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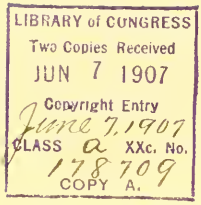
THE WEST BANK OF THE HUDSON RIVER

ALBANY TO TAPPAN

Notes on its History and Legends, its Ghost Stories and Romances. Gathered by a wayfaring man who may now and then have erred therein.

By

C. G. HINE



a. M. P., Mar. 26, 1917

FIRST WORD.

Walking from Albany to New York may sound like something of an undertaking, but the fact is I started late in May and only arrived as far as Nyack by early November. Took two bites to my cherry, one in the Spring when the bite only went as deep as Catskill, the other in the Fall, when all the woods were brown.

I am not a walker, as those of my friends who really walk view the situation, a stroller rather, who, as the gifted William puts it, "fleets the time carelessly". These same friends look on my little jaunts with a scornful eye, and there is no doubt that one man's pleasure may be another man's weariness, for it makes them tired to dawdle with me, and it makes me very tired to hustle with them. However, I can stop at any time to note the color scheme provided by meadowland or mountain, and frequently feel called on to do so. Can even stoop so low as to gather a wild flower now and then, while my friend, Mr. Fastfoot, is disappearing down the road in a cloud of dust.

Last year the all pervading gloriousness of the Autumn coloring was the dissipation of the tramp, but this Fall a series of hard, early frosts gave the foliage no opportunity to be gay,

and, except for the green of an occasional willow or the russet of the oak's early Winter garb, the trees were stripped for the annual struggle with old Boreas. A November haze veiled the mountains much of the time and even the sunsets were subdued. While there were many bright spots the landscape was in general a disappointment, though there was provided ample evidence that it was capable of better things.

The history and legendary interest of the region I found wonderful. The more so, possibly, because of my comparative slight previous acquaintance therewith. The average citizen (that's me) knows that Kingston was burned during the Revolution and that there is a Washington headquarters in Newburgh. He knows of West Point and Stony Point, of Fort Montgomery, and has from his school days recollection of a chain stretched across the Hudson during the Revolution, but beyond that most is dim. Of Dominie Schuneman he probably never heard. The Vale of Tawasentha, Leeds, Katsbaan, Hurley, Temple Hill, or Vail's Gate are but names, if known at all. The Treason House he might find it difficult to locate. He may know that Andre was executed at Tappan because the newspapers have harped on the subject more or less, but what does he know of the interesting old buildings and relics of the Revolution at the village of Palisades, but two miles from Tappan?

Some of the statements made hereafter may be open to criticism by those versed in local lore, for I find it is far from difficult to get things wrong; that part of the county histories, the history by towns, from which I must secure my foundation,

has in some cases at least a fine reputation for inaccuracy, and the result is that I seem to know many things that are not so.

However, I have made friends by the way, each a storehouse of information pertaining to his own neighborhood, and feel like openly confessing obligations to such patient gentlemen as Dr. A. W. Van Slyke of Coxsackie, Dr. Claudius Van Dusen of Leeds, Mr. Franklin Salisbury of Catskill, Dr. John G. Van Slyke and Mr. B. M. Brink of Kingston (whose "Olde Ulster" is a gold mine), Dr. George W. Nash of Hurley, Mr. Ralph Lefevre of New Paltz (and his history of that town), Mr. E. M. Ruttenber and Dr. John Deyo of Newburgh, Mr. Weiant of the Treason House, Stony Point, and to others, while much is due to the help of Mr. Kelby, librarian of the New York Historical Society, and his able assistants.

The books read to secure a local flavor or consulted for facts were, besides the afore slandered County Histories, the local histories of Saugerties, Kingston, New Paltz, Newburgh and Stony Point; articles in the Magazine of American History and Harpers' Monthly; Joshua Het Smith's "Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major Andre", which same is about as reliable as the weather reports from Washington; an interesting novel published in 1861 entitled "The Dutch Dominie of the Catskills"; a story, "King Washington", based on the Revolutionary happenings around Newburgh. The Ecclesiastical Records and the Documentary History of New York. The able pen of John Fiske, and of course Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution.

And now we will proceed to find out all about it.

ALBANY TO CEDAR HILL.

Cherry Hill, Norman's Kill, Tawasentha, The Abbey.

To one who is interested in the picture possibilities the direction in which the trip is made has much to do with the result. If he is walking into the picture all the time, instead of away from it, he has it ever with him, and thus is explained why the west bank of the Hudson is this time explored from the north toward the south, rather than as the earlier discoverers took it.

We travel toward the sun and find both light and shade; with the sun at our backs all is flat, stale and unprofitable. But before turning our backs on Albany there is a word to be said concerning one or two points of its very early history.

If the journey from Albany is to be made on foot, the best way to begin is by trolley, along South Pearl Street as far as Kenwood, passing on the way the Schuyler mansion at the head of Schuyler Street. Much has been written of the way that General Schuyler was elbowed out of his command by

General Gates, after having done all the preliminary work which resulted in Burgoyne's capture, and how the former was unjustly deprived of the glory of that great achievement, but there now comes forward a descendant of General Gates who claims that Gates's appointment was made a year before, and that it was he who did the work and who only received his just deserts as the real leader; that Bancroft started the story and others have copied it without further investigation; that there are papers extant which will prove this, which may all be so, or may not. I tell it as it was told to me. The quarrel is none of mine, for my stock comes from the land of the white pine ham and the wooden nutmeg; thus I have no first-hand interest, and while entirely willing to stir up a muss, there is no intention on my part of further mixing in.

I remind myself of a small dog which once ate the scraps from our table. He was fond of a fight, but much preferred to do his fighting by proxy, so when he saw a likely prospect coming down the street, out he would rush to open the engagement that he knew would soon involve the larger dog on the place, and once the fight was well on our little friend would retire to the lawn, from which he could safely voice his approval of the proceedings.

In the outskirts of Albany, on the old King's Road toward the south, stands Cherry Hill, built by Philip Van Rensselaer in 1768, and though a frame structure, still in good standing. There was a time when Cherry Hill, situated as it was on the first rise of ground from the river flats, commanded a wonderful view of lowland and river and the distant highlands of Green-

bush, but now the shriek of the Iron Horse and the soft-coal breath of his nostrils dominates all the foreground, and the modern dwellers in this ancient home have done well to shut themselves in with a heavy screen of foliage.

A spacious hall introduces one to the inner life of the house, with rooms on either hand filled with fine old furniture and mementoes of the past. Possibly the most interesting piece is an old Dutch writing desk that has recently come into its own again, after long retirement in the attic; the grand old sofas that are scattered about look as though they were truly made for the use of tired humanity.

Mount Hope, a step further south, is another one of the notable landmarks of the highway; its lordly domain is as yet undisturbed by proximity to the all-absorbing city.

Kenwood, formerly Lower Hollow (just as Normansville, further up the Norman's Kill, was at one time the Upper Hollow), dates its settlement quite back to that of Albany itself, for there was a fort here as early as 1618 and a mill on the Norman's Kill by 1630. As an old document puts it:

> "There were about 18 families aboard who settled themselves att Albany & made a small fort; and as soon as they had built themselves some hutts of Bark: ye Mahikanders or River Indians, ye Maquase: Oneydes: Onnondages, Cayougas & Sinnekes, with ye Mahawawa or Ottawawaes Indians came and made Covenants of friendship with ye sd Arien Jorise then Commander Bringing him great Presents of Bever or oyr Peltry & desyred that they might come & have a Constant free Trade with them which was concluded upon & ye sd nations came dayly with great multidus of Bever & traded them wvth ye Christians"

—this in 1623-1626. During

"which time ye sd Indians were all as quiet as Lambs & came & Traded with all ye freedom Imaginable".

Near the bridge still stands an old house built by Robert Van Rensselaer, and here is a toll-gate which still collects a small tax from those who would travel over the Albany and Bethlehem turnpike, for this is even to-day the land of turnpikes and toll-gates. It was early found necessary to supplement the King's Road, which kept well back from the river, by others more conveniently located, and thus came into being the turnpike connecting the river towns, which have grown up from the former "Landings", as well as the crossroads leading to the back settlements.

The Norman's Kill rises in the foothills of the Helderbergs and works its way down through the little valleys to the Hudson on the outskirts of Albany. Here came Albert Andriessen Bradt, surnamed the Norman, and after him the stream was named. Bradt came over with other Hollanders in 1630, came direct to Albany and almost immediately erected a mill on the stream which has since been known as the Norman's Kill. During the passage over a son was born to Bradt during a storm, which made so deep an impression on the father that he named his boy "Storm Van der See".

The Norman's Kill was known to the Indians as Tawasentha, the place of many dead, and the second little valley south and opening on the river flats was to them Tawassagunshee, or the Valley of Peace; here they buried their dead for many generations. Longfellow uses the stream as a setting for the introduction to the Song of Hiawatha:—

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant watercourses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant watercourses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
There he sang of Hiawatha."

Captain Kidd, returning from one of his cruises laden with spoil, disappeared up the river with his two vessels, so the story has been handed down. The contents of one was carried back into the recesses of the Katzbergs; of the other, many are the legends locating it up and down the Hudson's shores. One of these tells how the Captain, cruising north, finally pushed his way among the islands of this locality and up the mouth of the Norman's Kill, and here, on the south bank of the stream, he buried the contents of his second sloop under the sod of a

gently swelling knoll which guides the swift flowing waters to the great mother of all fountains.

The present-day owners of the property frequently grant permission to dig for the treasure to those desirous of getting something for nothing, the one stipulation being that they fill the hole up again. Some four or five years ago rumor got abroad that some of the pirate gold had actually been found, and operations became active. One of the nearby land owners, with a laudable desire to keep up the interest, purchased a few Spanish ducats and such like coin, and when the subject came up in the course of conversation, and questions were put to him, he would bring from the depths of a pocket a handful of ancient coin that, without a word on his part, were immediately taken for the treasure-trove, and soon there was the wildest excitement which brought down a hoard of get-rich-quick folks, and in their train many newspaper reporters. The originator of the joke modestly kept in the background, but the neighbors had seen the gold, and that was enough. The result was many tired backs and a story of treasure found that went the length of the land.

The Norman's Kill flows into a channel caused by the long Van Rensselaer's Island, formerly known as Castle Island, from the fact that the early Dutch traders are said to have found here a fort, believed to be the remains of a French trading post. In 1614 the Dutch themselves built a fort or stockade on the island. Champlain's little brush with the Iroquois on the lake which now bears the great navigator's name, and the consequent hatred of the dominant native race for the French

which would make it impossible to maintain such a post, seems to interfere with the credibility of the French end of this story, but that is the way most of the histories give it to us.

The Indians were pushed out of this neighborhood so soon after the arrival of the white man that there seem to be few local traditions concerning them. During the Revolutionary War they rendezvoused in the wilderness back from the river and, with the help of their Tory friends, were a continual menace to the scattered settlers. Arrow heads and stone hatchets are still dug up in the gardens hereabouts.

The so-called River Road is compelled by the force of circumstances and Spring freshets to keep so far from the river that it is seldom one gets the gleam of the water, but although the King's Road is the old Post Road, much of the interest seems to lie along the river bank, possibly because there has been no one to perpetuate the legends and stories of the older highway that are now so long forgotten as to be almost hopelessly lost. One old colored woman who lives in New Baltimore, and claims to be 112 years old, tells how, when a girl, living on the King's Road, she saw the recruits for the war of 1812 marching past for the camp at Greenbush, and how the tired men would throw their guns and other top hamper by the roadside rather than be burdened longer.

A mile below the Norman's Kill, on the River Road, stands the Abbey, now a road house of the better sort, built in early times by one of the tribe of Van Rensselaer. It has withstood the shock of Indian foray and the siege of time in a way to do great credit to its builders.

A beautiful bed of blue lupin served as a pleasant introduction to Cedar Hill, an old settled place some eight miles below Albany. Here settled the Nicols, Winnes and Van Wies, but the Scotch, Irish and English were early attracted to this region, and we find such names as Sills, Cooper and others intermixed with the old Dutch names. One of the fine old houses of the country side is situated in Cedar Hill, the Nicol house, 1720, a tall, three-story brick building with the hipped roof so popular two hundred years ago; its magnificence must have commanded unusual respect from the more humble neighbors. The house is to be reached by a road which branches off toward the east from the pike just after it crosses the Vlauman's Kill, or, if one is on foot, a path which starts east from in front of the hotel and wanders through wood and field, giving a scent of the pines by the way, provides a delightful short cut to the same end.

COEYMANS TO COXSACKIE.

Hannakrois Creek, New Baltimore, Oldest Bible, Bronck Mill, Ghosts and Yankees.

A mile or so out of Cedar Hill the road mounts to a plateau which expands the view both east and west; toward the latter are to be seen a few scattering peaks of the Helderbergs rising over the nearby limestone ridge known as the Kalkberg, while across the river are seen the low hills of the Taghkanic range, the backbone of the eastern counties.

It is five or six miles to Coeymans, with only the village of Selkirk to break the succession of farm lands, and not a brook, under the shade of whose foliage fringe the wayfarer might be tempted to linger.

Coeymans in the original Dutch was something like this—Kojiemans, after which it passed through the various stages of Koeyemans, Koeymans, Koymans, emerging finally as the name is now spelled, a sop to these degenerate times when man has no time for unnecessary letters in the words he uses. Barent Pieterse Koeymans came from Utrecht in 1636 and ran

the mills of Patroon Van Rensselaer for some ten or eleven years, finally leasing them on his own account. In 1673 he purchased a large tract of land from the Indians, obtaining a patent from Governor Lovelace, but Patroon Van Rensselaer owned the earth in those days, and any land grant was sure to result in a squabble; the one with Koeymans lasted some thirty years, and finally resulted in the latter's buying peace by purchasing the patroon's claim. A local history gives the impression that the chief industries of the place are picnics and baled hay, though to the casual observer the making of bricks is much in evidence, and there are seasons when it is said the inhabitants cut ice.

Old Peter's dwelling has gone with its master, but his storehouse, down by the mouth of the creek in the northern edge of the village, is still standing, being readily seen from across the stream whose rapid waters plunge down the rocks in a series of beautiful falls and cascades through a gorge that has not had to contend as yet with the improving hand of man. The old house, like many of the region, is built of the flat field stones, graywhack, of the region.

On the southern edge of the village is another stone house of the same construction, with a double pitch in the roof and a riot of vines to soften its stony exterior, a most attractive place to look on. The man who lives within these vineclad walls says they were erected two hundred and twenty-five years ago, and that the Rev. Van Dolson did it. About thirty-five or forty years ago the skeleton of a man was uncovered during the digging of a ditch in front of this house. This revived an old story

of two mysterious men who were seen around the village for a short time. One of them, who was plentifully supplied with money, vanished, and his companion gave it out that he had gone South; soon the companion disappeared, and nothing more was heard of either. The village solons made a murder case out of it when the skeleton was discovered, and since then a mysterious light has been occasionally seen by late home seekers hovering over the spot, and sharp ears detect the chink of ghostly money.

A little valley that bounds the southern edge of the village affords an unnamed creek an opportunity to escape to the lowlands; from the sharp rise on its lower bank is to be had a striking view up the river whose foreground is the old storehouse just mentioned, with the brook bordering the garden's edge.

The hills behind which the sun sets in this region are the Helderbergs, a continuation of the Katzbergs. Somewhere among these foothills rises the Hannakrois Creek, which joins the Hudson something less than a mile below Coeymans; the name signifies a crowing cock. It seems that a cloudburst back among the hills filled this little stream to overflowing, and among the debris which came down with the torrent was a barn door, on which perched a rooster, crowing defiance to the elements which had kidnapped him in so unusual a manner. The grotesqueness of the situation fixed the name of the creek for all time.

This is largely a limestone region, and it is no unusual thing for the streams hereabouts to drop out of sight for a short trip

through some underground cavern, there to cool their running gear before facing the warm sun in the valleys below.

The earliest stage route of which I find any record was established by act of Legislature February 16th, 1803, to run from Albany to the New Jersey line. A wicked trust was formed, to which was granted the exclusive right to run stages over this road, it agreeing to charge not more than five cents a mile and to make a trip at least once each week. The back road, known in those days as the King's Road, was the stage route, but this never gained the importance of that along the eastern side of the Hudson, it being used possibly rather as a means of communication between the various towns than for through traffic. After spending a night with Washington at New Windsor the Marquis de Castellux, on his way north, crossed to Fishkill Landing "to gain the eastern road, preferred by travelers to the western".

New Baltimore is the next river town south of Coeymans. The locality was early settled by Van Der Zees and Van Slycks, who were soon followed by Quakers from Dutchess County. Ebenezer Wicks, a Baptist preacher of the old school, who labored with the saw and plane six days of the week, and with precept on the seventh, came to New Baltimore in 1802 from Rensselaerville. As soon as his house was built he opened it for services, and preached here to his neighbors until he was able to erect a building which served as both school and meeting house for many years. The good man left a fragrant memory which lasted long after he was dust.

New Baltimore started as a fishing village, but early devel-

oped a leaning toward trade and obtained a considerable importance which it held so long as the river was the only practical transportation route to New York, but since the advent of the railroad on the farther shore it has gradually faded, until now only the shipyard is left, and that, in these degenerate days, builds flat boats for the ice trade and talks of the days when it produced sloops and even a schooner.

The old Tunis Willemse Van Slyck house, built in 1713, repaired in 1764, and given over to the owl and the bat in 1884, stood on the river bank about a mile and a half below New Baltimore. Tunis was the first of the name in the town; his bible is the oldest printed bible in existence; it was thirty-seven years in the making, 1518-1555. Made in Dordrecht, each letter is printed by hand, and the pictures are handmade. It contains the family record for four hundred years; is now owned by Benjamin F. Van Slyke (modern way of spelling the name) of Saginaw, Mich. The Massachusetts Historical Society once offered $10,000 for the book. The second Van Slyck house, itself old as things go in this country, stands hard by the ruins. In 1666 Tunis W. sends to Holland for his property and buys a farm at Nickayuna. His son Andrew built a stone house near what is now the New Baltimore railroad station, which has disappeared, but the one built by Baltus, son of Andrew, near by, still stands. The fourth generation was represented by Tunis B., the fifth by Ephraim J., and the sixth by Dr. Andrew Webster Van Slyke.

This old Van Slyke house conveys, like many of these ancient houses of simple construction, a comfortable, homelike

feeling that brings a smile of sympathy; those old farmer-architects seemed to have had the sense of proportion well developed.

It is seven miles to Coxsackie, and there are two ways of reaching that end: the River Road and the old King's Road. In order to test the capacity of the latter for entertainment I took that way south, but did not find it sufficiently interesting to entice to a second trial.

Something about my appearance must have indicated what I thought of the road, for the first wagon that overtook me drew up with an invitation to ride, and so I bumped some miles over a road which, according to all tradition should have brought up at Dublin. However, there came a crossroad which beckoned toward the river, and I said good-bye and took to shank's mare. This crossroad was quite the roughest bit yet, though according to one who was mending his fences by its side it was in better condition than at any other time this Spring.

The sky looked this morning as though yesterday was a weather breeder, one of the kind that plays tricks on travelers, for there was much uncertainty during the early hours as to what the day would bring forth. Even by 10 o'clock there was considerable dubiousness overhead, but by this time I had found the creek that should be Coxsackie, but which is Sickles. Here, about 1670, Pieter Bronck built a gristmill, which to the day of its death was run by an overshot wheel. Nothing now remains but the rough foundation walls, festooned with vines, which give a touch of the human to the turbulent little stream

which comes tumbling down over the rocks after the usual manner of brooks when they fall on stony ground. The steep, wooded banks, most effectively carpeted with moss and ferns, rise abruptly from the water, and what a place it is for the pedestrian to idle away an hour with the squirrels and noise of falling water for company. All this is on the road which takes one into Coxsackie by way of River Street.

Coxsackie means hoot-owl, and various are the ways of spelling it, Kocks-Hacky being the way an old deed puts it, while the original Indian word was Koixhacking, the pronunciation of which is supposed to represent the hoot of an owl.

Pieter Bronck came this way from Albany, and in January, 1662, purchased the land from the Indians; and immediately thereafter came the Van Bergens, Van Loons and others. Jonas Bronck, the first, came to this country, it is said, in his own ship with much silver and many servants, and settled in Westchester County in what is now the Bronx Borough of Greater New York, the name being written Bronx in the possessive rather than Bronck's. Jonas had been here some five or six years when the Indians caught him and skinned him alive. His widow afterward married Arent Van Corlear, commissioner at Rensselaerwyck, and her sons appear to have moved up the Hudson with her.

Pieter Bronck is on record as owning several lots in Beverwyck (Albany) in 1645, including the brewery which he sold in 1662. He then bought land at Coxsackie and erected the first mill in the town in 1670, on Sickles Creek.

The Bronck Patent extended from the mouth of Sickles

Creek to opposite Notan (the spelling in the Bronck Patent of 1662) or Nuten Hook, and went back to the Indian footpath at the base of the limerock range.

Leendert Bronck, son of Pieter, was married at Albany July 14, 1717. Jan Leendertse Bronck, born July 14, 1721. Leonard Bronck, born May 11, 1751, married daughter of Robert Vandenberg. This Leonard and his brother-in-law, John R. Vandenberg, were the two principal men in forming Greene County. Leonard was member of Assembly 1786-1798, and State Senator 1800.

Leonard Bronck, 2d, born June 29, 1797, died February 3, 1872. Adelaide, daughter of Leonard 2d, married Rev. Lewis Lampman. The Leonard Bronck homestead is said to be probably the oldest house standing in Coxsackie. The earliest mention of it is October 8, 1736, when Jan Bronck conveyed to his son Leonard land "opposite to his house". Additions have been made to it at various times, and on one part is the inscription "J. B. J. B. L. B. C. B. 1792.", the initials of Jan, Jonas, Leonard and Caspar, four of the sons of the first settler. On a still older part is the date 1738. This homestead with the large tract of land adjoining, and including the large part of "Bronck's hundred acres" are now the property of Rev. Lewis Lampman.

The one old house in the present village of Coxsackie is situated on the river bank at the upper landing. It was built by William Wells, a New Englander who came to this region some time before the Revolution. Just below, opposite the next house, is the old landing which is uncovered at low water.

This dates back to the time when this was "The Landing", and the real Coxsackie was back a mile or so, where now lies West Coxsackie.

There is a theory that the large deposits of brick clay which are found in the Hudson Valley are glacial deposits. If this is so the clay beds at Coxsackie may indicate two glacial epochs. The lowest stratum is thirty feet thick—this is blue; while on top of this is a layer of yellow clay eight feet in depth; above this is another thirty foot layer of blue clay, capped by still another eight feet of yellow clay. Now the yellow clay is merely the blue clay which has been oxidized by the action of light and air, such action penetrating, in the course of time, to a depth of eight feet, and such a layer below the upper stratum of blue is taken to indicate that there was a long period when the sun shone on this surface, while the second layer of blue must mean a second glacial period.

Robert Owen, an English socialist, visited this country during the first quarter of the last century, and coming to Coxsackie in 1824 he founded there the Forestville Commonwealth, for those who believed that all property should be held in common for the general good. The scheme was promptly recognized as a lazy man's paradise, and it soon became rather overloaded with those who did not care to work for anybody's good, the result being that it came to an end with a suddenness that must have given a shock to the non-workers.

About this time the ice industry began to attract experimentalists, and in February, 1828, the first cargo of solidified Hudson River was shipped from Greene County to New York.

The King's Road from Albany to Esopus is supposed to have been laid out about 1710, and naturally the original town grew up in the neighborhood of the highway, and as naturally, when the river traffic began to assume supreme importance, the town drifted down to its banks, but the old houses around which most of the colonial and Revolutionary history clings are back on the Flats, the "Garden of Greene County".

On the bank of the creek in the village of West Coxsackie stands the little stone house built by Pieter Bronck, son of Jan, he who built the mill. The house probably stands to-day as it did in the days of its youth, and in its simplicity and singleness of purpose is more or less typical of the early Dutch homesteads. In front of this, and close on the road, stands a later Bronck home, built in the usual substantial manner of the Dutch forefathers. In 1704 Jan Bronck and Jan Van Loon entered a petition that their quit rent might be remitted "in consideration of their services during the war".

The Van Bergen homestead stands on the main street of West Coxsackie, where it may be seen of all men. Many years ago it fell on evil days, was fast crumbling to pieces, was supposed to be haunted, the beautiful tiles around its fireplaces were taken out and now adorn the parlors of various neighboring houses, but of late it has renewed its youth and looks good for another hundred and fifty years. On the front facing the road are iron letters P. V. B. I., on the rear 1764; the letters stand for Petrus or Peter Van Bergen, the I being added for the iron band that surrounds it and projects through the wall

and is spiked to the fourth beam which holds the house together.

Doctor A. W. Van Slyke, who is the great genealogist of this region, tells me that this Peter was born in Albany, 1694. His father, Marten Gerritse Van Bergen, came to Beverwyck in 1640, being closely related to the patroon. The original log house of the pioneer Van Bergen stood just west of this stone house. It was attacked by Indians one night and Marten Gerritse was wounded and died with the arrow flint in his body at the house now known as the Abbey while being carried to Albany. This house was within sight of the Catskill Path from Canada, and it was an easy matter for a marauding band of Indians to see the smoke from its hearthstone. By this time the local Indians were armed with guns, and the fact that arrows were used in this foray is taken to indicate that the Indians were from Canada, as those were still using the ancient weapon of the savage.

