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Respect of Henry C Platt

Huntington - }
Suffolk Co. N.H. }
aug 31. 1876 }

OLD TIMES IN HUNTINGTON.

AN

HISTORICAL ADDRESS,

BY

HON. HENRY C. PLATT,

DELIVERED AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT
HUNTINGTON, SUFFOLK COUNTY, N. Y., ON THE
4th day of July, 1876.

(WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES AND FAMILY SKETCHES)

To-day a century's honors crown
The land for which our prayers are given,
And endless honors pouring down
Shall bless it in the sight of heaven :
So millions yet unborn shall rise
To hail the hour which now we hail,
Its glory sparkling in their eyes
When we have passed beyond the vale.

HUNTINGTON :
LONG ISLANDER PRESS,
1876.

CENTENNIAL PROCLAMATIONS.

I.

The following is a copy of a proclamation made by President Grant, May 25, 1876 :

WHEREAS, A joint resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States was duly approved on the 13th day of March last, which resolution is as follows : Be it

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, That it be and is hereby recommended by the Senate and House of Representatives to the people of the several States that they assemble in their several counties or towns on the approaching Centennial anniversary of our National Independence and that they cause to have delivered on such day an historical sketch of such county or town from its formation, and that a copy of said sketch be filed in print or manuscript in the Clerk's office of said county, and an additional copy in print or manuscript be filed in the office of the Librarian of Congress, to the intent that a complete record may be thus obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centennial of our existence ; and

WHEREAS, It is deemed proper that such recommendation be brought to the notice and knowledge of the people of the United States, now, therefore, I Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby declare and make known the same, in the hope that the object of such resolution may meet the approval of the people of the United States, and that proper steps may be taken to carry the same into effect.

II.

The following is a copy of a proclamation made by President Grant, June 26, 1876 :

The Centennial anniversary of the day on which the people of the United States declared their right to a separate and equal station

among the powers of the earth seems to demand an exceptional observance. The founders of the Government, at its feebleness, invoked the blessings and the protection of a divine Providence, and the thirteen colonies and three millions of people have expanded into a nation of strength and numbers commanding the position which then was asserted and for which fervent prayers were then offered. It seems fitting that on the occurrence of the hundredth anniversary of our existence as a nation a grateful acknowledgement be made to Almighty God for the protection and bounties which he has vouchsafed to our beloved country. I therefore invite the good people of the United States on the approaching Fourth day of July, in addition to the usual observances with which they are accustomed to greet the return of the day, further in such manner and at such time as in their respective localities and religious associations may be the most convenient, to mark its recurrence by some public religious and devout thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings which have been bestowed upon us as a nation during the century of our existence, and humbly to invoke a continuance of His favor and of His protection.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington the twenty-sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-six, and of the Independence of the United States of America the One Hundredth.

By the President,

U. S. GRANT.

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

THE DAY.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in the Town of Huntington with unusual enthusiasm and display. A large procession was formed under direction of Grand Marshal Major Thomas Young and his aides, all mounted, viz.:

Supervisor, STEPHEN C. ROGERS,
 Sheriff EGBERT G. LEWIS,
 Constable, PETER M. TRAINER,
 FRANK M. CROSSMAN,
 GEORGE C. WOOD,
 ANSEL B. GILDERSLEEVE,
 HENRY SCUDDER,
 GEORGE W. CONKLIN,
 AUGUSTUS H. SCUDDER,
 JOHN MCKAY.

The following was the order of procession :

Brass Band.

Speakers.

Town officers and invited guests.

Various representatives of the U. S. Government.

The old cannon, preceded by the American Flag and followed by the soldiers of 1776 and 1876.

Banner of Washington and motto

The Old Bell of 1776.

Angel of Peace, guarding the Liberty Bell.—Miss Alice Velsor.

Banner of the United States (coat of arms).

Representation of the Goddess of Liberty and the thirteen original States, personated by the following young ladies, viz.:

Goddess of Liberty, Miss MARY A. HENDRICKSON ;

Thirteen States :

Nellie Conklin,

Emma Ritter,

Mary Prime,

Cora Brock,

Lizzie Brush,

Olive Secord,

Florence Howard,

Cora Howard,

Addie McKay,

Lillie Jarvis,

Susie Jones,

Lillie Fancher,

Flora Rogers.

Banner of New York State (coat of arms).

Representations of Justice and Liberty : *Justice*, Miss Sarah Ritchie ;
Liberty, Miss Laura Velsor.

Education—headed by a banner and wagon with emblematic representations—followed by members of Professors, Board of Education and Trustees of the various school districts of the Town, Principals, Teachers and Children of Schools, with their school banners.

Fire Companies of the Town.

The Press, represented by a printing case on a wagon, an emblematic banner and files of newspapers.

Agriculture, with banner and wagon representing Ceres and Pomona, enthroned upon products of the soil, followed by agricultural machinery, wagons, etc.

Commercé, headed by a banner representing Neptune with his trident, followed by a long-boat on a wagon, containing capstan and oars, properly decorated with bunting and manned by sailors. Following this, carriages with representative captains of our ports.

Trade, manufactures and artisans, each bearing emblematic banners and followed by wagons and carriages with representatives of the various branches.

Base Ball Club.

Citizens.

The route of the procession was from Prime Avenue through Main street to Prospect street, through Prospect to High street ; through High street to New York avenue ;

through New York avenue to Main street ; through Main street to Carly's Grove, at the brow of Cold Spring Hill, where the exercises of the day took place, upon a large platform, and in the seated grove, in the presence of two thousand five hundred assembled people. The dwellings of the inhabitants were gaily decorated with flags and the Town of Huntington put on its holiday attire. National salutes were fired from sunset on the Third to midnight on the Fourth, at intervals (one hundred guns in all) under the direction of Messrs. Dodge, Conklin and Lindsay, and the bells of the town welcomed the day at early dawn.

The following committees had charge of the details of the Centennial Celebration :

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS :

Rev. Wm. W. Knox, <i>Chairman</i> ,	Charles E. Shepard,
Henry T. Fumell,	Nelson Sammis,
Amos P. Conklin,	John McKay,
Thomas Aitkin.	

FINANCE COMMITTEE :

Dr. Wm. D. Woodend, <i>Chairman</i> ,	George M. Tileston, <i>Treasurer</i> ,
Isaac Rogers,	Frank M. Crossman,
W. Wilton Wood,	Arthur T. Hurd,
	Hiram V. Bayls,
	Thomas Aitkin,

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :

Moreland Conklin, *Chairman*,

Edward Carll,	Isaac Watts Roe,	Garret F. Eaton,
Henry Lockwood,	David G. Velsor,	Nathaniel G. Brush,
Ansel B. Gildersleeve,	Daniel L. Baylis,	Albert Hopper,
George M. Tileston,	Stephen Gardiner,	Henry C. Shadbolt,
S. Lee Jarvis,	Joseph Irwin,	M. E. Burling,
Joseph Lewis,	Jesse Carll,	Egbert G. Lewis,
Chas. V. Scudder,	John N. Robbins,	Carl S. Burr,
John Carll,	William Godfrey,	Egbert Carll,
Lemuel Carll,	Timothy Oakley,	John C. Baylis,
Silas Jarvis,	William Brush,	George W. Brown,
George Van Ausdall,	Walter Hewlett,	Buel Titus,
Warren B. Sammis,	Samuel J. Brush,	O. Smith Sammis.

PEACE OFFICERS OF THE DAY :

Egbert G. Lewis, *Sheriff of Suffolk County*,

--, *Special Deputy Sheriff's :*

Stephen Bloxom,	Albert Walters,	Daniel Pearsall,
Joseph Vanderbilt,	William Day,	Coles Hendrickson,
Henry C. Shadbolt,	William H. Conklin,	

Constables :

Peter M. Tramer,	Jacob DeLong.
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COMMITTEE ON MUSIC :

Rev. J. J. Crowley, *Chairman*,

Thomas Aitkin,

Moreland Conklin.

The programme of exercises at Carly's Grove was as follows :

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------------------------|
| 1 | Music by the Band..... | HAIL COLUMBIA. |
| 2 | Opening Prayer..... | Rev. MOSES L. SCUDDER, LL. D. |
| 3 | Reading Declaration of Independence..... | DOUGLAS CONKLIN. |
| 4 | Salute..... | |
| 5 | Music by the Band..... | RED, WHITE AND BLUE. |
| 6 | Introductory Remarks by the Chairman..... | S. W. GAINES. |
| 7 | Centennial Hymn..... | SINGING BY SCHOOLS. |
| 8 | Address..... | Hon. H. J. SCUDDER. |
| 9 | Music by the Band..... | YANKEE DOODLE. |
| 10 | Historical Address..... | Hon. H. C. PLATT. |
| 11 | America..... | SINGING BY SCHOOLS. |
| 12 | Doxology..... | BY THE AUDIENCE. |
| 13 | Music by the Band..... | MARCH. |
| 14 | Benediction..... | Rev. M. C. B. OAKLEY. |
| 15 | National Salute of 38 Guns..... | |

At the conclusion of the exercises a vote of thanks was passed to the speakers of the day, and on motion of J. Amherst Woodhull, seconded by Jarvis R. Rolph, it was unanimously voted that Hon. Henry C. Platt be requested to furnish a copy of his Historical Address for publication, in pamphlet form, and that one copy thereof, in print, be filed in the office of the Clerk of the County of Suffolk, and an additional copy be filed in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, in accordance with the resolution of Congress of March 13, 1876, and the proclamation of the President of the United States of May 25, 1876.

In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks and music at the Grove.

ORATION.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMAN :—

The Senate and Representatives of the Nation, in Congress assembled, have recommended the universal and special observance of this Day.

The President of the United States has proclaimed the suggestion throughout the land, that as a part of the proper exercises of this Centennial occasion, the People cause to have delivered an historical sketch of their County or Town.

To-day, the Nation, State, County and Town are looking away from the glowing hills of the future, and gazing back to the "twilight and dim valleys of the past," through which their Fathers journeyed. With reverence and emotion, they this day re-touch the pictures on Memory's wall, brush away the dust of oblivion, and rescue, as far as may be, the relics of the past from the invisible fingers of decay.

We have already heard from our fellow Townsman, Hon. Henry J. Scudder, in his eloquent Address, of the Nation's struggles, the Nation's trials, and the Nation's final victory, in the days of the Revolution: I now respectfully invite your attention and your thoughts to a more limited sphere of action, nearer home, and within the boundaries of the ancient and venerable Town of Huntington. Our ears have listened to the Grand Music of the Storm-Cloud of War, and the Hurricane of Rebellion, that swept over the land as a mighty and resistless ocean: let us heed also, the lighter breezes that rustle among the flowers, or play over the babbling streamlet that sparkles in the Sun. (Applause.)

The recorded history of Huntington, during its early

settlement, and especially during the Revolutionary War, is fragmentary, scattered, disconnected, brief and incomplete.

The explorer can readily trace the course of rivers from where they flow into the sea, but when he enters and delineates their numerous branches, and seeks to find the fountains whence all the waters issue, he finds himself bewildered, and wanders in the wilderness at hazard. So he, who leaves the beaten track, and branches off into narrower paths, to learn the history of particular times and places, men and manners, opinions and practices, finds his task most difficult and his labor often in vain. Like stars at daybreak, which have beamed brightly through the long night, the men of old have faded away, and the relics, traditions and memories, connected with their trials, their troubles and their triumphs, will soon be covered up forever.

We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too; the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains;
We build with what we deem eternal rock;
A distant age asks where the fabric stood.

[Applause.]

For more than one hundred years prior to the Revolutionary War, our Fathers lived and died in this lovely Valley, and he who would faithfully sketch the local history of the Town of Huntington, in this day of retrospect and rejoicing, cannot well avoid brief mention of its birth as a community; of its ways, manners and customs, long before its population were called upon to endure their hardships, tribulations and losses, in the National Contest of 1776.

The first settlers of Huntington were a body of men, equally distinguished for the soundness of their morals and the purity of their lives. They were characterized by peculiar sternness of principle, and singular exactness in the discharge of every duty. They regarded every species of vice with a kind of instinctive abhorrence. Prodigality and licentiousness they branded with infamy, and often punished with severity.

The spirit that animated the Fathers of the Town, in the

early stages of their settlement, may be seen in the record of their proceedings before Magistrates, in their local laws and regulations; and if a misguided zeal, or an imperfect acquaintance with the rights and duties of the social state, occasionally betrayed them into acts of personal oppression, the efficacy of sound principles soon corrected their errors and gave birth to milder and nobler sentiments. In those early days, the Magistrate and the Minister, both servants of the Town, displayed equal zeal in the defence of public order and good morals. There was not exactly a union of "Church and State," but a union of sentiment and effort—a union of all good citizens, having for its object, the promotion of that purity, which exalts a community, and a suppression of those evils, which are the reproach and ruin of any people. We do well to venerate the memory of those men, whose incorruptible integrity, ardent love of liberty, and sacred regard for good morals and pure government, laid the foundation of this Town on a firm and lasting base.—They adorned and blessed their day and generation.

In paths of glory, wealth and fame
 They had not cared to roam;
 Their glory was—an honest name,
 Their fortune was—their home.

[Applause.]

The Town of Huntington was first settled in 1653—223 years ago. The settlers were Englishmen. The Pioneers, who formed the settlement, consisted originally of Eleven families, who found their way across the Sound from Sandwich, Massachusetts, coming through the Connecticut Valley. They were soon joined by others of the New Haven Colony.

Three of the settlers made a purchase of land, comprising six square miles, of the Indians, for some trifling trinkets, for the benefit of the whole. The land was then claimed and owned by the Matinecock tribe of Indians, who occupied the valley near the Harbor and were the Indian Proprietors of Huntington. They were few in number and weak in spirit, having been greatly reduced by a war with the

Pequots of Connecticut, and by a pestilence that had swept over the Island, before the advent of the English.

When the first settlers landed their families and household goods on the shores of our Bay in 1653, there were only thirty families of Indians, whose huts and wigwams were scattered about the head of the Harbor.

They sold their land cheap. Their money was "wampum," made from fragments of sea shells, with which the shores abounded. The white people soon learned how to manufacture "wampum." This was "hard money," but it became immensely "inflated." The result was, that the Indians soon had all the wampum, and the white people all the land.

It was a custom of the Indians to require a number of "muxes," in payment for their land. These consisted of small brad-awls that were very useful in the manufacture of "wampum;" a species of tool for the Indian Treasury Department.

Besides wampum, the Indians manufactured earthen ware, moccasins, baskets, stone axes and arrow heads. They made canoes of such size and strength as to undertake and accomplish voyages in them to Connecticut, and even as far as Boston.

In the "Remonstrance of the Deputies from New Netherland," dated July 28th, 1649, it is stated that the Indians were well limbed, slender around the waist, broad shouldered, all having black hair and brown eyes: they were very nimble and swift of pace, well adapted to travel on foot, and to carry heavy burdens: dirty and slovenly in their habits, and as tawny as Gipsies. Their clothing consisted of a piece of deer-skin, leather or elk-hide around the body. Their shoes or moccasins were made from deer skins or corn husks: they twined both white and black wampum around their heads, neck and waist, and in their ears, and thus, says the quaint chronicle, "in their way are mighty fine." They frequently smeared their skin and hair with grease. The women planted corn, cut and hauled firewood, and also performed domestic duties. The men were gene-

rally lazy. A lady friend suggests that the last mentioned fact is true of other races than the Indians, [Laughter.]

Their dwellings were constructed of hickory poles, set in the ground, and bent bow fashion, like arches, and then covered with bark, which they peeled in quantities for that purpose. Their food was poor and gross; they ate the flesh of all sorts of game that the country supplied, and did not take the trouble of cleaning or dressing the game before they cooked it. They made their bread of maize, which was of a very indifferent quality. It would be deemed an amazing dish for the delicate palates of the Nineteenth Century.

Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, in his history of Long Island, states that the Long Island Indians had small idols or images, which they supposed were acquainted with the will of the Gods, and made it known to the Paw-waws or Priests. They had a God for each of the four corners of the Earth; the four seasons of the year, and others of the elements of nature and the productions of the Earth.

Hubbard in his "General History of New England" claims that the Long Island Indians were fierce and barbarous. Silas Wood's History of Long Island states that they were less troublesome to the whites than these north of the Sound, and that, although they sometimes committed depredations on the property of the settlers, it does not appear that they ever formed any general combination against them, or materially interrupted the progress of their improvements.

The first settlers of Huntington however, erected a Fort for their safety and protection, and it is probable they experienced considerable annoyance from the uncivilized natives. The Fort was destroyed in 1680, and the material was donated to the Town Minister for his firewood.

It is stated by Charles B. Moore, Esq., in a very interesting paper on "English and Dutch Intermarriages," that Gov. Stuyvesant made friends with the Indians and Indian Chiefs on Long Island for the sake of trade with them, and in de-

ing so, armed some of them with guns, powder and ball, sent from Holland, and permitted arms to be sold them, which was quickly discovered on Long Island by seeing the Dutch guns in the hands of the Indians, and observing their conduct. This rendered all the English agricultural settlers unsafe. They dared not stay, except under arms, and they even carried their arms to church. At Southold, the guns found in the hands of the Indians were seized and taken, and the town paid a reward for each gun taken from an Indian. The Indians, it is said, abused the men in the field, and the women and children, and killed the oxen and cows of the farmers, either to get their meat or to make powder horns. Indians were as ready to kill a cow as a deer. They could not appreciate the difference. But with the white settlers a cow was very valuable at that day. It is stated in an inventory of ancient date, that a dwelling house and fifteen acres of cleared land were together valued at £8 10s, and two cows were valued in the same inventory, at £9 10s. The only record, existing in this town, of any trouble from the Indians, states that four Indians came into the dwelling house of John Robison at Nequaquatuck (Cold Spring) in the night time, in October, 1681, and forcibly stole two guns, tobacco, venison, and some rum out of a barrel, (which was, it seems, kept as a precious article in the bed-room), and threatened to kill his wife, Jane Robison, and a young child. They escaped from the savages by running out of the back door through the woods to Huntington, after making a gallant but unsuccessful effort to save that barrel of rum, by rolling it in the bushes.— [Laughter.]

The white settlers were sometimes annoyed by the Indians, while hunting for game. West Hills was a resort for the hunters, and they erected a stone fort there for protection from the Indians, which they occupied in the night time while out on the chase. It was located where Mr. Lemuel Carll's orchard now is, and a stream of water ran close by it. It was a solid stone fort without any doors,

and was accessible only by a ladder, which its occupants placed inside, in the centre, the ends thereof reaching above the height of the fort. In the morning, after a nights rest within the safe walls of this structure, it was no uncommon thing for the hunters to find the projecting end of their ladder stuck full of arrows, shot into it by the Indians, during the night. As a general rule the Indians were justly dealt with by the early settlers of Huntington, and in case of wrong or injury, had the right and privilege, under the "Duke's Laws," of appealing to the Town court for redress, free of charge. "All injuries done to the Indians of what nature soever shall upon their complaint and proof in any court, have speedie redress *gratis*, against any Christian, in as full and ample manner (with reasonable allowance for damage) as if the case had been betwixt Christian and Christian." Such was a provision of the "Duke's Laws."

The original settlement of the Town was located on the shores of the Harbor, and in the valley that now comprises the eastern part of the village. That was the original village of Huntington, and continued to be its chief business portion for over 100 years thereafter.

The head of the Harbor extended up much farther to the south, than at the present time. Two centuries ago, the water turned a mill-wheel, through a dam located as far south of the present Mill Pond, as the bridge near Stephen K. Gould's residence. The land to the north of the present village, and between it and the Harbor, has by the action of the elements, and the washing of rains and floods upon the surrounding hill-sides, been filled in, during two centuries, changing the outline of the Harbor, and forming dry soil, as the waters have receded.

The country abounded with wild fowl, wild turkeys, foxes, rabbits, wolves, wild cats, swans and pelicans, partridge, quail, plover and woodcock, and other small game; deer were also abundant: and the Harbor and Bay furnished quantities of fish of various kinds. Oysters and clams existed and grew naturally along the shores and in the Bay

and Harbor, and the first settlers obtained their principal sustenance by hunting the game and catching the fish.

