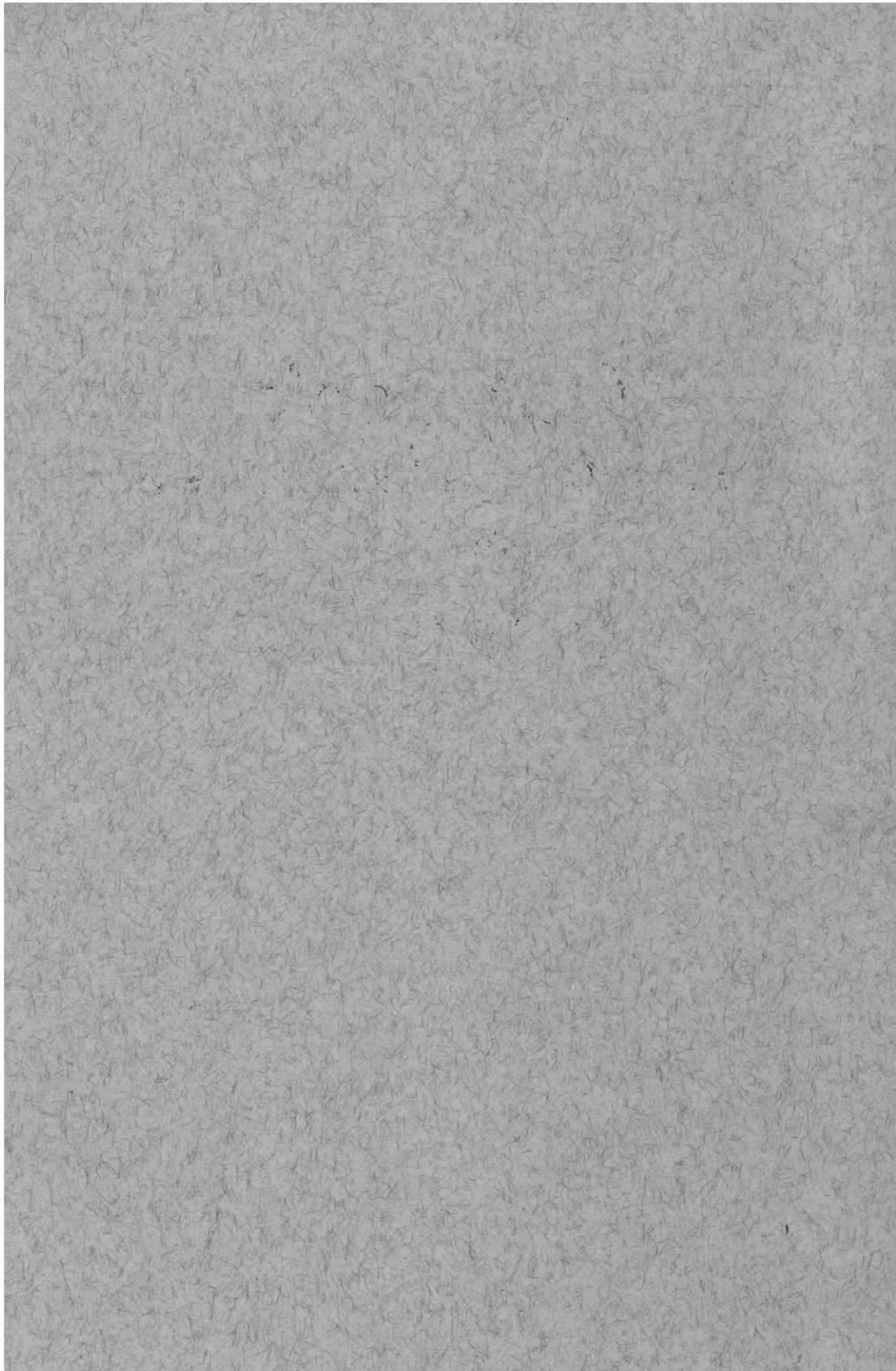


Year Book

Dutchess County Historical Society

Volume 40

1955



Year Book

Dutchess County Historical Society

Volume 40

1955

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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	\$3.00
Joint membership (two members of one family)	\$5.00
Life Membership	\$25.00

Annual dues are payable on January 1 of each year.

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

Payment of three 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. Only one copy of the year book is mailed to a joint membership.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath to the
DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

.....Dollars

OFFICERS

1 9 5 5

President: EDMUND VAN WYCK, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Vice President at Large: FRANK V. MYLOD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Secretary: MRS. AMY PEARCE VER NOOY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Treasurer: MISS ALBERTINA T. B. TRAVER, Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Curator: MRS. AIMEE BUCHANAN, Hyde Park, N. Y.

VICE-PRESIDENTS FOR TOWNS

Mrs. J. E. Spingarn	Town of Amenia
Robert W. Doughty	City of Beacon
Mrs. F. Philip Hoag	Town of Beekman
James Budd Rymph	Town of Clinton
	Town of Dover
Mrs. Edward V. Stringham	Town of East Fishkill
Miss Edith Van Wyck	Town of Fishkill
Benjamin H. Haviland	Town of Hyde Park
Mrs. F. Jay Skidmore	Town of LaGrange
Henry R. Billings	Town of Milan
	Town of North East
Egbert Green	Town of Pawling
George E. Schryver	Town of Pine Plains
Clifford M. Buck	Town of Pleasant Valley
Miss Annette Young	Town of Poughkeepsie
Leland H. Shaw	City of Poughkeepsie
Mrs. Donald E. Norton	Town of Red Hook
Mrs. Harry H. Hill	Town of Rhinebeck
Mrs. Harrie D. Knickerbocker	Town of Stanford
Mrs. Theodore Coe	Town of Union Vale
Miss Mary Goring	Town of Wappingers
John O. Tyldsley	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
The Curator, ex-officio

CLASS OF 1956

Mrs. John H. Darrow	Miss Ruth A. Halstead
Raymond G. Guernsey	Robert G. Hill

CLASS OF 1957

Joseph W. Emsley	Miss Margaret L. Suckley
J. Hunting Otis	George E. Whalen

CLASS OF 1958

Mrs. Stuart R. Anderson	Edgar B. Nixon
Harris N. Cookingham	John R. Schwartz

CLASS OF 1959

Harry T. Briggs	Mrs. Fred C. Daniels
Clifford M. Buck	Henry Noble MacCracken

CONTENTS

Secretary's Minutes	9
Treasurer's Report	16
Our President Says	18
<i>Edmund Van Wyck</i>	
The Annual Pilgrimage	20
The Discovery of the Birthplace of the American Cowboy.....	23
<i>Susan Zurhorst</i>	
The Cemetery at Pink's Corners	28
<i>Jennie U. Strong</i>	
The Old Stone Church	29
<i>Jennie U. Strong</i>	
The Story of the 240 Years of St. Paul's Church, Red Hook.....	32
<i>Frederica Coon Rockefeller</i>	
A Visit To Blithewood	38
<i>Margaret Chanler Aldrich</i>	
John Bard, Willie Bard and the Founding of St. Stephen's College....	43
<i>Richard Mott Gummere, Jr.</i>	
Stephen and Julia Olin	53
<i>Olin Dows</i>	
Bible Records of Dutchess County Families	66

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 \$3.00 each and may be obtained through the secretary or the treasurer. Address: The Dutchess County Historical Society, Poughkeepsie, New York.

OCCASIONAL PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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

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

SECRETARY'S MINUTES

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

May 4, 1955

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held on Wednesday afternoon, May 4, 1955, at four o'clock, at "Wildwood," the home of Mr. Harris N. Cookingham, at Red Hook.

Present: President Mylod, Mr. Cookingham, Mrs. Daniels, Dr. Nixon, the treasurer and the secretary, and Mrs. Mylod.

The minutes of the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held October 13, 1954, were read and approved.

The treasurer reported that the 1955 dues had been received from a large percentage of the membership.

There was some discussion about the Wells estate, but there were no members of the committee present to make a report.

A letter from Dr. MacCracken was read, suggesting that the historical society might be interested in publishing the book written by the late Professor Fite on the ratification of the Constitution by the State of New York. After discussion, it was decided that before planning to publish the manuscript it might be well to have some competent person read the several published articles on the subject, as well as the one by Professor Fite, to evaluate the new manuscript. It

was the opinion of those present that the society would be interested to see it printed if there were additional material in it, but the state of the treasury would not warrant it at the present time.

Mrs. Daniels told about the workshop in local history conducted by the Reverend Mr. Hillery in Putnam County.

Miss Traver reported that the Lutheran Church at Red Hook is celebrating its 240th anniversary this year.

Dr. Nixon spoke about the possibility of publishing a Dutchess County calendar, illustrated with views of the beauty spots and landmarks of the county. He agreed to inquire about costs, etc.

The fall pilgrimage was discussed and it was decided to visit the northwest section of the county. Mr. Mylod appointed Mr. Cookingham, Mrs. Anderson and Miss Traver as a committee to make arrangements.

Dr. Nixon inquired if any of the members of the society had collections of Kodachrome pictures of scenes in the county and suggested the possibility of a collection being made by the society.

Plans for the annual meeting, to be held May 20, were discussed and the president appointed the

group as a nominating committee to present a slate of officers to be voted on at that meeting.

There being no further business,

the meeting adjourned with a vote of thanks to Mr. Cookingham.

Amy Ver Nooy,
Secretary

ANNUAL MEETING

May 20, 1955

The annual meeting of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held on Friday, May 20, 1955, at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie. The business meeting was held at 11:30 a.m., Mr. Mylod presiding.

In the absence of the secretary, Miss Traver read the minutes of the semi-annual meeting, held November 11, 1954, and of a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held May 4, 1955, and they were approved.

The report of the treasurer was read and approved.

The secretary's report stated that the society had lost a few members by resignation and the following members by death: Miss Georgianna Conrow, Mr. J. Gordon Flannery, Mr. T. Rae Kilbourne, Mrs. Thomas F. Lawlor, Mrs. Sumner Nash Spurling, Mr. Bayard Verplanck and Mrs. Francis B. Whitcome and Mr. Arnold J. F. Van Laer, an honorary member.

The curator was unable to be present and the president read a

letter which she had sent, resigning her office, effective July 1, 1955. The resignation was accepted with deep regret and the president said he would request the secretary to report the same to Mrs. Steeholm.

It was reported that the year book was in the hands of the printer and would be distributed promptly when received.

Mr. Hill reported, for the Glebe House committee, that some further work had been done on the building, the kitchen had been painted, some floors scraped, the Dutch door had been reconverted into its former state and the chimneys had been capped. He suggested that a committee representing this society confer with a similar committee, representing the Junior League, in further plans for the rehabilitation of the house.

There was some discussion with reference to the Caroline Thorn Wells estate but no action was taken, except that the Board of Trustees was empowered to employ counsel, at a reasonable compensation, to look after the interests

of the society.

The president read an invitation for the members to attend a dedication ceremony on May 21, 1955, at 1:30 p.m., on the occasion of the opening of a new Early American Crafts Building at the Old Museum Village of Smith's Clove, Monroe, New York. He urged those present to visit the museum.

Mr. Mylod stated that the annual meeting was the occasion for the election of those officers whose terms had expired and asked for nominations from the floor. There were none and Mr. Cookingham nominated the following: for president, Mr. Edmund Van Wyck; vice-president-at-large, Mr. Frank Mylod; secretary, Mrs. Amy Ver Nooy; treasurer, Miss Albertina T. B. Traver; trustees for a term of four years, Mr. Harry T. Briggs, Mr. Clifford M. Buck, Mrs. Fred C. Daniels and Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken. Two vice-presidents, Mr. Robert W. Doughty, representing the city of Beacon, and Mrs. Harry H. Hill, representing the town of

Rhinebeck, were elected.

The names of the following new members were proposed and they were elected: Mr. Donald F. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Connor, Mrs. Walter J. Ellis, Mrs. Charles R. Eno, Mrs. Ray Fiet-sam, Mrs. Mary Fortington, Mrs. Lewis Gage, Mrs. Clifford Rathkopf, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Regnault and Miss Mary C. Spafford.

The meeting adjourned to the dining room, where, after Mr. Hillery asked the blessing, an excellent lunched was served.

Following the luncheon, Mr. Mylod explained that Mr. Charles Zurhorst, who had expected to address the meeting, had found it impossible to come to Poughkeepsie. He introduced Mrs. Zurhorst who told the story of the birthplace of the American cowboy, which her husband had expected to tell, and described their extensive research on the subject.

The meeting closed with a rising vote of thanks to the speaker.

Albertina T. B. Traver,
Secretary, *pro tem.*

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

October 10, 1955

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held on Monday afternoon, October 10, 1955, at the Adriaance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie.

Present: President Van Wyck, Mr. Buck, Mr. Cookingham, Mrs. Darrow, Mr. Emsley, Mr. Guernsey, Miss Halstead, Dr. MacCracken, Mr. Mylod, Judge Schwartz, the treasurer and the secretary.

The new members of the board were welcomed and the meeting was called to order by the president.

The minutes of the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held May 4, 1955, were read and approved.

Miss Traver reported on the state of the treasury. She also reported that the war bond, purchased by the society in April 1943, had matured in 1955, and would no longer accumulate interest. After discussion, it was decided that the bond be cashed and the money be placed in the savings account until it may be needed for some specific purpose.

Mr. Van Wyck read a letter from Mrs. Charles H. Smith, asking if the Junior League might use the mailing list of the society for the purpose of sending out a communication with regard to the Glebe House. It was voted to permit Mrs. Smith to use the list for this purpose, although it was noted that it was the policy of the society not to loan the membership list.

There was no report on the

Glebe House but, in a discussion, it was decided that the society could not afford to do anything further in the way of rehabilitation or furnishing until something more definite were known about the possibility of renewing the lease.

A brief report was made by the pilgrimage committee and it was voted that the committee be warmly thanked for their efforts which resulted in such a successful day. It was also voted that letters, expressing the appreciation of the society, be sent to the many persons who contributed to the enjoyable occasion.

It was voted that a letter be sent to Mr. Hill, asking what had been done to determine the status of the Caroline Thorn Wells house.

The possibility of publishing the manuscript prepared by Professor Fite on the ratification of the Constitution was discussed. Dr. MacCracken stated that he thought it would prove of greater interest to Dutchess County if some additional information from the local angle and some biographical material concerning the delegates from this area were added. He mentioned that the courier who brought the news of the ratification by the State of Virginia had covered the distance between Bowling Green and Poughkeepsie in seven hours

and twenty minutes, an unprecedented achievement. It was decided that the society was not in a position financially to do anything about the printing at the present time.

The secretary reported that another manuscript, on the history of Bard College, had been offered to the society for publication. It had been prepared as a thesis by Mr. Christopher Magee.

