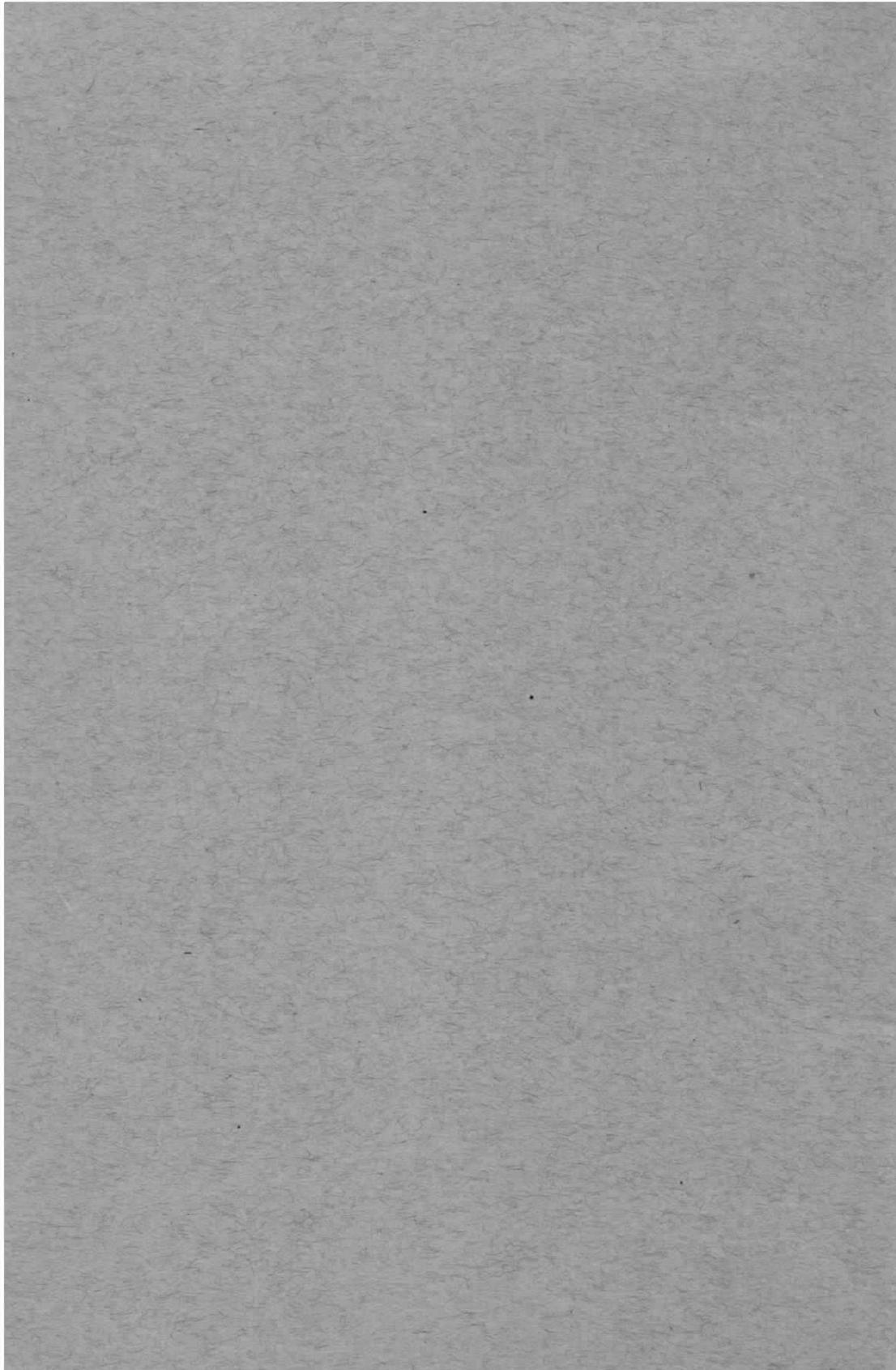


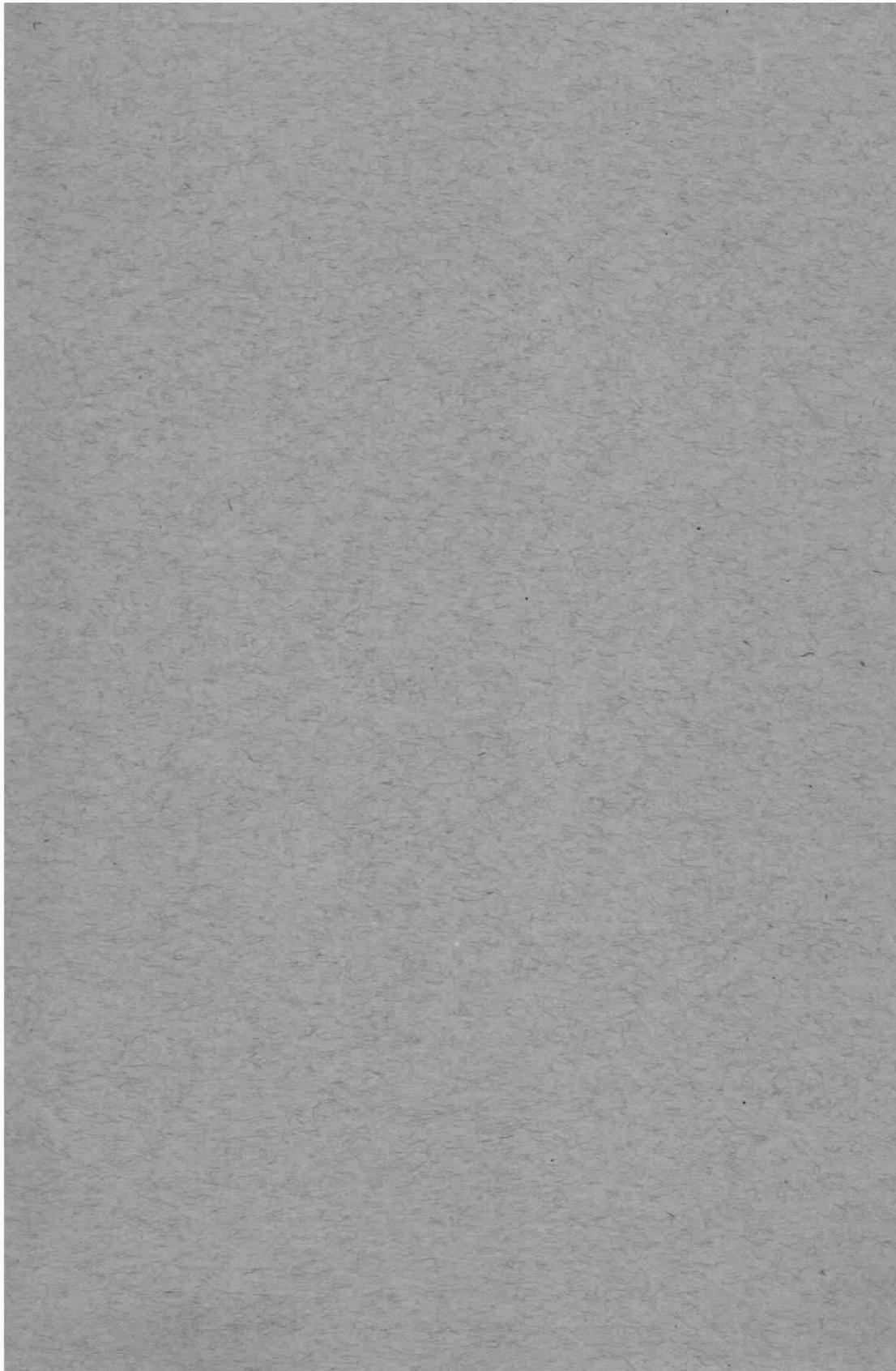
# Year Book

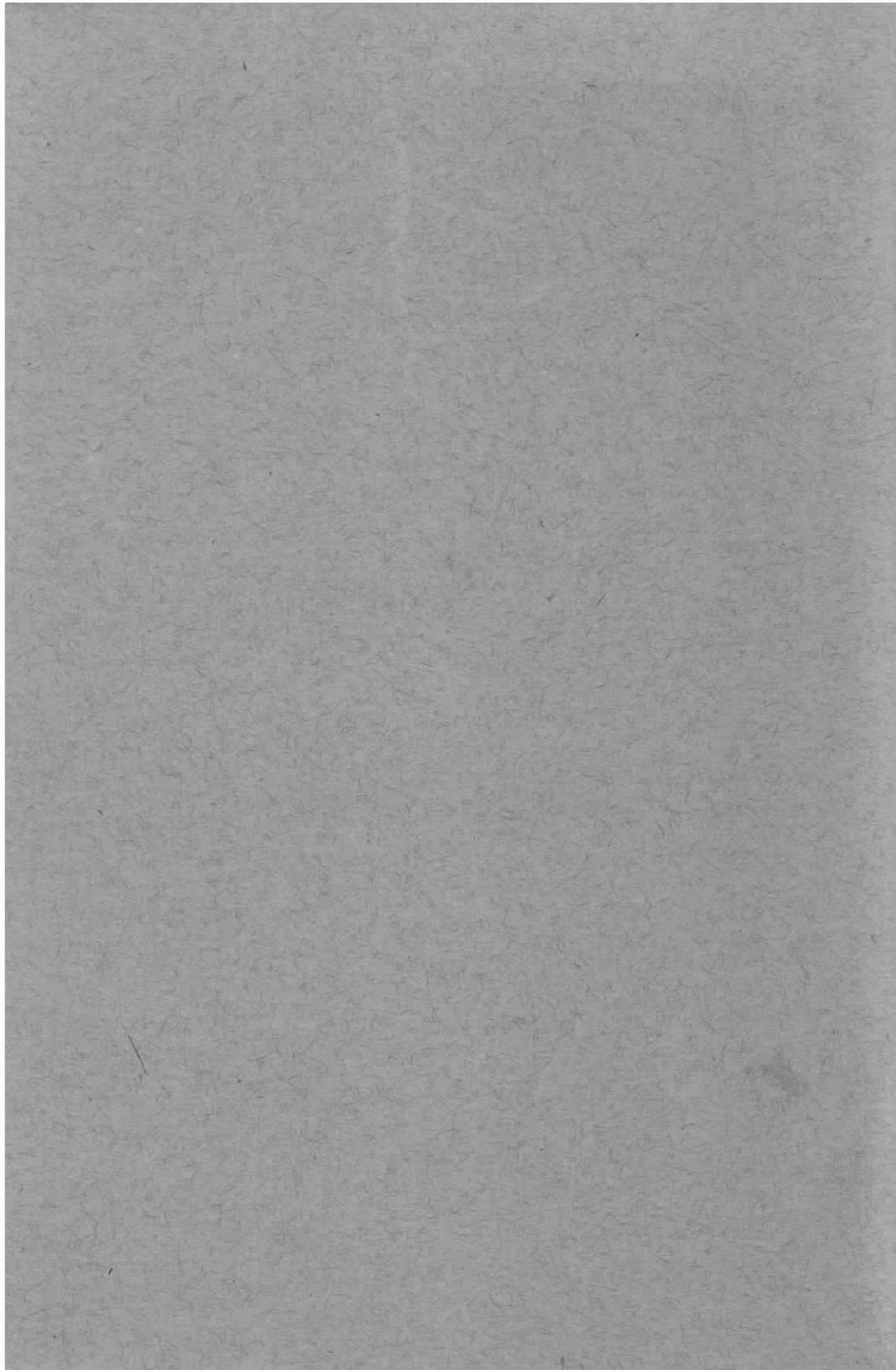
Dutchess County Historical Society

Volume 32

1947







# Year Book

Dutchess County Historical Society

Volume 32

1947

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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

1947

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

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

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

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

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

*Curator:* MRS. CLARA 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. James Budd Rymph	Town of Clinton
Miss Anna Vincent	Town of Dover
Mrs. Edward B. Stringham	Town of East Fishkill
Miss Edith Alden	Town of Fishkill
Benjamin H. Haviland	Town of Hyde Park
Mrs. F. Jay Skidmore	Town of LaGrange
Henry R. Billings	Town of Milan
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Leland H. Shaw	City of Poughkeepsie
Christian A. Zabriskie	Town of Red Hook
Mrs. Sumner Nash Spurling	Town of Rhinebeck
Newton D. Alling	Town of Stanford
Mrs. R. Theodore Coe	Town of Union Vale
Miss Mary Goring	Town of Wappingers
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 1948

Mrs. Seward T. Green	Henry T. Hackett
Mrs. Stuart R. Anderson	Ronald Bogle

CLASS OF 1949

John Ross Delafield	Olin Dows
Willis L. M. Reese	Baltus Barentszen Van Kleeck

CLASS OF 1950

George S. Van Vliet	Harry Harkness Flagler
Frank V. Mylod	Franklyn J. Poucher

CLASS OF 1951

Raymond G. Guernsey	Mrs. Clara Steeholm
Miss Ruth A. Halstead	Mrs. George B. Waterman

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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 Bockè 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.

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

# SECRETARY'S MINUTES

## MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

MAY 20, 1947

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held at the Adriance Memorial Library on Tuesday afternoon, May 20, 1947, at four o'clock.

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

The minutes of the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held September 26, 1946, were read and approved.

The treasurer reported that 80% of the members had paid their dues for 1947 and \$75.00 had been received in life memberships. The money received for the life memberships had been deposited in the permanent account of the society. She also reported that \$35.00 had been added to the Helen Wilkinson Reynolds Memorial Fund.

The curator reported that a number of valuable gifts and loans had been received from Mr. Van Vlack and others. She reported that some of the older documents

owned by the society were in poor condition and recommended that some might be microfilmed. It was voted that the curator arrange to have this work done, at a modest expense to the society.

Mrs. Steeholm also suggested that arrangements might be made for a series of radio programs on Dutchess County history which would be of interest to the schools of the county. She was asked to confer with the school authorities and report at the next meeting of the trustees.

A letter from Mr. Flagler was read, regretting his inability to attend the meeting and reporting that plans for the memorial to Miss Reynolds would be carried forward during the summer.

The president reported that arrangements had been made for the annual meeting of the society to be held at 6.30 p. m. at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie, on June 9. He said that Mr. William Hoch would show the lovely pictures which he had made of scenes in the county and promised a very pleasant evening. These plans were approved by the trustees.

The possibility of making a

pilgrimage in the fall was discussed and the president was asked to appoint a committee to arrange for such a pilgrimage.

It was reported that a photographer in the county had asked for permission to make photographs of historical places in the county under the auspices of this society. A committee, composed of the president, Mr. Dows and Mrs. Steeholm, was appointed to look into the matter before consent was given.

The president appointed a nominating committee, composed of Mr. Guernsey, chairman, Mr. Otis and Mr. Poucher, to prepare a slate of officers to fill the vacancies occurring with the annual meeting.

The assistant secretary reported that the society had received an invitation from the Cornwall Garden Club, to attend an outstanding exhibit of antiques and heirlooms, to be held at the gymnasium of the New York Military Academy at Cornwall, N. Y., on

June 27, 28 and 29. The announcement said that an admission fee of \$1.00 would be charged, the money to be used to help in the restoration of one of the oldest houses in the community. It was decided to include this invitation on the card sent to the members of this society announcing the meeting to be held June 9.

The following new members were elected: Mrs. Victor Bohm, Mr. Albert B. Caldwell, Mrs. Esty Foster, Mr. Robert G. Hill, Mrs. Anton Ludwig, Mrs. Maud Makemson, Dr. Frederick W. Muth, Mr. Alfred G. Schumacher, Miss Elizabeth W. Tompkins and Mrs. Jacqueline O. Weibrich. The following annual members were elected to life membership: Mrs. Edward R. Coker, Mrs. Amy Ver Nooy and Mr. Christian A. Zabriskie.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

J. WILSON POUCHER,  
Secretary.

## ANNUAL MEETING

JUNE 9, 1947

The annual meeting of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held on June 9, 1947, at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie. There was an attendance of

125 persons at the dinner which was served at 6.30 p. m. Following the dinner the business session was held.

The president, Mr. Van Wyck,

called the meeting to order.

Upon motion, it was decided to dispense with the reading of the minutes of the semi-annual meeting, held October 18, 1946, they being approved as printed in the year book.

The report of the secretary was read by Mrs. Ver Nooy and listed the following items received by gift, subscription and exchange:

New York History, the quarterly of the New York State Historical Association, for October 1946 and January and April 1947;

Bulletin of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum for January 1947;

New-York Historical Society Quarterly for October 1946 and January and April 1947;

The Dutch Settlers Society of Albany, Yearbook 1945-1947;

The Quarterly Bulletin of the Westchester County Historical Society for April-July 1946;

The Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands, Publication No. 32, 1946;

The Pacific Northwest Quarterly for October 1946 and January and April 1947;

Industrial News Bulletin (monthly magazine of the New York State Department of Labor) for October 1946-March 1947;

Finch Family Association, Bul-

letins Nos. 8 and 9;

The Householders of America, a genealogy of the descendants of Jonathan Householder of Butler, Pa., (the gift of Mrs. Bessie R. Rogers, Salt Lake City, Utah);

In Memoriam, Alexander Griswold Cummins, M. A., Litt.D., D. D., LL. D., 1868-1946, (the gift of Mrs. Cummins);

The Rural Repository, published at Hudson, N. Y., 1839-1851 (incomplete), (the gift of Mr. Esty Foster);

Sesqui-Centennial program, 1796-1946, Oakwood School;

Publication of the Order of Colonial Lords of Manors in America, year book 1946;

A collection of clippings, newspapers and receipts, (the gift of Mrs. A. G. Rensley);

A piece of stone, bearing the figures 1679, or 1699, found in a stone wall at 7 Oak Crescent, Poughkeepsie, (the gift of Mrs. Edward A. Frank).

The secretary reported that the society had lost six members by resignation and the following members by death: Mr. Frederick Atkins, Mrs. Robert A. Becker, Mr. Louis S. Colwell, Mr. Peter F. Connolly, Mrs. M. Glenn Folger, Mrs. George B. Foote, Mr. Frank Greene, Mrs. Frank

Greene, Mr. William H. Judson, Mr. George Overocker, Mr. Albert Reese, Mr. Albert C. Rust, Mr. Philip H. Waddell Smith, Mrs. Joseph T. Tower, Dr. Alice Stone Woolley and Mrs. William H. Young.

The report of the treasurer was given by Miss Traver and was approved and ordered printed in the year book.

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, for the Helen Wilkinson Reynolds Memorial committee, gave a brief report and stated that Mr. Flagler regretted that he was unable to attend the meeting and that the committee would have a more complete report to submit in the fall.

Mr. Van Wyck stated that the trustees felt that it would be feasible for the society to plan a pilgrimage for the fall and that he would appoint a committee to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Otis, for the nominating committee, presented a slate of officers and it was moved and seconded that the secretary cast one ballot to elect them. Mr. Poucher asked that Dr. Poucher be relieved of his office as secretary,

a position which he had held for the past twenty-five years. Mr. Otis amended his nominations and proposed that Mrs. Ver Nooy be elected as secretary and that Dr. Poucher be elected as honorary secretary and an honorary member of the society. With these amendments the new officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. Edmund Van Wyck; vice-president-at-large, Dr. James F. Baldwin; honorary secretary, Dr. J. Wilson Poucher; secretary, Mrs. Amy Ver Nooy; treasurer, Miss Albertina T. B. Traver; curator, Mrs. Clara Steeholm; trustees of the class of 1951, Mr. Raymond G. Guernsey, Mrs. Katherine B. Waterman, Mrs. Clara Steeholm and Miss Ruth A. Halstead; vice-presidents representing the following towns, Clinton, Mrs. James Budd Rymph; Dover, Miss Anna Vincent; LaGrange, Mrs. F. Jay Skidmore; Rhinebeck, Mrs. Sumner Nash Spurling; Stanford, Mr. Newton D. Alling, Wappingers Falls, Miss Mary Goring; and Mr. Leland H. Shaw, representing the City of Poughkeepsie.

The names of the following persons were proposed and they were elected annual members: Mr. George J. Amato, Mrs. Arthur D. Benson, Mr. Henry M. Burke,

Mrs. Henry M. Burke, Miss Marion Dickerman, Mrs. Chauncey Dickson, Mrs. Walter Gilbert, Mr. Wilbert J. Hammond, Mr. William Hoch, Mrs. William Hoch, Miss Isabelle V. Hoch, Mrs. John F. McKeon, Miss Graeme Poucher, Mr. George E. Schryver, Mrs. Varick V. W. Stringham, Mr. Roswell H. Whitman, Mrs. Roswell H. Whitman, Mr. Bradford Yeomans, and Mrs. Bradford Yeomans.

There being no new business to bring before the meeting, upon motion, it was adjourned and the president introduced Mr. William Hoch who showed a selection of his colored photographs of "Dutchess County Beautiful." These were most enthusiastically received and the gathering dispersed with a rising vote of thanks to Mr. Hoch.

J. WILSON POUCHER,  
Secretary.

### SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

Plans to hold a semi-annual meeting in November were not completed, for several reasons, so it has been deemed advisable to publish in this issue of the year book the report of the secretary and that of the treasurer covering the period between the annual meeting on June 9, 1947 and the end of the year.

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT

The society has received by gift and exchange the following items: New York History, the quarterly of the New York State Historical Association, for July and October 1947; The Bulletin of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum for July 1947; The Quarterly Bulletin of the Westchester County Historical Society for January-April and

July-October 1947;

The Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands, Publication No. 33, 1947;

The Pacific Northwest Quarterly for July and October 1947;

Finch Family Association, Bulletin No. 11;

Annual report of the industrial commissioner, New York State Department of Labor, for the year ended December 31st, 1945;

Memorandum book, started in 1750, recording the expenses connected with the parsonage of the Rumbout Presbyterian Church, (the gift of Mr. Harold T. Van Wyck);

A picture of the Rumbout Presbyterian Church after it was rebuilt in 1830, (the gift of Mr.

Harold T. Van Wyck).

The society has lost two members by resignation and the following members by death: Mrs. DeWitt Bergen, Mr. L. M. Boomer, Mrs. J. Newton Boyce, Mr. J. Stuart Brown, Mr. Lawrence Belding Cummings, Mrs. Samuel Deuel, Mrs. William A. Dutcher, Mr. Frank L. Gardner, Miss

Mary Hinkley, Charles E. Lane, M. D., Mrs. W. J. McLaughlin, Mr. Ward C. Moon, Mr. Joseph Morschauer, Mr. Herbert C. Shears, Mrs. Albert A. Swift, Elizabeth C. Underhill, M. D., and Mr. Isaac Smith Wheaton.

AMY VER NOOY,  
Secretary.



## AGRICULTURAL

The Legislature of this State having appropriated by law, the sum of \$400 per annum, for the promotion of agriculture in the county of Dutchess - on condition that the citizens of said county shall organize a county Society, and raise among themselves an equal sum for the same purposes. Therefore to promote the object of the legislature, and to give the inhabitants of the county, an opportunity to comply with the requisition of the law - we the members of the grand jury, now assembled, do hereby give notice, that a meeting will be held on the 1st Tuesday in June 1819, at Luther Gay's, in Washington, for the purpose of considering the propriety of forming an *Agricultural Society* in this county - to which meeting we earnestly invite our fellow citizens, well persuaded as we are, that no better means can be adopted for the promotion of Agriculture in this State, than the establishment of Agricultural Societies under the auspices of the legislature. Signed by

William Bard, *Foreman*, Abraham G. Storm, John Green, Coert Horton, John Wilkinson, Wheeler Gilbert, Henry F. Tallmadge, John T. Scriver, Israel Harric, Isaac Sutherland, Joseph Ketcham, Thomas Taber 2d, Peleg Ferriss, Peter Akin, Jacob C. Elmendorf, Peter Snyder, John Titus.

April 19, 1819.

*Poughkeepsie Journal*, May 5, 1819.

