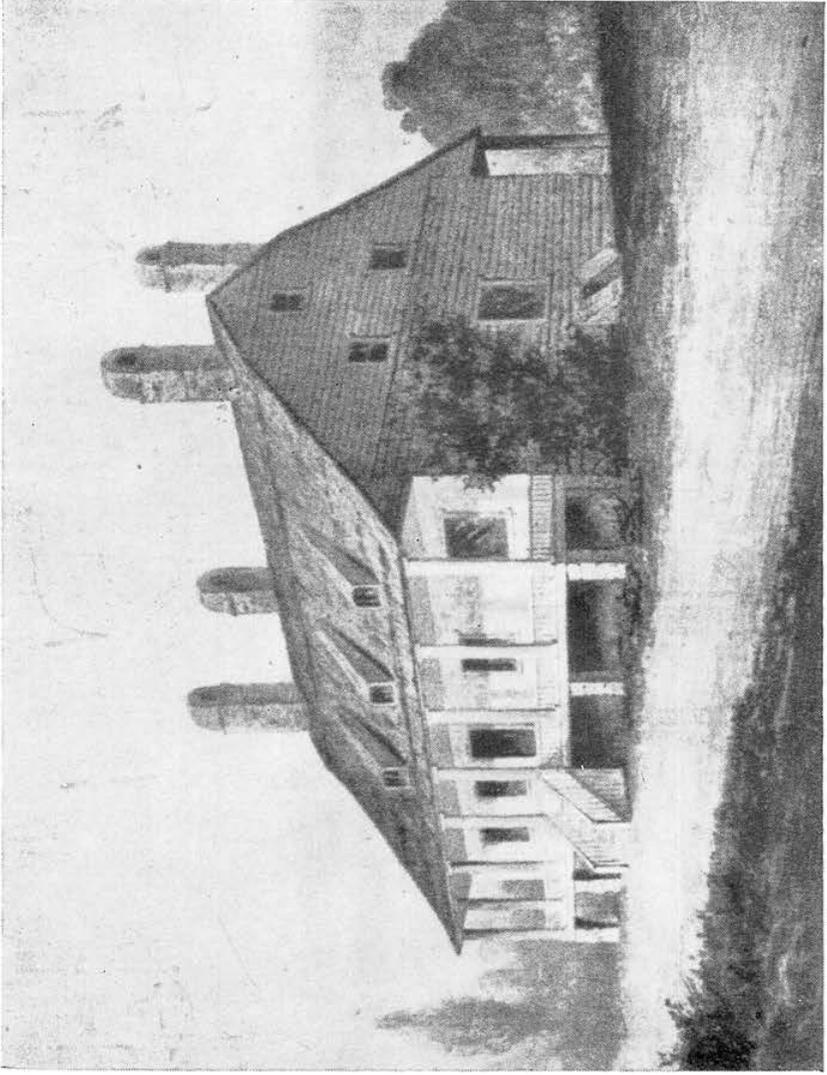
And so we see them, the old forms with the new faces, some softer, some harsher, some plainer, some gaudier, some sweeter, some rougher, but always the old forms remain.

DUTCHESS COUNTY MEN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY
PERIOD — BARON FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON STEUBEN

In 1683 Francis Rombout and Gulian Verplanck, two New York merchants, received a license to purchase a large tract of land on the east side of the Hudson river from the Wappinger Indians. This tract has been known since as Rombout patent or Rombout precinct. As Stephanus Van Cortlandt had been admitted as a third purchaser, this tract was divided into three lots. The first, or southern, lot went to Catharyna, Rombout's daughter, who had married Roger Brett. As Gulian Verplanck had died, the second lot fell to his children and the third, or northern, lot went to the Van Cortlandt family. It was not until 1735 that another Gulian Verplanck built the house known as Mount Gulian. This Gulian Verplanck died November 11, 1751, and bequeathed to his son Samuel, and his heirs forever, "all my farm in Dutchess County called Mount Gulian and all the buildings thereon erected and all and every the slaves, stock, household furniture, farming utensils, etc."

Samuel Verplanck married Judith Crommelin, who lived in Wall street next to the city hall building which was later known as Federal Hall. It was here that Washington was inaugurated for his first term as president. And it was here at the Crommelin house that the Verplancks made their city home and spent a part of their time each year, and here they were when the British took possession in 1776. They must remain here or they would lose the place which could be taken by the enemy and given to the tories. It has been said that Samuel Verplanck was suspected by many as being a loyalist in his sympathies. He and his wife were very friendly with the British commander and his officers whose headquarters were nearby. This friendliness was probably their policy as it saved for them both of their homes. No accusation was ever made against them. While they were in New York Mount Gulian became the headquarters of General Baron von Steuben and, had there been any proof against Verplanck as a tory, Mount Gulian would surely have been forfeited.

Baron Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben was one of the most interesting characters of this period. He was born in Magdeburg, Ger-



The Verplanck house at Fishkill, N. Y., headquarters of Baron Steuben, 1782-1783.



many, September 17, 1730. He inherited his great military ability from a line of noble ancestors. He was a favorite of Frederick the Great and rose to high rank in the seven years' war. He was taken prisoner near the end of the war and was offered a high place in the Russian army, but this he declined. He had been serving ten years as grand marshal of the German court when our revolution began and he was greatly interested and determined to come to America to help make trained soldiers of the American army. Benjamin Franklin, who was in Paris, gave him letters to the Congress, General Washington and others. In September 1777, he sailed and, after a hard, stormy trip of sixty-six days, he landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He at once offered himself to the Continental Congress, explaining that he wanted to serve our nation as a volunteer. Congress received him kindly and sent him to General Washington who was then at Valley Forge. Washington went out some distance to meet him. He was at once appointed to the office of inspector general by Washington and Congress appointed him a major general. He immediately began drilling the troops and giving instruction to the officers, many of whom had never had any military instruction or experience before the war. They must surely have appreciated his kindly offered suggestions as they all became him warm friends. So rapid was the improvement in discipline that by spring the army was said to compare favorably with the finest armies in Europe. When, in the spring, they went to drive the British out of New Jersey, where they had taken possession, Steuben and General Alexander Hamilton both served on General Washington's staff. After the British soldiers at Monmouth, under General Lee, were routed, General Hamilton wrote of this battle, "I had never known or conceived the value of military training until that day."

In the spring of 1782 much of the army was along the Hudson and the Baron secured Mount Gulian for his headquarters. Here he remained until the fall of 1783 when the war ended and the army disbanded and here he continued his task of giving points of discipline to many of his officer friends and caring for his men. He was respected by every officer and loved by the soldiers for his gentle and kind treatment of them during this period. Money was very scarce and it has been related that he often divided his last dollar among his men when they were much in need of it. The treaty of peace was signed in Paris

in September 1783. The British army evacuated New York November 25, 1783, and the American army entered the city led by General Washington and many of his friends.

It was at Mount Gulian, May 13, 1783, that the Society of the Cincinnati was organized by the officers of the army. The idea of a society composed entirely of the officers who had fought together so long was suggested by Steuben to his friends General Putnam and General Knox. It was General Knox who wrote the original draft of the society which is still preserved in his own handwriting. General Washington was elected the first president and General Knox the first secretary.

Just a word about General Knox. He was born in Boston in 1750, served as a private at Bunker Hill and was very popular among the officers. He was said by General Hamilton to have had more influence in the army than any other officer except Washington. After the war was over he served as Secretary of War in the cabinet of General Washington. His headquarters in 1783 were at New Windsor. When the war ended in the fall of that year and the French army was on its way home it camped for a while near Mount Gulian and the French officers gave the Baron many entertainments which he could not return. He has been quoted as saying to his aide, "I can stand this no longer. We are continually dining with these officers and cannot give even a piece of bread crust in return. Sell my silverware. They shall have one good dinner if I eat my soup with a wooden spoon hereafter." The silver was sold and the dinner was given.

The Baron was popular with the ladies, especially with Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Knox who were with their husbands at their headquarters. He spoke a somewhat broken English. He never married. After the war he received from Congress twenty-five hundred dollars a year for the rest of his life. And the State of New York gave him several thousand acres of land on Oneida Lake, where he built a home and cultivated some of his land. He died there November 28, 1794, and his neighbors, who all loved him, buried him wrapped in his military cloak. He is said to have stood near General Washington April 30, 1789, when he took the oath of President of the United States in New York City.

When the war was over Samuel Verplanck and his wife Judith came back to Mount Gulian, put the place in order and lived there the rest of their lives. Their son, Daniel Crommelin Verplanck, was prominent in his day. He was a member of Congress and for many years a judge in Dutchess County and was noted for his hospitality to a host of friends. This grand old house, filled with its beautiful furniture and many objects of historical interest, burned to the ground September 5, 1931.

J. WILSON POUCHER



STEUBEN'S EXERCISE

ABRIDGED:

CONTAINING every necessary instruction for the *Exercise, order, and Discipline* of the *Militia, on Field Days*; with instruction for Ranking and Sizing a company. &c. &c. For sale at this office at the low price of 25 cents.

* * * No Soldier ought to be without this useful *Companion*, as it gives, in a comprised view, the whole duty of FIELD EXERCISE.

POLITICAL BAROMETER, Tuesday, September 4, 1804.

THE INDIANS OF DUTCHESS COUNTY AND VICINITY

It was fully fifty years after Hendrick Hudson discovered and sailed up the beautiful river named in his honor that the foot of the Caucasian race first trod upon this soil. The first inhabitants were the red men, members of the Algonquin tribe, whose territory comprised the New England states and eastern New York.

The Wappingers ("easterners," from the same root as Abnaki) were members of a leading tribe of a confederacy of Algonquin Indians who formerly occupied the southern part of Dutchess County, from near Poughkeepsie, along the entire eastern bank of the Hudson river to Manhattan Island, and the country extending east beyond the Connecticut river. They were closely related to the Mahicans on the north and the Delawares on the south. According to Rutenber their totem was the wolf.

They were divided into nine tribes: Wappingers proper, occupying the territory about Poughkeepsie; Manhattan, whose territory extended from Yonkers to the shores of Long Island; Weckquaesgeek, formerly occupying the southern part of Fairfield County, Connecticut, and part of Westchester County, New York; Sint-sink, near the present Ossining; Kitchawank, believed to extend from Croton to Anthony's Nose; Tankiteke, living in Westchester County, New York, and Fairfield County, Connecticut, back of the coast; Nochpeem, near the site of Beacon in Dutchess County; Siwanoy, living along the north shore of Long Island Sound, from New York to Norwalk, Connecticut, and inland as far, at least, as White Plains; and Mattabesec, occupying the town of Middletown, Connecticut. Some of these tribes were divided into smaller tribes. The eastern bands never came into conflict with the Connecticut settlers. Gradually selling their lands as they dwindled away before the whites, they finally joined the Indians at Schaghticoke and Stockbridge. A few of them also emigrated to Canada. The western bands became involved in a war with the Dutch in 1640, which lasted five years and is said to have cost the lives of 1,600 Indians, of whom the Wappingers proper were the principal sufferers. Notwithstanding this, they kept up their regular succession of chiefs and continued to occupy a tract along the shore in Westchester County, until 1756, when most of those remaining, together with some Mahicans from the same region,

joined the Nanticoke who were then living under Iroquois protection at Chenango, near the present Binghamton and, with them, were finally merged into the Delawares.

Their last public appearance was at the eastern conference in 1758. Some of them had joined the Moravian and Stockbridge Indians, while a few were still in Dutchess County in 1774. They had the following important villages: Alipconk ("a place of elms"), on the present site of Tarrytown; Canopus, the principal village of the Nochpeem, taking its name from their chief and located in Putnam County, below the present site of Beacon; Cupheag ("a place shut in," from *kuppi*, "closed"), at Stratford, Connecticut; Keskistkonk, a former Nochpeem village on the Hudson, south of the Highlands, in Putnam County; Kestaubuinck, a former Sintsink village in Westchester County, between Singing Creek and Croton river; Kitchawank ("at the great mountain"), on the east bank of the Hudson river, extending from Croton river to Anthony's Nose; Mattabesec ("at a great rivulet, or brook"), principal village of the tribe by that name and residence of Sowheag, their head chief, located at the site of Middletown, Connecticut; Menu-nkatuc ("that which fertilizes or manures land"), a village under a female sachem, formerly at Guilford, Connecticut, on a tract sold in 1639; Nappeckamak, the principal village of the Manhattans, located at Yonkers; Naugatuck, near Derby, Connecticut; Nipinichsen, on the north side of Spuyten Duyvil; Nochpeem, south of the location of Beacon; Ossing Sing, on the site of the present Ossining; Pasquasheck, a former Nochpeem village on the east bank of the Hudson river, in Dutchess County; Paugusset, in New Haven County, a mile north of Derby, Connecticut; Pauquaunuch, Stratford Township, Connecticut; Pomperaug, near Woodbury, Connecticut; Poningo, near Rye; Poodatook ("country about the falls"), near Newtown, Connecticut; Poquannoc, near Windsor, Connecticut; Pyquaug ("clear land," "open country"), subject to the Mattabesec, near Wethersfield, Connecticut; Quinnipiac, occupying the site of New Haven, Connecticut; Rechtauck, located on Manhattan Isand; Sackhoes, on the site of Peekskill; Sappokanikan, in the vicinity of New York City; Senasqua, at the mouth of the Croton river; Tunxis, on the site of Farmington and Southington, Connecticut; Turkey Hill, near Derby, Connecticut; Uncowa, about Fairfield, Connecticut; Weckquaesgeek, at Dobb's Ferry; Wongunk,

on the site of Chatham, Connecticut; and Woronake, the territory between Milford and Stratford, Connecticut.

Some give Rhinebeck, New York, as the location of the Sepascot, an Indian village occupied by a sub-tribe of the Wappinger confederacy. This, I believe, is a mistake, as the northern limits of this confederacy seem to be near Poughkeepsie, where they join the southern tribes of the Mahican confederacy. It is possible that the names Sepascot and Sepeskenot have been confused in this case. In 1695 Henry Beekman asked for a patent to a tract of land opposite Esopus Creek and called it Sepeskenot. This was in Rhinebeck and possibly accounts for the location of the Sepascot village there by some historians.

The northern section of Dutchess County was occupied by the Mahican ("wolf") Indians. This was an Algonquin tribe, known to the Dutch as river Indians, while the French grouped them and the closely connected Munsees and Delawares under the name of Loups ("wolves"). The same tribes were called Akochakanen ("stammerers") by the Iroquois.

Barton gives the Mahican three clans: Muchquauh (bear), Mechchaooh (wolf), and Toonpaoh (turtle). According to Morgan, they had originally the same clans as the Delawares and Munsee—the Wolf, Turtle and Turkey, but these ultimately developed into phratries which subdivided into clans as follows: the Tooksetuk (wolf) phratry into the Nehjao (wolf), Makwa (bear), Ndevao (dog), and Wapakwe (opossum) clans; the Tonebao (turtle) phratry into the Gakpomute (little turtle), (mud turtle), Toebao (great turtle), and Wesawmaun (yellow eel) clans; the Turkey phratry into the Naahmao (turkey), Gahko (crane), and (chicken) clans.

The name, Mahican, in a variety of forms, has been applied to all the Indians from the Hudson river to Narragansett Bay, but in practical use has been limited to two bodies, one on the Hudson, known as Mahican, the other on the lower part of the Connecticut river and known dialectically, according to Trumbull, as Mohegan (from *maingan*, "wolf"). The Mohegan seem to have been the eastern branch of that group of closely connected tribes that spread from the vicinity of Narragansett Bay to the farther side of the Hudson river, but since known to the white man the eastern and western bodies have had no political

connection.

Their chief seat appears originally to have been on the Thames river, Connecticut, in the northern part of New London County. They claimed as their proper country all territory watered by the Thames and its branches north to within eight or ten miles of the Massachusetts line, and by conquest, a considerable area extending north and east into Massachusetts and Rhode Island, occupied by the Wabaquasset and Nipmuc. On the west their dominion extended along the coast to East river, near Guilford. After the destruction of the Pequot, in 1637, the Mohegan laid claim to their country and that of the western Nehantic in the southern part of New London county. The tribes west of them on the Connecticut river, whom they sometimes claimed as subjects, were generally hostile to them, as were the Narragansett on their east border. At the first settling of New England the Mohegan and the Pequot formed but one tribe, under the rule of Sassacus, afterward known as the Pequot chief. Uncas, a subordinate chief connected by marriage with the family of Sassacus, rebelled against him and assumed a distinct authority as leader of a small band on the Thames, near Norwich. This band was afterwards known in history as Mohegan. On the fall of Sessacus in 1637, the greater part of the survivors of his tribe fell under the dominion of the Mohegan chief, who thus obtained control of the territory of the two tribes with all their tributary bands.

The Mahican tribes occupied both banks of the upper Hudson river, extending north almost to Lake Champlain. On the west bank they joined the Munsee at Catskill creek and on the east bank they joined the Wappingers near Poughkeepsie. They extended east into Massachusetts and held the upper Housatonic valley. Their council fire was at Schodac, on an island near Albany, and it is probable that they had forty villages within their territory. The name, in a variety of forms, has been applied to all Indians from Hudson river to Narragansett bay, but in practical use has been limited to two bodies above mentioned. By James Fenimore Cooper it was spelled Mohican and the last chief of this particular clan, who was the hero of Cooper's novel, *The Last of the Mohicans*, was buried in a sitting posture with his face to the east waiting for the sun to rise, under a pine tree, which was still standing in this century at Pine Plains.