The matter of a new curator was discussed and Mrs. Ver Nooy was asked to confer with a member of the society who might be interested and who was well recommended by Mrs. Steeholm.

Mention was made of the storage space allowed to the historical society in the county office building. Mr. Van Wyck and Judge Schwartz agreed to make inquiries with reference to a better location.

It was announced that the semi-annual meeting would be held on October 21, at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie, and that Dr. MacCracken had agreed to tell something about the Staatsburgh Livingstons, which he had gleaned from a collection of letters written by Mrs. Maturin Livingston of Staatsburgh.

Mention was made that a milestone, which had formerly been located on that section of the South Road which was being widened, had been removed. Mr. Mylod offered to check on its present whereabouts and the possibility of its being re-set. Mr. Buck told of a similar happening on the Salt Point Road and he agreed to find out about it.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

Amy Ver Nooy,
Secretary

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

October 21, 1955

The semi-annual meeting of the Dutchess County Historical Society was held October 21, 1955, at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie. The business meeting was held at 11:30 a.m., Mr. Van Wyck presiding.

The minutes of the annual meet-

ing, held May 20, 1955, and of a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held October 10, were read and approved.

The secretary reported that the society had lost two members by resignation and the following members by death: Mrs. Arthur D.

Benson, Mrs. J. D. Dutcher, Mrs. Austin Flint, Miss Alice T. Ham, the Reverend George B. Kinkead, Miss Emily Johnston, Miss Anne C. Tompkins, Mr. B. C. Tousey and Mrs. Milton Van Tassell.

The treasurer gave a semi-annual report, January to July, and also reported on the current state of the funds.

Mrs. Ver Nooy reported that the 1953 year book was ready for distribution and that the manuscript for the 1954 issue was ready for the printer. She hoped that it would be published promptly and also reported that the issue for 1955 was in the course of preparation.

There was no report from the Glebe House committee and no report concerning the Caroline Thorn Wells estate.

Mr. Cookingham told of the recent pilgrimage and Mr. Van Wyck elaborated on his modest report and noted that letters of thanks had been sent to the several persons who had helped in various ways to make the day a memorable and successful occasion.

Mr. Van Wyck stated that the office of curator had been vacant since the resignation of Mrs. Steeholm during the summer and that he was pleased to announce that Mrs. Aimee Buchanan, a member

of the staff of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, had consented to take over these duties as of January 1, 1956. He felt that the society was fortunate in having Mrs. Buchanan in this important office.

It was reported that Mr. Olin Dows, a trustee of the society, and the Reverend Mr. Hillery had recently sustained injuries in separate automobile accidents. The secretary was asked to write them, expressing the concern of the society and the hope for their speedy and complete recovery.

Mention was made of the kindness of Mr. Clair Leonard, organist of the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, in providing a very pleasant interlude of organ music on the occasion of the recent pilgrimage. It was voted that the society send him a check for \$15.00, as a very slight token of appreciation of his kindness.

It was suggested that a county council, composed of representatives from the various organizations interested in local history, might be of great assistance in furthering the work of all. There was considerable interest and some favorable discussion, but no action was taken.

The following new members were proposed and elected: Mrs. J. Dewitt Benson, Mr. and Mrs.

Matthew Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Murtaugh and Miss Mary V. Phillips.

There was no further business to bring before the meeting and the group adjourned to the dining room, where lunch was served to about 90 persons.

Following the luncheon, Mr. Van Wyck presented Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, who told of a collection of letters written by

Mrs. Maturin Livingston, which had been given to Vassar College. He read excerpts from the missives which gave an unusual and very human picture of the home life and interests of a member of that well-known family in the middle of the last century.

At the conclusion, a rising vote of thanks was given Dr. MacCracken.

Amy Ver Nooy,
Secretary



REPORT OF THE TREASURER

January 1, 1955 - June 30, 1955

PERMANENT ACCOUNT—Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, January 1, 1955.....	\$7,341.65
Interest	96.67
Balance on hand, June 30, 1955.....	\$7,438.32

CHECKING ACCOUNT—Poughkeepsie Trust Company

Receipts

Balance on hand, January 1, 1955.....	\$ 337.47
Received from dues	1,029.00
Received from sale of books.....	13.00
	\$1,379.47

Disbursements

Stamped envelopes for bills.....	\$ 17.53
Curator	50.00
Secretary	50.00
Treasurer	50.00
New York State Historical Association, membership	5.00
Lansing-Broas Printing Co., bills.....	12.55
Hyde Park Historical Association, membership....	1.00
Lansing-Broas Printing Co., printing reply cards..	9.60
Nelson House, guest luncheon.....	2.00
Postcards and Postage	21.59
	\$ 219.27

Balance on hand, June 30, 1955.....	\$1,160.20
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THE HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS MEMORIAL FUND

Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, January 1, 1955.....	\$2,373.12
Gift	3.00
Interest	31.25
Transferred from Glebe House Fund.....	29.96
Balance on hand, June 30, 1955.....	\$2,437.33

INVESTED FUNDS

War Bond, purchased April 1943, matured April 1955	\$1,000.00
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Respectfully submitted

Albertina T. B. Traver, *Treasurer*

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

JULY 1, 1955 - DECEMBER 31, 1955

PERMANENT ACCOUNT—Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, July 1, 1955.....	\$7,438.32
Matured U. S. War Bond.....	1,000.00
Interest to December 31, 1955.....	107.21
Balance on hand, December 31, 1955.....	\$8,545.53

CHECKING ACCOUNT—Poughkeepsie Trust Company

Receipts

Balance on hand, July 1, 1955.....	\$1,160.20
Received from dues	144.00
Received from sale of books.....	10.00
	\$1,314.20

Disbursements

Curator	\$ 50.00
Secretary	50.00
Treasurer	50.00
Rhinebeck Gazette, envelopes for year books.....	32.00
Guest luncheons (Nelson House)	4.00
Reply postcards, paper, postage for pilgrimage.....	28.32
Bard College organist, Clair Leonard.....	15.00
Year Book, Rhinebeck Gazette, printing	475.00
Lansing-Broas Printing Co., binding.....	38.50
Postage	25.00
Editing	200.00
Mailing	15.00
Copyright	4.10
Lansing-Broas Printing Co., printing reply cards....	10.75
Lansing-Broas Printing Co., envelopes.....	13.20
	\$1,010.87

Balance on hand, December 31, 1955.....\$ 303.33

THE HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS MEMORIAL FUND

Poughkeepsie Savings Bank

Balance on hand, July 1, 1955.....	\$2,437.33
Gift to Glebe House.....	200.00
Interest to December 31, 1955.....	33.62
Balance on hand, December 31, 1955.....	\$2,670.95

Respectfully submitted,

Albertina T. B. Traver, *Treasurer*

OUR PRESIDENT SAYS:

The processes of life go on, "the old order changeth, giving place to new" and in the midst of all these seeming confusions, new directions of thinking, new discoveries, new modes of living, improved means of travel, we are not unlike Alice and the Red Queen, who found it took all the running they could do to keep in the same place. However, out of the experiences of the past and in the light of the present, the future is moulded and therein is the justification and reason for our existence as an historical society, the preservation of our knowledge of the ways and means of life and living in the past, blended with our daily experiences, to bring about a future existence in which we and our children, "even unto the third and fourth generation," can live in peace with God and all mankind.

So it is our pleasure, not to say profit, as a society to delve and, literally, dig into the past to re-focus on the screen of the printed page the daily living of our ancestors and the ways and means of it. Dutchess County has many caves and cliff-sides where careful digging may reveal more than just traces of Indian habitation. There are many "lost" or forgotten homesites, along overgrown and unused old roads, where treasures may be unearthed. There is even a "lost village" that has been found and is being reconstructed.

The *digging* into the past can be laborious, the *delving* is not so strenuous and may only call for a trip up stairs or ladder to an attic or down into a court house or library storage vault. And the fruits of such labor may be equally gratifying.

There are some of us still cluttering up this terrestrial ball who remember when oxen were a very common motive power, may know when horses were almost the sole means of transportation and we doubt not there are a few who have never ridden in a horse-drawn sleigh or wagon! (Poor souls, what they have missed!)

What we are driving at is, of course, the fact that the past gets away from us so rapidly that there is an urgent necessity for us to make a record of those day to day things, happenings that make up history and to find and preserve the old papers and records that still exist but which may so easily be lost to ourselves and those who come after us.

So, as we read and enjoy this present volume of our year book,

let us each resolve to make it possible for some future reader and, mayhap, historian to enjoy reading about us and our times, even as we enjoy reading about those who have gone before us. Write down all those facts, human interest stories and things you know about. The whole world will enjoy and be richer for it.

* * *

1955 was a good year and it passed very quickly. At our spring meeting we had the pleasure of hearing about the "lost village" which Mr. and Mrs. Zurhorst have unearthed down in Grape Hollow. They have done both digging and delving and have derived an immense amount of satisfaction from both. They were most kind to come and tell us about their discoveries. A visit to the site is well worth while.

* * *

Our pilgrimage committee arranged an interesting and enjoyable trip. We are pleased to publish in this issue some of the talks given on that occasion and we are deeply grateful to Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Rockefeller, Mrs. Aldrich and Mr. Gummere for their kindness in this particular. And, we are grateful to General Delafield, President Case of Bard College, Mr. Clair Leonard, organist at the Church of Holy Innocents, and to Mr. Larson of Ward Manor, all of whose individual contributions for an enjoyable day are much appreciated. Mr. Cookingham and his committee did a splendid job in planning and arranging the tour and those who had the good fortune to attend were well repaid for coming with us on such a rainy day.

* * *

Everybody enjoyed Dr. MacCracken's talk at the fall meeting. And this reminds us that those who heard his series of talks at the Congregational Church (and those who missed that opportunity) will be happy to know that the first volume of his history of Dutchess County, *Old Dutchess Forever*, will be ready for distribution December 1, 1956. Orders will be accepted at any time before that date, at a pre-publication price of \$4.25; after December 1, 1956, the price will be \$4.95. So, send your order to The Casperkill Press, P. O. Box 1133, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Edmund Van Wyck

THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE

Undaunted by heavy showers during part of the day, about one hundred pilgrims joined the trip arranged for September 24. The various stops were made as arranged and special thanks are due to those who so kindly welcomed a drove of damp and eager pilgrims.

About sixty persons gathered in the steadily pouring rain at the Church of St. Peter the Apostle. Here Mrs. Warren W. Rockefeller told the story of the Rhinebeck church and of St. Paul's Lutheran Church at Red Hook. Mrs. Jacob H. Strong told about the Old Stone Church and the cemetery which has been so well cared for by the Rhinebeck chapter of the D. A. R.

Although assured that the group would be quite happy to remain on the porch at Montgomery Place, the doors were thrown open and a very appreciative audience listened with rapt attention to General Delafield's story of Montgomery Place and to his descriptions of the many portraits and the people they portrayed.

The glowing fireplaces at Blithewood were a bright spot in a grey day and Mrs. Aldrich, standing on the stairs a few feet above the group gathered in the hall, told of her ancestor, General John Armstrong, and his connection with the estate, and read an account of a visit made there by Fredrika Bremer in 1849.

In the various rooms the good friends at Bard had arranged tables for the convenience of those who brought picnic lunches and in a small dining room a delicious lunch was served to those who had made reservations.

The ringing of the bell of the Chapel of the Holy Innocents brought the pilgrims to that building, where the president of Bard College, Mr. James H. Case, Jr., welcomed the visitors. Mr. Richard M. Gummere, Jr., told something of John Bard and his son, Willie Bard, and the founding of St. Stephen's College. As a pleasant interval Mr. Clair Leonard played selections on the organ.

By this time the rain had stopped and many of the pilgrims strolled up the hill to view the various buildings on the campus and to visit the library, where an interesting exhibit of Bardiana had been arranged.

At Ward Manor the group was greeted by the director, Mr. Lawrence E. Larson, who told something of the estate and of Cruger's island. The visitors went out on the porch, took the view of the mountains for

granted, looked at a misty, grey river and watched two fawns cavorting on the lawn.

At a late hour in the afternoon the group dispersed, just as the sun peeped through the clouds for the first time during the day.

The program for the day was as follows:

DUTCHESS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ROUTE OF THE PILGRIMAGE

Thirty-fifth Annual Pilgrimage

Saturday, September 24, 1955

For the 1955 pilgrimage a visit to the Town of Red Hook has been planned.

Promptly at 10:30 a.m., the pilgrims will assemble at the Old Stone Church (St. Peter's Lutheran) on Route 9, four miles north of Rhinebeck, where Mrs. Warren W. Rockefeller will speak on the church at old Rhinebeck and on St. Paul's Lutheran Church at Red Hook (which has this month celebrated its 240th anniversary) and Mrs. Jacob H. Strong will tell the story of the Old Stone Church and of the old walled cemetery on the east side of the road just south of this church,—a tiny cemetery recently restored by the D. A. R.

From the Old Stone Church pilgrims will proceed north on Route 9 to Red Hook village, passing on the right St. Paul's Lutheran Church property and, on the left beyond St. Christopher's Church (Roman Catholic), Christ Episcopal Church, where a marble tablet memorializes General John Armstrong's career as soldier, diplomat and statesman. At the traffic light at the village centre, pilgrims will turn westward on Route 199 and proceed to the "River Road" at Barrytown, a quarter-mile after crossing Route 9-G; and at the River Road turn northward (soon passing on the left the Quinn House, an early 18th century stone house, modernized) and proceed to Montgomery Place. Here the present owner of the estate, General John Ross Delafield, will tell the story of his home.

After visiting Montgomery Place, the pilgrims, at 12:30 p. m., will follow the leader northward, over the Sawkill and through the village of Annandale-on-Hudson, to "Blithewood" (hexagon gatehouse on the left), originally a country-seat of General John Armstrong and now the property of Bard College. Here Mrs. Richard Aldrich, the present owner of "Rokeby" and a direct descendant of General Armstrong, has kindly agreed to tell something of the history of this beautiful estate and of other Red Hook associations of the General.

Lunch will be eaten at about 1:00 p. m. under the trees at "Blithewood" (in case of rain, on the veranda). Those pilgrims who prefer not to bring their own basket lunches may be served a buffet luncheon at the same place if they desire, by the college caterers. Reservations for the lunch must be made to the society (Mrs. Amy Ver Nooy, Adriance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie) by September 20 at the latest. The luncheon will cost \$1.50, payable at the time of serving.

At 2:30 p. m., pilgrims will proceed to Bard College, visiting first the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, where the organist, Mr. Clair Leonard, Professor of Music at Bard, has consented to give a short recital on the organ, considered to be one of the finest in the United States. Cars may be parked on the driveways around the chapel and on the college campus drive opposite. After a word of welcome to the Bard campus by President James H. Case, Jr., of the college and a brief outline of the college history, pilgrims will drive up to the buildings and may visit the college library, see (from outside) the lecture halls, dormi-

tories, offices, gymnasium and observatory, and stroll up the hill to the college cemetery, if they wish, past the president's house and faculty residences (north-east of the library).