The earliest history of Long Island ever written, by Daniel Denton, of Hempstead, in 1670, states, "for wild beasts there is Deer, Wolves, Bear, Foxes, Raccoons, Otters, Musquashes and Skunks. Wild fowl there is a great store of, as Turkeys, Heath-hens, Quails, Partridges, Pigeons, Cranes, Geese of several sorts, Brants, Widgeons, Teal and divers others. Upon the south side of Long Island, in the Winter, lie store of Whales and Grampusses. * * * also an innumerable multitude of Seals."

The name of Hunting Town or Huntington was in all probability given to the settlement, by its early founders, by reason of the abundance of game of all kinds in and about their purchase. It is thought however by some, that it was named from Huntingdon, England, the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell, who was very popular with the Puritans of the New World. There is nothing in our records to show the authentic origin of the name given to the settlement, but I am inclined to think the former is the correct origin.

It is a mistaken notion to suppose that this country was a "howling wilderness" in 1653, covered with dense forests. On the contrary, although there was some timber, the woods were so thin and sparse, that they furnished good grazing ground for stock. The pine plains to the south were not then covered with "scrub-oaks." The woods had been kept clear by the Indians, prior to the settlement, by their custom of burning them over every year. The settlers therefore found considerable open or cleared land on their arrival, and they enclosed large tracts by fences for planting, and afterwards fenced the town plot for common pasturage of their stock, and to guard them from depredations of wild beasts and Indians, and particularly from the large number of ravenous dogs with which Huntington even at that early day was cursed. The Indians caught young wolves, tamed and used them as dogs, and from their fond-

ness for destroying stock, they became a source of great annoyance to the early settlers.

The families who founded Huntington made a social contract with each other to be ruled by such regulations and laws as a majority of them should decree ; to maintain the authority of their chosen magistrates, and officers, in executing the laws of their little community. The records show that some of them were well educated, for the times, and had a correct understanding of the common law of England.

They were chiefly Independents, who had left England during the stormy and bloody reign of Charles I., being unable conscientiously to adopt the Constitution of the Church of England ; too manly to submit to the tyranny and persecutions of the High Commissioned Court, and the Star Chamber of that miserable monarch who afterwards lost his head.

They early secured the services of a minister, Rev. William Leverich, who settled here about 1658, and remained until 1669, when he removed to Newtown. Huntington gave her first minister to Newtown in 1669, and Newtown handsomely returned the compliment two centuries later, in sending to Huntington one of her talented young sons, Rev. Wm. W. Knox, to dwell and labor among our people. [Applause.]

The early houses of the Fathers of the Town were generally of good size, but were seldom thoroughly finished, and the upper rooms, of course, were cold and comfortless. The houses were generally square or oblong, heavy buildings, with stone chimneys that occupied a large space in the centre. The posts and rafters were of great size and solidity, and in the rooms, heavy beams stood out from the ceiling overhead, and projected like a low narrow bench around the sides. The floors were made of stout plank, with a trap door leading to the cellar. A line of shelves in the kitchen, called the dresser, performing the office of side-table and closet, often displayed a superb row of burnished

pewter. The best apartment was used as a sleeping room ; and even the kitchen was generally furnished with a bed. The ceilings were low, and the fire-place, running deep into the chimney, gaped like an open cavern. But when the heaped up logs presented a front of glowing coals, and rushing flame, such a fountain of warmth cheered the heart, in winter, and promoted social festivity. The fire-places were often eight feet wide and two or three feet deep. The kitchen was the principal sitting-room for the family.—Blocks in the chimney corner were used for children's seats : a tin candlestick, with a long back, was suspended on a nail over the mantel, and the rude walls were adorned with crooknecks, strips of bacon and venison, immense lobster claws, raccoon and fox skins, and other trophies of the chase.

The friends, relatives and acquaintances of the first settlers followed after them, and the settlement rapidly increased in wealth and population. In 1663 the total estimated valuation of taxable property in Huntington, was £409 7s. 6d. In 1666, there were 57 freeholders and heads of families in the Town, which in 1684, was increased to 84 on the list of taxpayers.*

Being at first far removed from Royal power, they estab-

*The following named persons were inhabitants and landowners of the Town in 1666 :

Content Titus,	Edward Tredwell,	Joseph Bayly, ✓
Samuel Wood,	Richard Williams,	Jonas Rogers,
Richard Brush,	Nathaniel Foster,	William Smith,
Thomas Skidmore,	John Conkling,	Mark Meggs,
George Baldwin,	Isaac Platt,	Robert Cranfield,
Samuel Titus,	Jonathan Porter,	Thomas Benedict,
John Green,	Samuel Wheeler,	Rev. Wm. Leverich,
Edward Harnett,	Jonas Wood, Jr.,	Henry Soper,
Thomas Whitson,	Thomas Powell,	John Strickling,
John Jones,	John Ketcham,	Caleb Leverich,
John Adams,	Jonathan Scudder,	Abial Titus,
Thomas Scudamore,	John Mathews,	John Titus,
John Todd,	Richard Darling,	Robert Williams,
Jonas Houldsworth,	James Chichester,	Epenetus Platt,
Joseph Cory,	Thomas Brush,	John Westcote,
John Mathews,	Caleb Wood,	Benjamin Jones,
Timothy Conkling, ✓	Jonas Wood,	Stephen Jarvis,
Eleazer Leverich,	Thos. Wickes,	Robert Seely,
John French,	William Ludlam,	Gabriel Lynch.

lished here a pure Democracy. All questions were determined by the voice of the majority of the people assembled in Town Meeting, from which there was no appeal. The *vox populi* was the *vox Dei*.

The men who were able to bear arms were enlisted in companies under officers chosen by themselves, and "training day" was an early institution of Huntington.

Laws were made, requiring every man to provide himself with arms and ammunition for defense of the settlement—for the division of lands—enclosing of fields—regulation of highways and watering places—for the destruction of wild beasts—collection of taxes—establishment and support of a school—for the prevention and punishment of crime—the preservation of good morals—the support of a minister.

Mechanics were invited and induced to locate in the Town by gifts of land and promise of support, and one Ananias Carle, of Hempstead, was induced to settle in Huntington, about two centuries ago, by a gift of a large farm at Dick's Hills, as he was a military man, and the people needed an officer to command their local militia and trained bands efficiently for protection against the Dutch and Indians. He was the common ancestor of the various branches of the Carle family now residing in this Town.*

*Ananias Carle had a son Ananias, who married a Platt, and had children, named Platt, Timothy and Jesse. Platt Carle had a son Jacob S., who died in 1793, aged twenty-nine years, leaving a son Gilbert Carle, now a venerable citizen of the Town, of the age of ninety-one years, residing at Dix Hills on the farm owned by his grandfather Platt Carle, who bequeathed it to him, upon his death. It is the old Carle homestead. Timothy Carle, son of Ananias, was a Captain in the Militia. He had a cousin Major Timothy Carle, who owned and lived on the farm now belonging to J. T. Whipple, Esq., at Dix Hills. Capt. Timothy Carle, who died in 1805, aged seventy-one years, had sons, Phineas and Lemuel Carle. Phineas had a son David, an influential citizen of the Town, a strong "Democrat" in politics, known in his day and generation by the people of the town as "King David." He was the father of David and George Carle, of Dix Hills, and of Elbert Carle, of Babylon. Lemuel Carle, son of Capt. Timothy, had a son Timothy, who lived at West Hills, and was a Magistrate of the Town for many years. He had a son, Lemuel Carle, who now resides at West Hills, on the farm formerly occupied by his father. The descendants of Jesse Carle were Major Israel Carle and Eliphalet Carle, and among their posterity now living in the Town, are Jesse and Israel Carle, of Northport, and Edward Carle, of Huntington.

Our ancestors here were very strict in their observance of the Sabbath, and punished any inhabitant for desecrating the day. They came from a colony where labor and dress were regulated by law. The laws of the Plymouth Colony were very strict. They had a law that ladies dresses should be made so long as to cover their shoe-buckles. They prohibited short sleeves, and ordered the sleeves to be lengthened to cover the arms to the wrist. They forbid by law, immoderate great breeches, knots of ribbon, broad shoulder bands, silk roses, double ruffs and cuffs. Even as late as 1653, one John Fairbanks had been solemnly tried for wearing great boots. He probably showed, to the satisfaction of the Court, that he was afflicted with corns, and couldn't wear small ones, as the record states he was acquitted. [Laughter.] But years soon changed all this. Splendor and luxury co-existed with humility.

The women at the close of the seventeenth, and even of the eighteenth century, carried heated stones or bricks in their muffs, and the men put their feet into fur bags or moccasins at church, with which many of the seats were provided. At a later date foot stoves were used. Swords were customarily worn when in full dress by persons both in a civil and military capacity. Hats were made with broad brims and steeple crowns. The coats were made with a long, straight body, falling below the knees, with no collar, or a very low one, so that the stock or neckcloth, of spotless linen, fastened behind with a silver buckle, was fully displayed. Red woolen stockings were much admired. Such was the custom at the commencement of 1700.

Some sixty years later, a fashionable lady, dying, left clothing whose inventory showed that she had gowns of braw duroy, striped stuff, plaid stuff, black silk crape, calico, and blue camlet; a scarlet cloak, a blue cloak, satin flowered mantle, and furbelow scarf; a woolen petticoat with calico border; a camlet riding hood, a long silk hood, velvet hood, white hood trimmed with lace, a silk bonnet, and nineteen caps; sixteen handkerchiefs, a muslin laced apron,

fourteen aprons in all ; a silken girdle, a blue girdle, etc. A gold necklace ; death's head gold ring, plain gold ring, set of gold sleeve buttons, gold locket, silver hair peg, silver cloak clasps, etc.

A full dress for a gentleman was mostly made of silk, with gold and silver trimming of lace, the waistcoat often richly embroidered. Ladies wore trails to their gowns, often quite long, and when they walked out, they threw them over their right arm. The feet displayed a silk stocking, sharp-toed slippers, often made of embroidered satin, with a high heel. In fine, they seem to have had all the flummery of 1876, except the modern "pull-back" of our "go ahead" generation. [Laughter.]

To illustrate the manner of the early settlers, in transacting affairs, I can perhaps recall no incident of a more novel character than the invitation or "call" of the people to Rev. Eliphalet Jones to become their Pastor, after their first minister, Rev. William Leverich, had left and removed to Newtown.

At a Town Meeting held January 16, 1676—just two hundred years ago—it was ordered by a general vote of the Town, that Goodman Conklin, Isaac Platt, and Jonas Wood, Sen., should in the "towne's behalf seriously give Mr. Jones an invitation, and fully to manifest their desire for his continuing to expound the word of God, and what more is due in the ministerial office amongst us of Huntington, and what farther may be requisite for the encouragement to the aforesaid end."

The committee performed their duties, but Mr. Jones did not at once accept the "call." He desired to be satisfied of his popularity, and he selected a training day (June 10th, 1677) for the purpose.*

*The Militia of the Province of New York, under Richard, Earl of Bellemont, in 1700, was composed of three thousand one hundred and eighty-two men, of which Suffolk County furnished a regiment of six hundred and fourteen men, the largest in the Province, except New York, on Manhattan Island, which had a regiment of six hundred and eighty-four men. Suffolk County was then one of the leading and most important portions of the Province. The field officers of the Suf-

The company of brave soldiers, the bone and sinew of the young Town, were out on parade, near the Church, which had been built in 1665, on the *Meeting House Brook*, a stream of pure clear water that has flowed for ages from the hill-side to the Harbor (and now known as Prime's Brook.) They were under command of Capt. Joseph Baylys, who was also Recorder of the Town, (and to whom we are indebted for recording this incident in the Town Records.) Mr. Jones "desired to have the company drawn up in order, which was done." "Mr. Jones then spake to the company after this manner, that whereas the Providence of God had brought him amongst us, in order to do the work of the ministry, for which he desired that he might see their willingness." At this point, Capt. Baylys, observing that Mr. Jones spoke so low that the whole company could not hear him, commanded silence. Having a stronger voice, he made a speech himself, which is given in the record as follows: "Fellow Soulders! seeing it hath pleased ye Lord to send Mr. Jones amongst us, you may doo well to manifest your desires for his continuance amongst us, and his officiating in ye work of ye Ministree, by your usuall signs of houlding up your hands."

We are further informed, "ye whole company held up all their hands, but only one man held up his hand to ye contrary." There was one contrary man in Huntington in 1677! [Laughter.]

The vote of the "Military" settled the business: the Rev. Eliphalet Jones accepted the "call," and remained in Huntington for fifty-four years, when he died, at the ripe old age of ninety-one years. So that, not only in their civil, but also in their religious affairs, the Fathers of Huntington observed the right of the people to rule and govern

folk County Regiment, at this time, were Colonel Isaac Arnold, Lieut. Col. Henry Pierson, Major Mathew Howell. There was one foot company in Huntington; one in Brookhaven; two in Easthampton; three in Southampton and Southold, respectively, making ten companies in all. The commissioned officers of "ye towne of Huntington" were Capt. Thos. Wicks, First Lieut. Jon Woods, Second Lieut. Epenetus Platt.

themselves. They were imbued, at that early day, with the spirit of civil and religious liberty : they put in practice in their own Town government, the fundamental principles, that afterwards created a war and founded a Nation. The people were entitled to a share in legislation ; their property could not be taken from them without their consent. They were the keepers of their own conscience in religious matters. For the safe and unmolested enjoyment of these blessings, they had forsaken civilization and wedded the wilderness ; had torn the ties which bound them to their native soil of England ; had encountered the dangers of the deep, and had submitted to the hazards and privations of an unknown country. [Applause.]

In 1664, eleven years after the first settlement of Huntington, New Netherland was surrendered to Great Britain by the Dutch, and the whole of Long Island became subject to the Duke of York.

Richard Nicolls, the Colonial Governor, convened a meeting of two Deputies from every town on Long Island, at Hempstead, on the 1st of March, 1665. The Deputies from the Town of Huntington were Jonas Wood and John Ketcham. The Deputies signed a very fulsome address to the Duke of York, pledging loyalty as his faithful subjects, which did not meet with the approval of their constituents, and on their return to their homes, they were handled by the people "without gloves," and insulted in various ways. The "Duke's Laws" were enacted and put in force at this meeting. They made no provision for a General Assembly of the representatives of the people—gave the Governor unlimited power. He was Commander in Chief ; he appointed all public officers, and with the advice of a council, had the exclusive power of legislation. He was in fact made a king by proxy. The people had no voice in the Government. The spirit of rebellion and independence broke out among the people of Huntington. They remonstrated and protested against this arbitrary system, so repugnant to their ideas of just government ; and when the Governor

levied a tax upon them to pay for repairs to the Fort at New York, without their consent, they became alarmed at the threatened danger to their rights, at the encroachment upon their lawful privileges, and refused to comply with the Governor's order, "because," they said, "they were deprived of the liberties of Englishmen." Their remonstrance, protest and refusal, was thrown in the flames, by Gov. Lovelace, as "scandalous, illegal and seditious."

In April, 1681, Sir Edmund Andros, Governor, summoned Isaac Platt,* Epenetus Platt, Samuel Titus, Jonas Wood and

*Isaac Platt and Epenetus Platt were brothers and among the first settlers of Huntington. They were the sons of Richard Platt, who came from Hertfordshire, England, and settled at New Haven, Conn., in 1638. The following year he removed to Milford, Conn., where he lived until his death in the Fall of 1684. He was the common ancestor of all the Platts in this country. Both Isaac and Epenetus (two of his sons) were prominently indentified with the early history of Huntington, and both were Patentees of the Town. A very interesting history of the descendants of Epenetus Platt may be found in Vol. II. of Thompson's History of Long Island, pages 472, *et seq.* Isaac Platt died July 31, 1691, leaving children as follows: Elizabeth, born Sept. 15, 1665; Jonas, born August 10, 1667; John, born June 29, 1669; Mary, born Oct. 26, 1674; Joseph, born Sept. 8, 1677, and Jacob, born Sept. 29, 1682. Jonas Platt, son of Isaac, had four sons, Obadiah, Timothy, Jesse and Isaac (2d). The first two went over and settled at Fairfield, Conn. Jesse and Isaac (2d) remained at Huntington. Jesse, son of Jonas Platt, had three children, Jesse (2d), Isaac (3d) and Zophar. Isaac Platt (3d), son of Jesse (3d), died in 1772, and left children; Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah, Obadiah, Jesse (3d) and Isaac (4th). Obadiah Platt, son of Isaac Platt (3d), lived in Revolutionary days and afterwards upon his farm at West Hills, now belonging to the McKay estate. His brother, Isaac Platt (4th), married Eunice Platt of Connecticut, who died in Huntington in 1862 at the age of ninety-seven years, leaving no children. She was a descendant of Obadiah Platt, of Fairfield, Conn. Obadiah, son of Isaac Platt (2d), left children: Elkanah, born Sept. 12, 1770; Philetus, born April 7, 1774; Daniel, born June 16, 1776; Esther, born 1772; Rebecca, born 1778; Phebe, born 1780, and Sarah, born 1783. Jesse Platt (3d), son of Isaac (3d), had children: Lewis, David, Ira, Jesse (4th), Ansel, Sarah, Isaac (5th) and Joel.

Elkanah Platt, son of Obadiah Platt, of Huntington, married "Dency" Wood, daughter of Jeremiah Wood, in 1795, and had children: Elizabeth, born Feb. 19, 1796; George W., (now living in New York City) born Aug. 2, 1798; David, born May 4, 1801; Brewster W. and Daniel, (twins) born July 1, 1804; Nathan C., (Chamberlain of New York City and now deceased) born Dec. 20, 1806; Deborah W., born Feb. 4, 1809, and Hannah C. born Feb. 2, 1812. The children of David Platt, dec'd, son of Elkanah, now reside in the village of Huntington. Isaac Platt (5th), son of Jesse (3d), married Sarah Mathews, of Huntington, and afterwards Eliza-

Thos. Wicks, inhabitants of Huntington, to New York, and caused them to be imprisoned without trial, for having attended a meeting of delegates of the several Towns for the purpose of devising a method to procure a redress of grievances against his arbitrary rule. They were afterwards released, and the Town of Huntington, at Town Meeting, voted them a sum of money, to pay their expenses and damages, as they had suffered in the Town's behalf. These were the first exhibitions of a rebellious spirit, in this Town, against the pernicious attempt to enforce "Taxation without Representation." The people of Huntington, a hundred years before this nation declared its independence, revolted and re-

beth Doty, of Cold Spring Harbor. He had several children by his last wife, whose descendants reside in the western part of the State of New York. Joel Platt, son of Jesse (3d), married Miss Suydam, of Centerport. Jesse Platt (4th), son of Jesse (3d), married and settled in New Jersey. Ansel Platt, son of Jesse (3d), married Miss Maria McChesney, of New York City. Sarah Platt, daughter of Jesse (3d), was a very beautiful lady and had three husbands: Thomas Steele, John Scudder, of Vernon Valley, and Joshua B. Smith.

Philetus Platt, son of Obadiah, married Content Sammis, of Huntington, and had children: Obadiah, Zophar, Stephen, Oliver, Watts, Polly, Amelia, Sarah, Phebe and Nancy.

Daniel Platt, son of Obadiah, married Miss Smith, of New York City, and had children, whose names are not known.

Esther Platt, daughter of Obadiah, married Stephen Fleet, of Huntington, and had children: Platt, Ruth, and Mary Esther Fleet.

Rebecca Platt, daughter of Obadiah, married a Mr. Duryea, and had one son, John Duryea; she then married Jonas Sammis, of West Neck, and had four children by her second marriage, viz.: Nelson Sammis, (now living in Huntington); Daniel P. Sammis, of New York City; Mary Sammis, dec'd, and Sarah Sammis, now Sarah Denton, wife of Jonah Denton, of Lloyd's Neck.

Phebe Platt, daughter of Obadiah, married Nathaniel Chichester, of West Hills, and had the following children: Nathaniel, Eliphalet, Platt and Mary Ann Chichester.

Sarah Platt, daughter of Obadiah, married Jesse Rogers, of Huntington, and had one daughter, Elizabeth Rogers.

Obadiah, the son of Jonas Platt, who with his brother Timothy, left Huntington and settled in Fairfield, Conn., had numerous descendants. He had sons: Jarvis, Jesse, Obadiah and Smith, and daughters: Sarah (died in infancy), Eunice, Polly and Abby.

Jarvis Platt married Annie Nichols, of Newtown, Fairfield Co., Conn., and moved from there to Black Lake, near Ogdensburgh, N. Y., on the St. Lawrence river. He had children Sarah, Charlotte and other daughters, and Philo, Smith and David. Smith died young. Philo settled in Fayetteville, Virginia. David had two children, Philo T. and Alesia.