According to Ruttenber, the Mahican confederacy was composed of at least five divisions, or subtribes,—the Mahican proper, Wiekagjocks (according to Gerard, “apparently a corruption of wikwajek,—‘head of a creek’”), dwelling on the east bank of the Hudson river in the vicinity of Hudson; the Mechkentowoons, living on the west bank of the Hudson river above Catskill creek, (although some place them lower down the stream, they may have been located at both places); Wawyachtonocks (“eddy people,” or possibly, “people of the curving channel”), a strong tribe of the confederacy formerly occupying Columbia county and the northern portion of Dutchess county, and extending eastward to the Housatonic river in Litchfield county, Connecticut and the Westenhucks (a corruption, according to Trumbull, of Housatonic, “at the other side of the mountain”), whose village was near Great Barrington, Massachusetts. It is impossible to estimate their numbers as the different bands were confounded or included with neighboring tribes, of which they later became an integral part.

Ruttenber says the government of the Mahicans was a democracy, but his statement that the office of the chief sachem was hereditary by the lineage of the wife of the sachem, which appears to be correct, does not indicate a real democracy. In regard to the duties of the sachem and other officers, Ruttenber says:

The sachem was assisted by counselors, and also by one hero, one owl, and one runner; the rest of the nation were called young men or warriors. The sachem, or more properly king, remained at all times with his tribe and consulted their welfare; he had charge of the *mnoti*, or bag of peace, which contained the belts and strings used to establish peace and friendship with different nations, and concluded all treaties on behalf of his people. The counselors were elected, and were called chiefs. Their business was to consult with their sachem in promoting the peace and happiness of their people. The title of hero was gotten only by courage and prudence in war. When a war-alliance was asked, or cause for war existed with another tribe, the sachem and the counselors consulted, and if they concluded to take up the hatchet, the matter was put in the hands of the heroes for execution. When peace was proposed, the heroes put the negotiations in the hands of the sachem and counselors. The office of owl was also one of merit. He must have a strong memory, and must be a good speaker. His business was to sit beside his sachem, and proclaim his orders to the people with a loud voice; and also to get up every morning as soon as daylight and arouse the people, and order them to their daily duties. The business of runner was to carry messages and to convene councils.

The Mahicans were generally well built. As fighting men they were perfidious, accomplishing their designs by treachery, using stratagem to

deceive their enemies and making their most hazardous attacks under cover of darkness.

The women ornamented themselves more than the men. "All wear around the waist a girdle made of the fin of the whale or of sewant." The men originally wore a breech-cloth, made of skins, but after the Dutch came those who could obtain it wore between their legs a lap of duffels cloth half an ell broad and nine quarters long, which they girded around their waists, and drew up in a fold with a flap of each end hanging down in front and rear. In addition to this they had mantles of feathers, and at a later period decked themselves with plaid duffels cloth in the form of a sash, which was worn over the right shoulder, drawn in a knot around the body, with the ends extending down below the knees. When the young men wished to look especially attractive, they wore bands about their heads, manufactured and braided, of scarlet deer hair, interwoven with soft shining red hair.

According to Van der Donck:

The women wear a cloth around their bodies, fastened by a girdle which extends below their knees, and is as much as an under coat; but next to the body, under this coat, they wear a dressed deer skin coat, girt around the waist. The lower body of this skirt they ornament with great art, and nestle the same with strips which are tastefully decorated with wampum. The wampum with which one of these skirts is ornamented is frequently worth from one to three hundred guilders. They bind their hair behind in a club of about a hand long, in the form of a beaver's tail, over which they draw a square cap, which is frequently ornamented with wampum. When they desire to be fine they draw a headband around the forehead, which is also ornamented with wampum, etc. This band confines the hair smooth, and is fastened behind, over the club, in a beau's knot.

Around their necks they hung various ornaments and they also wore bracelets, curiously wrought and interwoven with wampum, and costly ornaments in their ears. They also wore elkhide moccasins, richly ornamented, before the Dutch came. They later obtained shoes and stockings and bonnets from the Dutch.

Polygamy was practiced to some extent, though mostly by the chiefs. Maidens were allowed to signify their desire to be married. When one wished to marry she covered her face with a veil and if she attracted a suitor the marriage was formally arranged. Widows and widowers were left to their own inclinations. Divorce frequently came from disagreements and was a simple form. The wife was handed her

share of the goods and put out of doors by the husband and was then free to marry another. The children usually went with the mother.

In addition to the usual manifestations of grief at the death of a relative or friend, they cut off their hair and burned it on the grave. According to Ruttenber, their dead were usually interred in a sitting posture and it was the custom to place by the side of the body a pot, kettle, platter, spoon and provisions. Wood was then placed around the body and the whole was covered with earth and stones, outside of which pickets were erected so that the tomb resembled a little house. Great respect was paid to these tombs and to violate them was deemed an unpardonable provocation.

Their houses were of the communal sort and usually differed only in length. They were formed by long, slender hickory saplings set in the ground in a straight line in two rows. The poles were then bent toward each other in the form of an arch and secured together, giving the appearance of a garden arbor; the sides and roof were then lathed with split poles and over this bark was lapped and fastened by withes to the lathing. A smoke hole was left in the roof and a single door was provided. These houses rarely exceeded twenty feet in width but they were some times one hundred and eighty yards long.

Their so-called castles were strong, firm structures and were usually located on the side of a steep, high, flat-topped hill, near a stream. The top of the hill was enclosed with a strong stockade, having large logs for a foundation, on both sides of which oak posts, forming a palisade, were set in the ground, the upper ends being crossed and joined together. Inside the walls of such enclosures they frequently had twenty to thirty houses. In addition to their strongholds they had villages and towns which were also enclosed or stockaded and which usually had woodland on the one side and on the other land suitable for growing corn.

Their religious beliefs were substantially the same as those of the New England Indians. Their myths were numerous. Their deities, or *manitus*, including objects animate and inanimate, were many but the chief culture hero, he to whom the creation and control of the world were ascribed, was substantially the same in character and was a myth-

ological animal bearing some relation to the sun. He was thought to have created the world by magic power, peopled it with game and the other animals, taught his favorite people the arts of the chase and given them corn and beans. This deity was distinguished more by his magical powers and his ability to overcome opposition by trickery, deception and falsehood than for benevolent qualities. The objects of nature were deities to them, as the sun, moon, fire, trees, lakes and the various animals. Respect was also paid to the four cardinal points. There was a general belief in a soul, shade or immortal spiritual nature, not only in man but in animals and all other things, and in a spiritual abode in which the occupations and enjoyments were supposed to be similar to those of this life. Priests, or conjurers, called by the whites "medicine men," played an important part in their social, political and religious systems. They were supposed to possess influence with spirits or other agencies which they could bring to their aid in prying into the future, inflicting or curing disease, etc.

Their food was poor and coarse. They ate the flesh of all sorts of animals and birds, snakes and frogs. Because of their choice of food and unsanitary method of preparation, it was unpalatable to the Dutch. They raised corn which they ground into a coarse meal from which they made a bread or a porridge and into which they mixed beans of various colors. They observed no set time for meals, but prepared a repast whenever they were hungry and sat on the ground to eat it.

When not on the warpath they spent their time in hunting and fishing. The beaver was most highly prized, not only for its meat and fur, but for the medicinal uses of the oil obtained. They knew how to preserve their food by smoking their meat and fish. The women prepared the food, cultivated their fields and made their clothing. When the men were too old for hunting and fishing and fighting they remained with the women and made wooden bowls and spoons, mats, traps, nets, canoes, arrows, etc. The arrows and spears were usually tipped with flint but sometimes the arrows were tipped with copper. The weapons of war, in addition to the spears and bows and arrows, included war clubs and stone hatchets and they carried a square shield made of tough leather.

Their general health was due more to their habits than to a know-

ledge of medicine. They knew how to cure cuts and wounds and treat simple diseases. Their usual treatment was a "sweating bath," given in an earthen hole in which the patient was surrounded by heated stones. After the patient had perspired sufficiently he was taken out and suddenly immersed in cold water, a process which served to cure or kill. The beaver oil was used in many forms and for many purposes.

For money they used white and black, or purple, wampum made from the inside portions of conch shells. They were rounded and perforated into beads and strung on sinews of deerhide. It was sometimes used as a trimming, or edging, on their garments, worn around the neck or made into wampum belts. They were prized for their ornamental value and were used as currency.

They had their laws and their system of government. They had chiefs and subordinate rules, as well as local councils. Their sachem was their local ruler and their general councils were composed of sachems of different families or clans. These councils assembled only in case of war or when other serious matters necessitated concerted action. Otherwise each tribe acted independently and declared war and made peace without reference to their neighbors. The office of sachem descended in an hereditary line but military rank was conferred according to the valorous prowess of each person.

The eastern Algonquins, to which the Mahican confederacy belonged, were probably equal to the Iroquois in bravery, intelligence and physical powers, but lacked their constancy, solidity of character and capability of organization. They did not seem to realize the power and influence they might have wielded by consolidation and cooperation. The alliances between their tribes were generally only temporary and without real cohesion. Indians appeared to be incapable of combining in large bodies, even against a common enemy. Whether this can be attributed to their haughty and independent spirit, it would be difficult to say. Some of their great chieftains, as Philip, Pontiac and Tecumseh, attempted at different periods to unite the kindred tribes in an effort to resist the advance of the white race, but each in turn found that a single great defeat disheartened his followers and rendered all his efforts fruitless, and the former two fell by the hands of deserters from their own ranks. Many of their chiefs rank high in individual character and intelligence,

and Tecumseh stands out prominently as one of the noblest figures in Indian history.

The Europeans were welcomed by these people at first and were hospitably received, the natives even taking kindly to the new religions of the missionaries as powerful "new medicine," adding to their own ancient rites and ceremonies and sincerely adopting them as long as the Europeans protected them against the predatory tribes. They remained friendly with the whites until in many instances some unscrupulous and scheming white inflicted some injury, breach of faith or malicious deed, which would inflame them to acts, the atrocity of which would strike terror to the hearts of the women and children upon the first sound of their war-whoop.

They were engaged in a war with the Mohawks, their nearest neighbors on the west, when the Dutch appeared on the scene and it lasted until 1673. In 1664 the inroads of the Mohawks compelled them to remove their council fire from Schodac to Westenhuck, the modern Stockbridge, Massachusetts. As the settlements crowded upon them, the Mahicans sold their territory piecemeal and, about 1730, a large body of them emigrated to the Susquehanna river and settled near Wyoming, Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of the Delawares and Munsee ("at the place where stones are gathered together," according to Hewet), with whom they later removed to the Ohio region, finally losing their identity.

A previous emigration had formed the main body of the mixed tribe of the Schaghticoke. As early as 1721 a band of Mahican found their way to Indiana, where they had a village on the Kankakee river. In 1736, those living in the Housatonic valley were gathered into a mission at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where they maintained a separate existence under the name of Stockbridge Indians. These are the only Mahican who preserved their identity. In 1755, a large body of Mahican and Wappinger removed from the Hudson river to the east branch of the Susquehanna, settling, with the Nanticoke and others, under Iroquois protection at Chenango, Chugnut and Owego, in Broome and Tioga counties. They probably later found their way to their kindred in the West.

In 1740 the Moravians established at Shekomeko what is believed

to be the first successful mission to the Indians in America. Here a number of converts were made by the missionaries who came from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In the summer of 1742, the mission was visited by Count Zinzendorf, accompanied by his daughter, Benigna. They came from Bethlehem, through Kingston to Shekomeko, "after passing through dreadful wildernesses, woods and swamps," in which he and his companions "suffered great hardships." At this time there was a congregation of ten baptized Indians and during his stay and the fall of that year it was increased to thirty-one. In 1743, a new chapel was finished, thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, and covered with smooth bark. Early in that year Brother Shaw was sent from Bethlehem as a schoolmaster to the Indian children and by the end of the year the congregation had grown to sixty-three baptized Indians and a large number of constant and regular "hearers" who came twenty or thirty miles for the services.

By this time trouble was brewing between the French and English in the colony and many of the Indians were won to the French. As a result any whites who befriended the Indians were suspected. There were complaints of the Moravians, said to have been instigated by the whites who had formerly sold liquor to those Indians, and, although proved groundless, the Assembly ordered "the several Moravian and vagrant teachers among the Indians to desist and depart the Province."

The mission chapel was closed in 1744 and, early in 1745, all of the missionaries had left, except Gottlob Buettner, who died February 23, 1745, and was buried in their burying ground. At this time they had a church, a mission house, a bake oven, a stable, a barracks for hay and grain, houses of seventeen Indians, a workshop and a burial ground in their community.

Some of the Indians removed to Pachgatgoch, two miles south-west of Kent, and attempted to make themselves a home among the tribe residing there. Others joined a colony on the Connecticut shore of Indian Pond (called by the missionaries *Gnadensee*, or "Lake of Grace") at Wechquatnack, where an Indian congregation had been formed by the Moravians, in charge of a Scotchman, David Bruce.

Some of the Indians went with their teachers to Bethlehem. Among

these was Tschoop, one of their chiefs and an outstanding character, who had been baptized and received the Christian name of "John." Before his baptism he was notorious for his wildness and debauchery. He was possessed of a natural wit and humor and few of his countrymen could equal his oratory. For four years after his conversion he used his gifts for the furtherance of the mission. As a chief he was respected and no affairs of state were transacted without his consent and advice. He died August 27, 1746, at Bethlehem of smallpox.

Through the efforts of the Rev. Sheldon Davis and Benson J. Lossing, a monument to these missionaries was erected by the Moravian Historical Society of Bethlehem and was dedicated October 5, 1859. In 1926, through the efforts of Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, owner of the farm on which the monument was located, a service of rededication was held there by the president of the Moravian Historical Society.

A few years ago a monument, standing in a triangle formed by intersecting roads at Brinckerhoff in this county, was erected through the efforts of the residents of the neighborhood, to Daniel Nimham, the last sachem of the Wappinger tribe. He became chief sachem in 1740, from which time he unsuccessfully tried to regain the lands of which his people claimed to have been defrauded when the patent to Philipse Manor was granted by the British government sixty years before. He went to England to press his claims and was sent back to the courts of New York, where it was decided that the land commissioners had the right to dispose of the lands.

At the time of the Revolutionary war Chief Nimham and his warriors volunteered under General Washington and served in Pennsylvania and New Jersey in 1777, and in Westchester county in 1778. Here a party of about sixty, under Chief Nimham, surrounded in a ravine by a much larger force of the enemy, was defeated after a most gallant fight. About forty of their number, including Chief Nimham, were slain. The British commander, himself wounded, in his report of the fight, paid a very fine tribute to Chief Nimham and his men. After their services were no longer needed, General Washington recommended that they be properly rewarded by Congress and, in his letter, reported: "The tribe suffered severely in the Campaign of 1778 in a skirmish with the enemy in which they lost their chief and several

of their warriors.”

Many arrowheads, spearheads and various utensils made and used by the Indians have been found in the county. The camp-site which gave its name to Poughkeepsie was a meeting place and resting place for the Indians and many arrowheads were found in that neighborhood. Mr. Skidmore of LaGrangeville has a large number of arrowheads, etc., found in his neighborhood. Some years ago there was a large box of arrowheads and other artifacts in the home of my uncle, Albert J. Briggs, which had been picked up on his farm in the vicinity of Crum Elbow Four Corners.

A number of the names of individual Indians have come down in the history of the county because they signed deeds or performed some service of which a record was made. Some of the early deeds were signed by Massany, Kashekan (or Calkoen), Waspacheek (alias Speck, who lived in the neighborhood of Spackenkill and gave his name to the locality and to the creek), Pillippuwas, Unannamapake, Paquetarent, Kaghqueront, Tapuas, Awannis and others. There were, apparently, many wolves in the county and between 1720 and 1740, the following Indians were paid five or six shillings (and in some cases ten shillings) as bounty on a wolf's head: Adiaan, Amekoonet, Cochanis, Cooper, Couenham, Isaac Krickes, Mawareno, Nackerin, Nannequeen, Young Nimham, Peter, and Tacquahamaes.

A few Mahican Indians remained about their ancient homes on the Hudson for some years after the Revolution and a number of scattered Indians were living in the county in the nineteenth century but there is little now remaining, except the place-names, to remind us of those original owners. As late as 1850 an elderly Indian woman was living in the old log cabin on the Isaac Conklin farm (now owned by Walter Gilbert) about a mile south of East Park. One family of the Schaghicokes, known as Jonah Coshire and his wife Lydia, resided in the town of LaGrange. After the death of the parents, a son Stephen and a daughter Hannah lived for many years in the neighborhood. Hannah, the last of the family, died October 18, 1877. They are all buried in the small cemetery of the West Branch Preparative Meeting.

HARRY T. BRIGGS

MY HEART GOES HOME*

It was evening on the Ridge more than sixty years ago. Colored Gertrude had cleared away the supper things, but the family still lingered around the dining room table, smiling encouragingly at my little sister and me. All of those whom we loved best were in the room,—our deeply understanding father, with the lamplight shining on his white hair and beard and ruddy cheeks, our adored mother, her arms folded, sitting so straight in her chair, yet always with an air of gay reserve, heightened that evening by the azalea leaf accidentally caught in her dark hair, our handsome older brother Edwin, on vacation from Warring's Military Institute, and our older sister Miriam (her real name was Helen Miriam), whose black braids and brown cashmere basque swept the table as she leaned forward to rest her fine dark eyes upon us. Even Hawkeye, our old shepherd dog, had succeeded in barking his way in-doors that evening.

When all was quiet, Alice stood up. Her snow-white, long-sleeved apron, which was fastened down the back with buttons and apron strings, nearly covered her blue flannel dress. A circle comb held her dark hair away from her high forehead and a pigtail came to her shoulders. In her hands she held a small book made from brown wrapping paper. It was our "novel," named *Sarah and Arnold*. In a clear voice Alice began to read aloud.