Proceeding slowly northward from Bard (past a family mausoleum now almost hidden in the woods on the left and past a restored stone cottage on the right, almost opposite the mausoleum) the pilgrims will enter the present Ward Manor estate past the handsome gatehouse and will be received at "Manor House" by Mr. Lawrence E. Larson, Director of Ward Manor, who will tell briefly something of the history of the estate, once associated with General Armstrong's name.

After visiting Ward Manor, the pilgrims will disband at their own convenience. (Turning left eastward, at the exit from Ward Manor estate they may reach, hardly a quarter-mile away, Route 9-G, which leads to Poughkeepsie.)

Pilgrimage Committee:

Mrs. Stuart R. Anderson
Miss Albertina T. B. Traver
Harris N. Cookingham, *Chairman*

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE AMERICAN COWBOY*

In February 1951, my husband and I returned to New York from the mid-west where we had been for four years. We hadn't been back east very long when we realized that we needed a weekend retreat somewhere. We studied maps, ruling out areas that we knew were not what we were looking for, and as soon as the weather permitted we started out on week-end expeditions over areas left to consider. By May we had found our "retreat," near Stormville, in lower Dutchess County, New York, and by June of 1951 it was ours.

Our first reaction was to want to know what this "wasteland" of "75 acres, more or less," contained. It is completely wooded and very rocky, so there was no quick way of covering the area. Taking the path of least resistance, on our early journeys, we started our first explorations by going down the woods road that runs through the center of the property. On one of these early trips we came across a beautiful lilac bush growing in the middle of this wilderness. My husband, in making his way to the bush, tripped and fell over what, on closer inspection, turned out to be the doorstep to a stone foundation. This struck us as odd and stirred our curiosity but we did not think too seriously about it until we had come across several more foundations—at which point we started asking questions of the local people.

From them we learned just enough to make us feel that this land had a hidden history. So, the research began. Off we went to the map and rare book rooms at the 42nd Street Library, the Reed Library in Carmel, the library in Fishkill, the New York State Library in Albany and the Adriance Memorial Library in Poughkeepsie. The result of this research was the discovery that we had purchased the long-sought and previously unknown birthplace of the American Cowboy.

It may well seem strange to all who consider it that the origin of the American Cowboy has always remained a mystery. Yet, it is true. Historians have been forced to admit that the origin is unknown. One acknowledged authority on the subject is Emerson Hough. In his book, *The Story of the Cowboy*, published by Appleton in 1912, he states, "Let

*A talk given by Mrs. Charles S. Zurhorst at the annual meeting of the Dutchess County Historical Society, held May 20, 1955, at the Nelson House, Poughkeepsie.

us not ask whence the Cowboy came, for that is a question immaterial and impossible to answer." Other authorities have shared his view.

Now, however, the story is known. But, in defense of the historians who have sought for it in vain, it should be explained that the facts were found where they might least have been expected. These records do not exist in the archives of Colorado, Wyoming, Texas or Montana, but in the libraries and document rooms of eastern New York State.

Finding these facts was a case of serendipity, which takes its name from the story of the three mythical princes of Serendip. These noblemen always found things other than those they were seeking. So it was with the discovery of the origin of the Cowboy. His documented history is presented here for the first time, and without fanfare or embellishment—but just as it was learned.

In southern Dutchess County, near Stormville, New York, lie a series of rocky, wooded hills known as The Highlands. These are the Fishkill Mountains of the Taconic range and called by the Indians "Matteawan"—meaning "land of good fur."

High on one of these ridges there once existed a village—a village that was different from those of today, for its houses, which never numbered more than a dozen, were spaced far apart. It had no stores, no churches and no schools. Yet this village in its history served three different groups of inhabitants—and was a place of refuge for two of them. Notwithstanding its historic significance and romantic background, it has been unheard of and forgotten since the year 1850—lost for over a hundred years to a world that moves too fast to look back. So, henceforth, it shall be referred to as "Lost Village."

The story of its rediscovery began in 1951 when, known as the "Turner woodlot," it was sold by that family to settle an estate. Soon after the purchase, my husband and I accidentally discovered a group of foundations on the property and attempted to learn their origin. This interest led to over three years of thorough research which, among other facts, revealed for the first time the true origin of the American Cowboy—a lost chapter in American history—as well as the fact that Lost Village was his first established settlement.

Actually, there are three phases to the existence of this village. As nearly as possible they shall be treated in that fashion.

The true beginning occurred many, many years ago, but the first documented record is Holwell's map of the area, made in 1689. This

parchment shows that Lost Village in that year was the site of an Indian settlement. Various histories of Dutchess County describe these Indians as Wappingers, a tribal division of the Mohicans, and point out that they were fur trappers and a generally peaceful tribe.

It was these Indians, then, who first lived on this site in the Highlands and laid out the trails that were later to become the ox-cart roads for the white settlers. But in 1754 the Wappingers moved away from this area, taking their families and journeying to Stockbridge to help the British fight the French and Indian wars. Although a few of them did return in later years, they found only misery. The white man had taken over. There was no place left for the red man.

To establish background for the second phase of the history of Lost Village, it is necessary to go back to the year 1685, when Francis Rombout and Gulian Verplanck received a grant of an immense tract of land from the British Crown. These 85,000 acres encompassed roughly what is now the southwestern section of Dutchess County and this grant was the start of the baronial system to which history attributes the slow development of the Colony of New York, for it prevented the average man from owning his own land and thus removed all incentive from his work.

Then, on July 15, 1691, Jan Sybrandt and Lambert Dorlandt, two Dutch traders, purchased from the Wappinger Indians an equally large tract of land which included the site of Lost Village. They immediately sold their deed to Adolph Philipse, who applied for and received, on June 17, 1697, a land grant to this property. By the year 1706, the entire area had been granted by the British Crown to a few wealthy men, who now controlled practically all the land in eastern New York and exacted rent from those who settled on it. The only alternative for the settlers was, where possible, to purchase small tracts from their landlords at high prices.

It was this situation which, in 1766, caused the upsurge of a movement known as the Anti-Rent Rebellion, led by pioneers who wanted the freedom they had been promised in America. In southern Dutchess County, a group known as the Sons of Liberty led this rebellion against serfdom.

Following the end of the French and Indian Wars, when British and Scotch pioneers from Massachusetts and Connecticut began drifting into New York, seeking the freedom of religion which was lacking in the New England colonies, they found that this freedom could be had only at

the expense of their right to own property. Some succumbed to the demands of the landowners, but a few, more independent than the rest, sought further until they learned that, between the Rombout land grant to the north and the Philipse land grant to the south, there lay the Highlands and that the two landowners always had disputed who held title to these mountains. So questionable was the ownership that neither attempted to collect land rent in that so-called "gore." They learned also of the former existence of the Wappinger Indian village and the trails which led to it.

So, it was to this spot that, one by one, these pioneers turned and established their homes. Montessor's map of 1775 and a similar map made by Sauthier in 1779, show the homes on this site and historians often referred to these settlers. Some called them squatters, others called them pioneers, but, by either name, these men lost no time in joining the Sons of Liberty. It was by this action that they were to become America's original Cowboys.

As their contribution to the fight against the baronial system, these inhabitants of Lost Village would ride their horses wildly down the hillsides, harassing the wealthy landowners by raiding their valley estates of cattle. It was these landowners who, in 1766, first coined the word "Cowboy" and applied it insultingly to these pioneers. Indeed, so strong was the feeling of the landowners and so often did they complain of the harassment by these mountain dwellers, that the term Cowboy, in other areas such as Westchester County and northern New Jersey, underwent a strange transformation and became synonymous with Tory and traitor.

However, it is a matter of record that the original Cowboys who lived in the Highlands and who had their first settlement on the site of Lost Village, were members of the Sons of Liberty and fought as such in the Revolutionary War. It was these same Cowboys who, following the war, began their trek farther west, where land was more plentiful and living conditions far better. But, always rugged, hard-working and hard-riding, they carried the name Cowboy with them. They carried also their customary wearing apparel, from which some of the present-day attire of the western Cowboy evolved, and they took with them the practice of branding cattle, which had been established as law by an act of General Assembly in Dutchess County in 1741.

With the western movement of the Cowboys, the third phase of the history of Lost Village begins, for, as a few wealthy landowners still

controlled most of the area, property remained scarce and high priced. Thus, into the site of Lost Village gradually moved a group of itinerant farmers—the Pages, Hy Chase, the Griffins, the Robinsons and others. They named the village “Grape Hollow” and tried, in their turn, to work a living from this rocky, back-breaking land.

Finally, in 1846, prompted by the force of a second rebellion, the Anti-Rent War of 1839, the New York State Legislature passed a law limiting the number of years a landowner could lease his land and including other restrictions designed to discourage the baronial system and to encourage the sale of small parcels of ground at fair prices. The law was successful and, as property became available, even these inhabitants of Lost Village began moving to better farm areas, leaving this settlement in the Highlands.

By the year 1850, nothing remained but foundations and a memory. The Indians had lost their land, but the Cowboys, the Sons of Liberty and the independent farmers had won their battle. There was freedom in America. The land in Lost Village was no longer needed.



THE CEMETERY AT PINK'S CORNERS*

Probably the first church in Dutchess County was the "old German Church," built about 1715 on the site of the first settlement of Rhinebeck, two and one-half miles north of the present Rhinebeck.

As early as 1720 a little settlement grew up around it; presumably a school, a tavern and a blacksmith shop and wheelwright. The tavern had as landlords Mr. Backus and Mr. Moul, and here the stagecoaches stopped to refresh passengers and horses as they came along the King's Highway. This was an early trading point for a wide vicinity.

The Lutherans and Calvinists built the church and the graveyard around it was the first burial plot in Rhinebeck. Four acres of land, from the farm leased to Barent Sipperly and others by Henry Beekman, were reserved for the church and burying ground. Later, the Lutherans and Calvinists separated and only the cemetery continued to be used.

The ancient burying ground was five-sided. Buried here are Revolutionary soldiers, Captain Frederick Streit and Frederick Streit, Jr., and many others. Neglected and forgotten for many years, part of the cemetery's acreage was absorbed into the farm adjoining and only a comparatively few graves with their old stones and markers were left on the slope of the hillside.

In 1950, with the financial support of the Very Reverend Edwin J. Van Etten, the Chancellor Livingston Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Rhinebeck fenced with a dry stone wall, two feet wide, two feet underground and three feet high, all that could be identified as part of the original plot. The stone for the wall was given by fellow-townsmen and its construction, peculiarly suited to the period and location, was done by two elderly masons, along the five sides of the plot. It had been surveyed by Mr. Frank Teal.

A simple and beautiful gateway, with granite posts and fine wrought-iron gates marks the entrance. A bronze marker on one of the posts reads:

In memory of Alice Hill, Sarah H. Van Etten, and Sophie H. Strong,
charter members of Chancellor Livingston Chapter, Daughters of the
American Revolution.

*A talk given at the Old Stone Church, Rhinebeck, by Mrs. Jacob H. Strong, on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage of the Dutchess County Historical Society, September 24, 1955.

THE OLD STONE CHURCH*

This is the oldest Lutheran Church in Rhinebeck. It has been commonly referred to as the "Old Stone Church" but when it was consecrated it was given the name of The Church of St. Peter the Apostle.

The Palatine settlers had come to this country about 1710. Some were settled across the river at West Camp and others at East Camp on this side of the Hudson. It has been said that 91 families came to East Camp, 35 families settling in the Beekman Patent. As you have heard, the first church stood at Pink's Corners and was owned and used jointly by the German Reformed and Lutheran congregations. On the fourth day of November, in 1729, the Lutherans sold out to the Reformed group and applied to Gilbert Livingston, husband of Cornelia Beekman, for a lot for a church and burying ground, near Kirchehoek, the location of the first church.

The request was granted and a plot on which this church stands, containing 5 acres, 3 roods and 18 perches, was transferred. A church of wooden construction was built on this property in 1730. Recorded in the archives of the organization are the following expenditures for the building:

- Anno, 1730, cost of glass for the Lutheran church, four pounds, twelve shillings; Received from Carl Nier, two pounds;
- June 14, 1731, received from Carl Nier, three pounds, eight shillings, in part payment for plank;
- Sept. 21, 1731, received from Carl Nier, forty gulden for hinges for the church.

Carl Nier, or Neher, was apparently the treasurer of the church and was one of the older members. His tombstone is the oldest in the churchyard and the inscription, in German, tells that he died January 25, 1733, aged 61 years.

Some of the pastors who served the church were men of outstanding abilities. Among those who served the early church, from the time of its separation from the German Reformed group in 1729 until this present church building was erected, were the Reverend William Christof Berkenheimer, who came in 1729 and remained until 1733, and the Reverend Johannes Spahler who labored here from 1733 until 1736.

The Reverend John Christopher Hartwick (or, to give him his

*The substance of a talk given at the Old Stone Church by Mrs. Jacob H. Strong on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage of the Dutchess County Historical Society, held September 24, 1955.

German name, Johann Christoph Hartwig) came to the church in 1746. He was described as a good, conscientious man, but restless, desultory and uncouth. He preached in his blanket coat and changed his linen infrequently and it was said that he would cross a road or leap a fence to avoid meeting a woman. Out of his private means he purchased a large tract of land in Otsego County and it was on this property and through his beneficence that the Lutheran college at Cooperstown was established in 1797. It was named in his memory.

He was succeeded by the Reverend John Frederick Reis who served from 1759 until 1783 and baptized 815 children during his pastorate. The Reverend William Graff was pastor for about a year and, in 1785, he was followed by the Reverend George Henry Pfeffer. It was during the pastorate of Mr. Pfeffer that this church building was erected in 1786. Tradition says that the stone church was built outside and around the old wooden building, that services were maintained throughout the time of construction and that the old wooden meeting house was taken down when the roof was completed over the stone structure. Mr. Pfeffer served until 1798 and during this period baptized 660 children.

He was succeeded by the Reverend Frederick H. Quitman. Dr. Quitman was born in Westphalia and came to Rhinebeck from Curacao in the West Indies, where he had been pastor of a Lutheran congregation for twelve years. He was the first pastor to occupy the new parsonage, built in 1798, the land for which had been purchased from Robert G. Livingston twenty years earlier. The house had ten rooms and Domine Quitman is said to have had his huge bed in the room which was later used as a dining room. He weighed over 330 pounds and preached from a large armchair. In the ceiling over his bed was a large iron ring from which dangled a heavy rope, with the help of which he raised himself from his bed.