Jesse Platt, of Conn., married Hannah Raymond, of Norwalk, settled at Weston, Fairfield, Co., and left one child, Clarissa Platt, who after-

balled against the enforcement of that unrighteous doctrine: they inscribed upon their banners, "No Taxation without Representation."

A Century later, the United Colonies of America, raised the same standard in armed rebellion, and swept every vestige of usurped authority from the length and breadth of the land. [Applause.] To the part Huntington suffered and endured, in that memorable and bloody struggle for National Independence, I now invite your attention.

The people of Huntington, at the beginning of hostilities with Great Britain, entered into the spirit of the great conflict with patriotic ardor. They called a general Town Meeting which was held on the twenty-first day of June, 1774, and was presided over by Israel Wood, then President of the Board of Trustees of the Town. The resolutions passed at that meeting, may be termed Huntington's

wards married Judge Munson, of Danbury, whose daughter, Caroline A. Munson, dec'd, was the wife of Isaac A. Dusenberry, of Port Chester.

Smith Platt, of Conn., settled at Galway, 8 miles from Ballston, N. Y.; married Annie Wakeman, of Greenfield, Conn., and had children: Polly, Abby, Eliza, Wakeman, Jarvis and Obadiah H. Platt. Wakeman and Jarvis, (now dec'd) were ministers; Obadiah H. a Lawyer, and recently in Government service, at Washington.

Obadiah Platt (3d) of Conn., married Elizabeth Hawley, of Newtown, and settled at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., and had children: Eunice, Mary, Elizabeth, Catharine, Samuel, Jesse, Jarvis, Obadiah, Smith and David M.

Abby Platt, daughter of Obadiah of Conn., married Peter Williams, of Weston, Conn., and settled in Ballston, N. Y., had children: Smith, Jonathan, Moses, Platt, Abby, Eunice and Clarissa.

Polly Platt, daughter of Obadiah, of Conn., married Denny Hull, of Greens Farms, Conn., and had four children, Isaac P., Eunice, Denny and Polly. Obadiah Platt (2d) of Conn., lived at Ridgefield, and had children Obadiah, David, Amos, Jonas, Annie and Sarah. David, Amos and Jonas all died during the Revolution. Amos and Jonas were taken prisoners by the British Army and confined in the old "Sugar House" prison, where both died. David left a farm of 200 acres at Ridgefield, and one daughter and four sons, who all died in less than a year after their fathers death. His widow married a lawyer, Mr. Edwards.

The descendants of Obadiah and Timothy Platt are now scattered over the States of New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Minnesota, Georgia and Connecticut. A direct descendant of Obadiah, of Conn., Hon. Johnson Toucey Platt, is now a leading citizen of New Haven, and one of the Professors of the Yale Law School.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1st. That every freeman's property is absolutely his own, and no man has a right to take it from him without his consent, expressed either by himself or his representative.

2d. That therefore all taxes and duties imposed on his Majesty's subjects in the American colonies by the authority of Parliament, are wholly unconstitutional, and a plain violation of the most essential rights of British subjects.

3d. That the Act of Parliament lately passed for shutting up the Port of Boston, or any other means or device, under color of law, to compel them or any other of his Majesty's American subjects, to submit to Parliamentary taxations, are subversive of their just and constitutional liberty.

4th. That we are of opinion that our brethren of Boston are now suffering in the common cause of British America.

5th. That therefore it is the indispensable duty of all the colonies to unite in some effectual measures for the repeal of said Act, and every other Act of Parliament whereby they are taxed for raising a revenue.

6th. That it is the opinion of this meeting that the most effectual means for obtaining a speedy repeal of said Acts, will be to break off all commercial intercourse with Great Britain, Ireland, and the English West India Colonies.

7th. And *we hereby declare ourselves ready to enter into these, or such other measures, as shall be agreed upon by a general Congress of all the Colonies*; and we recommend to the General Congress, to take such measures as shall be most effectual, to prevent such goods as are at present in America from being raised to an extravagant price.

And lastly, we appoint Col. Platt Conklin, John Sloss Hobart, Esq., and Thos. Wicks, a committee for this Town, to act in conjunction with the committees of the other Towns in the County, to correspond with the committee of New York.*

* May 2, 1775, at a general Town Meeting, held in Huntington, it was voted that there should be eighty men chosen to exercise and be ready to march.

The Committees of correspondence for the County of Suffolk met at the County Hall on November 15, 1774, and it was then and there recommended to the several Towns to set forward a subscription for the employment and relief of the distressed poor in Boston, and to procure a vessel to receive and carry donations to Boston. The proceedings of the Continental Congress, which had met at Philadelphia, September 4, 1774, were fully approved.

A paper of the General Association of Patriots, originated by the first Continental Congress, was almost unanimously signed in Suffolk County, showing the ardent sympathy of the inhabitants with the patriot cause. Only two hundred and thirty-six people in the whole County of Suffolk refused to sign.

Under the recommendation and suggestion of the Provincial Congress of May 22, 1775, County and Town Committees were appointed to aid the cause.

Hon. John Sloss Hobart,* of Huntington, was one of the deputies to this Congress.

Jesse Brush^R, John Squires^R, Stephen Ketcham, Thomas Wicks^R, Timothy Ketcham, Henry Scudder^R, Dr. Gilbert Potter, Thos. Brush, jr., Israel Wood, Stephen Kelsey, and Ebenezer Platt^R, were appointed the Committee for the Town of Huntington.

* Hon. John Sloss Hobart, son of Rev. Noah, (grandson of Rev. Nehemiah, and great grandson of Rev. Peter Hobart of Hingham, Mass.) was born at Fairfield, Conn., where his father was pastor, in 1735; he graduated at Yale College in 1767, and although not bred a lawyer, was a man of sound education and excellent understanding. His deportment was grave, and his countenance austere; yet he was a warm-hearted man, and universally respected for his good sense, his integrity, his pure moral character, and patriotic devotion to the best interests of his country. He possessed the entire confidence of the public councils of the State, and on all fitting occasions this confidence was largely and freely manifested. He was appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of this State in 1777, and continued in the office for about twenty years, and had for his associates in judicial life, Chief Justice Richard Morris and Robert Yates, men highly distinguished for legal acumen and solid, as well as varied learning. We have the high authority of Chancellor Kent for saying, that he was a faithful, diligent and discerning judge, during the time he remained upon the bench. He was selected as a member, from this State, of a partial and preliminary convention that met at Annapolis in September, 1786, and was

This Town set to work in earnest to prepare for the coming struggle. A movement was started to raise troops for the support of the Rebellion. Capt. Timothy Carll, Phineas Fanning,† and David Mulford, Esq., were appointed Muster Masters of the Troops to be raised in Suffolk County. Two regiments of Militia were to be organized, one in the eastern, and the other in the western part of the County, to join the Continental Army. Congress in August, 1775, sent one hundred pounds of powder to Ebenezer Platt, ‡ for the use of the western Militia, and two hundred pounds to the order of Ezra L'Hommedieu and John Foster for the eastern troops. The first five companies were raised in the Town, on or about September 11, 1775, and their officers were:

1. Capt. John Wickes: 1st Lieut. Epenetus Conklin: 2d Lieut. Jonah Wood: Ensign, Ebenezer Prime Wood.

afterwards elected by the citizens of New York a member of the State Convention in 1788, which ratified the Constitution of the United States. When he retired from the Supreme Court in 1798, he was chosen by the Legislature of this State a Senator in Congress. In 1793 he received the honorary degree of LL. D. at the Anniversary Commencement of Yale College, New Haven. His friend, the late Hon. Egbert Benson, caused a plain marble slab to be affixed in the wall of the chamber of the Supreme Court in the City Hall of the city of New York, to the memory of Judge Hobart, with the following inscription upon it, which, though bordering on that quaint and sententious style so peculiar to Judge Benson, contains a just and high eulogy on the distinguished virtues of the deceased:

"John Sloss Hobart was born at Fairfield, Connecticut. His father was a minister of that place. He was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court in 1777, and left it in 1798, having attained sixty years of age. The same year he was appointed a judge of the United States District Court for New York, and held it till his death in 1805. As a *man*, firm—as a *citizen*, zealous—as a *judge*, distinguished—as a *Christian*, sincere. This tablet is erected to his memory by one to whom he was as a friend—close as a brother."

† Phineas Fanning was an ancestor of the mother of Thomas Young, of this village, and lived at Southold.

‡ Judge Ebenezer Platt was a son of Dr. Zophar Platt, and was born in Huntington, 1754. He received a good common education, and succeeded his father in mercantile business in his native place till after his parents' death. He married Abigail, daughter of Joseph Lewis, who was born 1761, and died May 19, 1828. He was elected to the Assembly in 1784 and '5, and in 1794 was appointed first Judge of Suffolk County, which he retained till 1799, when he removed to the city of New York. Having, by some reverses of fortune, lost the most of his property, he sought for and obtained a situation in the New York

2. Capt. Jesse Brush : 1st Lieut. Epenetus Conkling : 2d Lieut. Phillip Conklin : Ensign, Joseph Titus.

3. Capt. Timothy Carl : 1st Lieut. Gilbert Fleet : 2d Lieut. Joel Scudder : Ensign, Nath. Buffet, jr.

4. Capt. John Buffet : 1st Lieut. Isaac Thompson : Ensign, Zebulon Ketcham. (This company was from the south side of the Town.)

5. Capt. Platt Vail : 1st Lieut. Michael Heart : 2d Lieut. Isaac Dennis : Ensign, Jacob Conklin. (This company was raised, and elected their officers at Cow Harbor or Northport.)

A few months later, (April 7, 1776,) another company was raised in the Town, of which Nathaniel Platt was Captain, Samuel Smith 1st Lieut., Henry Skudder 2d Lieut., and Henry Blatsley, Ensign.

The officers of the Artillery were : Captain, Wm. Rogers : Capt. Lt. John Franks : 1st Lieut. Jeremiah Rogers : 2d Lieut. Thos. Baker : Lt. Fireworker, John Tuthill.

There were afterwards, some changes made in the officers. Col. Josiah Smith, of Brookhaven, was placed in command of these companies with others, and was ordered, on the 8th of August, 1776, to march all his new levies to the western part of Nassau Island, within two miles of Gen. Greene's encampment, and to put himself under the orders of that American Commander.

It was not until the 22d day of July, 1776, that the freedom and independence of the thirteen United Colonies,

Custom House, which he held so long as he was able to discharge its duties, when he retired to private life, and died June 26, 1839, at the age of 85. Judge Platt was a polished gentleman in his manners, affable, courteous, and withal highly intelligent. He possessed much public spirit, and was the friend of every thing which promised to be useful to the community ; and like his father he was particularly distinguished for kindness and hospitality, his house being the general resort of respectable strangers. His removal from the Town was a matter of public regret, and his memory is still cherished with affectionate regard by all who knew him. He left issue Isaac Watts Platt, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y., where he was installed Sept. 1, 1834. Ebenezer, cashier of the Leather Manufacturers Bank, N. Y. Elizabeth, who married James Rogers, and Rebecca, the wife of Edmond Rogers (now deceased) of New York, and a brother of James.

was proclaimed at Huntington. Those were not the days of Railroads and Telegraphs. News traveled slowly. There was on the occasion a Grand Parade of all the Militia and Artillery, a salute of thirteen guns, and martial music of fifes and drums. The Declaration of Independence, together with the resolutions of the Provincial Convention, were read, approved and applauded by the animated shouts of the assembled people, who were present from all parts of the Town. The British Flag was hauled down, and the figure of George III was ripped off. A Liberty Pole was raised. An effigy of King George was fabricated out of some coarse material. Its face was blackened, and its head adorned with a wooden crown, stuck full of Rooster's feathers. It was then rolled up in a British Flag lined with gunpowder, hauled up on a gibbet, exploded and burnt to ashes, amid the jeers and groans of the people. (Applause.)

In the evening, the rejoicing and jubilee continued. The eleven members of the Town Committee, with a large number of leading inhabitants, gave a banquet, at the Inn, (situated where J. Amherst Woodhull now resides) and the people were in high spirits, and I am afraid, from the "abstract and brief chronicle of the time," that some high spirits were also in them. (Laughter.) They sang patriotic songs, made patriotic speeches, and drank thirteen patriotic toasts. Among the toasts were: "The free and independent States of America;" "The general Congress;" "The Convention of the thirteen States;" "The Army and Navy," and Dr. Gilbert Potter,* a very ardent rebel, ~~finished~~ *finished*

* Dr. Gilbert Potter, was born in this Town Jan. 8, 1725. His father, Nathaniel, came from Rhode Island in 1713, but returned there in 1734, where he died. He left sons, Gilbert and Zebediah. The latter became a sailor and settled finally on the eastern shore of Maryland, where he died. His grandson Nathaniel, an eminent physician of Baltimore, and Professor in the Maryland University, died Jan. 2, 1843.

Gilbert studied medicine with Dr. Jared Elliot of Guilford, Conn. (grandson of the *apostle* Elliot,) and in 1745 engaged as surgeon on board a privateer in the French war. On his return here, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Nathaniel Williams. In 1756 he was made captain of one of the companies from Suffolk County, and proceeded to Ticonderoga. In July, 1758, when the detachment of Col. Brad-

speech on the occasion, by reading from the *Constitutional Gazette*, the following poetical summary of the rebel cause :

Rudely forced to drink Tea, Massachusetts in anger,
Spills the Tea on John Bull : John falls on to bang her,
Massachusetts, enraged, calls her neighbors to aid,
And give Master John, a severe bastinado.
Now good men of the law ! pray, who is in fault,
The one who began, or resents the assault ?

[Applause.]

But gloomy days were at hand. Long Island, where the great Colony of New York stretched forth her bony finger to feel the pulse of old Ocean, first felt the throb of war from across the sea. The British fleet soon appeared in sight of our shores. British troops landed to the east of Huntington, and carried off cattle and provisions. Dr. Gilbert Potter wrote from Huntington to Gen. Woodhull on the 26th of August, 1776, apprising him of the fact, but before the letter reached him at Jamaica, and on the next day, the 27th of August, 1776, the disastrous battle of Long Island at the west end, was fought, and resulted in the defeat of the raw and undisciplined American Militia by overwhelming numbers of the veteran army of England. This defeat placed the whole of Long Island within the British lines, and left its conquered inhabitants entirely in their power.

Gen. Woodhull was so badly wounded, after he had given

street was on its way to Frontenac, the troops became sickly, and a hospital being established at Schenectady, the medical department was assigned to Dr. Potter.

He returned home at the end of the second campaign and renewed his practice, which he continued till 1776, when he was appointed colonel of the western regiment of Suffolk militia, by the Provincial Congress, and was associated with General Woodhull in protecting Long Island. After its capture, he retired within the American lines, and was employed in confidential, rather than active service. In 1783 he returned with his family and pursued his professional business with high success till his death Feb. 14, 1786.

His wife, born March 9th, 1728, died November 17, 1811. His daughter Sarah, born January 8th, 1756, married Captain William Rogers, afterwards lost at sea. His son Nathaniel, born December 23d, 1761, was several times a representative in the Assembly, and many years a judge of the County. He died in the eightieth year of his age, unmarried, November 24th, 1841.

up his sword in surrender, near Jamaica, that he died a few days thereafter.* Col. Josiah Smith's regiment of Suffolk County Militia was badly cut up and demoralized, and some of them were taken prisoners. The Colonel gave leave for every man to shift for himself in getting their families and effects off Long Island.

Judge Hobart and James Townsend, who had been sent by the Provincial Convention as a committee to repair to Gen. Woodhull with their advice and assistance, found on their arrival in Queens County, that Gen. Woodhull was captured and the Militia dispersed. They came at once to Huntington and tried to rally the remnants of the Militia at this point. They ordered the Suffolk County forces to rendezvous here, and sent to Col. Mulford, of Easthampton, to come and take command. Col. Floyd † was at Congress. Lt.

* The Woodhull family in Huntington are descended from the same ancestry as General Nathaniel Woodhull. Richard, the common ancestor, was born at Theford, Northamptonshire, England, September 13, 1620. His wife's name was Deborah. He came to America as early as 1648, and first appears at Jamaica, L. I. He had children: Richard, Nathaniel and Deborah. Nathaniel died without issue. Richard (2d), born Nov. 2d, 1691, lived at Setauket. He married Mary Homan and had seven children, among them Richard (3d), born Oct. 11th, 1712. He married Margaret Smith, of Smithtown, and had four children, among them John Woodhull, who married Elizabeth Smith and had nine children, among them Jeffrey A. Woodhull. Jeffrey was born at Miller's Place and married Elizabeth Davis and lived at Rocky Point for a number of years; from there he removed to Comac. He had three sons and one daughter. Smith Woodhull, second son of Jeffrey A., was born at Rocky Point, March 27th, 1797, and removed with his parents to Comac, in the Town of Huntington. He married Hannah Skidmore. His two sons, ex-Supervisor J. Amherst Woodhull and Caleb S. Woodhull, and his daughter, the wife of Jarvis R. Rolph, now reside in the village and Town of Huntington. Rev. Nathan Woodhull, formerly pastor of the church in Huntington, was a son of Richard Woodhull (3d).

† Suffolk County enjoys the honor of having taken an active part in the Declaration of Independence. Her representative on that memorable occasion was William Floyd, a worthy member of the heroic band who dared to assert and maintain the principles which have made America a nation. William Floyd, born on December 17, 1734, was a staunch, devoted, and unflinching Republican from the separation of the colonies from the mother country down to their Union as a distinct and independent confederation. His grandfather settled in Setauket, Long Island.

Wm. Floyd, in 1774, was elected a delegate from the State of New York to the first Continental Congress, "and was one of the most active members of that body." Previous to that period he had served as com-

Col. Gilbert Potter had gone to Connecticut. The Militia were without officers. Major Jeffrey Smith had (Aug. 29) ordered the four companies of Brookhaven Militia to march at once to Platt Carll's at Dix Hills, in Huntington. When they had marched as far as Epenetus Smith's in Smithtown, the Militia waited to hear from the Major, who had gone to Huntington, to consult with Hobart and Townsend. At dusk, the Major returned, and told the Militia, that he gave up the Island; they hadn't force enough to cope with the enemy, and he advised them to quietly disband and go to their homes, whereupon they broke ranks and dispersed.

The conquest of Long Island by the British was now complete. The rejoicing of the people was turned to grief. They were at the mercy of their enemies. The County committees and Town committees of the patriots were by force and fear, compelled to revoke annul, and disavow their previous proceedings—to repudiate the authority of the Continental Congress, and the inhabitants were compelled to take the oath of allegiance and of “good behavior,” to the crown of Great Britain.

Martial law alone prevailed. Those who had taken an active part in favor of the rebellion, fled to Connecticut, or within the American lines: left their families unprotected, and their property here to be occupied and seized by British

maunder of the Suffolk County militia. In 1775 he was re-elected to the General Congress, and during this period his family suffered greatly from the incursions of the British army, and were obliged, after the Battle of Long Island, in August, 1776, to take refuge in Connecticut. For seven years, his property was valueless to him—the invaders taking possession of his house, live stock, &c. This stroke of misfortune had no effect on his patriotism, however, and he worked on in the cause of freedom and liberty, both in Congress and in the State Legislature.

Ill health compelled General Floyd to ask Congress for leave of absence in April, 1779, and on his return to New York, in May, he resumed his senatorial duties in the State Legislature, and served on many important committees. He continued in public life until 1789, and in 1803 removed to a farm of rugged beauty in Mohawk County, which he had purchased several years previous.

He was a delegate to the Convention, in 1801, which revised the Constitution of New York State, and subsequently elected a member of the State Senate, and a Presidential Elector on several occasions, serving in the latter capacity until within a year of his death. He died August 4, 1821, in his eighty-seventh year.

officers or native Loyalists. The Tories wore red rags on their hats to distinguish them from the Rebels, and also as a badge of safety and protection. The boys and negroes, (there were negro slaves in those days) in Huntington, took the hint and wore the red rag of England, for the purpose of security from attacks of the British soldiers. Many old men, who were unable to get away, and who had no sympathy with the British, kept a red rag on hand to stick in their hats in case of danger, and the material became so scarce in Huntington, that the women had to tear their red petticoats to pieces, to supply the overwhelming demand! From this fact, those who wore these emblems of submission, were called by the more active and warlike patriots, the "Petticoat Brigade of 1776." [Laughter and Applause.]