At our "revolving desk," by the light of father's lamp in the upper library, our desk snuggled up to his large one, we had labored for weeks upon *Sarah and Arnold*. Our daily tools had been pens, pencils, paint brushes, needle and thread, brown wrapping paper, our faithful lemon that we kept for refreshment, to say nothing of imagination, persistence and a sense of importance.

We had aimed at a love story, but for some unknown reason we had

*A series of sketches and reminiscences was written in 1940 by Thomas Sweet Lossing, son of Benson J. Lossing, descriptive of his life and home as a child on Chestnut Ridge in the town of Dover, Dutchess County. Thomas S. Lossing died recently in California. His sister, Mrs. Helen Lossing Johnson, a well known author and illustrator of children's books, died December 25, 1945. The older brother, Edwin, died May 24, 1911, and the sister, Alice, died July 4, 1912. After the death of Thomas S. Lossing, the manuscript was sent to the Dutchess County Historical Society and the editor is pleased to publish four of the articles in this issue of the year book.

disliked our hero and heroine from the start. Alice had written as bad things about them as she possibly could and I had drawn them in the illustrations with long, turned-up noses and patches on their clothes. I remember we had Arnold drive up to Sarah's door in a square, black wagon, with a whip in his hand, and "Sarah stepped out lightly," a phrase that became a family by-word for years to come. Early in the "novel" the pair had a lovers' quarrel but at the end "they married and lived happily ever afterward."

We glowed in our family's approval and it is to the memory of a simple family evening like this and to an infinite number of other memories that "my heart goes home."

"Home" had been home for five generations, in a setting that was eight hundred feet above sea level, on Chestnut Ridge, twenty miles east of the Hudson river, in Dutchess County. Nine hundred acres formed the original farm but in our time we had the very cream of it in our three hundred and forty-one acres. My grandfather, Nehemiah Sweet, and my great-uncles, Silas, John and Stephen, had been engaged in the lumber business. When my grandfather selected Chestnut Ridge as the site for his house, near my great-grandmother's old home, my great-uncle Silas, on his trips by sloop to the pine lumber district of Fort Edward, would select knot-free pine to be used for siding and trim in the new house. The pine was then rafted down to Poughkeepsie and from there hauled the twenty miles to the Ridge.

My grandfather's house was colonial in design. The hewn oak frame was erected over a cellar that had three-foot foundation walls, with stone piers and logs beneath the kitchen hearth and brick oven. The floors were made of pine, brought from Georgia to Poughkeepsie on a sailing vessel, then hauled to the Ridge. The laths were made of the local chestnut wood, sawed first into half-inch boards, then split the other way. Hand-wrought nails were used for the siding, shingles and flooring. Hand-wrought brads were used in the trim.

The first floor was built with a wide hall, a staircase, parlor and a diningroom, with two bedrooms off of it. A large entry connected the diningroom with the kitchen. Off the kitchen were two rooms, a bedroom and a pantry, of an equal size.

The second floor had a wide hall with two large bedrooms and two smaller ones adjoining it. Ascending from the hall was a staircase leading to an immense attic, away up under the heavy oaken rafters. The parlor, diningroom and the two large bedrooms on the second floor were heated by fireplaces. Three-quarters of the west wall of the kitchen was filled with an immense fireplace, with brick oven attached.

The house was painted white and had large windows, with small panes. Tight green shutters, held back by iron S's, were at the windows. Doric columns were at the front of the porch and fluted pilasters were on each side of the front doors and windows.

Our family lived in the house which my grandfather had built, but we made certain changes. We added a two-storied stone library for my father's use. We also extended the downstairs' hall, adding a laundry with two rooms above it and divided the attic into four bedrooms. This made a house of twenty-two rooms. For extra warmth we added four stoves, installed a Baltimore heater in the "lower library" and put cookstoves in the kitchen and laundry, all of which required sixty feet or more of stovepipe.

Our home was beautifully situated. To the west, beyond our sheep pastures and hills, we had a sweeping view to the mountains across the Hudson. At the northeast, we looked up the valley to Sharon. A large open meadow was at the east. Beyond the meadow were higher, rolling fields, sloping toward the north, and through the blue haze of the distance we could see a lone pine, or spruce tree, growing on a little dome of a mountain, which rose above the treetops in our woods. In the southeast corner of the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were the oaks and chestnuts of our woods. Above them we would see the sun rise. At the south, we looked into the very heart of the mountains and often could see the smoke of charcoal pits.

The house itself, facing north in the midst of spruce trees that my father had planted, stood back about six hundred feet from the main highway. The ground sloped away slightly from it in all directions, except on the west side, where the slope was more pronounced and led to my great-grandmother's lane, used as a public road in our time.

We still walked to my great-grandmother's old well for our drinking water. North of the house was a tall, white pine tree, about two feet in diameter, grown from a little thing that my great-uncle Silas had brought on his shoulders from the woods.

At the south of the house were three immense locust trees, the largest one being three feet and a half in diameter and seventy feet high. When my great-uncle Silas was a man of eighty-three and I was a boy of five, he led me around to this tree and told me it was the same size when he was a little boy. It was a wonderful sight when these locust trees were loaded with their white blossoms, especially against black thunder clouds. They were like a painted picture then, not a leaf, not a blossom stirring in the calm before the storm. Then in the approach of the thunder and the roaring of the wind and the rising of the dust from the highway, the trees would begin to sway and bend, the little blossoms falling like snow and lying in heaps along the sides of the path.

North of the big house, across from the driveway, where the horse-block was the big stone mantle shelf from my great-grandmother's old house, were the three surviving trees of the old orchard, then nearly a century old. One was a pear tree, leaning a little and somewhat spindly at the top, but still loaded each year with bright yellow, delicious little pears. Hundreds of yellow jackets worked on those which fell to the ground and if we picked up a pear to eat we might find a yellow jacket eating his way in. The other two trees were apple trees, the sturdier looking of which never bore any apples. The other one, with partially girdled trunk and only two live limbs, bore quantities of small, waxy, thin-skinned, red-striped, light yellow apples, with sweet-tasting snow-white pulp. Eventually these trees were broken off at their stumps by the weight of ice from sleet storms.

Further down the driveway, toward the west, was a gigantic elm tree and from there, running north, along the road to the main highway, was a row of beautiful shade maples. Still further west were a few fruit trees, one a very old black cherry tree. It bore large black cherries, always wormy, for we knew nothing of spraying in those times. South of this tree my father had planted eight or ten Bartlett and Seckle pear trees. Out near the highway was a group of apple trees,

but apple trees, in great variety, grew in our orchard, on a piece of land sloping west. In the orchard was a Tolman Sweeten, very old, fully forty feet high and more than twelve feet from the ground to the first limb. Quantities of cider were made each year from its small, sweet apples. A younger tree of the same variety and a golden russet yielded large apples, delicious to eat. Other varieties were Baldwins, greenings, snow, maiden blush, northern spy, king, sourdough, sheepnose or gillyflower, and the ones we called "rattle apples," because we could hear the seeds rattle.

Hickory nut trees, nineteen in number, were scattered all about the place. A chestnut-timbered grape arbor, fifty feet in length, was at the end of the lawn south of the house. In season it bore an abundance of dusky blue Concord grapes. Between the grape arbor and the chestnut fence that bordered the lane in front of the barn buildings, was a row of yellow pine trees, reaching from the west end of the arbor to the extreme end of the adjoining vegetable garden.

The vegetable garden was about fifty by one hundred feet in size. Near the row of pines was a long row of gooseberry bushes and north of them an asparagus bed, with several Morris White peach trees west of it. A long row of syringa bushes was between the peach trees and a little gravel path in the vegetable garden. Then followed a patch of red and white poppies, a cherry tree, some pink rockets, a clump of ribbon grass, a sod path, a quince tree, some blue larkspur and a lilac bush, then a large patch of red and white currant bushes at the extreme north end of the vegetable garden. Between the sod path and the currant bushes was the strawberry bed, covered with rye straw in winter, held down with bean poles. There was no fence between the strawberry bed and the meadow, so cattle in roaming around had hooked off the tops of the arbor vitae trees that surrounded the well. In the vegetable garden were a lot of tomato vines, pole beans, sweet corn and many other kinds of common vegetables. Parsnips were left in the ground to freeze in winter and celery was bleached by burying it in the dry earth of the cellar.

There were beautiful flowers around the house in summer. Across the road, west of the house, was an immense bed of white, pink and purple petunias, with a large clump of grey bouquet moss in the center.

On the edge of the bed Edwin had planted an elm tree. Along the drive was a large, oval bed of red and white geraniums and on down near the edge of the meadow, were yellow marigolds and purple asters in a large, round bed. Pansies were thick in a long, narrow bed beside the horseblock and near them coleus grew in a pink, painted tub that was set on the stump of a hemlock.

In front of the porch was a small bed of dark red roses with a large flower pot in the center which held our famous night-blooming cereus. Geraniums, a lilac bush, bleeding hearts, red and blue verbenas, ribbon grass, sweet alyssum and portulacas grew in a large L-shaped bed east of the house. The small flower bed, belonging to Alice and me, was near by and down by the crabapple tree was Edwin's lily-of-the-valley bed.

In the middle of the beautiful, large, white clover lawn, south of the house, was a bed of yellow lady slippers. At the northeast corner of this lawn, back of the house, was a row of arbor vitae, fully sixteen feet high, making a sheltered spot for drying special clothes. The main clothes line extended south, past the crabapple tree, nearly to the grape arbor. The line was a solid, galvanized iron wire, run through screw-eyes on the post and the strain of the clothes in the wind, with the wire working back and forth, made a peculiar, grating squeak through the screw-eyes. After tall, thin, Almira had done the washing in the winter she would go out with the clothes basket to hang the clothes. She would be wearing arctics on her feet, blue bed-ticking mittens on her hands, a checked gingham apron tied around her waist and a grey shawl wound around her head. It might be below zero, a gale blowing, a light snow drifting, yet the sunshine would be intensely bright. With old fashioned clothes pins, Almira would pin a long row of big and little socks and "so forths" that would billow in the wind and be so frozen by night that they would have to be forced into the clothes basket.

Often in the winter, before a snow storm, a flock of little snow-birds would rest on the clothes line, before sheltering for the night. In the spring and summer an occasional robin or bluebird would sit there to watch the cats on the lawn below. At other times, we children would use the line for a telegraph wire and tap a code on it.

The cornhouse was to the left of the path to the barn. The two-

storied buiding was built about 1864. Downstairs were bins for corn on the ear and upstairs there were separate bins for oats, rye, ground corn and buckwheat. A carpenter shop was also on the second floor.

To visit the stables we children would go past the corn house and look through a crack between the wagon shed and the horse stable. The wagon shed had been built about 1812. In our time it housed a couple of square box wagons, an old buckboard, a spring wagon and some tools. I was especially careful to look through the crack first to see if that old gobbler who hated my red cravat was safely out of the way. If he were not in sight we would go into the stable to see the carriage horses, Fanny (named after my aunt), and Katy. Katy would prick up her ears expectantly but Fanny would lay her's back and have nothing to do with us.

At the opposite end from the carriage horse stable, was the farm horse barn, with Gertrude (named for our colored Gertrude), Jessie and others housed there. The two stables were connected by a carriage house, built about 1864. An old ox cart stood in the horse barn-yard and the corners of it were worn smooth from animals scratching their necks upon it.

Separating the wagon shed and the cow stable, was the big barn, belonging to my great-grandmother's old place and built about 1785. Like the house, it was made of hewn timber, roofed with hand-rift shingles and nailed with hand-wrought nails. One of the timbers, under the hay mow, over the thrashing floor, measured sixteen inches in diameter and was of white oak. The heavy floor was of oak plank, pegged down with wooden pegs. Originally the barn had been painted Venetian red, but had been re-sided with pine siding which had become grey and weather beaten. The barn doors were huge, with hinges that reached almost across them and the timbers had never become weather beaten. Down at the bottom of the east door was a square hole, called the "cat hole."

We kept a pair of oxen, Damon and Pythias, in the barn and a calf pen was on the other side of their enclosure. The big bay, taking up two-thirds of the space, was full of timothy, red top and other kinds of hay. Up in the dark corners, inside the rafters, were mud swallows' nests and from them could be seen little blue feathers and little yellow

heads sticking out. The birds would fly down and swish past our faces as they flew out through the barn doors.

This was our home in the 1870's and after. Here we spent our youth in a most beautiful spot in Dutchess County and when we went away to school these were the scenes to which we eagerly returned. On a first day at home we made the rounds and checked the familiar landmarks, noting any little change that had taken place in our absence, and renewed our friendships with the animals, making ourselves known to any additions to that large group of many pets and necessary farm animals. It was indeed a most happy place to come home to and, although I've traveled far, to this day in thinking back on these scenes it is with a nostalgic yearning that "my heart goes home."

EARLY HOME MEMORIES

My father never could sing but he would hum to us, especially to my little sister when it was time for her to go to bed. My mother would sit in the rocking chair near my crib, holding me in her lap and singing me to sleep, while my father would walk up and down in the nursery, holding my sister in his arms and buzzing a tune, often "Yankee Doodle." From my father's and mother's bedroom was a wide hall leading to his study and just outside the door was a tall, eight-day Terry clock. My father often took the keys out of his pocket and opened the upper and lower doors to show us the heavy weights and the long pendulum swinging back and forth. Every eighth day came the ceremony of his winding the clock and we never failed to be there to watch him turn the crank and see the weights go up.

One of my earliest impressions is of my father going down that hall, I so little that he seemed just a pair of tall legs, vanishing up three or four steps through the iron door into his study. Beyond this iron door was a large room, bookcases on all sides, filled with books. There were tall arched windows, a blank white ceiling and the floor was covered with a brown manila matting. Beside a bookcase, just inside the door, stood a gold-headed cane in the corner and with it a silver-headed cane. One had been made from timber from the old frigate, CONSTITUTION, and the other from timber from the frigate, CONSTELLA-

TION. Another cane was made of whalebone carved to represent a rope with a Turk's head knot on top, which had been made by one of the sailors on the Kane expedition in search of the North Pole. There was still another cane made of a brass tube, veneered on the outside with rosewood and a removeable cap on top. Inside was a very large, slimy, green silk umbrella, with an ivory handle. We young ones used to delight in drawing out the umbrella, opening it and sitting under it. Over the canes was hung some wampum and an Indian bow with arrows.

In the morning the sun would be pouring into the study from the windows which looked out under the limbs of our large pine tree, across the meadow and up the Harlem valley toward Sharon. In the afternoon the sun from the west would pour in the arched windows and the view from these windows would be across our sheep pasture, over the hills to the Shawangunk mountains across the Hudson.

My father would very often be at his work in the study by four o'clock in the morning and would work there until the family breakfast at seven. We would all meet then and eat our oatmeal, steak or ham and eggs, fried potatoes, coffee and toast and would talk over what we were going to do that day, what the weather was, etc. On cool mornings there would be a log fire in the fireplace. The meal began by mother leading in a silent blessing and after the meal we would all go into the library where she would read a chapter from the Bible. Then father would go up to his study to work all morning, mother would look after her garden and plants and household and we young ones would perform our little duties, such as watering our plants, and when school age arrived, would be at our lessons at nine o'clock. Until school age, most of the time was spent in play, outdoors in all clear weather. We would often go out in the meadow and gather lilies and bull's eye daisies, the grass up to our necks and waving in the wind. It seemed like being in an ocean with the waves of grass sweeping over us. The bob-o-links would be swaying on the lilies in the wind. Earlier in the season, when the grass was short, the meadows would be gay with buttercups. We would pick armfuls of the flowers and fill the vases in the hall, library and piazza with them.

Twice a week we would hear, about eleven o'clock, the bell of Mr.

Hartwell's butcher cart. My father would rush down from his study to the cart to select the meat, but Hawkeye would always be there before him to make sure of his bone. As a rule we young ones would run to the cart as soon as we heard the bell and I can still remember the sound of the meat saw and the cleaver in the hands of the rosy-faced Mr. Hartwell, and I can still see him in his long, white apron and his deep straw cuffs, rolling up a roast and pushing in the skewers to hold it. On a shelf in the top of the body of the cart were the cleaver, saw, knives, steel sharpener and the bell. To the lid of the cart hung the scales. Fine steaks were twelve to sixteen cents per pound and pot roasts were nine. In hot weather our purchase, if not for immediate use, was wrapped up and let down in a basket to the water's edge in our deep well.

We would all meet again for one o'clock dinner, hungry in spite of our hearty breakfast. Monday was what we called "gray dinner day," as it would be laundry day for the cook. There would be cold turkey or roast from Sunday, instead of hot roast beef, vegetables, floating island or cottage pudding. Mother would taste a spoonful of the dessert and say it was as good as ice cream but we young ones didn't think so. Tuesday, ironing day, would be somewhat of a "gray dinner day." Wednesday would be grand again, perhaps roast beef, mutton or veal, mashed potatoes, squash or beets, dandelion greens heaped high on a platter and topped with slices of hard-cooked egg, cup puddings which were made in a deep pudding dish with a cup upside down in the center to keep the crust from getting soggy, or brown betty, or apple or mince pie. Thursday, Friday and Saturday would be much the same. There would always be home-made bread, home-churned butter, jams, jellies and delicious, fresh, wild strawberries in season or preserved in winter. The height of the wild strawberry season was at Fourth-of-July time.

My father would go up to his study again. My mother would settle down to read about three o'clock and we would play croquet or swing in the big swing hung to the limb of a large maple tree. I used to put my cats, Tiger and Ulysses, in the swing, to their great discomfort. After two or three swings their eyes would get bleary and heavy and they would make the most mournful and dreary howls and, after landing on the ground, they would be most decidedly seasick.