## REPORT OF THE TREASURER

OCTOBER 18, 1946 - JUNE 9, 1947

### PERMANENT ACCOUNT

#### Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, October 18, 1946 .....	\$5,864.12
Life memberships .....	75.00
Interest to April 1, 1947 .....	59.03
Balance on hand, June 9, 1947 .....	\$5,998.15

### CHECKING ACCOUNT

#### Poughkeepsie Trust Company

##### Receipts

Balance on hand, October 18, 1946 .....	\$ 931.45
Received from dues .....	948.00
Received from sales of books .....	62.25
.....	\$1,941.70

##### Disbursements

Guest luncheons, October meeting .....	\$ 3.50
Year book, 1946:	
Editing .....	\$200.00
Plate for illustration .....	4.64
Printing and copyright .....	346.57
Binding and printing illustration .....	70.00
Postage and mailing .....	30.00
.....	651.21
Membership, New York State Historical Association .....	3.00
Curator .....	25.00
Assistant secretary .....	50.00
Treasurer .....	50.00
Supplies for curator .....	24.15
Postage and printing, annual meeting .....	19.05
Bills for dues, envelopes, postage .....	34.00
.....	859.91

Balance on hand, June 9, 1947 .....

\$1,081.79

### THE HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS MEMORIAL FUND

#### Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, October 18, 1946 .....	\$1,724.44
Gifts to fund .....	35.00
Interest to April 1, 1947 .....	17.38
Balance on hand, June 9, 1947 .....	\$1,776.82

INVESTED FUNDS

War Bond purchased April 1943, matures April  
1955, valued June 1947 .....\$ 776.00

Respectfully submitted,  
ALBERTINA T. B. TRAVER,  
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

JUNE 9, 1947 - DECEMBER 31, 1947

PERMANENT ACCOUNT

Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, June 9, 1947 .....\$5,998.15  
Life membership ..... 25.00  
Interest to January 1, 1948 ..... 90.38  
Balance on hand December 31, 1947 .....\$6,113.53

CHECKING ACCOUNT

Poughkeepsie Trust Company

Receipts

Balance on hand, June 9, 1947 .....\$1,081.79  
Received from dues ..... 136.00  
Received from sale of book ..... 10.00  
-----\$1,227.79

Disbursements

Guest dinners, June meeting .....\$ 5.25  
Curator ..... 25.00  
Secretary ..... 50.00  
Treasurer ..... 50.00  
Annual contribution toward expenses of Glebe House 120.00  
Programs for pilgrimage ..... 23.30  
Coffee served on pilgrimage ..... 10.00  
----- 283.55

Balance on hand, December 31, 1947 .....\$ 944.24

THE HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS MEMORIAL FUND

Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, June 9, 1947 .....\$1,776.82  
Interest to January 1, 1948 ..... 26.78  
Balance on hand, December 31, 1947 .....\$1,803.60

INVESTED FUNDS

War Bond purchased April 1943, matures April  
1955, valued December 31, 1947 .....\$ 786.00

Respectfully submitted,  
ALBERTINA T. B. TRAVER,  
Treasurer.

## OUR PRESIDENT SAYS:

Once again the president of your society welcomes the opportunity to extend personal greetings to the whole membership through the medium of the year book. May the good work of the society be continued for all time, keeping track of and recording the things which happen in our everyday lives, at home and in the county. We are so often confronted with a lack of detail in trying to recall what occurred even a few years ago and, as we try to go back further, the intimate details are still harder to find. Old account books, old papers, diaries, letters, etc., often furnish the only means of knowing just what happened at some particular time or place and they are the most authentic sources of information for the researcher. Keep records yourself and if you have old papers of any kind which are in danger of being lost or destroyed turn them over to our society so that proper steps may be taken to preserve valuable material. Our curator or our secretary will be glad to receive and take care of such material as is of value historically.

And, in this connection, let me say a word of heartfelt praise for the work which has been and is being done by our curator. Mrs. Steeholm has worked uncounted hours on the documents belonging to the society, indexing, repairing, classifying and all the other things the task calls for. Serious thought is being given to the preservation and the housing of our rather large collection.

\* \* \*

The society held a successful dinner meeting on the evening of June 9 and the goodly number present were enthusiastic in expressing their pleasure in the truly beautiful pictures which Mr. Hoch presented as "Beautiful Dutchess." We very much appreciate their kindness when some of our local people are willing to share their treasures with us.

\* \* \*

We are always pleased when any local organization invites our society to help in celebrating an anniversary and we were glad that

our secretary was asked to be one of the judges of costume at the 100th anniversary party held by Smith Brothers.

\* \* \*

We had no reason at the end of October to expect such a lovely day for our pilgrimage. We very much appreciate the generous cooperation of our members and friends in southern Dutchess which made the day one long to be remembered in a succession of enjoyable pilgrimages. We are grateful to the members of the committee, Miss Van Wyck and Miss Alden, who made the arrangements and we are especially grateful to the members of the women's organization of the Reformed Dutch Church who arranged the tables and served coffee.

\* \* \*

There is one particular matter of great import to the society which the Board of Trustees had hoped to announce at this time but the severity of the winter and various other reasons have combined to make it impossible. A grand surprise is in store for us at a not too distant date!

EDMUND VAN WYCK.

## THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

On a handsome fall day, October 28, 1947, the members of the Dutchess County Historical Society enjoyed their first real pilgrimage since 1941. When the hour for starting arrived a goodly number of cars had assembled on the old post road, back of the Reformed Dutch Church at Fishkill. About 10.30 the procession got under way, piloted by the state troopers and the pilgrimage committee.

Those members who were fortunate enough to be present were interested in the many points of historical importance in the Fishkill neighborhood. They were made welcome at the places where the pilgrimage stopped. They delighted in the visit to the Hendrick Kip house. As a congenial crowd they gathered in the chapel of the Reformed Dutch Church, where members of one of the women's organizations of the church had set up tables for their convenience and were serving coffee, and enjoyed their basket lunches. They wandered about the churchyard, reading the inscriptions on the old gravestones. They were carried back into an eighteenth century atmosphere while visiting in Mr. Hammond's home and when they sat in the pews of the old churches and listened with grave attention to the addresses prepared for them.

Mr. Hammond gave a short account of the Kip house and land. Mrs. Peters gave an excellent, instructive talk at the Reformed Dutch Church; and, at the Episcopal Church, Mr. Van Wyck read a paper which had been prepared for this visit. All three of these addresses are published in this issue of the year book.

Those attending were enthusiastic in their enjoyment of a most pleasant occasion. The society as a body is much appreciative of the work of the pilgrimage committee, Miss Alden and Miss Van Wyck, and is very grateful for the hospitality extended by Mr. Hammond, the officers of the Reformed Dutch Church, those of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Mrs. Peters and others who contributed to a day of real pleasure. It feels that one more has been added to the long list of successful pilgrimages.

The program provided for the pilgrimage was as follows:

TWENTY-SEVENTH PILGRIMAGE

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1947

BASKET LUNCHES

THE PILGRIMAGE

The members of the Dutchess County Historical Society will be pleased to learn that the pilgrimage committee has arranged for a pilgrimage this year. During the war years, for obvious reasons, the custom had to be abandoned and in 1945 and 1946 arrangements were made to combine the fall meeting and pilgrimage. This year the committee feels that a real pilgrimage can be held.

ROUTE OF PILGRIMAGE

At 10.30 a. m. the leader's car will park on the portion of the old post road immediately back of the Reformed Dutch Church at Fish-kill. State troopers will control traffic. Cars will fall in line in order of arrival. Please be prompt.

Follow the leader:

No. 1. Bailey's Forge. Site of J. Bailey's cutlery shop where the sword of General Washington was made and stamped, "J. Bailey, Fish-kill." No stop will be made. Pilgrims will note the site in passing.

No. 2. House of Hendrick Kip. The original house is supposed to have been built in 1720, when Madam Brett sold the land to James Hussey. Hendrick Kip owned the property in 1746 and probably added the rooms on the west. Note the stone, set in the front wall to the left of the porch, cut with the initials and date: H K 1753. Pilgrims will park cars along the road and assemble on the west lawn (weather permitting) where the present owner, Mr. W. J. Hammond, will tell the story of the house. After a visit to the house, re-enter cars and proceed in line to:

No. 3. Reformed Dutch Church. Built in 1731. Pilgrims park cars on road, in line. Tables and chairs will be available in the chapel where basket lunches may be eaten. Coffee will be served. Following lunch, pilgrims will assemble in the church where Dr. Iva L. Peters will make a short address, telling something of the historic spots in the community. Pilgrims will re-enter cars and proceed to:

No. 4. Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church. Built about 1769. The rector, the Reverend J. Benjamin Myers, will give the history of that organization in a short address. Pilgrims will re-enter cars and proceed toward the post road, passing:

No. 5. Loudon's Printing Office. Site of the building used in 1776-1883 by Samuel Loudon, who moved his press from New York to Fishkill at the time of the Revolution. No stop will be made. Pilgrims will proceed to:

No. 6. Van Wyck homestead (Wharton House). Built by Cornelius Van Wyck in 1753. Pilgrims may wish to visit:

No. 7. Continental camp and burial ground. Pilgrims will follow leader in return to Fishkill, turn right on Route 52 at traffic light and proceed to Brinckerhoff (about 2 miles), passing:

No. 8. (on left) site of first academy in Dutchess County;

No. 9. (on right) site of the old Star mill used during the Revolution, also the old store;

No. 10. (on left) site of the Rombout Presbyterian Church, built 1747, and the monument erected in honor of the Marquis de Lafayette, who, during the Revolution, spent some time in the house adjoining; **and continue a few hundred feet to the Nimham monument (junction of Routes 52 and 82) and disperse.**

## FISHKILL AND SOME OF ITS HISTORIC SPOTS\*

The part your speaker has been asked to take in this first post-war pilgrimage of the Dutchess County Historical Society is that of supplement to better known material, particularly that in the pamphlets displayed at the church entrance and prepared for the 225th anniversary of the Reformed Dutch Church of Fishkill. The other booklet, compiled by Melzingah Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, covers with illustrations points of interest included in the printed program prepared for the pilgrimage of today. In my presentation I shall need the forbearance of an audience versed in county history and antiquities.

Except for a few unusual cases I shall avoid dates. They are given on the monuments you will visit and read, as verified by the department of state history and archives in Albany, by historical students of the Works Progress Administration and by certain accepted research agencies. I shall play the part of a narrator, starting with a task given me as a college sophomore by my professor of American history, Alexander C. Flick, for so many years of his long and distinguished career State Historian and, as such, head of the Division of Archives and History of the State Education Department. There lived in "The Village" in those years a man of great age, Mr. John Vincent Storm, who was nearing his one-hundredth birthday and in full possession of his memory of a past which covered the greater part of the nineteenth century, with fireside tales of sires and grandsires who fought the Revolution. The colorful story of his swinging on the gate to watch the horsemen and carriages in cavalcade down the village street to honor the Marquis de Lafayette on his post-Revolution visit to the scenes we are now reviewing, was part of my trove for my history class. The worn coin of a story I shall tell would apply as well to such an incident in my native state: a member of the class was so inspired by the still living history of Fishkill that she asked permission to write an essay on "The Village." After a visit she gave it up with the explanation, "I couldn't. I wasn't related."

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\*An address made by Iva Lowther Peters, Ph. D., on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage of the Dutchess County Historical Society, October 28, 1947.

We have followed our leaders from the site of Bailey's forge to the house of Hendrick Kip, where you have listened to our fellowtownsman, Mr. W. J. Hammond, present data on the history and architecture of his residence. We are now seated in one of the oldest and best preserved buildings in the state, the Reformed Dutch Church of Fishkill, constituted by the Rev. Petrus Vas in 1725 and dedicated to the Triune God for His worship in 1731. From an historical report prepared by the Rev. Francis Kip, D. D., pastor of the church, for the 150th anniversary in 1866, we read that the oldest record is in a volume in Dutch, covering the years from 1728 to 1766. The scantiness of early records leads us to quote from the preface of a volume on local tales and sketches published in 1874. The writer warns of our careless drift from the preservation of thousands of incidents and tales of great value in their illumination of the past. In a day when science has abruptly opened to us a new universe, we cannot forget that a part of the human race takes this time to reject all things past as unnecessary in the dawning world of science. This rejection includes the God of our western world and our Christian civilization. Our pilgrimage into the past underlying the surface of this busy town is into a world which had faith in the Triune God of their Dutch and English and French forefathers. They built the new republic on the Word of God and, in formulating the provisions of the new constitution in long parleys in the churches we shall visit and in the long night sessions in the tavern of Jacob Griffin at Swartwoutville, they honored the moral law as well as the courts of Christian nations. Our school children may well learn again that our American civilization rests firmly on the rock of Christianity. In the emptiness of our immediate present may we still have faith for the living, the faith of our fathers in liberty and justice, faith in the potential future of a renewed people, and in the intrinsic goodness of life!

This church and village were in the Rombout (or Rumbout) Precinct, an area of 85,000 acres which included all of Fishkill and East Fishkill with some adjoining land. In 1682 a license was granted to Francis Rombout, resident in the city of New York, and to Gulian Verplanck of that city, by the governor of the province, to purchase the tract from the Wappinger Indians. Francis Rombout, born in Holland, was sent to the province of New Amsterdam as apprentice

by the Dutch East India Company. On the expiration of his apprenticeship he became associated with Gulian Verplanck in a co-partnership which covered many years. The two men effected the purchase from the Indians in 1683, and in the same year the county received the name of Dutchess. In October, 1685, letters patent under the broad seal of the Province of New York from King James II, conveyed to Francis Rombout, Stephen Van Cortlandt and Jacobus Kip the whole tract, 76,000 acres in Fishkill and 9,000 in the limits of Poughkeepsie. The Indians had received what was considered a fair equivalent. (The items are listed in the Swartwout Chronicles). In the interval before the purchase Mr. Verplanck had died. Mr. Kip married his widow and from that time was associated with Francis Rombout, patentee. Stephen Van Cortlandt represented the interests of the children of Gulian Verplanck.

On September 26, 1683, in the Reformed Dutch Church in New York, Francis Rombout, widower of Anna Elisabeth Masschot, married the widow Helena Van Ball (or Balen), born Teller, who previous to her marriage to Jan Hendrickszen Van Ball was the Widow Bogardus. The only child of Telena Teller Bogardus Ball, by her marriage to Francis Rombout, was a daughter whose name in the memorial in this church is spelled Catharyna. Through her marriage to Roger Brett she became known throughout her long life, and to us, as Madam Brett.

The archives of New York show that Francis Rombout was alderman of the city in 1673, '76, '77, '78 and 1687. He became mayor of the city in 1679. In January of 1691 he executed his last will which left to his daughter Catharyna his land in "the Wappingers," purchased from the Wappinger Indians. He died that year and his widow entered an inventory in 1692.

It was in the name of Francis Rombout's daughter, Catharyna Rombout Brett, that most of the large land transfers within the patent were made. A few years after their marriage Catharyna and Roger Brett moved from New York to Dutchess County where they made their permanent residence. Studies made by Roger Brett's descendants place the time of his death between the years 1716 and 1718. He

was drowned near the mouth of Fishkill creek. Three sons were born to the couple, Francis, Robert and Rivery. Rivery died at the age of 17.

The great reputation acquired by the remarkable woman whose memorial tablet is on your right as you face the pulpit, was accorded to her generously in a day when women of affairs were a rarity. It is true that the wealth and political importance of her father favored her under Dutch laws, in her lifetime slowly veering to the English, her position in the New York colony was so favored that it savored of the laws governing royalty which work today with the young princess so soon to wed under ancient British law. We cannot however subtract from the reputation of this remarkable woman, acquired by her ability and acumen in the supervision of her land and in the choice of the freeholders to whom she transferred the thousands of acres of the Rombout patent. Not a shadow rests on her memory as the long years of her widowhood fade into her year of death, in 1764; nothing is left but her able business transactions and her benefactions.

A biographer scanning the written record of this woman finds dozens of allusions to the attendance of Madam Brett at great occasions in early Dutchess county, church and family celebrations and gatherings of dignitaries from the wider area of the Hudson valley. There is however one curious omission of which I speak with deliberation in order to tempt some historian: there is no allusion, no slightest trace to aid in picturing the personal appearance of Catharyna Rombout Brett. There were great artists in the period. The Teller house stands in old Matteawan in excellent repair and in the possession of the family. We can see in memory the stately lady moving in her home and visiting in her carriage and four, clad in stiff brocades and wearing the rich furs in which trappers still traded through her warehouses. But we cannot know whether Madame Brett was tall or short, stout or slender, blonde or brunette. I deliberately challenge some unrevealed antiquarian with this statement.

The memorial tablet to Madam Brett on the wall of this church reads:

In Memoriam  
Madam Catharyna Brett  
widow of  
Lieutenant Roger Brett, R.N.  
and daughter of  
Francis Rombout  
a grantee of the Rombout Patent.  
Born in the City of New York, 1687  
Died in Rombout Precinct, Fishkill, 1764  
To this church she was a liberal contributor  
and underneath its pulpit her body is interred.

This tablet  
was erected by her descendants  
and others interested in the  
colonial history of Fishkill  
A. D. 1894

The annals say that "the weather being very cold at the time of her death, the body was kept for a week, at the expiration of which time it was buried under the church at Fishkill, near the pulpit." She died in 1764, her will having been executed the previous year under date of December 13, 1763. Her bones lie where they were placed by her sons, kinsmen and friends, undisturbed, though the pulpit end of the old church has been extended. The exact location of the tomb has at times been in question but the dignified record of the memorial I have read to you brings her to us over the years of the great republic for which her long and active life prepared the citizens of the Rombout patent in the colony of New York. Rest in peace, Catharyna Brett!

In the seven years of the Revolution, though no battle was fought in or near the village, its part in the war was memorable. It was the chief repository and storehouse for military and hospital supplies for the northern Continental army. A convention appointed by Congress to prepare drafts of a constitution sat here in the available space in the churches. Though the members of the convention subsequently moved for their deliberations, the first printing of reports and memoranda was made here by Samuel Loudon, a Whig printer and editor of New York. On the earlier property of Mrs. John C. Van Wyck, later known as the Vandervoort place, you will see a marker of the place where the first newspaper published in Dutchess County was printed, as were also the orders for Washington's army while en-

camped here and at Newburgh. Here also was the first post office of Fishkill, one of seven in the state.

The motorcade will next visit the Cornelius Van Wyck house on the flats. It is better known as the Wharton house, the name given it in Cooper's *The Spy*. The state marker is just outside the Dutch church. Here were officers' headquarters in the military area. An etching in the possession of Miss Nellie Hustis of this village, who lived in the Wharton house for thirty-five years, shows the location of a large black walnut tree known locally as the "whipping tree," on the opposite side of the road from the house, somewhat to the south. The tree still bore walnuts in the childhood of Miss Hustis and in the memory of other older villagers. At some time in the early 1900's the old tree was uprooted and at that time an iron ring and spike were found embedded in the trunk. These are at present in the possession of the present owner of the property, Mr. Jay Snook. Through the interest of the pastor of the Dutch church, the Rev. Reginald Duffield, (1904-1910), a perfect section of the "whipping tree" was sawed, planed and polished. It now, about an inch in thickness, forms the support for the Bible on the pulpit which in a restoration replaced the original high pulpit.

As we return to Route 52 from our visits on the old Post Road, you will note in your printed program the marked site of the first academy in Dutchess County, one-quarter mile from the hamlet of Brinckerhoff where was the site of the old mill and store. The Rev. John Lovejoy, pastor of the Dutch church, has brought and placed on exhibit here a painting of these buildings made from a photograph taken before their destruction by fire. These buildings had been destroyed by the soldiers when encamped nearby and, under order of General Washington, were restored by the same soldiers.

The marked site of the Rombout Presbyterian Church at Brinckerhoff is that of the first church of the denomination in this vicinity. There is an interesting tradition that about 1746 the Rev. Elisha Kent, grandfather of Chancellor Kent, took the first steps toward the installation of this communion. The land was donated by Jacobus Ter Bos on "an acre beautifully situated for the sacred purpose for which it was set apart." Later three-fourths of an acre was added. The first

building, of wood, was started in the fall of 1747. The first sermon was preached by the Rev. Chauncey Graham, principal of the academy which was located on the route of our pilgrimage, a short distance from the church. A burying ground adjoined the Rombout church, often spoken of as "the middle church," because it was about halfway between the church at Fishkill and that at Hopewell. Soldiers dying in the church, used in the Revolution as a hospital, were buried in a row near the old hitching posts.

After the Revolution the Rombout Presbyterian Church was re-organized and in 1829, the old building, much damaged by the soldiers, was taken down. A substantial stone structure with colonade and portico, surmounted by a tall spire, was built in its place and was dedicated in 1831. A fire destroyed this handsome edifice in 1866 and it was never rebuilt, though the church organization was long preserved. The parsonage and its ten acres obtained from Robert Brett, son of Madam Brett, was sold before 1885 by court order. The proceeds were held by the Rombout Cemetery Association and were kept in a fund to care for the cemetery and grounds.

Near at hand to the cemetery and the site of the church are the monuments to the Marquis de Lafayette and to a great native American, the Indian Chief Nimham. As you bid farewell to one another and to these great men, may you feel repaid for your pilgrimage in Rombout patent, in the county of Dutchess and the village of Fishkill!

## THE HOUSE OF HENDRICK KIP\*

West of the village of Fishkill, following the old road to the Hudson River, on the south side (left), there is a pre-Revolutionary long, low, stone house, at some time painted red.

On May 23, 1720, one hundred acres of land, a house, barn and outhouses were deeded by Madam Brett to one James Hussey, but she reserved such timber as was suitable for her sawmill. James Hussey died August 22, 1737, and the farm and buildings were purchased from his heirs by Hendrick Kip. He added to the James Hussey house an extension to the south. In the north front wall of the house, left of the front door, is a stone bearing the initials and date, "H K, 1753," and in line with the chimney is a stone also marked with the same date.

Hendrick Kip was baptized at Kingston July 7, 1688, and spent his boyhood in the house of his father at "Kipsbergen," in Rhinebeck. He married, September 28, 1715, Jacomyntjen Nieuwkerk. It is probable that he came to Fishkill in the spring of 1746 for his name appears for the first time on the tax list of Rombout Precinct in June of that year. Hendrick Kip died November 29, 1754, and his widow married Captain Peter DuBois of Fishkill. Under the terms of Kip's will the farm and buildings thereon passed to the nephew of Mrs. Kip, Cornelius Nieuwkerk.

During the Revolution the house for a time was the headquarters of Baron von Steuben who trained and disciplined the American troops. He was visited here by General George Washington and Count Pulaski, the Polish patriot. The tradition regarding the occupancy of the house by Steuben is derived through several independent channels and is inherently probable, for the home is on a road which was a main thoroughfare between New England and the south while the British held New York City. Officers, troops, the Hessian prisoners, civil officials and private citizens all passed this way.

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\*A paper read by Mr. W. J. Hammond at the house of Hendrick Kip on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage of the Dutchess County Historical Society, October 28, 1947. Mr. Hammond is the present owner of the Kip house.

It was General von Steuben who worked out the plans for the establishment of our small standing army and the foundation of our United States Military Academy at West Point. He was the author of the volume entitled, *Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States* first printed in 1779.

#### FARMERS' FESTIVAL

Tomorrow will be held the Annual Fair and Cattle Show of the Dutchess County Agricultural Society. Pens have been constructed for the live stock, and all other necessary arrangements made to accommodate those who may bring articles of any description to be exhibited. We understand the Fair will be very numerously attended, and we have little doubt will afford much for the gratification of such as take an interest in the agricultural prosperity of Old Dutchess.

*Poughkeepsie Journal*, November 3, 1819.

## TRINITY CHURCH, FISHKILL\*

The Protestant Episcopal Church was first established in Dutchess County by the founding of Trinity Church, Fishkill, as stated on the tablet over the door of this ancient edifice. An old church building in the county and one of the oldest in the state of New York was started in 1769. Records show that on September 30, 1767, Matthew Brett conveyed "to James Duncan and Richard Southard, two roods and thirty-one perches of land, in trust, in consideration of two pounds in the current money of New York, for the use of the inhabitants of Rombout Precinct who are members in common of the Church of England as by law established, for a cemetery and churchyard and for building a Church of England thereon, and for no other use or purpose whatsoever." The church originally had a spire or tower which, being deemed unsafe, was removed in 1810 and the interior of the church was remodeled between 1860 and 1870.

The Rev. Samuel Seabury, father of the more widely known preacher of Connecticut who became the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, was one of the missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and had been settled in Hempstead, Long Island, for fourteen years. In 1755 he rode one hundred miles on horseback up into Dutchess County to establish the Episcopal Church in this region. Mr. Seabury was a thorough churchman and one whose ministrations were very much esteemed. His congregation increased in numbers and was, for the most part, constant and steadfast though living during the wildest outbreak of religious enthusiasm caused by many of Whitefield's followers. Mr. Seabury, in one of his letters, says: "The Church in the Province of New York is today militant, being continually attacked on one side or the other."