Peter's son, Anthony, who built the stone house just to the northwest across the creek, about 1754, was colonel of the 11th Regiment in the Revolutionary War. Peter's son Henry lived in this house with his father. He was captain of the Coxsackie company in the Revolutionary War. Peter, Anthony and Henry lie in the graveyard, about 100 steps to the west.

In 1733 Peter gave the ground upon which the first church south of Albany was built; it adjoined this graveyard. Peter died in 1778 with his old Dutch Bible on his lap. The book, containing much in his handwriting, is now in the possession of Miss Eleanor Heermance, a descendant, who lives in Coxsackie.

The following is told by Dr. Van Slyke as a specimen of the spook stories that were believed in former times. He says: "One evening I was in Catskill, and invited an aged lawyer, native of Coxsackie flats, to ride up with me on the back road. It grew dark and rained heavily as we came along under the high rocks to the west, but let up as we reached the vicinity where my companion had spent the early days of his life, and he began telling spook stories that happened when he was young. The colored driver, true to his race, took a lively interest, and soon brought his horses down to a walk, so that he could give his entire attention to the conversation. There lived a man, a Mr. Short (large of stature), who could not sleep nights because of the funeral processions with which his imagination pestered him, and who had a window cut in his pantry that his ghostly visitants might the more readily get out doors. When the narrator was a small boy this man pushed him out of the road at one time to 'let a funeral procession go by'. The boy could not see it, but this spook seer told him who was about to die, and so it came to pass as was predicted.

"Then he told one of his own experiences, how he had once seen the 'Woman in White' at the bridge over Murderers' Creek. It was supposed that a woman had been murdered and buried under the bridge. He, a young man, was returning at midnight with his brother from the landing, coming down the old King's Road to their home. At the bridge their gentle old mare reared up and would not put a foot on its planks until urged on with the whip, and on crossing, the 'Woman in White' suddenly appeared to them. The frightened horse started to run,

and as they glanced fearfully over their shoulders, there sat her ghostess-ship on the empty rear seat of the wagon, so close that they could see the veins in her face. The moon shone bright on her long hair, which hung limp down her back in spite of the furious pace at which they were going, but even as they looked she was gone, vanished into moonshine. This is a true story, told by the man who saw the marvel himself, a college graduate who kept a horse chestnut in his pocket to ward off rheumatism." The "Woman in White" was well known to the inhabitants in the days of Dominie Livingston, whose parishioners going home from revival services were frequently compelled to take another road by this female Horatius.

In the good old times one of that restless, prying tribe of Yankees—this time a schoolmaster—found his way to this land of rich crops and plump daughters. He came ostensibly to teach the Dutch youth of Coxsackie that knowledge which the copybooks say is power. This specimen of the genius seems to have been particularly strong on ciphering, for he soon figured out who was the richest father with a marriageable daughter, and promptly proceeded to business and, in spite of all the good burgher could do, secured the girl, there being no Brom Bones about to dispute possession, as was the case in the love affairs of another of his class further down the river. (For the facts in this case see the writings of Mr. W. Irving.)

No sooner had this interloper from the land of the white-pine ham made secure his position in the family than he began to cipher anew. Now the good Dutchman had other daughters,

both of whom secured husbands in the course of time, as rich girls should, and these husbands, it seems, expected to share equally in the vast estate, but nothing was further than this from the intentions of the former schoolmaster, and nothing of the sort happened, for by some hocus-pocus or necromancy that they could never clearly see through, the Yankee son-in-law got most of the land, while the others were largely supplied with a species of brick known to agriculturists as gold, and it is said the descendants of these poor but honest relations even unto this day wrinkle the nose when they pass by.

COXSACKIE TO ATHENS.

Geology, Tory and Indian, Klinkenberg, Four Mile Point, Esperanza, Loonenberg.

If one follows the highway across the Flats to the foot of Guinea Hill he comes to a group of buildings in which the Vandenbergs hived. The first and oldest stands several hundred feet south of the road, built in 1763 by John R., a grandson of Richard Jans Vandenberg, the ancestor of the Coxsackie tribe of that name. The original dwelling has disappeared, though its outline still shows in the nearby turf. Further south and across the creek, a branch of Coxsackie Creek, stands the house built by Hendrick Vandenberg, while directly west on the slope of Guinea Hill is that built by Richard, son of Hendrick and member of Coxsackie company in the 11th New York Regiment during the Revolution. On the north of the main road stands the last house, built by Peter, son of Richard; they are all the usual substantial stone houses of the early Dutch times.

There is some uncertainty in regard to the ancestors of the

American branch of the Vandenberg family. It seems that William of Orange had a brother-in-law by name Vanderberg (the old Dutch spelling in early Coxsackie records is Vanderberk), Governor of Guelderland and Overyssel, who fled by night to avoid death at the hands of the Catholics—this was at the time of the Reformation, and some time before the discovery of America. It is not certain that Richard Janse Vandenberg descended from him, but it may have happened that way.

The Catskill Path, as the Indian footpath to Canada was called, crossed the creek here, and the road just west of the first Vandenberg house follows the exact line of the path.

The highway now winds up the slope of Guinea Hill, called so but a few years ago because of the character of the population, to the toll-gate at Climax. Our turnpike left the Coxsackie Flats an eighth of a mile back and has since been clambering over the rocks.

The following chapter is furnished by Dr. Van Slyke, who is geologist as well as genealogist:—

"Three miles to the east flows the Hudson River in its rocky bed, with cliffs of Hudson River shale and other lower silurian rock standing nearly vertical. Over the flats at our feet the blue clay lies deep, put there in the glacial period. To the south may be seen what were once islands, but now wooded, rocky eminences, their north ends worn down to the old lower sandstone, their south ends still covered by Hudson River shale, which covers the several layers of rock that lie above the sandstone, just as may be seen at Prospect Grove in the Hudson River to-day, showing that the waters flowed from the north,

perhaps when Lake Ontario emptied down through this valley.

"Coming up the hill the rocks stand nearly vertical, but pointing east, the lower massive sandstone, then the third layer over this covered by knobs, mud markings, but the opposite of what is produced by the tide along the Hudson River shore. To the north and south high pinnacles of limerock rise, masses of fossils. Break a piece of rotting limestone and the fine tendrils of the crinoids are perfect. In the stone walls—nothing but fossils falling apart and boulders brought by the glaciers.

"One step behind the toll-gate, to the south, brings one to a precipice, the north wall, cut back by some ancient waterfall, which once was far out to the east. In the bottom of the gorge out from under the huge rocks comes a creek, a branch of Coxsackie. Climb through the woods over the hill, nearly 2,000 feet, and one comes to a hole down in the rock where the creek falls twenty feet. It can be traversed 225 feet through several fine caves, and another falls, to forty feet down. This hole was probably at first but a leak from a lake above; it goes through solid limerock.

"'This is the border of the ancient Mediterranean Sea that once extended to Ohio, in which the coral reefs and shell producing water animals formed the lime rocks through millions of years, when this was the west shore of the great continent extending through Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Europe, England. Just beyond the toll-gate is a bit of gravel, and beneath fine building sand. It is a different kind of world from that just left. Trilobites and Orthocerata are here burned into lime.

"Cross a field to the north—there is the quarry whence blocks

were taken more than seventy years ago to make the locks for the Erie Canal. The fossils project one-half inch from perpendicular walls facing the south, while on the surface they can be picked up, chiefly barnacles and crinoids. A hundred yards west of the gate is a large quarry—limerock, fossils—against its foot a gravel bed—an old shore. This rock contains so much phosphates that it cannot be burned into lime, due to the lingula which secreted the shells—phosphate instead of carbonate of lime. The next ledges west, younger, are excellent limestone for burning; these lime rocks are Devonian. The flint in these is black, called in geologies chert. It is said to have been produced mostly as a secretion from sponges growing in the warm sea. Across one field to the northeast is what is known as the diamond field. Crystals of quartz here abound, a pure white silex or flint. This is on the old Indian footpath."

In connection with the underground waterworks mentioned above it is interesting to note the discovery of an old-time pipe line system, concerning which no one appears to have any recollection or knowledge. Some time since, when excavations were being made a system of wooden water pipes, consisting of bored logs, was discovered leading from the above lake to the upper landing in Coxsackie. Apparently the water was drawn on the siphon principle, and apparently a break occurred which put the system out of business and it was never repaired.

There are several interesting old houses toward the south. The Leonard Bronck house, a mile and a half down the King's Road, represents several periods. The first building, erected about 1690, has an unusually sharp peak, in the upper part of

which are two oval openings which are commonly spoken of as loopholes, but their position and shape suggest that they were intended as ornamental rather than useful. The next building, north of 1690, is connected with its older brother by a little brick passageway; this was erected in 1735, while an addition at the rear of 1690 bears date 1792. It is an oddly picturesque group of buildings. At the back is a small, detached building which is said to represent an unhappy period in the life of the Leonard Bronck household. The first wife died, leaving a large family, and the widower in due time married again, but very much against the wishes of his children, and matters became so strained that finally this fourth building was erected, and to this the second wife was banished—at least so the story goes.

From the Leonard Bronck place it is possible to walk east and then south about two and a half miles to the old Spoor homestead, where the railroad crosses Murderers' Creek. Erected about 1741 by Johannes Spoor, it was so long the dwelling place of generation after generation of Spoors that the locality became known as Spoorenberg. Across the stream is the old family burial ground, where lie Johannes Spoor, died February 15, 1761, and his wife Eva, died April 20, 1796. John D. Spoor died at Sackett's Harbor December 13, 1812, aged thirty-nine, while in command of a company of militia stationed there; he was a celebrated surveyor. Derrck, the son of John D., was the last of the name to own the place. When old and poor he spent what little he had to put stones to the graves that needed them and a fence around the burial ground. He died February 26, 1880.

On the swing back to the village stands a lonesome stone house with windows gone and doors creaking in the wind, a fit spot for spooks and goblins. This was built by a Hallenbeck in 1774, as the iron figures on the west wall of the house attest.

The grandfather of all American Hallenbecks was Caspar Jacobse of Beverwyck, 1654. Next was Jan Casperse, who was buried in Albany in 1730. Then Caspar Janse (se meaning son of), whose will was proved in 1756. The next generation was named Martinus, and he was born at Athens in 1715, and lived just out of Coxsackie in a stone house that has been taken down in recent years. This was the rich member of the family whose daughters sent to England for their gowns, and it was he who built the 1774 house, which is here illustrated, for his son Caspar, who was born January 16, 1745. At the conclusion of the Revolutionary War Caspar went to Canada, leaving his family in this house. On the death of his wife he married in Canada, and was the progenitor of the Canadian Hallenbecks. Martin, son of Caspar, lived in the family home; then came in succeeding generations Francis, Isaac and Frederick, the ninth in the line, and about twenty years ago the property passed into other hands. (The Hallenbeck facts come from Mr. E. C. Hallenbeck of Coxsackie, through Dr. Van Slyke.)

By climbing the fence and the little hill back of the Hallenbeck house the traveller comes suddenly on another old relic of the days when Tories and Indians were a live issue.

The Van Schaack place, an unpretentious frame house that one could easily pass by with a glance. The Van Schaacks were true patriots, and hence a mark for the enemy, and in due

course the Indians came and the Tories descended, and fell upon that house, but being founded on eighteen-inch square yellow pine beams it withstood the shock, though the place was badly wrecked, and an attempt was made to fire it. The old Van Schaack homestead is several miles over toward the west, but this place has been occupied by the family for many generations.

Now by various turnings and twistings we get back once more to Coxsackie on the river, and take up the trail toward Athens.

At a very early date the Indians would occasionally bring in lead to barter for beads and the bright colored cloths which the Dutch had to dispose of. They claimed that the lead was found back in the Katzbergs, but persistently refused to disclose where, and no amount of search on the part of the white men availed to locate the mine. There is a tradition that a certain avaricious old chief offered to trade the secret for some much-coveted articles in the possession of Matthias Houghtaling, the patentee, and upon the refusal of the latter to meet the Indian's demands the redskin became angry, and denouncing Houghtaling declared that the location of the mine should remain a secret so long as any one of the name continued in possession of the land. This prophecy possibly accounts for the failure of all efforts to find this hidden source of wealth, even those who summon spirits to their aid have in vain called on the shades of departed braves for the information.

Once out of Coxsackie one gets the first good view of the Catskills, provided the weather does not interfere. The road

climbs up from the village to the top of the first terrace bordering the river, and an extended view over the flats toward the west is to be had—beautiful farming country, punctuated here and there with great barns and lesser dwellings, leads the eye up to the mountains.

As we proceed the road gradually mounts the slope of Klinkenberg, or Echo Hill, on whose summit stands the frame house of old Ben Tryon, who lived during the period of the Civil War. The countryside was much worked up over the question of Tryon's loyalty, he being openly accused of copperhead tendencies, and when a story got about that he was flying the Rebel flag there were many ready to believe it, and a company of some twenty-five lusty young fellows was organized in Coxsackie to investigate. They had a few old guns among them which were more ornamental than useful, but must have made a brave show as they marched down behind the village drum. When they arrived old Ben was in bed, but it did not take him long to arise, and he was soon busy explaining that the flag in question was a very much faded Union emblem. The boys, however, went on the principle that seeing was believing, and the suspect was finally obliged to get the flag down for inspection, that his neighbors might be convinced with their own "convincion", whereupon the young patriots, having marched up the hill, marched down again, but even to the present day there are those who only remember that it was a Rebel flag that was hoisted, so kindly does the world take to its neighbor's black eye.

Down on the river is Four Mile Point, with its lighthouse

and little settlement all spread out to view. Here lived Jacob Hallenbeck, and here still stands his dwelling. Jacob was a Tory a hundred and thirty years ago, and his house became a noted resort for other black sheep of the same way of thinking. One of the early owners of Four Mile Point was Capt. William Beck, who appears to have been of a piratical turn of mind, and to have had many of the high attributes of the better known Captain Kidd. There are tales in plenty of dark and stormy nights wherein treasure was buried, and the place is still attractive to those honest citizens who would rather dig for gold than potatoes.

In the northern edge of Athens there is a break in the hill which enables Murderers' Creek to escape to the Hudson. The farm which, in the old days, extended north along the river from the mouth of the creek was known as Korst-Veloren, meaning "lost crust". What little romance or tragedy is commemorated in the name is now unknown, lost in the mists of antiquity. Just how the creek came by its name is a question, but it is probably a corruption of another word, for in early deeds the stream is mentioned at Mudenaer and as Mudder Creek, presumably named after some Dutchman that lived along its banks.

The upper or northern part of Athens shows many evidences of the day when it was a boom town, then known as Esperanza (Hope). The remarkable success of the New England Quakers in building up Hudson, just across the river, gave the cue to certain enterprising gentlemen, who purchased this tract and cut it up into lots. There were five men in the enter-

prise, three of whom were Livingstons. The names of the promoters were to be perpetuated in the avenues, while the cross streets received such original appellations as Bread, Wheat, Rye, Barley, Cider, Beer, Rice, Meal, etc.

Present-day speculators might get points from the prospectus of the wonderful city of Esperanza. It was to be the eastern end of the canal, which was already in the minds of men; as the town grew and flourished it would wrest from Albany the honor of being the capital of the state, and would be the gate to the "western country". For a time things flourished, many lots were unloaded and much gold changed hands. Handsome brick houses were built and a fine church, but when the lots were sold there was no one to push, the bubble burst, and to-day there are but few citizens who ever heard of that dream town of Hope.

Right in the midst of Esperanza, on Washington Street, opposite Wheat, stands almost the only remaining relic of old Loonenberg, the house built in 1724 by Albertus Van Loon, son of Jan the first. The place has witnessed at least one tragedy, when Anthony R. Livingston, one of the executors of the Van Loon estate, stabbed James Byrnes during a contest over the will. Livingston was indicted, but never brought to trial, and in due time moved to Tarrytown, where the nightly goings on of ghostly Hessians and Cowboys must have greatly disturbed the repose of his soul.

One of the noted river catastrophies, and one which led to the passing of some much-needed laws for the protection of those who travel by water in this state, occurred opposite

Athens on April 7, 1845, when a rock known as Dooper Island combined with a dark night and a snow squall to the undoing of the steamer Swallow. The boat started from New York with two others close behind, each bent on reaching Albany first. The poor Swallow skimmed too close to the rocks, and as her bow ran high out of the water the hull broke in two and twenty-five of those on board were drowned.

Of buildings one hundred years old, but without any other interest, there are a number in the town. Timothy Bunker, Quaker, who ran the ferry to Hudson, built a dwelling in 1800 at the corner of Warren and Market Streets. If Timothy's ghost could come back and see the ease with which the present ferryboat is propelled he would no doubt marvel greatly at the advancement of science since the days of the "gunwaled scow" that the early settlers thought a grand ferryboat.

OLD CATSKILL OR LEEDS.

Limestreet, Salisbury House, Phœnician Bead, Ghosts, ancient and modern.

To one who comes into Athens from the north there are offered three ways of departing therefrom. First by the Schoharie Turnpike, by which the traveller may reach Limestreet, thence moving south towards Leeds by the Valley or Coxsackie Road, or that road which keeps in touch with the Hans Vosen Kill. Another way is by the Athens Turnpike direct to Leeds, and still another is the River Road to Catskill.

One of the interesting features of Limestreet is the disappearing Hans Vosen Kill. The turnpike takes advantage of the natural bridge offered to make a crossing without any expense to the county.* Beyond the flats by the kill, and on the east side of the road, stood until recent years, and possibly

* Near by, about a quarter mile west of the Kalkberg Chapel, stands an old stone house well back from the road, whose builder, Nicholas Parry, immortalized himself, wife and son, by carving the initials of all three with the date of the building "May ye 17, 1767" on a stone by the side of the door. It is on this farm that the kill does its great vanishing act.

stands still, "a birch tree standing on a rock", which in 1767 is mentioned in the survey of the Catskill Patent as one of the boundary marks.

Everywhere are family burial grounds; some fenced from the cattle and kept in good order, others allowed to run wild. The early gravestones were seldom more than rough pieces of rock without inscriptions, and in some cases even these have been removed and the ground ploughed over. One farmer used the family markers to build him a wall and then planted potatoes among his forefathers, of so little account were dead men in his eyes.

Homesteads from which many a well-known name of to-day has sprung are frequently to be met with; houses, generally of stone, from one to two hundred years old, with great beams eighteen inches square, each representing a monarch of the forest, and now and then window panes iridescent with age. We pass them by with a glance and hardly a thought of what has befallen under the aged roof, but if the walls could only cry out, what tales would be told of the struggles of the early pioneer, of Indian raids and husking bees, of the rude log cabin, which was allowed to disintegrate when the second generation moved into the new house, of the owner of to-day, a rich banker or merchant maybe in the great city to the south, but still of the old name and the old blood, who occasionally visits the place in his touring car for the sake of auld-lang-syne.

"Old Catskill", now known as Leeds, lies on a beautiful plain surrounded by beautiful hills and backed by the glorious Katzbergs. It was an important centre when the present Cats-

kill village was merely "Het Strand", the Landing. On these fertile bottoms the Mohican Indian held sway, raising by proxy so to speak his Winter's supply of maize and beans; the squaw did the work in those days while the man wore the feathers. The native agriculturist laid out no money on farm machinery—a hoe made from the shoulder blade of a deer, or a clam shell fastened to a handle being the principal tool.

Shortly before Hudson sailed up the river the all-conquering Iroquois, or the Mohawk branch of the confederation, had descended on this mountain region. It appears to have been a case of brains against numbers, and the brains won the day, the result being so disastrous that the local Indians never again ranked as a power though they continued to inhabit the region, paying tribute to the victors. When the white men came with their death-dealing thunder and lightning the river Indians were disposed to welcome them with open arms as allies against the powerful enemy in the North, and it may be for this reason that the Indians so readily surrendered the rich lands along the river.

Sylvester Salisbury, an ensign in the British army, took part in the conquest of New Netherland, and in July, 1670, was placed in command of Fort Albany. Three years later the British power in the Hudson Valley was temporarily overthrown, and Salisbury was sent a prisoner to Spain, but at the close of the war he returned to New York and was again put in charge of his old post. In those days a landed estate was the only riches worth having, and it was natural that Salisbury should look about him with that end in view. In 1677 he, with Marten

Gerritse Van Bergen, whose son Peter's house still stands in West Coxsackie, purchased an estate at Catskill.

Sylvester Salisbury died before the patent was obtained, but his son Francis took possession in his father's stead, and in 1705 built a stone mansion that still stands on the northeast side of the Windham Turnpike, a half mile beyond Catskill Creek; it is still the finest building of the region. On the front are the initials of the builder and his wife, "F. S. M. S.", attached to the iron spikes which are driven into the second floor beams, while those holding the beams of the attic floor are ornamented with the date 1705. Within there is little change. One of the rooms has been ceiled and plastered but the other still shows the great square beams that were popular before the days of sawmills, while its little window-panes are discolored with age. This room is a storehouse of old furniture that would break the heart of an antiquary: sofas spacious enough to shelter the entire family, straight-backed chairs that a few generations ago were stored away in the attic, but have now been returned to their original state; an old flintlock and powder horn hang over the door. The most remarkable treasure the house contains is a desk that four hundred years ago was the pride of one of the Doges of Venice. It is an exquisite piece of inlaid work, and contains mechanism which pulls back the stiff roll-top as the writing shelf is drawn forward.

One of the peculiar features of the house is the loopholes, not that loopholes in themselves were peculiar in houses of that day and generation, but here they were only placed on the back of the house, the slaves' quarters. They are placed

at both the first and second floors, and the theory of the present owner of the building is that they were intended, not to ward off the attacks of Indians or hostiles, but to protect the female slaves from the colored brother.

Back of the house is the barn. Almost immediately after the patent was granted Andries and Hendrick Witbeck settled on this place as tenants, and it is believed that this barn was built by them between 1682 and 1692. An old pear tree, which is little more than skin and bones to-day, stands in front of the house. It was full grown 150 years ago and is pointed to as contemporaneous with the barn.

The present owner and tenant of the Salisbury acres is Dr. Claudius Van Dusen, whose family has been in possession many years, a typical, old-style country doctor, with all the best that the word implies; a finely educated man who, now that his days of active practice are over, keeps in touch with current events as well as the history and legend of the region in which he lives. A country doctor, if so inclined, has the best of opportunities to gather a store of interesting anecdote and history of the neighborhood during his daily rounds through the miles he must travel, and Dr. Van Dusen has made large use of his opportunities.

The doctor has many treasures, and among them a curious glass bead that was dug up on the place when he was a boy, say sixty or more years ago, and had always been looked on as an Indian relic until recent years. It is about an inch and a half high, and an inch in diameter, some three-quarters of an inch of the sides are corrugated; above and below the corru-

gation is a red similar to the red of pottery, then the central portion is covered with a thin layer of opaque white, and on this is a much thicker layer of dense blue, the result being that only two narrow lines of white show, the corrugation making this a white zig-zag or star separating the blue from the red.

A Rev. Mr. Ford from New York or Brooklyn, when calling at the place, saw the bead and stated that it was of Phœnician origin and prehistoric, and said or gave the impression that it was a silent evidence that the Phœnicians were here in prehistoric times. The reverend gentleman, who appears to be something of an Egyptologist, told the doctor that he had searched Europe to find and study such a bead, and had at last found one or more specimens in the Berlin museum. He further said that the decoration around the hole at either end, which is a simple zig-zag, was the symbol of the Egyptian kings, and also that, to his knowledge, but one other of these beads had been found in this country, and that near the shores of Lake Erie.

Some time later the doctor received from a friend in Washington, who had seen the bead, a newspaper clipping concerning a bead which the friend said was identical, having seen and examined both. The clipping stated that a curious bead had been found on the bank of the Roanoke River in Virginia, that it had been sent to Professor Virchow in Germany, and to an equally eminent archæologist in England, and that they both agreed that it was of Phœnician origin, and that there was only one other known specimen in existence, that being in the Louvre in Paris.

Mr. S. S. Haldeman in the Smithsonian report for 1877 has an article "On a Polychrome Bead from Florida", the illustration and description of which seems to tally exactly with that of the Leeds bead. He mentions examples which have been found in Pennsylvania, Canada and New York, as well as various points in Europe and Egypt. He says: "Mr. Morlot's paper is intended to show that the Northmen received these beads from the Phœnicians and carried them to America, a view which is opposed by Mr. A. W. Franks, F. S. A., of the British Museum, who thinks that the Beverly specimen figured by Schoolcraft is Venetian of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, a view which is probably correct for all the North American examples. * * *

"And yet the manufacture of the star pattern and other kinds of beads in glass and enamel, with varicolored spots and circles, is of great antiquity. * * *

"Charles C. Jones, in 'Antiquities of the Southern Indians', mentions that De Soto found European beads in possession of the natives as early as 1540."

The general opinion of the unlearned but practical New Yorker seems to be that this bead was probably part of the stock of some Indian trader, as beads have always been legal tender with the natives. At the Museum of Natural History in New York this theory holds; it also agrees with the views of Mr. Jack Frost, a noted trader in beads for Indian consumption, who refused to become excited over the subject, which is still a fair field for speculation.