My father would write until about four o'clock in the afternoon in spring and early summer. He would then come down and sit under the maple tree on the lawn in his willow chair and read the *Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle* and the *New York Times*, *The Dutchess Farmer* and the *Amenia Times*. We would have *Harper's Young People* and Jacob Abbott's *Stories for Young People*. One of my favorites was "Handy Level," the good little boy who always thanked his mother for everything she mended. He fixed up the house for his mother, built a little water wheel for his playmates and was a good boy generally. "Rudolphus" was just the opposite. He was idle, he set fire to a corncrib, he was very bad and made other boys bad. I used to think he must have had a delightfully free life.

Supper brought us all together again. We had white and brown bread, milk or cambric tea, lettuce salad, rhubarb or applesauce or field strawberries with cream and sugar, and plain cake and ginger-snaps. In wintertime there might be cornbread and molasses.

Just after haying, when the meadows had been cut short, we would all walk out to the end of the long shadows of the spruce and maple trees after we had finished our supper, between six and seven o'clock. The sun would be low on the horizon. My mother would carry her yellow, plaid shawl; my little sister, in her white apron and with her black pigtail hanging down behind, would be hanging on one of my father's hands, and I on the other. My older sister would be prancing along and snorting like a horse. Often we would all let loose of each other and make a sudden dive into a haycock or race around in rings until we should fall down in sheer exhaustion from laughter.

The sun by this time would have set and we would be returning to the house. The ground in many places would be raised in crooked little streaks where meadow moles would be working under the sod and there would often be little fresh mounds of earth at the portals of their tunnels. The dew would be falling and the most lovely smell from the freshly cut grass stalks would come to us. Hawkeye would be with us and once in a while he would make a dive to catch a mole. Some were just the plain meadow moles, some were the star-nosed meadow moles.

By the time we would reach the house it would be dusk and the

fireflies would begin to glow and the tree toads to murmur. As we would sit on the porch the hop toads would come out and would make their little guttural noises. They would come from under the horse-block and hop down the gravelled path. My mother used to tell me to come in before the dew fell and one evening, hearing a gun at sunset, I rushed to the house thinking the dew had fallen!

Later, as it got cool while we sat on the porch there might be distant rumblings in the west and the tree toads would be harping. By this time the night would be jet-black, except for the bright glow of the fireflies and the heat and forked lightning traveling from one thunder-head to another in the clouds. Then would come the distant peal of thunder, then more lightning and nearer and nearer thunder. The leaves in the maples would begin to stir to a cool, fresh breeze, a door would slam somewhere in the house and it would be time for us to take in "Ritter," our canary who was perched in his cage on the porch, and for us to see that the windows were closed before the shower.

On stormy, wintry days, if school wasn't going on, mother would tend to her plants in the greenroom and it was a common sight to see azalea leaves stuck in her hair where she had brushed against a plant. Occasionally she used to burn tobacco stems in an old tin cup to kill the rose bugs on her roses. She busied herself in various ways about the household. We young ones would make ourselves cosy in the library with our drawing and our painting. My older sister would be sitting on a high step-ladder, if she were not drawing or painting, exploring some old book and laughing. On one of these occasions she had found a picture in an old parchment-covered Dutch Bible which showed a man pulling a "beam" from his brother's eye and the beam was represented as long stick of timber. We were allowed to look at any book in the library after we had been taught how to treat them. We loved the old, bound *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Dore's Bibles*, with their beautiful and sometimes terrifying, steel engravings, *Peterkin Papers*, *St. Nicholas*, *Chatterbox*, and their like. One handsomely bound, blue leather book contained a story of a lover who had ridden off with his beautiful sweetheart behind him on his horse, her arms around his neck. He was talking sweetly to her, planning their future, and when he turned around to look at her she had turned into a skeleton.

I was always afraid to look at this picture, yet it fascinated me. I wasn't afraid of the small mummy crocodile and the skull of a colored man that were, with other relics, in a box in one of the cupboards. Ulysses, the yellow cat, and old Hawkeye would be with us in the library.

Every weekday morning, about eleven o'clock, the doorbell rang and we would rush for my father's mail bag, for it would be John Wing, the mailman. Whoever got it first would dash upstairs to my father's study, the rest following, all out of breath. My father would unstrap it and pull the letters and magazines out. Among the many magazines, it would be *St. Nicholas* that my older sister would be looking for, *Scientific American* that my brother wanted and *Harper's Young People* that my little sister and I were so eager about. When we found it we would rush downstairs and she would begin reading it to me.

The main story running at that time in *Harper's Young People*, was "Toby Tyler," and one of the little songs that we liked so well was:

Oh, I am so sleepy,
I lie down to rest,
Here in the sun.
Soon will he go to his bed in the west,
Day will be done,
Oh, I am so sleepy.

When we felt sleepy we would sing it and lie down to rest.

Another one, with its illustrations, that I liked so much when I was four or five years old, was:

I am the lad in the blue and white,
Sing, hey, the merry sailor lad.
My hand is steady, my heart is light,
My brave little heart, all right, all right.
I am ready to dance, I am ready to fight.
Sing, hey, the merry sailor lad.

A companion song, referring to soldier boys, began:

I am the lad in the blue and gray

Along about four o'clock on winter days my younger sister and I would crawl up the steps to my father's study on our hands and knees, so as not to make any noise, gradually open the door, crawl across the floor and under his desk and begin to tickle him on his knees. He would twitch his legs and finally look under and would act so surprised. Then all three of us would laugh. If my father was very busy he

would look at us very sternly and we would keep quiet, but if he were not so busy he would let us look into his stamp box or he would let us tear off the stamps from the perforated sheet and fill the old stamp box that originally was a marble snuff box of some historic value. There was a little drawer at the right hand of his desk that contained pencils and dividers, a protractor, an old-type silver pencil and a box of leads to fit it, so hard they would scarcely make a mark. They would jam way up in and we would have to jar them to make them come out again, but on the whole it was fun to borrow the pencil and try to use it. This little drawer smelled like cedar from the pencils. It was always smutted from the leads rolling around in there. There was a little sandpaper pack with a handle on it to use in sharpening the points of his pencils. When I would turn it away from me and shut it suddenly into its sheath it would shoot out a cloud of black dust, like a gun. In the drawer father also kept a hone for sharpening his pen knife. We would often ask to borrow this pen knife and it was never refused us. He would reach down in his pocket and, after he said we could have it, the thing was to get it, for he would hold it in the middle of his hand and when we would reach for it he would stick out a finger, then a thumb, then another finger and we would giggle and laugh and dig after it, squealing, "Now, Papa!"

There was a large "revolving desk," (really only the top bookcase part revolved) near my father's desk. The desk part was given over to our use. In that desk we kept white and yellow scrap paper in abundance, pens and pencils, crayons, watercolor paints, brushes, and by pulling out one of the little drawers we could reach down and get the lemon that we felt was necessary to refresh us while at our literary labors. I also had a small green boat in there.

At this revolving desk and by the light of father's lamp, my sister and I wrote the novel we named, *Sarah and Arnold*. We composed it together but the actual writing was done by my sister. My watercolors illustrated it. It was written on brown wrapping paper, folded in book form, six inches square, and the cover was decorated. The story was a love story, including a lovers' quarrel, the happy reunion foreverafterwards. The title was taken from a newspaper story running at the time. We didn't like Sarah and Arnold so we wrote as bad

things as we could about them and I drew them as ugly as I could with long turned up noses and patches on their clothes. We worked hard on this for weeks. Finally the evening came when we were to submit it to the family and we all gathered in the dining room to hear my sister read it. My father sat at the head of the table in his regular chair and appeared to take the matter seriously. My mother, my brother who was ten years older than I, my older sister and I listened with great attention when my little sister began to read. As she read old Hawkeye became lonely out on the porch and began to bark furiously, so I tiptoed the whole length of the hall and let him in, tiptoed back again and the reading went on. The whole reading couldn't have taken five minutes and so the family managed to keep their serious expressions, even when Arnold "drove up to the door and Sarah stepped out lightly," illustrated by Arnold with a whip in his hand at the door, his square box wagon and black horse in the distance. As time went on *Sarah and Arnold* became as much a joke to us as it did to the rest of the family. Mother often quoted from it.

Winter evenings found us in the library and if the wind was blowing a gale the Baltimore heater would glow. This was the kind of a heater that was very fashionable, especially in city houses. It was recessed into the fireplace, closed in tight in front with doors fitted with isinglass so one could look in at the fire, and it heated our library and my father's study upstairs. On the center table we had a student lamp and we would all be seated around this table with my mother or my older sister reading aloud. Later my younger sister read a great deal to my father. Reading was from *Arabian Nights*, Shakespeare, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Dickens, Scott, Tennyson's poems and others. I can remember shivering when Poe's *Raven* was read. I heard with a start a passage from one of the classics (Cicero?), "a man should not throw his shirt at the candle," for it was just what I was doing these cold winter nights.

My father used his eyes so much during the day that he would sit with his eyes closed, even when we played checkers and we would have to tell him when it was his turn. We always beat him. Parchesi was a favorite game and we often played card games, whist and old maid, and when my little cousin was with us she used to slip the old maid

into my father's hand as he was reaching out with his eyes half shut. Then she would kick up her heels and squeal, "Oh, Uncle's the old maid!" My cousin had lots of fun with my father. He wore his white hair long and combed over his ear, the custom of men of his age and she would stand on a footstool and burrow in his pocket, comb his hair and raise his hair and look at his ears and show them to us with a grin, he with his eyes shut all the time.

Sometimes when I was little I would fall asleep on the sofa and mother would cover me up. When it came time for bed they would have a terrible time waking me up. I hated to go to bed and leave the family circle. I would begin nodding, then would lie down "for a few minutes," and the next thing I knew I was being helped to bed. And, sometimes I never even wakened for that!

VISITORS ON THE RIDGE

When spring opened and the roads got good, Honest John, the tin peddler, was sure to drive in with his big, high, red, enclosed wagon, with doors on the side and end that he could raise up to show his exhibits of tinware. These wares were tin dippers, of all sizes, tin tea kettles with copper bottoms, colanders, flour sifters, big and little milk pans, six- to ten-quart pails and a variety of colored suspenders. Any of this merchandise Honest John would sell for cash or trade for scrap iron. He would look the pile of iron over and estimate its weight and offer his "very highest price," which would be a mere nothing. I found out later that it was a great deal better to weigh the iron than to trust to Honest John's judgment. However, I traded a cookstove for a pair of suspenders, which were worth more to me. Honest John's wagon, big, black horse and wares really belonged to a man who owned an iron foundry as well as a tin shop in a neighboring town.

Honest John was quite short, bow-legged and middle aged. He had driven this wagon for years and his stock was always in good order. He almost never spoke. He would show his stock but would never praise it or coax one to buy. A big team with a spring wagon would come later to pick up the iron traded in for tinware.

Seeing Honest John's wagon was a sure sign of spring for it ap-

peared just as regularly as the bluebirds and robins. To me it was one of the main events of the year, like the circus or something of that sort, for what could be gayer than the big red-bodied wagon with yellow wheels and the jet black horse, and with Honest John riding up on his high seat? As soon as one of us spied him coming in the distance the word would be passed along and we would all rush out. We would already have collected our piles of scrap iron, consisting of worn-out horseshoes, barrel hoops, wagon tires, broken axles and plow shares, broken mold boards (the part of a plow which turns the sod), old stoves, broken three-legged iron pots and worn out parts of mowing machines, etc., etc.

Another sign of spring was the sound of a fish horn from a peddler bringing Hudson river shad. Most of these peddlers were too decrepit to do anything else. He would drive a skinny, old horse attached to a square wagon with a butcher cart box in the back, usually dripping water from the ice. He would brace the lid when he raised it up and would hang the scales to it to weigh the fish. One exception to the elderly fish peddlers was a small boy who lived near the Hudson and whose father had given him a team of Shetland ponies and a small square box wagon to fit. Of his own accord, the boy went to peddling shad in and about Poughkeepsie and did very well, as people liked the cute outfit. After the fish peddler weighed the fish he would cut off the head and throw it in the grass where immediately it would be grabbed by a cat who had been waiting for just that gift. She would chew on it and growl at the peddler while he was scaling and cleaning the fish.

On some of these spring mornings music could be heard, a strange and unfamiliar sound, and upon going out to investigate we would find the Italian organ grinder turning his box-like organ that was resting on its one leg. His monkey would be crawling around fastened on a leash secured about his body, outside of his little red coat, and he would be holding a tin cup and grimacing from under his red cap. Spring appeared to thaw these organ grinders out from the city. It seemed to us to be quite like being out in the world to hear them and it would remind us of New York. It delighted us to be near such a strange creature as the monkey. One little monkey had been taught to fire

a toy gun that exploded with a paper cap and made a noise like a small torpedo, but it was always an ordeal for him as he would dance on his hind legs with excitement and hold the gun at arm's length, with his head turned away and his eyes shut, until he finally pulled the trigger. He would then throw down the gun and seem immensely relieved. After the organ grinder finished playing the several tunes the monkey would pass his cup and the man would take off his hat and make a sweeping bow, shoulder his organ and monkey and travel on.

Instead of the rising sun coming over the hill, it might be the round-faced, "palm-leaf" pack peddler, so called because he always carried a large palm-leaf fan. He wore a very broad-brimmed, straw hat tied under his chin with a cord and it shadowed a broad, flat, blue-eyed face, benign in expression. He was short and of stocky build and carried an immense brown denim-covered pack on his back. In one hand he carried a long staff and in the other a palm leaf fan. His whole appearance was very neat and clean. He was known all over the county for the dress goods and laces that he brought and for his reliability and for his simple mind. His walk was deliberate as he approached the back door. None of the dogs would bark at him as he unstrapped his pack and spread out his calicoes and other goods on the porch. He would show all of his goods, perhaps making a sale to the two girls in the kitchen, strap up his pack and leave with a bow, having uttered scarcely a word.

Unlike the "palm-leaf" peddler was one who called at my grandfather's house in Poughkeepsie years ago and sold my grandmother a bolt of "beautiful silk," which he unrolled for a couple of yards for her inspection. After he left my grandmother unrolled the bolt a little more and found the remainder to be only cheap cotton goods. My grandfather immediately ran after the peddler, overtaking him down the street. He grabbed him by the shoulders and kicked him the three blocks to the court house where the peddler was made to reimburse my grandfather and my grandfather was made to pay \$40.00 to the court for kicking the peddler. He always said it was worth it!

The first appearance of Mrs. Garvey was on a winter's day at our front door. There was snow on the ground and she seemed to be dressed in innumerable layers of clothes, coarse cowhide shoes, white

stockings, a heavy dark green shawl on her broad shoulders and a quilted brown hood framing her middle-aged, strong, mountain face. On her arm she carried a square market basket. As my mother opened the door our caller looked at her out of honest, round, blue eyes and said in a strong voice: "I'm Mrs. Garvey, and I'm peddlin' salve." My mother invited her into the library where there was a good warm fire and Mrs. Garvey exclaimed in awe at the number of books she saw about her. There were balls of snow stuck to her heels and they gradually melted and ran out on the oak floor as she sat in a straight-backed chair, reaching down to her basket at her side and taking out small, round boxes of salve. This salve, she described as being good for rheumatism, backache, muscle strain, sore throat, chilblains, frost-bite, chapped and cracked hands and stiff neck. "There warn't nothing but yarbs in it," she assured us, because she had made it herself and, with a smile of cunning, she added, "of course I ain't a-tellin' what they be." We bought several of the ten-cent boxes and she was "much obliged" for the sale. She mentioned that she was a sister-in-law to Mrs. Murphy who lived about a mile and a half down the road. She gave as her reason for peddling the salve, the death of her husband. She went on to say that her husband went all through the war and that at the battle of Gettysburg, Mr. Murphy was shot and her husband caught him in his arms where he died. All through this dramatic description Mrs. Garvey sat waving her arms and rolling her eyes, giving us a pattern for our future amateur theatricals when we would dress up like Mrs. Garvey, white stockings and all, and go through the whole scene. With, "Well I must go," she departed abruptly.

The next time I saw Mrs. Garvey I was fishing under the edge of the bridge at the foot of the hill near Mrs. Murphy's. She stood on the edge of the bridge and the first I knew of her presence was when I heard some one exclaim, "Fishin'? What do you ketch here?" she asked, and expressed a kindly interest in the blueheads and shiners I anticipated catching.

John Wing used to carry the mail from Dover to the Chestnut Ridge post office, a five-mile trip one way, a total of ten miles on foot, six days a week, the year round, through rain and snow and zero weather. He wore an ordinary suit, a black overcoat, a black slouch

hat and, in a snow storm, he would have a grey, knitted scarf tied over his hat, under his chin and wrapped around his neck and tucked into his coat. He wore leather boots in the winter, greased with mutton tallow and lamp black, his trousers outside of his boots and, in snowy weather, tied tight around his ankles with heavy string. He had narrow, round, brown chin-whiskers, streaked with grey and wore a brown wig of quite long hair. He had brown eyes that squinted from a nervous affliction, a rather aquiline nose and was tall and bony.

He would leave Dover Plains, turning through the entrance to a pasture, walking across this pasture and up the hill until he struck a steep pitch, called the "cart road." He would follow this road through the woods, down a little, private, grass-grown road and across a log bridge, through a gate, up a long lane, over a fence, on a continual rise, across a rolling field to the lot belonging to Mrs. Murphy, then out onto the main road. Then he would follow the main road until he got to the corner of our meadow, near the hickory tree and the red gate. Across this meadow was his winding, beaten path to our driveway. From our house down through the orchard and through O'Brien's woods, out through Mary Shelley's lane to the road and so on to the Ridge post office at Ann Wing's, was the rest of his route.

Over this road he carried a heavy leather U. S. mail bag and, in addition, a small leather bag for my father's mail, both bags sweat-stained and often bulging with packages. For years he held this mail route, very occasionally sending a substitute. His gait was so stiff that one would swear he had two wooden legs. He never smiled but always made some pleasant remark to us.