The period between 1764 and 1777 was an eventful one in the development of the Episcopal Church in this region through the effi-

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\*A paper prepared for the visit to Trinity Church on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage of the Dutchess County Historical Society on October 28, 1947. In the absence of the rector, the Rev. J. Benjamin Myers, the paper was read by Mr. Edmund Van Wyck.

cient labors of the Rev. John Beardsley who became rector of this church, accepting the charge October 26, 1776, one hundred and eighty-one years ago, almost to the day. The position of this rector was made extremely difficult since he remained loyal to the king and refused to take the oath of allegiance to the colonies at the beginning of the War of the Revolution. Fishkill was then a more important place than Poughkeepsie, there being here 502 out of 762 freeholders who signed the patriotic association papers of the "Sons of Liberty," while Poughkeepsie had but 213 out of 295. During the Revolution Trinity Church was used as a hospital and was crowded with the sick and suffering. The wounded from the battle of White Plains were laid along these streets; even the dead were piled here between Trinity and the Dutch Reformed Church building, and some were buried in the churchyard.

The Provincial Convention met under this roof and enrolled names to become famous in American history: Philip Livingston, Lewis Morris, Pierre Van Cortlandt, Leonard Gansevoort, Robert Van Rensselaer and John Jay, first Chief Justice of the United States. The Committee of Safety held its meetings here and watched and worked for the cause of the Revolution. They arrested, at last, John Beardsley because he was a loyalist and a clergyman of that stripe was dangerous to them.

In 1820, Samuel Verplanck, grandson of the patentee, presented to this Church and to the Dutch Reformed Church identical tankards which are still used in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. These tankards are inscribed in memory of Englebert Huff, a Norwegian, who, once attached to the Life Guards of the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William III of England), "died with unblemished reputation at Fishkill March 21, 1765, aged 128 years." A story is still being told that when Huff was 121 years of age he and a young man one hundred years his junior simultaneously courted the same young lady. The story does not relate which of the lady's suitors won her favor.

## "TEN ACRES"

Through the kindness of Mr. Harold T. Van Wyck of Pelham, Westchester County, the Dutchess County Historical Society has received a small memorandum book in which was started, in 1750, a record of the expenses connected with the parsonage of the Rumbout Presbyterian Church and a picture of the church after it was rebuilt in 1830.

In an article on the Presbyterian churches of the county, contributed to the Dutchess County Historical Society year book of 1943, by the Rev. William C. Swartz, a historical sketch of the Rumbout church was given. It was organized by the Rev. Elisha Kent (grandfather of Chancellor Kent) of Southeast Precinct, then a part of Dutchess County, shortly after the organization of the Presbyterian church in Poughkeepsie.

The frame of the Rumbout church was raised in September of 1747 and the next year the meeting house was completed and dedicated. It was erected on land given by Jacobus Terbos who, on August 10, 1747, reserved out of a farm sold to William Green an acre of ground for a meeting house and burying ground "for those only who are professors of ye presbyterian Religion in the Comunion & According to the Establishment of the Kirk of Scotland." There was no Episcopal church in the county at the time and, as "one of the members of the Church of England in Dutches County," Terbos was later instrumental in establishing a church of that denomination in the neighborhood.

An arrangement was made with the newly organized Presbyterian church at Poughkeepsie by which each church would pay one-half of the salary of a minister who would serve both congregations. The Rev. Chauncey Graham of Connecticut was engaged. Within a few years the Poughkeepsie church withdrew from the agreement because the congregation did not have the funds with which to sustain its share of the expense. The pastor continued at the Rumbout church and was said to have "kept a fatherly oversight" of the Poughkeepsie organization for many years.

Mr. Graham was born at Stafford "in N. England," September

8, 1727, the son of the Rev. John and Abigail (Chauncey) Graham, and had recently graduated from Yale. He was married, May 23, 1750, at the Rumbout church by his father to Elizabeth, the daughter of Theodorus Van Wyck. They had at least ten children, eight of whom,—John, Elizabeth, Chauncey, Abigail, Theodorus Van Wyck, Stephen Curtiss, Zephaniah Platt, and Sarah, were living in 1775 (and mentioned in the will of their grandfather Theodorus Van Wyck). The wife, Elizabeth, died September 17, 1770 and Graham married again. The name of the second wife does not appear but letters of administration of his estate were issued to the widow Mary, November 19, 1784, he having died March 30 of that year. A daughter Phebe was baptized June 20, 1773. The Rev. Mr. Graham was buried beside his first wife in the burying ground attached to the church.

In 1937 and 1938 the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society published in its quarterly the baptisms and marriages from 1749 to 1774 and from 1822 to 1846 (approximately). It stated at the time that the original records had disappeared and the only known copy was a hand-written one in the library of that society. It is assumed that Mr. Graham kept the register of marriages and baptisms of both churches in this record during his pastorate of those congregations.

Mr. Henry D. B. Bailey, in his *Local Tales and Historical Sketches*, describes the first church as follows:

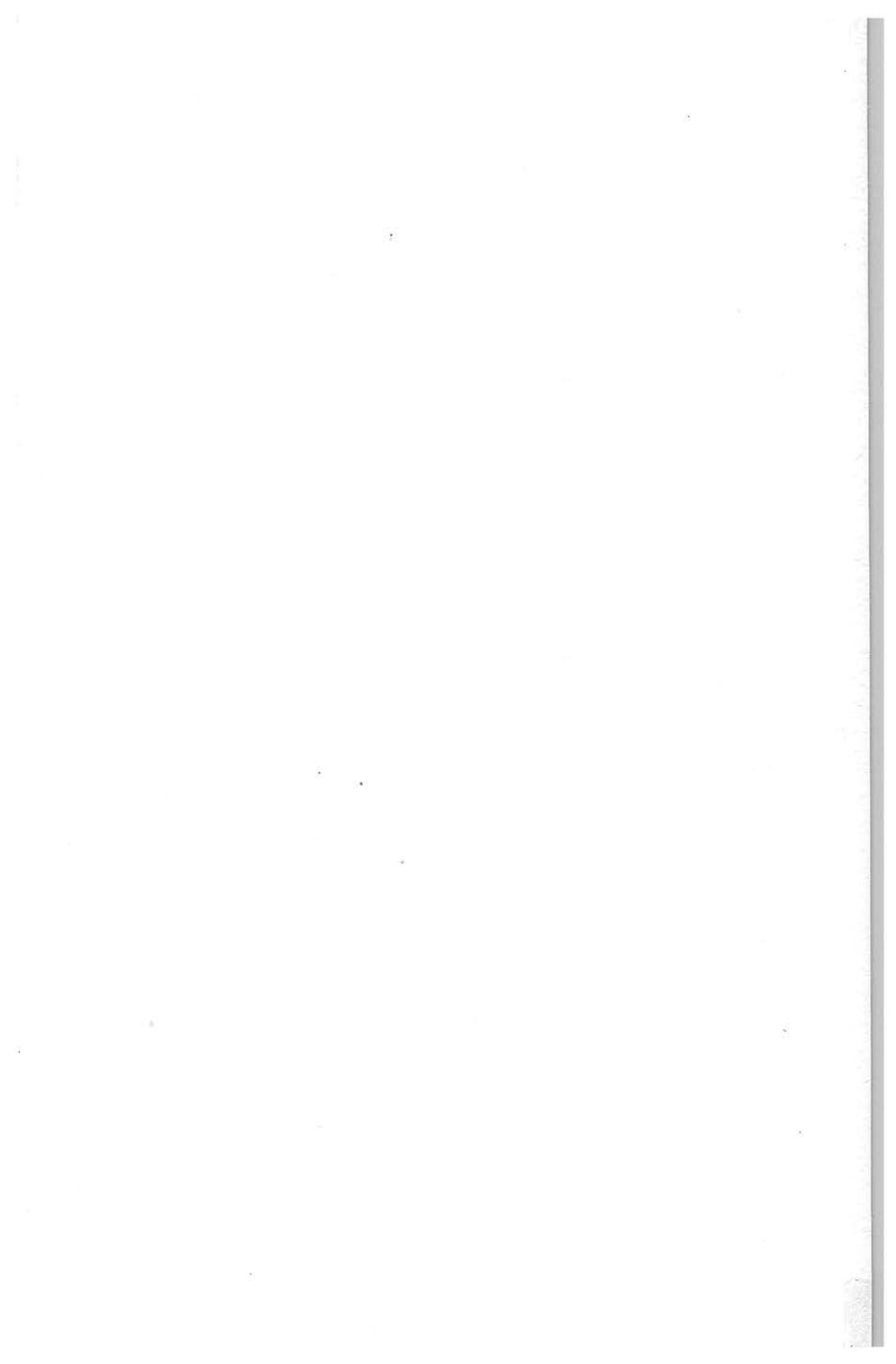
The material used for the building was wood. In height it was two stories. The windows in the lower story had tight shutters, and one window shutter had a small aperture in it shaped like a crescent, so as to admit the light to guide the sexton right when opening the church. The center pews had very high backs, so when seated nothing could be seen of a person but his head. The side pews were square, with seats all around, surmounted with high railings, and seating twelve persons.

The pulpit was in the rear of the church, and was shaped like a wine glass, and over it was the sounding board fastened to the ceiling with iron rods. The stairs leading to the pulpit were on the left, and ascending three steps they turned, and three more led to the door of the pulpit. Along the edge of the stairs was a balustrade. The galleries were very high, supported by heavy columns, and the minister could not be seen from the rear seats of the gallery. The arch extended only to the front of the galleries, and under it were large timbers extending across the church to keep the building from swaying or leaning. Those timbers were planed and beaded and handsomely carved.

This church suffered much damage during the Revolution. While the American army was encamped south of Fishkill Village, the soldiers



The Rumbout Presbyterian Church  
Erected 1747, remodeled 1830, burned 1866.



would get a permit to leave their encampment, and they would stroll about the country. They often came to Abram Brinckerhoff's store, and they stripped the siding from the Presbyterian church as high as they could reach, to boil their camp kettles . . . . In the year 1830 this church was demolished and a noble structure erected, which was destroyed by fire on the 5th of March, 1866.

Mr. Bailey also tells of an incident which happened in the church in which Henry Terbos, a brother to Jacobus, figured. Henry was eccentric and when the controversy in the Dutch church arose, he left that congregation and attended the Presbyterian church. One Sunday morning he brought all of his slaves in a large lumber wagon to the church and, marching to one of the square pews and opening the door, he ordered them to be seated and seated himself among them. It caused great excitement in the congregation. Some were incensed and others amused. But after the service some of the grave members waited on him and told him not to take his slaves into the pew with him as there was a portion of the gallery allotted to them.

Mr. Graham served as pastor of the church for twenty years or more and at some date before the Revolution an academy was built on the land adjoining the parsonage. Graham had supervision of this school, said to be the first academy opened in Dutchess County. During the Revolution and the years following, the church had no settled pastor. The congregation was greatly disturbed by the war and very few services were held. The building was used as a hospital for the sick, as was the academy building. The following notice was published in the *New York Packet*, June 1, 1780:

Whereas, the house built in this place, for a public seat of learning has been for upwards of four years past, and still is occupied as a general hospital for the sick of our army; and not knowing how long it may be used for that purpose, we have opened our public seminary in a house contiguous to it, belonging to Colonel Abraham Brinckerhoff; where Reading, Writing and Speaking correctly, the Learned Languages, with every branch of the Mathematicks, and polite Literature, are faithfully taught; and a special regard had to the morals of youth.

CHAUNCEY GRAHAM, Pres.

Fishkill, State of New-York

March 17, 1780.

Mr. Bailey described the academy building as surmounted by a cupola and a bell and stated that after the Revolution it was taken down and rebuilt at Poughkeepsie where it existed for some years as the Dutchess Academy. In November 1791, the *Poughkeepsie Journal*

announced that "the Academy building in this town was completely raised yesterday . . . . . and we flatter ourselves it will, early in the spring, be ready for every purpose for which it is intended." The Dutchess Academy was incorporated by the Regents in 1791 and it stood on the corner of Cannon and Academy streets. A reproduction of the seal of the academy (1792) is shown in Platt's *History of Poughkeepsie*. The building depicted on the seal has a cupola, which probably housed a bell, and carried an elaborate weathervane on the top.

In 1750 Robert Brett sold to John Montross, for 30£ "and divers other good causes," ten acres of land "in trust to and for the Use of all and Every the freeholders and Inhabitants of Rumbout precinct . . . . . being of the Presbyterian perswasion to Keep and Maintain the said premises as a personage for the Use and accomodation of a presbyterian Minister According to the Rules and Establishment now Used in the Kirk of Scotland."

After the destruction of the church in 1866 services were held at the schoolhouse at Wicopee and later at Johnsville but the congregation gradually dispersed and the church was not rebuilt. One newspaper reported that the insurance on the church building was used as a fund for the care and upkeep of the cemetery and another account said there was no insurance on the church. It is probable that the money received from the sale of the property was used for such a fund. The burying ground is still in use.

Upon petition of the trustees authorization was given by the Supreme Court to sell the parsonage and the ten acres of land. The property was sold December 16, 1870, to Henry D. Sherwood who raised the roof and made some other changes. The pastor's study was in the rear of the house, with a separate entrance. It contained a very attractive mantel. The property changed hands several times. It was purchased in 1919 by Mr. and Mrs. Charles du Bois who called it "Ten Acres." It is now (1947) owned by Mr. Frank F. Rohlfing.

The record of gifts to the parsonage building fund and the expenditures was kept in a small booklet, made of four sheets of paper sewed together. It is a bit water stained but the writing is clear and legible. The society is pleased to reproduce the picture of the church

as it was rebuilt in 1830 and to print the entries from the memorandum book, as follows:

An Account of Expenses for  
the Parsonage in Rumbout  
1750

	£	S	D
To Shingles paid in Cash By			
Mad'm Brett	4	0	0
Theodorus Van Wyck, Sen'r	3	0	0
Cap't Francis Brett	4	0	0
Thorn Pudney	0	16	0
Theodorus C. Van Wyck	0	5	0
Sylus Wood	0	6	0
Cornelius Van Wyck, Sen'r	4	15	0
John Linnebaker	0	6	0
Jacob Van Voohes Paid	0	10	0

\* \* \* \* \*

Paid for the Parsonage Land

	£	S	D
By Cornelius Van Wyck, Sen'r	1	5	0
Mr. John Montross	3	0	0
Mr. Peter Munfoort	2	0	0
Theodorus Van Wyck, Sen'r	3	0	0
Thomas McNeal	0	10	0
Robert Brett	4	0	0

\* \* \* \* \*

	£	S	D
Paid to Johanes Wiltse for Digging the Well 40/0 d.	2	0	0
Cornelius Van Wyck paid out of his pocket towards boards & nails for the well for the Parsonage	10	10	8
Received from Theod'us C. Van Wyck	3	0	
Ditto from George Adriance	1	10	
Ditto from Isaac Adriance	0	10	
Ditto from Hui McCutching by Cornelius Van Wyck	0	5	
	<hr/>	5	5
Remains due to Corne'us Van Wyck	5	5	8

\* \* \* \* \*

	£	S	D
October the 8, 1751			
Received from Johanis Brin'hoff	0	10	
May 1752			
the parsonage Dr to me	42		
October 1751			
Paid to Peter Kip*	3	0	0

\*This item was crossed out.

	£		
October the first 1751			
Paid to Jeremiah Hunt	0	12	0
May 1752			
Paid to Joseph Thirston	3	0	0
October 1751			
Paid to John Andries for work 14 days	2	2	
* * * * *			
Received from Cor Hegeman	1	0	0
Received from W'm Feth	0	10	
* * * * *			
Paid to Cor Hegeman for work done for the Parsonage	2	6	3
* * * * *			
Paid on Account of the Parsonage			
to Peter Kip	3	0	0
Paid to Owen		4	
Paid for nails over ye owen	1	10	0
Paid Thirston my owne money	2	12	9
Paid Thirston Subscription money	5	1	3
* * * * *			
	£		
Elias Slot paid	0	3	0
Jacob Van Voorhees Paid*	0	10	0
Cornelius Swart Wout Paid		10	0
James Green Paid	0	5	0
Thomas Langdon	0	8	0
John ( ) Brinkerhoff	3	0	0
*This item was crossed out.			

AMY PEARCE VER NOOY

## DUTCHESS COUNTY MEN

### ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS — THE "POUGHKEEPSIE SEER"

During the middle of the last century a wave of spiritualism swept over the country. An outstanding clairvoyant and a prolific writer and lecturer was Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Poughkeepsie seer." Although he was not born in Dutchess County, he spent his early days here and his first entrance into the hypnotic state was induced at Poughkeepsie. He referred to it as his "native village" and, after his removal from the neighborhood, he returned to it time and again. He called himself the "Poughkeepsie Seer" and used the phrase on the title pages of his books.

John C. Leonard, in *The Higher Spiritualism*, says: "Spiritualism in its broader sense really began with the philosophic revelations of the great American, Andrew Jackson Davis . . . . . in 1847. He has been called the John the Baptist or prophet of spiritualism."

Davis was born August 11, 1826, at Blooming Grove, Orange County, and within the year his parents moved to Dutchess County where they lived in a tenant house on the farm of John Myers at Staatsburgh. During the next few years they lived in the tenant houses of several farmers in and about the town of Hyde Park. Among these were Bart Cropsey, Hiram Marshall, Willet Marshall, Belden Delamater (near Mr. Parker's blacksmith shop in the village of Hyde Park) and several others whom he does not mention by name, including one at Union Corners.

In his autobiography, Davis tells of the poverty of the family living at Blooming Grove and describes his father, Samuel Davis, as a "half-weaver and half-shoemaker, but wholly honest man, who, in common with his wife, had amassed considerable of that property both real and personal, which is most easily acquired by the married poor, under the specific titles of Eliza, Jane, Sylvanus, Amanda and Julia Ann." Three of these children died before they left Orange County.

When Andrew Jackson Davis was born the father was forty-five years old. He had learned the trade of weaving at an early age but, discovering that he could not support a family on his earnings in that

line, had also taken up the trade of shoemaking. His time was divided between these two occupations and occasional farm work. He was a drinker and did not take his responsibilities too seriously. The mother was thirty-three years old at the time and "equally destitute of education." An inebriated neighbor bestowed the name of Andrew Jackson on the child and it was acceptable to both parents.

The mother had a frail body, animated by a spirit which "ever appeared like a stranger in a strange land." She had real clairvoyance and real spirit power which might have been cultivated. She went about, on occasions, with an abstracted air, wearing what her son came to call her "look of distance." She went for long solitary walks in the woods. She was always one to borrow trouble, believed in signs and omens, and would not start anything on a Friday. If she saw the new moon over her left shoulder, dropped a fork, tine foremost, on the floor, or dreamed of combing her hair or crossing muddy water, she was sure it forecast some domestic misfortune. And it did. Jackson was injured by an ox-cart at just the spot where his mother had seen the "bad shadders in the road." Jackson nearly drowned in the creek, probably the Fallkill, shortly after one of her premonitory dreams. When Julia Ann, who was employed in the home of Peter DeGarmo, reported a curious vision of a white lamb which came to her window, the mother became pensive and despondent. She told Julia Ann the meaning was "not for her yet awhile." However, when some months later Julia Ann returned home very ill and the doctor did not help, the boy saw the ominous stare, that "look of distance," come over his mother's face and he was told that the white lamb had been in the room and that Julia Ann would leave them. A few days later she was laid in the burying ground. The landlord remarked that he had lost a certain chain and it was found in just the spot the mother described. Some of the neighbors, visiting at the home, enjoyed her faculty of foretelling the future. When she looked into a teacup to tell the fortune of one of them she invariably treated the operation as mere sport, but many times the young boy observed the "look of distance" come over her countenance. She said that the boy had been "born with a veil" and she feared that it presaged things she did not wish for her child.

After the death of the sister his father ceased his heavy drinking and the family, in consequence, fared much better. In the spring of 1837

they moved into the village of Hyde Park where the father went to work in the boot and shoe manufactory of John Hinchman. The boy, never in robust health, tried a number of employments. His father had attempted to teach him shoemaking with no great success and he then worked for a Hebrew merchant for some months. His lack of schooling prevented his keeping this job. He tried working in the plaster mill of Belden Delamater. Then he was given a situation as porter in the home of W. W. Woodworth, the lawyer and agent for the widow of Dr. Hosack. Davis tried to serve him "with faithfulness and integrity" but his inaptitude and general clumsiness did not fit him for the position and he was transferred to the Hosack farms where he was set to hoeing.

At this time he experienced a sudden and brilliant development of somnambulism which continued nightly for some weeks. During this period he arose eight nights in succession and painted upon a small canvas "a beautifully diversified landscape" which, on completion, he recognized as the Garden of Eden as impressed on his mind during his attendance at the Episcopal Sunday School. (The names of Eliza and Julia Ann were included in a list of scholars at the Sunday School in 1833, but Andrew Jackson's name was not on this list.) While working in the middle of a cornfield on the farms, he was distracted by the sound of "sweet, low and plaintive music." He ceased his work and leaned on his hoe, entirely lost to his surroundings. This happened on other occasions and on one of them he heard the words, "You may wish to travel," and later, "to Poughkeepsie."

From that hour he yearned for the opportunity to remove to Poughkeepsie and at last he and his father "walked to beautiful Poughkeepsie." The father obtained employment at John M. Cable's manufacturing establishment and found living quarters in a house owned by Thomas Simpson (probably on Crannell Street). And in the early autumn of that year (1839) he says, "our family moved to what by virtue of adoption I have frequently and affectionately termed my native village."

He had attended school in a desultory fashion at various small institutions of learning in his neighborhood, one of these at East Park where he was first under the instruction of a middle-aged lady, then

a Mr. DeWitt and later a Mr. Lacy. With each of these teachers he had consistently kept his position at the foot of the class. His father, on the suggestion of a teacher, had purchased for him Peter Parley's geography for children and, in later years, he remarked that it was the only schoolbook he ever valued, cherished or studied.

On his removal to Poughkeepsie and after his father had vainly tried to employ the boy at his trade, Davis was sent to the Lancaster School on Church Street, where about 400 pupils, under the principalship of Mr. Howe, practiced the art of teaching each other under the Lancaster system. He was made, in the course of time, a monitor of the A-B-C class, "a miscellaneous band composed of above 20 snarly-haired, bad-odored, dirty-faced, ragged-dressed, comic-acting, squinting, lisping, broad-mouthed, linkum-sly, and yet somewhat promising, urchins." It was the last of his schooling and, added to the several weeks previously noted, amounted in all to about five months of formal instruction.

This was the spring of 1840 and Davis was given a job by a basement grocer, Nicholas Lawrence. The poor health of the grocer compelled him to give up his business and home which were taken over by Davis and his father, whose business ability did not warrant the responsibility involved, and very shortly the sheriff disposed of the affair and the family moved back into Mr. Simpson's tenant house. The father could not obtain enough work to support his family and, with the illness of the mother, they were in a sad situation. Each day the boy purchased from M. Vassar & Company's brewery a pail of yeast, which he peddled from door to door and for some weeks was able to provide the food for the family.

One afternoon, February 1, 1841, on his return home after an unprosperous day, he was feeling particularly sad and blamed himself for persuading the family to come to the village from Hyde Park. As he approached the humble dwelling he beheld a gorgeous palace, surrounded with park and gardens, and he heard his mother's voice calling, "Come here, child; I want to show you my new house." He entered and hurried to his mother's room. The vision vanished and he found himself in the poor, ill-furnished room, in the midst of poverty and death. He felt that he could not weep, nor did he feel any sadness in

spite of the tears of his father and sister. His heart was overflowing with gladness and he rejoiced that his mother had gone to the beautiful home he had seen in his vision.

During their residence in Poughkeepsie they made friends. Many local persons and places are mentioned in his autobiography and other writings: J. O. Van Anden, the Presbyterian Church on Cannon Street, where his mother attended; College Hill; the clock on the Reformed Dutch Church; Mansion Square; Hatch's Hotel; Jonathan Clark, of the Society of Friends; Mr. Wilson's circulating library, where he borrowed books for his father to read; the shoe store of Simon Bierbauer; Charlie Roe, "who kept an exceptionally quiet refectory in the basement of the court house;" Edward Southwick, tanner and currier, at the Lower Landing; the Rev. A. R. Bartlett and others.