The British troops, after the battle of Long Island, swept the Island for forage and provisions. They oppressed the people and stole their stock and property. As an opposition poet sang at the time :

In days of yore, the British Troops,
Have taken warlike Kings in Battle ;
But now alas ! their valor droops,
For they take naught but—harmless cattle !

Or as Freneau wrote, in "Gage's soliloquy :"

Let others combat in the dusty field ;
Let petty Captains scorn to live or yield ;
I'll send my ships to neighboring isles where stray
Unnumbered herds, and steal those herds away.
I'll strike the women in this Town with awe,
And make them tremble, at my Martial Law !

Huntington was one of the few places selected by them, to garrison, guard, fortify, and occupy permanently. It was the headquarters of the British foraging parties of Cavalry, who seized and shipped provisions for the British Army and Navy. Its capacious Bays rendered it accessible at all times by British vessels, which transported the stolen property of this Town and County into the British Quartermaster's possession, to feed the British Army. Thousands of troops were at Huntington in camp and fort and houses, during the war. The 17th Regiment Light Dra-

goons, 71st Infantry, Tarleton's Legion, The Queen's Rangers, Col. Hewlett's Provincials, The "Loyal Refugees," Jersey Loyal Volunteers, The Hessian Yagers, and the Prince of Wales' American Regiment, were at various times quartered on the inhabitants of Huntington, and encamped in their orchards and fields.

Among the more prominent British officers, who came to Huntington, were Gen. Sir Wm. Erskine, who went from Huntington to Southampton; Gen. Tryon, who went from Huntington to Southold; Brig. Gen. Leland, Brig. Gen. DeLancey, Col. Tarleton, who marched from Smithtown, through Huntington to Jericho; Col. Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, Col. Hewlett (Tory), of Hempstead, Col. Abercrombie, Col. Brimton, Col. Croger, Col. DeWomb, of the Hessian Yagers, Col. Ludlow, at one time in command of the Fort at Lloyd's Neck, who forced Jonas Rogers and others to go to New York with their teams after cannon; Col. Upham, Col. DeLancey, Col. Benj. Thompson, Lieut. Carr of the 17th Light Dragoons; Majors Green, Gilfillan, Campbell, Terpenney, Gwin, Ferguson, and Major Hubbel of the "Loyal Refugees;" Captains Cutler, Cameron, Royle, Boam, Ellison, Gore, Stephenson, Woolley, Stewart, Thomas, DeSchoenfeldt, of the Anspach Regiment, and numerous others.

The first British Regiment that arrived in Huntington was the 17th Light Dragoons, a few days after the battle of Long Island. They found no American troops to oppose them. The officers stopped at the house of Stephen Ketcham,* (which was the old Hewett mansion, on the site of Henry T. Funnell's new house on Main street.) It stood on the road. All around it were vacant lots. Mr. Ketcham, having been one of the Patriot Town Committee, had left Huntington for a time, and the house was in charge of Mrs. Ketcham, who had a large family and a number of slaves. The officers turned their horses into a lot by the side of

* Stephen Ketcham was the great-grandfather of Stephen K. Gould, of this village.

the house, a part of which was a peach orchard. Mrs. Ketcham at the time had just finished baking in her oven, fifteen loaves of bread. She went to the door and requested one of the officers to turn their horses into another lot, as they might destroy the peach trees, which request was politely granted. But the officers, seeing the bread, marched in the house, and without comment or apology, seized and carried off every loaf, leaving the old lady as mad as a hornet. [Laughter.]

Later in the day, when she came to look around for her large cooking pot, a very necessary article in those days, to cook her dinner, she discovered it was missing, and suspecting the British soldiers had stolen it, she put on her bonnet, went out of the door, across the road, and up in the fields to the south of the house, where they were encamped. Wandering on the outskirts of the camp for some time, she at last discovered her cooking pot, hanging over a fire, made of fence rails, and containing some savory mess, in process of cooking. Watching her opportunity, when no soldier was near, and when they were otherwise engaged, she turned it upside down, "dumped" the contents into the fire, seized it and retreated in good order, without being discovered, having successfully accomplished her purpose, and recovered her property. [Applause.]

This was the first raid of the British on women and children in Huntington, and victory perched upon the banner of the brave old lady! [Laughter.]

And now, fellow citizens, if I do not weary you, [cries of "No, no, Go on,"] I want to have an old fashioned talk with you about old times in Huntington. My friend, Mr. Scudder, has announced me as a speaker of polished periods, but I did not come here to deal out rhetoric nor fine sounding phrases. I want to have a plain talk about our old Town, and some of the people who lived here One Hundred years ago. Let us see, if we can get some faint idea of how Huntington looked in 1776. It was not thickly inhabited, nor was there any compact village in these parts.

The farm houses were scattered far and wide, on East and West Necks, at Cold Spring, Dix Hills, Long Swamp, Sweet Hollow, West Hills, Little Cow Harbor, Great Cow Harbor and Fresh Pond. There was here and there a farm house and barn. The principal road led from the east side of the Harbor to Platt Carll's at Dix Hills. None of the streets in the western part of the village were opened, except the main road leading west to Cold Spring, here by the side of this Grove; the old Hollow Pond road to Long Swamp; the Frog Pond road to West Hills; the road to West Neck and Lloyd's Neck, and the crooked path to the west side of the Harbor, now known as Wall street.

The only houses on Main street, in the western part, were the dwellings of Timothy Williams, (who is described as a whole-souled, jovial man,) near the present site of Hiram V. Baylis' residence; John Lefferts, where the Suffolk Hotel now stands; Stephen Ketcham, the old Hewett house now torn down; John Bennett, where the Huntington Hotel is located, and Solomon Ketcham, where the "Astor House" formerly stood, now a vacant lot. These houses stood nearly on the road, and the land about them, was enclosed by rail fences. With three barns, they comprised all the buildings on Main street to the west.

On Wall street from John Bennett's corner (Huntington House now owned by Casper Ritter) to the west side of the Harbor, there were only five houses. Dr. Gilbert Potter's dwelling, now occupied by Ebenezer C. Lefferts; his new house on premises where George C. Gardiner now resides; Joseph Sammis' where Theodore Shadbolt lives; Capt. John Squier's* dwelling on the corner where Isaac Watts Roe lives, a part of his present dwelling containing the old house; and John Brush's where John F. Wood occupies,

* Congress sent Gov. Patrick Sinclair, a British prisoner, to the committee of Huntington, to keep, in August, 1775, at an early period of the war, before Long Island fell under British rule. He was boarded by the committee, while at Huntington, at the house of Capt. John Squiers as a prisoner on parole. He had two servants with him. Capt. Squiers' bill for his board from Aug. 1775 to March 28, 1776 was £56, 10s, 7p.

and belonging to William W. Wood, adjacent to the Mill. That locality was then known as "John Brush's Landing." He kept the Mill. There were also two farm houses in "Mutton Hollow" occupied by the Conkling and Sammis families. On the West Neck road, there lived Jesse Brush, William and John Haviland, Alexander and Jesse Sammis, Henry Titus, Joseph Conkling, James Long, Jonas Sammis, Augustin Sammis, John Sammis* and his son Nathaniel, James Rogers and his son Charles, Ebenezer Gould, and others. At Cold Spring, there resided Alexander Rogers, Zebulon and Isaac Rogers, John Morgan, Richard and Henry Conkling, William James, Zachariah Rogers, Zebulon Titus and son, Daniel Hendrickson and his son John, Israel and Abiel Titus, Jonas Rogers and his son Jacob, and numerous others. In and near the village proper, known as the "Town Spot," there lived Ebenezer Brush, son of John Brush, the miller, Timothy Conkling, Alexander Denton, Abel Conkling, Silvanus Clichester, Amos Platt, Thomas Conkling, Jeremiah Wood, Peleg Wood, William Place, Conkling Ketcham, Israel Ketcham (Quaker), John Williams and Gilbert, (sons of Justice Williams,) Hubbard Conkling, Nathaniel Williams, Silas Sammis, and his sons, Phillip and David, Benjamin Gould, Ananias Conkling, David Conkling, Henry Sammis, Ezra Conkling John Sammis, William Ward, Timothy Sammis and his son Scudder, Jacob Brush† and two sons, John Wood, John Wheeler and his son John, and numerous members of the Jarvis and Platt families.

* The original founder in Huntington of the Sammis family, whose descendants are very numerous in this Town was John Sammis, who had a grant of land made to him, lying at the head of Cold Spring Harbor. His descendants settled in various parts of the Town, notably on West Neck, and in the "Town Spot."

† The first of the name of Brush known in Huntington were Thomas and Richard Brush, who were large landowners in the Town and came from Southold. Their descendants are numerous and now reside at West Neck, Old Fields, Crab Meadow, and in the village. Sheriff David C. Brush, the father of Merris R. Brush, of West Hills, was a descendant of this family; and all of that name in this Town came from a common ancestor, John Brush, of Southold, the father of Thomas and Richard.

At West Hills and Sweet Hollow, the prominent family names of one hundred years ago, were Brush, Chichester, Burtis, Smith, Wood, White, Nostrand, Collier, Oakerly or Oakley, Platt, Carl, Whitman, Valentine, Ireland, Ketcham and Foster.

At Long Swamp, lived the families of Smith, Lewis, Jarvis, Sammis, Kellum, Abbitt, Buffett and Carl.

At Dix Hills—Carl, Hart, Smith, Valentine, Baldwin, Stratton, Wicks, Blattsley, Lewis, Townsend, Hubbs, Rimp, Gillett, Soper, Keley, Buffett and Rogers.

At Old Fields—Smith, Willis, Ireland, Conkling, Lysaght,

At Cow Harbor—Higby, Udall, Jarvis, Fleet, Hill, Platt, Scudder, Ackerly, Bryan, Rogers, Baldwin, Bunce, Kelsy, Havens, Nicolls, Gildersleeve, Sills and Bishop.

There were one hundred and one freeholders living in and about the "Town Spot:" twenty-nine in West Hills and Sweet Hollow: thirteen in Long Swamp: thirty-seven in "Dick's Hills:" twelve in Old Fields: and thirty-two in Cow Harbor.

The village Inn was located "down town," as we call it, where J. Amherst Woodhull resides, and was kept by Gilbert Platt and Ananias Platt, his father before him. There were quite a number of houses in that vicinity. It was the "village" of Huntington at that time.

There was also a small house of entertainment, kept by an old woman known as "Mother Chidd" or Chichester, at a place called "The Cedars," near the Selleck place, on Huntington Bay, at East Neck, which was a resort of British and Tory soldiers. Platt Carl also kept an Inn at "Dick's Hills," (where his grandson Gilbert now lives,) which was a general headquarters for that section of the country. The British forces often marched there and made it their stopping place, on their foraging excursions. He was taken prisoner, with Rev. Joshua Hartt, at one time, and confined in New York for three months. (The Minister's offence was that he performed the marriage ceremony without a license.) Mr. Carl was, with his family, violently beaten

and robbed, in 1783. He suffered large losses from British troops, during the war. He died in 1814, aged 77 years. Capt. Timothy Carll, his brother, lived at "Dick's Hills," on the farm, where his great-grandson, David Carll, now resides. The old Log House, which is still preserved on the place, and is used as a poultry roost, was then a store, kept by Capt. Carll, and the only one in that vicinity.

Thomas Fleet, grand-father of John and Charles Fleet, of this village, lived near the shore of Huntington Bay, on East Neck, near Capt. Henry S. Hawkins' farm. His father Thomas Fleet kept a store at Cold Spring. He was a descendant of William Fleetwood, who married a sister of Oliver Cromwell, left England, after the restoration, and settled here, changing his name to Fleet.

Stephen Kelsey, the great-grandfather of Jesse B. Kelsey, of this town, lived at East Neck, near the shore. He was one of the patriot Town Committee, and took an active part against the British. He is the ancestor of the Kelseys in Huntington.

Jonathan Scudder,* the great-grandfather of Rev. Dr.

* The common ancestor of all the Scudders on Long Island was Thomas Scudder. He was born in England, and is believed to have been among the earliest settlers at Plymouth, Mass. His wife's name was Elizabeth. He resided at Salem from 1642 to 1657, and the records of that town show grants of land to "Old Goodman Scudder," (the term "Goodman" indicating an honorable position in the Puritan Church). He died at Salem in 1657, leaving a will, in which he named his children John, Thomas (2d), Henry, Elizabeth (who married Bartholomew), and his grandson Thomas (3d), son of his deceased son William. All these descendants of Thomas Scudder came from Salem to Southold on or about the year 1651. The sons, Thomas, Henry and John came from Southold to Huntington about 1653 or soon thereafter, and were among its earliest settlers. The original homestead of Thomas (2d) was at the head of Huntington Harbor, where Jacob Scudder, dec'd, lately resided. Henry settled on East Neck where Thomas Lord, Jr., now owns. John located at Crab Meadow. Thomas Scudder (2d) was a tanner, and made the first leather manufactured in Huntington. He was a man of great physical power, and there is an amusing account in the Court records of his "tanning" James Chichester at a "husking."

"*Town Court, Oct. 23, 1662.*—Stephen Jervice, as attorney in behalfe of James Chichester, pff. vs. Tho. Scudder, deft., acsion of the case and of batery. Deft. says that he did his indevor to save ye pigge from ye wolff, but knows no hurt his dog did it; and as for ye sow, he denyes the charg; touching the batery, striking the boye, says he did

Moses L. Scudder, who sits beside me on this platform, lived on East Neck, at the foot of the hill, on premises now owned by Thomas Lord, Jr. He was the proprietor of considerable land in that neighborhood. His great-grandson here comes from good stock, being a direct descendant of "Brother Jonathan." [Laughter and Applause.]

Solomon Ketcham, the ancestor of my young friend, Douglas Conklin, who has read for us the "Declaration of Independence," lived on Main street. He got into a diffi-

strike the boye but it was for his abusing his daughter. The verdict of the jury is, that defts dog is not fitt to be cept, but the action fails for want of testimony; but touching the batery, the jury's verdict pass for plff, that deft pay him 10 shillings for striking the boy, and the plff to pay deft 5 shillings for his boye's insevilty." Same court.— "Rachell Turner sayth, that being husking at Tho. Powell's, James Chichester found a red ear, and then said he must kiss Bette Scudder; Bette sayd she would whip his brick, and they too scuffling fell by her side; that this deponent and Tho. Scudder being tracing, and having ended his trace, rose up and took howld of James Chichester, and gave him a box on the ear. Robard Crumfield says, that being husking at Tho. Powell's, James Chichester found a red eare, and then said he must kiss Bette Scudder, and they too scuffling, Goody Scudder bid him be quiet, and puld him from her, and gave him a slap on the side of the heade; the verdict of the jury is, that James shall paye ye plf 12 shillings and the cost of ye cort."

Thomas Scudder is named among those holding original "rights" under the Patents. He died in Huntington in 1690, leaving children, Benjamin, Timothy, Elizabeth, Mary, Sarah and Clemar. His Will may be found in the Prerogative Court records.

The Scudders on East Neck and the east side of Huntington Harbor, are nearly all descendants of Thomas (2nd); among them are Capt. David C. Scudder, Thomas Scudder, Ahmeda, wife of Capt. Philetus C. Jarvis, Naomi Street, (daughter of Gilbert Scudder, and mother of Chas. R. Street of this village) and Henry G. Scudder. The line of descent to Henry G. Scudder is as follows: (1) Thomas Scudder of Salem, (2) Thomas Scudder (2d) first settler in Huntington; (3) Benjamin, son of Thomas (2d), and noted in his time as a man of letters; (4) Thomas (3d), son of Benjamin; (5) Thomas (4th), a man in the vigor of life during the Revolutionary War; (6) Gilbert Scudder; (7) Isaiah Scudder, who was the father of Henry G. Scudder.

Rev. Moses L. Scudder, LL. D., Hon. Henry J. Scudder, Hewlett Scudder, and Mrs. Henry G. Scudder are likewise descended from the same common ancestor. They descend from Henry Scudder, another son of Thomas of Salem. This Henry Scudder, who settled on East Neck, married Catharine, daughter of Jeffrey Esty, and had two sons, Jonathan and David. Jeffrey Esty was an old man at the first settlement here. He was presented to the church at Salem for the heinous offence of sleeping in church during service, and was daly admonished therefor. His daughter, Mrs. Henry Scudder, was a remarkable business woman. All the Town taxes in her neighborhood were paid to her. The Scudders are numerous, at this day, in Huntington.

culty at one time with the British soldiers, and snatching a picket off of a fence, offered to fight three or four officers. Not being very choice in the use of language towards them, he was taken prisoner, confined in the Fort on the burying hill, and kept on a diet of bread and water. He never forgot his imprisonment nor forgave his enemies; and when the British fleet, afterwards, in the war of 1812, dropped anchor in Huntington Bay, the old man might have been seen prowling around the shores of Lloyd's Neck and the Bay, musket in hand, and woe to the son of Britain, who came within his range. In company with a party, he forcibly boarded a number of British vessels in our Bay in the war of 1812, took several prisoners, and kept them in du-rance, at his house, until the close of hostilities.

Samuel Conkling, the father of Strong Conklin, lived in an old house that stood where the Woolsey cottage was afterwards built, on the Bowery. He was an outspoken rebel. The British tried to take his team away from him, but he resisted so energetically, with his stout axe, that they were glad to desist. He knocked a British officer down with his fist. The soldiers put chase for him. He ran to his house, through the hall way, and out the back door, just as his pursuers came in the front. He escaped across the fields into the woods, and hid in a barn at Cold Spring. The British searched every house and barn in Cold Spring, and came in the barn, where he was secreted under a mow of hay, without discovering him. The next night, he made his way through the fields to the Brick yards at West Neck, where Richard Conkling, (the great-grand-father of Joshua B. Place of this village) then lived, and borrowing a row-boat there, he escaped un-der cover of night, to the Con-necticut shore, where he remained, doing good service in the patriot cause, to the end of the Revolution.

Lemuel Carl lived at West Hills, where his grandson, of the same name, resides. He was very fond of the chase, and was a great hunter. The British stole hay and wood from him, and also a valuable horse, which he found at

Flushing, after eight months absence, and finally recovered it by paying a bribe of six guineas to Capt. Roorbach, a British officer.

Jeremiah Wood,* the ancestor of the Wood family of this village, lived on the Cold Spring road. He was forced to cart wood, forage, and officer's baggage, by the British, and to labor on the forts. He was a large sufferer in hay and grain, stolen by the soldiery.

Isaac Rogers, grandfather of Stephen C. Rogers, Supervisor of this Town, and of Isaac and George R. Rogers, of this village, lived at Cold Spring on the farm now occupied by Henry Rogers. He was forced to furnish hay and wood to the British, without pay.

Samuel Oakley, grandfather of Zophar B. Oakley, dec'd, and great-grandfather of Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of this village, lived at West Hills, on the farm now occupied by his son, Solomon Oakley, an aged citizen of this Town. He was in hearty sympathy with the rebellion against the mother country, and suffered large losses in hay, grain, stock and wood, stolen and destroyed.

Josiah Smith, grandfather of James N. Smith, of this village, had a large farm at Long Swamp, where his son

* The Wood family were among the earliest settlers of the Town. Edman Wood is the first one mentioned, whose son Jonas, was one of the Patentees of the Town, and a prominent man in Town affairs. He died in 1690, leaving Jonas (2d) who owned large tracts of land. Jonas (2d) left children, John, Jeremiah, Jonas (3d), Timothy, Elizabeth, Phebe and Ann. Jeremiah died about 1748, leaving sons, Jeremiah (2d) and Jonas. Jeremiah (2d) left four sons, Jeremiah (3d), Stephen, Isaac and Peleg. The old Wood homestead on the Cold Spring road seemed to have been kept by the *Jeremiahs* of each succeeding generation. Jeremiah (3d) died in 1819, leaving Prudence (wife of Elkanah Platt), Jeremiah (4th), Brewster, Ida (afterwards wife of Gilbert Platt), Phebe, Sarah, Elizabeth (wife of Platt Conklin), and Ruth, wife of Erastus H. Conklin. Brewster Wood died, leaving sons, Edwin Wood, dec'd, (father of Mrs. Wm. D. Woodend, Mrs. Henry F. Sammis, and Mrs. Geo. C. Hendrickson of this village, and of Mrs. Jacob Crossman of Paterson, N. J.), and William J. Wood, George C. Wood, of this place, and Brewster Wood, jr., of Brooklyn. Ida Wood, daughter of Jeremiah 3d, now dec'd, was the mother of Mrs. Nathaniel Scudder Prime, and of Mrs. Maria Downs, of Huntington, and of Mrs. Phebe Arrowsmith, of Brooklyn, and the grandmother of Mrs. Rev. Samuel T. Carter, wife of the Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Huntington.