These, and others like them, came over our road. They were a part of our lives for years and we eagerly looked forward to their visits. We welcomed those who arrived unexpectedly and not according to schedule (like the butcher and the regular tradespeople) and great was our disappointment if we discovered that such a visitor had been along and, for some reason, we had missed him.

MY COUSINS COME FOR THANKSGIVING

My uncle's family and ours consisted of six members each, ours

two girls and two boys, my uncle's, one boy and three girls. Our Thanksgivings were always spent together although we lived nineteen miles apart which meant at that season of the year a long ride over rough, frozen roads. We alternated between the two places. My uncle drove a large three-seated spring wagon with a top and with curtains down on the sides. About eleven o'clock our joy can be imagined when, over two miles away, with our spy glass we could catch a glimpse of them coming over Cole's hill. It was a great thrill. Then came the suspense of, perhaps, half an hour or more until we could see them again, this time easily without the glass, coming along the piece of road in front of the cheese factory, then a wait of, perhaps, fifteen minutes after which they would appear again as they came to the top of O'Brien's hill, less than a quarter of a mile away. By this time we young ones couldn't stand still at all. There were squeals of delight and even old Hawkeye knew something was up. My father and mother, dressed in their best, mother with ruching in her neck and lacy cuffs turned back over her sleeves, would be ready to go to the door. By this time they would be turning into the driveway and, as they approached the horseblock, we would all rush out to meet them, my sisters in their best woolen dresses and clean white aprons, I with a little blue suit.

With smiling faces, my cousin's family would greet us. In the front seat would be my uncle and Helen, my favorite and my age, she wearing a yellow overcoat with a cape and her red-mittened hands laid out on the buffalo robe. My uncle, with his fur mittens, would get out on the horseblock and unbutton the side curtains. The horses, steaming and sweating, were glad to stand after the long journey. One by one, they came, like animals out of the ark, it seemed to us, last of all when the children were very small would be Ann, the fat, colored nurse who was of the old type, with a blue plaid turban on her head.

As soon as all the wraps were removed there would be a whisper at the diningroom door and my mother would immediately respond and come back into the parlor again and announce that dinner was ready. All would be laughing and chattering in happy expectation. My uncle was a witty man and my father and he would be exchanging compliments. The great roaring fire in the fireplace would be snapping

and, before leaving to go into the diningroom, a brass-mounted fender that had belonged to my great-grandmother would be placed in front of the fire. As we came through the door we would see the long table, set with the best white china dishes, silver knives with ivory handles, large cut glass goblets, the immense soup tureen that had also belonged to my great-grandmother, with reddish-brown pagoda pattern, and beside it the big silver ladle. The twelve of us seated ourselves, my mother in a tall, straight, fiddle-backed chair, like many others of its time, supposed to have been sat in by George Washington. Seated in this chair she would ask the blessing.

Through the silent blessing, we young ones would fidget. The coming of the turkey, brought in on its huge platter by Esther and placed in front of my father, was the cause for much smiling. The carving was almost a perpetual task as plates were passed back and forth for second helpings. Jolly stories, with a flavor of history, were told by my father and the year's events recounted as we ate the turkey, cranberries, boiled onions, mashed potatoes, Hubbard squash or beets, home-made bread and butter. Then would come the big plum pudding that had caused so much anxiety in its preparation, but which never failed perfection, and its accompanying wine sauce. Last came hickory nuts from our own trees, already cracked and served in a large vegetable dish which belonged to the same set as the soup tureen of my great-grandmother's. This would be passed around and each person had a nut pick with an ivory handle.

While the grown folks were talking we young ones were eating immense quantities of the delicious food and grinning at each other in anticipation of the games that were coming after dinner. The ever-smiling Annette once accused me of scratching my head with a piece of pie, and my older sister corroborated her, but this was not a fact although I have to plead guilty to having held a piece of pie in my hand while I scratched my head with my little finger.

Then came the games! Puss-in-the-corner was played out in the hall and hide-and-seek all over the house. Later followed the more quiet games of parchesi and the checker-game-of-life, which was played by shaking dice for the number of squares to move. If we had to move on the square that said "marry," we would look blinky, if on the square

that said "go to jail," my cousin Helen would kick up her heels with joy, especially if I drew it. There were other squares that represented "good occupation," pleasant sports, such as "coasting" and "cricket," and these were the coveted ones.

In spite of all we had to eat at the Thanksgiving dinner, our active games which we played into the late afternoon gave us a feeling of hunger and we began to think of supper with some considerable eagerness, but alas, supper on Thanksgiving night consisted of light sandwiches, chocolate and fruit cake at six o'clock, passed around in the parlor by Esther who brought in the big tin, oval trays with the food served on the china plates which mother had painted from her own designs. These supper plates were white with a dainty wreath of green leaves with tiny blue and pink starry blossoms around the edges and a sprig of the blossoms in the center. There were cups and saucers to match. Mother poured the chocolate from a tall silver chocolate pitcher which had been given her by her father, who also gave its duplicate to my Aunt Fannie. The pitcher was of distinctive design, made especially for the two sisters. When it set on its silver tray, gleaming in the firelight, it was a beautiful thing.

The Thanksgiving supper picture is very vivid in my mind. At the south of the room was a square Steinway piano, with a kerosene student lamp on the left corner. On this same piano, my sister, at eight years of age, could play Beethoven's symphonies,—to the great admiration of Professor Ritter of the music department of Vassar College. At one end of the piano was the door entering the dining room and near this door was a mahogany card table, with its polished top open against the wall. At the other end of the piano was a round wicker table, about two feet in diameter and quite high, on an elaborate wicker base mounted on castors. On it, resting on the thick, dark red, round table mat, was a large sea shell of rainbow colors, filled with water in which were red geraniums picked fresh from mother's greenroom. Nearby was a small wicker chair that had once been a high chair for my mother when she was a little girl, but which had had its legs sawed off to make it of ordinary height. Back of this table and chair, and against the wall, was a long black walnut screen about four feet high and eight feet long, of solid wood with a graceful, conventional design cut through the wood, making

an open-work pattern. Hanging over the screen was a painting of a mountain stream in the Adirondacks, framed in black walnut. At the end of the screen was the southeast corner of the room, a space taken up between this corner and the fireplace by two chairs and the east window. The window, as well as the two north windows, was curtained with very heavy crimson silk curtains, lined with white which hung sweeping to the floor, from a gilt frame at the ceiling. The silk was handsomely brocaded in a flower design. Beside each of these windows stood a mahogany chair with a high back, designed by my mother, and the seats were upholstered with a patterned silk to match the curtains. Under all of the windows, if the curtains were parted, showed a wooden panel painted a warm gray. The ceiling was white and the walls of the room were papered with gilt-striped paper. The chimney-well projected into the room about three feet and contained a large fireplace with brass andirons and fender which had belonged to my great-grandmother. The opening of this fireplace was trimmed with gray Irish marble, this in turn being encased with a high colonial mantle of white pine painted to match the room.

To the right of the room was a straight-backed chair, a fiddle back, originally belonging to my great-grandmother. The floor was covered with light colored matting and in front of the fire was a plush rug in red and blue. Under one of the north windows was a white angora rug and other smaller rugs were scattered about the room. At the left of the fireplace and in front of the chimney was a dome of white coral from the West Indies, which we young ones used to look at and think "how wonderful." Beside the coral stood the fire tools with brass handles. On the mantle, on each corner, stood a candelabra of iron, gilded, holding three candles. It had a base of white marble and long pendants of cut glass hung from each candle socket. (When the morning sun shone through the open east window it threw dancing spots of iridescent light in different parts of the room as the pendants were swayed with the morning breeze). Next to the candelabra on the mantle were iridescent globes of glass for holding flowers. In the center of the chimney piece hung a picture of the Madonna and Child. On each side of the mantle, on the fluted pilasters, hung a plaque made by the Indians from a small deer's foot, em-

bodying the cloven hoof and about eight inches of the skin, flattened out, with two dark blue pockets sewed on the front of the skins. These pockets were beautifully encrusted with blue, red and white beads. Each plaque was suspended by a small chain of the same sort of beads hung over a brass hook. Between the corner of the fireplace and the northeast corner of the room stood a chest of drawers, made of a heavy, dark, unidentified wood, which had been given us by Aunt Elizabeth who told us that it was over two hundred years old and had come from our ancestors on Long Island. On this chest of drawers stood a tall vase of wood and glass, designed by my mother. The drawers were full of photographs from Turkey. In the corner, by the chest, was a silk American flag and staff, which had been carried in Poughkeepsie when the 150th Regiment was leaving for Gettysburg. On the other side of the chest was a blue banner with gold lace trimming and some design or other worked in it by my mother and sister and considered ornamental to our parlor. Between the two windows on the north side stood a marble-top table with bulging mahogany feet with castors. The table never stood exactly level on account of its heavy top. In the center of this table was a high bronze sperm-oil lamp with a round, ground glass globe, encircling a glass chimney. I never saw this lamp lighted. Also on the table was a little set of gilt reindeer, dragging a small, fancy wagon, not unlike an old fashioned fire engine, but where the boiler would be, was a perfumery container. This whole thing was mounted on a white marble base. Another thing on this table was a little bronze whale, about six inches long, mounted on a pedestal, carrying a little bronze man on its back,—a really beautifully fashioned article.

There was also a wooden manikin on the table, a ferocious-looking creature, with wooden whiskers and with white beads having black centers for eyes, set deep in his head. The Swiss who had fashioned this had made it so his head could be pulled out of his neck and used as a letter seal. Each leg could be pulled out in the same manner and one used for a pencil and the other for a pen. One arm could be used as a small knife for sharpening a pencil. By lifting the whole manikin off the base an ink bottle was uncovered. Beside this manikin was a small round plaid box with a glass cover which showed two wiggly imitation turtles, a relic of the Philadelphia Centennial. (My father,

mother, older sister and brother consoled us when they started for the Centennial by saying we could go to the next one.)

In front of the table stood another high-backed chair, very much of the same design as the one near the fireplace. In the northwest corner was a round table with a dark, India-red cloth on it. In its center was another student lamp and a few books and photographs of family and scenery. A photograph of some Swiss peasants was on the table, in a scroll frame of black walnut. It had been given to my father and mother as a Christmas present by its maker, a Swiss workman on our place. Another thing on this table was an inlaid box containing some relics from the West Indies and a part of the Rock of Gibraltar and a dunce cap made of cocoanut fibre. Between this corner table and the door which opened into the hall was one more of the mahogany chairs like those by the windows. The room was about twenty feet square. The view from one window was across the east meadow to the Connecticut mountains and from the north window a view up the Harlem valley and on a clear day even a point in Massachusetts could be seen.

Everything in the room had been thoroughly examined many and many a time. My father had a great collection of curios with which we were all familiar. We children knew the possibilities of hiding ourselves or a thimble if the occasion arose in our games. It was a most wonderful setting for a game of "hide the thimble" and my father would sit there talking with the elders and seemingly unaware of what we were doing, but very often he would secretly point out the hiding place to us younger children.

It would be full dark when my father went with my uncle to harness the horses for the return journey. We younger ones were too sleepy to respond to the "good nights" and we went off to bed, after the departure of our guests, drowsily happy and unaware that we were storing up reminiscences for years to come.

THOMAS S. LOSSING

SOME HISTORY AND SOME TRADITIONS OF
PAWLING, NEW YORK

PART III

Soon after the Revolutionary War a number of families decided to emigrate to a warmer climate and a caravan, consisting of members of the Bean, Shaw, Franklin, Roosa, Davison, Winegar, Jenks (or Jenkins) families¹, made the trek to southern Pennsylvania under the leadership of Henry Pawling. Tradition tells us that he was the nephew of the Widow Pawling's second husband and had frequently come over from Rhinebeck with her to assist in collecting rents and looking after the property left to her by her father, Colonel Henry Beekman. In this way he had become acquainted with all the families holding leases on the Beekman Patent, later called Pawling Precinct, named after the Widow Pawling. Many of the leases were long-term, or 99 years, or the life of a farmer and one of his sons. A narrow strip reaching east and west and containing the beautiful sheet of water known as Lake Hammersley—now called Quaker Lake—remained until recently leased land, passing through the Livingston, Reade, Hooker and Hammersley families, to a man named French who purchased the greater part of it from the Hammersley heirs. It is now owned by our friend and neighbor, the beloved Lowell Thomas.

Many of these lots were bought outright by the descendants of the early renters and later developed into fine and productive farms, for in the early 19th century every-one, including the preachers, lived on farms.

The War of 1812 did not greatly affect the town. I have found only three men who enlisted. The Mexican War passed by without note. So we pass over those long years when every home reared a large family and entertained the numerous relatives who made stepping stones of all the houses on their way to new settlements over in Delaware county, in Rensselaer county, up the Mohawk valley and even up the Black river to Canada. Many commodious new homes were built, some of which are still standing. They are marked by a faithful, Colonial style of architecture which is to this day still appreciated.

Much of the lumber used in their construction was cut from the home "wood lot" and allowed to season for a year or two. Bricks and furnishings were drawn from Fishkill Landing and Poughkeepsie.

There were several small private schools in various parts of the town and the district school was the local point of interest for debating societies, singing schools and Christmas festivities. Some of those early schoolmasters were not only teachers but also educators, as an old copy book in my attic will testify. Almost everything a young farmer ought to know was written out in this copy book,—how to measure a stack of hay, how to compute the weight of a steer, how to draw up a deed, how to write a will that would hold, etc. All this and much more was to be found in the book if, in the years which followed, it was faithfully preserved.

Religious training was not neglected. It is said that the late Cushing Green², who was one of those early educators, set aside his Saturday mornings to call at the homes of his scholars and ask their mothers to call the children in for a short prayer meeting. This, as you may well imagine, was not always a convenient time for those busy mothers but, be it said to their credit, the request of the master was always complied with and many of those scholars, later on, gave "Squire Green" credit for their successful lives.

Some verses, written about 1870 by Great Aunt Esther Toffey, convey a picture of another educator of those days who was also in great demand to act as justice of the peace and to draw up legal papers:

A REVERIE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

.....
I see old Jonah* now, on oaken floor
Walk back and forth, as he did days of yore;
With equal love for all in every state,
His only wish, to make us good and great.
Sometimes he seemed enwrapped in deepest spell,
So very deep, he none of us could tell.
That very charm rests on my spirit now,
That lent a glory to his aged brow;
That stirred the waters in my youthful breast,
And nerved my heart to reach a high behest;
The billowy foam, which o'er my soul did break,
Now seems a ripple, on a waveless lake.

All things are changed;
The girls seem fairer backward as I go;
The boys much smarter, "Fifty Years Ago."

* Jonah Baldwin

In the old Quaker burying ground stands an odd stone with the letters almost obliterated:

In memory of Hiram Jones
Who departed this life
October 29, 1834. Aged 34 years

Hiram Jones for several years previous to 1834 conducted the famous "Jones Academy." An antique card bears this inscription:

Jones Academy
by H. B. Jones

A boarding school in which are taught the rudiments of Language, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, History, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Bookkeeping, Surveying, Navigation, Algebra and Geometry.

It is interesting to see that the above subjects were noted by Hiram Jones according to his idea of their importance on the minds of those young people entrusted to his care; that is, language, reading, writing and arithmetic came first, while navigation, algebra and geometry were of somewhat minor importance. Nothing was mentioned of any language other than English though later, we learn, French was introduced. Be that as it may, this was in its time a very noted school and many successful men and women, who had come as students from as far away as New York and Albany, gave Hiram Jones much credit for his faithful instruction in right living and correct thinking. He was never married. Aunt Ruth Wing, sister of David Irish and wife of Abram Wing, occupied what is now the home of Mrs. William D. Akin and took care of and boarded the girls connected with this Quaker school.

The first settlers who had been successful, bought land and more land, for they had little faith in banks and banking houses. They built tenant houses for the numerous families employed to conduct the large farms where every kind of work was done by hand. The neighborhood was not aristocratic but more patriarchal, for the welfare of the tenants and their families was considered. In case of sickness or other calamity there was always a friendly helpfulness.

In the early 'thirties, at the time of the potato famine in Ireland, when the young men of these old families were seeking new horizons, a goodly number of farmers decided to try the help from the Emerald Isle. This proved a happy arrangement on both sides and descendants

of those Irish families brought up under Quaker surroundings are now numbered among our first citizens.

The decade of the 'forties was more or less of a period of transition for the town. A period of uncertainty seems to have developed, especially among the younger generation, and the older generation suddenly became aware that their mode of agriculture was slowly bringing about a state of starvation to the good farming land which had produced so bountifully for their benefit in the past. This was an age of canal building but was soon superceded by the railroads and steam engines. The idea of the Harlem Valley Canal which had been planned and surveyed was given up in favor of the Harlem railroad which at first only came north as far as Croton Falls. Connections were made with Pawling by stage coaches but proved to be impractical after a time.

Albert Akin was a leader in getting the road continued to the north and most every-one who could spare a hundred dollars, or more, took some stock in the new extension. This proved an extremely well-paying investment.

When the railroad was finished as far as Dover Plains, the farmers turned their attention to dairying. Large barns were built and Pawling was soon known as one of the largest milk shipping depots in New York state and, with the monthly milk checks coming in, it was necessary to have a bank. So, the Bank of Pawling was organized in 1849 under the old state laws with Albert J. Akin as president and J. W. Bowdish, cashier. The bank was changed to a National Bank in 1865, the officers remaining the same.

Pawling's patriotism in the War of the Rebellion was as prompt and generous as it was in the Revolutionary War. There were many enlistments and many Pawling names are on the roster of the 128th Regiment and the 150th Regiment³.