In 1843, a Professor Grimes, an itinerant lecturer on phrenology and mesmerism, visited the village and his lectures were largely attended by persons of all classes. With other boys, Davis, who was sixteen, offered himself as a subject for mesmerising. At the time he was apprenticed to and living at the home of Ira Armstrong, a shoemaker who, although sceptical of the magician's powers, granted Davis the time for the experiment. The attempts of the professor were not successful.

Many persons in the village tried their skill in mesmerism. William Levingston, a tailor, was especially interested and had some success as an operator. He invited Davis to come to his house as a subject and the first trial, December 1, 1843, was a great success. He responded to Levingston's suggestions but when he awoke to physical consciousness he could not remember anything that had occurred. He was told that he had read, blindfolded, from a newspaper, told the time by the watches of those present and performed other surprising feats.

Davis described himself at this period as follows:

I had a love of truth; a reverence for knowledge; a somewhat cheerful disposition; a deficient imagination; an unbelief (or ignorance) concerning the existence of ghosts, &c.; an unconquerable dread of death; a still greater dread of encountering what might exist beyond the grave; a vague, apprehensive faith in the Bible doctrine of eternal misery; a tendency to spontaneous somnambulism; an ear for what I then called imaginary voices; a memory defective as to dates; a mind nearly barren of ordinary education; a heart very

sympathetic in cases of trial and suffering; and, lastly, I was disposed to meditation and the freedom of solitude.

My body was imperfectly developed; my breast was narrow; my spine was short and weak; my stomach was very sensitive; in my blood flowed the subtle poison of my father's alcohol; my muscular fabric was unsound and inefficient; my nervous system was highly impressible and injured by the parental use of tobacco; my face was pale and marked by a prominent nose; my reverted eyes were almost black, and slightly near-sighted; my head was small in circumference, with a retreating forehead; my hair was jet black, and fell awkwardly over my brow; my hands bore decided marks of my trade; and, lastly my whole appearance was calculated to inspire strangers with but little interest in my existence.

He continued his work for Mr. Armstrong during the day and spent each evening with Levingston in their experiments. He found that by thus subjecting himself periodically to the magnetic process he excited the interest of many persons, some of whom were frankly curious, while others condemned the practice and protested against further proceedings. Mr. Levingston invited people freely and indiscriminately to come and witness the nightly demonstrations, with no expectation of reward or remuneration.

Within a few months they realized that, while in a clairvoyant state, Davis had a considerable power to diagnose and prescribe for disease and they decided that he should spend no more time on wonder seekers but should devote his energies to the healing of the sick. He was released from his apprenticeship and Levingston gave up his tailoring so that they might continue their medical "clinics," where Davis prescribed for the sick and a moderate fee was charged to those only who were in easy circumstances. The clinics were most successful but, of course, there were those who characterized the pair as humbugs. The remedies prescribed would seem strange by present-day standards but in the 1840's they were not too far removed from equally weird prescriptions handed out in this county.

On one occasion, to cure his deafness, a patient was instructed to "place the warm skins of rats over and back of each ear" every night for a certain length of time. The patient tried the unusual remedy and it wrought the much-desired restoration of hearing. Another patient was advised to "get a live frog, take his skin right off and bind it" on a painful felon on his hand. Although it was winter time, the patient had the good luck to find a live frog at a certain spring below the vil-

lage. The cooling effect on the hand was "delightful" and the cure was effected perfectly. For another case of deafness submitted to him by a "patronizing and semi-believing individual, belonging to the wealthy classes," the seer recommended that the patient catch thirty-two weasels, take off their hind legs at the middle joint and boil out the oil which must be dropped "one drop at a time in each ear twice a day till the whole is gone,—when you will be nicely cured." "I'll remain as I am," was the reply of the disgusted patient.

The weasel story circulated through the village and Levingston was deemed a humbug, and Davis another. About this time another story traveled and grew, as such tales do, reporting that Davis had prophesied that on a certain day all of the northwest portion of the village would be swallowed in an earthquake and that all the inhabitants of the section, particularly disbelievers, would disappear. Time took care of this rumor and meanwhile the pair did a thriving business. They extended their clinics to other towns, including Albany, Bridgeport and Danbury.

The newspapers of the village did not have too much to say on the subject. The *Poughkeepsie Telegraph* of March 6, 1844, reported that many of its readers had, no doubt, heard of the developments of clairvoyance which had been and were being made in the village, that there were "two excellent subjects here, who, with the persons that mesmerized them, are doing quite a profitable business. One of them is a young man who has relinquished the trade he was learning, and turned his attention to prescribing for the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' When in a mesmeric sleep, he examines persons who are sick, tells them how they feel, what is their disease and what they must do to help them."

In an autobiography, "*The Magic Staff*," published in 1857, Davis continually emphasizes, throughout the book, his dependence on his mental prop. He relates how he received, in 1844, this symbol from his guiding spirit, Galen, while in a somnambulant state and that he was bidden to "under all circumstances keep an even mind" and to "Take it, Try it, Walk with it, Talk with it, Lean on it, Believe on it, Forever." For the rest of his life whenever his path did not seem perfectly clear he leaned upon his heaven-bequeathed magic staff and

it was ever a source of strength and comfort to him. There were occasions when he had misgivings and feared his powers might leave as easily as they had come to him and he debated what he might do to earn a living. In one of these intervals he purchased a \$2.00 accordian and endeavored, in his spare time, with no instruction but with a love for musical chords, to perfect his playing of the instrument. His eyesight was poor and he pictured himself as a blind accordian player on the streets of some unknown city. But for the support of his magic staff, he might have returned to his trade of shoemaking with Ira Armstrong.

About this time the Rev. Gibson Smith, the pastor of the Universalist Church in Poughkeepsie, a very decided sceptic, had questioned his abilities and was invited to observe his procedure. The demonstration convinced the pastor of his powers and arrangements were made for Mr. Smith to transcribe the lectures which Davis would give in answer to some of the questions which the pastor had asked. This opened a new field and it was not long before Davis felt that Levingston could not carry him any higher in clairvoyance and they severed their relationship.

Dr. Lyon, a physician of Bridgeport, was chosen by Davis as the new operator. He had, by application to his profession, established himself in a remunerative practice. He realized that his earnings in the new capacity would not equal what he had been receiving but "the conviction of duty was upon him" and, with Davis, he journeyed to New York where the lectures were to be delivered. They selected the Rev. William Fishbough, a Universalist preacher of New Haven, as the scribe in this undertaking. They planned a program that Davis would for a certain number of weeks continue his medical examinations and then would begin the long-promised course of lectures.

While in the clairvoyant state Davis had easily acquired the common, as well as the Latin and Greek, names of various medicines and the parts of human anatomy, which he used with accuracy. He now appeared to be perfectly at home in all branches of science or philosophy. He used the terms and phraseology of astronomy, chemistry and physics and dealt confidently with the different stages of the geological development of the earth. In his normal state he was uneducated and en-

tirely ignorant of all these branches of learning. He said that twenty strokes of the doctor's hands would change and promote him from an ignorant youth to the high elevation of the profound philosopher, or, that five minutes devoted to the reverse manipulation would bring him down to the common level of his ordinary, uninteresting person. Because it was well known that he did not have the educational background necessary for the understanding of all of these terms and principles, witnesses were provided who would certify that the writings were set down by the scribe as delivered by Davis while blindfolded and in a clairvoyant state. Mr. Samuel Lapham of Poughkeepsie was one of these witnesses.

During his residence in Poughkeepsie he had frequently been urged by the inner voice to "seek the mountain" and he was in the habit of taking himself across on the ferry to the mountain nearly due-west from the Main Street landing, where he would pass into a somnambolic state and where his faith in his magic staff was strengthened and his "glorious guide" would point out to him the path to pursue. On these occasions he had "talked" with Galen, the guiding spirit who had presented the staff, and to Swedenborg. So, after his removal to New York, he found himself many times returning to Poughkeepsie and bending his way to the mountain for encouragement and further enlightenment.

On the way to the mountain, in one of these periods of mental questioning, he was recognized on the steamboat from New York by a clergyman and "was hemmed in by a band of captious interrogators." They asked him many questions and his answers prompted the clergyman to inquire where he had attended college. Davis repeated his former assertion that he had had no such advantage and the parson pronounced him a charlatan. As he was about to retire from the group another person asked if he were able to tell which lottery ticket would draw a prize on a certain day. His reply that his mind took no pleasure in such matters brought him an offer of half of the sum received if he would tell. His response that he would not look at such matters any more than he would live by highway robbery was not too pleasantly received and Davis was glad to retire to a secluded part of the boat until he heard the welcome announcement, "Passengers for Poughkeepsie." He spent some days at the home of his friends, the Laphams, on Wash-

ington Street and after the warm weather was over he went back to New York and completed his lectures. While he was engaged in dictating the lectures, his scribe sent a communication describing the remarkable performance to the *New York Tribune*, which the "fearless" editor accepted and published. The news brought a number of visitors, among them Professor George A. Bush and Edgar Allan Poe.

The lectures were published in 1847 as *Nature's Divine Revelations*, in three parts. The first part dealt with the formation of the universe, the solar systems and the evolution of man. "The Principles of Nature," the second part, dealt with the relationships of mind and matter, and the third part, "A Voice to Mankind," was a sort of economic and socialistic document seeking to formulate a scheme for the organization of society on a successful economic and social basis.

John C. Leonard says of *Nature's Divine Revelations*:

The book taught with great definiteness the doctrine of evolution before Darwin or Spencer wrote about it, and it revealed the existence of Neptune, the eighth planet, before its discovery was announced by the Russian astronomer, Le Verrier . . . . . This evolutionary account of Davis's antedated those of Darwin, Wallace and Spencer by several years and in none of the accounts of these three writers is there any clearer statement of the progress of evolution than is contained in Davis' . . . . .

Concerning the number of planets of our solar system Davis says: "The existence of eight planets has been determined upon as nearly beyond all doubt . . . ." This was written before the eighth planet, or Neptune, was known to exist . . . . . and was in manuscript in March, 1846, and months before Le Verrier's calculations and conclusions had been announced in this country. The eighth planet was first actually observed in September, 1846.

On returning to his normal state after the lengthy dictation of these lectures he was informed that he had bequeathed, in his clairvoyant state, the entire work and all the money which might accrue from the sales thereof to his operator and his scribe. His depression for the moment was severe because he "had not accumulated a dollar out of years of clairvoyant diligence," and he could not imagine what his future resources might be. In this weak moment he was strengthened by the voice of his "guide" telling him: "Fear - not! There - are - treasures - in - an - angel's - hand." He joyfully accepted this message and at the time thought it was in its fulfillment that the scribe and the operator presented him with their joint note for one thousand

dollars "in consideration of the time he had consumed in delivering the lectures."

There was the question as to how the money to publish these lectures was to be found. Another message urged him to communicate with his "spirit-sister." He accordingly wrote the full circumstances to a lady with whom he had been in correspondence and she promptly came to his assistance. When published, the book immediately attracted great attention. The first edition was quickly exhausted and it is said to have been through forty-four editions and is still on sale. At the time it was read by many eminent writers, among them Lowell, Emerson and Longfellow.

James Russell Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," published in 1848, related a tale of a man who owned an aloe tree which did not bear any fruit. He was said to have consulted the "seer that lives at Poughkeepsie," who advised him to water the tree with the blood of his daughter. This he thought he could not bring himself to do, but the poem reveals that eventually the daughter was missing and the aloe tree had budded.

Of one of his later books, the *New York Independent*, edited by Henry Ward Beecher, said:

*The Great Harmonia*,—Somebody has sent us volume four of a series issued by that impudent pretender, Andrew Jackson Davis. The course of our duty has compelled us to form some acquaintance with many bad books, but with none *more* detestable than this.

In April of 1847, he was for the last time magnetized by Dr. Lyon. He was uncertain about the future and left the city and came to "beautiful Poughkeepsie," where he began to realize the possibilities of an independent existence. He had entered the somnambule and clairvoyant states many times without the help of an operator, but only now realized that he could independently attain to the highest mental eminence. He also discovered that he could recall minutely every instant of each clairvoyant vision. He had previously been unable, when in a normal state, to remember what had occurred during a trance. These things pleased and, at the same time, alarmed him. He spent most of that summer in and about Poughkeepsie. He went to the mountain for guidance and he visited friends at Bennington and Troy and spent

a week-end with a Mr. Joseph Cunningham at Wappingers Falls.

He spent his twenty-first birthday with a group of friends on Long Island at the home of his scribe, with whom he had previously resided for some time. These friends thought there was need for a reform paper in New York and, after some discussion, it was decided that it could be published by the joint efforts of the group. Samuel Britten, a former scribe and a lecturer who had appeared in Poughkeepsie on occasions, was chosen as editor. *The Univercoelum,—and Spiritual Philosopher* was launched shortly thereafter. Its columns contained contributions of the highest talent from outstanding writers of the day, but for lack of funds, the publication was suspended in September of the next year.

Of his many correspondents, there was one whom he called his spirit-sister and from whom he had had many solicitations for advice. She had been most generous in contributing and loaning money for the publication of his book and the periodical. She had also helped with the fund for the printing of the book in England. In a vision on the mountain it was revealed to Davis that he should marry this spirit-sister. Although twenty years his senior, she divorced her husband and, on July 1, 1848, he was married to Catherine DeWolf, formerly Mrs. Dodge. He said her age and nature were a double barrier to everything but the most respectful reserve between them, that his regard for her was pure and reverential and that she seemed like an elder sister for whom he cherished a deep and holy affection, but being fatigued with his writing and knowing that "she was resolved to disburse with her own means my future boarding expenses, I gratefully accepted the needed opportunity for leisure and devoted the fleeting hours to rest and conversation." When they were alone together he called her "Silona," her spiritual name, but used the name of Katie when they were with others.

She accompanied him on many of his lecture tours. On the invitation of Dr. Phelps, a Presbyterian minister at Stratford, Connecticut, they visited his home. His children were mediumistic and there had been unusual occurrences at the house. Objects were thrown about by invisible hands, windows were smashed and hieroglyphics and invisible writings were produced. The shocked clergyman asked Davis

who helped her for the time being. They returned to Hartford in September and she died November 3, 1853. "Relatives from the Second Sphere came for her and when her spirit was completely freed, they conducted it gently to her Father's high pavilion." Davis mentions two visitations of her spirit after death in his volume, *The Pentralia*. She had bequeathed him all her property.

Davis had many visits from his relatives and friends after they had left this earth and he wrote detailed descriptions of the "Summerland," their heavenly home. On a number of occasions he had the great privilege of personally witnessing the spirit of a dying person leaving the body and ascending to join the spirits of those who had already departed. This phenomenon is illustrated in one of his volumes.

Although in these years Davis had given up prescribing for the sick and had used his time for his lectures and his writings there were, as might be expected, those who objected to his teachings. When at Quincy, Massachusetts, where he had gone to lecture, he was greatly saddened by the inscription on a tombstone in a graveyard: "In memory of John and Hannah Greaves, deluded by the writings of A. J. Davis." The tombstone had been erected by the father of John Greaves who, with his wife, had committed suicide and among whose possessions was discovered a volume of Davis' writings. There were disturbances at his meetings, at Hartford and other places, and there were letters and editorials in the newspapers. His opponents denounced spiritualism as infidelity and free-loveism and called his group his "freelove fraternity." They questioned his ideas on marriage and divorce. He told them that he tried to teach "that the world's business was not to kindle a bonfire of malicious scandal around every case of divorce, but to prevent bad marriages."

In 1849, he and his "Silona" had agreed that their marriage was indissoluble and would last through eternity, but some months after her death he was vouchsafed a vision in which "her joy-abounding soul exulted in the deathless love of a new-found and gifted companion." And, shortly after this, he was advised by his "guide" to seek a companion and was shown, in another vision, a person with whom he had corresponded and who was chosen for this office. Though she was not yet divorced from her husband, he was enabled to peruse her whole life

if he could explain the phenomena. Davis wrote out his answer and read it to the family. The results were published in his pamphlet, *Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse*. During these months the Fox sisters had come into prominence. Though aware of their manifestations and their experiences, there does not seem to be any indication in Davis's writings that he ever met them. Many speakers and writers attributed the birth of spiritualism to his revelations and contemporary writers spoke of Davis as the father of the religion called spiritualism (One of them, Dr. W. E. Copeland, a Unitarian minister, in a course of lectures on the great religious movements of Christendom, said that "the world owes as large a debt for religious light to Andrew Jackson Davis as to Luther, Wesley or Channing.") but Davis, himself, did not claim this honor. He wrote that spiritualism had begun "externally" with the rappings at Hydesville (the home of the Fox sisters) in 1848. In fact, in his memoranda, he wrote under date of March 31, 1848:

About daylight this morning, a warm breathing passed over my face, suddenly waking me from a profound slumber; and I heard a voice, tender and yet peculiarly strong, saying: "Brother! *The good work has begun—behold a living demonstration is born!*" . . . . . The breathing and the voice ceased immediately, and I was left wondering what could be meant by such a message.

Afterward I learned that, at this time, spirit communication was established at Hydesville, New York.

In *Modern American Spiritualism*, the author says: "We have before stated that a psychological society of which Andrew Jackson Davis' revelations formed the concrete power, was in existence at the time of the Hydesville disturbances."

During a visit to Cambridge the seer was prostrated with a violent attack of typhoid fever. He had the services of a physician but did not respond to his treatment. A clairvoyant of Bridgeport, Mrs. Mettler, came to his assistance, prescribed two simple vegetable remedies which, combined with her human magnetism and psychology, effected a complete cure. After this he and his wife spent some months lecturing in Hartford, Rochester, Cleveland, Cincinnati and other more distant places. During this time Davis was also engaged in writing the five volumes of *The Great Harmonia*.

"Silona" was taken ill in Cleveland and they returned East. Davis, who had made no medical examinations for six years, called a physician

number of eleven million, or one-third of the population of the United States." In 1853, it was estimated that there were 40,000 spiritualists in New York State. Professor Bush, Mr. Fishbough and Mr. Britten, all associates at one time or another with Mr. Davis, were prominent as lecturers and teachers. Probably all of them, on occasion, spoke before the group in Poughkeepsie. The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge was founded in New York City. Nathaniel Tallmadge was president and Richard D. Davis was one of the vice-presidents. Both Tallmadge and Richard Davis (no connection of Andrew Jackson Davis) were prominent business men of Poughkeepsie. They took an active part in all the affairs of the village and held various offices. Richard Davis was a congressman and was said to have been one of the most brilliant public men in the state. Tallmadge was United States senator and might have become president of the country if he had been willing to take the nomination of vice-president on the ticket with General William Henry Harrison in 1839. Davis was a strong opponent of Tallmadge, politically, after the latter had become a Whig, and when Tallmadge joined the spiritualist group, Davis left the fold. Tallmadge was the author of several pamphlets and speeches and was one of the authors of a noted treatise on spiritualism published in 1853. He resigned as United States senator when he was appointed governor of Wisconsin. His four daughters became mediums and by their influence and by their gifts of seership, trance, musical improvisation, writing and lecturing, they created a great sensation in the fashionable circles in which they moved. In later years Andrew Jackson Davis made a number of lecture tours in Wisconsin.

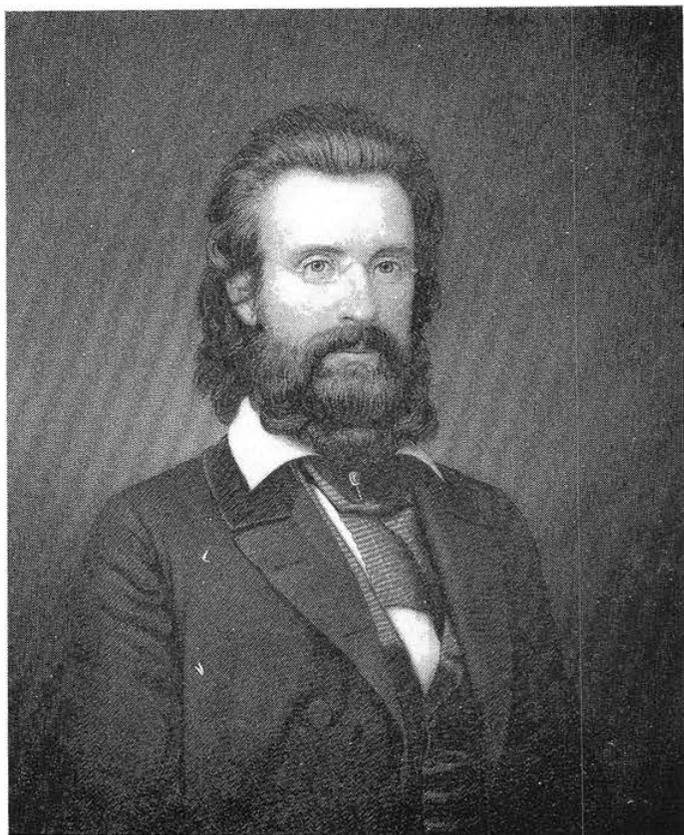
William Levingston, who had been the first to recognize the abilities of the Poughkeepsie seer and who was his first operator, remained in Poughkeepsie, resumed his tailoring trade and sold sewing machines, at least until 1868-9, when his name appeared in the city directories for the last time. He did not give up his interests in spiritualistic matters, for in 1852, a newly organized group of "spiritual believers" held its first meeting at his home. These meetings were continued over a period of years. Dictated by the spirit, a series of sermons were written by Levi M. Arnold, another medium in Poughkeepsie, to be delivered at the meetings. These sermons, or revelations, were published as pamphlets in 1852 and after. Later they were published in

and to cast a horoscope of future events which showed the genuine fitness of her soul to his.

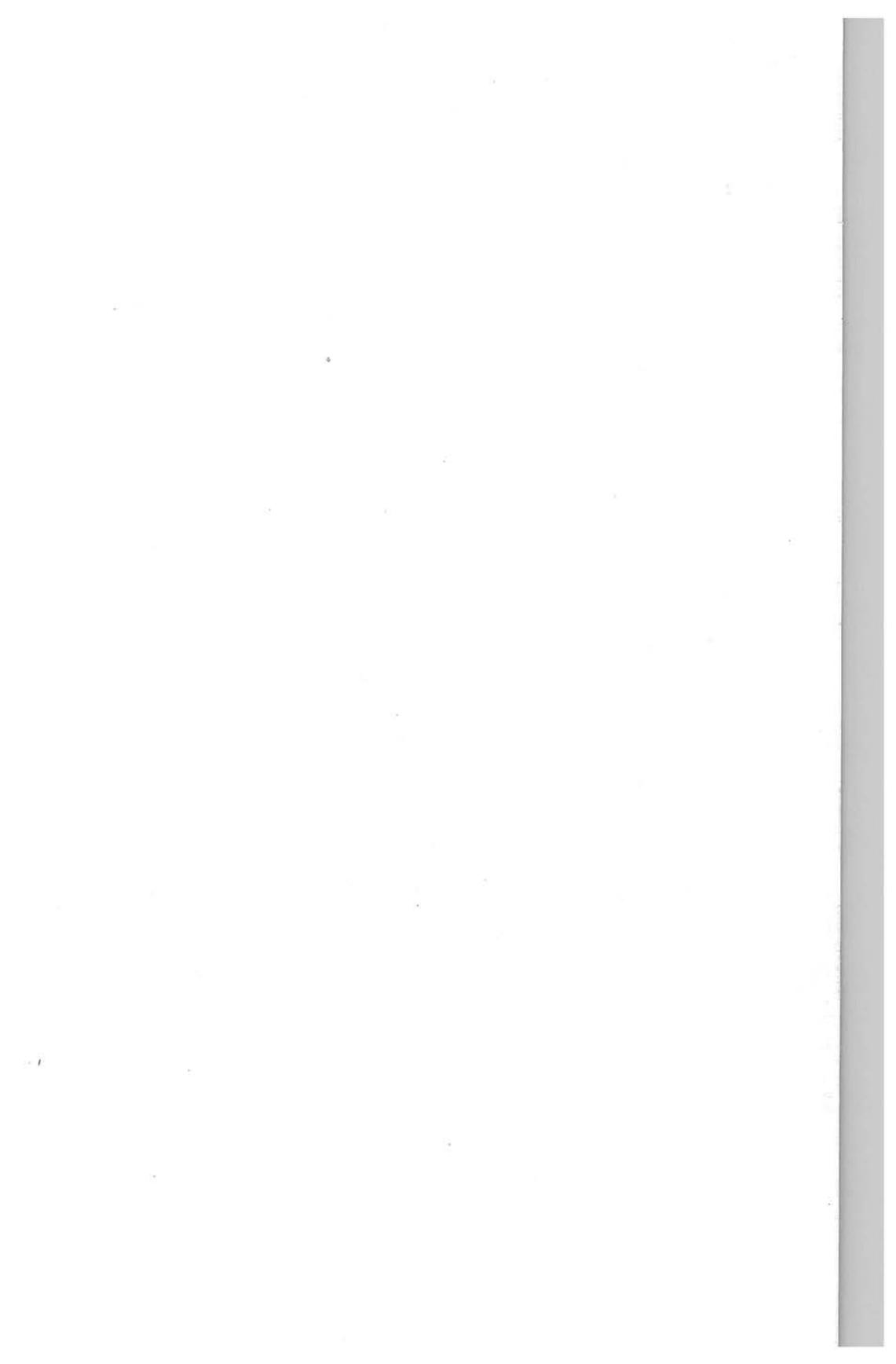
This was Mary Love and in the course of some months, in accordance with his vision, her divorce was granted and, on May 15, 1855, they were married. There was some later trouble because Mrs. Love had obtained her divorce in Indiana and it was not considered legal in New York State and, when Mr. Love wished to re-marry, he obtained a divorce within this state, branding her marriage to Davis as bigamous, to the considerable embarrassment of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. (Nearly thirty years later, in 1884, Davis used the same grounds to have the marriage to Mary annulled). An amicable arrangement had been made for the care of the two Love children, Fannie and Charlie, in the home of Mr. Love. Mary was loath to part with them and there were persons who accused Davis of breaking up the home and Mary of deserting her children. Not long after this Davis received a spirit message telling him that Mary would have full possession of her children very soon and, shortly after Mr. Love's re-marriage, Mary and the children were reunited. Now, Davis felt it necessary to provide a home for his family and purchased a residence at Orange, New Jersey, where they made their home for many years. It was to this house that he later brought his father, Samuel Davis, who spent his last years there in comfort until his death, April 10, 1865.