Josiah still lives, at an advanced age. He was robbed of forage and wood by the British.

Oliver Hendrickson, grandfather of Joseph M. and Coles Hendrickson, of this village, and great-grandfather to the young lady who this day personates the Goddess of Liberty, lived at Dick's Hills. He was very fond of hunting. By occupation, a carpenter, he was forced by Col. Thompson to work on the Fort on the old burying hill.

Selah Smith, the great-grandfather of the editor of the *Suffolk Bulletin*, and the grandfather of Selah Smith, of Northport, lived at Long Swamp, having purchased a farm there in 1750. The British pressed him into service, in carting wood and working on the forts, and stole hay and grain from him.

Sweet Hollow, or Melville as it is now called, was then on the main travelled road which ran through the Island, before the Smithtown and Jericho Turnpike was made. It was a small settlement, and I will endeavor to describe the dwellings there and who lived in them. Where Silas Jarvis now resides, there was an old house occupied by a Mr. Powell, whose first name I have been unable to ascertain; where Woodhull Jarvis lives, his grandfather Robert Jarvis then resided; there was another house owned by Charles Duryea, great-grandfather of Supervisor Duryea, of Babylon, where Isaac M. Baylis now resides; also a house where Joseph Bassett now lives, then occupied by Jesse Ketcham; and Zophar Ketcham then lived where Isaac C. Ireland's house stands. Zophar Ketcham, of Sweet Hollow, was the grandfather of Zophar and Jacob Ketcham, of our village, whom I am glad to see upon this platform. The soldiers made him work on the fort at Lloyd's Neck. The old man didn't like it much, and resisted, but to no purpose. They were too strong for him. He said, "the British were worse than the Devil, and he could prove it by Scripture." "Scripture tells us," said Mr. Ketcham, "resist the Devil and he will flee from you, but if we resist the British, they get closer to you!" [Laughter and Ap-

plause.] There was an inn or tavern where Daniel Baylis, one of our oldest and most venerable citizens, now resides, at Sweet Hollow, kept by George Everett and Foster Nosstrand before him. Wilmot Oakley kept a store and resided where Elias Baylis, Sr. now resides. He was a bold, courageous man and a sterling patriot. The British held him in great dread. They once surrounded his house to capture him ; but he had it so strongly barricaded they were unable to enter, though they riddled it with bullets. One of the soldiers got a sheaf of straw to fire the building, when he was shot by Mr. Oakley from a garret window, after which they dispersed. John Woolsey, the Sweet Hollow giant, cleared up a spot and located where James I. Shipman now resides, but afterwards removed to Half Hollow Hills. He was a strong powerful man and thought nothing of carrying on his back a hogshead, quarter-full of molasses, half a mile from Wilmot Oakley's store. He left a large family of sons and daughters. The first settlers of the numerous Baylis family of Sweet Hollow, whose representatives are here to-day, came from near Springfield and Jamaica, in Queens County, at the close of the Revolutionary War. One of the elder brothers was in the American army, under Washington.

Without wearying your patience by going farther into details, I have perhaps stated enough to give a general idea of the situation of the dwellings in and about Huntington, and of some of the old families living here, at the time of the arrival of the British forces. The British soldiers were quartered in the houses, in barracks, and encamped over all of this part of the Town. Some of them were on Lloyd's Neck, West Neck, on the fields between Wall street and the Bowery, near Gallows Hill, near the Episcopal Church and Presbyterian Church, and between the church and the western part of the village. The Presbyterian Church was their stable and store-house. They had a block-house on the field adjoining the Union School building, now owned by Henry S. Prime. Their whipping post, which was a

standing tree, flattened on one side, to tie their victims to, stood in front of the present school building. They destroyed and laid waste this whole section of country, until provisions and forage became so scarce they were compelled to reduce their garrison, and to scatter their troops over Wheatley, Jericho, Westbury, Herricks, Northside, Cow Neck and Great Neck, and other places to the West. The inhabitants of Huntington were forced, not only to bury and secrete their money and valuables, but also their provisions in order to save them from the soldiery, and to keep themselves from starving. Many of the people of the Town were robbed of their money and valuables—and were hung up by the neck, until almost dead, to make them reveal where they had secreted their money. Two brothers, Zophar and Joel Rogers, living at Long Hill (now Clay Pitts) were hung up by the neck, one after the other, to force them to tell where their money was. Zophar was hung up three times and left for dead. Joel was stretched up twice. Zophar, reviving, aroused some of the neighbors, which alarmed the robbers, who fled without having obtained the money, which had been hidden in a couple of old shoes. Joel Rogers was the grandfather of Thomas Whited Gilder-sleeve, of this village.

Robert Jarvis,* grandfather of Capt. Philetus C. Jarvis,

* The oldest record of any of the Jarvis family in Huntington is that of Stephen Jervice or Jarvis, who lived here in 1661. A few years later, William Jarvis (1679), Thomas Jarvis (1679), Jonathan Jarvis (1684) and John Jarvis (1684), appear to have resided here. John Jarvis went to Cape May, New Jersey, and settled there in 1692.

Stephen Jarvis (1st) had two sons, Stephen (2d), born June 2, 1683, and Abraham, born April 26, 1685. William Jarvis (1st) had a son, William (2d), and William (2d) had the following children: Abraham, Stephen (3d), Esther, (who married a Stratton), Samuel, William (3d) and Mary. The three latter went to Norwalk, Conn. Mary married a Seymour. Stephen Jarvis (3d), son of William Jarvis (2d), had twelve children: Austin, John, Stephen (4th), Isaac, Thomas, Louisa (married Hezekiah Wicks in 1755), Sarah, Ruth, Esther, Deborah, Mary and Daniel. Abraham Jarvis, son of William (2d), married Lavinia Rogers Feb. 26, 1734, his first wife, and Hannah Coukling (widow), July 31, 1760, his second wife, and had children: Abraham, Ichabod, Lavinia, Elizabeth and Samuel. Samuel Jarvis, son of William (2d), married Naomi Brush, and lived in Norwalk. He died in 1756.

Abraham Jarvis (2d), son of Abraham (1st), married Jerasha Chi-

who lived at the east end of the village, and afterwards at Sweet Hollow, was gashed and cut in his head, to force him to tell where his money was. He didn't tell—but he carried the marks of his injuries with him to the grave.

David Rusco and Silas Rusco, the sons of David Rusco,

chester and had eight children: Lavinia, Jacob, Elizabeth, Jesse, Ebenezer, Keziah, Sarah and Margaret. Ichabod Jarvis, son of Abraham (1st), also had eight children: Israel, Benjamin (who died in Conn.), Abigail, Charlotte, Keturah, Hannah, Mehitable, and Sarah.

Stephen Jarvis (4th), son of Stephen (3d), married Ann Wheeler May 15, 1728. He was a mariner, and died in New York. He had six children: Mary, Susannah, Esther, Sarah, William (who died in Norwalk), and Thomas (2d). Ebenezer Jarvis, son of Abraham (2d), had children: Maria, Sarah, Ebenezer, Iantha, Marietta and Jerusha. Ebenezer Jarvis, son of Ebenezer, married Frances Kelsey, and afterwards Hannah A. Kelsey.

Thomas Jarvis (2d), son of Stephen (4th), married Rebecca Platt, July 31, 1791. His children were Platt, Jacob, Joseph, Reuben, Dorcas, Charity, and Sarah. Dorcas married James Dunbar; Charity, Samuel Bishop, and Sarah, Charles Hewitt. Platt Jarvis went in U. S. Navy. Joseph Jarvis, son of above named Thomas, had four children: Mary Esther (married John Thompson); Phebe Elizabeth (married John Remsen); Joseph Henry (married Sarah White); and Keturah Ann, (married Townsend Gardiner).

William Jarvis (3d), son of William (2d), had four children: Henry, Jonathan, William, Benajah. Henry Jarvis, son of William (3d), had children: William, Samuel D. and Elkanah. Jonathan Jarvis, son of William (3d), had two wives: 1st, Anna Brewster; 2d, Charity White. His children were Timothy and Isaiah. Benajah, son of William (3d), had one child, Hannah Jarvis. He went to Nova Scotia after the Revolutionary War.

Robert Jarvis, son of Thomas (2d), married 1st, Sarah Ireland, and 2d, Margaret Brush. His children were, Joseph I., Simon Losee, Isaiah, Jonathan, Thomas, Phebe (married Platt Rogers), Sarah (married J. Duryea) and Hannah (married Oliver Smith). Joseph I. Jarvis, son of Robert, married Phebe Carll. His children were Robert, William, Hendrickson, Keturah, Eliza and Maria. Simon Losee Jarvis, son of Robert, married Keturah Conklin. His children were: Robert, David C., Thomas H. and Elizabeth (twins), Esther, Jonathan, Phebe and Philetus C., Ira, Almira, Emilous, William H. and John B. Jarvis. Isaiah Jarvis, son of Robert, married Christina Gould—had no children. Isaac Jarvis, son of Robert, settled in Ohio, in 1845, with his children, Isiah, Flueella and Ravent. Jonathan Jarvis, son of Robert, married Deborah Whitman, and had children: David, Sarah, Mary Ann, Whitson, Aaron, John, William and Charles. Thomas Jarvis, son of Robert, married Phebe Rhemp, and his children were: Carlton, Woodhull, Anna and Elizabeth, the wife of D. Woodhull Conklin, of this village.

Elizabeth Jarvis, daughter of Simon Losee Jarvis, married Capt. Dean. Her daughter is the wife of Thomas Ait'in of this village.

The Jarvis families owned land, in the early days of the Town, on East Neck, the "Town Spot," Sweet Hollow, and Crab Meadow. Their descendants are very numerous in Huntington Township.

Sr., who lived in the house where William C. Scudder resides, were forced to work on the Forts, and to cart wood for the British. Silas Rusco was the father of David Rusco, now deceased, late of this village, and grandfather of Horace Rusco, now residing here. David Rusco (son of David, Sr.) played a trick upon some British soldiers, who came to steal hay from him, during the Revolution, and had to hide himself in a cave in the woods to escape their vengeance, until he found his way across the Sound to Connecticut, where he remained during the war.

John Haff, of the south side of the Town, was noted for being a curiosity, as the ugliest looking man in Suffolk Co. He took pride in his uncouth appearance. At one time, during the Revolution, he met a party of British officers, riding in a wagon, on a road on the south side of the Turnpike, just below Platt Carll's, where the road was and is too narrow for vehicles to pass each other. The question for debate was, who should back out to a wider part of the highway. Haff looked at the party and discovered the driver, an officer, to be worse looking than himself. "I wish you were dead," said Haff. "What do you mean, you rebel scoundrel?" retorted the British driver. "Why," replied Haff, "before you arrived in Huntington, I used to make money, showing my face at sixpence a sight, as the ugliest man in the Town—but now I'm done. You can beat me, and I'll give up the business." The officers laughed at their driver, who good-naturedly backed out, and allowed Haff to go on his way.

Selah Wood,* who lived at West Hills, where Andrew

* Selah Wood was an elder brother of Hon. Silas Wood, the historian, and of Samuel Wood. Their father's name was Joshua Wood, who was a descendant of Jonas Wood, of Halifax, who first settled in Hempstead in 1644; then in Southampton in 1649, and afterwards at West Hills, in Huntington, in 1655. Jonas Wood was drowned in attempting to ford Peconic River near Riverhead, in 1660.

Silas Wood, the historian, was born at West Hills, Sept. 14, 1769. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brookhaven for tuition. At fifteen he went to Fairfield, Conn., to school. At sixteen he went to Princeton College, and graduated at the end of four years; was then employed as a tutor in the College for five years. In

Powell now resides, was strung up by the neck and left for dead, but was cut down by a negro wench, who discovered him, before life was extinct.

When a British officer, in command of the Hessians, took possession of the house of Reuben Rolph, grandfather of Jarvis R. Rolph, he was frank enough to tell him, if he had any money or valuables about the house, to put them out of the way before his soldiers arrived, as he had the worst set of scoundrels with him ever created. Mrs. Rolph had a purse of gold in her hand just as the Hessians marched in the gate, and in the hurry of the moment, threw it under the gooseberry bushes in the garden. She recovered it the next day, and hid it in a more secure place. Mr. Rolph lived in the eastern part of the "Town Spot."

A party of Hessian robbers attacked the house of widow Platt (widow of Ananias Platt), where James Houston and John Stewart kept store "down town," and at midnight broke open a window with a sledge-hammer. They fired several shot into the house, which was defended by John Stewart, Gilbert Platt, and a negro named "Lige," or Elijah, who performed wondrous deeds of valor, during the engagement. John Stewart killed one of the robbers, in the kitchen. Elijah knocked one on the head with a hatchet. The firing alarmed the neighbors, who seized their weapons and repaired to the scene, where they found the robbers had fled, and Elijah, the negro, shot through the head, but still living. This negro was a tough specimen. The musket ball went through his head and came out the back part of

1795, he was elected Member of Assembly from Suffolk County, and served for four years. In 1804, he was offered the Presidency of the Esopus Academy, and in 1805 he was chosen a Professor in Union College, both of which he declined. He was admitted to the bar in 1810, and made a solicitor in chancery in 1813. He was a regular contributor to the *Montgomery Republican*, while practising law in New York. He returned to Huntington in 1813. In 1817 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected for five successive terms. In 1828, he was defeated by Hon. James Kent, by 274 majority. He made some sensible and eloquent speeches in Congress, which attracted general attention at the time. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Josiah Smith, of Long Swamp. He died March 2, 1847, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, leaving no children.

his cranium. He lived many years afterwards, and was a great fiddler, furnishing the rustic parties in Huntington, of that time, with music for dancing. In after years, on one occasion, the Rev. Nathan Woodhull, the minister, who was very austere and rigid in his social notions, came into the private house of one of his parishoners, where there was assembled a party of young people, dancing to the bewitching strains of "Lige's" fiddle. There was a bed in a corner of the room, according to the custom of the period, on which Elijah sat, drawing his bow over his old "Cremona." The minister, shocked at such "worldliness" and levity, opened the door of the room, where they were dancing, and in a deep, sepulchral voice, said, as he fell on his knees, "Let us pray!" at which the young men and maidens screamed and scattered, and "Lige," thinking his time had come, shot under the bed, with his fiddle, like a streak of lightning! [Laughter].

A party of armed men, with bayonets, came to the house of Gilbert and Simon Fleet, in the Town of Huntington, and robbed them and their families of all the money and plate they could find, and nearly strangled one of them to death by hanging him to a beam in his kitchen.

Among other inhabitants who were forcibly robbed, were Moses Jarvis, merchant, of Huntington, Shubael Smith (Tory), Mr. Weser, who lived eight miles east of Huntington, Jesse Conklin, of Bushy Plains, and numerous others.

Ezra Conkling,* who lived at the time, in the house,

* The Conkling or Conklin family on Long Island are very numerous. The first one of the name known here appears to have been "John Conclin," who was born about 1600 and had a son John born in England in 1630. He was one of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and came from Nottinghamshire, England; lived in Salem, Massachusetts in 1649. His wife's name was Mary. As early as 1660, if not earlier, John Conclin, Sr., with his son Timothy, came from Southold and settled in Huntington. His other sons, John, Jr., Jacob, Benjamin and Joseph, settled at Southold, and some of their descendants still reside at the east end of the County. Senator Roscoe Conkling is said to be a descendant of the eastern branch of the family. John, Sr., and his son Timothy, owned land at West Neck, near where Gilbert Crossman, dec'd, formerly lived. They were both freeholders, and their names appear in the records and rate bills. Timothy was one of the purchasers from the Indians, under Gov. Fletcher's Patent of

which is now a barn, on the premises of George C. Gould, in the eastern part of the village, and whose grandchildren and great-grandchildren are now living in Huntington, and many of whom I see here to day, was a great sufferer from the British soldiers, who stole almost everything eatable off of his farm. In order to hide a fat calf for his own use, he placed it in his milk-room, where it was secreted and fed.

1694. He had four sons, Timothy, Jr., John, Jacob and Cornelius, all residing on West Neck during early life. Cornelius went to Cold Spring; John moved to Clay Pitts; Timothy remained on West Neck, and the Conklins of Huntington are mostly his descendants. Jacob in 1711 purchased a large tract of land at Half Hollow Hills. He married Hannah Platt, daughter of Epenetus, and lived to an old age. He was the ancestor of ex-Sheriff Jesse Conklin, of Babylon.

Ezra Conkling, above mentioned, was a descendant of Timothy Conkling. He married Sarah Platt, daughter of Isaac Platt (3d), of Huntington, and had nine children, viz.: Platt, Erastus Harvey, Ezra, Woodhull, Elizabeth, Experience, Letitia, Matilda and Maria. Platt Conklin, son of Ezra, lived at "Clam Point," Huntington Harbor, married Elizabeth Wood, daughter of Jeremiah Wood (3d), and had the following children: Ansel and Brewster (twins), Warren, Frank, Jeremiah, William, Mary, Matilda and Elizabeth. Erastus Harvey Conklin, son of Ezra, married Ruth Wood, sister to Elizabeth and daughter of Jeremiah Wood (3d), and had the following children: Charles, Ezra, Maria, Sarah and Deborah—all living in Huntington except Ezra, who died in California. Maria is the wife of Frederick G. Sammis; Sarah, the widow of Henry Downs; Deborah, the widow of Jesse Gould. Ezra Conklin (2d), son of Ezra, married Jane A. Brown, of Huntington, and had three children: Seaman, Sarah Maria and Mary Emeline Conklin. Woodhull Conklin, son of Ezra, married in Jamaica, L. I. Elizabeth Conklin, daughter of Ezra, married Silas Ketcham, of Huntington, and had children: Silas T., Ezra C., Woodhull, Henry, Jane, Maria, Elizabeth and Sarah Ketcham. Experience, daughter of Ezra, married Ebenezer Prime and had eleven children: Edward Y., Ezra C., Henry R., Claudius B., Nathaniel Scudder, Matilda, Marietta, Ann, Mary, Sarah and Margaret Prime. Letitia Conklin, daughter of Ezra, married Woodhull Woolsey, of Huntington, and had issue: Phebe, John K., Ezra and Newell Woolsey. Matilda Conklin, daughter of Ezra, married Brewster Wood, son of Jeremiah Wood (3d), and had five children: Edwm., William J., George C., Brewster and Deborah. Maria Conklin, daughter of Ezra, married Gilbert Platt, of Huntington, and had one child, Sarah Platt. Gilbert Platt's second wife was Ida Wood, daughter of Jeremiah Wood (3d).

Timothy Conkling, a brother of Ezra Conkling, who lived in Huntington in Revolutionary times, married Mary Platt, daughter of Isaac Platt (3d). The two brothers married sisters. Timothy had eight children: Isaac, Jesse, Elkanah, Timothy Titus, Sarah, Ruth, Emma and Keturah Conklin. Col. Isaac Conklin, son of Timothy, married Hannah, daughter of Solomon Ketcham, and had children: Jonas P., Washington, Irene, Thelma and Cornelia Conklin. Col. Isaac Conklin was a Member of Assembly in 1819, from this County. Like Grant he was not much of a talker. He never made but one speech while in

He had a tory neighbor, living below him, whose daughters used to flirt considerably with British officers, (girls used to flirt in those days) and they informed the officers where this calf was hidden. On the pretence of searching for a deserter, several British soldiers came to his house early one morning. Going up stairs, they threw two of the chil-

the Legislature. He sat listening to the remarks of a fellow member urging the appointment of a candidate to some position, with ill-concealed impatience, and at the close he arose to his feet and said: "*Mr. Speaker, that fellow isn't any more fit for his position than Hell is for a powder house!*" The House roared. The Speaker of the Assembly, appreciating the situation, rapped loudly with his gavel and shouted, amidst the merriment of the members: "*The House will come to order; the gentleman from Suffolk has made a speech!*"

Jesse Conklin, son of Timothy, married Phebe Wood, of New York City, and had children: Elbert, Ida and Isaac (twins), Nelson, Timothy, Jesse, Phebe, Mary, Kate and Richard L. Conklin. Elkanah Conklin, son of Timothy, never married. Timothy Titus Conklin, son of Timothy, married Amelia Rhemp, and had two children: David Woodhull Conklin, now living in Huntington, and Mary Elizabeth, mother of Mrs. Edmund R. Aitkin, of this village, and wife of Joseph M. Hendrickson. Ruth Conklin, daughter of Timothy, married George Sammis, of West Neck, and had children: Frederick G., Stephen, Warren G. and Henrietta Sammis, wife of Nathan B. Conklin. Emma Conklin, daughter of Timothy, married Obadiab Rogers, of Cold Spring, and had several sons and daughters. Katurah Conklin, daughter of Timothy, married Joseph Smith Roe, and had children: Maria, Susan and Eliza (twins), James, Isaac Watts and Smith Roe. Susan is the wife of Smith Rowland, of this village. The Conklin family are very numerous in the Town of Huntington.