A severe economic depression followed this war, with flour twenty dollars a barrel and muslin one dollar a yard. Recovery from this was slow but permanent. One sad effect was the exodus of nearly all of our brightest and finest young men to New York City to seek employment under its bright lights. A few became successful and some lost their health and passed away in early manhood.

Of those who became most successful the names of Albert J. Akin and John B. Dutcher stand out most clearly. Their love for and interest in the old home town was life-long and still is existent.

And so we come to about the Centennial year when the third generation who had gone out of the old home felt the urge to bring their young families back to enjoy the beautiful summers on Quaker Hill. Farm houses were in great demand as boarding houses. The old Oblong Pond was renamed Lake Hammersley and there a club house and picnic pavilion were built. Mizzen Top Hotel⁴, to house over three hundred guests, was constructed as well as numerous cottages for the "all season" residents. Albert Akin built Akin Hall for church and community services and the Akin Hall Association was formed.

The excellent train service on the Harlem railroad had made the station at Pawling a favorite and popular center for commuters from the surrounding towns. With the many fine roads from north and south, east and west, the village had grown to be a thriving Dutchess county commercial center.

The Harlem Valley Agricultural Society was formed with Mr. John B. Dutcher, Mr. John G. Dutcher, Mr. Henry A. Holmes, Mr. George W. Chase and many others taking an active part. Previous to this Mr. John B. Dutcher had become the owner of a large tract of land about a mile north of the village, which tract included the body of water now known as Green Mountain lake. A fine half-mile track was constructed just south of the lake. During the racing seasons of 1886-1892 many interesting races were held here and the annual fair, in the latter part of August, brought together a fashionable crowd of horse lovers, with their dashing four-in-hands and "tally-hos", as well as those who were interested in the agricultural exhibits, fine displays of quilts, rugs and other handiwork of the ladies. Most prized of all were the chances for good visits with old friends thus brought together. But all this proved a little too expensive for the community and, after five years, it was discontinued. Mr. Dutcher and his son turned the Green Mountain Driving Park into a stock farm where the breeding and training of French hackneys and trotting horses was successfully conducted for a number of years, with the horses taking prizes in New York City horse shows and other events.

In the meantime the Hon. John B. Dutcher had built a large and up-to-date hotel in the village, well equipped and with a lawn in the rear reaching out into a wooded tract, quite complete with brooks and well shaded walks. Connected with the hotel was also an "Opera House," with a commodious stage and dressing rooms. Troupes of New York City performers gave theatrical plays and concerts in the two hotels on alternate Saturday nights and, as you see, the "Gay Nineties" were very gay indeed, and so were the next ten or fifteen years. During this time many important people were entertained in the two hotels as well as in our private homes. Then a new and different era set in. The hotels were getting old fashioned and the younger generation wanted something new.

JENNIE TOFFEY GREEN.

NOTES

1. These families settled in southern Pennsylvania and founded the town known as Pawling, Pennsylvania. Later the children of these families married and intermarried, forming a difficult puzzle for an experienced genealogist.
2. Cushing Green was the son of Jemima Cushing and Merrick Green. He was a brilliant student and was admitted to Yale College. His health having failed through over-study, he came home, married Statia Campbell and followed the profession of schoolmaster thereafter until his death.
3. For names and service of these men see page 559, *History of Dutchess County, New York* by James H. Smith. Published by D. Mason & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 1882.
4. Mizzen Top Hotel was named by Admiral Worden, of *Monitor* and *Merrimac* fame, because it was built on the third highest point on Quaker Hill. The Admiral had bought land on the highest point which he called "Main Top." The house he planned was never built. This locality is now marked by a high steel tower, from the summit of which can be seen not only much of New York state, but glimpses of Massachusetts and Connecticut on the east and New Jersey and Pennsylvania to the southwest.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

In my hallway stands a great clock,—tall and slim, over seven feet to its crown. It no longer speaks in measured tick as it did all through the years of my girlhood, but I am not at all convinced but that its sturdy works could be made to speak again if the right clock doctor could be found.

The clock came to my mother from Syracuse, New York, a short time after her father died in 1881. My mother, perhaps instinctively, treasured and always guarded it, though I think she felt that its past was a closed book whose story was only suggested by the date '76 written inside its door. She had known the clock before the year 1876, so she was sure the date was that of our independence.

It was my father who wound up the great weights with the big key on its wooden handle every Sunday morning, set the hands and specially set the little date-plate if the month just past fell short of thirty-one days. And it was he who, being a born mechanic, liked to take the works out when something went wrong, put them on the high foot-stool and tinker with them until all was well again. I wish I had observed those works more carefully than I did, but we all knew about the crude brass-covered pendulum, three and one-half inches in diameter, at the end of a fine metal bar that hooked on somewhere up inside, above the long narrow door, and we knew that the waxed cords holding the heavy weights occasionally gave way in the middle of the night, waking the household. Of course, if the clock were accidentally stopped, you touched the pendulum to start it again and you knew that the weights changed as the week wore on. Also you could not fail to know that beside the loud tick there was a real brass gong that struck the number of every hour.

It was not many years ago that a cousin of my mother told me something about the clock that either my mother did not know, or else knew so well that it did not assume the importance to her that it does to me. The clock came to her father from the garret of his father, probably soon after the death of the latter. This grandfather, my great-grandfather, was called B. Davis Noxon and he had been a lawyer in Syracuse almost from the beginning of the town.

The cousin remembers the day, in about 1869, when her uncle James went, with the permission of her grandmother, to the garret with the interesting windowed outlook, where she loved to read and wonder at discarded household articles, and from it he carried the big clock to his home which was a short distance away, though he had built the house in the adjoining lot. These two old homes, one on James street, one around the corner, still stand in Syracuse, so the picture is very vivid. Imagination runs riot over the possibilities here, for B. Davis Noxon had his background in Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson. Before 1869, his very capable wife, Sally Ann Van Kleeck, had evidently felt my precious antique to be a broken relic.

The clock which my own grandfather rescued that day and put in running order, has a beautiful brass face with engraved numerals and raised scrollwork at the corners. There is a circular top in which is a round, elevated plate, engraved with the words: "Fra Della Ball, London," but no date. The face is supported five and one-half feet up in the box. If you have in mind fine mahogany cabinet work you would call the wood of the case somewhat crude, but it is well designed and its crowning glory, though now dim, is the door which I have been told, rightly or wrongly, is "Chinese Chippendale."

I am indebted to F. G. Britten's book, "Old Clocks and Their Makers," for the following information. From 1710 to 1760 lacquered clocks were much in favor. They were decorated in Chinese or Japanese style, more or less in relief and gilded. "It is said that at first these cases were sent by ships engaged in the tea trade, to China to be decorated, and that a delay of two years or so would occur before they reached England again. Then the Dutch engaged in the art, and afterward the lacquering or japanning of cases was practiced in England."

The above is interesting but the closing of the quotation, which follows, more nearly describes our old family possession than any words I could use. It reads, "Occasionally may be seen a clock the door of which is ornamented with Oriental lacquer in relief, while the surface of the rest of the case is merely japanned with poor designs in stencil."

This door, with its graceful curve at the top, is edged with a moulding which covers the crack of the opening, and on the inside of the door, with its dark, unvarnished surface and near its upper hinge,

is legibly written in ink: "Cardena Proctor, '76." Guess as we might, this name had no meaning to us. But a few years ago a newspaper reporter happened to open the door and see the name. He asked if I knew that Cardena Proctor had been an Italian clock dealer in New York City. I did not, and on to my memoranda went the name.

In 1940, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York there was placed in my hands a volume, listing advertisements and news items from New York City newspapers, 1726-1776. The book was published by the New-York Historical Society. In 1747 Carden Proctor of Smith street advertised himself as prepared to carefully and expeditiously make and mend watches and clocks.

Then there was an advertisement from *The New York Mercury* of August 18, 1755, reading as follows:

CARDEN PROCTOR, Watch movement maker, and finisher, in Hanover-Square, between the fire-engine house, and the sign of the Unicorn & Mortar, sells and repairs, plain, repeating or horizontal watches: also clocks: He likewise gilds plain or chased cases, lady's chains, snuff boxes, buckles, sword hilts, &c. in the best and cheapest manner; where may be had, his opinion in an impartial manner, of watches to be sold or bought, with intent to put a stop to the many impositions this government labours under, for want of skill in that way.

My following inquiries that day, at old clock shops and elsewhere, as to the brothers Ball of London, who made the clock, brought no result, though there are long lists of English clock makers.

Having exhausted the record which the old clock can definitely give for itself, it only remains for me to guess the rest. Where was it during the first fifty years after it left the shop of Carden Proctor? It did not go to Syracuse near the year 1776, because there was no such place at that time. But there was a Poughkeepsie. B. Davis Noxon, whose first name was Bartholomew, was born and educated in Poughkeepsie, which town he left in 1811 to begin the practice of law in Onondaga county and continue in the new town of Syracuse, nearby, in 1829.

His father lived in the old house which, remodelled, is still there in Poughkeepsie, having the ancestral initials and date in its stone, for it was built or bought by another Noxon father, Bartholomew, who lived from 1703 to 1785. The home was broken up when Robert died in 1833 and B. Davis Noxon, of Syracuse, was one of the executors, which I know from old letters. Why should we not suppose that he

inherited the clock and took it home about that time?

Poughkeepsie must have been a shipping town from the beginning and there is every indication that its communication with New York was rather close. Why may not Robert, who had established his own home by 1780, or even his father, have brought the foreign clock, then comparatively new, up to Poughkeepsie from New York? If someone, following the competent Cardena, had put his name and date on this interesting piece of workmanship, we would be able to finish the story without so much guessing.

MARION G. OGDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thomas Noxon, the first of the family in this country, was born in Scotland. He married Gertruy Hoogeboom and was living in Kingston as early as 1696. Later, he was headmaster of Trinity School, New York.

Bartholomew Noxon, son of Thomas, was baptized at Kingston, March 7, 1703, and was married September 3, 1727, to Elizabeth Pasco. He was living in Dutchess County in 1731 and, in 1741, built the Noxon home at 81-83 Market street, Poughkeepsie, and lived there for some years. The house is still standing but has been so changed in appearance that very little of the original building can be seen. A stone, set in the east wall of the house, is marked with the date 1741 and the initials of Bartholomew and Elizabeth Noxon.

He owned property in Beekman Precinct and probably lived there from 1754 to 1771, when he was again living in Poughkeepsie. He was largely instrumental in the establishment of the English Church in Dutchess County and he and his family served as officers and contributed to the local church for many years. His wife died February 9, 1784, (aged 78 years, 7 months and 24 days), and he died October 19, 1785, (aged 82 years, 8 months and 9 days). They were the parents of nine children: Thomas, Simon, Margaret, Bartholomew, Peter, Gertrude, James, Benjamin and Robert.

In his will, he made special bequests of the family Bible to Robert, silver teaspoons, silver tablespoons, a silver teapot, a silver cream pot, a silver tankard and his books to the various members of his family but he did not mention a clock. After his death his house in Poughkeepsie was inherited by his youngest son, Dr. Robert Noxon, who was prominent as one of the early physicians in the county. The land on which the house stood extended from Market street to Academy street and, following the death of Robert, the street bearing the family name was cut through it.

Dr. Robert Noxon was born in 1750 and married (1) Hester Davis, daughter of Richard and Frances Davis, who died November 20, 1800 (aged 40 years, 10 months and 25 days). They were the parents of five children: Frances, born February 27, 1781, and married Lawrence I. Van Kleeck; Elizabeth, born October 12, 1785, and married John M. Van Kleeck; Bartholomew Davis, born April 12, 1788, and married, February 7, 1811, Sally Ann, daughter of Teunis Van Kleeck; Robert, born May 12, 1793, and died August 25, 1809;

and Richard, born September 9, 1797, and married Letitia Lawrence.

Dr. Robert married (2) Anna Ruggles and they were the parents of two children: Laura Ann, baptized March 27, 1808, who married Charles Tappen; and James. He was a devout member and a generous contributor to the Episcopal Church, where he served for many years as a vestryman and as warden. He died November 15, 1833, (aged 83 years, 2 months and 15 days), and was buried beside his wife Hester in the churchyard. His second wife survived him. In his will, dated April 8, 1833, he left the family Bible to his daughter Frances and "to my son Davis the eight day clock now standing in the house." This might easily be the clock now in the possession of Miss Ogden and it may have been procured for Dr. Robert Noxon by his father-in-law, Richard Davis, who was a merchant in the village and who owned a storehouse at the foot of Pine street and carried on a freighting business by sloops.

Bartholomew Davis Noxon married, February 7, 1811, Sally Ann Van Kleeck and about that time went to Onondaga county from Dutchess county and for many years he was prominent as a lawyer in Syracuse. They had at least eleven children, among them James Noxon, from whom Miss Ogden is descended.



The *Velocipede*, or *Swift Walker*, is now exhibited in Boston and in Philadelphia, and we may shortly expect that some of our ingenious coach-makers will gratify our citizens with this new hobby-horse. It is a curious invention, and consists of two wheels, one behind the other, connected by a perch on which the saddle is placed. The body is thus suspended so that the toes just touch the ground, and the traveller bounds along, on a good road, at from seven to ten miles an hour.

The *Velocipede* has made its appearance in New-York. Great speculations are going on in this article. Horses, it is said, in England, have fallen in price 40 per cent. in consequence of the introduction of velocipedes.

DUTCHESS OBSERVER, Wednesday, May 26, 1819.

PETER A. SCHRYVER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
AND HIS RECORDS

In 1943, Mr. George W. Schryver of Williamstown, Massachusetts, presented to the local history collection of the Adriaance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie, two record books kept by his great-grandfather, Peter A. Schryver. Peter A. Schryver was a justice of the peace in the town of Hyde Park and the two books contain the records of those cases which came before him during the years from 1829 to 1840. The cases were all minor ones, small debts, judgments obtained to collect wages, petty cases of trespass and, under the head of "criminal cases," a number of assault and battery.

Peter A. Schryver was a descendant of Albartus Schryver and Eva Lowerman who came to America with the Palatines in 1709. He was the son of Albartus Schryver and Margaret Freligh. This Albartus was born in Rhinebeck in 1745, died November 7, 1808, and was buried in the Reformed Dutch Church cemetery on Main street, Poughkeepsie.

Peter A. Schryver was born December 29, 1780, and married Catharine Wigg, born April 4, 1780. He died January 13, 1855, and she died October 24, 1846. They were both buried in the old family burying ground on the Schryver farm at Hyde Park, their two stones being the only ones which remain.

He and his wife had at least nine children: (1) Margaret, born March 1, 1802, died April 17, 1858, aged 56-1-17; and married February 20, 1823, to Amos Lyon of the town of Clinton, who died April 19, 1881, aged 82-8-20; (2) Martha, born June 25, 1803, died August 27, 1876; and married, as his second wife, Tilley Crouse of the town of Clinton; (3) Albert, born January 25, 1806, died August 8, 1840; married, February 23, 1830, to Eleanor, daughter of James and Susan Fitchett, who was born April 6, 1806 and died October 22, 1878; (4) Mary Ann, born January 19, 1808, married, January 28, 1829, to John I. Baker of Hyde Park; (5) Peter Freligh, born November 14, 1810, died December 18, 1842, and married, March 26, 1838, to Jemima, daughter of Robert Hadden of Hyde Park; (6) Jotham, born September 29, 1813, died June 22, 1871, and married, October 8, 1835,

to Emma Mott, of Hyde Park; (7) Eleanor Eliza, born August 4, 1816, died December 13, 1841, and married, February 2, 1837, to John Van Wagner; (8) John Henry, born October 17, 1818, died July 28, 1854, and married, January 8, 1846, to Rachel, daughter of John Rymph; and (9) George L., born September 5, 1821, died March 7, 1873; and married, November 1, 1854, to Maria Lyon.

In the newspaper notice of the marriage of one of his daughters, Peter is referred to as "Captain." Family tradition says that he served in the war of 1812 and a uniform and a sword for many years in the possession of his grandson were said to have been used by the captain at that time. He served his district and township over a period of years in the various offices, as assessor, fence viewer, justice of the peace, election inspector, overseer of the highway and town auditor. He was a member of the Reformed Dutch Church of Poughkeepsie, where several of his children were baptized. He was received as a member in 1809 and served his church as deacon and elder, as had his father before him.

On the cover of one of his books the justice had written: "Dutchess County, town of Hyde Park. Peter A. Schryver's Memorandum Book of Cases Commenced Before him 1830 and 1831, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840." This is a hand-written volume containing his records of the years mentioned.

The second book is "Peter A. Schryver's Docket Book, Hyde Park, January 8th, 1829, and 1830-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-40; Part 1st, Civil Process; Part 2d, Criminal." This book is sewed into a cover made of pigskin, reinforced with part of a copy of *The Poughkeepsie Intelligencer* of December 10, 1828. In the back of this book occur three marriage records, the book having been reversed, and on the outside cover are the words, "Marriage Entries, 1829 and 1830."

The marriage records are as follows:

Dutchess County, town of Hyde Park

Jesse Sarles, aged 35 years, Married to Eliza Lang, aged 25 years. The above were married and Pronounced Husband and Wife on the 27th day of august 1829. In the Presence of John Williams, Jr., and Peter Windover and others, all of the town of Hyde Park. Married by me

Peter A. Schryver, Justice of the Peace.

1830, June 18th, Dutchess County, town of Hyde Park
Cornelius Soper, aged 23 years, laborer, Married to Elizabeth Wood, aged 22 years, Spinster, Both of the town of Hyde Park. Said Cornelius Soper is son of John Soper, now in Ulster County, formerly of Dutchess County. Said Elizabeth Wood is Daughter of Nathaniel Wood, Deceased, of Dutchess County.