About this time Davis defined his idea of spiritualism as "useful as a living demonstration of a future existence." He said, "I acknowledge that spirits can and do perform kindly offices for those on earth. I would not discourage any friend from obtaining all the benefit he reasonably can through the aid of spiritual beings. But this benefit can be secured only on the condition that we allow them to become our teachers, not our masters; that we accept them as companions, not as gods to be worshipped." On numerous occasions he was asked why he had not used his powers to better his financial state and he always maintained that his powers were given him to use for the betterment of his fellow beings and should not be exerted in an effort to gain something for himself.

A report was made in 1848 in Baltimore that "believers in Spiritualism on the American continent had reached the almost incredible



Andrew Jackson Davis, "The Poughkeepsie Seer"  
From an engraving made in 1856



book form. The first, *The History of the Origin of All Things . . . . . written by God's Holy Spirits, through an Earthly Medium, L. M. Arnold, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*, was, perhaps, the best known. In one of these sermons Arnold was directed by the spirit to report that Andrew Jackson Davis, in leaving Levingston, had rebelled against the authority of the spirit, seeking to elevate wisdom above love and will above action. "The only way for him to become a truthful medium," said the spirit, through L. M. Arnold, "is to return to the subjection he was first in, . . . . , to the state from which he departed when he left my servant's, Levingston's, management." It is not known if Davis kept in touch with the local spiritualists, but he did not return to Levingston's manipulation.

During the following years both Andrew Jackson Davis and Mary Davis, his wife, lectured throughout the country. Mary, on some occasions, was reported to have made a more acceptable address than her husband. There were the occasional disturbances at some of the meetings but, for the most part, they were favorably received.

After 1870 his bodily health became so seriously impaired that he was compelled to relinquish all platform speaking. He opened in New York City a "Progressive Publishing House" where he offered for sale the various pamphlets and books which he had published. After the death of his first wife there had ensued ten years of expensive litigation before he was able to obtain the portion of her share of her father's estate which she had bequeathed him. He received only a few thousand dollars and proceeded to purchase and gather together all the stereotype plates of his volumes, then owned by three or four different publishers. He carefully revised, enlarged and re-stereotyped the books and these he offered for sale in his publishing house.

His periodical, *The Univercoloeum*, started in 1847, had had a short existence and in 1860 he had established *The Herald of Progress* which lasted for three years and, like the former, expired for lack of funds. He had used some of the money received in his bequest to pay off debts contracted by the periodical. A final \$50.00 he contributed to the American Slavery Society, just before it disbanded. He did this because his "Silona" had said, "Every dollar left me by my father's will was earned by slaves on the Cuba plantation and I can never rest until it is spent in promoting human liberty and progress."

In March of 1868 the twentieth anniversary of spiritualism was celebrated. Davis and his wife were among the speakers at the grand jubilee in Boston and they directed the entertainment in the afternoon, in which 700 children, members of the Progressive Children's Lyceum, participated. At the New York celebration two of the Fox sisters were among those on the platform.

Davis had contributed articles to the *Banner of Light*, a spiritualistic periodical published in Boston, and when he was at the bottom of the financial ladder these kind friends came to his assistance. They started, in his behalf, a testimonial fund in 1876, to which many generous contributions were made. He was embarrassed and reluctant to accept their charity, but relented when it was presented as a birthday gift. At this time the same good friends, the editor and proprietors of the *Banner of Light*, purchased all of the copies of his books and paid him \$7,000, one-half of which he set aside for Mary's use. He was invited to visit in Boston and was given a dinner and reception by these same friends. He spent the summer in New England as their guest and, after his return to Orange, wrote the volume, *Views of our Heavenly Home*, which had been inspired during his stay in New England.

Articles written by Davis and published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* in 1878, criticising some of the tenets of the *Banner of Light* and its contributors, caused a rift in the relations between Davis and the publishers of the *Banner*. Seven years later Davis wrote the editor, expressing his regret that their most pleasant relationship had been disturbed and offered to do all in his power to mend matters. The result was a complete reconciliation with friendships re-established which lasted many years.

In March of 1878 the spiritualists of New York celebrated the 30th anniversary of modern spiritualism. Both Mary and Davis were speakers on the occasion. In his report of the anniversary meeting, Davis says that it would be difficult to set a date as the beginning of spiritualism, but that it began "externally" with the rappings heard at Hydesville. In his address he outlined his views on spiritualism and harmonial philosophy. He deplored what he called "magical spiritualism." He was outspoken and some of his sentiments were not too well received. He alienated some of their older friends and it was

many years before their relations were amicable. Mary, at the same meeting, made a conciliatory address and did her best to smooth over the irritated feelings of those spiritualists who had come in for his criticism. (Although he was classed in the foremost rank of distinguished spiritualists and the records show that he and his wife attended circles and seances, he did not indulge in rappings, invisible writings, floatings in the air and such manifestations.)

In December of the same year, at a private home in New York, the first "Harmonial Association" was organized. Davis was the president and he wrote the constitution. At this time he was the regular speaker at Steck Hall, New York. His congregation agreed to sustain a chair of "psychological science and magnetic therapeutics" at the United States Medical College and chose Professor Alexander Wilder as the lecturer. The college had been incorporated under the general law of 1848 as amended in 1870, and the trustees, one of whom was Davis, had no reason to doubt its legal existence.

There had been some legislation against all healing mediums, clairvoyant physicians and magnetizers who were practicing in the state of New York. Davis exerted his influence among the mediums and clairvoyants, urging them to avail themselves of practical instruction in medical science and to obtain legal diplomas. A considerable number of them did just this, graduating creditably. Davis entered the college as a student in 1880 and spent three years there. There were twelve professors, earnest thorough-going, scholarly eclectic men, and the students listened to six of them for a full hour each, every day. In 1883 he received his medical diploma and was authorized to enter upon the practice of medicine. He also received a diploma as a Doctor of Anthropology. His thesis was upon the subject "The reality of imaginary diseases," which constituted an outline of his harmonial philosophy.

The members of the Allopathic New York County Medical Society strongly opposed the work of the United States Medical College. They induced the commissioners of charities and corrections, who had control of Bellevue and Blackwell's Island hospitals, to refuse the bodies of paupers for dissection. They instituted the legal proceedings which resulted in the decision of the supreme court and the court of appeals that the college was not legally incorporated. However, a bill was introduced in the legislature and was passed and was signed by the gover-

nor on May 23, 1884, which legalized all the degrees and diplomas which had been granted by the United States Medical College to its 112 graduates. The Harmonial Association, to show the world that its members were true practical friends to liberal medical education, continued to pay the professor the annual amount promised (to sustain the psychological school in the college), purchased and paid for \$1,000 of college stock and subscribed \$12,000, of which they paid nearly \$8,000 in cash, toward the endowment fund and generously and cheerfully sustained the meetings from September to June for several years.

After he had sold his bookstock to the publishers of the *Banner of Light*, Davis spent much of his time with his friends in New England. For long periods the home life in Orange was interrupted. He had several serious illnesses and Mary was not in good health. Davis maintained a room in New York where he could spend the nights after his evening lectures and where he could work uninterruptedly. In 1876, Mary's daughter Fannie died and her four children were brought to the home at Orange. During one of his extended absences, while in Maine in 1877, the guiding spirit advised a fraternal love as the rule of life for Davis and Mary. It was seven years later, after the completion of his medical studies, that Davis finally brought up the matter with Mary. In the meantime their friends had been much concerned by reports that he had deserted his wife. He had been living at the home of his old friend and physician, a lady who had twice saved his life when he was ill. At a meeting of the Harmonial Association he was charged with having treated Mary unkindly and with having absented himself too long from her side, and many other rumors were circulating about him. The following Sunday morning he delivered his usual lecture and then proceeded to make a personal application of his text. He addressed a number of questions directly to Mary, who unhesitatingly and distinctly replied in his favor.

However, in November of the same year, while sojourning in Boston, he wrote Mary a long letter, telling her that not twenty days had elapsed after the angels had brought them together before he realized definitely and intuitively that, although he was associated with a gentle, loving and intelligent woman, he was not associated with his eternal mate. He explained to her that his ever-watchful guardian had advised that he "nullify the tie" which bound him. He received an affectionate

reply from Mary, assuring him of her good-will and her acquiescence in any action he might take to dissolve their marriage.

Accordingly, December 1, 1884, he brought his suit for an annulment of the marriage on the grounds that he was never legally married to Mary in New York State and some weeks later the marriage was declared annulled. Mary wrote him that she would drop the name of Davis and would use the name of her mother, which had been one of her given names, and he could thereafter address her as Mrs. Mary Fenn. Davis acknowledged the letter, addressing her as "My dear Sister" and signing it, "Faithfully your Brother, A. J. D."

Davis' writings contain, in addition to his beliefs, many of his personal experiences. *The Principles of Nature* was published in 1847 and was followed in fairly rapid succession, in the 1850's, by the five volumes of *The Great Harmonia* and *The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse*. His early philosophical works were written, or dictated, while he was in a clairvoyant state, but he seemed to have acquired a wonderful knowledge of science, art, history and literature which he displayed in his later writings when he was not magnetized. He made many quotations from Shakespeare, the Scriptures, the Greek philosophers and current writers, as well as the classics. His first autobiographical work, *The Magic Staff*, tells of his life as a boy and young man up to the year of publication, 1857. *Events in the Life of a Seer*, published in 1868, gives additional experiences and another autobiography, *Beyond the Valley*, published in 1885, brings his biography up to that date. Several of his volumes contain lists of his published writings, pamphlets and books, and in his later books the publishers offered his complete works in thirty uniform volumes neatly bound in cloth, for \$30.00. Many of his works were translated into German and were published in Germany. The European Harmonial Publishing Fund was started by the *Herald of Progress* in 1862 because of the great interest in spiritualism abroad.

In his books giving his answers to questions, some of which might embarrass present-day radio wizards, he unhesitatingly provides information on any and all subjects, as: parental obligations and duties; architecture of Reform Meeting Houses; how to become an author; the rate of natural increase of population on the American continent

and in the whole world; the law of true mating; the inherent necessity of war; the servitude of white women; free speech in times of war; character in handwriting; the value of the marriage ceremony; the cause of the wind; the duty of naturalization, etc., etc. He answers in detail on a wide variety of subjects such questions as: Do spirits wear clothing?; Do you consider horseback riding natural and healthful?; Do you think the time will ever come when we women can dispense with ornamentation in dress?; Like the American Indian, will the Negro soon become extinct; is it their destiny?.

In his *Pentralia*, published in 1856, in reply to an inquiry with regard to changes in methods of transportation which would take place in this country, he said:

There is to be a great improvement in motive forces; also a method for traveling upon dry land and through the air . . . . Instead of the present gallery-looking cars, we will have spacious saloons, almost portable dwellings, moving with such speed, that perhaps there will be advertisements—"Through to California in four days!"

[There will be] carriages and traveling saloons on country-roads—*sans* horses, *sans* steam, *sans* any visible motive power, moving with greater speed and comfort than at present. Carriages will be moved by a strange and beautiful and simple admixture of aqueous and atmospheric gases—so easily condensed, so simply ignited, and so imparted by a machine somewhat resembling our engines, as to be entirely concealed and manageable between the forward wheels . . . The first requisite for these land-locomotives will be good roads, upon which, with your engine, without your horses, you may travel with great rapidity.

Working for a greater harmony on earth, it was only natural that he visualized the airplane as an instrument for "universal brotherhood." He said:

I find only one thing necessary in order to have aerial navigation, viz.: The application of this contemplated superior motive power, which is even now in process of discovery and elimination. This power will come. It will not only move the locomotive on the rail, and the carriage on the country-road, but aerial cars also, which will move through the sky from country to country; and their beautiful influence will produce a universal brotherhood of acquaintance.

Many of the things which he taught and advocated seemed radical in his day. He felt that he was working for the betterment of the world and was paving the way for future teachers. He organized a convention at Utica to consider the cause and cure of crime. He was one of the incorporators and an officer of the Moral Police Fraternity, a relief agency. He participated in reform councils in Peterboro, N.

Y., and at Harveysburgh, Ohio. He believed in women's rights, the right to vote and particularly the right to an education similar to that available to men. He felt that the legal, clerical and medical professions were especially appropriate for women. He deplored the disparity in wages paid to women and to men in the same kind of work. He had very strict ideas on diet. (It goes without saying that he used neither tobacco nor alcohol). In fact, he had ideas on everything. He urged that the prevalent custom of wearing black after a bereavement be abandoned,—“no crepe veil, however black, can relieve a bereft soul.” He advocated fewer and better children and a more understanding attitude toward divorce. His Progressive Children's Lyceum, established in 1861 in New York, was most successful and for ten years, under the personal supervision of Davis and Mary, it flourished. It was described as somewhat like the German kindergartens. The Lyceum manual, which he published, contained hymns, songs, recitations, programs, etc. The children were classified in groups, each group under a leader. During his enforced absence many changes and “improvements” were made and practically everywhere the ordinary Sunday School had been substituted. He regretted that they sought more to interest the young people in spiritualism than to develop them into “good thinkers and wholesome and harmonious citizens.” In the *Banner of Light*, Mrs. Richmond wrote, of the lyceum: “For the first ten years it seemed to be received with absolute joy by all spiritual societies and all thinkers in the ranks of Spiritualism. The personal presence of Mr. Davis and his appreciative companion made the Children's Lyceum the feature of nearly all spiritualistic and reform societies throughout the country . . . . . Certain it is that another century will witness a system of education similar, if not exactly coincident, with that which Mr. Davis has taught.”

In 1885, he wrote:

Now I beheld the true Spiritual Republic beyond the valley—  
the new millennial country of peace and abundance—that is to come  
from this young mother continent.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing!

America will pass through and fulfill the poet's prophecy. . . . .  
The great storms begin in far away mountains. Look at the old  
civilizations and watch the gathering tempests,—Communism, Socialism,  
Nihilism,—and prepare for them when they burst out in the weakest

places among us. America is elastic and young in every joint. The storms may descend, and the young giant may bend under them; but from his bed he will spring with the profound strength of a god. A great suffering is before us; so, also, is a great joy. Look at America, materialized, and you will shudder at the picture; but look deeper see America in her inner life, and you will be filled with hope, and gladness, and gratitude.

Soon after the dissolution of his marriage to Mary, he removed to Boston where he practiced as a successful physician for many years. He died there January 10, 1910. The *Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle* of January 14, announced "Dr. A. J. Davis died Thursday. The "Poughkeepsie Seer" dies at his summer home at Watertown . . . . . For many years he held the position of the representative spiritualist of the world . . . . ." A few days later the same newspaper quoted from the *Boston Globe*:

. . . . . He was extremely benevolent and devoted much of his time to patients who could afford to pay little or nothing. Thousands of men and women in and around Boston will feel that the world is poorer now that Dr. Davis is gone.

and from an editorial which appeared in the *Boston Transcript*:

. . . . . He wrote . . . . *The Principles of Nature* . . . . [which] he credited to the counsel of spiritual agents. This was regarded as the highest product of the spiritualistic movement at that time . . . . . Even before that he had prescribed for illnesses upon the promptings of his "magnetic sleep" and he was never charged with doing any harm by this irregular practice, whatever its positive benefits might have been . . . . . Up to middle life he might have been called the St. Paul of Spiritualism, but while his faith never wavered and seemed to rest upon assurance denied to most men, the extent to which the cheap phenomena of the cult was exploited by fakers and imposters for purposes of gain seemed rather to disgust him with the associations, and he retired from active influence for the propaganda.

He seemed as nearly to realize the state of genuine seership as any man of his generation and be endowed with a sixth sense. His experiences have generally been accepted as real to himself, and his writings have not been regarded as unworthy of careful consideration by the Society of Psychical Research, which includes some of the world's best known men of science. He claimed to have personally seen the spirit of a dying person leave the body and join the spirits of comrades waiting to escort it to its new abode. Acquiring the medical profession at sixty, he passed his old age in efforts to do good and the warm regard in which he was held by those who knew him best was evidence that he succeeded.

The Poughkeepsie newspaper mentioned Davis' local connection and added the comment: "It hardly seems possible that this can be the same Andrew Jackson Davis!"

AMY PEARCE VER NOOY

## MY HEART GOES HOME\*

### PART II

#### THE COUNTY FAIR

The county fair was held at Washington Hollow, a central location in the county, twelve miles from our place. The road led first over the Ridge, two miles from home, where we owned twenty-two acres of high meadow land. From this meadow we could see three states, New York, Connecticut and the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, and seven counties. On a clear day, if we looked toward the northwest, with Stissing Mountain at the right, then toward the Hudson valley over Hyde Park, we could see the Mountain House situated in the Catskills at a point fifty miles away. The eye could follow the Hudson River valley from the Catskills to the Storm King and West Point below.

After leaving the Ridge and passing the Jonathan Husted place and the long watering trough, set at a convenient height for horses, we descended Husted's hill. About half-way down this hill there was a little cemetery, doubly enclosed by a dense hedge of arbor vitae and a wall of field stones. One of the marble gravestones was inscribed:

A blooming youth, a faded flower  
Cut down and withered within an hour.

At the foot of the hill was a small stream and beyond it what we termed the "old tavern," then in use as a farm house. This was the junction of the Dutchess Turnpike, near Mutton Hollow. A half mile further on we passed through a hamlet called Little Rest. A small white house was at the left of the road, also a building that had been used as a blacksmith's shop, which was now occupied by an old, one-armed man, a bachelor brother of the Hoaglands, who lived in the white house. Invariably he would be standing in front of the long window over the work bench, dressed in blue overalls and jumper, busied in

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\*A second installment of a series of sketches and reminiscences 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.

chewing tobacco and turning his white-bearded head toward the clock to be sure that he replenished with new tobacco at regular intervals.

From Little Rest the road led over Thorne Hill, down through Mechanic, then to the Four Corners, from which a road branched off to the left to the County House. The house and office of "Doc" Wardell was just at the entrance of Four Corners. As long as I can remember, the office window was decorated with a pasteboard rooster stuck to the pane. Doc Wardell was tongue-tied and once when I consulted him about a bunch on the upper joint of Bonnie's front leg, he said it was a "Who boil," (caused by Bonnie lying with his foot doubled under him and pressing his iron shoe against the joint).

Across the road was the Dutch Reformed Church where the Reverend Mr. Lyall was pastor. A mile or so further on was the stock farm of Edwin Thorne, a breeder of fine trotting horses. After Sharpsteen's hill came the toll gate with the keeper forever sticking his head out to see that he missed no one and the three-cent toll. Just beyond was a large watering tub, with a willow tree growing in the middle of it, and beyond that, a quarter of a mile, was Wheeler's Hotel, with stables across the road.

Wheeler's hotel stood in a corner of the fair grounds. Its long piazza fronted the turnpike. Wheeler was a typical old inn host, a man about sixty-five, short and thick-set, with a rather rugged smooth-shaven face. He always wore a dark suit, a stovepipe hat and stiff white collars and cuffs and was continually hitching up the cuffs as he paced up and down the long piazza. He would receive his guests as they drove up to the horse-block and usher them into the hotel. We very seldom ate a meal there but when we drove by on county fair days the delicious odors that came from the kitchen and dining room made us look forward to eating our own lunch that we carried with us in baskets.

As we got to the gate of the fair grounds we heard the band playing "Marching through Georgia," and as we entered we saw the parading band boys in red uniforms and red Turkish caps, led by a fat German bandmaster wielding his baton and at times turning sharply to face his band. Running along on both sides of the band were children of all descriptions, some with little, round, "punkin" heads, putty noses with

freckled bridges, some carrying dolls, some marching in step with the band, others stumbling along in their eagerness, some whimpering because they could not keep up and calling to their older brothers, "Wait for me!" One had fallen flat on his little, round stomach and had lost his hold on his toy balloon.

By this time the sound of the now distant band was drowned by the sideshow barkers for the fat lady, the living skeleton, the snake charmers, the contortionist, the bearded lady, the sword and fire eater, the double-headed calf and the trained pigs! In the same semicircle reaching down to the racetrack, was the shooting gallery, the tent where baseballs were thrown at the colored man's head and an outside stand where rings were tossed over canes, some of them having one- and five-dollar bills tied to them.

Out in front of these sideshow tents and between them and the fair buildings, was the exhibition of agricultural machinery, consisting of mowing machines, plows, hay rakes, threshing machines, the latest type of hay presses, corn shellers, cider mills, reapers, pumps and wind-mills.

Worming their way through the crowds were boys and young men selling round, pink balls of popcorn smudged with sticky sweets and peanuts at five cents a bag. One peanut vendor, with a nasal voice, sang out, "Here's where you get your fresh roasted, humpbacked peanuts, raised on the farm of Henry Ward Beecher and picked by the forefinger of Jenny Lind and General Grant!" Another fellow was shouting, "Fresh lemonade, made in the shade, by an old maid and stirred with a stick."

We followed the procession of wagons down to a field near the racetrack where countless rows of posts were set in the ground. Each had a heavy rail on top for the tying of horses. Here we found one of the men authorized to tell where the horses should be hitched, his authority being shown by the blue badge he wore. 'Gene, our colored driver, unhitched Fannie and Katie, removed their harness, put halters on and tied them to the rail. Then mother, my two sisters and I started on foot to use the hour before lunch for sightseeing.

Being least interested in the poultry house, we always visited that

first. This was an isolated building, not very high. The poultry cages were open to the outside, so by going around the building the exhibits could be seen. There were also two rows down the center inside. In the cages were Shanghais, buff Cochins, Dominiques, Houdans, Plymouth Rocks, white and brown Leghorns, turkeys and turkey gobblers, geese and ganders, ducks and drakes, bantams, guinea hens, peacocks, and usually one or two pens of guinea pigs.

As was to be expected, the farmers' wives took more interest in the poultry exhibit than the men, as most of the birds had been raised by them. Snatches of their conversation would cover the beauty as well as the defects of the poultry, their diseases and the cures for "leg weariness," "gapes" and other troubles. As young Mrs. Vridenburg was overheard to state to a friend, "The best way to cure the gapes is to take a loop of horsehair and run it down the chicken's throat and fish out the worm."