There is a legend connecting one of the early Salisburys

with a tragedy that is interesting as showing how much can be made of little when the neighbors really take hold and help. One version has it that the lord of the manor was so persistent in his wooing that the girl ran away to be rid of his unwelcome attentions. Another that, being of a violent temperament, he so abused a servant that she departed in fear of her life. Any way, it was a girl, and she ran away. He, following on horseback, soon caught her, and tying her with his halter, fastened the other end to the saddle and started his horse on a run, soon dashing the poor girl to death, whereupon he was arrested, tried and convicted, but because of his money and position, was condemned to be hanged when ninety-nine years old, and to always wear a halter around his neck. Many are the ghost stories based on this legend. On moonlight nights the horse dashes silently down the road, sometimes with the girl on his back, sometimes dragging her at his heels, but always is she clothed in a shroud; on stormy nights the good folk hear her shriek and the horse thunders by as though the storm had broken loose afresh.

Dr. Van Dusen, whose long life has been spent in this venerable house, gave a correct version of the story in the Catskill Recorder for September 14, 1883. The tale had shortly before that been revived in a magazine article, and it was to forever lay the ghost that the doctor took up his pen. The facts are that the girl in question was one whose services had been purchased from her parents* by William, son of Francis Salisbury,

* It was the custom in the early days for parents who were unable to support their children to sell the services of the minor until he, or she, came of age.

the William for whom the Potuck (1728) farm house was built. This girl may have been somewhat headstrong, and becoming tired of her position ran away, and proving fractious when caught was tied, as the legend tells, as the only practical way of leading her back to the paths of industry. After William was again in the saddle the horse became frightened, possibly at the violence of the maid, and ran away, the rider was thrown and, with his foot caught in the stirrup, would have himself been dragged to death had the strap not parted. The girl of course was killed, but it was so evidently the result of an accident that there was no arrest nor trial. The halter which the man is said to have kept around his neck to the day of his death was in all probability a string which in those days was frequently worn to keep off some evil rheumatic, or other spirit, it being quite as efficacious as the more modern method of carrying a horse chestnut in the pocket.

While the ghost does not walk in these benighted days of education as frequently as of yore, we still are not entirely without our share of faith in such matters, for Leeds has had its "Woman in Black" even so lately as December, 1906. The Catskill Examiner tells how this woman in black nightly parades the Green Lake Road, taking particular pains to scare the pretty young girls who ventured abroad during the early hours of dark—a ghostess of taste, evidently. The school-teacher, as became a man of learning, having never seen the apparition, started out one fateful night to lay it, but when the black skirted figure jumped suddenly at him from the heavy shadow of a pine tree our brave pedagogue is said to have

taken a five-foot picket fence as neatly as the best jumper at the horse show; in other words, he stood not on the order of his going, but went at once. At last accounts the "Woman in Black" had the field to herself. When daylight arrives and the heroes of the countryside again come forth there are those mean enough to hint that "she" is no lady, claiming to judge by her stride and such like tokens, but as accounts generally indicate that those who have seen her ladyship are apt to be headed down the road at a right smart clip, with the ghost a close second, the opportunity for studying said stride, etc., does not appear to have been taken full advantage of.

LEEDS TO CATSKILL.

Dominie Schuneman Facts and Legends, Catskill Mountains, Thomas Cole, Reminiscences.

While the Van Bergens selected as their share the rich lands of Coxsackie flats, at least one of them built in old Catskill: Martin Gerrit Van Bergen, whose house stood just off the main street until recent years. That all the world might know who and when, the builder cut his initials and date of erection in the east wall of his dwelling: "M. G. V. B., 1729, July 4."

And now we come to the most prominent figure of the Revolutionary period in the Catskill region, Dominie Johannes Schuneman, the name about which more legends and stories have clustered than about all the other inhabitants of Greene County combined. The parsonage made famous by the good man is gone, as is the church building from whose pulpit were thundered weekly anathemas against the Tories and all other enemies of the country, as well as of the Lord.

His parents came over about 1710 with the Palatines. Just

how this son of a staunch Lutheran became a Calvinist is not recorded, but so it came about, and, believing that he was called of God, he studied for the ministry, spending a year of his preparation in Amsterdam, from which he returned to take charge of the church in Catskill, shortly thereafter marrying the youngest daughter of the rich Martin Van Bergen—he forty-six, she twenty-six years of age—and it was the father-in-law who built the parsonage, which for so many years was a refuge for the weary and heavy laden—1754-1793.

That the dominie was no sentimentalist is amply proven by the following entry in his diary: "Attended the funeral of Johannes Diedrich at the Kauterskill; also sold my lame mare." His "studeer-kamer" as the Dutch called the pastor's study, was a resort for all those needing help or advice. It was here those wonderful sermons were written which caused the good people to sit up and take notice. But all these precious manuscripts, so the story goes, were used by negro servants to light the fires in his son's tavern and for the cleaning of the pots and pans.

For many years the dominie's circuit included both Catskill and Coxsackie, twelve miles north, while it frequently included Katsbaan, ten miles south. In both directions the road passed through dense woods, and his gun was always with him on these expeditions; in fact he must have had the appearance, at least, of belonging to the church militant, being intensely hated by the Tories because of his strong condemnation of their attitude. His rifle never left his side during the days of the Revolution, it even going into the pulpit with him, and as he was a

dead shot and his enemies were acquainted with his proficiency he was seldom or never molested.

Mr. James Wolley, who came over in 1678, says: "As to the Dutch language, in which I was but a smatterer, I think it lofty, majestic and emphatical", and we read of our good dominie that "His voice was one of great power and compass. His distinct and impressive tones, his natural and vigorous gesticulation and the magnificent fervent kindliness of his spirit conspired with the eminently evangelical character of his discourses to render his preaching effective". When such a man handled such a language was it any wonder that things happened.

The same writer, Rev. Dr. Henry Ostrander, says further: "The Revolutionary troubles called into full exercise Dominie Schuneman's intense patriotism, in connection with his heroic and self-sacrificing spirit. The district of country in which he lived was the theatre of great commotion and horrid cruelty. * * * He well knew that he was looked upon by the enemy as a prize of more than ordinary value; but nothing daunted by this he never withheld any good service in aid of his country's interests which it was in his power to render."

The dominie had a great reputation for talking to the point whenever he had anything on his mind, as for instance: The way in which the brethren neglected attendance on the weekly prayer meeting worried him until he finally, one Sunday morning, made the following announcement: "On Saturday afternoon the horses will run on the flats. I will be there, and also at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. I will then see

which most of my congregation attend." It is said that the next race day was not a brilliant success so far as attendance went.

The congregation would occasionally get a little tired of being so reminded of its shortcomings, and, after a series of particularly hard shake-downs, those whose shortcomings had received such warm personal attention appointed a committee of one to express their feelings on the subject. The dominie listened patiently, and promised to make it all right next Sunday. The day proved to be warm, and this son of thunder removed his coat before proceeding. Then stretching his powerful frame to its full height he opened his mouth and announced with a roar: "Well, friends, now you will get it", and proceeded to give them a sermon, as compared with which those that had gone before paled into insignificance, winding up his peroration with: "Now, friends, you have got it." The committee went out of business then and there.

I had the following legend from Mrs. Newkirk, formerly Elsie Salisbury, who is eighty-seven years old, blind and confined to her chair, but who still loves a merry tale; the story was current in her youth: On one occasion when the dominie was proceeding on horseback to Coxsackie he glanced behind to discover a great black dog attached to his horse's tail. His rifle was, of course, his companion on this occasion, as at all times, but for such attacks as this the good man was armed with a better weapon than ever carried powder and ball, for, looking the ferocious beast in the face for a full minute he thundered out: "If you are from the Lord remain where you

are; if from the devil, begone!" and instantly the beast vanished into thin air. Those were rough days, when the traveller must be prepared to meet the devil himself as well as his minions, the Indians and wildcats.

It seems to me that one of the loudest notes in praise of Dominie Schuneman is the absolute silence of the "Ecclesiastical Records of the State of New York" in regard to him. It is quite evident that he was not controversial as to points of doctrine. So far as I can find his name is not once mentioned in the volumes covering the years of his reign.

The death of Martin Van Bergen left the dominie a rich man, and about the time he retired from active service he built a house on that portion of his estate which lay near the Vosen Kill in what is now known as Jefferson, the house facing on the King's Highway, as it is still called. Here he died in 1794, and in a field across the road were he and his wife buried.

All this time we have been in sight of the mountains, and while looking at them it is of passing interest to note the following coincidence: In "A Prospective View of the Battle Fought Near Lake George", 8th of September, 1755, a map of the Hudson River gives our Catskill Mountains as Coats Kill Mountains. One of the popular governors of the province was Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, who died in New York in 1700. There is not much difference between Coat and Coote, particularly when we recall the free and easy ways of spelling in those times, when even brothers signing the same document spelled the family name differently. The writer has gone no deeper into this subject and has asked no questions of

those learned in such matters, and gives the coincidence without assuming any responsibility for conclusions that may be drawn therefrom.

From the high bluff at Jefferson, just before the road descends the hill into Catskill, one gets the view made famous by Thomas Cole in his painting entitled "Youth", the second in "The Voyage of Life" series. Down in the vale beneath winds the creek while a beautiful rolling country leads up to the mountains. It is a view to give the stranger pause, even if he is not acquainted with its interesting history. Another painting by Thomas Cole of this same scene hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

The house of Thomas Cole stands on an eminence that enables it to overlook all the country toward the west, with the mountains bordering the further edge of the horizon. It is now occupied by a son of the artist, Theodore A., who is a typical old-time gentleman. He kindly showed the room in which are hung a number of his father's paintings and gave the traveller the freedom of the place. To be sure this may have been due largely to the fact that I was introduced by Mr. Franklin Salisbury, but it was all done so graciously as to make one feel at home without giving the matter thought.

The building is something over one hundred years old, is very attractive, with a high veranda whose slender pillars add much to the charm. The whole is painted white and buff and, surrounded by billows of flowers and vines, has a light, graceful effect quite unusual for the date of its birth, when the people built for solidity rather than grace. The camera caught a

glimpse of the house through the foliage, with tall hollyhocks on the one hand and a low bunch of flaming crimson on the other; it was a leaf out of an old fashioned garden scene which the camera was wholly unable to duplicate. The old studio, now a woodshed and tool house, is picturesque without an effort.

The local people have such a kindly feeling toward the name of Cole that when misfortune overtook the house certain of the neighbors purchased the place and presented it to the daughters of the family.

We have come down from Leeds, through Jefferson to Catskill, and now we are going back the same way as we cross the Leeds bridge before starting south on the old road to Kauterskill. There is much to be seen in and around Jefferson, but before starting back the writer feels like saying what he thinks of a place that has wasted such opportunities as has Catskill.

Thanks to its short-sighted policy Catskill is merely a place to sleep if one must stop at all. It seems never to have dawned on any one that the preservation of its historic homes and their proper exploitation could have a cash significance, and so, one by one, those buildings which linked the present-day village to the past have been demolished to make way for factory or brickyard, until to-day the place holds too little to attract the traveller, who, instead of stopping for a day or more, now goes by with his eyes toward the mountains, and no thought or knowledge of the old Stone Jug and the interesting Madam Jane Dies with her eccentric John, of whose prudence his father-in-law had no opinion, or the other worthies who lived

so long ago that time has thrown a glamor over their doings that makes one listen to the end of the tale. Possibly Catskill cares naught for the tourist or his money: then she has gone about it just right.

The following scraps are the result of an interview with Henry O. Limbrick of Catskill, who is probably the last of the old-time stage drivers left in these parts. The material is given practically as it came from the old man's lips:—

"Remember an old man, Thompson, who carried the mail to Cairo three times a week. John Stoutenberg, myself, Tarbox and two brothers drove post, four horse coaches for Beache's Pine Orchard House, now Beache's Mountain House. Was in Jefferson Marrifield's tavern when Teunis Van Vechten blew his arm off on 4th of July.

"Drove from Kentucky via Buffalo, came to Catskill Landing, at that time only a small island, called Wanatonka. Mr. Ira I. Day built the long dock connecting the island with the main shore.

"The cattle from west were killed for New York market at Troy and Catskill and shipped on sloops and schooners at that time. Remember a few Indians who were left here. A man, a teamster, used to team it from Ithaca to Catskill, requiring three weeks for the trip. He said some young fellow from New Jersey came to Catskill and married a squaw; took her home and his folks misused her. She came back with her child, and the tribe over on the hill (west side) would not receive her, so in despair went over to the brink of the hill and threw herself and child from the top; as she went over called out in English, 'Me hop-o-nose'.

"Garrett Person (Pairsie in Dutch) carried on fishing. Used to sell one thousand shad for sixpence. Dutch used to despise the Yankees, who came from Massachusetts, and thought they had no business to come across the river to settle. They could not bear their red hair and would not have their money in bank, nor the young folks keep company with their young people.

"Lafayette I saw go through Catskill. Everything was decorated. The Catskill wooden bridge was a curiosity, built in 1801, and people came from all parts along the river to see it, it was so great a sight. The road from river passed along by the Old Stone Jug, then on to the Abeel House (now where armory stands). Then on passing the old Bogardus House back from Smith's Hotel, then on to Meiggs House, then on as now. All dissensions or quarrels were settled in families at the supper tables. Appollos Cooke's house was built for a hotel. Botsford's was the most noted hotel in Catskill in earlier years (and later in the forties). William Salisbury kept the 'Bull's Head' Hotel at foot of Jefferson Hill, formerly kept by a man Gleason, who used to have a beautiful garden on the island (now nearly all rocks), and where the concrete bridge is now, 1906, crossing. Shoemakers in my boyhood used to go from house to house making and repairing boots and shoes. Those were the days boys were bound out until they were twenty-one years of age. The old Dutch people would not take a note from a neighbor; they said if his word was good for nothing his note was. Used to buy the negroes from one another and they were good to them.

"General training took place once a year at Catskill. Tobias Wynkoop commanded and was appointed by Washington justice of the peace. Said in the olden days he used to drive four-horse stage, passengers and mail from Albany to Catskill, Catskill to Esopus, from Esopus back from the river on a road to Newburgh; from Newburgh road went to Turners (now on Erie road). It was stage route in my time from Albany to Catskill, from Catskill to Esopus, from Esopus back from river to Turners, from there to Nyack. Below that I do not know, as I only know from the old post road at Turners north to Albany."

CATSKILL TO ASBURY.

Van Vechten Notes, Aaron Burr, Austin's Glen, Caves, Leeds Bridge, Kauterskill, A Tory Nest.

We have mentioned the view of the mountains from the edge of the Jefferson bank that Thomas Cole used in one of his pictures. If on our way back we take the road under this hill, instead of over it, as the trolley flies, we will in due time come to the Van Vechten house and mill. The road twists and turns, as country roads which try to keep on the level will when there are hills and ravines to be circumvented. There are chestnuts to be gathered if the season is right, and a spring of water to entice the thirsty, but at the end of it stands one of the typical one-story and attic stone houses bearing in large iron letters the date 1690. This was built by Divide Teunise Van Vechten and rebuilt by his nephew Teunis in 1750, who made it longer and higher, and as he finished it the house stands to-day.

Like most of the old houses, this one has seen its stirring moments. One of these, which had a rather more satisfactory

outcome than most of such, occurred during Vaughan's raid up the river when Kingston was burned. This house was attacked by Tories and Indians, who found the old mother sitting on a chair where, hidden beneath her ample skirts, was the family silver. The raiders were after her son Jacob, who had hidden in the garret behind the chimney. When they asked the old lady where he was she responded that he had "gone above", telling the literal truth, but they, taking her remark to mean that he had gone to Albany, in which direction the entire country was pouring men for the battle with Burgoyne, left the house without making a search.

Peter Van Vechten, Jr., who has been writing a series of interesting articles on "The Good Old Days of Long Ago" for the Catskill Examiner, tells how the red brick came which adorn the gable ends of the house. It seems that when Peter was a small boy a whirlwind came down, like a wolf on the fold, and took the roof along with it. It was an exciting moment that evidently made a deep impression on the boy's mind; the repairs were made with brick. Now, having disposed of this important matter, we will cross the railroad track to the mill, the one now standing having been built in 1830, and being the third to bear the Van Vechten name. It seems that John, one of the builders, drove to Montreal in the Winter of 1829 in order to secure the bolting cloth necessary for the new mill, that being the nearest place at which it could be obtained. The first mill on Catskill Creek was built about 1765. Before this the Van Vechtens had a mill on the Hans Vosen Kill on the other side of the flats.

Standing near the gate of the Van Vechten place is a stone which bears the following inscription: "18th & 19th Century Fording Place Here. Old King's Road. New York to Canada on Indian Trail." Here it was that the red men forded the Catskill Creek, and here the white men found the ford accessible for their teams. There is many a road in this country which was once an Indian trail. Both ends of the most interesting and varied street in the world, Broadway on Manhattan Island, follow closely the track originally broken by the moccasin of the aborigines.

The present road to the high ground of Jefferson follows quite closely the old King's Road, crossing the Susquehanna turnpike in the centre of the village. A little beyond stands the Schuneman house, built by the dominie during the last years of his life, and now the property of Mr. Franklin Salisbury, who has the blood of pretty much all the old families in his veins, and a room full of treasures consisting of paintings by Cole and Church, Schuneman china, old books and papers, etc., etc., enough to stock a small museum.

Doctor Orcutt, who died about 1875, at the age of seventy-four, was a frequent visitor in the Salisbury family. He was full of reminiscences of the early days, among them one concerning Aaron Burr, with whom the doctor was acquainted in his youth. Burr visited in Jefferson, and was in the habit of spending a portion of each day in a certain chestnut woods, where, selecting a particularly large tree to which to address his remarks, he would proceed to declaim some speech with which he was preparing to startle his fellow-legislators, mak-

ing all the gesticulations that he would make before an audience, like Demosthenes on the seashore, preparing for more appreciative hearers, and putting forth all his powers of oratory. How the leaves must have clapped their hands for very joy.

In former times herds of cattle and sheep were driven down from the north and west for the New York market, and Jefferson was then a busy place, for here the animals were slaughtered and shipped down the river in sloops. In those days the father of Frank Salisbury kept the Bull's Head tavern, and for his sign had a bull's head painted by Thomas Cole himself. The hotel is gone, and the droves of cattle are no more. The trolley goes roaring all the day long, but beyond that there is little to break the quiet of the countryside.

Here was the renbaan, or race grounds, where those races were run which so depleted Dominie Schuneman's flock. The old Dutchmen loved good horses, even some of the dominies were noted for a love of horseflesh and a strong dislike to taking anybody's dust.

There is a low frame house tucked away across the fields that once held a man of great local renown, Henry Oothoudt, a member of the convention at which the first constitution of the state of New York was framed, one of the commissioners of forfeited estates, and Senator from Albany County in the days before Greene County ever was.

Instead of returning through Leeds by the beaten track we will side-step to Austin's Glen, which furnishes a mile of attractive glimpses of tumbling water and rock ledges. The

glen is named after the man who once used the water-power for the making of paper. As we entered its beautiful precincts a spring which bubbles from the bank offered a cup of cold water which was not refused; the overflow from this glides down a wooden trough so long in place that it is now a moss-grown bit of nature. The limestone ledges of this region are, like the walk of that good man in the New Gospel of Peace, slantindicular, the result being an occasional ledge in the bed of the creek which forms a natural dam that in times of flood must make some very beautiful falls.

Mr. Salisbury accompanied me on this part of the pilgrimage, and as we passed along pointed out two holes in the rock which, as a boy, he was wont to explore. These lead to caves some hundreds of feet in length, at times widening into roomy chambers, and eventually opening in the top of the cliff. In the "Dutch Dominie of the Catskills" we read of such a cave near the home of Martin Schuyler, which was used by his family in its escape from the Indians.

The Catskill Packet for August 6, 1792, has this to say for the Leeds bridge: "On Thursday, the 26th ult., was completed the erecting a bridge over Catskill Creek, about five miles from this landing, on the great road to the back settlements. This bridge for magnitude and elegance of structure is inferior to none in the state." It has since then been surpassed in magnitude by more modern structures, but it can at least lay claim to being the most picturesque in the state. The graceful pencil of Harry Fenn once transferred it to the pages of Harpers' Magazine, with one of those old-time droves of sheep on

their way to Jefferson and mutton. It has been in use one hundred and fourteen years, and looks good for as many more.

No sooner has our picturesque old friend carried us across the creek than we immediately turn south toward Kauterskill by a road which is probably over two hundred years old. Here was located Dominie Schuneman's old church, and across the swale, toward the east, the parsonage. Not so much as a stone wall remains to mark the site of the church, and as for the poor parsonage, as unattractive a modern frame house stands in its shoes as could well be constructed.

About the only relic of the past hereabouts are the everlasting hills, though there is still preserved in the Mower house, which stands on the site of the old hotel, a board some seven feet long, on which is painted in black, red and ochre the whole scene: church, hotel and outhouses, Martin Van Bergen and his ample vrouw, Indians, prancing horses and pretty much everything that could be worked into a country panorama with, of course, the hills in the background. This board once adorned the fireplace in the hotel.

About 1761 a settler named Planck built a small stone house some distance west of this road; it was in a secluded little valley in a forest clearing. Planck must have been a good patriot for his house appears to have been an object of attack by Indian and Tory alike, and wars and rumors of wars frequently sent the women and children to the Van Bergen house, while the men lay out in the woods all night, gun in hand, with intent to surprise the surprisers. Legend has not been careful to preserve particulars, but those of us who as boys reveled in

the delights to be found in those simple nature studies published by the good Mr. Beadle, which were within reach of all who were possessed of a dime, can readily imagine shadowy forms slipping from tree to tree, the war whoop and the death cry as the unerring rifle of the forest ranger sent one of the red devils to the happy hunting grounds, etc., etc.

It is civilized and dull enough these days, for this stretch of road, some two miles and a half from Catskill to Kauterskill Creeks, contains not a single relic of those old days, in spite of the fact that it was once the centre of things. The landscape is diverting enough, to be sure, but one needs his imagination with him if he must hark back to the good old days of raid and foray. About half a mile toward the east, where the Kauterskill runs into the Catskill, stood the fort where the river Indians made their first stand against the fierce Mohawks, and from which they retreated to an island in the Hudson. Being at the junction of these two streams I am reminded that while cat means just a plain, ordinary cat, kauter means a tomcat. This was news to me; possibly some one else is equally ignorant.

A rainy spell which preceded my advent to these regions did much for the waterfalls and little brooks. The falls of the Kauterskill were exceptionally fine. The rock down which the water foams makes a natural dam which has been taken advantage of for the grinding of grist and sawing of logs. The mill itself is not much to look at, but the old covered bridge, which crosses just at the head of the tumbling water, tops a most attractive picture.

The road I am following continues up stream along its south bank, past the Salomon Du Bois house of 1751, the road here following the trail by which the Indians made their way up the Kauterskill and over the mountains to the Schoharie Kill. We will follow on, along the Palenville Road, a bit out of our way, to where stands the old Abeel house. The road crosses the creek again on a high stone arch, and we look down for a moment on the old Webber place, haunt of the Tory.

David Abeel, himself a jealous Whig, lived in an exposed position near the mountains, and surrounded by a number of Tory neighbors: Webbers, Fieros, Rowes and others. During Brandt's raid the house was attacked by Indians, and Tories disguised as Indians, and its master was captured and carried into captivity, first to Fort Niagara, and then to Montreal, from whence he eventually escaped. His trials and hardships during this period are dreadful to dwell upon. The old house still stands, though shorn of all such excrescences as porches et al. What was once the front door now opens into space, and the slave quarters below furnish the main entrance, unless one would follow the family custom and use the kitchen door. The building appears to be in good condition, but the inhabitants thereof are not much given to outer adornment, leaving the picturesque features of the place to the chickens and the litter.

Another house of the olden time which still remains to these parts is the Fiero place, back toward Catskill, which formerly stood on the King's Highway, but just here the ancient way has been lost in the Palenville Road, down which the old Tory

stronghold gazes with all the frankness of innocence in its white paint. The passer-by of to-day would never suspect that back of those closed blinds used to gather assemblies who sat in absolute darkness while scheming for their king, who they firmly believed was a much injured individual and entitled to their most loyal support.

The King's Highway now climbs a stiff little hill, near whose top is a fairy waterfall that dances down over the limestone ledge in a way to make one stop and smile in sympathy with the gay time the waters are having. It flashes and gurgles such an abandon of invitation that there was nothing to do but climb the fence, slip off my pack and sit down under the shelter of the ledge to discuss certain sandwiches which had come thus far with the benevolent purpose of helping the traveller on his way. The lullaby of the falling water and the beautiful valley below were a great enticement to linger, but Saugerties was eight miles away, it was nearly 3 o'clock, and October days are all too brief.

Now we enter on quite a different sort of country from that which has gone before, rocky and wild, with houses few and far between, and of a rather primitive order when they do occur—a bit of back-woods region. If only the haze could have lifted, the views of the mountains would have been reward enough; but, as it was, near-by objects were quite satisfying. This stretch impresses one as having seen little change during the past hundred years. There are no wildcats or large game, but an occasional partridge whirred off into the woods when my footfall broke in on his sweet dream of peace. Those singu-

lar vertical limestone ledges which are one of the curiosities of this country were frequent; in one case the ledge had in some prehistoric time been broken down at regular intervals, leaving a series of stone sentinels standing in a straight line across the fields. Between two of these the road passed—great square blocks that look as though they were the rough gate posts of some giant stronghold.

This must be a great wild flower emporium during the earlier months of the year

> "Where wastes that bear no harvest yield their bloom,
> Rude crofts of flowering nettle, bents of yellow broom.
> The very reeds and sedges of the fen
> Open their hearts and blossom to the sky!
> The wild thyme on the mountain's knees
> Unrolls its purple market to the bees!
> Unharvested of men
> The Traveller's Joy can only smile and die!"