The first of the Gould family known in Huntington was Ebenezer Gould, who lived on West Neck, prior to the Revolution. He was a descendant of Ebenezer Gould, of Fairfield, Conn., who was one of the principal men there in 1658; in 1660 Gould, Knowles and Hill of Fairfield were appointed to settle a dispute between Norwalk and the Indians. Ebenezer Gould, of West Neck, had children: Ebenezer and Joseph. Joseph had a son and Ebenezer had sons: Ebenezer (3d) and Conklin. Benjamin, son of Joseph, married Elizabeth Platt, daughter of Isaac Platt (3d), and had three children: Walter, Jesse and Platt Gould.

Ebenezer Gould (3d), son of Ebenezer, married Lavinia Conklin, a sister of Capt. Nathan Conklin, and had several children, among them Sarah, afterwards wife of David Platt, of this village. He kept a hotel in the old house now owned by Rev. James McDougall, on Main street in this village. Conklin Gould, son of Ebenezer, married Ruth Sammis (still living at an advanced age), and had several children, among them George C. Gould, who resides in Huntington.

Walter Gould, son of Benjamin, married Anna Ketcham, daughter of John Ketcham, and had children: Brewster, Ira, John, Stephen K., Edward, Mary and Elizabeth Gould. Jesse Gould, son of Benjamin, married Elizabeth Platt, daughter of Zebulon Platt, and had children: Platt, Fayette, Ralph and Mary Gould. Platt Gould, son of Benjamin, died young and left no issue.

dren of Mr. Conkling out of their bed, and cut the rope underneath the bedding, stating they had found a deserter down stairs in the milk room, and wanted some rope to tie him with. They marched off to camp, with the struggling prize, which met the fate of War.

On one occasion a British dragoon, riding upon his horse, by Ezra Conkling's residence, when he was away from home, saw a goose wandering in the door yard by the roadside. It tempted his appetite. He took a fish hook, baited it with a kernel of corn, tied it to a long string, and without dismounting, threw it on the ground near the goose, and retained the end of the string in his hand. The goose was such a goose, as to swallow that kernel of corn, and with it, the hook. And as soon as he had swallowed it, the dragoon started his horse off for camp, on a full gallop; the goose, fast to the string, was jerked up in the air, and as a natural consequence flew along after the horse and rider. The good old lady of the house, appearing in the doorway, threw up both hands in astonishment, and being unable to see the string, or to comprehend the exact situation, exclaimed: "Well, I never; if our old goose isn't fighting the British!" [Laughter.] It is needless to say that goose was cooked in camp, by the foul dragoon who hooked it.

We smile at these and other similar incidents of one hundred years ago, yet, in the aggregate, they were of serious consequence to the inhabitants, who were reduced to poverty, suffering and want. Consider the position of the people of Huntington. A powerful British force sufficient to destroy all the inhabitants, at their will, was quartered in their midst, living upon them by forced levies: the British vessels and transports were in our Bays and Harbors, shutting off any way of general escape by water to the Connecticut shore; the fathers and brothers in many families had fled from their homes, and a number had joined the patriot army, leaving old men, women and children, to live as best they could, without manly protection; their crops, farms, fences and buildings, seized, burned and destroyed, at the

whim of petty British officers, who lorded it over the conquered people, and eat up their substance, like an army of locusts. They were a conquered community—the hewers of wood* and drawers of water, for the King's military service. They were made to labor upon the forts; transport cannon from a long distance, cart officers baggage as far east as Southampton, and as far west as New York; to cut and cart wood and deliver it on board of British transports in Cold Spring and Huntington Bays, and to go a long distance upon foraging parties. If British soldiers wanted a farmer's horse, they took it—or as it was called “impressed” it—if they wanted firewood, they burnt up the fences; if they were hungry, they “impressed” a sheep, a calf, a steer, or seized poultry in the first convenient barn-yard, and took forcible possession of the best houses for their quarters, turning families adrift. It is stated to me by some of the oldest inhabitants, that British soldiers, in several instances stole all the bedding and clothing in the houses of their ancestors; seized and carried off the blankets from infants in their cradles, leaving them entirely exposed. And if any silver spoons were about, the Royal dragoons or the hireling Hessians “impressed” them into his Majesty's service, without any compunctions of conscience.

Huntington had no cessation of this constant drain upon the property and resources of her conquered population, until the close of the war. Nor did this part of Long Island feed the British alone. War knows no law. It eats up friend and foe alike. The American army, in Connecticut, or detachments from it, made secret and frequent excursions to Long Island, in sailing vessels and whale boats, with two objects in view, both of which were equally

* A proclamation was issued by Capt. Gen. James Robinson, a British officer, on June 16, 1780, commanding, among other things, the inhabitants of Huntington, Islip, Smithtown and Brookhaven, to cut and cart three thousand cords of wood to the nearest landings, on or before the 15th of August of that year.

In 1781 the people of Huntington were forced by the British to raise £176 by tax, as commutation for labor, towards digging a well in the fort on Lloyd's Neck.

disastrous to the inhabitants: one was to procure provisions to feed the American army, as much as they could transport; and the other was to destroy the balance of produce and property, in order that the British might not be able to seize it for their benefit. In September, 1776, Col. Henry B. Livingston, a courageous and dashing American officer, made a raid in this County and took off 3,129 sheep and 400 head of horned cattle. Christopher Leffingwell, commanding the Norwich Light Infantry Company, in the same month and year, took off 790 sheep, 152 head of cattle and several families, with their effects. These raids from Connecticut were constantly kept up and were engineered and planned, in many cases, by the refugees from Huntington, who had fled across the Sound. One of the most active of these patriots, who was constantly planning raids and torments for the Tories, and excursions from Connecticut for the capture of British officers on Long Island, was Henry Scudder, who was one of the original members of the Town Committee, and a man of ability and great force of character. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island, but released by Col. Upham. He visited British forts and went within the British lines for the patriots, at the risk of his life. He drew a plan of "Fort Slongo," at Fresh Ponds (so named after a British officer) and forwarded it to the Americans, who afterwards captured and burnt it. He had many hair-breadth escapes from capture—once hiding behind a log, while the British cavalry were within a few feet of him.

Capt. Coffin, a British officer, with his company, at one time searched for him in his dwelling-house at Crab Meadow, the same house where my friend here, Sheriff Lewis, was afterwards born. Capt. Coffin pointed a pistol at Mrs. Scudder's head, threatening to blow her brains out, if she didn't reveal his whereabouts. (Mr. Scudder's wife was a Carll.) He was concealed in a chimney and was not found. As Capt. Coffin went away he said to Mrs. Scudder: "If I don't find your rebel husband in a week, I'll be in my coffin." He little dreamed his words would come true. In less than

a week Henry Scudder, with a party of rebels, surrounded widow Chichester's house at the "Cedars," shot Capt. Coffin, as he was playing cards, and took sixteen prisoners.

After the war Henry Scudder was a member of the convention that framed the State Constitution, and represented this County for several terms in the Legislature. The British "hankered" after him, and if they had caught him would doubtless have executed him as a spy—which would have been unfortunate in two respects—the Town would have lost a good citizen one hundred years ago, and we would not have had the pleasure upon this occasion, of listening to his grandson, Hon. Henry J. Scudder, our ex-Member of Congress.

There are records of the following Patriot Refugees from the Town of Huntington, who at various times, crossed to Connecticut, on service in the Patriot cause :

✓ Capt. John Conklin,	Pearson Brush,	Jarvis Rogers,
✓ Dr. Gilbert Potter,	Joseph Titus,	Jesse Arthur,
✓ Ebenezer Platt,	Timothy Williams,	Josiah Buffett,
Jacob Titus,	Thomas Wicks,	Seth Marvin,
Thomas Conklin,	Jesse Brush,	Zebulon Williams,
✓ Zachariah Rogers,	Thomas Brush, Jr.,	John Lloyd, Jr., of
✓ Cornelius Conklin,	Gilbert Bryant,	Lloyd's Neck.
✓ Ebenezer Conklin,	John Sloss Hobart.	Richard Sammis,
Alexander Conklin,	Selah Conklin,	William Hartt,
Carl Ketcham,	Ezekiel Wickes,	Stephen Kelsey,
W. Sammis,	John Carl,	Eliphalet Brush,
James Hubbs,	Henry Scudder,	Benjamin Titus,
Benj. Blachly,	Joshua Rogers,	William Sammis,

Cornelius Conkling's farm was seized by Joseph Hoit ; Thomas Brush, jr's., by Jabeth Cabbs ; William Sammis's by Jeams Ketcham ; Gilbert Bryant's by Samuel Hitchcock ; Josiah Buffett's by Stanton & Birdseye ; Joshua Rogers' by Nathaniel Jervis ; Thos. Wicks' by Mr. Burr ; Jesse Brush's by the Hoberts, and Isaiah Whitman's, by Filer Dibble. Major Jesse Brush wrote a note to the occupants of his farm, of which the following is a copy :

August 25, 1780.

"I have repeatedly ordered you to leave my farm. This is the last invitation. If you do not, your next landfall will be in a warmer climate than any you ever lived in yet. Twenty days you have to make your escape."

He is described as "a small well built man, with red hair, sandy complexion, and a bright eye, strong as Hercules, and bold as a Lion." He was in Sept. 1780 taken prisoner, and confined in jail in New York, until exchanged.

With the British forces in possession, and the Patriot forces making constant raids on their property, the people of Huntington were between two fires. An extract from *Gaine's N. Y. Mercury*, dated February 1777, will give an idea how the people of Huntington were then suffering under the fortunes of War. The British troops "are billeted on the inhabitants, all of them without pay, and have plundered, stole and destroyed to such a degree, that the inhabitants must unavoidably starve in a little time for want of food. Sundry of the principal men have been beaten in an unheard of manner, for not complying with their unrighteous requests. * * * * The Meeting House has been made a store house of; no public worship allowed of, and the good people assembled five miles out of town, at West Hills—they followed them and broke up their assembling together any more."

The church here alluded to was the Presbyterian Church. The British took possession of it, tore up the seats, and used it for stables and storehouse. The bell, which cost the Town £75, was taken away by Captain Ascough and put on board of the "Swan," a British vessel in the Bay. It was afterwards restored, but in a cracked and useless state.

In 1782 Col. Benjamin Thompson ordered the Church to be pulled down, and the beams, timber and plank, were used to construct barracks for the red coats, in the fort erected upon the old burying hill.

The aged pastor of the Church, Rev. Ebenezer Prime,*

* Rev. Ebenezer Prime was the father of Dr. Benjamin Youngs Prime, who was born in Huntington in 1733, graduated at Princeton College in 1751, and in 1756-7 was employed as a tutor in the college. He subsequently entered upon a course of medical studies, with Dr Jacob Ogden, of Jamaica, Long Island. After finishing his preparatory studies, and spending several years in the practice of physic, he relinquished an extensive business, and with a view of qualifying

was abused and maltreated as an "old rebel." The British officers turned him out of his house, and took it for their quarters: used his stables for their horses, broke his furniture, mutilated and destroyed the most valuable books in his library, and committed other similar acts of vandalism. Mr. Prime died during the war, in 1779, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and there was no minister in Huntington thereafter until 1785.

Of the fortifications or earthworks erected by the British in and about Huntington, there were several. There was a small earthwork on rising ground near the Episcopal Church. There is a grave stone in the Episcopal burying ground west of the Church, with a hole in it, where a cannon ball went through. There is a tradition that a rebel was hiding behind it, at the time the shot was fired by the British, who was instantly killed. There was another fort, and a more extensive one on Gallows Hill, the remains of which are still plainly visible, although somewhat covered by a growth of cedar trees. Two American spies, whose names are unknown and cannot be ascertained, were hung

himself still more, sailed for Europe. In the course of the voyage, the vessel was attacked by a French privateer, and the Doctor was slightly wounded in the encounter.

He attended some of the most celebrated schools in London, Edinburgh, and Paris, making an excursion to Moscow. He was honored with a degree at most of the institutions which he visited, and was much noticed for his many accomplishments.

On his return to America, he established himself in the city of New York, where he acquired a high reputation; but on the entry of the British troops, in Sept. 1776, he was compelled to abandon his business and prospects, taking refuge with his family in Connecticut. He was a diligent student, and made himself master of several languages, in all which he could converse or write with equal ease. Although driven from his home, he indulged his pen with caustic severity upon the enemies of his country, and did much to raise the hopes and stimulate the exertions of his fellow-citizens. Soon after his return from Europe, he married Mary, widow of the Rev. Mr. Greaton, a woman of superior mind and acquirements, and peace being restored, he settled as a physician in his native place, where he enjoyed a lucrative practice, and the highest esteem of all who knew him, until his death, Oct. 31, 1791.

His widow survived him more than forty years, and died at the extreme age of ninety-one years, in March, 1835. By her, Dr. Prime had sons Ebenezer and Nathaniel, and daughters Lybia, Nancy, and Mary.

by the British upon the hill, and close by the fort. The grandfather of Stephen K. Gould, of this village, recollected seeing these two men, when he was about fourteen years of age, sitting on their coffins, and riding to their doom on Gallows Hill. They were brought from Lloyd's Neck and there executed. Ever since the occurrence, the place of their execution has been known to the inhabitants as "Gallows Hill." Fort Slongo was at Fresh Ponds. There was another fort, on Lloyd's Neck, Fort Franklin, which was occupied and garrisoned by the British during the war, the remains of which are clearly marked. The Huntington Militia, mustering fifty-four men, were made, by the British, to turn out and work to build this fort. The troops of the British were in barracks, except a few in the fort, and encamped from one hundred to three hundred yards from the fort. Four long twelve pounders, and two three pounders, were mounted on the walls, and inside the fort was a brass four pound field piece. A picket was kept at a high bluff near the entrance to Huntington Bay, but the beach was not particularly guarded.

Perhaps the crowning outrage committed by the British in Huntington was the desecration of the Burying Hill or Cemetery. The graves were levelled, and a fort erected in the centre of the grounds, under the orders of Col. Thompson, called "Fort Golgotha." While building this fort, Col. Thompson's troops destroyed over one hundred tombstones; cut down one hundred and fourteen apple and pear trees in Dr. Zophar Platt's orchard; stripped three hundred and ninety feet of boards from Henry Sammis' barn; pulled down the old Presbyterian Church, and took one thousand feet of boards from the Fresh Pond Meeting House, and two hundred and sixty feet of fence that enclosed the burying ground. They forced Silas Sammis, who was a carpenter, to work on the fort for fifteen days, and pressed all the carpenters and many others into the service. They turned John Sammis out of his house for three months and six days, and quartered in it, and stripped his barn of one

thousand five hundred and sixty-six feet of boards; destroyed and burnt nine thousand five hundred chestnut rails belonging to John Sammis, Sylvanus Chichester, Timothy Conkling, Ezra Conkling, Widow Platt, Eliphalet Stratton, Israel Wood, Ananias Conkling, Widow Brush, Conkling Ketcham, Phillip Conkling, Jonas Williams, Peleg Wood, Ezekiel Conkling, Richard Rogers and Rachel Williams.

Barracks for the troops were built over the bones of Huntington's early inhabitants. Tombstones were used for tables, and for building fire-places and ovens. The barracks were scenes of revelry, profanity and debauchery, and over the sacred dust of Huntington's dishonored dead, this British officer, a native of Massachusetts, held high Carnival.

O'er the plain Tombs, insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the Earth, and curse the rebel dead.

This fort upon the old burying hill faced the north, and overlooked the Harbor and the Bay. It was about five rods in front, with a gate in the middle, and extended a considerable distance north and south. The works were altogether of earth, about six feet high: no pickets or any other obstruction, except a sort of ditch, and some brush like small trees, fixed on the top of the works in a perpendicular form. It contained about two acres of ground, including the burying ground. The troops then consisted of Thompson's Regiment, the remains of the Queen's Rangers, and Tarleton's Legion, being 550 effective men; they were quartered as compact as possible in the inhabitants' houses and barns, and some ~~huts~~ ^{huted} along the sides of the fort, which made one side of the hut. "The inhabitants," says the spy, from whose description we are indebted for information of this fort, "do suffer exceedingly from the treatment they receive from the troops, who say the inhabitants of that County are all rebels, and therefore they care not how they suffer."

It has been handed down to us from old men, who survived the perils and disasters of those gloomy days, that they had witnessed the grave stones of their fathers and their friends used for British ovens, on the old burying hill:

and had seen loaves of bread drawn out of the ovens, with the reversed inscriptions of the tombstones imprinted on the lower crust.* This fort or redoubt was leveled by the people in 1784. The bricks, posts and boards of the fort were sold by the Town at public auction, and the proceeds used to erect a fence around the parsonage.

The officer who was in command, during this time, was afterwards an eminent scientific man, and was created a Bavarian Nobleman, under the title of "Count Rumford." God never created him a nobleman by nature. I find a sketch of his career in a letter from Paris, (under date of October 24, 1807) where he then resided, in which he is personally described as a tall man, more than six feet in height, and of a dignified appearance. "At first view," says the writer, "you would suppose him to be a man, possessing no inconsiderable share of moroseness and austerity of character. You would notice in his countenance a certain lineament, which indicates something repulsive in his disposition." I find another sketch of this "distinguished personage" printed in the "Farmer's Cabinet" in 1814. His life as an eminent scientist, was published by Harvard University, to which he left a bequest, at his death. It may be found in our Public Library. But humanity is higher than science; and no distinction in the arts and sciences, can ever wipe out the disgrace and inhumanity of his brutal, wanton and unfeeling conduct, in desecrating the graves of Huntington's dead. A monument is said to have been erected to his memory. Verily may we say, of our ancestors, whose graves be desecrated. It is better to sleep in death, with naught but the green sod to mark the

* Mary Rolph, grandmother of Justice Jarvis R. Rolph, of Huntington, saw these loaves of bread, with imprinted letters from gravestones on the bottom.

Some of the tombstones were carted for preservation by relatives of the deceased persons, whose graves they designated, out as far as West Hills, and left on the premises now occupied by Philo R. Place.

spot of their resting place, than to lie pressed with a load of monumental marble.

———The joy
 With which their children tread the hallowed ground,
 That holds their venerated bones, the peace
 That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
 That clothes the land they rescued—these, tho' mute,
 As feeling ever is when deepest—these
 Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
 Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old

[Applause.]