The parsonage is still standing, just up the road. Domine Quitman lived there and served the congregation the rest of his life, until 1832. He and the members of his family, some of whom were born in the parsonage, are buried in the churchyard. During his incumbency, Dr. Quitman performed 708 marriages and baptized 1,520 children. It was during his pastorate that the records of the church were kept in English and many of the old names were anglicized. It is thought that this was probably brought about by the parishioners themselves, as the use of the German language declined.

One of the historical markers, erected by the state, stands beside the parsonage. It marks the birthplace of General John Anthony Quitman, son of Domine Quitman. General Quitman was a lawyer and a soldier. He was a hero of the Mexican war. He had been a judge, a member of the state legislature and governor of the State of Mississippi and was elected to Congress from that state. The city of Quitman, Georgia, was named for him. He had been educated by his father, by private tutors and at Hartwick Seminary and had been intended for the ministry.

Following Dr. Quitman, a number of pastors of ability served the church, but their tenure was of shorter duration and they moved on to larger fields.

Over the years, extensive alterations and improvements have been made to the church building. It was remodeled in 1824 and the tower was added. In 1843, the building was stuccoed on three sides, the back being left of rough stone.

There is now no regular pastor. The building and grounds are kept in repair and when an occasional service is held, many descendants of the founders and supporters of the Old Stone Church are happy to return to it.



New Steam Ferry Boat. The Steamboat recently built for the Poughkeepsie and New Paltz Ferry Company, has been plying regularly during the past week, and fully answers the expectations of all . . . The boat was built by Mr. Zebulon Reynolds, and her engine by Mr. Truman Parmalee, both of this village. Lackawanna coal is used to raise the steam.

Poughkeepsie Journal, June 4, 1834

THE STORY OF THE 240 YEARS OF
ST. PAUL'S (ZION'S) EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN
CHURCH OF RED HOOK*

As a member of St. Paul's (Zion's) Evangelical Lutheran Church of Red Hook, it is a pleasure and a matter of pride to call the attention of the Dutchess County Historical Society to the fact that that church is this year celebrating its 240th anniversary. That some of the 240 years have been a bit confused and turbulent, you will soon understand. Try to imagine, first, what it must have been like to live in this locality in 1710 or 1720. The King's Highway later passed this very door, but there were no "stage-waggon" until within a year of the close of the Revolutionary War. This was still only a trail in 1710 or 1720. A furtive Indian might be seen trying to decide whether or not some newcomers to his lands should be treated as friends. Perhaps once a month an itinerant pastor would plod up this hill on horseback on his way to baptize, to confirm, to marry or to bury some one. Tales are told of people who did conduct their own funerals prior to death rather than to have relatives put to the necessity of riding horseback forty or fifty miles to secure the services of a pastor.

Were we on a sloop, slowly sailing up the Hudson river, we would be traveling the only way, and if the year were 1710 or 1722, we might find ourselves among some German-speaking people,—“refugees,” we would call them today. They would gaze with us in wonder at the beautiful manor houses here and there along the river, believing that very soon they were to have forty acres and a crude home they might call their own. Queen Anne of England, whose Wonder Fleet had brought these people to these shores with great suffering and severe loss of life, had made them many promises. But her governor in New York, Governor Hunter, had bought only 13,000 acres, mostly from the great landholder Robert Livingston, the patroon. Each person therefore could have no more than seven acres at the most, since 1,874 able-bodied Palatines were taken up the river beginning in 1710.

When they reached East Camp and West Camp, located on the east and west sides of the river near present-day Germantown, the assignment of small plots, forty feet by fifty, instead of acreage, insulted

*A paper read by Mrs. Warren W. Rockefeller at the Old Stone Church (St. Peter's Lutheran), Rhinebeck, on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage, held September 24, 1955.

these men, half of whom had been among the best farmers and craftsmen in Europe. Then, Queen Anne's project of having them produce naval supplies did not work out as planned. The pines were not the right kind for pitch extraction, equipment was lacking, the food doled out by Livingston was almost inedible as well as scanty, and the managers were unscrupulous rogues. Small wonder it was that after a couple of years of untold misery and hardship, those Palatines were determined to shift for themselves. Many families left East Camp and West Camp for Pennsylvania, for Schoharie, for the Mohawk region; about sixty families remained in Germantown; thirty families, in 1715, purchased lands (through their pastors, who were their only trusted advisors and guides) from Henry Beekman "in fee simple." and came to this very locality to settle. These were the ones who started the churches we are viewing this morning.

The German people loved land, but their love of God was never far from their love of land, we are told. They cleared and sowed the fields "in His Name," and in a few years they were in comparatively good circumstances. In 1716, they built a log church. It mattered not that some were Calvinists, some Lutherans. They all spoke German and their church was a union church, where the German Reformed group was served by the occasional visit of Pastor Haegar and the Lutheran group by Pastor Kocherthal. Possibly the log church also served as a school, like the one at East Camp, from which these thirty families had come. They wanted their children to have education and they taught them the German language for nearly one hundred years.

This union church stood just a quarter mile down the road, this side of the present intersection of Routes 9 and 9-G, where the old cemetery is to be seen. We sometimes call the place "Wey's Crossing." It used to be known as Pink's Corners and, later, as Monterey. By 1721, more Palatines had settled in this community and on March 25, of that year, records show that Judge Beekman leased four acres of land to the Lutheran and Reformed churches to be used jointly for their church and cemetery purposes.

But joint use led to trouble. Edward Smith, in his *Documentary History of Rhinebeck* . . . published in 1881, says "Contentions arising between them, they thought best for both parties to separate and to each have a church for themselves." (And Mr. Smith's grandfather's record of baptism is the oldest record of baptism in the town of Rhinebeck and

is in the earliest register of the German Reformed Church.) So, on December 10, 1729, the Reformed group paid the Lutheran group £25 for their interest in the church building and the four acres of land.

In this transaction the Union church was identified as being in "Rhynebeck," and it was therefore these Germans, or High Dutchers (the Hollanders were known as Low Dutchers, having come from the Low Country), who originated the name, calling this community after their homeland along the Rhine. The name of Rhinebeck spread out beyond this little settlement. To the north, it included what we know as Red Hook, for Red Hook was not set off from Rhinebeck officially until 1812.

The Reformed group continued to worship alone in the log church for many years. On September 6, 1784, it became an incorporated body and took the name of "The German Reformed Zion's Church." A few years after this, July 1, 1796, they left Pink's Corners and moved a few miles north to what is now Red Hook village. Up to this time the settlement had been generally known as Hardscrabble and the present Upper Red Hook, according to one map as late as 1838, was the only Red Hook in existence. It was not until Postmaster Van Ness transferred his residence to Hardscrabble that the name Red Hook moved down to the lower village with the postoffice, (in the 1790's, according to Edward Smith).

The land in Red Hook for the new German Reformed Zion's Church was purchased from General John Armstrong. It was a five-acre plot and, while some authorities say it was given, we are told that the deed shows the price to have been £30. This church plot was across the road and just north of the house of General Armstrong, who had built there a much less pretentious house than his earlier mansion along the river. It was in this house that he died in 1843.

I should like to digress again to mention that when the old Red Hook high school stood where the Voorhis-Tiebout Soap Company's buildings now are, the school children of my day spent much time watching the Armstrong coachman hitch beautiful horses to the shining carriages, which took Henry and James Armstrong for frequent drives, up until their last days. Henry and James were grandsons of General John and were the last Armstrongs, I believe, to live in that house. The house burned, as nearly as I can recall, in the early 1930's. Smithers Tools and Machine Products, Inc., may be seen today, standing on what

was its approximate site. You will notice the Smithers plant just before you reach the church, to the history of which we now return.

The first building erected by these German Reformed people on their new plot in Red Hook was of frame construction. After being severely damaged in a wind storm, it was replaced in 1834 by a stone church very similar in many respects to this building [the Old Stone Church, where this paper was read], though there was a gallery on three sides and a large chancel.

Very soon after the building of the stone edifice, the German Reformed services began giving way to Lutheran services, in 1841, to be exact. This change probably came about because of the lack of a German Reformed pastor and also because of the strong affiliation with Lutherans through association and intermarriage. The Reverend Mr. Goertner, a Lutheran pastor here in St. Peter's Stone Church, conducted Lutheran services in Red Hook for five years and when he resigned from St. Peter's in 1846, the Reverend Charles Shaeffer began a Lutheran ministry in Red Hook, taking immediate steps to affiliate the church with the Lutheran official denomination.

Evidently, there was some dissatisfaction at this change from German Reformed to Lutheran, for some of the old members left and united with the Methodist church which was just then being established in Red Hook as a mission church. At this time, too, other German Reformed congregations in the valley were affiliating with the Dutch Reformed. Apparently, the use of the German language had pretty well disappeared and that was partially responsible. In September of 1846, the "German Reformed Congregation of Lower Red Hook, Dutchess County, New York," assumed the new title. "The First Evangelical Lutheran Congregation of the Town of Red Hook," and was received into membership by the New York State Lutheran Synod.

It is rather interesting to note that fifteen pastors had served the German Reformed Zion's Church from its founding in 1715 until it affiliated with the Lutheran church in 1841. And, there have been fifteen Lutheran pastors from then until now, the present pastor, the Reverend Paul E. Henry, making the sixteenth, a total of thirty-one pastors in 240 years of Christian service in this community.

From 1846 on, many of the Lutheran pastors were men of high scholarly attainments, some going from Red Hook to positions as professors in seminaries or as pastors of much larger congregations. The church

grew rapidly and prospered, despite the Civil War years. In 1866, the name "St. Paul's" was substituted for "The First," and the original name, "Zion's" was included (in parentheses) to give the church its full present name, "St. Paul's (Zion's) Evangelical Lutheran Church."

In the 1870's, calls for Lutheran services were met in Rock City and in Barrytown. John Griffin Shultz, a member of St. Paul's in Red Hook, gave the land and a new building, unencumbered, for a congregation at Rock City. The pastors of St. Paul's conducted regular services there for many years. Only since 1941, has the Rhinebeck Lutheran pastor held the Rock City charge also.

In Barrytown, Sylvania Chapel was built by Robert Donaldson and his sister Isabella. After Robert's death, the church property was deeded by Miss Donaldson to the Synod of New York, with which St. Paul's was connected. The pastor of St. Paul's preached there on Sunday afternoons. Since 1907, however, no services have been held in Barrytown and what was Sylvania Chapel is now a private home.

The Red Hook church continued to grow and in the 1880's the lecture room or chapel, first built in the 1860's, was enlarged and a basement installed under it. Then, a few years later, in 1884, an entirely new chapel was constructed. By 1886, a movement was under way to construct a new church building also and, though only fifty-two years old, the stone church, similar to this edifice, was torn down, unfortunately, and the present pseudo-gothic structure was started.

It is rather unusual for us today to hear of huge crowds attending the laying of a church cornerstone, but the records say that on Sunday, August 4, 1889, more than one thousand people gathered for elaborate ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone of the present St. Paul's Church in Red Hook. Sixteen clergymen were present, three of them coming from Pennsylvania. The stone itself weighed 600 pounds and was hollowed out to contain a lead box in which were placed, besides the Holy Bible, documents, papers and articles too numerous to mention.

On Wednesday, September 12, 1890, the new brick church was dedicated and, by December 1, 1891, less than a year and a half after the cornerstone was laid, the church stood free of debt. The total cost of the building was \$19,207.63, much money for those days and was really a great testimony to the faith and generosity of these Palatine descendants who had been giving of their means steadily for a long period. During this same period, the cemetery had been extended, several small lots hav-

ing been purchased and developed. Expansion has gone on until today the entire church property totals twelve or thirteen acres.

In the middle 1890's, the Lutheran congregation offered the use of its building to the Methodists while their new church was being erected. The Methodist pastor preached during illness of a Lutheran pastor, one congregation taking the offering one Sunday and the other, the next. When the Methodist church building was completed, the members of St. Paul's presented the new church with a pulpit, as a gesture of Christian fellowship. In 1903, a new parsonage was erected on the Lutheran church property, the old one not being considered suitable for remodeling. In 1902, St. Paul's council had authorized the establishment of an endowment fund and that same year two bequests were received. Perhaps this was good business, for the fund has grown until today it totals more than \$70,000.

While the material prosperity of a church is not necessarily an index of its spiritual prosperity, at any rate the material prosperity continued. Improvements and additions to the church were made in the form of beautiful carpets, altar brass, etc. Electricity was installed in all of the church buildings. In 1915, a new pipe organ was installed, one-half of the cost being a gift of Andrew Carnegie. In fairly recent years, an old landmark—the long row of church sheds behind the chapel—has been done away with. Progress in the form of the automobile poses a question, for it seems that the automobile has taken many away from church rather than to it! Perhaps the sheds should still be in use. A few years ago, in 1939, the former Moul property south of the church was purchased, the old house remodeled and put into use for the church caretaker and sexton. Recently, coal burning furnaces have been replaced by oil burners in all the buildings. New roofs have been installed; extensive repairs and redecorations have been completed and modernization work has been done on the parsonage.

As time has passed, the members of St. Paul's have taken great pride in its heritage. The church records from its earliest days have been collected and turned over to the State Library for safekeeping. Photostatic copies were made for church use.

Needless to say, it is the fervent hope and prayer of the approximate 330 members of St. Paul's (Zion's) Evangelical Lutheran Church of Red Hook that the Christian work and worship started by the Palatines 240 years ago may continue through this and countless future generations.

A VISIT TO BLITHEWOOD*

Some years ago the Dutchess County Historical Society came to Blithewood on a pilgrimage and at that time Miss Helen W. Reynolds told the story of the estate from the time of its first owner. This account was published in the year book of 1930 and there is no need for me to repeat all that she has told so well.

My great-great-grandfather, General John Armstrong, purchased two-hundred acres which included this particular part of the tract in 1795 and sold it in 1801, when he removed from Dutchess County. (He served in the United States Senate from 1800 until 1804 and, from 1804 until 1810, was United States Minister to France.)

From 1801 until 1810, it was owned by Mrs. John Allen and she called it Annandale. It was then sold to John Cox Stevens who made his home here until 1833. John C. Cruger was the next owner and two years later he sold it to Robert Donaldson, a Scotsman who had been living in North Carolina and in New York. He made his home here for eighteen years and it was he who gave it the name of Blithewood.

At this time landscape architecture was something new in this part of the country and the leader of the movement was Andrew Jackson Downing, who made his home in Newburgh. Mr. Donaldson brought Mr. Downing here and together they improved the place with plantings, walks, drives, lawns and scenic vistas. Some of the white pines had been planted earlier by General Armstrong and Mr. Donaldson added many more, so that all of the pines which border the drive from the gatehouse to this house are now more than a hundred years old.