And so we come to Asbury, a crossroads that has little significance for this traveller. In the days of the stage coach the place was known as Trumpbour's Corners. This King's Road over which we have been footing it was not always thus, for it was once the "ffoot-path leading to Albany".* In June, 1703, an act was passed for laying out public highways which directed that a road be laid out between the New Jersey state line and Albany. This ran through Goshen, Shawangunk, New Paltz, Rosendale, Kingston, Fox Hall, Pine Bush, to the fording place across the Esopus at the mouth of the Saw Kill,

* The "ff" which we see in many of the old documents, as "ffoot", "fferry", "ffrench", etc., is said to be nothing more nor less than a capital "F" of peculiar form.

thence along the western side of Esopus Creek and on north to Albany. When first laid out this was known as the Queen's Highway.

WEST CAMP TO KINGSTON.

Pastor Kocherthal, Katsbaan, John Jacob Astor, Saugerties, Devil's Cave, Plattekill Creek.

Keeping south to Katsbaan we miss a visit to West Camp. There are a few old houses here, but none of historic interest, although the early history of the place itself is more than interesting, for this was the west camp of the Palatines who came over in 1710. The greater number settled on the east side of the river, but their good pastor, Kocherthal, made his headquarters here, and this seems to have been the more important station. The father of Dominie Schuneman was one of this band of immigrants. Two or three hundred years ago the patriarchal rulers of Europe paid great attention to the road by which their subjects should travel to Paradise, and when any group of those subjects started cross-lots on a route of their own the good father was apt to go after them with a sharp stick. Thus the inhabitants of the Palatinate of Germany suffered much inconvenience because of their unwillingness to be converted in an orthodox manner, and finding the

stake an uncomfortable method of exit, large bodies of them left the country without waiting for government assistance. Many of these found their way to England, where their straightened circumstances attracted much sympathy. Queen Anne made arrangements to send numbers of them to this country, where they bound themselves to work a certain length of time in the making of naval stores to pay for their transportation and keep. Thus it happened that West Camp was established.

Here is the grave of Joshua Kocherthal. It was his vigorous pleading that had much to do in influencing Queen Anne and her councillors to help his poor flock to the shores of the Hudson, and it was his counsel and help that kept the little colony together and helped it over the rough places, of which there were many. He was a very Moses for this wilderness band.

The tablet over Kocherthal's grave in the vestibule of the West Camp church is in Dutch. The following quaint translation is taken from Mr. Brink's book:—

> "Know, traveller, under this stone rests, beside his Sibylla Charlotte, a real traveller, of the High Dutch in North America, their Joshua and a pure Lutheran preacher of the same on the east and west side of the Hudson River. His first arrival was with Lord Lovelace in 1709, the first of January. His second with Colonel Hunter, in 1710, the fourteenth of June. The journey of his soul to heaven on St. John's Day, 1719, interrupted his return to England. Do you wish to know more? Seek in Melancthon's Fatherland who was Kocherthal, who Harschias, who Winchenbach."

This region, between Catskill and Kingston, appears to have been a sort of neutral ground during the days when the Indian was causing anxiety. In fact the only battle hereabouts that there seems to be even legendary record of was an exclusive Indian affair which occurred shortly before Hudson ascended the river, almost three hundred years ago, when the Mohawks swooped down on the river Indians and, after driving them from their stockade at the fork of the Catskill and Kauterskill, finally caught them in a ravine near the present Smith's Landing and subdued them after the usual hearty Indian fashion.

While doing all this talking of Palatines and Indians we have been jogging along to Katsbaan,* and having arrived there learn from Mr. Brink's History of Saugerties, in which town this village is located, that in the first entry made in the church records of Katsbaan by Dominie Mancius, a German, the name is spelled Kaatsbaan, which is the German word for a tennis court, and the lay of the land here might suggest such a name. Baan is Dutch for haunt, resort, course or range, and as the region was infested with wildcats the name may have come from Kats Baan, meaning the haunt of the wildcat.

The first church here was erected in 1732, but it has been so much and so thoroughly improved that there is little enough of the old building left; only a bit of the rear wall, in fact. In 1780 the church received as its second pastor the Rev. Lamburtus De Ronde of New York. The reverend gentleman had

* If one would pronounce the name as do those to the manor born, he must say "Kautzbn".

been so pronounced in his criticism of the British that they sent him up the river to be rid of him. Then there was Dominie Doll, another Revolutionary patriot, who sometimes supplied the pulpit, as did also the Rev. Johannes Schuneman. These were the days when the activity of Brant with his Tories and Indians along the Catskills kept the whole community excited. But the uncompromisingly patriotic stand of the Dutch dominies resulted in making this region one of the foremost in patriotism.

The Dutch dominie occupied a unique position in these rural parts. He not only ministered to the spiritual needs of the community, but was as well its lawgiver and law enforcer. There were few if any lawyers, judges or courthouses. It was no uncommon thing for the church to be turned into a temple of justice on week days with the dominie for judge and his deacons for jurors, and the sentences they passed were executed; for the convicted prisoners there were stocks and a whipping post in front of the church door. New England by no means had a monopoly of the Blue Laws, for in these western wilds no one could ride on Sunday but to church, except "It shall be lawful for the Post, or any other person in his Majesty's service; or to bring a Physitian or Mydwife". The penalty for Sabbath breaking was three hours in the stocks, unless one had money with which to pay a fine, but money was not very ready in those days.

A knoll in the Katsbaan churchyard is said to be the best spot in the neighborhood from which to secure a view of the mountains, but the weather man did me a very unfriendly turn

during these late October days, and I was compelled to take my mountains largely on faith.

During the Revolution this was a great trade centre, "the location of a widely known country store, so widely known, in fact, that Burgoyne had selected Katsbaan as the site of one of his three camps between Albany and Kingston", the others being Kack's Hackey (Coxsackie) and Katskill (Leeds), but, as we all know, Burgoyne's plans did not work out. This was the store of Cornelius Persen (torn down in 1900), who, when the British held New York, hauled his merchandise from Philadelphia by the inland route. Here patriotic meetings were held during the war, and here soldiers were recruited for Saratoga—soldiers that helped to disarrange the British designs on Katsbaan. In later days the great fur trader of the country, John Jacob Astor, had his headquarters in the old store, where the trappers and hunters of the Catskills could barter furs for articles of more immediate use to them. Astor had his store on Broadway, New York. It is said that, in order to save expense, he was in the habit of carrying his bundles of furs on his back between the dock and his store. As a result of his willingness to work and ability to see a little further into a millstone than most men, his descendants of to-day do not find it necessary to make pack mules of themselves.

Persen's house still stands, while just across the highway from it runs one of those interesting limestone ledges—this one some twelve to fifteen feet high, and here dwelt in Persen's day, under the shelving rock at the southern end, an Indian whose Dutch nickname meant Night John. The white man

was of a kindly disposition and had on various occasions befriended his red brother, and when Brant raided the region in 1780 this friendly Indian showed appreciation by giving Persen such timely warning that he was not only able to escape, but also had time to save his goods. The crack in the rock which served this Indian as chimney still shows the effects of fire.

Katsbaan is sadly lacking in one important particular, for, so far as this traveller knows, there is not a single Washington tradition in connection with any building within its precincts. However, the omnipresent Aaron Burr was a frequent guest at the hotel of Johannes Myer, then a noted hostelry on the King's Road. No doubt others quite as well known stopped as often, but Burr was one of the genial sort that everyone remembered.

Late October days turn in early, as I was of a sudden reminded when trying to take a last picture in Katsbaan—this time it was the stone track for heavy teaming which crosses the King's Road on its way from Malden to the west. The thick slabs of stone are sometimes rutted inches deep by the continual grinding of the wheels of commerce. The man who originated this good-roads movement deserves a monument. Much the same scheme was tried a few years ago on Warren Street, New York, where it starts up to Broadway, only here a broad iron way was laid for the wheels, the centre being left of Belgian blocks in which the horses could grip, but for some reason the plan did not work.

The two miles or so into Saugerties was accomplished in

the gloaming. If the lover of comfort would really appreciate his hearthstone he should try trudging an unknown country road in the dark of a chill Autumn evening. The cheer of a bright, comfortable interior is then brought home with redoubled force as one catches an occasional glimpse of enticement before the curtain is drawn.

Even he who is not in all things too superstitious can hardly help peering curiously into the dark places as he pushes through the shades of night along a strange and quiet country road. I am not much given to seeing things at night, but between certain lines of reading indulged in while preparing for this trip and certain conversations held along the way that have drifted into the beliefs of a hundred years ago, and winding up with stories of ghostly doings that were current facts when the narrators were young, I must admit that my pulse was quickened once or twice at some strange rustle in the nearby bushes, but no truly adventure came my way.

The negro slaves of the forefathers were responsible for a large part of this feeling and superstition. They endowed each spooky spot with an apparition of its own, and these were enlarged on during the long Winter evenings around the fireside, where young and old were gathered, until the children grew up saturated with stories of hobgoblins and wood sprites, so that the very sighing of the wind in the trees would send a shudder over the bravest, should he be descending some deep file in the forest, while a stray moonbeam has sent many a lone rider galloping for the open.

However, with nothing to do but walk and look for ghosts

two miles is not much to dwell upon, and it was not long before I raised the lights of Saugerties and was entering the portals of the Exchange Hotel, whose base-burner heated office is a thing to remember.

Saugerties: "Little-sawyer". Some time before 1663 a sawmill was built at the mouth of the Saw Kill, thus giving name to the creek, the village and the town. No one knows who he was or whence he came; he was known as the "old sawyer", and as such we will let him rest. In due time one Barent Burhaus was the miller. He died about 1740, leaving a son William, whose daughter married John Brink, Jr., and her son, Andrew Brink, was captain of Fulton's Clermont on her first successful trip up the river in August, 1807.

The old mill at the mouth of the creek has long since gone, but a bit higher up, and close to the River Road, stands the Terwilliger mill, itself older than the Revolution. The millpond on the western side of the road is fringed with swamp willows and maples, and backed by a glorious view of the Catskills, while on the other hand is a deep little ravine that makes necessary but a short dam, and beyond this as picturesque an old grist mill as one could ask. The march of improvement has stopped at the iron bridge by which the highway spans the creek, for down here, perched on the rocks, and half hidden among the trees, is a picture-making epoch such as one seldom sees, a long wooden sluice, spurting little cataracts by the way, conducts the waters to an overshot wheel such as must have ground the corn of the first settlers, while down below, the waters dance for very joy.

There are several interesting old houses in Saugerties, but beyond a few dry details I have not been able to glean much. As we come down the road from the old mill we find at the corner of Main Street the Egbert Schoonmaker homestead, 1762 and 1780, still in the family. This is the man who built our picturesque old Terwilliger mill, an elder in the Dutch church to whose efforts were largely due the very life of the church here which, with no pastor to guide it, was plunged in an ecclesiastical struggle that all but ended in disaster.

Over on the brow of the river with a far-reaching view of water and distant shore, stands the Myndert Mynderse house, 1743, which bears a tablet in its front indicating that it was erected by two brothers Mynderse, as there are four sets of initials for the men and their wives. A filled-in doorway tends to confirm the impression that it was originally a two-family house, as our modern real estate man would put it.

Down under the hill on the bank of the Esopus are the crumbling ruins of the Post home. It is believed that the original name of this family was Lazier, but certain of its members in by-gone times were post riders, and this is said to account for the present name.

The dwelling place of Saugerties's first medicine man, Dr. Christopher Kirsted, who came here in 1773, is still standing. He was the only physician the town knew for many years. The house stands well back from the main street, a monument to the good doctor's eye for proportion.

As an inducement to leave this pleasant village of Saugerties the map provides a road skirting the western bank of the

Esopus, and suggesting pleasurable landscape for the delectation of the traveller. It seemed hardly more than a step from town to country, and if one refuses to take the chances which were so fatal to Lot's wife he can readily imagine himself in some vast wilderness, for, beyond a boat or bath house at the water's edge, not a house is in sight, and hardly a cultivated field. The creek is flanked on either hand by low hills, while the road creeps up and down the face of its steep western bank, finding lodgment among the trees or on such little ledges as hold forth a helping hand. All is woods and water, with the cawing of an occasional crow to intensify the quiet.

As time goes on our way descends to lower levels, leaves the creek to its encircling hills and becomes a mere cart track bordering somebody's pasture lot without even the formality of an intervening fence.

Soon a pass in the hill offers an opportunity to climb out of the valley of our placid Esopus, and now the traveller is offered a delightful view of the mountains. Then comes a wire fence stretched across the way to inconvenience the cattle. Just here, if one is in the mood for exploration, a short walk over the knoll toward the south will discover Roaring or Devil's Cave, whereby a certain small brook known as Muddah Kill tunnels the hill, and in times of high water goes roaring all the day long.

Our inconsequential road soon comes to the railroad track, and offers a second wire fence to be climbed, after which comes the farmyard, and then we are on the King's Highway once more. One attempting this path from the other way could

easily miss it, as to all apparent intents and purposes it is a farm lane to the barnyard.

The broad table land upon which we are now standing affords some grand views of the Catskills, both the Mountain House and that known as the Kauterskill are in full view, but he whose face is set toward the south must turn his back on all this grandeur, and, unless he be a schoolteacher with eyes in the back of his head, content himself with the lesser hills, except as an occasional turn in the road gives an opportunity to Bellamyize a bit.

Soon comes the village of Mount Marion, which, safely passed, leads on to the Plattekill and its old covered bridge, and here we will digress a moment for the sake of the oldest inhabitant. The first authenticated record of a settler is that of Cornelius Lambertsen Brink, the great, great, great, great-grandfather of the present generation of Brink, who in 1688 acquired land where the Plattekill joined the Esopus, and here he built his house which, unfortunately, has been altered out of countenance by its present iconoclastic owner. This Brink was one of those captured at Wiltwyck by the Indians in 1663, and held in captivity for some three months before being rescued.

KINGSTON.

Thomas Chambers, Esopus Indian Wars, Hermanus Blom, The Provincial Congress, Council of Safety, Legislature.

It is about six miles into Kingston, but it will not take as long to reach there on paper as it did on foot. I pre-empted somebody's stone wall for a lunch table and dawdled along the way to no very good purpose, for either there was something the matter with me or with the landscape. We did not agree one with the other, and there is little to be said of it. To be sure, it was an inviting bit around the mouth of the Saw Kill, not the Sawkill of Saugerties, the road leading west among the hills looking as though it should be followed up. It was at the mouth of this same Saw Kill that the old King's Road forded the Esopus.

Kingston is called the birthplace of constitutional government in the state. It was here that the first state constitution was adopted and the state government organized in 1777.

It might be well, however, to go back a bit and start at the beginning, if we can find it, for there is some dispute as to just

when was the beginning. Some say 1614, but Mr. B. M. Brink says this is rushing things at too fast a pace. His idea is that the claim that a small redoubt was built at the mouth of Rondout Creek in 1614 is based on a misunderstanding of the statement made by the Dutch commissioners when disputing the English seizure of the New Netherlands in 1668, when they said that for fifty years the Dutch had owned the forts at Albany and Sopus. There was a fort at the latter place when the statement was made, and he thinks that what they really meant was that they had controlled the country for that length of time, as the fort at Albany was fifty years old. Those who argue for 1614 point to the same document and are equally positive that their view of the situation is the correct one. And there you are.

Now we shall have to start again, this time with Thomas Chambers. He was a fact that no one disputes. An Englishman by birth and a carpenter by trade, he appears to have first squatted on the Van Rensselaer domain, but his landlord not being to his liking he again migrated, this time down the river to Esopus, where he made himself solid with the Indians and received from them a deed for the flats at Atharhacton, as the Indians called these "Great Meadows". This deed is dated June 5, 1652, but the Indians claimed that Chambers had not paid the price, and it was seventeen years before this charge was investigated and disproved and the deed duly confirmed by the English authorities, and shortly after, October 16, 1672, his lands were erected into a manor by patent and he became Lord of the Manor of Fox Hall, which lay to the north of

the present city of Kingston, but extended to Rondout, where he was buried. His gravestone is imbedded in the foundation wall of the house that now covers the site of his family vault, and "The Old Pear Tree of Thomas Chambers" stands close by. Chambers died April 8, 1694, and this tree is claimed to have been of his day and generation.

To the Indians this region was Atharhacton or Great Meadows. This soon became Atkarkarton, but the place was generally know as Esopus or Sopus, the "place of small rivers". When in 1661 Peter Stuyvesant laid out the palisaded village he named it Wiltwyck, the "village of the wild". Then came the English who directed that the "Town formerly called Sopez be named Kingston", presumably after the home town of the then Governor, Lord Lovelace. During the short period of Dutch reoccupation, 1673-4, they renamed the place Swaenenbergh, but upon the return of the English it again became Kingston, and has so continued even unto this day.

The great local historic events here were the first and second Esopus wars, the organization of the state government and the burning of Kingston by the British.

About 1657-8 some drunken Indians killed a white man and fired one or two houses. This led to a visit from Governor Stuyvesant with a strong guard which overawed the hostiles. This conference with the Indians induced a temporary peace and the selection, on May 31, 1658, of a site for Stuyvesant's proposed palisaded village. This was bounded by the present North Front, Green and Main Streets and Clinton Avenue (formerly East Front Street). No buildings were allowed next

the stockade, hence these streets. By June 20th the stockade was completed, and the buildings removed from the farms within the inclosure.

In August, 1659, Hermanus Blom, the first minister in the Esopus, visited the settlement and held services. He proving satisfactory was sent by the people to Holland to be ordained, and in due time became their pastor.

On the night of September 19, 1659, a party of drunken Indians, who had been doing nothing worse than making Rome howl, was attacked while sleeping off their debauch by certain valiant settlers, and so the First Esopus War was inaugurated.

The stockade which hard-headed Peter Stuyvesant had compelled the inhabitants to build was now to prove his wisdom, for in less than forty-eight hours the settlement was invested by about five hundred Indian warriors who managed to set several fires by their fire-arrows, but small damage was done, however, during the seventeen days siege beyond the destruction of farm property outside the fort.

Unsuccessful in their attack the Indians proceeded to torture nine prisoners of a group of fourteen that were captured on the first day. Of these Thomas Chambers was one, but he managed to kill five of the six warriors who had him in charge and escape. Still another one of the prisoners escaped, two more were ransomed and one took unto himself a dusky wife and was adopted into the tribe, but the others ran the gauntlet and were finally burned alive in the most approved Indian style.

By the time Stuyvesant and a small force arrived to raise

the siege the Indians had become tired and departed of their own accord. Then came heavy rains and a freshet which covered the lowlands with five feet of water, which rendered pursuit impossible. Then Stuyvesant declared war, and the energetic Ensign Dirck Smit, who had held the fort those seventeen days, proceeded to keep the savages on the jump, now and then killing a few or capturing more. He discovered a fort, somewhere near Rosendale, which he destroyed, capturing many peltries and much maize and beans, and in due time a temporary peace was patched up—on July 15, 1660.

But Stuyvesant had sent some of the captured Indians into slavery in the West Indies, and refused to return them when peace was made. This rankled. Each side was suspicious of the other, and the former friendly feeling was not renewed, while various small insults and outrages aroused a feeling of resentment on the part of the Indians which finally culminated, on June 7, 1663, in the surprising of the unsuspecting stay-at-homes in the stockade while the men were at work on the farms outside. And the Second Esopus Indian War was on.

Here is Dominie Blom's description of the massacre, which is interesting both for matter and manner:—

"Revd. Wise, right learned and pious:

"The state and condition of my Church, situate in the village of Wiltwyck, in the Esopus country, in New Netherland, since my three years' residence there is somewhat prosperous, through God's blessing and mercy, as well in members, which have increased from 16 to 60, as in hearers, and all was well ordered in church matters and consistory, so that everything is placed on a good footing. I have also laid a good foundation, both by private and pub-

lic Instruction of Catechists, both within and without my house, as also by the explanation of the Catechism, so that this newly rising community began to grow and to bloom right worthily, when a cruel blow overtook it and the Heathens fell on, and right sorely treated our Church and Commonality, and under the guise of friendship murdered and also captured many; they intended to destroy this Church altogether, and to devour it alive, had not the Lord our God wonderfully protected it, and they fled, having taken a fright in their heart, when no person drove them away. So that we escaped with the most part of the inhabitants, and have still retained the place. The Lord only be thanked therefor, not men—for men's help was far from us; for the soldiers whom we had before were discharged and sent to Holland. There lay the burnt and slaughtered bodies, together with those wounded by bullets and axes. The last agonies and the moans and lamentations of many were dreadful to hear. I have been in their midst, and have gone into the houses, and along the roads, to speak a word in season, and that not without danger of being shot by the Indians; but I went on my mission, and considered not my life mine own. I may say with Jeremiah, 'I am he who hath seen mercy in the day of the wrath of the Lord'.

"Consider well, worthy colleagues, how manifold is the suffering and lamentation amongst us, of our wounded who fled for refuge to my house, and of others who yielded up the ghost near me.

"I encouraged our people as much as possible out of God's word, and particularly in prayer to God who hath rescued us. We must behold God's flock taken away into captivity by the Heathen, and Death come in unexpectedly by the windows, and cut off the children from the highways, and the young men from the street; so that I might exclaim: 'O! my Bowels—my Bowels! I am pained at my very heart!' and with Jeremiah, 'O that mine head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep for the slain of my people; for the dead lay as sheaves behind the mower'.

"The burnt bodies were most frightful to behold. * * * The houses were converted into heaps of stones, so that I might say with Micah, 'We are made desolate', and with Jeremiah, 'A piteous wail may go forth in his distress'. But in all this my request to our brethren is to remember us and our suffering Church in their prayers. With Paul I say, 'Brothers, pray for us'.

"'Tis then soe that we see in all this the rod and Him who uses it; and with the Church of the Lord willingly bear the Lord's anger; for we have sinned against him, and I exhort my Congregation to patience and endurance; and lately, at our monthly prayer meeting, I took my text from Isaiah 42: 'Who gave Jacob for a spoil and Israel to the Robbers?' &c., v. 24, 25; and such other verses in addition. I have also every evening during a whole month offered prayers up with the congregation, on the four points of our fort, under the blue sky. But the Lord strengthened me in all this. We trust and depend further on the help of our God, that he will not altogether forsake us, but vouchsafe us his mercy in the midst of his justice, and evince his power in our weakness; for mountains may depart, and hills may fall away, but His mercy shall not once depart from this feeble and infant congregation. For we lean on his mighty arm, and He shall be a wall of fire round about us, and require and avenge this blood on the heads of these murderous heathens. Already He has begun to do so. Many heathens have been slain, and full 22 of our people in captivity have been delivered out of their hands by our arms. Another expedition is about to set out. The Lord our God will again bless our arms, and grant that the Foxes who have endeavored to lay waste the vineyard of the Lord shall be destroyed.

"The Indians have slain in all 24 souls in our place, and taken 45 prisoners, of whom 13 are still in their power. About the same number of theirs are in our hands.

"The Lord our God will make all turn out to be the best for his Church, and for the peace and quiet of the whole land. The mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be and

remain with you, my worthy colleagues for ever; and may this Triune God give us all together after this strife, the crown of immortal glory. * * *

"HERMANUS BLOM.

"The 18th September, 1663,
"in New Amsterdam in New Netherland,
"Egra manu."

Nieuw Dorp (Hurley) was also devastated, and the prisoners from both places, consisting of forty-six women and children, were carried back into the wilderness.

Then came the days of incursions into the enemies' country, negotiations which resulted in the ransoming of a few of the captives, the final destruction of the Indian fort at Shawangunk and of large quantities of standing corn, the killing of a large number of Indians and the liberating of all those remaining in captivity.

The tribe was practically annihilated by these raids, and the war came to an end for the want of warriors, and as the few remaining nearly starved to death the following Winter, the making of a treaty of peace was a comparatively easy matter for the Dutch.

Now came the English, 1664, and they caused a commotion by compelling our Dutchmen to clean up their village of Wiltwyck, each being obliged to clean the street in front of his property lest "the blowings out of a tobacco pipe" set the place on fire. The village was fined fifty schepels of wheat "for not fencing the burying ground".

Then, barring the short reoccupation of the Dutch, came a hundred years of peace, which were more comfortable to live

than interesting to tell about, until the momentus year of 1777 dawned.

The following, concerning "Ulster's Most Famous Spot", the courthouse in Kingston, covers the next interesting period. It is condensed from an article in "Olde Ulster" which appeared during 1906:—

The General Assembly on November 1, 1683, divided the colony into counties; of these Ulster was one. An appropriation was made for a courthouse and jail, and the lot on which the present courthouse stands was set apart for the purpose, the first courthouse being erected in 1684.

The Provincial Congress moved from Fishkill to Kingston on February 11, 1777, and in the building known as "The Senate House", is said to have prepared a draft of a proposed constitution of the new state; this was in the handwriting of John Jay. The convention met in the courthouse where John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, Robert R. Livingston, James Duane and others led in the debate which followed, and the constitution was adopted on April 20, 1777, and immediately a committee was appointed to report a plan for organizing and establishing the form of government. Two days later the village authorities were summoned to the courthouse, where from a platform in front of the building Robert Berrian, secretary of the convention, read the document, while the bells on the courthouse and the old Dutch church on the corner below rang out a glad hosanna to the newborn state.