In contrast to the conduct of the British towards the Americans in Huntington, I may relate an incident. Midshipman Hardy, during the Revolutionary war, was afflicted with the small pox, while on board of a British man-of-war in Huntington Bay. He was taken ashore and placed in the small pox hospital, in the eastern part of the village, on the premises now owned by Rufus Prime, Esq. Dr. Gilbert Potter, being an active and zealous rebel, had fled to Connecticut, with others, and joined the patriots on the main shore. He left everything in Huntington, in charge of his wife, Elizabeth Williams Potter, a daughter of Nathaniel Williams, an educated and remarkable woman, who not only took charge of all his affairs during his absence, but assumed the Doctor's medical practice; and if tradition be true, she was as good a doctor as her husband. In the course of her medical practice, she attended the young British naval officer, Midshipman Hardy, at the hospital, and taking a fancy to him, had him removed to her dwelling-house (on what is now called Wall street) where she doctored, nursed and attended him so faithfully, that he recovered, and returned to his ship in the Bay. At this time, her son, (afterwards Judge) Nathaniel Potter, was a young man in his teens, and living at home with his mother—although he afterwards, by his father's aid, fitted out a privateer at Greenport, and, with a crew, captured several British prizes. The sequel to this incident is rather novel. In the war with Great Britain of 1812, Midshipman Hardy of the Revolution had risen in rank, and was a British Commodore. He had command of a British fleet, that

sailed through Long Island Sound, and at one time, anchored in Huntington Bay. No British forces landed here, but they destroyed and captured all the American vessels within reach. Capt. Nathan Conklin (the grandfather of Nathan B. and Joseph K. Conklin, of this village) was sailing a fast sloop, the "Amazon," owned by Judge Potter, from Huntington to Albany, when she was captured by Com. Hardy's fleet in the Bay. On board of the "Amazon" was a nephew of Judge Potter, a young man named Henry Williams, or as he was afterwards more familiarly known in this village, "Uncle Harry Williams," who did not surrender very gracefully; in fact, he d——d the British, their flag and their Commodore, in no very measured terms. The consequence was, that Com. Hardy put him in irons, kept him a prisoner on board of his ship, and threatened to send him to Halifax. Judge Potter, on hearing of the capture of his sloop, ransomed her and went on board of Hardy's ship to look after young Williams. His astonishment may be imagined when he recognized Com. Hardy as the young midshipman of the Revolution, whom his mother had nursed and doctored years before in Huntington. A mutual recognition took place, and upon learning that Henry Williams was the nephew of Judge Potter, he was at once released. The next day Hardy gave a grand dinner on his flag-ship in Huntington Bay, when Judge Potter, under a flag of truce, was dined with all the honors, and a glowing tribute to the memory of his mother, who had passed away.

Judge Potter's memory remains with the people of Huntington, not only by his pure life, but also by his noble bequest to the Church and to the Huntington Union School, known as the "Potter Fund."

Before closing, I want to vindicate the Town of Huntington from the charge I have heard made by those who have never investigated the matter, but who have drawn wrong conclusions from the unfortunate fact that Huntington was within the British lines, that the people of Huntington were not in sympathy with the patriot cause. It is

true that there were some Tories in Huntington, as there were in almost every town in the land, but they were few in number. The Town, by its general meeting at the early stages of the Revolution, as we have seen, put itself on record by its firm and patriotic resolutions. It was not the fault of our people that they were abandoned, from the necessities of war, by the American army, to the fate of a conquered community, after the Battle of Long Island in August, 1776: nor is it strictly true that the Town Committee recanted and disavowed their previous actions, and disowned the authority of the Continental Congress, at the behest of the British commander. It is true that a form of recantation was drawn up and sent to each town in the County by the British military authorities to be signed, and it was generally signed—not voluntarily—but under compulsion: but so far as this Town is concerned only one man signed it. A large majority of the members of our Town Committee fled to Connecticut, joined the rebels there, and never signed any revocation or disavowal of their proceedings.

There is overwhelming evidence of the fact that the people of Huntington were at heart in full sympathy with the Patriot cause. Some of the wealthiest inhabitants loaned money to the Congress. Major Brush was despatched on a secret mission by Gov. Clinton to raise a loan of specie in this Town and County in 1780. He and Capt. Rogers, two brothers Conklin, Capt. Ketcham, Timothy Williams and Abraham Legget were on this mission when they were overtaken by the British near Smithtown. Legget and Williams escaped in a swamp and re-crossed to Connecticut in one of Capt. Brewster's whale boats, which Washington kept cruising in the Sound. Capt. Ketcham was killed. Major Brush, the Conklins and Capt. Rogers were taken prisoners.

In an advertisement published March 10, 1779, headed "Caution to Travelers," it is reported that a "party of rebels have a place of resort at Bread and Cheese Hollow, on a by road leading from the houses of two men in re-

bellion, viz.: Nathaniel Platt and Thos. Treadwell to that of the noted Sam. Phillips, near the Branch. They extend their operations along the road from said Phillips to the well known Platt Cull's. They are said to be commanded by a rebel Major Brush," of Huntington. It is further stated that the rebels who make frequent incursions from Connecticut, are harbored and supplied with provisions and intelligence by their above named confederates.

In Gaine's *Mercury*, Sept. 14, 1778, it is stated: "Last Saturday, sundry inhabitants of Huntington were brought to our jail for piloting the rebels, in their different excursions from Connecticut on Long Island."

From a report from a British vessel, Nov. 28, 1778, it is learned: "We have cleared the Bay of the piratical crew that infested it (alluding to American privateers), and look upon the greater part of the inhabitants to be disaffected to Government, and believe they give every intelligence, as well as subsistence, to the rebel party."

A "Loyal subject" writes, under date of June 9, 1779, from Suffolk County: "Since the departure of S. Wm. Erskine, and the troops under his command, from this place, we have been continually plundered, both by land and water, by a set of rebels."

The N. Y. *Mercury* (Gaine's) gives an account of affairs in Huntington, June 28, 1779, in which it is averred "the rebellious part of the inhabitants in this Town, who were kept in awe, while the troops were stationed east of us, are now become more insolent than ever, and publicly threaten to have all the loyalists carried off to Connecticut. The principal of these miscreants (rebels), are Nathaniel Williams, Eliphalet Clichester, Stephen Kelsey, John Brush, Jonas Rogers, Marlboro' Burtis and Israel Wood, several of whom smuggled goods out of New York to this place, for the sole purpose of supplying the rebels in Connecticut."

The British troops while here, were subject to a very annoying species of guerilla warfare. If one or two of them separated from their forces, they were found dead in some

by-road. It was dangerous for them to leave camp except in companies. Ezekiel Wicks shot a Light Dragoon at the foot of the hill near Platt Carll's, where his body was found. Another was shot, in what is now called "Shoemaker Lane," and his body lay in the road for a whole day, before it was discovered. They were ambuscaded in the woods, and otherwise destroyed, whenever the rebel inhabitants were furnished with opportunities to annihilate the enemies of their country.

The young patriots of Huntington were wont to hide along the roadside in the woods at "Mutton Hollow" and "pick off" the British soldiers, whenever they were not in too great force. Some of the British officers were accustomed to come from Lloyd's Neck to the village, on horseback, and to return in the night, usually by the road past Capt. Squier's house (now I. Watts Roe's). The young Huntingtonians would run a rope across the road, tied to a stout tree, and then secrete themselves in adjoining woods. When the British officers came galloping along at full speed in the dark, their horses would run into the rope, fetch up suddenly, and tumble their riders upon the ground, when the young men would rush from their place of concealment, capture the officers, and convey them to the Harbor, where rebel whale boats were in waiting, to take them, as prisoners, across the Sound. And if any farther testimony is wanted to show that Huntington was the hot-bed of rebellion in 1776, we can turn to the expressions of Col. J. G. Simcoe, of the British Queen's Rangers. Complaint was made to his superior officer by some of the inhabitants of Huntington, that he gave no receipts for the stock, provisions and forage, seized by his orders. In his reply, which I have before me, he says: "I did not give receipts to a great number of people on account of their rebellious principles, or absolute disobedience of the general orders. *The inhabitants of Huntington came under both descriptions.*" And Maj. Gen. DeReidesel writes to Brig. Gen. DeLancey, under date of Brooklyn, July 16th, 1781, praising the conduct of the Queens County militia, in assisting the British Lieut.

Col. Upham, at Lloyd's Neck, but adds: "*It grieves me to be under the necessity of excluding from this number the Huntington Militia; but their unwilling conduct and absolute neglect in giving any support to Lloyd's Neck, too sensibly obliges me to it.*"

Their service, such as it was, was always a forced, reluctant, sullen and resisting one: for their hearts were with their countrymen of the American army, and outside of the British lines, in which their hard lot lay.

Many superficial observers overlook the fact that the British officers *forced* the militia colonels and captains, as well as the constables, to promulgate their orders to the inhabitants, to furnish forage, and perform labor on the forts. Instead of giving their orders directly to the inhabitants of Huntington, the British officers gave them to the local militia officers and constables, *and forced them to serve such orders on the people and to execute them.* Many of these orders are in existence. I read one as a sample of all:

HUNTINGTON, Nov. 26th, 1782.

By virtue of an order from Lieut. Col. Thompson, you must immediately warn all the Carpenters whose names are undermentioned, to appear without delay with their tools to labour on the Barracks, on Failure of which *I'm und-r an obligation to return their names Immediately;* and must appear every morning by 8 o'clock or they will not be Credited for a Day's work, and must not go away till Dismissed.

PHILLIP CONKLING, *Ensign.*

To Sergeant NATH'L. BRUSH.

The names of the carpenters appended are: Hubbard Conkling, Sam'l. Haviland, John Morgan, Richard Rogers, Benjamin Brush, Isaac Selah, John Wheeler, Isaac Wood and Daniel Higbee.

Nothing could be more unjust than to impute sympathy with the Royal cause, to the militia officers and constables of Huntington, by reason of finding their names appended to such orders. They had no choice. They were within British lines, under the British yoke, and were compelled to obey orders of British officers for the time being, or suffer imprisonment, plunder and death.

Col. Platt Conkling, of Huntington, and Col. Phineas Fanning, of Southold, were two of such officers, who were occasionally compelled to promulgate orders of the British commanders to the people. In a report of Col. Henry B. Livingston to Gen. Washington, under date of Saybrook, October 14, 1776, he states that Colonels Conkling and Fanning were ordered to be seized with their papers. It seems the patriots misunderstood their situation, and planned an expedition to secretly seize them and carry them across the Sound, supposing that they were voluntarily acting with the British. Col. Conkling was seized and examined: no papers were found on him, and upon explaining his situation, was at once released and allowed to return to Long Island. Col. Fanning was also seized, but he was permitted to go before the Provincial Convention and "clear his character," which he did, to the full satisfaction of the patriot leaders. [Applause.] In this connection, it may also be stated that not a farm nor an estate in this Township was forfeited by law, by reason of adherence to the British Crown. These, with other facts of a similar character, are sufficient to show that the hearts of the people of Huntington were with the Patriots; that although they were subdued and held in subjection by force, they took every occasion, at the risk of their property and their lives, to assist the cause of their country.

A full account of their sufferings during the Revolution, can never be given. No public press has recorded them. No traditions can do them justice. The men of that day and generation have passed away; and no Clio, with pen in hand, has left the details of their local deeds.

There is a limited record, preserved in the Town Clerk's office, which, to a slight degree, serves to show the losses of Huntington's inhabitants during the war.

Sir Guy Carleton, in 1783, instituted a board of Commissioners for the object of adjusting such demands and claims against the British army, as had not been paid. The people of Huntington, whose losses and damages had never been

settled, made out their bills and vouchers, and swore to them before a magistrate of the Town, (Zophar Platt) for the purpose of presenting them to this commission, but the Commissioners sailed for England, without giving them any attention, and the people of Huntington never obtained any compensation for their losses. These bills and vouchers do not probably represent one fourth part of the actual losses. They fill a large volume. There are over three hundred inhabitants who made out their accounts of losses, consisting chiefly of horses, cattle and stock, seized and stolen : houses, barns, fences and wood burned and destroyed : furniture, clothing, blankets, silver spoons and other ware stolen : teams of horses and oxen impressed into service, and other similar charges. The total amount of the bills is £7,249, 9s. 6d. The amount of property stolen and destroyed in the Town, during the war, must have been about \$150,000, and is estimated in the Town records at £21,383.

As Huntington, in common with the other Towns in Suffolk County, had been drained of her resources, both by the British and American military forces, during the Revolution, and was "as a torch on fire at both ends," so after the war, it was reserved to New York State to commit a final and gross act of injustice against the people of this Town, and of Suffolk County. It was the misfortune of our people, as our native historian, Silas Wood, has well said, and not their fault, that they were disarmed by force and in subjection to the enemy, instead of being in the tented field against them. So far as lay in their power, as we have seen, they always aided the patriot cause. They were classed and maltreated as rebels. With their intimate acquaintance with our Bays and Harbors, they rendered good service to the American soldiers from Connecticut, who visited our shores to capture British vessels and British officers. They carried on a secret trade with New York with their coasting craft, at great risk, and supplied the rebel army with provisions. Their predatory and enterprising warfare alarmed the "Royalists" and kept them in

constant fear. To be a patriot, within the lines of the British army and in the face of the British flag, required strong moral courage, and a firm faith in the justice of the cause. And yet, notwithstanding all their privations, losses and sufferings, the Legislature of the State of New York dishonored their power, violated justice, and oppressed the people of this County, by passing and enforcing an Act May 6, 1784, under which Long Island was made to pay a tax of £37,000, (£10,000 of which was paid by Suffolk County) as a compensation to other parts of the State, for not having been in a condition to take an active part in the war against England. This certainly was an abuse of power unworthy of the State, and stands as a foul blot upon the fair records of New York. [Applause.]

There are many incidents connected with the revolutionary period in Huntington, of which I have no time to speak. [A voice—give us some more.]

Gen. Washington sent an order to Gen. Geo. Clinton Sept. 30, 1776, to take with him Lieut. Col. Hurlbut, and proceed immediately to Fairfield, and there in consultation with Gen. Lincoln, of Massachusetts Bay, Mr. Hobart of this State, and Col. Livingston, concert an expedition to Long Island. An expedition of men, vessels, and whale-boats under Cols. Livingston and Richmond, was fitted out to attack the British forces here in October, 1776, and everything was in readiness to sail across from the Connecticut shore to make the attack, but on the day before they were to start, they received orders from Washington to abandon the enterprise, as all their forces were needed elsewhere.

In August, 1780, Sir Henry Clinton embarked a large British force at New York and proceeded to Huntington Bay, on his way to Rhode Island, to make a combined attack with land forces on the American army. The squadron that anchored in our Bay consisted of the London, Bedford, Royal Oak, Prudent, America and Shrewsbury, with the Amphitrate Frigate. Washington received timely notice of the movement, which Sir Henry ascertained, and relin-

quished his project, on account of Washington's manœuvres.

Young Nathan Hale, a promising American officer, sent as a spy within the British lines, was captured on East Neck, near the residence of Titus Conklin, and was executed by the British.

Gen. Silliman, an American officer, and an ancestor of the editor of the *Long Islander*, was captured in Connecticut and brought over to Lloyd's Neck as a prisoner by the British. The Yankees, in revenge, captured a wealthy Tory of Queens County, and he was afterwards exchanged for the Tory: the exchange being made in the middle of the Sound, opposite our shores.

Among the prisoners taken by the British, during the revolutionary war, from Huntington, I find the names of Silas Sammis, Esa Whitman, Jacob Lawrence, Nathaniel Skudder, Henry Smith, Michael Veal, Joshua Rogers, Cornelius Conklin, Jesse Brush, Capt. Rogers, Henry Smith, Lieutenant Farley, Solomon Ketcham, John Smith, David Ralph, Henry Scudder, Platt Carl, Rev. Joshua Hartt, and Zebulon Platt, who was carried on board of the British vessel, the "Swan" in December, 1777, and there saw the Church Bell, which the British had stolen, and it was from him, that the inhabitants learned its whereabouts.

After the close of the war, and during his Presidency, Gen. Washington made a tour on Long Island, accompanied by a few of his officers. He rode in a coach, drawn by four grey horses, with riders. This coach is described as follows: It was one of the best of its kind: heavy and substantial. The body and wheels were of cream color, with gilt moldings: it was suspended upon leather straps resting upon iron springs. Portions of the sides of the upper part, as well as the front and rear, were furnished with neat green Venetian blinds, and the remainder was inclosed with black leather curtains. The latter might be raised so as to make the coach quite open in fine weather. The blinds afforded shelter from the storm, while allowing ventilation. The coach was lined with bright black leather, and the

driver's seat was trimmed with the same. The axles were wood, and the curved reaches iron. Upon the door Washington's arms were handsomely emblazoned, having scroll ornaments issuing from the space between the shield and the crest; and below was a ribbon with his motto upon it—"*Exitus acta probat.*" Upon each of the four panels of the coach was an allegorical picture emblematic of one of the seasons. These were beautifully painted upon copper by Cipriani, an Italian artist. The ground was a very dark green—so dark that it appeared nearly black; and the allegorical figures were executed in bronze, in size nine and a half by ten inches. This coach passed into the hands of Mr. Custis at the sale of the General's effects after the death of Mrs. Washington, and was later broken up and the fragments made into walking sticks, picture frames, and snuff-boxes, which were the stock in trade of charity fairs, and realized more in this way than its original cost.

Washington drove as far as Patchogue, on the south side, dining at Zebulon Ketcham's at Huntington South. He got a lunch of oysters at a shop at Patchogue, of the fine quality for which that place is still noted. From there he crossed over to Smithtown, and returned through Huntington, Oyster Bay, Hempstead Harbor and Flushing. At Huntington he stopped at the Inn, then kept by Gilbert Platt, and the only one in the village. The old men and veterans came in flocks, for miles around, to see the Father of his Country, who had a pleasant smile and good word for them all. From the lips of a venerable lady, now passed away, who was present, and assisted in preparing the dinner given to Washington in Huntington, I am enabled to give several incidents of his visit. At his request, there was no formality or parade. He looked and acted as a plain citizen, without ostentation. He said he wanted to have a quiet time, and to see the people. He showed he was a man of good taste, for he not only kissed the little girls who came to see him, but some of the larger ones as well. [Laughter.] One little boy, who had heard so much about Washington,

and venerated his name, was unable to see him, in the crowd that surrounded him, as he stood on the "Green" in front of the Inn. His mother took him in her arms, and as he saw Washington for the first time, he exclaimed: "Why, mother, he's only a man!" The remark was overheard by Washington, who seemed pleased, and replied, "Yes, my child, only a mere man." He gave the boy a silver dollar as a memento of the occasion. Fifteen sat down to the dinner, with Washington at the north end of the table. He was affable and entertained all as if he were the host instead of the guest. The chair he sat in, is now in possession of Dr. Wm. D. Woodend of this village, and is here upon this platform (pointing to chair). [Applause.]

I think it was John Quincy Adams, who said: "Posterity delights in details." If I do not trespass too much upon the proprieties of this occasion, I will for the sake of the large number of ladies present, give the Bill of Fare of the dinner to Washington. It consisted of Oysters, baked Striped Bass, a monster round of Beef, stuffed Veal, roast Turkey, Chicken pie, with all the vegetables of the season, and various kinds of preserves—a very plain and substantial repast.

After dinner, Washington visited the old Burying Hill, and viewed the remains of the British fort, and the surrounding country, expressing himself as charmed with the beauty of the scenery. He remained in Huntington over night, and started off in the morning, going west. Some of the people happened to be working on the highway, and he paid them the customary contribution, which they laughingly levied on him. He stopped and hunched at Capt. Daniel Youngs, at Oyster Bay Cove.

When they went farther west, an old Quaker farmer was ploughing by the road side, with several teams of oxen hitched to one plough. Washington stopped to look at him. One of the officers told the Quaker that was Washington. "George Washington, eh!" said the Quaker, striking his plow deep in the furrow, as he came about at the end, "How dost thee do, George? *Whou hoy! gee up!*

g'long!" and on he went regardless of his distinguished visitor, who smiled and drove off. [Laughter.]

But I must follow the example of the Quaker, and drive on to the end of my furrow.

From these brief and shadowy glimpses of the past, we have seen that Huntington has a record, loyal to liberty, and that ours is a Town to be proud of. Its crowned hills, and its glorious valleys, its rocks of strength and its clear flowing waters—its records of brave hearts and strong arms and noble minds, alike call up thrilling memories, upon this Centennial Day. To-day we cannot realize the desolation of Huntington in 1776. Instead of death, of sorrow and of gloom, we see around us plummy harvests nodding and brightening on all our fields, pleasant hamlets and villages increasing in wealth and population throughout the time-honored old Town; our waters reflecting the emblems of commerce; our streets alive with the activities of trade; our shops reverberating the cheering sounds of honest toil, and our hill-sides echoing to the "song of the reaper." [Applause.]

Instead of the humble school, taught in the kitchen of Dr. Potter's dwelling, by Capt. Titus Bennett, who sailed a sloop in Summer and taught children rude elements of education in Winter, one hundred years ago, we point with pride, to our magnificent Academy, and to our other schools throughout the Town, with their talented and efficient teachers, and their roll call of thousands. Instead of one small edifice devoted to the expounding of christian doctrine, our numerous spires point heavenward, to direct the destiny of man.

In all the elements of civilization, our glorious old Town has kept apace with the progress of the Century. Here may the sons and daughters of the men of '76, and all who have come with warm welcome, to dwell in this "valley of peace," with the young generation around us, remember the legends of liberty, and the songs of patriotism told and sung of the men of old, and may it be known in the history

of the future, that those whose Fathers fought and struggled, suffered and endured for their country's freedom, were of the chiefest to maintain the columns of its strength and to deepen its imperishable foundations!