The interior of the building was full of dry dust from incessant scratching. The noise was awful from the crowing, squawking and cackling. The September air was stifling, yet the ladies were dressed in their best, from black silk to calico. Some protected their finery by wearing long linen dusters and tying silk handkerchiefs over their neck ruchings. A small straw bonnet with a splatter of flowers or cherries was perched on a pile of puffs that sometimes failed to match the natural hair. Stiff corsets were creaking as their wearers bent over to examine a hen or study the prize ribbons pinned on the cages.

From the poultry house we walked down through the exhibits of farm machinery, past the outside of the sideshows, mother condescending to stop and look at the fat lady and the living skeleton, only if they were on exhibition outside. We young ones longed to go inside and see the inner mysteries but were limited to the trained pig exhibition.

The lunch hour finally arrived and we saw our cousins, all smiles, waving to us as we approached the carriages. In our carriages, side by side, we sat and feasted from our lunch baskets on the roast chicken, great, thick ham and homemade bread sandwiches, potato salad, hard-boiled eggs, pickles and jam, and cold coffee made rich with cream and sugar. For dessert there would be mince or apple pie, chocolate and

cocoanut layer cake, as well as common gingersnaps, Morris White peaches, Bartlett pears and Concord grapes. We young ones ate all we could, growing jollier with every mouthful, and mother and Aunt Fannie could not help but laugh at our fun. The horses, meanwhile, ate their oats.

As we sat there eating, a homemade closed carriage drove up near us. The driver's seat was on the outside. The body of the carriage was enclosed with common boards painted black over the sides and top. The windows were of small panes like little house windows. The doors on each side were fitted with common house locks and white porcelain knobs. The bay horses were old and thin, as was the coachman who drove them. The couple which emerged from the vehicle looked almost a hundred years old. The old lady was dressed in a flouncy, black dress and had three or four grey curls hanging down on each side of her face from under her black bonnet and wore lace mitts on her hands. The old gentleman was dressed in dark clothes and wore a stovepipe hat on his iron-grey wig, which was several shades darker than his whiskers. None of us knew who they were, where they came from or where they went.

After our luncheon visit we went to agricultural hall. This was a large, plain building with entrance porches on three sides. On the fourth side the porch connected it with floral hall. In agricultural hall were long rows of tables loaded with all kinds of fresh vegetables and fruits and other tables with glass jars of beautiful, clear, canned fruits and rows and rows of jars with delicious looking preserves. As a rule the exhibitors themselves, in white aprons, would be standing beside the jars, beaming with happiness and talking with friends.

In other parts of the hall were sheaves of rye, barley and oats, and ears and stalks of field and sweet corn, many of which were used for decorating the beams and posts of the building. A little earlier in the season, during the harvest moon, the agricultural hall was the setting for the big annual agricultural picnic, dance and supper.

The place was crowded with people slowly milling about and looking at the produce and demonstrations of butter-making with the latest appliances, consisting of a fluted butter worker and revolving barrel

and swing churns, which superceded the paddle and bowl worker and dasher churn.

One corner of the hall was reserved for bee-keeping supplies and it seemed a spot of much interest to many people from the mountains. They liked to watch the bees working behind the glass-enclosed, modern hives and to study the specimens of strained honey, the dark from the buckwheat, the light from white clover and other blossoms.

Mingling with the crowd was Thompson Kelly, a tall man of about fifty, wearing a long linen duster, coarse cowhide shoes, and a broad-brimmed straw hat on a rather small head trimmed with grey chin whiskers. On his arm he carried a small market basket, the contents covered with a red bandanna handkerchief. If any one showed the slightest curiosity about the contents, the owner would smilingly pull aside the handkerchief and show a large ostrich egg nestled in cotton batting. This exhibition had been going on for years at the county fair.

Floral hall was of octagon shape and along its outer edge were booths. The aisle between these booths and center exhibition stands was a wide one, going around the entire building. One outside booth showed an exhibition of harness, another of side bar, half spring and full spring buggies, some even showing the very latest thing in rubber tires. In some of the booths were representatives with models of the farm machinery that stood outside. Singer sewing machine models from the three-storied Singer building at 16th Street and Union Square, New York City, filled another booth. Hardware and fishing tackle was in one. In still another were wooden and iron flower stands for garden use. The pastry and candy booth was a display from a manufacturer in Poughkeepsie. Among its wares were Smith Brothers' cough drops and blue and green candy soldiers, four or five inches high. Further on was a booth for Horton's ice cream, sold for ten cents a heaped mound on round china saucers. Then there was a booth with Columbia chilled plows, Lane plows and Syracuse plows.

On the inner side of the aisle was a rail to protect the high tables upon which were the beautiful flower exhibits. One was reserved for roses and here we usually sent some of ours from the Jacqueminot bed. Once mother devised a more elaborate flower exhibit called "Queen

Victoria," which attracted much favorable attention. She had old Jesse Vridenburg make a little canopy with four columns and a hip roof. Against a black velvet background this sheltered a beautiful wax doll, Queen Victoria in miniature, with purple and gold velvet robes, jewelled crown and gilded throne. Goldenrod trimmed the columns and roses and other plants banked the canopy.

Garden lovers exhibited their beautiful calla lillies, verbenas, geraniums, asters, marigolds, portulacas, pansies, primroses and sunflowers. Wild flowers from the meadows, roadsides and woods were shown, such as the brown speckled, yellow meadow lillies, golden coryopsis, white bullseye daisies, boneset, goldenrod, large bunches of timothy and redtop grasses, creeping ground pine and white clematis from the stonewalls and fences.

The goodnatured crowd around this aisle would be almost too thick for comfort. From behind us in the crowd we heard some one say to my sister, "How do you do, my dear?" She turned and saw that it was old Chatterton, a harmless old tramp, well known throughout the county. Every once in a while, when night overtook him in our neighborhood, he would stop for a meal and a night's lodging in our barn. He was said to have lost his own farm years before which had unsettled his reason and caused him to offer to buy nearly every farm he visited. Milton Bostwick was the only one who ever accepted his offer. Old Chatterton was very much taken aback and was silent for a time but finally said he would go out and look it over. He came back, shaking his head, and said he could not buy it because it had the "tracks of a flat-footed goose" on it.

This day, at the fair, he had over his short, thick-set figure, his customary costume of a conglomeration of patches from head to foot, yet clean and white in effect. On his coat he had sewn hundreds of buttons. He wore patched mittens the year 'round but always removed one when shaking hands with a person and making a deep bow. Also a part of his usual costume were his green, gold-rimmed, corner-clipped spectacles. Beneath his spectacles his smooth-shaven face had a sweet, smiling expression.

Further along, there was an exhibition of potted plants such as

white and yellow azaleas, night-blooming cereuses, variegated coleuses, white and yellow jasmines and pink and white primroses. Passing one of these stands was a farm woman deeply interested in an exhibit of seeds and wanting a catalogue. The first I knew, she had, without looking, passed her sleeping child toward me, saying, "Here, James, take the baby!" but, to her surprise, James was several steps ahead in the crowd.

Hanging back of the flower stands were gay patchwork quilts, beautifully made, as were many other samples of needlework that nearly surrounded the hall.

Who should come in just as we were leaving the floral hall, but Thompson Kelly and his ostrich egg!

We would have liked to have seen the horseraces in the morning with the two- and four-wheeled sulkies and the trotters with their bandgaged legs and toe weights that were driven by our horse-loving neighbors, one of whom was Richard Mabbett who appeared beamingly happy as his horse pranced out on the track, but our time had been too limited. We were in time, though, to see the greatest novelty,—the bicycle races, now beginning at two o'clock. About a dozen young men, dressed in knit jackets, knee breeches and bicycle stockings and shoes, mounted their high wheels with hard rubber tires, some with a little wheel behind, some with a little wheel in front. Some of their pedals made the full circle with the foot, others, with a compressor band, caused the foot to go up and down only. The big grandstand was full of excited spectators, even the fences were lined with them. They cheered and clapped their hands and to us the riders' speed seemed something that could never be beaten on wheels on a racetrack.

In the distance was a grey object moving. We were sure it was not a mastodon. It did look like an elephant, yet it was too flabby and lopsided. Studying our program and examining the object more closely, we remembered that Mlle. Carlotta was almost due to make an ascension and this was her balloon. I was eager to see it so my mother laughed and said, yes, we might go where we pleased but she was tired and must go back and rest in the carriage. My sisters went off toward the bandstand where there was to be speaking, so I hurried

as fast as I could toward the balloon. By this time it was nearly inflated but there was a long wait. Finally, Mlle. Carlotta came out of the crowd, carrying a fur-trimmed, short coat and a pair of overshoes which she calmly tossed into the basket of the balloon.

The large, red-faced manager of the affair walked around the edge of the crowd that surrounded the balloon and picked out strong and solid boys and men to hold the trailing lines. To my joy, I was one of the chosen ones, as I was very large for my age. We all hung on while Mlle. Carlotta pulled her gay toboggan cap down over her hair and lifted her grey traveling dress enough to let her climb into the basket of the balloon. The row of sand ballast bags was unhooked from the basket, with the exception of a few, then the whole strain of holding the balloon was upon us, a small task for so many. We had been coached to listen for the signal, "Let go!" and with it the balloon started swaying gently upward over the crowd, Mlle. Carlotta looking down upon the upturned faces and waving her small white handkerchief. To me and the other boys she seemed a dream of beauty.

In less than an hour Mlle. Carlotta and her balloon had landed near Pondgut, a long streak of water between two ponds, and she was out of my life forever.

The cattle stables, sheep and hog pens were the only places left to visit and there was need to hurry because it was getting late. This late in the afternoon there were not so many sightseers around the cattle pens but there were several groups of farmers, awkwardly smoking their holiday cigars and talking over the points of the different animals. Jim Robinson, a raiser of Shorthorns, was scratching his prize cow under her chin and asking one of the judges, "Hain't she a pretty head on her?"

On exhibition there were Durhams, Holsteins, Jerseys, Guernseys and shorthorn cattle. Some of the cows were mooing while their calves were frisking about the pens. Bulls were answering each other in low, angry bellows. The more ferocious ones were tied by two ropes run through the rings in their noses. When they were led out of the pen for any purpose, they would be led from one side by a man with a long hickory staff snapped in the nose ring and from the other side by a man leading with a rope. The bulls were easy to lead because the copper

rings made their noses tender.

The sheep pens were mostly filled with Merinos and Southdowns. Some ugly-looking rams, with crooked horns and expressionless eyes that looked like brass-headed screws, bunted against the boards of their pens. Very few people seemed interested to visit the sheep pens, but one of our neighbors, who was the largest breeder of Merino sheep in the county, was always there.

More of a crowd surrounded the sheds where the hog pens were. Black Berkshires, white Chesters and Poland China hogs lay snoring and unconsciously caused the visitors to talk softly as they tiptoed through.

Already the shadows were getting long and a procession of wagons and carriages was leaving the grounds. Most of the remaining horses were beginning to get uneasy. Some were pawing and digging holes under their feet, others were whinnying, thinking what they spied in the distance might be their mates. Some old horses that had stored up their energy all day were now champing at their bits but this energy would soon leave them after a mile or so on the road. As we were approaching the gate to go out of the fair grounds, there stood Mary Watson, big, fat and colored, waiting for her turn to go through the gate. Her straw hat was broad-brimmed and trimmed with a wreath of artificial grass and she was standing near Fannie's head. Fannie reached out to take a bite of the grass, sniffing in Mary's ear at the same time. With a most unearthly yell, Mary ducked to one side, shivering and shaking as she walked out of the gate, and every once in a while rolling her eyes back at the horse, until she was lost in the crowd.

While we stopped to water the horses at Husted's drinking trough it was almost too dark to see the road, as the sky was overcast. Further on we were slowed down by a stony piece of road that was in a corner of the township of Union Vale. This was always a topic for conversation as it was a short stretch of road, remote from any road in that township and consequently neglected by the commissioner.

Driving over the crown of O'Brien's hill, far off to the east we could see a light streak of sky as the moon was coming out and from the back seat Eugene's bullet head could be seen outlined against it.

Mother said, "Eugene, have you enjoyed the day?" The answer was "Yassum."

#### THE BLIZZARD OF 1888

Saturday, March the 10th, was a beautiful spring day with little if any snow in sight, except in the woods in the shady ravines. Edward Bradford, the thirteen year old colored boy who worked for us, and I were making bar posts out south of the house by the woodpile and talking as though spring had come for good, that there would be no more snow and that frost was about out of the ground and we could soon begin plowing. The day was so pleasant my mother and sister drove down to Leather Hill, which was a foothill of Quaker Hill, to visit Mary Titus, our cousin, a distance of about fifteen miles. They planned to return the following day. Our cousin lived in a large plain brick house, with square windows flaring on the inside and forming deep window sills. On one of these deep window sills on the south side of the kitchen was a noon pin, which is a pin about an inch and a half high and a quarter of an inch in diameter. Just at noon the shadow from this nail crosses the head of another nail driven in the window sill.

Sunday was still warm, with drifting clouds and some blue sky, with an occasional squall of large, wet flakes of snow. This spitting snow and my cousin's warm invitation for them to remain until Monday, caused my mother and sister to defer their start for home to another day.

At home the barns were nearly empty of hay, except for one large mow of choice timothy which we had already sold to the Thornedale Stock Farm. We planned to start on Monday to fill from the stacks in the south meadow. As it got along toward night and my mother and sister had not arrived, we decided they had been very wise to wait until the snow squalls were over before they started home.

We awoke on Monday morning hearing the sound of driving snow against the window pane and it seemed as though it would never come daylight. We arose at the usual time and it was still dark and snowing hard. It was impossible to see through the snow that stuck to the windowpane, so we took our time in eating breakfast instead of following the usual custom of going to the barn first. Even by the time we

had finished breakfast full daylight had not yet come, but we left for the barn. There was a howling northwest wind blowing and a wet snow was sticking to everything in sheltered spots, but from the spruce trees to the barn a bleak stretch of path was blown entirely free of snow. The barn, old wagon house and corn house were completely coated with snow sticking to the siding.

Upon entering the barn we found the horses comfortable and warm and from there across the sheltered barnyard to the cow stable we had no difficulty in walking, there being only about six inches of snow on the level ground. We found the cattle contented and we gave them a good feeding of hay, and realized that we must in some way get a load of hay from the stacks that morning as there was not enough for another feeding without breaking into that mow which had already been sold.

On the south and east sides of the barnyard was a high, tight, board fence and the west and north sides were sheltered by the barn and stables. On the south side was a gate opening into a two-acre lot and just over the fence from this lot was the big south field with a stack of hay standing near the fence. The barn sheltered this little field for about half the distance to the stack, leaving the path swept by the wind and entirely free of snow. We yoked our oxen to a large sled, not knowing how we would manage a forkful of hay in all that wind. We drove around on the lee side of the stack and by raising the hay so the wind could get under it, it would blow big rolls of hay off onto the sled. This was repeated several times until we got a load large enough to haul to the barn. Meanwhile the weather had changed to an intense cold and the snow was fine, almost a hail. In spite of it we drew three or four loads of the hay, an amount we congratulated ourselves would take us over the storm.

It was now nearing noon and darker than I had ever seen it at that time of day. The wind was howling through the locust and spruce trees and the fine snow was almost horizontal. Looking at the thermometer we saw that it registered  $7^{\circ}$  above zero. By the middle of the afternoon we thought that the roads must be getting drifted full, the way they usually do in a heavy storm. By four o'clock it was dark and still snowing just as hard, with the howling wind unabated, so

we closed in for the night, thinking the storm would let up by the next day. We went to bed early, knowing we had plenty of wood and coal in. The woodsheds and coalbin were almost connected with the house and both were nearly full.

We went to sleep with the hewn frame of the house jarring from the force of the wind but our sleep was undisturbed by any fear of the storm. The storm was still going on when we awakened in the morning. There was now no sound of snow against the window panes, as they were already deeply encrusted with the wet snow of the day before which had now frozen solid. This morning was just as dark as the day before and it seemed as though it would never come daylight. My brother and I were up and I went in to see what had become of Edward.

I opened the door of his room and found that the bed and everything in the room was covered with from six to ten inches of snow, which had drifted through a small, triangular hole in the window pane, and there was no Edward to be seen. By poking around at the covers the snow began to crack open and presently up popped a woolly black head and Edward looked like a little black chicken coming out of a shell. When he saw the snow his eyes danced with delight. As he was already dressed, except for his boots that stood beside the kitchen stove, he was quickly ready to go with us to the barn.

As we opened the kitchen door we found that it was packed with deep snow, almost to the top, so we pushed the snow out and climbed over it and went to the woodshed and got our shovels. The snow was waist-deep until we got to the end of the spruce trees, just as it had been the day before, but from there to the barn it was mostly all bare ground because of the terrific gale that was blowing. As we opened the small door to go into the barn my brother's sou'wester hat went straight up and has never been seen since.

The barnyard was fairly clear of snow, except where it had drifted up against the barn and the cow stables, where we had to tunnel about twenty-four feet to get to the door of the cow stables. When we finished it was about nine o'clock and the cattle were all calling for feed and water. As Edward and I walked in front of the corn house we heard

a low, muffled, grinding sound. As we walked inside, over the snow-drifts that had almost filled the corn house, we found that my brother had dug out the cornsheller and was shelling corn for the chickens. Upstairs in the corn house were bins filled with grain, a workbench with tools lying on it, all covered with about eight inches of snow that had blown up the stairs and had quietly settled down on everything. Each tool on the workbench was plainly outlined under the blanket of snow that had settled on it. Up in the rafters and cross beams were rows and rows of snow birds, wise little things that they were to find the grain bins.

Under a Norway spruce tree, near the house, was a clucking sound which called for investigation. This was made by forcing our way under the snow-laden branches to the trunk of the tree. There, in a little round nest made of the spruce branchlets and completely free of snow, was a brown hen and one newly hatched chick. We immediately moved both to a warm place in the house. This little ball of fluff, named "Blizzard," grew to be a large white rooster with brown wings.

During all this time the same driving sleet and snow were coming from the unusual quarter, the northwest. The gale was so strong that the windward sides of the old rail fences were scoured down to the new wood. The mercury continued to hover at about  $7^{\circ}$  above. The drifts were becoming immense around the house and buildings. The roads and fences were all drifted under, except in the bleak spots where even the brown fields were exposed to the force of the wind. Where the snow had blown from the cleared lands into the woods, it drifted the trees under to a depth of from twenty to thirty feet. As the snow later thawed and froze it bent and broke many of the trees by its weight.

One of the most unusual things about the storm was the darkness of the days, an even darkness that did not vary for hours. All of us kept commenting about it being the worst storm we had ever seen. The wind had blown around the tenant house so violently that it left the house standing in a yard of brown grass, and about twenty feet north of the house, lodged in three apple trees, was a drift twenty-four feet deep. Ten days later, in that particular drift which had thawed and frozen, were a lot of Montana horses recently shipped in by Edward Phelps, browsing on the top of one of the apple trees that had been drifted

under, the limbs now showing above the snow. As this drift melted, it mashed this beautiful, young Baldwin tree flat to the ground.

Wednesday was very much the same and Thursday the storm broke. During all this time we had seen no one, not even our nearest neighbors. John Wing, our elderly mail carrier, who always made his ten-mile daily journey on foot, with his heavy, leather government mail-bag slung around his shoulder and a small leather bag for my father's mail, was unable, of course, to deliver the mail for over a week. This meant that we could get no word from my mother and sister, marooned by the storm at Leather Hill, or they from us. Neither could we enjoy our usual evening reading of the *New York Times* or the *Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle*. But had we boys had the daily newspapers we would have been too worn out by our day's work of hay foddering and snow shoveling to have been able to keep awake long enough to read them.

Thursday morning it began to grow lighter and the wind had died down in the night. All the land that had been swept clean of snow by the high winds was now covered with an even coat of snow. Before noon the storm broke and, as it cleared away, we realized what a heavy blanket of snow had fallen.

Since the previous Sunday night we had heard no whistle of any train, nor did we until the following Monday. When my mother and sister finally returned home there was great rejoicing and our unusual experiences to compare. I was glad to have been old enough to remember this snowstorm, for as long as I lived in New York State it was used as the measuring stick for all large storms, and I have only to close my eyes now to bring back a mental picture of our home on the Ridge in this largest snowstorm of record in that neighborhood,—the blizzard of '88.

#### VISITS TO OUR RELATIVES

Visits to Aunt Fannie's family, at Titusville, were wonderful, both in anticipation and in reality. When we heard that a visit was in prospect we would hug each other and kick up our heels and act so excited that my mother, hoping to reprove us for being so elated, would be apt to say that we had better not go.

There were three roads to Aunt Fannie's, one, the longest, was by way of the turnpike, another was through Mansfield where old J. Hall lived, through Verbank, across Freedom Plains, over Van Benschoten's hill and the third and shortest was the "backroad" that branched off the Freedom Plains road.

We seldom took the turnpike road to go to Titusville, because it was such a roundabout way. We preferred the Freedom Plains road, unless we wanted to visit with Aunt Betty on the backroad. This Freedom Plains road was a terrible one in winter, as it was perfectly straight for three miles, a windswept plain, usually the road full of hubs from the frozen horsetracks and ice in the ruts. At the end of this plain we rounded a curve to the Presbyteri—an church. (We called it the "Presbyteri—an" because the "an" was separate from the rest of the word in the gilt lettering on the big, black, oval board up in the gable of the church. A few hundred feet further on was a small group of houses and a blacksmith's shop. The weathervane on this shop was Gabriel, on his stomach, blowing his trumpet. This life-size figure was made of wood and painted white. We young ones used to think we were cold enough without coveting his position.

Then began the long drag up and over Van Benschoten's hill. The next thing we knew we were at Jerry Clifford's and looking down on our Aunt Fannie's house.

When we took the backroad we would stop at Aunt Betty's and Cousin John Buck's. The white-painted, green-shuttered house was up a driveway about five hundred feet and stood in a grove of locust and Norway spruce trees. The red carriage house was across the lane, near the house. Further back up the hill was the brown barn. Our arrival was necessarily unannounced, as these were the days before the telephone. Immediately after we arrived at eleven o'clock, Cousin Irene would come in and my Aunt Betty would ask her if she had put wood in the kitchen stove. In another minute we might hear a prolonged squawk from the direction of the henhouse and woodshed and my older sister and I would look at each other understandingly and, sure enough, we'd have a delicious chicken dinner about one o'clock.

After a dinner and a visit with Aunt Betty we would proceed on our way to Aunt Fannie's, arriving there about four o'clock. We drove

in the gate and would hear a shuffling and a scuffling on the broad veranda and out from under the wisteria vine would come running to us, Helen, Adele and Annette, grinning from ear to ear. They would be followed by Uncle Robert, smoking his pipe and greeting us warmly. Aunt Fannie, her lovely face framed in brown curls, would be standing to greet us as we drove under the *porte-cochère*.

In 1876, my father and mother, my oldest sister and my brother went to the Centennial at Philadelphia. My younger sister and I longed to go too, but were told we could go to the next, which pacified us, I not realizing I would be 104 years old at that time. The two weeks that our family was in Philadelphia, my younger sister and I spent with our Aunt Fannie.

The things that I remember best about that visit were traveling across the immense lawn that was dotted with groups of Norway spruce trees to the croquet ground in the hot sun and hunting for croquet balls under the hedge of arbor vitae that lined the inside of the front stone wall. I would be fortunate to make a trip across the lawn without being knocked down and rolled over by Nero, the big, black Newfoundland dog, friendly but rough. It seemed that literally thousands of trips were made across that lawn to the silver ice-water pitcher in the darkened diningroom. If colored Anne, who was hard to see in the darkened room, or Aunt Fannie were not there to pour the water for us, we were obliged to stand on a chair and tip the heavy pitcher for ourselves.

It was a very happy sight to see Uncle Robert coming home from the factory in the late afternoon because every child loved him. He would be smiling and laughing. I used to sit and look at him and think he was just perfect.

The woolen mills owned by "Elias Titus and Sons," of which Uncle Robert was one of the sons, were situated at Titusville on the Wappingers creek. The creek was lined with beech and sycamore trees and elms and the water from it was diverted through a long raceway and flume to the waterwheel of the mill. The mill was a long, three-story, wooden building, painted yellow ochre and stood at the foot of what they called "factory hill." In front of this mill the road crossed

a picturesque bridge shadowed by an immense willow tree and ended in the factory meadow.