After arranging for the election of various state officers and lawgivers the convention turned over the direction of af-

fairs to a Council of Safety, and, on May 13th, dissolved. Gen. George Clinton was elected both Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and accepted the higher office. He was with the army in the Highlands of the Hudson, but rode up to Kingston where, on July 30, 1777, he took the oath of office before the Council of Safety in our historic courthouse, and again the glad bells rang out.

The Legislature which had been called to assemble at the same place on August first was adjourned twice, but finally met on September first. It is not certain just where it was organized, but probably in the courthouse. All the room here was needed, however, and the Senate met at "The Senate House", while the Assembly held its sessions at the Bogardus Inn (destroyed), at Maiden Lane and Fair Street, and the Council of Safety at the Elmendorf Inn (standing), diagonally opposite.* Chief Justice John Jay opened the first session of the new court and charged the first Grand Jury in the courthouse. "Thus was the state of New York in each of its three great departments—executive, legislative and judicial—here organized and set in motion. It gives to this small area of ground, of less than fifty feet in diameter, a never-to-be-forgotten glory."

* The minutes of the Legislature show that many meetings of the two Houses were held in the courthouse.

KINGSTON.

Some of Its Old Buildings, Golden Hill, Aaron Burr, Skilliput Ferry.

On October 16, 1777, Kingston was burned by the British. Gen. John Vaughan, who superintended the affair, had this to say of the place in his report: "Esopus being a Nursery for almost every Villain in the Country, I judged it necessary to proceed to that town." And proceed he did, making as clean a job of destruction as the most exacting monarch could ask, only one house in the town being left untouched. The stout stone walls of many, however, were unaffected by the burn-out, as is evidenced on all sides to-day. That part of the city which was once inclosed by palisades is still studded thick with the interesting buildings of one and two hundred years ago. In fact there are so many as to overpower the casual tramp like myself, for without realizing what was before me I started out bravely to photograph the most of them, but soon was compelled to compromise on a few of those which at the time seemed to give greatest promise. Around almost every one, however, cling interesting anecdotes of family or local doings.

In making our pilgrimage round the town it is but natural to begin with the show house of Kingston, "The Senate House", North Front Street and Clinton Avenue (formerly East Front). This is now state property and a most interesting museum. Erected about 1676 by Col. Wessel Ten Broeck, it is one of the oldest buildings in the city. At the opening of the Revolution it was owned by Abraham Van Gaasbeek, and was selected for the meetings of the Senate upon the organization of the state government, and here the regular sessions were held, with occasional changes to the courthouse, until the approach of the British, October 16, 1777. The building was burned in the conflagration that followed, but was repaired soon after the close of the war, and has been in use ever since. General Armstrong, who moved to Kingston in order to give his children good educational advantages, occupied the building, 1804, for a short time before his departure as minister to France.

If we now proceed along North Front Street to Green, we must pass on the right the one-time residence of Abraham B. Bancker, twice tried by fire, 1777 and 1804. The house can hardly date with the oldest, as it stands on the wrong side of the street, where the palisades formerly ran, but it stands up as straight and holds its head as high as the best of them, and well it may, for was not the former dweller beneath its roof clerk of the State Senate for long years, 1784-1802, and a man of parts?

Diagonally opposite the Bancker house stands the famous De Waal place of entertainment, no ordinary hotel this, though it did condescend, when court was in session, to entertain

boarders; but its chief glory was the ballroom, famous for many a good time in the old days. While the music was a single fiddle, a proper costume was as absolutely necessary as the invitation. There was a trifle more latitude then than now in the matter of men's dress, for the regulations allowed a choice of dress coat, white stockings and pumps, or the knee-breeches and silk stockings of an earlier day.

Our next stop is in front of the Hoffman house, North Front and Green Streets. This again takes us back to the days of the palisades, in fact a small cellar window on the Green Street side is pointed out as having once been an embrasure wherein a cannon frowned, but as the palisade was across the street it is not quite clear what such warlike preparation was good for, unless the house was to be a citadel of last resort should the outer defenses be carried. Gen. George H. Sharpe has this to say on the subject: "I do not believe that it was a fort, or occupied the site of one, but, thus standing as it still does upon an eminence thus commanding the palisades beyond the upper part, was probably prepared with embrasures for the use of musketry, and from these the citizens could easily reach Indians assaulting the walls.

Over against the Hoffman house, North Front Street, stands the former residence of Joseph Gasherie, first surrogate of Ulster County under the first constitution.

The old academy building, Crown and John Streets, next claims attention. Built originally for dwelling purposes, it was purchased in 1773 for educational purposes and immediately put in commission. With the rest of the village it was

burned in October, 1777, but so promptly were repairs made that in less than four months after the fire the building was again the home of learning and was asking for an assistant teacher. For years this was one of the most flourishing schools in the Hudson valley, drawing scholars from all parts of the state.

At the apex of the acute angle formed by Crown and Green Streets stands the John Tappan house, recently purchased by the Daughters of the Revolution, and to be used by them as a headquarters. John Tappan, while a lawyer by profession, appears to have been a newspaper man by choice, for he was both editor and proprietor of the Ulster Plebeian from 1813 to the time of his death. The printing and publication office occupied the second floor, while in one corner of the first he kept a book and stationery store. To-day there is hardly a more peaceful looking spot in the entire city than this quiet old building with its great sentinel trees in front; there is now no suggestion of those hot broadsides that must have poured from that upper story. During the days of the Revolution this was the home of Henry J. Sleght, president of the village trustees, to whom fell the honor of reading the address of welcome when Gen. George Washington visited Kingston, November 16, 1782.

On the western side of Green Street, a few steps beyond Crown, is to be found the Judge Dirck Wynkoop homestead. It was here that General Washington was entertained at dinner, November 16, 1782, in the rear extension of the building, beneath which were the quarters of the negro family servants. It is claimed that on Washington's second visit to Kingston,

about August 2 or 3, 1783, he spent the night with Judge Wynkoop. This was on his return from a tour through the state, when he suggested the tremendous advantage a canal connecting the Hudson and the Great Lakes would give the state of New York. The ideas imbibed during this trip are said to have been the cause of his great interest and activity in the Potomac and James River canal schemes, which were to connect the seaboard with the Ohio River.

If we continue along Green Street as far as the way will let us, then around the corner and into and along Wall Street, we shall shortly pass the only house not burned by the British; so far as the writer knows this is its chiefest glory; the former tavern and home of Tobias Van Steenberg Jr.

On the northwest corner of Maiden Lane and Fair Street still stands "The Tavern of Coenradt Elmendorf". Here the first Council of Safety sat from February 19, 1777, until superseded by the meeting of the Legislature on September 10th, and when this adjourned and the second Council of Safety came into being, it again met in this historic house, and it was here, while holding its last session, October 15th, before the British attack that "A letter from John Barclay Esq. chairman of the committee of Albany was received and read containing an account of the capitulation of General Burgoyne and his army".

"Ordered, That the treasurer of this state pay to Bernardus Hallenbeeck, the bearer of said letter, the sum of fifty dollars."

Here ends the record. Most of the able bodied men of the town had gone north and south to the defense of their country,

the enemy was at its doors and there was naught to do but leave the place to its fate.

After the Revolution the building became noted as the headquarters of the Republican or anti-Federal party. Politics was a burning question in those days, and one of the best arguments known to both sides was a broken head for the other fellow. When we know that the rival headquarters was diagonally across the street, one can form some idea of what the neighborhood must have been like. The proprietor himself was known as "Toper Conrad", from which it would seem a safe guess that he sometimes drank behind the bar. A stone in the gable end on Fair Street indicates that the building was erected in 1723 for K. E. D. + B. E. D.

Our journey ends at the Dutch church, Fair, Main and Wall Streets, whose slender spire, reaching far above all else in the neighborhood, is so beautifully proportioned that it is sure to arrest the attention of the traveller, whether he stand in the streets below or far out on the country roads. There is a very pleasant story connected with the bell which swings in this belfry. When Kingston was burned the church, of course, went with the rest, and when the bell was dug out of the ruins it was found so irretrievably ruined that no repair was possible. Then it was, so the story goes, that the parishioners brought their gold and silver ornaments, and their brass and copper utensils, and these being all collected together, were sent to Holland and there cast into the present summoner of the devout, who can well say we "have with holy bell been knolled to church". This story has been disputed, but I understand

that Mr. Randall Hoes has in his possession convincing documents of its correctness, which it is hoped will some time come into the possession of the church.

The entire church building is said to be absolutely proportioned from a mathematical standpoint. The local architect who designed the edifice was a student under the noted Richardson of Boston. Sentiment has much more to do with our feelings than we are aware of. It is at times difficult to adapt oneself to some of the modern church interiors, from which the simplicity and stateliness we associate with a house of worship are altogether gone, and this can hardly help but react on the spirit of the worshipper. But the interior we have here is so restful and worshipful that it is like receiving a blessing to stand within its cool portals if but for a moment.

A tablet on the outer walls gives a brief history of the church organization; there are also two interesting brownstone tablets imbedded in the wall which were taken from the old Dutch church in New York when that was demolished years ago. In the vestibule, behind a protecting glass cover, hangs a letter from General Washington, dated at Kingston, November 16, 1782, replying to a letter of welcome addressed to him by the minister, elders and deacons of the church.

In 1704 it was written:—

> "His Excellency * * * has appointed the Rev. Mr. Hepburn to preach and to read Divine service to them, whereby the English, who never had a minister among them, have the benefit of public Worship, and are in good hopes of bringing the Dutch to a conformity."

The inhabitants were mostly Dutch, and the following extracts, from a letter from Secretary Clarke to the "Gentlemen at Esopus", indicate that they were in no mood for "conformity":—

> "You have not paid yt Obedience to his Excellency's Commands, and that regard to this gentleman's Character, as was due, and this appears plainly by ye mean accommodacons you provided before. I am therefore * * * to lett you known that you are immediately without delays in misconstruing any part of this to provide a good and Convenient house in your town of Kingstown with necessary's thereto belonging * * *. And make a speedy return of what you shall have done therein."

Reminds me of the method pursued by my grandmother, when some unwelcome task was set her eldest son. My father was wont to tell how she stimulated him by announcing that he had five minutes in which to do the job willingly—after which she would make him.

Doctor Van Slyke, who for thirty years has held the pastorate of the Dutch church, has on his home-land one of the natural beauties of the Kingston neighborhood, one of those limestone ledges of more than usually attractive form, and the doctor has worked it into the scheme of his grounds as effectively as though he had had the laying out of both ledge and grounds. Beginning at the entrance gate the footpath follows the windings of the ledge, developing new beauties at every turn, of fern and wild flower, as well as rock and tree.

This is Golden Hill, where the setting sun spreads his munificence with unstinted hand. As an illustration of how hard some natures are beneath a smiling surface, Golden Hill is an

eminent example, for we are told that here is found a limestone of such adamantine qualities that it was selected for the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, from which is suspended that monster spiderweb which so gracefully connects the two principal boroughs of Greater New York, and which must withstand a tremendous crushing force.

If Aaron Burr had been as solid a citizen as he was a kindly, his history would have been much more satisfactory reading to his descendants than is the case at present. There was a screw loose somewhere, no doubt. In these local annals one comes across more frequent mention of this name than almost any other, excepting always that of Washington. It seems as though wherever he stopped he made a lasting impression. The following letter shows one side of a very attractive personality, and partially, at least, explains why his memory was kept so green.

"Philad. 21. June, 1795.

"My Dear Sir: I understand that a young Mr. Vanderlyn, who lived a short time with Stuart the Painter, left him for want of means of suitable support. You must persuade him to allow me to remove that objection. If he was personally acquainted with me, he would, I am confident, accept this proposal without hesitation. I commit to you then, to overcome any delicacy which he may feel on this head. I shall never imagine that I have conferred on him the slightest obligation, but shall be infinitely flattered by an opportunity of rescuing genius from obscurity. He may draw on J. B. Proovost, New York, for any sum which may be necessary for his outfit, and on his arrival in this city, where Mr. Stuart now lives, he will find a letter from me, addressed to him (Mr. Vanderlyn), pointing out the channel of his future supplies, the source of which never

will be known except to himself. I acknowledge that I would not have communicated this even to you, if I had known how otherwise to get at Mr. V. D. L. I beg you to consider it as confidential. This arrangement is intended to continue as long as it may be necessary for Mr. V. D. L. to cultivate his genius, to the highest point of perfection. From the inquiries I have made concerning him I have been led to believe that his character and talents are such as may do honor to himself, his friends and his country.

"Your aff'ct Servt.,

"A. BURR,

"P. Van Gaasbeek.

It were a shame to depart from Kingston and leave the Skilliput ferry unsung. If for no other reason, the name is enough to make it famous. Skilliput means mud turtle, and one has but to view the boat to appreciate the appropriateness of the designation. To see her ladyship come yawing across the creek is to laugh.

ON TO HURLEY.

Old Buildings, Ghost and Witch.

Such dry facts as the maps and the milestones agree that it is three miles from Kingston to Hurley, but the country banishes all thought of distance, for it seemed as though once my face was set in that direction the old town was soon come up with. It was a beautiful walk through fat lands that, so long as a hundred years ago, the church was able to sell for $200 an acre, and which to day give every evidence of prosperity. It is a restful view off toward the hills which border the west, but not much is to be seen of the creek, whose crooked course makes it impossible for any well regulated road to keep it company, except in the most casual way.

To those who have not already discovered the fact, I would say that my study of history is largely confined to that which furnishes some outward and visible form that can be photographed. Such intangible things as motives or consequences are of small moment as compared with a door which still bears the marks of an Indian tomahawk, or a building which, in its

wooden way, has helped to make history. So if certain seemingly important matters connected with the region to which I am attending just now are omitted, or but lightly touched on, the reason is that they do not come up to the standard of the camera.

When the trade in furs began to slow down the people naturally turned to the land for help, and the rich bottom lands at what is now Old Hurley invited early settlement. As early as 1662 preparation was made for the village of Niew Dorp, but while the farmers were in the fields reaping the fruits of their first sowing the Second Esopus War was suddenly opened in September, 1663, by the destruction of the newly founded hamlet. This was a brief set-back, however, for it sprang from its ashes into new life the moment the storm of war was hushed. By 1669 the English, who were then in power, changed the name to Hurley, after the Irish estate of the then Governor, Francis Lovelace.

Times of peace are all very well for the folks who live in them, but they do not make much of a showing on paper; hence we jump the dull times of almost one hundred years to the days when those who wrested these rich lands from the Indians were defending their own hearthstones against the invasion of a foe from across the great water in the days of '76, and the day when the refugees from burning Kingston came streaming down the long street of Hurley, asking for help and receiving it at every door. What a sight was here: Mothers with their broods of children too young to fight, for the able-bodied were away at the front; the grandfathers and grand-

mothers, each loaded with such treasures as had been saved from the burning, and bowed with the infirmities which come to those whose life has been spent in field and wood in fair weather and foul. Those who could not be cared for in Hurley were passed along to Marbletown, and it is safe to say that there was not one but had adequate shelter by night. What a scene of bustle, with every nook and corner filled, and all that multitude to feed. Then it was that the barns should have been bursting with the Summer's crops in this land of corn, but the harvest had been poor and this was to be a Winter of great scarcity. There was need for a miracle of the loaves and fishes here, but though the people had scantily received they freely gave, and for several long months sheltered the homeless with a warmhearted generosity born of the emergency.

Hurley is more nearly as it was a hundred years ago than any other town in these parts that has lain in my way—just one long street with the simple old stone houses lining its way, and every glimpse between opening to the country and the hills, all peace and sunshine, and every house with a history of its own well worth the telling could one but live with it long enough to gather the facts and the spirit.

First, of course, comes the Senate House, the Van Deusen-Krum-Ten Eyck-Nash house, for Hurley is the third capital of the state. The Council of Safety fled from Kingston through Hurley to Marbletown, but on November 17th adjourned to the house of Captain Jan Van Deusen on the north side of Hurley Street. In these parts November and rough weather are

closely associated, and one of the first things done was an attempt to provide warmth for the shivering councilmen, so Cornelius Duboys was deputed to collect the remains of a stove from the burned courthouse at Kingston and set it up in the Hurley council chamber, but the experiences of that stove had so warped its judgment and nature that it was no longer the genial giver of warmth, and as the weather grew colder our refrigerated lawgivers adjourned to Poughkeepsie, and the glory of Hurley was at an end. Captain Van Deusen was paid "the sum of thirty dollars in full for the use of his room and firewood, and other services", and the old house dropped back into the routine of village humdrum. Fortunately the building is now in the hands of those who appreciate and love its history and legend, and it has every prospect of a comfortable and happy old age. The property on which the house stands was included in the De Witt grant of 1688, but who built the house or when I have not learned.

Next in historic importance is Van Sickle's tavern, 1716, which even in the days of the Revolution was catering to the wants of man. This was the headquarters of Governor Clinton, whose forces were too late to save Kingston. Immediately after the fall of Fort Montgomery Governor Clinton made his quarters at the house of Mrs. Falls, Little Britain, and here he proceeded to collect his scattered forces in an effort to reach the unprotected capital of the state before the arrival of the enemy. This was a slow operation and, although he did his best, he was just too late to be of service. It was back of this building on the outstretched bough of an old

apple tree that the spy, Daniel Taylor, was hanged, October 18, 1777.

November 16, 1782, General Washington passed through Hurley on his way to Kingston, and at the corner where the road leaves Hurley Street for Kingston he was halted while Matthew Ten Eyck read "The Humble Address of the Trustees of the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Town of Hurley" "To His Excellency George Washington, General and Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, etc." It is said the general sat his horse bare-headed while the rain descended on his welcome, but the address was short, and doubtless the chief had been out in the rain before. The old Houghtaling house at this bend in the road is still standing with the hospitable reputation of having offered the great man a glass of wine, so that not all the dampness was without.

Next west of the Senate House stands the Elmendorf house, once a tavern, and next beyond that shine the whitewashed walls of a house that lays no claim to greatness, beyond the virtue of growing old gracefully, while still further on stands the "Guard House", where the spy was held prisoner.

Before we get too far away from the Elmendorf house it is well to note that there was a time when this house contained the visible evidence that witches did exist in Hurley. It seems that a witch got into the churn once and the butter would not come. Now the cure for this is a red-hot horseshoe dropped into the refractory cream, and this method was adopted with entire success, the horseshoe being so thoroughly heated that the cream had not entirely cooled its ardor by the time it

reached the bottom of the churn, where was left its faint imprint. The churn was so well exorcised that never again did witch venture within. Witches are scarce these days, and unfortunately the old relic is gone, else could we point the unbeliever to ocular proof of their baleful being.

Most of those who write of this region mention the "Cheese Mines of Hurley" without so much as giving the reader a clue as to just what those cheese mines are, or were. The traveller naturally pitches on the many groups of cattle which dot the fields as the explanation, and so they were indirectly. There was a time, it seems, when Hurley was famous for its "Pot Cheeses" and Kingston folk came this way to buy. Thus there grew up a trade, and as time went on Pot Cheese became synonymous with Hurley, being used as a term of gentle derision by the city people, who were wont to greet the Hurleyite within their gates with, "There comes a pot cheeser", or with a jingle which ran as follows:—

> "Some come from Hurley, some from the Rhine;
> Some pop fresh from a Pot Cheese Mine."

I had certain preconceived notions regarding the locations of the old buildings, and when, upon making inquiry along Hurley Street and receiving answers that did not fit with my view of the situation, I finally knocked at the door of the Senate House, thinking that here surely would be those who could set me straight, and, while this was all so, I was simply set in the path that others had before pointed out, and which my natural obstinacy would not permit me to at first follow. However, the warm welcome that awaited the traveller inside

of that hospitable door is a thing to be dwelt on. It was raw and chill out where I was, and the sandwich which was to constitute my lunch, under the shelter of some friendly stone wall for a windbreak, was not the most alluring prospect in the world, and when it was suggested that lunch would be ready in a minute and that I must stay, no great amount of urging was needed. The wood fire on the hearth reaching out its friendly offering of comfort, the Irish setter lying in front of it with a welcoming wag, seconding the master's cheerful suggestions, would have stayed me had I been that youth who bore the banner with a strange device himself, and when the mistress came forward I capitulated on the spot. What good red-hot soup it was! and that stew and other fixings following after. The Kingstonians of a hundred years before could hardly have felt more like calling down blessings on those whose hospitable doors always swing in.

The heavy clouds which had entirely engrossed the attention of the sun during the morning hours were breaking up, and now began the wonder of a perfect day. There were clouds to be sure, enough for the picture, but more sunshine; the wind had dropped to a cool breeze that was as delicious to the eyes as a cool draught to a parched throat. The country was beautiful beyond compare. The road touched the winding shores of the Esopus, lending a gleam of water to the landscape. The stone walls ran red with bitter sweet, while clouds of fluffy milkweed, made glorious by the sun, danced to the piping of the breeze. An ecstasy!

A second visit to Hurley on Washington's Birthday, 1907,

furnished an opportunity to see the Sopus country tucked in for the Winter.

The snow has an interesting way of individualizing. Whether it be a weed or a tree, each stands out boldly against the white background. The old goldenrods and other butterflies of the vegetable population are now as attractive as silhouettes as they were as color masses when life was young, and the infinite variety of branch and twig growth among the many kinds of trees is a study in ingenuity. Every tree has its own peculiar way of pushing its members up or out or down, and sticks to its own way with the obstinacy of a Dutchman. Possibly it comes from long association.

My host, the doctor, kindly gave himself up to the search for visible evidence of other days, and by dint of much inquiry we think that we found on the Hurley-Marbletown Road the old Pawling house (about 1670), the only one allowed to be built outside of Hurley and Marbletown villages when Ulster County was young. We did find the house which all neighbors agree is the oldest between the two places, and what's more, the town line runs smack through the building. When we called a mantelpiece was standing outside because the fireplace had fallen down. Town line must have run amuck.

The day! Well, it was simply the apotheosis of Winter days—frosty but kindly, sunshine but without glare. We travelled far enough beyond the Pawling place to reach that point where the road and creek meet for a brief moment, a point which attracted the camera last Fall, and now doubly so, for the snow and ice reveal beauties not seen before.

As we tramped back the wind butted in until we buttoned him out, though he still nipped at ears and fingers, and was really a bit too eager at times, but the sun smiled and we could but do likewise.

The J. P. Ten Eyck house, the mansion of the village, offered such an invitingly picturesque rear as we approached that it was futile for the camera to attempt resistance, and, as we came up Hurley Street various of its old stone edifices fell victims to that same recording angel. The Elmendorf house being possessed of a most obnoxious wooden excrescence at the rear, the house of Ellsworth kindly offered a corner to cover the unsightliness.

Right here it may be interesting to note the reason for the lack of windows in the second, or attic, stories of these old houses. It seems that in early days the folks lived downstairs and used the loft for storage of grain and other farm products. The west end of the Elmendorf house shows an upper door opening out on nothing, with a crane overhead for hoisting purposes. The room in which I slept in the Senate House was once used for storage of hog products—please note that this was long ago—and was known as the pork room. Here were hidden under mounds of meat barrels of certain delectable russet apples that were wont to tempt the children beyond endurance—russets whose vanishing qualities were only equaled by the shade of the lady which is said to haunt these upper rooms. This is a kindly ghost, one not to be feared. But the way she quietly lifts the latch of the "antiquarium", allowing the Winter wind to bustle down the stairs right into the

kitchen, and this even in midday, indicates a tendency to mischief which suggests that the lady must have died young, though tradition has it otherwise.

It is a mistake to regard ghosts as fearful things; they seldom harm. On the contrary, if met half way, should prove agreeable and interesting companions. But there are those who refuse absolutely to believe in ghosts. A story of such a one has been going the rounds recently which would seem to prove that it is not worth while to be to hasty in one's conclusions, even regarding ghosts. Our friend being compelled to spend a night in a haunted house, awoke of a sudden to see a large, fleshy hand on the footboard of his bed. The thoughtful man had taken his pistol to bed with him and, not being in the least nervous, pulled his gun, remarking as he did so that he would fire if the hand was not removed by the time he had counted three. He was not in the least nervous, and calmly counted three. The hand was still there and he pulled the trigger, thereby shooting off two of his own toes. They do say that from that very moment his remarks about ghosts have not only been voluble, but highly inflammatory, and what he thinks about ghosts now he has no hesitation in saying.

The grandfathers of the village tell how as boys they danced the grave of the spy away. It seems that in their youth a considerable mound marked the last resting place of Daniel Taylor, and the boys, probably taking their cue from the talk of the "sitters", made a practice of having a bit of a fling on the grave whenever passing that way, until now nothing remains to mark the place which, we are told, is immediately

in front of the front doorstep of the modern Van Sickle house. It was near the southeast corner of this same building that the apple tree gallows stood, the poor man being disposed of in much the same manner as was suggested in an old song for the taking off of Jeff Davis.

Over across the creek, and beyond the flats and under the hills stand the Brink and the Wynkoop houses, and a bit south, on the very feet of these same patient hills, the De Witt and two Newkirk homesteads, the further one of which is now occupied as the house of Stuart. Over a kitchen window of this is set a stone tablet, which, through age and many coatings of government paint (whitewash), affords the antiquarian the satisfaction of thinking what he likes, without much fear of contradiction. To some it seems to say "B. G. NK. A. D. 1779", to others "1710". The De Witt whose nearby house bears date 1750, insists that his is the older, and was inclined to get a bit warm about it, in spite of the thermometer, which some earlier in the day had been 12 below zero.