We will not deplore them, the days that are past ;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast ;
They were lengthened by sorrow and sullied by care,
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare ;
Yet now that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before !

[Applause.]

APPENDIX.

The large meeting at the Grove was presided over by Stephen W. Gaines, Esq., Chairman, one of the leading and zealous originators of the Centennial Celebration in Huntington, who, in the due order of exercises made the following address :

ADDRESS OF STEPHEN W. GAINES, Esq.:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage." So spake the master mind of centuries past. It is true of the individual. No matter how aspiring in youth, or successful in manhood, age gives place to a new generation. It is only ideas that live. Posterity may do justice to the name, but personality is forgotten. It is the same with nations. Government is but the embodiment of an idea. If the idea applied is false, the nation suffers and both ultimately perish. If the idea is true, both flourish and endure.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The immortal years of God are hers ;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid her worshippers."

History, in chronicling the lives of nations, pauses to mark eras of thought. She paused a hundred years ago to mark the birth of an idea, and she pauses again to-day to mark its fruition. Its material productions are collected in its Exposition at Philadelphia. The men and mines thereby represented are the result. The multitude from every land, participating, attest it true. It began and was developed in small communities, each of which, to-day, gathers up and preserves its own record. It is our business to do so here ; to go back to the times of the first dwellers in this village, do justice to their virtues and restore their personality.

Two hundred and fifty years ago men of education, refinement, and accustomed to affluence, with their families, crossed the ocean and

made their homes in the wilderness. The germ of the idea impelling them was the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience; of having civil government justly administered. They called the place where they settled New England. A part of them were located nearly opposite these shores and were called the Hartford Colony. About thirty years afterwards a portion of them crossed the Sound, approached the forest-fringed headlands, explored the beautiful harbors and landed. Upon a fairer scene the sun never rose. It was a fit casket for the gem Liberty. They abode there and called the place Huntington. [Applause.] Affectionately remembering their old homes, they called their new ones by the same names—New England, Hartford and Huntington. They were of common origin, feeling and taste, and the only accessions were families of like character. No emigration brought innovation. In time they were bound by the ties of general relationship. The first charter incorporating them as a Town was in 1666. The first territory, purchased from the Indians, extended from Cold Spring Harbor to Cow Harbor. Here for the next hundred years they made and administered their own laws, and were, for all practical purposes, a State within themselves. Their principal intercourse was with their neighbors across the Sound. The isolation of that day in a measure continues.

We would think, with our present means of travel, books, newspapers and appliances, that a people so situated would become unlettered, and return to a rude state of society. That such was not the case is witnessed by their condition when one hundred years had elapsed. The reason may be found in tracing the earliest steps taken by them. They erected their first church in 1665. The school was contemporary and the Bible was a standard book therein. Educated men taught, and were seldom changed. From 1676, until his death in 1731, the Rev. Eliphalet Jones was their minister. In 1723 the Rev. Ebenezer Prime was his assistant, and as such and as his successor was their minister until the commencement of the Revolution, a period of more than fifty years each. With such provision for the living, respect for the dead is a natural consequence. With pious care they selected for their last resting place the most beautiful and commanding eminence in their midst, where though dead they were still speaking. The close of the first hundred years presented a people moral in their lives, educated to the extent of the literature of the age, loving their homes and customs, unanimous in hatred of oppression, prosperous in their possessions, shy of strangers, but hospitable on acquaintance. These traits continued for the next fifty years, and are not yet lost. It was from this and similar communities that sprang the men who conceived and maintained the idea that freedom is a universal birthright. [Applause.]

In 1776, New York had become the most important of the thirteen

States, Long Island the most important part of New York, and Huntington one of the most important towns on the Island. She held a no less important position on the great question of the day, and her people early accepted the "self-evident truth" "That resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." [Applause.] No hearts beat more exultingly, when the farmers at Lexington "fired the shot heard round the world." And when the old bell, in the State House at Philadelphia, pealed forth on the announcement of the idea, "That all men are created free and equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," none more eagerly accepted the pledge then given to maintain it. They helped maintain it in the weary march, and on the stricken field. [Applause.] They maintained it in the sanctuary of their homes. The King's troops were in possession of the Island; a garrison was established here; loyalty to the Crown was rewarded; Toryism to spy and plunder encouraged; submission was safety and protection. They scorned the terms, so soldiers were quartered in their houses, crops seized or wantonly destroyed, orchards cut down, fences burned, the cherished Burying Ground converted into a barrack, the graves leveled, the tombstones broken and applied to ignoble uses, the old church dismantled, pews and cushions given way to a riding school for cavalry, a block-house constructed with its timber, the ministrations of the aged pastor suspended, and the house of the "old rebel"—as he was called—made their quarters. These particular incidents have been recorded by his son, the Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, in his History of Long Island, with similar acts of sacrilege in other parts of the Island. "There were no Sundays in Revolutionary times." After a seven year's struggle the idea triumphed. To tear down what remained of the old church and carry off the bell was the last blow given. Of all the actors in these outrages one is particularly remembered—"Rumford," and of all the positions they occupied here, but one bears the name they gave it—"Gallows Hill."

In 1783 the foe evacuated and Huntington took her place under "Excelsior," in the Empire State. Desolation had not broken the spirit of her people.—

"Even in their ashes lived their wonted fire"

[Applause.]

In 1784 they rebuilt the church. It was among the first, and is like to become the oldest monument of the times. They planted the Liberty Pole beside it. In 1794 they erected the Huntington Academy, directly opposite. This was then the second institution of the kind in the County, and fourth in the State. They established a Library of about two hundred and fifty volumes, some of which, in their quaint sheep-skin coverings, are still preserved in the Union School. They raised again the grassy mounds and restored the broken monuments in the cemetery. These were so numerous that strangers

wondered at the greatness of the mortality; they read the inscriptions and wondered that so many lived so long.

Fifty years ago about three score of the old houses first erected were standing; now scarce a dozen remain. In nearly every case, the old site has been again built on. Fifty years ago there survived in middle life, as heads of families, the direct representatives of nearly all the first settlers. Fifty years ago the Fourth of July processions were frequently marshalled by Col Isaac Conklin, (the grandfather of our young friend, Douglas Conklin, the reader of the Declaration) as before that by his father, Col. Timothy Conklin. He is in his right place to-day. In those processions the Revolutionary veterans had the place of honor. Alas! they and their compeers now live but as a memory.

“ Their bones are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with their God, we trust.”

[Applause.]

What were the names of these first families—these natives of Huntington? I could call the roll of a hundred years ago, but forbear. You will find them inscribed on the marbles of yonder hill. They are repeated, by the thousand, in the possessors of this fair heritage. They are on the committees; they are on this platform; this audience is largely composed of them.

“ Within the bounds of Annandale
The gentle Johnstones' ride;
They have been here a thousand years,
A thousand more they'll bide.”

[Applause.]

So be it with these families. And why not? They live in the great idea of a free government, based on a free pulpit, a free school, a free press and a free ballot—a government

“ Vital in every part,
That can but with annihilation die;”

many in one, and one for all; and that one is ever disclosed to lead in times of peril. The young surveyor, carrying his chain in the Virginia wilderness and following Braddock on the Indian trail, is the George Washington of 1776. The orphan lad, wandering barefoot through the pine barrens of the Carolinas, is the Andrew Jackson of 1812. [Applause.] The unknown and friendless boy learning his letters by marks on the sand, and on the bark of trees, is the Abraham Lincoln of 1861. [Applause.] Shall the idea live? I see the response in every eye.

“ Westward the star of Empire takes its course;
Time's best and noblest effort is the last.”

[Applause.]

ADDRESS OF Hon. HENRY J. SCUDDER :

MY FRIENDS :—My reverend friend, adopting the order of the published announcements, presents me to deliver an “address.” I should be humiliated if you accepted this term “address” in its formal sense, for I am here to salute you only in the earnestness and simplicity that a life-long friendship may warrant; to join in the ceremonies of the day as a citizen, and one of birthright, but not as an orator. I have no formal expressions and no elaborate utterances, but I cannot shrink from the duty so kindly assigned me, although its discharge may not meet the demands of the occasion. I greet you to-day with no ordinary emotions. We are on historic ground. Every glance touches upon a memorable scene—a sacred spot. Here back of us rises the monumental hill, twice consecrated. Consecrated by the repose of our honored dead; consecrated by the vows of resistance to oppression that were made in the enforced spectacle of its desecration. There the towering spire recalls the debasement of the temple by the soldier. The scene is indeed inspiring—this vast assemblage, this gathering of representative pursuits and trades, this garnering of loveliness and innocence, and all illumined by the golden day as with a special glory. And here, in the shade of memories that vary as they reach backward, we assemble to hail the Hundredth anniversary of a Declaration that has raised from political degradation more than half the christian people of the world, and has even penetrated the recesses of barbarism, and carried some forms of civilization with it there; a Declaration that advanced no new principle, yet set forth a principle in a manner and under circumstances compelling consideration, respect and adoption, by those who sincerely and intelligently consult the interests of their fellowmen. A Government followed this Declaration, while misfortune and failure attended its earlier similitudes. There are reasons for this difference in fortune. The act of resistance by the Colonies, regarded as force alone, presented in a merely reproduced form what had occurred in every age and every latitude where robust will and active intellect existed, and asserted the rule of political equality. The early historic systems of government permitted slight recognition of individual rights. The Patriarchal system differed little from pure autoeracy. The Nomadic life forced and perpetuated tyranny as a protection. It had no leisure for deliberation or election. It needed positive and acknowledged command, and when rest and settlement followed uneasy wanderings and hot conflicts, its people were so far subdued by habits of allegiance that rulers and chieftains transmitted their titles and power as readily as their armor. As groups were composed either by conquest or treaty, and assumed the proportions of nationalities, the pride

of the monarch intensified, and his repression of insubordination with it. With the ancients conquest was destruction; language, art, manners, all that could characterize a people, fell before its victors. Thought is elastic and constant, and aided by moral energies, surely elevates its subject. It may be numbed into torpor, but is quickly re-animating. The settlement of the colonies occurred when christian Europe was in a condition of great unrest; when statesmen and priests were thinking aloud and challenging forms and habits both in the Church and the State. It was easy to suppress the thinkers, but not so with their thoughts. These gathered in volume and spread everywhere. As the well springs of civil and religious liberty were choked by edicts and proscriptions, they sought new channels and broke out in distant places. Upon the shores of the New World they were secure. The permanent settlers of our country were possessed of great spirit and independence, and both qualities were enlarged by the necessities of colonial life. A nation existing in seclusion, denying communication, and dependent for development upon inherent resources, substitutes tradition for improvement, and habit for thought. Philosophy teaches that the ocean at perfect rest would lose its purity. Tides and currents and eddies must agitate it; tempests and whirlwinds stir it to its depths in order that it preserve and continue its vast functions in the economy of Nature. We are like the sea in this respect. Passions, energies, inclinations, sweeping over and through us, diversify in parts but strengthen in the mass. Our forefathers had the full advantages of national diversities. The austere Puritan landed upon the rugged coast of New England, the Cavalier stretched out his estates in Virginia, the thrifty Hollander was in New York, the Swede in the Delawares, and the Catholic in Maryland was a neighbor to the Quaker of Pennsylvania, the Huguenot was planting in South Carolina; thus the bold hardy races of northern Europe were represented. Some generations must pass along through exposures and suffering in order to work out the certain results of civil equality, but in all these there was no lack of the elements essential to the establishment of a Government upon a new and better system than that supporting those of the Old World. And here lay the superior opportunities of the colonists. They were drilled in the military art, inured to hardships, free to think and maintain their thought; so remote from the great powers that they need fear no hasty combinations, and possessed of a land surpassing in fertility and healthfulness the dreams of its early explorers. Opposed however to the scheme of success, based upon these conditions, was the settled sentiment of the mother country, and of all strong governments. This sentiment, largely shared by colonial leaders, favored a titular establishment, and a throne above it, and was intolerant of popular participation in the administration of affairs. Then too, the population of the colonies was mainly on the seaboard and easily assailed—

the back country possessed by savages quick to spring upon the trespassers on their soil. These were the conditions when the Congress of 1774 convened. History presents no similar assemblage. There the Congregationalist of Massachusetts invited the prayer of the formalist; there the cultured Catholic of Maryland sat by the plain garbed Quaker; there were the mechanic and the cavalier, and there with a dignity that commanded respect, and a modesty that won admiration, was he, the descendant of a long line of soldiers and scholars, he whose childhood was as exemplary as the virtues of the best of mothers, he whose youth was hardened by frontier exposures, whose prudence turned the consuming shafts of destruction from the gallant Braddock, George Washington, of whom it has been so beautifully said that Heaven decreed him to be childless that he might be the Father of his Country. [Applause.] There Patrick Henry struck the key note of equality: "I am not a Virginian, but an American."

A moral sublimity, unsurpassed in some aspects, crowns this Congress, and leads to the question whether its successor could claim superior grandeur. We must not pause to compare the two. The fearless action of this ensures the respect of European statesmen, and divides their policy. From its dissolution events crowded on and hurried the final step. Paul Revere rides through the gloom, and it is lighted by the sparks struck by his courser. The "embattled farmer fires the shot heard round the world." Washington receives his appointment as Commander, and bravely says, "I am embarked on a wide ocean, boundless in its prospect, and in which perhaps no safe harbor is to be found." Forces are arrayed, but yet no determination to independence, no prayer but for alleviation of suffering from harsh legislation. There is enough of sturdy thought in the right direction, but it is not compacted.

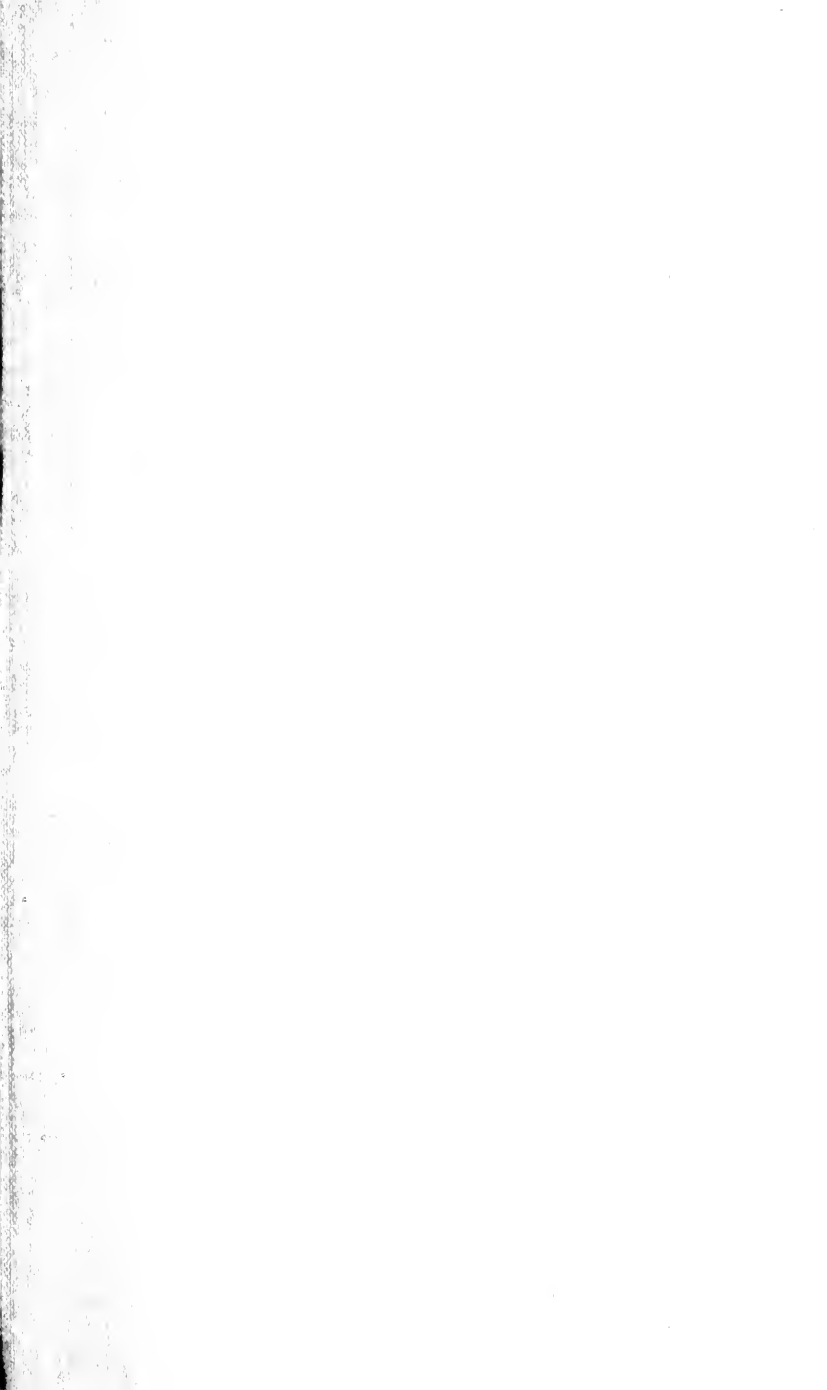
Washington's sagacity early discovers the utter hopelessness of reconciliation. Called to Congress, he urges absolute separation. Congress rises to the supreme demand. There is a closed session and intense debate. All over the land anxious groups depend upon its decision. The patriot pale and resolute, the loyalist sneering and doubtful. The resolution is reached and it is committed to a few to furnish reasons to mankind for its adoption. Thomas Jefferson, one of the youngest of the representatives, but the most advanced in democratic principles, who in later life was among the best trusted of Washington's counsellors, furnished the reasons, and so excellently framed them in the Declaration that no suggestion of amendment occurred.

On the 4th of July, 1776, this grand utterance received the sanction of Congress. Its announcement, to the young Nation it created, was singularly appropriate. As the last signature of those who pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," to its maintenance was affixed, the great bell upon which was stamped "Proclaim liberty

throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof" swung forth the scriptural command and sent it "throughout the land." The spirit of Freedom caught up the gladdening cry and down through the shadowy aisles of an hundred years it comes to us in perfected glory, for to-day there is liberty throughout all our land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. [Applause.]

The sacrifices that followed the long years of hardships and doubt and agony, are known to all of us. They have been happily referred to by our learned chairman, and will be eloquently presented by the honorable gentleman who will follow me, and who springs from a line that shared them.

And now, my friends, contemplating the heroism and devotion of those who founded a government upon a distinct and untried system; who gathered the loose thoughts and energies of other ages and banded them into the form of political equality, and so doing gave to civilization its noblest incentive, and to the world the loftiest example of faith in human virtue, shall we, to-day acknowledging and celebrating all this, and in the complete enjoyment of its grand results and blessings, fail to measure the obligations thereby imposed upon us, and the duty that springs from those obligations. "Educate the people" writes Jefferson from Paris as he witnesses the frenzy of a degraded peasantry, an ignorant under class, striving for the overthrow of an oppressive monarchy, and the establishment of a representative rule upon perfect equality. There is greater need of this injunction to-day than then. Great populations crowd upon our coasts and concentrate in cities. Diversities of race as well as nationalities meet us at every turn. Foreign politics still struggle resistingly against our own. From the dangers of these conditions we cannot escape without the aid of a counteracting force. We must spread intelligent moral education everywhere. We must prepare youth for the burdens of citizenship, and compel manhood to the fullest discharge of its demands. If eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty, certainly eternal labor is its duty. You who surrender yourselves to complaints against the exactions of government, or the blunders of legislation, yet give no moment to the consideration of your political duties—who abstain from action to correct the evils of which you murmur, are properly requited if they deeply afflict you. This is the penalty you owe for neglected citizenship. Let us renew our pledges to the State. Here where these children in robes of innocence illustrate the purity we seek; here where these maidens, surpassing in charms the dreams of the political enthusiast who idealized Liberty as a Goddess, symbolize the beauty of the genius of our institutions; here where sturdy manhood revels in its pronounced strength, and age gives its benediction of approval, let us join in a vow to be ever faithful to the union of States and the flag that shields us. Let us dedicate ourselves to the better work of the citizen, and resolve that our Institutions, our Policy, our Nation, may be in all future times to the weary and suffering and oppressed of other realms as "Rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."



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