The Said Marriage was Solemnised By me in the Presence of John Williams, Jun., and Mariah, his wife, James Winner and Catherine Wood, the mother of said Elizabeth, known to me. All of the town of [Hyde] Park, and others as Witnesses to the same, on the 16th Day of June 1830. The said Cornelius Soper and Elizabeth Wood Were Pronounced Husband and Wife in Presence of the aforesaid Witnesses. By me

Peter A. Schryver, Justice of the Peace.

Marriage Record, 1837

Dutchess County, Town of Hyde Park, Jacob Manning, aged 30 years in May 1836. Married to Anna Doughty, being about the same age, Both of the town of Hyde Park, and pronounced to be Husband and Wife on the tenth day of february 1837, in the Presence of Abraham Rose, Samuel Todd, Abraham Tompkins and others Present at the time.

February 10th, 1837. By me Peter A. Schryver, Justice of the Peace.

The record of each case is fully stated in legal terminology. Some justices of the peace might have stated that John complained that William owed him a sum of money, but not Peter A Schryver. He used all the legal phraseology he could command, which served to add weight and seriousness to any charge.

Many of the cases were for the collection of wages or payments due for services rendered. In most of these cases the defendant presented a counter claim, or "set-off," for cash or clothing or the like. The suit was usually settled without coming to trial, the costs amounting to various amounts,—77c, 71c, 62c, \$1.21 or \$1.28½. Sometimes, in the heat of disagreement, a complaint was made and later the parties cooled off and the complaint was withdrawn. The plaintiff was usually assessed with the costs,—56c or 61c, or some such sum. In some cases neither of the parties appeared at the time for trial and in one of these, in a case of trespass, the justice entered a judgment against the plaintiff for 52c. On one occasion plaintiff and defendant both appeared and agreed each to pay half the costs that had accrued and to settle all past differences, "which being done the Court dismissed said suit and discharged said defendant."

There was a case in which a father asked \$50.00 damages for breach of agreement. The agreement specified that the plaintiff's son might live with the defendant one, two or three years as his own, so long

as the boy behaved himself "well and trusty." The defendant had agreed to give the boy a half a quarter of schooling a year and to find him decent clothing for the time spent with him and a spare day suit at the expiration of the period. Witnesses were heard who testified that the conduct of the boy had not been what it should and judgment was finally given in favor of the defendant for the cost of the lawsuit, 18½c.

The "criminal cases" brought before the justice were sometimes tried before a jury of six persons. On one of these occasions a prisoner, accused of petit larceny, pleaded guilty. "The Court therefore Decided that said Deft. be imprisoned in the county goal for the term of thirty days the last ten of which he should be kept on Bread and Water," and he was accordingly committed to the said gaol.

There was a case in which one lady accused another of stealing two yards of striped purple and white calico, valued at seven shillings. Unfortunately, she could not prove that the defendant had not purchased the piece of calico found in her possession and the prisoner was discharged.

An "idle person, not having visible means of support and being without employment" and said prisoner "appearing to me not a notorious offender, I do adjudge and determine that he be committed to the county poor house for the term of forty days, there to be kept at hard labour."

In one instance the overseer of highways for a certain district complained to the Justice that he gave to Mr. —, who resided in the district and was assessed to work on the highway, twenty-four hours' notice to appear with a shovel and a hoe. The defendant appeared and worked only one hour and then departed, "nor has he rendered any excuse for such neglect." The defendant pleaded that no fine ought to be imposed on him for neglect to work on the highway as the constable who made the complaint was not the legal overseer. "Which appears to me to be a fact," wrote the justice of the peace, and "I therefore dismiss the suit and charge the complainant with the costs, viz:

Complaint on oath	0.06
Filing the same	0.03
S——'s affidavit and filing same	0.09
Entering judgment of Discontinuance or no cause of action	00.25
	<hr/>
	\$00.43"

In a case, "for threatening," the defendant would not give surety for keeping the peace and was committed to the county "gaol." In two instances wives complained of their husbands who were required to give surety for keeping the peace, \$200 in one case and \$300 in the other.

County people lived on a modest scale in those days. In one suit a bill for board was presented in which the defendant was charged \$2.00 per week for board for himself and \$1.00 per week for board for his wife. In 1837, Moses DeGroff paid for labor seven shillings, 87½c, per day "and found," and Cuyler Stoutenburg testified that he paid six shillings per day in hay and harvest. In a case of ejection for non-payment of rent the rental charge proved to be \$25.00 per year.

In one instance, judgment of \$50.00 was awarded and the plaintiff levied on a mare colt which was sold by the sheriff. This was the largest amount awarded in any one case.

Following is a list of the names which appear in the two record books. They include the names of constables, witnesses, assisting justices, etc., in addition to the principals in the cases which were held before the justice.

Conrad Ackert	Morgan Bates	J. Caswell
Jacob Ackert	Titus Beach, Jun.	Jesse Champlin
Peter M. Ackert	Mary Bellew (Bellue)	John Champlin
Peter P. Ackert	Runnels Bentley	Joshua Cheeseman
Isaac O. Albertson	—— Bissell	S. Cleveland
John Albertson	William W. Bloomer	William Cochrane
John Allen	Israel Bradley	William Coldstream
John Ammerman	Gilbert Brewster	David Collins
William Angevine	Wm. E. Brooks	Charles Congdon
Jacob Armstrong	John Broom	Charles F. Conner
Marvin Armstrong	William Broom	John Cox
Robert Armstrong	Nathaniel Brown	George Crapsey
William Armstrong	Stephen Brown	Jonas Crapsey
Joshua Badgley	William M. Brown	Philip Crapsey
Leonard Badgley	Huram Brownel	William Crapsey
Daniel S. Baker	John Brush	Elias B. Crofut
I. I. Balding	Phillip Buckhout	Tilley Crouse
William Banker	William Burger	Peter Culver
Jacob Bard	James Burrows	Myrod Dakin
David Barnes, Jr.	Henry Bush	William Dan
Joseph Barnes	Mrs. Butler	Washington Davids
Lorin Barnes	Thomas Butler	Simeon Dearin
William Barnes	Eliza Cambrin	Abraham Degroff
James B(arnet)	Hannah Cambrin	David A. Degroff
Asa Bartlett	Jacob Camburn	Ephraim Degroff
Samuel Bartlett	(Cambrin)	Isaac Degroff
Charles Bartley	George Cashner	Jacob Degroff

Joel Degroff
 John A. Degroff
 John E. Degroff
 Margaret Degroff
 Moses Degroff
 Polly Degroff
 Robert Degroff
 William Degraff
 ——— Delemater
 Benjamin Delamater
 Joseph Dennis
 Benjamin Denton
 Peter Devine
 David Devoe
 Epenetus Devoe
 Sarah Eliza Dob (Dobb)
 John Docherty
 Jonas Doland
 William Donaldson
 Miss Ann Doughty
 Daniel Doughty
 John Downs
 Koert Dubois
 Cornelius Dubois
 John P. Dubois
 Peter M. Dubois
 ——— Dummond
 Samuel B. Dutton
 Phillip Eckert
 Leonard Edward
 Mrs. Ellis
 Lawrence Ellison
 David Elsbee
 David B. Errickson
 (Herrickson)
 G. Fanning
 Robert B. Fanning
 Frederick Filkins
 James Filkins
 Matthew Finley
 (Findley)
 Hunting Forman
 John Forman
 George Fowler
 L. B. Frear
 Mr. Frost
 Henry Gale
 William Garrett
 Jacob Gilbert
 Abm. Gildersleeve
 Henry Gildersleeve
 Chanry Goodrich
 Wm. Graham
 Jerome Green
 Robert Greenfield
 George Griffin

Hiram Griffin
 John Hadden
 Thomas Hadden
 Leonard J. Haight
 Mr. Halsted
 Hiram Halwick
 David Hanaburgh
 Simon Hasbrook
 Solomon Hauve
 Horrace J. Haviland
 Daniel Hebard
 Robert Hedden
 Samuel Hedden
 J. Heermance
 Cornelius Hemroth
 William Hester
 Jane Heustis
 Jeremiah Heustis
 Joseph Heustis, Jun.
 Stephen R. Heustis
 Henry Hinchman
 William H. Hinchman
 Thomas Hinton
 Joshua Holmes
 Christopher Hughes
 Benjamin Huson
 Calep Hustud
 Baron S. Hutchins
 James L. Hyde
 Joseph Hy(ar)
 Jacob Hyser
 Abraham W. Jackson
 Joseph J. Jackson
 John Johnson
 Richard Jones
 William Jones
 John Kannon
 Joseph Kendall
 George W. Kenney
 Robert Kidney
 James Kiessel
 Abraham Kipp
 Jacob V. Kipp
 Maria Kipp
 Reuben Kipp
 Jacob Napp (Knapp)
 Jesse Knapp
 Eliza Lang
 Francis Lansing
 Garret P. Lansing
 Melvil Lattin
 Joel Lawrence
 Josiah Lawrence
 Peter Lawrence
 Richard Lawrence
 Andrew L(awson)

Mary Leroy
 John Lewis
 Morgan Lewis
 Leonard Lines (Lyons)
 Stephen L. Lines
 James Duane Livingston
 John B. Livingston
 Nathaniel Losee
 E. T. Lucas
 Alex McClelland
 James McComb
 Archibald McInes
 (McEnes)
 Joseph McNary
 Thomas Wagner
 Oron Mahew
 Anna Manning
 Charles Manning
 Gerard Manning
 Jacob Manning
 John Maracle
 Elias Marshal
 Hiram Marshall
 Jacob Marshall
 John V. Marshall
 Nicholas Marshall
 Reuben Marshall
 Willet Marshal
 Benjamin Martin
 Harry Martin
 Benjamin Mead
 Alexander Meatland
 Harry Mitchel
 Lewis Mooney
 Elias (Lias) Monfort
 Reuben Morgan
 Rachel Morris
 William Morris
 Ebenezer S. Mosher
 (Mosure)
 Isaac Mosher
 Abraham Mott
 William Mott
 John Mowers
 (Mowris), Jun.
 John Murphy
 Henry C. Near
 Hiram Nelson
 William Noble
 Rachel Odle
 William J. Odle
 Dorman Olivit
 G. H. Osborn
 John Osterhout
 Andrew Ostrom
 John Ostrom

Mrs. Rachel Ostrom	John Sanford (Sandford)	George Tompkins
Mr. Out Water	Jesse Sarles	Jacob S. Tompkins
Jacob Palmer	Thomas Sarles	Joseph Tompkins
Jacob Palmatier	Alexander Satterly	Michael Tompkins
John Palmatier	John Schew	William Tooker
Peter Palmatier	Albert Schryver	Thomas F. Tower
William Palmatier	David D. Schryver	David Traver
John Parker	James Schryver	Henry J. (or T.) Traver
Thomas S. Parker	John Schryver	Lawrence Traver
Abraham M. Pells	Jotham P. Schryver	Nicholas Traver
Peter Pells	Abraham Schults	Abraham Travice
Andrew Phillips	(Schultze)	David Travice (Travis)
Phillip Poolick	William Seaman	Jacob Travice
Sheldon Post	Jesse Selkrig	John C. Travice (Travis)
Lewis Prichard	Lorenzo Sherwood	William Travice
Richard Prichard	J. Silvernail	Jesse Tuttle
William Prichard	James Silvernale	Frederick S. Uhl
Andrew S. Pritchard	John Silvernale	Weden (Weeden)
William Proctor	Samuel Simmons	Underwood
Mrs. William Proctor	Alanson Simpson	Egbert B. Vail
Phillip Pults (Pultze)	Barnard Sleight	George Vail
Alexander M. Purdy	Henry J. Sleight	Hiram Vail (Vale)
George Quick	Maurice (Morris) Sleight	Zopher J. Vail
Peter Quick	Simpson Sleight	John Valentine
Edward Radcliff	William Sleight	Herman Van Benschoten
John C. Radcliff	Philemon Smith	(Van Bunschoten)
Jacob Ralph	William T. Smith	Jacob Van Dusen
Alonzo Rapelee	Jacob Snyder	William Van Epps
Hannah Maria Rapelye	Cornelius Soper	Peter F. Van Ettan
Elonze Rappelgee	John Soper	(Vanatten)
C. Raymond	Stephen Spoor	Cornelius Van Vliet
Robt. Reed	John Stilwill	Jacob Van Vliet
Matthew Realyea (Reley)	Cuyler Stoutenburgh	Minard B. Veley (Viely)
Jane Rhoads	Isaac Stoutenburgh	Mary Vessels (Vessils)
Phillip Rhoads	Richard D. C.	Richard P. Van Wagenen
Elias Rhynus	Stoutenburgh	Fonda Van Waggenen
Lewis Ring	Tobias J. Stoutenburgh	Abraham Van Wagner
William Riseley	William Stoutingburg	Benjamin Van Wagner
John Roberts	Joshua B. Sutherland	Eli Van Wagner
Samuel Robertson	John B. Swartwout	Francis Van Wagner
William Robertson	W. Swartwout	Gilbert Van Wagner
Henry Rodgers	Abraham D. Taylor	James Van Wagner
James Rodgers	Charles C. Taylor	John F. Van Wagner
Nathaniel T. Rodman	R. B. Taylor	John S. Van Wagner
Abraham Rose	Richard Teller	Lansing Van Wagner
John Rose	Samuel M. Thurston	Nicholas E. Van Wagner
Edward Rosevelt	Samuel Tidd	William H. Van Wagner
Richard V. Rosevelt	Jacob Tillotson (Tillson)	George Wager
Walton Rosevelt	James Titamore	Robert Watts
Rubin Rowland	David Todd	Richard Weeks
James Russel	John W. Todd	Smith Wells
Christina Ryan	John Todd, Jr.	Mott A. Wickham
John Ryan	Samuel Todd	John Wigg
Riley Sabin (Sabins)	Abraham Tompkins	Nathan J. Wigg
Catherine Sanford	Caleb G. Tompkins	Abraham Wilbur
James Sanford	Elias Tompkins	James Wilbur

Joel Wilbur
Thomas Wilbur
R. Wilkinson
Arthur Williams
George Williams
Jacob Williams
John Williams
John Williams, Jr.
Leannah Williams
Mariah Williams
Mary Williams
Thomas Williams
William M. Williams

William P. Williams
William L. Wiley
John Windover
Peter Windover
Peter Windover, Jun.
Robert Windover
Ruth Windover
James Winner
Abraham Wood
Catherine Wood
Deborah Wood
Elizabeth Wood
Harvey Wood

James H. Wood
John Wood
Levi Wood
Nathaniel Wood
Simeon Wood
Peter S. Wooden
William W. Woodworth
Andrew Woolhiser
Jacob Woolhiser
Daniel Worden
Abraham D. Wright
Henry Right (Wright)

AMY PEARCE VER NOOY

ADVERTISEMENT

The THIEF who took a LINEN SHIRT from a grass-plat, near the center of this village, on the night of the 24th ult. will please to receive the cordial thanks of the *legal* owner, as there were at the same time, on the same plat, a considerable quantity of valuable linen and dimities. which the said thief was so *obliging* as to leave behind. And as a reward for his, or her, *honesty* in not taking the whole, FIVE DOLLARS will be paid to the person who took the shirt, on application to this office, and no prosecution commenced against them.

POLITICAL BAROMETER, Tuesday, October 2, 1804.

BIBLE RECORDS OF DUTCHESS COUNTY FAMILIES

ADRIANCE FAMILY BIBLE

[The Holy Bible] Te Dortrecht. By Jacob en Hendrick Keur.
Ao. 1741.

Dutch Bible, with records in Dutch and in English and in a combination of both. The title-page is missing, the date being supplied from the title-page of the New Testament. The Bible is bound in calf, with brass corners and heavy clasps.

The Bible was presented to the Adriance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie, by Mr. John P. Adriance and Mr. Arthur B. Rudd.

Abraham Adriance was born the sixth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Sixty-six, 1766

Anna Storm was born in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty

We were joined in matrimony the thirteenth day of July 1788

Abraham Adriance, our son, was born May the twenty-third day, 1789

Edwin

John, b. 1795, m'd Sarah Ely Harris

Albert

Chas

John P. Adriance, son of John & Sarah Ely Harris, born 1825, married Mary Jane Ruthven Platt

* * * * *

Abraham Adriance was born the first day of June 1720

Aeltje Brinckerhoff was born the fifteenth day of May 1728

We were married the ninth day of June 1744

My daughter Femmetje was born the second day of September 1745

My daughter Sara was born the first day of August 1747 and died the ninth day of November 1747

My son Rem was born the fifteenth day of August 1748

My wife Aeltje Brinckerhoff, died the first day of December 1749, Friday, about ten o'clock.

Femmetje van Kleef was born the eighteenth day of December 1723 and we were married the nineteenth day of October 1751

My son Jan was born the twenty-eighth day of April 1753

My son Abraham was born the seventeenth of September, about sun-down 1754, and died the 29th day of March, in the morning, about ten o'clock, in the year 1756

A daughter was born to us July the 24th, in the morning, and died the 25th, in the afternoon, in the year 1756

A son was born to us the 31st of May 1757, being dead

My daughter Sara was born May the twenty-third, 1758

My daughter Elsje was born April the ninth day, in the year 1762

* * * * *

Abraham Adriaanse died the twenty-ninth day of November 1765 about six o'clock, near Kingsbridge, and was buried at Flushing

Abraham Adriaanse was born the sixth day of April 1766

Elsje Adriaance departed this Life the day of April in the year of our Lord 1790, aged 28 years

Famitye Van Kleef, Widow of Abraham Adriaance, departed this Life on the fifth day of October 1801

* * * * *

Ram Adriaanse was born the fifteenth day of August in the year 1748
Geerrediena Hoogland was born the twenty-ninth day of April in the year 1748

And we were married the seventh day of December in the year 1769

My daughter, Altje Adriaanse was born the thirteenth day of November in the year of our Lord, 1770

My daughter Femmetye was born the twenty-first day of February in the year of our Lord, 1772

My daughter Aentye was born the nineteenth day of August in the year of our Lord, 1774

My son Abraham was born the seventh day of March in the year of our Lord 1777

My son William was born the thirty-first day of July in the year of our Lord, 1779

My son Jacob was born the twenty-second day of June 1781

PIETER CORNELL FAMILY BIBLE

Biblia Te Dordrecht. By Jacob en Hendrick Keur. Anno 1741. Dutch Bible now in the possession of Mr. Martense H. Cornell, Wappingers Falls, N. Y. Records translated from the Dutch.