This road follows the base of the hills, which end at the flats much as an upsidedown teacup ends at the tablecloth, and is one continuous curve of beauty. There is ever ahead a bend, with its mystery of the unknown beyond, to entice like the will-o'-the-wisp, but there is no trouble at the other end, only Kingston.

To look at from inside of the house the afternoon was quite on a par with our glorious morning, and we started the cameras for Spook Hollow, which lies on the west side of the road to Kingston shortly after one clears the village. But out in the

open the wind held sway, and a good forceful wind that has been rolling over and over in the snow all day is no trifler. We went for the picture, and we got it, or thought we did, but now the doctor is inclined to think that this is one of the things he knew that was not so. Fortunately, however, there was no doubt in our minds at the time, and we wasted no time in our efforts to get back to the fireside of the Senate House, where we could more leisurely enjoy the whistling of the wind.

It seems that the spook has lost his head. What the excitement was is not explained, but the last time he was seen he was in a state of decapitation, sitting in his hollow with his arms folded, possibly hoping some belligerent spirit would come along and put a head on him, or words to that effect. These spooks appear to have been mostly founded by the negro slaves, who brought many superstitions with them to these shores and promptly proceeded to fit them to every peculiar feature of the landscape. A lonely or unusual spot where the voudoo could hold incantations would soon be peopled with folks that were of no earthly use. There is a description in "The Dutch Dominie" of a midnight raising of spirits in one of these spots which probably is reasonably true to life.

Well it is about time to get back to last Autumn and Marbletown, or we will never get home in this world.

MARBLETOWN TO PLATTEKILL.

Stone Ridge, New Paltz, Names, Libertyville, Jenkinstown, Wallkill, Indian Dam.

The Marbletown of 1664 has so completely vanished from the face of the earth that even its exact location is not now known. As the need for protection against the Indians became less and less the farmers gradually abandoned the village for their farms, until finally the last man moved, and now not one stone remains upon another to tell where its fifty-three houses stood, although the present hamlet of the same name is presumed to be about on the same site. But even so our Marbletown of to-day boasts one old house, that of Janitje Davis, Widow Davis, where the annual meetings of the inhabitants were held and the public business transacted from 1730 to 1770, and possibly on into the next century.

Nearly opposite this stood the house of Andrew Oliver, to which the Council of Safety fled from Kingston, and where it held its meetings for about a month, October 19th to November 14th, thus making Marbletown the second capital of the state.

When Marbletown was abandoned the church organization

was moved to Stone Ridge, so that many of the early church records which continued the use of the first name really refer to matters in the latter place. Stone Ridge is quite a village. As I entered it on this Fall afternoon the impression of many Summer boarding houses fixed itself, without any very obvious reason, for no Summer boarders were in sight at that time of the year.

Stone Ridge was the home of Major Cornelius E. Wynkoop, with whom General Washington spent the night of November 15, 1782. The illustrious guest is said to have occupied the front room of the second story at the southwestern corner of the house. Across the street stands the former home of Johannes Tack, in which, it is said, Judge Levi Pawling organized the first court of sessions after the burning of Kingston.

My schedule is supposed to be subject to change without notice, and, though New Paltz was down as the last stop for the day, I should have remained over night at Stone Ridge and gone on the next morning in orderly fashion, but such was my state of mind that New Paltz suddenly became a necessity, and what lies between is an unknown country, except as the map shows, for, but two miles away at Binnewater, ran the railroad, and thither I walked by the light of departing day.

A purple light that never was before lay on the nearby eastern hills, as transparent as the crystal waters of the Florida east coast. It overlay the green of the grass, the browned leaves of the oaks and the gray of the naked granite, all colors seen through it, and yet all toned with purple. As I trudged

onward to Binnewater the scene gradually became of the impressionistic school. Detail was lost as the landscape darkened, the hills swam faintly through the purple haze until night came down, and the cold drove me on toward the distant lights where supper lay.

Mr. Ralph Le Fevre, the New Paltz historian, was my one good excuse for hurry, as an evening interview sets matters right for the following morning and does not consume valuable daylight. Mr. Le Fevre proved to be as amiable as learned, and before the evening was out I was possessed of such facts as would interest the camera when the time came.

All the old New Paltz houses are on Huguenot Street, along whose margin the first settlers are believed to have built their log cabins. If we begin at the south end of the street we must begin with the dead, for here is the old burial ground with stones dating back to October 7, 1731. The gravestone of Abraham Du Bois, "Survivor of 12 Patentees" is merely a flat field stone set on end, but is the only known resting place of any of the twelve men who secured the original patents to this region. There are other graves of interest, the deciphering of whose stones is largely a matter of conjecture, for in the early days initials were allowed to do the work of words, and what they stand for sometimes puzzles the antiquarian.

Across the street from the old graveyard stands the Jean Hasbrouck house, 1712, which housed six generations of Hasbroucks before it passed out of the family. This has recently been purchased as a memorial to the first settlers and contains an interesting museum of antiquities.

Next, on the right as we proceed north, is the Abraham Deyo house, son of Christian, the patentee, but its recent owners have improved it to death.

On the left comes the original Du Bois house with its date, 1705, on the east wall facing the street (same year as the Salisbury house in Leeds). This was probably a refuge in time of need, as the portholes in its walls indicate.

Now we will cross again to the original Bevier house, the Elting store before the Revolution. Between this and the store down the street in the Hasbrouck house existed a competition which was not only the life of trade, but furnished food for much gossip as well. A late addition to this building was made in 1735.

Next north is the Abraham Hasbrouck homestead, original patentee, and still in the Hasbrouck family. And beyond is the Freer house; at least it was one hundred and sixty years ago, before the Freer family left these parts.

Those of us who can trace our ancestry back for three hundred years think we are doing very well by ourselves, but I have recently heard a well authenticated story of a Hebrew in Australia who is in a class all by himself. Owning an extensive ranch he invited a group of strangers to visit his domain, and, as it happened, the day after their arrival was Christmas. On that morning he approached one of his visitors with the statement that he appreciated the Christian sentiment in regard to the day and hoped his guests would follow their usual customs on this occasion, ending with the statement

that he had no feeling in the matter himself as his family was in Spain at the time and knew nothing of the persecution or death of Christ. In other words, he could follow his line back for nineteen hundred years or more. Makes most of us look as though we were still shining through our first coat of varnish.

The study of names is always an interesting one, and particularly so of these old Dutch and French names. Du Bois, "of the wood"; Deyo (d'eau), "of the water". Hasbrouck (what does it mean?) has been written Hasbroocq, and Broocq without the prefix Has. Dr. Van Slyke credits his reverend brother, Dr. Vermilyea, with the following explanation of the De Witt patronymic: When the Le Blancs of Rochelle fled to Holland to avoid persecution they Dutchified the name to De Witt, still meaning "the White". Ten Eyck stands for "the Oak" as Demarest does for "the Marshes". Jan's son was known as Jansen. There are in Bergen County, N. J., interesting variations which show how closely allied in some instances are families whose present names are wholly dissimilar, as the early settlers often dropped the last name, even in so important a matter as the signing of deeds; thus Hendrick Epke Banta has placed his name on a deed simply as Hendrick Epke, and Hendrick Jorisen Brinkerhoff as Hendrick Jorisen, and in some cases the surname was never resumed, and the result is that the Bantas and Epkes are cousins from the same male stock, likewise the Brinkerhoffs and Jorisens. Another instance is that of the Van Riper name. The original immigrant was Jurean Tomassen, from the town of Reipen. Jurean

Tomassen was Jurean, son of Tomas. There may have been a confusion among the sons of Tomas and a necessity for distinguishing one from the other, or there may have been some other reason, but whatever it was, this branch of the family followed a custom of the times when he added to his name Van Reipen. This, as time rolled on, became Van Riper, as we have it to-day, but time was doing even more wonderful things with the first name, Jurean, for some of the first settler's descendants adopted this as their Christian name and it was twisted and turned and worked over, finally emerging as Yereance. Thus are the Van Ripers and the Yereances from the same stock.

An oak tree at the residence of A. M. Lowe, on the Paltz Plains, is the last surviving member of a long-lived family that flourished hundreds of years ago. Its brother, when cut down many years since, showed rings to prove that it had faced 478 Winters, and the present standard bearer is believed to have all of 500 years to his credit.

Dominie Bonrepose, good sleeper, was the suggestive name of one of the New Paltz early ministers.

During its early days New Paltz boasted of a citizen who bore the singular name of Rampant. It was probably given to him for cause, if the following legend is true: While running for the rendezvous on the occasion of an Indian alarm, our friend Rampant, being heavy, became mired. His companions discovering his absence returned to find their neighbor with a dead Indian beside him, he having seized the redskin by the throat and smothered him in the mud. There are certain de-

tails which the legend does not go into, nor does it seem to us that it does the gentleman full justice. Why not two Indians, one in each hand? He might even have cared for three, by sitting on the last—the legend says he was heavy. However, legends are legends. We must take what is handed out to us and ask no questions.

From New Paltz I took the west side of the Wallkill River to Libertyville. The road keeps in touch with the stream on the one hand, while on the other the view keeps in touch with old Sky Top, with which all those who haunt Mohawk are so familiar. The air was a bit too thick to do the mountains full justice, and the less distinctive ridges were not so readily identified.

The Libertyville neighborhood is roughly picturesque. The mill building as it stands dates back one hundred and two years, occupying a spot that was a mill site for some time before that. This is a Du Bois neighborhood, Salomon and Louis being the original settlers. It seems that this is the spot to which came the last remnant of the Indians to sell baskets, but finally one of them was drowned in the Wallkill, and they came no more, claiming that the drowned man had "spooked" them.

My map seemed to indicate a bridge across the stream here, and here it was my expectation to cross for Jenkinstown, but the crossing turned out to be a ford, and not a wagon going my way in sight. However, on the still water above were some fishermen, one of whom put me across. He proved to be an Illinois farmer who had come back to the old homestead, and

glad enough to be among the hills again, even if his farm had fallen on stony ground. At the east end of the ford stands the house of Lewis J. Du Bois, a captain in the regiment of Joseph Hasbrouck during the Revolution. I found some of the Du Bois golden russets very acceptable eating as I trudged up the long hill which carries the road out of the Wallkill valley.

Jenkinstown deserves an artist. He could work on its picture possibilities for some time without appreciably diminishing the supply. It is just a mill and a blacksmith shop, a store and the old Jenkins homestead, but they have been so long fitting themselves into the landscape that they all belong there. The place is so thoroughly Jenkinsized that there does not seem to be much room for any one else, though the surrounding country is allowed to trade at the store, I believe.

It was a legend which brought me this way. There was a time when Jenkinstown held a citizen whose name was used to scare naughty children into prompt obedience, whose reputation was that of a strong man who had made his peace with the Devil, whose little low stone house was always guarded at night by a band of encircling ghosts, and even to-day it is whitewashed to that extent that it would pass for a ghost itself on the proper kind of a night. Many a queer story has made the rounds of the neighboring firesides concerning the evil doings under that squat roof. Perhaps that one which tells how our hero visited the hut of an Indian and sent the squaw off on some errand, while he carefully deposited the papoose left behind in a pot of boiling water which was bubbling over the fire will explain his gentle nature as well as any. Naturally

the Indians felt offended, and are said to have kept Mr. man busy thereafter dodging things, but they do not seem to have caught him, or, if they did, it was after the legend had retired, and we can only imagine his latter end. It was probably hot enough either way, whether Indian or Devil got him.

Tansy was a favorite herb with the Indians, and it is said that the sites of their bark wigwams were marked by clumps of its growth long after the last vestige of the cause had disappeared. Tansy is one of the most beautiful combinations of lemon yellow and soft green that the wayside provides, and the fact that it may mark the long-gone habitation of the original owner of the soil does not detract from its interest.

How to get out of Jenkinstown was the next question. The road went a long way around, but there lay the fields, and the map told how the straight way for Ireland Corners was on the other side—not that I wanted Ireland Corners, but it was in the way of my going, as was also New Hurley, whose imposing church so overawes the little hamlet that it seems even more insignificant than the facts would warrant.

Wallkill was down as the next stop. It looks all right on the map, and possibly it is, but if it is my impressions are all wrong. In the first place the station agent, my usual hotel guide, was so noncommittal as regards the choice of stopping places that I was compelled to put my trust in luck. Luck shortly turned up in the shape of a fat boy, who thought the Commercial House was the best, after I had passed that dismal possibility with the resolve that it would be better to try the Jansen. When my young friend announced that his pop

ran the Commercial doubt again held sway, but the boy was not only fat, he was jolly, and that finally settled the matter. My hope is, for the sake of the Jansen's guests, that the boy was biased. Then it was raw and penetratingly cold outside, and stuffy and unwholesome within, but an introduction to one of Wallkill's citizens gave me an opportunity to dodge the hotel and spend the evening in comfort.

The next morning was about as unfriendly as it well could be, at least so it seemed at the time, but by noon the morning's weather seemed quite passable as compared with the present unpleasantness. By then a fine rain was coming down from the north before a wind whose cool breath was searching every joint of my armor. I was bound for Marlboro by way of Plattekill, at which latter place is a dam of unknown origin, locally known as the "Indian dam". Mr. Ralph Lefevre, however, who taught school here when a young man, and knows the place well, thinks the construction is the work of the white man, probably of some early inhabitant, all record of whose occupancy has been lost. So far as known, the first settlement here was made about the close of the Revolution, before which it was supposed to be a wild and unbroken wilderness.

When Mr. A. Van Dusen, whose postoffice is Gardiner, and habitation is Plattekill, came along with a vacant seat and offered to take me in out of the wet I promptly showed appreciation of the offer, and reached Newburgh, ten miles away, without further effort.

MARLBORO TO NEWBURGH.

Wolvert Acker, Lewis Du Bois, Balm of Gilead, Underground Route, Colonel Ettrick, Old Fort, Snake Hill.

Wolvert Acker, whose "Roost" has been celebrated in story by Washington Irving, came to this region some time before the Revolution, and settled in what is now the northeastern corner of Orange County. He was chairman of the Committee of Safety in 1775, and a man of prominence. His house still stands on a crossroad, and almost on the county line, a trifle more than a mile from the river's edge. A brook, which is not named on the map, crosses the road close by the house. This brook runs almost due north to Marlboro, where it becomes one with the Hudson at the mouth of Old Man's Creek.

Old Man's Creek and Major Lewis Du Bois are so inseparably connected that to speak of one is to mention the other. The hill which modestly poses here as the river bank (we are in Marlboro) affords the creek an opportunity for some grand and lofty tumbling before it reaches the lower level. The series of beautiful falls and rapids thus formed were early

turned to account by the major, whose mill is an ancient landmark. In fact he had three mills here at different levels; two of them are to-day in operation, the grist mill still using the old overshot wheel. This is a beautiful little picture spot. Toward the river one sees the old mill, with the wooden waterway and a bit of the wheel, while beyond through the branches of the leafless trees is to be seen the single stone arch of the wagon bridge, and still further unlimited space. Looking up stream the eye follows the plank sluice to the dam through whose curtain of crystal water can be seen the moss covered rocks of its construction. At the left a great boulder juts out, which affords the water a fine opportunity for display, while beyond all this tumble and hubbub is the hush of the mill pond with its fringe of autumn foliage, a sight to tempt the painter's brush.

The Du Bois dwelling stands on the bluff overlooking the river, a half mile north of the old mill. It was the first clapboard house in this region, and a great curiosity in its day. The British, sailing up to the attack on Kingston, had a way of hitting, or attempting to hit, every head in sight, and so sent the major a present of a few round shot, but they failed of their purpose. In after years these cannon balls, which had been gathered and stored in the attic, were used by the children of the house to roll across the floor when in the course of play it became necessary to introduce a thunder storm. The imitation is said to have been a good one.

Doctor John Deyo, great grandson of Lewis Du Bois, has searched the Masonic records at Poughkeepsie, the lodge be-

ing known as King Solomon's Temple, and finds that the meetings were held at the houses of various prominent members, and that during one such meeting held in the Du Bois house the name of Benedict Arnold was stricken from the roll of membership.

Previous to the Revolution Lewis Du Bois was a colonel in the local militia. How he became a major in the regular army is told by Dr. Deyo, who is naturally proud of his family tree. The state of New York furnished five regiments for the army, when it became evident that war was at hand, and as there were a dozen or more aspirants for the five positions of command, there was naturally great rivalry and much pulling of wires. One after another, four of the regiments were completed and their officers appointed, and by the time the fifth regiment was to be put in the field competition was at a white heat, so much so that the appointive powers were afraid to hand out the plum, lest powerful interests be antagonized at a time when harmony was greatly to be desired. In order to relieve the pressure and avoid criticism a committee, consisting of Baron Von Steuben and Gouverneur Morris, was appointed to make the selection strictly on merit, and the prize fell to Lewis Du Bois. In other words the committee took to the woods (Bois)!

As we take the road for Newburgh we soon come, after crossing Old Man's Creek, to the ancient burying ground wherein is the sepulchre of Lewis Du Bois, and close beside it the headstone of his wife.

"Under this home doth lie
the body of
Major Lewis Dubois,
Who departed this life
On Wednesday, Dec. 29th, 1802,
Aged 74 years, 3 months & 27 days,
And was born Septr. 14th, 1728,
Who was also afflicted and speachless with the Palsey
3 years, 7 months & 24 days.
Look down upon this house as you pass by,
As you are now so once was I;
The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie.
The dust returns to dust again,
Into the regions of the dead;
Beyond this cold grave wherein I lie,
I hope to reign in eternal Happiness.
Happy are they that fears the Lord,
And all the sons of men.
Their souls to God their refuge make,
Who gives them peace Divine."

The easy way to reach Newburgh from Marlboro direction is by way of Balmville, which takes its name from a giant poplar tree of the Balm of Gilead species which has been so long a landmark that only legend pretends to go back to its beginning. It stands in the old King's Highway. Horses were shod under its shade before the Revolution, it being a large tree even then. As it is not a native of these parts, there are those who believe that it may have been brought by the first settlers who planted themselves about the mouth of the Quassic Creek below, and at the Dans Kammer above. Its leaves

and bark were used for various healing decoctions.* The giant stands with roads radiating from it in all directions, for all the world as though it thought itself a second Boston.

The breaker of images has been busy around Newburgh of late years, and as a result there are a number of very satisfactory little stories, that, having been turned out of house and home, are wanderers on the face of Orange County. There is the Gardiner house, for instance, on the way out to Orange Lake: Now they say that this house was built just after the Revolution, and the story could not be; but if the tale does not apply here it does somewhere else, and I shall give it a home anyway. Gardner was a Tory, was arrested as a spy at one time and would have been hanged as a spy, had not Washington, who seems to have thought there were mitigating circumstances, interfered. The house stands at Bonds, now known as Crawfords, Mills.

The story has it that this was one of the stations on the underground route between Canada and New York City, then in the hands of the British. This route was used largely to transport the wives of the English officers stationed in New York to that city. Army regulations did not permit the bringing of their wives with them, hence they were shipped to Canada and from thence passed along from station to station by a system identical with that used before the Civil War in conveying negroes to freedom on Canadian soil. The travelling was, of

* There is a tradition that a riding switch, carelessly stuck in the ground, was the beginning, but this would make the tree only about 150 years old. Others give it even a less age, but it is believed probable that the tree is more nearly 250 years of age.

course, done at night, and the resting by day. The midnight rides and alarms that naturally suggest themselves could furnish forth many a tale of adventure, hard riding and narrow escapes on the lonely roads of this backwoods region.

Then there is the Vale and Colonel Ettrick. Mr. Ruttenber says there was no such man and that the story is impossible, but impossible or not, here it is:—

Colonel Ettrick was a Tory and he lived in the vale, which extended from the mouth of Quassic Creek for a half mile or so up stream. The colonel conceived the idea of capturing Washington and handing him over to the English. He would invite the general to dinner, have the house surrounded by troops, and the job was done; but, like many another well-laid plan, this went astray. The colonel, so the story goes, had an intensely patriotic daughter, and she, learning of the scheme, went to Washington and disclosed it, begging her father's life in return. Being forewarned the visitor went armed, with a guard dressed in the scarlet uniform of the enemy. These arrived on the scene about ten minutes after the guest appeared, whereupon the colonel, supposing his opportunity had arrived, broke the news to the intended victim, only to have his ambition rudely dashed when the redcoats took him prisoner and the true situation was explained. Then followed a short period of unrest which was most painful to Colonel Ettrick. The house which is pointed out as the scene of this tale, and photographed to illustrate it, stands on the high north bank of the creek immediately west of the river road, but here is another misfortune: The De Witt map of "The Winter Cantonment

of the American Army and Its Vicinity for 1783", which is supposed to have every building then in existence in the territory covered, neglects to show that there was any building at this point, though the old Trimble mill, just across the creek on its south bank is indicated.

Mr. Ruttenber, Newburgh's historian, says that this story was devised by one Andrew J. Downing, a landscape gardener with a fancy for invention.

Between an impossible story and a building that did not exist we seem to be a bit lame. Not so much so, however, but that we can move on to our next point of doubt.

In the "Order of Councill for Naturalizing and sending certain Palatines to New York", May 10, 1708, we read of the dire straits of these Palatines and the various ways of disposing of them, and finally that "We humbly propose that they be sent to Settle upon Hudson's River in the Province of New York, where they may be usefull to this Kingdom particularly in the production of naval Stores and as a ffrontier against the ffrench and their Indians".

Her Majesty being "graciously pleased", duly unloaded the "necessitous" Germans on Governor Lovelace, and we soon hear of them as "The German Company at Quasck Creek and Thanskamir", with Joshua Kocherthal ministering to their spiritual and temporal needs. Thus came the "New Burgh".

Dr. John Deyo has in his collection what Mr. Ruttenber pronounces an "undoubtedly genuine tomahawk, originally one of the number presented by the French government in Canada to chiefs of the Six Nations". It is a most businesslike

little axe, with a long rosewood handle. The edge is keen and bright as when new, but the head is battered in a way to indicate considerable use, and no doubt it has drunk the blood of the paleface more than once. The inlaid decorations, consisting of scimitar and crescent, look like the work of the Orient, and may mean an interesting history prior to its use as a gift of peace by the French, who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made strenuous efforts to undo the work of Champlain when he made mortal enemies of the Iroquois.

To pass through Newburgh and not even stop at the old Hasbrouck house, now the Washington's Headquarters, is a most barbarous and unpatriotic thing to do, but there is so much to say, if one attempts anything, and it has all been said so many times, that I hardly feel like competing with the abler pens that have already told its story. Rather let me save the souls of discredited legends.

If, after crossing Quassic Creek, we follow Spring Street to where one turns east for New Windsor, there will be found, on the west side of the road at the bend the former home of Dr. Moses Higby. What else the doctor did I do not know, but he once mixed a dose that has made him famous for more than a hundred years. It was the emetic which was given to Daniel Taylor, the spy, of which Governor Clinton remarked that it was warranted to work either way.

Now keeping to the right we soon come to the Snake Hill Turnpike, and here we will turn back toward Newburgh for a moment, for here, under the shadow of the hill, a quarter mile north of the crossroads, stands the "Old Fort", another of my

lame ducks. No one disputes that it is an old building, for it was erected about 1717 by Gen. John Haskell, but from this point on we part company with the man who insists on a reason for things. The story leaves one's imagination in a pleasant state of excitement, which it seems unkind to treat with cold water, as some insist on doing. Well, we will get at the story before it is lost: About sixty years ago the clapboards which for many years had covered the log sides of this building were removed, when the west side, that toward Snake Hill, was found to be pierced with bullet holes and studded with stone arrowheads, silent evidence of Indian attack, and so grew around this spot a misty web of romance. Mr. Ruttenber insists that there were no Indian troubles in the neighborhood of Newburgh, and that a fort was never necessary or seriously thought of, but what is the use of serious thought, anyway?

During the warm part of the year this region is surely Summer's wonderland. Passing through it one comes in time to take the riot of beauty for granted to a certain extent. The fields and the woods, stone walls and rail fences twined with wild shrubbery, and the wildflowers, common enough to be sure, if any wildflower ever is common, with the many nooks and crannies where rocks prevent close cultivation, for them to disport in, making such beautiful foregrounds for distant mountain views or river glimpses that travelling is slow work indeed. Such a stretch was Spring Street, and now the road to Little Britain, between Snake and Temple Hills, continues the diversion. It is one great playground where the wind is ever

teasing the daisies or carrot or goldenrod, pushing them this way and that, and finally blowing their heads off that he may be sure of another frolic next season, when each scalp torn from its owner this year means dozens of children to keep going the sport of the trifling old fellow, who blows hot or blows cold, is on with the new love before he is off with the old. When the hot sun scorches and his caress would be welcome he is off to the highlands or down by the river, leaving his playmates to bake in the swelter.

This same Snake Hill seems always to have had a bad reputation, for the Indians knew it as Muchhattoes, meaning a small, bad hill, but if it is in bad repute it still puts on a bold front, and adds much to the looks if not to the morals of the neighborhood.

WASHINGTON SQUARE TO WEST POINT.

Falls House, Temple Hill, Vail's Gate, Knox Quarters, Moodna, Plum Point, Cornwall, Storm King.

If one shuts his eyes to the enticements to loiter, and blinders would be a most excellent part of the equipment for these parts if one must get somewhere, he will in due time come to Washington Square and the Falls house where, tradition says, General Armstrong wrote the Newburgh letters which gave Washington such opportunity to show how much of a man he really was. But the great interest of the place centers around its temporary occupancy by General-Governor Clinton. Clinton was in command at Fort Montgomery when he was elected to fill the highest office in the state. He posted up to Kingston to take the oath of office, and then back to the fort without delay.