As long ago as I can remember anything were the stories told by my mother's cousin, George Sweet, a man about sixty years of age. One day when we were walking by an outcropping of rock near the main road north of the house, Cousin George told of a dream that his Uncle Silas, an old man then in his eighties, had had when he used to raft lumber down the Hudson from Fort Edward. He used to dream of his coming home on a raft of logs and grounding on these rocks. I imagine that story has caused the dream to come to me of landing from a steamship or a sailing vessel between the two cherry trees near the barn.

George Sweet was a tall man with a very high nose and a straight mouth and he wore side whiskers. He spoke exceedingly slowly. He had gone to California in the days of '49, by way of Panama and had engaged in mining but, on account of his father's death, was forced to return and take care of his mother, to whom he was devoted. We used to look forward to our short visits at the home of Cousin George and his sister Elizabeth, at Washington Hollow, a distance of about eleven miles from our home. These trips were all made before I was fourteen years of age.

George and Elizabeth Sweet lived on a road branching off from the main road. To the left, as one drove in, there were low meadows. To the right was a long row of locust trees and beyond them the hill meadows rose to the west and were dotted with apple trees. At the end of the row of locust trees was a horse-block built in the picket fence and beyond that a gate to the driveway leading into the yard. On the opposite side of the road from the driveway was a gate leading into the pasture and just inside this gate was an immense black walnut tree, with its branches trimmed level on the under side by the browsing of cattle and horses. A young horse always seemed to be trotting up to this gate to greet us, looking over with his nose quivering and making a half-whinnying sound. The gentle treatment they received was reflected in their gentle eyes.

A short distance up the driveway stood the house, a long, low, story-and-a-half house, facing the south. It had a small, colonial porch,

with slim round columns. Its four or five steps led to seats on both sides of the porch. Its six-panelled door had a brass knocker and a large key hole. Towards the west end of this house was a long porch, extending the full length of the kitchen and room adjoining.

We would walk up the steps, knock with the knocker, and stand whispering until our sweet-faced Cousin Elizabeth opened the door. She looked so happy to see us and would usher us into the living room: This was a good-sized room with a black mantelpiece. Between the two south windows was Cousin George's desk, a square, flat affair like a table, with drawers at each side. Beyond the window and between it and the kitchen door, stood a tall, dark mahogany secretary with curved legs and claw feet. The room was sunny and most livable.

Mother generally went with us to visit these cousins. She and Cousin Elizabeth would talk over the congenial subject of the Sweets in general and we young ones would sit and listen with wondering interest. Cousin Elizabeth, in her younger days, had been run away with several times with horses, being thrown from their backs as well as from wagons when driving. During these episodes, several of her bones had been broken and from her descriptions of these accidents it seemed to us that she had been cracked all to pieces. They had stiffened her body and limbs to the extent that she was quite round-shouldered. She walked with short steps, with head bent forward. Her hair was a most beautiful golden brown, not a grey hair showing at sixty. It was worn high on her head, held up with a "Spanish" comb. Her face was rather thin and pale, her eyes large and brown and her expression the sweetest that one could ever expect to see. She took all her afflictions as a joke, making the stories of her accidents most ridiculous. She walked around the room as she talked, into her bedroom and out again, with little, short steps and generally holding her handkerchief under one arm.

I can remember staying for a noon meal once and it seemed to take forever for her to get it ready. She first moved the square, slim-legged, cherry table out from the wall to the center of the room. After the white cloth was spread, the dishes came one by one. They were of the best of white china and were brought by individual trips from the chimney closet beside the fireplace to the table. After a while, Cousin

George would come in slowly, shake hands all around and look straight at one with his bright, dark blue eyes.

No one could ever realize how Cousin Elizabeth finally managed to get the dinner all together, between her stops for quaint conversation and her wanderings back and forth, but I have recollections of delicious chicken and everything that goes with it. My mother would be saying all this time, "Now, Elizabeth, don't go to any trouble."

One of Cousin Elizabeth's stories had to do with a cat which her mother had wanted to get rid of. The man working on the place was assigned to the task of execution and he was described as stirring round, in and out, all day and saying, if he only had a gun, if he only had an axe, if he only had a place to drown it, he could kill the cat. These excuses went on all day and the cat was never killed but lived out its natural nine lives.

Cousin George's conversation was always carried on in his slow manner of speech. Some times it would be about old times, some times about the activities of the county fair, of which he was treasurer, or he might ask my oldest sister, a horse lover, if she did not want to see "El Capitan," a beautiful black Percheron stallion that he had exhibited at the county fair.

Across the driveway were steps leading down into the garden where old fashioned flowers were growing along the gravelled paths. At one end of this garden was a long grape arbor, in season, hanging full with the beautiful round, blue-black Concord grapes.

When we made this annual or semi-annual short visit, necessarily short in my mother's mind so as not to tire Cousin Elizabeth, she spoke of it as "going to auntie's," but we called it "going to Cousin George's."

## THE SMITH BROTHERS — "TRADE" and "MARK"\*

Being a Smith, my story will begin the way many stories start, with a notice that any similarity of names is purely coincidental. I have not been planted by the Smith Brothers to advertise cough drops, but I have been honored by the Mayor's committee with an opportunity to recount the history of an illustrious family of our city. I am one of the many Smiths with a cough—not the Smith with the cure.

We mark a centennial tonight—one which had birth 100 years ago—when the forefathers of this present generation of Smiths came to Poughkeepsie. In that year, 1847, James Smith and his family left St. Armand in the province of Quebec, Canada. Originally natives of Scotland, they had lived in Canada for 14 years where James Smith was well known as a carpenter. They made their way overland to Albany and took the steamboat down to Poughkeepsie. Included in James' family were his father, William, and his young sons, William and Andrew. These two, William and Andrew, were to become famous as "Trade" and "Mark."

As they drew into the upper landing they could see the thriving shipyards. Vassar's Brewery loomed up near the water front. A fellow passenger told them the village was now close to 10,000 population, and proudly added that they were now connected with New York by Professor Morse's sensational new telegraph. Yes, and they were going to have a railroad to New York City.

The village lay on the slope between the Post Road and the river. However, important new buildings were being built on the upper fringe of the village. For instance, there was the new village hall and market place—exactly the same place and same building as the City Hall today. Christ Church was on the site of the Armory where we are met tonight.

In these surroundings we are reasonably certain James Smith and his father, William, started in the candy business right away. Records of the Dutchess County Agricultural Society, made available by my

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\*An address made by Mr. Frederic A. Smith, County Clerk of Dutchess County, on the occasion of the testimonial dinner given April 19, 1947, by the citizens of Poughkeepsie as a part of the centennial celebration held by Smith Brothers.

friend, Benson R. Frost, show that in 1849 James Smith was awarded a diploma for his confectionery. An early advertisement for cough candy in 1852 was signed by William, the father. Other records of the Agricultural Society show that the Smiths were consistent exhibitors at the Dutchess County Fair down through the years. In 1896, although they paid for their space, they refused to exhibit because the fair had failed to guarantee that no intoxicating drinks would be sold.

One may pause and wonder why a man who had made a reputation as a good carpenter in Canada would go into the confectionery business. The only clue comes from St. Armand where we find that the little settlement liked to gather at the Smiths for candy pulls.

Last week I had a talk with a wonderful old lady who is now 98 years of age and who, I believe, is Poughkeepsie's oldest living citizen. Born Maria Eshleman, she is known to many of our residents as Mrs. Townsend Lee.

Did she remember the Smith brothers? Land sakes, certainly she could remember them. Why everybody was talking about those Smiths and how hard they worked and how good the candy was. She said: "I can remember the first time I asked my father for a few pennies to go uptown to get some candy. The store was just a little glass case in the hallway of the Smith home." Mrs. Lee was then a girl of seven or eight.

Did she know the famous "Trade" and "Mark"? Well, I guess she did. As young fellows William and Andrew used to go on picnics with her brothers, Ulrich and Nicholas. They called themselves the "Ham Club" because when the boys made an overnight trip across the river, they would get Papa Eshleman, who was in the bakery business, to bake a ham. Papa always objected because the ham flavor could be tasted next day in the bread and rolls.

Mrs. Lee reminisced fondly of her girlhood. The river was full of boats in those days and ice boats in the winter. Water Street was the place to live. The village had then become a city and gas lights were installed on the streets. The railroad had just been extended to Albany.

James Smith passed on and the era of William and Andrew—or

"Trade" and "Mark"—began. Andrew died in 1894. William lived until he was 81 in 1913. These two comprised the Smith Brothers of fame and fortune. The fame and fortune was not only of the Smith Brothers, but it was fame and fortune for Poughkeepsie. The cough candy not only soothed a cough but it was pleasant to take. Sugar was cheap and as fast as the U. S. Mint rolled out nickels, the Smith Brothers rolled out cough drops.

The Smith Brothers became Poughkeepsie's greatest philanthropists. William or "Trade" was the dominant character. I list a few of the better known things they have given to the city either in whole or in part:

Presbyterian Church, City Home Infirmary, Ebenezer Baptist Church, Zion A. M. E. Church, Abraham Lincoln School property, W. C. T. U., Y. M. C. A., Old Ladies Home, Y. W. C. A., and College Hill Park.

Money is one way of measuring values and I have tried to ascertain the value of these things. It is impossible, as the character of this family cloaked their giving with modesty. All qualified observers say certainly the Smiths have given Poughkeepsie over a million dollars. Some say the figure might be two million or more.

I am indebted to Leland Shaw, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. from 1902 until recent years, for some anecdotes of William "Trade" Smith. Mr. Shaw was a close friend of "Trade" and had frequent contact with him through the Y which was the object of many Smith benefactions. He says that William had a sign over his desk—"DO IT NOW." He lived up to that slogan.

According to Mr. Shaw, William was an intensely religious man. He figured that the money he made was just a trust God had given him to expend. He made a lot and expended a lot, and Poughkeepsie was the beneficiary.

There were other charities about which no one knew. For instance he traveled to New York one day in company with some other Poughkeepsians. Passing through the station, Smith suddenly remembered that he had left his little square cornered satchel on the train

seat. He rushed back and soon returned with it. "My but I'm glad I found it," he said. "There's ten thousand dollars in there I'm going to give away today."

Shaw was with him on another occasion when the Y. M. C. A. had a convention in Washington. The delegates were being received by President Taft at the White House. As the crowd milled around, Smith said to Shaw: "Lee, you and I will wait. If we're the last in line, we'll have more time with the President." They waited and then Smith carefully maneuvered himself behind Shaw and was the last to shake the President's hand. When he caught up to Shaw he said: "When I shook his hand I left a box of cough drops in it."

Then there was the time that he was going to Albany on the train. The conductor came around for tickets. William felt in his pockets. Then he got up and went through his pockets again. The conductor was sorry for the old man so he said kindly: "That's all right—never mind your ticket. I'm not going to put you off."

"Ticket," said William, his whiskers bristling, "here's my ticket but I can't find a box of cough drops for you."

William was succeeded by his son, Arthur, and Arthur carried on many of his father's good works, being particularly generous to Vassar Hospital.

Business was expanding all the time with Smith Brothers Cough Drops now known over the entire world. From a little business supplied from the kitchen stove, it had expanded to its present status of two modern factories—one at Poughkeepsie and one at Michigan City, Indiana.

Arthur died in 1936 and his two sons, William II and Robert L., who are the guests of our city tonight, are the fifth generation carrying on. They are conducting a business which has been a boon to Poughkeepsie's prosperity for 100 years. They continue the benefactions of their father and forefathers.

Although faced with taxes that prior generations did not have to pay, this present generation has carried on the philanthropic tradition. They regularly give 5% of their earnings to civic betterment. One

may infer this is considerable when it is known that the business grosses over five million a year.

Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts have been the chief beneficiaries of this present generation, with the Community Chest and other worthy causes receiving regular support. The Girl Scout camp at Pawling is one of the most recent gifts.

One hundred years are being condensed into 15 minutes tonight and one must move rapidly. There are fond recollections by many persons still living of the Smiths peddling candy in baskets, the nationally famous restaurant with its pretty waitresses and excellent food. Generations of Poughkeepsians remember Smiths' penny mixtures, and Smiths' twenty-five cent picnic lunches.

I am wandering helter-skelter through the years. Seven cent sodas—lining up for bread and rolls at the Union Street bakery. The smell of anise around the old factory back of the Armory and the strips of candy trimmed off the edge which kids could always get by hanging around; stern William taking the waitresses out for a ride in his carriage and in later days in his new gasoline buggy. These are memories as dear to the early history of our city as an old swimming hole or initials carved on a birch tree.

If dollars were only coughs, Smith Brothers have made enough cough drops to liquidate the national debt. That's a lot of dollars. It's also a lot of cough drops.

These famous Poughkeepsie bearded boys hold the world's record for the number of times their pictures have been reproduced. They have put a Poughkeepsie product on the tip of more tongues than any other product in the world.

Smith Brothers, five generations of them, have given not only of their dollars but also of their service. The character of their giving has fostered Christianity, morality, temperance, the building of health and happiness in youth, security and comfort for old age. They have helped immeasurably to make Poughkeepsie good. They exemplify the quality of citizenship which makes America great.

## MIZZEN TOP DAYS\*

Mizzen Top was started as a stock company, with Albert J. Akin, John D. Dutcher, Obed Wheeler, William H. Akin and others as stockholders, but after a few years it was entirely controlled by Albert J. Akin and was left by him as one of the assets of the Akin Hall Association.

The hotel was built in 1880, so I have no very distinct recollection of that early time, but I do remember it later as a large building in the middle of what had been a hayfield, with little sticks of trees beginning to grow. They must have been growing, unnoticably, for years, but not until I came back after a lapse of twenty years to find them as they are now did I realize how many they were. The cottages which I remembered as open to the sunshine were all shaded and so were the hotel lawns and verandas.

The hotel was a huge building, covering the entire plateau where Akin Hall now stands. Mr. Eltinge was the builder and possibly the architect. The original building ran north and south with verandas on the west and north sides. It was three stories high, with cupolas at intervals. After a few years the east wing was added, also three stories high. Annie Thomas reminds me that we rode on the timbers as they were brought up. Incidentally, when Mizzen Top was finally demolished, that east wing turned into Annie Thomas' house! In that wing was the *porte-cochere*, where the four-horse stages used to arrive with a great flourish, and a really big ballroom which opened into the main foyer of the hotel. It contained a stage at one end and windows opening on the porches on both sides, where every-one used to sit and watch the dancing. The verandas were on all sides of the building and it was a quarter-mile walk from one end to the other. On the lawn to the west was a fountain and two summer-houses, for the view from that side was magnificent.

There was always a good orchestra, usually four pieces, which played after lunch and again all evening. In the large foyer were many

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\*A paper read by Mrs. Emlen Trenchard Littell before a meeting of the Historical Society of Quaker Hill and Vicinity held in August, 1947.

tables for whist, or people sat around and talked or listened to the music. Also there was a large parlor and several small sitting rooms. I remember so well the elevator which creaked frantically, but was much patronized by the elderly guests. The large diningroom, toward the south, had windows on both the east and west sides. Two hundred and fifty people could be seated there at one time and there were usually from 250 to 300 guests, and always at least 100 persons on the staff.

Many families brought their own horses, carriages and coachmen. There was a good livery stable, so the roads were always busy and gay,—though dusty!

The cottages were occupied season after season by the same people, the Hatchs and the Stuarts in the east cottage, the Bullards in the middle, and the D. Willis James family in the west cottage. The Hardees, from Savannah, built and owned the one on the west corner, afterwards bought by Mrs. Gilder's father, W. S. Stafford. It is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith.

The road used to come up past Mrs. Howgate's farm house and straight up the hill, a 20% grade, with numberless "thank-you-marms," so there were at least two stops, with often a pause for the horses to drink at the watering trough at Mrs. Branch's spring. The four-horse stages were really amazing. They were built like surreys, "with the fringe on top," but with four or five seats, each holding three people. They met all the trains and were in great demand to go to the lake for picnics, some times by moonlight, or for a day's drive to New Milford and back.

I was not allowed to go to the hotel unless some of the family were staying there but when I was about 17 I was permitted to go occasionally to a Saturday night "hop" or to take part in some tableaux. Every week there was a large dishpan of fresh flower bouquets put in the office, to be sold for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund and donated by the owners of various gardens. The millions of sweet-peas I picked and bunched for that dishpan!

On Sundays many of the families did not take out their horses and carriages, so then was the time that everyone took a walk, "ladies" with long skirts and parasols and gentlemen in white suits and straw hats.

And that brings me to the "Wayside Path." It was a gravelled walk about three feet wide, which ran from the glen to the Quaker meeting house. There were little rest seats along it at various intervals. My mother was president of it for a while and I can see her now, driving up and down the road to be sure that the man was at work, weeding, trimming, draining and generally keeping it in order. There were fairs given for the benefit of the "Wayside Path," but I do not know how else it was supported. It was kept up for years, until motors came and people stopped walking.

About 1896 the golf club was started, in what is now Miss Louise Branch's house. There were nine very snappy holes, though the greens were not much to boast about, but they improved with age. Every Saturday afternoon one of the members of the club was hostess at tea, with several bridge games going, and these teas went on for years until the present Country Club was started.

Akin Hall was filled every Sunday, as different eminent clergymen were asked to take the services, though there were resident all-the-year-'round ministers, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Pease and Mr. Chichester.

The first manager of Mizzen Top was a Mr. Jones who ran it well for several years. Then Mr. Howe, who managed the Princess Hotel in Bermuda in the winter, took it over for about twenty years, bringing up the same staff he had down there. The food was notably good. After his death, Mr. Tworoger who had been steward, was manager and after him was a man named Chase. During his regime, there was an infiltration of undesirable people which rather disturbed the members of the Akin Hall Association, so much so, that about 1923 they finally decided to close the hotel.

Then, in 1925, Miss Cooley was persuaded to open the Quaker Hill Inn which was located in the Ann Hayes cottage on the corner, now the manse and occupied by Mr. Lankler. The cottages were used and forty rooms in the north end of the hotel. During this time there were many distinguished guests, one of whom, Dr. John R. Mott, president of the Institute of Social and Religious Research, with various secretaries in 1931, used the library as a workshop. Dr. Gates and his family had one of the cottages, after which he returned to Istanbul. Dr.

Gamage used to hold his school commencement parties there.

After 1932 the inn was closed again for a couple of years but it was reopened by Mr. and Mrs. Little who kept it until 1941 or 1942, when it was closed for good.

Meanwhile Mizzen Top, gaunt, lonely and empty, was declared unsafe for further occupation and was torn down in 1934. The ground was filled in and Akin Hall was moved over to the site, on what had been the south end of the hotel.

The grand era of the big hotels was over.



The Vice-President passed through this village on Monday last, on his way to Albany. He came from New York to the Highlands in his steam-boat. From thence to Albany he travelled in his own sleigh. Scarcely any other man probably would have thought of employing a Steam Boat to bring him singly to the Highlands; but as his excellency is going on to Albany to renew his claim to the 600,000 dollars, the expense of the jaunt was hardly worth taking into the account. Truly it may be said that he dances about at his pleasure, *but we the people pay the Piper.*

*Poughkeepsie Journal*, February 23, 1820.

## THE "WHITE HOUSE ON THE CORNER"\*

The white house on the corner on Quaker Hill, now known as the manse, was owned by John Toffey<sup>1</sup>, a hatter and a farmer, and the land, including the site where Akin Hall now stands as well as the fields opposite Mrs. Littell's and the Wheeler place, southwest to the glen, was owned by him prior to the Revolutionary War.

He married Abigail Akin, daughter of John Akin of a well known Quaker family, herself a Quaker. They had five sons who in manhood had not the difference of one pound in their weight. They were Hewlett, Akin, George, John and Daniel. Of these, John and Daniel settled on Quaker Hill, John inherited the homestead (the property on the corner) where he carried on a general mercantile business in the store adjoining his home and where he erected a new building in 1823.

It was the half-way stopping place for drovers, driving their cattle from Hartford to Poughkeepsie, to rest their cattle in the large barn south of the house and opposite the Wheeler home. There was also a tannery, a hat shop, cobblers and a cabinet maker on the grounds. John was postmaster for many years and the mail was brought by stage-coach from Poughkeepsie.

John Toffey was a Friend in principle but never united with the society. He married Esther Akin, daughter of James Akin, in 1814. They had three children,—Polly who married DeWitt C. Thomas and went to live in Delaware county, James who died when he was nineteen, and Ann Akin who married John Hayes, a clerk in her father's store, who built the east end of the house. The west end of the house in later years was moved to the field below, and across the road from Mrs. Littell's.

Ann Hayes is the one who some here may remember as spending her life in the old home. She was assistant postmaster for forty years, a position rarely held by a woman at that time. Her sister Polly, after the death of her husband, came with four sons and a daughter to live

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\*A paper read by Miss Annie M. Thomas at a meeting of the Historical Society of Quaker Hill and Vicinity, held August 14, 1947.

at the corner. One son, DeWitt, Jr., had died of a fever in the Civil War. Another son, Eugene, received a head injury during the war and died as a result. It was he who planted the trees on the grounds where Akin Hall now stands.

A cousin, Olive Toffey Worden, with her four children stayed with Mrs. Hayes while Lieutenant Worden (later Admiral Worden) was on his cruises. It was said that when the Worden boys were disciplined and sent to bed without any supper, "Cousin Annie" would steal up the back stairs with a tempting tray. In the summer the house was filled with relatives and friends as paying guests,—rates were \$6.00 per week.

The incoming mail gathered many around and the neighbors removed the basket containing the mail from a beam in the kitchen, taking their mail and reading the postal cards. It was also a great meeting place on the way home from church. William B. Wheeler, Jr., tells of one Sunday when he and a cousin, William V. Toffey, 2nd, lay on the lawn in front of the porch with mouths as well as ears open to listen to tales of the Civil War as told by those assembled. They were General Lew Wallace, Admiral Worden, General Anson McCook (who was boarding at Mizzen Top), Colonel John J. Toffey (the first man to raise the flag on Lookout Mountain, at which time he was wounded and was given the Congressional Medal of Honor), Captain Obed Wheeler and the Rev. John R. Paxton, a prominent New York clergyman who had preached that day at Akin Hall. Mr. Paxton was converted at the battle of Gettysburg when the men on either side of him were shot down and as soon as he was mustered out of the service he studied for the ministry.

Other well known visitors were Benson J. Lossing, the historian, Professor Grosvenor of Amherst who translated many Greek books into English, and Professor Franklin Giddings who taught sociology at Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. Albro Akin with their children, Helen (now Mrs. Littell) and Albert, and with Mrs. Akin's sister, Miss Helen Read, spent six summers with Mrs. Hayes. Mrs. Akin was much interested in and supervised the making and upkeep of the "Way-side Path" which extended from the glen to the Osborn home, now occupied by the McLean family.

General and Mrs. Lew Wallace (the latter a cousin of Mrs. Hayes) spent many summers at the corner where, in an upstairs room in the northeast corner of the house, part of the book *Ben Hur* was written and revised.

There were two places the children were allowed to go only on rainy days—the attic, to dress in the old-fashioned clothes hidden in the trunks, and the “wash house” connected with the back door of the house by a board walk. There we were allowed to have candy pulls and it was always a signal for the children from Mizzen Top to join us.

The outside cellar door was kept open in the summer and the children of the neighborhood were allowed to go to the cookie jar (a stone crock) and help themselves. Every night Aunt Ann would make the rounds and if the contents were depleted she would arise the next morning before the household and replenish the supply.

At holiday time, after we had church service at Akin Hall (services were held there all the year) the house would be full of guests for the tree at the hall and for a week of sleighriding, coasting and skating. Among these would be Miss Nellie Taylor (a niece of Mr. Albert J. Akin), Billie Wheeler and the Toffey cousins.

Aunt Ann entered into all of their pranks and enjoyed seeing the boys vie with each other to see who could flip the pancakes the highest while baking them.

Aunt Ann was interested in old and young, rich and poor. No one was ever turned away from her door. She mothered me from the age of five and as long as she lived. I feel she left a rich heritage, not of material things but her contentment with what she had, sympathy, understanding and courteousness and her great faith in God as well as His children.

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1. Note: John Toffey, born 1753 and died December 14, 1829, was a native of Long Island and was educated there. He later came to Putnam county and married, as his first wife, a Miss Fowler of Carmel, N. Y. They came to “Ravinewood” (now owned by the Hon. Ralph W. Gwinn) at South Quaker Hill. This young wife died, leaving no children. John Toffey, in 1776, married Abigail Akin, daughter of John Akin, and sold “Ravinewood,” moving to the farm, a portion of which was later sold to the Mizzen Top corporation for the erection of the noted hotel. This farm had been

purchased by John Akin from Cornelius Hamen in 1758. It contained  $78\frac{3}{4}$  acres and was sold by the son to settle the estate of Cornelius Hamen, Sr., of Rye, Westchester county. When John Akin died he willed the farm to his two daughters,—Ann who married Thomas Worth, and Abigail who married John Toffey. Ann and Thomas Worth, when they moved to Hudson, N. Y., gave a quitclaim deed to John and Abigail Toffey.