Pieter Cornel, born in the year of our Lord 1756, the first day of April, and joined in Matrimony with Maria Meserole the third day of June 1780, who was born the 22nd of October 1758.

A son born us the 16th day of March 1781, named Cornelius.

A son born us the 1st July 1784, who departed this Life the 25th day of his age, named Isaac.

A son Born the 29th of November 1785 named Isaac.

A Daughter Born the 22nd of February 1788 named Sarah.

A Daughter Born the 14th of February 1790 named Jane.

A Daughter Born the 1st August 1791 named Margaret.

A Daughter Born the 14th November 1794 named Maria, who departed this Life the 19th December, aged 36 days.

Two Daughters born the 21st September and named Cornelia and Maria who departed this Life the seventh Day of October and Cornelia the ninth in the year 1795.

A Daughter born the 3rd February 1798 named Elizabeth.

* * * * *

Isaac Martense was born June (or January ?) 9, 1748, and married Maria Meserole November 5, 1775. A son was born October 3, 1776, named Adrian. [Isaac Martense died November 12, 1778].

Maria Meserole was born October 22, 1758, and married Isaac Martense November 5, 1775. A son was born October 3, 1776, named Adrian. She married Peter Cornell June 3, 1780.

[Note: This Cornell family came to Dutchess County from Long Island, N. Y. Peter Cornell (Pieter Cornel) and his wife are buried in the LaGrange Rural Cemetery, Manchester Bridge, Dutchess County.]

RYNDERS FAMILY BIBLE

The Holy Bible: Containing the Old & New Testaments: Brattleborough, (Vt.). J. Holbrook's Stereotype copy. 1818.

The Bible was presented to the Adriaance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie, by Mr. Homer M. Chatterton.

FAMILY RECORD

Andrew Rynders, born January 11th, 1759
Elizabeth Leroy, wife of A. Rynders, born September 1st, 1761
Elizabeth Rynders, born November 3rd, 1782
Isaiah Rynders, born September 28th, 1784
Aleta Rynders, born May 1st, 1788
Maria Rynders, born December 12th, 1792
Catharine Rynders, born October 14th, 1795
Amelia Caroline Rynders, born January 11th, 1800

* * * * *

Andrew Rynders Died August the 29, 1834
Elizabeth Leroy, wife of Andrew Rynders, Died March 4th, 1844
Isaiah Rynders Died May 22nd, 1874; Aged 89 years, 7 months, 24 days
Peter D. Vanamburgh, Nov'ber the 10, 1866; aged sixty-five years, ten months, ten days

* * * * *

Peter D. Van Amburgh, Born January 22, 1800
Amelia Caroline Rynders Born January 11, 1800
And we were married Nov. 12, 18(+)5; By the Rev. Cornelius C. Van Cleaf.

CHATTERTON FAMILY BIBLE

The Holy Bible; [title page missing], [Cooperstown, (N. Y.)]
Stereotyped, printed and published by H. & E. Phinney. 1826.

The Bible was presented to the Adriaance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie, by Mr. Homer M. Chatterton.

FAMILY RECORD

Marriages

George Chatterton and Mary Ann Carson Where Married May 4th, 1822
Marrietta G. Chatterton was married November 27th, 1850
John C. Chatterton was married to Helen M. Halaway
Joseph M. Chatterton was married to Elizebeth Emott
Catharine A. Chatterton was married to Ephraim Van Vliet
Nathan G. Chatterton and Caroline E. Palmer were married November 25th, 1855
James F. Chatterton and Susan L. Fitch were married Dec. 9th, 1868

* * * * *

Births

George Chatterton Was Born September 2th, 1798
Mary Ann Carson Was Born May 4th, 1803
John Carson Chatterton Was Born January 5th, 1824
Edwin Chatterton Was Born February 9th, 1826
Joseph Moorehouse Chatterton January 9th, 1827

Marietta Gifford Chatterton Was Born Oct. 6th, 1829
Catharine Armstrong Chatterton Was Born March 10th, 1832
Nathan G. Chatterton Was Born Sept'r 10th, 1834
James F. Chatterton Was born January 15th, 1839
Sandford Chatterton Was Born December 8th, 1842

* * * * *

Births

Children of N. G. Chatterton and Caroline E. Chatterton

John W. Chatterton was borne Oct. 21st, 1856; 6½ A. M.
Wellington P. Chatterton was borne Dec. 3d, 1859; 4½ P. M.
Mary Elizebeth Chatterton was born Jan. 21st, 1861; 4 P. M.
Frederic Dayton Chatterton was born Jan. 24, 1867
Jennie Lind Chatterton was born 11th April, 1872
Cora Belle Chatterton was born 21st August, 1875

Children of J. F. Chatterton

Florence J. Chatterton was born Oct. 4th, 1869
Chas. W. Chatterton Was born Jan. 27th, 1873

* * * * *

Deaths

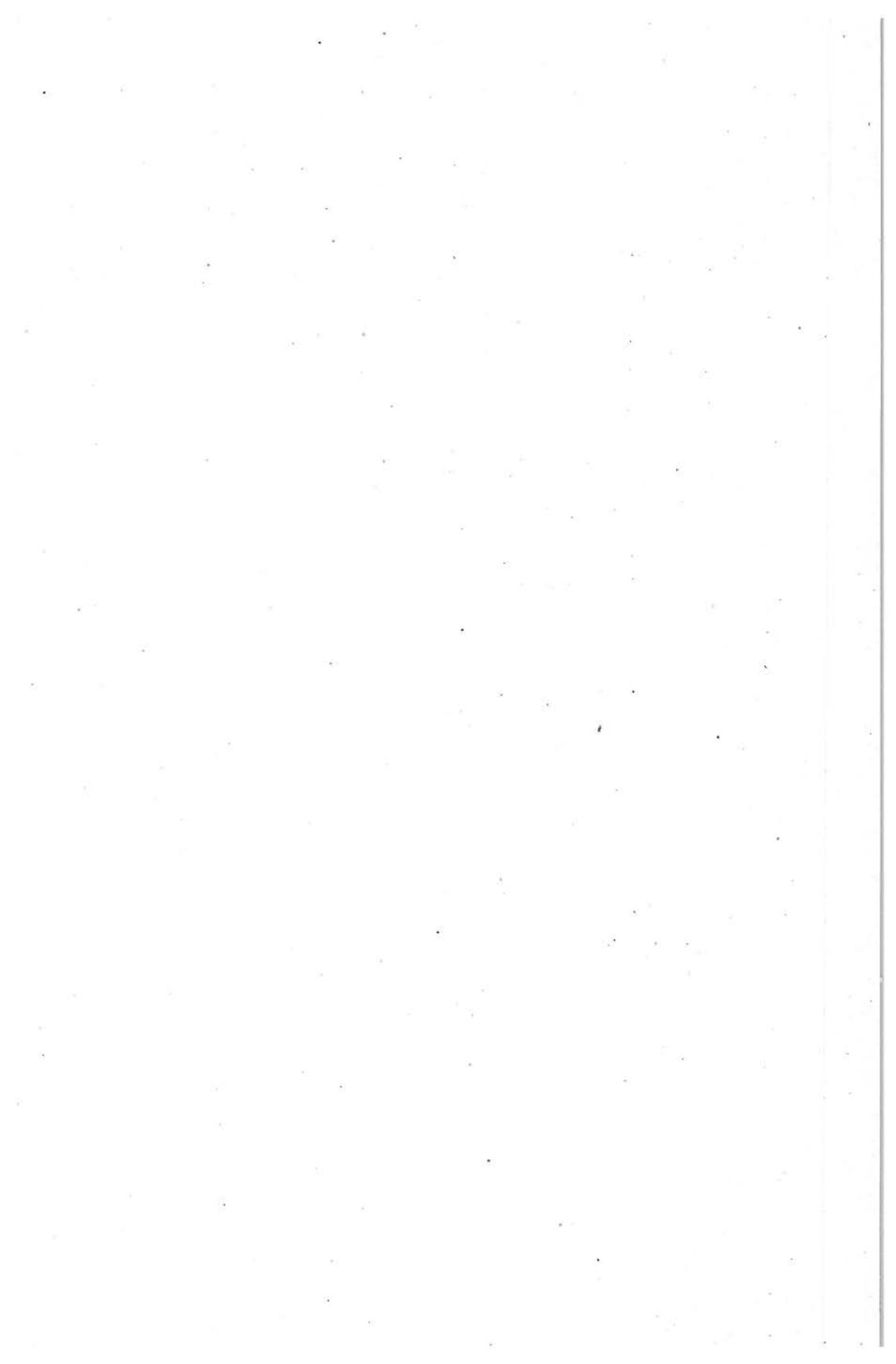
Edwin Chatterton Died February 10th, 1826
Mary Ann Chatterton Died July 8th, 1844
Sandford Chatterton Died May 8th, 1843
Catharine A. Chatterton Died Aug. 9th, 1854; 6½ o'clock, A. M.
Joseph M. Chatterton Died August 9th, 1854; 9½ o'clock, P. M., in peace
George Chatterton Died May 24th, 1875; at 6:35 A. M.
John Chatterton Died April 6th, 1884; Aged 60
Nathan G. Chatterton Died March 22nd, 18(8)8; Aged 54
Marrietta G. Dayton Died July 18th, 1890; afternoon; Aged 61.

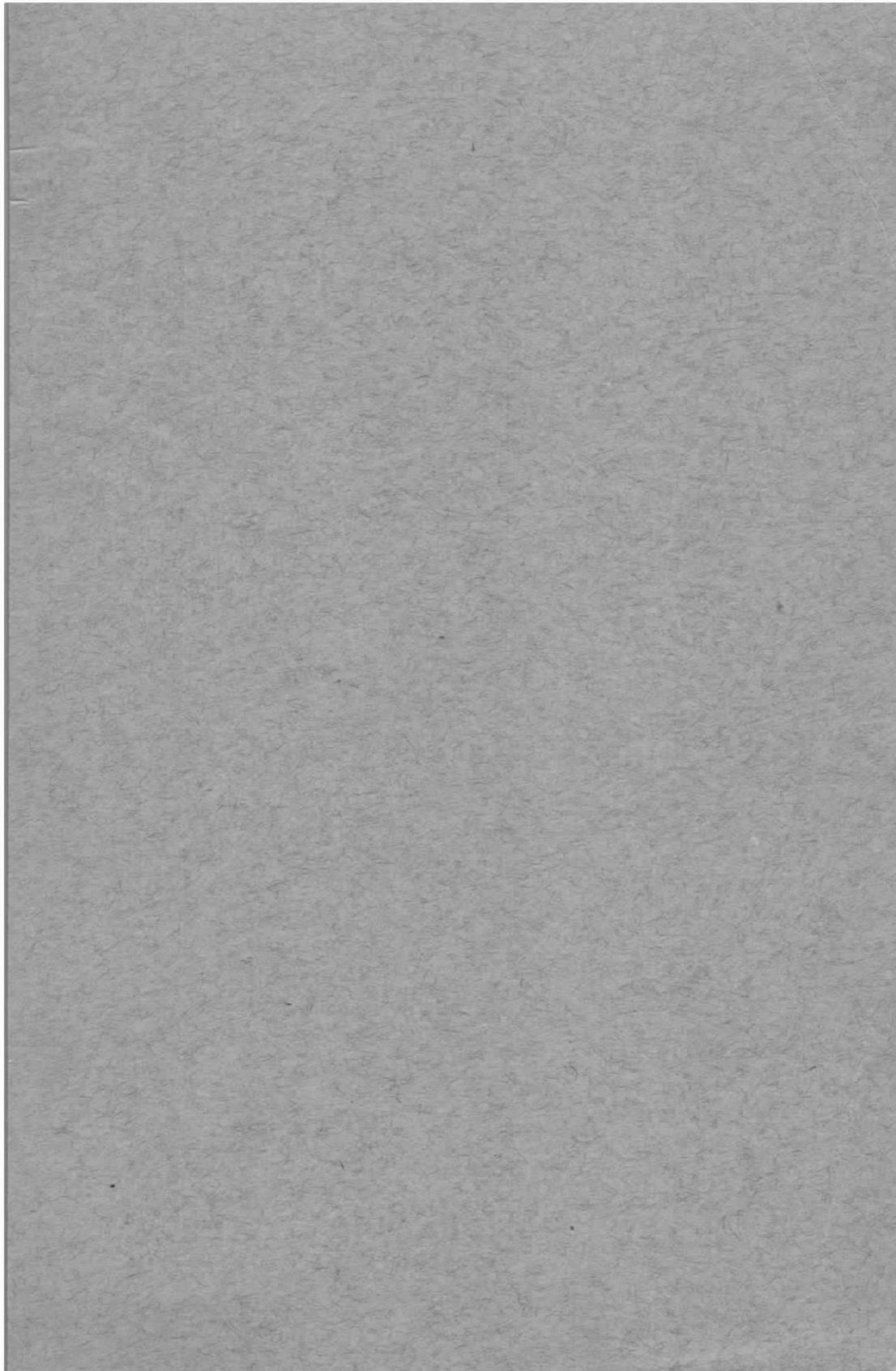


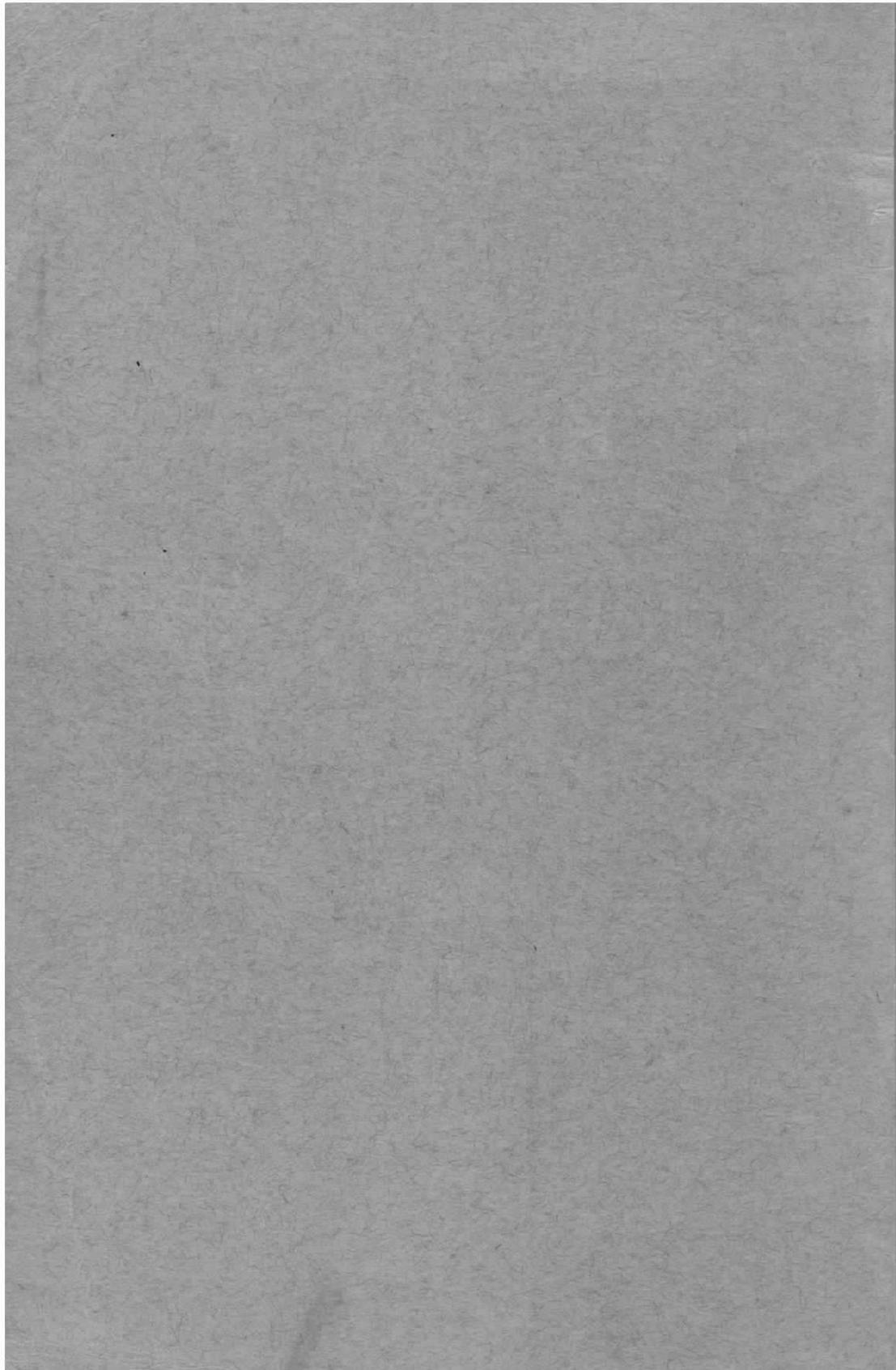
CURE FOR CANCER

One shilling's worth Chloride of zinc, moistened with a few drops of water, to be applied twice a day with a feather.

From the receipt book kept by Dr. Benjamin De La Vergne, 1787-1795.









Family Chart made by Oliver D. Collins
 Born December 11, 1777
 Died February 13, 1833