In one of Mr. Downing's books. (*Landscape Gardening*, published in 1841), there is a sketch of the house which stood here at that time. In the main living room there was a large, oval window looking toward the mountains and a frame had been placed around the glass, so that when one entered the room it gave the effect of a landscape hanging on the wall—truly a picture window.

I think you will be interested to hear an account of a visit to Blithewood while Mr. Donaldson lived here. It was a little over a hundred years ago, in 1849, that Fredrika Bremer, a Scandinavian novelist, a

*A paper based on a talk given by Mrs. Richard Aldrich on the occasion of the annual pilgrimage of the Dutchess County Historical Society, held September 24, 1955.

maiden lady, middle-aged, came alone to this country, to see America. She remained here two years and met many interesting people. She carefully recorded her impressions of the country and its inhabitants in a series of letters addressed to her family in Sweden. During her stay she made friends with all sorts of people, in all walks of life, from New England to Wisconsin and down to New Orleans and through the southern states. She visited all types of public institutions, schools, factories and private homes and made occasional sketches of the people whom she met.

She met all of the notables of the day and visited at the homes of many of them: Washington Irving, George P. Putnam, Lucy Stone, Fanny Kemble, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel P. Willis, Dr. Channing, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry W. Longfellow, Lucretia Mott, Henry Clay, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Mrs. Sedgwick, Dorothea Dix, President Taylor and many others.

When she arrived in New York, October 4, 1849, she stayed a few days at the Astor House on Broadway. (She mentioned in her letters, the museum opposite, which offered for inspection "The Greatest Wonders of the World.") Andrew Jackson Downing, the landscape architect, met her in New York and took her to his home at Newburgh for a visit. They left the hotel at 4:30 a.m. and boarded the steamboat, the *New World*. She described it as a floating palace, splendid and glittering with white and gold on the outside and elegant within. She was impressed with the activity on the river, the many steamboats which "drew along with them flotillas of from twenty to thirty boats, laden with goods from the country to New York, while hundreds of smaller and larger craft were skimming along past the precipitous shores like white doves with red, fluttering neck ribbons."

She described Mr. Downing's home as "a beautiful villa of sepia-colored sandstone, with two small towers, surrounded by a park," and mentioned the view of the river. Mrs. Downing, "a delicate, pretty little woman, . . . charming, merry and amiable and of a highly cultivated mind," met them at the door. Miss Lynch, the poetess, and Professor Bergfalk, who had been staying at Poughkeepsie, where he was perfecting himself in the use of the English language, were also guests.

Miss Bremer spent three weeks with the Downings and enjoyed her visit immensely. She wrote of the splendid variation of color in the autumn foliage on the banks of the Hudson, the great abundance of fruit

and flowers. On one occasion, with Miss Sedgwick and the Downings, she drove to the top of "South Beacon," up a steep apology for a road about nine hundred feet, where they picnicked. She again mentioned her particular delight in the view of the river. They returned home in the evening, "completely weary," and a few days later Mr. Downing brought her to Blithewood. I will tell you of her visit in her own words:

A few days after our excursion to South Beacon, we went up the Hudson to visit a family of the name of Donaldson who belong to the aristocracy of these shores. We set off in good time in the morning; the air was delicious; the wind still, and the shores shone out in the utmost splendor of their autumnal pomp beneath a somewhat subdued sunshine. The sails on the river scarcely moved, and above the heights lay a sort of sunny mist, a light haze which is said to distinguish this period of the year, and that state of the atmosphere which is here called "the Indian Summer." It commences, they say, at the end of October, and extends often through the whole of November into December, and is considered one of the most beautiful parts of the year. And if I am to judge by these days, one can scarcely imagine more perfect weather; warm and calm, the purest, most delicious atmosphere, sunshine softened by that light haze which seems to cast a mystical, romantic veil over the landscape brilliant with the splendor of autumn. Whence comes this Egyptian veil of mist? "It comes from the Indians, who are now smoking their pipes at their great Pahaws," replied the cheerful Mrs. Downing; "I wish you to have an accurate idea of things here." The accurate truth, however, is that nobody can say what is the real cause of this smoke-like mist, or of this summer in the midst of autumn.

But to return to our excursion, which was charming. We left the Highlands of the Hudson; the shores now became lower and the river wider, embracing islands on its bosom. But soon we perceived in the distance a yet higher and more massive range of hills than I had hitherto seen, the magnificent thousand-foot-high Catskill Mountains, which are a portion of the great Alleghany chain, which divides North America from north to south.

The banks of the river, which were scattered with houses, appeared rich and well cultivated. There were no castles, no ruins here, but often very tasteful houses, with terraces and orchards, whole parks of peach trees. The only historical legends of these shores are a few traditions of wars with the Indians. I did not seem to miss the ruins and the legends of the Rhine. I like these fresh, new scenes, which have a vast future. We have ruins enough in the Old World. Among the company on board was a Shaker in drab clothes, and a hat with broad brim; in countenance he looked like a cross old fellow, not at all a good representative of the Shaker establishment. After a sail of about three hours, we reached Blithewood, the beautiful seat of the Donaldsons, whither we were invited to a great breakfast. Here, as in many other places, I observed how they exclude the daylight from the rooms. A handsome, stately lady, whose figure was of remarkably beautiful proportions, and much rounder than is common among the ladies I have yet seen, received us kindly. This was Mrs. Donaldson. She is a Catholic, and is from North Carolina, and her sisters are Calvinists. They manage, however, to agree together remarkably well, both in affection and good deeds—that central Church in which all sects may unite in the name of the same Lord.

We were conducted to our room, refreshed and dressed ourselves; then came to breakfast and all the neighbors, and I had to shake from sixty to seventy kindly-extended hands, which would not have been a difficult task if a deal of small talk had not followed, which, through repetition of the same word and thing, became wearisome, and made me feel like a parrot. The as-

sembly was beautiful and gay, and the breakfast, which was magnificent, was closed by a dance. It was a pleasure to me to see so many lovely and lively young girls—delicate figures, though deficient in strength. The ladies dress with taste; have small hands and feet, and remind one of the French, but are more lovely than they. Something, however, is wanting in their countenances but what I do not rightly know—I fancy it is their *expression*. I was not quite in spirits, and felt today somewhat fatigued. When, however, in the evening, I came forth into the open air, and, accompanied by the silent Mr. Downing, wandered quietly beside the glorious, calm river, and contemplated the masses of light and soft velvet-like shadow which lay on the majestic Catskill Mountains, behind which the sun sank in cloudless splendor; then did the heart expand itself, and breathe freely in that sublime and glorious landscape; then did I drink from the mountain springs; then did I live for the first time that day.

In the evening I enjoyed an unusual pleasure. Mrs. Donaldson played on the harp and piano, and sang remarkably well, with extraordinary power, like a real musician, which I believe is a rare thing in this country. There were both words and expression in her singing, and so there is also in her demeanor; hers is a noble figure, with a free and independent carriage; "She sustains herself," as you would say. She neither sings nor talks by rote. She sings, and talks out of her own independent feeling and thinking soul. . . .

Mrs. Donaldson told me, during our conversation at table, that her sons were each to learn a handicraft trade, because, although they were now wealthy, the time might come when they would be so no longer, but when it might be necessary for them to earn their bread as common workmen—so uncertain is the stability of wealth in America; why so, I could not rightly understand.

The following day I again saw a crowd of people, who came to see the Swedish stranger. In the afternoon I visited two or three beautiful places in the neighborhood. On one of these, a point projecting into the river, a ruin has been built, in which are placed various figures and fragments of walls and columns, which have been brought from the remarkable ruins lately discovered in Central America or Mexico. The countenance and the headdresses resembled greatly those of Egyptian statues. I was struck in particular with a sphinx-like countenance, and a head similar to that of a priest of Isis. This ruin and its ornaments, in the midst of a wild, romantic, rocky, and wooded promontory, was a design in the best taste.

In the evening we left this beautiful Blithewood, its handsome mistress, and our friendly entertainers. We returned home in the night. The cabin in which we sat was close and very hot. . . .

Of my Blithewood visit I retain the Catskill Mountains and Mrs. Donaldson. I made a little sketch of her profile in my album (I took one also of Miss Sedgwick); and she gave me, at parting a beautiful purse, made with an unusual kind of beads.

The next owner of this property was John Bard, a member of the Bard family of Hyde Park, who purchased it in 1853. He and his wife started a Sunday School which later developed into an organized parish, for which Mr. Bard built the Church of the Holy Innocents which you will visit this afternoon. It was the same John Bard who gave the land for the college, then known as St. Stephen's and now called, in his memory, Bard College.

It was in 1899 that Captain Andrew C. Zabriskie bought the property. He and Mrs. Zabriskie did much to add to the beauty of the

grounds. They made their home here as long as they lived and some few years ago their son, Christian A. Zabriskie, who inherited the property, very generously presented it to Bard College. It has one of the most beautiful views of the river and the Catskills to be found along the Hudson and we all rejoice that the estate is to be preserved as a part of the college property.



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JOHN BARD, WILLIE BARD
and the
FOUNDING OF ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE*

Mrs. Hubertje Pruyn Hamlin of Albany is the only person I have met who knew John Bard personally. As a small girl in the late eighteenth hundreds, Mrs. Hamlin visited at Blithewood, a bracketed mansion in the Hudson Valley romantic style and the home of the John Bards of Annandale. She recalls "Uncle John" as a gay relative who shuttled visiting worthies to and from the Barrytown station in a fringe-top surrey and conversed with her from the porch as she dug out weeds with a knife from Blithewood's graceful lawn.¹

John Bard of Annandale was the last of the Bards. He came from a distinguished line of Americans whose achievements he himself tried courageously to match in a way all his own. The college he founded is one of the most distinctive of many Bard-founded institutions. St. Stephen's College and its most recent transformation—Bard College—have shown a vitality, sometimes precarious, always passionate, which has been irresistible to those who know these colleges well.

The half century before the Civil War was an era of profuse college founding with religious denominations usually in firm control of these sanguine little institutions. Sectarian colleges were springing up like mushrooms, often just about as fugitively. The American people were in a state of powerful religious reaction, spurning the French intellectualism which had affected many of the generation who fought the Revolution and fashioned the Republic. We now waged a winning battle against these rationalistic Jeffersonians, and triumphantly torpedoed all but two or three efforts to establish genuinely secular colleges.² John Bard, personally a conservative and devout man, was swept into this exciting campaign of educational orthodoxy.

Furthermore, his own Episcopal Church lagged behind many other denominations at this time. The Episcopal clergy, by virtue of their allegiance, during the Revolution, to the Church of England, had been loyalist in tendency and suffered accordingly in the post war years. Re-

*An article, based on a talk given before the members of the Dutchess County Historical Society, in the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, at Bard College, September 24, 1955, by Richard Mott Gummere, Jr. Mr. Gummere is the Director of Admissions, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York.

covery from this weakened position was slow, even in John Bard's time.³ Further confusion threatened the New York Diocese after the suspension of a bishop.⁴ The strength and quality of the Episcopal ministry was in jeopardy and the General Theological Seminary in New York could not attract enough well-prepared young men, as Bishop Wainwright complained to John Bard in a conversation one day during the early 1850's.⁵

This was just the sort of crisis which had often quickened the pulses of John Bard's ancestors and roused them to action. Let us imagine how young Mr. Bard and Bishop Wainwright may have come together for this conversation which was the first step in the creation of a college. We may never know whether the bishop or his wealthy charge took the initiative, but it is certain that a churchman with a concern for the founding of a college would not long have avoided the company of John Bard.

Bishop Wainwright must have been well familiar with the manner in which the Bards had thrown their weight behind many fine undertakings in American affairs. Dr. John Bard, great-great-grandfather of John Bard of Annandale, had been one of the founders of Columbia; his son, Dr. Samuel Bard, had founded the New York Hospital and the New York Medical Society. Together, father and son, they had founded St. James' Church, Hyde Park.⁶ The father of John Bard of Annandale, William Bard, a sensitive, thoughtful man, might, by contrast, have preferred the scholarly life. Instead, he continued to uphold the tradition by founding the New York Life Insurance Company and becoming the leading insurance man of his time.⁷

How, then, could John Bard of Annandale match the distinction of these eminent Bards before him? Distinguish himself personally, he could not do, at least to the extent of Great-grandfather John, an outstanding physician and a man of wide influence in colonial New York. People in Dutchess County took off their hats at the mention of that honored name.⁸ Nor could John hope to achieve the eminence of Grandfather Samuel, internationally known scientist and personal friend of George Washington. Dr. Bard may have saved the life of the first president shortly after his inauguration.⁹

John Bard had inherited little of the power and scope of these forebears. He had the makings neither of a scientist nor a scholar, nor a business man. But the tradition handed down to him, which might have been

a pathetic frustration, might still work as an inspiration. One fruitful possibility lay open to him, at least. He could make himself very much of a Bard by founding an institution.

It is a fair assumption that the bishop knew these facts and sensed what they meant. He also must have heard that the young man was married to the daughter of a wealthy iron merchant, whose father, John Johnston, had played an important part in the founding and development of New York University.¹⁰ There was nothing miraculous, then, in the sight of the Bishop of the Diocese of New York talking one day with John Bard concerning the pressing need of the Church for a diocesan college.

"My dear Bard," we can imagine the bishop saying, "our colleges have grown worldly and the learning to be gotten in them is perfunctory at best. We must have a 'School of the Prophets,' located in a rural setting where a young man's soul may flourish. I imagine it on a secluded hilltop. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. I should even take my own vacations nearby and lend my poor powers to help in the undertaking."¹¹

In 1853, John and Margaret Bard bought an estate in Dutchess County. A southern aesthete named Robert Donaldson had made the most of the breath-taking natural beauty of this estate and with the help of his good friend, Andrew Jackson Downing, had created Blithewood, one of the wonders of the Hudson Valley.¹² In this lovely spot, at once idyllic and inspiring, the John Bards settled, renaming it Annandale, after Margaret's ancestral home in Scotland.

A more likely setting for a "School of the Prophets" could hardly be imagined. The panorama seen from Annandale had inspired Irving to one of his loveliest descriptions—the opening passage of *Rip Van Winkle*. Today, a visitor driven to Annandale from Barrytown station crosses a lively, musical river into an enchanted world of Downing architecture created by the Donaldsons and the Bards. It is virtually an *al fresco* museum of imaginatively varied specimens from the Newburgh architect's style books—well-bracketed variants of Old English, Swiss, Italian and Gothic. Downing's free, romantic style, often mediaeval in spirit, was indeed an architectural counterpart of the new religious climate of the time. A winding road leads to a hill, overlooking Blithewood and Annandale, which a hundred years ago was crowned with

old forest trees ready to shelter a small company of scholars "with simple habits and fervent hearts."¹³ Here, the college was to stand.