The farm was inherited by their son, John Toffey, and later by his daughter Ann Toffey Hayes, of sainted memory. It is now owned by the Akin Hall Association.



1805, July 31

To Spirits allowed the Neighbours  
for hoisting the Pump ..... .25

From: Accounts of the Treasurer of the Village of Po'keepsie.

## THE SANITARY FAIR

In 1864 a thirteen-year old girl, Mary Oakley Jacockes, visited the Sanitary Fair, held in Poughkeepsie and wrote a composition telling what she saw and enjoyed at the bazaar. Mary was the daughter of Benjamin de Sobry Jacockes and Susan Oakley and was born in Poughkeepsie. She removed to New York City in 1865, where she lived the rest of her life. She married Leonard Beeckman and their daughter, Miss Florence Beeckman, a member of the Dutchess County Historical Society, has loaned to the year book for publication the little article written eighty-three years ago.

The "composition," in the extremely neat, old-fashioned handwriting is as follows:

### A VISIT TO THE SANITARY FAIR

This fair was held in the city of Poughkeepsie in March 1864; and I will try and give you some account of it. The building faces on Main Street, and a large flag waved from it. The building is four stories high, including the basement which is a large room where persons could order a dinner of boned turkey, roast beef, or anything that took their fancy. On the next floor were refreshments of all kinds, such as, ice cream, oysters, oranges, nuts, apples, cake &c. something to suit everybody. The room was very tastefully dressed with evergreens, and looked very nicely; in the south west corner was a counter, and above it was fastened a large white card saying in large letters, "GOLD" three grabs for ten cents." It consisted of a basin of water, in which was a gold piece; any person had the privilege of grabbing for it three times, by paying ten cents; but they had an electrical machine, which magnetized you so, that you could not hold the gold.

On the next floor were the tables of fancy articles, consisting of some very handsome things. In the middle of the room was a large shoe, in which sat a little girl representing the old woman in the shoe, and she sold dolls to those who would buy; behind her was a large card on which was printed,

There is an old woman that lives in a shoe,  
She has so many children she don't know what to do,  
To some she's given white bread, to some she's given brown,  
And now she wants to sell the rest and get them out of town.

There were many interesting things on this floor, consisting of the military booth, Gypsie's tent, bower and Swiss booth, where the famous Bullfinch sung every hour. It was a small bird, about an inch in length, who hops upon the edge of the box, sings a song, flaps its wings, turns its head from side to side, and goes down in its box and shuts the door. There was also a grab bag, ten cents a grab. I took a grab, and got a little man who when you blew on him wistled. The Post Office was situated in the south west corner of the room

and afforded a great deal of amusement, to the curious, and indeed to everybody. On the top floor, were several mowing machines, donated by gentlemen to the fair. On this floor also were the Old Dutch Kitchen, skating pond, and patent mill for grinding old folks into young. The old dutch kitchen was very interesting; there was an old spinnet there nearly two hundred years old and dried apples hangin on the walls and an old negro sitting in the corner. They served tea every evening an the table was full of old fashioned things, on tin platters. The skating pond and patent mill were very interesting and besides these there were several relics and curiosities; such as slave whips, notes from President Lincoln &c and several things that belonged to General Washington.

I have given you some account of the fair, and will now close; only saying that I enjoyed myself very much, and the fair passed off very nicely.

Mary O. Jcockes.

March 30th, 1864.

This young girl has given a very good description of what she saw at the fair. Her account was necessarily brief and, as the affair was the outstanding event of the generation, some further account of it showing the stupendous amount of energy and the resourcefulness of the women of the period is given.

During the Civil War throughout the country in the larger communities of the north a series of bazaars, under the supervision of the United States Sanitary Commission, were held for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers of our national army. Early in 1864 the residents of Dutchess County planned for such an affair. Mrs. James Winslow was appointed president, Mrs. Charles Ruggles secretary and Miss Sarah M. Carpenter treasurer. There were seven vice-presidents, an executive committee of five and a group of managers, 66 from the city and a similar group from the county, representing most of the towns and villages. These officers were all women and include the names of most of the well-known residents of the area at the time. Most of them had been active in the Woman's Relief Association, organized in 1861 to send food and clothing to the soldiers and to aid their families at home.

An announcement was prepared and circulated, urging every one

in the county to assist. The farmers were asked to donate products of their fields and dairies. Factories, workshops, mills and all branches of trade were invited to send in "specimens of the best things they could turn out." "Our loyal women" were asked for the "exercise of their taste and industry." The press was requested to spread the idea and give it wide publicity and encouragement. The clergy were urged to interest their parishes. Space at 361 Main street was engaged, where articles could be sent and where they were probably examined by the "appraising and appropriating committee." The citizens were asked to contribute food of all descriptions which might be sold from the tables or served in the restaurant. Flowers and house plants were begged for. In addition to the gifts which might be sold, request was made for the temporary loan for exhibition of pictures, works of art, trophies, battle flags, relics and mementoes of the war. The promise was made that at the close of the fair a catalogue of articles contributed, with the names of the donors, would be published.

There were many, many committees and departments. The floral temple, gypsy tent, Swiss booth, military tent, perfumery stand, post office, "old woman in her shoe," fancy tables, refreshment department and the restaurant were served by the women. One group of seventeen young women was called the "Indefatigables." What may have been their duties or accomplishments was not disclosed. There was a table of articles contributed by the Cottage Hill Seminary, a boarding school for girls. Each of the towns represented had tables of fancy articles ("beautiful, charming and elegant objects, perfect tidies and darlings of pincushions") and tables of eatables, the donations solicited in its own neighborhood.

And the men helped, too. They served on an advisory committee, helped on the receiving committees and in decorating. They maintained a floor committee and had charge of the skating pond, the picture gallery, the barbershop, the telegraph, and aided in other capacities.

The affair was held March 15-19, 1864, in a large, unoccupied coach factory, owned by Matthew Vassar and loaned for the occasion. It had been transformed by the decorators into a veritable fairyland. Before the event, and leading up to it, entertainments, concerts, soirees and tableaux, were given in the schools and churches to raise the funds to start the fair. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lectured one evening at Pine Hall. The lecture was largely attended and, as Mr. James Winslow had paid the expenses of the occasion, the sum of \$300. received in proceeds was added to the treasury.

The newspaper reported that, in spite of unprecedentedly muddy roads, four thousand people from far and near visited the fair on the opening day (the selling of admissions had to be suspended for a time) and that "the crush of crinoline and the smash of hats was terrible, but everybody was happy." Fifty gallons of lemonade, 917 quarts of ice cream and 46,000 oysters were consumed.

Many contributions were made for the raffles. Some gave tons of coal, barrels of flour and apples, potatoes, turnips, beets, onions and such desired commodities. Pocahontas Engine Company No. 2 of Rhinebeck, twenty-three of whose members were in the war, made a generous contribution. The employees of Adriaance, Platt & Company presented a No. 2 mower and the firm gave another. *The Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle* objected to the raffling but it was capably defended by Mrs. Benson J. Lossing. One of the ministers of the city preached a sermon against the holding of raffles, but happily he waited until the fair was over and had netted \$16,282.72 after the necessary expenses of \$2,358.15 had been paid.

In due time the report was issued. The committees thanked one and all, those who had contributed and donated and those who had attended and purchased. All the cash gifts and the articles received were acknowledged and the donors listed, where known. Receipts were shown as follows:

Beekman Refresh't Table, &c.,	\$ 394 50
Dover Fancy Table,	258 35
East Fishkill Refresh't Table,	134 20
Fishkill Fancy Table,	702 53
Fishkill Land. Cash Donations,	106 00
Wap's Falls, Mrs. J. Faulkner,	139 00
New Hackensack Soc. & Table	214 34
LaGrange Refreshment Table,	514 40
Milan, by Mrs. O. Booth,	15 00
Pawling Table & Cash Donat's,	328 49
Pine Plains           "   "	192 45
Red Hook             "   "	480 60
Rhinebeck           "   "	108 00
Stanford Table &   "   "	65 08
Union Vale           "   "	20 00
Philadelphia Table,	102 68
Sale of Tickets,	2,336 64
Skating Pond,	421 09
Post Office,	113 91
Agricultural Department,	837 45
Schools,	917 00
Tickets and Sales of Old Room,	536 14
Sales of Pictures, Cloths, &c.,	549 41
Was'n Table & Cash Donat's	203 80
Cloak Room,	43 63
Swiss Booth,	489 72
Military Tent,	256 67
Floral Temple,	411 57
Old Woman in her Shoe,	91 58
Grab-bag, Barber Shop and Gipsy Tent,	55 11
Telegraph Office, Floral Cake,	23 75
Fish Pond,	38 30
Po'keepsie Fancy Department,	2,750 66
"   Refreshment   "	1,188 99
Lower Restaurant,	534 23
Cash Donat's, Po'keepsie, &c.,	2,996 60
Table, no name or number,	69 00
	<hr/>
	\$18,640 87

It was noted that bad roads and worse weather had dampened somewhat the enthusiasm which had been expected from the rural neighborhoods and another unfortunate item was mentioned in the treasurer's report, the sum of \$38.53 which had been received in discontinued and counterfeit money.

It is interesting to note that the most attractive and profitable feature was the "Dutchess County Room of 100 Years Ago." The report states that the room was thronged day and evening. An admission fee of ten cents was charged and tea in the rural style of one hundred years before was served for fifty cents.

The entrance was through a double door on the upper half of which was a knocker which had been used on a mansion near Poughkeepsie for 120 years. (The knocker was loaned by Mrs. H. Livingston). Overhead was a low ceiling with huge projecting beams on one of which hung a fowling piece and a powder horn. There was a large fireplace ornamented with blue Dutch tiles depicting Biblical scenes. A corner cupboard, filled with antique china of all kinds, stood on one side of the fireplace and on the other side were an old English clock in a tall mahogany case and a delicate ebony stand. A spinet, a sofa brought to Dutchess County from Holland in 1690, many old chairs, pictures, mirrors and samplers were included in the furnishings. Upon a high shelf were about a dozen books printed in Holland and bound in vellum and on a small table an old Dutch Bible with silver clasps. A scarlet cloak and a turkey-down tippet, dating from the 1750's, hung on a peg. A large, round, mahogany dining table, brought from Holland early in the previous century, was loaned by Matthew Vassar, Jr., as was the sofa. It was said that George Washington, as well as many other distinguished men of his period, had sat at this table. The woodwork in the room had been finished in a somber red-brown and at the windows hung curtains which had been in use in the county before the Revolution.

All this was provided as a background for the ladies, some of them descended from the oldest residents of the Hudson valley, dressed in the costumes of their grandmothers or great-grandmothers, the genuine dresses full a hundred years old. One was spinning on the great wool wheel; another making thread with an ancient flax wheel; another presided at the tea table on which was arranged an abundance of silver, pewter and china vessels and plates, including a complete silver tea set that had once belonged to Judge Bloom. Food, substantial and dainties, such as might have been found on the table of a housewife in the early days was provided. A lump of sugar, suspended by a string, that the tea drinker might choose to "stir or bite," emphasized the old-fashioned atmosphere. Members of the "family" were engaged in various duties and there were guests present in costume. In the chimney corner sat a grey-haired Pompey in patriarchal dignity, in small-clothes and scarlet waistcoat, and an Indian girl in full costume mingled with the guests. Among the ladies assisting in this "Dutchess County

Room" were Mrs. D. S. Jones, Mrs. Charles H. Ruggles, Miss Henrietta Livingston, Mrs. Levi M. Arnold, Mrs. E. Buck, Miss Carrie Patten, Mrs. Franklin, Miss Brown, Miss Varick and Mrs. DeGross. The room was built and arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Benson J. Lossing and Mr. Matthew Vassar, Jr., all of whom were in attendance, attired in the full dress of the previous century.

In her composition Mary Jacockes mentioned the patent mill for making old ladies young. This was "a curious work of science and art" contributed by Mr. Anderson, a confectioner of Brooklyn, who had previously exhibited it at the Brooklyn fair. It was a glass case containing a windmill, steam engine and water wheel which, though made of sugar, were in constant motion. On one side a number of old ladies who had entered the gate were shown as they waited their turns to go through the mill. Steps led to the top of the mill "and therein, headforemost, had been plunged one aged dame, the miller still standing over her and pushing down a refractory limb which still projected and, to little purpose, beat the air." On the far side was shown a group of bewitching young ladies who had gone through the mill and had emerged entirely rejuvenated.

The skating pond, mentioned in Mary's report, was constructed under the supervision of Mrs. E. Anthony of Brooklyn, who had provided a similar one for the fairs held in Brooklyn and in New York. It was described as a round vessel, similar to "a common washing tub, lined with plates of looking glass, each about six inches wide and extending from the rim to the bottom of the tub." A false bottom was arranged to revolve upon a central pin which raised it a bit above the real base. This false bottom was covered with ice-colored glass and upon it were placed a number of dolls in skating costume. The glass bottom was set to revolving and "by placing the eyes near the rim of the tub and looking at the reflections in the mirrors on the opposite side the visitors could see a perfect picture of a large skating pond with skaters in full motion."

Acknowledgment in the final report was made of the many gifts received. There were hundreds of cakes (a donor gave an ornamented cake worth \$15.00; Mrs. Robert B. Monell of Hudson sent a very large plum cake, elegantly decorated; Mr. Rowland gave an ornamented

pound cake with a ring in it, the ring the contribution of Mr. William S. Morgan, and George Gifford gave "a nice cake"); Charlotte russes; crullers (a resident of the town of Washington sent a half bushel of doughnuts); and pies, custard, mince, pumpkin and lemon, and tarts. There were numberless biscuits and loaves of bread; dozens and dozens of eggs and gallons of milk and cream; quantities of meat, hams (Kuhn & Palmer presented an ornamented ham weighing 28 pounds), beef, tongue and many turkeys and chickens. Mrs. Ruggles gave a "bushel of olicooks." Coffee and tea, butter, sugar, pickles, jelly, canned fruit and vegetables, salads and cheese and bottles of wine were outstanding on the lists.

In addition to the expected pieces of china, pictures, etc., many interesting articles were sent for the sale: a map of the United States in silk needlework, made in 1800 by Mrs. Cary; several transparencies, four maps of the Hudson river; a newspaper of 1775 and a manuscript of 1790-92, fifty prints of the Van Kleeck house by Benson J. Lossing; some of which would be welcomed as gifts to the Dutchess County Historical Society. Other contributions, as interesting but of less historical value, included a clothes wringer, a black cassimere vest, a dozen small bird houses, 7 "leather breast plates for the bachelors of 1864" (given by Mr. Richard Southwick), 4 hot bed boxes, 24 dozen fish lines, a marble lamb, 3 dozen boxes magnetic ointment, 26 boot-jacks (they may have been some of those provided for the Vassar College students), 3 fly cages, an ampla, 6 sets of false teeth, a Southdown sheep, a stuffed cat skin, patent rein holder for wagons with the right to manufacture in Dutchess County, a horse rake, a Chinese kite,—to name a few!

Among the unusual articles loaned was "an arched plant with gold fish," a piece of rebel cloth, "an alligator skin and a likeness of the rebel General Ashby," a penmanship picture of the Lord's prayer and, what was, undoubtedly, a treasured friend, "a small black dog skin stuffed," loaned by Johnny Colby.

Acknowledgment was made of many other loans and favors. D. H. Dougliss had loaned 2,348 pieces of crockery and Riedinger & Caire had provided 133 pieces of stone ware. Professor Eastman had loaned chairs and tables. The Poughkeepsie Gas Company had donated 10,000

feet of gas. Mr. Johnston, Provost Marshal, had procured about 50,000 oysters of the best quality, at first cost prices, free of charge for freight, &c., and had furnished a cook for the same at his own expense. Mrs. Jones of Clinton Point had sent the greens for decorating. The profusion of plants and cut flowers for sale and for decoration had been supplied by the well-to-do owners of estates in the neighborhood and included the names of "Messrs. Bard, Dinsmore, Kelly, Boorman, Wheeler, Miller, Stuyvesant, Crosby, Buckingham, W. A. Davies, T. L. Davies, Curry, Hagerty, Newbold, Emott, Dow, Winslow, Donaldson, Bech, Kent, Brinckerhoff, Vassar and Beadle." The Poughkeepsie and New Paltz Ferry Company ran their boat at a later hour than usual and at a reduced price, to accomodate visitors from the west side of the river. The Poughkeepsie Cornet Band and the Eastman College band had furnished music each afternoon and evening.

It was the outstanding event of the time and it was used as a measuring stick for many years thereafter. It is no small wonder that Mary Jacockes enjoyed herself and chose the fair as the subject of her composition.

AMY PEARCE VERNOOY

1794, Jan. 18. We now withdraw our fellowship from . . . . .  
. . . . . 1st, for Playing and Rangling with Mr. . . . .; 2nd,  
for drinking to excess; 3rd, for Damning the Assessors; 4th, for break-  
ing the Sabbath; 5th, for Neglecting to Come to meeting; 6th, for  
neglecting to hear the Church etc.

From: Minutes of the Firsh Baptist Church in Dover.

# BIBLE RECORDS OF DUTCHESS COUNTY FAMILIES

## COLLINS FAMILY BIBLE

[Holy Bible] (no title page) Title page before new Testament says: The New Testament . . . . . Philadelphia; printed and published by M. Carey, No. 122, Market-street. 1813.

### MARRIAGES

- Walter E. W. Collins & Laura Hermans of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., Was married July 25th, 1831
- Martin W. Collins & Eliza Goodyear of St. Louis, Missouri, Were Married Oct. 24th, 1835
- John W. Collins & Jane Ann Budd of Poughkeepsie, Were Married Dec. 2, 1835 Married on the 18th of Sept 1844, Minard Velie Collins to Mary Ann Pullen, of Rocheport, Missouri
- Married on the 23d of Febuary 1847 by the Rev. Eldad Pomeroy Joseph C. Bell, Cayuga County, New York, to Eugenia Alice Collins
- Married on the 3d of Oct. 1847, Caleb Angevine Collins to Jane E. Wesley of Pleasant Valley
- Married on the 20th of April 1848, Oliver Davis Collins of Pleasant Valley to Martha Jane Pelham of Fishkill
- Married Oct. 3d, 1852, by Wm. N. Sayers of Pine Plains, Dutchess Couty, Samuel A. Humeston to Rebecca E. Collins, both of Pleasant Valley
- Married Jan. 10th, 1855, by Rev. Joseph Elliott, Egbert C. Seaman, to Sally Ann Collins, all of Pleasant Valley

\* \* \* \* \*

### BIRTHS

- Oliver D. Collins was born 14 Dec'r, 1777
- Sarah Ward was born 12th Feb'y, 1784
- Children: Walter E. W. Collins was born 15th May 1805
- Anna Maria Collins born 28th July 1806; departed this life 9 Feb'y 1808
- Maria Collins
- John Ward Collins—Born the 19 April 1808
- Maria Collins, born 11 May 1810; and departed this life the 7 day of April 1814
- Martin J. Collins, 23 Jan'y 1812

\* \* \* \* \*

- Oliver D. Collins Was Born Decem'r 14, 1777
- Sarah Collins was Born Feb'y 12, 1784
- Walter W. Collins was born May 15th, 1805
- Anna Marria Collins Was born July 28th, 1806
- John W. Collins was Born April 19th , 1808
- Maria Collins was Born May 11, 1810

Martin (W) Collins was Born January 23, 1812  
Oliver Davis Collins Was born June 14th, 1816  
Minard Velie Collins Was born May 26, 1818  
C. Angevine Collins Was born Aug't 26, 1820

#### DEATHS

Oliver D. Collins Departed this life Feb'y 13th, 1833; Aged 55 years & 2 months  
Sarah Collins Departed this life Oct. 25th, 1860. Aged 76 years, 8 months,  
13 days  
Martha Jane Pelham, The Wife of Oliver D. Collins, Departed this life,  
April 1, 1896, age 69 & 9 months  
Sally Ann Collins was Born Feb'y 13th, 1814  
Alice Carpenter Collins Born May 5, 1822  
Rebecca Eliza Collins Was born May 21st, 1825

\* \* \* \* \*

Deaths: Anna Maria Collins Departed this life Feb'y 9th, 1808  
Martin W. Collins, Departed this life Sep'r 8th, 1841, aged 29 year  
Died at Rocheport, Mo., Oct. 19th, 1853, Velie Collins; Aged thirty five years.  
C. Angevine Collins departed this life Aug'st 11th, 1879, in the fifty  
ninth year of his age  
Maria Collins departed this life April 7th, 1814  
Died in Pleasant Valley March 23th, 1887, Sally Ann Collins, aged  
73 years  
Died in Poughkeepsie April 14, 1890, John W. Collins, aged 82 years.  
Died in Fullerville, St L Co , February 25th, 1891, Walter E. W. Collins, in  
the 86th year of his age  
Died in Cansevaga, Al Co, May 9th, 1895, Alice Carpenter (Collins) Bell,  
aged 73 years  
Martha Jane Collins Died April 1, 1896, Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County,  
N. Y. Age 69 — 9 Months

Mr. Oliver D. Collins, of White Plains, has loaned to this society for reproduction in this issue of the year book a family chart made by his great-great-grandfather, Oliver D. Collins, born at Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, in 1777. The present owner of the chart is the son of James Collins, who was the son of Oliver Davis Collins, born in 1816. The chart is hand-drawn and colored in red, black and yellow, somewhat faded. The births are listed under a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis, the marriage under a pair of red hearts and the deaths under a black coffin. Mr. Collins has also loaned the family Bible, which contains the same records, and others, for publication in this issue of the year book.

## SCOTT FAMILY BIBLE

The Holy Bible, containing the old and new Testaments, translated out of the original tongues; and with the former translations diligently compared and revised. New York, American Bible Society, instituted in the year 1816. 1850

### BIRTHS:

Daniel Lee Scott, born in Philadelphia, March 7, 1808  
Mary Jones Scott, born in Red Hook 1808

Henry J. Scott, Jan. 25, 1833  
Mary Ellen Elizabeth Scott, January 20, 1842  
Anna Maria Scott born Jan. 10, 1835  
William Robert Scott, born April 22, 1837  
Elizabeth Scott, born June 5, 1844  
Sarah O. Scott, born  
Cornelia Scott, born Oct. 12, 1846  
Walter Scott, born Oct. 1st, 1849

### DEATHS

Mary Elisabeth Scott Departed this Life 12th Day of October 1844  
Henry I. Scott Departed this life the 8th day of May 1857  
Elizabeth Scott Departed her life the 21st March 1858  
Anna Maria Scott Departed this Life the 18th Day of July 1859  
William R. Scott Departed his life the 31st December 1864  
Daniel Lee Scott November 29, 1892  
Mary Jones Scott 1904  
Cornelia Scott July 31, 1931

Note: Mr. Henry Lawrence Scott, of Tivoli-on-Hudson, has brought to the attention of the editor that the statement was made, in the issue of the Dutchess County Historical Society year book, published in 1929, that the Honorable William Jones, son of the Viscount of Ranelagh, (who married General Montgomery's sister) had died unmarried. The year book is pleased to correct this statement and to print the family record of Mary Jones, daughter of the Honorable William and Maria Lasher Jones, who married Daniel Lee Scott. Mr. Henry Scott has supplied the following record of his own family:

Walter L. Scott, son of Daniel Lee Scott, married Mary Wigram Keeney, daughter of Thomas B. and Gertrude Wigram Keeney, (daughter of William Witbeck Wigram and Catherine Hopkins Wigram) and had the following children:

Gertrude M., born at Saugerties, May 11, 1893  
Miriam, born January 25, 1895; died August 16, 1895  
Richard Lee, born at Tivoli, January 13, 1896  
Thomas K. L., born at Tivoli, September 17, 1899

Henry Lawrence, born January 20, 1908

Henry Lawrence Scott married, August 28, 1938, Mary Bell Bard and has two children: Barbara Bell, born July 16, 1942, and Henry Lawrence, junior, born April 3, 1945.