When the fort fell he established his quarters in the Falls house and immediately began the task of collecting his scattered troops in the hope that he might reach Kingston ahead of the British and save the town, but in spite of his best efforts

he was a day late. Here occurred the trial and sentence of Daniel Taylor, spy, whom we have already hanged at Hurley. Away back in the days of the French and Indian wars the careless dress of the native troops led a certain English army surgeon to compose the song of Yankee Doodle in derision of the rough clothing of the militia, and as it was then so was it now. The Americans wore anything they could get, and captured British regimentals were donned when the blue and buff was not to be had. This was the undoing of Taylor, for seeing a company of men dressed in his native costume, and learning that they were commanded by Clinton (the English general of this name had just captured Fort Montgomery, and was in these parts), he calmly walked himself into trouble. His message was inclosed in a silver bullet, and when he discovered the mess he was in that bullet went down where the words come from, and even beyond. And here was where Doctor Higby came in and the bullet came out. Taylor was confined in a room on the ground floor in the north corner of the building; the staple driven into the doorway at that time for the purpose of securing the prisoner is still in place. In another room is a curious china closet, said to have been built by one of the soldiers, and painted red, white and blue. It is a curiosity in its way, evidently constructed by a man who was something of a cabinet maker and ingenious as well.

A half mile northwest at the first crossroads stands, on the southwest corner, a simple frame house that was assigned to LaFayette during his sojourn with the army here, but this bare fact is all I have concerning this bare house.

This last little excursion has taken us somewhat out of our course, and we must retrace our steps, past the Falls house to the point where the road for Vails Gate branches. This will take us along the western slope of Temple Hill, past the old Samuel Brewster stone house, 1768, on the right, until we come opposite the monument which crowns the summit of the hill. Both on this slope and on that opposite, across the little valley of Silver Stream, the army lay encamped during the greater part of the years 1782-3, and in the woods across the brook are large heaps of stones which once formed the sides of the Winter huts which formed "the last cantonment of the American Army". According to a sketch made at the time by William Tarbell, private in the 7th Massachusetts Regiment, these huts were substantial creations, well adapted to withstand the blasts of a northern Winter, being built of stone up to the window sills, and of logs above. Old inhabitants still remember when these walls were waist high. They are mere heaps to-day, but the length of the ruins testify to the extent of the encampment; those on the eastern slope have disappeared entirely, but on the west the woods are full of them.

The monument which crowns the hilltop marks the site of the Temple. The Temple of Virtue it was to be called, but the orgies with which it was inaugurated made the descriptive part of the title so misleading that it was seldom or never used. The south front is adorned with a tablet which tells us that "On this ground was erected the 'Temple' or new public building, 1782-83. The Birthplace of the Republic". And on the west front we read "Omnia Reliquit Servare Republicam. On

this site the Society of the Cincinnati was born May 10, 1783, at the last cantonment of the American Army; and it still lives to perpetuate the memories of the Revolution". Lossing describes the building from the lips of Major Burnet "as a structure of rough-hewn logs, oblong square in form, one story in height, a door in the middle, many windows and a broad roof". To quote again: "The spot is consecrated by one of the loftiest exhibitions of true patriotism with which our Revolutionary history abounds. There love of country, and devotion to exalted principles, achieved a wonderful triumph over the seductive power of self-love and individual interest, goaded into rebellion against higher motives by the lash of apparent injustice and personal suffering. It is, indeed, a hallowed spot; and if the old stone house at Newburgh is worthy of the fostering regard of the state because it was the headquarters of the beloved Washington, surely the site of the Temple, where he achieved his most glorious victory, deserves some monument to perpetuate the memory of its place and associations." This was written in 1851.

On the main road of Vails Gate, just east of the railroad crossing is the old Edmonston house, 1727, variously known as the Hospital and as St. Clair's headquarters. The old army map shows the hospital in an entirely different location, but Mr. Ruttenber states that this was a tavern and headquarters for the medical staff, and that probably accounts for its local appellation to-day. It seems that there is no evidence that St. Clair ever stopped in this vicinity, and just how the building came to be christened with his name is not explained. Eagers

says that William Edmonston occupied the house during the Revolution, and that while, at the request of Washington, he was guiding the army to the camp ground under Temple Hill the soldiers dug up his potatoes and shot his fat hogs, and that his house was used for the storage of hospital supplies. The statement is made that it was in this building that General Washington was first introduced to the Marquis de LaFayette.

Vails Gate was formerly known as Tookers Gate for the same reason; tollgate kept by Tooker, then Vail.

And now we come to the most interesting house between Newburgh and West Point, which, thanks be, has fallen into good, appreciative hands: The John Ellison house, Knox headquarters. The building stands south of, and with its back to, the present road, but this is accounted for by the early maps which show it on the north side of the highway, where its hospitable front door could readily be reached by the traveller. Thomas Ellison was the first of the name in the New Windsor neighborhood. An article in the Magazine of American History states that he built both this and the house on the river bank at New Windsor, known as the Washington headquarters, where a council of war was held June 12, 1781, during the last days of the general's occupancy of the house.

It is thought probable that what looks like a frame addition to the house was the original building, as a fireback therein bears date 1735, while the stone part of the house is dated 1752. Ellison's bedroom was in the left end of this frame, and under the floor of this room is situated his vault, where were kept his money and valuable papers.

During the Knox occupancy a grand ball was given to the officers of the army; General Washington led the dance. Some of the small window panes were decorated with the names of certain of the belles of the ball by those young officers possessing diamond rings. Whether it was a case of sentiment or a desire to show that their jewelry was true blue, they neglected to state, and this most important matter will probably always remain a mystery. These precious squares of glass are said to have been removed by the last Ellison who inhabited the house, taken from the only place where they mean anything.

The garret stairs are as original as was the first steamboat; they make stairs practical where ordinarily only a ladder could be used It is hinted that there are secret hiding places about the building, not all of which have been discovered. There is enough material in the chimney which furnishes fireplaces for the various rooms to build a moderate-sized house; it is full of cupboards, both great and small, and the walk around its circumference on the cellar floor is something of a journey.

Now if we take the road on the right it will be but a brief space before the Moodna is crossed. There was a time when this was Murderers' Creek, but in the course of time N. P. Willis came this way and in the vastness of his wisdom saw fit to change the name which meant something to one which meant nothing, and unfortunately the change stuck. Who reads N. P. Willis these days, anyway?

What Mr. Ruttenber calls a piece of harmless fiction is the story attached to the Samuel Brewster frame house at Moodna,

on the west side of the road and just south of the creek. The story is to the effect that the "Holland Loan" was stored in a vault here under guard, being used to pay off the soldiers. About January, 1782, the States of Holland loaned five millions of guilders to France on behalf of the United States, the stock being subscribed in one day by the thrifty Dutchmen, and it is claimed that this sum, in specie, after having been brought from the other side, was transported under guard across the country to New Windsor. Mr. Ruttenber thinks this improbable, but he has a half recollection of having read somewhere that $250,000 was sent over from Boston to the paymaster here. In those days the usual route of travel was across the Hudson from Fishkill to New Windsor, "and it seems probable that it was taken to the Brewster House, as he was the sturdy Chairman of the Committee of Safety of New Windsor". Mr. Ruttenber further says that he does not know how or when the tradition started and only one of the several local histories refers to it. There was such a loan, and there was a vault in the Brewster house, and on these two legs the story stands. This house, built by Samuel Brewster in 1755, is sometimes called LaFayette's headquarters, though for what reason I have failed to discover. The Brewsters came from Long Island, and Samuel, who is spoken of as a college graduate, erected a rude forge just below the above house. By the time of the Revolution it had become a large forge, for those days, with a waterwheel and triphammer. This site is now marked by a boulder bearing a tablet which calls attention to the fact that the forge

was used in the construction of the great chain, built to prevent the passage of hostile ships up the river.

At the first opportunity I crossed back to the north side of Moodna Creek for a visit to Plum Point, on whose shores Captain Machin's Battery was intrenched for the purpose of protecting the line of obstructions which had been stretched from Polopel (Potladle) Island to the point. The earthworks are in a good state of preservation to-day, though overgrown with tall trees.

Plum Point, known to the Dutch as Couwanham's Hill, is the site of the first white man's cabin between New York and Albany. Patrick MacGregorie, a former companion in arms of Governor Dongan, was, shortly after he came to this country, invited by the latter to settle in New York, and accordingly selected this site. The newcomer served in the wars against French and Indians, and died, leaving, as he supposed, his widow comfortably fixed. But another arose who knew not the MacGregorie, and all the lands on which he had settled and so carefully cultivated were patented to Capt. John Evans, and the widow was compelled to sell out at a ruinous price, at least so she and her friends claimed.

Couwanham's Hill is now in the clutches of a brick concern, and will soon be a hole in the ground.

Along about now the sun dropped behind the hills, and I hied me to the protecting arms of Mrs. Carroll, who keeps the nearest approach to a hotel that Cornwall affords. The sunset clouds would have made a gorgeous yellow jacket for a Chinese Mandarin, but there was no Chinaman at hand and no practi-

cal use to put it to, so it stayed but a little while. The yellow reflections and black tree silhouettes in the still waters of the creek by the roadside were wonderful to behold.

Cornwall and its immediate vicinity has been the haunt of literary folk ever since N. P. Willis discovered the Hudson. At the edge of the Highlands its beauty and inspiration are enough to make a poet of a butcher boy. Canterbury is the older part of the village, though the maps usually ignore the name. About the only house that lays claim to the dignity of age is the Ring homestead, better known as the Sands place, because for some years David Sands, an early Friends' preacher, lived and preached in the house. During the Revolution it was occupied as a store, and at times served the purpose of a guard house. At the time of my visit the man who could have told all about it was not at home, but the woman who lives in the west end of the building informed me that the room she now uses as a kitchen was at one time occupied by Washington. For other information than this I was forced to be content with such scraps as the local histories afford, and little enough it is, for generally the place is dismissed with the vague statement that many historic memories cling about it. Possibly the literary lights prefer it so, as each can then clothe it with his own imagination. The house stands at the parting of the ways, for the Landing and for Newburgh, sharing the honors of the situation with the Soldiers' Monument which finds lodgment here.

The way south lies along a pleasant little stream which the maps neglect to name, but which should be the Stour, as Can-

terbury adorns its banks. The morning light glistening on its waters, the glimpses of homes through the trees and the Fall smell of burning leaves which perfumed the crispness, made very pleasant first impressions—so much so that the camera felt called on to make permanent a bit or two of these pleasing sensations. I find that the camera feels much as I do about all this sort of thing, though it sometimes has a dreary way of showing it later on.

By little and little the road mounts the foothills (we are to cross Storm King this morning) until finally it starts skyward in good earnest, and what glorious views to the north and west are framed in every opening through the foliage, woodland and hill, and the winding river. The road bends in toward the bowels of the earth to encompass a gully, and in doing so runs on a most unexpected bit of civilization. But soon we are out again, clinging to the face of the mountain with all the world at our feet; one glance of the eye covers the valley from which it has taken an hour or more to climb. We can see the little dots that people live in down in Canterbury and Orrs Mills, and even to the misty ranges of old Shawangunk beyond. With the sun squarely on the innumerable twigs of the leafless trees which mass the foreground it seemed as though the morning mist was still lying on the mountain side, through which the brown heads of the oaks and the dark green of the spruces pushed much as do the tophamper of the fishing boats through the low fog on the Banks.

As I stood came up from below the distant splash of falling water, or was it the wind in the trees? Whatever it was, the

song was part of the picture. It is a place to stand and dream with half-closed eyes, enjoying the warmth of the sun and the cool of the Autumn wind which is gently rustling the clinging oak leaves. A masterpiece that probably never looks twice alike, so many are the changes possible to the hand of the Master Artist.

Soon we are travelling along the side of Hurricane Hollow, whose suggestive name needs no explanatory legend, and right across the way from a little trifling mountain reservoir, if full of water (mudhole otherwise) is the Continental Spring, whose famed waters gave life to the soldier boys in their long and wearying marches over these mountain roads.

Now there is a steady jog of a mile or more over the divide, when, on a sudden, the valley of the Hudson and the southland bursts on the view. In the foreground is West Point, spread out like a map, and beyond, Constitution Island. The road soon loses itself again in the hills and the woods, seesawing back and forth down the steep descent, where the short cuts for the man on foot give him an advantage over even the space-consuming automobile.

When came a dainty little waterfall and 1 o'clock I thought of lunch, and dropping pack and camera soon found a place to nestle in leaves and sunshine. Overhead the wind stirred, now and then sifting down a leaf or two whose work was finished. The place was made for a noon siesta. A few ferns untouched by the frost livened the brown carpet of the woods, while the yellow straggles of the hazel blossoms turned the sun to substantial gold. Sandwiches and apples blend well with such a scene.

Down where a guide board in the middle of the road gives one the choice of Cornwall, West Point, Highland Falls or Central Valley, I turned to the left as one who seeks the seat of war learning should, and soon came upon my little brook again, whose tinkle had enlivened the nooning. Here it tumbles down a series of slender cascades into a reservoir, ending its beautiful life in doing good.

HIGHLAND FALLS TO STONY POINT.

Fort Montgomery, West Point Chain, Mad Anthony, Washington Spring.

It was Saturday afternoon. Yale was gridironing the cadets, and West Point was swamped with visitors. It was no time for sight seeing, so I worried down against the stream of football enthusiasts to look for a night's lodging. But, alas! There was no place for my bones, at least none that was fit, for Highland Falls lives on the liquor it sells to the military folks, and is not the pleasantest place in the world in which to spend a night. However, one night is but a short space to a good sleeper. Highland Falls has a church, but it yet reminds one of the remark made by the Rev. William Vesey, in 1704, concerning Orange County, to the effect that "there are about sixty families of several nations who have no minister nor are able to raise a salary for one".

The three miles to Fort Montgomery is a pleasant walk along a country road; the fields on the west are too rugged to be of much use to the farmer, but the great boulders and ledges, with trees growing where they can, make a most effective pic-

ture, and pass the time pleasantly until comes the village of Fort Montgomery. At one point we can look back on Sugar Loaf Mountain which, according to Lossing, "is the highest part of a range of lofty hills on the eastern side of the Hudson, upon which the Americans planted batteries and lighted beacon fires in the time of the old war for independence".

Somehow this little hamlet made me feel that it might be the original village of Laughing Water. The brook is a trifling affair, but there is a certain picturesque quaintness, combined with a look of backwoods crudity that appeals to the imagination.

The way to the old fort is devious. At the postoffice the road turns up hill, and in three or four minutes one comes to a rough lane on the left skirting a cleared field, and a few feet before this is reached is a blind footpath leading in from the road. This, diligently followed, will bring one out onto the breastworks which still surmount the steep river bank. With the year's crop of leaves on the ground this path is as easy to follow as the straight and narrow way. However, an easterly course will land one pretty close to the desired haven.

The capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery is a well-known story. The forts, with the boom and chain across the river, which they protected, made the passage north impossible to a hostile army, and if Burgoyne was to be helped these obstructions must be swept aside. The fight can almost be called a family affair, for it was Clinton against Clinton: Gov. George and his brother Genl. James for the defendant and Sir

Henry for the plaintiff. They were all from the same Irish stock, and all pretty good fighters, but the defenders were so outnumbered that the case was hopeless. Sir Henry, after deceiving Putnam, who was in command on the other side of the river, by a feint against Peekskill, crossed under cover of a dense fog on the morning of October 6, 1777, to Stony Point, and by a circuitous march back of the Dunderberg he was able to fall on both forts at once and carry them by the sheer force of numbers. The following description of the event is taken from the Historical Collections of the State of New York, published in 1841. It purports to have been written at Kingston three days after the fight by one who was in Fort Montgomery at the time, and gives some interesting details:—

> "On Sunday night his Excellency, Governor Clinton, who then commanded at Fort Montgomery, sent out a party of about one hundred men under the command of Major Logan, across the Dunderbergh (Thunder Mountain) to watch the motion of the enemy. The party returned in the morning and reported that they had seen about forty boats full of men land below the Dunderbergh. The Governor sent out another small party of about twenty-eight men, under the command of Lieutenant Jackson. On the road that leads to Haverstraw, two or three miles below Fort Clinton, they fell in with a concealed party of the enemy, who ordered them to club their muskets and surrender themselves prisoners. They made no answer, but fired upon the enemy and hastily retreated; they returned the fire and pursued our people half a mile; but they all got back to the fort without losing a man, though within five rods of the enemy before they were discovered. Upon this intelligence, one hundred men were immediately sent off under Colonel Brown, who fell in with them two miles from the fort, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when a smart en-

gagement ensued; but the enemy being of much superior force, our people were forced to retreat.

"At the same time it was thought proper to send some artillery with a field-piece to occupy an eminence that commands the road that leads to Orange Furnace, with a party of men to defend it; they were attacked soon after, and our field-piece did great execution. The field-piece bursting, our men in their retreat kept up the engagement for some time with small arms. Most of our people got within the breastwork, and the attack became general on both forts. At the same time the enemy's shipping came in sight, but the wind being light, and the tide against them, none of their vessels came up except the galleys and armed sloops, which fired upon us, but did no execution; we in return fired upon them, and believe did them some damage.

"The enemy continued a vigorous and incessant attack upon the forts; but notwithstanding their utmost efforts, they were many times repulsed and beaten back from our breastworks with great slaughter. But the smallness of our number (being in both forts but about five hundred), which required every man to be upon continual duty and obliged them to unremitted exertion, fatigued our people greatly, while the enemy, whose number was supposed to be at least four thousand, continued to press us with troops.

"About 4 o'clock they sent in a flag, demanding in five minutes a surrender of the fort and ourselves prisoners of war,—or they would put us all to the sword. An answer was returned by Colonel Livingston, acquainting them that we were determined to defend the fort to the last extremity. The action was renewed with fresh vigor on both sides, and continued until the dusk of the evening, when they stormed our upper redoubt which commands the fort, which after a severe struggle and overpowering us with numbers they got possession of; and we were obliged to give way. At the same time they stormed and got possession of Fort Clinton, in which were none but militia, who nobly defended it till they, like the garrison at Fort Montgomery, were obliged to give way to superior force.

"The darkness of the evening much favored the escape of our people, the greatest part of whom, with almost all the officers, got off, and have since joined our army or returned to their places of residence. * * * We are told that the reinforcement from Peekskill, which had been twice urged* during the day, arrived only in time on the opposite side of the river to see the fort taken, but could give them no manner of assistance, and even a small reinforcement would have enabled the garrison to maintain it until efficient succor had arrived. Under this misfortune, we have the satisfaction to be assured, that all the officers of the garrison fought like heroes, distinguished themselves both by their courage and conduct, and that all the privates, as well militia as continental, fought with the utmost bravery.† The quantity of provisions in the fort was not great, but the ammunition and stores which fell into the enemy's hands were considerable."

The outline of the earthworks along the edge of the bank is well defined to-day. The whole is covered with a forest of second growth timber which, with the leaves on the trees, would cut off practically all of the outside world, but as I saw it in November the vista down and across the river was magnificent, limited only by the weather. Opposite, towering high overhead, is the rugged mountain known as Anthony's Nose, while below spreads the river and the group known as Dunderberg, whose stubborn feet have compelled the mighty stream to bend the knee.

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* Waterbury, the express who was sent from Fort Montgomery, purposely delayed, and the next day deserted to the enemy.

† The late Lieutenant Timothy Mix, who died at New Haven, Conn., in 1824, was one of the defenders of Fort Montgomery. While in the act of firing a piece, his right hand was carried away by a shot. Instantly seizing the match with his left, he touched off the cannon; by which discharge it is said forty of the enemy were killed.

There was a good deal more concerning the chain or chains which were stretched across the river during the War for Independence than most of us know about. The following notes are taken from "An historical address" by Macgrane Coxe, delivered at the unveiling of a tablet at Sterling Furnace:—

The first attempt to obstruct the Hudson was made at Fort Washington in the Summer of 1776 by a line of chevaux-de-frise and sunken ships across to Fort Lee, but this failed entirely of its purpose.

Next, in 1777, a chain was stretched from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's nose. To have one's nose tweaked in such fashion must be anything but pleasant, but there is no record of any objection on Anthony's part, though he is just the rugged sort that one would expect to hear from. This chain was made at or near Ticonderoga and was intended for the obstruction of the Sorel River, the outlet of Lake Champlain, but the Hudson was more important and it was brought south. The strong currents, however, developed many weak points, and the chain had to be both lengthened and strengthened. On the capture of Fort Montgomery this fell into the hands of the British, who sent it to England, and from there it was sent to Gibraltar, "where it was of great use in protecting the shipping at the moles".

In the Autumn of 1776 and the Springs of 1777 and 1778 a chevaux-de-frise with fire ships and rafts, to be used against an enemy, was constructed at Polopel's Island, opposite New Windsor. It was for the further defense of the river and as a

protection to this obstruction that Captain Machin's battery was intrenched on Plum Point.

On April 30, 1778, the great chain was stretched from West Point to Constitution Island. This was five hundred yards long, and is said to have weighed one hundred and eighty-six tons. Was supported on logs, so that it floated but a few feet below the surface, and remained in place until the declaration of peace, being taken up in the Autumn of 1783. The iron for this was made at the Forest of Dean Mine and at Ringwood, then owned by Robert Erskine, and the links were forged at the Sterling Furnace, which is still in operation. They were then taken over the mountains on muleback or by ox carts, two or three or more links at a time, and were finally welded together at the several forges situated along the river near West Point and New Windsor, one of which was the Brewster forge at Moodna.

Most, if not all, of the oversight of this work devolved on Capt. Thomas Machin, who was of the Boston Tea Party, was wounded at Bunker Hill, and on January 18, 1776, was commissioned second lieutenant of artillery in Colonel Knox's regiment. He was employed under Governor Clinton in constructing the fortifications and obstructions of the Hudson River in the Highlands.

There are two ways of going south from Fort Montgomery. One by crossing Popolopen Creek and taking a beautiful woodland road along the border of Sinnipink or Highland Lake, sometimes called Hessian Lake from the slaughter on its banks of Hessian troops during the assault on Fort Clinton.

Then around the foot of Dunderberg, through Tompkins Cove and so to Stony Point. The other back of Dunderberg. following the line of Sir Henry Clinton's advance on Fort Montgomery and of General Wayne's when he marched south to the storming of Stony Point, July 15, 1779. Both are historic and both beautiful, but, having been over the former some years since, I tried the longer and more "circuitous" route. This took me through the Hellhole, between The Torne and Bear Mountain, along Popolopen Creek, whose roar ascends to the traveller high overhead, along Queensboro Brook to Queensboro and Beach Bottoms, and through the latter by a cart track, and over the hills between Black Mountain on the west and The Timp on the east. It is only when one comes out on the southern brow of the ridge and looks down on the distant Hudson with the hills and vales between, that he realizes how high up in the world he is, the ascent has been so gradual.

This region is too rough for much farming, though here and there the attempt is made. Occasionally the little home of a woodchopper is passed, but for the most part it is a fairly wild piece of country. The voice of one crying in this wilderness would disturb but few. Queensboro Brook is as circuitous as a series of barrel hoops. The road runs first one side and then another, until it seems as though there was always one more river to cross. All of which entertains the traveller mightily.

Just about opposite Stony Point the road splits, the eastern fork, known as the Creek Town Road, offered General Wayne an opportunity to mass his men for the attack on Stony Point. There is a spring here which pours out of the roots of a stone

wall which is evidently good for man and beast, as I had to drive out an old white horse before my turn could come.

Tradition says that a few days before the assault on Stony Point a squad of soldiers went from house to house through this entire region and killed every dog found so as to insure quiet when the time came.

Lossing, in "The Romance of the Hudson", published in Harpers' Magazine in 1876, gives the following as preliminary to the planning for the capture of Stony Point: "The chances for success in a night assault upon the garrison there were talked over at the headquarters of Washington at West Point. The impetuous General Wayne—"Mad Anthony"—was then in command of troops in that vicinity. "Can you take the fort by assault?" Washington asked Wayne. "I'll storm hell, general, if you'll plan it!" was the reply. "Try Stony Point first", solemnly answered the chief.

The following letter to General Washington, dated at Stony Point, July 17, 1779, is General Wayne's own account of the assault and capture:—

> "Sir—I have the honor to give you a full and particular relation of the reduction of this Point, by the light infantry under my command.
>
> "On the 15th instant at 12 o'clock we took up our line of march from Sandy Beach, distant fourteen miles from this place; the roads being exceedingly bad and narrow, and having to pass over high mountains, through deep morasses, and difficult defiles, we were obliged to move in single files the greatest part of the way. At 8 o'clock in the evening the van arrived at Mr. Springsteels, within one mile and a half of the enemy, and formed into columns as fast as they came up, agreeably to the order of battle an-

nexed; namely, Colonels Febiger's and Meigs's regiments, with Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column; Colonel Butler's regiment and Major Murfey's two companies the left. The troops remained in this position until several of the principal officers with myself had returned from reconnoitering the works. At half after 11 o'clock, being the hour fixed on, the whole moved forward. The van of the right consisted of one hundred and fifty volunteers, properly officered, who advanced with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury; these were preceded by twenty picked men, and a vigilant and brave officer to remove the abatis and other obstructions. The van of the left consisted of one hundred volunteers, under the command of Major Stewart, with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets, also preceded by a brave and determined officer with twenty men, for the same purpose as the other.