John Bard seems to have been an ardent fundamentalist in religion with a keen sense of the excitement of education. The respect for education which he inherited as a Bard must have been much heightened by the personal experience of studying as a boy with his own father—a gifted amateur teacher who gave every child in the house a lesson before breakfast each day.¹⁴ In the Bardiana Collection is a letter in which William Bard tells Son John, traveling in Ohio at the time for his health and education, that he would shortly send him by mail another lesson in astronomy to study. John Bard was to gain further inspiration as well as academic and, later, administrative guidance from his uncle, Professor John McVickar of Columbia. Professor McVickar is believed to have given the first lectures on political economy at an American college.¹⁵

John and Margaret had barely settled in Annandale before the Bardian founding proclivities led them to constructive action in the fields of both religion and education. Almost at once, John Bard founded two Episcopal parishes, one in Tivoli, one in Annandale, and a church grade school to go with each. An "Old English" rectory appeared and an exquisite "cardboard Gothic" schoolhouse—both still used by Bard College.¹⁶ He brought a very scholarly young rector to his Annandale parish and, in 1856, indicated to Bishop Wainwright's successor, Bishop Horatio Potter, his readiness to undertake a training college if the diocese would help in supporting this expensive project.

While the proposal of founding a college was being discussed annually at the diocesan conventions, John Bard built a charming stone chapel in "Village Gothic" style and put up a small building to be used as a dormitory. Probably as early as 1856, a handful of pre-theologians were being prepared here for seminary by the rector, the Reverend Mr. Seymour. An Episcopal training college, gradually concocted out of all these rich ingredients, was officially recognized as a diocesan college in 1859. In 1860, it was formally chartered by the legislature under the name of St. Stephen's College.¹⁷

It is still possible that St. Stephen's College might not have been founded but for the availability of excellent faculty—already at hand in the persons of John Bard's parish rector and parish schoolmaster. If we had any doubt about John Bard's own personal charm, his ability to attract to his parish two such interesting and promising young men as

George Seymour, the rector, and Charles Babcock, the schoolmaster, should dispel the doubt.

Mr. Babcock had worked in the office of Richard Upjohn, distinguished architect and builder of Trinity Church, New York. He appears to have given up architecture temporarily for the ministry, coming to Annandale to teach the children of John Bard's parish school and later becoming an instructor at St. Stephen's College. Here, two quite unexpected architectural jobs fell into his hands—the rebuilding of the chapel after a fire and the building of the first large-size dormitory. These projects seem to have lured Mr. Babcock back to his old love and he ended up Professor of Architecture at Cornell, the first man to hold this position at an American university.¹⁸

George Seymour, the rector, was to be made first warden of St. Stephen's College. He was handsome, energetic and learned. He had read Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding* by the age of eleven and delivered the salutatory at his Columbia commencement in Greek verse. Seymour eventually became one of the most eloquent preachers in the Episcopal Church and Bishop of Springfield, Illinois.¹⁹

The men were at hand, the time was ripe, the setting perfect; the tradition called for action. G. M. Young, the historian, speaks of history as not what happened, but how people felt about it as it happened.²⁰ What urgent feeling and deep personal motives existed in the hearts of John and Margaret Bard and served as much as all other factors to turn John Bard's dream into a college?

Two daughters, Emily and Carrie, had already been born to John Bard, each somewhat of a disappointment on the score of her sex, though the Bards were deeply devoted to all children. In 1856, Margaret Bard bore her husband a son. The boy was named William, after his distinguished grandfather—and was henceforth to be known as "Willie." A visitor to the quiet graveyard near the college will see a tombstone marked, "Willie Bard."

The birth of a son is a notable event in any family. In John Bard's family it was an event pervaded with tragedy and wild hope. Mr. Bard's grandfather, Dr. Samuel Bard, although one of the greatest physicians of his age in America, had eight children of whom five died in childhood. Only one son survived, William Bard, the youngest of the eight. To William Bard were born fourteen children, and of these fourteen, six died in infancy.²¹ Caroline Bard reached a ripe old age, unmarried. John Bard,

alone, lived to carry on the family name. To John Bard, who could recall seven untimely deaths among his brothers and sisters, the birth of a child must have been an occasion of exquisite anxiety, the birth and survival of a son—a miracle.

In 1857, Willie Bard had lived through his first precarious year and in that year the Church of the Holy Innocents was begun. A slip of paper, laid by the boy's father in the cornerstone of the building, bears this moving inscription: "To be erected in Faith, and consecrated to the service of Almighty GOD, by loving parents, as a thank offering for the life of Willie Bard."²²

The state of mind which helped parents in the last century to face the inevitable decimation of their children is illustrated in stained glass over the altar of the church. Eight panels tell the dramatic story of the Slaughter of the Innocents, from among whom One was saved.

The first two panels show the Annunciation and the Nativity. There follow three consecutive scenes, each involving the Wise Men—their muster for their mysterious journey; their questioning by Herod as to the whereabouts of the new-born King; their Adoration of Him. Next, an angel warns Joseph of Herod's wrath. Panel seven shows the Holy Family's flight to Egypt. Lastly, in a strenuous version of the scene, one of Herod's soldiers is shown at his ghastly work of slaughter of new-born children. On a sunny day, this old tragedy flames through the glass into the chapel twilight with prophetic brilliance.

From the naming of the church after these innocent victims in the Bible story, I judge that John and Margaret Bard found the destiny of the Holy Innocents a comforting symbol for the destiny of children in their own time. The little victims were a sacrifice. For each one who was to live, many must die. This belief lent a tragic sanctity not only to the life but even to the death of children. For the life of their son the Bards built the Church of the Holy Innocents in the hope that this offering might help to bring God's mercy upon Willie. It was a handsome offering. Ralph Adams Cram has called it "one of the finest examples of 'Village Gothic' in America."²³

John Bard was soon to be chastened in his ardor as though he were a figure from *Euripides*. The church was nearly finished during the Christmas season of 1858. On the Eve of the Holy Innocents, John Bard inspected the building with a friend and declared his confidence that it was quite safe from fire.²⁴ Though his father had been the first insurance

man of his time, John Bard had not insured the building. Possibly, like some fundamentalists today, be considered insurance sacrilegious, especially for a church.

That same night, the Bards stood in the nursery by their sleeping son and watched the flames consume the Church of the Holy Innocents. It was bitter weather. There had been a defective flue, fire had started at midnight. All efforts to save the building proved vain and John Bard returned to Blithewood in deep despair. The long-dreamed-of achievement was perishing in the flames, the fate of St. Stephen's and Bard College was a tenuous one indeed, until Margaret Bard spoke, her hand on Willie's crib. "Do not lose your courage, John. We must trust in God."²⁵

Bishop Potter was notified of the catastrophe the day after the fire and at once wrote John Bard a letter which is a masterpiece of compassion and encouragement:

Whether this be the work of neglect or malice, it will work together for your good inwardly, and for your good outwardly, in the turning of many hearts toward you. . . . Many, many prayers will go up for you that you may not faint nor be dismayed and that God may be to you a God of consolation. . . . What you have done is written in Heaven and the fires of Earth cannot obliterate the record.

The bishop also begged the Bards, in this letter to read the thirty-seventh psalm:

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken.²⁶

The bishop was right. The spectacular catastrophe attracted more attention and support. John and Margaret Bard mustered their moral strength and their strained finances and decided in the spring of the new year to begin their long project again. A Dutchess County spring can stir the heart deeply. In May 1859, the task of rebuilding was given to Mr. Babcock and in eight months a new Church of the Holy Innocents, even finer than the one from whose ashes it rose, was consecrated by Bishop Potter. The text of his sermon of consecration is written large under the wheel window: "The Palace is not for Man, but for the Lord God."

Willie Bard's childhood seems to have been a happy one. He rode a pony around Annandale with his sisters.²⁷ He worked with the men on the place at Blithewood. According to a story handed down from those times, the men were told that if the boy heard one improper word from

any one of them, that man would be fired.²⁸ In a portrait in the Bard College Library, Willie has a little of the features of those Bard titans of the eighteenth century, Doctors Samuel and John.

Margaret Bard bore one more child of whom Bard College has a charming Victorian portrait photograph as a young lady. When she was two years old, the members of St. Stephen's College Boat Club named one of their racing boats *Rosalie*—after this bewitching mascot.²⁹ By this time the college was growing steadily stronger in enrollment and in academic standing.³⁰ The Bards might well have finished out a mellow life in Annandale, contemplating from the near distance the fine results of the work they had done and enjoying with their children the exquisite delights of Blithewood.

There were colorful occasions each year when they were the center of the interest of the college, such as All Saints' Eve. After a midnight service in the church, the students and faculty marched to Blithewood, bearing upon a pillow the key to the church to be returned, for every All Saints' Day, to the founder.³¹

The aspirations of John and Margaret Bard which led to the founding of St. Stephen's seem to have centered about the Church of the Holy Innocents, just as their building of the church seems to have centered about the life of their son. It was in the year of Willie's birth that we first hear of John Bard's firm intention to found a college.

Eight years after the chartering of St. Stephen's College, eleven years after the laying of the cornerstone of the church, Willie Bard died. In no irreverent spirit, I see this boy, not as one of the slaughtered Innocents but as the chosen one, spared to fulfill a more slow-paced destiny. Because of Willie Bard, a church was built, a college was founded and the great religious revival of the nineteenth century was strengthened.

It was in the year after the boy's death that the Bards left Annandale virtually forever. In 1869, personal financial reverses and the bittersweet melancholy which Annandale now held for this emotional couple combined to force them away from their home of over fifteen years. John and Margaret Bard gathered up their three daughters and left for Europe, to return only for an occasional visit. On these visits they attended St. Stephen's College commencement exercises, at which the climax of the formal banquet was a toast, "To Mr. and Mrs. Bard!" This was followed by an ovation and Mr. Bard, when he was present, answered the

toast himself with a speech, confirming his trust and hope for the mission of his college.³²

Out of more than five hundred colleges founded in the early period of American college history, less than two hundred are still alive.³³ To the genius of this extraordinary family, carried out in his own way by John Bard of Annandale, St. Stephen's and Bard College owe their existence. If Willie Bard also contributed in the touching and dramatic way I have shown, warm thanks on behalf of all later beneficiaries to this holy little Innocent!

NOTES

1. Mrs. Charles Sumner Hamlin, daughter of John V. L. Pruyn. Mr. Pruyn was a member of the original board of trustees of St. Stephen's College and played a vital part in the founding. He was Chancellor of the University of the State of New York and one of the most brilliant lawyers in America. Mrs. Hamlin's husband was on the first board of governors of the Federal Reserve System and served thus as governor for twenty-two years. Mrs. Hamlin has provided the Bardiana Collection, Bard College Library, with valuable reminiscences of the Bard family.
2. Tewksbury, Donald G., *Founding of American Colleges and Universities before the Civil War*, (1932); Ch. II, "The Founding of Denominational Colleges." Professor Tewksbury is author of "The Bard Plan," present basis of Bard College education.
3. Addison, Thayer, *The Episcopal Church in the United States of America*, (1951); Ch. V, "The Church Convalescent."
4. Article on Benjamin Tredwell Onderdonk in *Dictionary of American Biography*, and article on Horatio Potter in *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography*.
5. For conversation, clipping from unidentified church newspaper, ca. 1884, Bardiana Collection, Bard College Library. For Church predicament, Addison, *op. cit.*, p. 139.
6. Langstaff, John Brett, *Doctor Bard of Hyde Park*, (1942), *passim*, for these various family facts.
7. Stalson, J. Owen, *Marketing Life Insurance; its History in America*, (Harvard Studies in Business History, 1942). See index for references to William Bard.
8. Diary of Arthur Sands, Bardiana Collection. This diary is a rich mine of late colonial and early federal Americana.
9. Langstaff, *op. cit.*, Ch. XVIII, "Washington's Carbuncle."
10. DeForest, Emilie Johnston, *John Johnston of New York, Merchant*, (1909), p. 162. *Locus classicus* for details about Margaret Johnston Bard (Mrs. John Bard of Annandale).
11. For condition of American colleges at this time, see Earnest, Ernest, *Academic Procession*, (1953); Ch. II, "False Dawn"; Ch. III, "The Myth of Clustered Halls."
12. Blithewood is described and praised at length in Downing's *A Treatise on . . . Landscape Gardening . . . and Rural Architecture*, (1841), His *Cottage Residences*, (1842), is dedicated "To Robert Donaldson Esq., of Blithewood, on the Hudson — *Arbiter Elegantiarum*."

13. For this phrase of Bishop Potter's I am indebted to Christopher Magee, Bard '50, whose senior project, "A History of St. Stephen's College," refers it to the *Journal of the Convention of New York, 1856*. I am also indebted to Mr. Magee's history for much good guidance in this account of the founding.
14. Sand's diary. See note 8.
15. *History of Columbia*, 150th Anniversary, (1904); p. 205.
16. The rectory is now the home of Artine Artinian, Professor of French, Bard College. The schoolhouse is a music and lecture hall, now named "Bard Hall."
17. Miscellaneous sources, Bardiana Collection, for these events.
18. Article on Richard Upjohn in *Dictionary of American Biography*; also miscellaneous sources, Bardiana Collection.
19. *Dictionary of American Biography* describes him as a prize-winning orator at Columbia. Mrs. Richard Aldrich, Barrytown, testifies to being deeply moved in her youth by a sermon of Bishop Seymour. Mrs. Aldrich's judgment has proved unerring in other connections. I rely on it here to support my superlative.
20. Young, George Malcolm, *Portrait of an Age*, (1952), Introduction.
21. From elegant and copious genealogical table, Bardiana Collection, supplied by F. Sands and attributed by him to William Bard.
22. See speech by John Bard, in clipping referred to in Note 5. Mr. Bard was a fluent, ardent speaker.
23. Quoted by Magee, *op. cit.*, from Zimm, L. H., and others, *Southeastern New York; a History of the Counties of Ulster, Dutchess, Orange, Rockland and Putnam*, (1946). Vol. I.
24. Letter of Emilie Johnston DeForest, dated August 1935, Bardiana Collection. Mrs. DeForest personally remembered the time of the fire.
25. Speech by John Bard, 1884; in clipping referred to in Note 5.
26. Letter of Bishop Potter, dated December 28, 1858, Bardiana Collection.
27. See note 24.
28. Letter of Mrs. Ozanne, granddaughter of John Bard, written February 1956, belonging to Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin. Mrs. Ozanne is the daughter of Emily Bard.
29. Unidentified clipping from a Dutchess County newspaper of 1869, Bardiana Collection. A boat race is reported with Homeric enthusiasm.
30. Warden Fairbairn's report to trustees, St. Stephen's College, July 7, 1869.
31. This midnight service is still celebrated. The choir now sings a Mass composed by Professor Clair Leonard, Bard College Music Department.
32. Several clippings from church papers and others, in 1870's and 1880's, Bardiana Collection. Modern commencements are pale by comparison.
33. Tewksbury, *op. cit.*, Ch. I, "The Moving Frontier and the American College," p. 28.