"At 12 o'clock the assault was to begin on the right and left flanks of the enemy's works, whilst Major Murfey amused them in front; but a deep morass covering their whole front, and at this time overflowed by the tide, together with other obstructions, rendered the approaches more difficult than was at first apprehended, so that it was about twenty minutes after 12 before the assault began; previously to which I placed myself at the head of Febiger's regiment, or the right column, and gave the troops the most pointed orders not to fire on any account, but place their whole dependence on the bayonet, which order was literally and faithfully obeyed. Neither the deep morass, the formidable and double rows of abatis, nor the strong works in front and flank, could damp the ardor of the troops, who, in the face of a most tremendous and incessant fire of musketry, and from cannon loaded with grape-shot, forced their way at the point of the bayonet through every obstacle, both columns meeting in the centre of the enemy's works nearly at the same instant. Too much praise cannot be given to Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury (who struck the enemy's standard with his own hand), and to Major Stew-

art, who commanded the advance party, for their brave and prudent conduct.

"Colonels Butler, Meigs and Febiger conducted themselves with that coolness, bravery, and perseverance, that will ever insure success. Lieutenant-Colonel Hay was wounded in the thigh, bravely fighting at the head of his battalion. I should take up too much of your excellency's time, were I to particularize every individual who deserves it for his bravery on this occasion. I cannot, however, omit Major Lee, to whom I am indebted for frequent and very useful intelligence, which contributed much to the success of the enterprise; and it is with the greatest pleasure I acknowledge to you, that I was supported in the attack by all the officers and soldiers under my command, to the utmost of my wishes. The officers and privates of the artillery exerted themselves in turning the cannon against Verplanck's Point, and forced the enemy to cut the cables of their shipping, and run down the river.

"I should be wanting in gratitude were I to omit mentioning Captain Fishbourn and Mr. Archer, my two aids-decamp, who on every occasion showed the greatest intrepidity, and supported me into the works after I received my wound in passing the last abatis.

"Enclosed are the returns of the killed and wounded of the light infantry, as also of the enemy, together with the number of prisoners taken, likewise of the ordnance and stores found in the garrison.

"I forgot to inform your excellency, that previously to my marching, I had drawn General Muhlenberg into my rear, who, with three hundred men of his brigade, took post on the opposite side of the marsh, so as to be in readiness either to support me, or to cover a retreat in case of accident; and I have no doubt of his faithfully and effectually executing either, had there been any occasion for him.

"The humanity of our brave soldiery, who scorned to take the lives of a vanquished foe calling for mercy, reflects the highest honor on them, and accounts for the few of the enemy killed on the occasion.

"I am not satisfied with the manner in which I have mentioned the conduct of Lieutenants Gibbons and Knox, the two gentlemen who led the advance parties of twenty men each. Their distinguished bravery deserves the highest commendation. The former belongs to the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, and lost seventeen men killed and wounded in the attack; the latter belongs to the Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, and was more fortunate in saving his men, though not less exposed. I have the honor to be, &c., ANTHONY WAYNE."

A spring, known as Washington Spring, once gushed in large volume at the side of the highway in what is now the village of North Haverstraw. It was a well-known spot to the army of the Revolution, and well merits its name. Of late it has been harnessed to the water pipes of a nearby house, and only the overflow is allowed to disport itself as of old, but even this makes quite a brook.

STONY POINT TO ENGLISH CHURCH.

Treason House, Washington Walnut, Coe House.

About two miles below this stands the Treason House, made famous by the Arnold-Andre plot to give up West Point to the British. It was built in 1770 by a brother of the then occupant, Joshua Het Smith. The father was a judge and the sons more or less prominent lawyers in New York. They were not especially popular in this neighborhood, on account of a certain aloofness which those living nearby are said to have attributed to a feeling of superiority.

Hoping that I might be able to spend the night in the Treason House my walk was timed with that intent, and much to my satisfaction found a ready welcome, and from Mr. Weiant, the Lord of the Manor, secured many interesting items. He is descended from Revolutionary stock, has long lived in the Treason House, and has for years collected historic material. The following scraps are much as I gleaned them during the evening:—

Capt. James Lamb, who lived in the house adjoining on the north, is frequently spoken of as a Tory, but was in reality a most ardent patriot. When the separation from the mother country was talked of he opposed it with all his strength, because he did not believe the colonies were ready for war, or in condition to sustain a prolonged struggle, but when the die was cast his every effort was for his country. Being eighty years old at the time he, of course, could not take a hand in the fighting. Captain Lamb was master of the negro Pompey, who is credited with having piloted General Wayne in the Stony Point affair.

The Washington Walnut, recently purchased for preservation by the Daughters of the American Revolution, stands in a field across the road from the Treason House and a bit north. The usual legend concerning this is that it was used by Washington as a pay station for the army. It is also said that General Wayne first met the negro Pompey under this tree, but the true state of the case is that Washington and his staff, while reconnoitering down this way before the attack on Stony Point, stopped under its shade and sent up to Captain Lamb's for refreshments, and the captain's daughter Catharine (Mrs. Jacob Waldron), sent down by the negro Pompey such eatables as could be quickly gathered together. The tree is a magnificent feature in the landscape, and well worth preserving for itself alone.

The gun on Teller's Point which forced the Vulture to drop down out of reach, was there for signal purposes, not for use

against an enemy; hence it was only a four-pounder, quite incapable of doing serious damage.

The spot at the foot of Clove Mountain where Andre landed and where the first conference was held, contained even at that early time a small stone dock for the purpose of shipping wood and stone to New York. This dock has disappeared within the memory of the present generation. It stood just south of the northern entrance to the present railroad tunnel, just about where a stone crusher now is.

In Revolutionary days the main north and south road was much further toward the east, the present highway being at that time merely a lane connecting the two or three houses here with the outside world. A bridle path, all traces of which have long since disappeared, led down to the landing on the tide-water creek known as the Minisceongo; it was over this that Arnold passed in going between the house and his boat.

LaFayette's headquarters, Haverstraw, was the Benjamin Allison house, 1754. LaFayette was here about 1782, occupying the house for some two weeks, having been sent down by Washington to superintend matters.

In conveying their prisoners to Tappan the guards of Major Andre and Joshua Het Smith, the latter arrested on a charge of complicity in the treason plot, took horse at the King's Ferry, Stony Point, after having come down the river from West Point in boats, and kept to the highway, passing the Smith (Treason) house, and turning west on the road from Haverstraw to the Ramapo Mountains through what is now known as Garnerville, crossing the Minisceongo Creek in the

upper edge of that village and passing over to the present Ramapo Road, along the northern base of Clove Mountain. Thence over the slope of its western end and so, in a southeasterly direction to a crossroads then known as Kakiat, now as English Church, and on the government map as Hempstead, where they dined in the Coe house, still standing.

Here they took the road toward New City, leaving it at the first turn to the right, and now follows a series of turnings which probably trace the road of other days as nearly as is possible at the present time. Part of this road, if not all, dates back to Revolutionary times, as two old stone houses of that period adorn its borders.

Leaving English Church toward New City, as above stated, we take the first turn to the right, then first left turn, then second right turn, then first left turn, when the road shortly ends in the main highway running south from New City. This is an uninteresting straight line. We follow it, however, but a short distance, taking the first turn to the left into Germonds, and by a reasonably direct road through Blauvelt come to Tappan. I have this as the route from Mr. Weiant, and by laying a tracing from the old military map on the present-day geological survey map, which gives all the roads. The only book statement referring to this is that of Smith himself, who says: "After dinner (at the house of John Coe, Kakiat) we proceeded by a circuitous route to Tappan, or Orange Town, and arrived there about dusk." The above route is not circuitous, but there are so many turnings that it might well seem so to a man in the agitated frame of mind that must have been

Mr. Smith's. The main army was so near by as to preclude any thought of surprise, hence a circuitous route was not necessary.

And now we will go back to the Treason House and our own little adventures. It was early November, the nights were cool, and the kind thoughtfulness of the good landlady in placing a ready-to-be-lighted oil stove in the bedroom was fully appreciated in the morning when, about 5:30 a. m., the window was closed, the stove lighted and the traveller was back in bed awaiting a warm reception when the time for getting up should come, and in the meantime, with his eyes on the east, watching the black line of Hessian and her sister hills and the few rosy-edged clouds hanging above them. It was a comfortable opportunity to watch the sun rise, and a beautiful sunrise in an almost clear sky was the reward. The scene could not but remind of Omar's record of his own feelings under like circumstances:—

"Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

Even while looking the sun came over the hill and my dazzled eye turned from the now impossible scene.

The Treason House is an interesting specimen of the better class of houses built a hundred and fifty years ago. A square building two stories in the clear, with a one-story wing on either hand, which were originally of stone, like the main structure, but for some reason the stone has been replaced with wood. It is situated well up on the slope, and commands an

uninterrupted view of the lowlands, river and hills beyond. The substantial character of the interior trim and finish is interesting. The stair balusters are turned much after the modern fashion, the work being probably done abroad. Door and window casings, instead of being built up of various mouldings and boards, as is the fashion in these times of hurry, are made of solid posts with panels cut out by hand. It is small wonder that the house is still in good condition.

A secret closet tucked under the garret stairs is known as the Andre closet, and has the reputation of being the major's hiding place, but as no one knew of his presence in the house, or was looking for him, this closet stands charged with securing reputation under false pretenses.

The large bedroom on the second floor, southeast corner, is the one from which the unfortunate Andre is said to have seen the firing on the Vulture, and it was also in this room, later in the day, September 22, 1780, that the final papers passed between Arnold and Andre, some of which were found on the latter at the time of his capture.

The rear room on the main floor, now the dining room, is pointed out as that occupied by Aaron Burr when a law student in the house. The marble mantel placed in the room when the house was built is still doing duty. Certain scratches on its surface, which bear a resemblance to the letters B-u-r-r, are thought to be the result of some idle moment of that brilliant individual. They would, however, in their present uncertainty of outline, equally fit the name of one Budd, a former

frequenter of the house, and disputatious persons find here much matter for argument.

Washington was here for a brief space, August 21, 1781, while the army was in motion for the south and Cornwallis. Smith says: "My house was situated on the nearest route, where all communications generally passed from the eastern and southern states across the ferry at Stony Point", and again, "Gen. Arnold was frequently with me, in search of those culinary supplies, unattainable in his mountainous recesses". When Arnold was given the West Point command: "At this period he visited my house with his family, on his way to his appointment. I opened my doors with hospitality for his reception, as I had done generally to the officers of the army, and other genteel travellers." When Smith wrote he was making out a case for himself and his statements are usually salted to taste by each partaker thereof.

I left this historic spot well fortified with buckwheat cakes and other simples, intent on following in the footsteps of the Andre guard, outlined above. Crossing the Minisceongo Creek by a stone bridge, which is a picturesque addition to an already attractive scene, the way soon joins hands with the Ramapo Road, which skirts the foot of Clove Mountain just as closely as is consistent with a highway that is on the level. A little lane leading down from some one's orchard caused the camera to tarry a bit, while the fields of faded goldenrod, blossoming anew in the glances of the sun, were a constant distraction, but in spite of all temptation I got along at a very fair pace.

All this was on the mountain side; on the other the views used almost constantly as a background Timp Mountain and others of the Dunderberg ridge, along whose sides my road of yesterday found its way, and altogether this stretch was peculiarly attractive.

At the foot of a stone crusher, which is eating great chunks out of the west slope of poor old Clove Mountain, the road passes over a gentle swell and heads for English Church, two miles and a half away. The road ahead looked straight and rather uninteresting, and when a vacant buggy seat came along I took advantage of my opportunities. My common carrier proved to be the great or greater grandson of the first white man born in Rockland County, a subject which monopolized some minutes of the way.

The house of John Coe is a modest little affair, but being in the way of travel in horseback days, it slept and ate many distinguished guests. It was here that Andre had his dinner, and Washington was almost a frequent visitor. Across the road stands the English church, over whose door is the legend, "Hemstead Presbyterian Church, 1750", which gives its name locally to the spot. This is a split from the "Brick Church", where the services were all in Dutch, but as the English speaking part of the community increased it gradually came to the conclusion that it would prefer its religion in the home language, and as the Dutchmen would not compromise the new church was built in 1827 and the Dutchmen told to go to—Heaven any way they liked.

GERMONDS TO PALISADES.

Old Road, Old Houses, Polhemus Mill, West Nyack, Blauvelt, Orangeburg, Tappan, Sneeden's Landing, Block House, Washington Spring.

The way now wig-wags along in a southeasterly direction to the Nanuet-New City pike, through Germonds, keeping east of Bardonia and Clarksville, through the western borders of West Nyack, and so to Blauvelt, Orangeburg and Tappan.

Certain inhabitants of the West Nyack region who were doing things to their front yard maintained that the only way for Tappan from these parts was by way of Nyack, and not having with me a road map to present them as a certificate of admission to the Ananias Club, I was fain to let them stew in their own ignorance.

Everyone who has been much in the country soon learns how little the average countryman knows of the road which runs past his home, and seldom places much confidence in the most positive assertions. In fact, if the traveller is sure of his way and in the mood for amusement, the systematic asking of

the same question is apt to elicit a most interesting variety of opinion. I recall one case along the Juniata River, in Pennsylvania, where three different persons in the same village varied in their estimates of a certain distance from one and one-half to five miles, the actual distance being somewhat less than three. But to get back to our subject, one can reach Tappan by way of Nyack if he wishes, but it is the long way round, and not ours.

The tracing from Washington's army map placed over a map of the present day locates the old road exactly, except in the neighborhood of Germonds, but here one or two of the old stone houses of other days practically settle the matter. In fact the number of old houses strewn by the wayside along this stretch come to the rescue and settle any doubt, if there is any, as to the road the forefathers went.

And now a word concerning these old brownstone houses: As I understand it, those built of blocks which have been squared and roughly finished belong to the English period of occupation, while those in which the stone was used in the rough represent the Dutch period. Nowadays the poor, ill-used structures fairly cry aloud when they see a sympathetic face coming down the highway. All sorts of mean impositions have been practiced on them. Some have been picked out with jig-saw fantasies in a most cruel manner, some have had their stone fronts painted red. Think of it! A fine old brownstone house daubed with red paint! Is it any wonder they sometimes commit hari-kari by letting their roofs fall in and their walls fall out? In Orangeburg one has actually been

crowned with a slate mansard roof, and it looks as shamefaced as stone and mortar well can—looks like a boy who has pulled his father's stovepipe hat down over his ears and has been caught in the act while playing with his dad's Sunday headgear. There is one example, however, in the southern edge of this same village of Orangeburg that is beautiful in its simplicity. It carries the air of being possessed by one who appreciates the fitness of things, and stands a symphony of symmetry on its gently swelling knoll. In one of these old houses, possibly the one with the foolish mansard cap, it is said that the beams still show marks of British bayonets; this was a bit of information that came too late for personal investigation.

We have got a bit ahead of the map and must step back a moment to lay out the way of going so that the wayfaring man will not be too much puzzled by the many crossroads. The wiggle-waggle road from English Church drops into the north and south road to New City, opposite the "Great Woods". Following this a bit, take the first turn to the east, crossing the railroad track into Germonds, then the first turn south, and travel southeast for a mile and a half, coming up with and following a little branch of the Hackensack River, and turning squarely south at the Polhemus house and the red grist mill which adorns the wayside. If I were a girl I should say that it was just too lovely for anything, for it is lovely. There it stands with its old overshot wheel, in a wooded glen, with the flash and sparkle of the falling water from the millpond just above; a picture that is worth a day's journey to see. The mill was erected by grandfather Aaron Polhemus, no one

knows when, but the old gentleman died seventy-five or more years ago at the age of eighty two, so it is safe to say that the building has been standing one hundred years or more; it may even have looked down on the cavalcade that conducted Andre to Tappan. Aaron Polhemus served during the Revolutionary War, and sent home, after one of its battles, a cannon ball which just missed spilling Polhemus blood. The present generation remembers this as in use in the mill during his boyhood as a weight. Grandfather's store and dwelling, which were once located across the street, are no more.

There is a good deal of old house about the last few remarks, but it will not do to suppose that there is nothing else to see, for we are in the hollow of a giant's hand. The Ramapo Mountains are the thumb, while the peaks of Abbey Mountain, Little Tor, High Tor, and of Verdrietege Hook are the tips of the fingers, and the long ridge back of Nyack, and so to the Palisades forms the little finger, laid up a bit to emphasize the bowl, and the Hackensack River, with its many tributaries, are the blue veins running down the wrist. There are meadow lands and marsh lands, highlands and lowlands, and little brooks by the roadside all bent on doing their utmost for the benefit of the traveller, just aching for a word of admiration.

On the corner where crosses the main road for Nyack stands the "Hunter's Home". Its bar is much like the bar of other wayside taverns, except that stuffed rabbits are hanging by their hind legs, and as natural as dead rabbits can be, while various sorts of birds are mounting the rocky slopes that gleam behind glass cases. But it is not of the tavern, nor the

bar, nor even of the works of taxidermic art, but of the proprietor that we would speak, for here is one who knows the roads of Rockland County as the man of letters knows the alphabet. For years he drove a butcher cart throughout this rural district and now, in his days of prosperity, he hunts the festive rabbit and the wily fox—a good man to know of if one is puzzled as to his going.

After crossing the east and west highway which leads on to Nyack we take the first turn to the left and then wiggle down to where both wagon and railroad cross the Hackensack, and so on for some two miles and a half, through Blauvelt, where, by the way, stands a house facing the railroad station with a front entrance more after the manner of the mansions of old than is usual hereabouts. The present tenant neither knows who built the house nor when, but, as the newspapers put it, we learn from other sources that this was the hive of the Dederers, from which the last of the name swarmed long ago.

Just beyond the Dominican Convent, where the guideboard points To the Fair Ground, we leave the direct road and, crossing the two railroads that cross each other here, we are in Orangeburg and on the road connecting Nyack with Tappan which, if we turn to the south, shortly lands us in the latter village.

Tappan appears to be an English rendering of a Dutch corruption of an Indian word, Tuphanne, meaning cold stream, and was, I presume, applied to the creek now known as the Sparkill.

In April, 1640, Captain David Pietersen de Vries (David,

son of Pieter of Vries) bought this region from the Tappan Indians and called it Vriesendael, but some years later the savages burned him out, and he, disgusted, returned to Holland.

Then about 1686 some sixteen farmers secured a patent to the land from Governor Dongan, known as the Tappan or Orangetown patent, and for nearly a hundred years it was known locally as Navassunk or Good Land. Tappantown was its first name, and is still the name of its postoffice. This was the county seat until the courthouse burned in 1774, when a change was made to New City.

Tappan's chiefest claim to immortality is the Andre trial and execution. When he and Joshua Het Smith were brought here, in all probability over the road we have just been following, Andre was imprisoned—September 28 to October 2, 1780—in the house of Casparus Mabie, erected about 1753. The building was then known as Mabie's Tavern, and has been a public house almost continuously since. Andre's cell was in a sort of lean-to in the rear, from whose window, it is said, he saw the erection of the scaffold that was to end his career. He had petitioned Washington to be shot, as a more honorable mode of death, and is said to have been shocked when he arrived at the scene of execution to discover the scaffold. This seems to put our little legend out of joint, but it is hardly fair to push tradition too hard.

Smith was confined in the Dutch Church, and it was in this church that the trial court sat. The present church merely

locates the spot, the historic building having been demolished to make way for a larger pile of bricks.

The old parsonage, handy by, is still a possibility if only a giant would come along and pinch off the excrescences that have been allowed to grow on and encumber its old stones. Built about 1729, it has housed all the dominies from the good Muzelius down.

The army was camped on the ridge in the western edge of the village, and here was the place of execution, a heavy granite block marking the site. The history of this monument is somewhat interesting. My memory goes back to a picture in Harpers' Monthly of a pole surrounded by a heap of stones, but about 1878 the Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, dean of Westminster, was visiting Cyrus W. Field at the latter's home in Tarrytown. The subject of Andre's execution was brought up, when Mr. Field remarked that he would erect a monument on the spot if the dean would write the inscription, and the dean wrote:—

> "Here died, October 2, 1780, Major John Andre of the British Army, who, entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried and condemned as a spy. His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey.
>
> "A hundred years after the execution this stone was placed above the spot where he lay by a citizen of the United States, against which he fought, not to perpetuate the record of strife, but in token of those better feelings which have since united two nations, one in race, in lan-

guage and in religion, in the hope that the friendly understanding will never be broken.

"ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY,
"Dean of Westminster.

" 'He was more unfortunate than criminal.'
"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

" 'Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.'
"—Æneid, Book I., line 462."

On two occasions cranks have attempted to dynamite the monument, and since Mr. Field's death it has been neglected and sold repeatedly for taxes, but now has come into the possession of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, and its troubles are at an end.

There is one more old house in the village, the Washington headquarters, then known as the De Wint house, built in 1700 by John Stratemaker. It is a simple, one story and attic building, of little pretense, at least such was the old house; but one story and attic is not commodious enough for present day needs, and a large frame wart has grown on one end which is mercifully hidden by the trees if one can only view it aright. Here Washington spent the time during the Andre trial, and it was in the southeast room, the then parlor, that he signed the order for the court martial, and a few days later the death warrant. It is said that the pegs in the closet are the original ones on which the Great Chief hung his hat and cloak.

We are getting along toward the end of our trip. Only one more stop, at Sneeden's Landing, the western end of Dobbs Ferry, now known as the village of Palisades, some two miles west and a little south of Tappan—a very pleasant walk.

Palisades is unusual in more ways than one, for it supports a public library, a most unusual proceeding for so diminutive a settlement, and some of its good citizens have worked up the local history to make it easy for strangers.

As we enter the village, which is as rambling as has been my progress, the first house to be noted is that now occupied by the library, the "Big House", supposed to have been erected by Capt. John Corbet before 1734, but why be original when there is a tablet to copy that tells us all about it?

"1685-1899.

"George Lockhart, M. D., who patented the surrounding lands from the British Government February 20, 1685, probably erected the first dwelling on this site. The foundations of the eastern end of the present building are doubtless of that period. The house was destroyed by fire early in the 18th century and rebuilt by Capt. John Corbett, whose only child May married Henry Ludlow, clerk of the town of Orangetown (in 1744).

"Philip Verplanck's map of the George Lockhart Patent, dated June 9, 1745 (now owned by the Palisades Library) designates this edifice as 'Henry Ludlow's House'. It has been known as the 'Big House' for generations. The west wing (now the reading room) was built about 1826, but otherwise the existing stone walls formed the home of Jonathan Lawrence during the Revolutionary war.

"According to tradition Washington and LaFayette (and some have said the Baron Von Steuben) once dined here. History states that General Washington and Count de Rochambeau crossed the Hudson from Dobbs Ferry to reconnoiter the British position from the Palisades on July 18, 1781. On their return they may have enjoyed the hospitality of the loyal home then in this building.

"Between the months of July and December, 1898, the house was entirely renovated by Mrs. Henry E. Lawrence,

as the home of the Palisades Library, to which purpose it was dedicated on the evening of April 27, 1899."

A table, said to have been used when Washington dined here, now stands in the hall of the library.

Just east of the library where is a bold-lettered sign, "No Trespassing", if one trespasses will be found a cart track that shortly worries out into a footpath across the fields and into the woods, where a grove of young white birches carries it on to a stone wall. This, steadfastly followed, leads to the ruins of 1776, the Block House, built, with a redoubt on a lower level, after the battle of White Plains, when it was feared the British would raid this region.

On the next shelf below is a grass-grown mound—all that is left of the redoubt. Neither of these saw much actual warfare. Occasionally some passing vessel would throw a shot or two ashore by way of a little gun practice, but nothing more serious occurred.

On the map of 1745 the only house that shows on the river is Snedings, the "fferry" house, still standing. The view from the redoubt looks down on this and on all the world hereabouts. This was the first place, from the south, where a road could easily reach the water's edge. The ferry was established about 1698, and at least as early as 1759 was owned by the Snedens or Sneethens. Later the name is spelled Snyden, and once Snyder. The first owner mentioned was Mrs. Mollie Snethen, who is said to have lived to be 101 years old, and whose tombstone still stands in the Palisades burial ground. Mrs. Mollie was her own ferryman, and if the legends are to

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be believed, something of a sport, for we are told that with one discharge of her gun she once killed one hundred pigeons. Possibly the birds interfered with the progress of the boat and the lady was just clearing a path; possibly she wanted a pigeon pie.

The Sneedens were suspected of Tory leanings, and prohibited by the local authorities from carrying on the ferry during the Revolution, and at this time it became known as "Dobbs Ferry on the west side of the Hudson". During the Autumn of 1775 Martha Washington crossed here to join the general at Cambridge, Mass., and the ferry was used to some extent by the Americans throughout the war, but there is no record of British troops ever having crossed at this point.

And now we have come to the end of our trip. The "fferry" is still running, and in the same primitive fashion as of yore—a skiff propelled by oar or sail, according as wind and weather permit. We can cross and take the train south, or walk back to the Tappan station, and so home as best suits us. If we do walk back we must pass the Washington Spring on the right, just before the road from the river winds over the top of the bluff. It is Washington's spring on general principles, I guess, though it is possible that the chief did slake his thirst here some time; and beyond, a step, is the Riker S. Mann house, which is said to be 126 years of age, but still looks hearty.

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