STEPHEN AND JULIA OLIN

During the week-end of June 17, 18 and 19, 1955, the Methodist Chapel at Hillside celebrated the centennial of its founding. As part of the anniversary exercises, the Reverend William Fox, the congregation and its friends visited "Glenburn." Here, my great-grandmother, Julia Olin, spent most of her summers. During the ten years she was married to Stephen Olin they both came here from time to time. The remarks on my great-grandmother I made at the head of the waterfall in the woods, where she and her sister taught Sunday School to their neighbors' children. Those on Stephen Olin, I made in the living room in "Glenburn" where his portrait hangs.

I have tried to suggest through their own words as well as through those of their contemporaries something of the spirit that made Julia and Stephen Olin personalities and leaders in the Methodist Church. I must emphasize the fact that these are notes. I cannot claim a thorough knowledge even of the Olins' published works. Greater familiarity with the historical background of the period and more research than I have been able to give it, is needed to do justice to the subject. I believe, however, that superficial as these remarks may be, they do, especially in the case of my great-grandmother, give the impression of a lively personality. And, as that personality was exercised for a considerable number of years in our county, the appearance of these remarks in the year book of the Dutchess County Historical Society may not be entirely inappropriate or valueless.

Olin Dows
Good Samaritan Hospital
Phoenix, Arizona
October 10, 1955

Notes on Stephen and Julia Olin

On this spot my great-grandmother, Julia Olin, first taught Sunday School as a young woman of twenty-four. It was in 1838, the year steam navigation across the Atlantic was established. Martin Van Buren (a neighbor in Columbia County) was president. The previous year her father, Judge Lynch, built "Glenburn," the house that you will visit shortly. That year was famous for one of our worst financial crises. Between 1837 and 1841, three-thousand miles of railroad were built in the United States.

So you see that her active adult life was lived during the great industrial development of this country. She was born in the year of Waterloo and her grandfather, Thomas Tillotson, friend of George Washington and surgeon-general of the northern armies during the Revolution, had given her the land we are now standing on because she loved it and played here by the waterfall as a little girl.

Her son, my grandfather, Stephen Henry Olin, made an address on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the Hillside Chapel. My mother, my sisters, my wife and I are honored that you have come here today to visit this place whose roots are deep in our country's past. From this spot and with these people to help us, the foundation of our republic does not seem so far away. History has a way of creeping up on us as we get older and at this moment I feel it very much around us.

The plaque on this stone bench, which my grandmother and grandfather had built, says:

Here was the Hillside Sunday School, 1840-1855. The teachers were Julia and Margaret Lynch, afterwards Mrs. Stephen Olin and Mrs. Henry E. Montgomery.

The herald's voice—the song—the prayer are silent—but the fragrance still remains that filled all here.

Hillside Flowers

When Julia Lynch was twenty-nine she married Stephen Olin, a well-known Methodist preacher and president of Wesleyan University, and went to live in Middletown, Connecticut. They returned from time to time to visit her parents and the Freeborn Garrettsons at "Wilderclyff." But her life was full and active elsewhere and the Sunday School was taught by her sister for eight years, until Dr. Olin died. For the remaining twenty-eight years of her life she was a devoted worker in all the Methodist Church's activities, here at "Glenburn" during the summer—in New York during the winter. She was also writing. In the story of the *New Mission House at Five Points*, published a year before the Hillside Chapel was dedicated (hence one-hundred and one years ago), she wrote a third of the articles.

But the building of this church in Hillside was very important to her and she continued to enlarge its activities. For example, fifteen years after it was founded it became an affiliate of the New York Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of which Julia Olin was president from 1870 until her death.

In the first annual report of this society, July 6, 1870, it says:

Here in Hillside, summer residence of the president of the N. Y.

Branch, Mrs. Dr. Olin, is a society devoted to young people, who under her example are earnestly working to advance the Redeemer's cause, at home and abroad. Their hearts are touched with pity for the heathen, and for those who have no helper, and their fervent prayers ascend for the conversion of those women in distant lands who are sitting in the region of the shadow of death.

The report goes on to say that the president was Mrs. Laramer, the secretary Miss Asher; there were twelve subscribers and among the members' names in the first reports we find Schultz, Schryver, Montgomery, Lynch, Brown, Hannaburg, Haggerty, Barringer, Ackert, Fraleigh, DeWint, Tator and Kip.

Of Rhinebeck, the report notes that it is the home of the Reverend Freeborn Garrettson, whose daughter, Miss Mary Garrettson,

. . . inherits the missionary zeal of her honored father and now . . . inciting her sisters in the churches around her to put forth efforts for the perishing women of India; to do something to lift them up out of their moral degradation; to show them the way to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, so that woman in her humble home in India may enjoy the same salvation and the same purity of character which can adorn a house on the lovely banks of the Hudson. . . .

The mission's influence was widespread — not only outside the United States, but in communities like Hillside, where the reports and the accounts of returning missionaries were heard. In one of your early record books Mrs. Butler, a celebrated missionary of the day, is mentioned as talking to the Hillside group.

Julia Olin notes that in speeding the departure of Miss Fannie Sparks for India, in 1870, it was distinctly a "woman's meeting, addressed by women only." In other words, these women were consciously acting as organized women and backing women missionaries.

As an example of what the society was accomplishing, here are a few figures from the 6th Annual Report of 1872-75. Money was allocated as follows: India, \$7,810; China, \$3,050; Mexico, \$1,890; Bulgaria, \$100; Japan, \$100; Providential Fund, \$1,000; making a total of \$13,950.

They sent the first lady physician to India "and the record of her work in the hospital of Bareilly, which, with its beautiful grounds, was the gift of a heathen king, does honor to herself and the society she represents."

The society had 108 Bible women in service; 23 missionaries who had under their care 100 schools. There were 159 Indian orphans, most of them adopted by a godmother in the United States. Mrs. Olin's

adopted orphan was called Mary Garrettson, for example, and Mary Drake of New York, called hers Mary Drake.

Julia Olin notes that the missionary is no longer a lonely exile but, due to the railway and telegraph lines,—the quick communication,

ringing words of cheer come to us from over the sea; from young girls who enter upon their self-denying work with hope and trust . . . we can almost hear the children reciting our lessons and singing about the happy land. . . . The names of the cities of India, and China and Mexico . . . have become familiar as household words. Our horizon is enlarged . . . and we rejoice in the confidence that they are wiser and better over there for our pains and labor here.

I have quoted these passages because I think they give an idea of the way our great-grandparents were thinking and feeling as no words of mine could.

In spite of the pious and ornate language, a very human being is expressed by Julia Olin's writing. There is a lot of it; sixteen stories, moral essays or reports in the *Heathen Woman's Friend*, from 1870 to 1879; contributions to the *Western Christian Advocate*, the *Ladies Repository* and the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. She published *The Perfect Light, or Seven Hues of Christian Character*, in 1886, seven essays on famously devout women, including Louisa of Prussia, grandmother of Emperor William II of Germany, and Mrs. Freeborn Garrettson of Rhinebeck; three anthologies, *Hillside Flowers*, *Words of the Wise* and *A String of Pearls*, as well as editing *Dr. Olin's Life and Letters*, *Sermons and Addresses* and *Greece and the Golden Horn*.

She had facility with words and you will find in the following quotations I have selected from articles in the *Heathen Woman's Friend*, a nice sense of the practical and personal that makes her writing lively.

One afternoon, while climbing the mountain back of Montreux, Switzerland, Julia Olin stops to talk with a peasant woman who tells her that

the Rule of the Mountain is always Forward never halting . . . not too fast at the beginning. . . . May we not remember this rule of the mountain as we climb our hill of difficulty. . . . One annual gift obtained, one heart and soul fully won over to the work, one earnest word spoken, one fervent letter written, one believing prayer offered, one meeting made to glow with honest, earnest purpose—these are only steps taken, one at a time, but they are leading upwards . . .

* * *

Little things are the pivots upon which move great things. . . . It is a little thing for the sentry at his post to close his eyes for only a few moments; but that brief sleep may decide the fate of an army. . . .

Life is made up of little things. Character is built of them. This enterprise on which we are engaged depends on them. Some of you may be

despisers of small things. It may seem a little thing whether you attend a meeting of your auxiliary Society. There are always good reasons for not going, and the meeting is dull and will not repay one for the effort of attending it. So you stay away and do your part towards the dullness. It is a little thing to collect for the society. Two cents a week do not matter much—a few half dollars and dollars are of little account; and so, though you are one of the collectors, you do not find time to call on everyone whose name is on your paper, and your subscribers forget to pay. . . . What if all the collectors throughout the land despised little things as much as you?

A subscription to the *Heathen Woman's Friend* is a little thing—but if everyone thought it not worth obtaining subscribers it would cease to go to 23,000 homes.

* * *

The Duty of the Women of the Methodist Church. In union there is strength—we are 700,000. This mighty host . . . should do something for the greater host of heathen women for whom Christ died but who have not heard of his name . . . we need an army of occupation as well as an aggressive force.

What has been done fills our hearts with joy and thankfulness—in 1874 there are seven Branches in the United States; 15,000 auxiliaries; 50,000 members; \$55,000. income. There are six missionaries in India and six in China; 83 Schools; 93 Bible women; 146 orphanages. There is a medical class of thirteen Hindu girls.

Women have more time to pray than men. What saith the Master? Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.

Let us fill this blank check signed by the hand that was pierced on Calvary. . . . The check will be more readily honored at the Bank of Heaven. Let us present it boldly.

* * *

In this last article which was written four months before Julia Olin died, she discussed the reasons why the women missionaries should be helped:

Help Those Women, Why? Because they are doing an important work which must otherwise be left undone. . .

Help Those Women, Why? Because they alone have access to the mothers of the race. You cannot hope for the conversion of the men of a nation to Christianity while the mothers remain pagan. . . . Women are the chief supporters of idolatry.

Help Those Women, Why? Because this is the womanly work, recommended by the apostle, of bringing up children.

Help Those Women, Why? Because they carry healing to the body, and thus alleviate the woes of suffering humanity. The doors of the halls of medical science, in our own land, so long closed to women, have at length been reluctantly opened, and women have been trained for the new field of labor which they alone can enter.

You notice her sense of organization, even in these excerpts, as well as her zeal for the organizations to which she was dedicated. She supports her moral flights with a practical hand as well as giving them a personal touch. She has a talent for apt description and at times a simple and moving eloquence. In much of her writing she makes you aware of her

interest in women's activities and their importance. In fact, she seems to me something of a feminist.

* * *

Stephen Olin was born in Leicester, Vermont, on March 2, 1797—two days before George Washington's administration ended—and six years after John Wesley died. His father, Henry Olin, was a wise, good-humored and humorous judge. When Stephen was seventeen he took charge of a school two miles from his home. And, besides teaching, he worked with a local lawyer. But young Olin realized that to really advance in this profession he needed a college education. So, at nineteen, he went to Middlebury College.

Here he was outstanding. A friend describes his entry into his first class:

There he sat—his great head, and ample chest, and massive form, towering above those around him like the oak of a thousand years above the lesser trees of the forest . . . his hands and feet much larger than those of ordinary men. . . . We all regarded Mr. Olin as the master-spirit, the strongman of the college, though no one expected him to become a Minister.

And a professor said he was "the ripest scholar who had ever come before him to be examined for a degree."

He graduated at twenty-three. The faculty chose him as valedictorian, but he had pushed himself too hard and at the end of his senior year he had a break-down and was unable to talk at commencement.

He was remarkably ambitious to excel and he told a friend that he would willingly trade a seat in Heaven for one in Congress.

In order to regain his health and because he thought his prospects would be better, he went south. There he taught at the Tabernacle Academy in Abbeville, South Carolina. His health improved.

He writes later about this period:

I boarded in the family of a local Methodist preacher. One day while I was sitting in my room reading, after the toils of the day were over, I overheard the mother of the family in an adjoining room ask the son whether the new teacher opened the school with prayer. On receiving a negative answer, she expressed her surprise and regret that one born and brought up in New England should fail to comply with a custom which she thought was universal in the North. I carefully thought over the subject thus brought before me. The result of many deliberations was a determination to comply with what I found to be the wishes of the people. But I knew not how to pray. This strange want of familiarity with even the outward form of devotion may be accounted for by the history of my childhood. My mother, resting in the belief that the language of prayer should only be uttered by those whose hearts have been touched by the spirit of God, had never taught me to pray. . . . I retired

to a neighboring grove and there composed and rehearsed the prayer with which I intended to open the school the next day. And day after day I did in the presence of my pupils offer prayer, which did not come even from the surface of my careless and indifferent heart. . . . In one of the evening meetings for prayer in the house where I lived I was asked to pray, but I declined, feeling that my formal prayers were out of place there. This incident increased the disquiet I already felt. On one occasion, while repeating my prayer in my seclusion, I became deeply affected. I had virtually recognized the divine goodness, the reality of which now struck my mind with great force. A train of new emotions at once existed within me. I wept, and could not help weeping. A sense of wretchedness stole over me which daily gathered strength. I spent my leisure hours in reading the Bible and other religious books — my nights in prayers and tears. One day, after praying, as I had done for weeks under the spreading branches of a large tree — still known among my friends as the memorable spot in my religious history — I had risen from my knees with a heart bowed down with insupportable agony, when the answer came from above—the darkness passed away, and a new and heavenly light shone about.

The change was sudden and powerful, even producing no slight physical effect. It was like a shock of electricity stirring my whole frame, and filling my soul with divine emotion. The effect of my conversion was profound and imbued my whole character, pervaded my whole being, and habitually revealed itself in my whole life by the deepest humility and the purest charity.

He was planning to start legal studies in a neighboring town, but with this deep feeling for religion, he decided to break off the contract with his lawyer friend and become a Methodist preacher instead. He was twenty-seven when he entered the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church and became pastor at Charleston. Immediately he made a great reputation as a preacher. The following description comes from one of his Charleston congregations:

He commenced preaching at seven o'clock and the city bells were ringing for nine when he closed, and there we were, utterly unconscious that even twenty minutes had elapsed, all tremulous with excitement; the tall, awkward man, with his singular gesticulation, unique manner, everything, literally everything, lost sight of, forgotten, in the grand, glorious, majestic truths of the Gospel, which flashed like chain-lightning around the old pulpit.

And here are other remarks written by contemporaries:

He was rarely able to preach more than a few sermons successively before he was prostrate and unable, perhaps for a long time, even to pray in the family.

and:

What is so remarkable in this Methodist preacher? Is it his oratory or what? No, he never seems to think of oratory . . . you go and hear him preach and a large rather coarse-looking man rises before you — his gestures are rather awkward than otherwise; but he takes his text and enters upon its exposition and you forget the man entirely. . . . You say, Exactly right, that's certainly the very thing that ought to be said. . . . Well I wonder I never saw it before.

After his conversion he wrote many letters to his friends trying to convert them, and he wrote one of them about the Methodists:

I believe them to be a more humble and a more holy people. They want plainer and more pointed preaching than Episcopalians will hear, so that as a preacher I am sure I could be more useful among them, and an instrument of getting more souls to heaven. . . .

He found his health couldn't stand the active and continuous preaching and so he became professor of *Belles Lettres* at Franklin College, Athens, Georgia, and the next year, when he was thirty, he married his first wife, Mary Bostwick of Georgia. He continued teaching here for seven years, plowing and working outside for exercise and occasionally preaching. He was made an elder of the Methodist Church when he was thirty-one.

There is a letter of this period that shows his humor; he is talking about himself as "the Professor:"

. . . I have learned enough of him to think him but a sad fellow, certainly no better than he should be. Do not imagine that I design on this account to cut our acquaintance. So far from it, that I mean to stick to him, like Old Mortality, to reach out and explore the worst and the meanest parts of his character and, if possible, to reform him.

For two years he was president of Randolph-Macon College in Virginia. Here his health was so troublesome that he finally resigned and went abroad with his wife for travel and rest.

He remained abroad for five years, ill much of the time. There is a touching account of his wife's good care of him and then his care of her and her death in Naples. He was so badly broken up by his loss that he felt he could not face a solitary return to the United States and he decided to go traveling.

On the Continent he saw LaFayette, went to Tallyrand's funeral, described the blessing of the horses at St. Anthony Abbe in Rome, in Germany noted the great number of soldiers on the streets. He visited Ireland, Greece, Constantinople and the Holy Land. In the latter, traveling was difficult and uncomfortable.

On his return to the United States, his health was so poor that he resigned as president-elect of Wesleyan, a position the trustees had been holding for him for two years. He stayed with relatives in Columbus, Georgia, where he wrote letters and worked on his *Eastern Journal*. Of it he wrote:

This has afforded me satisfaction as an occupation; but I cannot make a *religious* work of it and I constantly experience regrets and misgivings. I would burn every word of it if I did not believe myself trying

to honor God in this attempt . . . perhaps it is a duty to throw out something which may be read by our young people and which may keep out, as far as it goes, novels and other trash. I can be sure of giving truth in a plain way, which of itself may not be lost labor.

After two more years his health improved and at the age of forty-five he became president of Wesleyan and the next year married the twenty-nine year old Julia M. Lynch.

This last period of his life was most productive, though throughout he continued to suffer from bad health. His college life was well organized—up at five with a cold shower, then a three-mile walk and family prayers at seven, with a day of administration and meetings and chapel, as well as a happy social and family life.

He was away a great deal, for he was in much demand as a preacher, and he took collections for the university. In 1844 he preached to the House of Representatives in Washington, and in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and all over New England.

When he was fifty, in 1847, his son, my grandfather, was born, and two years later his second son. This child died a few months before Dr. Olin himself died at the age of fifty-four.

Certainly, Stephen Olin's greatest talent was for preaching. But the *Sermons and Addresses*, as printed do not really help us to understand just what his power was. There is no question that some of this power lay in his personality, and that kind of personal quality may easily be lost in the printed word. This certainly was the case with Will Rogers. Hearing him talk, as I did some years ago, and reading his articles in the newspapers were two totally different experiences.

All comments on Dr. Olin emphasize his humility and his charity. There can be but little doubt that he was a man of good will, kind, generous and sincere. Even before his conversion he was generous in opposition and felt it poor policy to degrade an opponent. The writers also mention his common sense and kindly humor. The latter is evident to us in only a few letters. We can understand the effect he had on his contemporaries more by looking at this lively portrait by W. E. West, which catches his dignity, charm, humor and almost a little sly look, better than from his writing.

I would like to read a few more comments about Dr. Olin's preaching. Such words from the past help us to understand both the man and the effect he had on others.

A member of the congregation who heard the first sermon he preached at Wesleyan University, and the first he had spoken in six years, says his preaching

is like standing under Niagara . . . I turn to the printed sketch of this sermon and oh, how meagre does it appear. . . . Towards the close, weeping and trembling with emotion, he asked, "Do you long to work for Christ and can you find nothing to do? Go then to the humblest Sunday School, knock at the door, ask to be permitted to sit down by the lowliest child and teach him the alphabet of religion, tell him Christ died for the world." Then with tears coursing down his cheeks he said he must thank God for giving him another opportunity for declaring his Gospel.

Another description is of a sermon delivered at one of the annual conferences. Dr. Olin gives a terrible description of a world without a Saviour or hope of redemption.

Generation after generation disappeared and no one knew their destiny. The picture was the most vivid and terrific I ever saw executed in a pulpit; and the feeling of the audience was rising to agony, when, stretching himself to his utmost height and throwing himself forward over the pulpit, with his long arms reached out as if for help and every muscle of his gigantic frame quivering with intense emotion, he exclaimed, "And here we are, driven forward, an unwilling herd, toward the fatal limit, looking for light, and there is no ray, calling for help, and there is no answer!"

At this moment one vast groan burst from the whole assembly, mingled with sobs and cries, as if all were plunging down the precipice together!

Because of his powerful preaching he carried great influence in the Methodist Church. This power was the stronger on account of his fine character and because he could express his ideas with logic and clarity. I suppose the most dramatic issue in which he was involved was that of slavery, for on the whole he shunned politics.

In the Conference of 1844, the Methodist Church was deeply divided over this issue. Bishop Andrew, an old friend of Olin's had, through inheritance and also by marrying a southern lady who owned slaves, become a slave holder. A resolution was submitted to this conference requesting him "to desist from the exercise of the Office of Bishop while this impediment remained."

The southerners bitterly resented the resolution, the northern abolitionists pressed it, and the middle-of-the-road northerners, like Olin, realized that the feelings of their local congregations on this issue were too intense for them to return to their parishes with the issue shelved. Stephen Olin made a speech and did everything he could to compromise it, then, with great reluctance voted for the resolution and consequent division.

He tried to treat the issue as a practical matter: "I do not believe the slaves fare worse for having a Christian master; . . . I know only one man who has done more for the African race than Bishop Andrew." He lamented slavery as calamitous and deplored the Fugitive Slave Law as a necessary evil, yet he approved of its enforcement. On an issue which today seems to us, certainly on its moral side, so clear, it is hard to realize how difficult it was to disentangle the ideal from the practical and political issue.

On another question his point of view is much clearer, He hated sectarian bias and was much touched and pleased when a Congregationalist minister asked him to preach. In his sermon at Mrs. Garrettson's funeral, he lays great emphasis on her "large catholicity and absolute exemption from sectarian bigotry." In his account of his visit to the Holy Land, he denounces the plot (aided by the son of Louis Philippe) by which a group of Latin Catholic monks destroyed a convent built by Greek Catholics. These ideas are sympathetic to us who are so much more aware of the similarity of Christian sects to each other than to their differences.

Like Carlyle, whose work he loathed, and so many of the nineteenth century moralists, Dr. Olin was didactic. He was a teacher, both in the purpose behind his writing and preaching and also in his professional capacity as teacher and finally as president of Wesleyan University. He believed that

An ordinary mind, well trained, is better fitted for all the exigencies of life than the greatest genius without mental discipline. Education prepares men to know and to do all that should be known and done.

He did very little lecturing when teaching. He demanded from his students thorough familiarity with the text books they were studying. Instead of asking questions, he would expect a continuous discourse on the subject from each student, one commencing where the previous one left off.

A high and classical discipline was his ideal for our own college.

He was very much concerned with improving the education of the Methodist ministry and, after visiting a Wesleyan theological college in London, when he was there in 1846 for the First Evangelical Alliance, he wrote home urging the founding of such a college in the United States and enclosed a generous donation for that purpose.

Sometimes, in his books on travel and in his letters, you will find

comments of lively interest today. There is a solid, factual and clean observation that is not uninteresting. He had a remarkable memory. His detailed accounts build up into a surprisingly objective picture of other races, manners and customs, all against a background with a guide-book-like inclusiveness about monuments, public institutions, statistics and national economies.

He was disappointed in Greece for he found the accounts he had read in the United States colored by the reporter's enthusiasm for freedom. The following passage, written in 1854, has meaning for us today:

What good has been done by the Battle of Navarino? [October 20, 1827] . . . Greece, too weak to be independent and too corrupt and ignorant for freedom and self-government, has been virtually a province of Russia, under a stupid king, whose rule is decidedly more oppressive than that of the Turk. . . . The Allies [France and England], robbing Turkey of her natural and moral power, perceive that they have demolished the only natural and efficient barrier to the dangerous power of Russia . . .

And, again his description of the field of Marathon as the place where civilization was stabilized and saved from Persian barbarism, has a real grandeur. This he feels because God uses Greek for his word.

In one of his letters he says that he had accomplished two things of worth,—his "*Travels in the East*, a truthful picture of the lands of the Bible, would aid the students of God's Word and the Wesleyan University, established on a permanent basis, would, with God's blessing, be a powerful agency in the Church."

As far as Wesleyan University was concerned, he did a big job in getting funds for its endowment. In so many of his letters to his wife he tells her of his talks and sermons made for the university and of the amounts of the contributions. For example, at one time he preached fourteen sermons in three weeks and obtained \$11,500 for the university. This, he disliked doing and he did it reluctantly and with a comment that "it is God's will."

Finally, I would like to leave you with a few more personal passages from his letters to his wife, for I think they suggest, better than most of his writing, the man himself.

Just twenty-five years ago this month since I coasted these shores to Savannah. Four months later I was serious, even prayerful, and the ensuing autumn I was happily converted to God. . . . How much of anguish and of physical and mental suffering has fallen to my lot. Yet, I have been a happy, increasingly happy man. All these things have manifestly worked together for my good. I have enjoyed religion. . . .

I find the addition of little Henry to our stock in life has, with greatly increased pleasures, brought greater solitudes.

He is afraid the child will hit his head on furniture, fall downstairs, or over the edge of the porch.

On a trip to preach, he goes with a party to ascend Mount Holyoke:

And of all the men and women in the universe, you are precisely the person whose rather exaggerated exclamations I should prefer to hear on that farfamed p'innacle.

He makes ascent the next day with a party of hard drinkers (of cold water) and, describing his daily routine at the baths at Northampton,

. . . By far the most delightful of the day's incidents is liable to occur in the coming of a folded paper, signed J. M. O., and redolent of affection and of intimations concerning the progress in all sorts of winning ways and pride-inspiring perfections of the hope of my house, my son and heir, Master S. Henry Olin. . . .



TO BE RUN FOR

At the Poughkeepsie Course, on the sixteenth of April next,

A SILVER TANKARD,

The Value of Twenty Pounds,

Free for any Horse, Mare, or Gelding, carrying weight for blood and age; To run the best two in three two mile heats; the horses to be entered the day before running, at the stable of Capt. Stephen Hendrickson, paying Twenty Shillings entrance, or double at the post; the entrance money to be run for the next day by the losers Horses. Judges of the turf will be appointed previous to running.

The New-York Packet and American Advertiser,
March 20, 1783

BIBLE RECORDS OF DUTCHESS COUNTY FAMILIES

HAVILAND FAMILY BIBLE

HOLY BIBLE, . . . Printed by The Bible Association of Friends in America, Philadelphia, 1831.

The records were copied from a Family Bible at Sisson's Auction rooms, Poughkeepsie, New York, April 5, 1937, by Mr. Clifford M. Buck.

MARRIAGES

Joseph Haviland and Phebe Martin, 1st mo., 25th, 1832, in Friends Meeting House at Oblong

Joseph Haviland and Lydia H. Stanley, 5th mo., at Brownsville, Penn.

Joseph Haviland and Sarah Griffen, 12th mo., 20th, 1837, in Friends Meeting House at Purchase

Joseph Haviland and Mary C. Haviland, 5th mo., at Glens Falls, New York

BIRTHS

Joseph Haviland 1st of 2nd mo. 1804

Phebe Haviland 12th of 4th mo. 1804

James Haviland 13th of 3rd mo. 1836

Sarah Haviland 4th of 5th mo. 1803

Mary G. Haviland 25th of 8th mo. 1841

Daniel Griffen 7th mo., 22nd 1799

Hannah Griffen 5th mo., 23rd 1809

Marianna Griffen 6th mo., 7th 1831

James Griffen 5th mo., 2nd 1835

Maria M. Griffen 10th mo., 22nd 1839

DEATHS

Phebe Haviland departed this life 24th of 3rd mo., 1836; aged 32 years wanting 18 days

Sarah G. Haviland departed this life 12th of 7th mo., 1856; aged 53 years, 2 mo., 8 days

Joseph Haviland departed this life 7th of 10th mo., 1883; aged 79 years, 8 mo., 5 days

James Haviland entered into rest 2nd mo., 26th, 1891; aged 54 years, 11 mo., 15 days

Daniel Griffen died 7th mo., 13th, 1879

Hannah Griffen died 1st mo., 11th, 1875

Marianna Griffen died 5th mo., 25th, 1867

James Griffen died 11th mo., 19th, 1861

Maria Griffen died 7th mo., 11th, 1860

Mary G. Lane departed this life 10th mo., 15th, 1883

* * *

FAMILY RECORD OF JOHN DEAN

The record is taken from a sampler which was presented to the Adriance Memorial Library, Poughkeepsie, by Mr. Thurston Thatcher.

MARRIAGE

John Dean and Catharine R. Noxon, married Nov. 25th, 1823

BIRTHS

John Dean, born May 14th, 1796

Catharine R. Dean, born Feb. 14th, 1804

Elma Dean, born July 13th, 1824

Daniel Dean, born May 18th, 1828

Thorn Dean, born May 14th, 1830
 John Youngs Dean, born March 15th, 1834
 George Dean, born April 26th, 1835
 Orin Dean, born March 15th, 1838

DEATH

John Youngs Dean, died April 20th, 1836; aged 2 years, 1 month, 5 days



May ye 24th 1743

Rates heretofore taken by way of Ferriage for crossing Hudsons
 River above the Highlands Viz^t

	£	S	d
For every Man and Horse	0	6	0
" " person without a Horse	0	2	0
And if bad weather a Man and Horse	0	10	0
Rates proposed to be taken, Viz ^t			
For every Man and Horse	0	2	6

Documentary History of the State
 of New York, v. 3.

